

Kinky Quintet Vol. 2

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Contents

[Officer HuCow](#)

[Sex Invaders of the Tentacle Kind](#)

[Hitchhiking Hell](#)

[Breeding Molly](#)

[Sold Into Submission 2](#)

OFFICER HUCOW

Crimson Rose

Undercover, Officer Sasha Cole entered the dark alley hand in hand with her first john on her way to the hotel room where her fellow officers hid in waiting to arrest whomever she brought back. But the tall, lanky man she walked half a step ahead of couldn't wait and she found herself coming to a sudden halt. "What are you doing? The hotel is just over there."

"Forget the hotel," the man said with a crooked grin. "I want to do you right here in the alley." Pulling her back, he spun her around to the wall and groped at her breasts.

"Not out in public," Sasha purred.

"Yes in public." Reaching up under her skirt, he tugged her panties down and spun her around – holding her hands over her head as he unzipped his pants, pulled out his already hard cock and pushed into her. Once in, he grabbed her hips and pulled her back, causing her to brace her hands against the rough brick wall.

"Uhn...uhn...Aahhhh fuck!"

"You like that, slut?" the man asked, grabbing her long brown hair and yanking her head back. "Mmmm, you've got the tightest pussy of any whore I've ever been with! Not going to last long before filling your sweet cunt!"

"Oh no you don't! No cumming inside of me," Sasha said pulling off the man's dick, spinning around and taking it in her mouth. "You can shoot in my mouth, and only my mouth. Got it?"

"Sure, whatever, just keep sucking, bitch!" Taking her by the back of the head, he rammed his dick down her throat causing her to gag and choke and when he felt the pressure building to its peak, he held her there, grinning as her face turned beet red and shot down her throat – keeping his cock in place until every last drop was flowing down to her belly. "Thanks whore," he said tossing five \$20's down at her.

As Sasha's first John walked out of the alley, she spit out as much of his semen as she could, pulled her panties up and was righting her skirt when she spotted a well-built, well-dressed bald black man enter from the opposite end.

"Who in the fuck are you?" the man asked.

"Excuse me?"

"I said, who in the fuck are you? Metro Heights is my neighborhood, bitch and no one works these streets without my say so. Now, who the fuck are you?"

"I don't answer to you," Sasha replied as the man neared. "Back the fuck off."

"Oh no you didn't! Did you seriously just bark orders at me?" WHACK! His hand landed hard on Sasha's left cheek. "If you're going to work my streets, you're going to have to prove yourself worth it. Sure, you've got the look, but are you any fucking good? Come on, bitch, let's go."

"I'm not going anywhere with you," Sasha proclaimed, pulling away from his grip on her arm and taking a big step back – wishing she had her badge and gun. Making a move to back up further, she was stopped by his large hand on her arm again as his other hand slapped her across the face again. "Aghh, you motherfucker. Let me go!"

"You're going to go. You're going to go with me and prove you're worth working my fucking streets, or you're going to get a one way trip into oblivion," he said moving the left side of his jacket out of the way to show the grip of the pistol he carried at all times.

"I'm an officer of the law!" Sasha protested.

"Yeah, right. Show me your badge and gun."

“I don’t have it with me. I’m undercover you stupid son of a bitch! Now let me go! You’re under arrest for assault and threatening a police officer.”

“Sure, sure.” Drawing his large hand back, he brought it down hard, knocking her unconscious. Holding her up as if aiding a drunkard, he walked her out of the alley and tossed her into the back of his car – handcuffing her hands and legs together and placing a rope gag in her mouth before getting in the driver’s seat and skidding away.

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Sasha woke bound and gagged lying on a cold concrete floor in what looked like a large basement. Across from her she saw the man that had accosted her in the alley talking to eight other large black men. Trying to push the gag from her mouth to scream for help, she struggled to free herself, but the steel of the cuffs bit painfully into wrist and ankles and she stopped.

“Well, you’ve finally decided to wake your sorry ass up. My name is Vince and if you prove yourself I’ll be your future pimp. Fail and I’ll scar that pretty face of yours to the point no one will ever want you. Understand?”

Sasha stared at Vince and redoubled her efforts to free herself. Rolling from left side, onto her back, over onto her right side and back again, she started to cry. With her wrists cuffed to her ankles, there was no way for her to get free, or to her feet.

“I asked if you understood. Don’t make me ask again.”

Sasha nodded her head.

“Me, and these eight men are going to fuck your brains out. You’ll suck us off and take our big black dicks in pussy and ass over and over and over again until we’re no longer able to get it up. And if you’re able to satisfy us I’ll give you my blessing to work my streets. But know that you’ll be monitored at all times and if you dare betray me you’ll regret the day you were born. Understand, whore?”

Sasha nodded once again.

“Good. Now, before you get thoughts of escape in mind, I should tell you that the door leading out of here is locked from the outside and there are ten other men and five dogs out there. Harry is going to uncuff and ungag you and you are going to stand up, take off all of your clothes and then kneel with your mouth open for us. And if you think about biting our dicks, know it’ll be the last thing you ever do. Go ahead, Harry,” Vince said to the skinny man to his right.

Every fiber of her being telling her to run, Sasha had to mentally convince herself to remain calm and collected as the cuffs were removed. Taking a moment to rub away the pain, she got to her feet and began stripping out of her clothes while looking at each of them – careful to remember any distinguishing marks such as the spider tattoo on Jake’s neck and the missing bottom left ear on Tom. Gulping back her revulsion, she dropped onto her knees and opened her mouth.

Being the one to set her free, Harry had the privilege of taking her first. It also meant he was first in line if she decided to attack back in the most painful of ways. Grabbing a handful of her hair, he shoved his cock into her mouth. She closed her lips around it and began sucking while looking up into his dark eyes. Reaching up, she cupped his large balls in her hand and gently played with them as the dick grew in her mouth – extending down her throat, and causing her to gag on its length and girth.

Seeing that she was going to play along, Vince walked up behind Sasha, raised her ass up and shoved hard into her pussy. “Not bad, slut. Nice and tight, but that won’t last long out there on the streets.” WHACK! His right hand came down hard on her ass and her gagged the cheek, digging his fingernails in deep enough to leave marks behind when he pulled back to deliver

another. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Every slap driving Sasha forward onto Harry's throbbing cock. So far, so good, but you've got a lot more dick to satisfy," Vince said pulling out of her pussy without having blown his load. "What's your name, whore?"

"S-Sasha," Sasha said. She was about to say something else, but Harry filled her mouth once more cutting off any further discussion.

"Alright, men, take Sasha here in every fucking hole. Fill the dirty slut of with your seed!" Vince commanded.

In a flurry of motion, Sasha was pulled off of Harry's dick and tugged down on top of a black man named Brian – his large cock filling her pussy as Harry moved around and shoved hard into her ass. A third man fucked his dick down her throat and something snapped inside of her. Letting her entire body slump in defeat, she allowed the men to fuck the hell out of her – filling her pussy, ass and mouth with load after load of semen. Hours passed and they continued fucking her, her pussy and ass gaping after taking two cocks at the same time in each.

Exhausted, semen dripping down her inner thighs, Sasha was lifted onto her feet, dragged into another basement room and tied with her arms over her head and legs kept open by a spreader bar. "You're in good luck," Vince grinned. "You've proven yourself capable of pleasing us. Now there's only the matter of your mark and then you can get your sexy ass out there on the street and make me some money."

"M-Mark?" Sasha groaned. "What mark?"

"You'll find out in a minute, whore. The rules are simple. You will sell yourself to as many johns as possible and I will take forty percent of the take. And before you think about shorting me, I have eyes and ears everywhere and I will find you no matter where you go." Going to a cabinet, he gathered up all of the supplies he needed to do his work, placed it on a cart and rolled it over to his bound, soon-to-be prostitute.

"OH GOD!" Sasha gasped, looking down at the contents of the cart. "W-What are you going to do to me?"

"Keep your mouth shut and talk only when spoken to in my presence. Understand me, slut?"

"Y-Yes."

"Good. When I'm done you'll be punished for speaking out of turn. Never forget that you belong to me now, Sasha. Obey your Master and you'll have a good life. But disobey, or fail me and you'll wish you were dead." Placing one end of a fancy platinum ring in the hollow end of a slightly larger needle, he placed the beveled end against the back of Sasha's right nipple and then pushed it through. She winced, but kept her mouth otherwise shut by biting hard into her lower lip. Next, her left nipple was pierced and Vince closed them.

"These are very special rings, whore. Once closed, they will never open again. So, if I ever see you without them, or with new rings I'll know you destroyed these and I'll be very displeased with you. Do you understand me?" In truth, each golden bead contained a tracking chip which would allow him to know her location no matter where she went, but he was never going to tell her that bit of information.

"Yes."

"Master. You will call me Master at all times, whore." THWACK! He slapped her hard on her ass.

"Ahgh! Yes Master!"

"Good whore." Vince placed a large penis gag in her mouth and pulled it tight in preparation of what was to come next. Picking up what looked like some sort of futuristic gun,

he plugged it in and then fucked his dick in to her sloppy pussy as it heated up. After filling her with yet another load of potent, baby-making seed he picked up the gun, placed it against Sasha's mound and pulled the trigger.

Feeling the heat and then overwhelming pain, Sasha screamed into the gag as the brand was forever seared into her flesh. When the gun was pulled away, she looked down, and through teary eyes saw a triskelion next to two interlocking V's – marking her as Vince's slave and property.

“You have one week to let them heal and then I want you ass out there making me money. And if you think of disobeying me, know that I'll find you no matter where you go. Piss me off and I'll sell you to some cheap overseas brothel where you'll be used and abused for the rest of your miserable life. Mark, Harry, hood and gag the slut and take her home. And make sure to get her real identity.”

**SEX INVADERS OF
THE TENTACLE KIND**

Crimson Rose

Unable to sleep, Leah was enjoying a late-night stroll – making certain to keep to the well-worn trails zig-zagging their way through the woods at the back of her property using moonlight and a lantern to see her way. Breaking the tree line, she entered a clearing with a small, natural pond. Sitting the lantern on a boulder several feet from water’s edge, she stripped out of her clothes and dove in headfirst.

Coming up for air – her long black hair cascading over her shoulders, she rolled onto her back and floated around the pond for several relaxing minutes, staring up at the starlit skies. A cool breeze blew through the leaves, a twig snapped under the pressure of a footfall. Leah sank into the waters with only her head remaining above. “W-Who’s there?”

No answer.

Something brushed against Leah’s leg causing her to nearly rocket out of the pond in fright. Swimming towards shore, it glanced off of her abdomen. Long. Slender. It wrapped around her waist like a snake – dragging her back with surprising force. Fear setting in, she scrambled for freedom, but her attacker held firm. “Oh god! P-Please let me go!” she pleaded as another something slithered up her side and squeezed her right breast. And two more wound their way around her legs – spreading them open as a fifth flicked across her clit before pressing more than six inches into her pussy.

“Aahhgghhh!” she yelped. “Please donmph...” her words were cut short as a tendril shot out of the pond and filled her mouth. Lifted out of the water, entwined in tentacles right out of the most bizarre of hentai, Leah was taken from all sides. Another groped her left breast – a mouth-like orifice latching onto her nipples as another tentacle pushed up her ass nearly a foot while the one pounding ruthlessly in and out of her pussy pushed passed her cervix and right into her womb.

It all happened so fast Leah had no chance to respond. Gently placed on the grass, she was positioned on all fours as the powerful appendages worked her over. In the dim light of the moon, stars and lantern she could see a vaguely humanoid shape standing to her right. And then another. A third. Four. Seven – each of them with more than a dozen long tentacles protruding from their backs and dripping some sort of fluid whose aroma was driving her absolutely out of her mind.

One of the thrusting appendages pulsated inside of Leah’s pussy – growing thicker and thicker as it continued working its way into her womb. Stretched open more than she imagined possible, she felt the first blast of what she believed to be semen. But then there was something else. Something large and very warm that was deposited inside as the tentacle withdrew – sealing her womb shut with a sticky fluid. The rest of the tentacles withdrew from her body and with a sigh she collapsed to the ground.

Rolling onto her back, Leah looked up into the handsome face of what she could only assume was an alien. Though mostly human, she noticed several differences right away. First there were the dozen or so tentacles attached to his back and writhing of their own accord. The second thing she noticed were the horns protruding from his forehead that swept back over his head. And the third was his naked form. And as her eyes drifted down his muscular physique, they grew wide.

“W-What are you? Please let me go. I swear I’ll never tell anyone about this.”

“We are Dijanni,” the man answered. “And now that you are with child you are free to go.”

“With child? OH HELL NO! I’m not...there’s no way...what have you done to me?” Leah gasped, looking down to see her belly already swollen as if several months pregnant. What did you put in me?”

“You carry the egg and will give birth to the first of a new race. You are First Mother.”

“No! No, no, no, no, absolutely not! Get this fucking thing out of me right now!”

Scrambling to her feet, she took off like a bat out of hell – making it as far as the trees before running out of light. Stumbling around in the dark, a branch slapped across her face. “Ahgh, dammit!”

“You need light to see the way. Please, we are not here to hurt you. Come back and we’ll take care of you.”

“Take care of me? TAKE CARE OF ME!? You impregnated me with your...your...what are you?”

“I told you, we are Dijanni.”

“Are...a-are you aliens?”

“We come from the planet Dijannar Prime in what you refer to as the Andromeda Galaxy.”

“Um, okay. And why are you on earth?”

“We’ve come to breed with the human race.”

“You what now?”

“We’ve scoured the universe for aliens capable of bearing our young and impregnating our women. Humans are the ninth we have located in seven-thousand generations. Please, we only want to experience sex with your species. We mean you no harm.”

“How is this even possible? How do you know breeding with us won’t kill us? What did you put in me?”

“You carry the egg of Jo’Brill. In your body it be fertilized and grow into a new human/Dijanni hybrid. We’ve done extensive research for more than one of your centuries and all data points to the same conclusion. Our species are genetically compatible. There is no risk to either.”

“Um, you don’t have a dick,” Leah said pointing at the alien’s groin. How can you mate with us if you don’t have dicks? How do the human men mate with your women?”

One of the tentacles darted out from behind the Dijanni’s back, stopping about a foot in front of Leah’s startled face. “This is our sex organ. As for the women...Tal’Renna, come forward.”

Leah stared as a stunningly beautiful woman stepped out of the darkness and into the light – the horns on her nearly human head shorter and slimmer than those of the males. Her large breasts defied gravity, but it was the pair of large wings – navy blue at the tops and fading to white at the bottoms that caught Leah’s attention. “Are you an angel?”

“No,” Tal’Renna smiled “But we are the basis of the stories. And as you can see, we are nearly identical in every way.”

“Except for the big freaking wings! Can you fly? Do you have...can you...um, how do you have sex?”

“Yes, Dijanni females are capable of flight. And we mate just as you do. Please, come closer and kneel in front of me.”

“For what?”

“So that you can see for yourself.”

Fascinated and unable to bring herself to run screaming in terror as her brain demanded, Leah walked over to Tal'Renna, dropped to her knees and stared right at a most human-looking vagina. The Dijanni woman slowly turned and went down on all fours – her wings opening to not only show her moist pussy, but a tightly puckered asshole as well. “You...you look human other than the wings,” Leah stammered.

“Please have sex with me,” Tal'Renna said looking back over her right shoulder.

“I, um, I'm not...”

“Please. It would be the greatest honor to have sex with the first mother. I wish for you to be my first.”

“First? Wait! Are you telling me you're a virgin?”

“That is correct. Please show me what it's like to have sex with another woman before I am used for breeding by your men.”

“Used? Are you here against your will? Are they forcing you to be bred?”

“Of course not! We are all here willingly. Please, lick my pussy and ass. Fuck your fingers in me and make me Ujahn.”

“Ujahn?”

“Woman,” the alien identified as Jo'Brill answered. And as you make love to her, we'll make love to you.”

“But I'm already with child.”

“One, yes,” Jo'Brill grinned as he moved in behind Leah, the tentacle that was his manhood inching ever closer to her already impregnated pussy. “Based on prior testing, the human womb is capable of holding as many as seven eggs.”

“SEVEN! I already look six months pregnant! How in the hell can you possibly think you can put another six of them in me?”

“The egg is small. The reason you appear so bloated is due to the filcum. It protects the eggs, but will be absorbed into your body on several days. In the meantime, you will find your sexual appetite increased.”

“So, wait, let me get this straight. You want to put as many as seven alien babies in my womb?”

“That is correct.”

“And then what? I have seven babies? How long will I be pregnant? Is giving birth going to hurt?”

“You will give birth to as many Humanni as eggs you are fertilizing and it will hurt no more than if giving birth to a normal human baby.”

“But they won't be normal! They'll have tentacles and wings! How in the hell am I going to explain that to the doctors?”

“You will give birth aboard our ship and the babies will be cared for by our medical personnel.”

“Like hell! If I'm having kids I'm not just going to abandon them to some perverted aliens! Wait! I'll be going to your ship? How many of you are aboard? How many are already taking advantage of poor, defenseless humans?”

“We have thirty-nine ships positioned two-hundred-sixty astronomical units from your sun with a total complement of fifty-four thousand breeders evenly split between genders.”

“FIFTY FOUR THOUSAND!? You're not playing around are you? So, uhn,” Leah grunted as the tentacle cocks pushed into her pussy and ass. “No, no, go uhn...uhn...g-go on and b-breed me.”

“Don’t mind if I do. As your first mate you will only carry my eggs.”

“What about the rest of them?”

“We will breed with other earth women in due time,” the apparent leader answered. “And since we have so many dicks, well...we’re capable of breeding as many as fourteen women at the same time and can produce as many eggs in a day.”

“Good lord! At that rate you’ll breed the entire female population in a few months! H-How long will we carry the eggs?”

“The eggs will go through their transformation and become our combined young in five cycles. Um, eleven of your months.”

“So, let me get this straight...” Leah’s words were cut short as an impatient Tal’Renna pushed her pussy back against her lips. Unsure if it was the filcum increasing her sex drive, the large alien cock plowing another egg into her womb, or the intoxicating aromas of Tal’Renna’s pussy, but Leah could not help but extend her tongue for a better taste. Lapping up the juices as quickly as they flowed, she found herself getting into it far more than she ever thought possible. Then again, she never believed in aliens either.

HITCHHIKING HELL

Faye Valentine

“Are you sure you don’t want to take a plane? Train? Hell, at the very least rent a car,” Wendy said eyeing the eighteen year old heap of junk her best friend was loading a suitcase into.

“I’ll be fine,” Abbie smiled. “She may look like a mess, but ‘ol Sally here hasn’t failed me yet.”

“You also never drove her three thousand miles across the country before either. Come on, I’d feel a whole lot better if I knew you were in a newer car. I’ll pay for the rental.”

“Money isn’t the issue,” Abbie lied. Fact was, she had been saving for this road trip for six years and it would be her last for at least another six and she had not budgeted for a rental. “Sally will get me there and back just fine. I had her inspected and she’s mechanically sound,” she lied again. Though the old car did run, she had not been to a mechanic with it since having the brakes fixed five months ago.

“Hardheaded as ever. Fine, but if you break down I’m not coming to pick you up.”

“If I break down I’m leaving her at the side of the road and hitchhiking the rest of the way to New York.”

“You’ll do no such thing!”

“Nothing is going to stop me from taking this damn vacation Wendy. I’m going to New York if I have to walk to get there dammit!”

“What’s so special about New York? Why not vacation somewhere a little closer to home?”

“I don’t want to vacation closer to home. I’ve wanted to go to the Big Apple since I was ten and dammit I’m going!” Slamming the trunk, she cringed as a small chunk of rusted metal broke off from the wheel well and fell to the driveway. “Thanks for watching the house while I’m gone and I’ll see you in a couple of weeks.”

“Drive safe,” Wendy said giving her best friend a hug.

Abbie got into her car, put the key in the ignition and gave it a turn – thankful it started without hesitation. After waving goodbye to her friend she backed out of the driveway and drove off down the road. “Alright Sally,” she said gently tapping the steering wheel “we can do this.”

And do it she did for nearly four-hundred miles before finally giving up the ghost and dying on a long stretch of road in the middle of nowhere. With the last building she remembered passing some eighteen miles back, Abbie grabbed her phone to call for help, but there was no signal. Exiting the car, she walked several hundred feet in either direction and still could not pick up even one bar of signal. “Well Sally,” she sighed “I think this is fate telling me this vacation wasn’t meant to be.” Putting her phone away and shutting the door, she walked to the back of the broken down car and popped the trunk. “And we all know what I think about fate,” she added, grabbing her suitcase.

Looking up at a star-filled sky, she was at least thankful for the good weather as she began walking down the quiet forest-lined road. Not knowing whether it was something deep in the trees, or her whistling that startled them, but a flock of crows jetted out in her direction and flew from one side of the road to the other in what reminded her of a scene from a horror movie. Shivering involuntarily and looking around for the masked, machete wielding maniac, she hastened her pace.

When nothing more untoward happened than a family of deer crossing the road she relaxed somewhat and wondered how far it would be before she got a signal, or found a place willing to let her use the phone. One mile turned to three turned to five and still nothing but long

roads ahead and trees to either side. Exhausted from the drive and walk, she was just about to enter the trees and find someplace reasonably safe to fall asleep when she saw lights coming from behind. Dropping the suitcase, she turned around and began waving her arms in the hopes whomever was driving would stop and give her a lift.

Kyle passed the broken down car five miles back and stopped to render assistance, but no one was there to assist so he drove on. Rounding a bend in the road, he saw a woman walking alone carrying a suitcase and his first thought was *nice ass!* And when the woman turned around and waved him down he smiled even as his cock began to stiffen. *Fucking hell she's gorgeous!* He thought as he took in the sexy blonde on the side of the road. Coming to a stop he rolled down the window. "That your car back there?"

"Yeah, it finally died on me."

"Where you headed?"

"New York."

"Shit! Afraid I'm not going that far, but there's a hotel about six miles down the road."

"Fast mover," Abbie grinned. "I don't even know your name."

"I, um, fucking hell! I only meant that I could give you a lift to the hotel if you wanted it, not that I wanted to take you to a hotel."

"Sorry, that's my warped sense of humor. I'd love a ride." Tossing her suitcase in the back, she walked around and got into the truck without even thinking about it. "I'm Abbie," she said offering him her hand.

"Kyle. So, It's going to be a long walk to New York," he said pulling back onto the road.

"Nah. I told myself that is Sally couldn't make it – that's what I named my car, then I'd hitchhike my way across country and that's what I'm going to do."

"Pretty brave, or pretty stupid. You have no idea whom you're getting into a vehicle with."

"True. For all I know you could be a rapist or a murderer. Or you could be a married man on his way home from work. I have no idea, but that's all part of the excitement. What I do know though is that you find me attractive."

"Oh? And how do you know that?"

"You can't stop looking at my tits and it looks as if you've popped a tent in your pants. Is that why you want to take me to a hotel, Kyle? Do you want me to repay your kindness with a little sex?"

"What? No!"

"Oh. So you don't find me attractive then?"

"Of course I do. A gay man would find you attractive, but that's not the kind of guy I am."

Getting a little turned on herself, Abbie decided to see how far she could take it before he tossed her out of the truck. "So, if I were to say, lean over and suck you off you wouldn't let me?" she asked as she undid the top button of her top with her right hand while placing the left on Kyle's steel hard cock. "Mmmm, feels like a biggie," she purred. "Are you going to stop me Kyle?" Leaning over, not believing her own actions, she unzipped his pants and fished his cock out. "My god, biggie indeed!" she said wrapping her fingers around the eight inch pole.

"Y-You don't have to...aahhhh," he moaned as her hand began slowly moving up and down his cock.

"It's the least I can do to repay your kindness. You better keep your eyes on the road. As much as I'd like to die with a dick in my mouth I'd rather it be another fifty years from now."

Her pussy throbbing in tune to her racing heart, she put the head of his cock in her mouth and began sucking.

Nearly going off-road, Kyle managed to regain control as Abbie's head bobbed up and down, taking nearly all eight inches down her sucking throat. When she cupped his balls in her hand, however, he nearly blew his load. Trying to think about anything else in a vain attempt at prolonging the inevitable was much easier said than done, and four minutes into the trip he could hold back no longer. "I'm going to come!"

Lost to the excitement of sucking a stranger off while he drove down the road, Abbie did not let up for a moment. And when he warned her of the impending ejaculation she redoubled her efforts until she was gulping down the creamy dessert one rosy strand at a time. "Fucking hell!" she exclaimed as she sat back in the seat.

"You can say that again!"

"I've never done anything like that in my life."

"Lucky me. You know, I'm still hard as a rock and it's only fair that I get to pleasure you."

"Oh," Abbie replied coyly.

"We're almost at the hotel."

"Forget the hotel! Let's do it right here on the side of the road!"

"There's not much room in the truck."

"Who said anything about doing it in the truck? I want you to fuck me silly out there," she said pointing out the window. Opening the door, she quickly unbuttoned her top and pulled her pants off before walking around to the driver side and placing her hands on the truck bed as if assuming the position to be frisked. "Come on! If you want me you'll have to take me out here!"

"Man, you're one crazy fucking bitch you know that?" Kyle said as he got out of the truck. Not one to waste a golden opportunity, he walked behind Abbie, pulled her panties down and shoved into her – figuring anyone so willing to suck him off while driving and to fuck along the side of the road would be loose, he was surprised to find her incredibly tight.

"Mmmm, that's it! Uhn...uhn...aahhh fuck yeah! Ram that fat cock in me!"

Spreading Abbie's ass cheeks open, Kyle looked down at her puckered hole and his dick grew even harder. Thrusting his hips a few more times, he pulled out and shoved into her ass – burying all eight inches in one swift movement that pressed her firmly against the bed of the truck.

"Aahhgghhh! What are you doing?" Abbie wailed as her virgin ass was painfully stretched open. "Take it out!" she cried, trying to pull away but finding herself pinned.

"God damn you've got a tight ass!" Kyle moaned as he continued fucking into Abbie's ass. Groping her tits with one hand, he pulled her head back by a handful of hair and kissed her hard on the side of the neck.

"Take it out! You're hurting me!"

"What? If anyone's getting hurt it's my cock! My god it feels like I'm in a vice!"

"I...I've n-never t-taken it up the ass before!"

"OH SHIT! Seriously?"

"YES!"

"Well, now that it's in there you might as well relax and get used to it," he said as he stopped fucking. "When you're ready you can fuck yourself on it."

"I don't want to fuck myself on it! I want you to take it out and let me go!"

“Are you sure?” Kyle asked as he put his hands on his hips while leaving his cock buried in Abbie’s ass. “I’m not stopping you from pulling off. If you want to stop then all you have to do is step away.”

Abbie folded her arms on the side of the truck bed and lay her head on them as she thought about her predicament – the initial pain of being so forcefully taken subsiding, but pleasure not yet taking over. Without realizing it, she began rocking her hips. Slowly at first, but then faster and harder as the depravity of the situation sent jolts of pleasure directly to her pussy.

Kyle smiled at his continued good luck and stood there with his hands on his hips allowing Abbie to fuck at her own pace until he exploded deep in her ass. But Abbie did not stop until his cock went limp and fell from her well-fucked hole. “You okay?” he asked with genuine concern. He may have screwed her like a sex-craved fiend, but he was no monster.

“Yeah. Jesus Christ that was...intense! I never knew anal could feel so damn amazing.”

“Glad I could be your first. And sorry about that. I figured if you were willing to get fucked on the side of the road you must take it up the ass. I really hope I didn’t hurt you too badly.”

“I’m okay, really. It hurt at first, but then it got better. A lot better,” she said turning around and planting a kiss on his lips. “So, you were taking me to a hotel?”

“I was.”

“You can keep me company tonight if you want,” she cooed, walking around to the passenger side and getting in.”

BREEDING MOLLY

Emily Sinclair

“Follow me and we’ll get started with the shoot,” Kyle said to the beautiful, and extremely nervous-looking woman seated across the small waiting room. When she stood up and looked around as if a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming freight train, he smiled warmly. “It’s Molly, right?”

“Y-Yes,” Molly answered, the simple word getting caught in her throat.

“Pleasure to meet you Molly. I’m Kyle Reynard, but you may call me Kyle. Is this your first fetish shoot?”

“This my first shoot of any kind. Well, erotic shoots, that is. I mean, I’ve done class pictures and family portraits, but something tells me that doesn’t count for much.”

“Not much. It’s just through here,” he said pulling a metal door open.

Molly heard the woman moaning only seconds before seeing her – a petite, busty redhead kneeling on all fours on a king-sized bed and surrounded by nine men, two of which were taking her in the pussy and ass at the same time. “OH MY GOD!”

“What?” Kyle said spinning around to see what was wrong with his new client. “You okay?”

“I didn’t expect to see someone getting gang banged!”

“You’re in a porn studio, what did you think you’d see? Old women knitting a quilt?” Kyle laughed. “After you,” he added as he pulled open another heavy metal door. Stepping in behind her, he closed the door and flipped the sign to occupied, so no one would disturb the shoot. “Go ahead and strip out of your clothes and we’ll get started.”

“All of them?”

“Yes. I find it helps to just jump in headfirst so you don’t have time to think about being naked in front of strangers. While you strip I’ll set up the cameras.”

“Um, what about the fetish clothes?”

“We’ll get there. I have a whole series of shoots planned out that’ll take you from butt naked through various poses and outfits.” Molly’s red dress hit the floor and it was all he could do not to bend her over then and there. “My god you are stunning! I can’t believe you’ve never modeled before.”

“Thanks,” Molly replied meekly. Closing her eyes, she pulled her thong off and let it drop to the floor next to the dress. Next, she removed her heels and then suddenly tried covering herself up as the camera rapidly flashed.

“The nervous look makes this so much more appealing,” Kyle said as he snapped pictures as quickly as he could press his finger. “I’m going to give you a few positions to get into as I continue shooting, okay?”

“Okay.”

“First, stand with your hands clasped together behind your back, legs spread about two feet apart and raised up on your toes. Yes! That’s it! Perfect!” he exclaimed, moving around the room to get shots from every angle. After taking about a hundred or so, she ordered her into another. “Now slowly bring your legs together while still on your toes and move your hands up behind her head. “Slowly...slower. Make the moment last for as long as possible. If you go too fast I can’t get good pictures. “Get back into the first position and then transition between them again.”

As Kyle circled her like a vulture, Molly moved between the two poses as slow and seductively as she could muster, but under the circumstances she felt about as graceful as a bull performing ballet.

“You’re a natural!” Kyle exclaimed. Now, keeping your hands behind your head, drop down onto your kneed and spread them wide with your big toes touching in the back. Also, remember to stare straight ahead no matter where I am in the room.” As Molly Got into her third submissive position, he could feel his dick throbbing to life. “God that’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen!”

“Um, thanks I think,” Molly blushed, adding to her innocent appeal and causing Kyle’s cock to stiffen.

“Ok, one more position and then I want to get some pictures of you moving between all four. In one smooth motion, I want you to bring your knees together and lower your forehead to the floor with your arms stretched out over your head.” As Molly unwittingly dropped into the humble position, all he could think about was ramming his dick up her perfect behind, but he had other plans first. “Remain in that position and do not move.”

“W-What are you doing t-to do?”

“Have you ever been spanked?”

“Not since I was a kid. Please tell me you’re not seriously thinking of spanking me!”

“I’ve never been more serious. Do you know what an imprint paddle is?”

“No. And something tells me I don’t want to find out.”

“This is an imprint paddle,” Kyle said, showing the still kneeling model the long leather paddle with the word SLAVE cut into it. “Basically, when I swat you with it, it’ll leave a white spot where the letters are and the rest of your gorgeous behind will turn a nice shade of red. Ready?”

“You’re serious? I did not sign on to be abused!”

“And I would never abuse you. This is all part of being a fetish model, Molly. All I need is one swat. But since I have to operate the cameras I’ll need an assistant. Would you mind if I called Heather in to administer the swat?”

Thinking she would get off easy by having a woman swat her, Molly reluctantly agreed. “Fine, but only one swat.”

“That’s all I need. It just helps sell the scene when there’s someone else in the picture doing the actual swinging. Give me one minute to call her and then you can work on switching between the four poses. I want to time it so that when you are back in that position, Heather can give you the swat. I must stress the importance of maintaining the pose. Even if it hurts you need to remain as still as possible or we’ll have to do it again until we get it right.” Holding up a finger to indicate he need a moment, he picked up a telephone receiver and dialed Heather’s extension. After a brief, to the point conversation, he hung up and picked up the camera. “Go ahead and move between the four poses however you see fit, but make sure to pause long enough in each so that we can tell where one stops and the next begins.”

Becoming somewhat more at ease, Molly took slow, deep breaths as she arched her back and raised up onto her spread knees, hands clasped together behind her head. Next, she dropped back down into the humble position before smoothly raising up onto her feet and toes with legs closed and hands still clasped together behind her head. Finally, she spread her legs and lowered her hands to just above her ass as she moved from the inspect position and into the waiting.

Molly was getting into the expose position for the fourth time when the door opened and she watched a pretty raven-haired woman of about forty enter. With her hair pulled back into a

bun and the stern look on her face, Molly was instantly reminded of a strict, old school teacher she had and her earlier hopes of an easy swat were suddenly replaced with dread.

“Is this the new fetish model?” Mistress Heather asked Kyle.

“She is. Mistress Heather, meet Molly; Molly, Mistress Heather. She will be giving you your swat while I continue to take pictures.”

“Pleasure to meet you,” Molly said sliding her hands out over her head.

“Well, she’s got a few positions down at least,” Mistress Heather scoffed. “Apparently no one ever taught her manners.”

“Excuse me?” Molly was moving into the expose position and looing over her left shoulder, catching a glimpse of Mistress Heather’s disapproving gaze.

“You will address me as Mistress or you’ll get far more than one swat. Is that understood?”

“What in the hell are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about respect. Didn’t your parents teach you any?”

“Absolutely. They also taught me not to get medieval on an entitled bitch like you. Who are you to barge in here and demand anything? I don’t know you, and you sure as hell don’t know me!”

“That’s enough, ladies!” Kyle stepped in before things got too out of control. “Molly is not one of your submissives and other than a few positions knows nothing of this lifestyle. You are here to give her one swat and *only* one swat. Is that understood?”

“Perfectly. Get your sorry ass in position,” Mistress Heather said glaring at Molly as if she had just committed a heinous crime.

“I don’t think I want her to do it. Can’t you find someone else?”

“Mistress Heather is the only one available. Please just get into position so we can get it over with as quickly as possible. And remember, even if it hurts it’s imperative that you maintain the pose. Jerk your head back, scream and cry all you want, but otherwise do not move from the humble position.”

“Humble position?”

“I thought you said she knew a few positions?” Mistress Heather said shaking her his with unbridled disappointment. “She wouldn’t last five minutes of real training.”

“What are you talking about?” Molly demanded to know.

“She just got here less than an hour ago, Heather, give her a damn break. And she is not here to be trained, she’s here to do a few fetish photo shoots.”

“What is the humble position?”

“The one where your forehead is on the floor and your arms are stretched out,” Kyle explained. “Once you are in position, Mistress Heather will slowly swing the paddle and barely make contact with your behind so that I can get plenty of action shots. After a five count from me, she will give you the real swat and it’ll be over. Everyone understand?”

“Yes,” Molly answered, her voice trembling.

“Perfectly. But if the stupid cunt wastes my time by moving afterwards, I’m going to teach her a lesson she’ll never forget!”

“No, actually, you will not,” Kyle shot back. “I don’t know what crawled up your ass today, but you had better watch your tone with me, or Molly moving will be the least of your worries. Now everyone get into position. Molly, go through the routine as toy were before Mistress Heather showed up and I’ll tell you when to stop.”

Taking a few deep breaths to calm her nerves, Molly resumed her erotic dance of submissive moves and after completing them three more times, was commanded to stop in the humble position. She saw Mistress Heather moving into place out of the corner of her eye and steeled herself for what was to come – unsure whether it was her desperate need for extra cash, or a temporary loss of sanity that kept her from fleeing like a thief in the night.

“Five...four...three,” Kyle remotely turned on six other cameras to capture Molly’s reaction and expression when the paddle landed. Mistress Heather continued to make slow, calculated swings. “Two...ONE!”

Kyle knelt to Molly’s right and snapped photos. Mistress Heather drew her arm back and brought it down with all the fury of hell squarely across Molly’s vulnerable ass. Molly jerked upright, the searing pain more than she thought possible as she reached back to sooth her aching behind.

SOLD INTO SUBMISSION 2

Faye Valentine

Sarah stepped out of the car and quickly stripped out of her clothes – folding each garment over her arm to carry into the house. Stopping off at the driver’s door, she thanked Malcolm with a long kiss and a mouthful of breast milk before heading inside to tell her Master the good news. Closing the door behind her, she placed her clothes on the stand next to the door, dropped onto all fours and crawled between Master Zack’s legs.

“You look happy,” Master Zack said cupping Sarah’s cheek. Ever since purchasing her at auction three months ago, she had become his favorite submissive right behind his wife Carla. Janine – Sarah’s friend that came to visit a months ago a very close third. “I take it everything went well at the doctors?”

“Yes Master,” Sarah beamed. “I have some good news. The babies are perfectly healthy.”

It took Master Zack a moment to register what she had said and his lips formed into a grin. “Babies? How many are you having, Jizz Gulper?” he asked using her submissive name.

“Triplets, Master. We’re having triplets!”

“HOLY SHIT!” Semen Slurper said from the archway leading from the living room to the kitchen. “Did you just say you are having triplets?”

“Yes,” Sarah said looking up at her friend turned fellow submissive. “I’ve never been so excited in my life!”

“Congratulations! And Sorry Master for interrupting.” Dropping onto her hands and knees, Janine crawled across the room, stopped a few feet in front of her Master and assumed the punishment position. Master Zack got up from the couch and grabbed the cane he kept close by. Taking up position to Semen Slurper’s back and right, he brought the cane down across her bare ass. “One! Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson,” she dutifully said between clenched teeth. She hated being punished more than anything, but knew the need for it and accepted it as part of her training.

WHACK!

“Two. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

WHACK!

“Three. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

WHACK!

“Four. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

WHACK!

“Five. Thank you Master for teaching me this lesson.”

With the last swat delivered, he placed the cane back on the hook and then examined Semen Slurper’s ass to make sure there was no lasting damage. “How soon before lunch is ready?” he asked.

“Another twenty minutes, Master.”

“Very well. Jizz Gulper, after lunch I want you to fuck your friend up the ass with the destroyer for an hour. And congratulation on your first pregnancy. We’ll have to celebrate later.”

“Thank you Master,” Sarah smiled – knowing that celebrating meant a night of being used by him and his many kinky friends.

“May I speak Master?” Semen Slurper asked.

“You may. And when lunch is ready bring it to my office.”

“Yes Master. Thank you. You got a call from Beth while you were at the doctors. Despite knowing what we are doing here she wants to visit. As does Erica and Madison.”

“What the fuck?” Sarah exclaimed. “None of them have wanted anything to do with us in months why do they want to come now?”

“I guess they’ve come to their minds and value our friendship more than they initially thought. I don’t know.”

“Did you tell them the rules?”

“Not yet. I told them I’d have you call. I thought we could tell them together that way they’re more likely to believe it.”

“I’ll call them after lunch if I have the time.”

“You’ll have plenty of time. I told Master about the calls and he told me to tell you to call right after lunch.”

“Always thinking five steps ahead,” Sarah smiled. “I love him so damn much.”

“I know. Shame he’s already married,” Janine grinned.

On the hot summer day, lunch was a simple fair of sandwiches, chips and iced tea. With the places set, Semen Slurper reached out the sliding glass door leading to the back deck and rang the bell. And as the farmhands filed in, she made a plate for her Master so that he got the freshest. Dropping onto all fours once again, she looked up at her friend. Sarah picked up the tray and carefully balanced it on Janine’s back. Making slow movements, Janine crawled out of the kitchen, through the living room, down the hallway and to the partially opened door to her Master’s office. Steadying her breath, she knocked three times on the door.

“Enter,” Master Zack called from with. Janine pushed the door open and crawled in, stopping next to her Master where she waited as he ate.

Back in the kitchen, Spencer – a farmhand in charge of plowing the fields, took Sarah by the hand and pulled her down onto his hard cock. “Mmmm, Thank you Sir for fucking me,” she moaned. “As you all know, I am pregnant with Master’s child,” she said as she bounced up and down Spencer’s cock “but what you don’t know, what I just found out today is that I’m pregnant with triplets!”

“Congratulations Jizz Gulper!” Quinn said leaning to his left and latching onto Sarah’s right nipple. Giving it a few sucks, he was rewarded with her sweet milk as Randy latched onto the left.

“Thank you Sirs,” Sarah purred as she already felt Spencer’s dick throbbing inside of her. They all wanted to knock her up, but would not get the chance until the babies were born and she was finally open to full-on breeding with other men besides her Master. After Spencer deposited his seed into her, she was passed to the right where Quinn took her up the ass. And around she went – taking each of their dicks and loads as they ate their lunch. Only when they were done using her did she make a plate for herself.

∞ ∞ ∞

After Lunch was finished and the dishes were washed, dried and put away did Sarah strap on the massive dildo dubbed the destroyer – a fifteen inch long, four inch thick monstrosity used for keeping pussy and asshole gaping open. Lubing the toy and her friend’s asshole, Sarah eased the giant head in and slowly pushed until all fifteen inches had disappeared. Picking her phone up off the counter, she dialed her friend Beth.

“Hey Sarah,” Beth said answering the phone. “Um, are you having sex?” she asked as Janine’s loud grunts and groans could be heard over the phone.

“No, I’m fucking Janine,” she said bluntly.”

“Um, maybe you should call back when you’re done.”

“Nah, I’ll be too busy with my training. So, Janine, or Semen Slurper as I should be calling her tells me you’re interested in visiting us. Is that true?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“What do you mean why? Because we’re friends and I want to see you.”

“Right. You haven’t talked to me in three months and Janine in a month so what changed your mind? Don’t get me wrong, I’m glad that you did, but you are the last person I ever expected to hear from again. I mean, you are a twenty-five year old virgin headed off to a convent to be a nun, so why do you want to get tangled up with heathens like us?”

“Look, if you don’t want me there then just say so,” Beth shot back completely out of character. “I’m sorry I stopped talking to both of you, but you have to see it from our side. This is one heck of a bomb you dropped on us and while it took me a while to sort through my feelings I’ve concluded that our friendship means more to me than what you do in the bedroom. Me, Erica and Madison were thinking of coming down to pay you a visit if that’s okay.”

“Are they there with you right now?”

“Yeah. We’re having a few friends over in about an hour for a bar-b-que. Do you want to talk to them?”

“Call them into the room if they’re not already there and place us on speakerphone.”

“They’re here,” Beth said putting her phone on speaker.

“Before you ask, I am fucking Janine up the ass with a massive dildo right now so you’re going to hear her moans,” Sarah said. “So, you all want to come down for a visit?”

“Um, yeah,” Erica replied with a shaky voice.

“Are we going to have to let you fuck us up the ass with a massive dildo?” Madison asked.

“Not unless you want me to. If you are serious about coming down I will pay for the tickets and you may stay here at Master’s farm for free to save on hotel bills.”

“Janine mentioned something about rules?” Beth said. “What are these rules?”

“Do you want me to tell you, or do you want to hear them directly from our Master?”

“From you is fine,” Erica answered.

“Master has five very simple rules that you must follow at all times or be punished.”

“PUNISHED!” Beth exclaimed. “What do you mean punished?”

“I will get to that in a moment. Rule number one: You are to strip out of your clothes and remain naked at all times the moment you step foot on Master Zack’s farm, or at special functions. You may wear clothing when leaving, but on the farm, and other designated places you must go nude. Understood?”

“Yes,” the three listeners replied.

“Rule number two: You are to call Master Zack, Master and all other men Sir at all times while on the farm or at special functions. Is that understood?”

“Um, I’m not submissive,” Madison said. “Why should I have to call him master?”

“Out of respect,” Sarah answered as she slammed the huge dildo into Janine’s ass causing her to screech and moan. “Rule three: If a man on the farm or at special functions asks for sex you are under no obligation to accept. If you do, fine. But if you don’t, then you are to politely decline without making a fuss about it. A simple no thanks will suffice. Is that understood?”

All three women again replied with a yes. “What about women?” Erica asked.

“All of the women here are submissive and will not ask you for sex. However, you may ask them, which at this time includes me, Janine and Master Zack’s wife Carla. Rule four: While

on the farm or at special functions you are to only call the submissives by their submissive name. They aren't hard to forget as we have them tattooed on our breast."

"HOLY SHIT!" Beth gasped. "Really?"

"Yes. And finally, rule five: you agree to being punished for breaking any and all rules. Punishment will be determined by Master Zack, but usually means swats of the cane. Understood?"

Again all three women replied in the affirmative. "Does it hurt?" Beth asked.

"It wouldn't be punishment otherwise," Janine moaned in reply.

"There is one more thing," Sarah continued. "If you agree to sex, you are obligated to do it. If you back out, it's the same as showing disrespect and you will be punished. Also, if you agree to get body modifications such as piercings, tattoos or brands and then back out you'll be punished. The same applies if you agree to allow Master to breed you."

"Breed us?" Beth asked.

"Fuck his baby into you. He has several women he breeds including me and Janine. In fact, I just found out today that I'm pregnant with triplets."

"HOLY SHIT!" Madison gasped. "Um, no offense, but why in the hell would you lower yourself to do these things?"

"Lower myself? In what way am I lowering myself?"

"You're allowing him to use and abuse you as if you're nothing but a piece of property he owns. I don't get why anyone would demean themselves like that."

"Let me make one thing perfectly clear right god damned now!" Sarah almost growled into the phone. "Master Zack does not use and abuse anyone. He is a kind, caring and compassionate man that treats us all with respect and dignity and I for one could not think of a better man that deserves to be call Master."

"He forces you to go nude, canes you if you're bad and uses you as a fucking breeding animal!" Madison replied. "How is that not abuse?"

"Master does not force anyone to do anything. I knew the rules coming in as did Janine and we both accepted them. Hell, Janine only came to visit and agreed to let Master give her three pregnancies. And now she is serving as his submissive in training just as I am. You know the rules. If you are not willing, or prepared to follow them to the letter then I strongly suggest you stay home."

"I will follow and obey all the rules," Beth said to everyone's shock. "I still want to come visit as long as you can assure me no one is going to force me to have sex. I want my virginity to remain intact."

"You have my word that no one will lay a finger on you unless you want them to," Master Zack said from the doorway."

"Master!" Sarah shrieked. "How long have you been standing there?"

"Long enough to hear you defending me. Listen ladies, this lifestyle is not for everyone, but I do have strict rules that I will not bend or break for anyone. If you visit the farm, or go with us to certain functions you will be required to follow all of the rules or face punishment. If you cannot do that then as Jizz Gulper said, stay home."

"What are these special functions? Asked Erica.

"Parties that we attend," Master Zack answered. "Sex parties," he clarified. "And to answer the next obvious question, yes. If you attend one of these parties you will have to have sex with at least one other person there. So, if you want your virginity to remain intact I strongly suggest not going," he said to Beth.

“I still want to visit,” Beth said. “As messed up as I think all of this is, I still consider you my friends and I miss you both,” she said to Sarah and Janine.

“Same,” Madison added.

“Against my better judgement I’ll come down as well,” Erica added. “When is a good time?”

“Whenever you are free,” Master Zack answered. “The farm is always open to the friends and family of all of my submissives. We have no secrets here.”

“So we can tell,” said Beth. “In that case, how does Friday sound? We’re going to drive as Erica wants to stop off in Alabama and see her aunt and uncle.”

“Friday is perfect,” Master Zack answered. “And how long will you be staying with us?”

“As long as you can put up with us,” Madison replied. “But in all seriousness, we each have one month of vacation time so no longer than three weeks I guess.”

“That’s fine. You can stay here as long as you like. When you are done with Semen Slurper come see me in the bedroom,” Master Zack said to Sarah.

“Yes Master.” Sarah gave her friends her Master’s address and bid them farewell. “That was unexpected.”

“Tell me about it. Now ram that fat fucker in me like you mean it!” Janine moaned, shoving her hips back to take the full length of the enormous dildo.