

Stockholm Revenge

Mindfucked?

By

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A chill of excitement more frigid than the night air crawls up my spine the moment I reach the heavy iron gate of the ancient necropolis known as the Krypt. The lock has been melted, as if by a laser. Well, isn't that uber nifty?

My guess would be Kano's cybernetic-eye beam. Though I've never met him, I've studied his dossier thoroughly. He's become something of an obsession. I'm a good girl at heart, a virgin even, but bad boys dominate my fantasies. And Kano's as bad as they come. Don't tell my parents, but I might be a hybristophilic.

If this is Kano's handiwork, then, no doubt, the Black Dragon is involved. A nefarious clan of mercenaries without a code of honor, involved in arms trafficking, racketeering, and assassinations. The worst of the worst. What they're after here, I don't know, but I think I might soil my panties.

I spit out my chewing gum, twist around and hold my index finger to my plump lips to signal my team to be silent and they all react immediately. I'll never get used to that.

Specialist Jacqueline Briggs, daughter of Major Jackson Briggs and my BFF, affords me a nod in response, her expression serious. She's an exemplary soldier, all business when in the field.

Jacqui's boy toy, Takeda Takahashi, apprentice of Hanzo Hasashi and son of Kenshi Takahashi, arches a brow in surprise, barely discernible due to his Shirai Ryu ninja clan yellow-orange headband.

Kung Jin, a Shaolin monk like his older cousin Kung Lao had been, yields me an enthusiastic smile. Jin fulfills the obligatory role of our team's loose cannon. Affirmative action can be a real bitch.

None of us expected the intel to be accurate, me least of all. My mother, General Sonya Blade, likes to keep us occupied executing field ops with a low probability of danger. She thinks running glorified training exercises is safer than leaving us with idle hands. My gut tells me she's gonna wish she had let us go clubbing tonight.

Turning back to the gate, I slowly push it open. The howling wind masks the screeching of the aged metal. Eternal burning lanterns atop the stone walls cast a sepulchral glow over the frozen graveyard of Gothic style headstones, clashing with the pale moonlight filtering through the bare trees spaced sparingly throughout the snow-dusted cemetery. Wolves cry in the distance, further bolstering the baleful ambiance. I couldn't be more charged. I'm amped for a brawl.

My skin-tight bodysuit stretches easily as I crouch to examine the ground, the durable fabric hugging every sensual contour of my body. Much to my mother's disapproval, I don't wear a standard issue uniform. I prefer my outfit to be slinky as well as tactical. I've got curves in all the right places and I'm not afraid to flaunt them. Even the straps of my custom-made duel-pistol shoulder holster are designed to frame my bodacious breasts to emphasize their glory. I'm smokin' hot and thanks to this sultry getup, no one will dare deny it.

Upon inspection, I discover heavy boot impressions that the falling flurries have only partially concealed. Several pair overlapping, possibly as many as a dozen men. I should radio in, but if I do my mother will order us to fall back and wait for reinforcements. Where's the fun in that?

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With pronounced hand gestures, I motion my team to stay low and follow me in. I unholster a pistol and thumb the safety off before leading the way, pursuing the footprints at a cautious pace. They knew where they were going. There are no deviating tracks. And they're either still here or they exited via another route, as the prints all face the same direction.

The trail takes a right turn a short distance along. It proceeds to a gap in the perimeter wall. A viscid shroud of webbing has been cut away, exposing the mouth of a darkened tunnel.

I pull a pistol light from a utility pouch strapped to my muscled thigh, mount it to my weapon and activate it. Piercing the darkness with the beam of the flashlight, I discover the passageway is littered with skeletal remains. The groundskeeper is fucking up.

A few dusty bones can't hamper my adventurous spirit. I'm in it to win it. I feel like Indiana Jones entering the Temple of Doom as I descend the narrow passage. My father introduced me to all the classics when I was a kid. He's a cinephile through and through.

When the webbing-coated tunnel levels out, it makes a left. An eerie mist blankets the floor. I would like to believe it's due to the acute temperature drop, but my instincts tell me it's the result of a supernatural cause.

Moving on, I swallow a swelling lump in my throat as we pass alcoves on either side containing corpses hanging upside down. Their horrid appearance makes it impossible to determine how long ago their lives were stolen. They're entombed in webbing and shriveled as if drained of their life force. There's definitely black magick at play here. Are the Black Dragon hunting a sorcerer? Or maybe in league with one?

The passage opens up into a moderate-size cave with a small breach in the ceiling, which spills moonlight onto a skeleton still clutching a sword. Taking a slow spin, I illuminate several more hanging corpses and many more human bones. I'm feeling more anxious by the moment, but I can't allow my team to view any sign of weakness. I must remain steadfast if I'm to retain their faith in my ability to lead them.

The cavern splits into two tunnels ahead. Someone has left a lit torch in the left passage, so that's the route I take. The tunnel makes several turns, each one ratcheting up my anxiety, before opening into another cave. Large sacs hang from the ceiling all around, pulsating as if with a heartbeat. The thought of them hatching wrenches my stomach, acid burning my esophagus.

The cavern has two exits, both lit with a torch. Splitting up is not a good idea, and traveling any farther without a map or a means to leave a trail to trace our way back isn't either. I think it's time to bite the bullet and radio in for reinforcements. I tap my earpiece to contact control and get a 'no signal' tone in response. There must be a metal in the stone that is interfering with the transmission.

I signal my team to head back the way we came. They all nod in agreement. None of us want to be here any longer. The pulsing sacs look like they might spawn gremlins at any moment. I told you I've seen all the classics.

As we turn around to make our exit, the cave begins to quake, the earth shaking below our feet. Our entry point disappears into a cloud of dust as the tunnel we had come through collapses. The large sacs plummet from the ceiling and burst open on contact with the floor,

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releasing clusters of furry eight-legged nightmares that immediately scuttle towards us from all directions.

An arrow zips by my ear and ricochets off a stone that jumps off the ground. Tremor, a known accomplice of Kano with the power of an Earth elemental, is in the passage ahead. Jin spotted him before I did and acted without a command.

I shout, “Jacqui and Takeda, handle the bugs! Jin, provide cover fire! Tremor is mine!”

Takeda launches bladed whips from his gauntlets and goes to town on the hundreds of hissing arachnids, the serrated edges tearing them to pieces as he lashes the floor continually, sparks showering off the stone.

Simultaneously, Jacqui thrusts her fists left and right, firing burst after burst of rapid-fire machine gun rounds from her powered gauntlets, detonating the creepy crawlers and splattering green goop everywhere.

I charge forward, firing my pistol at Tremor and dodging hurling stones as Jin releases arrow upon arrow, none of them striking their stationary target due to the falling debris swiftly closing off the tunnel.

I leap through the shrinking access just before it closes completely, leaving my team trapped with the spiders. I roll to my feet and level my weapon at Tremor, only to notice the slide is locked back, indicating it’s empty. In all of the excitement, I must have lost count. What the fuck was I thinking? I’m no match for him in this enclosed space!

Tremor grumbles, “Daughter of Blade, has not her mother’s wisdom. Sonya would never have blundered into such an obvious trap.”

I realize that he’s not referring to my leaping into his clutches, but to the mission itself. There’s nothing here of substantial monetary value, except for myself as a ransom.

In my peripheral vision, I see a figure appear from the passage to my left. Before I can react, a fist strikes me in the temple and darkness swallows me...

My head sways, my arms swing, and my dog tags tap my forehead with the rocking motion of someone walking. A strange sense of euphoria overpowers a dull throbbing in my skull. It all comes rushing back to me through a heavy haze clouding my mind. My team was trapped!

My eyelids flutter open, my vision blurry. It takes a moment for my eyes to focus before I recognize what I’m seeing. Combat boots leaving tracks in the snow. I’m dangling over somebody’s shoulder. Their arm is curled around my hip, their hand clutching a cheek with an iron grasp.

Reaching back carefully to the holster that should contain a pistol, I find it empty. I check for my extendable nightstick with the same result. I’m sure my other weapons have been taken as well. At least my abductor didn’t bind my hands, though I don’t feel the expected impetus to use them for violence. What’s wrong with me? Why do I feel so passive? My team is in danger!

A low growl prompts my porter to halt his forward trek. With a shrug of his shoulder, he rolls me down his arm into the snow, the world spinning around me as I plop to the ground beside a tombstone.

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I blink and rub my eyes in shock as I witness Kano stalk toward a pack of snarling wolves like Heracles challenging Cerberus. He grinds the edge of two huge knives together to generate sparks, and grumbles with glee, “Come to daddy, my little puppies.”

The wolves are crowded before the stairs of a mausoleum bearing the symbol of the White Lotus Society. The wolves must have a den nearby.

The largest wolf, evidently the alpha, barks and two wolves charge forward and leap at Kano, their jaws wide. With a mild grunt of effort, Kano backhands the first lunging wolf. The feral beast smacks an ornate headstone with a yelp of pain and scurries off with its tail tucked. Kano sidesteps and elbows the second wolf in the gut, sending it tumbling through the snow, powder puffing into the night, and it follows after the other fleeing wolf. The pack leader dashes forward and pounces with a furious growl. Kano twists while slashing a knife, slitting the wolf’s throat in mid-leap, nearly taking off its head, an arc of scarlet splashing the white before the wolf hits the ground, its tongue spewed out limp. With the alpha dead, the other wolves all take flight. Kano is more menacing and impressive than his dossier implied. My infatuation has been vindicated.

He cleans his bloodied blade in the snow with two quick swipes before sheathing his knives. Then marches back to me with a sinister smirk. “Allo, Cassie. How ya feeling? Loosey-goosey, I hope. I gave ya a little somethin’ to take the edge off. It was the least I could do after that sucker punch.”

I stutter, “Wh-wh-where’s my team?” I’ve never felt so terrified. I feel like I’ve become a little girl scared of the boogeyman. How has he destroyed my courage so completely?

“Where ya left ‘em.” Kano squats down. “But don’t worry, blondie. My mate, Tremor, is standin’ by outside the catacombs.” He glides a palm over my cheek and rubs his thumb across my quivering lips. “If ya give me any fuss, I’ll give him the word to bury yer friends.”

“P-p-please,” I stammer, “don’t kill them! How much do you want?! My parents will pay!”

Pressing his thumb into my mouth, he twirls it against the flat of my tongue. “Sweet cheeks,” he chuckles, “I want everythin’ ya got to offer. I’ve been waiting thirty fuckin’ years to enact my vengeance upon Sonya and Johnny.” Retracting his thumb, he smears my spit across my cheek.

Overcome with fear, I whimper, “Are you gonna kill me?”

Kano throws back his head with a rumbling belly laugh, his prominent Adam’s apple bobbing. “Little dove, death is freedom. Somethin’ you’ll never experience again. Yer wings have been clipped.” He arches forward, bringing his smirking face close to mine, chilling me to the marrow. “You belong to me now.”

Before I can process his brazen claim of ownership over me, he scoops me into his arms like I’m his young child. I feel like such as he carries me toward the mausoleum and up the stairs. The nostalgic sense of security I find in his paternal embrace causes a conflict of interest within me. Kano’s my enemy and yet he seems like my savior.

Noticing that one of his knives is within my reach, I debate whether I should attempt to use it against him, but decide against it. I can’t endanger my team.

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The entrance to the mausoleum is sealed with a thick layer of ice. A rush of heat flows over me as a streak of crimson beams from Kano's cybernetic eye. The demonstration of power is thrilling. The ice shatters into shards that spray across the floor of the mausoleum. Even if stripped, Kano's never gonna be vulnerable to an attack.

The inside of the mausoleum is a single room with a White Lotus symbol in the center of the floor. Eternal lanterns burn on the stone walls, illuminating standing caskets, and banners hanging from the high ceiling. This is a sacred tomb. Raiden will not be happy when he discovers that Kano has raided it.

He sets me down on my feet and I wobble for a moment, holding out my hands like a baby taking her first steps as I struggle to find my equilibrium. Whatever he drugged me with is potent. I don't have any experience with drugs, only booze, so I don't have any tolerance for them.

Kano pulls off his camo parka and throws it into the nearest corner. He isn't wearing a shirt. His bulging ropey muscles look even bigger than in the photos and video clips I've studied. And by studied, I mean masturbated to, over and over again. He takes off his weapons and tosses them atop his jacket. They are various and abundant. He's a one-man army. Gripping one of the caskets, he tears it away from the wall with a grunt, spins it around and gives it a shove, letting it drop onto its back, sending dust billowing into the air.

Coughing, I wave a hand in front of my face and wonder what his plans for the coffin may be.

Once the dust settles, Kano takes a seat on the casket like he's about to enjoy a show. "Alright, love, time to lose the catsuit."

I blink at him in bewilderment. "You want me to strip? But it's freezing cold."

"Don't worry," he grins. "I'll keep ya nice and warm."

I gulp at the blatant implication of his statement, then slowly unclip my holster, utility belt and pouches, and boot knife sheath. I untie my boots and tug them off. Then pull my fingerless gloves off my hands and my dog tags over my head. I place everything neatly in the corner, delaying the inevitable. I have a naughty secret that I dread revealing. I halt, pondering if I should attempt an escape. Drugged and weaponless, I wouldn't make it far with Kano hunting me.

"Come on," Kano cajoles, "don't be shy, sweetheart. I can already see ya got the same pornstar-grade jugs and arse as yer mama. You aren't hiding anythin' in that catsuit."

Oh, but I am. I reluctantly unbuckle the throat strap and pull the zipper down, exposing the deep swell of my swollen bosoms. The milky flesh of my cleavage puckers with goose bumps immediately. "Do I really have to do this here? Can't we go somewhere more comfortable? Can't you afford a hotel? Doesn't a hot bath together sound nice?"

Kano rises from the coffin with the ascendancy of an emperor and I take an unconscious step backward. Striding forward until he's towering over me, he clutches me by the throat with a crushing grip and lifts me onto the tips of my toes as I squeak like a strangled mouse. "Yer *comfort* isn't my concern. You will do as yer told and ya won't give me any lip about it, or I'll cut 'em off." He hoists me off my toes, giving credence to his threat and I grasp his wrist and kick my dangling feet as I asphyxiate. "Do ya understand me, princess?"

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I nod my head, my eyes bulging, and he releases me to drop to my knees, gasping for air and rubbing at my tender throat.

Kano sits down wearing a smug grin. “Hurry it up.”

Panting heavily, I climb to my feet. I turn my back to him for the illusion of privacy, pull one arm out of my bodysuit and then the other. I peel it all the way down and off each foot before kicking it into the corner. Inhaling a steadying breath, I turn to face him as I exhale slowly, my expiration visible in the cold air as an evanescent mist.

Kano’s lower jaw is hanging slack. “Well, fuck me, blondie. I hit the jackpot tonight.”

I stand there shivering in bubblegum-pink lingerie, including a lace and sheer mesh bustier, thong panties, garters and thigh-high stockings. I like to wear pretty underwear. It’s a confidence booster. Mine is merely an act. An imitation of my parents, but not the real deal.

“Did yer mama teach ya to dress fancy like that? Are ya emulatin’ how she would dress for yer daddy? Did ya spy on ‘em smashin’ when ya should have been tucked into yer bed?”

I cross my arms over my chest and drop my eyes to the floor. “No,” I lie. I wasn’t spying, but I did seek refuge from a nightmare and witness my father drilling my mother from behind while she chewed a wad of silk sheets. It wasn’t until years later that I realized she had been taking it up the ass. Wide-eyed, I watched in wonder as my father thrust into my mother with vigorous passion until he collapsed atop her, groaning happily and dripping sweat. I crept back to my bedroom and never mentioned it, though the lascivious imagery has remained vivid in my memory ever since. It may be the reason I began to explore my sexuality at such a young age. I was humping my stuffed animals long before my first bleed.

Kano stands and casually steps behind me. He grasps my cheeks and squeezes them with a groan of satisfaction. His hands are astonishingly warm. They feel good on my chilled flesh. “You must have a killer workout routine to keep such a shapely bum so firm. I bet ya draw a hell of a crowd when ya climb the StairMaster.” He kneads my cheeks like dough. “Did yer pretty boy daddy teach ya to play dress up? Maybe take some sexy photos? It wouldn’t surprise me none. I would have.”

“No.” I shake my head. “My father’s not a pervert.” Though I have found dick pics on his phone while snooping into his private affairs. I’ve always been selfish with his affections. I would even get jealous of my mother before they separated and divorced. I threw fits when he brought home girlfriends, calling them obscene names and spitting at them, until he started keeping them a secret from me.

Kano laughs. “Then God bless the Internet for teachin’ ya to dress yerself like a high-dollar whore. Did both yer parents teach ya to fight?”

I bob my head. “Yeah.” I hope he’s not sizing me up for a match.

He plucks my thong from my crack and grinds a rough digit against my rosebud as if testing its resilience. “Did ya enjoy it when yer daddy would toss ya down on yer back and pin ya to the mat?” Before I can answer, he kisses my nape and sucks my earlobe. His molestation has an intoxicating effect and a whimper of rapture escapes my throat. “Did wrestlin’ with yer daddy ever become more *intimate*?”

I shake my head, regaining my composure. “No. I told you he’s not a *pervert*.”

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Kano steps before me and raises my chin, forcing me to meet the gaze of his single true eye. “Yer arse is gonna make a fine meal. No spoon necessary.”

I blush like a school girl given praise from her favorite teacher. How have I sunk to such a state? Is it the drugs, Kano, or a combo of both?

Palming the back of my skull, he leans in and sucks my bottom lip like a clam from its shell. Then kisses me hard, cramming his tongue into my mouth and swirling it around. He tastes of Scotch and cigars. He must have been prepartying in anticipation of his victory.

I press my palms to his abdomen with the defiant intent of pushing him away, but find myself fondling his shredded abs with covetous hands. His wanton violation causes my womanhood to clench with need.

Kano’s free hand gropes my breasts through my bustier, squeezing with an ardent demand that invokes me to gasp. It then slithers its way down my taut tummy and between my legs to rub my oozing cleft over my panties.

I can’t help from thrusting my pelvis and mewling into his kissing mouth with yearning. I want him so bad! Why have I given into his carnal abuse so easily?

When he eventually pulls away, he tugs my bottom lip with his teeth. “One of my greatest desires is to have a beautiful blonde daughter.” He chuckles. “How fitting that Sonya and Johnny’s little angel would become my own. You’ll call me Daddy from here on out. Is that crystal?”

“Yes.” I nod. “Yes, Daddy.” I’m assaulted with a paradox of emotions as I answer. Disgust, disgrace, and torrid desire. A barrage of tender father-daughter memories flashes through my mind with Kano replacing Johnny in each. Since I’ve always been close to my father, I have many. He always indulged my childhood caprices and I never forgot to bring him breakfast in bed on his birthday. Though I’ve always had my own room, after my parents split I slept in his bed every night until he decided I was too old to be snuggling with him. I even stayed with him in his trailer when he filmed movies, until I was old enough to be left alone in his condo. What has happened to me? Why am I so enthralled?

“Good girl.” Kano strokes his palm down the back of my shaved head. “Now get on yer hands and knees and bark like a bitch in heat for my cock.”

I recoil in shock, his thrall over me waning but not broken. “What?! No fucking way in hell!”

Kano brandishes a mischievous grin. “I’ll give ya to the count of three to obey.”

I cross my arms and narrow my brow. “I’m not debasing myself like that! Not for anyone!” Why do I feel like a pouting toddler refusing to eat her broccoli?

Holding up three fingers, Kano folds them in one by one as he counts down. “Three. Two. One. Time’s up.”

I utter a terrible shriek as he clutches my tight bun of hair and yanks me forward. He plops onto the casket and forces me across his spread knees as easily as if I were still wearing Huggies Pull-Ups. “Time for a little discipline, girlie.”

I claw at the wrist of his hand clutching my bun and kick my feet at the casket, trying to find purchase to free myself. “Let me go, you asshole!”

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Whack! My cheeks clench and I howl in pain, my entire body going rigid as Kano's free hand claps across my rear with a loud slap that echoes in the mausoleum and burns like a wasp sting. I think the drugs have amped up my pain receptors because it feels like my ass is on fire where he struck me.

He barks, "Tell me what a bad girl ya are!"

I punch at his wrist, and growl, "Let go of me, you fucking sadistic sicko!"

"That's no way to speak to yer daddy, ya spoiled little brat." *Whack!* I buck and yelp as he smacks me again. "I'm gonna teach ya to respect and obey me, even if it takes all night." *Whack! Whack! Whack!* He beats my clenching cheeks with three quick slaps, each more painful than the last as I squeal in misery and frantically kick my legs.

A forgotten childhood memory resurfaces. My mother doesn't approve of physical punishment for misbehavior, but my father did give me a bare bottom spanking once when I was five. He caught me with my underoos around my ankles as I was peeing on my mother's pillow. Until then, the cat had gotten the blame for the repeated soakings. I was resentful of how happy she made my father while she chewed the bed sheets with her butt in the air. My father spanked me silly, and then held me for an hour as I sobbed.

Kano demands, "Tell me yer a bad girl!"

I shout, "Fuck you, motherfucker!"

"Tell." *Whack!* "Me." *Whack!* "Yer." *Whack!* "A." *Whack!* "Bad." *Whack!* "Girl."

Whack!

Tears streaming down my face, I scream, "Go fuck yourself!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

I screech so hard it tears at my throat, "Fuck off and die, you fucker!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Fucking fucker! Fuck you, fucker!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

My fortitude failing, I writhe and scream unintelligibly like an exhausted child throwing a tantrum.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

My determination diminishing, I snivel, "Please, no more."

Whack! Whack! Whack!

My willpower wilting, I sob, "Stop it, please."

Whack! Whack! Whack!

I surrender to his dominating will, and whimper, "I'm a bad girl. I'm a bad girl. Please stop spanking me."

Whack! Whack! Whack!

I cry, "I'm a bad girl, Daddy! I'm a very bad girl!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"I'm a bad bad girl! I'm a spoiled little brat! I'm sorry, Daddy! I'm sorry!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Please, Daddy, no more spankin's! I'll be a good girl! I'll do whatever you say!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

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The final fibers of my pride and self-respect snap and I bark like a dog. “*Ruff! Ruff! Ruff!*”

Kano bellows with laughter. “That’s Daddy’s good little bitch.” He gently pets my aching cheeks.

“*Ruff! Ruff!* I’m Daddy’s good little bitch. *Ruff! Ruff!*” I wipe away my tears, finding relief in my resignation. A serenity settles over me as I recognize I’ve let go of my ego, relinquishing my need for control. “*Ruff! Ruff!* I’m proud to be Daddy’s good little bitch. *Ruff! Ruff!*”

Kano releases my bun but places his hand on my lower back, letting me know I’m not to get up. I wouldn’t dare disobey him again. I’ve learned my lesson. I’m gonna be a good girl and obey every command. I don’t want another spankin’.

He slides my thong over my beaten-red cheeks and lets it fall to the back of my bent knees. Then glides a finger between my nether lips and forges it into my slick opening as I grunt in response to his abrupt intrusion. It feels thicker than my vibrator, which is small since it’s disguised as a tube of lipstick. I’m petrified of my father realizing I use one. He still thinks of me as his innocent little girl, even though I lounge around his condo in a T-shirt and a pair of his boxers while drinking all his beers. If he discovered I couldn’t go twenty-four hours without getting myself off, it would ruin his rose-colored view of me. If he knew I’ve taken calls from him while using my vibrator in his own bed, recalling the memory of him hammering my mother in the ass, he would freak.

“Fuckin’ hell, ya got a snug pussy. It’s tighter than a great white shark’s arsehole. Are ya still a virgin?”

I nod my head. “Uh-huh.”

He gradually works his digit in and out as my eyelids flutter. “Well, then, remind me to send yer parents a thank ya card for keepin’ ya pure for me.”

“Y-y-yes, Daddy.” Will I really? I can’t think straight with his finger pumping my womanhood.

Kano groans, “Do ya like how Daddy fingers yer tight little cunt?”

I mewl like a whore, “Yes, Daddy, that f-f-feels good.” I don’t know if it’s Kano’s dominance, the drugs, or because I’m ovulating, but I’ve never felt more aroused. I wanna get fucked so bad!

I mutter a breathy moan as he wedges in a second finger. “Ooh, yes, Daddy.”

Kano chuckles, “Yer pussy is gushing like a ripe peach.”

He increases the tempo of his plunging fingers, and I groan, “Do-do-do you like it when my pussy gushes, Daddy?”

“Yeah, babygirl, I sure do.” He licks his chops. “Though it’s conjuring a mighty thirst.” He spreads his fingers inside me, stretching my inner muscles.

I mewl, “Do y-y-you wanna drink my pussy juice, Daddy?”

His digits withdraw from my womanhood with a wet pop of suction. “Get on yer knees.” I obey without dispute, my thong stretching between my ankles. “Open yer mouth.” I do and he shoves his fingers, dripping with my secretions, passed my lips. “Suck ‘em.”

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I arch my lower back to prop my breasts, accentuating my copious cleavage. Then I slowly bob my head, staring up at him with a demure expression, cooing as I suck his digits clean. I may be a virgin, but I know what men like. Porn is free and plentiful. Plus I once sucked Jin's dick on a drunken dare. It was more awkward than pleasurable for him, but that wasn't because I lack the necessary skills. He just prefers to be the one with the dick in his mouth.

"Excellent form and posture." Kano retracts his fingers from my suckling mouth and pats me on the head. "Good girl. You'll make a good pet for many years to come."

Eager to please, I lick my lips, and purr, "Do you want me to suck something else, Daddy?"

He snorts. "I like yer enthusiasm, but yer gettin' ahead of yerself." Pinching my tiny stiff nipples through the thin fabric of my bustier, Kano gives them a light tug as I wince with a mix of pain and pleasure. "Stand up and turn around."

I rise and turn my back to Kano, curious of what he has in mind. My panties slip from my ankles in the process. I look over my shoulder to see him scoop them up and hold them to his nose. He inhales deeply with a wide grin, and orders, "Shake yer arse for Daddy."

I wiggle my bottom like I'm in the club doing a thong contest with Jacqui. We have passable fake IDs since we're both only eighteen. My firm cheeks clap lightly as I bounce my hips from side to side. My feminine nectar trickles down my inner thighs as I dance.

Kano grumbles, "Fuckin' hell, ya go a sweet arse, Cassie."

I bend forward and grip my ankles. Looking at Kano upside down through my spread legs, I giggle, "Do you wanna taste my hiney, Daddy?" I'm amazed at how thoroughly I've regressed. I feel so young, yet it feels right. Like I was only ever pretending to be an adult. I wanna color and ride a bicycle and go swimming. My inner child has been liberated from the prison of mock-adulthood, and Kano is the freedom fighter for my true-self that I need to thank.

"Fuckin' A right, I do." Kano drops from the coffin onto his knees, clutches the fronts of my thighs and nuzzles his face between my cheeks with a ravenous groan. He jabs his tongue against my bud again and again, until finally, it opens and then he burrows deep as I moan with astounded elation.

"Ooh, Daddy, your tongue feels so good in my hineyhole!" I've seen this in plenty of pornos, but never imaged it would feel so awesome. It's not only the wondrous sensation of his tongue probing my anus, but also the vulgarity of the filthy act itself that is incredibly arousing. "Ooo, Daddy, you're so dirty. You're a bad man sticking your tongue in my hiney."

Eventually, Kano extracts his squirming tongue from my rectum and slips it into my seeping slit with a famished groan.

I quiver with ecstasy. "Yes, Daddy, yes, yes! Ooh, yes!"

He slides his tongue from my cleft to my clit and sucks my sensitive button between his lips while flickering his tongue tip over it.

I groan in bliss, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy, yes, yes, yes!" My stomach twists tighter and tighter until my head spins. "Ooh, Daddy, I'm gonna cum!"

Kano pulls away with a chuckle. "Not yet, ya don't. I was just havin' a taste and gettin' ya primed."

I chew my bottom lip. "Please, Daddy, make me cum! I'm so close, it hurts!"

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He rises to his feet, bends over me to grip my neck and pulls me erect. Twisting me around, he moves me to the casket and shoves me onto my knees again before sitting down. “Daddy’s got a bottle for ya.” He leans back on his palms with a self-satisfied grin. “But I want ya to pull it out yerself.”

“Yes, Daddy.” The combination of the cold and being on the verge of an orgasm causes my hands to tremble terribly. I fidget with his belt buckle for several minutes, whining in agitation, before I finally unbuckle it. Then I unbutton his pants and pull down the zipper to discover he isn’t wearing any underwear.

I press a palm to my chest with a gasp of awe as a colossal dong springs from a dense bush of hair. It’ll never fit inside me! It’s way too big! Though it’s veiny like a real dick, it’s so huge I ponder if it might be a prosthetic replacement. It’s even thicker and longer than Jax’s oversized manhood, which I’ve seen accidentally when playing hide-and-seek with Jacqui. Jax was unaware I was behind a haystack when he whipped out his big black cock and nearly pissed on me, until I ran away crying.

Kano chuckles, “Don’t just gawk at it, blondie. Introduce yerself with a big wet kiss.”

“Yes, Daddy.” I moisten my lips with a few swipes of my tongue, pucker up and lean in slow like I’m approaching a dangerous animal.

As I press my plump lips to the tip of his dick, Kano clutches my bun and pushes my face down, forcing my jaws to spread wide as the fat head of his immense prick crams into my small mouth. Holding me there, he commands, “Now suck yer bottle, babygirl.”

Breathing through my nose, I swirl my tongue around and around while sucking hard like it’s a thick milkshake, my cheeks concave with the effort.

Kano gradually pushes my head down and then pulls it up again, bobbing me slowly. “Do ya like yer bottle?”

I attempt to reply in the affirmative with my mouth full and it comes out as an incomprehensible muffled mumble. Being forced to suck his girthy cock is mind-blowingly hot!

He snorts, “I knew ya would, darlin’. I only wish yer parents could see ya on yer knees.” He reaches into a pocket and pulls out a smartphone. “Actually, they can. I’ll send ‘em a few nice pics. Look up at Daddy and smile, sweetheart.”

A game of tug-of-war plays swiftly in my mind between my affection for my parents and my lust for Kano. Then I crane my neck with his cock in my mouth to gaze up at him. I smile the best I can manage with my lips stretched wide and he blinds me with repeated flashes.

“You’re such a pretty little thing with yer mouth stuffed.” He sets his phone down, pulls me off his prick and rises to shove his pants down to his boots. Grabbing his phone again, he demands, “Now suck my balls. I’m wanna get some video.”

With my palms grasping his thighs for balance, I twist my head to look up as I close my lips around one hairy testicle. I moan as I suckle it. This feels even more degrading than posing with his cockhead in my mouth and all the more erotic for it. I guess I’m a masochist.

“That’s my good girl.” Kano laughs, “I’ll label the video, ‘Teabagged and lovin’ it.’ Sonya and Johnny will go apeshit.”

I twist my head the opposite way to suck his other nut, smiling timidly at the camera as I do. My parents will never forgive me. I might as well give my all to Kano. He’s my Daddy now

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anyway. I lap at his scrotum, and then pant at the camera with my tongue sticking out. “*Ruff! Ruff!* I’m Kano’s good little bitch. *Ruff! Ruff!*”

Rumbling with laughter, Kano sits on the edge of the casket, leans back on his elbows and raises his legs into the air, his pants stretched between his lower legs. “Prove it. Eat Daddy’s arsehole.”

“My pleasure, Daddy.” I waddle forward on my knees with a lip-smacking smile for the recording. Lifting his heavy balls with one hand, I nestle my face between his cheeks with a hungry moan and stroke my tongue over his bud over and over again. I slip my free hand between my thighs and thrust two fingers into my cleft. The level of humiliation is too much to restrain myself!

Kano groans, “Ahh, fuck that’s good. Yer a dirty little bitch.” He chuckles, “Sonya and Johnny, yer little sweet pea is relishin’ my filthy arsehole!”

I continue to tongue his bud while fingering myself until he puts his phone down. “Your hiney tastes good, Daddy.”

He slams his boots to the floor, reaches forward to palm the back of my head and shoves my face into his crotch, his dick jamming into my mouth as I utter a stifled squeal due to his rough treatment. Grinding my head into his groin, he rams his cockhead into the back of my throat and I gag as my eyes water. Adding the force of his second hand atop my head, he forces me down farther, his prick wedging into the sphincter of my esophagus, causing me to cough and choke and my nose to run as my tears break. Still, he adds more pressure, forging his bulbous cockhead into my undulating gullet.

My heart pounding in my ears, my vision tunneling, my primal survival instincts kick in and I windmill my fists at his hands and wrists with extreme desperation. My frenzied but futile struggle only invokes him to laugh. When my lungs burn like they’ve been dipped in acid and my strength evaporates, my arms going limp, Kano finally releases me.

I spring up and fall onto my back, grasping my throat and gasping for oxygen. My vision widens and the aches in my sides subside. When I’ve caught my breath, I realize I’m more frantic for a fuck than ever. I don’t even care that his gargantuan cock is too much to fit inside me.

Sitting up, I wipe the snot and tears from my face and smear it on the back of a stocking, having nothing else to use. Sniffing, I plead, “Daddy, will you please fuck me now?”

He shakes his head. “Maybe if ya make me cum with yer pretty mouth first.”

Dejected, I whimper, “Okay, Daddy.” I grip his thick shaft with both hands and twist them up and down the full length of his javelin.

“Suck Daddy’s tongue like a good slut before ya get to work on my cock.” Kano arches down and juts out his rolled, fat tongue.

Stretching upward, I close my lips around his spongy organ and bob my head, mewling with ardor as I suckle saliva from his tongue while continuing to fist his prick.

Kano tears open my bustier, ripping the fabric, and cups my breasts, rolling them and squeezing them between his fingers. The steely grip of his callused palms sternly groping at my peaks is exceedingly electrifying.

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When he withdraws his tongue, I stun myself by begging, “Please, Daddy, spit in my mouth! That made me so thirsty!” And I open wide and stick out my tongue.

With a grin, Kano gathers salivate and then spews it into my mouth, a little splashing my cheeks, and I swallow it down at once.

“More, Daddy, more!”

He takes his time, gathering what I hope is an entire mouth full, and then leans in close and lets it dribble slowly from his tongue onto mine to glide into my mouth and down my throat. Two gulps worth!

It’s so addicting, I immediately plead, “Daddy, more, more, more!”

He chuckles, “You be a good girl and suck my cock and I’ll give ya somethin’ better to drink later.”

I don’t know what he means, but I’m grateful. “Thank you, Daddy.” I press my lips over his cockhead and down his shaft until it hits the back of my throat. Then I bob as swift, suck as hard, and slurp as loud as I can while pumping his lower shaft with both hands. Worshiping Kano’s phallus with my mouth is more satisfying than I imagined in any of my fantasies, but I long to make him cum. I wanna swallow his load and I want him to fuck me!

Kano records another video as I suck and pump and slurp with increasing intensity, my need growing more profound with each bob. My bubbling slobber lathers my palms, soaks into his bush and drips from his balls. I wanna feel his hot cum shooting down my throat more than I’ve ever craved anything! I wanna be the source of his pleasure over and over again!

Roughly thirty minutes later, I slow my manic suckling to a leisurely tempo as our private encounter is interrupted by two Black Dragon members. I recognize them from their dossiers. Jarek, garbed in red armor and hefting a battle ax, a boy compared to Kano. And Tasia, dressed in a skin-tight purple outfit and armed with twin katana, with an hourglass figure that makes my body look juvenile in contrast.

Jarek informs, “Our source has advised us that reinforcements have been deployed. Should we withdraw?”

Petting me on the head as if I were a lapdog, Kano questions, “Have we got what we came for?”

Jarek frowns. “No.”

“Then you have yer answer.” Kano slides a palm down my back and gropes a cheek. “Let Black know we may be coming in hot.”

“Right away,” Jarek replies. “Should I have some men stand guard here?”

“Men?” Kano snorts. “No. But Tasia can stay.”

“Of course,” Jarek retorts, frustration in his voice. There is clearly some friction between them in regards to Tasia. He turns on a heel and marches out of the mausoleum.

Tasia sits beside Kano and wraps an arm around his wide shoulders. “I see you’ve already broken her will. I guess she wasn’t as spirited as me. Dressed in lingerie on a tactical mission, and bubblegum pink no less, she must have been hoping to be dominated. I’m surprised you haven’t collar and leashed her.”

“That’s only because I don’t have the proper collar yet.” Kano kisses Tasia on the mouth, groaning hungrily as he sucks her tongue and a jolt of envy surges through me, heating my blood

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and inciting me to suck him with more vigor. “One good spankin’ was all it took. Blondes are easy. Especially pampered stuck-up bitches from Beverly Hills.”

Reaching down, Tasia fingers my bangs out of my face, tucking them behind my ears. “If I knew I was gonna be invited to your party, I would have brought a strap-on so we could DP this cute little slut.”

“There’ll be plenty of time for that later.” Kano palms the back of my skull and forces me to take him deeper. I love when he takes control! I’m so delirious with lust I cease actively listening to their conversation. “Rather than use her for barterin’,” Kano continues, “I’ll be using her for breedin’. She possesses latent superhuman abilities like her father that her offspring will acquire, making them very valuable to the right buyer. And once I’ve got the item we’ve come for, I’ll be able to greatly speed up the process of gestation and the number of fetuses.”

“Then I guess you’ll finally be waving your usual policy of throat and ass fucking only. I’m a little jealous.” Tasia brushes Kano’s hand away and takes over, pushing me down deeper and faster. “You’re my Daddy, but that doesn’t mean she’s my sister. We’re not on the same level. No slumber parties and pillow fights. I’ll be her Mommy. If that’s okay with you.”

“It is. You’ll also be her wet nurse. One of several.” Kano groans as I gag. “We’ll share the responsibilities of trainin’ and disciplinin’ her. She’s got plenty to learn.”

“May I begin now?” Tasia implores. “I’d like to demonstrate how to properly swallow a long meaty dick.”

Kano chuckles, “Go ahead, darlin’. Demonstrate to yer heart’s content.”

Curling her fingers into my bun to grip my hair tight, Tasia yanks me off Kano’s member as she springs off the casket. She pulls my head back, arching my spine, and kisses me fervently on the mouth without concern for the slobber slathered all over my face. She tastes of fresh spearmint. With her opposite hand, she fondles my exposed breasts, much more gentle than had Kano. I’ve hooked up with Jacqui a few times in the club, but it was playful rather than passionate. This is completely different. The way Tasia laves my tongue is like she is making love to my mouth.

I submit to her supremacy instantly. And soon I’m moaning as she kisses me. I had no idea a woman could make me feel so enlivened. I even dare to cup her heaving bosoms over her halter top. They’re heavy in my palms. I compress them gingerly, then a little harder and a little harder. I feel an urge to nurse from them. I imagine sucking warm cream from her nipple and I moan louder at the thought of it.

Several blissful minutes pass before Tasia breaks the fervent kiss. Still arching my back, she breathes, “I foresee our time together will be rather enjoyable.”

Licking the taste of her from my lips, I reply, “I think so too, Tasia.”

She slaps me across the cheek with an open palm. “You are to address me as Mommy. Is that understood?”

Stupefied, I stammer, “Y-y-yes, Mommy.” I feel so fortunate to have a new Mommy as well as a new Daddy.

She releases my hair, allowing me to sit erect. “You will watch carefully as I swallow Daddy’s big dick. You have to get the right angle, and you have to learn to relax your throat.”

“Okay, Mommy.” I scoot out of her way. “I’m watching.”

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Tasia sits on her feet before Kano with her head tilted back, grips his member by the base and points it at a downward angle. Opening her jaws wide, she juts out her tongue and rises slowly, gliding his manhood into her mouth. She swallows hard as she pushes farther and her esophagus bulges like a snake ingesting a rat as her lips slide to the root of his prick. Wet clucking sounds reverberate from her throat as she pecks her lips at his groin. Her eyes tear as she chokes herself for his benefit, but she doesn't gag. I'm in awe of her talent.

Kano thumbs away her tears as she continues to gaze up at him while asphyxiating herself. "That's my good girl."

A burst of jealousy rushes through me, and I blurt, "My turn! My turn! I wanna try! Let me try! I wanna swallow Daddy's big dick! Please! Please! Pretty please!"

Tasia disgorges his manhood from her gullet, takes a few deep breaths while stroking his shaft, and then repeats the magic act of making his monster dong disappear from sight.

Kano groans, "Ahh, sweetheart, I could watch ya stare up at me all night long."

I smack my palms on my thighs, and whine, "Daddy, it's my turn! Not fair!"

Ignoring my tantrum, he reaches into Tasia's halter top and liberates her heavy bosoms. He kneads them in his palms as she pecks and clucks while foaming at the mouth.

I stroke a hand up and down Kano's bulky thigh. "Please, *Daddy*, can I have a turn now?"

Tasia expels his prick and ascends to her knees. Kano leans back on his palms as she leans forward into his lap and hugs her breasts around his cock and hoists them up and down.

Kano moans, "Fuck, yer big titties feel good!"

"Daddy," I whine, "I could do that too! I have big titties!"

Shifting his weight to one hand, he reaches forward with the other and combs his fingers into Tasia's raven hair and massages her scalp. "Don't stop, babygirl. This is heaven."

Tasia purrs, "You wanna shoot your cum all over my tits, Daddy?"

My growing exasperation reaches a fever pitch. "*Ruff! Ruff! Ruff!* No, I want Daddy's cum! *Ruff! Ruff! Ruff!*"

Finally, Kano acknowledges me. "Alright, blondie, since yer so insistent. But first, ya gotta choke down my cock."

I clap my hands with childish excitement. "Of course, Daddy, of course!"

Tasia moves aside. "Let's see how fast of a learner you are."

"Really fast, Mommy, really fast!" I mimic her previous position and pose, angling Kano's member downward toward my open mouth. I giggle, "Here comes the choo-choo train into the tunnel!" I glide my lips up his shaft until the head tickles the back of my throat, and then take a huge gulp. I continue to swallow him until it reaches my esophageal sphincter, swollen from the previous abuse, and it spasms and I cough, ejecting his manhood from my mouth.

Kano and Tasia burst into haughty laughter as I double over in a coughing fit.

When it passes, I glower at them, "I'll show you!" I inhale a few quick breaths, preparing myself, and then I slide my lips up his shaft again until the head plugs the back of my throat. I reach up, grip his hips and gulp as I pull myself toward him, forcing his cockhead down my throat and beyond the spasming sphincter of my esophagus.

Kano groans with elation, "Fuck damn, yer throat is tight!"

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Taking his manhood deeper and deeper, I gag repeatedly as his cockhead burrows into my esophagus. Tears trickle down my cheeks, snot spreads across my upper lip, and drool dribbles over my chin as I choke, but determined, I continue to reach for the root. I stretch farther and farther, until finally, my lips kiss the base of his shaft.

Tasia grasps the back of my neck, pressing my nose to his hairy pubic area and pinning me in place. “Now let’s see how long you can hold it, sweetie.”

My adrenaline spikes with the fear of another smothering, causing my pulse to race. I jerk backward against her hand, but she has greater strength and leverage. I can’t handle being asphyxiated again! I nearly passed out the last time!

“We’ve already played that game.” Kano palms the back of my skull with one hand and pulls Tasia’s hand from my neck with the other. “I’ve got a better idea.” He rises from the coffin, forcing me off my knees. Bending his torso sideways, he hooks his free arm around the front of my waist and twists me upside down as he rights himself, placing my knees over his shoulders.

As Kano begins to roll his hips, fucking my throat as I choke and gag, Tasia purrs, “Is there anything I can do to help?”

“Record us with my phone.” Kano chuckles, “I wanna share it with her bio parents.”

“Brilliant,” Tasia titters. “I’ll be sure to capture all the graphic details.”

Pausing the rolling of his hips, Kano pulls my head back, retracting his prick from my gullet but not from my mouth. I inhale quickly a few times through my snotty nose before he stuffs my throat again, stabbing his fleshly blade into the hilt.

Out of the corner of my tearing eye, I see Tasia move in close with the phone. “Mrs. Blade and Mr. Cage, the hypnotic sight you’re viewing is your daughter’s throat bulging from the repeated insertion of Kano’s endowment. Her singing voice may never be the same, but at least she’s enjoying herself. You can tell from the way her cheeks are sucked in. If you find this as amusing as I do, wait until it’s crammed in her ass.”

With each plunge of Kano’s oversized manhood, my esophagus feels as if it’s being overstretched. I don’t only endure his savage abuse, I savor it. His attention is entirely on me. Even though it’s my face rather than my womanhood, he’s fucking me and only me. I’m currently the singular source of his pleasure, and that is a grand privilege. I’m blessed to receive his godly phallus in any orifice.

When my gagging ceases, my throat accustomed to his intrusion, he rewards me with the gift of his tongue lashing my tiny bundle of nerves. I moan with rapture as his rigid cock drives in and out of my gullet. This is the most incredible night of my entire life!

When my thighs tremble, my toes curl, and my knees pinch around Kano’s head, a furious climax swiftly approaching, he spins around and slams me down on my back across the casket with my head hanging over the edge. “Babygirl doesn’t cum until Daddy demands it! Is that fuckin’ crystal?”

I nod up at him as I pant for breath. “Y-y-yes, Daddy. I only cum when you say I can.”

He points at Tasia, then at his boots and she puts down the phone and drops to her knees before him. She sucks the head of his prick with whorish mewls as she unties his boots and tugs them off. She continues to slurp and moan as she removes his pants from around his ankles. Her

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task complete, Kano grips her by the arm and pries her from his cockhead. He rewards her service with a kiss, heavy and hungry.

I wipe my messy face with the back of my forearm. “*Ruff! Ruff!* I’m Daddy’s good little bitch. *Ruff! Ruff!*”

He pushes Tasia away, spits between my breasts and places my hands atop them. “Now yer gonna lick my arsehole while I fuck yer tits.”

“My pleasure, Daddy. *Ruff! Ruff!*”

Mounting the coffin, he slaps his manhood between my bosoms and I squeeze them together around his member as he begins to rock his hips. I nuzzle my face into his hairy crack and squirm my tongue over his bud.

Kano groans, “Ahh, yeah, ya dirty little slut. You eat arsehole like a fuckin’ pro. You love it, don’t ya?”

I moan, “Huh-huh.” And it’s true. It’s so crude and debasing, I can’t get enough!

Tasia stands over me, one hand holding the phone, the other stuffed in her panties. Judging by her enraptured expression, she’s enjoying my degradation just as much as I am.

A few minutes later, Tasia pauses her self-molestation to thumb the touchscreen of the phone. “The item as been retrieved.”

Kano looks back over his shoulder at her. “Tell them to prepare for immediate extraction.”

“Yes, Daddy.” Tasia taps at the phone. “Would you like me to finish you off?”

“Thanks, sweetheart, but I promised blondie a mouthful.” He withdraws his manhood from my cleavage, scoots down and shoves it into my mouth. “I don’t have time to baby you any longer. I’m gonna fuck yer throat hard and fast.”

Without further warning, he lunges his hips, jamming his prick down my esophagus, smacking me in the eyes with his hefty balls. I buck like a rodeo bull, kicking and thrashing with frenzied desperation as he brutally gouges my gullet, grunting with each punishing thrust. My gut wrenches, surging stomach juices up my throat. Some sprays out of my mouth, but most of it is forced into my sinuses by Kano’s plunging phallus, and it gushes out of my nostrils. The burning pain is overwhelming.

Kano growls, “Ahh, *fuck* yeah, I’m gonna bust my nut!”

Hot jets of thick goop course down my throat, soothing the burning of my esophagus, and he slows his thrusting. My stomach settles and I quit writhing as he gradually retracts his pulsing member from deep in my tender gullet.

With his dribbling cockhead still in my mouth, Kano questions, “You still a thirsty girl?”

Sniffing and sobbing while suckling the last drops of his salty goo, I nod slightly.

“Since ya’ve been such a good girl, I’m gonna give ya a warm drink.” Palming the sides of my face, he tilts his head back. With a groaning sigh of relief, he releases a stream of urine into my mouth.

I gulp it down with surprising satisfaction. It’s astringent and bitter, but I don’t care. It’s a gift from my Daddy. That’s all that matters. As it flows and flows, I drink and drink until my belly is full. I shake my head and whine to signal my increasing discomfort.

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Kano pulls back and I pant for air. He sprays my heaving chest with spurts of his steaming yellow. I clamp my eyes shut as he douses my face. It flows over my lids into my hair. I open them again as he flicks the last dribbles across my forehead.

Kano chuckles, “Feeling refreshed, sweetheart?”

I whimper, “Yes, Daddy. Thank you. May I cum now?”

“Tasia,” he holds out his open palm to her and she hands over his phone, “finish her for me, darlin’.”

“With pleasure.” Gripping my ankles, Tasia yanks me fully onto the casket. “Hug your knees to your shoulders.”

“Yes, Mommy.” I do as instructed as she climbs onto the coffin.

Kano pays no attention to us as he redresses himself.

Tasia slips two slender fingers into my cleft and seals her lips over my clit. She strokes my inner erogenous zone as she tongues my tiny nub with skilled precision.

I gasp with jubilation and knead at my soaked breasts. A coil of ecstasy inside me twists tighter and tighter and tighter. I feel as if I’m gonna burst. With a belly brimming with cum and piss, I’ve never been more exploited. Yet I’ve never felt more cherished. My body begins to quake with rhapsody, and I squeal like a woman in the final throes of labor. “Ooh, *fuck*, Mommy! Ooh, *fuck*, Daddy! Ooh, *fuuuck!*”