

**GANG
BANG
BUNDLE**

GANGBANG BUNDLE
by

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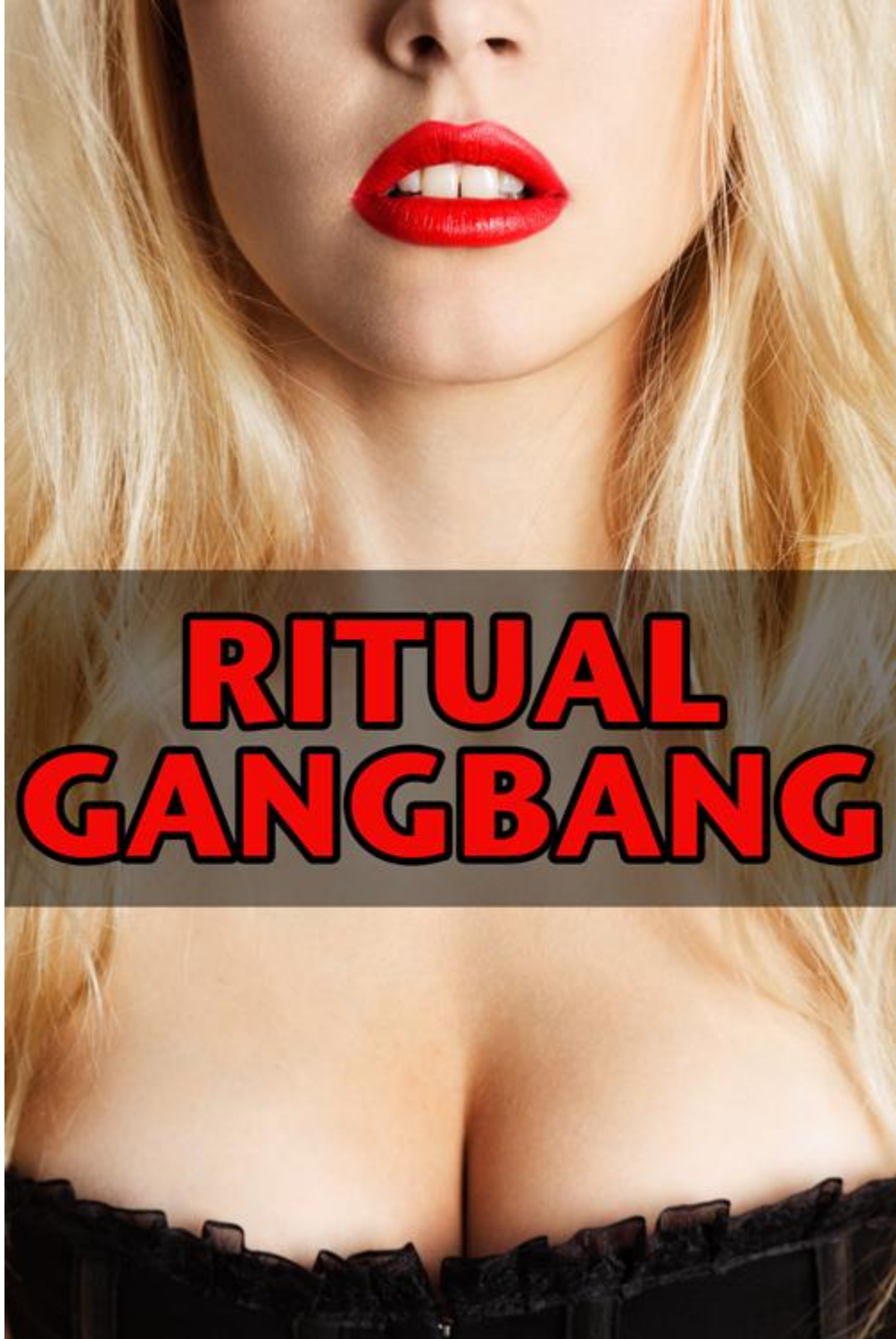
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BOOK ONE: Ritual Gangbang



**RITUAL
GANGBANG**

My hand shook as I applied a coat of blood red lipstick. I stopped, took a deep breath.

It's alright, Jess, I told myself. Even though that was ridiculous. Things were most certainly *not* alright.

But I managed to get the lipstick on without smearing it all over my face, which was something. I met my own gaze in the mirror of the beautiful antique vanity, and I hardly recognized myself. I looked the same as I had yesterday, and the day before that, and the day before that. Aside from the lipstick, of course. They'd requested that.

But my blonde hair, my blue eyes, the sprinkling of light freckles across my cheeks. They were just the same as always, but somehow, I looked different.

I studied my reflection, trying to commit it all to memory. Because after tonight, I really *would* be different. And there was no going back.

I had to admit that I was scared. Terrified. But this would be worth it in the end. *Right?*

There was a knock on the heavy wooden door, and then Eve popped her head in.

"It's time." She said, her pale eyes sparkling. She was clearly excited.

I nodded, and rose from the vanity. The towel that I'd had draped around me fell to the ground, and I stood naked in the beautiful, unfamiliar room. I tried to hide the shiver that went up my spine. I didn't want Eve to know just how scared I was.

She picked up the thick blood red robe that was laid out on the bed and carried it to me, then draped it over my shoulders. The robe was even heavier than it looked.

Eve fastened the tie around my neck and pulled the large hood up. I could barely see from under the heavy material, but when I moved to adjust it, she swatted my hand away.

"There." she purred, taking a step back to examine me. Her lips curled into a wolfish smile. "Aren't you just the perfect picture of a virgin sacrifice? They're going to eat you right up."

My week had started out the same as always, with no indications that by the end of it, I'd be offering up my virginity in a ritual gangbang.

I woke up on Monday morning, exercised before breakfast, attempted to make myself look like I belonged at a high fashion magazine (which, as always, wasn't exactly successful), and headed to work. Once there, I sat in my cubicle, wrote copy for the latest eyeshadows and the newest high heels, and drank too much coffee.

When Nicholas James strolled into the office at ten thirty, with his assistant Eve trailing behind him, I stopped what I was doing to watch him.

Nicholas was kind of my idol. He'd been named editor in chief of Haute magazine three years ago, when he was only twenty five years old. He managed to resuscitate the failing publication, turning it into the hottest fashion magazine in the country, possibly even the world, within six short months. And the magazine continued to become more important and influential with each issue.

No one had ever been able to figure out exactly how he'd done it, but everyone agrees that it's one of the most major success stories in magazine history.

And as if being a publishing legend wasn't enough, Nicholas was also startlingly attractive. He was just as handsome as any of the world class male models that had graced the pages of Haute. Six feet tall with the lean, muscular body of a statue carved by an old master. Dark hair that was always perfectly styled, and vivid emerald green eyes.

Every woman in the office was in love with Nicholas James, and I was certainly no exception. He was brilliant, gorgeous and wildly successful. How could I not be head over heels for him?

But I knew that my crush was hopeless, and I'd never stand a chance with a guy like him. I was just an intern, after all. And far from the most attractive or stylish intern at the magazine, at that. I was sure he'd never noticed me, and probably never would.

I shook my head, breaking myself out of my Nicholas James fixation, and went back to writing about handbags.

Eve led me through a long hallway to the grand staircase of the old mansion. I could see from the top of the stairs that the great room below was lit with hundreds of glowing candles, and there were at least a dozen figures standing around.

A raised platform was the centerpiece of the room, with one hooded figure standing on it. Behind him, there was a large, sturdy looking frame made of thick, dark wood. At each corner of the frame, there was a heavy chain with a black leather cuff attached.

Oh my god, I thought to myself, as I realized their purpose. They were for *me*. I was going to be tied to that solid frame.

My heart was pounding in my chest so loudly that I was sure Eve could hear it. Maybe even the people in the grand room at the foot of the stairs.

I gulped, trying to fight the fear that was washing over me. But it was no use, I could feel the terror creeping through me, making my head spin.

"I can't do this."

"You don't have a choice." Eve hissed at me. I didn't even realize that I'd spoken the words out loud. "Do you even realize how tremendously lucky you are? There are people who would kill to be brought into the coven like this. After tonight, you'll be one of them. You're standing at the brink of more wealth and success than you could even imagine." Her voice was low, but surprisingly full of bitterness.

And it suddenly dawned on me. Eve was *jealous*. Beautiful, confident, strong Eve wanted what I was about to receive. But she would never have it. For whatever reason, Nicholas had never invited her to the inner circle. She could be present, she could assist, but she'd never be a part of it, not really.

And here I was, about to have it all.

This realization gave me a new resolve. I could do this. I *would* do this. I squared my shoulders, stood up straight.

And then it was time. The figure on the middle of the platform motioned to the top of the stairs, to me, and all of the hooded figures surrounding him turned their gazes to me.

My heart was pounding again, but I was ready.

"Go." Eve hissed.

I started my descent, taking each step carefully, making sure not to trip over my long blood red robe as it trailed along the stairs. I could feel each and every pair of eyes in the room fixed on me as I forced myself to continue.

When I reached the bottom of the grand staircase, I made my way to the platform. Robed figures shifted aside, making a path through the crowd for me.

The hooded figure on the platform held a hand out, and helped me step up. He kept my hand in his once I was standing next to him.

"My brothers and sisters," He began, his deep voice filling the grand parlor. "I present to you, our fair maiden. Tonight, we offer her, body and soul, to the Ancient One. Her purity will be exchanged for our continued wealth, success, power."

I looked at the black robed figures from under the hood of my heavy cloak. Their faces were obscured by their own dark hoods, but I could tell that all of their gazes were fixed on the platform, fixed on me.

"We will violate this virgin, taking nine orgasms from her for the Ancient One. And in return, we will be blessed with ninety days of the Ancient One's glorious gifts." The leader continued, his hand tightening around my wrist.

The fear began to creep over me again. A voice in my head was screaming that this was wrong. Wrong, wrong, wrong.

But I ignored it. I was doing this. There was absolutely no turning back.

"Brothers. Sisters. Let us begin." He said. "Ancient One, we do this in your name."

"In your name!" The hooded figures replied, their collective voices strong, bouncing off of the stone walls. The flames of the candles flickered, casting golden shadows.

The leader moved, stood in front of me. His hands went to the ties at my neck and unfastened them. With a flourish, he pulled the robe from me. I gasped as the robe fell to the floor and the chill of the room washed over my naked body.

I fought the instinct to cover myself, forcing my hands to remain at my sides. Instead, I stood as straight as I could, ignoring the goosebumps that were springing up over me. I felt every pair of eyes in the room devour me, taking in each and every inch of my body.

I was having lunch at my desk on Monday, writing about the latest platform sandals over a sandwich, when Nicholas's assistant, Eve, popped her head into my cubicle.

"Jessica, do you have a few moments?" She asked, cocking her head to one side.

Eve was very striking. Her black hair was glossy and always pulled back in a perfect chignon. Her makeup was flawless, with inky black accentuating her cold, pale eyes. She was tall and thin, and her perfectly tailored black clothes always looked just as good on her as they did on any of the models on the pages of Haute.

But even though each part of her was perfect, the end result was somehow a little bit unsettling. Sure, she was sleek, stylish and beautiful. But she was also cold, closed off and unapproachable.

I couldn't believe that she was in my cubicle. I didn't even think she knew my name. We'd never had any interactions before, and I couldn't imagine why she'd want to speak with me.

My heart started beating quickly. Had I done something wrong? Was I about to be fired?

"Um, sure Eve." I set my sandwich down and closed the window on my computer. "What's up?"

She leaned against my desk, and the casual pose couldn't have looked more unnatural on her. She ran a perfectly manicured fingernail across the surface. "Well, Nicholas needs someone for a special project this weekend. He's given me the task of feeling out the interns, to see if I can't find someone appropriate."

"Special project?" I asked. That was not what I expected. But if there was a special project, I wanted it. I was definitely ready to move on from writing copy. "I'd love to do it, whatever it is! I am so ready to take on more responsibility."

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves. This isn't a project for Haute, strictly speaking. Although I can say that doing it will almost certainly lead to career advancement of some sort or another."

"Oh," That was vague. But still, whatever this was, it would surely get me noticed by Nicholas, which could only be a good thing. "Well, what is it, then? I'm sure I'd still-

Eve held up a hand to interrupt me. “Why don’t we let me ask the questions here. Do you live alone?”

“Um, I have a roommate. But she travels for work, so she’s barely ever home.” I said, and Eve nodded.

“Do you have a boyfriend? Or girlfriend, maybe?”

“What?” I asked, surprised by the personal questions. “It would be boyfriend, but no. I don’t have a boyfriend.”

“Have you had them previously?” She asked.

“Boyfriends? Yes, but I don’t see why you need to know that.”

“Of course you don’t. Were any of them serious?” She continued, her face an unreadable mask.

“Not really, no.” I shook my head.

“Are you a virgin?” Eve asked, her pale, icy eyes studying me.

“What?” I asked, incredulous. “That’s absolutely none of your business!”

Her face remained smooth and passive. “Can I take that as a yes?” She asked, and gave a small, humorless smile when I shifted uncomfortably in my chair. She nodded to herself.

“Look, I don’t know what this is all about, but-” I began, but Eve held up her perfectly manicured hand to interrupt me again.

“Don’t worry yourself about the details just yet. I have the information I need from you. If Nicholas thinks that you’re the right one, you’ll learn more.” She said, and turned on her black patent leather stiletto heel.

I watched her as she went, moving gracefully down the row of cubicles towards Nicholas’s office.

What the fuck was that? I wondered to myself.

“Ancient One,” the leader’s voice boomed. His arms were raised as he spoke. “To show that our sacrifice is prepared to give all of herself completely, to show that she is eager to please you, Your Greatness, this virgin’s first orgasm will be brought about by her own hand.”

He turned to me, and I could tell that all eyes in the room were on me. Expectant.

My heart began to pound with a new fear. I had no idea that this was part of the plan!

If I was being totally honest, the idea of masturbating in a room by myself still made me a little bit uncomfortable. I hadn’t done it more than a handful of times, and I’d only brought myself to orgasm once.

But masturbating here? In a room full of a dozen or more people? My head was spinning at the thought.

A robed man placed a sturdy antique chair onto the platform, then slipped away.

I stood, motionless. After an extended moment, the leader put his hands on my shoulders and guided me to the chair. I sat down under his guidance, moving mechanically. His hands went to my knees, and he pushed my legs apart before stepping aside.

There I was, spread open for the entire room to see. My heart was pounding so loud that I was sure that everyone in the room could hear it.

The leader began to chant, his voice low and droning. I tried to make out the words, but I realized that he was using a language I’d never heard before.

Breathing heavily, I brought a hand to my lower abdomen. With a spinning head, I began to slowly massage myself, tracing light circles as I moved my fingers down.

Other people began to chant, joining the leader. Their hypnotizing voices filled my ears, drowning out the sound of my own heartbeat.

I moved my hand even lower, running a finger along my slit. I was surprised to find that I was already a little bit wet.

My fingers became slick with my juices as I rubbed myself. I slowly spread my folds, and let out a sharp gasp when I grazed my own clitoris.

My nipples began to go hard, springing to attention as a warmth began to spread through my body.

The feeling of arousal was still so unfamiliar to me, but coupled with the audience, the feel of all those eyes on me while I was so utterly exposed, was completely overwhelming.

I moved my fingers again, circling my clit, and a jolt of electricity shot through me.

These first tentative touches left me more turned on than I'd ever been before. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I wondered how that was possible. Before tonight, just the thought of touching myself in front of a room full of people would have left me mortified.

Yet here I was, not only doing it but *enjoying* it in some strange way. Knowing that everyone here had their eyes on me, wanted to see me get myself off, was intoxicating.

I dipped a finger inside of my tight, virgin hole, slicking it with my fluids. My wet finger moved back up to my clit, gliding smoothly.

A moan escaped my lips as I felt my body grow warmer. I spread my legs wider as my hips began writhing against the wooden chair, pressing my crotch against my fingers.

The atmosphere of the room mirrored how I felt. Excitement, arousal, anticipation all melted together in a heady mixture, and intensified more and more with every second, with every stroke of my fingers.

A tingling sensation began to creep through me. It radiated out from where my fingers were on my clit. I tossed my head back, breathing heavily as my fingers moved with more urgency.

I drove myself closer and closer to my second ever orgasm, the pressure building within my body and aching for release. I felt like the room was holding its collective breath, eagerly awaiting my impending ecstasy.

"*Oh my god,*" I panted in between heavy breaths, grinding my pussy against my hand. My toes were curling, bare feet pressing hard into the wooden platform. My free hand traveled to my breast, and I took my hard nipple between my fingers as my other hand urgently worked my clit.

And then I went over the edge.

A long, wordless cry escaped my lips as I was overwhelmed by a wave of pleasure more intense than I'd ever felt before. My fingers continued to glide against my slick pussy as my orgasm left me quivering.

Once I'd ridden the waves to their end, my breath shallow and my body still spasming slightly from the aftershocks of my powerful release, I

looked up.

Every single eye in the room was on me, and the air was thick with carnal desire.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. James?" I said, standing in the doorway of Nicholas's office. Eve had let me know that he'd requested my presence about an hour after our confusing and mildly uncomfortable chat in my cubicle.

"Ah, Jessica," He said, looking up from a stack of papers on his desk, giving me a dazzling smile. "Please come in, have a seat, and shut the door behind you."

I did as I was told, and Nicholas crossed the office to a bar by the window. He poured himself a glass of something clear, vodka or gin, I'd guess. He waved a glass at me, raising an eyebrow questioningly.

"Oh, no thank you. I don't drink." I said, and he chuckled.

"You don't drink? I love it!" He said, and took a long sip from his glass. He settled back at his desk, and studied me for a long moment. I felt beyond self conscious under his gaze.

"So, Eve tells me that you might be the girl for my task."

"Well, I'd certainly like to be. But she didn't really give me any details. What exactly are you looking for? What's the project?" I asked, still confused by my talk with Eve.

"I was looking for a virgin, plain and simple." He said, completely nonchalant, with a shrug of his perfectly muscled shoulder. "But for it to be you, well, that adds a whole new, interesting dimension to things."

"I'm sorry, what?" I asked. Confused didn't even begin to cover what I was feeling.

"Well, you're obviously smart, ambitious, and you've got potential galore." He said, and I felt a shock go through me. Nicholas thought all that about me? And here I thought that he didn't even know my name.

"When you add the virginity to all of that, you've got the total package. Do you have any idea how hard it is to find someone like you? You're like a unicorn!" He clapped his hands together, and gave me a hungry smile. "They're going to love you!"

"*They*?" I asked. "What exactly are you talking about, Mr. James?"

"Some people view their virginity as a gift, as something to be given away." He said, completely ignoring my questions. "But then what does that leave you with? The memory of some boyfriend clumsily pumping away inside of you for all of ninety seconds before leaving a sticky mess on your stomach?" He made a face, wrinkling his nose at the thought.

"I'm really uncomfortable with this conversation." I said, shifting in my chair.

"That's perfectly understandable. It's an uncomfortable conversation." He said simply. It was obvious that *he* wasn't particularly uncomfortable. "Anyway, why give something away for nothing when you can get something in return?" He continued, raising an elegant eyebrow at me.

"Are you-" I started, but stopped myself. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I stared at him incredulously. "Are you *propositioning* me? I may be ambitious, but I draw my line there. I'm not a prostitute!" I said, and gathered myself up, storming to his office door. Even if I did find him attractive, and even if I did want to advance in my career, there was no way I was going to become a whore to do it.

"Would you like to know how I did it?" He asked, just as I was grabbing the door handle. I froze in place. There was no way he could mean how he saved Haute, could he? He'd never told anyone that, as far as I knew.

I slowly turned back around, my eyes wide. He gave me a smirk, he knew that he had me.

Nicholas nodded his head toward the chair I'd just vacated. I sat back down without question.

"I took a failing magazine, and I turned it into an empire. And I did it by sacrificing something." He said, giving me a very serious look, although I wasn't sure exactly what he meant. "Jessica, you have something to sacrifice, to offer up."

"My-" I began, my head spinning. "My virginity?" I asked. Nicholas gave a small nod.

"I'm a member of a very small, very elite group. We're meeting soon, and we've been looking for someone like you. Someone who has something to sacrifice, who is hungry for success."

"I don't understand. What would I have to do?"

"It's simple. You would exchange your virginity for more success than you can imagine. And you'd bring success to the other members of the group at the same time." His eyes studied me, and I had to admit that I was intrigued. If it was anything like the kind of success that Nicholas had, it would be hard to say no.

"It won't be easy, but it will be worth it. I can guarantee you that." He said, his green eyes sparkling.

"Okay," I gulped, almost scared to hear what he had to say. But how could I resist? "Tell me more."

Without a word, the leader extended a hand, helping me up from my chair. I felt a gush of my juices slide down my thighs when I stood up on my shaky legs.

He lead me to the intimidating large wooden frame with the leather straps. Gently, he raised one arm, securely fastening my wrist above my head, then the other. I gave a tentative movement, but it was useless. I could barely move my arms at all.

He leaned down, spreading my legs and fastening one ankle, then the other.

There I stood, spread out, naked and exposed, in a human X shape. I was totally restrained and couldn't move at all, completely vulnerable and at the mercy of those around me.

And I knew that mercy was not something I was going to be shown. Not tonight.

These people were going to take my virginity, and each and every one of them was going to come up on this platform and have their way with me. I was going to be fucked until I was driven mad with pleasure, and then I was going to be fucked again. And again, and again, and *again*.

I was a ball of nerves and energy and fear and excitement. My head was spinning, my body was humming.

The leader beckoned to the crowd, and a man stepped up onto the platform, standing in front of me. He lowered the hood of his robe, and I couldn't help but gasp.

My boss, Nicholas James, stood in front of me. A small smirk played on his perfect pouty lips.

After all the times I'd dreamed of Nicholas taking my virginity, I never thought it would actually happen. And certainly not like *this*. I'd always imagined sweet, gentle love making. A big, comfy bed, or maybe a warm bubble bath. Never in front of a room full of people. And certainly never tied up and sacrificed like this.

Nicholas untied his robe and let it fall to the ground. He was naked underneath, and I couldn't help but check him out. God, he was gorgeous. Lean, sculpted muscles. Smooth, sun-kissed skin. And an erection that looked like it could belong to a porn star.

I know I'm not the most experienced when it comes to penises, but Nicholas's definitely looked large. It was long and thick, standing rigidly at

attention. I felt my vagina squeeze tightly at the thought of that thing entering me... Surely it would be too big.

Nicholas gave me a wink, his green eyes vivid, before he moved around the frame. I tried to twist around, to keep my eyes on him, but the restraints held me firmly in place.

I felt his hands go to my hips as he pressed his body against mine. I shivered at the physical contact, with that intimidatingly large penis pressing between my legs.

He moved his hips against me, and his cock slid between my legs and along my slit. My wetness acted as a lubricant, and I felt myself trying to move my hips against him, enjoying the feel of his dick against my clit.

Once he'd covered his erection with my fluids, he guided himself to my tight, virgin hole.

My heart was beating so loudly that I was sure he could hear it, sure everyone in the great room could hear it pounding. My eyes closed in anticipation as I felt the head of his penis press against my entrance.

He pushed forward, spreading me open as he eased himself inside of me. I groaned, squeezing my eyes tightly shut as my pussy was being forced open for the very first time. My fingers curled into fists, fingernails digging into my palms.

He moved slowly at first, inching himself in, little by little. Each advance left me gasping for air, sending an equal mix of pain and pleasure through my body.

And then, with no warning, he thrust himself completely inside.

I let out a loud, gasping cry. I was completely taken off guard as the flash of agonizing pleasure hit me. He broke past my hymen forcefully, burying the entirety of his impressive length deep inside of me. I felt more filled than I thought possible, and my tight pussy was screaming from being so stretched by Nicholas's cock.

I tossed my head back, which was the only movement I could really manage while tied to the wooden frame. My eyes were trained on the vaulted ceiling as I tried to ignore the audience around me.

I felt Nicholas draw back, his penis retreating to my entrance. And then he thrust his hard dick back into me, with even more force than the first time.

Another loud, wordless cry escaped my lips as my body was pushed by his momentum, limbs straining against the leather cuffs that were holding

me in place.

After that, Nicholas fell into a steady rhythm, gliding his cock in and out of me. The pain lessened with each of his thrusts, and I found myself enjoying the feeling of being so completely filled.

It wasn't long before I felt a fire spreading through me, tremors rolling through my body.

"Oh my god," I gasped between shallow breaths, as Nicholas's cock rubbed against a spot deep within me that sent shivers up and down my spine. I arched my back, pulling against the restraints. My body was begging for more.

He drove himself into me with more force, angling himself so he hit that spot *just right*. I felt myself tightening around his cock, my entire body pulsing with an intense electricity.

And then, with one final push, I couldn't take it anymore.

I tossed my head back as each and every one of my muscles tensed. A low, guttural cry escaped my lips, and I barely recognized my own voice. I sounded primal, animalistic.

A flood of heat rushed through me, radiating out from deep within me, licking through my limbs, leaving every inch of me numb and tingling in its wake. I thrashed against my restraints as Nicholas pounded into me, sending more fire shooting through me with every one of his thrusts.

And then, just as I was coming back to earth, I felt his grip tighten on my hips. He let out a growl as he drove himself into me one final time before his cock exploded inside of me.

He slid out of me as I was still gasping for air, and I felt his hot, sticky seed slowly trickling out of me, mixed with my own juices.

I had almost forgotten where I was until the leader handed Nicholas his black hooded robe and beckoned to another figure in the audience.

He stood in front of me and disrobed, I was surprised to discover that I recognized his handsome face. Tyler Wilson was the evening news anchor for Channel One.

He ran both of his hands down my body, grazing my breasts, my sides, my hips, before moving to my wet, spent pussy. He gave me a smile as he slipped two fingers inside of me and swirled them around.

I cried out when he brushed against that hot spot deep within me, still sensitive and electrified from the attention that Nicholas had paid it.

He pressed his body against mine and guided his erection inside of me. He pumped in and out of me in short, quick bursts. I writhed against him, and felt my body quivering with pulsing heat after a few short minutes.

When he brought his hands to my breasts, pinching my hard nipples between his fingers, I came completely undone. With a loud cry, I spasmed against him, bucking my hips into his hard cock as best I could, given the restraints.

Tyler Wilson came right along with me, pulling at my nipples as he blew his load inside of me.

The leader beckoned again, and two people stepped up to the stage. My eyes widened. *Two at once?!*

A man with an unbelievably thick, rigid dick moved behind me, and a gorgeous woman with red hair kneeled down in front of me.

I groaned as the man roughly shoved himself inside of me, stretching me out more than I thought possible. His fingers dug into my hips as he ruthlessly pounded me from behind.

The woman kneeling before me was a startling contrast to the almost brutal handling that I was receiving from the man. She was licking my clit ever so lightly, her tongue darting around it in quick little laps while her fingers played against my slick thighs, tracing light, delicate patterns. The combination left me twitching and gasping for breath.

The sensations from both the man and the woman at once were too much to handle, and I didn't last long at all before I felt the pressure build within me and reach a boiling point.

I cried with a hoarse, raspy voice as I was driven to ecstasy, my body completely on fire.

Neither the man or the woman stopped though, and they both continued working me as I rode an intense wave of pleasure. Just as my orgasm was ebbing, another one, even stronger than the last, crashed into me. I strained against my restraints, and my cries were ragged and raw in my throat.

By this point, I was nearly delirious. My head slumped down, chin touching my heaving chest. My body was shaking and spasming, completely overwhelmed by the intensity of the pleasures I'd experienced. I felt exhausted, used, and deliciously satisfied. More satisfied than I ever imagined possible.

But they weren't done with me yet, not by a long shot.

I couldn't even raise my head to see who would be fucking me next, but I squirmed against his rock hard cock as he took me from behind. I felt like I was one giant, pulsating nerve, and it didn't take long for me to be fucked into another orgasm that left me screaming and bucking my hips back into his dick.

After him was another woman. She kneeled in front of me, but she was not nearly as gentle as the redhead had been. I felt her tongue enter me, probing hard and deep, swirling around inside of me as she forced a finger into my ass.

I cried out from the shock of that, but it turned into a cry of pleasure as she pressed it deeper, while her tongue moved against my hot spot with fervor. I came hard against her mouth, my body quivering violently as I pressed my pussy into her as much as I could manage with the restraints.

Another man took the woman's place. His dick had a slight curve to it, and when he fucked me, he hit my g-spot in *just* the right way. I writhed against my restraints, begging for him to fuck me harder as I was driven closer and closer to orgasm.

I bit down on my bottom lip as I fell headlong into another explosive release. I tasted blood in my mouth as I thrashed my head from side to side, screaming as my exhausted body shook.

He finished inside of me, adding his seed to the collection deep within my pussy.

I was panting heavily, my chest heaving, as I slumped in my restraints. I couldn't even attempt to hold myself up anymore. My limbs were tingling, pulsing, spasming with the aftershocks of the orgasms that had ripped through my body, one after another.

"Brothers, sisters," The leader spoke, standing on the platform next to me. "Our ritual is almost complete. The virgin has been violated, and we have taken eight orgasms from her. We need only to bring her to the point of madness one final time before we are blessed-"

I let out a sharp cry as I felt *something* moving against my swollen clit. The leader stopped his speech abruptly, and all eyes in the room were on me, watching me writhe against an invisible force.

"Oh fuck..." I moaned, feeling pressure simultaneously against my clit, both of my nipples, and pressing against the entrance of my pussy. The sensation was red hot, as if fingers made of fire were licking my skin, teasing me.

And then I felt that odd, invisible fire penetrate me, fill me up beyond anything I ever thought possible. I tossed my head back, and a low guttural moan forced its way out of me. I was being stretched out, felt it going deeper than any of the cocks that had been inside of me tonight.

“It’s the Ancient One!” Someone from the crowd cried out, as I bucked hard against my restraints, being driven mad by the licking flames against my body.

“Harder,” I pleaded, squeezing my pussy around the burning hot pressure that was penetrating me, filling me so completely.

Despite my exhaustion, I was hungry for more, more, *more* of this sensation. I had never felt a more intense, burning desire, and in that moment, the world fell away, ceased to exist. The only thing that was real, the only thing that mattered, was that intense force that was fucking me.

“Yes, yes, yes, yesssss...” I hissed between gasping breaths, as the inhuman force impaled me over and over again.

And then, I lost myself completely. Fire flashed behind my eyelids as each and every nerve ending in my body exploded. My eyes were squeezed shut against the assault of intense pleasure that crashed into me. I jerked against the restraints as my body quivered and tingled, humming with fiery electricity.

When I opened my eyes, I saw that the crowd around me was stunned, watching with rapt attention. The candles around the room were burning more brightly than before, their flames licking high in the air.

I slumped against the restraints once more as the unbelievably intense orgasm ebbed. It seemed as if there was nothing left inside of me. It had all been consumed by that fiery pleasure brought on by the invisible, inhuman force.

I was too exhausted, too beyond satisfied, to even begin to make sense of what had just happened.

The leader cleared his throat, breaking the stunned silence.

“And so, my brothers and sisters, it would appear that our ritual is complete. The Ancient One was so pleased with our offering that he came to have a taste, taking the final orgasm for himself!” The leader motioned, and two audience members came onto the stage, began working on my ankle restraints.

“Ninety days of unparalleled power, success and riches will be ours!” The leader said triumphantly, and the crowd murmured their approval,

obviously still a little dazed by what had just taken place.

The two men unfastened the straps at my wrists, and I nearly collapsed to the ground. One of them caught me, his arm supporting my weight as the other retrieved my red robe and draped it over my shoulders.

“And, for our final order of business,” The leader continued. “We welcome our virgin sacrifice into the fold, and accept her as one of our own.” He took my hand, and I stood on shaky legs, facing the crowd.

“Jessica Landry, welcome! Your sacrifice tonight has gained you the favor of the Ancient One. You, my dear, will have your first tastes true success, true power, over these next ninety blessed days. Enjoy them!” He said, bowing to me. The crowd broke out into applause.

I gave an exhausted but triumphant smile. I’d done it. I was now one of the elite...

Note: The story you just read is part one of Jessica’s four-part Ritual Series. Read the complete series:

[Ritual Gangbang](#)

[Ritual Sex Pact](#)

[Ritual Demon Breeding](#)

[Ritual Lactation](#)

BOOK TWO: Graveyard Gangbang

Rose Black



**GRAVEYARD
GANGBANG**

I decided to cut through the cemetery again.

A chill climbed up my spine, and I knew that it wasn't the cool autumn breeze that had caused it. I pulled my sweater across my chest and enjoyed the small thrill I was getting from my decision to take a forbidden walk in the moonlight.

I'd had another mind-numbingly dull day at my new job, so I was eager for any little bit of excitement I could get, even if it was from something as juvenile as cutting through the old graveyard. Besides, my boss had made me stay late, yet again. If I didn't take the cemetery shortcut I'd miss the new True Blood episode, and I was in the mood for some hot vampire sex tonight.

Leaves crunched under my black leather boots as I slipped through the old wrought iron gate. Walking into the graveyard almost felt like stepping into a different world. The streetlamps and sounds of the main road slipped away, replaced by soft moonlight and an eerie, calm silence. I took a deep breath, filling my nose and lungs with the crisp, fresh autumn air.

Mmmmm, I loved this.

I know most people would find the idea of being alone in the cemetery at night unpleasant, maybe even foreboding. But I liked it. My nightly walk with the dead gave me a chance to unwind, relax, and lose myself in my thoughts.

I hummed quietly as I followed the old, overgrown path. I carefully picked my way through gravestones carved with the names of those long gone, some missed, some forgotten. I tilted my head towards the sky, taking in the full moon and the sky dotted with bright, twinkling stars. It really was a beautiful night.

And then I stopped in my tracks. I can't explain it, really, but I was suddenly *certain* that I wasn't alone. I turned around quickly, my dark hair whipping over my shoulder as I tried to identify the source of the eyes I felt on me.

But there was nothing, no one. Just the tombstones and the calm silence. *That's odd*, I thought to myself. I shook my head and continued on.

This wasn't the first time I'd gotten the feeling that maybe I wasn't the only one in the cemetery during my nightly walk home. I noticed it the first time I'd taken the shortcut, and every night since then. It was a little bit unnerving, but I chalked it up to my overactive imagination.

"Ugh, get a grip, Mia." I muttered to myself. I shook my head, trying to shake the feeling of being watched, and continued my walk.

The silent stillness of the cemetery that I'd been enjoying mere minutes ago had shifted, and now it felt intimidating. Foreboding. Ugh, I really was freaking myself out tonight.

"I've got the ways and means..." I began to sing softly to myself, breaking the charged silence.

I wrapped my arms around myself and quickened my pace. The moonlight shone on the headstones, casting long, strange shadows on the soft grass.

"To New Orleans..." I sang, pointedly ignoring the growing feeling that unseen eyes were following my every move. I resolved to skip the shortcut tomorrow night, and take the long way home, through the well lit and heavily populated town square.

"Going down by the river, where it's warm and green..." I continued to sing. My voice was quiet and low, barely above a whisper.

I rounded the corner of a crumbling mausoleum, and stopped dead in my tracks, my singing cut off abruptly.

There was a man in my path; tall, lean, dressed in black, his pale skin practically glowing in the moonlight. He stood perfectly straight and perfectly still, and his eyes were locked on me.

"Oh, you were a vampire, and baby I'm walking dead..." He sang, finishing the line from the song I was singing. His voice was lovely. Clear, smooth, and strong.

I was frozen in place, completely stunned by his sudden appearance. I took a better look at him. Black motorcycle boots, tight jeans, ratty t-shirt, black leather jacket, tousled black hair. His body was lean and muscular. He was beyond pale, and his face was startlingly beautiful. High, chiseled cheekbones, pouty, full lips, and eyes that glittered in the moonlight.

Oh shit, his eyes. I felt a lump in my throat as those eyes bored into me. They were unmistakably, impossibly red. The color of bright, fresh blood.

My heart was pounding in my chest, and I knew I was scared. This man looked dangerous. Beyond dangerous. But I felt another part of me quicken, felt a tug deep within me. He was also sexy as hell.

"Don't you know it's dangerous to walk through a cemetery?" He asked in his smooth, hypnotic voice. He shook his head at me, giving me a small,

predatory smile. "You never know who, or what, you might run into."

The man took a step towards me, and then another.

"And alone? Late at night?" He moved again, and he was only a couple of steps from me. "It's almost as if you're asking for it."

"Maybe I am," I said, the words tumbling out of my mouth before I could even think about what I was saying. I was completely shocked by my boldness, but realized that my hasty words rang true. My life had become so dull, so humdrum. I was desperate to break the monotony, and I was ready to welcome any form of excitement. Even if it might be dangerous. Even if it might be a monster.

The gorgeous man raised an eyebrow at me, and his beautiful lips curled into a smirk. His crimson eyes raked over me, taking in every inch of me. I stared right back at him, unfaltering.

"Well, aren't you just something else. My friends and I like a girl with some fire." He said, and then he was in front of me. I didn't even register him moving, but he was suddenly so close to me that I could smell him. And damn, did he smell good.

His scent was a heady mixture of autumn leaves and earthy musk, and something else, something deep and metallic. I inhaled deeply, taking in the intoxicating scent.

Wait a minute... Did he say friends?

Before I had a moment to process his words, Mr. Dangerously Sexy reached out and ran a finger down the side of my face. I felt a startling jolt of electricity at the contact. His finger was cold and smooth, and it sent a shiver up my spine while igniting a fire deep within me. My eyes slipped closed for just a moment as I revelled in the sensation.

"What's your name?" He asked, and my eyes were drawn to his mouth. Oh shit, did I just see what I thought I saw?

"Mia." I answered, leaning into his touch. "What's yours?" I asked, my voice husky.

"I'm Drake." He answered, and I stared up into his beautiful, clearly inhuman face.

"It's nice to meet you, Drake." I said. My mother would be so proud, I absurdly thought to myself. No matter what, I always remember my manners.

A flash of amusement washed over Drake's face. But then it shifted to something darker, something primal.

Shit, he was looking at me like he wanted to devour me.

The sane part of me was telling me to run. Clearly I was in a dangerous situation, and I should have been looking for an escape route, a way to remove myself from this situation.

But another part of me was telling me that I was exactly where I wanted to be. I loved the feel of adrenaline coursing through my body. I was turned on by the danger, and Drake's overwhelming sexiness was just fueling that fire.

Drake's arms wrapped around me, and his mouth crashed into mine. I leaned into the kiss without even a moment of hesitation, and my own arms circled around him. He kissed me deeply, hungrily, and I eagerly matched his enthusiasm.

His tongue invaded my mouth, swirling and stroking. I let out a soft moan against his soft lips.

As my tongue explored his mouth, it grazed against something sharp. I tentatively touched the point again, and then again. Holy shit, they really were fangs.

Drake broke the kiss, his crimson eyes gleaming with lust and hunger. I was winded, breathing heavily, overwhelmed from the intensity of our kiss.

"Are you scared?" He asked me, studying my face and holding me close to him with his strong arms.

"No." I answered, shaking my head as I stared into his crimson eyes. And strangely, it was the truth.

"You're something else." He said, a hint of wonder in his beautiful voice.

"Well, maybe you should be." A voice said from behind me. I jumped in Drake's arms, totally startled. Someone else was here!

And then I remembered what Drake had said earlier. About his *friends*.

When I looked up and around the graveyard, I saw three figures emerging from the shadows. They were walking towards us, closing in around Drake and I.

My eyes widened and I turned back to Drake, searching his face. He gave me a wolfish grin.

"I did say I had friends." He said, shrugging, and there was an edge of wicked humor to his voice.

I looked around again, and studied Drake's friends. There were three of them, and they were all dressed in the same style as Drake; a little bit punk, a little bit 50s motorcycle gang. They were all tall and muscular, with striking features and impossibly pale skin. And they were all looking at me like I was a t-bone steak, after a year of eating nothing but salads.

Holy fuck. Four vampires. Four gorgeous, impossibly sexy vampires.

I felt a tug deep inside of me, and my pussy clenched tightly. Goosebumps spread across my skin, but I felt an intense warmth pooling in my belly.

Drake leaned down and kissed me again, and I responded instantly. I pressed my body against his, and felt a surge of excitement at the hardness I felt in his pants.

I gave a small jump when I felt another set of strong hands at my hips. One of Drake's friends was at my back. He moved my hair aside and leaned down, his cool lips at my throat.

I moaned into Drake's mouth, revelling in the feel of being sandwiched between two strong, solid bodies. I felt myself getting wet, and my hips moved between Drake's erection in front of me and the vampire's behind me.

The other two men were at my sides, and they slipped my sweater down, off my shoulders. I shivered as the cool autumn air hit my bare skin. But I wasn't cold. On the contrary, I was very hot, and getting hotter by the second.

I was completely surrounded by the four vampires, and all of them were groping and caressing me. Cool, strong hands roamed over my arms, my shoulders, my ribs, my breasts. Someone moved to my nipple, and my pink nub was instantly hard, straining against the thin fabric of my camisole. Nimble fingers closed around it, and I groaned against Drake's lips as my nipple was rolled and pulled. It sent a jolt of electricity through my veins that travelled deep down inside of me.

Drake broke our kiss, and strong arms shifted me around, so I was facing the vampire that had been at my left side. He was startlingly handsome, with pale blond hair that shone almost silver in the moonlight, elegantly arched eyebrows, a perfectly straight nose, and a pointed chin. He had the look of a haughty aristocrat, which was a startling contrast to his studded leather jacket and ripped black jeans.

The blond vampire's bright red eyes regarded me with intensity, and a wave of excitement and fear washed over me. He leaned in close, and my breath hitched in my throat. Slowly, oh so slowly, he lowered his mouth to my neck, and his cool tongue traced a line from my collarbone up to my jaw.

Goosebumps sprang up over my skin, and I shuddered. He traced the line once more with his tongue, and then brought his teeth to my neck.

Oh, shit!

He grazed my neck with his teeth, his dangerously sharp fangs scraping against my sensitive flesh. My heart pounded in my chest, and every nerve ending in my body came alive. I was terrified, and I was excited, and I was so very, very aroused.

I let out a deep moan, and he did it again, his fangs scraping just a little bit harder. My breath caught in my throat again, and I felt a wave of electric pleasure shoot through me.

The blonde vampire gave me a wicked grin, and then strong arms wrapped around my waist and lifted me off the ground.

I let out a surprised squeal as I was carried by one of the vampires. This one had messy dark brown hair that grazed his shoulders, and he effortlessly lifted me onto a headstone, sitting me down on the cool grey stone. The other vampires followed quickly, and I was surrounded once again.

The long haired vampire stood in front of me and pushed my short skirt up around my waist. He hooked his cool fingers into the sides of my panties and, with an inhumanly swift motion, he slid them over my hips and down my legs. I let out a gasp at the feel of the cold tombstone against my bare bottom.

He kneeled down in front of me, and spread my thighs apart, exposing me completely. He leaned in and took a deep breath, his eyes slipping closed for a moment.

Drake came around behind me, and his strong, broad chest was flat against my back. He leaned his head down and began licking and kissing my neck.

The long haired vampire's mouth moved to my inner thigh, and his tongue traced a quick, intricate pattern against my soft skin. The other two vampires were on either side of me, and they both began fondling my breasts through the silky material of my camisole.

I tossed my head back and let out a deep moan. The feel of four men on me, teasing and taunting me, was utterly indulgent. And the fact that these four men were vampires, beyond sexy and beyond dangerous... Well, that was just downright overwhelming.

My hips began moving of their own accord, and I was undulating with desire on the gravestone. I felt my pussy squeeze and clench, growing hungry, becoming desperate for attention. I had never felt so turned on in my life.

The long haired vampire between my legs was working his way up my thighs, his cool tongue tantalizing me. Finally, he reached the apex of my thighs, and he moved his tongue to my sex.

I let out a loud cry as his tongue ran along my sopping wet slit. I shuddered, leaning back against Drake's strong chest. Oh my god, I needed this so badly.

His tongue moved past my folds to my aching pussy, and he dipped his tongue inside, kissing me deeply.

"Oh, yes," I gasped as he swirled his tongue inside of me.

I writhed on the headstone as the four vampires worked me into a frenzy. The long haired vampire's tongue was moving in and out of me quickly, hitting my g-spot with perfect precision. Drake's mouth was still at my neck, licking, sucking and sending chills up and down my spine. The other two were still groping my breasts, rolling and pulling and teasing my nipples with strong, nimble fingers.

My pulse quickened and my scalp prickled. I could feel every nerve ending in my body hum and tingle, and I knew that I was getting close to the edge.

My pussy clenched around that talented tongue as my thighs began to tremble. One of my hands was tangled in long hair of the vampire between my legs, while the other held on tightly to Drake's strong arm around my torso.

"Oh my god," I moaned, and my back arched as I was tortured with pleasure. "Oh fuck, don't stop..." I begged, my breath ragged. I was being wound tighter and tighter, and I knew that I was going to snap at any moment. All four vampires intensified what they were doing, worked me with more force and fervor to drive me completely wild.

And then, I couldn't take it anymore. I shattered. My head was tossed back as a primal, gasping cry tore out of me. My legs stiffened, my entire

body quivered, and every inch of me was burning.

As the waves of my orgasm ebbed, one of the vampires grabbed me and stood me up. Strong arms supported me and turned me around. I was bent forward, over the gravestone.

My fingers gripped the edges as one of the vampires, I don't know which one, came around behind me. I heard the sound of a zipper, and then I felt strong hands on my hips.

A cool erection was against my hot, wet pussy, and I was desperate to feel it inside of me. I leaned my hips back, pressing myself into his cock, and the vampire sucked in a quick breath.

With an animalistic growl, he pushed himself forward and buried his rigid dick deep inside of me. I let out a loud cry as he filled me up, my pussy stretching around his impressive size. He moved in and out of me hard and fast, his large cock going deep.

My body was propelled forward with his every thrust, and I had to grip the tombstone tightly, locking my elbows, to keep myself from being knocked off of my feet by him.

I'd never been fucked like this before. It was just so, so... *carnal*. The punishing pace left me crying out loudly and gasping for air, and I felt myself quickening as the vampire drove himself into me with intensity.

And then I was pushed over the edge.

"Oh *ffffffuuuuuck!*" I growled through gritted teeth, pushing my ass back to meet his pounding thrusts. The intensity of my orgasm had me violently bucking my hips, arching my back, crying out until my voice was hoarse.

My orgasm sent the vampire to his own release, and his strong fingers dug into my hips as he stiffened behind me. I felt him shudder as a cool spurt of come filled my hot pussy.

I was leaning against the headstone, gasping for air, as he slipped his cock out of me. I didn't have more than a moment to recover before another vampire took his place.

I felt the next one move behind me, and he caressed my bare ass, running sharp fingernails over my sensitive flesh. His fingers kneaded my cheeks, spreading them, and then I felt his cool tongue against my back door.

Woah!

My eyes flew open in shock. I definitely wasn't expecting that. The vampire's cool tongue massaged my tight entrance with his tongue, licking and kissing, and it felt surprisingly good.

I'd never done any kind of anal play before, and I had no idea that it could be so *hot*. I shuddered and let out a soft moan as his tongue pressed forward, slowly spreading my hole open.

I trembled as it slipped inside of my virgin asshole, swirling and teasing. He moved it in and out a few times, probing me, and I felt myself relax around him as my insides clenched.

He continued this for a few moments, and I was in heaven. Then he removed his tongue and stood up behind me. I heard his fly open, and then I felt the head of his hard dick against my tight little hole.

"Oh, please..." I breathed, arching my back. My entire body was tingling with heat, and I was overwhelmed by my arousal.

He didn't need any more encouragement than that. He pushed his cock forward and eased himself into my rear entrance.

I cried out and my eyes squeezed shut as he moved inside of me. Every inch of his dick that was pushed into me sent waves of agonizing pleasure coursing through my veins.

Once he was completely buried inside of me, he slowly eased himself out again, removing all but the tip of his thick cock. And then, after a quick pause, he drove himself back inside of me, hard and deliciously deep.

I growled a cry at the shock of it, and then he fell into a steady rhythm. In and out, in and out, he moved, and I spasmed around him. Oh god, the feeling of my ass being so filled up was overwhelming.

The vampire's fingers tangled in my hair, and he pulled hard, yanking my head back as he fucked my ass. This was just as carnal and animalistic as it had been with the first vampire, and I was revelling in the moment, relishing the vampire's every movement.

Sex had never felt like this before, not with normal guys. Maybe this is why I was never quite satisfied with the men I'd slept with... Maybe I was always meant to fuck vampires.

The vampire behind me increased his pace, driving his erection into me with fervor, and I felt my orgasm building at a rapid pace. My breath quickened as I felt a tingling warmth creeping up my body, radiating out from where the vampire's cock was pounding into me.

“Oh fuck, oh my god...” I cried out, arching my back and gripping the tombstone tightly. My legs trembled, and I had to lock my knees to keep myself upright. “Harder, fuck me harder...” I begged between my wordless cries of pleasure.

His grip tightened on my hair, and heat radiated out from where my tresses strained against my scalp. It hurt, but in the most exquisite way... The pain accentuated every bit of overwhelming pleasure that was coursing through my body.

The orgasm crashed into me hard and fast, and I cried out as loud as I could against it. My hips bucked violently against the vampire, and my eyes rolled back into my head. Every single cell of my being was on fire, burning with intense pleasure.

I felt the vampire behind me drive himself into my ass one final time, then cry out with his own release, filling my ass up with his cool seed. He let go of my hair, and my head slumped forward. I gripped the tombstone tightly, and it took effort to hold myself up. I knew that if I let go of the headstone, I’d fall to the soft grass. My limbs were liquid, my muscles completely relaxed and useless.

I’d never felt so completely used up and spent in my life, and the feeling was absolutely delicious. This was what real, true satisfaction felt like, and I wantonly revelled in it.

But the vampires weren’t finished with me yet, and somehow, I was still hungry for more.

Strong, cool arms slipped around me, lifting me up and turning me around. I leaned against the vampire’s broad chest for a moment, breathing in the strange earthy, metallic scent. He made an inhumanly quick movement, and it took me a moment to register the shift.

Drake was now sitting on the headstone I’d been bent over a moment ago, and I was in his lap, my legs straddling him. I could feel his erection straining against the fabric of his pants, pressing against my pussy.

I looked into his glowing crimson eyes, and he gave me a wicked grin that revealed his razor sharp canines. *God, he was sexy.* Just looking at him made me wet. I smiled back at him, eyeing him hungrily.

I shifted my hips, circling slowly, and rubbed against his erection. He sucked in a quick breath, eyes momentarily slipping closed.

“You really are something else.” He marvelled in his smooth, sexy voice, his eyes shining.

And then he kissed me. His mouth crashed into mine, and his lips were forceful, covetous. I could feel his sharp teeth scraping against my tongue, and I loved it. I returned the kiss with enthusiasm, hungry for him.

My hips moved against his erection, and his strong, cool arms held me close to him. I snaked my hands down between us, and quickly undid his pants. Once his erection was freed, I took it in my hand, and Drake let out an audible gasp.

I smirked against his lips and held on tightly, running my grip down his impressive length and then back up again.

“*Fuck, Mia,*” He breathed against my mouth, his voice tight with lust. “Do that again.” He commanded, and I was happy to oblige.

When my fingers reached the tip again, he thrust his hips up, and his rock hard cock was driven into my sopping wet pussy.

We both growled as he filled me up, going in hard and deep. His fingers dug into the soft flesh of my hips, and he firmly guided me up and down, in and out. I tossed my head back in ecstasy, writhing against him.

After a moment of fucking Drake, I felt another body against my back, another erection pressed against my ass. *Oh, my.*

The vampire pressed his cock between my ass cheeks and eased himself into my rear entrance with a swift thrust.

Holy. Fuck.

I tossed my head back and let out a low, primal growl as he entered me. Two cocks inside of me at once was beyond overwhelming. I had never felt so totally filled up, so completely possessed before. I was consumed by desire, lost to lust. It was animalistic, it was carnal, and it was deeply, *deeply* satisfying.

There was nothing else, nothing but my body and the bodies of these two vampires, all moving together in a hypnotic rhythm. Every twin thrust from the vampires was like a choreographed dance, being performed inside of me. Each movement sent a wave of profound, burning hot pleasure coursing through my body.

Drake brought his mouth to my throat, and I could feel his sharp fangs against my tender flesh. The sensation sent a shiver of delicious adrenaline all the way down my spine. He paused for a moment, the tips of his razor sharp canines just barely piercing my skin.

I realized he was waiting, waiting for my permission.

“Go ahead,” I panted, writhing against his cock, and the cock in my ass. I bent my neck, exposing myself to him. Rational thought was far from my mind; I was a slave to the physical. I was hungry, greedy, desperate.

I wanted to know what it would feel like, I wanted to feel everything I could. And I realized that I wanted to please Drake. I wanted to give him everything I could.

“*Really something else...*” I heard Drake murmur against my throat, and then he bit down.

I let out a yelp as his cool fangs sank into my skin, shocked by the quick bite of pain. He sucked, and I moaned against the strange pulling sensation. An icy fire began to radiate from the spot, sending tremors of pleasure coursing through my veins.

Drake gave a deep moan as he sucked and fucked me, and I writhed against him, happily giving myself to him completely.

The vampire who was fucking me from behind leaned his head down, nuzzling into the opposite side of my neck. I felt another pinch as his fangs slid into my neck, and he drank deeply. My eyes rolled back in my head as another intense shock of pleasure flooded my veins.

And I lost myself. Two cocks moving inside of me, two vampires drinking from me... The exquisite, torturous pleasure of it all was all-consuming.

I gave myself over to the vampires and to the feelings, and an orgasm more intense than I ever thought possible crashed into me. My entire body quivered and trembled. My veins filled with delicious fire. A carnal, growling cry ripped its way out from deep within me. My head was tossed back, and I stared blindly up at the stars as wave after wave of feverish pleasure coursed through me.

The moment seemed endless. I felt it stretch on and on, the intense orgasm rolling through me relentlessly. I heard my heart pounding in my ears as I trembled, losing myself between the two vampires.

Drake let out a growling cry as his strong hands dug into my hips, and he violently moved me back and forth against his hard cock. And then he stiffened, biting down hard as he exploded inside of me.

The vampire fucking me from behind gripped my hips tightly, and he pulled me back into him. He pounded into me hard and fast, sending new waves of pleasure crashing into me. Once, twice, and on the third thrust he

came violently, buried his cock deep inside of me and filled my ass with his juices.

I sighed and basked in the afterglow of my orgasms. I was spent. Beyond spent. I wanted to slump forward, bury my face in Drake's chest, and sleep for days. But the vampire behind me had his arms around me, and he was holding me tightly against his chest.

"Stop it, Christopher." I heard Drake say, but it sounded like he was far away. Or maybe like I was underwater.

Odd, I thought to myself. But I couldn't focus to give it much thought. I felt my eyes slipping closed. My body was deliciously liquid from the intense orgasms, and I was deeply, profoundly tired.

"I. Said. Stop." I heard Drake say from somewhere far away, his voice forceful. "I *like* this one, I don't want her dead!"

I felt a smile spread across my lips. *The sexy vampire likes me!*

The vampire behind me let out a frustrated, growling sigh, and I was vaguely aware of his fangs slipping out of my throat. He removed his arms, letting me go, and I fell forward, into Drake's solid chest.

Mmmmm, so comfy, I thought to myself, and nuzzled into him. Then I let go, giving myself over to the overwhelming exhaustion.

“Hey, Mia,” I heard a voice. A smooth, sexy voice, but it was laced with concern. “Mia, can you hear me?”

My eyes slowly fluttered open, and I was face to face with Drake. He was extremely close. Close enough to smell. I inhaled deeply, filling my nostrils with the delicious scent of him.

His smooth, pale skin was luminous in the moonlight, and I was overwhelmed by his beauty. I looked into his crimson eyes and gave him a smile.

“Hi Drake.” I said, and was a little surprised at the sound of my own voice. It was weak and hoarse. And then I remembered all of the vocalizing I’d done earlier, and I supposed it wasn’t all that surprising.

His eyes softened as he smiled back at me, fangs flashing. Cool fingers brushed the side of my face. *Mmmmm*, they felt wonderful.

I realized that I was laying down in the grass. I tried to sit up and was surprised by how difficult it was. Drake offered me a hand, and I gratefully grabbed onto it.

“What happened? Where are your friends?” I asked, after he helped me sit up.

“You passed out. Blood loss. Christopher was a little too greedy.” Drake explained, and he sat down next to me. We were so close that the side of his body brushed against mine. It felt nice.

“Right, I remember now. And you stopped him.” I said, looking up at him. God, was he beautiful.

“I did.” He said, nodding, and his voice was oddly tight. I felt a goofy grin spread across my face.

“That means you like me, doesn’t it?” I asked him. My voice dripped with pleasure, and with more than a little bit of surprise. I was still grinning like a fool.

Drake looked at me, studied my face, and after a moment the corner of his mouth lifted into a smirk.

“You really are something else, you know that?” He asked, shaking his head. And then he was standing in front of me. Woah, I hadn’t even seen him move.

“Come on, let’s get you home.” He held his hand out to me again, and I took it gratefully, letting him help me to my feet. I wobbled once I was

upright, my legs still feeling a little like jelly. He quickly slid a strong arm around my waist, catching me before I could fall.

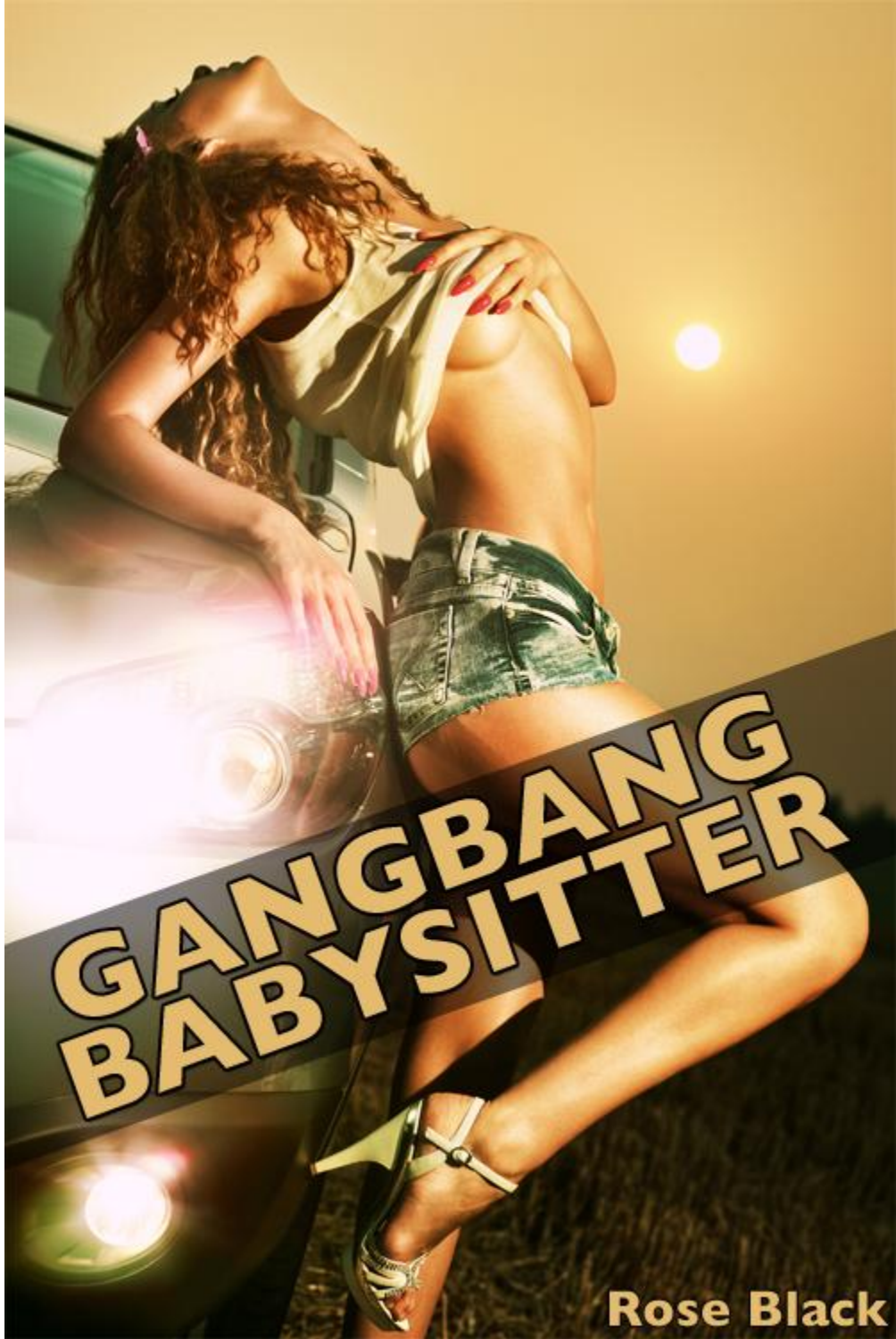
“You’re going to walk me home?” I asked him, my voice full of disbelief. Disbelief, and complete and utter glee. My goofy grin grew even wider.

“I want to make sure you get home safe. All manner of dangerous weirdos come out at night. You never know what you might run into.” Drake looked down at me. His crimson eyes danced with humor, and he gave me a playful wink. I couldn’t help but giggle.

He took off his leather jacket and draped it over my shoulders. He gave my arms an affectionate squeeze as he wrapped the black leather around me. *Mmmm*, it smelled like him. I inhaled deeply.

Drake held his arm out for me. I slipped mine through his, and we happily strolled through the stillness of the graveyard, arm in arm, under the twinkling stars.

BOOK THREE: Gangbang Babysitter



**GANGBANG
BABYSITTER**

Rose Black

“So Kat, what exactly happened when you babysat for Bruce North?” Valerie asks, looking up from her toenails. She’s painting them an absolutely obnoxious shade of hot pink.

As always, Kat, Valerie, Melanie and I are sitting around our apartment, staying up way too late to hang out and talk.

A sly smile plays on Kat’s red lips. “We had sex.” She shrugs, and her floral tattoo peeks out when her shirt slides down her shoulder. “He’s a bit, ah, shall we say forceful? Definitely fucked me harder than I’ve ever been fucked before. Not that I minded.” She bites her lip.

“I don’t think I’d like that.” Melanie says, wrinkling her nose.

“That’s because you’re still practically a virgin!” I say. “How many times have you had sex? Four? Five?”

She blushes, shaking her pretty brunette head. “I refuse to answer.”

“Yeah, Mel,” Valerie says. “Once being fucked isn’t quite so new to you, you might appreciate something a little different. Like my threesome with Russell and Angelo Thompson.” She licks her lips, squirming in her seat a little.

“Oh yeah, you’ve managed to have crazy hot sex on a babysitting job too! What is it with you guys?” I ask, looking from Val to Kat and back again.

Kat shrugs. “I don’t know, Renee. I did figure that Valerie would hit it off with Russell and Angelo, so I can take some credit for that one. But Bruce North was pretty unexpected. One second he was yelling at me about some stupid schedule, the next I had his cock in my mouth.”

“I have to admit that I’m a little jealous. Paul’s been out of town for three weeks now, and won’t be back for three more. I’m getting a little desperate for sex here.” I whine.

“Shower head?” Valerie asks, but I shake my head.

“I’ve been taking three showers a day. It’s just not enough. I’ve got the kind of itch that only a good, hard dick can scratch.”

“Well, you’ve got a babysitting job on Friday night, right?” Melanie asks brightly. “Maybe something will happen!”

“Your optimism is sweet, Mel, but I highly doubt it. Things like that never happen to me.” I toss my long red hair behind my shoulder. “I think I’m just doomed to horny desperation for the next few weeks. I apologize in advance if I start begging any of you to fuck me!” I cry, and me and the girls burst into peals of laughter.

The weekend rolls around quickly, which means babysitting time.

I got home from class around four thirty, which gave me more than enough time to get ready for my Friday night babysitting job.

First, I took a nice, long shower. I used the removable shower head, as always, but my orgasm was perfunctory at best, and didn't leave me feeling anywhere near satisfied. Just even more desperate for the real thing. *Sigh*.

I got myself dressed in the bathroom, pulling on a pair of tight blue jeans and a thin white tank top. I ignored the army of haircare products that line the vanity, and I braided my long, red hair while it was still damp. When I take the braid out in a few hours, I'll have great loose waves. Easy and effortless, that's my beauty motto.

I used just a little bit of mascara to make my light hazel eyes pop, and swiped on some vanilla flavored lip balm.

Done.

It's a nice evening, so I decide to walk to my job instead of take the bus. Twenty minutes later, I'm heading up the walkway of the Quinn house. I ring the doorbell, and a middle aged woman answers a moment later.

"Hi, you must be Renee! I'm Linda, come on in!" She smiles warmly, leading me into the house.

I follow her through a very standard suburban home, moderately sized with homey, welcoming decor.

"So, you'll be watching our two youngest tonight, Billy and Caitlin. We have one more, Kyle, but he's twenty one and has his own apartment across town. Anyway, they're good kids, so you shouldn't have any trouble. But just in case, I left mine and Dave's cell phone numbers on the table, along with their pediatrician." She waves in the direction of the table, and I nod.

A man who I assume is Dave comes into the kitchen. He puts an arm around Linda and gives her a quick peck on the cheek. He's about the same age as Linda, probably around forty or forty five. He's balding, a little paunchy, and a little geeky looking.

I sigh. While they seem like an incredibly nice couple, I definitely don't think I'll be getting any unexpected crazy sex tonight.

Oh well. I hope the shower head at home is ready for more.

"I just said goodnight to the kids, so we're all set." Dave says to Linda, then turns to me. "We left some money for a pizza on the table. The kids are

upstairs in Billy's room. We should be home around midnight." He gives me a smile before ushering his wife out the door.

Babysitting the Quinn children turns out to be super easy. Linda was right, Billy and Caitlin are really good kids. We order a pizza, play a rousing game of Monopoly, watch a Disney movie, and they go to bed without argument.

Once the kids are asleep, I consider texting Paul to see if he's up for phone sex, but decide against it. My hand's been just as unfulfilling as the shower head lately, and I know it'll just leave me even more frustrated.

So I kill time with the television until Dave and Linda return at twelve o'clock on the dot.

They thank me, pay me, and send me on my way.

I know that I should be happy about such a smooth evening, but I still can't help but feel a little disappointed. Val and Kat both had seemingly innocent babysitting jobs end in such wild, hot sex. I really was hoping that I'd be as lucky as them for once.

As I'm walking down the Quinn driveway, I see a pair of headlights pull in, heading towards me. I step to the side to make room.

The red Jeep slows to a stop beside me, and I see that it's filled with four guys about my age.

Hm, maybe my luck is changing...

The driver leans out of the window, eyeing me up and down. I recognize his face from a Quinn family portrait hanging in their living room.

"You must be the older brother, Kyle." I say, eyeing him right back. He's got boyish good looks, dirty blonde hair, bright blue eyes, athletic build. I'd guess he plays some kind sport. Mmmm, I do love athletes.

"And who are you?" He asks, his tone flirtatious. His three friends lean over to check me out.

"Renee, the babysitter." I tilt my head, checking out his friends. They're all young, muscular and good looking, like Kyle.

I still feel all four pairs of eyes trailing over my body, taking in every inch of me. Someone else might feel unconscious under the gazes of four hot guys at once, but I am totally enjoying it. I square my shoulders, pushing my breasts out.

"Well, Renee the babysitter, I think my friends and I would like to get to know you. Want to go for a ride with us?" Kyle asks, raising a sandy

blonde eyebrow. His blue eyes are glittering and he gives me a crooked, mischievous smile.

I look at Kyle for a moment, then let my gaze fall to each one of his sexy friends. My heart begins to race. I've never done anything like this before. I've never even been part of a threesome! But tonight, having four guys on me, *and in me*, sounds like exactly what I need. I feel myself getting wet at the thought of it.

"Why not?" I shrug, then hop into the backseat with Kyle's friends.

I learn that Kyle's friends are Mike, John and Chuck. The four of them are college seniors and share an apartment. They're all on the lacrosse team together.

We drive around for a little while, making small talk, joking around, and listening to the radio. I'm sandwiched between Mike and John, and totally enjoying the feel of two solid, strong bodies pressed against me.

"So Renee," Kyle asks, looking at me through the rearview mirror. "Are you up for some fun?" He slows the car to a stop, pulling into an empty parking lot. I realize that we're at the park, which is completely deserted at this time of night.

Mike, John, Chuck and Kyle all turn to face me. I look from one, to the other, to the other, to the other, and I'm overwhelmed by the abundance of good looks, strong, sexy bodies, and testosterone. I feel that familiar itch deep in my pussy, and I know that these four are up to the task of scratching it.

"Sure, I'm in," I nod, a coy smile playing on my lips. "Come on, let's go have some fun."

I climb over Mike, out of the Jeep, and stroll over to the picnic tables. I make sure to swing my hips, since I know all four of them are checking out my ass as they follow me.

The park is totally quiet except for our quiet footsteps in the soft grass and the sound of crickets in the field. I stop at the closest picnic table, leaning against it. The four of them form a semicircle around me.

My eyes shift from one to the next. Kyle's got boy next door good looks, all blue eyes and sandy blonde hair. Chuck's the tallest, with striking green eyes and black hair. Mike's got adorable dimples. John's a little stockier, like he could be a football player.

"So, what kind of fun do you guys have in mind?" I ask, raising an eyebrow. As if I don't already know.

Kyle steps toward me, closing the distance between us. He's so close that I can smell him, a mixture of clean soap and raw, young masculinity. It's intoxicating, and I breathe deeply. I feel my pussy get a little damp when I think about how I'm going to ride him later.

"Well, there's something that I'm dying to find out." He says, his blue eyes sparkling. "Does the carpet match the drapes?"

Laughter erupts from his friends, and I have to fight myself to keep from rolling my eyes. As a natural redhead, I've certainly never heard *that* one before. *Not*.

But I resist the urge to give a bitchy reply. That might kill the mood, and I desperately want this to happen. Instead, I raise an eyebrow and step even closer to Kyle, so close that our bodies are just barely touching.

"You won't find any carpet here." I say, and I can feel his cock begin to stir against me. I smirk. "But if you'd like to discuss flooring, I can tell you my favorite kind." I snake a hand down between us, and he sucks in a quick breath. His dick springs to attention under my touch.

"Hard. Wood." I say, punctuating each word with a firm stroke.

Kyle lets out a guttural groan, pushing his erection into me. His hands go to my face and he tilts my chin up. His lips crash into mine, and he forces my mouth open with his tongue. I kiss him back, matching his enthusiasm.

Mike, John and Chuck all move in closer. One of them, I can't be sure who, comes behind me, and I feel a solid, strong body pressed against my back. I feel the beginning of an erection against my ass, so I wiggle myself back into it as I continue to kiss Kyle.

Another one, I think Chuck, is on my right side. He leans in close, brings his mouth to my neck. He licks an expert pattern that makes me moan, and I reach my hand down to rub at his crotch, his dick coming alive against my hand.

And the last man is at my left side. He grabs my shirt and pulls it up over my breasts. I'm not wearing a bra, and I shiver when the chilly night air hits my bare chest. My nipples go hard, and it's only a moment before a hand takes one, rolling my pink nub between thumb and forefinger.

I break my kiss with Kyle to let out a moan, basking in the feel of eight strong hands moving over my body, groping and eager to touch every inch of me.

I turn my head to the right and Chuck's mouth finds mine. He kisses me deeply.

Kyle licks a trail from my neck down to my breast, then takes a nipple into his mouth. He flicks his tongue against it and I groan, pushing my chest against him.

I've got a dick in each hand, one pressed into my backside, and one against my front. I'm surrounded by rock hard erections that are hungry for

me, and I'm loving every second of it.

There are hands at the button fly of my jeans, hastily undoing them. Someone slides them, along with my panties, down my legs.

I hastily kick out of them, and I'm completely naked. The hands groping at my body become more insistent, the cocks pressed against me grow even harder.

And I'm getting wetter and wetter by the second.

I pull back from my kiss with Chuck and look at the four men surrounding me.

"Your turn." I say, biting my lip. "Strip for me."

Kyle, John, Mike and Chuck are quick to obey, shedding their clothes in mere moments. When they're all naked, I take them in with greedy eyes, slowly, one at a time. All four of them are in amazing shape, strong, athletic and well muscled. And they're all for me. I lick my lips, feeling a combination of appreciation and anticipation. I'm definitely ready to take things to the next level.

I turn to Mike. "Lay down." I instruct, and he gets down on the grass. I move so that I have one foot on either side of his head, and slowly lower myself down.

I go to my knees and straddle his face, my sopping pussy positioned directly above his mouth. His hands go to my hips and he guides me the rest of the way. He trails his tongue along my slit, then pushes past my folds, kissing me deeply.

I throw my head back and moan, groping my own breasts. Kyle, Chuck and John close in around me, their dicks leading the way.

I reach out and take Kyle's in one hand, Chuck's in the other. I stroke from the base to the tip of each one, slowly. Twin groans are heard when I swirl my thumbs over their throbbing tips in unison.

John moves his cock toward me, demanding attention of his own. I lean forward and take him into my mouth, licking his shaft as I swallow him down.

I'm circling my hips, grinding my pussy against Mike's probing tongue as I work on the three beautiful dicks in front of me. There's a chorus of grunts and moans as I'm pumping them.

I pull my head back, swirl my tongue over the head of John's penis before I move my mouth to Chuck's erection. I take him into my mouth,

and he thrusts himself as deep as he can go. I bob my head back and forth, licking and sucking for a few moments before I switch to Kyle's dick.

I repeat this several times, moving from cock to cock to cock with my mouth, always stroking the other two with my hands.

While I've got Chuck's dick in my mouth for the third time, Kyle presses his against my cheek, then against my lips. I open as wide as I can, and he crams himself into my mouth with Chuck. I swirl my tongue from one to the other, and both men gasp. They both dig fingers into my hair, pulling me toward their own cock.

Mike's still working my pussy, and he inserts two fingers, rubbing at my inner walls. His tongue moves to my clit, where he laps hungrily.

I gyrate against him, grinding into his face as I feel heat rising up my body. I'm sucking and pumping the dicks in front of me faster and faster as I feel the pressure building within my body.

My legs begin to tremble, and someone reaches around to my breast, pulls on my hard nipple.

It sends me completely over the edge.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh yessssss!" I toss my head back, panting heavily as I shove my pussy into Mike's face, demanding more, more, *more* from his tongue and fingers while I come hard against him.

As I'm still quivering from my orgasm, Kyle pulls me up to standing. He bends me over, supporting me with strong arms. I feel his hard dick pressing against my sopping pussy, and I reach behind myself. I guide his cock past my wet lips, into my hungry hole. I cry out as he buries himself deep inside of me, filling me up.

Mike moves around to my head, and I'm at eye level with his rock hard cock. He moves forward, pushing into my lips. I open my mouth and he thrusts, not stopping until he hits the back of my throat.

The two of them move together. Kyle pulls me backward by my hips, pounding me from behind. Mike's got his hands behind my head, moving me forward as he drives his rigid dick into my mouth.

I can't help but feel a little like a ragdoll as they push and pull me, filling my mouth and pussy with their hard cocks.

I feel myself getting closer and closer to another orgasm, and I can tell that Mike and Kyle are right there with me as the two of them thrust their erections into my holes with increasing urgency.

Mike is the first to go. He grabs my hair, forcing his dick deep into my mouth as he lets out a groan. I feel the hot spurt hit the back of my throat, and I swallow it down.

Kyle's still driving himself into my pussy, going hard and fast, as Mike slips his cock out of my mouth. He reaches a hand around and snakes it between my legs. His thumb finds my swollen clit and he presses that hot button, moving in a slow circle.

It's more than I can take. I let out a wordless cry and arch my back, hips bucking against his rigid dick as wave after wave of intense pleasure crashes into me.

I'm still riding my orgasm when Kyle's hands tighten on my hips and I hear him give a low groan. He pounds his cock into me once, twice, and on the third pump I squeeze my pussy around him. Then I feel him explodes inside of me, his breathing shallow and ragged.

Kyle slides his penis out of me, and I straighten myself up on shaky, unsteady legs. A mixture of his juices and mine are trailing down my thigh, and I feel deliciously used. But I'm still aching for more, and I smile at John and Chuck, licking my lips. They've got their hard dicks in their hands, ready for me.

Chuck sits down on the picnic bench, then pats his lap, welcoming me. I straddle him and lower myself down onto his waiting cock.

We both moan when he pushes himself up off of the bench to meet my descending hips, driving all of his impressive length into my eager hole. I grip his shoulders, holding on tight as I begin to ride him.

I feel John against my back, hands groping and kneading my ass. He moves a finger between my cheeks, playing at my ass hole. He eases the finger inside, pushing it in slowly, and I let out a low groan when he begins moving it in and out of me. I push myself back into his hand, loving the feel of having something inside of both my holes.

"Oh god, yeah..." I moan, arching my back as Chuck fucks my pussy and John fingers my ass. I'm ready for more, desperate to be thoroughly consumed by the men around me. I've never felt two dicks fuck me at one time before, but I'm suddenly dying for it. And if there was ever a perfect opportunity, this is it. I turn my head over my shoulder. "Fuck me. Fill me up..." I demand between panting breaths.

John doesn't need to be told twice. He removes his finger and I feel his hard dick between my cheeks, pressing against my tight little hole.

He guides his impressive cock inside, slowly pressing forward and spreading me out little by little. I whimper, gripping Chuck's shoulders tighter, as he buries himself in my ass.

I cry out when he's completely inside of me, reveling at the sensation of being filled so completely. I move my hips and let out a sharp gasp. The feel of two hard dicks moving within me at the same sends intense waves of pleasure flooding through my entire body. It's unlike anything I've ever experienced, and I'm eager for more of it.

"Oh fuck yeah," I moan, moving my hips again, trembling against the heat that's rising up, unfurling through my body. "Fuck me, fuck me hard..." I beg.

John and Chuck begin to move themselves in and out of me, falling into a steady rhythm with one another. I'm moaning with their every thrust, fire licking me from the inside out, threatening to consume me completely.

I turn my head as Chuck and John pound away at me, and see that Kyle and Mike are on either side of our sandwich, watching me with hungry eyes and stroking twin erections.

I reach my arms out to my sides, taking one in each hand. I grip them firmly, running my fingers up and down their shafts as I'm being fucked.

I feel the pressure inside of me building, radiating up and out from my filled holes, moving through my body and leaving every inch of my tingling and burning hot.

I'm crying out with each and every thrust now, and Mike, John, Kyle and Chuck are right there with me. The five of us are a sweaty tangle of bodies, all connected and moving in time with one another, driving each other closer and closer and closer to oblivion.

I begin thrashing my head from side to side, bucking my hips hard, forward onto Chuck's throbbing dick, and then back, driving John's erection deeper into my ass.

Just when I think I can't possibly take any more, Chuck let's out a primal groan, gripping my hips and driving himself into me with more force than ever before, his perfect dick going deep and hitting my g-spot with intense force. I feel a warm spurt of cum against my pussy walls as my own orgasm crashes into me.

I cry out, tossing my head back, thrashing as my entire body is quivering and on fire. I squeeze my tight backdoor hole around John's dick, and I feel him begin to tremble against me, strong fingers digging into my

hips, pulling my back, thrusting himself into me harder and harder as he drives himself to his own orgasm. His teeth graze my shoulder as he cums, and the sensation sends new ripples of pleasure through me.

Mike's hand goes around mine, and he lets out a groan as he forces me to pump his cock faster. Kyle follows, guiding my other hand over his own throbbing erection at a furious pace.

The two of them cry out at the same time, and I milk them hard, coaxing hot, glistening white streams from both of them.

I slump forward as the aftershocks of my orgasm shoot through me. All five of us are breathing heavily, slowly recovering from our own personal earthquakes.

My body is glistening with sweat, covered in my own fluids and those of the four men surrounding me. I've never felt more deliciously used in my life, never felt so thoroughly fucked or so completely satisfied.

I let out a contented sigh as I gather my discarded clothes from the grass.

Kyle slows the Jeep down, coming to a stop outside of my apartment building's front entrance. I climb over Chuck to get out of the backseat. I stand on legs that are still a bit wobbly, straighten my white tee shirt over my belly, and close the door behind me.

"Thanks, guys," I say, leaning into the window. "That was *exactly* what I needed." I give them an exhausted but happy grin, and am met with four smiles that mirror my own.

"You should hang out with us again sometime. You're really something else, Renee." Chuck says, giving me a mischievous wink.

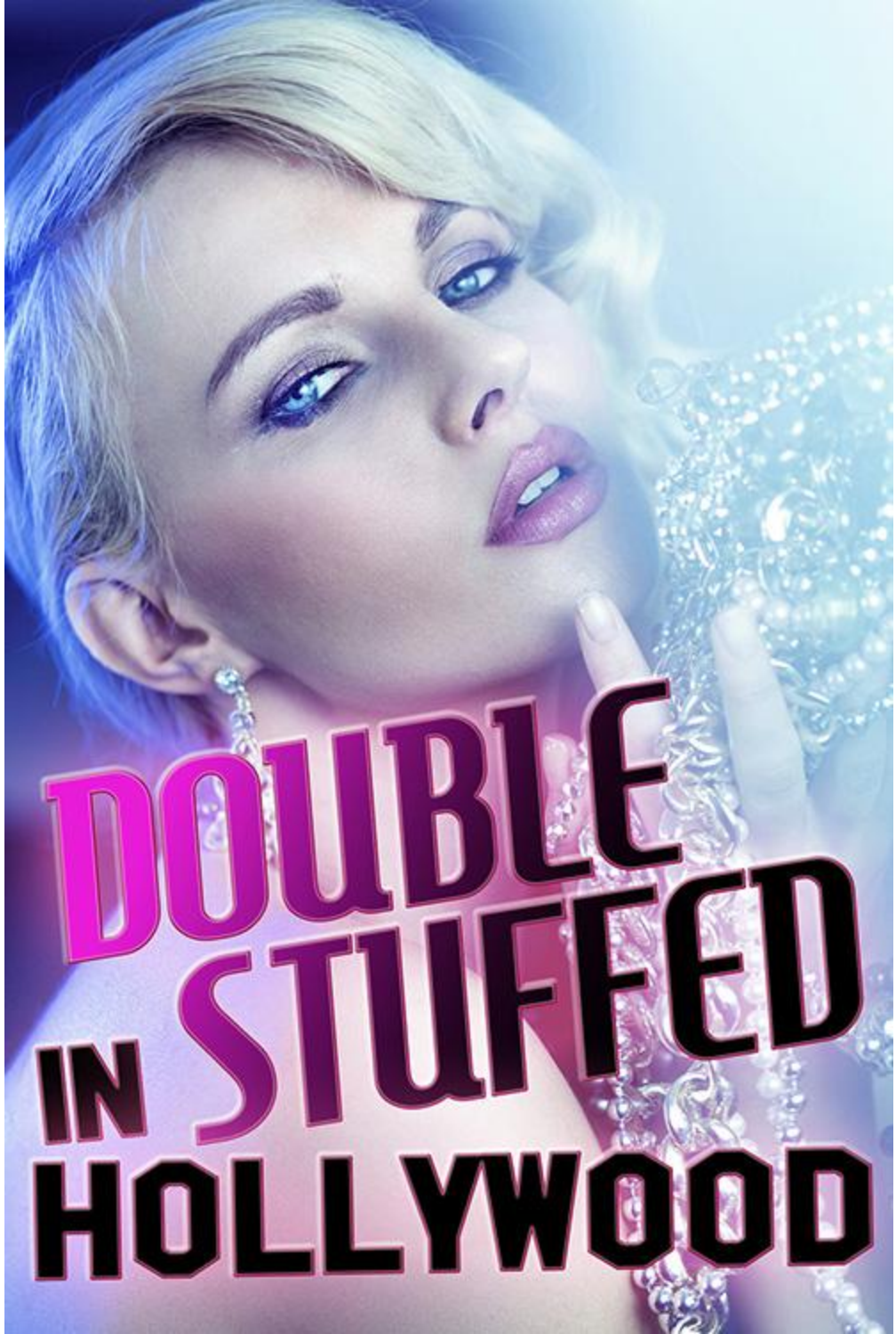
"Yeah, definitely," Kyle agrees. "We'd love to have you over to our place any time you like." He says, and the others nod in agreement.

I smile at the four sexy lacrosse players. "I just might take you up on that." I say, and give them one last sexy smirk before turning away from the car. I make sure to sway my hips as I head towards my building, because I know that there are four pairs of eyes checking out my ass as I go.

There's a honk from the Jeep's horn as it drives away. I smile widely when I see that the lights inside of our apartment are still on, meaning that my roommates are still awake.

I can't wait to tell them *all* about my babysitting job...

BOOK FOUR: Double Stuffed In Hollywood



**DOUBLE
IN STUFFED
HOLLYWOOD**

“Can I buy you a drink?”

I turned to the man who had taken the barstool next to me, ready to tell him thanks, but no thanks. I was in no mood to be hit on tonight. I had sorrows to drown, and that was best done alone.

But the words got lost somewhere between my head and my mouth when I looked over at him. *Holy hell*, was he ever good looking. Dark brown hair, chiseled features, striking blue eyes. He was well groomed and wearing expensive clothes; definitely not the type of man I’d ever expect to find in a cheap dive bar in West Hollywood.

“Well?” He asked, raising an eyebrow at me.

“Oh! Um, sure.” I mumbled, blushing fiercely. I hadn’t realized that I’d been staring. I quickly finished my drink as he motioned for the bartender.

“I’ll have another rum and diet soda.” I said.

“Oh no, you can’t drink that,” the man said, waving a hand. “A beautiful woman like you needs something with some style and sophistication.” He turned to the bartender. “We’ll have two dirty martinis, shaken.”

My head was spinning. I’d never had a man order for me before. It seemed so old fashioned, so manly. And he’d called me beautiful! This gorgeous man thought that *I* was beautiful?

“Dante Stone.” He said once the bartender had left, extending his hand to me. I reached out and shook it, and a tiny jolt of electricity shot through my palm. Dante’s eyes bored into mine, intently studying my face.

“Heather. Heather Kelly.” I said, grateful when the bartender returned with our drinks. It was an excuse to break the intense eye contact.

“It’s lovely to meet you.” Dante said, his voice smooth. He took a sip of his martini and I followed suit. *Woah*, I had to try hard not to make a face. This was definitely different from my usual rum and diet cola, which suddenly seemed like a very immature drink. A dirty martini seemed like a *real* cocktail.

“I have to ask, are you an actress, Heather?”

I gave him a surprised look. I couldn’t help but wonder how he could tell.

“I’m trying to be.” I sighed, and my voice sounded sad and pathetic, even to me. I blushed a little. “It’s just so much harder than I thought it would be. I bombed an audition today, yet again.” I took a long sip of my

cocktail to hide my frown. Dante gave me , sympathetic smile, his blindingly white teeth gleaming against the dim light in the bar.

“I just knew you were an actress. You have an aura about you, a magnetism.” He said it with total confidence, with the air of someone who knew what he was talking about.

“You really think so?” I asked. It was the nicest thing anyone had said to me in months, and I hadn’t realized how desperately I’d needed a compliment. I felt myself sitting up a little bit straighter.

“Oh, absolutely.” He gave a sage nod as he sipped his drink. His eyes traveled over me, taking in every inch of me. I tried not to shrink under his scrutinizing gaze.

“Well, thank you for saying so. I really needed to hear it tonight.” I admitted, and gave him a shy smile. “Let’s just hope a casting director at an audition agrees with you, and soon. I’m going to have to move back home to Iowa if I don’t catch a break.” I took a long sip of my martini. The taste was definitely growing on me.

“I wouldn’t worry too much about that.” Dante waved a hand, his watch glinting in the light. It was bright platinum and obviously very expensive. “I see girls every day who are trying to make it. Most of them are missing that special something, that *spark*. But not you. You’ve got it.”

I perked up at that.

“Oh, do you work in the movie business?” I asked, my eyes wide and hopeful. Oh, wouldn’t that just be something? Maybe my luck was finally turning around.

“Yes, I’m a producer.” He nodded. His blue eyes studied me for a moment, blazing with intensity. It was unnerving, the way he was staring, sizing me up. It almost felt like he was looking through me, right to my soul. Then he gave me a dazzling grin.

“And come to think of it, we’re holding auditions tomorrow for something I think you might be perfect for.”

“Really?” I asked, and I couldn’t hide the hope in my voice. “Oh, that would just be amazing!” I clasped my hands together in front of my chest.

I watched as Dante produced a business card and a sleek *Mont Blanc* pen from his jacket’s inner pocket.

“Yes, I’d really love it if you could come,” He said, and scribbled something on the back of the card. “Here’s my card. It’s got all my info on

it, and I wrote the studio address on the back. The audition is at eight o'clock tomorrow night." He handed me the card.

"Of course I'll come!" I said, glancing down at the elegant business card. "Oh, I'm so glad that I met you. You have no idea. I really, really needed this." I gushed, before I could stop myself. Between the alcohol and my excitement, I just couldn't hold myself back.

"Believe me, the pleasure has been all mine." Dante said, in his smooth voice. He took a long sip of his cocktail, winking at me over the glass.

I had to fish Dante's business card out of my purse the next morning, just to prove to myself that last night hadn't been a dream. I could hardly believe my luck! Meeting a successful - *and gorgeous* - movie producer in a bar sounded like the beginning of a fairy tale to me.

And he thought I was beautiful! And had potential as an actress! I swore to myself that I wouldn't blow it. Not this time. My audition tonight would be perfect. I would wow them and land the part, whatever it was. Things were going to start looking up for me, I just knew it.

"May I help you?" The woman behind the desk asked. She gave me a very intense look, her pale eyes traveling over every inch of me. It was unnerving, and I couldn't help but shift uncomfortably under her gaze.

She was pale, probably the palest person I'd ever seen in Los Angeles, with glossy black hair pulled back in a sleek chignon. Her face was striking, with high cheekbones and large, pale eyes that seemed like they were looking right through me. She wore dark eye makeup and glossy dark red lipstick, which was a striking contrast against her milky white skin.

She raised an elegantly arched eyebrow at me, and I realized I'd been staring.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I'm Heather Kelly, I'm here for the audition." I explained, and frowned at myself. I sounded flustered and nervous, as usual. *Get it together, Heather, this is why you blow auditions!*

"The audition?" The woman asked. She sounded as if she knew nothing about an audition, as if the idea was absurd. I felt my confidence

waver even more.

“Um, yes.” I rifled through my bag, looking for the business card Dante gave me to double check the details. “Um, Dante Stone told me about it, and requested that I attend.” I mumbled, as I searched for the card.

“Ah.” She said, giving a small nod of understanding. “I see. My apologies, I wasn’t aware that Mr. Stone was auditioning anyone this evening.” Her eyes swept over me again, and her pale eyes were luminous and inscrutable.

“Come.” She said, and walked briskly across the room, her glossy black stilettos clicking against the black marble floor.

I had to hustle to keep up with her as she lead me through the studio. I followed her through a door marked Set 6 and couldn’t help but gasp.

I had stepped into an opulent Art Deco style mansion. It was all cream, crimson and gold, with luxurious furniture and art. A fire crackled in the massive fireplace in the center of the mansion’s great room. I looked around in awe, taking in the incredible details.

“Ah, Heather!” Dante said, appearing in front of me. I had been so distracted by my surroundings that I hadn’t even noticed him before. I gave him a smile, relieved to see a familiar face. Especially one so sexy. “Thanks for helping her find her way, Eve.” Dante said, turning to the woman who’d lead me here.

“In the future, you might want to tell me when you’re planning an *audition*.” Eve said. The words seemed harmless, but for some reason her tone sounded menacing. I looked between the two of them, totally confused.

“Sure, Eve. My mistake, I’ll try to keep you informed from now on.” Dante said, his voice smooth and friendly. He gave Eve a nod of dismissal, then turned to me.

“I’m so glad you made it, Heather. Come, let’s get started.” He took my arm and lead me into the set mansion’s great room, to a group of people gathering there.

I couldn’t help but smile as I walked arm in arm with Dante. He was so confident and charismatic, and I felt like someone else when I was on his arm. It was like I wasn’t a struggling actress on the brink of failure anymore. With him, I just felt like a beautiful woman, a real lady.

“Everyone, I’d like to introduce Heather Kelly. I think we can expect great things from her.” Dante said, addressing the small crowd in the set

mansion's great room. I fought not to shift on my heels or fidget.

I looked around at the crowd. *Woah!* There were some seriously big names here. Ian Sanders, the movie star who topped last year's Hottest New Actor list. Jason Walsh, a big time movie director. Quinn Hartley, star of *According To Quinn*, a wildly popular sitcom.

What were so many A-list Hollywood bigwigs doing at an audition? What kind of project was this?

Most everyone in this strange group smiled and nodded at me welcomingly, a few raised their glasses of champagne. Ian Sanders winked, and I couldn't help but blush. A pretty redheaded woman about my age handed me a glass of champagne of my own, and I gave her a grateful smile as I took a sip.

"All right, now that we're all here, I'd say it's time to begin." Jason Walsh, the big shot movie director said, clapping his hands together. Everyone turned to look at him, and Dante gave my arm a reassuring little squeeze. "It's been a glorious month, and I know that we've all enjoyed the Ancient One's blessings."

What? Ancient One? Was this some kind of run-through of a movie scene?

"But the Ancient One is insatiable, and it is once again time to feed him." Jason Walsh continued. Then he undid his pants and let them fall to the floor.

My eyes widened, totally shocked. When I looked around, I realized that everyone in the set mansion had started to undress.

I watched, completely frozen, as Ian Sanders unbuttoned his white linen shirt, exposing a torso that looked better than any Photoshopped magazine cover, and let it fall to the floor. Quinn Hartley slid her tight pink dress down her body, revealing that she wore nothing underneath of it, and let the dress pool around her ankles.

I glanced over at Dante for some kind of explanation, some clue about what was happening. He gave me a dazzling smile as he undid his trousers and pulled them down.

"What-" I started, but I had so many questions that I didn't even know what to ask first.

"Just go with it, Heather." Dante said, his voice smooth as he stepped out of his pants.

“I am not going to do porn, Dante! I promised myself when things started getting rough that no matter what, I’d never do porn.” I said, crossing my arms over my chest. He let out a bark of a laugh.

“Porn? This isn’t porn.” Dante said as he removed his shirt. I couldn’t help but check him out. *Damn*, his body was incredible. I felt myself licking my lips despite the strange situation.

“You said this was an audition. Where are the cameras?” I asked.

“This is an audition, but there are no cameras.” He said, folding his expensive clothes in a neat pile. I was about to demand that he explain, but he cut me off.

“Heather, if you want to make it, *really make it*, this is how to do it. Everyone here is part of an elite group. We get together once a month, we do this for the Ancient One, and then we reap the rewards.” I was still skeptical, but Dante ignored my raised eyebrow. “Look around, Heather. These are some of the most successful people in Hollywood. Can you even begin to doubt that it works?”

I certainly couldn’t deny that. Everyone here had made it, everyone here had what I so desperately wanted. What I needed, if I was going to keep myself from going back to Iowa as a failure.

And I knew, in that moment, that I was going to do this. Whatever *this* was. This was my one chance, even if it wasn’t what I expected. There was no way I was going to let it pass me by.

Slowly, I brought my hands to the straps of my dress and slipped them off of my shoulders. “That’s a good girl.” Dante murmured, and gave me a wide, dazzling smile. He watched as I shimmied out of my dress, and I silently thanked my lucky stars that I was wearing my one nice matching bra and panty set, instead of my usual mismatched cotton.

“My friends,” Jason Walsh began, speaking loudly to address the now-naked group. “Tonight, we give ourselves over to carnal desires, and as we give in to our most primal appetites, we are feeding the Ancient One. We offer our pleasure, and we receive his blessings!”

I watched with wide eyes as Quinn Hartley approached Jason, walking naked across the room with total confidence, and then fell to her knees before him. She took his penis in her hands and brought it to her mouth.

People were splitting off into pairs or threesomes around the set mansion’s great room. I watched as they groped and fondled one another, the room filling with groans and sighs.

I was still beyond confused, but I felt myself getting hot as this bizarre scene unfolded around me. I'd never seen anything like this before, and the sight of such beautiful people getting together was heating my blood.

I glanced over to Dante, and he gave me a look that sent chills down my spine. It was predatory, intimidating and full of lust. The debonair man had gone, and been replaced by something else. Something dark and sexual.

He grabbed me, his strong hands digging into my hips. He held me against him, and I could feel his erection between my legs. His lips crashed into mine, and his tongue pushed my mouth open. Dante kissed me hard, and I was surprised to find that I was kissing him back with matched fervor. His strong arms wrapped around me, and I pressed myself against his broad, muscular chest.

I let out a sigh as his chest hair rubbed against my quickly hardening nipples. I ran my hands up and down his back, reveling in the feel of taut muscles under my palms. God, he had an incredible body.

Dante's hands were roaming over my flesh, exploring and groping every inch of me. He cupped my breast, taking my nipple between his thumb and forefinger, sending a shiver down my spine. He teased, pulling and rolling my hardening nub. A shock of electricity shot directly to my sex, and I broke the kiss to toss my head back and let out a low moan.

He took the opportunity to bring his mouth to my exposed neck. His lips trailed over my sensitive flesh, and his tongue darted out to lick an intricate pattern. I moaned again, my breath quickening as my veins flooded with heat.

I tangled my fingers in his dark hair, holding him close to me as he licked and kissed. I glanced up for a moment, and my eyes fell on Ian Sanders, Quinn Hartley and the pretty redhead who'd given me a glass of champagne.

Quinn was laying on her back, a hand between her legs. She was fingering herself, toes curling against the marble floor. The redhead was straddled over her face, her hips moving in slow circles as Quinn's tongue moved in and out of her pussy. Ian was standing in front of the redhead, his hands were tangled in her long hair. He held her head steady as he moved his erection in and out of her open, eager mouth.

The three of them were moving in perfect rhythm with one another, a tangle of bodies writhing as one. The sight was *beyond* erotic, and watching them as Dante kissed my neck and slid his hands over my breasts had me

hotter and hornier than I'd ever been before. My pussy clenched tightly, suddenly aching to be filled.

Feeling emboldened by my desire, I snaked a hand down to Dante's crotch and wrapped my fingers around his growing erection. Woah, he was *very* well endowed. My pulse quickened at the thought of feeling this magnificent cock inside of me.

Dante let out a low moan and flexed his hips forward. "You're so fucking sexy, Heather." He said, his voice tight with desire. He grazed my jaw with his perfect teeth.

"I want you." I said, surprised at how husky my voice sounded. "I want to feel you inside of me." The words shocked me as they came out of my mouth. I'd never been so forward before, never so clearly communicated my desires.

Dante's lips crashed into mine, and his hands grabbed my hips, pulling me close to him. He kissed me with intensity as he lifted me off of the ground. Effortlessly and without breaking our kiss, he moved us across the room and set me down on a table, the marble cool against my bare ass.

My legs wrapped around his hips, holding him close to me. A moan escaped my throat at the feel of his cock pressed against my increasingly wet pussy. I couldn't wait a moment longer, I needed to feel that cock inside of me. *Now.*

I reached between us and, after running my fingers up and down his impressive length, guided him past my slick folds. His gaze locked onto me, eyes blazing.

"Fuck me." I said, half begging and half demanding.

Dante pushed forward, driving his cock inside of me. I cried out loudly, my voice adding to the choir of sighs and moans filling the room. He began fucking me hard and fast, each strong thrust sending a wave of pleasure crashing into me.

I writhed on the table, revelling in the feel being so utterly filled. Dante's hands were at my breasts, and he rolled my nipples as he moved in and out of me. My back arched and I gripped the edge of the table tightly.

We moved together, my hips rising to meet his advances. His cock hit my g-spot with perfect precision, and I felt my muscles beginning to tighten as he drove me closer and closer to sweet release.

"Yes," I moaned, biting my lip as heat rose upwards from my sex, radiating out and filling my veins with tingling fire. "Oh god, yes. Fuck me,

fuck me harder.” I begged. My toes were curling and my scalp was prickling. I was being wound up tighter and tighter with Dante’s every motion.

He drove himself into me with increased fervor, and we moaned together as we moved as one. He trailed one hand down, gliding over the hypersensitive flesh of my breast, my torso, my belly... Then he moved it between my legs, sliding over my folds before zeroing in on my clit and moving his thumb in a slow circle.

That drove me over the edge.

I cried out his name as I shattered around him. My orgasm crashed into me hard and fast, and I rode wave after wave after wave of intense pleasure. My thighs trembled, toes curled, my hips bucked up off of the table and demanded more, more, *more* from Dante. My veins filled with fire and a tingling heat flooded my body, leaving delicious numbness in its wake.

Through the haze of my pleasure, I was vaguely aware of Dante driving himself into me one final time, and stiffening against me, giving in to his own release.

As I lay on the table, panting and still trembling with the aftershocks of my orgasm, Dante slipped out of me and stepped aside, making way for Ian Sanders.

Ian stood exactly where Dante had been, nestled between my legs. He was naked, gleaming with a thin layer of sweat, and his brilliant blue eyes were gleaming with desire. Without a word, he leaned over me and placed his lips against mine.

He kissed me deeply, hungrily. I kissed him back with matched passion.

As we kissed, I became aware of a small voice somewhere in the back of my head. The one that was freaking out, telling me I couldn’t do this. Telling me that it was one thing to sleep with Dante, but I couldn’t possibly fuck Ian too. That was going too far.

I ignored this voice. Whatever was happening here, this was my big break. This was how I was going to make it, this was how I was going to become a star. I couldn’t say no, couldn’t let this opportunity pass me by.

Besides, this was Ian Sanders, Hottest New Actor. He was an A-list movie star, and sexy as hell. I *wanted* to fuck him.

I kissed Ian deeply and reached my hand down between us, wrapping my fingers around his rock hard dick. He sucked in a breath and bit down

on my lower lip, making me groan.

“Tonight’s your audition, right?” Ian asked, one of his strong hands cupping my breast. The other trailed down to my pussy, and he inserted a finger into me, swirling slowly.

I was suddenly unable to speak, so I just nodded at him as my hips began moving in slow circles, mirroring the motion of his fingers.

Ian gave me a heart stopping grin. “Well then, get ready for the ride of your life.” He pushed himself forward, driving his cock deep inside of me.

My hips moved to meet his thrust instinctively, and I was moaning and writhing on the marble table in seconds flat. I felt wanton, and more aroused than I’d never been before. It was intense, overwhelming and almost scary to lose myself so completely.

Ian was a fantastic fuck. He circled his hips with every thrust, hitting my hot spot with delicious accuracy, making me scream in delight. I felt my thighs begin to quiver again, felt that familiar fire pooling deep within me and radiating outwards. It wouldn’t be long until I was exploding around him.

“Oh god, yesssss...” I moaned, my back arching.

And then I felt hands on my shoulders. I glanced up and found myself face to face with Jason Walsh, the biggest director in Hollywood. He gave me a wide smile and a wink, massaging me as Ian continued to fuck me.

“You know Heather,” Jason said, and I could do nothing but moan as I stared up at him while writhing against Ian. “I like your look. You might be perfect for a new project I have in mind.” He lowered his hand to my breast and fondled me, pinching my nipples roughly.

“Lift her up, Ian. I want a go with this one.” Jason said, stroking his cock as he groped me.

Without breaking his rhythm, Ian effortlessly lifted me off the table, holding me up and close to him as he continued to fuck me.

I felt like nothing more than a ragdoll, a toy to be used for pleasure. Jason moved so that his chest was at my back, and I felt his erection pressing against my ass.

“Have you ever been fucked here before?” He asked, bringing a finger to my backdoor and pressing against my entrance. I writhed and moaned as his touch sent jolts of electric pleasure through me.

“No,” I said, my voice husky. “Never.”

“Oh, darling, you’re going to love this.” He said, kissing my neck as he pressed his finger forward, into my ass.

I groaned against the overwhelming wave of pleasure. The feel of Ian fucking me while Jason fingered me from behind was almost too much to bear.

After a moment, Jason removed his finger and pressed his cock between my cheeks. I gritted my teeth as he pushed into me.

“Oh fuck, darling, you’re so tight.” He groaned, and I gritted my teeth against the overwhelming pleasure and pain of it, the strange feeling of him entering and my ass stretching around his cock.

Every inch that Jason advanced was another shock of pleasure laced with pain, and I was lost in a haze of sensation.

Once Jason had buried himself completely inside of me, he really began to move.

He and Ian fell into a rhythm with each other, thrusting in and out of me in unison. The feel of both of their cocks moving inside of me at the same time was beyond overwhelming.

I was screaming, writhing, thrashing my head. The three of us moved together, and it was carnal, primal, animalistic.

My nails dug into Ian’s muscular shoulders. Jason’s strong hands gripped my hips so hard that I knew I’d have bruises later. Ian’s mouth was at my neck, biting and kissing my hypersensitive flesh.

Each thrust from Ian and Jason wound me tighter, drove me closer and closer to the edge. I was close, and I could already tell that my climax would be explosive.

“Oh fuck,” I groaned, reveling in the feel of being sandwiched between the men. I was being possessed, consumed, and I was loving every moment. “Harder, fuck me *harder*...” I begged.

I was on fire. Heat flooded my veins and pooled deep in my belly. My scalp prickled, my entire body began to tremble.

Ian and Jason pounded into me hard and fast, going deeper than ever, and I lost it.

With a primal, wordless cry, I shattered.

My orgasm crashed into me with almost unbearable intensity. White hot electricity flooded through me, leaving every single particle of my being tingling and vibrating.

I cried out as wave after wave after wave of intense, all-consuming pleasure rolled through me. My body quivered as I gave myself over to the orgasm completely. The world melted away, and all that was left was this overwhelming carnal bliss.

I was vaguely aware of Ian and Jason stiffening against me. The feel of their hot seed filling both of my holes at the same time sent fresh waves of pleasure crashing into me.

After what felt like an eternity of ecstasy, my orgasm began to ebb. Ian set me down on shaky legs, and it was all I could do not to sink to the floor in a pile of post-orgasmic goo.

Jason and Ian both helped to hold me up as the three of us gasped for breath, still trembling from our own little earthquakes.

“So,” I said, and was surprised by how ragged, husky and downright sexy my voice sounded. “Did I get the part?” I asked, looking up at Jason Walsh.

Both he and Ian laughed, looking surprised by my question.

“Darling, I’d say you just started one hell of a career.” Jason said, winking at me.

Further Reading...

Don't miss [Double Stuffed By The Shifters](#), by Rose Black!

When Helena takes a wrong turn while hiking in the woods, she finds herself in a mysterious meadow. And she quickly learns that she's not alone.

Two gorgeous, gigantic foxes join her, and she realizes they're overly affectionate. Unnaturally affectionate. But when she tries to get away from them, she suddenly finds herself face to face with two of the most gorgeous men she's ever seen... And they want to have Helena any and every way they can! Here's a taste:

Both foxes tilted their heads at me, then the one on the left leaned forward and nuzzled my hand. I let out a small, surprised laugh and rubbed him behind his ear. The other one moved forward, demanding attention of his own.

I pet both of the foxes, and they nuzzled and licked me eagerly. *How strange*, I thought to myself as I ran my hands through their smooth, thick fur. I'd always heard that foxes were pretty leery of humans, but these two were downright affectionate. One of the foxes began nipping my fingers playfully, while the other moved his muzzle to my crotch and began nuzzling between my legs.

"Woah! Hey there, that's a little too friendly for me." I said, taking a step back from the foxes. They quickly closed the distance I'd just created, and continued to nuzzle and lick me eagerly.

"Hey, come on! Give a girl some space." I said, stepping back from the foxes again. But again, they weren't taking no for an answer, and one of them excitedly buried his muzzle between my legs while the other took my fingers in his mouth and licked fervently. I felt my heart begin to race.

I turned away again, but one of the foxes moved quickly, standing on his hind legs and knocking me down. I fell to the ground with a thud, landing flat on my back. *Ouch*. I gasped as the wind was knocked out of me.

Both foxes moved on me, holding me down with their paws. One was at my face, running his hot tongue over my cheek while the other was

between my legs again. I squirmed, trying to free myself from the two foxes, but they were too big and strong.

And then, suddenly, they weren't foxes anymore. They simply changed before my eyes. It was so quick and so completely unbelievable that I could barely register what was happening. But one moment, there were foxes. The next, there were two overwhelmingly gorgeous men in their places...

[Continue reading now!](#)

Also check out [Ghost Sex](#), by Rose Black!

When Charlotte moves into an apartment in an old Victorian building, she figures her new home is bound to have some quirks. What Charlotte didn't expect was to be sharing her bedroom with a very horny ghost!

Here's a taste:

My entire body was tingling, covered in goosebumps, but I no longer felt cold. Instead, there was a warmth rising up, radiating out of me from deep within.

I didn't know what part of this scenario was most unbelievable. Was it the fact that I was almost definitely being groped by a spirit, or ghost, or whatever this was? Or that, instead of being frightened out of my mind by this strange paranormal activity, I seemed to somehow be *enjoying* it?

As my nipples continued to be torturously teased, I suddenly felt more cool tendrils at my ankles. My breath caught in my throat. I definitely wasn't expecting that.

They began to move up my legs, tracing slow patterns as they went. Up, up, up they traveled, gliding over my calves, my knees, my thighs. When they circled in, snaking against my inner thighs, I let out a cry.

The sensation was overwhelming. The feel of icy hot vapors playing with my nipples and massaging my upper, inner thighs at the same time was unlike anything I've ever felt, or anything I ever expected to feel in my lifetime.

I began moving my hips, a burning desire building. These otherworldly caresses were stoking that fire inside of me, igniting an ache deep within my wet pussy.

I was hungry for more, my body yearning for satisfaction.

The otherworldly touches on my thighs began moving against my legs with more urgency, more force. I felt my legs being forced open, my invisible lover pushing my thighs apart. Once my legs were spread, the swirling fingers traveled upwards, homing in on my eager mound.

"Oh my god," I gasped, arching my back as the tendrils traced the folds of my hot slit, leaving a trail of icy tingles in their wake. I'd never felt anything like that before, and it was beyond exquisite.

They kept at it, moving slowly, then quickly, then slowing down again. The icy vapors were teasing me, making my breath catch in my throat.

And then they zeroed in on my clit, rippling over and around it with insistence.

Holy. Shit.

[Continue reading now!](#)

Also check out [Sold To The Dragon Prince](#), by Rose Black!

When Alyssa learns that her father's sold her to a mysterious stranger, she's understandably furious. She's not just some piece of property to be bought and sold!

But Alyssa isn't given a choice, and she's soon taken to an opulent palace high in the mountains, being draped in gold and jewels. She begins to wonder if her new life might not be so bad after all... Until she finds herself face to face with the lusty shapeshifting dragon who bought her!

Here's a preview...

I was frozen in place, lost in the dragon's penetrating gaze. Was this why I was bought, to be a meal for this creature?

"Well, don't you look lovely all draped in gold and jewels," The dragon said, his crimson eyes trailing over me. His voice was rich, smooth and smoky. It sent a shiver down my spine. His gaze traveled down my body slowly, taking in every inch of my naked flesh. His forked tongue darted out of his mouth to lick his lips. "Very lovely, indeed. Delectable, even."

"Please," I whispered. My voice sounded so small. "Please, don't hurt me."

The dragon cocked his head and eyed me curiously. He took a step forward, and I instinctively flinched back. The dragon let out a low chuckle that reverberated through me, sending vibrations deep inside of my body. He took another step forward. He was so near me that I could feel heat radiating from his smooth, scaled body.

"I'll scream." I warned him, although I knew that it was an empty threat, even before the words left my mouth. It was clear to me now that I had been purchased for him, and I highly doubted that there was some prince waiting in the wings, ready to come to my rescue.

"Oh, you'll scream. I'm going to make sure of it." The dragon said, his rich, honeyed voice full of promise...

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About The Author

Rose Black lives in New Orleans and likes to write down her dirty daydreams.

She hopes you enjoy them as much as she does.

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