

Stockholm Revenge

Double-Fucked

By

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Stockholm Revenge – Double-Fucked

The moment I hear the clank of the deadbolt, I drop my crayon onto my *Pretty Princesses* coloring book and slide it under Kano's king-size bed with my other playthings. I switch off the *My Little Pony Friendship Is Magic* DVD projecting onto the wall, and rise into a kneeling position with my hands clasped behind my back, my chin up, my chest out, stark naked but for my collar, which is pink and sparkly with a glowing magick amulet. I'm Daddy's good little bitch.

I stifle an ecstatic squeal, smothering it into a squeaking giggle of repressed joy as Tasia enters the bedroom suite hefting several paper tote bags. She spoils me with presents.

The reinforced steel door swings shut behind Tasia and locks automatically. Her snug-fitting bluejeans accentuate her curvaceous rump, and her purple designer T-shirt, one size too small, spotlights her hefty bosoms, kicking my salivary glands into overdrive. The heels of her stilettos click on the black marble tiling as she sashays across the luxurious suite, punctuating her air of prestige. "You may relax, Cassie darling."

"Thank you, Mommy." I bow in sincere appreciation, touching my forehead to the tiger-skin rug that is my sleeping spot, and then sit back on my bare feet and rest my palms on my thighs. "May I have the privilege of removing your shoes?" She often affords me the pleasure of sucking her toes, which usually leads to me sucking her tiny bundle of nerves. I'm Mommy's obedient little slut.

Tossing the bags onto the bed, Tasia places her hands stout on her rounded hips. "There is no time for our sensual games. Have you seriously forgotten what today is?"

I shake my head. "No, Mommy. I haven't forgotten. I apologize. I only wish to please you. I know the day but not the time." There are no clocks or windows in the suite, nor a phone, a computer, or cable television. The entry to the enclosed private pool and jacuzzi is sealed with a steel shutter I'm not able to open. I'm not even sure if we're still in Earthrealm. I haven't left these spacious quarters since Kano carried me in, dozing in his arms after leaving the Krypt. That was a month ago.

Tasia arches her manicured brows with asperity. "It's time to prepare yourself."

"Yes, Mommy," I nod. "I've already bathed, shaved, and moisturized. I even used an enema." I frown. "It felt weird."

She takes a step closer, standing directly over me, her heavenly bodies struggling to tear from her T-shirt eclipsing my view of the lower half of her face. She pats the top of my head. "That's my obedient little slut."

Looking beyond her mountainous peaks, I gaze into her eyes with a demure smile. "May I have a treat, Mommy?"

Tasia shakes her head and her bosoms sway provocatively. "You need to get dressed, sweetie."

I prayer my palms and press them between my bodacious breasts. "*Please*, Mommy. You've been gone all day. And I missed you so very much."

"I missed you too," she gives my cheek a pinch, "but Daddy's desires come before yours or mine."

My gaze sinks back to her bosoms. "But they must be *aching* you by now."

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She ponders that for a moment, and then crosses her arms with a sigh of surrender. “A *small* one. We must not keep Daddy waiting.”

I clap my hands with excitement, my breasts jiggling. “Thank you, Mommy! You’re the best!”

Tasia pulls her T-shirt over her head, careful not to muss her raven hair, and tosses it onto the end of the bed. Then removes her black floral bra, exposing her swollen mounds with large nipples glistening with cream, and I can’t help from licking my chops with hunger. She’s been lactating for a week now in preparation. I’m gonna make babies for Kano and Tasia’s gonna help feed them.

I couldn’t be any more thrilled to finally feel the bulky form of Kano atop me, thrusting deep into my womanhood, groaning and grunting my name. I’ve fantasized about it endlessly. The fertility amulet retrieved from the Krypt needed to be worn for one full menstrual cycle to prepare my body. I couldn’t be penetrated during that time, so I’m still a virgin. I haven’t been allowed to masturbate either, and the network of hidden security cameras have made sure of it. There is nowhere they can’t see me, which I learned about the hard way. The few times I attempted to hump one of my stuffed animals or utilize the hand-held shower head’s massage setting, I was spanked and then locked in a kennel for twenty-four hours. I was forced to eat and drink from dog bowls. I even had to do my potty time into a flowerpot beside the pool with someone hovering over me holding my leash. Worse yet, the humiliation of it all compounded my arouse.

I’ve also endured watching Kano brutalize Tasia a half-dozen times. Every four or five days, since it takes that long for her to fully recover from his barbarous poundings. Her rosebud gapes for hours afterward. I carefully apply a healing ointment for her a few times a day. It has magickal properties that rejuvenate her bud to a virginal state with enough use. No matter how fierce of a pummeling she suffers, she never fails to lead me in a morning yoga session and an hour of indoor cycling. Even Sonya isn’t that tough. And she’d never wear such skimpy booty shorts to exercise either.

Tasia’s my own personal idol. I demonstrate my adoration for her in many ways. Massaging tanning oil into every inch of her supple skin most afternoons is one of my favorites. I subsequently use my oiled digits to leisurely finger her taut slit until she trembles with climax. I’m allowed to play in the pool after, while she tans in the nude, as long as I slather on plenty of sunblock. She’s very maternal with me and doesn’t want my naked tushy catching a sunburn.

Tasia moves to the head of the bed and takes a seat against the upholstered headboard. “I grant you permission to come onto the bed.”

Springing to my feet, I climb onto the mattress and crawl over the Alpaca fur bedspread around the tote bags to the head. I curl into a partial fetal position with my upper body embraced in Tasia’s arms, feeling comfortable and relaxed. I smile wide. “Mommy, I love you lots.”

Tasia affectionately brushes my long blonde bangs behind my ear. “I love you too, sweetie.”

I eagerly close my lips around a teat, latching on for my treat. I bob my head slow and slight, pressing my face into her soft bosom as I suckle warm milk from her nipple with thirsty coos of delight. I relish the nectarous vanilla taste of her creamy blessing and the smooth feeling

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of it gliding down my throat to appease my covetous belly. The first time she forced my mouth to her breast to drink I was repulsed. Now I can't get enough.

Tasia rocks me gingerly while repeatedly stroking her palm down the curve of my slender back and over the hump of my shapely bottom, soothing me as I nurse. I think she enjoys breastfeeding me as much as I enjoy it. She usually allows me to dessert on her womanhood afterward. I love when her quivering thighs clamp tight around my head and her sweet secretions squirt into my mouth and all down my chin. I adore how she laps me clean after, as if she were a momma cat and I was her kitten.

I've become exceptionally talented with my tongue over the last month. I've also become a deep-throating pro. I orally pleasure Kano daily, most often with Tasia's lustful aid. A minimum of once a day, but usually twice. Sometimes even three times. And always for at least an hour. Kano's sexual virility is astounding. I no longer have a gag reflex and have grown to love the stretching sensation of his oversized manhood in my throat and the salty flavor of his hot seed coursing over my tongue and down my gullet. I suck his member most nights in the jacuzzi, and therefore I've learned to hold my breath for an extended period of time. I could be a freediving champion.

Tasia gently maneuvers me to her other teat, and a rivulet of warm milk trickles over my chin during the switch. She finger swipes it before it reaches my neck and licks her digit clean with a moaning grin. If we had more time she would definitely grant me dessert.

I suckle her breast in a state of euphoria for five more minutes before she lifts me from her chest and seals her lips over mine. She sucks the cream from my tongue with a concupiscent moan that causes my cleft to clench with yearning. I'm so horny it's devastating!

I shiver with nervous jitters as I follow Tasia down a long hall lined with steel doors, identical but for the markings of foreign symbols that my training informs me is a language of Outworld.

I'm so thoroughly titillated, I can't ponder the ramifications of this discovery. My gaze is glued to the swaying cheeks of Tasia's buxom booty wrapped snug in the shortest purple pencil skirt likely in existence. Black garters reach from underneath the elastic material to meet her black thigh-high lace-top stockings, which stretch down her slender legs to her stiletto heels. Her raven hair is pinned up in a severe bun with an ornate hair-stick that ticks back and forth like a metronome as she marches along at a confident pace. She grasps a wooden yardstick in one palm, casually tapping it against her muscled thigh, foreshadowing what is to come. In her other hand, she holds the black leather handle of my steel chain leash. As we round a corner, I catch a glimpse in a security mirror of her copious cleavage spilling out the top of her button-up vest. She's a sexy school teacher and I'm her perverse pupil. We're gonna put on an unpracticed performance for Kano's enjoyment.

It's strange wearing clothing after being nude for a month. It feels awkward, restricting, and wrong. Pets don't require concealing coverings, only a collar and leash. I can't wait for Kano to strip me naked!

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Tasia dressed me and did my hair and makeup. She said I look ‘ridiculously hot and adorable simultaneously.’ I hope Kano feels the same. If he were to reject me after I’ve dreamed about him deflowering me for so long, I would lose my mind.

My sultry outfit consists of glossy black Mary Jane heels, white knee-high socks with baby-blue bows, a bubblegum-pink crotchless thong that conceals my rosebud but not my slit, baby-blue plaid pleated microskirt that exposes the lower half of my firm cheeks, and a white blouse too tight for my bust. The buttons could snap at any moment. My blonde hair is tied into short pigtails with baby-blue bows, same color as my eyeshadow and liner. And my plump lips are glossed bubblegum-pink, same as my thick rimmed glasses. I’m wearing my collar and amulet. And I also have a teddy bear tucked under one arm and a pacifier in my mouth, which reads, ‘Daddy’s Girl’.

I smell the stink of tobacco, weed, and opium and hear the ruckus of Rock music and rowdy men before we reach the source. Tasia leads me through a set of double doors that swing outward automatically, into a large dimly-lit lounge bustling with Black Dragon mercenaries. They fall quiet at the sight of us, jaws unhinging and pupils dilating, and then burst into clamorous cheers and catcalls. I wasn’t expecting an audience. My stomach gurgles at the sight of all our admirers and I freeze solid on the threshold in a state of shock.

With a quick darting scan, I estimate fifty men are in attendance and a few tough-ass women. There is a row of pool tables in the back, several dart boards beyond those, a long bar along one side, and a round bed of pelts in the center that is unoccupied. The high ceiling is mirrored and the floor is white marble. A dozen Asian girls, underage by the look of them, are on their knees or bent over bar stools being used like sex toys, regurgitating splooge and sobbing insistently. I guess the Black Dragons have added human trafficking to their repertoire of seedy misdeeds.

In a booth on the opposite wall from the bar, I spot Kano along with Jarek, Reptile, and a handsome cowboy who must be Erron Black. Except for Jarek, none of them turn their attention away from their card game to give us a glance.

The closing doors smack me on the butt. I lurch forward into the roaring crowd, my hands windmilling in an attempt to keep from falling on my face. I don’t have much practice with heels. I was never a fan.

A palm swoops up and catches me by the crotch, a rough finger jamming between my nether lips as another man’s hand swings across my chest, clutching a breast and popping one of my buttons.

I squeak in startled surprise, spitting out my pacifier in reaction to their brazen violation. I cringe and cry, as with heavy-breathed grinning sneers, they continue to molest me unashamed. My nipple is tweaked through my blouse and a second finger crams up inside me.

Tasia clears her throat, garnering their attention, and gives them a threatening glower. They unhand me at once, recover my teddy and pacifier, wipe them clean and hand them over, genuine fear in their eyes.

With a huff, I stuff my teddy under my arm, then pop my pacifier between my lips and nudge my glasses up the bridge of my nose, before following after Tasia, careful not to stumble.

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Instead of escorting me to Kano's booth, Tasia leads me to the bar, weaving around packed tables and whacking men with her yardstick that are too dumbfounded to move aside preemptively. My cheeks are pinched, slapped, and groped along the way. It seems everyone wants a handful of my ass, not that I blame them with this scandalous microskirt magnifying the magnificence of my hindquarters.

With only a whisper, Tasia expels two thugs from their spot at the bar, and they pull their stools aside, clearing an opening that I realize will be our stage. Tasia smacks the ruler against her open palm and silence spreads across the lounge in a wave, with the exception of the juvenile sex slaves.

"I'm the judge," Tasia announces, "and you're the jury." She stabs her yardstick toward the mob to punctuate her point, and the rabble pump their fists and howl with gait. I blanch at their bellowing. Once the shouting subsides, she turns her ruler on me. "Cassie Cage, you stand accused of blatant sluttery on school grounds. How do you plea?"

I swallow the lump in my throat, pull my pacifier from my lips, and answer as I had been previously instructed. "Not guilty, your Honor."

"Not a wise plea," Tasia replies. "I personally witnessed your whorish transgression. The football coach was so bewildered by your licentious act, rather than inject on his own, he directed me to the boy's locker room to handle the situation." She casts her gaze over the audience. "Do you know what I found this strumpet doing in the showers? Do I dare say it aloud?"

A boom of profanity-laced affirmatives rattly my teeth, causing me to cower.

Tasia responds, "This adolescent tart was on her knees, mouth wide, tongue jutting, eyes plastered closed with pearly goop, surrounded by the entire varsity team. Her cheerleading outfit was strewn about and her panties were dangling from between her cheeks, where they had been mostly shoved up into her rectum. She was guzzling cum and piss and begging for more as the boys feverishly drenched her in their filthy fluids."

The jury goes wild, hooting and howling with frenzied fervor. I gasp as a cold mug of beer is poured across my chest, soaking my top and stiffening my nipples. My blouse clinks to my breasts like a second skin, leaving little to the imagination.

Tasia questions, "Have you a statement to make in your own defense?"

I nod. "Yes, your Honor." I turn around to face the bulk of the crowd. "A cheerleader's duty includes raising the spirits of the team. Our team had just lost the chance to enter the playoffs. The boys were distraught. So I surrendered myself as a consolation prize to cheer them up. I only gave them use of my mouth. They never penetrated my flower or bud, except for one overeager boy who stuffed my panties up my butt with his middle finger. I remain a virgin. And I purged their semen and urine once they were done. Do I really deserve to be punished?"

"You have heard the harlot's defense." Tasia asks, "What is your verdict?"

I recoil at a unanimous holler of guilty.

Tasia declares, "The jury's verdict has been heard. I sentence you to twenty-five lashes. One for each cock you sucked and drank from. You will assume the position at once."

I replace my pacifier, square my shoulders, turn around and move to Tasia's side. Placing my teddy atop a stool, I lean over the bar, pressing my chest to the gold-veined white marble

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countertop. My stiff nipples tingle at the chill that seeps through the wet fabric of my blouse. Reaching back, I raise my pleated skirt with both hands to fully expose my bottom. I inhale a deep breath through my nostrils in preparation for my punishment, and hope Kano is enjoying our theatrics.

I whimper around my pacifier as the yardstick slaps across my tush with a loud smack. The burning sting drives me up onto my toes as I clench my cheeks in pain. The next hit comes before the ache of the first has had a chance to dissipate. Then the next and the next in quick succession. The riotous mob counts with each painful strike of the ruler against my tender flesh. I wince and whine with every whack of the wooden rod, my fists wringing my skirt as tears squeeze from the corners of my clamped lids and trickle down my flushed face. This was supposed to be an act, but Tasia isn't restraining herself with the spanking. I can already feel throbbing welts rising on my skin. I hope I don't bruise. I don't think I'll be able to sit for a week!

There is a pause after the twenty-fourth lash. I glance over my shoulder to view Tasia winding up for an out-of-the park grand slam. I pull in a sharp breath in anticipation. Perspiration sweeps down my back. I squeal in pain, spewing my pacifier behind the bar as the yardstick cracks against my clenched cheeks, snapping in half, splinters flying.

The crowd claps and cheers as I let down my skirt with trembling hands, unmount the bar, turn around and offer them a coy curtsy.

Before I can even dry my tears from my face, Tasia hands me a champagne flute containing a fizzy pink liquid. "Drink all of it."

I tilt my head back as I down the glass in three quick gulps. It tastes like pink lemonade with a bite. My stomach warms at once. I place the empty flute on the bar as I resist the urge to cough due to the burning sensation in my throat.

Yanking on my leash, Tasia jerks me away and leads me across the lounge. I hold my hands over my stinging cheeks to shield myself from any further spankings as we move to Kano's booth.

Reptile lays down his cards as we arrive, folding his hand, and slides out, making room beside Erron. Jarek does the same, clearing a seat beside Kano. Tasia unclips my leash from my collar and pushes me into the booth on Erron's side, before taking the seat next to Kano. I wince as I sit down. Tasia wraps an arm around Kano's broad shoulders, her lips around his earlobe, and her opposite hand goes directly to his crotch. Glancing up at the mirrored ceiling, I watch her release the kraken from his pants. Her bicep flexes as she fists Kano's massive member under the table. Reptile pulls up a chair, stolen from the nearest table, as Jarek heads toward the exit wearing a bitter frown.

Kano and Erron are engrossed in their game. Neither of them gives us a glance. The bet must be steep.

I hiccup and blink my eyes behind my non-prescription glasses. I feel strange. Like I drank an entire bottle instead of only a single glass, without any nausea. My fingers and toes begin to tingle. My heart rate speeds and so does my breathing. Everything develops a prismatic aura. A euphoric warmth spreads over me and my womanhood seeps hot juices onto the leather

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seating. I chew my bottom lip with longing as I watch Tasia climb onto Kano's lap and roll her hips, grinding her crotch against his groin as she tongues his ear.

When the hand concludes, Tasia unbuttons her vest, freeing her bosoms. She affords Kano a taste, squeezing milk from a nipple onto his jutting tongue while he shuffles the deck. I wring my hands with agitation, fighting to keep them from drifting between my thighs as I stare with envy.

Reptile strokes his cold palm down my arm, and hisses, "I can smell your sweet pussssy from here."

I blush. "Thank you." Why am I thanking him? My mind feels blunted while my senses feel sharpened.

Tasia turns to me and commands, "Put your ass in the air for Reptile and your mouth on Erron's cock. Make Mommy and Daddy proud."

I whisper demurely, "Yes, Mommy."

Erron offers me a wink that causes me to swoon. "You might be in over your head." And he unbuttons and unzips his leather pants.

I didn't think he was watching our schoolgirl spanking show, but his gorgeous engorged manhood tells me otherwise. My mouth salivates at the sight of its rigid length. It's long and girthy but not gargantuan like Kano's monster. I couldn't be any more thrilled to wrap my lips around it!

I pull my legs up and twist onto my knees, propping my tender tush in the air as I lower my head into Erron's lap. I grip his thick shaft with both hands and milk his member as I seal my mouth over his cockhead with a moan of hunger. I'm such a suckling slut! I've only just met him and I'm already drooling on his dick and loving it!

Crouching behind me, Reptile clutches my thighs and nuzzles his cold snout between my cheeks with a pleasant hiss. His serpents tongue slithers over my nether lips, lapping up my juices, and then squirms deep inside my cleft. It's an odd but enjoyable sensation. One I never imagined I'd experience. I wonder if this counts as some sort of bestiality? If so, I don't care!

I swirl my tongue around and around as I suck the head of Erron's prick. Then flicker my tongue tip over the sensitive apex, evoking a mild groan from him. I quit teasing at this point and give myself over to the carnal act of worshipping his phallus with my hands and mouth and throat, as Reptile continues to hiss with joy and slither his extremely long tongue in and out of my tight slit. It feels so fucking good!

Erron sips his beer, throws back shots of Cowboy Bourbon, and places bets as I suck hard and bob fast with slurping moans of intoxication. I can't get enough! My fisting palms work up a thick lather from my bubbling spit that coats his cock and balls. After every few frantic bobs, I pull away my hands and twist my neck askew to force his prick into my gullet. It slides down my esophagus with ease. I've mastered the maneuver. I never even gag. I purr with rapture as I swallow it down each time, adding the undulation of my throat to his pleasure. I'm such a fucking deep-throating whore!

Meanwhile, out of one eye, I view Tasia slather Kano's javelin in a slick lubricant. She then impales herself in the ass with it. Her cheeks seem to devour it. She bounces her booty on his lap with firm slaps, grunting with each skewering penetration. Her round rump in motion is

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mesmerizing, especially when it's engorging and disgorging a monstrous dong with such incredible zeal.

At least an hour passes in this way, before Erron grips the back of my neck and pins my head down with his dick dug into the root. He utters a shuttering groan of gratification as streams of hot goo erupt into my gullet. He bobs my head harshly as more spurts of spunk coat my mouth and throat. When his balls are drained, he lets me up and I pant for air, drool dangling and swaying from my chin.

I feel fluttering butterflies in my stomach and my clit pulsating, revealing I'm about to climax. Reptile extracts his tongue from my womanhood as he has done each time I neared orgasm. It's like he has a sixth sense! I feel like I'm gonna explode!

Reptile hisses, "Her pussssy is wrenched as tight as possssible. You won the bet, Black, so it's yours." "

I sit up and wipe my chin on my damp blouse, wondering what he means. My head is fuzzy, my pussy is clenching with demand, and everything is still glowing. All I can think about is getting fucked good and hard by a fat cock. I need it so bad!

Erron flicks one of my buttons, sending it shooting away. "I'm gonna need a few minutes to regain my stamina. Give me a dance, honey."

I bat my lashes behind my bubblegum-pink framed glasses. "Yes, Mr. Black."

"Tasia," Kano grumbles, "suck me while I film this lap dance for Sonya and Johnny."

She eases his colossal cock from her ass, moaning as she rises, then unmounts his lap and proceeds to suck his prick as he pulls out his smartphone to record me. I've lost count of how many videos he's captured of me doing filthy things. He must have an entire archive of my debaucherous escapades.

Erron twists in the booth, placing his back to the wall to give Kano an angle. "Whatcha got for me?"

I straddle his lap and rise onto my knees, thrusting my bust into his face. His eyes widen as they take in my cleavage. I begin to unbutton my blouse, taking my time to draw out the tease. After the second button, my breasts burst from my top and Erron's dick smacks my cleft. He's already good to go again!

Erron grips my shirt and tears it open, popping the remaining buttons. Cupping my bosoms, he squeezes them firmly, inciting me to gasp with ecstasy. His warm lips close around a nipple and a ripple of rapture courses through me.

I reach down and grip his pulsing prick to guide it into my slick slit. My body quivers, my teeth chatter, and tears trickle down my burning cheeks as his cockhead nudges my clit. I'm on the verge of screaming!

Relinquishing my breasts, Erron steals his dick from my grip, and breathes, "Not yet, honey."

"Mr. Black," I whine, "I wanna ride your fat cock!" I immediately slap my palms over my mouth and glance at Kano, terrified that he'll be jealous of my proclamation.

Kano grumbles, "It's alright, babygirl. Daddy is gonna enjoy watching."

Brushing my hands from my mouth and turning my chin toward him with a finger, Erron asks, "So you wanna be my sexy little cowgirl?"

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Biting my bottom lip, I nod. “Uh-huh, I do. *Badly.*”

He arches a brow with promiscuity. “Prove it, honey. Shake that fine ass for me.”

I smile with lustful glee. “Yes, Mr. Black. Right away.”

As I twist around in the booth, the music switches tracks mid-song. Kano must have control with his phone. The gnarled vocals of Metallica’s “Whisky in the Jar” is replaced by the industrial dance riffs of KMFDM’s “Juke Joint Jezebel.”

On my hands and knees with my baby-blue microskirt-adorned bottom on display for Erron, I rock my hips to the rhythmic beat of the music. Reptile gawks at my swaying breasts, his forked tongue flicking from his scaly green lips. Looking back over my shoulder, I wiggle my tush as Erron casually strokes his member with one hand and caresses my thigh with the other. He appears to be spellbound by my seductive booty dance. His glazed eyes have that greedy glare that I’ve grown to love and expect since I hit puberty, when my backside plumped and suddenly my cheeks were sticking out of all of my bikini bottoms and jean short-shorts, driving my father mad. Johnny was always trying to cover me up, but I wasn’t having it. I was a stubborn brat until Kano dominated me, making me his good little bitch.

I ignore Reptile’s cold palms as he fondles my bosoms, cradling and kneading them zealously. Arching my lower back and thrusting my hips, my pleated skirt flaps up and down, further entrancing my handsome prey. I want that thick dick and I want it now! I remain focused on the flashing of my rump as Reptile presses my bouncing tits together around his smooth prick, taking advantage of my heaving chest to hump my cleavage. Erron utters a heavy groan as I jiggle my butt and swirl my hips, my firm cheeks smacking together lightly. No man can resist a taut twerking tushy for long.

Without looking away from my slapping cheeks, Erron questions, “Hey, Kano, are you sure there isn’t anything I could offer you in exchange for the rights to her virgin asshole?”

“There ain’t nothin’ in all the realms that would be worth givin’ up that naughty pleasure,” Kano rumbles in response.

Slipping a finger under my bubblegum-pink thong, Erron plucks the string from my cheeks, taking a peek at my rosebud. “You’ll at least let me watch the deflowering, won’t you?”

“Mate,” Kano chuckles, “if it were up to me, the whole world would be watching. It’ll be my proudest moment.”

As much as I love my Daddy and want to please him, I don’t look forward to the day he takes my ass. My hips aren’t as wide as Tasia’s, nor is my butt as big. I’m just a little girl compared to her, and she can barely handle him. His behemoth of a cock will split me in two!

Erron replaces my thong string between my cheeks with a glimmer of remorse in his gaze. “Okay, honey, it’s time. I want you to crawl from here to the bed.”

“Yes, Mr. Black,” I coo.

Reptile unhands my bosoms and steps aside, his scaly green erection jutting from his pants. The shaft is much longer than Erron’s but not nearly as girthy. The head is bulbous and triangular. His prick looks like an angry snake.

Sliding out of the booth, I wobble on my feet for a moment before I sink to my knees. I’m glad he wants me to crawl, because I don’t think I could walk the distance to the bed of pelts. The center of the room seems a great journey away. What was in that drink?

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Erron attaches my leash to my collar, gives it a light lash and chortles. “Git along, little dogie.”

I bark, “*Ruff! Ruff! Ruff!*” And crawl forward through the clamorous crowd.

Reptile steps ahead of me, his tongue flickering, and clears a path with nothing but his intimidating presence. Erron controls my pace, keeping the leash tight, his expression cocky as he walks me like a proud dog owner. Kano follows to the side, recording my act of subservience with an air of nonchalance, his monumental manhood exposed. Tasia’s heels click on the marble on my opposite side, her unveiled bosoms swaying with her rounded hips. We have the undivided attention of the lounge as we strut across the room with the swagger of O-Ren Ishii and the Crazy 88’s entering the House of Blue Leaves in *Kill Bill: Vol 1*.

I’m jarred by a nostalgic memory of sitting in my father’s lap while munching popcorn and watching the film. I was only seven years old, but Sonya wasn’t home that night and he let me pick whatever movie my heart desired no matter the rating. It became one of my favorites. We immediately watched the sequel next, but I didn’t make it all the way through on that first viewing before passing out. I remember afterward Johnny carrying me cradled in his arms when I was half-asleep. I always felt so safe and content within his embrace. Setting me on the toilet, he slid my cotton panties out from under me so I could pee before bed. As I tinkled he pulled my pink nightgown over my head because it was smeared with salt and butter. He even wiped me dry and helped wash my hands, before delivering me to my bedroom where he tucked me in and pecked my forehead and cheeks with tender kisses as I drifted off.

Where did that recollection come from? Do I miss my true father? Kano’s my Daddy now and I love him more than anything! Don’t I?

When we reach the bed, Kano snaps his fingers at a nearby thug and a chair is surrendered to him. As Erron removes my leash, Kano sits and Tasia descends to her knees before him to service his goliath. She moans heartily as she suckles him, and he fondles her lactating tits with his free hand as she does so.

Erron orders, “Sit on the end of the bed, honey.”

I do as I’m told and smile up at him demurely. “Now what, Mr. Black?”

He retrieves a Zippo and a hand-rolled cigarette from a small pouch on his belt. “You’re gonna jerk and suck me and my Raptor pal while we share a smoke.”

Reptile takes a stance next to Erron, so now I have two erections in reach.

I bat my eyelashes at them. “It’ll be my absolute pleasure to serve you both.”

Erron lights the cigarette, taking a long drag in the process, as I grip their shafts and begin to stroke them with slow, firm pumps. He passes the cig to Reptile and continues to hold his breath for a long moment, before deliberately exhaling the heavy haze into my face.

I inhale from the thick cloud. The scent is a blend of a pungent pine and a fragrant floral, which tells me it’s a mix of weed and opium. As soon as I expire, Reptile blows a new poof my way, which I inspire. My eyes roll back behind fluttering lids as my brain feels like it’s floating up into the sky and my body is sinking down into the earth. The both of them chuckle at me and they make a game out of it, timing each exhale to coincide with my next inhale.

With my mind feeling like it’s continually rolling backward on a Ferris wheel traveling through time and space, I begin to suck their rigid pricks. The sensation of them in my mouth

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feels fucking fantastic! Their cockheads pop from my plump lips as I bob back and forth between them, groaning with gluttonous greed. I've never been so stoned or so covetous for cum. There isn't enough dick in the room to satisfy my thirst! As I vigorously moan and slurp and pump, I imagine their searing splooge coursing down my throat and filling my belly! I envision their gummy gloop splattering across my face and tits, before coating me completely from head to toe! I fantasize about squirming around on the floor in an unceasing orgasm as they drown me in their sticky seed!

I'm so horny and high, when Erron eventually pulls my mouth from his slobber-slathered cock, I whine, "No! No! No! I wanna swallow your cum!"

Gripping me under the arms, Erron tosses me backward onto the center of the bed. He kicks off his boots, unfastens his belt, lets his pants drop to the floor, and then quickly removes the remainder of his gear and clothing. Reptile does the same. A couple of the tough-ass women in the crowd wolf-whistle at the appealing sight of Erron stripping naked. If I wasn't so busy drooling all over myself, I would too. His sculpted pecs and shredded abs are almost too much. I wanna lick every curve and crevice of his body!

Erron turns around, affording me a peep at his muscular rump, and leaps backward onto the bed. "Saddle up, honey."

I swallow hard. "Yes, Sir, Mr. Black." And mount his lap, my dripping pussy pinning down his erection, pressing his cockhead to his navel. Leaning forward, I clutch his chest and rock my hips, humping his shaft with my cleft. I chew my bottom lip as I glide my puss down to the base and up to the head, again and again, my clit throbbing. I whimper, "Please, please, *please* may I fuck you now?"

His lips quirk into a devious grin. "I like hearing you beg like a bimbo. Let me hear some more."

I plead, "*Please*, Mr. Black, *please* may I ride your fat cock?"

Erron smirks, "You can do better than that."

I implore, "*Please, please, pleeease* may I bounce on your thick dick?"

He winks. "Better, but not quite there yet."

I cry, "*Please, please, pleeease*, fucking *pleeease* may I hop up and down like a bunny on your girthy prick?!"

"Damn, honey," Erron snorts, "you're adorable when you're begging for a fuck."

I blush. "Is that a yes, Mr. Black?"

He flares a brow with fervor. "Go ahead and show me that bunny hop, honey."

My eyes light up with smoldering desire and I rise onto my knees. I clutch his cock and press the head against my tight slit. Using my bodyweight, I forge his broad cockhead into my taut opening as I carefully lower my trembling bottom, uttering a breathy moan of overwhelming rhapsody as I descend. The stretching sensation of his rigid member forcing my inner muscles to expand set my entire body aflame with divine ecstasy. My bottom lip quivers as I suck in a sharp inhale when my cheeks tap his pelvis and the tip of his dick nudges my cervix. His manhood fills me completely and perfectly like my womanhood was made for him. I freeze with my lids clamped, my teeth chattering, my every muscle shivering, holding back a tidal wave of torrid

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bliss because I fear I will be washed away by its devastating power and I may never find my way back to the surface again.

Erron's strong hands clasp around my cheeks as he brings up his knees, no doubt to hammer me from below. He lifts me up by my rump and smacks me down on his lap in conjunction with a hardy lunge of his hips, destroying my straining resistance and causing me to squeal at the top of my lungs with orgasmic delight as I squirt scorching juices across his rippling abdominals.

White-hot jubilation surges through me in catastrophic waves, eradicating every thought and spasming every muscle as Erron slams my ass against his thrusting pelvis over and over with savage force.

My undulating screams of carnal delirium are abruptly smothered as my head is twisted to the side and Reptile plunges his angry snake passed my lips and down my gullet. Seizing my short pigtails, he begins to brutalize my throat. His weighty balls smack my chin and my nose jabs his lower abdomen with each vicious thrust of his hips. Still quaking with orgasm, I choke and cough, splattering spit.

My first climax in a mouth finally subsides as my burning lungs beseech for oxygen. I pound my fists on Reptile's thighs, my arms growing heavy, until at last, he withdraws his lengthy prick from my esophagus. I gasp and pant for air, tears pouring down my face as Erron continues to bounce me on his lap. I feel like a rodeo cowgirl riding a bucking bronco if the saddle were fitted with a dildo.

I'm so fucked up by the drugs and distressed by the jackhammering of my pussy, I sob, "Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!" And catch a glimpse of myself in the mirrored ceiling. My pigtails and glasses are lopsided, my baby-blue eye makeup is smeared down my cheeks, my bubblegum-pink lip gloss is smudged across my mouth, and I'm bathed in glistening perspiration. I'm a wet hot mess!

Kano doesn't reply to my cries, other than his smile spreading wider as he continues to record my barbarous abuse while Tasia deep-throats his manhood and the room full of drunken thugs cheer and jeer.

My head is cranked askew and Reptile shoves his dick back into my mouth, and hisses, "Sssuck my cock, bitch!"

Afraid of being face-fucked again, I grip Reptile's hips and bob my head, sucking and slurping and sobbing as Erron spansks my ass with his thrusting pelvis and spears my pussy with his thick prick.

My mind is a nexus of concentrated emotions and chaotic thoughts, further compounded by the conflicting sensations consuming my body. I feel like I'm coming undone. Like the fabric of my psyche is being unwoven. The core components of my central consciousness are uncovered as the outer constructs are cannibalized by the clash of pain and pleasure and potent perversion. Revealed to me for the first time is my essential nature. A duality of love and lust eternally seeking equilibrium. I'm a perpetual paradox. I lust for who loves me and long for the love of who lusts for me.

This startling revelation opens my eyes, not only fugitively but physically, and I find myself within a lurid Freudian hallucination. The cock I'm suckling no longer belongs to Reptile,

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nor does the prick plunging my pussy belong to Erron. Instead, I'm sucking the dick of my father while my father also fucks me from below. There is no denying my Oedipus complex any longer. All the affection I felt for Kano was a projection of what I feel for Johnny. The same goes for Tasia in relation to my mother.

I give into the depraved allusion, suckling with more enthusiasm and rocking my hips in sync with the bouncing of my ass, my sniveling sobs becoming ravenous moans of rapture.

The crowd goes wild, hooting and hollering, and even break into a chant, "Fuck and suck you filthy little slut!"

Ignoring the chanting crowd, I gaze up at my father with heartfelt devotion as I gobble down his manhood, again and again, pining for a taste of his cum. I also relish the sounds of my father's grunts and the sensation of his hands groping my breasts as he spikes my womanhood with gusto. I yearn for the feel of his phallus erupting inside me. I've never been so enthralled!

Some time later, my father above me asks my father below me for a turn at pounding my pussy, and is granted his request. Yanked by my collar, I'm manhandled onto my hands and knees into a doggy position. My father that I had been sucking, mounts me from behind with a satisfied groan, driving his dick into the full depth of my womanhood, his cockhead nuzzling my cervix. Something warm sprays from his cool cock and my cervix dilates, allowing him to forge beyond into my uterus. This amazing feat must be possible due to an oddity of his cold-blooded species. As he begins to pump my pussy with hard thrusts deep into my womb, I'm given a taste of my own flavor as my head is bobbed in my other father's lap. I whine and whimper in exquisite elation as I suck and slurp in a famished frenzy. Being filled from both ends by my father is paradise!

My father plundering my pussy, grips my biceps and pulls my arms behind my back. With each lunge of his hips, he tugs me backward to ram me harder and I squeal around the prick in my mouth. My father before me, rises onto his knees, clutches my pigtails and begins to plunge my throat. As I'm thrust back and forth between them, I feel a spring within being twisted tighter and tighter and tighter. I think I'm gonna snap!

I'm about to crest another tsunami wave of mind-blowing ecstasy, when my father gouging my gullet tells my other father, "Let's double-stuff for the finale."

Before I can comprehend what is about to happen, my father before me grabs me under my armpits and pulls me atop him as he lays back on the bed. Reaching between us with one hand, he presses his cockhead to my slit. Then with a thrust, he jams his girthy prick into my pussy as I shiver and squeal. My other father mounts me from behind again and crams his lengthy dick alongside the other, stretching my womanhood wide as I writhe and wail.

I cry with hysterics, "Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!" As they thrust in opposite order, rending my pussy asunder as the mob of mercenaries clamor and clap.

My twin fathers grunt and groan with mounting gratification as their rough hands' grip and grope my tits and ass with increasing gravity, the both of them swiftly approaching orgasm.

My eyes roll back in my skull as the twisting spring within reaches its limit. Every muscle in my body contracts at once. I throw back my head as a shriek tears at my throat. My pussy clamps tight as two geysers erupt inside me. Fantastic felicity floods my mind and I collapse in a heap, swallowed by an abyss...

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I'm admiring my own nude reflection in a pool of crystal-clear water. My breasts are swollen with milk and my belly is distended with pregnancy. I'm carrying fraternal triplets, each with a different father. The amulet hanging from my collar shimmers with a sinister magick. My children will become monsters!

...I awake with a start as a warm liquid sprays my chest. I'm laying on my back with Erron and Reptile standing over me, on either side, dicks in hand. I attempt to shield myself with my palms, but they each have a foot on one of my wrists, pinning my arms to the bed. I close my eyes and twist my head to the side with a whine as they direct their steaming streams of yellow to my face. It courses over my cheek, down my neck, and up into my hair, dousing me.

Kano grumbles, "Open yer mouth, babygirl, and have a taste."

Terrified of disobeying him, I face my head forward and stretch my jaw wide. The crowd hoots and heckles as pungent piss fills my mouth.

When it begins to overflow from my lips, Kano commands, "Drink it."

I swallow it in one gulp and my face scrunches and my stomach churns. I feel queasy! Knowing the punishment for vomiting would be severe, I hold it down and even imbibe another mouthful. Thankfully the shock to my stomach subsides and my nausea passes.

Kano chuckles, "That's Daddy's good little piss-drinking bitch."

Erron and Reptile step down off the bed without so much as a thank you. They took my virginity and then pissed all over me. I feel so fucking used!

I roll over so Kano can't see my expression. I pull off my glasses and mop my face, neck, and chest with a pelt as tears stream down my cheeks. If he sees me cry now, he'll know his spell of psychological dominance over me has been broken. I have no other option than to continue to be his submissive. Though now, I'll be actively seeking a means of escape.

Kano passes his phone to Erron, delegating the responsibility of recording, and rises from his chair with Tasia's suckling mouth still attached to his cock. He stretches his open palms out to his sides. "Who wants to watch me pound Cassie Cage's tiny pink arsehole?"

The mob explodes into tumultuous applause. Beer mugs are shattered, pool sticks cracked in half, Asian sex slaves are spanked.

When the raucous roar wanes, I cry, "Daddy, *please*, no!"

Expelling Kano's titan from her throat, Tasia rises to her feet while spinning around on her heels to face me. "Do you want another lashing?"

I sob, "No, Mommy, *please!* Daddy's hotdog is too big and fat for my hineyhole!"

She strides toward me and slaps my bottom. "You belong to Kano! Including your hiney!"

"Yes, Mommy! I'm sorry, Mommy!" I scramble into a kneeling position with my hands clasped behind my back in subservience. "But I'm tired and thirsty, and I need to *pee*."

"I can resolve those issues." She holds out her hand and a beer mug is placed in her palm. She sets it on the floor beside the bed. "Squat here, and lift your skirt so everyone can watch you tinkle."

"Yes, Mommy." I climb down off the bed, squat over the mug and lift my pleated microskirt. Splodge tainted with blood oozes from my tattered womanhood and dribbles into the glass. I close my eyes and pretend that I'm all alone, ignoring the whistles and howls, and my

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bladder releases. In an effort to soothe my anxiety about Kano fucking my virgin rosebud, I concentrate on the trickling sound of my urine filling the mug. Even if I somehow managed to fight my way out of this lounge packed with mercenaries, and then discovered my way out of this maze of a building, I would still be lost in Outworld. My only option is to grit my teeth and take Kano's goliath up my ass, however painful that may be. Fuuuck, this is gonna hurt!

I open my eyes and Tasia hands me a napkin. I carefully pat dry my ravished puss, wincing as I do. Then I stuff the napkin into the mug, pick it up and pass it to Tasia as I rise.

She exchanges the mug of my piss for a champagne flute of fizzy blue liquid with a barman, and hands me the glass. "Drink up."

I was hoping for water, but this will have to do. I guzzle it down too quick and gag and cough. It tastes like sour blue-raspberry candy with a kick.

Tasia takes the empty flute, tosses it to the nearest thug, and then tugs off the remains of my beer, sweat, and piss soaked blouse. Curling a finger under my collar, Tasia leads me by the neck to the closest table. With a swipe of her arm, she clears the tabletop, glass shattering on the marble. The occupants of the table don't say a word. With a yank of my collar, she slaps my face to the sticky surface of the tabletop, bending me over. Reaching under my skirt, she peels my thong down to my knees, and demands, "Spread your cheeks for your Daddy."

"Yes, Mommy." I reach back and splay my cheeks wide. I have no other choice. There is no escaping this. Although I've already conceded to my doomed fate, my mind whirls with a flurry of fears as Kano marches toward me with a malevolent chuckle.

His shadow falls over me and I close my eyes as I begin to weep.

"Allo, Cassie's shapely little bum." I flinch as his palms slap down on the table on either side of me. He arches over me and breathes into my ear. "I'm gonna have a hell of a time breakin' ya in."

I whimper, "Please, Daddy, be gentle. I love you, remember?"

He whispers with cruel glee, "I offered yer mama an exchange of yer arse for hers. Sweet Sonya agreed to let me fuck her arsehole raw." He snorts with derision. "She even sent me an impressive video of her sittin' on a dildo as a demonstration of her commitment. The dildo was of my choosin'. The largest one I could find. Her arsehole will never be the same. I blasted the video all over the Internet and told her I had a change of heart."

My mother would never be nominated for any parenting awards, but I still love her. I feel an incredible rage brew up inside me at the discloser of her taunting torment. I wanna spring from this table and tear the cybernetic eye from Kano's skull! My heart begins to race and I break out in a cold sweat. My energy level skyrockets and I feel like I could take on the whole room. What the fuck was in that drink?!

Kano crouches behind me and nuzzles his face between my spread cheeks with a famished moan. An angry groan utters from my lips as his tongue swirls deep into my anus. Damn, it feels so good! Yet the debased pleasure he gives me only incites me to become more enraged. I wanna claw both of his eyes from his head! I don't care what happens to me afterward, as long as I hurt him first!

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My anger overcoming my reasoning, I open my eyes and glance around for a weapon. One of the mercenaries at the table, laughing at my expense, has a tactical knife strapped to his bulky arm. If I'm quick, I can snatch it before anyone reacts.

I wait until Kano is fully engrossed in the eating of my ass. When he begins to stroke himself as he tongue fucks my anus, I swing my arm up and grab the handle of the knife. I yank it from its sheath and twist my upper body to bury the blade in Kano's temple.

Kano chops my wrist, knocking the knife from my grip to clank across the floor. He ascends with a wild sneer, pulls back his other hand and slaps me across the face, busting my lip. Blood and spit spray from my mouth as I yelp. Clutching me by the hair, he slams the side of my face down on the table. Then wrenches my arm behind my back, nearly dislocating my shoulder to pin me down. "Yer only makin' this more fun for me, blondie."

I cry, "Fuck you, asshole!"

"It's yer asshole that I'm gonna fuck, bitch."

With one powerful lunge, Kano stabs his javelin into my cleft, through my dilated cervix, stretching it wider, and to the back of my uterus, implanting his colossus to the full depth of my womb as I screech in agony.

He grumbles with gaiety, "That was just for lubrication. And to give ya a preview."

The pain immense, I shriek, "Take it *out*, Daddy! Take it *out*! Take it *out*! Please! Please! Please!"

A deep belly laugh rumbles from his throat. "Say, *pretty* please, princess."

"*Pretty* please, Daddy! *Pretty please!*"

"Sure thing, sweetheart." With a scornful snicker, Kano gradually retracts his goliath from my womb.

I sigh heavily with relief, before panting, "Thank you, Daddy." I gambled with the knife grab and lost. Now I've gotta play nice if I'm gonna have any hope of ever escaping. I whine, "Will you let go of my arm, Daddy? You're hurting me."

"Are ya gonna be my good little bitch and spread yer arse open for Daddy?"

"Yes, Daddy. I'll be your good little bitch. I promise." He releases my arm and I reach back and splay my cheeks. "Thank you, Daddy."

Leaning forward, Kano grips my shoulder for leverage. With his other hand, he pokes and prods his bulbous cockhead at my tiny bud. It slips and slides up and down my crack. He might as well be trying to squeeze an Escalade through a doggie door. His monster dong will never fit in my ass!

The leering mob grows restless and begins to cheer him on. "Pierce her ass! Pierce her ass! Pierce her ass!"

I glance back as Kano pulls up one knee, placing the heel of his boot against the edge of the table. Galvanized by the cheering chorus, he leans into me at this elevated angle, and I grunt through gnashing teeth as he pries open the external sphincter of my anus. My toes curls inside my Mary Jane heels, my clenching fingers dig into my cheeks, and my bulging eyes gush tears, as Kano forges through the internal sphincter of my anus and into my rectum. Screeching in searing misery, my body trembles with tormenting suffering while he groans with great satisfaction as he burrows deeper and deeper into my bowels.

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When his broadsword is buried to the hilt, Kano crams two fingers between my nape and my collar. He pulls back my head, arching my spine. Strangling me and stifling my screams. I squirm and his other hand grips my waist, holding me in position. He then pulls back, withdrawing all but the head from my anus, and lunges his hips, ramming his leviathan into my guts with brutal force.

I buck, my legs kicking up and my hands tearing away from my cheeks to claw at the air in desperation, as a smothered croak of agony escapes my throat.

My clawing hands dart to my collar as Kano begins to pummel my ass, thrusting hard and swift, his pelvis spanking my cheeks with loud rhythmic slaps. Foaming spit sprays from my gasping lips and my breasts bounce and smack each other in a twirling motion as he clobbers my rump. Each vicious hit is excruciating. If there weren't multiple men struggling to hold the table in place, Kano's violent hammering would have overturned it.

Kano growls toward Erron, his designated videographer. "Hey, Sonya and Johnny, how do ya like watchin' yer old pal, Kano, ass rape yer little angel? Is it everythin' I promised?" He bellows with vindictive laughter and drills my ass harder.

I tear frantically at my throat, trying to get my fingers under my strangling collar to no avail. The agonizing pain in my rectum combats for dominance of my focus with the harrowing terror of my lungs burning for oxygen. Darkness seeps into my peripheral vision. An abyss closing in from all directions. If I die from asphyxiation, will Kano continue to pillage my corpse?

When the encroaching black has consumed all but a pinpoint of white, my hands fall away from my throat, my arms devoid of strength, and Kano finally releases my collar. I gasp for air as I collapse onto the table. Swallowing in gulps, I pant against the tabletop, mouth wide and drooling, as Kano persists his assault on my ass.

My soul numbs, the light in my heart growing dim, as Kano treats me like a sex doll. Pounding away at my ass as I grunt and groan in pain. Helpless to resist his abuse. My spirit becomes cold. Like the vengeance, I will serve. Every minute of every day I will plot my retaliation.

At last, the pace of Kano's savage thrusts declines to a deliberate tempo. And he growls with great pleasure as he pumps my rectum full with jets of hot spunk.

When he withdraws, his goop dribbles down my inner thighs. "Finger yer cunt with my cum oozing from yer arsehole." Kano smirks. "Thanks to the amulet, ya'll carry a baby from all three of us."

I do as I'm told as he stands over me laughing haughtily.