

Amelia's Dream

Crimson Rose

~ ~ ~

Amelia's Dream

Copyright© 2019 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

Nervously pouring batter into a pan, Amelia turned to her husband who was sitting at the table sipping coffee and let out a soft sigh. "Hear me out, we've been trying to have a baby for five years without success so...I want to see a fertility specialist to see what the problem is."

Brandon took a long sip of coffee while actively avoiding his wife's stare. Shoulders slumping, he set the light green mug down on a coaster. "I'm the problem," he sighed.

"You don't know that for sure. It's just as likely to be me."

"Actually, I do know. I also knew this day was coming and I can honestly say I've been dreading it. There's no easy way of saying it so I'll just say it. I know how much you want a huge family, but I knew from a young age that I never wanted kids so I got a vasectomy the day I turned eighteen."

The spatula slid from Amelia's right hand and bounced off the floor as the shock of what her husband just said stabbed her like a knife in the gut. Leaving the pancake to burn in the pan she stormed out of the kitchen, grabbed her purse and left the house so overwhelmingly angry she felt sick. Getting in her car she peeled out of the driveway and just drove.

Ignoring numerous calls from her husband, and with no clear destination in mind, Amelia aimlessly drove around the city as she attempted to digest the jaw-dropping, life-altering bombshell he dropped on her. Her desire to have a large family dashed by the love of her life, she did not know if she could ever forgive his blatant backstabbing. Miles slipped into hours and before she even realized it the sun had set and she had driven through five cities and was nearly at the state line. The exhaustion of a long drive suddenly weighing down on her, she pulled into the parking lot of a small bar if only to spend the rest of the night drowning in her misery.

Shuffling her way to the one-story brick building, Amelia looked up at a neon sign of a beer mug tilted to the left, the contents spilling and filling with the words POUR HOUSE written below. Pulling the heavy wooden door open, she breathed in a thick atmosphere of smoke as a country song she did not recognize as it was not her favorite genre of music blasted her eardrums. Walking to the bar, she took a seat between two burly men in biker jackets and ordered a rum and coke heavy on the rum. Downing it in one gulp, she slid the empty glass across the bar and ordered another.

"Everything okay?" the man on her right asked.

"Just peachy fucking keen. Not that it's any of your fucking business."

"Listen, lady, you can waltz in here wearing your sexy pajamas and down drinks all you want. In fact, I'll let you drink for free just for the customers you'll attract in that getup, but I'll be damned if I tolerate attitude in my bar," the bartender said.

Eyes drifting down as the man spoke, Amelia was suddenly jerked back to reality as she realized for the first time since leaving the house that she was still wearing her favorite semi-sheer burgundy lace satin cami pajama set. Letting out a pitiful sigh, she turned to the man on her right and mustered every ounce of courage she had as she swallowed her pride. "I apologize for the outburst. I'm going through some shit right now but that doesn't give me the right to take it out on you."

"Apology accepted. I'm Greg," the barrel-chested, thirty-something man said as he extended a hand.

"Amelia."

"Pleasure meeting you Amelia. So, anything you'd like to get off your chest?"

Her gaze going back down, Amelia shrugged and to everyone's surprise she pulled the cami top off and tossed it behind her. "Sure," she huffed. "Not like it was covering anything."

"Seriously, I'll hire you right now," the bartender said as he poured her another rum and coke."

"Not what I meant," Greg said "but I'm not going to complain."

"I want kids. Lots of kids," Amelia said as she took a sip of her drink. "My husband and I have been trying since the day we met eight years ago and he just told me this morning he had a vasectomy the day he turned eighteen because he never wanted to have any."

"Oh damn!" the man on her left exclaimed. "That's just fucked up."

"You know what, I'm not usually this forward with women I just met but considering the circumstances," Greg's eyes lowered to Amelia's exposed breasts "I can name eight guys in this bar that would love to help you out."

Amelia stared into Greg's light brown eyes for a long moment of silence. "Well?"

"Well what?"

"I'm waiting on the names."

"Seriously?"

"If my husband isn't going to give me the family I've always wanted I'll have to start somewhere so why not?"

"Well, you already know my name. The guy to your left is Mike. The bartender is Ryan. The three guys at the table in the corner are Chuck, Brian and Pete. And the two guys shooting pool are Hector and Alex."

Standing up, Amelia took a long look around the room and then dropped the skimpy see-through pajama bottoms to the floor and stepped out. "Um, not gonna lie, this is my first gang bang, but god damn it I want kids so fuck 'em into me."

"Hold up everyone!" Ryan shouted as every man in the bar turned their attention to the stunning, butt naked woman standing before them. Grabbing his phone from under the bar he pointed it in Amelia's direction. "Everyone, take out your phones and hit that record button because I don't want there to be any doubt what so ever that she was a willing participant." After a few moments when the seven other men were ready, he continued. "What's your name sweetheart?"

"I just told you."

"Humor us."

"My name is Amelia."

"How old are you Amelia?"

"I'm twenty-five."

"And why are you standing butt naked in my bar?"

"Because I want all of you to fuck a baby or twelve into me," Amelia bluntly replied.

"Are you drunk right now?"

"Not even close. I had one and a half rum and cokes and I'm not even a little tipsy. I'm of sound mind and since my bastard of a husband isn't man enough to knock me up I'm asking you guys to do it for me."

"Listen up everyone," Ryan said. "I'm going to lock the door so no one else comes in and we're going to give Amelia exactly what she wants, but if she says to stop, you stop. If you don't I'll personally chop your dick off and feed it to Rex and Stego."

"Who the hell are Rex and Stego?" Amelia asked.

“My rottweilers. You’re in charge here. If we do anything that makes you uncomfortable say the word and we’ll stop. Seeing as how only three of us can take her at the same time, three of you will hold our phones so we all get a copy of the action.”

“I’d appreciate it if someone recorded this on my hone as well,” Amelia said as she began digging in her purse. Um, as for the first three to breed me, you, you and you,” she said, pointing to Ryan, Greg and Mike. Dropping to her knees, she hooked a finger in the waistband of Greg’s jeans and pulled him closer. Looking up at him, teeth firmly planted in her lower lip she unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down. There was a beat of hesitation as she weighed the consequences of her actions, but her husband’s words roared like thunder above all else. Leaning forward, she took Greg’s semi-hard cock into her mouth and began sucking as the rest of the men stripped naked.

Spinning on her knees, Amelia sucked one man after another until she had eight cocks staring back at her. Picking the biggest of the initial three, she gently tugged Mike to the floor and then straddled his hips. Holding him in one hand, she looked at the rest of the men and grinned. “I don’t care if there’s already a dick in me when you need to blow your loads. I want every drop in my baby-maker so ram it in and make a deposit.” Eyes locking onto Mike’s, she sank down on his cock.

Grabbing Amelia by the hips, Greg paused before fucking her. “Why wait?” he asked. Moving his cock down, he pushed into her already full pussy.

“Ghaahhgghhh! Son of a bitch!” Feeling Greg starting to pull out, she looked back over her shoulder at him. “Don’t. You. Uhn. Dare. Uhn. Uhn. Pull. Out.” She grunted. Just as Ryan was about to push into her mouth, she held up a hand to stop him. “C-Change of plans. I want you in my pussy two at a time. I’ll suck you more when we’re ready for round two and since you’re all cumming in my pussy I don’t want anyone in my ass unless you want this party to end.”

∞ ∞ ∞

Nearly seven hours and twenty-something loads of potent baby-making semen later and Amelia was finally too exhausted and sore to continue. Lying face up on the cool tiles floor, she stared at the men and purred. “That. Was. The. Best. Sex. I’ve. Ever. Had. Can’t wait until we can do it again.”

“You need some help up?” Ryan asked.

“Nah, I’m just going to lay here for a minute if that’s okay.”

“Fine by me. And if you’re serious about us breeding you I have a much more comfortable place to do it than here.” Going behind the bar, he grabbed a pen and a piece of blank receipt paper. After writing something down, he held it up for her to see and then dropped it into her open purse. “That’s my address and phone number. When you’re ready to do it again give me a call and I’ll set it up. And if eight men aren’t enough I can always invite more.”

“How many more?”

“How many you want?”

“How many can you invite?”

“I run a bar. Give me a number and I’ll make sure that many are there.”

“Cool. I think I’m going to need a hand up now,” she said, holding her right arm up. It was gently grabbed by Greg who pulled her to her feet. “Thanks. Um, how’s this Friday? I get off at five and have the whole weekend free to do nothing but fuck if you’re up for it.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Ryan answered. “Just us or would you like more?”

“I think eight is a good number, but if you want to round up to ten I won’t complain. And I’d like the entire thing recorded just like this one so if you don’t have cameras let me know and I’ll bring some with me.”

“I can arrange the cameras and make sure everyone gets a copy.” Reaching back behind the bar, Ryan grabbed a thick white envelope and held it out. “This is for you.”

“What is it?”

“Call it a tip for making eight horny men very happy.”

Taking the envelope, Amelia pulled it open and looked in to see a stack of twenties, fifties and hundreds. “What the fuck? I didn’t do it for the money. I’m not a prostitute!”

“Never said you were, babe. Like I said, consider it a tip and there’ll be more where that came from on Friday. Especially if you’re willing to get kinky.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning, keep an open mind and be willing to experiment and I can guarantee triple or quadruple that amount every time we breed you.”

“Taking this makes me feel incredibly dirty, but seeing as how I’ll most likely be getting divorced soon and will need a new place to stay I’ll take it. Before I go can you give me some sort of idea what you mean by kinky? I mean besides getting gang banged by random men I just met at a bar.”

“Would you like a demonstration right now?”

“Um...sure.”

“Please get on your knees.” Ryan said. When Amelia immediately complied, she smiled and walked over to her. The tip of his dick pressed against her lips and when she parted them he pushed down her throat and put a hand on the back of her head. A moment later and he was pissing and despite every fiber of her being telling her to gag, puke it up and get the hell out of there, she remained frozen in place as the warm fluid filled her belly. As the stream slowed he pulled back and let the last of it fill her mouth until her cheeks puffed out. Eyes going wide, she looked as if she were about to blow. “Just remain calm and get used to the taste on your tongue until I tell you to swallow.”

Shocked at what was happening, Amelia never the less put in every effort to keep the pee in her mouth. Her eyes started watering after ten seconds and by thirty a bead of sweat was forming on her brow. After a minute her facial expressions were downright pleading and still she held it for Ryan’s signal.

“If you agree to let us train you as our personal urinal at every party from now on you may swallow and if not you may spit it out and find another group of men to fuck,” Ryan said at the two minute mark.

The horrid flavor diminished to the point of her not really tasting it anymore, Amelia nodded and then swallowed it all in one big gulp. “Ack! That was fucking horrible!”

“And yet you held it for more than two minutes and then swallowed. Anyways, that’s just one kinky thing you can do to earn some extra cash.”

“I’m looking forward to seeing what else you can show me.” Waiting a minute for her stomach to stop churning, she got up, slipped into her pajamas and then left the bar feeling more alive than she had in years. Unfortunately, that excitement faded the closer she got to home. Fortunately, it was after midnight when she pulled into the driveway and her husband was already sleeping soundly. Shaking her head in disgust, she stripped out of her pajamas and took a long hot bath before going to the spare bedroom, climbing under the covers and drifting off to the best night’s sleep she ever had.