

# **Down Tijuana Way**

**By: Crimson Rose**

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## Part 1

### The Drunken Burro

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When Cory – my boyfriend of three years took me to Tijuana for vacation I thought *what an awesome boyfriend!* When he told me to wear something sexy and to leave the panties at the hotel, my interest was piqued. We have a very...shall we say...open relationship and leaving the panties at home meant we were going to have a hell of a good time. Had I known then what he had planned for me I would have...I don't know what I would have done actually, but it wouldn't have been pretty for, or too, him.

I put on my sexy little red dress with plunging neckline that showed off most of my breasts, and the side slits that revealed from my hips all the way up the sides. I matched it with a pair of strappy heels, did my hair up and I was ready to go. Cory was wearing a pair of damn jeans and a t-shirt like he hadn't even begun to get ready yet.

"Um, I thought we were leaving in like five minutes," I said to my boyfriend as he sat on the couch with his feet up on the coffee table.

"We are."

"Then why aren't you dressed?"

"I am dressed," he said with a downward glance at his navy blue tee.

"Why in the hell did you tell me to wear something sexy if you're going in that get-up?"

"Because I'm not the one that needs to look sexy," he replied.

"And just what in the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"Are you horny?"

"What does that have to do with anything? Of course I'm horny. I'm always horny."

"Exactly. A sexy little dress with no bra and panties means less articles of clothing the guys will have to remove to get at your goods."

"Guys? Plural? How many men are we talking about here? What are you getting me into now?"

"Nothing more than you can handle," he said with a sly grin. "Trust me, babe, you're in for the show of a lifetime."

"You didn't answer my question. How many men are you trying to set me up with? I'd like to know what I'm walking into here."

"None, or a hell of a lot. I really can't say. The last time I went to one of these things most of the women there were fucked by, I don't know, twenty or thirty men."

"Fucking hell!" I gasped. "TWENTY OR THIRTY? What do you think I am Grand Central Station?"

"There are always the stages," he shrugged as if I were supposed to know what that meant. "You don't have to do any men on the stages."

"Then what would I have to do? It's a stage. That means a show of some sort, so you might as well tell me now."

"Trust me, you'll want to stick to the men. And who knows, maybe there won't even be that many there. Sometimes these things are a dud and only a handful of people show up. So, are you ready to go party?"

"I hope there's liquor there because I think I might need to get a little drunk first."

"Can do. It's at a bar so there should be plenty to drink."

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The bar was a small hole in the wall well off the beaten path. How Dory even knew of the place was beyond me, but then again he'd been here about twenty times so he is bound to know more than me. A faded grey sign in the shape of a donkey hung above the door, creaking slowly as the slight breeze caused it to sway back and forth. Lettering that might have been blue at one time, but now faded to a dull grey that almost blended into the sign read: Drunken Burro.

"I had to get all dressed up to come to this dump?" I said looking at the dilapidated stone and wood building. "This better be one hell of a show."

"You have no idea," Cory said opening the door for me to enter.

The inside was better than without, but only marginally so. The floors were wet and sticky from spilled alcohol and god knew what else. The lighting was dim, and the air thick with cigarette and cigar smoke that made my eyes tear up and burn.

"Go ahead and find a table and I'll get us some starter drinks," Cory said.

I looked around at the small crowd of mostly older, overweight men and a few women that were either prostitutes, or desperate for attention and found a table in the far corner away from everyone. It's not that I minded being around people, but the air seemed a little more breathable where the smoke hadn't reached. I waded through the table and groping arms with only three men managing to grab my ass – a small victory considering how closely packed the tables were.

No sooner had I taken my seat then my boyfriend appeared with two drinks in his hands – a large mug of beer for him and a strawberry daiquiri for me. I took it and sipped down a long drink, growing more uneasy by the second. The men grabbing my ass was to be expected in this kind of place and I don't really mind the attention, but something felt off to me and I hated that feeling.

"So when does this show start?" I asked looking at the steadily growing crowd of men. It looked as if I wasn't going to get away with only a handful of men tonight. "I'm beginning to have second thoughts about doing this. I mean, look at how many men are here already. And so few women."

"Oh, come on Claire, just give it a chance. Besides, not all these men are here for the show. As for when it starts that'll be about right now, but you go ahead and finish off your drink if it'll make you feel better. Hell, have a couple more to ease the tension so you can relax for a change."

"If the shows starting now it's going to be a pretty boring show," I said looking around at the men and women drinking and conversing amongst themselves.

"The show isn't up here in the bar. We get to the location through the bar," he somewhat clarified. "You'll see when you're ready to go."

Three more daiquiris and I was adequately buzzed enough to not really give a ship about the leering eyes and groping hands as Cory and I moved between the tables towards the back of the bar. He opened a door leading down some rickety wooden steps and motioned for me to go down.

I descended the stairs and stared down a long brick hallway lit with the same dim lighting as the bar above. "Where in the hell are we going?" I asked with a backwards glance over my right shoulder.

"Just walk down the hall. There's only one way to go," Cory answered.

We walked down the hall for a good fifteen minutes until it finally ended in a sturdy metal door. I could hear cheering, clapping, and loud music from the other side. I reached to open the door, but Cory's hand on my arm stopped me.

"Before we go in there I need to tell you something," Cory said pressing his body against mine. "What you're going to witness is probably the wildest and most taboo form of sex known to man so I want you to be open-minded and just go with the flow. Whatever you do, don't make a scene."

"Ok, now you're scaring me, babe," I said nervously. "What's in there?"

"You'll have to see with your own eyes. And the only way to do that is to open the door. If you are not prepared for an incredibly kinky show then I suggest going back to the hotel."

I hated being talk down to like a scolded child and Cory knew it. After three years of dating he'd gotten to know me pretty damn well and knew exactly which buttons to push to get me to comply with his wishes. My trembling hand turned the knob and I pushed the door open.

I jerked my head back and scrunched up my face as it was bombarded with the intense music that the door had muffled. Cory pushed me into the room and stepped in behind me, closing the door as he did so. With his arm around my waist he guided me deeper into the large room of men and women towards a central stage. Although all one had to do is look at us to know I was with Cory, there were still hands grabbing my ass and partially exposed breasts and now I knew why my boyfriend told me to leave the panties at the hotel. Had I worn them I would have lost them in this crowd of perverts.

Further into the room, the stage was ringed by tables capable of sitting anywhere from four to eight people. Many were occupied, but we managed to find one and claimed it for our own. Everything was happening so fast that I didn't comprehend what was going on until I took my seat, and a deep breath, and finally looked at the stage.

My eyes bugged out of my skull and my jaw opened almost painfully wide at the spectacle taking place on that make-shift wooden stage. Three women were butt naked and on all fours with a dog licking their most private of parts. The first woman was Mexican I'd put at about twenty with huge fake tits and large bubble butt was being licked by a German Sheppard. The next, another Mexican I'd say was eighteen or nineteen was being licked by a black lab – her long silky black hair draping down to cover most of her beautiful face. Although the angle wasn't perfect, I could see she had apple-sized breasts with long nipples.

The third woman who was faced with her left side to us was a Redheaded, pale-skinned American woman in her mid-twenties with large blue eyes ample bosom, and a nicely rounded ass. She was getting her pussy and ass licked by another German Sheppard. I could see him pressing his snout into her loins and his long, fat tongue hitting everything at once.

"What in the fuck!" I said looking at my boyfriend. "You can't be serious! This is the show you brought me to? You thought somewhere in that head of yours that I'd enjoy seeing this perverted shit?" What in the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Simmer down," he said with that sexy smile of his. "It's not like it's you up there. I told you it would be the kinkiest shit you'd ever seen and you opened the door anyways. Now just sit back and try to enjoy the show because I sure as hell am. And if you don't want to watch you can always get between my legs and suck my cock. It's already hard looking at those sexy women on stage."

I got up from my chair and stepped between my boyfriend's legs and knelt on a floor sticky with I didn't want to know what, but considering the surroundings was most likely semen of one animal or another. I tried to put it out of my mind as I pulled Cory's cock from his pants

and wrapped my mouth around it. I licked up the pre-cum with my tongue and licked up and down the shaft before taking first one, then the other testicle into my mouth. I felt a pair of hands on my hips pulling upward as if to lift my ass. Without a look back I complied with the mysterious hands and allowed myself to be raised up.

My dress was lifted up over my ass and a cock plowed into me without mercy or notice. It was shorter than Cory's, but a bit fatter as the man thrust into me hard enough to drive me further onto my boyfriend's cock.

I didn't mind the stranger fucking me as it served multiple purposes. First, it got me all hot and bothered and in the mood for all the cock surly to follow; second, it pushed Cory's cock further down my throat; and lastly, it temporarily took my mind off of the perverted show on stage. So when the man fucking me filled me with his seed and walked away without another man taking his place I was a little disappointed.

But my boyfriend wasn't going to let my pussy remain empty for long. He never did when it came to sharing me at a party. It's one of the things I love about him. He lifted my mouth off of his cock and kissed me deeply, passionately, as he stood me up and spun me around to face the stage. With his hands on my hips he guided me forward and I began to panic – thinking he wanted me up there with the women and their beast lovers. I breathed a short sigh of relief when I realized he only wanted me to get a better view of the action. He leaned me over the stage in front of the cute young Mexican woman and pushed his cock into my already sopping wet pussy.

Cory was one of the few men I knew that didn't mind sloppy seconds. Hell, he didn't mind sloppy thirds, fourths, or even tenths. The more semen flowing from my well-fucked holes, the hornier he got and the harder he rammed into me – another thing I loved about him.

"Oh god, Caesar!" the young raven-haired beauty moaned loudly. "Mount me, Caesar! Make me your fucking bitch!" This caused the room to fill with the thunderous sounds of a hundred men and women cheering and clapping their consent. I stared wide-eyed as the lean black lab jumped on the woman's back and started hunching his hindquarters wildly. I couldn't take my eyes off of the thin res cock jabbing her ass, thighs, and clit as it tried to gain entrance to one of her holes.

"He...he's trying...uhn, uhn...to fuck her!" I moaned as Cory thrust his cock into me harder and faster.

"That's the idea, babe," he replied. "Don't you wish that was you up there?"

"FUCK NO! I'm perfectly happy right where I am with your cock in me. I don't need an animal to give me pleasure. That's what I have you for."

"And what if I told you it would give me immense pleasure seeing you up there? Would you do it for me, babe? Would you let that sleep animal fuck you for me?"

His perverse mind fuck was having the desired effect for him as I clenched my pussy tighter around his probing cock. I hated it when he got me all dripping wet talking about something I wouldn't do in a million years as it inevitably led to me doing the deed. I didn't want to be up there on stage getting fucked by a dog. I really didn't want to watch three women doing it either, but I didn't have much choice in the matter.

"I'm not ready to blow my load yet so I'm going to pull my cock out of you now," my boyfriend said "but I want you to stay where you are and let whomever wants to fuck you, do so. I want to see how many of these hard cocks you can take while you watch the show progress."

"Progress?" I said looking back over my shoulder. "You mean to tell me there's more?"

"Yes, there's a whole lot more to come, babe. This is only the beginning. Now, do as you're told and stay put. I won't be happy until I see at least twenty loads running out of your well-fucked holes and down those shapely thighs. And that first one doesn't count," he added with a wicked grin, eyeing the sperm already oozing out of me.

"So you want me to get used up like a common whore?" I said looking back at him. "I don't know if I can take that many cocks in one night."

"Just relax and put your mind to it. I know you have it in you to make me a very happy man." He gave me a kiss and a hard slap to my ass and retreated back to the seats to watch what I did.

He knew I wouldn't move from that spot. I'd remain there until every last man in this place fucked my brains out if it meant making him happy as that's just the kind of woman I am. Some might call me his submissive or sex slave, but I never once thought of myself in that regard. Not that I had anything against that sort of thing mind you. I've been bound, gagged, and disciplined a few times before, but I wasn't a lifestyle submissive or anything. I just loved to make my man happy. And if that mean letting a huge group of men gang bang me while I watched women having sex with dogs, then that's exactly what I would do and he knew it. Like I said before, he knew which buttons to push and exactly how to push them to make me comply.