

Thou Shalt Go Peeping

Crimson Rose

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Jenna came to with a groan and an ache in the back of her head where a knot rose like a hill from the hit by whatever had knocked her out. A warm breeze like a fan circulating stuffy air on a hot day caressed her front, back and sides telling her two things. First, she was butt naked. And second, that she was standing. A latex hood prevented her from seeing anything. A gag kept her screams for help to jumbled mumbles. And the cuffs at ankles and wrists prevented her from doing anything but thrash about in a futile attempt at escape.

Approaching footsteps told her she was not alone and the aromas of vanilla, lilac and something else she could not place either made her captor a woman, or a man that likes scented bath soaps, she could not tell. Until a hand cupped her bald pussy, that is. A finger hooked upwards pressing dangerously close to the thin flap of skin that was her virginity and she jerked to get away from it.

"I'd keep still if I were you," Jenna heard a woman say. "Unless you want to pop your own cherry on my finger. Ah, who really gives a shit if your virgin or not?" The finger slid out and then two were pushed back in hard and fast – tearing Jenna's hymen to shreds in one swift thrust. "See, now isn't that much better? Now you can call yourself a woman. And all good women love a big, fat cock filling and fucking them senseless, right?"

Jenna screamed into the gag and fought to free herself, but the cuffs and chains they were attached to held firm as the woman's fingers slammed in and out of her harder and faster with each passing second. Her right nipple was pinched and she jerked back, but that did not stop her attacker from holding on and pinching tighter – the feeling of fingernails digging into flesh causing her even more worry. She did not feel the trickle of blood, but not for lack of trying on the woman's part she was sure.

And then it stopped and she heard the woman walking away followed by a whispered conversation with at least four, maybe five men, she could not tell for certain. Though most of it was unintelligible, one bit rang loud and clear. "For fuck's sake Lana, you act as if this is the first time we've ever bred a little white bitch before," one of the men said.

"I just want to make sure she has as much of your potent black seed in her womb as possible before her idiot sister and Natalie finish the commandment in two weeks."

"As long as we're not disturbed you can guarantee she'll have at least a hundred and fifty loads in her by then. And since you've had us yourself more than once you know damn well we'll fuck our loads right into her womb."

"Then have at it boys. But don't get in my way because the cane and flogger stop for no one."

And then there was a group of footsteps coming her way and Jenna knew that Lana fingering her was just a prelude to repeated gang bangs and beatings. Tugging as hard as she could and nearly dislocating her shoulder and wrist in the process, Jenna could feel the cuff around her right wrist starting to give.

"Oh no you don't," said Lana.

WHACK! The cane slapped across Jenna's nipples hard and fast, knocking the wind from her lungs and rendering the scream mute. THWACK! Lana swung the flogger with precision – three of the tassels biting painfully into Jenna's clit as the rest wrapped around her inner thigh.

"Marcus, go get the metal cuffs for this stupid little slut." Jenna felt a finger trace from the base of her neck down between her heaving breast and to her painfully throbbing clit and back up to pinch her nipples. "There is no escape for you my dear. Your sister sold you to me

and I'm going to get my money's worth out of you before you are safely returned home. And by safely I mean broken and impregnated by one of the five black men with me here today. But first, for attempting to escape, you will receive fifty swats of the cane and flogger all over that pretty body of yours."

WHACK! THWACK! The flogger came down hard on Jenna's breast about an inch above the nipples while the flogger tore into her back. Lana quickly switched the implements of torture to opposite hands and struck again. This time the flogger hit across Jenna's belly – the tips digging painfully into her right side as the cane tore into her ass. And on it went, one swat after another to back, arms, legs, belly, breast and pussy until fifty had been delivered as promised and Jenna was reduced to a sobbing mess – her head hung in shame and defeat.

"She's all yours boys. And remember, cum only in her womb and stretch her open as much as you can front and back. I want her holes wrecked before she goes home."

"Don't worry, when we're done she'll be taking two big fat fists at the same time. Now sit back and enjoy the show or we'll be popping a baby in you as well."

"I let you give me one," Lana scoffed "I don't want another."

"Shit, before you get started, change those leather cuffs for the metal ones and put the collar around her neck so we're sure she can't go anywhere."

One of the men held Jenna's left arm firmly as the leather cuff was removed and replaced by cold metal that locked tightly in place with no chance of stretching, or room to wiggle free. Her right wrist was secured next followed by her ankles and then a sleek metal collar was placed around her neck and attached to another thin chain hanging from the ceiling. Hands groped her front and back. Her ass was spread open and she felt something big, hard and wet pressing against her asshole and she tensed up, knowing that she was about to be taken up the ass for the first time.

"I'd relax if I were you," Marcus whispered in Jenna's ear as he eased the bulbous head of his cock into her ass.

Another cock slid along Jenna's slit and thumped against her clit several times before being pushed in until it slammed against her cervix. But the man did not stop there. As Marcus pushed more up her ass, Hank applied steady pressure until he felt the muscle finally relax and dilate allowing him into her womb. Jenna's head went back as she cried in agony, but the men did not stop their assault.

Mere minutes into her first sex and gang bang, Jenna felt a huge load of semen being shot deep. It was followed two minutes later by Marcus and then two more men took their turn. When the last man finished unloading in her pussy, she felt something even thicker than their dicks being pushed into her pussy and ass.

"Since you can't see what we're doing, we just put two and a half inch plugs in your pussy and ass. Enjoy the stretching, slut." Marcus laughed. He then leaned in and kissed her hard on the lips. "We'll be back in a couple of hours for round two. She's all yours," he said to Lana. "Try to leave her in one piece."

"I'm going to remove your gag so you can breathe better and talk. Feel free to scream your pretty little head off if you want, but no one will ever hear you down here." Reaching around Jenna's head, Lana unbuckled the leather strap and pulled the large red ball from Jenna's mouth.

It took Jenna several minutes to be able to work the pain and stiffness from her jaws. "Why are you doing this to me? Please let me go. I haven't seen any of you and I swear I'll never tell anyone what you did to me," she pleaded.

“Don’t worry, you’ll go home in two weeks and not a day sooner. That is the deal your whore of a sister agreed to and I fully intend to hold up my end of the deal.”

“What deal? My sister would never do this to me! PLEASE! Please just let me go home!”

“You know your sister is a prostitute, right? And before you answer you will call me Mistress. Fail to do so and I will have to punish you with the cane and flogger again.”

“Y-Yes M-M-Mistress,” Jenna sniffed back the tears.

“And you know she is dating another whore named Natalie?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Well, it seemed your slutty sister wanted to have her way with Natalie’s parents in a most humiliating and degrading way. I gave her permission to do so and she gave me you as payment.”

“BULLSHIT! My sister would never do something like that! Mistress,” she added at the last second.

“Oh, but she did. The deal was simple. For permission to use Natalie’s parents she could either serve as my slave for life, or allow me and my men to gang bang a baby in you. Guess which option she chose.”

“WAIT! So you’re the one responsible for all this commandment stuff I’ve been hearing about, Mistress?”

“That’s right. Those morons are chasing a smoke of a man I hired to throw them off the trail. Your sister, Natalie and her parents are all now under my control and will do everything I command of them or their lives will be ruined. Just as you will once you leave here in two weeks.”

“You’re out of your mind if you think I’ll do anything you say once I’m let free.”

“Everything happening to you is being recorded and photographed and will be compiled to use in your eventual blackmail so, you see, you will do as I say or everything gets out and your life is over.”

“I’m hooded, no one will know it’s me.”

“You won’t be hooded the entire time. Now, we need to talk about your mark. Where would you like it?”

“My mark, Mistress?”

“Did I stutter? Yes, your mark. I’m thinking on your breast, but the pussy might like nice as well.

“What do you think?”

“Oh god! What are you going to do to me, Mistress?”

“Just put a little brand on you so that everyone knows what you are. Hmm, now that I think about it, the pussy is the obvious choice. I’ll be right back so don’t go anywhere.”