

**TRIPLE
DOMINATION**

THE COMPLETE SERIES

Virginia Bliss

Triple Domination: The Complete Series

MFMM Erotica Anthology

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~~ The scenes in this story take place between consenting adults ~~

Dominated By Three Bikers

My job was not an easy one. Being a barmaid on this side of town was notoriously hard for girls like me - now, I had never considered myself an attractive woman by any means until I began my work here. I was of average height and stature, with a face that looked decently pretty, provided I had on my best makeup.

The only outstanding feature I possessed were my tits, I supposed - they had always been large, though this made shopping a little more difficult for me. I tried to hide them whenever possible - given the clientele I dealt with, I had to take preventative measures like that.

The men that frequented this bar were brash, loud, and utterly unapologetic. It was enough to drive a woman mad - the constant rude remarks, the constant inappropriate flirting. Mind you, these men were all a couple decades older than myself, and they never seemed to fit under the category of 'lookers'.

I supposed it was these daily ordeals that made the pay so good. I knew that some of my more outgoing coworkers flaunted their bodies whilst waiting tables, resulting in huge tips. Personally, I didn't feel comfortable going that far - I'd rather earn an honest living. The base wage offered here was more than enough, as far as I was concerned.

My apartment was nothing but a studio - tiny kitchenette and bathroom giving the whole space a cramped sort of vibe. I was never keen to invite anyone back. Still, the rent was more than reasonable, and my living situation meant that I could get away with working for less than 30 hours per week.

Due to my university studies, I really didn't have time to work during the bar's earlier opening hours. As such, I was often relegated to the night shift - from ten at night until three in the morning. I was exhausted by the end of each shift - there would only be a few of us left at that point.

It was always a mad scramble to leave first, seeing as the last employee left on the premises was in charge of cleanup and making sure everything was locked. Usually, I was able to collect my things rather quickly, but today, the duties had seemingly been left to me, seeing as the other two staff members had given excuses to leave early.

I hated being left alone in a place like this - it was dirty and stank of alcohol, and I was the one tasked with cleaning the spills. I glanced up at the clock - 2:50. Only ten minutes until closing time. I could rest assured that no other customers would try to get a drink - there simply wasn't enough time for that.

Damp cloth in hand, I set about cleaning the place up. The stains and spills were easily gotten rid of, and for once, I actually felt a small sense of accomplishment. Just when I thought I was done with the place, hands already reaching for my purse and the keys, I heard the telltale jingle of the welcome bell.

Shit - I'd certainly jinxed the situation, hadn't I? Turning to face the customers, I tried my best to force a smile - it was up to me to let them know that I really didn't have time to prepare drinks for them. I went over the little speech in my head, confident that I'd be able to pull it off - being firm with customers wasn't my forte, but I could certainly try.

Well, I had been confident that I could try until I actually got an eyeful of the customers. Three men, perhaps in their late twenties, clad in leather jackets. They were burly, brawny men, and the sheer difference in our presumed strength made me worried for my safety. They did not look like they'd be leaving here without a drink.

No - I couldn't let myself give in. I had to prove to myself that I could be strong, that I could stand up for myself. Puffing out my chest, head held high, I made my way over to the group of men, who were eyeing me up in the usual manner. I tried not to let it get to me. I couldn't be swayed by something so trivial right now.

"Excuse me," I began, voice wavering ever so slightly as I tried to force the next words out. "We're closing very soon, I don't think there's enough time left for me to prepare drinks for you gentlemen. I'd love it if you were to come back tomorrow night, however." I smiled, trying to compensate for my nervousness with cuteness.

The men looked at each other, as though trying to silently decide which one of them would be tasked with beating me up. I was already starting to reach for my phone - I knew that it was unlikely that men like these would hurt a young lady like myself, but it was certainly a possibility, and that fact frightened me.

The man in the centre, a blond with a chiseled jaw and a stubbly chin, stepped forward, leaving less than a foot of distance between us. My heart rate instantly increased - his dark brown eyes were almost black in this lighting, and they looked absolutely full to the brim with anger. I cowered without thinking, bringing my arms up in defense.

"C'mon. You're still open. Do your fuckin' job." He spat, albeit with less ferocity than I'd expected. His friends nodded, their brows furrowed as they moved closer. My arms were shaking with fear as I motioned to grab a glass, common sense finally kicking in - I should do what these men wanted, lest they decide to hurt me.

I saw a gun in one man's pocket, and instantly, my heart leapt up into my throat. He must've seen me eyeballing it, for he took it out, dusting it off on his shirt and setting it on the edge of the counter - far closer to himself than to me. This was absolutely not a situation I wanted to be a part of.

"Fine - one drink for each of you." I said quietly, though I had intended to come across as being

confident. "What would you like?" My voice barely sounded like my own - it was hoarse and shaky, and my arms wouldn't move the way I wanted them to. I was reaching for glasses, reaching to grab the things I needed, but my body was far too scared to cooperate.

"You weren't gonna serve us, were you? You were gonna call the cops." The man to the blond's left piped up. He had one brow cocked, icy blue eyes staring deeply into my own. I looked down, breaking eye contact for the sake of my own sanity. Truth be told, there had been a minute there where I'd felt the best course of action might be to call the police.

"That's not true-" I retorted, still trying to put up a friendly facade, lest these men decide to act irrationally.

"Evan, let's just get outta here. There are other places open, and this bitch isn't worth our time." The man who'd pulled the gun out of his pocket mumbled. I nodded on instinct, agreeing deeply with his sentiments. Yes, please, find another bar! I'm not worth your time!

But the blond, Evan, he didn't seem to be keen on leaving, much to my chagrin. He stared me up and down, eyes raking over my trembling figure. He had stunning eyes, and whenever they met mine, I couldn't help but look away - I'm sure I looked like a frightened, blushing maiden straight out of a trite picture book.

"I think we should stay right where we are. C'mon, Mike - she's worth our time. And besides, wasn't Adam *just* complaining about not getting laid? We could kill two birds with one stone here." Evan's voice was thick and rich, dripping with malicious intent as he stepped forward, forcing me back against the wall.

The blue-eyed man, who must've been Adam, grabbed Evan by the back of his shirt, successfully pulling him off of me. I wanted to thank him, but there was a nasty look in his eyes that told me I shouldn't dare. My face felt hot with adrenaline, and the fact that these men had just implied they wanted to fuck me, although nothing new, was worrying.

I was used to sexual offers, sexual compliments, even sexual threats - but never before had a group of men looked so *willing* to follow through on their promises. I was a panting mess, especially upon realizing that these men were actually *attractive* - my usual clientele consisted of middle-aged businessmen, so to have men like this around me was rare.

"You're right." Mike spoke up, fiddling with the trigger of his gun as he gazed across the room at me. "She's got a cute face and nice tits. And she's all alone. We might not find a better option for a while. I say we go for it - Adam, take her phone. Hide it. We don't wanna get busted messing with a pretty young thing like this."

I was speechless - there was no way I could stop them from having their way with me, and as Evan stared me down, I was loath to admit that there was a sense of warmth between my thighs already. I furrowed my brow, looking up at him, praying he'd let me keep my dignity.

No such luck - he stepped forward and trailed a hand down my side, stopping to rest on my hip. "With a body like this, you should expect shit like this to happen more often." He chuckled, making a mean-spirited joke at my expense. "What's your name, love? I wanna know that much."

I kept my head down, afraid of looking him in the eye. "Lily," I managed to splutter, nervously trying to push his hand off of my hip.

"Well, Lily, I hope you're ready to have some fun with us." Evan grinned, using his free hand to grope at one of my tits. I bit my lip, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of moaning this early on. Soon, those

hands were at the hem of my shirt, starting to tug it up. He grabbed onto the fabric and used it to yank me forward, nearer to his friends.

Soon, they'd formed a loose circle around me. There were three pairs of hands touching me, and my body was oversensitive. It was true that I hadn't gotten laid since I'd left my ex - that must have been almost a year ago by now. I was starting to become painfully aware of how sexually frustrated I'd allowed myself to get.

"Let's strip her already. Her body's all she's good for anyways-" Adam said, venom in his words. It was startling how these men were treating me, but what was even more shocking was the way I was going along with it - no matter how much I wanted to run, to scream, to cry - I couldn't.

All my body was allowing me to do was to lean into the touches of these three men as they ripped my shirt off and tossed it aside. My chest was heaving as I struggled to catch the breath my surge of adrenaline had stolen from me. I was almost in a panic.

"These are amazing-" Mike grinned, grabbing my breasts and squeezing them to the point where it actually hurt. I gasped, and he simply snickered, a smirk plastered on his unfairly handsome face. From behind, Evan undid the clasp of my bra, and Mike eagerly did away with the redundant garment.

"Bend over." Adam demanded, gesturing towards the bar counter. I hurriedly did as I was told, my mind too caught up in the moment to realize that complying might have been a bad idea. I rested my arms on the counter, tits spilling onto the cold tile. I stuck my ass out at them, still unsure as to what they planned on doing to me - I could only hope they'd be merciful.

A pair of hands suddenly yanked my skirt and panties down around my knees, exposing me entirely. I felt tears prick at the corners of my eyes - my chest was tight with embarrassment as I felt a single finger trail along my pussy. Shuddering as the finger was pressed inside for one heavenly moment, I let out a strangled moan.

"Slut. You're already wet? You got wet just because we were *talking* about fucking you?" Evan laughed in disbelief, pulling his finger out. I couldn't respond - I was too scared and turned on to formulate proper sentences. Swaying my hips slightly, I silently begged him to put his finger back in.

Unfortunately, Evan didn't seem keen on pleasuring me. He brought his hand down and spanked my ass with a force I wouldn't have expected. I crumpled against the counter, lips parted in a silent scream, pussy throbbing.

"C'mon, guys - give it a go. Try punishing this little whore." Evan grinned, taking a step back and allowing the other two to hurt me.

Adam's hand was larger than Evan's, but he was a bit more reluctant to apply that much force. Still, the cheek was tender, and having someone hit it was painful, to say the least. My toes curled up in my shoes, I winced and tried my best to stay silent.

Mike hit me with *passion*, slapping the already abused flesh over and over without warning. He hadn't been satisfied with just one spank - he felt the need to go overboard. I began to cry, but my pussy only grew wetter.

"She *likes* this? What a pathetic bitch-" Evan smirked, watching Mike spank me until my ass was completely red. "Alright - enough. Hurting her is boring. Let me see if I can get her to show us how slutty she *really* is." His voice was smooth, and when his breath hit the back of my ear, I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning.

There was a hand running along my sensitive ass, moving to palm at my pussy. I squirmed as Evan's finger circled my clit, knees knocking together as I tried to retain as much composure as was humanly possible under the circumstances. His finger was relentless and *skilled*, dipping into my pussy and instantly finding all my sensitive spots.

"Fuck-" I panted, head resting on my arms in defeat as Evan violated me.

He pulled the finger out, and I was left completely frustrated.

"If you want me to keep going, you're going to have to ask me nicely." Evan sighed in mock exasperation. Of course - he was going to make me beg for it. I had my pride, but these men were certainly chipping away at it. I screwed my eyes shut, willing him to just put it back in without feeling the need to humiliate me further.

"Such a dumb slut - she doesn't even know how to ask for what she wants-" Came Adam's voice, deep and insulting.

I gave in, voice strained and cracking with arousal as I tried to make myself heard. "Please- please fuck me-" I murmured, ashamed to have even said it.

"Who said anything about fucking you?" Evan smiled. "We're not doing that just yet, Lily - you're gonna have to wait a while." I was about to interrupt him, but he pushed two fingers deep inside of me, effectively shutting me up. I rutted my hips back onto the fingers, hungry and fueled by adrenaline and primal instincts.

"You fine with being our cumdumpster for the night?" Mike asked, a grin audible within his words. "You'd be a great one. A barbie body and an empty mind? You're a perfect little whore."

The words stung, but I was too busy enjoying Evan's fingers to fight back. Not that I'd have much to fight back with - Mike was right. My mind had to be pretty empty if I was letting three men take advantage of me this damn quickly. My hips were moving of their own accord now, pussy desperate to have something fill it.

"God, she's brainless - barely put up a fight. Look how much she's enjoying it-" Adam laughed, watching my body beg for more as Evan fingered me. My thighs were trembling, and I already felt close to climax. I stuck my ass out in an effort to get the fingers to go deeper, but it was clear that they wouldn't be able to satisfy my urge properly.

"More-" I panted, fingernails scraping desperately at the tile of the bar counter. Evan conceded, using his free hand to rub my clit, bringing me dangerously close to orgasm. I moaned - a debauched, broken noise that filled the empty bar. As I shrugged off the last of my dignity, Evan removed his fingers from me.

My legs were weak, and my pussy was hypersensitive due to the fact that I'd been denied my orgasm. I tried to push myself up off of the bar counter, to stand up and perhaps put an end to all of this (though really, I didn't want to just go home and be forced to get myself off), but I came tumbling down to the ground.

The men stood around me, watching me heave my naked body to my knees. My skirt and panties still hung loosely around my calves, and I was forced to shimmy my way out of them, kicking them off completely, along with my shoes.

"Look how pathetic she looks." Mike smiled. I looked up into his dull green eyes, before noticing the tent in his pants that was inches away from my face. Instinctively, I tried to scoot backwards, but Mike

simply stepped forward and closed the distance in one move. I brought a hand up out of curiosity, palming at the obvious erection. Damn, he felt big-

Mike began to fumble with his belt, undoing his pants and zipper. Slowly, teasingly, he shifted his boxers down - and out sprung his cock. It fell against my cheek, startling me. It was certainly the largest dick I'd ever been confronted with - I stared at it, dumbfounded, wrapping a hand around the base experimentally.

"Do what you're meant to." He demanded, grabbing the back of my head and pressing the weeping tip of his cock against my plump lips. I looked up into his eyes, allowing my jaw to fall open. He made the most of the opportunity I'd given him, instantly shoving his dick down my throat, as far as it would go.

I had never been good at giving blowjobs. I had a very weak gag reflex - something my ex-boyfriend had always complained about. Tears were already running down my cheeks and ruining my makeup, just from having a dick prod at the back of my throat. I struggled, swallowing incessantly, throat clamping down around the invading object.

My hand was still on the base, and I pumped up and down as much as I could, hoping to satisfy him one way or another. It was thick and hot and veiny, and my hand was hard at work pleasuring him. Mike looked down at me, hands in my hair, and laughed. It felt cruel, especially seeing as I was trying my best, but I couldn't say anything with his cock down my throat.

Suddenly, he swatted my hand away - I was surprised. He then shoved me down, forcing me to take him in all the way up to the base. My heart was throbbing, my cheeks were slick with tears, and my nose was pressed up against Mike's flat stomach. I was choking, gagging, but that didn't seem to deter him. I struggled for air, but he held me in position.

It was then that he grabbed fistfuls of my hair, using them to steady himself - he began to snap his hips forward, fucking my face. My throat had wild spasms around his cock, and I looked up at him with watery eyes as he used me.

"Damn - you look perfect like this. You were meant to be fucked. You know that, Lily?" He panted, voice far less intimidating when broken up with moans and sighs. The fact that it was me who had reduced him to this made me feel proud, if only for a moment. I shut my eyes, flared my nostrils, and tried to keep up with his frantic pace.

My throat was crying out in agony, but the feeling of being stretched to my limits like this was admittedly arousing. I took as much of his cock as I could, swallowing around him in an effort to bring him to orgasm. Judging by the way his hips were starting to buck forward haphazardly, I was almost there.

Finally, I felt him hold me down, and he shot his hot seed against the back of my throat. I forced myself to swallow everything - my eyes were shut as I felt him completely use me. Those words played over and over again in my mind - 'perfect little whore'. Maybe these men were right. Maybe this is all I was good for.

I certainly felt as though I were made for it. Despite the circumstances, I was enjoying every second of this, my heart thudding and my pussy aching for relief. I sucked every last drop out of Mike's dick, enjoying the way the warm ropes of cum slid down my throat. I felt useful, I felt a sense of purpose.

He pulled out, a single, sticky trail of cum still connecting my lips to the tip of his cock. I gave him a watery-eyed look of concern, and he finally showed me a little affection. He ruffled my hair and grinned down at me. "Good girl-" He smiled, already starting to stroke himself in an effort to get hard again. I licked my lips, making sure my face was clean for whoever was to come next.

Evan came up behind me, hauling me to my feet and turning me around to face him.

"Lily." He remarked, looking deep into my eyes. "How did that feel? Being used like that?"

"Good-" I mumbled without thinking. Evan began to laugh at my honesty, giving me a perplexed look.

"Well, of course it did - you *are* a whore, after all. Do you think you can handle the three of us at once?"

I didn't think I could, in all honesty. Simply giving Mike a blowjob had taken up all of my energy - to have two other men inside me would definitely be more than my body could handle. Still...it was a tempting offer, and something I'd fantasized about before. To be turned into a sex toy, nothing but an object of pleasure for men - perhaps it'd be worth it to at least give it a go.

"Not that I'm giving you a choice-" Evan grinned. "Don't think about your answer so hard - no matter what you say, we're gonna do it." He sneered, shoving me backwards. I tumbled to the floor without a trace of grace, falling flat on my sensitive ass, legs spread conveniently for Evan.

He crawled between them, getting down on his knees in front of me.

"Turn over. Hands and knees - I can't look at your slutty face right now." He spat. I shakily complied, flipping myself over and balancing myself on my hands and knees. My knees dug into the ground unpleasantly, and I knew that I'd have all the telltale markings of being a whore come morning.

Somehow, I really didn't mind - I stuck my ass out for Evan, surprised when he responded by sliding the tip of his cock along my aching hole. I instantly dissolved into a series of debauched moans, rutting myself against him needily. "Fuck- put it in-" I begged, angling my hips down in order to convince him.

He dipped the tip into me for a second, and I was surprised at how large he was, how *wide* - I didn't know if he'd be able to fit the entire thing inside of me. I pushed myself down regardless, urging him to go as deep as he could. "Please, please-"

He pulled it out. Of course he did - Evan wouldn't rest until I had completely and utterly debased myself before him. I knew what I had to do - even though he'd said that he didn't want to look at my slutty face, I looked over my shoulder and into those smoldering brown eyes of his. God, he was gorgeous.

"Please- I'm just a whore, I need this - I need you to cum inside of me-" I begged, voice desperate beyond belief. I'd regret what I was saying tomorrow. I really shouldn't just beg a stranger to cum inside me - that was asking for trouble. Yet in that moment, it felt *right* to beg like that.

And finally, finally - he began to push inside of me. I was right in assuming he'd be huge - it hurt almost as much as my first time had, if not more. I was gasping and panting, and he was only a couple of inches in. I felt myself being stretched, my walls angrily trying to force him out of me.

"Lily - relax. You're tight as fuck for a whore, you have to calm down." He sighed, hands trailing up my ass, sliding along the plump flesh of my hips, and coming to rest on my waist. I inhaled deeply, hoping that the excess oxygen would help restart my brain. My jaw was hanging open stupidly, arms and legs shaking as he began to fuck me.

He finally bit the bullet and forced himself all the way inside of me, huge cock pressing insistently against my cervix. I was putty in his hands, melting as he ravaged me. His movements were slow at first, but it was by far the most intense sexual experience I'd ever had in my life. I shut my eyes, hands balling into fists against the dirty bar floor.

"God, Lily - fuck- you're such a good girl. You love this, don't you-" Evan's usually smooth and rich voice was cracking as he began to pick up the pace, slamming into my tight, wet hole and stretching me past

my limits. I was in pain, but I had never been that turned on before in my entire life. I was seeing stars, vision blurry and white as he had his way with me.

It was then that I felt a cold liquid being squirted between my ass cheeks, sliding over my hole. A finger pressed intrusively at my asshole, attempting to worm its way inside. That's right - Evan had said I'd be taking all three of them at once. My heart skipped a beat - I'd never had someone fuck my ass before, and I wasn't sure if I could take it.

"Fucking cumslut-" Mike sighed harshly, forcing his finger deep into me as Evan fucked me. He twisted it around, and I realized that it didn't hurt. It didn't feel uncomfortable - rather, I liked it. I wanted more.

"Another-" I cried out, forehead pressed firmly against the floor as my body was practically torn apart. Mike complied, pressing a second digit into me, moving the fingers in a scissor-like motion in order to open me up for him.

My attention was so focused on what was going on with my ass and pussy that I didn't even realize the fact that Adam had moved to stand in front of me. His boots were right in front of my face, and I knew exactly what he wanted from me. I pushed myself up off of the floor and back onto my hands. I felt like such a whore - I was hungry for cock, and I didn't care how I got it. I just wanted to be completely full. My body had started to crave it, ever since Evan had planted the idea in my head.

Adam was looking down at me, one eyebrow raised. He seemed unimpressed with me, and therefore I really had to prove to him that I was worthy of his dick. Pawing desperately at his belt buckle and zipper as I was fucked and fingered, I really felt like someone else entirely. I managed to undo the buckle, and I grabbed hold of the zipper with my teeth, pulling it down slowly and teasingly, holding eye contact with Adam all the while. He started to smirk as he watched my little performance take place.

"You're eager, aren't you?" He grinned, running his fingers through my now-messy hair. I nodded - I was most definitely eager. If you had told me an hour ago that I'd be on my knees, three men having their way with me, I wouldn't have believed you, much less if you had told me that I would be *enjoying* it.

Finally, I managed to shift his boxers down around his thighs, dick springing out. It was certainly shorter than Mike's, thankfully enough, but it was far wider - I was barely able to wrap my delicate hand around the base. This would certainly prove to be a challenge, but one that I was up for. I was a moaning mess - something Evan's amazing cock could be held responsible for. Sucking off Adam gave me an opportunity to muffle the more embarrassing noises.

I opened my mouth and took him in, bobbing my head in an effort to please him. He tipped his head back, letting out a soft groan of approval as I went to work. I hollowed out my cheeks, head moving further and further down. He was so thick, it put a strain on my mouth trying to fit all of him inside.

"Fuck-" He sighed, starting to buck his hips up and fuck my face, which had been stained with mascara and smeared lipstick. My muffled moans were causing my throat to vibrate around him, making him go crazy - he was already starting to snap his hips forward wildly, thick cock hitting the back of my throat with ease. The experience with Mike had been beneficial - I was no longer having as many issues with choking and gagging as I'd had before.

Adam seemed pleased with what I was doing, however, the fingers in my ass were being pulled out. I tensed my body up, preparing for what was to come.

Mike had positioned himself next to Evan, whose dick was hitting that perfect, perfect spot within me with every single thrust. I could feel the tip of Mike's cock pressed up against my wet, puckered hole - I

willed him to force it inside of me. Slowly, slowly, he began to push it inside of me, my walls angry and sensitive as he violated them.

I let out a loud moan, a moan that was silenced by Adam's cock. He shuddered as my throat spasmed around him. I arched my back, pushing my ass back onto Mike's long dick, eager to be completely filled up by him.

He was relentless when it came to teasing - he would push it in a few inches, and then pull it out without warning. I had tears streaming down my cheeks again, a thick cock ramming against my cervix, and an equally sizeable dick shoved down my throat. I wiggled my ass, finally managing to encourage Mike to fuck me properly.

His dick filled me in a way no other could, and I was in ecstasy. Finally I was completely full, all orifices plugged with dick. My eyes fluttered shut, enjoying the blissful moment. It was an unmistakable feeling, one I'd miss desperately when this was over. The men rammed into me with no regard for my own comfort, and I loved it.

The feeling of being used, the feeling of being nothing more than a sex toy - it was astounding. My mind was completely blank, and my neglected clit throbbed with want as my body was ravaged.

Evan's voice piped up behind me, and it took a moment for my ears to focus on him. I was overwhelmed by all the new sensations - listening had grown to be a surprisingly difficult task.

"Lily, you're the fucking best-" Evan hissed, his hips speeding up, creating an impossibly fast pace that had me seeing white. I felt as though I'd never be able to return to my normal, uneventful sex life after this experience - I'd want it far too badly to simply abandon it. I began to move my hips along with Evan, his cock pressing against my most sensitive spots, making me whine and moan.

Mike's cock was hitting places within me that I hadn't known existed up until this very moment. I hollowed my cheeks as much as I could in order to suck Adam off properly, but he had to understand that my mind was far too gone to be focused on my technique. He seemed to pick up on this, simply grabbing hold of my head and ramming his cock into it over and over.

My body felt as though it was on fire, hypersensitive, in love with the feeling of being touched, of being fucked. I felt so close to the edge, I wanted so badly to plead with Evan to touch me, touch me where I needed it the most. My hips were wild, jerking back and forth, my throat was strained, and I was desperate to reach orgasm.

Mike's hips suddenly started to thrust into me at an uneven, wild pace - I knew he was about to lose it. I braced my wrists against the ground as he began to unload himself inside of me, cum coating my walls and filling me up inside. I moved my hips in little circles guaranteed to drive him crazy, milking him of everything he had. When he finally pulled out, I could feel his cum leaking out of my hole and trailing messily down toward my pussy.

Adam evidently couldn't take the sight of my well-fucked face anymore, seeing as he began to thrust into me with unforeseen power as well. That thick tip hit my throat /hard/, but the pain only made me more aware of the pleasure. Soon he was cumming down my throat, hot white ropes sliding into my stomach, filling me. I needed more - when he pulled out of my mouth, I let out a desperate whine.

He hadn't finished yet - taking himself in hand, Adam pumped his cock, shooting the rest of his seed onto my messy face. I let my mouth fall open, beads of white sliding off my nose and onto my tongue.

"Such a fucking slut." He laughed, redressing himself as he observed his work. "You really are only

good for one thing."

I brought an arm up to wipe my face off, but was quickly distracted by Evan's hand - he'd brought a finger down to play with my clit as he fucked me, and that added stimulation already had me close to cumming.

"Fuck-" I moaned, hips moving subconsciously, rutting down onto his hand in a desperate attempt to gain satisfaction. His hips were speeding up, his thrusts growing more and more powerful as he rammed hard against my cervix. I felt as though I might be torn in half - though with the absence of Adam and Mike there was a sense of emptiness, the fact that I could focus completely on Evan was a blessing.

"Your cock is amazing-" I panted.

He laughed.

"I'd expect no less from you, Lily."

The pad of his finger worked my clit, and I was so close - the second I felt him bury himself in me, cum beginning to shoot inside, I lost control. I hit my climax spectacularly, mouth hanging open, mind blank.

I let out what might've been the most embarrassing noise I'd ever made, but I was too far gone to realize at the time. He filled me up as my walls clamped down around him, pussy sensitive and desperate. When he finally pulled out of me, I was exhausted, cum leaking onto the dirty floor beneath me.

The three of them stood up, redressing themselves and leaving me naked on the floor. I looked up - Adam was fiddling with my phone.

"You better start cleaning." Evan sneered, looking down at me. There was cum on the floor, and I'd made quite a mess. "Adam put my number on your phone - call us if you can't find anyone else to use you, okay? See you later, Lily." He said, still a little short of breath as he ruffled my hair and walked out of the bar, taking his friends with him.

Dominated By Three Hunters

Living on the outskirts of the city had its perks - you were close enough to civilisation to do all necessary errands and chores, and yet you were far away enough to enjoy peaceful moments like this. The sky was crisp and clear, clouds like marshmallows dotting the horizon. The air was clean and delicious, the trees just starting to turn red.

The leaves on the ground made loud crunches when stepped on - satisfying noises that made one want to charge through the forest at full speed. Paths had been laid out by hikers, and there were familiar landmarks that made the landscape easy to navigate. It was safe to say that my weekly forest walks were the best thing in my life right now.

I would explore different paths, find new and interesting places to take breaks - I would sit down, close my eyes, and feel my stress melt away. Allow myself to be removed from that vile world of concrete and plastic, allow myself to soak in the nature around me. No matter what anyone else said, I couldn't find a better hobby than my walks.

It wasn't as though they had a particular purpose, per se - they were just satisfying, a way to get those

endorphins coursing through my bloodstream after an irritating week of work. My job was nothing special - I worked as a receptionist at an insurance firm.

My colleagues were all extroverts, though I supposed that was due to their field of work - in order to properly sell a product to someone, you had to be a smooth talker. I myself was a little more introverted - spending so much time around people with loud mouths was draining, and the forest was the only thing that seemed to understand me.

However, I really wished that I understood *the forest* a little more. It wasn't often that I got *this* lost, but I had absolutely no idea where I was. I was standing in the middle of a little meadow I'd never seen before, trees surrounding the clearing. Shit - I only had a few hours left before sundown. I had to find my bearings *fast*.

Ducking back under the cover of the trees, I scanned my immediate surroundings for any sign of a path. The hikers that had made this area their own were at times very helpful - little coloured arrows and well-trodden routes could make all the difference.

This area was a lost cause - it didn't look like any human activity had taken place here in *ages*. Just one little detour had gotten me *this* lost, huh? Figures. My luck had been awful lately - I resigned myself to wandering about aimlessly, knowing that if I just went straight, I'd probably find a sign or a path eventually.

After a short span of time, I came to a stream. Thank god - something to follow! Sure, it wasn't a guarantee that it'd lead me anywhere, but its presence was comforting nonetheless. Plus, the soft sound of water brushing over stone was music to my ears, instantly bringing down my aggravated heart rate.

That is, until I saw the tents several metres off. Shit - campers. Having dealt with people more than enough this week, I blanched. I didn't particularly want to pass through their campsite, seeing as it might bother them. For a brief moment, I pondered going around them, until I realized -

They probably knew exactly where they were, and how to get back to the city. It was then that I knew I had to approach them. I'd have much rather found a path, but if these people were the only help I had, I'd just have to take it. Steeling myself, I crunched through the leaves, following the stream up to their campsite.

Once I was a little closer, I realized that there were only three people - a small trip, perhaps organized among friends. From what I could see, they were all men - large, burly men at that. I suddenly felt a little intimidated. It was likely that I'd have to play up my feminine charm in order to get them to give me directions. I undid the top button of my shirt, and removed my hair tie. A subtle difference, but if it meant they'd be a little more friendly, it was worth it.

Slowly, I stepped into their campsite. There were three tents, along with a log bench and several duffel bags filled to the brim with hunting equipment. I shivered - hunters usually weren't the most pleasant bunch. Trembling, I approached the man closest to me - a brunet with uneven stubble and impressive biceps.

"Excuse me-" I mumbled. "My name's Daisy - I'm lost. I was wondering if you and your friends know how to get back to the city-" My voice was cracking and hoarse, *totally* unsexy. I hoped that these men were decent enough to pity me. When the brunet turned to face me, I actually *jumped* a little in shock.

"Daisy, huh? My name's Kevin. Sure- I guess me and the guys can help you. But really, we're not just gonna give you directions for *free*." He stated vaguely, voice rich and deep. I felt my cheeks heat up - Kevin was an attractive man by any standards, by far the most attractive I'd seen in a while. The guys at work

couldn't hold a candle to him.

He turned to look at his friends - one a blond of less impressive height but more impressive bulk, the other a noiret of an imposing height.

"Guys - c'mon over. We have a little visitor." Kevin grinned, and though I didn't like the condescension inherent in his tone, I stayed put, nervous grin plastered stupidly on my face as always. I was sure that I looked a mess, cheeks pink and hair frizzy. I prayed that these men were just playful, the sort of guys with crude senses of humor.

His friends didn't seem to be paying attention - as such, Kevin took a brief leave and made his way over to them. I watched them talk amongst themselves - Kevin would constantly gesture towards me, and the way smiles made their way onto the other men's faces was unnerving.

Instantly, my mind went to the strangest possible scenario - what if these men demanded sexual favors in exchange for directions? My heart seized up instantly. It was embarrassing for a woman of my age, but in all honesty, I was still a virgin. I knew that if they asked me to give myself up to them, I wouldn't be able to cope with it.

On the other hand, though - it had been a very long time since I'd been in the presence of attractive men. Perhaps this was the opportunity I'd been waiting for! I briefly pictured it, sex between me and Kevin - and to my surprise, I wasn't horrified by the concept. My cheeks grew even hotter, and I felt a strange throb come from between my legs - it was a very odd, foreign feeling.

As I surveyed the other two men, I realized that they were both just as good-looking as Kevin - outdoorsy types, toned bodies, chiseled jaws - suddenly, I found myself biting my lip. I shouldn't be getting my hopes up - there was no way in hell these men would be interested in doing things like that with a girl like me.

I was startled out of my stupor by the sound of loud, foreboding footsteps. The three men were making their way over to me, and I was helpless to know just what they had in mind.

"Daisy. This is Brian-" Kevin smiled, gesturing towards the blond, who held up a hand to greet me. "And this is Richard." He gestured towards the noiret, who looked significantly less friendly. I nodded, feeling very small in their presence. Kevin took a step forward, suddenly running his hand through my hair.

It was a little intimate considering we were strangers, but I certainly wasn't complaining. The grin on his lips was full of malicious intent - even a socially incompetent girl like myself could tell that much. It was clear that whatever he had in mind, it was probably something rather nefarious. I shifted, trying to get my thighs to stop trembling.

"Daisy, we're willing to help you out - but only if you let us...*use* you a little." He smirked. My heart skipped a beat - though I'd been fantasizing about it not a minute ago, it suddenly seemed a little much. I tried to back up, but I tripped over a twig and came tumbling down, landing harshly on my ass.

"No need to be so afraid," Brian smiled, faux-friendly. He grabbed me by the front of my shirt and hauled me back to a standing position with an impressive strength. I was winded and shocked, but I knew that it'd be better to just agree - if men like these got angry with me, I'd definitely be in for a world of trouble.

"I'm, uh-" I blurted, worried that they'd take issue with the fact that I had no prior experience with this sort of thing. "I've never-"

"You're a virgin?" Richard asked, a cocky half-grin resting on his face. He approached me with soft footsteps, closing the distance between us. "No wonder." As he made that particular comment, he trailed his palms up my sides, bringing them to rest on my chest, which was admittedly a little on the small side.

Offended, I tried to step back, but Kevin had repositioned himself, standing behind me and trapping me. I started to get a little worried. Richard had taken to unbuttoning my shirt - I wasn't wearing a bra, and as he worked his way down, it dawned on me that I was going to be exposed to these men in the middle of the forest.

"These-" Richard murmured, pushing my shirt off of my shoulders and cupping my small breasts. "-are pretty pathetic." He chuckled softly, a mean-spirited noise. "You're barely a woman - Kevin, are you *sure* we wanna fuck her?"

"Personally, I think she'd be a perfect little toy for us." Brian chimed in, pushing Richard aside and resting his hands on my hips, thumbs dipping beneath the waistband of my skirt. "I like 'em cute and small. Daisy, you'd be a good girl for us, right?" He smiled, blue eyes hiding a malice that I wasn't sure I was comfortable with.

"She might not be that experienced-" Kevin said, voice close to my ear, giving me goosebumps. "But I'm sure she'll learn to love it. She gave me such a *hungry* fuckin' look when she came up to me. It's obvious she's just desperate for cock." He explained, reaching around me and groping me from behind. Without thinking, I let out a moan I didn't know I was even capable of making.

"Damn-" Richard chuckled. "You may be right. You know, Daisy - most chicks wouldn't just *let* three men feel her up like this. Most chicks wouldn't moan *just* from having their tits squeezed. You're a special kind of slut, aren't you? Absolutely pathetic-" He sneered, his voice dripping with venom as he watched.

"She's a total slut-" Brian grinned. "I can see it in her eyes - she just hasn't found the right place to express it yet."

"We're gonna teach you a *lot*, Daisy-" Kevin whispered into my ear, breath hot and arousing. Instinctively, I rutted my ass backwards, grinding up onto his crotch. I hadn't expected to give in this quickly, but I was utterly helpless - it was a terrifying feeling, but I couldn't deny that having these men degrade me was kind of *hot*.

"She's a natural." Kevin smiled, and I could feel the hardness and warmth through his jeans as I pressed back against him. His hands traveled down to my thighs, gripping and squeezing at the soft flesh, fingers rough and calloused. My lips were parted in a silent moan, and it dawned on me that I was wetter than I'd ever been before.

Brian moved his hand between my thighs, up my skirt. I winced - I didn't want to be found out this early on, after all. It was humiliating, the way his face lit up upon realizing how much I was actually enjoying this. Those thick, strong fingers prodded at my pussy, my panties just barely protecting me from him.

I couldn't help but let out a moan of pleasure, especially when his thumb began to circle my clit. I bit my lip, desperate to remain silent from that point onwards, but I knew it'd be impossible. Kevin rutted his impressive erection against my ass, and Brian's hand continued to tease me with a ruthless lack of mercy.

"She's wet as hell-" He remarked, pulling his hand away for proof, showing Richard his glistening fingers. "Just from this."

"Fucking whore." Richard spat, pushing Brian aside and coming to stand in front of me. He was

impossibly tall, to the point where I had to tip my head back just to make eye contact with him. He had piercing grey eyes, and his lidded eyes made it clear that he wasn't one to be fucked with. My heart jumped, afraid and excited by the idea of what this man could do to me.

"I'm gonna make you scream for me, Daisy-" Richard sneered, suddenly tugging my skirt and panties down, letting the redundant fabric pool around my ankles. Obediently, I stepped out of it, kicking off my tennis shoes in the process. I was completely naked before these men, and though the trees concealed us, it was entirely possible that a lost hiker could see us at any moment.

The thought was arousing and horrifying all at once, and my insides churned with nervousness as Richard's lithe hands came to rest on my hips. Those eyes of his practically stared into my soul with a sharpness that refused to waver. He ran his stony gaze over my naked form, eyebrow cocked as though in judgement. I was ashamed at how my wetness spilled onto my inner thighs.

His hand slid between my slick, plump thighs, grabbing at my needy, aching pussy. I whimpered with desperation, embarrassed at the way my hips rolled down onto his hand as though it were second nature. He laughed - a mean, judgmental laugh. He pressed his middle finger inside of me very, very slowly - my walls clamped down over and over as though to force him out.

"Shit - you're tighter than I would've expected." He remarked, urging his finger in up to the second knuckle. "Useless whores like you are usually too loose to fuck-" His finger twisted and turned within me, stretching the hymen that was, for the time being, protecting my dignity. I angled my hips down, allowing him to slide his entire finger into me.

"That feels good-" I panted - I was immediately silenced with a finger from Richard's free hand, however.

"Did I say you could talk?" He snapped. Suddenly, Kevin stepped away, allowing Richard to shove me down, pinning me to the forest floor. The sudden pain knocked the wind out of me, and my mouth hung open, chest heaving as I tried to catch my breath. I stared up at the sky, the whole situation surreal.

I could barely think due to arousal, mind utterly clouded by lust. I propped myself up on my elbows gradually, finally regaining my bearings. When I looked down, I noticed Richard perched between my legs. He stared me down, grabbing my hips and lifting them up, bringing them up to his mouth.

I was unable to move - I went limp and allowed Richard to do as he pleased with my filthy, perverted body. I felt something warm and wet prod at my clit - his tongue. It sent shivers down my spine the second it touched me, and as it circled that sensitive spot, I thought I might go crazy.

The tongue slid down from my clit and licked a stripe up my pussy, barely dipping into the entrance. My whole body was alight with desire, and it was all I could do to keep from crying out in ecstasy. I was biting my lip hard enough to draw blood, and Richard was relentless with his teasing. His tongue ran up and down my wet slit, lapping at all the wetness coming from me.

Finally, his tongue slid inside of me, his upper lip brushing against my clit. That powerful muscle twisted and turned within me, making me squirm with pleasure. My lips parted, and I whined his name as he brought me closer and closer to orgasm. It never, ever felt this good when I did it alone - Richard was making me see stars.

I was so close - my hips were twitching and bucking wildly, body beyond my control. My vision was starting to blur at the edges, tongue lolling out of my mouth as I let Richard ravage me. And just as I was about to climax - he pulled away, dropping my hips back onto the forest floor completely unceremoniously.

My body was left hot and bothered, pussy throbbing angrily, wet and desperate for something to fill it. I had never been this frustrated in my entire life - my eyes were wide and watery, and I was too out of breath to beg. My thighs were twitching, and I was quite certain that some of my wetness was leaking onto the ground below.

"Oh, my bad - did you *actually* think I was going to let you cum?" Richard cackled, obviously pretty damn pleased with himself. I propped myself up on one elbow, shaky and needy as I stared up at him. I must've looked pathetic as all hell. "Whores like you don't deserve to cum - you're only here to make us feel good. That's all you're good for, after all." He sneered, reaching down and slapping my chest with unexpected harshness.

I winced, bringing up my arm in self-defense. He was a cruel man - I could feel tears starting to roll down my cheeks out of humiliation and arousal.

Thankfully, Kevin pushed Richard out of the way fairly quickly - I was glad to see his face. His chocolate brown eyes held a little more kindness than Richard's slate gray ones. He had a naughty smile tugging at his lips, and I was more than willing to oblige whatever requests he may have. I didn't even notice it, but I'd subconsciously spread my legs out even further in order to accommodate him.

Maybe they were right - maybe I *was* a slut. Maybe I was born a slut, and I just hadn't realized up until this point due to my lack of experience. It would certainly explain how wet I was, how shaky, how sensitive and needy. I was eager to please, and when I saw Kevin's strong hands move down to undo his belt buckle, my heart skipped a beat - I couldn't wait to see what he was hiding.

God, that tent in his pants looked absolutely *massive*, and I was practically drooling as I watched him tug down that stubborn zipper. Finally, finally, he was shifting his pants and boxers down around his thighs, allowing that thick, veiny cock to burst out of its confines. I had never seen anything like it before.

It looked like something straight out of a porno - long and hard and almost painful-looking. The tip wept with precum, and I had to fight the urge to crawl over to him and lap at it. He must've noticed the hunger in my eyes, because he started to laugh.

"You really are a fuckin' cockslut, aren't you, Daisy?" He grinned, taking himself in hand and stroking his erection to the sight of my naked body.

He leaned down, and without warning, he dragged that thick, wet tip across my pussy, briefly dipping it into me. I was more than wet enough for him to put it in, though I was still slightly worried about the pain factor, given that I'd never had a man inside of me before. I trembled beneath him as he teased me, cock pressed up against my entrance.

"Do you want it?"

"Yes-"

"You're gonna have to beg."

It was cruel, seeing as he knew I couldn't formulate a proper sentence in this state. I writhed on the ground, needy as all hell, cock-hungry brain struggling to find the words it needed to get him to fill me up, to satisfy those primal urges that had been lying dormant within me for so long.

"Fuck me, please- I need it- I need it so badly-" I whined, voice sounding childish and bratty, so unlike my usual self. I could barely stand to hear it - and yet, it was deeply arousing to be confronted with the reality that I'd been reduced to a moaning, fuckable mess, waiting to be filled by these men.

"Fine - you better appreciate this, slut-" Kevin grinned, smooth, deep voice like music to my ears. I spread my legs out further, bucking my hips uselessly in order to urge him inside of me - I wanted it so badly that I was almost disgusted with myself.

He grabbed ahold of my hips, fingernails digging into them. I winced, knowing there would be marks and bruises littering my body tomorrow. Finally, he aligned the tip of his cock with my wet, slutty hole, and began to force his way inside of me. I had never felt anything like it before - he was *huge*, and though he was going at a slow pace, I still felt overwhelmed.

"So fucking tight-" He half-complained, half-complimented. He had only managed to get an inch or two inside before giving up and pulling out - or at least, that's what I'd thought he was doing.

After a moment of contemplation, he suddenly slammed his cock into me all at once, with no regard for my comfort. He plunged it all the way to the hilt, hitting my cervix and tearing my hymen wide open. I felt a trail of blood trickle down my thigh, but I didn't mind at all - despite the pain, there was a deep, deep satisfaction in being *filled* like this.

It was amazing - the first time he pulled out of me, I let out a debauched noise that I had no idea I was even capable of producing. Kevin laughed at this, giving my ass a slap before ramming his dick deep within me again. He set a steady pace, pounding into me without mercy over and over again.

With one particularly deep thrust, he brushed his cock up against a particularly sensitive spot within me - a spot I hadn't even known existed up until that point in time. My body instantly seized up, and I hit orgasm without any warning, hips spasming wildly, walls clamping down onto Kevin's dick.

I was crying, moans leaving my lips - I was unable to control myself. He fucked me through my climax, refusing to stop even though I was oversensitive and weak. I had nothing to hold on to, nothing to steady myself. My eyes were shut, I was in bliss - I let him fuck me through the afterglow, propping myself up just in time to see Richard standing above me.

His cock was out, and my eyes began to lazily focus on it. It wasn't very thick, but it was almost *impossibly* long - acting on instinct, I reached out and grabbed it by the base, pumping my hand up and down. He grinned at that action, cocking an eyebrow at me in that particular way of his.

"Don't just touch it, slut. I want this cock crammed down your pretty little throat." He spat, kneeling before me and grabbing me by the hair, lifting my head up. He poked at my cheek with the warm, wet tip of his dick, and my lips parted without any conscious thought on my part. I gazed up at him hungrily, hoping my mouth looked inviting.

All of a sudden, he forced his cock into my mouth and down my unsuspecting throat. I choked instantly, throat violently spasming around the invading object, trying its very best to force it out of me. Richard was having none of this, however, hands balled into fists in my hair, holding me down, my nose pressed against his flat stomach.

There was a mildly salty taste to it, and I found I didn't mind it at all. He dragged his dick slowly out of my mouth, until only the tip rested upon my tongue. I sucked and lapped at it as though I were nothing more than a dog, but just as I was growing confident, he rammed that long cock down my throat again, surprising me and forcing more tears out of my eyes.

He established a clear rhythm. He'd hold me in place, forcing me to deepthroat that insanely lengthy erection of his, and then he'd slide it out gradually, allowing me to grow comfortable again - before shoving his dick back down my throat. It was painful, but there was something satisfying about having him fill my

throat the same way Kevin was filling my pussy.

It was then that I saw, out of the corner of my eye, Brian squeezing something onto his fingers. I was nowhere near close enough to read the label, but judging from the situation, I guessed that it was most likely lube. I was perplexed for a moment, and in my cock-hungry headspace I was unable to decipher it - I had no idea why he needed lube.

It didn't dawn on me until I felt Brian's finger on my asshole. He was kneeling next to Kevin, thick fingers slowly circling my puckered hole. The sensation was cold and slick and utterly *foreign* to me, but somehow, it turned me on even more. I thought for a moment that he might just be teasing me, but -

He had pushed his finger inside. I moaned around Richard's cock, hips bucking downward to urge more of that finger inside of me. It was wet with lube, and it twisted deep within me, all the way up to the third knuckle. It brushed up against sensitive spots that I hadn't known were real, and I couldn't help but want more.

It was scary, but the thought of being filled by three men at once was too tempting to pass up - I wanted Brian to fuck my ass. I would've begged, had my throat not been full of cock. I wriggled my hips, though this didn't make much of a difference, seeing as Kevin was fucking me hard enough to make me squirm with each thrust.

However, Brian seemed to take the hint regardless, grinning and slipping a second finger in alongside the first. He stretched me out, stretched me to my limits - I felt as though I might tear in half. "God, these guys were right about you. Nothing but a useless cocksut, huh?" He chuckled, pulling his fingers out and watching me intently, watching my puckered hole gape needily for him.

I was bracing myself for Brian's cock, but all of a sudden, Kevin pulled out, taking his cock in hand and lazily pumping the base. He watched me with eager eyes, watched the way I would react to the loss of dick. Richard, too - he pulled out of my throat, stroking himself to the sight of my surprised face. I had no idea why they'd all decided to stop - so suddenly, too!

"Please-" I begged, my abused throat barely able to get the words out. I needed their dicks inside of me, but I didn't want to lower myself to begging unless it was absolutely necessary. I spread my legs, showcasing the holes that were ready for cock, lips parted. "Please- just fuck me- I need it-"

It was impossible to stop the stream of pleas that flowed forth freely, rolling off my tongue with ease. My brain was so lost in the haze of lust that I couldn't manage to shut up. "Give it to me-" I pleaded. "I need you-"

Kevin and his friends turned to look at each other, chuckling at the depraved woman before them. "Fuck- you were a virgin a couple minutes ago, and *now* look at you! Cock's the only thing you can think about-" Kevin remarked, stroking himself. "You really are a pathetic little whore."

"I don't think I can hold back anymore-" Brian panted, tugging his pants down to reveal an impossibly thick cock - I wasn't even sure if it would fit inside of me. He was the first to give in to temptation, aligning the tip of his dick with my entrance and slowly urging it in, groaning as he did so. I arched my back, taking him in as deeply as I could.

My eyes were glazed over with pleasure, flitting lazily between Richard and Kevin, silently begging them to join Brian and fuck me.

Richard sighed, grabbing my useless little head and forcing his cock back into it. I accepted him eagerly, sucking at him as though my life depended on it. My throat swallowed over and over, walls clamping down

on the dick inside, eager to please. I looked up at him through my wet, messy eyelashes, hoping he was enjoying himself.

Kevin followed suit, taking his place next to Brian and shoving his cock back into my aching, twitching pussy. I was already so close to orgasm, but Kevin was a tease - he wasn't going to let me cum that easily. I rolled my hips down onto his dick, urging it to hit that sensitive spot from before, the spot that had made me see stars last time.

It was surreal, being filled by three men at once. My body felt as though it was being put to good use, every orifice filled with the cock it deserved. I was stretched beyond my limits, hands grabbing uselessly at the forest floor to regain some semblance of balance. Tears leaked from my eyes, rolling down my cheeks and onto the base of Richard's cock.

I moaned incessantly around the dick in my mouth, hips bucking down to meet the movements of Brian and Kevin, both of whom had settled into rhythms I could barely keep up with. Their pants, their groans - I was far too turned on. They were so *rough* with me, I wasn't sure how much longer I could take it. I felt like such a slut - but it was an amazing feeling, one I'd never felt before.

I could feel Richard's cock twitching in my throat, and I moaned and swallowed around it, desperate to please him. Before I could protest, however, he pulled his dick out of my throat, taking it into his hand and stroking it. He stared down at me with those piercing gray eyes - I was certain that I must've looked utterly brainless in comparison.

"Fuckin' worthless cunt-" He panted, using his free hand to slap at my chest, my small tits reddening in protest, nipple hardening rapidly at his touch. He grabbed it between his fingers, digging the nails into it, drawing out a cry of pain from my mouth and a bead of blood from the nipple. My pain seemed to satisfy something deep within him, because he bit his lip the second he saw me choke out a sob.

He grabbed his dick firmly, and I watched hungrily as it twitched in his hand. He pumped it furiously, positioning himself over my chest. My lips were parted, lewd sounds escaping them as I watched, tits bouncing as I was fucked by the other two men. Richard shut his eyes firmly, suddenly reaching his climax.

His hot, sticky cum fell in ropes across my worthless chest, and I stared up at him happily, proud that I'd managed to make him cum. He stroked himself through his orgasm, slowing down and panting as he rested on his haunches, eyes slowly opening to observe the beautiful mess he'd made of me.

"Fuck...you're pretty damn amazing, you know that?" He remarked, looking at me with the first genuine smile he'd shown me this entire time. I couldn't respond, only moan - I brought a finger down to the mess on my chest, dipping it into the cum and licking it off, making a show of it for him.

I was suddenly distracted by Brian - his hips began to snap forward at a wild, unprecedented pace. He groaned, leaning forward and digging his fingers into the plump flesh of my waist for support. His cock hit places deep inside of me, and I tipped my head back, crying out, voice broken and loud in the quiet of the forest.

His cock began to twitch inside me, and suddenly, I was being filled up with his warm seed, sticky inside of me, completely satisfying. I allowed my eyelids to flutter shut, lips hanging open in ecstasy as he pumped me full of cum. When he finally pulled out, I was aware of the fact that some of it was leaking out, trailing down to my pussy.

I panted, still trying to keep up with Kevin's pace as I watched Brian tug up his pants. "You're a great cumdumpster, Daisy-" He remarked, malice inherent in his tone. I blushed at the words, though they were

obviously not meant to be taken as a compliment. Somehow, I'd grown to appreciate being called a good whore - it meant I was pleasing these men well.

Finally, the only man left inside me was Kevin - his pace had changed by this point. What had started as teasingly slow had grown utterly rough and wild. He was being careless with my body, fucking me as though I were a ragdoll. His hands were planted firmly on my hips, fingernails digging deeply into the fleshy areas, drawing out little beads of blood.

I wrapped my trembling legs around his burly form, my heels pressing against the small of his back, urging him to go *deeper*. He felt so amazing inside of me, so fucking perfect - I had never imagined that sex could feel *this* good. I bit my lip, looking deep into those delicious chocolate eyes of his.

He was purposefully avoiding that one *perfect* spot that I so desperately needed him to hit. I rolled my hips down to meet his, arching my back and angling myself in such a manner that he'd *have* to hit it.

And hit it he did - over and over, with unexpected force. I cried out in ecstasy, immediately hitting an immensely satisfying orgasm. I saw stars, eyes wide and unfocused as my entire body lit up with pleasure, goosebumps forming all along my arms and legs. I dug my heels into Kevin's back even further, holding him inside of me.

My walls clamped around him wildly, pussy hot and satisfied. I squeezed his cock as tightly as I could, and his hips snapped rapidly forward - his huge dick began to twitch and leak inside me before finally spurting cum deep into me. I hadn't even considered protection, but in my lust-addled state, I was too far gone to care.

"So deep-" I panted.

"Slut-" Kevin groaned, riding out his orgasm inside of me. "You'll just spread your fuckin' legs for anyone, huh? Let anyone cum inside you like it's nothing-"

His observations made me blush - I really *was* a whore, but I didn't mind that fact one bit. As Kevin finally pulled out, cum leaking out of my hole and onto the ground, I stared up at him happily. I was glad to be of service to him and his friends - exhausted, I lay there panting for a few moments more, basking in the afterglow of orgasm.

A piece of paper was thrown onto my chest.

Lazily, I picked it up - it was a map. Opening it up, I saw that Richard had marked two trails.

"One's back to the city, the other's to Kevin's house. I figured we could meet up again sometime." He remarked, shrugging his shoulders as he watched me attempt to gain my bearings on the map.

I grinned - I couldn't wait to visit them again.

Dominated By Three Frat-Boys

Growing up, I had never been popular, especially not with the boys. I was a late bloomer, and socially awkward. Middle school and high school had been pimple-laden hellholes of social anxiety and feelings of inferiority - I hadn't ever figured out how to use makeup, and my wardrobe consisted solely of hand-me-downs from my older sister.

My friends were asked out on the regular, dating and dumping the seemingly endless stream of boys that seemed to come their way. I was a bystander, and I would eagerly listen to their tales of sex and romance, waiting for the day that *I'd* be the one experiencing all of these things, the day that I'd be able to tell *them* the stories.

Unfortunately, that day never came. Presently, I was nineteen years old, a college freshman. I had hoped that college would bring new opportunities, new friends, new men - but the year was almost over, and I had yet to have any success with the opposite sex. I grew desperate, attending every single party I heard about.

I would doll myself up, using my limited knowledge of makeup (which admittedly came mostly from online tutorials) and the several new outfits I'd purchased with spare change. On the night that everything changed for me, I was decked out in a slinky, black number - a dress that highlighted all of my curves.

My eyeliner was winged, it was perfect - my lashes fluttered sexily as I stared at my reflection. It was the best I'd ever looked. Perhaps that's why things had ended up the way they did. That party was loud, was crowded, was full of drunken youths slobbering all over each other - and for the first time, I felt as though I could blend in.

Three boys had approached me all at once. A group of friends, perhaps. I had been a stuttering mess as I talked to them, replied to their inoffensive questions. The ringleader of the group was a man named Daniel, a senior with dark, dark eyes and wavy, ink-black hair. I'd never seen anyone so handsome before in my life.

I was awkward around men. My thighs shifted together, I squirmed under their domineering glances - it was probably obvious that I was *immensely* sexually frustrated after all these years of taking matters into my own hands, so to speak. Daniel picked up on this, noticed my flustered face - and he draped an arm around me, leading me away from the centre of the party, friends in tow.

They were talking amongst themselves, occasionally involving me in the conversation. I would nod, leaning into Daniel's strong touch as we walked. Before I knew it, we'd reached the exit - I was being urged out of the party and into the cold midnight air. I was already a little wet just from being in such close contact with an attractive boy.

"Violet, you gonna come back to our place?" Daniel asked, arm still sturdy and tough around my thin frame. "I think we could have a lotta fun together."

I agreed with his sentiments - I, too thought we could have a lot of fun together. I shouldn't get my hopes up, but it was impossible not to. It was the first time boys had ever taken an interest in me, and I was putty in their hands. I hoped for at least a kiss. At least that much - and maybe, if I got lucky -

My train of thought was abruptly stopped by Joe, one of Daniel's friends. He wasn't quite as attractive as Daniel, but definitely good-looking - he had a large, muscular frame, twinkling blue eyes, and a mop of soft brown hair that rested atop his head. He yanked me away from Daniel, causing me to let out a worried noise.

He laughed - I must've sounded pretty ridiculous. I was being pulled into the car, into the backseat. I shifted into the plush leather, trying to get comfortable. Daniel was in the driver's seat - of course. His other friend, Sam, a lean blond with a snarky mouth, was sat beside him. That left me and Joe all alone in the back. My heart began to race.

The hum of the car, muffled hip-hop music, light conversation between Daniel and Sam - I tuned it all out. Joe was shifting closer and closer to me, and my legs were beginning to tremble with an odd mixture of

nerves and desire. I knew what my mother would say - *don't spread your legs for a stranger, no matter what.*

Following that all-important rule was going to be difficult tonight, especially if these men were to make advances towards me. Body hot and tingling with anticipation, I allowed Joe to wrap an arm across my shoulders, pulling me into his cologne-tinged warmth. It was certainly not a situation I'd expected to get myself into, but there was no way in hell that I was complaining!

Suddenly, there was a hand - calloused and large, groping at my chest. My eyes flew open as though I were a deer in the headlights, back pressed firmly against the interior of the car. Joe wasn't making eye contact with me - rather, he'd joined in on Daniel and Sam's conversation. He was squeezing and grabbing at my breast, fingers kneading the soft flesh. I blushed furiously, my panties growing uncomfortable.

There was no doubt about it from that point forward - these men were taking me back to their apartment in order to use me. I was insecure, I was shy, and I was a perfect target for guys like them. Ordinarily, I would've attempted to remove myself from the situation immediately, attempted to get them to stop the car and let me out.

But something was keeping me firmly in place. As the car slowed to a stop outside of a rundown apartment complex, I realized that I'd gone past the point of no return - I was far too horny to give these men a firm 'no'. I *wanted* to be used, as odd as that sounded. Realizing this made me disgusted with myself, and as Joe removed his hands from my body and exited the car, I heaved a nervous sigh.

Soon, we were walking up the stairs to their flat. My high heels got caught over and over in the splintered, moldy wood of the steps, and Sam slung an arm around my waist to keep me upright. The three of them were tipsy, but sober enough to know exactly what they were doing. The way they were treating me was the way they would treat a drunkard - I had only down one drink tonight, but if pretending to be drunk got me where I wanted to go, so be it.

Daniel produced a key from his pocket, fiddling with the lock and swinging open the door. We all filtered inside, and I was instantly taken aback with how nice the place looked. Compared to the outside, it was a palace - the furniture was new, the floors were clean, and the place looked more than spacious enough for three guys.

Kicking off my heels, I allowed the men to drag me inside, mind still reeling with worries and wants. I'd heard about this sort of thing happening a lot on college campuses - sexually frustrated men taking advantage of a drunk young woman. I should be fighting back right now. Daniel was pushing me down onto the couch, and I *knew* that I should be fighting back.

But the thing was, I didn't *want* to fight back. Daniel's powerful hands were on my shoulders, and the plush fabric of the couch felt heavenly against my hypersensitive skin. I was *far* too aware of my surroundings, of the way Daniel's pupils expanded as his eyes rested on my lips. I was about to have my first kiss with a man who might as well have been a stranger.

I allowed my eyelids to flutter shut, and suddenly his lips were on my own, forcing my mouth open. His tongue was relentless, swirling against my own with fervor. I was clueless, lost, and I had no idea how to reciprocate his actions. I clumsily moved my lips against his, savoring the tingly feeling between my legs.

His hands were on my wrists, holding them down, forcing me into a place of submission. I didn't mind, bucking my hips up against his without even thinking about it. I could vaguely make out the joking insults lobbed at me by Joe and Sam -

"Fuck, she's the easiest bitch we've ever found."

"What a fucking slut-"

I paid the remarks no attention, even though I was completely aware of the fact that they held some truth to them. Daniel's hips were angling down to meet mine, grinding against me. I could feel a subtle hardness, and my body lit up with excitement - I had managed to get a man hard, and somehow, that felt like an accomplishment.

All too soon, the kiss was over, and Daniel was straddling me, sitting up and looking down into my eyes. I blinked up at him, and as he loosened his grip on my wrists, I knew that it was now or never - did I want this? I had the chance to bail. I could easily escape right now if I wanted to. I remembered my mother's words - they played over and over in my mind like a mantra.

But of course - my inner whore was keeping me tethered to the couch. Daniel brought his hands down to the hem of my dress, and I let out a pathetic whimper of uncertainty. He snickered at that, ignoring the way I shifted in discomfort beneath him. I wasn't sure I wanted to be the first one to get undressed.

"C'mon, Violet. You can't expect me to stay interested in you with your clothes on-" He grinned, a mischievous glint in his eye as he began to push my dress up around my hips. I glanced to the side, wondering if Joe and Sam had sensed the malice which that little comment was laced with.

Evidently, they did not. Joe was already hard, his jeans sporting an impressive tent. Sam had his arms crossed, an eyebrow cocked as he watched a girl get coerced into undressing on his couch. I widened my eyes at him, a pitiful gesture. He simply smirked back, shrugging subtly, almost imperceptibly.

It seemed cruel, but I supposed I was the one who had let things go this far. My dress was bunched around my waist, black panties exposed to Daniel, who raised an eyebrow at the telltale wet spot. He brought his hand down, and to my surprise, began to subtly push his finger inside, over the panties.

I moaned - I couldn't help it. It was a loud, wild noise, a noise Joe and Sam laughed at. I was nothing but entertainment to them, but by this point, I was too aroused to care. I didn't care what these men saw in me, I didn't care to know the reasons for which they were doing this. All I could think about was how *hot* that bulge in Daniel's jeans looked, and how *good* the fingers on my pussy felt.

"Sit up." Daniel commanded, voice deep and harsh against the silence of the room. I did as I was told, straightening my back and looking up at him, worry and lust painting my features. He gripped the hem of my dress, yanking it up over my head. It was tight, too tight - far too snug. I briefly regretted my purchase - I should've gone with the size above.

Finally, Daniel managed to get the dress off, yanking it over my tits and tossing it to the floor. For one moment, I cursed my former self for electing to go braless tonight. My breasts rose and fell with every sharp intake of breath, perky and round under the garish yellow lighting of the apartment. Daniel took one in hand, kneading it and rolling his thumb over the nipple.

"Damn." Joe grinned, flashing a toothy smile my way as he watched Daniel touch me relentlessly. I arched my back, pushing my tits forward, into those strong, immense hands. I bit my lip, not wanting to show weakness in front of these men - I wasn't keen on getting made fun of any more tonight.

"She's a huge whore, but she has nice tits. I'll give her that." Sam conceded, still looking on, judgement tainting his eyes. "Daniel, a girl like this could be a dangerous fuck. She's probably got something contagious." He remarked, shifting his weight as he observed the situation with a watchful eye.

"Violet-" Daniel began, addressing the matter at hand. "You don't sleep around, do you?"

The question seemed baffling to me. Did I give off the vibe of a loose woman? Well, I supposed, given my eagerness - it was easy to assume as such. "I'm a virgin-" I huffed, looking away. It was an embarrassing thing to admit, but I wanted them to get their stories straight. "I've never done anything like this before, I swear-"

"A virgin? Really?" Joe babbled in disbelief. "Damn, we got a nice catch tonight!"

"Fuck yeah-" Daniel concurred, running his free hand through my silky black hair. "I mean, if you're telling the truth, then...well, I'll be frank with you. We're not gonna be gentle. You're too much of a slut for that." He chuckled, giving my cheek a light slap, startling me out of my lust-induced stupor.

"Let's get her into a bedroom." Sam insisted, shoving Daniel off of me and lifting me, princess-style, into his arms. It felt amazing to be touched, and my pussy throbbed as I looked up into his cold eyes. This was like something out of a dream - save for the fact that I was nothing but an object to them.

Sam carried me into what looked to be the master bedroom - there was only one bed, but it was king-sized. It was definitely big enough for the four of us to fit on. I wasn't sure how this was going to work, but I assumed they might take turns with me. The thought made my heart race and my cheeks flush.

He threw me down onto the bed, hard enough to knock the wind out of me. These men had no intention of taking it easy - Daniel hadn't been exaggerating. However, the idea of rough sex was sounding better with every passing second - my pussy was soaking my panties with want, and I squirmed against the sheets nervously.

"Joe, get the camera." Daniel barked. My heart seized up - camera? Were they planning on filming me? My eyes flew open, but I realized that I couldn't leave now - I was too into this, too excited over the idea of getting fucked. They could show this video to anyone - to the friends I'd made, to the entire student body.

I pushed the worries out of my mind, watching as Joe dashed into another room, coming back with a proper camcorder and a tripod. As he began to set it up at the side of the bed, Daniel climbed up onto it, grabbing me by the hips. I squeaked in surprise, and he leaned down to peck my lips, uncharacteristically chaste.

That chivalry was dead within a minute, however, because soon Daniel was yanking off my panties, exposing my perverted pussy to the camera. It was dripping wet, plump and pink and *hungry*. Easily, he slid in a finger. My hymen protested, but allowed him access anyways. I braced myself - the first fuck would hurt like hell.

He pulled it out far too soon, leaving me frustrated - of course, these were selfish men. They'd please themselves before pleasing me, but the attention felt amazing regardless. Joe and Sam joined us on the bed, and with a single glance I became aware of the fact that the camera was already recording, red light flickering away.

Joe was the first to start fumbling with his belt buckle, but the other two followed suit fairly quickly. I watched, overwhelmed, as their pants were lowered. Shit - I was unprepared to handle all three of them at once. I knew not what they were planning on doing, but due to my interest in porn, I could make an educated guess.

Joe slapped his thick cock against my cheek, capturing my attention instantly. I hadn't expected his dick to be as big as it was - I could barely wrap my hand around it. I stroked the base, knowing that's what I was expected to do. It felt unreasonably warm in my hand, and I quivered with excitement as I touched it.

Sam undid his pants as well, allowing his long member to spring out of its confines - he grabbed my arm by the wrist, guiding my hand up towards it. I knew what to do - I grabbed his shaft and began to pump up and down. The two of them seemed satisfied with my movements, bucking their hips to match my motions.

Finally, I was greeted with Daniel's cock - it was thick and impossibly hard, veins almost *visibly* throbbing as he pressed it against my delicate little lips. I parted them, allowing him to slowly push inside of me. I didn't know how I was going to put up with this, seeing as he could only get three or four inches in before hitting the back of my throat.

"God, she's easy. Fucking useless whore-" Sam mumbled, thrusting his hips up into my warm grip. "Violet- do you like being used like this? Do you like pleasing three men at once? Must feel good - must do wonders for your self-esteem, huh?" He continued, words rude and thoughtless, voice wavering with pleasure.

I hummed in affirmation, inadvertently allowing Daniel to move further, pressing himself in, all the way up to the base. I sucked at him as hard as I could, hands pumping furiously in order to bring the men to climax. It was hard work - my jaw was already sore, my forearms already trembling from exertion.

The camera watched with a menacing eye, and I made the mistake of glancing directly into that eye as the men had their way with me. I quickly shut my eyes - I'd have to beg them not to show anyone this video. I rutted my pussy down against the mattress, knees digging into the sheets. I had never been this turned on in my whole life.

"Violet, stop for a second-" Joe groaned, grabbing my arm and forcing me to let go of his dick. I did so somewhat reluctantly, worried that I hadn't been doing a good enough job. My mind was reeling, heart racing. He took himself in hand, watching my face get fucked by his friend. I held eye contact with him for a moment, though I soon found it too embarrassing.

Sam, too removed himself from my grip - and somehow, I felt a sense of defeat. It was humiliating to be unable to properly please my partners, though I'm sure they hadn't expected much from an easy virgin such as myself. My hands still held their lingering warmth, arms dropping to my sides.

Daniel, who had been holding me by the sides of my head, removed himself from my mouth, a small string of saliva still connecting my tongue to the tip of his cock. I blinked up at him, though I was admittedly relieved to have him out of my throat. He grinned down at me, taking himself in hand.

They all brought their dicks close to my face, stroking them at different rapid paces. It was obvious that they were close to the edge - I shut my eyes, lips parted in order to receive whatever they were planning on giving me.

Soon, I felt a hot sensation on my face, cum running down my cheeks, beads of it hitting my tongue. I savored the taste, drawing my tongue back into my mouth in order to swallow. For a moment, it seemed unending - it was far too much, it felt warm and heavy on my face, and I was tempted to lower my head to avoid getting even more on my visage.

"Fuck...that was good." Joe sighed, sounding deeply pleased.

"What was good? Cumming on this worthless whore's face?" Sam snickered. "C'mon, don't be so easily satisfied. There's a lot more that we can do with her, after all."

"That's true." Joe conceded. "Daniel, why don't you get her ready? She looks pretty hungry - it's only fair if we fuck her."

I nodded, silent and wanting, agreeing deeply with Joe's statements. My pussy had never ached this badly before, it had never desired to have something *inside* of it so strongly. Daniel furrowed his brows, shoving two fingers into my wet entrance without warning. Instantly, I fell back against the mattress, shoulders digging into it.

He scissored those long, talented fingers, nearly ripping my hymen in the process. I had never had anything inside of me save for my own petite fingers, and those couldn't reach the spots he was reaching, not by any means.

I rolled my hips down onto those fingers, coaxing him deeper and deeper. I was already close to climax just from this, and I knew that if he just moved them a *little* bit closer to my cervix, I'd probably lose it. I inched my way down, hoping he'd get the message and touch that sensitive spot within me.

My wishes weren't granted, however - he withdrew his fingers without warning, seductively licking off the excess wetness my pussy had left behind.

"Please-" I begged, wiggling my hips at him, seductively parting my legs further to show how hungry my pussy really was. "Please, put it in already-" I begged, noting how he'd managed to get hard again so quickly - these guys really had stamina. I bit my lip, impressed with Daniel's recovery time, eager to have him inside of me, no matter how much it hurt.

"Fine - since you asked me so nicely." He teased, leaning forward and rubbing the tip of his cock against my leaking entrance. He nudged the tip in, only to pull it out - I moaned in desperation, putting on quite the show for the still-running camera. My toes curled, gripping the bedsheets. I needed him inside of me.

His hands were on my hips, holding me down - being restrained like this was frustrating, since I couldn't do anything about his relentless teasing. He pushed his cock a couple of inches in, nearly ripping my hymen, before pulling back, dragging his dick over my dripping slit with a smirk on his face.

I whined, tears pricking at the corners of my eyes. I was desperate, I *needed* this - and he simply wasn't giving me what I wanted. I was a trembling, moaning mess beneath him, looking up into those dark, malicious eyes with a burning desire, a want that refused to wane no matter what I did.

Finally, *finally*, he began to press himself inside of me. He did it all at once, forcing his way through the barriers my body had put up. He tore through the hymen without mercy, a tiny trail of blood rolling down from my pussy onto the bedsheets. He rammed himself in, all the way up to the hilt - the tip of his cock leaked precum into me, pressing hard against my cervix.

I felt as though I was being torn in two, body being stretched to its absolute limits. My lips were parted in a silent scream, and my legs had instinctively wrapped around his hips, holding him inside of me. I felt a tear roll down my cheek, and when I finally managed to regain control of my vocal cords, all that came out was a broken little whimper.

When he started to move, I was taken aback - I know that he'd told me he wouldn't be gentle, but this was too much. He was exceedingly rough with my aching body, fucking me hard and fast. He would ram into me over and over, fingernails digging into my hips hard enough to bruise the tender flesh.

I moaned, a loud, uncontrolled noise that seemed to please the camera. I was an utter mess, clinging to the bedsheets for dear life as he ravaged my pussy, groaning and mumbling obscenities all the while. I hadn't even noticed Joe's cock looming over my face until I opened my eyes and looked up.

"Sit up a little." He insisted, and I complied to the best of my abilities, body utterly useless, limbs like custard. I finally managed to prop myself up onto my elbows, looking up at him with a curious expression.

I must've looked like *such* a disgusting slut, cum still staining my visage, makeup running down my cheeks.

He pressed the salty tip of his dick against my plump, eager lips, and I held eye contact with him for a moment, blinking up at him through my thick lashes. He bit his lip, running a hand through my hair and balling it into a fist at the back of my skull, gripping me hard.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" He asked, dick poking my cummy cheek as I stared up at him, mouth hanging open as my virgin pussy was ravaged, as I was debased. I *was* enjoying myself - the feeling of being able to *please*, the feeling of being *desired*, it was like nothing else - I didn't care how humiliating it was.

"I am-" I panted, voice hoarse and so unlike my usual cheerful tone. "I love it-"

Sam chuckled from the other side of me. "Well, at least she's honest." He sneered. "I love a whore who knows her place."

Joe began to slide his cock into my mouth, allowing the hot flesh to run against my tongue. I savored the sensation, swirling my tongue around it as he pushed in further. His hand was tugging on my hair, but the pain only heightened my senses, allowing me to realize how fucking *good* this all felt.

Sam had his finger on my clit, pinching it mercilessly and making me jolt every single time his fingernails grazed it. I was hypersensitive, pussy aching and spasming around the cock inside of it, body seizing up with every squeeze Sam gave me. I opened my jaw as far as I could, allowing Joe to force himself in, all the way to the base.

He began to fuck my face hard, far harder than Daniel had. His cock was impossibly thick, and it made me gag and choke - sensations that Joe seemed to enjoy. He held my head firmly in place, snapping his hips forward over and over to gain his satisfaction. I shut my eyes, tears mingling with smeared eyeliner and cum. I felt like a total slut, but I enjoyed being used like this - it felt as though I had finally realized what I was good for.

Sam made his way over to sit next to Daniel, whose cock was pounding away inside of me. I winced as the mattress shifted under his weight, still rolling my hips down onto Daniel's perfect dick, willing him to at least *graze* that perfect spot. I wanted to cum so badly, but I knew that these men didn't have my best interests at heart.

My eyes popped open when I heard an ominous squirting sound - that couldn't be optimal, especially not coming from Sam. He'd been the most venomous towards me, repeatedly insisting that I was a slut, a whore, and absolutely *nothing* more. I was immensely turned on by him, but I trusted him about as far as I could throw him.

Thank goodness - he was only holding a tube of lube, squirting a generous dollop onto his fingers. He looked at me, narrowing his eyes and flashing me a grin, as though he *knew* that he was about to surprise me with his next action. He leaned down, ignoring Daniel's protests and shoving him slightly to the side - though not enough to keep him from fucking me.

He pressed one cold, lubed-up finger against my asshole, the pad working to relax the tense ring of muscle. My body instantly seized up in fear and shock - I was *not* prepared to do anal. However, I was in no position to protest, seeing as there was a cock down my throat, keeping me silent. Daniel's thick member was still throbbing inside of me, the tip briefly touching the most sensitive spot inside of me, instantly making me melt and relax.

"Relax. You're a slut, this is what you're good at, Violet-" Sam grinned, voice dripping with spite as he

worked that single finger into me, quickly adding a second. It was too much all at once, and I groaned in protest around Joe's huge dick, the noise barely audible, and certainly not paid attention to by Sam.

He scissored his fingers, lubing up my insides and working me open. I was awash with fear - would I be clean enough? How badly would it hurt? Would it feel good at all?

However, I had no time to voice my concerns and questions, because Sam removed his fingers and replaced them with his cock with no warning whatsoever. I screamed around Joe's cock, a sound that was humiliating and definitely picked up by the camera. Sam's long shaft stabbed into me, and he pressed himself in, all the way to the base.

He began to establish a rhythm, kneeling beside David as they both fucked me. I was completely full, overwhelmed by the feeling of being stuffed by cocks. It was a unique sensation, an utterly *amazing* one, at that. This was certainly *not* how I'd expected my first time to go. I angled my hips downward like the little whore I was, desperate for them to fill me up even further.

They all fucked me at different paces, hitting different sensitive spots deep within my body at different times. They were grazing against places I hadn't known existed, making me twist and turn and contort with the utmost pleasure. There was pain in their roughness, but not enough to outweigh the overwhelming sense of indulgence.

After a few minutes of ravaging me, it was clear that all of us were nearing orgasm - I had been on the edge for a long time, and Daniel was *not* intent on giving me the satisfaction I wanted, teasing me *just* enough to put me on the brink of climax, before pulling out and neglecting me for a few seconds, allowing my pussy to cool down.

Sam was vigorous with his movements, thrusting in and out with an almost pained expression on his face. For a moment, he leaned over me, our eyes meeting. I looked up at him, brows upturned and eyes lidded with lust.

"Violet--" He moaned, biting his lip after the word left his mouth. "Fuck- you're a good girl, aren't you? God, I wish we could fuckin' *keep* you, keep you as our little sex doll. You want me to cum inside you, don't you? You'd *love* that, right?" He sighed, words hot and heavy, dancing over the shells of my ears.

I hummed in affirmation, Joe's cock already beginning to twitch in my mouth. That seemed to be all the confirmation Sam needed, seeing as his hips began to snap forward at an uneven, jagged pace, his face contorted in a debauched expression of dominance and pleasure.

He began to fill me up with his hot, thick seed, coating my insides and shooting it deep within me. He held onto my waist, nails digging in and leaving red marks in the shape of a crescent moon. I moaned around the cock in my throat, allowing him to pump me full of cum, fill me up as much as he wanted.

By the time he pulled out, cum was already leaking onto the sheets, staining them and making them utterly disgusting. I felt my asshole twitch, the thick, creamy stuff dripping from it. Sam watched what he'd created with a grin, running an affectionate hand over my thigh.

Within a few seconds, Joe had grabbed me by the hair and tugged me down, holding me in place, nose against his flat stomach. I inhaled his masculine scent, eating up the sensation of having him down my throat. His cock throbbed needily, and soon, he was shooting his hot cum into me, choking me and gagging me.

He pulled out ever so slightly, stroking the base of his cock whilst keeping the tip in my mouth, ensuring that I'd be able to swallow every last drop. I held eye contact with him as he came, enjoying the taste that

trickled over my tired tongue.

"Fuck- Violet, you're good - a perfect fucktoy-" He groaned, the last of his cum dripping onto my tongue and into my belly. I smiled up at him, satisfied with what he'd given me. I bit my lip, trying in vain to stay quiet - within seconds, I was moaning loud enough to wake the neighbors, Daniel's dick buried deep inside of me.

Daniel's thrusts had grown uneven - he was obviously not able to hold out for much longer. I looked into his eyes as he pounded my tight, virgin pussy, lips parted in ecstasy.

"Cum inside-" I begged softly, reaching out, hoping he'd allow me to hold him. "I want you to cum inside - I *need* it, I need you to fill me up, fill me up *all the way*-" I moaned, voice broken and wavering as he slammed into me. I was almost horrified by my own tongue, shocked by the words it'd managed to utter.

"Whatever you say - whores always need more cum-" He smirked, holding me by the hips, allowing me to drape my arms across his back. His pace grew rapid, grew too much for me to take. I went limp in his arms, eyes rolling back and seeing stars as he *finally* hit the spot I'd been waiting for him to hit.

I hit orgasm almost instantaneously, mouth hanging open in pleasure. My pussy clamped down on Daniel's cock over and over, legs wrapping around him, heels digging into the small of his back. I hadn't even noticed that Sam had lifted the camera off of the tripod, carrying it over and zooming in on my slutty expression.

"Fuck-" I whined, dragging out the syllables as that perfect dick hit the spot again and again, throbbing inside of me. Eventually, the spasming of my walls grew to be too much for Daniel, and he hit his orgasm, burying himself deep within me and pumping me full of his thick seed. I felt it fill me, felt the warm sensation pooling in my belly.

I had my head tipped back against the pillow, eyelids fluttering as he rode out his orgasm, dick deeply satisfying as it rubbed against my oversensitive walls.

"God...such a slut-" He panted, lazily pulling off a last couple of thrusts before removing himself from within me. I whimpered in response, shivering at the loss - it was an odd sensation, to go from being completely full to completely empty, cum leaking onto the bedsheets, pussy dripping and aching.

Sam had the camera right over my face, and I jumped a little upon opening my eyes, looking directly into the lens. Fuck - there was an entire *video* of this - they'd gotten absolutely *everything* on tape. I grimaced - how humiliating. I sat up awkwardly, exhausted and completely fucked out.

"Hey, Violet - how was that?" Sam prodded, camera still pointed at me. "Wanna do it again sometime?"

"I-" I stared, voice broken. "Yeah-- it was amazing-" Looking deeply into the camera, I leaned forward. "Don't show this to anybody and I *might* let you do it again."

Daniel grinned, leaning forward and scooping me up into his arms.

"I think you'll let us do it again no matter what."

I frowned, but I knew that he was right.

Dominated By Three Cops

I had never been a decent driver. Ever since high school, I'd had difficulty maneuvering through streets, down roads, following all the traffic rules that had been taught to me. Drives through big cities were hellish - my knuckles always white from gripping the steering wheel too hard, my eyes peeled for cops that were ready to call me out whenever I made a mistake.

Driving alone, at night - that was fine by me. I lived in a very small town, bordered by nothing but field and forest. The roads here were thin and winding, but I didn't mind. Usually I was the only car in sight, and therefore the rules of the road were a little more lenient. The radio blaring some cheesy pop song, I rolled down my windows and sped up.

It felt *great* - it was a Friday night, and I had the whole workless weekend ahead of me. The music filled my car as happiness filled my heart, the cold wind of the night blowing my hair every which way. It wasn't the first time I'd gone this fast in my car, but certainly the first time I'd gone this fast on this particular road.

I put the pedal to the floor, the wheels screeching as I went faster, and faster, and faster - with absolutely nobody around to see me. I was smiling, singing along to that stupid song, and I saw it - another car. Oh, shit. It was just *any* car - those telltale blue and red lights atop the vehicle let me know the truth.

I was mortified - it was dark out, so maybe these cops hadn't seen. My headlights were on, but maybe if I turned them off now - no. That'd be a bad idea. My fists curled around the wheel like they do in the big city - white-knuckled, I continued onwards.

I lifted my foot, slowing down and settling for a slow pace. Perhaps they hadn't heard the screech of my tires, hadn't seen the rapidly approaching headlights. My speed dwindled, and I leisurely drove by the car at a snail's pace, praying for the best. I stared off into the distance, heart thudding and picking up pace as I passed by them.

Just as I was about to heave a sigh of relief, those lights began to flicker, and the car sprung into action, siren and all. I was going to have to suck it up and get ticketed, wasn't I? Sulking, I slowed to a crawl, my car lazily drifting across the asphalt as the police car behind me signalled the death of my dignity.

Knowing all too well what I had to do, I hit the brakes, swerving off to the side of the road and bringing my unlucky vehicle to a halt. As my engine came to a standstill, I rested my forehead against the wheel, cursing whatever God had thought this a funny joke to play on me. Honestly, if only I'd been able to *restrain* myself - there was absolutely *no* reason for me to be going as fast as I was going.

I heard the slam of the police car's door, and all that was left to do was to put on a friendly face. With a little charm, I might be able to lower the fee - I was a fairly attractive woman, after all. Grabbing my wallet from within my purse, I placed it on my lap, ready to give this man whatever it took to get me off the hook.

His footsteps were harsh on the asphalt, and I winced as he rapped his knuckles on my half-open window. Reluctantly, I rolled it down, peering up at him through my thick, mascara-clad eyelashes. I prayed that he'd be old, a lecherous, aging man who would be easily swayed by cleavage. Looking up, I realized that I wasn't going to be able to convince this man of anything.

He was by far the most handsome policeman I'd ever seen, with tousled brown locks and a jawline so sharp you could cut diamonds on it. He looked down at me with dark, dark eyes and flashed me a knowing smile. I felt a little relieved - at least he seemed friendly.

"So, how are we this evening?" He asked, making light conversation. In all honesty, I just wanted to get the whole situation over and done with. As fun as making small talk with a man of this calibre might be, I

was eager to get home, make dinner, and assess the damage done to my bank account by this inevitable ticket.

"I'm fine." I replied, giving him my classic wide-eyed, innocent look. It probably wasn't going to do me much good here, but that was neither here nor there.

"You were going *way* too fast, you know." He began - I nodded, flushing pink at the thought that he might've heard me singing from the car as I drove recklessly down this middle-of-nowhere street. I *needed* to learn to not embarrass myself like this.

"Too fast. You know - I'm gonna need to call backup. I don't think I can let you off with just a ticket. These roads are dangerous at night. You could've really hurt somebody, you know that?" He droned on. The way he talked made it sound as though he *wasn't* about to ruin my life. I knew not what he meant, but I assumed I'd be put in holding or something awful of the sort.

To have my once-clean criminal record develop such a stain would be horrible, I decided. I was going to have to comply with whatever this man wanted in the most polite fashion possible, eyes peeled for any loopholes I could jump through in order to save my poor reputation.

"Okay." I managed, voice meek and weak as I tried to make eye contact with him - he reached into his pocket and produced a phone, stepping away from my car for the time being. I could just drive off right now, but on these narrow streets, he'd catch me instantly. I shifted awkwardly in my seat, waiting for the worst.

It took a while. Before long, he returned to the side of my vehicle, seemingly supervising me. I glanced over at him from time to time, only to find that same shit-eating grin that had come to rest on his face the second that he'd pulled me over. I was starting to grow irritated with the situation, but I knew it was best to stay obedient and polite with the police.

All too soon, I heard the hum of another engine purring down the inky road - the car to which said engine belonged parked several meters in front of my own. I looked up - two men stepped out of the car. These men were...also a little too attractive to be policemen, in my opinion. How embarrassing - it *figures* that the officers conducting my arrest would have to be the best-looking ones in the county.

"Hey, John-" One of the two men said, as they both approached the officer that had pulled me over. I watched anxiously, listening closely to their conversation for any little details that might help me later on. "Where's this girl you were talking about?"

John gestured towards me, and I cowered under the gazes of the three men. It felt somehow overwhelming to have three pairs of eyes trained on me at once. I forced a shy smile, to which the men began to chuckle. I knew not why, but my face heated up regardless, the shame of the night filling me up ruthlessly.

"What's your name, sweetie?" One of the men asked, voice mocking in tone. I winced - so *this* was how it was gonna be, huh? Looking up into his blue eyes, I noted his height - far taller than the other two, he gave off an extremely intimidating air. It was hard for me to remain composed when he stared at me like that.

"Alyssa." I replied, horrified at how quiet and broken my voice had gotten. The fear had a death grip on my heart, squeezing it far too tightly as it throbbed, desperate to get oxygen flowing through me again. "My name's Alyssa."

"So earnest- I'm Officer Jones, but you can call me Travis." He said, his overtly casual nature seeming

somewhat out of place in a situation like this. "And this is my buddy, Officer Smith. Call him Evan, he'll like that." He continued, gesturing towards his shorter companion, who had some admittedly impressive biceps. That *voice* - this man's smug tone was well and truly getting on my nerves.

"Quit stalling." John stated, pushing the two aside and tugging open my car door. He leaned over me, reaching to undo my seatbelt and shove my wallet off of my lap. Without warning, he grabbed me by the forearm and yanked me out of the car, causing me to stumble and let out a rather embarrassing noise of surprise, at which the men laughed.

I stood on shaky, custard-like legs, staring dumbly up at the men around me. John's firm grip led me over to the hood of my car - I'd seen this in movies. Were they going to force me down and cuff me? Surely the crime I'd committed hadn't been *that* serious - why couldn't John have done this job himself?

"So, Alyssa - I don't know if John's told you this yet, but the three of us have come up with an arrangement to...waive your ticket." Evan stated, his eyes roaming over my body rather suspiciously. I crossed my arms over my chest on instinct, an overwhelming feeling of shyness coursing through my veins.

"What sort of arrangement?" I asked, my nerves slowly starting to get the better of me as I looked into Evan's milky brown eyes. I bit my lip, stepping back a little awkwardly.

"You let us do whatever we'd like with you, and we won't let anyone know about your little road mishap." John murmured, voice so close to my ear that it was startling. His hands snaked around my waist, dipping beneath the hem of my shirt. I squeaked, skin tensing up beneath John's cold fingertips.

"No- No, just- just give me the ticket-" I begged, suddenly feeling a sense of helplessness that I'd never experienced before.

Travis stepped forward and yanked my skirt down without warning, exposing my plump thighs to the cold air. John pulled my shirt up over my head, and I was too weak to fight back. Evan's fingers snuck behind me, unclasping my bra and letting it fall. They tossed the fabric aside, leaving me bare - nothing but my panties to hide behind. My lips were parted in surprise, and my heart was thudding against my ribcage, my mind swimming in the waves of panicked thoughts.

"You weren't kidding when you said that she had nice tits-" Travis remarked, stepping forward and grabbing one of my breasts with his strong, calloused hands, using it to yank me towards him. I looked up into his eyes, the panic obvious on my face. He leaned down, capturing my lips in his own, a sloppy kiss that hadn't a trace of romance concealed within it.

Without warning, he pushed me away, causing me to stumble backwards and fall gracelessly onto the hood of the car. I stood up shakily, still in shock from the turn of events. Suddenly, a pair of hands were on my shoulders, turning me around and forcing me to bend over, cheek pressed up against the cold metal of the car's hood. I writhed beneath the strong grip, but it was an exercise in futility.

"Now, Alyssa-" John spoke, his once-casual voice having taken on an entirely different tone. "You're going to do *exactly* as we say if you plan on making it out of here with a clean criminal record, alright?" He snarled, cold fingers running over the soft curves of my ass. I shivered at the touch, subconsciously arching up into it.

"Alright-" I replied breathlessly, too scared to fight back.

"Good girl." John sighed, voice full of contentment. He slid his fingers beneath the waistband of my panties, tugging them down around my thighs, exposing my pussy. I was shaking, *trembling*, and John was seemingly getting off on it. He dragged his hand along my ass, before moving it away and then slamming it

back down, spanking me *hard*.

I cried out in shock and pain, and though I was desperate to remain composed, I had a feeling that *that* particular task would be impossible. As much as that slap had stung, I had to admit to myself that there were certainly worse situations that I could be in - these men were good-looking by any standards, and I hadn't gotten laid in quite some time.

Plus, despite my reckless driving, if I let them have their way with me, I wouldn't be left with a smear on my perfect record. I decided to look on the bright side - John's fingernails felt crazy good as they ran along my ass cheek, teasing the overly sensitive, reddened skin without mercy.

John ran a finger south, circling my clit - almost embarrassingly fast, I grew needy. It felt so damn *good* to be touched, and though I was petrified, it was impossible for me to keep from getting wet. I angled my hips down, rolling them against John's hand desperately. Shit - I probably shouldn't act so eager in front of men like these.

"Fucking slut. Look, she's already dripping-" Came a voice from being, a voice I recognized as belonging to Travis. I wanted to protest, but he was right - my pussy had gotten wet at an alarming rate, and judging by the way I was bucking my hips uselessly, I was acting pretty damn slutty. I had to act as *dignified* as possible-

But John cast away my last trace of dignity when he dipped two long, thick fingers into me - my walls clamped down in appreciation, trying to pull him in further. He pressed the digits into me at a fast pace, curling them and coming infuriatingly close to grazing my most sensitive spots - though I knew he was avoiding them on purpose.

I swayed my hips temptingly, hoping to lure him in deeper - I *needed* his touch at this point, and I was desperate to get it. He didn't seem to care about pleasing me, merely about proving a point. I felt the two thick fingers spread me open, and they stayed in that supremely uncomfortable position for quite some time.

"See? Told you guys she wasn't loose." John said, somewhat triumphantly, as he held me open for the other two to see. "She looks tight-"

"Nah, she's a fucking whore no matter *how* tight she is." Evan stated firmly, though he pressed a finger into the opening as well, stretching me to my limits. It felt insanely good to have three huge fingers *that* deep inside of me, and the little moans that escaped my lips were indicative of my pleasure.

"She's enjoying that a little too much, don't you think?" Travis asked, breaking the silence and stepping forward to observe the situation. "She's just our cumdumpster for the night. No need to satisfy her. C'mon, let's get down to business." He went on, a wry tone to his deep voice. I furrowed my brows in frustration, biting my lip as I felt the fingers be pulled out of me.

It was certainly a shock to feel so empty all of a sudden, and I let out a pathetic whine, one that caused the three men to snicker in their sense of superiority. I stuck my hips out further, attempting in vain to coax them back into me, but it simply wasn't happening. These men were here to use me and nothing else.

"Get up, you fuckin' slut-" Evan snapped, grabbing me by the shoulders and hoisting me up off of the hood of the car. I was shaky on my feet, panties still loosely hanging around my knees. I allowed them to fall down to my ankles, and I kicked them off, along with my shoes. Completely bare, I submitted myself to the men.

John ran his fingers through my hair, leaning down to kiss me chastely on the forehead. The gesture of

affection was out of place but not unwanted - I felt a little more at ease looking into his eyes. His smile was teasing, was playful - and I wanted him so *badly*.

However, this was not to be. Travis shoved me down, forcing me to my knees. The asphalt was rough on the sensitive patches of skin, and I knew I'd have scrapes and bruises for weeks to come. Looking up into Travis' blue, crystal clear eyes, I wondered what it was that he wanted me to do.

He began to undo his belt buckle, and I gulped in anticipation. Shit - I'd never been good at blowjobs. I hoped that he'd be satisfied with just my hand. I leaned forward, watching intently as he dragged the zipper down, the metallic sound it made piercing my ears. I saw the fabric of his boxers, one *tiny* damp spot right in the centre.

Somehow, it felt like something of an accomplishment - I'd managed to get Travis hard enough to leak precum into his boxers. A tiny grin played on my lips, and I leaned forward to kiss the bulge in his underwear, enjoying his moment of weakness. I gave him a seductive, half-lidded look, the blush on my face almost palpable.

"Press your fucking tits together, whore." He barked, evidently fed up with my cocky attitude. I didn't exactly know what he was playing at, but I straightened my back and did as I was told regardless, holding eye contact all the while. He grinned, slipping his thumbs beneath the waistband of his boxers and revealing himself to me.

I blanched - he was *huge*. I hadn't ever seen a dick that big in my entire life. I looked up at him, locking eyes and blinking cluelessly. I didn't know what I was supposed to do with a cock that large - I was still holding my tits together stupidly, probably looking like a total bimbo to him. Well, that was what he wanted, wasn't it? A sex toy?

Without warning, he slid that thick, hot cock between my tits, moving it up until the tip poked at my chin. I felt humiliated, I felt ashamed - but as he started moving, I started to enjoy myself. Staring up at him, watching himself lose composure over *my* body - it was gratifying, to say the least.

He bit his lip as he thrust himself up into the soft warmth of my breasts, and I held them together as firmly as possible, hoping the space between them was tight enough to satisfy. With every thrust, the wet tip of his cock hit my chin, and I was continuously surprised by it. My arms were sore from being held up in the same position, but I was determined to get him off. Glancing around, I watched Evan and John for a brief moment - they too sported tents in their trousers, and I was immensely flattered by their arousal.

"Fuck- such a worthless slut-" He panted, dick sliding between my tits, hot and hard. "Your tits are all you're fuckin' good for-" He managed, and the comment went straight to my pussy, which throbbed with want. Perhaps it was a little strange to be this *affected* by the humiliation I'd gone through, but I felt far too good, far too flustered and warm to put a stop to it now.

His cock was throbbing, and his hips were snapping forward with greater speed and intensity with every thrust. I was desperate to bring him to climax - I began to move my body up and down, rubbing my tits against him to the uneven, jarring rhythm of his thrusts. He was staring at me so intently that I thought I might burst due to arousal.

Suddenly, he removed his dick from between my breasts, taking himself in hand and stroking himself to climax, shooting his hot load all over my abused tits. My chest heaved as I took deep breaths, my skin dusted pink with lust as I watched the thick, white ropes drizzle across my body.

"Shit...that was incredible-" Travis managed, basking in the afterglow of orgasm, looking towards the

other men, eyes wide and incredulous. "One of the best cumsluts I've ever had - you guys have to try her out." He insisted, and though I knew that I should feel insulted, objectified, degraded - all I could feel was the deep heat, the wetness between my thighs.

Evan and John made their way over to where I was kneeling, and they too had already taken the liberty of unzipping their trousers, yanking them down around their thighs as they came to stand on either side of me. I watched intently, eager to see what was hiding behind those pesky pairs of boxers.

Evan was the first to reveal himself, pushing the waistband down and allowing his insanely thick cock to spring out of its confines. Within seconds of seeing it, I was drooling - I had never wanted to give somebody a blowjob so badly in my entire life. Leaning forward as though under a spell, I lapped at the tip, savoring the salty precum that had formed a bead at the tip.

John, seemingly a little jealous that my attentions were elsewhere, grabbed my chin and tilted it towards himself as he lowered his boxers. His dick was long and hard, curving upwards in a manner I could only describe as being *cheerful*. I knew in an instant that he'd be able to hit those *perfect* spots inside of me.

Desperate, I grabbed his cock by the base, stroking him and looking up into his inky eyes. "I want this-" I panted, voice hoarse and cracking with arousal. "I want this inside of me-"

"If you say so-" He grinned. "Get on all fours, you useless whore."

Those words struck a chord with my pussy, which throbbed desperately, wetness trickling down one thigh. I complied, shakily repositioning myself. I felt like an animal, on all fours, completely naked - in the middle of the fucking *road*. Though it was highly unlikely at this hour, there was still a chance that someone would drive by - someone I *knew*.

The thought thrilled me, and I swayed my hips in John's direction, attempting to coax him closer. In an instant, he was behind me, the tip of his cock on my entrance. That alone was, humiliatingly enough, enough to bring me close to climax. I let out a debauched moan, needy and *aching* for his cock.

"Tell me how bad you want this-" He hissed, leaning forward so his lips grazed the shell of my ear. I shivered.

"I don't *want* it, I *need* it-" I clarified, pressing my hips backwards, forcing the tip inside. He pulled it out, dragging his length along my wet slit, the tip pressing up against my clit, making me shudder and cry out his name, the silence of the night swallowing it whole.

Finally, *finally*, he began to push himself inside of me. My mouth hung open in a silent scream, allowing his huge cock to completely ruin me. For a moment, it felt as though I was being split in two, forced open by his dick. I began to rut my hips back against his length, urging more and more of him inside of my needy hole.

I was so desperate, I needed *more* - and of course, just as he got halfway inside of me, he pulled out. I whined, kicking my feet against the asphalt pathetically.

"Please, please, please - I need your cock-" I begged, voice childlike and utterly pitiful.

"I'm just teasing-" John insisted, digging his fingernails into my hips, hard enough to draw tiny red beads of blood, before slamming his entire length into me. He filled me up completely, ramming himself in all the way to the hilt. I felt the tip of his impossibly perfect dick press against my cervix, and I let out a satisfied, absolutely *perverse* noise.

He dragged himself out of me, oh-so-slowly, and I groaned at the loss - only to have him fill me up

again, his hips snapping forward with no sense of mercy. I was a trembling mess, arms shaky as they struggled to keep me propped up. I barely even noticed that Evan had knelt in front of me, his thick cock bobbing in front of my face.

"Suck me off, slut-" He huffed, voice thick and rich with lust as he shoved the tip of his cock against my cheek. Eagerly, I parted my plump, pink lips, allowing him to move inside. I was awful at blowjobs, I had already learned that much with what little experience I'd had up until this point, but I was eager to prove myself wrong.

As John pounded into me, I allowed my jaw to fall open completely, making it easy for Evan to work his way inside of the tight, spasming walls of my throat. He pushed further and further, past my tongue, briefly hitting the back of my mouth before continuing past my uvula, filling my inexperienced throat.

Evan ran his fingers through my silky hair, grabbing the back of my head and urging himself deeper, pulling me closer until my mouth was firmly wrapped around the base of his cock, my nose pressed against his impressive abs. He pulled himself all the way out - slowly, tantalizingly. I took the opportunity to choke down as much air as I possibly could.

Without any sort of warning, Evan's hands turned to fists in my hair, and he rammed his cock down my throat, merciless in his movements. I balked, tears forming in my eyes as my throat's walls attempted to force him out with repeated spasms. I was choking, sucking in air through my nose desperately as he pulled out again.

He fucked my face *hard*, fists yanking my head back and forth like a bobblehead, throat angry and protesting as he rammed himself into it again and again. My makeup was running down my cheeks, black tears filled with mascara and eyeshadow. My lipstick was smeared all over the base of his cock - I must've looked like an absolutely *trashy* whore.

The only thing that could've possibly drawn away my attention in that moment was the cold, wet, lube-coated finger that had suddenly pressed itself up against my puckered asshole, working it open. It could only belong to Travis - of course, that son of a bitch *would*. I furrowed my brow, a little too caught up in the pleasure of John and the pain of Evan to properly fight back.

Pathetically, I shot one of my legs backwards, trying to get Travis away from what was really an *extremely* private area. I kicked at him desperately, but he simply used his free hand to pin my ankle to the asphalt. It was such a *strange* sensation to have a finger being urged into my asshole, but I found that I didn't completely *hate* it.

The digit worked me open, the cold lube slippery as he drizzled more over my hole, using it to press a second finger in. I already had a cock down my throat and a dick stretching out my pussy, so to have my ass filled too was an incomparable sensation. Travis crooked his fingers within me, scissoring them, forcing the ring of muscle to relax around him.

I rolled my hips backwards onto his fingers, too far gone to protest at this point. I *wanted* this, I *wanted* to be completely filled - that was all a whore like me was good for, after all. He flexed his fingers inside of me one last time before pulling them out. I complained, voice muffled around Evan's thick, hard cock - but all too soon, the tip of Travis' dick was pressed against my lube-coated hole.

It was strange - I knew that things *definitely* shouldn't go in there, but as the tip forced me open, making its way inside, I was *trembling* with ecstasy. I was a shaking, moaning *mess* of a girl as Travis violated me, debased me. He felt utterly amazing as he filled me, cock rubbing the walls within me that I hadn't even *known* were this sensitive. I never would've guessed.

He plunged himself in, all the way to the base. I was melting, I was putty in his hands. He stayed like that for a moment, completely still, allowing me to adjust to the new sensation. I could feel him throbbing deep within me, and although it was a strange, foreign feeling, I had to admit that I was enjoying myself.

Slowly, slowly, he began to pull out, allowing that oversensitive ring of muscle savor every last inch of his cock. I thought for a moment that he was going to retract completely, but he left the tip in, teasing me. He stayed put, waiting for me to beg. Muffled by Evan's dick, I whined as loudly as I could, rutting my hips back onto his cock.

He took the hint and slammed into me without mercy, sending an electric jolt up my spine, my whole body coated in goosebumps from the sensation.

Having three men inside of me at once was almost unbearable - my ears were listening oh so carefully for passing cars, but all I could hear were the satisfied groans of the men above me. It filled me with a warm sense of arousal to know that *I* was the one who had gotten them into this state, who had gotten them so riled up. The road was so empty, so silent, and I was sandwiched between two cars, debasing myself under the cloak of night.

I could feel all three of them pounding into me relentlessly, their paces uneven, all hitting different areas, different sensitive spots, making my back arch and my toes curl. My eyes were squeezed shut, throat still clamping down on Evan's dick, though I had started to grow used to the sensation of having him facefuck me - I was even learning to like it.

John's huge cock was still purposefully avoiding all the spots I needed touched, but I had resigned myself to that - even without it, I still felt close to climax. His cock slammed against my cervix relentlessly, forcing me open, stretching me beyond my limits. I continuously rolled my hips backward, allowing his own to slam against my ass.

Travis had his dick buried deep inside of me, his thrusts slow and smooth when compared to the other two. He would tease me, hips moving oh so slowly as he forced himself into me, groaning whenever I would tighten up around him. It was so *satisfying*, I had never felt this perfect before in my entire life. I knew that after tonight, I'd go back to a life of normalcy - but this feeling would linger. I'd seek it out. I had to have it again.

Evan's cock throbbed in my throat, pulsating and growing impossibly larger. I couldn't take it - I gagged around him, swallowing insistently as I tried to stay composed. Not that I had any composure left - my face was a mess of tears, makeup, and sweat. I probably wasn't much to look at right now.

"Fuck - you look like you should, Alyssa-" Evan grunted, shifting forward and triggering my gag reflex yet again. "You look like the perfect little fuckdoll. All used up-" He panted, hips snapping forward at an alarming rate, choking me. I knew he was close - I shut my eyes and endured the abuse of my throat.

Suddenly, spurts of semen were being shot into me - Evan quickly pulled himself out of my throat, allowing me to catch my breath, and took himself in hand. He pumped his cock vigorously, shooting his load onto my already-disgusting face. My mouth hung open, hungry for cum, and Evan was more than willing to give me what I wanted, allowing several ropes of his seed to land on my tongue.

I swallowed gratefully, looking up at him with my slutty, cumstained face.

As he stood up, tucking his cock away, I realized that Travis had sped up as well - my asshole was twitching, obviously desperate to take his load as well. I clenched around him, seizing up and tightening myself, wanting nothing more than to please him. I heard him emit a debauched growl, a sound that had

shivers racing up and down my spine.

"Worthless little bitch-" He hissed, dick pounding into me, absolutely *ravaging* me. The second I felt a spurt of cum inside of me, I clamped down around him, wanting it inside. This didn't seem to be part of Travis' plan, however - he pulled out and shot thick strands of cum all across my ass, some of it dribbling between the cheeks, sliding down into my slit.

I felt so *used*, but I loved it - how on earth was I supposed to finish the drive home with cum all over the seat of my skirt? I didn't care - it felt too good to be a sex toy for these men. I bit my lip, holding back the whimpers as John continued to slam himself against my cervix, over and over and over.

"Alyssa- fuck, you're the best-" He panted. "The best fuckdoll in the world-" John's words went straight to my pussy as he fucked me *hard*. With Travis now absent, he had more room, and he used that to his advantage, grabbing me by the hips and *shoving* himself inside of me, *finally* hitting the spots that I needed him to hit.

The second his cock hit a particularly sensitive place within me, I absolutely lost it. I hit my climax, the best orgasm I'd ever had in my entire life. My spine was arched, toes completely curled in on themselves, the walls of my pussy clamping down on John's dick over and over, urging him to reach his climax, too.

I saw stars, my head completely fuzzy, horribly perverse noises leaving my once-pure lips. He dug his nails into me, and his thrusts grew erratic as he hit his orgasm. He pumped me full of his seed, and I didn't once think about protection. I needed every last drop, clenching around him, milking him of all he had.

"Fuck-- you're an amazing cumdumpster-" He panted, holding onto me as he filled me completely, cum leaking from my pussy and onto the road. As I basked in the afterglow, he finally pulled out, standing up with the other two men. They had already gotten back into their car and were speeding away from the scene - clever move.

I pawed around at the street uselessly, searching for my clothes - only to look up and see John holding them. My eyes grew wide, and I managed to get back on my feet. I grabbed at them, but he held them high above his head, making his way over to the police car and tossing them in the backseat, slamming the door and locking it.

"Have a nice drive home-" He grinned, approaching me one last time and trailing that lewd hand of his down my side, savoring the curve of my waist. "You look better naked. I'm sure that you'll get a lot of attention like this." He teased, reaching up and ruffling my hair before turning away and opening the door to his car.

"Oh, and Alyssa?" He asked, making eye contact with me - those stupid eyes, they were too damn sexy for their own good. "You can call the police station any time and ask for me." He grinned, knowing that I wouldn't be able to pass up the offer. I stood, dumbfounded, naked, cum-filled - and I watched him drive away.

Dominated By Three Doctors

Why was it that the interiors of waiting rooms were so needlessly drab? Bland, brandless furniture littering the empty spaces with clean angles and edges, beige leather sofas that were uncomfortable and

unremarkable. Tabletops were littered with magazines no one under the age of sixty would ever bother to read, pages filled with nothingness.

Even the artwork was mediocre, faux-impressionistic paintings that attempted in vain to elicit emotions through shoddy paint strokes. I looked away, turning my face to the ground, focusing on my sensible footwear - it was a sad day when I, Rose Kennedy, was the most interesting thing in the room. Truly, amongst all the elderly men and women, a youthful girl such as myself was something a little startling.

These bi-monthly checkups never seemed to have any purpose, seeing as I was a woman in good health. However, my insurance covered them, so there was no point in turning them down - better to take a couple of hours out of my day and make sure my insides were still working smoothly than to develop an illness and find out months later.

My mother had made that mistake - diagnosed when it was almost too late. Thankfully, her condition was starting to improve, but I would forever be haunted by that one little laziness-induced slip-up. I had a number already - 21, but it was taking forever. Patient 20 had gone into the doctor's office, but had yet to come back out.

I clicked my heels against the tiled floors, wishing I were anywhere else. Really, these meetings usually lasted under ten minutes, and the fact that it always took me upwards of thirty minutes to drive here from work made the whole thing seem completely redundant. I furrowed my brows - well, I supposed I should resign myself to looking on the bright side.

My doctor - who had asked me rather early on to simply refer to him as 'Michael', was unnecessarily attractive. He was perhaps the *only* saving grace of this boring appointments. I knew that nothing would ever develop between the two of us, but the fantasies I'd formed in my head were what usually got me through the sessions.

He was tall - I only came up to his shoulders. His hair was dark, thick, wavy - I wanted to run my hands through it more than I'd ever wanted anything. His eyes, in contrast to his hair, were very light - a shade of grey I'd never seen held within anyone else's irises. He was far too handsome to be a doctor, it was almost a waste of his looks.

But then again, I supposed that the modelling industry was fickle, and Michael wouldn't want his education to go to waste. It still seemed like something of a shame, though.

In all honesty, I hadn't gotten laid in over a year. My former lover had been a man lacking in the ability to satisfy, to put it politely. So to be put in Michael's presence like this was a little frustrating, to say the least - I was a good girl, one who possessed the ability to control her primal urges, but it got more difficult to hold back with each visit.

I was snapped out of my stupor by the sound of the door opening - finally, patient 20 had made his exit. I heaved a sigh of relief, standing and trying desperately to brush the wrinkles out of my skirt before my number was inevitably called. The intercom piped up within a minute, declaring that Dr. Jones was ready for patient 21. I sucked in a deep breath through my nose, steeled myself, and entered his office.

He was waiting as patiently as ever, looking slim and suave in his long, white coat. He motioned for me to take a seat on the exam table, and I did. I crossed my legs sheepishly, fearing that my pencil skirt might ride up and reveal certain *intimate* areas. Flustered after what hadn't even been a few seconds of eye contact, I balked and looked away.

"How are we today, Rose?" He asked, voice thick and rich like dark chocolate. It was a delicacy to my

ears, and I nearly shut my eyes in an attempt to experience it more fully. I forced myself to focus, to pay attention to the questions of the beautiful man before me.

"I'm fine. The same as always." I stated meekly, voice cracking under his intimidatingly good looks. I made my lips tug upwards into what was probably an awkward grin.

There was something strange in the air - there was a tension that hadn't ever been there before. As we locked eyes, I noticed it. Michael's pupils were dilated, hiding the subtle grey tones of his irises. He had rested a hand on my thigh, thumb stroking back and forth in a manner that was almost *affectionate*. Had I not known better, I would've assumed something truly interesting was about to happen.

"Rose, for today's examination, I wanted to bring in two of my finest assistants. Looking at you right now, I can sense that's something's wrong, and it's always good to get a second opinion." Michael stated, completely destroying whatever fantasy had been forming in my mind up until that point. It was silly of me to think that he'd ever want to do anything *sexual* with someone as plain as myself.

Hiding my disappointment, I forced myself to meet his gaze and give him a nervous smile.

"Something's wrong with me?" I asked shyly, watching as he made his way over to his desk, sitting down and picking up the phone.

He wasn't listening to me - rather, he was speaking into the phone, requesting assistance. "Could you send Dr. Smith and Dr. Williams into my office?" He queried, and I began to feel nervous. Was I *that* pale? Were the circles underneath my eyes *that* pronounced? I certainly didn't *feel* any different than usual, but I was glad that Michael was taking his appointments with me seriously.

Within moments, the two men that Michael had requested appeared in the doorway - they entered the room and shut the door behind them, turning the lock. I stiffened - why the sudden need for privacy and lack of interruption? I shifted atop the exam table as I watched Michael draw the blinds, completely closing the room off from outside view.

"Rose, this is Dr. Smith. You can call him Matt." Michael said, gesturing towards the first man that had walked in - he was slightly shorter than Michael but not by much. As he leaned forward to shake my hand, I noticed how toned his arms were, even from beneath his coat. He looked deep into my eyes with his warm brown ones, and I instantly felt my cheeks heat up under his gaze.

"And this is Dr. Williams. You can call him Nathan." Michael explained, showing off the other man, who was of a truly unusual stature. He was taller than Michael, thin, but with broad shoulders that gave him a very intimidating aura. His hand was cold when I shook it, and I couldn't help but shudder when his green eyes met mine.

"Now, Rose - you're going to need to strip for us. That way we can really get a good look at you." Michael stated. If his tone hadn't been so clinical, I would've gotten flustered at the request, but this was par for the course, I assumed. For an examination to be truly in-depth, I supposed I'd need to shed this fabric that was in the way.

"Alright-" I managed, climbing off of the exam table and tugging my shirt over my head. Three men were watching me strip - the thought went straight to my pussy, which was already starting to grow wet as the heat of the situation pooled in the pit of me. I set the shirt on the bed, watching Matt and Nathan closely. They were incredibly handsome men - I hadn't the slightest idea where Michael had managed to find assistants as good-looking as himself.

I unzipped my skirt, pulling it lower and lower, shimmying it down my hips until it pooled

unceremoniously around my ankles. I removed my shoes, placing them near the table - leaving me in nothing but my underwear. Hopefully this would be enough - I didn't particularly want to take off any more, especially seeing as it'd reveal to these men how wet I'd gotten for them.

"Rose-" Michael started, and I knew that what I had taken off wasn't going to be enough. Glancing over to him, I noticed something strange - there appeared to be a bulge in his trousers, though I knew that this could just be a result of the way he was sitting. I shouldn't get my hopes up, but the thought that Michael could've gotten worked up over *me* was mouthwatering. "You need to be completely undressed."

I nodded, unclasping my bra and setting it to the side. I looked up and noticed that Nathan and Matt were *ogling* me - or at least, that's what they *seemed* to be doing. I grabbed my panties by the waistband and tugged them off, leaving me completely exposed. Luckily enough, I wasn't wet enough for it to show, unless they happened to get extremely close to that particular area of my anatomy.

"Alright, get on the exam table." Matt spoke, voice deep and husky, laced with an emotion I couldn't quite place. I did as I was told, climbing clumsily onto the somewhat comfortable padded table. I sat there, knees pulled up against my chest so as to hide both my breasts and my pussy. I awaited further instruction obediently, eager to see where this would lead.

"Lean back." Nathan spoke, his tone unreadable. His cold hand was on my shoulder, urging me to lean up against the slightly raised front end of the table. I allowed him to press me backwards until my back hit the soft leather, though I still kept my legs together, for some very obvious reasons.

"Spread your legs." Matt urged, his hands on my kneecaps, subtly pushing them apart. Though it made my heart leap up into my chest, I did as I was told, and I revealed my now very wet pussy to them. It was humiliating, but these men were professionals - surely something similar had happened to them before!

"Interesting." Matt stated plainly, leaning down to observe the wetness. God - I wanted the earth to swallow me whole. His hands were roaming up and down my thighs, and I was absolutely *ashamed* of the way I angled myself into his touch, pussy throbbing for him. Had I really managed to get myself *this* sexually frustrated.

"Rose, when was the last time you had sex?" Michael asked, suddenly appearing at my side. My heart seized up - had I been found out? I was in a panic, but I knew I had to answer. Self-consciously crossing my arms over my chest, hiding my breasts from view, I met his gaze, formulating my response to the best of my abilities.

"Over a year ago." I stated, deadpan. From the other side of me, Nathan began to chuckle - I shot him a glare without even thinking about it, angry that he'd have the nerve to ridicule my lack of sexual prowess. "But - it's no big deal, I swear-" I mumbled, trying my best to cover up my tracks, even though I was certain that I'd already humiliated myself past the point of no return.

"So that's why." Nathan smiled, satisfaction audible in his tone. "You see, Rose, for whores like you, going without sex is like going without water. You become desperate, your wellbeing deteriorates-" He explained, his tongue sharp and vulgar and *shocking*, considering the setting.

"Exactly." Michael agreed, betraying me. My chest felt tight, I felt genuinely *worried*. This was unlike any doctor's appointment I'd ever been to before, that much was certain. "But don't you fret, Rose - that's why we're here. We're going to help you." He reassured me, running a hand through my long, blonde tresses.

It was then that I felt something truly *startling* - something warm and wet was pressed up against my

aching pussy. Looking up, I realized that Matt had knelt in front of the exam table, face between my open legs. I bit my lip - I couldn't give in so easily. I was still in utter shock, in utter *confusion* - but then that *tongue* began to move, dipping inside of me deftly, making me cry out with pleasure.

I rolled my hips down onto Matt's face, urging him to go deeper, to cover more ground, to make me *cum* - but then I was surrounded by laughter from both sides. Nathan and Michael were evidently having a pretty swell time watching me come undone.

"Only thirty seconds and she's already *this* close? The poor thing - Michael, can I help out a little, too?" Nathan teased, reaching down to stroke my cheek as he addressed his superior.

"Of course - that's what I brought the two of you in for. God knows a slut like Rose won't be satisfied until she's had all three of us, though." Michael grinned. I looked up at him - my doctor, the man that had been entrusted with my health and wellbeing. It seemed surreal that this situation was even *happening*. However, I wasn't complaining in the slightest.

I was snapped out of my daze by something hot and wet poking at my cheek - shifting my eyes over, I realized with a start that it was Nathan's cock, drooping heavily over my face. He nudged the tip against my lips, and for a moment, I was about to open wide - but then I remembered that these men had been calling me a slut.

I shouldn't - I *really* shouldn't. But it looked so *enticing*, especially when compared to my former lover's *smaller* size. Nathan's cock was long and thick, the tip already dripping with precum. So I'd gotten him *this* excited, huh? Smiling, I parted my lips for a brief moment, allowing him to press the tip inside. I moved my tongue against it, savoring the salty flavor of his desperation.

I hollowed my cheeks, allowing him to go an inch further. My eyelids fluttered shut, long lashes dancing lightly against my cheeks. I wanted to tease him, but I was nowhere near skilled enough to make that a reality.

It was then that Matt's tongue began to circle my clit, which had grown swollen out of frustration. My thighs began to twitch, and my hips snapped forward in a desperate attempt to get more of that lovely, lovely friction. I was a moaning mess, cock laid against my tongue as I let out debauched noises.

Michael spoke up, much to my surprise - he'd been surveying the scene in silence up until that point, though now his arousal had grown obvious. "Nathan, shut her up, will you? I don't want the other patients overhearing us." He sighed, palming the front of his trousers as he watched his assistants utterly debase me.

"Of course." Nathan agreed, grabbing hold of my head from behind and forcing me down onto his cock. My throat spasmed in protest, but I had always possessed a decent gag reflex, and therefore I managed to stay composed. Moans inevitably still flowed forth from my tongue, but they were almost completely muffled by that huge dick.

I wanted so badly to cum, and it seemed as though Matt was determined to get me there. He had placed my thighs onto his shoulders, giving him a better angle of attack. Without warning, he pressed a finger into my wet hole, tongue still working at my desperate clit. I was bucking my hips uselessly, so *close* to the brink, when-

He pulled away completely, standing up and taking a few steps back, surveying the mess he'd made. My hips were still twitching, and without thinking, I reached down in order to bring myself to orgasm myself. Michael noticed what I was planning on doing and hurriedly grabbed my wrist, pinning it harshly to my side. I whined around the cock in my mouth, squirming in desperation.

Nathan's hand had balled into a fist in my hair, and he was thrusting up into my throat with no regard whatsoever for my level of comfort. I had my eyes squeezed shut, bracing myself as he hit the back of my throat over and over. Several times, I thought I might choke, but I surprised myself by powering through.

"Damn, she's a good girl, isn't she?" Nathan mused, voice soft and pained with arousal as he continued to buck his hips forward, muffling my cries and stretching the walls of my throat to their absolute limits. My jaw was already growing sore - he was just *too big*, and though the feeling of fullness was welcomed, I was worried that I wouldn't be able to last much longer.

"She's always been my favorite patient." Michael responded, his hands trailing over my naked body, driving me absolutely insane. I felt tears pricking at the corners of my eyes, and then they rolled down my cheeks, leaving wet streaks. Slowly, I opened my eyes to look up at Nathan, whose expression had grown almost *pained*-

It seemed as though he was close to the edge. I relaxed my jaw and throat, allowing him to *really* just have at it, to destroy whatever semblance of purity I once held. He took the hint, hips beginning to thrust at a fast, rough, uneven pace, earnest in an attempt to get as much friction with the tight walls of my throat as possible.

When he hit his climax, I was overcome with the urge to swallow all of what he had to offer. My throat was spasming, the walls pulsating angrily as I drank down his thick, hot seed. He groaned, tugging at my hair, and it was perhaps the loveliest sensation that I'd ever had the pleasure of experiencing.

I hollowed my cheeks, milking him of every last drop. He dragged himself out of my mouth, over my tongue, and I stared up at him with my hazy eyes, glazed over with lust. "Thank you-" I murmured absentmindedly, not even realizing the implications of what had just left my tongue.

"Rose, did you just-" Michael began, laughing as he pinched my nipple. "Well, of *course* you just thanked someone for shooting cum down your throat - you're a fucking cumslut. That's the shit you live for." He grinned, removing his hand from my breast and coming to stand between my legs.

I was a trembling mess of a woman, legs spread, body coated in a light sheen of perspiration. When Michael stood at the foot of the bed, I actually parted my thighs even further - though I didn't so much as think about doing so, it was all subconscious on my part. He smiled at this gesture, grabbing me by the ankles and pulling me down so that my ass was nearly hanging off of the exam table.

He began to tug down his zipper, and I was in total disbelief. This was the exact scenario I'd dreamt of every single time I'd gone to one of these useless appointments. I bit my lip, watching eagerly - the bulge in his pants just looked so *tantalizing*. He met my gaze as he tugged down both his pants and his boxers at once, revealing himself to me.

His cock sprung forth from its fabric confines, and I almost *moaned* at the sight. It was thick to the point where it looked heavy, and certainly long enough to satisfy. I bucked my hips, urging him closer. I needed him inside of me *right now*, but knowing him, I was in for a bit of a tease - he'd always had that sadistic sense of humor, after all.

Slowly, he pressed the tip against my aching hole, and I was *dripping* for him. I wrapped my legs around him, heels pressing into the small of his back, coaxing him - I needed him *closer*. He saw right through this, however, and grabbed my ankles, forcing them apart. I whined, my voice sounding so unlike the way it usually sounded. I sounded like a pitiful mess of a whore, a woman who had nothing but sex on the brain.

"Please, please-" I begged.

"You're going to have to be a little more specific with what you want, Rose."

I winced - I *hated* being made to say perverted things, and I knew that if I stopped holding back now, I'd say all sorts of embarrassing drivel. I bit my lip, unsure of what to do - Michael really was quite cruel, making a mess of me and allowing his assistants to use my body as they pleased. But really, I hadn't felt this turned on in my whole life, so there was no reason for me to be complaining.

"I- I want your cock, I want you-" I spluttered, words disjointed and voice hoarse and broken under the strain of my immense arousal. "I want you deep inside me, I want you to fill me up-" I pleaded, sounding absolutely pathetic as I whined for release. I squirmed under Michael's touch, and every time the tip of his dick rubbed against my pussy, I let out a breathy moan of frustration.

"Good girl-" He smiled, finally forcing his way inside of me. To my surprise, he didn't take things slow at all, instead opting to sheathe himself in one go. He thrust in, pushing himself all the way to the hilt, my tight pussy clamped around the base of his cock. My eyes were wide, lips parted in silent ecstasy as my body struggled to adjust to his size.

He heaved a heavy sigh, starting to move inside of me. As he slowly, teasingly pulled himself out, I let out a cry. It was then that I remembered I should be quiet - Matt was at my side, pressing a finger to my lips, urging me not to make too much of a fuss. It was impossible to stay completely quiet when Michael was already hitting all of the best spots inside of me, though - I was in complete bliss.

"Nathan-" He grunted, motioning for his assistant to join him. Nathan obediently rushed to his side, observing the way Michael's huge cock was stretching out my tight, pink hole. "Get her ready." He murmured cryptically, and Nathan simply nodded, reaching for a nondescript bottle on a nearby counter. He unscrewed the cap and allowed some of the clear liquid to drip onto his fingers before rejoining Michael.

I wasn't sure what direction this was going to be taken in until I felt a finger, cold and coated with lube, press against my asshole. Instantly, my thighs tensed, and my heart sped up, thrashing around wildly within me. Surely Nathan didn't think *that* was a good idea, did he? It was impossible - Michael was taking up too much space. There was no way two men could fuck me at once!

Slowly, he worked the finger up into me, and I let out an embarrassing little gasp that these men would surely make fun of for a long time to come. Angling my hips down onto the finger, not wanting to admit that it felt *amazing*, I shut my eyes, pressing my lips together. Nathan added a second finger, stretching me to what I thought were my limits.

When he began to scissor the fingers, I almost screamed - surely my body wasn't meant for this! But it felt too good for me to protest, so I simply went with it. Sensing I needed a distraction, Matt began to undo his pants - I watched him, fixated on the bulge in his boxers. He tugged them down, revealing an impressively long cock.

Forcefully, Matt grabbed me by the wrist, forcing his cock into my hand. I understood on instinct, wrapping my hand around the base and beginning to pump up and down the shaft vigorously. He felt so good in my hand, so hefty and warm - I wanted him in my mouth right then and there, but I knew that I had to give myself time to adjust to the new sensations one by one.

Michael was, at this point, pumping into me furiously, his hands gripping my thighs, fingernails inevitably leaving red marks of pain and pleasure. He hit an *amazing* spot, and for a moment, my whole world went white. I saw stars, eyes rolling back up into my head and tongue lolling out of my mouth. My

back arched, toes curled, and I knew that if he hit it again, I'd have the best damn orgasm of my entire life.

However, he didn't hit it again. Rather, sensing my immense pleasure, he pulled out of me entirely, dragging the tip of his cock over my clit in an attempt to tease me. I had never before felt so utterly *frustrated*, hips thrusting upwards in an effort to gain some form of pleasure. My mouth hung open, chest heaving with labored breaths. "Please-" I begged, though I knew it'd be in vain. "Please, fuck me- I need it-"

"You heard her, Nathan. Give this pathetic little whore what she wants." Michael sneered, dick still hot and heavy atop my swollen clit. Nathan pulled his rapidly scissoring fingers out from my puckered hole, and suddenly, I felt the tip of his hard cock - I was startled, to say the least. I was unsure as to whether or not he'd even fit inside of me.

He didn't seem to have time to figure out the logistics of that particular endeavor, seeing as he began to push in without thought. His hand rested on my hip, other hand balanced against the end of the exam table. I spread my legs further, attempting in vain to relax the ring of muscle that seemed to be hellbent on forcing Nathan out of me.

"Fuck-" I panted, rolling my hips down and allowing him in, all the way to the base. It was a strange, foreign sensation, but I enjoyed it. I felt so *full*, so *satisfied*, but I knew that I needed more. Nathan sensed this, and began to thrust into me wildly, his pace fast and unpredictable, hips snapping forward with such intensity that I thought I might burst.

"You're so *tight* for a slut-" He gasped, forcing himself into me over and over. Soon, Michael rejoined him, pushing that massive cock of his back into my pussy, which had grown oh so hungry in his brief absence. My walls clamped down around him, never wanting him to leave again. It felt so *good* to be used like this, to be *degraded* like this. I wanted more!

When Michael pounded against that spot again, I cried out in ecstasy. My voice was loud, volume utterly unrestrained, tone very obviously lewd. The way my voice wavered and cracked was so unlike me, so pathetic and weak. These men had truly turned me into a mess.

"Shut up, you useless bitch-" Matt hissed, suddenly pressing his cock up against my lips. I whimpered, allowing them to part. Swallowing relentlessly in an effort to please him, I let him all the way in. His cock was unbelievably long and thick, forcing my jaw to open as much as was humanly possible. I nearly gagged, but I kept my cool.

He was far rougher with me than Nathan had been earlier - he grabbed my head by the sides and impaled my face on his cock over and over with no regard for me whatsoever. To be so blatantly used was admittedly erotic - I grew wetter with every thrust he made, much to my shame. It was becoming more and more apparent that I *enjoyed* being treated like this.

My throat wasn't used to something of this size being shoved down it, and I continually had to prevent myself from choking. It was a conscious effort, but for the most part, I managed it. Matt seemed hellbent on getting me to gag, seeing as with every thrust he went a little deeper. My throat spasmed around him, and my moans were muffled and perverse under the weight of his cock.

All three men were filling me at once, stretching me to my limits as they fucked me without any sense of mercy. The feeling was unlike any other, the feeling of being completely *full*, completely *satisfied*. These men were warm and thick inside of me, and I was putty in their hands. I felt as though I was melting under their touch, becoming a puddle before their very eyes.

I begged for more, though these pleas remained unheard due to the fat cock shoved down my throat. I tried my very best to be accommodating, though I ended up getting swept away by the intensity of the feelings almost immediately. I had tears streaming down my plump, dick-filled cheeks, my mascara running and making me look like a complete and utter mess.

They were so *rough*, but I couldn't get enough of it. Michael's hand came down and spanked the subtle curve of my ass as he thrust deep into me, purposefully avoiding the spot that I *needed* him to hit. Nathan's thick cock was stretching my ass out in ways that I hadn't known could feel *this* fucking good - and with every thrust, he hit spots within me that had been unknown sources of pleasure up until that point.

Matt's cock rubbed against the walls of my throat, savoring my tightness. The three men were quiet, save for their groans as they bucked into me, enjoying the warm, tight heat I provided. I was certain that they thought of me as nothing more than a slut, a toy, a plaything - but somehow, that made me even wetter.

I *felt* like a whore, spreading my legs for strangers and letting men violate and debase me to their hearts' content. I felt like a whore, but I *loved* it. There was no way to go back to plain, simple, vanilla sex after this - I'd chase after this feeling forever.

Nathan was the first to start to lose control - as soon as I felt his pace change inside of me, I knew that he was nearing his climax. I clamped down around him, urging him to stay inside of me. It felt perverted to even *think*, but in that moment, I *needed* him to cum inside of me. I curled my toes as I tensed my body up, hoping the tightness would bring him closer to the edge, closer to losing it completely.

"Fuck-" Nathan swore, his dick throbbing, finally releasing his hot load deep within me. I moaned, lips stretched around Matt's cock, savoring the warmth of Nathan's cum as it filled me up. The walls of my ass pulsed around him, making sure he didn't leave a drop behind. When he finally pulled out, he gave me a look of satisfaction mingled with disdain. "Such a cumdumpster-" He hissed, spanking my ass, causing me to let out a muffled howl of shock. My now-empty hole twitched, cum leaking onto the exam table, dripping onto the floor.

Michael and Matt were still pounding away into me, and their relentless paces showed no signs of slowing down. I had my eyes squeezed shut, but as I felt Matt's cock swell in my mouth, they popped open, looking up at him in horror. I hadn't known his dick could get any bigger, but perhaps seeing me cummed into had sent him over the edge.

I hummed around his cock, hoping the vibrations would push him closer to climax. His dick was buried deep inside me, my throat already almost numb to the sensation. I blinked up at him, batting my eyelashes, though it must've been quite a pathetic display, given the current state of my face, makeup dripping down my cheeks and pooling at my chin.

He pulled out of my throat ever so slowly, the tip scraping past all the abused walls, the walls that had been worn raw by the cocks that had been shoved against them. The tip of his cock rested at my lips for a moment, and I couldn't resist sucking up all the precum that had formed there, allowing the salty taste onto my tongue.

Matt took himself in hand, pumping his thick cock as he stared at my mess of a body, watching as I was ravaged by Michael. He stared at my tits, which were bouncing up and down as I was impaled over and over onto my doctor's dick. "Fuck-" Matt panted, stroking himself to orgasm, eyes fixated on my chest.

He shot his load onto my chest, the cum pooling between my breasts, thick and hot and *warm* - mouth finally empty, I allowed myself the luxury of moaning, though my voice was raspy due to all the abuse my throat had taken. Matt squeezed out every last drop, sighing with contentment as he finally tucked his cock

back into his pants.

"Fuckin' worthless slut-" He growled, slapping my cum-coated tit and causing me to wince.

At last, it was just me and Michael - my mouth and ass felt empty like they never had before. My jaw was seemingly permanently relaxed, lips forever parted. My asshole twitched and leaked cum, desperate for more, even though I knew my body wouldn't be able to handle another round of this.

I focused on Michael and his amazing cock, and *finally* he was hitting the spots I wanted him to hit. He was thrusting into me ruthlessly, though his movements were growing uneven and patchy as he neared the edge. His eyes were shut as he pounded into me, leaning forward and bracing his hands against my hips.

Finally, he opened his eyes and met my gaze, simultaneously hitting that *one* spot, the spot that had made me see stars. I couldn't hold back anymore - I hit my orgasm in spectacular fashion, emitting a cry that was likely heard by everyone left back in that dull, bland waiting room. My spine contorted, back arching, toes folding in on themselves as I rolled my hips down onto that perfect cock.

"Fuck- I'm gonna cum inside, Rose-" Michael panted. I nodded vigorously. "You're okay with that?" He laughed. "Whore - you *want* my cum, don't you? You want me to knock you up?"

The things he'd brought to light certainly seemed worrying, but in that moment, I wanted nothing more than for Michael to pump me full of his cum, to use me like the dumpster I was. I was a total slut, but more importantly, I was *his* slut, his plaything, a woman with whom he could absolutely do as he pleased.

Finally, he hit his orgasm, shooting his hot seed past my cervix. I felt a unique sense of warmth pooling in the pit of me, thighs twitching, the walls of my pussy spasming and clamping down around his weeping cock as it unloaded as much as it possibly could. I tipped my head back, crying out as I felt him pump me full of his load.

When he finally pulled out, I could feel the cum dribbling down, likely coating the end of the exam table in an unsavory mix of seed and sweat. I propped myself up on my elbows, basking in the afterglow of orgasm, feeling entirely spent. I couldn't help but wonder if our next appointment would be like this.

My clothes were thrown at me in a rude manner - I caught them, attempting to stand on my unusually shaky legs, cum running down my inner thighs and growing sticky on my breasts. I redressed, feeling like an absolute pervert - I had no idea how I was going to face the patients who had almost certainly heard me moan in ecstasy.

"So, Rose - same time in two months?"

"I don't think I can wait that long-" I admitted.

"Fine. I'll schedule you two weeks from now."

As I limped out of the room, I looked forward to my next appointment, lips pulling up into a smile.

Dominated By Three Marines

I was not a girl who came from a family of status or wealth. Rather, it was the opposite - my mother, a woman who had taken on the task of raising three children on her own - had taught me to be frugal. My

childhood was full of food stamps, our apartment partially paid for by the government. Truly, I experienced a life that lacked luxury.

And in all honesty, it had never bothered me. I never had the newest gadgets, never had clothes that looked and felt good on me. Those sorts of things were irrelevant - what mattered was making sure that food was on the table, that my mother wasn't going to collapse under the weight of her responsibilities.

Ever since I was young, I'd dreamt of getting a high-paying job, taking care of my mother and siblings as they grew older. Luckily for me, I was blessed with a mind that caught on to new concepts remarkably fast, earning me some of the best grades in my class. That is - up until high school. Things went downhill pretty fast from there.

It wasn't that my brain couldn't take the work - it was that I had gotten old enough to take on a part-time job. And really, with my mother's health rapidly declining, I couldn't afford to shirk that responsibility. I needed to support her, to support my younger siblings. And so I took on a job that ate away at me, a job that ensured I'd never get a good night's sleep.

I remembered waking up at seven in the morning to get ready for school, and going to bed during the witching hours, those wee hours wherein I'd have the whole world to myself. Who in the world would be awake at 3 in the morning? Only a girl who'd just gotten home from the night shift at the local grocery - I'd shove instant noodles down my throat and pass out within the hour.

My grades suffered dearly, and therefore, I wasn't able to apply for any scholarships. And without scholarships, university was a pipe dream at best. It wasn't until after graduating at age eighteen that I realized something - there were other options. Sure, these other paths were a little scarier, a little more convoluted, and my mother would have to wait much longer to fall into the lap of luxury, but-

If it was my only chance, then so be it. I'd take it.

It was this decision that brought me to this run-down, sketchy-looking building. The recruitment office of the Marines. I was young, female, not particularly strong - but I *needed* this to work. I'd heard that some of the boys from my old school had followed this path, chasing the promise of paid tuition. I bit my lip as I rested my hand on the door handle.

The building certainly looked nothing like the pictures. It was old, paint flaking and wood smelling rotten. My nose crinkled as soon as I took a deep breath. Briefly, I wondered if I'd been given the wrong address by the helpful advisors online - but the sign was there, as clear as day. Marine Recruitment Office.

Finally, *finally*, I gained control of my muscles, and I overcompensated by swinging the door open and barging inside. Shit - this was typical of me. I always had to make a scene, somehow. Flushing pink with embarrassment, I shut the door behind me with as much grace and poise as I could muster, and continued on into the room. I wasn't alone - there were three pairs of eyes trained on me.

Three men - one behind a desk, presumably the man in charge of the recruitments - one sorting through a filing cabinet, and one taking a smoke break in the office. My heart leapt up into my throat - really, I hadn't expected these men to live up to the Marine stereotype so perfectly. I almost wanted to laugh, laugh at the way the room grew hazy with cigarette smoke. I cracked a smile, legs still shaky as I approached the front desk.

The man behind the desk was extraordinarily handsome, albeit in a very rugged way. His jaw was chiseled, dotted with stubble - it was obvious that he cared not about his appearance, and yet he managed to be effortlessly attractive all the same. For a plain girl like myself, this trait was extremely enviable.

His hair was dark and cropped short, likely for practical reasons - it wouldn't make sense to have long tresses whilst doing grunt work or going into combat. I tugged at my shoulder-length hair self-consciously, wondering if I seemed unprofessional. I sat down at the chair that faced the desk, watching as this man's deep blue eyes bored into my own. He hadn't said a word yet - meaning it was up to me to break the silence.

"Hello-" I started, voice cracking with nerves, causing the intimidating man before me to grin a little - it was not a lighthearted grin, rather one filled with malice, malice that shook me to my core. I was quite certain that I was going to be made fun of and sent packing very promptly, but there was something inside of me that told me to persevere, to be persistent, to do anything it took to be recruited.

"Why, hello there. You look like you're in the wrong place." He snarled, voice as gruff as you'd expect. It sent a shudder down my spine, and I was instantly overwhelmed by feelings of self-consciousness. He leaned forward, forearms flat against the desk as he stared deep into me, finding my wells of insecurity and studying them in order to gain more ammo to use against me. This man was a man to be feared, that much I could tell.

"I'm not in the wrong place." I insisted, holding my head high and continuing to hold eye contact with him, not wanting to be the one to break first. "This is the Marine Recruitment Center, isn't it? I'm here to join your forces." I sounded utterly ridiculous spewing that drivel, and everyone in the room knew it - the other two men had abandoned their work and cigarettes in favor of watching our exchange.

"Ah, I see. What's your name, young lady?" He asked, tone patronizing as he narrowed his eyes at me.

"Lily. Lily Robinson." I managed, feeling as though even my name would become a joke to him, something he could use to poke fun at me. I was shaking from head to toe, and I was worried the tremors were visible. I steeled myself, trying to put on a brave face as he eyed me up and down, surveying me as a potential Marine.

"Lily, huh? You're here for our scholarship opportunities, aren't you? You don't look like Marine material, if I'm being totally honest." He sneered, smirking down at me. All of a sudden, he got out of his chair, standing tall and showing off his impressive height -he came to stand right in front of me, and I blanched as he grabbed me by the elbows, hauling me out of my seat.

"But we're not the sort of place to just turn people away 'cuz of how they look." He smiled - my heart relaxed a little upon hearing those words. So, there was a chance for me after all, wasn't there? I took a deep breath, exhaling as slowly as possible, attempting to rid my body of the stress that had built up within it. "You're gonna have to work a little *harder* than our other candidates, though."

"I'm prepared to do whatever it takes." I insisted, voice loud and bold and infused with a confidence I didn't know I had. As I stood in front of this man, I felt incredibly small - but in a way, the fact that I was even able to go through with this, the fact that I was able to confront the Marines - it was a triumph for me. I was shaking, but I felt as though I had a shot.

"Whatever it takes, huh?" The man laughed. He looked over his shoulder at his co-workers, urging the two of them to come over. I tensed up - three pairs of eyes were on me again, and I didn't like the way it felt, especially not when they formed a semicircle around me, staring me down. "Alright sweetie, listen up - your first test begins now." He grinned, stepping forward and placing a hand on my shoulder.

I didn't know what he meant, and I'm sure my wide eyes gave that away almost immediately. His smile only grew, and with his free hand, he slid the tips of his fingers beneath the hem of my t-shirt. I gasped on instinct, backing away as skin met skin. I didn't know what he was playing at, but I was pretty damn sure

that I didn't like it. His eyes were full of something I didn't recognize - if I hadn't known better, I would've assumed it was lust.

"Alright." He cleared his throat, removing his hands and looking down at me. "My name's Greg. But you're to address me as Sir. Is that clear?"

"Yes." I said, voice frail and weak and full of anxiety.

"This is Jeff-" Greg said, gesturing towards the man to his left, a muscular brunet with twinkling green eyes. I instantly bit my lip when we made eye contact - he was a little too handsome to be in a dirty place like this. "And this is Tom." Greg continued, gesturing towards the man to his right. Tom was taller than the other two, dirty blond hair cropped short, albeit not as short as Greg's. He looked a little more lighthearted than the other two, and I felt at ease looking at him.

"You're to address us all as Sir." Greg stated, voice rough and deep and booming against the fragile wooden walls of the office. I nodded, desperate for him to quiet down. "Your first task is to strip down. All the way - we need *all* your clothes."

The way in which he gave the command made it seem very serious - I was inclined to obey despite the absurdity of the request. But there was a smile on Tom's face that suggested this might be a prank, a way to get me to humiliate myself. I was about to turn and walk out of the office entirely, but then I remembered that I'd promised myself that I'd do anything it took.

Slowly, I disrobed. I didn't look at the men as I undressed, preferring to think of the exercise as something non-sexual. I undid my bra, kicked off my panties, and stood before them, completely bare. If this was an initiation, I was more than willing to take part in it. I smiled up at them, hoping my pride was visible.

"On your knees, Lily." Greg commanded.

I did as I was told.

"Yes, sir-" I mumbled as I sank to the floor, bare knees digging into the gross wooden panels beneath me. The men formed a circle around me, and for the first time, I realized just what I'd gotten myself into - I was naked, and there were three men standing above me, erections pressing against the crotches of their trousers. I blanched - was this *normal*? Was it *expected*? If this was how women were treated in the Marines...I wasn't sure I wanted to be a part of it!

However, my mother needed me. I needed to do this. If playing with a few dicks was all it took, I knew that I'd be able to do it. Truth be told, I'd never been in a sexual situation before - my time was consumed with work, with school. So to be thrust into something of this sort was bewildering, to say the least.

I palmed at the crotch of Greg's trousers without being asked - I knew what he wanted from me. Staring up into his eyes, I batted my lashes. If objectifying myself was the only way to get into their ranks, so be it! He grabbed ahold of my hair, pressing my face up against his jeans. I grabbed the zipper between my teeth and tugged it down slowly.

It was then that I felt two foreign objects pressing against either of my cheeks - pulling away for a moment, looking from left to right, I was confronted with cocks. They were huge, easily bigger than I'd ever expected them to be. I didn't know where to look, I didn't know what to do - surely I wasn't expected to please two men at once?

"Lily, use your hands. That's an order." Came Jeff's voice, surprisingly assertive and loud.

"Yes, sir-" I panted, still trying to regain my bearings, the bearings I'd lost the moment I'd been ordered to my knees. Lifting my hands, I did what seemed obvious. I wrapped a hand around the base of each dick, slowly pumping up and down the shaft. I was met with a groan of contentment from Tom, so I assumed I was doing a decent job of things.

I trained my eyes on Greg's hands, which had drifted down to the waistband of his jeans and boxers - he shifted both garments down around his thighs in one fell swoop, allowing his massive cock to spring free. It was thick, veiny, and looked almost *heavy* - in an odd sort of way, it looked delicious. I felt ashamed to have even thought of such a thing, and as my pussy throbbed, I hung my head in embarrassment.

Seemingly displeased with this, Greg yanked my head back, forcing me to look at his dick. The tip was wet, a white bead of precum leaking out as he forced it against my lips. Shit - I'd never given a blowjob before. I knew I'd be bad at it, and if I was bad at it, these men would not allow me to be among their ranks. I parted my lips, allowing the tip inside, giving myself some time to get used to it.

"Lily, you know what this is, right?" Greg asked, voice holding a little less malice than before, breath baited with pleasure as I sucked at the tip of his cock, hollowing my cheeks. I bobbed my head forward a few times, allowing him to go an inch deeper, my tits bouncing as I did so.

I pulled away to answer the question, arms already getting sore from pumping the cocks in my hands. "Initiation?" I guessed, voice wavering with worry and (though I'd never admit it) arousal. My pussy was growing wet, and I supposed that made sense - after all, these were handsome men, and I'd *never* had the luxury of getting male attention growing up.

"Initiation? Lily, don't play dumb. How you perform now determines whether or not we'll help you get a scholarship. If we recruit you, it'll be under the table. It'll be as a sex toy, nothing else." He sneered, causing Tom to snicker along with him. My cheeks flushed darkly - I didn't want to be anyone's plaything. But then again...if it was the only option - it wouldn't be so bad, especially when the men in question were this handsome.

"That's all sluts like you are good for. Stress relief." Jeff spat, voice harsh as I worked his cock, twisting my wrist as I moved my hand up and down the shaft, over and over. It felt harsh, to be called a slut, but I supposed that in that moment, that's what I was. After all, I'd been *so* eager to please, *so* ready to take my clothes off if it meant I'd get a shot at recruitment.

Perhaps the sluttiest thing of all was the fact that I was wet, fluid dribbling down my inner thigh as I stroked these men.

Greg took the base of his cock in hand, once again pressing it against my lips. I was ashamed at how easily my hungry mouth fell open, allowing him to force his entire length down my throat. I didn't gag, didn't balk - and that fact startled me. It appeared to startle Greg as well, seeing as his hand balled into a fist in my hair.

"Damn, Lily's a natural - she's a keeper for sure." He grunted, snapping his hips forward, forcing me to deepthroat him. I soon grew used to the rhythm of his thrusts, humming as he forced his cock against the back of my throat again and again. How shameful - how embarrassing it was to be *enjoying* this. I sat on my heel, using it to press against my aching pussy, praying that the wave of arousal could be calmed.

After a minute or two, the men all pulled away from my grasp, taking themselves in hand. I was worried - had I not performed well enough? I looked up at each of them, my gaze shifting between them, looking for any signs of approval or lackthereof.

"Press your tits together." Tom ordered, and I did as I was told, leaning forward and using my arms to force my breasts together, shaking them in a manner that I hoped would be seen as tantalizing - as I watched them all stroke themselves, I grew impossibly hungry. Their dicks were all so *large*, so *thick*, and I wanted them *inside* of me. The thought surprised me, but I wasn't startled out of my lust-induced stupor - rather, I chose to go with it.

Soon, their movements had grown uneven, and I knew they were all close to the edge. "Cum for me-" I begged, regretting the words as soon as they'd left my mouth.

Tom was the first to lose control, shooting hot ropes of his thick cum onto my chest, the sticky fluid dribbling down my tits. I looked like an absolute whore, but it felt admittedly good to have turned a man on to the point where he'd coat me in his cum. I bit my lip, batting my eyelashes up at him appreciatively.

Jeff lost it next, and I turned to look at him just as he reached orgasm, causing him to shoot his load across my face - I instinctively shut my eyes, smiling as I felt the warm semen trail down my cheeks. I felt *filthy*, and I knew I'd probably regret this as soon as it was over, but right now, being a plaything was *gratifying* in a way I hadn't expected.

Greg was the last to cum, and he forced my mouth open with his free hand as he pumped himself - when he hit his climax, he shot his hot seed onto my tongue, making me taste it, and I loved every second of it, much to my embarrassment. He tasted surprisingly *good*, and I let out a broken moan when he finally let go of my face, pulling away.

I thought that'd be where things ended - I'd proven myself well enough, hadn't I? I looked up at Greg, gauging his reactions to what I'd just managed to do. "How was I?" I asked shyly, tits still pressed together, cum still decorating my cheeks.

"Lily, we're far from being through with you. We have to test every part of a whore, after all." Jeff snarled, hoisting my up by the armpits and dragging me back over to the front desk, draping me across it. My toes barely touched the floor, and my head hung over the edge of the desk uselessly, my body scattering the papers and doodads littering the desktop.

"Spread your legs, cumslut." Greg barked, the volume startling me. My thighs trembled as my toes danced across the floor, revealing myself to the men. My pussy was absolutely *dripping*, and I was certain they could see just how turned on I was.

"I've never done this before-" I admitted, panting, tits pressed against the desk, forearms resting on either side of my chest.

"Oh - really? With a body like yours, I thought for sure you'd be a total whore-" Greg remarked, his hand trailing across the curve of my ass, bringing it down to spank the tender flesh. I yelped in surprise, and Tom let out a barking laugh. "Well, don't worry. We'll break you in. By the end of this, your pussy will be just as slutty as you."

"God, she's so *wet*-" Jeff remarked, dipping a single finger into me, causing me to arch my back and moan like an absolute tramp. I vowed that if I got in, I'd *never* let my mother know about the nature of my job. "Fuckin' slut, she wants it so *badly*-"

I felt something warm against my aching entrance, and realized it was the tip of Greg's cock. He pressed it in for a brief moment, allowing the tip to stretch me out, before pulling out entirely. My hands balled into fists, and I looked over my shoulder at him, shaking my hips in an effort to get him to fuck me already.

I didn't want this to be dragged out - I was horny, I was ashamed. I needed him to fill me, and I needed

it *now*. However, I could tell from his smile that he planned on getting me to say all that aloud. I bit my lip, pussy throbbing with want as I stared into his spellbinding eyes. "Beg." He commanded. With that one word, I was turned into a whimpering mess.

"Please- I need you-" I pleaded, voice sounding so surreal, so unlike my own. I sounded weak, I sounded slutty, and I sounded *desperate*. "I want your cock inside me, I want you to fill me up, *please*-"

It was a theatrical performance, to say the least, and it must've had some effect on Greg, seeing as immediately after the words left my lips he dug his fingernails into my hips. I knew this was going to hurt, so I braced myself as I felt his tip against my hole. He dragged his cock along my hungry slit a couple more times, just to emphasize how *useless* I was in comparison to him - how much I *needed* him.

All at once, he shoved himself into me. His cock was *huge*, and it tore my hymen with no effort. I let out a pained cry, squirming against the desk in discomfort, writhing beneath him as he forced himself inside, all the way to the hilt. I could feel him throbbing inside of me, I could feel a tiny trail of blood leaking out, dribbling down my thigh.

He was so *huge*, and my walls clamped down around him incessantly. My lips remained parted, though I had long since stopped screaming. My nails dug into the wood of the desk, and my eyes were squeezed shut as he rammed himself against my cervix. I tried to catch my breath, but it was no use - I was completely overwhelmed by the feeling.

It was then that he started to move inside me - he made me see *stars*, his cock rubbing against places within me that I hadn't known existed. My tongue lolled out of my mouth, my eyes rolled upwards, and for a moment, I felt as though I might go crazy from the pleasure. As he pulled out, he dragged his cock along my sensitive walls, teasing me, before slamming back into me, making me yelp and squirm in approval.

I was unable to think of anything but Greg's cock, how good it felt inside of me, how I'd never want anything else - if they recruited me, I'd be *more* than happy to serve them, especially if it meant getting this sort of treatment on the daily. My body was in heaven, and my brain was absolutely swimming in lust -

That is, until I felt a cold, wet digit pressed against my asshole. I bit my lip to prevent from gasping in shock, but Greg's dick forced that sound out of me anyways.

"What are you doing-?" I panted, voice strange and perverse as I looked over my shoulder to see Jeff, standing alongside Greg, finger working its way into me. It seemed like a pointless question - I knew *exactly* what he was doing, seeing as I could feel it, but there was the question of how this was going to work. I wasn't prepared to have two men inside of me at once!

"Exactly what you think I'm doing, slut." He growled, looking into my eyes, causing my heart to thud wildly. There was malice in his gaze, a malice that indicated he'd be anything but gentle with me. "Whores like you need to have every hole used - you'd better get used to servicing three at a time if you're gonna join our ranks, Lily."

My chest tightened with fear, and I turned my head back around to avoid holding eye contact with Jeff - he was intimidating, and the implications of what he'd just told me were frightening, in all honesty.

Without warning, he forced his finger all the way inside of me, twisting it and rubbing against sensitive areas that had me crying out with pleasure. Quickly, a second finger was added, giving me an extraordinary sense of fullness, a feeling I'd never experienced before. I rolled my hips backwards, urging Jeff to push his fingers deeper.

I heard footsteps - Tom moved behind the desk, positioning himself right in front of my face. His cock

was bobbing right in front of me, mere inches away - and it looked *delicious*. My brain was consumed with arousal, with lust, and I feared these men had awoken the whore within me, and after this fateful evening, I'd never be able to go back to the way I was before. I'd need more of this, more and more and more.

"You're drooling." He remarked, using one hand to stroke himself and the other to run his fingers through my hair. "You like cock that much? Fuckin' cumdumpster. You're nothing but a toy to us - you know that, right?" As he said it, I nodded, agreeing without even having to think about it.

"God, you're such a whore - you *love* this, don't you?" Tom laughed, pumping himself right in front of my face, clearly amused by the way my tongue was hanging out, desperately reaching for his cock. He was completely right - I *did* love this, and I was ashamed of that fact. I stared up at him, eyes glazed over, mouth open for his use.

It was then that Jeff began to scissor his fingers inside of me - I let out an embarrassing cry, a carnal cry. I needed him to stretch me out *more*, to fill me *more* - I would've asked him to do so, but my brain no longer had the strength to form sentences that'd be deemed as coherent. Thankfully, I didn't have to tell him what to do.

He removed his fingers without warning, and pressed the tip of his cock against my puckered, hungry hole. I swayed my hips as much as I good, body still being ravaged by Greg's perfect cock. I relaxed myself, relaxed that tight ring of muscle as I felt Jeff begin to urge himself into me. I was tight, and his cock was moving far too slowly.

"Faster," I begged. "Please, fuck me faster-"

It didn't take more than that for Jeff to oblige immediately, ramming his cock into my famished hole, slamming into me over and over, stretching me out. Though it felt good in the moment, I knew I'd be sore as hell by tomorrow morning. Presently, I didn't care, and I bucked my hips backwards, allowing Greg and Jeff to move deep inside of me.

I was enjoying myself immensely, enjoying the way it felt to have two men inside me at once. I certainly hadn't expected my first time to be like *this*, but the sensations were undeniable, and the way these men abused my holes felt heavenly. My mouth was hanging open, debauched noises flowing forth, eyes shut.

I didn't see anything, behind my eyelids there were only stars, flashes of deep pleasure. I had no way of knowing when Tom would decide to ram himself down my throat - hence why it took me by surprise. He grabbed two handfuls of my hair, using them as leverage, forcing himself into me, the tip of his huge cock hitting the back of my throat.

I moaned around him, feeling *satisfied* - to have three men inside of me was absolutely amazing, and it felt as though I may have discovered my purpose. Perhaps I really *was* nothing more than a cumslut, seeing as I'd never felt this good in my entire life. The hands in my hair were warm and strong, and I instinctively nuzzled against them as Tom abused my throat, grunting every time I hummed around him.

My pussy was dripping, fluids running down my thighs as Greg pounded away, grazing against a particularly satisfying, sensitive spot inside of me every once in a while - just enough to keep me on edge. I was nearing climax, but I was determined for this to last as long as possible. I wanted to please these men to the best of my abilities. Hollowing my cheeks, I bobbed my head up and down on Tom's cock, though I had to strain my neck to do so.

Jeff's cock up my ass was amazing, and I moaned every time he bucked into me - the way he and Greg had stretched me out was amazing, and the way Tom's dick was muffling my lewd noises - I really was

nothing more than a doll, a toy, a plaything. I knew that if they chose to recruit me, I'd be servicing them on a regular basis. My heart thudded with excitement - this certainly seemed like a fulfilling job. I opened my eyes, making hazy eye contact with Tom as he snapped his hips forward wildly, almost choking me in the process.

I felt Jeff throb inside of me, and I knew that he was probably nearing climax. I swayed my hips as the two men fucked my needy holes, saliva dribbling out of my mouth and onto the floor as I sucked desperately at Tom's cock. Jeff's movements were growing rabid, uneven, wild - I clamped down around him, wanting him to fill me with his cum so *badly*.

My ass was tight, and judging by the way he gripped it, it was satisfying. I felt gratified to be able to please him, relaxing and tensing the ring of muscle at a rapid pace, urging him to fill me, to shoot inside of me. I didn't know where this slutty line of thinking had come from, but I was suddenly unable to think of much else.

I moaned around the cock in my mouth, and Jeff lost control, his hand spanking my ass *hard*, grabbing it and shooting his hot load inside of it. "Fuck- Lily, you fucking *slut*-" He swore, hips twitching, snapping against me rapidly, desperately. I let my eyes flutter shut, breathing deeply as I enjoyed the sensation.

He filled me to the brim, riding out his orgasm inside of me, thick cum spurting into me and dribbling out the sides of my asshole. I felt *used*, but I clenched up around him anyways, not wanting him to waste a drop. When he finally pulled out, I felt ashamed at the way my hole twitched, leaking cum onto the floor.

"Shit - what a messy slut-" Jeff chuckled, affectionately running his hand over my plump cheek for a moment. "If it were up to me, you'd be recruited right now. I've never had a toy as amazing as you before." He continued, removing his hand. I heard the metallic sound of his zipper and heaved a sigh, glad to have pleased him.

I was startled out of my stupor by the wild movements of Tom's cock in my throat. He was bucking up into me wildly, to the point where no matter how fast I bobbed my head, I couldn't keep up with the crazy pace that he'd set. I opened my eyes, tears pricking at the corners and trailing down my still-cummy cheeks. Glancing up at him, I saw how *aroused* he looked, eyes dark and lips parted. The fact that it was *me* who'd caused this was rewarding as all hell.

I forced my head lower, nose against his toned stomach, taking him in completely and swallowing around him, the walls of my throat constricting and tight around his throbbing cock. He yanked me back by the hair before forcing me down again, nearly knocking the wind out of me in the process.

Soon, he hit his climax, spilling his seed inside of my throat, coating the walls and forcing me to swallow every last drop. He bucked his hips forward lazily, basking in his orgasm as he came into me. My heart was pounding, pussy throbbing, grateful for his cum. When he pulled out, I swallowed again, making it clear that I'd taken all he had to offer.

"Good girl-" He sighed, obviously pleased, petting my hair gently as he used his free hand to hoist his pants back up. "You'll fit in real well around here."

The only man left inside of me now was Greg, whose dick was still teasing in that it wouldn't hit the *one* place that I needed it to hit. I propped myself up, tilting my head back to make eye contact with him. My clit was swollen, pussy dripping, and I *needed* release. He looked serious, deep in focus, lips parted as he groaned, forcing himself into me over and over.

"Please, make me cum-" I begged.

"Sluts don't get to cum until all the men have been serviced-" He managed, though I could tell he was about to lose it. I knew that I had to make him cum before he'd allow me to reach orgasm, so I began to clamp my walls around him tightly, clenching myself and seizing up. By making myself tighter, I forced a moan out of him.

His hips were bucking wildly, and it wasn't long before I felt the first spurt of semen inside of me. I rutted myself backwards, impaling myself on his cock, feeling him fill me with his warmth. And *finally*, he hit the spot that I needed, and I felt my entire body tense up. My back arched, my toes curled, and I let out perhaps the loudest moan I'd ever managed - it felt *amazing*.

My walls throbbed, and my tight pussy milked Greg's cock of all the cum it had, my hips bouncing uselessly as I rode out my orgasm together with him. His nails were drawing blood as they dug into my hips, but I didn't mind. When he finally pulled out of me, I felt cum trickling down my thigh as I lay panting against the desk. I didn't know if I could stand.

Trembling, I knelt down to gather the clothes I'd discarded, attempting to redress myself shakily, cum still running down my leg and growing sticky on my tits and face. I looked towards Greg, who had already tucked his cock back into his pants, which he was currently rezippping.

"So...what do you think?" I asked, voice wavering with worry as I reclasped my bra, staring up at him. I knew it wouldn't be a job I could talk about openly, but it'd certainly be a *satisfying* way to earn my scholarship. "You interested in recruiting me?"

"Definitely. You're the best cumslut we've ever had come by." Greg stated, watching with hungry eyes as I put all my clothes back on, still quivering with pleasure, body wracked with the aftereffects of orgasm. "We'll call you within the week - hope you can start as soon as possible." He grinned, reaching forward and ruffling my hair in a condescending manner.

"I can't wait." I smiled, the shame all but fucked out of me.

Dominated By Three Truckers

It was official - I hated my job. I was fresh out of university, and the prospect of teaching children had seemed nice - in retrospect, I should've seen the warning signs. What I had expected was likely unrealistic - a bunch of clean, well-behaved kids eager to learn the alphabet. What I had gotten was horrifyingly different from the cushy job I'd hoped for.

Not only was I expected to change diapers, clean snot, *and* be compensated with slave wages, I was also expected to do filing work until nine in the evening. My drives home were rageful - I couldn't quit now, seeing as the job market was terrible and I didn't want to lose my apartment. But there *had* to be a better way of life than this!

My car was an old-timer, and the drives home were only around twenty minutes - nothing long, nothing tiring. Today, my car seemed particularly irritated with me, however. Every slow of the engine, every rumble - it seemed to be saying "to hell with you, Dana!". I grew angry, pulling my car over to the side of the road, allowing the engine to restart.

Only it didn't restart. The second I turned the key, the engine made a few pathetic noises, eventually tapering off into a sad sort of death rattle. I panicked - sure, I wasn't *too* far from home...but the walk

would take over two hours, and that seemed rather unsafe.

I pulled the key out of the ignition and tucked it into my purse, rummaging around for my phone. Fuck - I'd have to call a friend. I'm sure there was *someone* out there who wouldn't mind helping me out of the bind I'd somehow gotten myself into. I frowned, booting up the phone and scrolling through my contacts.

Cathy was usually there for me when I needed her - she was an old friend from high school, the sort of girl who'd likely never leave her hometown. At this time of day, she'd probably be draped across her sofa, watching Netflix and indulging in some particularly unhealthy foods. I clicked the 'call' button and held the phone up to my ear.

It rang. And rang. And rang. It became clear that Cathy was either asleep or unresponsive. Shit - I scrolled through my contacts list again, glancing up briefly and realizing, with horror, that my phone was almost out of battery. It only had 3% left - I had to act fast!

My mom lived rather far from my home, but she was my *mom*, after all - she'd have to help me. I called her, phone in my hands, eyes trained on the little battery icon, which was depleting far too quickly for my tastes. 3%. 2%. 1%. Why wasn't my mom picking up? It went to voicemail. I attempted to go back to the 'contacts' screen, but -

It was too late. My phone died in my hands - a somber moment.

With no other options, I took my purse out of the car, draped it over my shoulder, and stood roadside, surveying the cars that whizzed by. I stuck my thumb out, the universal sign for 'please pity me enough to take me wherever I need to go' - for a moment, all hope seemed lost. Nobody was looking at me. No cars slowed.

Until a giant truck slowed to a stop, parking roadside, just behind where my poor, dying car sat. Thank goodness - somebody had noticed me! I heard the door of the truck pop open and slam shut. A tall, built figure made its way over to me. I was worried for a moment, but I figured that whoever was kind enough to stop wouldn't be the sort of person interested in harming me.

I looked up - he had stopped in his tracks about a metre away from me. His attire - a wifebeater and dirty jeans - seemed a little too immodest for such a cold, windy night. He had a mess of auburn locks atop his head, and twinkling green eyes to contrast - certainly a handsome man. Subconsciously, I took a little step closer.

"Name's Jack." He grinned, reaching out to shake my hand. "Pleasure to meet ya. Hop in my truck - I'll take you wherever you need." It was such a *kind* gesture, I thought for a moment that he *must* have an ulterior motive. Nobody was this purehearted, after all! But I wasn't about to complain.

"I'm Dana." I smiled, taking his hand in my own for a moment. "Thank you *so* much- you have no idea how worried I was that no one would stop!"

"A pretty girl like you? Why, someone's *bound* to stop!" Jack chuckled, making me blush a little in the moonlight. I giggled and made my way over to his hulking truck.

I hopped inside, fastening my seatbelt and waiting patiently for him. I watched him enter the vehicle - he really was an attractive man. The way his biceps bulged as he shifted gears, started the car - fuck, I *really* shouldn't be staring, but I couldn't help myself. I pressed my lips together, forcing myself to stare down at my feet.

Finally, we were back on the road. I relaxed, knowing that I could give him directions, that I'd be home

in fifteen minutes.

"I live on Bengal Drive, if you know where that is." I murmured, voice a little hazy. I couldn't remember the last time I'd been *this* nervous around a guy. My heart was pounding, my cheeks were pink and warm, my eyes were darting around the truck, desperate for a natural place to rest.

"Bengal Drive...I think so. That's not too far from here. You might need to give me directions as we get closer." He said calmly.

"Of course."

From that point onwards, I watched the road carefully, making sure that he was following my usual route. All seemed well. Several minutes passed, and I bounced along to a couple of fun songs on the radio. Jack laughed a little, and when I looked over at him, I noticed his eyes were on my tanktop-clad breasts, which were bobbing along with me.

Embarrassed, I crossed my arms over my chest, laughing nervously - he certainly was...*upfront* about things, wasn't he? I'd gotten so flustered over the minute interaction that I failed to notice something vital - we were no longer on that familiar street, the street that led to my little cul-de-sac.

"Hey - uh...you made a wrong turn back there."

"I did? Oh- sorry. I didn't notice."

"Just turn left up here-" I mumbled, gesturing towards the next intersection. However, Jack disobeyed my order, turning right instead, into a part of town I didn't know particularly well. Panicked, I poked his arm, certain that he was just distracted, that he hadn't done that on *purpose* or anything.

He didn't respond. My blood ran cold as he made another turn - we were leaving town. Now on a road I didn't recognize, a road that didn't appear to lead anywhere, I was panicking. I just wanted to go home, to relax, to unwind - this was terrifying.

"Hey, no- what's this all about?" I asked, the panic clear in the tone of my voice. He chuckled, as though my fear wasn't justifiable at all. I felt a little offended at that, the way he trivialized my fear - of *course* I'd be scared! A stranger was driving me into a part of the state I didn't recognize. The radio droned on somberly, the songs having grown progressively less bouncy as time went on.

"We're just takin' a little detour, that's all." Jack grinned, and I found the way his lips turned upwards at the corners utterly *malicious*. Fuck - I needed to get out of this truck, and I needed to do it *now*.

Just as I was unbuckling my seatbelt, the truck slowed to a halt in front of what appeared to be an out-of-use rest stop. The lights flickered inside, signifying that it wasn't totally abandoned - another two trucks were parked outside, next to a few fuel dispensers that looked utterly ancient.

"Don't you dare run off, Dana. I want you to step outta the truck nice and slow, alright?" Jack said, locking eyes with me, voice cold and slow and demanding. I nodded - the last thing I wanted was to get hurt. I'd comply until I saw a clear chance to make my escape. I undid my seatbelt, popped the door open, and slid out of my seat, shoes meeting concrete with an audible slap.

It was at that moment that two men exited the gas station - brawny, burly men. They approached Jack, and I wandered over despite my fear. I probably should've made a run for it right then and there, but my legs wobbled, my heart pounded, and I knew there was no way I'd escape - especially not when these three men were all fully equipped with vehicles.

I looked up at them, surveying them - just like Jack, they were unusually attractive. Shamefully, my

pussy throbbed, obviously wanting to get a little *closer* to them. Now really wasn't the time for useless thoughts like that, and I frowned, trying to will away my arousal as I looked these men up and down.

The first man, who immediately came forward, shook my hand with comical enthusiasm (as though he were mocking me) and introduced himself as Nick, was oddly tall. Taller than Jack and the other man by at least three or four inches. I marveled at his height, at his jawline, at his mop of blond hair - he was sexy by any standards.

The second man, who said nary a word, was shorter and stockier - he had tan skin, dark eyes, and thick black hair that framed his face perfectly. He gave off a very intimidating vibe, and I immediately looked away the very second he made eye contact with me. These three men had, unbeknownst to me, formed a little circle around me - I stepped back and bumped into Jack's chest.

"No running, Dana. We just wanna play with you a little." He grinned, wrapping his arms around my waist. It felt amazing to be touched, and for a moment, I leaned against him, savoring the moment, my pussy aching with want as his strong hands made their way down to my hips, down to the hem of my skirt.

As soon as I regained my senses, however, I struggled to squirm out of his grasp, all signs telling me to *run* - even though I knew that'd be useless, seeing as I was lost, and I didn't have a car. They could track me down and capture me again within minutes. Just as I finally managed to break through his hold, Nick stepped forward, grabbing both of my wrists with one hand.

"Chad, get her skirt." Nick ordered, prompting the noiret to step forward alongside Jack. His hands were on the waistband of the skirt, and I struggled - I struggled and struggled but it was no use. Chad ripped the skirt off, seams tearing, leaving my legs cold - thank god I'd had the foresight to wear tights, though I supposed those would be quickly done away with as well.

Jack's hands were on the hem of my tanktop, lifting it up and exposing my chest. I felt tears prick at the corners of my eyes, and I felt a wetness start to prod against my panties. I was humiliated, but I had given up the struggle, prompting Nick to let go of my wrists - I let them fall at my sides, swaying dumbly.

"Nice body on this one." Nick remarked, reaching forward and groping my breasts - they'd always been sensitive, and to have his rough hands touching me like that was at once amazing and uncomfortable. I tried to shove his hands away, but the difference in strength was impossible to overcome.

There were hands at my back, hands unclasping my bra. As soon as it was undone, Nick pulled it off and tossed it aside. My nipples hardened as the cold night air hit them, and I instinctively covered myself, pressing my tits against my chest in pure shame as the three men eyed me up, ogling me.

"She's unreal. Tiny waist, huge tits - perfect." Nick grinned, grabbing my wrists again and exposing me.

"She's just a slut. I mean, look at her. She was *made* to be one." Chad scoffed, cocking an eyebrow and looking down on me. I was so scared, so unsure as to what was happening - when Jack yanked down my tights and panties, I let out a pathetic little yelp. Chad laughed, roughly forcing a hand between my thighs as Jack forced me out of my tights and shoes, panties kicked aside and forgotten.

Subconsciously, shamefully, I rutted my pussy against the strong hand pressed up against it. Chad smirked down at me, rubbing incessantly. "See? Total slut. She's already dying for it."

Jack pushed him away, and I was simultaneously thankful and frustrated. I was completely naked in front of three men in a parking lot, and though the road was empty as hell, I prayed someone would drive by and rescue me. Or...at least, that's what I *should've* prayed for. In that moment, my pussy was throbbing too hard to focus on escape plans.

Jack cornered me, staring deep into my eyes, into my *soul*. I wonder what he thought of me - allowing this to happen so damn *easily*.

"You should really be more careful around strangers, Dana." He grinned, pushing a lock of my hair behind my ear. I blushed, flushed pink, looked down - I noticed he was already sporting a tent in his dirty jeans. It was flattering, to know that my body was attractive enough to get him hard this quickly.

I looked up at him for a moment, and he took advantage of me almost instantly, wrapping his arms around my waist, pulling me flush against him, and slamming our lips together. I was unresponsive at first, panicking and trying to pull away, but Jack was a *damn* good kisser, and as he twirled his tongue against my own, I *savored* it.

His hands slid down, nails digging into my plump ass cheeks, groping me, and I pressed my hips against his own, rubbing my aching pussy against his erection. This was *bad* - I was far too turned on to act sensibly in this situation. Jack brought one hand up, playing with my sensitive nipples, making me moan into the kiss.

My whole body was on fire with how much I wanted him, and I couldn't resist palming at the boner in his pants. Elsewhere, I heard Chad laugh, his 'slut' theory thoroughly proven. Jack broke the kiss, causing me to make a desperate little noise of frustration. Damn - he knew *just* how to get me riled up, didn't he?

I rested my head against his chest for a brief moment, still sad that the kiss had ended so quickly. I could feel fluid running down my inner thigh - I was far too turned on to think straight anymore. I balled my hands into fists, grabbing the fabric of Jack's shirt relentlessly. He shoved me away, causing me to stumble backwards. I bumped into Nick, who looked down at me with mischief sparkling in his baby blue eyes.

He grabbed me by the wrist with a smile plastered on his stupidly attractive face. "Anyone could see us out here." He chuckled, tone unusually light-hearted, given the situation at hand. "Let's get you somewhere a little more private." My clothes were left in front of the truck, sprawled out in useless little bundles.

Nick tugged me forward, in the direction of the rest stop. Jack and Chad followed in his wake, murmuring amongst themselves. My hearing wasn't quite good enough to capture their conversation, but I was *certain* they were talking about what they planned on doing to me. I stumbled, trying to keep up with Nick.

We entered the building - it was abandoned, but recently. Things seemed to be in a relatively decent state. He yanked me into the modest restaurant, which had dim, flickering lights - the lights I'd seen upon pulling into the parking lot with Jack. The tables were dusty, but that didn't matter to Nick. He flung me atop one without mercy, spreading my legs without regard for how I might've been feeling in that moment.

A single finger dragged along my hungry, dripping slit. "You're so fucking wet already, Dana-" He smiled, dipping the digit in for a brief moment, causing me to moan in pleasure. Fuck, I *needed* something in me - I couldn't last like this for much longer, and I knew it.

It felt so good to finally be touched - I couldn't even *remember* the last time I'd had sex. I'd been so busy with school and work that I hadn't even noticed. It must've been at least two years since I'd had a man between my legs, and Nick was making me realize why I should've missed it, the pad of his finger circling around my engorged clit teasingly.

I was already a mess, and he'd barely done anything at all! I was twitching, shaking, moaning with want as he used a single finger to break me. My thighs shook, wrapping around his waist as he continued to prod at me, pushing his finger in all the way to the knuckle without warning. It wasn't enough, but it was

certainly a start.

I rolled my hips down onto that finger, marveling at how *delicious* it felt inside of me. "More-" I panted, desperate and debauched. I was a total whore, and these men had found me out - perhaps this trait had always lied dormant within me, waiting for the right man to expose my inner slut to the world. "Fuck, give me more-"

"You want more? Okay then-" Came a voice to my left. I looked up, and was greeted by Chad's thick, meaty cock, which bobbed in front of me precariously. I didn't know what I should do - I knew what Chad *wanted* me to do, but I had no idea as to whether or not I was even *capable* of a blowjob in this position. I shifted, propping myself up on one elbow, using my free hand to stroke him.

God, he felt good in my hand - warm and hefty and *satisfying*. I wanted him inside of me, but I knew that wasn't happening - a blowjob was as good as I was gonna get right now. I kissed the tip, savoring the salty flavor of the bead of precum, dragging my tongue along it tauntingly. I was gonna get even for all the teasing that Chad had put me through up until that point. I wrapped my lips around the head for a brief moment before pulling off and giving him a wink.

He frowned at me, a primal growl escaping his lips. He grabbed me by the back of my head, hand balling up into a fist in my hair, urging me down, urging me to take the entirety of his cock, to open up my throat and accommodate him. I wasn't sure that was even humanly possible, seeing as his dick was utterly *massive*.

I parted my lips anyways, and he forced himself down my throat in one go, filling my throat completely, causing me to gag and spasm around him. He seemed to get off on it, a devilish grin forming on his face as he bucked up into my tight heat over and over. He set a fast pace, one I couldn't be expected to keep up with. It became clear he was looking for a quick and easy way to get off.

"Fuck-" He panted, grabbing my head with both hands and forcing himself into me. "Such a fuckin' *whore*-" His cock throbbed in my throat, and I knew he wouldn't last longer than a couple more minutes, judging by the way his hips were starting to snap forward wildly. All I could do was try not to choke on his dick.

I shut my eyes, attempting in vain to bob my head to the impossible rhythm he'd set - damn. He was making this difficult. His cock hit the back of my throat again and again until - finally, I felt a spurt of warm, salty liquid dribble down my throat. I swallowed around him as he came, milking him of every last drop of his hot seed.

When he finally pulled out, a trail of saliva connecting my lips to the tip of his cock, he looked down at me and smirked. "That's just the beginnin', Rose. You better be prepared for a whole lot more of that." It was meant to be a threat, but right now, it just seemed like a promise to me, and with Nick's finger gone from my pussy, I was more desperate than ever.

It was then that Jack positioned himself between my legs - I was propped up on my elbows, looking at him, watching him fiddle with his belt buckle. I couldn't help but lick my lips in anticipation. *Finally*, somebody was here to sate that deep thirst that had taken root within me. I spread my legs impossibly further, *needing* him right then and there.

I listened to the lowering of the zipper, that delicious, delicious noise that meant there'd be a cock inside me very soon. I grinned, swaying my hips slightly, beckoning him inside. Presently, he tugged down his jeans and boxers, allowing them to hang around his thighs. His dick, long and curved and *perfect*-looking, sprung free from its fabric prison.

"Fuck me, *please*-" I begged, voice hardly sounding like my own under the strain of lust.

"Happy to oblige, you fuckin' *slut*-" He growled, digging his nails into my hips and thrusting forward, forcing himself inside of me all at once, forcing me to take him to the hilt. I felt the tip of his cock pressing relentlessly at my cervix, and I bucked down onto it, already satisfied, the hunger within me rapidly disappearing. He had stretched me to my limits, he had filled me up entirely - it was *perfect*.

"Shit- for a cumdumpster, you're fuckin' *tight*, Dana-" He panted, beginning to move within me, slowly at first. I wanted him to fuck me hard and fast like the whore I was, but Jack seemed determined to drag this out as long as possible. His cock rubbed against my sensitive walls slowly, mercilessly.

"Faster-" I begged, but Jack didn't respond, obviously not listening to me. His nails were embedded in the plump flesh around my hips, almost drawing blood. When he finally pulled out of me, he waited for a moment before plunging back in, suddenly setting a pace that I hadn't bargained for - this was *too hard, too fast*.

He pounded into me over and over, thoroughly debasing me without a care in the world. I moaned shamelessly, not caring how loud and pathetic my voice sounded as it rang through the abandoned restaurant. I couldn't possibly have imagined anything more *rough* than this, but I was soon to be proven wrong.

I felt a cold, wet digit pressing up against my puckered asshole. Instantly, I recoiled, thighs tensing up. Fuck - this was *bad*. Surely they weren't planning on using me like *this*-

But the finger urged its way into me, and I was too turned on, too lost in the sensation of Jack's cock to protest. I looked up, and who other than Chad was standing alongside Jack. He winked at me slyly, rubbing the lubed-up pad of his finger against my hole, working to relax the tight ring of muscle. I tensed up purposefully, hoping he wouldn't be able to get his finger inside of me, but -

Of course, he was far too good at this. My asshole began to relax, the muscles growing inviting, and Chad took advantage of this, slipping the tip of his finger into me, wriggling it around in order to loosen me up. I didn't think two men would fit inside of me, not like *that*, at least - but Chad seemed rather determined.

As soon as he managed to fit his entire finger inside of me, he crooked it upwards, causing me to howl in surprise, an odd mixture of pain and pleasure setting in. My voice echoed throughout the room, and Chad growled in irritation.

"Nick, make her shut the fuck up."

"Give me a sec - this is too good-" Nick chuckled, pulling his phone out of his pocket, fingers tapping away against the screen. I was too fucked-out to bother wondering what he was doing, but I watched him anyways. Anything to distract from that awful, teasing finger in my asshole.

Nick pointed his phone at me for a moment, before setting it on a table to my right, propping it up against a napkin case. That tiny black circle that held the camera lens within it was pointed directly at me, and I knew what Nick was doing. These men - they didn't know me. They didn't know my circle of friends, the names of my co-workers, of my family. They couldn't send this video to anyone I knew.

But what they *could* do was post it online, and perhaps someone I knew would stumble upon it. I seized up with worry, looking up at the sneer on Nick's face. God, he was such a douchebag - I was furious, attempting to sit up and shove the phone off of the table, but at that moment, Jack hit a particularly satisfying spot within me, and I was reduced to a moaning mess yet again.

"Such a noisy whore-" Chad mumbled. "Nick, c'mon. Do your thing."

As he came around to the other side of the table, away from the camera, Nick began to undo his pants, tugging them down, along with his boxers - his impressively long cock sprung free, flopping against my face unceremoniously. I was terribly worried about the consequences of this being caught on film, but my mind was too lust-addled to do anything about it.

I reached out, grabbing Nick's cock and stroking it, staring up into his twinkling blue eyes. His dick was ridiculously hard, and I was determined to make him feel good. That's what sluts were for, right? I smiled, kissing the tip as I'd done to Chad, causing him to groan in lustful frustration.

"Fuckin' get on with it already-" Nick panted, thrusting his hips forward, dick poking against my cheek impatiently. "You're a whore, not my girlfriend. I don't need foreplay." He spat, surprisingly harsh. His words went straight to my pussy, making me even wetter than before, cheeks visibly heating up. My chest heaved, and I began to pump the base of his cock, wrapping my lips around the head.

"You can do better than that-" He growled, yanking my hair harshly. The combination of pleasure and pain was heavenly, and I couldn't help but hope he'd be even rougher with me later on. I forced myself to take him deeper, to wrap my throat around his cock, but he was too big - I started gagging halfway down, causing him to burst out in laughter.

I frowned, attempting to lower my head all the way to the base. Evidently, this pace wasn't fast enough for him, seeing as he grabbed my head and shoved me down, nose against his abs, mouth stretched out over the very base of his cock. It hurt, and my already-abused throat was crying out in pain - but *damn* if it wasn't a little satisfying. I swallowed incessantly as he began to move, trying to stimulate him.

It was then that I felt Chad press another finger into my ass - he scissored the digits, attempting to stretch me out enough to accommodate his thick cock. My body had grown pliant under his ministrations, and my throbbing hole was ready for him. I heard the slick sounds of him lubing up his dick, and I gulped in anticipation, lips still wrapped around Nick's huge member.

Finally, the fingers were removed, and were quickly replaced with the tip of Chad's cock, which was pressing against my hole almost *angrily* - I rolled my hips down, no longer worried - I just wanted him inside of me already. He obliged, thankfully enough, forcing his dick into me at a slow and steady pace. I moaned around the cock in my mouth, hips jerking downwards uselessly, urging Chad to fill me up.

He grabbed me by the waist and plunged into me, causing my back to arch in surprise. I made a loud noise of pleasure, which was thankfully muffled by Nick's dick. I bobbed my head, rutted my hips against the cocks inside of me, trying to keep up with these men's increasingly wild paces. It felt *so* good, too good to describe. I was overjoyed.

To be completely and utterly filled up was a new and unusual sensation - I had never done anything like this before, so it was all foreign territory to me. But *god*, it felt fucking *amazing* to be used like this, to be transformed into a sex doll for these men to empty their loads into. My breasts rose and fell rapidly as I tried to catch my breath through my nose, though I knew it was useless.

They all sped up, no longer afraid to be rough with me. After all, a slutty girl like me didn't deserve gentleness - I was made for quick fucks like this. I'd never felt like such a whore before, but I was growing to love it with every minute. My mind had gone cock-crazy, and I was unable to think clearly anymore, all I could think about was how badly I wanted these men to pump me full of their thick, hot cum.

I moaned around Nick's cock, a sound that could barely be heard over the groans and the pumps and

the slaps that echoed throughout the room. My body was going to be so sore, so bruised - but I knew that I'd come back to this over and over. There was no way I could go back to vanilla sex after a night like this - somehow, I felt awakened.

As the men filled me, stretched me, I grew more and more desperate for their seed. Fuck - they were all speeding up, hips wild and movement unruly as they debased me. They pounded into me over and over, slamming themselves in all the way to the hilt. My hands grabbed at nothing, fingernails running over the wood of the table, desperate to regain my bearings. I was too far gone, mind too hazy.

Nick was the first to start losing control - I could feel his cock throb wildly in my throat, my tight walls clamping down around him with relentless force. My heart was pounding, my chest was heavy, and I *needed* him to fill me up. I opened my eyes, looking up at him pleadingly, urging him to give me what I wanted.

"Fuck-" He panted, hands balling into fists, yanking at my hair, grabbing me tightly and fucking my face without mercy. I balked, gagging on his engorged dick, which had swelled even larger in my throat. He continued to ram himself into me, until seconds before his orgasm - when he removed himself from my throat, I whimpered in disappointment, causing him to grin.

"You wanted my cum that badly, huh?" He smiled, eyes glittering with malice as he wrapped his own hand around the base of his cock, which looked as though it would lose control any second now. "Fucking *slut*-"

I nodded, lips still parted, hoping he'd give me just a *taste* of what I wanted - but Nick was selfish, and Nick somehow found the whole situation rather amusing - I couldn't believe he'd managed to humiliate me *this* much. And on film, too!

He pumped his cock, working the base. "Fuck, push your tits together - they're all you're good for, whore-" He groaned, eyes focused on my chest as he stroked himself to orgasm. I did as I was told, staring up at him and batting my eyelashes as I pressed my swollen breasts together, shaking them a little, just for him.

He lost it, hitting his climax and shooting hot ropes of cum all across my chest. I moaned in satisfaction as the warm liquid fell on me, happy that I'd managed to make him cum. Nick spat on me - a rude touch, but I was helpless to protest, leaning back against the table, allowing the cum to grow sticky atop my breasts.

As he tucked his cock back into his pants, my attention was diverted from Nick and onto Chad, whose dick had swelled up inside of my ass, pulsating and throbbing as he slammed into me over and over. His face was screwed up in concentration, and the way his eyelids fluttered led me to see that he was pretty damn close.

Not wanting him to pull out, I wrapped a leg around him, holding him there, puckered hole tightening around his thick cock. I wanted him, wanted him to fill me up so *badly*.

"Please- inside-" I begged, still trying to catch my breath, moans no longer muffled by cock. I squirmed beneath Chad and Jack, tightening myself, seizing up my muscles, trying to keep them inside of me. I *needed* them-

And then Chad lost control, hitting orgasm and shooting his cum deep inside of me, filling me with a warmth that spread throughout my lower half. I leaned back, lips parted in a silent moan of ecstasy as he used me *exactly* the way I wanted to be used. It was bliss - when he pulled out, I could feel his cum

dripping from inside of me, dripping out and onto the floor below.

He began to redress, looking at me with judgement and venom in his eyes. "You're a pretty good cumslut, you know that? Jack's gonna have to bring you around to play again someday." He grinned, ruffling my hair before joining Nick, who was watching as the phone filmed Jack and I.

Jack finally had me all to himself, and he was over the moon about it. He leaned over me, pulling me into a deep kiss as he pounded into me, a hand still digging into my hip to hold me in place. I kissed back, hoping my tongue didn't taste too much like cum. He wrinkled his nose, pulling back and laughing at me.

"Fuck- dude, she tastes like a real whore now - can't kiss her anymore!" He chuckled, causing me to turn red in embarrassment, looking away - accidentally looking right into the camera lens. I truly hoped that these men would refrain from making this video public - although really, was it so bad to have my friends and co-workers know who I really was?

Jack pounded into me, and I clamped down around him, eager to keep him inside of me. He looked down, slapped my cum-coated tits, suddenly aggressive. I couldn't deny that I liked this side of him, moaning as he hit me lightly, the pain only heightening the pleasure.

Shamefully, I came first - it was the most intense orgasm of my life. My back was arched, my toes curled, my legs wrapped firmly around Jack's waist, holding him inside of me and refusing to let go. My walls spasmed around him, stimulating him further as he continued to bury himself deep inside of me.

Finally, he came - I felt him fill me up, felt him pump his cum inside of me. I wanted every last bit of it, and so I tightened up, forcing him to stay until I was certain he was finished. It felt like nothing else, to feel so *warm*, so *used* -

Jack pulled out of me, eliciting a long, drawn-out moan. I looked at him with hazy eyes, sitting up as cum dribbled down my inner thighs. He raised an eyebrow at me.

"Damn, we really made a mess of her, huh?" He chuckled.

"Yep - and it's all on film, too- I wish we knew where this bitch worked." Nick grinned, pocketing his phone.

"You still want that drive home?" Jack grinned.

I nodded - how nice of him!

"I mean...I gotta know where you live, so I can come get you and we can do this shit again. You're one of the best sluts we've ever found-" He smiled, picking me up princess-style and carrying me out of the rest stop.

He dumped me into the passenger seat of the truck, leaving my clothes still strewn across the poorly-lit parking lot. I leaned back against the leather seat, feeling spent. I couldn't wait to do this again.

Dominated By Three Employees

"Tell them I want to see them," Sarah said with a sigh. Her assistant Jane nodded and scurried away, heels clicking against the gleaming floor. Sarah watched her disappear into the corridor and closed her eyes,

resting her head in her hands.

She hated letting people go, but she didn't get where she was – sitting in her office on the 25th floor overlooking Manhattan as the CEO of a successful company, on top both literally and figuratively – by being soft and accommodating. Well, maybe that wasn't quite true; contrary to popular belief, she wasn't actually a heartless, cold-blooded bitch. If everyone was pulling their weight, she could be very accommodating. But John, Richard and David weren't pulling their weight. Sure, they were good enough guys, decent enough employees, but decent just didn't cut it for Sarah. They weren't fulfilling the quarterly goals nor were they showing *any* results that may have made Sarah reconsider her decision.

Nearly everyone in their department outperformed them by miles and the way Sarah saw it, keeping them on and letting them get away with sub-par performances wasn't fair to the rest of the team. So they had to go.

While good for the business, firing the guys wouldn't do any favors to Sarah's reputation and image, but she trusted them to understand that it wasn't personal. She didn't have anything against them as people; when she had made the decision, she had been thinking about what was best for the business. Although most people didn't like it, in business, every employee came down to their contribution to the firm and that contribution could be measured in cold, hard, completely objective numbers. And when the numbers weren't adding up, someone had to go. Still, partly because she genuinely wished the guys well and partly because she wanted to salvage her own image as much as she could, Sarah would at least offer recommendation letters.

Sarah rubbed at her neck, fingers digging into the knots there. She had been feeling wound up for weeks now and maybe it wasn't all that surprising with her 12-hour workdays and the constant stress of leading a company, but it definitely did feel like she was even more stressed as usual. She made a mental note to ask Jane to book her a massage for the weekend; it would probably do her good.

Truth be told, she probably needed more than a massage to take her mind off everything, but it would have to do.

Plucking her compact from her purse, Sarah took a moment to make sure that her make-up was still pristine and her hair in place. It took a lot of money and effort to look impeccable despite her hectic schedule, but Sarah always strived to look flawless, calm and in control. Satisfied, she clicked the compact shut just as someone knocked on the door-frame. Sarah looked up to see David standing at the door with Richard and John hanging back.

"Come on in," Sarah said and stood up, smoothing her hands over her smart pencil skirt and adjusting the lapels of her tailored blazer. "Close the door, please."

The men filed in and Sarah noticed how they looked a little unsure and confused, but were trying not to show it. She got the irrational urge to reassure them, but there was no point, was there? No, in Sarah's opinion, it was always better to straight to the point.

"Take a seat," she said, gesturing to the cream leather couch. Richard, David and John sat down and Sarah walked over to the armchair facing the couch, but she didn't sit, choosing instead to stand behind it. She placed her hands primly on the back of the chair and cleared her throat.

"I am sorry to say this, but I will have to let the three of you go." Her words were calm and measured, and although she started with an expression of remorse, there was no hint of it in her tone. Again, she didn't get where she was by showing remorse for others' failures. It was a statement, firm and non-negotiable.

There was a moment of shocked silence. Richard, a handsome, tall man in his late thirties, furrowed his brow and seemed to be waiting for the punchline, as if he thought Sarah was joking. To his left, David, who was pretty much the opposite of Richard with his rugged features and short, but muscular stature, was looking down on his hands and frowning. It was John, the youngest of the three, who spoke up. He seemed to be in a perpetually good mood, with a joke always on the tip of his tongue, but right now, his usual cheerfulness seemed nowhere to be found.

“Are you serious?” he asked incredulously, but Sarah could hear that his voice was tinged with anger.

“Yes, I am. I know this comes as a shock, but the fact of the matter is that none of you have been meeting the goals and expectations set to you. Everyone in your department has been outperforming you and several of our project managers have brought it to my attention that your contributions have been lacklustre at best and minimal at worst. At the end of the day, it’s not fair to your colleagues if they have to keep picking up your slack and I simply cannot keep letting it slide. So,” she said resolutely, “I will have to let you go.”

“You can’t do that!” said Richard.

The others nodded along. “We know our rights!” said John.

“Then you should also know your responsibilities. As per the contract that you all have signed, failure to meet the demands and goals of the job results in the termination of the contract.”

At that, the men fell quiet again. Sarah waited for them to speak, but when none of them did, she continued: “You can consider this your last day of work. However, both I and your team manager would be happy to provide recommendations for you if you wish. The termination will be finalized by the HR department and I believe that Alan has already drawn up the necessary paperwork, so you can go and see him now. That is all.”

The men exchanged glances and Sarah shifted a little, distributing the weight more evenly on her high heels as she waited for them to say something. No matter what they said, Sarah’s decision could not be changed, but as a leader, Sarah believed in giving everyone a chance to speak their mind.

She was surprised when Richard spoke up. “No,” he said.

“Excuse me?”

“I said no. We won’t leave until you give us your jobs back.” Although Richard spoke for all of them, John and David seemed to be as surprised as Sarah.

Sarah considered his words. Whatever she had expected him to say, this wasn’t it. “I’m afraid this is not up for debate.”

Richard stood up and although Sarah was used to dealing with men who thought that they could frighten her into compliance, he quite literally towered over her and she found that she was glad that there was an armchair between them.

“You can’t fire us and then offer us *recommendations*,” he said, nearly spitting out the word, “as if it fixes anything. We want our jobs back, right, guys?”

“Yeah, that’s right,” John agreed, finally chiming in. David nodded along and they really left Sarah no choice.

“If you do not leave, I will have security escort you out,” said Sarah and took a step back towards her desk. Despite their less than satisfactory performance, Sarah had thus far thought them to be reasonable

men, but this behavior was clearly out of bounds. Sarah would not let anyone threaten her like this.

Richard took a big step forward and grabbed her wrist tight as a vice. He was visibly angry and Sarah felt her heart start pounding in her chest. Although she wasn't easily intimidated, the situation had escalated so quickly that she couldn't help the fear that started to creep in, especially when John and David rose too, ready to back Richard up.

"Give us our jobs back," Richard said again.

Despite her fear, Sarah stood her ground. "No," she said. "Let go of me or I will call security."

Richard tightened his grip on Sarah's wrist even further. "Give us our jobs back or you won't like what's gonna happen to you."

Sarah swallowed. Although Richard had seemingly taken the lead and appointed himself as the spokesperson for the men, the others now seemed to catch onto the plan, whatever it was. David came to stand behind Sarah and placed his hands on her shoulders; the weight was barely there, but it was enough to send the message – no sudden movements. John walked over to Sarah's desk and she couldn't see what he was doing, but it sounded like he lifted the phone receiver off the hook. He reappeared in her field of vision again as he walked to the door and locked it with a harsh click.

"I'll give you one last chance," said Richard. "Give us our jobs back or we will have to force you."

Sarah took a shuddering breath and looked Richard straight in the eye. Then she opened her mouth to scream – only for David to slam his hand over her mouth, muffling any sound that she could push out.

She regretted not trying anything sooner. She shouldn't have been that patient, shouldn't have let her pride make the decisions instead of common sense. She should've had them escorted out at the first sign of trouble. Sarah's heart was pounding wildly in her chest as she tried to struggle against their hold, but David grabbed her free hand and forced it behind her back and Richard still held onto her other hand.

"You know what's going to happen now?" Richard asked. He didn't look as angry as before, instead, he looked like he was about to smile, and that was somehow *worse*.

Sarah didn't even try to communicate an answer. She wanted to scream and tell him to fuck off, but that was clearly not an option, so she didn't even try to shake her head. Instead, she tried to force herself be calm and not show her panic. Although trying to act strong might have been a mistake, she didn't want to show weakness and back down now. After all, as a woman in business, the odds were constantly stacked against her, but she had never given up and surrendered and she wouldn't do that now, so she stared back at him, hoping that she looked defiant, not scared.

"I gave you a chance to change your mind, but you didn't want to cooperate, so we'll have to force you." Richard rested one knee on the armchair and leaned in close. "I've been wanting to fuck the bitchiness out of you since day one."

Sarah made a high-pitched sound in the back of her throat. He can't be serious, right? Her heart-rate seemed to kick up and David's palm was hot against her mouth from her quick breaths.

"Ain't that right, boys?" Richard asked.

"Yeah," said John. He walked over to them, pausing just a step away from Sarah. She felt cornered and claustrophobic, like a trapped animal. "I think she'll be much more agreeable once she gets a good dicking."

"Is that why you're such a frigid fucking bitch all the time? 'Cause you don't have anyone to warm

your bed at night?” Richard was smiling now and so was John. Sarah was pretty sure that behind her, David was grinning too.

“You could’ve just said so,” David said, his breath uncomfortably hot against Sarah’s ear, “we’re more than happy to help out.”

Richard pushed himself upright again. “Grab her other hand, too, Dave,” he said and opened his belt, pulling it from the loops as David took his hand off Sarah’s face and pulled both of her hands behind her back.

Sarah’s breaths came in short pants and she was scared like hell, but the thing was that Richard was not that far off. While being a “frigid bitch” was necessary to get a modicum of respect in this business, it had also been a while since she’d been properly fucked and she’d be lying if she said that she didn’t dream of a wild office affair sometimes. The kind that meant rough quickies in the copy room during lunch and long, intense fucking in the evening; the kind that had to be hidden from co-workers and was even for deliciously filthy for it.

And even though the situation was clearly absurd, she couldn’t deny that *this* had its own strange, depraved appeal as well. Because she clearly wasn’t in control anymore; despite her attempts to stay on top, she was obviously at the mercy of the three men, and in a way, she welcomed it. She was, she *had* to be in control of herself, of her employees, of her company every day and the chance to relinquish that control for a moment, to take orders instead of giving them, to obey instead of command, sounded good.

So she didn’t fight it when David tied her hands together behind her back with Richard’s belt, but she couldn’t help the shocked sound that escaped her mouth when John stepped in to undo her blazer and literally rip open her silk blouse, exposing her bra. This was insanity, she knew that, but she couldn’t find it in herself to fight it; she didn’t even try to scream.

David hiked her skirt up, leaving it bunched around her hips before pulling down her underwear, letting it fall down to her ankles. Exposed like that, Sarah couldn’t help the blush she felt creeping up her neck and cheeks. This was insanity and she should’ve been screaming for help, but instead, she was meekly letting them do whatever they wanted, because the prospect of losing every ounce of control sounded so inviting. If Sarah needed any conclusive evidence that years in the ruthless world of business had fucked her up beyond repair, this was it.

“What are you doing?” asked Richard just as Sarah heard the sound of a phone camera shutter from behind her, which could only mean one thing – David was taking pictures of her.

“I don’t know if you were just planning to fuck her,” said David. Another shutter sound. “But I’m planning on actually keeping my job, not just fucking her.”

He came to stand next to Richard and snapped a photo of Sarah from the front. “So you’re going to let us keep our jobs, or we’ll send these pictures to everyone in the company,” he said, waving his phone.

“Dave, you devious bastard, that’s brilliant,” said John.

Richard nodded. “It really is. But we can make it better.” He pulled out his own phone and stepped around the armchair. “Get on your knees,” he ordered, opening his pants and pulling out his dick. With shaking legs, Sarah knelt down, almost losing her balance. “Beg to suck my cock, bitch.”

Sarah felt like her brain had short-circuited and it took her several seconds to even form a coherent thought. Her mind seemed to be rushing at a million miles a minute and at the same time, she felt like she couldn’t say her own name if asked. What the hell was she doing? This was ridiculous – and the worst part

about it was that kneeling in front of them, with her torn blouse and rucked up skirt, and being told to beg was making her wet.

“Do as you’re told, bitch,” said John from somewhere to her right, but Sarah didn’t dare to look at him. Instead, she stared up at Richard and his phone as if she was hypnotized.

“Go on, beg for it. Don’t even try to pretend like you’re not a filthy whore. I bet the only reason why you’re such a bitch all the time is because you secretly hope that someone stuffs your mouth full of cock,” Richard said. “So now’s your chance. Beg to suck it.”

Sarah took a shuddering breath. “Please may I suck your cock?” she said and it sounded downright pathetic. Her voice was thin and the words were barely audible.

Richard arched his eyebrow. He made a “go on” gesture with his left hand and Sarah realized that he must be filming her, but he doesn’t want his voice to be on the video. She took another breath.

“Please let me suck your cock. I want to suck your cock,” she tried again. “*Please.*”

“What are you?” Richard mouthed at her.

“I’m... I’m a whore.” Sarah squeezed her eyes shut, unable to keep looking anymore as the shame suddenly hit her. How the fuck did she end up here? But despite the shame and knowing that everything about the situation was just plain wrong, Sarah couldn’t help but to keep going and she didn’t know why. “I want your cock. Wanna suck it, please let me suck it,” she begged, eyes still firmly squeezed shut.

“I promise I’ll be so good, I’ll suck you so – really good, you can come in my mouth – I’ll take it all, please let me suck your cock.”

She didn’t even know where the words came from, but once the floodgates opened, she couldn’t stop.

“Want your cock so bad, want to choke on it – ”

Someone grabbed her hair and pulled her head forward. She nearly lost her balance, but then she felt a thick, hot weight push against her lips. Blindly, she opened her mouth and took the cock nearly all the way down.

“Fuck, I knew that you were a fucking slut,” said Richard, pulling out and pushing in again, choking Sarah on his cock just like she’d asked.

Sarah felt her eyes water as she tried to gasp for breath between the thrusts. Her throat burned and the grip in her hair was almost painful, but that didn’t stop her from feeling like this was what she wanted, what she *needed*. It was filthy and depraved and *wrong*, and any other woman would’ve been scared for her life, but Sarah couldn’t help the thrills that ran up her spine.

Suddenly, she felt someone push his fingers against her pussy, spreading the lips and sinking right in. She didn’t know if it was John or David, but in the end, it didn’t really matter anyway. Instinctively, Sarah pushed her hips back, arching her back and pushing her ass out, and that earned a round of chuckles that sent another thrill up her spine.

She had kept her eyes closed thus far, because it made it easier to deal with the situation, made it easier to pretend that this was just a vivid fantasy, but now she found that the simple but strong physical sensations and her own growing arousal had started to drown out the shame and denial. She really was on her knees in her own office, being abused – because that’s what she really ought to call it; that, or something even worse – by the employees she had fired – tried to fire? – less than half an hour ago.

And she found herself *liking* it.

Slowly, she opened her eyes and tried to look up, which wasn't easy with Richard fucking her mouth with savage thrusts. He wasn't holding his phone anymore and he looked hungry and wild, using Sarah for his pleasure.

A wolfish grin spread over his features when he saw that Sarah was looking up at him. "You enjoying this?" He pulled his cock out of her mouth and took his phone from his back pocket, snapping a quick photo. Apparently satisfied with it, he turned the phone around to show it to Sarah. "Fucking look at yourself."

The photo looked like a still from a porno. In it, Sarah was looking up at the camera with wet, glazed eyes, her skin flushed and her sleek up-do a mess. Her mouth was hanging open, her lipstick was smudged and a thin string of spit connected her mouth and Richard's cock that looked almost comically large due to the perspective of the photo. Behind her she could see a man's shoulder and arm clad in blue, so she knew that it was John who was currently fingering her.

The thought of someone ever seeing her like this made her blush harder, but it was only half in shame and embarrassment – it was also deliciously filthy and arousing in its own way, seeing how undone she was, how far removed from her usually pristine look.

Richard pocketed his phone again pushed his cock back in Sarah's mouth, going slow this time. Behind her, John was fucking her with his fingers and it felt like he had three inside her, stretching her out, although she was so wet that there wasn't any burn to the stretch. Sarah didn't know where David was or what he was doing, didn't know if he was filming her or not, and Richard's grip on her hair didn't give her a chance to look around either. She couldn't do anything but to take what they gave her.

Suddenly, John pulled his fingers out to the fingertips and then slammed back in again with more force than before, setting a fast pace. It took Sarah completely by surprise and she made a squealing noise around the cock in her mouth. She sudden change in pace sent a violent shiver down her body and she was pretty sure that if they hadn't been holding her up, she'd have fallen over.

"You wanna have a go, John?" Richard asked as he pulled out his cock again.

"Don't mind if I fucking do," came the reply and John pulled his fingers out.

Sarah barely had time to process what was happening when Richard let go of her hair and stepped back, and John pushed her down, so that her face was pressed against the floor while her ass was still in the air. Her panties were still around her ankles and John pulled them off along with her shoes, forcing her to spread her legs wider.

She whimpered as she felt the blunt head of his cock push against her lips and push in.

"Oh, fuck yeah," John groaned. "Richard's fucking right, I think we've all been wanting to fuck you since day one – and looks like you need it, too. Right, guys?"

From somewhere to her right, David said, "Oh yeah. Been spending every meeting thinking how good you'd look bent over the table and stuffed full of cock."

Sarah didn't know if it was the John's thrusts or David's words that made her moan, but she couldn't help it.

"You like that idea, huh, slut?" asked Richard. "Course you do. I thought we'd have to *really* force you, but you're a filthy fucking cock-whore, aren't you? Didn't take you long to beg for cock, did it? Bet

you've been thinking about this – serving men like you were meant to, bitch.”

John gave a particularly rough thrust, bottoming out inside her and Sarah could feel his belt push against her ass. She made an unintelligible sound, something between a moan and a whimper, and it sounded desperate more than anything.

“We should make you the office slut,” John said in his usual, slightly mischievous tone. He pulled back until only the head of his cock was still inside Sarah. “Because a good leader takes care of her employees, right? We could all use some stress relief, what with your fucking performance goals.”

“Mm, definitely,” David chimed in. “Your office is way too fucking far to be convenient, so we could just keep you in the break room, naked and ready to take cock all day long, slut. Now ain't that a good way to boost morale?”

Sarah whimpered. She imagined it, being the office slut, going from her top floor office to the break room floor, and the idea of it was as scary as it was exciting. Maybe it was just the fact that this kind of attention, the prospect of uncomplicated, pure, raw sexual pleasure made her behave and think this way. Because it was becoming clearer by the minute that she had needed *this*, needed a good fuck, needed to give up control more than she had thought. She was still a little bit frightened, a little bit ashamed, a little bit *confused*, but arousal and pleasure were taking over.

Her thoughts were a mess, but her traitorous body seemed to have no doubts about what it wanted. Without truly realizing that she was doing it, Sarah pushed her hips back, trying to take more of John's cock, wordlessly begging to be fucked. Everything about the situation was fucked up and Sarah found that she simply wanted to be fucked so hard that she couldn't think anymore, wanted to give herself over to the physical sensations entirely and just *feel*.

She didn't really succeed in taking John in deeper again, but mercifully, he pushed back in on his own, and the feeling of being filled again made Sarah moan.

“Christ, you're so fucking wet,” said John. “This really turns you on, doesn't it, whore?”

Sarah bit her lip, concentrating on the drag of John's cock and the feeling of his fingers on her hips. It turned her on more than she would ever admit, so she did her best to stop thinking.

“Come on John, don't be greedy,” she heard David say, “I can't wait to get my cock in her.”

John gave her ass a light slap that still stung against her heated skin. “Don't worry, you'll get your turn. I bet this slut can go all day.”

“So there's always time for round two,” retorted David.

Sarah heard John hum. “Fair enough,” he said, pulling out and slamming in again hard enough to knock the air from Sarah's lungs. He adjusted his hold on her hips before pulling out again and setting a fast, rough pace, fucking into her with quick, sharp thrusts.

The floor was unforgiving under Sarah's bare knees and the pain provided a sharp counterpoint to the sparks of pleasure flying up her spine. She squeezed her hands into fists, sobbing and moaning against the gleaming floor, as John used her. It almost felt like she was shaking from the sudden onslaught of pleasure and even with the sting of pain, Sarah felt like she was slipping away, like her mind was blissfully blank, like she was reduced down to physical sensations and nothing else.

Completely oblivious to her thoughts, John kept fucking her, chasing his pleasure and obviously caring little for hers, but it still felt so good. Sarah tried to keep her moans down, but the more her pleasure grew

and the closer she seemed to get to her own climax – for a brief, feverish moment she wondered if she could really come from just this – the harder it got.

“Now, now, keep your voice down, or someone we’ll have company,” said Richard. “Unless you want that, you fucking whore.”

Sarah whimpered and bit her lip, trying to keep the sounds in. She didn’t know if she wanted it; half of her did, half of her didn’t. She’d been so close to reaching the point where she could just stop thinking and focus on simply feeling, but the words brought her back from that edge and she was back in the moment.

With a groan, John stilled, pushing in deep, the buckle of his belt digging into Sarah’s flesh. He waited a moment, panting and catching his breath, before he pulled out and let go of her.

Sarah whined at the loss of contact, moving her hips and ass searchingly. She’d been so close, it had felt so good and she needed more. She wanted to be completely overwhelmed, wanted to *let go*, and she needed just a little bit more, just a little –

The click of a camera shutter brought her crashing back to reality. In the blink of an eye, she became aware of John’s come dripping out of her, of the hard floor under her knees, of her humiliating position. What the fuck was she thinking? What the fuck was she *doing*?

But at the same time, she couldn’t deny that she clearly wanted it, painful or not, humiliating or not. She *was* turned on, she was into it, and she wanted them to go on, to fuck her until she couldn’t think straight.

Someone grabbed her arm and pulled her up roughly and Sarah had no choice but to be manhandled. She whipped her head around and saw that it was David who had been getting impatient. He walked her over to her desk, his strides long and sure even as Sarah struggled to walk straight on her wobbly legs. David pushed her laptop to the side and forced her on her back on the desk, her legs hanging off the edge.

Sarah hissed in pain as her bound hands dug uncomfortably into her back and she tried to adjust them as David unzipped his pants and pulled out his dick.

She couldn’t help the sharp intake of breath as she watched him take his cock in his hand, because it was the largest she had ever seen. Despite being wet and fucked open, Sarah was suddenly afraid that it wouldn’t fit, there was no fucking way that it would fit –

David spit in his hand and ran it over his cock quickly before he grabbed Sarah’s legs and hoisted them up on his shoulders, pulling her towards him and sinking his cock into her pussy in one smooth thrust.

She felt the burn, but it wasn’t as strong as she’d feared. He fit into her perfectly, filling her up and stretching her out, and fuck if it didn’t feel good.

“Jesus fuck, she’s still tight as fuck.”

“That’s ‘cause you have a Bad Dragon dildo for a dick,” Sarah heard John drawl. “It’s your own fault – if you’d let Rich fuck her first, she’d have been nice and sloppy for you.”

David pulled out and slid back in again. “Was I complaining? I *like* it tight,” he said over his shoulder. He held onto Sarah’s thighs as he fucked in and out of her with slow, measured thrusts.

“Well try not to break her with your monster cock,” said Richard and Sarah saw him come to stand next to the desk. He leaned on it with one hand, stroking his cock lazily with the other. “After all, you were the one who wanted a second round.”

“And you don’t?” countered David.

Sarah bit back a whimper. They were talking over her like she was not there at all, like she was merely an object for their pleasure and amusement.

“Of course I do. Fuck, it’s not even lunchtime yet and it looks like we won’t be going anywhere after all – ain’t that right, slut?” Richard looked Sarah in the eye, smirking at the way her breath hitched.

“Hmm? I asked you a question, bitch. We still have our jobs, don’t we? Because you know what will happen if we don’t.”

“Y-yeah,” Sarah gasped out quietly.

“That’s right.”

David gave another thrust and Sarah whimpered. There was almost no burn anymore, but his cock did fill her up to the brim. She closed her eyes, doing her best to get back to the state of mind where she couldn’t think and where she could just focus on the sensations, the pleasure, the arousal.

Suddenly, there were hands on her breasts, pushing down her bra and exposing her nipples. Sarah opened her eyes in shock and found Richard standing above her, smiling as he played with her nipples. It sent an intense shock of pleasure down her spine and it was almost too much, especially when he squeezed her nipples tightly and *twisted*, making Sarah arch off the table.

She moaned and sobbed as he kept rubbing and pulling, struggling and trying to twist her body away from Richard’s hands, but David was holding onto her thighs and with her hands bound under her, she didn’t have any real leverage anyway. It was so intense, a confusing mix of pain and pleasure, and Sarah nearly wailed at a particularly cruel twist.

“You really want others to come, don’t you, slut?” laughed Richard. Sarah tried to bite her tongue to keep quiet and mercifully, Richard dialed it down a little, no longer twisting and pulling, but he didn’t take his hands away.

Even though it was pure torture – and there really was no other word for it – Richard’s ministrations had pushed Sarah closer to the edge. She couldn’t come from this alone, she needed that extra something, but she was close and she knew that she *could* come, she just needed a little bit more.

David adjusted his grip on her thighs and pulled her hips up a little before picking up the pace. His brow was furrowed in concentration as he pounded into her and Sarah could feel the burn again as his cock dragged across the lips and walls of her pussy. But it felt so good, like this was exactly what she needed, so she took it, moaning and rocking with the force of the thrusts.

It didn’t take long for David to come; his thrusts grew erratic and he pulled out at the last moment, spilling his come over her ass and pussy. She moaned weakly at the loss of contact, nearly sobbing because she’d been so close *again*.

“How d’you want her?” asked David, again talking over her as if she was nothing more than a blowup doll.

Richard let go of her breasts and walked around the desk. “Put her on her front,” he said and David did just that, dropping Sarah’s legs from his shoulders and turning her around, so that her face was pressed against the desk and her ass was in the air over the edge of the desk.

Panting, she waited for Richard to slide in and take her, hoping that this time it’ll be enough, that she would get to let go and come. She heard someone take several pictures of her in quick succession and she whimpered, wondering what she looked like, bent over her own desk with her ass covered in come.

Finally, Richard pushed his cock into her and Sarah couldn't help the moan that escaped her. He didn't waste any time, starting out in a fast pace, his hips slapping against her ass. It made the edge of the desk dig painfully into her hips, but she didn't care, because she was getting closer and closer again and this could be it, she needed just a little bit more, just a little, just –

“Fuuuck,” groaned Richard and Sarah felt him spill inside her.

Sarah whined when Richard pulled out and stepped away. She didn't care how desperate it sounded, she was so close, she wanted, *needed* to come.

A hand grabbed her hair and pulled her up from the desk. “What's the matter, bitch? You wanna come?” asked Richard, his breath hot against her ear.

She didn't trust her voice so she just nodded wildly, hoping that it would be enough.

Richard let go of her hair and undid the belt around her wrists. “No,” he said. “Remember, round two is yet to come and if you behave, you'll get to come then.”

With that, he stepped away, leaving Sarah reeling. She turned around on her trembling legs and watched as the men tucked their cocks back in their pants.

“Come on, guys, I think we all deserve a beer after this,” Richard said. Then, turning to Sarah, “I'm sure the boss doesn't mind, right?”

Sarah gulped and opened her mouth to argue, trying to think of something to say, but the men were out of the door before she could get a word out. The door closed behind them and she was left alone, leaning on her desk with her make-up, hair and clothes a mess, and come dripping down her thighs.

As she tried to calm down, her phone pinged with a new message. With her hand shaking, she reached for it and opened the message.

Behave. You know what happens if you don't.

Attached was a photo of Sarah bent over her desk, hands bound behind her back, her skirt rucked up and her pussy red and swollen, with come running down her spread legs.

Dominated By Three Convicts

Anita's life wasn't going to plan. *At all.*

It wasn't even that the fact that she had fallen on some hard times. That was okay. Well, not okay, but – didn't everyone have those times? Anyone could get laid off like Anita did. Anyone's car could break down right after they were laid off, like Anita's did. Anyone could lose their purse with all their documents, like Anita did.

Point is, luck had deserted Anita, but that's luck for you, isn't it? Could happen to anyone. Sure, maybe some people had savings for such times; something set aside to soften the blow when it inevitably came. But Anita had been paying off her student loans, hoping to be free of the debt by the time she's 30.

So, no luck, no job, no car, no documents, no savings. Her family was on the other side of the country.

All Anita had were her friends. And one of her friends had a friend, who had a friend, who could loan her the money she needed to get back on track. Looking back, the offer had sounded too good to be true, but Anita had been desperate. When you're drowning, you climb onto the first boat that comes along and it might be coast guard or it might be pirates, but at least you're not drowning anymore.

Anita had unknowingly caught a ride with pirates.

She hadn't even thought to ask why this friend of a friend of a friend had so much money laying around or why he was so happy to loan it to Anita without any guarantee. "Just pay it back when you can," he'd said. "Within 6 months would be perfect, but we're flexible with the payments."

She hadn't even thought to question the "we", overwhelmed by relief and gratitude as she was.

And that's how she ended up owing money to an honest to god gang leader.

That's what bothered her. Not the fact that she'd had to borrow money in the first place, but that she'd somehow ended up borrowing it from a gang. A gang that now wanted it back. To be fair, it had been six months, but Anita didn't have the money. She had some of it, but not nearly enough.

At least they were flexible – whatever that meant.

Anita sat in the office of the gang leader, Leo. Maybe it had been the name that had thrown her off the scent at first, because Leo didn't sound like a gang leader name. His office didn't look like a gang leader's office either. Anita had expected something darker and more sinister, all polished wood and antique book cases, imposing black leather chairs, that type of thing. But the office was bright and airy, with high windows and light walls, with furniture that looked like it could've come from Ikea, all simple clean lines and Scandinavian minimalism.

And Leo himself seemed more like a guidance counselor than a gang leader. Well, a very handsome and well-dressed guidance counselor with a perfect Hollywood smile and pronounced widow's peak. But he was jovial and liked to joke and Anita genuinely expected him to hand her a pamphlet with further education possibilities any moment now. The only thing about him that was even remotely gang leader-like, was the thin scar that ran through his left eyebrow.

"Now, Anita, we could maybe extend the payment period to a year, but how likely do you think it is that you will have the money by then?"

Truth be told, that wasn't very likely, and clearly Leo knew it too, because he continued without waiting for Anita's answer.

“So maybe it would be more... Beneficial to both parties if we discussed alternative payment methods?”

Anita was pretty sure that “alternative payment methods” meant working for Leo in some capacity, which wasn’t the ideal solution, because honestly, she just wanted to be free of the debt and find some nice place and just start over. But being involved with a gang... No one ever really walked away from that, did they? Or maybe Anita had been watching too many gangster movies. The idea didn’t sit right with her, but she still nodded a little hesitantly, because what else could she do?

Leo smiled his blinding but curiously sharp smile. “I won’t beat around the bush. You see, a few of my men are doing time right now. They won’t be out for another year at least. Of course, I provide them with what I can, but sometimes cigarettes just don’t cut it, y’know?”

She wasn’t quite following, but Anita still nodded along like she understood what he was talking about.

“They’ve been there for a while and prison life... Well, there are certain urges that you just can’t satisfy in jail. So I’m willing to erase your debt if you let my men fuck you.”

Anita felt her eyebrows shoot up. He couldn’t be serious! He couldn’t actually expect her to - and the men were *in prison*. How was she supposed to get in there?

“I,” she said after a while, but it still took her a few seconds to start to form a coherent sentence, because her thoughts were a mess. “I’m not sure it’s...”

“Remember, you owe me. I’m giving you options, Anita, and given your situation, I’m being nice enough as it is. I am usually very, *very* strict about deadlines,” said Leo. He didn’t drop his friendly tone for a second and that made his words so much scarier. “So you can either do this and work your debt of in a day, or I’m afraid we’re going to have to collect interest - and the rates will be pretty high.”

That wasn’t really a choice, was it? Because Anita and Leo both knew that whatever the interest rates were, she wouldn’t be able to afford them? So really, the only option was to whore herself out. Because that’s what it was, wasn’t it? How the hell had her life come to this?

“Is there a third option?” Anita asked. There had to be a third option.

“No, sorry,” replied Leo and his tone suggested that he wasn’t sorry at all.

“But, umm...” Anita felt her cheeks heat up. “Isn’t... I mean, if they’re in prison, how am I going to get in? I can’t just go to jail. Besides, aren’t there separate prisons for men and – and women,” she finished awkwardly, still shaken up by the idea and embarrassed over her babbling. She shouldn’t even be considering the idea.

“Don’t you worry your pretty head over that. We’ll take care of the logistics, you just have to take care of my men.”

Again, the way he spoke, you’d think he was a kindly counselor talking about the best scholarship options, not a gang leader demanding her body as payment.

“And if I choose neither?” Anita asked even though she could guess the answer.

Leo made a noncommittal gesture. “Then we’d have collect collateral and since you don’t have anything of value, it would have to be a friend or a family member.”

Yeah, Anita had expected that on some level, but still, hearing him say it like it was nothing, like he wasn’t talking about actual human lives at all, made her recoil in disgust. She tried to suppress her reaction,

but it was like she finally understood the stakes at play.

She wouldn't let them hurt her friends or family, that's for sure. She also knew that there was no way that she would land a job in the next few months which paid enough to pay off her debt. So it left the third option. But he'd said that it would only take a day.

"And if I agree to the, um, prison thing. It's a one time thing, yes? I do it once and the debt is paid?"

Leo nodded.

Anita twisted her fingers together in her lap. "I guess I don't really have a choice here."

"No, Anita. You really don't."

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The plan to get Anita into the jail involved hiding under a prison bus, being smuggled through the garage into the repair and woodwork shop and finally to the laundry room. From there she would be taken to the cells with a laundry cart. All through the ordeal, she kept wondering what the hell was wrong with her.

She wasn't doing this willingly, but her own bad decisions had brought her here. Well, one decision specifically - borrowing money from a gang.

Several times during the trip, she thought that the guards were going to catch her and the two men who were in charge on getting her in. But after a while she realized that at least some of the guards were paid off. Did that mean that they would get in on the action, too? How many men were expecting to use her?

She should've been more careful or she wouldn't be hiding in a laundry cart, in a *prison* for Chrissake, wondering how many men were going to fuck her.

Anita was pretty sure that the inmates who had escorted her through the prison were the men Leo had been talking about. They were both burly and tall, towering over Anita's petite frame and they genuinely looked like they could snap her in half.

She was wheeled into the cellblock and told to get out of the cart and into a cell. To her surprise, the two inmates left, pushing the cart back into the laundry room, leaving Anita in a tiny prison cell with three men. They were just as tall and burly as the two who had smuggled her in, and heavily tattooed. They were wearing tank tops so only the ink on their arms and shoulders was visible, but Anita could guess that it probably extended over their torsos. With their tattoos and rugged looks, they actually looked like gang members.

"Well, shit, look at you," said one of them, openly leering at Anita. She felt awkward and exposed under their gaze, even though she was wearing a regular t-shirt and leggings – comfortable clothes, as she'd been instructed – so it was nothing too revealing.

"Where'd he find you?"

"You get into big trouble, doll?"

Anita didn't know how to answer, so she just looked at the ground, mortified and scared. One of the men walked around her and slid the cell door shut and Anita couldn't help but to jerk at the awful metallic sound it made.

Suddenly, strong hands grabbed her shoulders from behind and the man pressed his body against her, and Anita could feel that he was already getting hard. With one hand, he tucked her hair behind her ear

before leaning in close.

“Oh, we’re gonna have fun with you alright,” he whispered, his breath uncomfortably hot again her ear.

Anita couldn’t help the shudder that ran through her. The fear made her tense up, which made the shaking even more pronounced so she tried to suppress it, although her heart was beating wildly. What were they going to do to her? Like the men who had escorted her in, the guys in the cell looked like they could snap her in half if they wanted to. Anita had a feeling that they weren’t going to be gentle with her and she couldn’t stop them from doing whatever they wanted with her.

It’s only for today, Anita reminded herself. She just had to get through the next few hours and it’d be over and she’d be free. *Only for today*.

The man behind her stepped away and went back to the other men sitting on the bunk beds. They were all looking at her with overt lust and hunger, and their leering looks freaked Anita out. She wasn’t usually shy, but being in the center of attention like this sent another shiver down her spine. Of course, this kind of attention was different and frightening, because – Because Anita was nothing but a toy to them, wasn’t she? She was nothing but a living, breathing blow-up doll. But again, it was her own bad luck and even worse decisions that had brought her here, so Anita had no one to blame but herself.

“Why don’t you strip, doll?” asked one of the men, and it sounded more like an order than a suggestion.

Still, Anita hesitated. She almost thought it would be easier if they ripped the clothes off her, because that way, she would have no choice at all. To be honest, she didn’t have a say in this anyway, but it sounded so much easier than stripping in front of them.

“Go on,” urged the man.

But Anita felt like she had no control over her hands, she just couldn’t make them move to take off her t-shirt.

“The sooner you do, the sooner it will be over. Unless you want to draw this out.”

His words were met with laughter and that’s what got Anita moving. She didn’t want to draw this out – it was the last thing she wanted. She wanted it to be over, the sooner, the better.

Slowly, she pulled her t-shirt up and over her head, letting it fall to the floor. She unclasped her bra and dropped it on top of the shirt, trying her hardest to ignore the wolf whistles. Anita toed off her sneakers before sliding off her leggings and panties in one go, biting her lip and keeping her eyes firmly on the floor as she finally stood naked in front of the men. She clasped her hands together in front of her, trying to maintain some modesty.

Anita heard the men move, but she didn’t dare to look up. She heard footsteps and saw movement in her peripheral vision before there were suddenly two pairs of hands on her, squeezing and grabbing and caressing.

She couldn’t help the gasp that escaped her as the hands explored her body, sliding over her ass and between her legs, over her breasts and down her stomach. She tried to stay still, but the touches and the fear made her tremble.

“Look at you, you pretty thing,” said the man on her right. “Leo really outdid himself this time, didn’t he, boys?”

“Oh yeah,” agreed one of the others. “I was kinda expecting him to send us some old whore, but you

ain't even close to that, doll."

Someone grabbed her breast and ran a teasing thumb over the nipple and despite everything, despite the situation and despite the fear, it felt kind of good. Anita tried to suppress it, because it wasn't supposed to feel good, none of it was!

"Tell me, have you ever been gang banged before?" asked one of the men as he stepped closer and pressed himself against her body.

Anita shook her head. She had never even really thought about it, let alone actually done it. The thought alone was embarrassing and frightening.

"Come on now, doll, bet you're real educated and shit. Use your words."

Anita felt like her lips were glued shut and it was impossible to get words out. She wet her lips with her tongue and gathered herself. "No," she forced out, her voice thin and quiet.

The man who was pressed against her weaved one hand in her hair and let the other travel down along her stomach and between her legs, his fingers spreading the lips of her pussy insistently, and Anita could feel his hard dick press against her ass.

"That ain't nothing we can't fix!" exclaimed one man and Anita shuddered. She didn't know if it was from the words or the fingers rubbing slow circles between her legs, but in the end, did it matter? The situation was wrong and absurd in so many levels anyway.

"Bet you're gonna like it, too," said the man holding her. "Good little girls like you always like it rough."

Anita didn't want to like it, she couldn't imagine wanting to like it, but she couldn't deny that the way he rubbed at her pussy *did* feel good. It made her blush, the thought that she could like *any* of it. And yet, it did send little sparks of pleasure up her spine, signs that her traitorous body was enjoying this.

The other man grabbed her breasts again, squeezing them and pushing them together, and that felt kind of good too. Anita's hands stayed awkwardly in front of her and she didn't know at all what to do with them, so she kept them here, just like she kept her eyes firmly on the ground, in a weird show of modesty and shame and submissiveness.

"Stop fucking around, guys," said the man who was still sitting down on the bed. "I can't wait to get my dick inside her."

"Johnny, come on, you gotta take your time. Gotta get her nice and wet before," replied the man fingering Anita.

The words were punctuated with a finger sinking into her which made Anita whimper. It was a little uncomfortable, but not entirely unpleasant. The fact that she was enjoying this even just a little bit was embarrassing, and so was the way the men just spoke over her, like she wasn't really there.

"That ain't no reason why I can't fuck her mouth," said the man on the bed – Johnny, apparently.

Anita held her breath as she listened to him stand up and step over to her. The man fondling her breasts let them go and stepped away and the man behind her withdrew his hand from between her legs and placed it on her shoulder instead, forcing her down on her knees. He didn't relinquish his grip on Anita's hair, though, using it to tilt her head up and stare straight at the men towering over her. The floor was unforgivingly hard underneath her knees and she every hint of pleasure she might have felt a moment before was gone, replaced with fear.

One of the men pushed down his pants and pulled his dick out. Anita swallowed heavily; she wasn't a virgin, she'd done this before, but for some reason she felt like it was all new again.

"Open up, doll," said the man and held his cock out like an offer. Anita felt again like her mouth was glued shut, like she had no control over her muscles. But she didn't want to push her luck either – and her luck had been incredibly bad this year – so she forced herself to open her mouth, just slightly, and waited for whatever was to come.

The man bent his knees slightly and pushed the head of his cock against her mouth. When Anita didn't move – didn't dare to move – he kept on pushing in, forcing Anita to open her mouth wider. Anita squeezed her eyes shut at the intrusion, whimpering as the man went in as far as he could go.

"Come on, you can take it."

Anita felt like she couldn't, but she held her mouth open anyway, taking it as deep as she could. She kept her eyes shut, finding it easier to handle the situation if she didn't have to look. The cock in her mouth was heavy and hot on her tongue and it already felt like it was too much, even though the man wasn't even all the way in. The grip in her hair didn't loosen for a second as the man started to fuck in and out of her mouth and Anita just squeezed her nails into her palms and tried to stay still. She could do this, she just had to try and stay as calm as she could.

"Come on, wider now," grunted the man and before Anita could comply, a hand took a hold of her jaw, forcing her to open her mouth more. "Fuck yeah, that's it."

Her mouth was almost open uncomfortably wide, but there was no time to get used to it, before the man pushed in all the way, deep into Anita's throat. She choked, her hands coming up involuntarily to grab the man's thighs and try to push him away. It didn't work, because he was too heavy and strong for her to even move him an inch, but he did pull out just a little.

"That too much for you, hmm?" The words were met with laughter and Anita could feel tears gathering at the corners of her eyes; she didn't know if it was from the embarrassment or the physical discomfort, most likely it was a mixture of both.

"We'll teach you to suck cock yet."

"Yeah, you'll be a good little slut when we're through with you," another man chimed in.

Anita made a whining sound around the cock in her mouth. She wanted them to be through with her already, but it seemed like they were in no hurry to start.

Then, the cock in her mouth was pulled out all the way, giving her a chance to breathe. She sagged as much as the hand in her hair allowed her to, gasping for breath desperately, almost hyperventilating. A hand on her jaw forced her to tilt her head back up again and she opened her eyes, her vision bleary with tears.

The man in front of her had crouched down and the look on his face was too kind to be genuine. "What's the matter, baby doll?" he asked, mockingly sweet. "We're only getting started and it ain't gonna get easier. So you gotta be a good girl now, and take what we give you. Think you can do that?"

Anita didn't answer, because it probably didn't matter anyway. They were going to do with her what they wished and clearly she couldn't do anything about it. Even if she told the truth, that she didn't think she could do this, they wouldn't stop. Anita couldn't believe that she had found the touches – that she had found *any* of it good at first.

"I asked you something."

Anita swallowed and nodded shakily.

The man smiled and stood up again. He pushed his cock into Anita's mouth and she forced herself to breathe through her nose, trying to keep her breaths even and measured, even when he started to fuck her mouth again, pushing deep into her throat with each thrust.

It was still uncomfortable, but once Anita got the breathing down, it was a little easier to take. She squeezed her eyes shut again and tried not to think.

Suddenly, a finger sunk into her again, making her whine around the cock in surprise. It was pulled out and then two were pushed in. As the fingers were fucked in and out of her pussy, she could feel the little sparks and thrills of pleasure again. It wasn't enough to erase the discomfort or to truly divert her attention, but it did feel pretty good. Anita felt her face heat up in embarrassment. How could she find any of this good? She shouldn't, because this was horribly fucked up, but still...

The faster the fingers moved, the better it felt. And after a while, it did help to ease the discomfort and help Anita ignore the hard floor beneath her knees and the way her throat burned after a particularly deep thrust.

"Jesus fuck, you're getting real wet," said the man fingering her and Anita felt shame burn through her. She shouldn't be getting wet, but she couldn't help it.

"Is she?" asked the man in front of her. "Then it's time to stop fucking around."

Within a moment, the fingers were gone and so was the hand in her hair. The cock was pulled out of her mouth and the sudden loss of contact left her reeling.

"Get her up against the wall, boys," said someone.

Anita was pulled up off the floor and pushed toward the wall. The same man who had fucked her mouth pushed her up against the wall and the others held her in place while the man pushed his pants down, pulled her legs around his waist and pushed his dick into her.

She couldn't help the sound that escaped her when the man sunk in. As if on instinct, she tightened her legs around him, because even with the others holding her up, she still felt like she might fall down at any moment. Just like the floor, the wall was unforgivingly cold and hard behind her back, when the man started to fuck into her with short, savage thrusts.

He had one hand on Anita's ass, holding her close, and he put the other around Anita's neck. He didn't squeeze tight enough to hurt or choke her, but she could feel the weight of it there, like a collar.

Anita sobbed as he fucked into her, torn between the pain and the pleasure that was starting to grow. She found that the rough treatment that had been so frightening to her before was starting to turn her on. There was certain thrill to it, being completely under someone else's control, being owned. Anita wouldn't never have thought that she would like it, even just a little bit, but despite the circumstances, she couldn't deny that it did feel kind of good.

"Fuck yeah," the man grunted as he fucked her. Anita squeezed her eyes shut again and focused on the feeling and sensations; the drag of his cock inside her, the weight of his hand on her neck, the way other strong hands were anchoring her to the wall. The discomfort was still there, the wall was still unforgivingly hard against her back, but she didn't *hate* what was happening, like she should have.

Suddenly, the man let go of her neck and ass and pushed her legs off from around his waist. Her legs felt wobbly as they touched the floor again. The other men let her go and she was turned around roughly,

her face pressed against the wall, but her ass and hips pulled back. The change of position happened so fast that Anita barely had time to react before the cock was pushing into her again.

The new position was a little better, because it wasn't as precarious, the wall was just slightly less uncomfortable against her face than it had been against her back. The man took hold of her hair, the other hand gripping her hip almost bruisingly tight, and fucked her with harder, deeper thrusts than before. Anita braced her hands against the wall and bit her lip as her body shook with the force of the thrusts. They seemed to rock her to her core and she almost found herself pushing her hips back and looking for more.

Anita whimpered at the thought, embarrassment burning through her, but she couldn't deny the sparks of pleasure.

It was over as suddenly as it had begun; the man gave a particularly hard thrust and pulled out, and Anita braced herself, waiting for his come to land on her ass or thighs.

It didn't happen. Instead, she was pulled away from the wall, picked up and carried to the bed. She was set down on the lower bunk bed and compared to the wall or the floor, the thin mattress felt almost incredibly soft. The men put her on her knees, forcing her face against the mattress and her hands behind her back, leaving her exposed and helpless.

Anita went along with every move, because she knew that she couldn't fight them anyway. And if she was honest with herself, she enjoyed the manhandling, the pure raw power of it seemed to turn her on. It was shameful, but she couldn't help it.

The bed-springs creaked as one man got on the bed behind her and pushed his dick into her pussy in a smooth thrust. Anita found that she preferred the feeling of being filled to being open and exposed, because it seemed to ground her, so that she didn't have to think about how wrong the whole situation was and how wrong *she* was for liking any of this.

She knew that it was only hormones that made her like it, that it was only physical, but she couldn't shake the feeling that there was more to it than that, that she had inadvertently discovered something about herself that she hadn't known before.

Anita couldn't quite tell if it was the same man fucking her or one of the others, because she hardly paid attention to them and their differences. And truth be told, she didn't really care, because in the end, it didn't matter, so she just concentrated on what she could *feel*.

Strong hands around her wrists, holding them in place. The springs digging into her knees through the mattress. The thin, scratchy fabric of the sheets against her cheek. And the slide of a hard cock inside her.

The thrusts were slower, more measured, but just as deep, stretching Anita out and filling her up completely.

"Fuck, she's tight like a little virgin," said the man fucking her and Anita felt herself blush. "You ain't really a virgin, are you?"

Anita whimpered. "N-no," she said into the mattress, her voice barely louder than a whisper, even though she kind of felt like she was, because she had never experienced something like this before. She didn't know that rough treatment like this could feel so good, even with the edge of discomfort and pain.

"*Fuck*," the man groaned and kept fucking her, his hips slamming against Anita's ass with every thrust. "You're a perfect little cockslut, ain't you? Y'were fucking *made* to take dick."

It was so goddamn embarrassing, but the way he talked, it didn't turn her off at all. If anything, it only

heightened the sensations; it made Anita want to show them just how good of a slut she could be. She almost didn't recognize her own thoughts.

The bed moved again as someone else rested on it. Her head was lifted by her hair and she found herself eye-level with another cock.

"Open up, doll," said the man and Anita did, her mouth dropping open obediently. She was a little disoriented, but she took the cock as it was fed to her. She opened her mouth wider and tried not to think about how her weight was supported by one man holding her wrists behind her back and the other holding her hair, and just take what they gave her.

It was easier to lose herself in the moment like this, spit roasted between two cocks and completely powerless as she was. Anita squeezed her eyes shut and focused on her breathing as she had before, letting the man fuck her mouth and use her for his pleasure. Coupled with the other man pounding her pussy, it didn't feel as bad as it had before; the pleasure made even the burning feeling in her throat feel better.

"You wanna fuck her pussy?"

"Don't mind if I fucking do."

Again, the cocks were pulled out of her mouth and pussy suddenly and she was left completely empty. An embarrassing whine escaped her, because she wanted more, it felt like she had just started to enjoy herself.

The men ignored her and she was flipped over to her back. The man wasted no time as he climbed between her legs and sunk in. He threw Anita's legs over his shoulders before placing his hands on either side of Anita's head and leaning down, forcing her to nearly bend in half as he started to thrust.

With the new angle, it felt like he was going much, much deeper than the others had. Anita moaned quietly as every thrust seemed to be too intense, both too much and not enough at the same time.

Anita fisted her hands into the sheets and threw her head back, and she knew what it must look like – like she's truly enjoying it, like she's about to come just from this. But she was enjoying it and although she wasn't about to come, she couldn't deny the thrills of pleasure that flew up her spine with every thrust.

"Look at the little slut, she's real into it," laughed one of the men.

"Told you that she'd like it rough. Bet she ain't ever had a dicking like this."

Anita turned her head to face the wall, trying to block their words out. Why the hell did they turn her on even more?

"Don't be shy now," said the man above her. "Show us what a good slut you are. Show us how much you like it."

Whimpering, Anita turned her head again and as soon as she had, the man rested one hand on her throat, just like the other man had before – at least Anita thought they were different men, but she couldn't be sure, she just didn't know anymore. He squeezed just a little, not enough to choke, but Anita still felt her vision get a little blurry. She almost, almost wanted to beg for more.

"Come on, get her on the floor," urged someone and Anita wanted to protest. She didn't want to get back on the floor, because she was enjoying this, she wanted for the man to keep fucking her, to make her come like this.

But the man pulled out anyway and Anita let out another pitiful sound at the loss of contact. She was

pulled to the floor and forced on her knees again and she had half a mind to beg for them, any of them, to fuck her, but someone's hands found their way into her hair again and another cock was pushed into her mouth. This time, the cock tasted slightly salty and mossy and Anita realized that she was tasting herself on her man's cock.

The man pulled out and another one pushed his cock in. They set an alternating rhythm, taking turns to fuck into Anita's mouth. Anita waited for the third man to join, keeping her mouth open wide as the cocks were pushed in and pulled out again.

And then it was only one cock, pushing insistently into her mouth and deep into her throat. Anita didn't dare to look who it was – as if it mattered – so she kept her eyes closed and took it like she had taken everything else.

Suddenly, come splashed on her face, hitting her nose and eyes and her first instinct was to wipe it off, but the man fucking her mouth didn't let his rhythm falter for a moment.

“Oh, fuck *yeah*, take it, slut. Fucking take it,” said one of the men and whoever was fucking her mouth pulled out. Anita didn't dare to close her mouth so she kept it open and waited, shivering as she felt the come drip down her face.

More come landed on her face and in her mouth and in her hair, making Anita wince at the texture and the bitter taste in her mouth.

“Look at you, doll. You look real lovely covered in cum.”

“Fuck yeah, she does. Real pretty.”

Anita could feel herself blush furiously. The man holding her hair let go, and she sagged like a puppet with its strings cut. She closed her mouth and swallowed the come, shivering and trying to catch her breath. She was still hopelessly keyed up and turned on, desperate for release, but feeling it slipping further and further away with each passing second as she slowly started to come down from the adrenaline high.

Somebody lifted her head and wiped her face off with a piece of soft cloth. When Anita dared to open her eyes again, she saw that it had been her own underwear.

“Say hi to Leo for us, doll,” said the man. “Now get dressed and ready for extraction.”