**Forced to Be A Stripper**

by[Powerone](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=91789&page=submissions)©

The John Mellencamp song was blaring loudly as Vanessa danced around under the lights. "I want you to dance naked, so I can see you, I'd like to get to know you, you don't have to act naughty." Her hips moving back and forth, synchronized with the strings of his guitar, a wanton display of simulated sex. "Spin it round and round, spin it round and round and round, I want you to dance naked." Vanessa twirled around, her unbuttoned blouse blowing out to the side, her bra barely able to contain her large breasts. Her head twirled in circles, her long brown hair fanning out as her head moved up and down. Her short, plaid schoolgirl skirt rose up high, almost to her waist, her black panties silhouetting her white thighs as she twirled sensuously.  
  
The six men in the room watched the teenage girl perform for them. All of them were middle aged businessmen, except for Doctor Michael, a noted Hypno-Therapist. He had an uncanny ability to put young girls into a deep subconscious state. He could make them lose their inhibitions, all while they were conscious of what they were doing, but unable to stop themselves, unable to stop from performing whatever Dr. Michael ordered. No act of perversions the young girls were forced to perform were taboo. Vanessa was his latest patient. She had just turned 19. Very beautiful as the men all noticed, six large cocks erect, bulging their pants. She was five foot, eight, about 110 pounds, a slender girl. Her 34C's bounced up and down as she danced. Her green eyes stared at the men with a peculiar look, the men had seen it before with Dr. Michael's other girls. It was their brains fighting what their bodies were doing.  
  
Vanessa couldn't control herself. The bright lights were shining on her body, the six older men sitting in front of her, their eyes peeled to her body as she danced; danced as she had never done before, without inhibitions, her clothes half off of her body. The music went straight through to her brain, John Mellencamp singing, "I want you to dance naked." She looked at Dr. Michael, her eyes pleading with him, but she could hear his voice, even over the loud bass of the song. "Take off your blouse." No, her eyes silently pleaded with him. She looked down at her hands, her fingers already unbuttoning the sleeves, her hands pulling the blouse off her shoulders and throwing it to the floor off to the side. Her face was flushed red in humiliation as she began to twirl around again, her hair swinging widely, brushing over her bosom as her hips moved back and forth. She arched her back out, humiliated as she saw how she looked, her large breasts thrust out as if she was trying to show them off to anyone watching. She bent at the waist, her heavy breasts hanging down, afraid that they would break free of the confines of the bra. She shook her shoulders, her breasts swaying back and forth, over half of the white flesh revealed to the men, the music providing the tempo for her gyrations.  
  
Dr. Michael nodded to the other men. "Lovely girl isn't she? And such a nice body." He rubbed his hand over his hard cock as it strained his pants, Vanessa's eyes staring at his crotch. She looked up, embarrassed at being caught looking. "Your bra now Vanessa. Let these gentlemen see your lovely tits. Make them naked and then dance for us. Let us see them bounce."  
  
Her back was arched, her proud breasts thrust up high as she fought the urges in her brain. She refused to do such a thing! They would have to rape her, strip her body naked. She wouldn't do it. She shivered as she felt fingers behind her back, fumbling with the catch of her bra, her hips gyrating wildly as she stood in place. Who was doing it? Looking down, her arms had disappeared out of sight behind her back, her own body betraying her again. NO! She silently screamed when she felt the sudden release as her bra swung loose. She felt her breasts swing down. The pendulous flesh was no longer in the tight, constraining device; the firm, teenage flesh not needing any support. They were not meant to be covered and supported. They were meant to be free and naked.  
  
They watched her turn her back to them, her skirt pulled tightly over her firm ass, her hips swinging back and forth. Her back was almost naked, the bra strap hanging uselessly, the men eager to see her without the bra. Dr. Michael had told them about her breasts, wanting to see them in the flesh. She turned and flashed them a sexy smile, winking as she slowly let the bra slip down her arms, her palms moving up to take the place of it, her small hands barely able to contain them. She turned around suddenly, bent down into a deep knee bend, legs widely spaced, gyrated her pelvis back and forth, the men easily able to see up her skirt, then back up again. Her arms went quickly behind her neck, laced together, her back arched again, this time her breasts naked, thrust out in exhibition. Her light brown areolas were the size of silver dollars, the loveliest set of hard, pink nipples capped her firm flesh as he undulated before them, her breasts begin a gentle roll as she continued to dance.  
  
No, she couldn't be doing this, looking down to see how hard her nipples were, her eyes moving to the men, their eyes pinned to her naked breasts. She tried to push her hands over her breasts, wanting to hide them from the men. She looked down, her hands had not moved, still thrusting her breasts out for them, her shoulders moving again, her naked breasts now moving slowly back and forth, unencumbered by the restraining bra. She looked like some kind of whore, stripping naked and dancing for the pleasure of the men.  
  
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It had started about a year ago. Vanessa had problems with boys. Boys and men. Her home life was miserable, mainly caused by men. Her father and brother both were constantly trying to molest her. So far Vanessa had successfully fought them off for over four years now, ever since her body began to blossom into womanhood. This hatred towards men had spilled over into her personal life, not dating, a virgin at eighteen, an introvert. While extremely beautiful with such a delicious body, she did not stray much outside of her room at home or her classes at school. Dr. Michael had been trying to treat her for over a year, finally convincing her mother to allow her to undergo a week of intensive hypno-therapy. Her mother, a weak individual, sexually submissive to her husband, had easily relented under Dr. Michael's dominant personality.  
  
When she had first come to Dr. Michael, the first couple of sessions were very uninteresting, Vanessa saying very little, cowering in the chair before Dr. Michael. But Dr. Michael was interested in this girl. While dressed modestly, learning quickly to hide her body under loose fitting, drab garments, Dr. Michael could see the gentle swell of her ass as she walked, her breasts pushing out her top when she stretched her arms back. Dr. Michael was famous, or infamous depending on how you looked at it, in getting young girls to come out of their shells. He had an uncanny ability, perfected over the last ten years, to be able to hypnotize young girls and make them do things that were normally against their nature. He was often sent the most difficult, accepting only the attractive, more interested in their bodies than their minds. But his therapy did work, the girls would return home after just a week with a new found personality, more outgoing and more personable. And best of all, they remembered very little. Some flashbacks did occur in the girls, but it was easily explained as adolescent sexual fantasies, the girls often not even willing to tell anyone of what they thought they remembered.  
  
Dr. Michael had brought in "investors" over a year ago. For a small sum of money, well maybe not so small as each one was required to pay $100,000 per year, they were allowed to participate in the week long "therapy" sessions and in some cases, might be allowed to participate in the weekly session. They were allowed to watch the girls "perform." And perform they did. Their minds tried to fight the urges and commands that Dr. Michael instilled in them, their bodies unable to resist the powerful subconscious commands. This is what the investors paid so much for, watching as Dr. Michael made the girls strip naked for them, their brains fighting their hands as they slowly stripped the clothes from their bodies; their skin flushed red in embarrassment as their clothes fell to the floor. Unwillingly spreading their legs, their own hand being used to put hard cocks into their virgin orifices, performing whatever perversion Dr. Michael could think of. And Dr. Michael was perverted, his cock always enjoying the girls to the fullest, with the others joining in, taking each girl; two, three, and even four men, stuffing all of her holes with their man sized cocks.  
  
By the second month, Vanessa had at least begun to speak, but not telling much of her troubles, retreating into silence when Dr. Michael probed her for further details. "Vanessa, I'm going to hypnotize you. I think it will help your therapy immensely."  
  
Vanessa sat up, a look of fear in her eyes. "Is it going to hurt?"  
  
"No, in fact you won't remember anything. Can you relax your body?"  
  
She was nervous, but her parents were forcing her to see Dr. Michael. He was rather handsome, in an older man sort of way. And very smart. Maybe he could help her. "Yes."  
  
Dr. Michael put a bright, chrome metronome in front of her, the large hand moving back and forth, the gentle click of the metronome filling the air. He began to talk to her in a gentle, monotonous voice, more concerned with the sound than what he was saying. He watched her eyes intently following the metronome, her pupils moving back and forth, her brain fixating on the shiny hand, his voice and the metronome clicking a gentle monotonous sound that lulled her. He continued for ten minutes until finally her eyes began to slowly close, her chin lowering as she entered a trance. "Very good Vanessa. In a minute I'm going to wake you. You will do anything I say. Anything without question, your hands eager to carry out my bidding, ignoring what your brain might tell you. Do you understand?"  
  
"Yes sir," her head still bowed down, her eyes closed.  
  
"When you hear the word "cunt" your pussy will get wet. You will have very erotic thoughts and fantasies of being forced to sexually perform in front of strangers. You will find this very exciting and it will make your pussy cream. Repeat to me the word."  
  
"When you say cunt my pussy will get wet," her face turning red in embarrassment. Even though her mouth said the words, her brain felt the humiliation of saying such naughty things in front of him. What made it even worse was what he wanted her to do when he said it.  
  
"I want you to wake up now Vanessa." He smiled when her eyes opened.  
  
"I'm sorry it didn't work. Maybe next time." It was as if it never happened as she continued to stare at the metronome. Dr. Michael turned it off, putting it back over on the other table.  
  
He moved in front of her, as she remained sitting on the couch. He looked down at her, her green eyes staring back up at him. "Touch the front of my pants Vanessa."  
  
Her eyes opened wide in shock. "What do you mean?" Her hands were already moving up towards his cock. She watched her hands reach out, cringing when she felt the hard, throbbing cock beneath his trousers. Why was she doing this? She could feel it jerk when her fingers moved over it. Her hand ran up and down the shaft that bobbed beneath her fingers, his pants holding it pinned in tightly. It must be over eight inches long and getting longer. Her fingers went to the tip and pinched hard, feeling it jerk. NO! She thought to herself. I can't do this, looking up into Dr. Michael's face, seeing the smirk, her face turning fiery red in shame as she saw her hands continuing. She thought she turned her head away to hide her shame, but instead her face moved to the front of his pants, her mouth moving up to the thick shaft her fingers outlined and she gasped as her mouth opened and her lips pressed over the cloth covered cock. She ran her mouth up and down the shaft as if she was eating an ear of corn, her teeth biting lightly on the shaft. Her lips got to the head, pressed tightly to it, biting harder through the pants as she nibbled on it as it throbbed beneath her lips. Her mouth was dry, the material of his pants soaking up all of her saliva.  
  
"I bet that makes your cunt wet Vanessa?"  
  
Vanessa closed her legs tightly, feeling like she had wet her pants. She felt a sudden rush between her legs, a wetness that began to spread, causing her panties to cling to her body from the moisture. Her hips began to squirm as the pleasurable feeling in her sex grew, a picture in her mind of Dr. Michael's cock in her mouth as she knelt before him, naked, his foot between her widely space thighs, his toes running up and down her slit. Her head bobbed up and down, the thick cock splitting her lips, the taste of cum lingering in her mouth as her tongue lapped over the hot flesh.  
  
Dr. Michael saw her hips begin a gentle motion, knowing that she was trying to stimulate her pussy. He was sure that she was extremely wet, he could only fathom what the sexual image she had in her mind was, but he would wait until next time to find out. First he wanted some relief from the wanton display Vanessa was putting on with her mouth. "You need to feel my hot flesh," he ordered her.  
  
She looked up, licking her lips, her eyes showing her confusion at his request. But her hands knew the answer, the sound of his zipper sliding down breaking the silence in the room. The vision of his cock in her mouth came back to her. She lowered her head so that he could not see her eyes, only to be confronted by her own hands pushing the pants off Dr. Michael. They reached around back, grabbing his ass cheeks through his shorts as the pants fell to his knees. Sensuously, they slid up the inside of his thighs as they moved toward the bulging pouch of his shorts. It felt like a hand on the back of her head, but she knew it was only in her mind as her face pressed forward again. Her mouth, unmistakably open, was again filled with cloth, this time only thin cotton, the hard cock throbbing beneath it. Her hand held the cock out so she could run her mouth up and down it, struggling to contain the jerking member with her small hands, her mouth bringing such pleasure to it. She nibbled on it again, her teeth now pressing deeper into the flesh, only the thin shorts stopping her from tasting the flesh beneath her.  
  
Dr. Michael watched as Vanessa performed better than his expectations. He watched her bend his cock outward until it stood straight out, his shorts stretched to the breaking point, the bulbous head outlined clearly. You could even make out the hole in the tip, his shorts already wet with precum. He moaned loudly as her other hand cupped his heavy, swollen balls while he watched her mouth slowly engulf the cloth covered cock.  
  
She couldn't do this! Her mind didn't comprehend her own actions, the cock continued coming closer to her, the smell of his sex permeating her nose. She felt the thin material of his shorts rubbing over her lips as they stretched wide around the hot flesh. She put two inches in her teenage mouth and then closed her lips over it, trapping it within the hot confines. The image of her fantasy returned, her head bobbing up and down in wild abandonment on his naked cock, kneeling so submissively in front of him, his toes masturbating her. She let her tongue run over the tip, feeling the wetness, the salty taste permeating her mouth, mixing with her saliva. She lapped at the hard cock until his shorts were wet with her saliva.  
  
Dr. Michael almost regretted the next order, "Take out my cock and jerk it off on your face but don't put it into your mouth." He wanted to save her mouth for another time, wanting to see her humiliation as she was forced to swallow his hard cock deep in her throat.  
  
She looked up again, her green eyes pleading, not sure why she was acting like this or why she was obeying his orders, but she let the cock slip from her mouth, her hands grabbing his shorts and yanking them quickly down to his knees. She was shocked at what she saw. All of the pictures in her sex education class were of a flaccid penis, not a large, throbbing cock like Dr. Michael's. It stood out over eight inches long, bobbing before her face, her tongue running over her lips as she saw it. The head was swollen, almost purple, a dark band running under the crown, a tiny hole in the center, slick with his juices. The shaft was covered in long protruding veins, Vanessa almost able to see them throb with the blood that forced it so erect. Her hand reached between his legs and cupped the heavy ball sack, feeling the heat, full of the semen that he intended to shoot onto her face. She gently squeezed, rewarded with a moan from Dr. Michael's lips, his cock jerking in pleasure. Another squeeze, this time harder and his hips began to push forward, his cockhead rubbing on her nose. She tightened her grip on his balls, pleased at how she was able to manipulate him so easy. Or was she? She couldn't understand how she instinctively knew what to do, how to make his cock jerk in pleasure so easily, even while her brain fought the impulses. She dared not look into his eyes, ashamed at what she was being ordered to perform. She opened her mouth into a wide O, wanting to take the cock into her mouth, but she found she couldn't move her head forward.  
  
"No, you may not have my cock but you may suck on my balls." He watched as her head moved down, her mouth still open. Her head tipped back as she moved up until his ball sack began to enter her mouth, her lips spreading wide as she was forced to take in both of his balls. He heard her gag, her mouth filled with his hairy sack, tinkling the inside of her mouth, her cheeks bulging out like a squirrel bringing nuts back to his nest. "Now stroke it nicely."  
  
She gagged again, feeling loose hairs in her mouth, trying not to vomit as she realized that his pubic hairs were running around in her mouth. She could taste the murky mix of sweat on his balls that sat heavily on her tongue, pushing it to the bottom of her mouth, her oral cavity filled to capacity. She sucked in, feeling the ball sack pulled deeper into her mouth until she choked, the heavy sack banging against her tonsils. She could hear her own huffing as she was forced to suck all of her air through her nose, her chest rising and falling as she breathed rapidly. Her thoughts went back to her dream. Would this be how it felt when he pushed his cock down her throat? Would she be able to withstand the choking and gagging? Her hand moved up to the shaft above her face, her tiny hand barely able to encircle the girth. She let it slide up and down the shaft, her fingers tightened around it just as if it were her vagina sliding up and down the thick meat. She allowed her fingernail to scrape over the thick head as her hand slid over it, the sharp nail running over the piss slit. She felt it shudder, the head leaking on her fingers, making the journey up and down his shaft easier, sliding almost effortlessly on his semen.  
  
He wouldn't be able to last long. Vanessa was jerking him off like a seasoned whore. His balls were compressed into her hot teenage mouth, her sucking driving the cum from his balls, ready to shoot. Her hands ran up and down his shaft, faster and faster, his body quivering when she let her sharp nails scratch painfully over the head, the masochistic thrill exciting him. "A finger in my asshole would be nice Vanessa. Massage my prostate when I cum."  
  
How could he ask her to do such a filthy thing? She cringed at his command, ashamed at how she was performing, her innocent hands stroking his cock, her mouth overflowing with his balls as she continually gagged, each time feeling his cock jerk in pleasure. She pushed with her finger, finding his asshole, her hand spreading apart his cheeks until she found the rubbery opening. She had to fight his sphincter, as she slowly pushed her dry finger into the opening, his hips moving forward, his balls pushing farther into her mouth, feeling like they were going to be forced down her throat. She fought her own body, her mind unable to regain control. She felt her finger slide into his asshole up to the first joint, feeling his muscle tighten. She let it rub around the muscle, her other hand continuing the gentle masturbation of his cock, her mouth sucking his balls deep into the hot confines of her mouth. She gagged again. She didn't know how she knew, she just did. He was going to cum. She looked up into his eyes, pleading with him to release her from the control he had over her body, but he was too far gone, his eyes wide open in lust.

Dr. Michael couldn't believe how good she was considering she was still a virgin. She was using tricks that he had never felt the other girls use. He looked into her eyes, her mouth pulling on his balls, her fingers massaging his prostate, her sharp fingernail driving such exquisite feelings from his cock. He need to cum.  
  
She felt his body shudder, a deep moan coming from his lips. She forced her finger deeper into his asshole, rewarded with the first load of cum driven from his balls. She felt it traveling up the thick shaft, her fingers sliding up and down his cock, milking the cum from his body. She looked straight ahead, only inches from the tip of his cock, her hands aiming the cockhead directly into her face. She cringed at the thought of what she was about to experience, the dream image of his cock in her mouth as he filled her oral cavity, bulging out her cheeks returning. She saw the first load of cum shoot out the tiny hole almost in slow motion. She cringed when she felt the hot, heavy fluid land on her nose, feeling like it was burning her flesh as her hands and mouth continued the masturbation. She moved the cock to her nose, sticking the piss slit into one of her nostrils, her hand stroking the cock, driving another load of cum from his balls. She coughed, the hot cum shooting up into her nose, shooting down into the back of her throat, gagging her. She couldn't breathe, her mouth and half of her nose filled with his sex, no choice but to swallow the cum that trickled down her throat. She was pleased with herself, remembering his order not to take his cock in her mouth, her nose allowing her to taste the salty fluids as it slid down her throat. Why was she doing this? Not only was she following his orders, she was even going beyond them, forcing her own body into perverse acts she'd never known before.  
  
Michael shot two more loads of cum on her face, three loads total and one up her nose. Her continual hand job and the finger massaging his prostate kept his cock shooting cum until her face was covered in a thick layer of hot cum, shining in the bright lights of the room. She pulled his balls from her mouth, his sack covered in a slick film of saliva. His fingers ran over her face scooping up a bunch of cum and pressing it to her lips. A disgusted look came over her face, cringing, as she knew what he wanted her to do. Her tongue hesitantly moved out of her teenage mouth, a tiny pubic hair still on it as she licked up the thick gob of cum and sucked it into her mouth, a gag coming from deep in her throat as she was filled with the thick, salty fluid. He wiped more, her tongue returning to pick up the dreaded fluid he fed to her, pulling it into her mouth.  
  
Her mouth was rapidly filling with the thick semen, unable to swallow it, gagging each time she tried to. The foul tasting fluid seemed to permeate every corner of her oral cavity, sloshing around, mixing with the abundance of saliva. Three times he made her lick the cum from her lips, three times she tried to swallow, each time almost vomiting as she did. She pulled her finger from his asshole with a loud pop, her other hand, slick with his cum, stopped stroking the flaccid cock. He stepped back, Vanessa bending over and spitting out the mouthful of cum onto the floor, choking and gagging as she did. How could she have done such a thing? Her mouth filled with the awful taste of his cum.  
  
"Go into the bathroom and clean up," Dr. Michael ordered her.  
  
She returned in minutes, her face fresh, a sweet smile in place. Dr. Michael was a pillar of propriety, his clothes back on, a look of contentment on his face. "That was a very productive session Vanessa. I think we learned so many new things about you and your abilities."  
  
"Thank you sir," not sure why he said that, but knowing she had to leave. For some reason she felt humiliated, her face red in shame as she hurried from the room, her wet panties clinging to her sex as she walked. The next session with her was going to be even more enjoyable, he thought.  
  
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He watched as she slowly opened her dress, a plain white bra revealed, but it could do little to hide her cleavage, her chest already red in embarrassment as her hands refused her mind and began to strip. She stopped at her waist, looking up at him, awaiting further orders, hoping none would be forthcoming. "Slip it back Vanessa, let me see those lovely tits."  
  
It was only days later when Vanessa returned. She had this distressed look on her face as she let the dress fall to the side, having to slide the material over her thrust out breasts, ashamed as Dr. Michael stared at them. She did as he said, putting her arms over her head, arching her back so that her breasts now stuck out boldly.  
  
"Yes, such lovely tits Vanessa." He stood up, moving next to her, her eyes opened wide, like a frightened child. He bent over her, his hands seeking out her breasts, her back arching up higher to meet his hands.  
  
She quivered when she felt his hands touch her breasts. She had pushed her breasts into his large palms, unable to stop herself. His hands encircled the globes, squeezing tightly on her flesh. His touch was harsh, not like a lover would do. She could feel her nipples begin to harden in her bra, ashamed that her body was reacting to what he was doing to her. She was not willingly submitting to him, he was taking her against her wishes, unable to stop him. She watched as his hands continued to molest her flesh, pushing her breasts out of the top of her bra.  
  
"Do you like me handling your tits like this Vanessa? I hope so, because now I want you to remove your bra and let me see them naked. Reach back and let me see those lovelies." He removed his hands and stepped back, his hand moving down to his pants, letting the zipper run down.  
  
She reached behind her and unsnapped her bra, her eyes glued to his pants as Dr. Michael slowly withdrew his hard cock, his hand grabbing the throbbing flesh in his palm, stroking up and down as he watched her pull the bra off her shoulders. She put her hands over her breasts as she pushed the bra off, trembling at being almost naked in front of him. It was bad enough with Dr. Michael stroking his naked cock in front of her, now she was about to be half-naked also. Her hands were glued to her naked breasts, her hard nipples poking her palms. How could they get so hard from the forced stripping of her body? "No, I can't do it," she begged, his eyes staring back at her, knowing that she could not refuse, her mind unable to stop her body. She felt the cold rush of air on her naked chest, looking down, surprised to see her hands cupping her breasts as if offering them up for his approval. Her back arched, her nipples pointed up high, the dark areola's outlining the hard, pink nipples that darted out from the center. She blushed, her chest burned red as she saw his hand stroking his cock faster.  
  
"Very good Vanessa. Now lie back down, hands over your head and stretch. Arch your back so that your tits stick out." She lay down, her arms automatically shooting over her head, her firm breasts pulled up, her nipples over an inch long and growing. Her body seemed to be getting aroused in spite of her protests.  
  
She watched him slowly undress, removing the rest of his clothes. She could not take her eyes off of his cock or the large balls that swung below them. It was as if she was hypnotized by the sight. Her eyes widened in fear when he moved towards her, his cock bobbing up and down, the large head a dark, angry red. She could see tiny drops of fluid on the head, glistening in the bright lights. What was he going to do? "Please don't," she begged, not even sure what he was going to do, but his being naked scared her.  
  
He moved down onto the couch, watching her eyes on his cock as he put his knees on both sides of her stomach, seeing her shiver when his hot balls rubbed over her stomach as he dragged them up. His cock jerked in anticipation, moving closer to her firm breasts. "I'm going to titty fuck you Vanessa. I'm going to slip by cock in your cleavage. Then I want you to grab both of your tits and wrap them tightly around my cock. Once you do that, I'm going to fuck you with my hips, driving my cock up and down inside your lovely teenage tits." He waited, her hands moving up as he moved in closer.  
  
Her hands moved to cup her breasts from the side, jumping as she felt his hot flesh touch her silky breasts, feeling like it was burning her. She saw the head move over her skin, leaving a glistening trail of pre-cum on her as he moved it to her cleavage. She pushed her breasts around his cock, trapping his thickness between her teenage breasts, her hands holding them harshly together, making sure that it was a tight fit. His fingers touched her nipples, sending a shiver through her body. He pulled on them, making them stretch, his strong fingers almost painful. But she could feel the wetness between her legs, not understanding how her body could betray her like this.  
  
Michael poured some oil on his cock, dripping the greasy fluid over her breasts until they were slick. "Now hold tight," pumping his cock back and forth between her breasts, her eyes staring down as his cockhead pushed out the top of her tits, almost banging into her chin. He took long strokes, feeling her luxurious flesh running over his hard cock, her nipples occasionally touching his cockhead, making it jerk in appreciation. He saw her straining to keep her tits around his cock, his powerful strokes pushing hard. "How do you like being titty fucked Vanessa?" He gave an extra powerful plunge, his cock pushing out the other end, banging into her chin. He reached down with his hand, pushing her head down, lining up her mouth with the thrust of his cock. "Open your mouth Vanessa."  
  
She struggled to keep his cock within the confines of her breasts, his punishing strokes making it difficult. Her nipples hurt where they were rubbed harshly or his hands pinched them. Her skin was turning red from the hard flesh that pushed back and forth, relentlessly. She looked at the cock as it pushed through each time, glistening in the light, a combination of the oil and pre-cum that dripped from the head. She felt his fingers on her head, forcing her to mouth to line up with the large cock between her breasts. No! What did he want from her now? Still, her mouth opened in response to his command, cringing at what he intended to do. She couldn't shut her mouth, a gaping hole, his cock aimed for it each time he stroked her. His heavy balls dragged on her stomach, the prickly hair irritating her flesh. How she wished he would cum, but with her mouth open now, she was afraid of where he would cum. "EEEEHH," she cried out as the head of his cock slipped into her mouth, filling it with the foul taste of cum and oil. But her lips gripped it as it pulled out, her tongue trying to run over the head, too late, his fucking getting faster and faster. Why was she doing such a disgusting thing?  
  
"That's a good girl Vanessa, wrap those sweet lips around my cock when I fuck into your mouth. If you're really good I'll shoot my cum in your mouth," he laughed as he teased her, his cock thrusts becoming more urgent, the need to cum getting closer. He reached down with his hands, completely encircling hers, pushing her tits together closer, wanting the best titty fuck possible. "Now keep your mouth open and your head down. I'm going to blow my wad of cum all over your face."  
  
She began to panic, trying to close her mouth, unable to control her own body functions, his hands holding her breasts tightly around the thick cock that continued to plunge up and down her cleavage. She felt him jerk, shoving his cock harder than before, sending it flying through her tits, the thick head popping out the other end. It almost looked like slow motion as she saw it jerk, the tiny slit in the head opening up. Then suddenly she was showered with his hot cum, the milky fluid shooting onto her innocent face. She felt it hit her lips and nose, sliding slowly down. She couldn't close her mouth as it dripped inside the hot confines of her oral cavity, mixing with her saliva to quickly spread to her tongue. She tasted the foul fluid, thick and salty. God, how many times was he going to do this to her, force her to taste his semen? Why couldn't she stop him from degrading her?  
  
Dr. Michael pumped his cock back and forth, three loads of cum drenching her face and mouth, the look of disgust making his cock harder as he saw her tongue licking at her lips, drawing his cum deeper into her mouth. "Yes Vanessa, taste my cum again. Soon you will learn to suck my cock and make me cum in your teenage mouth. For now, you will have to be content with the taste of my juices." He finally finished, pulling his softening cock from her breasts, admiring her upper body and face covered with a thick coat of oil and cum, slowly dripping down as Vanessa was still frozen. He pulled off of her, making sure that he scooped up some cum from her face, pushing it into her mouth, making her lick it.  
  
He finally got off of her, the taste of his cum filling her mouth. She looked down, her young breasts now red and abused, shining from the oil and cum lathered onto her flesh. She felt so ashamed, her body degraded, Dr. Michael performing such perversities on her innocent body, Vanessa not able to stop him or even herself from aiding him. She went to the bathroom again, cleaning up, returning to the room, Dr. Michael acting like nothing happened. Vanessa was afraid of coming back again, afraid of what he had in store for her next time. But she knew she had to, her brain unable to stop her.  
  
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Vanessa couldn't understand why she began to get aroused when she thought about her next session with Dr. Michael. Maybe it was the strange, erotic dreams she was having almost every night now. She would often wake up surprised to find her hand stuck inside her panties, her fingers wet. She could almost vividly see his cock, the dome shaped head, the veins running down the thick shaft, the heavy pair of balls, swollen with his semen. In her dreams, she was forced to service his cock with her hands, once even with her breasts, his cock thrusting between them, pumping his hips back and forth as if he was fucking. Each time, her face received his cum, the hot fluids dripping down, her mouth always having a lingering taste of his salty, thick cum. She looked forward to today's session, arriving early.  
  
She was waiting in the lobby, another girl coming out, looking the same age. She had such a serene look on her face, a flushed glow about her. She smiled at Vanessa as she passed, then turning to Dr. Michael, "thank you Dr. Michael, I feel so much better."  
  
"You're welcome. See you at your next session. Afternoon Vanessa. Come in." He stood behind her as she walked in, his cock already jerking as her hips swayed so seductively, her ass moving so sensuously. "You look very pretty today."  
  
"Thank you Dr. Michael." She went to sit in her usual chair.  
  
"No, I think you would be more comfortable on the floor Vanessa. More room for you to stretch out."  
  
"But ..." she found herself sitting on the floor before she could even think of protesting, feeling a little uncomfortable down there.  
  
Michael threw a pillow on the floor, "Put this behind your head and lie down flat."  
  
She obeyed, seeing Dr. Michael move to the floor, kneeling beside her.  
  
"Arch your back for me, stick out those lovely big tits," he ordered her, the look in her eyes priceless.  
  
"WWWWHHHAAATT??," she exclaimed, finding her lower back off of the ground, her weight shifted to her shoulders, looking down, seeing her breasts thrust out so brazenly.  
  
"Ask me to touch them Vanessa. You want my hands to fondle your breasts so bad, your cunt is wet."  
  
She tightened her thighs, feeling her jeans pushed into her crotch. It felt like she wet her pants. She felt this tingling between her legs, the first stirrings of her arousal. She wished she could turn over, slip the pillow between her legs and rub herself. She didn't even care if Dr. Michael was watching, in fact the thought of it made her wetter. She arched her back higher, her breasts prominently display as she said, "please play with my tits," ashamed at her own words.  
  
She shuddered as his large hands encircled her breasts, moaning as she felt her nipples harden, the male touch on them exciting her. "Harder," not even understanding what she was asking for. She was rewarded with a firm clenching of her breasts, his powerful hands compressing her teenage flesh. It felt like her nipples would explode. "The tips, squeeze them," turning red at what she was asking him to do. "MMMMM," she felt his fingers find her nipples, an easy task as they pushed sharply out on the sweater she was wearing.  
  
"It would be easier if you were naked. Don't you want to show me your lovely naked teenage breasts?" He moved his hands away, waiting as he looked into her eyes, seeing the inner turmoil.  
  
No, she couldn't, but she had already sat up, her arms pulling up the sweater, watching as her bra was slowly revealed, at least glad that she had worn a lacey black one today, contrasting sharply with her white cleavage that was so abundantly displayed. "Please don't make me do this," her back arching again, her breasts so prominently display. "Touch them," she begged.  
  
"First your bra Vanessa. Get them naked for my fingers." He loved to see the confusion in her eyes as she fought her own urges.  
  
She moved her hands behind her back, finding the clasp, quickly unsnapping it, watching as her bra slipped loose. Her hands moved to the shoulder straps, her eyes pleading with him and the control he had over her, letting the straps slide seductively down her arms. She looked down, her naked breasts heaving in lust. "Now please," she begged, pushing her naked tits in front of him. She remembered this dream she had, a man pushing his cock between her naked breasts, forcing her to squeeze them around his throbbing member as his hips pumped in back and forth. She could almost feel the hot cum shooting on her face. She suddenly snapped out of her thoughts, her breasts clenched in Dr. Michael's hands, not like a lover, but one in lust, fingers tugging at her nipples. A delicious shiver ran through her as her nipples were teased by his squeezing and pulling on the sensitive tips. Her back arched out farther, pushing her full breasts into his hands, urging them to take further liberties with her firm flesh. She looked down, her pussy wet with excitement as she saw his fingers playing with her breasts, seeing his fingers pinch her nipples, then the sharp pain quickly rushing to her brain.  
  
She had to, fighting back the urge, not wanting to degrade herself further, but out of her mouth came the words, "please suck on them, please." She saw his head move down, her vision blocked by the top of his head, feeling his hot breath blowing on her swollen tips. She moved her hands to his head, "please," pushing down until she felt a pair of wet lips wrap around one of her swollen buds, her body shuddering, a soft moan from her mouth.  
  
Michael sucked the hardened tip into his mouth, his tongue lapping at it, slapping it back and forth. Her hands held his head tightly, forcing it down on her teenage breast as if he was nursing.  
  
She shuddered again, his other hand sliding down her naked stomach, her pussy juicing as she prayed for him to continue. His head moved between her breasts, feeling the sharp stubble of his beard scraping along her tender flesh. It hurt when his stubble rubbed her sensitive nipple, the pain quickly erased as his mouth encompassed the other tit, sucking the flesh deep into his mouth like a giant vacuum, his tongue playing over her areola and nipple, lathering it with his hot saliva.  
  
Michael pulled back, looking down at her teenage breasts, glistening with his saliva, her nipples now a dark red, swollen with lust. He could see it in her eyes, her body aroused. "Your jeans now Vanessa. Unbuckle them and pull the zipper down. Let me see your lovely panties."

Vanessa no longer cared, wanting to tear off her clothes for him, her fingers moving quickly to her jeans, the snap unbuttoned, the zipper noisily pulled down, spreading them back so Dr. Michael could see her blue panties, a silky thong that she wore today. She could not longer contain her emotions, her arousal getting the best of her.  
  
"Raise your ass up and pull down your jeans to your knees Vanessa. Let me see that lovely pussy nestled beneath your panties. Tease me."  
  
He wanted her to act like a whore, slowly stripping for him, degrading herself. She felt her jeans sliding down her legs, her naked breasts heaving up and down, her body still on fire. She stopped at her knees, more embarrassed to be partly dressed, her jeans trapping her legs like a rope would do. She looked up at him, his eyes staring between her legs, her panties already wet, humiliated at being treated like this, ashamed at how her body was betraying her. She shivered when his hand moved down the flat plane of her stomach, moving slowly downward, sucking in her stomach as his fingers played over her belly button ring. He traced a finger along the waist of her panties, teasing her, seeing tiny goose bumps appear on her tanned flesh. She didn't know how much longer she could stand his teasing fingers.  
  
Michel let his fingers slip under the top band of her panties, her skin beneath warm, sliding lower until he came to her bush, neatly trimmed into a triangle. He felt her hips moving up, urging his fingers downward. "Do you want me to touch your pussy Vanessa?"  
  
He was going to make her beg again. An older man making her beg to have him touch her teenage body. How could he do this to her? "NNoo," she murmured, but her hand was already moving down to his, placed on top, pressure moving it downward, pushing his hands towards her pussy. She tilted up her hips, almost driving her sex into his waiting fingers. "MMMMM, God, please," when she felt his finger running down her slit, not touching her clit, but quickly moving between her pouty lips, spreading them apart, embarrassed because she knew she had found out how wet she was.  
  
Michael watched as she tried to spread her legs, her jeans preventing her, the look of anguish on her face as his fingers began to run up and down her slit, his fingers slick with her juices. She might be protesting, but her pussy definitely desired his fingers. He would soon find out if it had the same feelings for his cock. "Take off your jeans, Vanessa." He watched her quickly strip off her jeans, taking his hand and placing it back into her panties, her eyes wide open in lust. Her legs were now spread wide, giving him complete access to her sex.  
  
How could she? Acting like a whore and stripping off her jeans, so eagerly wanting his hands back that she actually grabbed one hand and shoved it harshly into her panties! She almost came when she felt his fingers return to her pussy, this time her widely spaced thighs giving him greater access to her slit. God it felt so good as her hips began to move back and forth, rubbing her pussy against his fingers that split her lips apart. "AAAAH," his fingers finding her tight opening, two fingers sliding easily in, her juices coating the digits that plunged inside.  
  
"Now your panties Vanessa, take them off, show me that pretty pussy," Dr. Michael ordered her, his hands almost ripping her panties as he fingered her tight pussy.  
  
She knew that once they were gone, there would be nothing to stop him from further ravishing her body, feeling embarrassed to be naked in front of him, still not fully understanding why she continued to obey him. She only felt a desire between her legs that needed quenching, his fingers making her so aroused, needing to be satisfied. She looked into his eyes as her hands moved down to her panties, gripping them tightly, lowering them down her sleek flanks, his eyes following her every movement.  
  
"Good girl, now bring your legs up and part them wide, spread your pussy open for me." His eyes watched as she hesitated, finally her legs moving up, and slowly began to part, her pussy lips parting, her wet pink insides glistening in the brightly lighted room. He smiled, her eagerness her downfall. It was time to fuck her. "Take out my cock, Vanessa."  
  
She looked up at him. Was he going to fuck her? Her hands already moved down to his pants, unbuckling them, her fingers finding his zipper, feeling his large cock throbbing beneath the straining pants. She let her fingers touch it, her hand molded around the hard cock, letting her fingers slide up and down the shaft, feeling it jump and quiver beneath her touch. How could she act like such a whore? His cock felt huge beneath her little hands, pulsating beneath her fingers as she stroked it, feeling it jump and twitch beneath her touch. Her fingers slipped inside his shorts, almost jerking back when she felt the hot flesh burning her fingers. She heard him moan softly, pleased at what she was doing to him. Her fingers became more insistent now, the thought of being fucked slowly slipping from her thoughts, just thinking of the pleasure she was bringing to him.  
  
Michael watched as her hands slipped inside his shorts, grasping his cock, her fingers sliding up and down his shaft. "Pull down my shorts Vanessa," watching as her eyes opened wide again, knowing that her brain was unable to control what her hands were doing. He lifted his hips up as she slipped his shorts down, his cock popping free, jerking up and down.  
  
It was so big, the head an angry red, the shaft covered with heavy veins that ran up the sides. She let her hands slip below, cupping the huge balls that hung down, feeling the heat of his body as her small hand cupped one ball, squeezing it, seeing his hips rise up. NO! She couldn't, her head moving closer, her mouth already opening. NOOO! She felt the hot flesh touch her lips, a faint taste of salty fluid on her lips. She let her lips enclose the bulbous head, her tongue tentatively reaching out, rubbing over the head. She tightened her lips when she felt it jerk in her mouth, her tongue running over the head, slipping down beneath the dome shape, running under the ridge. She turned red when she saw him looking at her, imagining how she must look, his cock in her mouth, twitching and jerking. How could she suck his cock as if it was a lollypop?  
  
Michael was pleased with her, the look of anguish in her eyes as her mouth so eagerly sucked his cock. She might not like it, but she was good at it, her hot mouth engulfing his cock, her tongue so eagerly playing over the flesh that filled her mouth so fully. He pushed with his hips, watching his cockhead push out the sides of her cheeks. "Take it deeper Vanessa."  
  
She felt his cock pushing into her mouth, afraid of his command, but her head moved forward, seeking to take it deeper, gagging as it pushed to the back of her throat. She looked up at Dr. Michael, a smile on his face as she knew that she would have to go deeper, in spite of the choking and gagging she was already experiencing. Her throat revolted, choking, opening up as the huge bulbous head of his cock slowly slid down the saliva coated tract, filling her tiny throat with his pulsating flesh.  
  
Another gag, his cock jerking in appreciation as her throat spasms brought such pleasure to his cock. It was almost as good as a tight pussy, but not quite. He needed to seek the hot, tight depths of her virgin pussy. He looked down to see tears running down her cheeks, partly from the humiliation of being forced to suck his cock, partly due to the choking she was experiencing from being throat fucked. He pulled his hips backwards, his saliva drenched cock slipping from her lips.  
  
"Lay back, Vanessa. Bring your legs back and spread them really wide. It's time to lose your virginity and learn how to fuck."  
  
No she couldn't. She had fought so long to preserve her virginity, fighting off her own family, her brother and father always trying to molest her, always trying to get into her pants. Even the boys at school, each eagerly seeking to take her prized possession. How could she do it now? To a doctor, an older man that had no interest in her except for sex. She fought the desires that pulsated through her body, the unexplained feelings that kept driving her lower into the depths of depravity, her mouth still tasting of the salty fluids that leaked from his cock. She looked down, on her back now, her naked body spread before him in all her splendor. Her breasts rose and fell, her heavy breathing breaking the silence in the room. Her nipples stood out hard, almost aching, a gentle breeze across them sending shivers through her body. She looked down farther, seeing her legs spreading wide, her pussy lips spreading apart, her juices glowing in the bright lights. Dr. Michael stood over her, watching as she slowly revealed her virgin pussy, his cock bobbing up and down, his hand gripping the shaft, sliding up and down as he watched her.  
  
He could barely make out her vagina, the tight, dark hole just a tiny indent. His cock would soon change that. He moved down, kneeling between her legs. He touched her legs, urging them up, making her bend her knees, bowing her legs outward, her sex now fully exposed. "Spread wider, pull your legs up. Let me see that virgin pussy that I am going to deflower."  
  
Her eyes begged him no, but her legs would not obey, slowly spreading wider, feeling his knees pushing outward on her tender thighs, her legs slowly bending and moving higher. She looked down, her legs spread obscenely, her pussy lips already spread back, able to see her pink inner pussy. She looked up at him, his hand fisting the giant cock, the dark red helmet on it so menacing. The head already glistened with his pre-cum, his hand stroking it up and down. She couldn't believe it, it even grew bigger as he stroked it. It would never fit! "No, don't do this to me! Don't fuck me," she blurted out in protest.  
  
"Why Vanessa, I wouldn't do such a thing. You're going to do it. I want you to take your soft little hands and wrap them around my cock. Then rub the thick head up and down your juicy slit. Get it nice and wet. I know your pussy is wet. You want to get fucked."  
  
She sat up, her hands reaching out as she said, "no, I can't do that," but her hands continued to move, shivering when they wrapped around the hot, throbbing flesh. She could feel it pulsating in her hand, jerking as she tightened her grip, already moving up and down the thick shaft. It was so big, her hand barely able to wrap around it, moving up and down passing over the thick ridge of the head, seeing his sticky fluid leaking out the tip. Her finger rubbed over the tip, feeling the slick fluid touch her fingers. It made it easier to slide up and down the shaft.  
  
"Now rub it up and down your wet little slit Vanessa."  
  
Her hand was already moving it down, feeling it bend, her legs spreading wider as it came closer. "MMMMM," she moaned as it touched her flesh, feeling like it was burning her; the hard, throbbing member jerking as it touched her. "NNNNO," she cried, tears falling from her eyes as she saw him watching her degrade herself. She could feel the hard cock slide easily up and down her slit, her juices flowing freely now, the pulsating flesh slippery.  
  
"Yes Vanessa, your body wants it. Let it slide back, feel my cock on your tiny asshole."  
  
Her face couldn't mask the disgust she felt when she heard that. Her asshole! What was he thinking of doing? Her legs spread wider, her cheeks spreading apart, unable to stop the thick cock from sliding down between her legs, moving up. "GGGGHH," she cried out when she felt the hot flesh touch her anus. She could feel her anus pulsating as it was touched for the first time. "NNNO, don't make me," she cried, even as her own hand pushed harder on the head of the cock.  
  
"Such a good girl Vanessa. How do you think it would feel to have my cock up your tight little asshole Vanessa? Would you like that? Push a little harder, feel how much it would have to stretch to take just the head inside," he taunted her.  
  
How could he even want to do such a thing to her? She grunted as her hand pushed on the cock, straining to force the bulbous head inside her anus. She felt a burning, her anus slowly forced to open as her own hand began to push the hard cock inside her. "NO, NO!"  
  
"Time to lose your virginity Vanessa. Take my cock and put it into your vagina." Dr. Michael made his cock jerk, feeling the tightness of her asshole. I'm going to have to fuck her asshole today. It's just too tight to pass up, he thought.  
  
She felt her hand fisting his cock, her tiny palm barely able to go around the hard shaft as she pushed harder, her hips rising up as it banged painfully at the gate of her sex. How could it fit inside her tiny vagina? She felt him pushing down, seeing the smirk on his face as she helped him take her virginity, her hips pushing against the hard shaft. She felt her vagina stretching to take it inside her, grunting as it slowly spread her open. "AAGGH," she cried out, her hips driving up and pushing his hard cock inside, the thick head slippery with her juices finally forcing inside her, her vagina gripping tightly on the bulbous head. "Don't move!" Vanessa cried out, a single tear falling from her eye, knowing that the end of her virginity was near.  
  
"What a tight, hot pussy Vanessa. Now push again, let me sink my cock inside that sweet virgin pussy." Dr. Michael smiled as he looked down at her, the searching eyes attempting to try to fathom why she was doing what she was, afraid as she felt for the first time a hard, throbbing cock at the entrance to her virgin passage.  
  
Her hips moved in circles, the throbbing cockhead trapped in her tight hole. It was so big. How could she take the huge member inside her? Even worse, she knew that he intended to fuck her; that was even more frightening. It was so long, thick veins running up the shaft, the ridge running around the massive head would rub her tender passage as it plowed in and out her virgin pussy. She felt her hips moving up from the floor, arching up to receive his weapon. She couldn't help herself, feeling her vagina slowly forced to engulf the huge cock, spreading her legs out farther, anything to stop the terrible pressure of the pulsating flesh that was embedded in her virgin pussy. "NNNOO, it's tooo big," she cried, her face showing her anguish as she fucked herself for the first time, forced by his unseen power to control her body. But all he did was smile down at her, looking between her legs.  
  
Dr. Michael watched her pussy slowly swallow his cock, feeling it bang against the tiny barrier that was her hymen, knowing that he would soon take her cherry. Better yet, she would be the one that was doing it, always remembering how she lost her virginity to an older man. He made his cock jerk inside her, feeling her vaginal walls clinging so tightly to his flesh, squeezing the blood from the head. He had to fight the urge to cum, her pussy clenching and unclenching on his hard cock, massaging it with her silky insides. "Push real hard Vanessa," slowly drawing his cock from her pussy until it was barely grasped by her tight hole, getting it ready for the final fuck that would deflower her. "Now Vanessa," he shouted at her, seeing her body react to the loud boom of his voice.  
  
His voice scared her, the demanding tone forcing her to drive her hips up with an urgency that she couldn't understand. She gritted her teeth, knowing that his cock would rip through her hymen, forever taking her virginity by force, an unseen mental force that radiated throughout her body driving her into the depths of depravity. "EEEH," she screamed through her clench lips, her scream muffled as his lips crusher hers, the pain shooting through her loins, his cock tearing her hymen in a powerful thrust of her own hips, the giant head of his cock tearing into her virgin passage.  
  
He was pleased, the scream that he had heard so many times when a virgin is deflowered almost made him cum, his lips clasped tightly to hers, making sure that he didn't miss the climatic moment when she lost her virginity. She was so tight, his cock barely able to get inside her. His cock jerked in appreciation as her pussy clamped down tightly on it, squeezing it. He saw the tear in her eye as she realized what had happened to her.  
  
How could this have happened? She had been saving herself for so long, refusing the countless number of boys that were always trying to talk their way into her panties. And now it was gone, gone to an older man that didn't love her, only wanting to fuck her. And to make it worse, she had helped him. Helped him to take her priceless virginity. She was brought back to the sudden reality when she felt the hard, thick cock begin to enter her, Dr. Michael beginning to fuck her. God, it felt huge, her pussy clinging to it, trying to stop it from entering her deeper, his powerful thrusts no match for her. She bowed her legs out to the side but just made it worse, his hips able to slide between her legs easier, able to use his strength to pump her with his cock. She felt it dragging out, almost as painful as the entry then the sudden rush back inside that almost took her breath away.  
  
He loved the look on face as he fucked her for the first time. Her lips were clenched tightly, her eyes almost staring blankly as he pumped her with his cock, feeling the tightness of her silky walls gripping his cock. She even allowed him greater access to her, spreading her legs wider. He reached down, his hands gripping her behind the knees. "Spread your legs wider Vanessa. Don't worry it will feel good in a minute. You just need to get used to having a big cock inside you." He heard her grunt as he pushed in harder, over half of his cock inside her.  
  
His hips began to move faster, his powerful hands gripping her legs behind the knees, thrusting them up higher, the plane of her sex now so open to him. She looked down, shocked at the spectacle of her ravishment, Dr. Michael using her body like a three-dollar whore while all she could do was take his powerful thrusts inside her once virgin pussy. She could almost feel every bump, vein and lump on his cock as he plunged it in and out her tight pussy, each time he went deeper. "AGGH," she cried as his hips pushed forward, his stomach slapping against hers, feeling his heavy balls smack on her anus. She had never felt so full, his thick, throbbing organ buried inside her, twitching and jerking in pleasure. She could feel her pussy walls involuntarily clinging and clenching on his cock.  
  
It felt like a silky glove clinging to his cock, his cock buried deep inside her hot, tight pussy. She had all of it inside her, a look of utter amazement on her face as his cock throbbed inside her. He made it jerk, seeing the surprised look on her face as it came alive. He couldn't wait any longer, slowly drawing his cock out of her pussy, her pussy clinging to it as if she didn't want him to leave, until only the head was enclosed inside her, her tight hole gripping him just under the ridge of his cock. He looked down, his cock sporting a sheen, six inches waiting to push back in. He didn't want to disappoint her, thrusting inside her to bury all of his cock in one powerful motion, the air forced from her lungs as his body laid on hers; her cervix receiving the punishing cockhead as his cock lay buried inside her. He saw her ragged breathing as she tried to come to grips with her first fuck. He didn't have time to wait, drawing it back out, then back in again, beginning a fucking that made her tits bounce on her chest as she lay there, spread open for his pleasure.  
  
It began to feel good, his cock sliding in and out, her pussy getting used to having something so big inside her. This was different from her usual masturbation, his cock was dragging along her clit, feeling much better then her fingers. She was just embarrassed at how she was so exposed and her acceptance of the situation. She began to push up on her hips, meeting his downwards motions, her pussy now receiving more powerful strokes. She looked away from Dr. Michael, not wanting to see his look as he felt her responding to his fucking of her pussy, but she couldn't stop any longer.

Michael was pleased with how she was responding. It was no longer his mind control, she was enjoying it. She met his movements with her own, their bodies clashing with powerful thrusts, the sound of slapping flesh ringing out in the room. His hands moved under her ass, his large hands each gripping her cheeks tightly, forcing her ass up even higher, feeling her muscles in her ass cheeks tighten. She was taking the strokes from his big cock with ease now, his cock sliding up and down her slick pussy. He moved his body, his head easing down to her chest, his mouth seeking out and finding her breasts. His lips touched her nipple, her back arching up, thrusting her tits into his mouth. He clamped down tightly on the hard bud, sucking it deeper into his mouth while his tongue played across it, slapping at it with his wet flesh.  
  
God, what was he doing to her? His mouth sucked her breast as a baby would do, her nipples hardened by his mouth and tongue as his cock continued to fuck her. His hands gripped her ass, forcing her up to take his powerful strokes deep inside her, knowing that she couldn't last much longer. "MMMM," she moaned, not even caring any longer, just wanting to have an orgasm.  
  
Michael moved from one breast to the other, his hand rubbing one nipple while his mouth sucked the other, keeping her body sexually aroused. He wanted to make her cum, feeling her body responding. He pulled up on her ass, forcing her to take his cock deeper, her moans signaling that she was ready. One last thing before he made her cum, his hands moving under her, sliding closer together, pulling her cheeks apart as he fucked her. He felt her trying to jerk away as his fingers moved over her anus, fingers on each side, knowing that she would never had allowed anyone to touch her there, his fingers the first to touch the tiny hole.  
  
"NNNO, PLLLEASSE NO," she cried out when she felt his hands sliding along her ass. Why would anyone want to be touched there? She fought, but she was pinned beneath his large body, her legs pulled wide, unable to stop him from having his way with her. She squirmed but all that did was drive his cock to rub along her clit from a different angle, bringing her closer to the orgasm that she needed so badly now. She felt the finger touching her anus, surprised at how different it felt, sending a tingling feeling along her spine, the thick finger tapping at it. She felt him pump his hips harder, driving his cock deeper into her pussy, his finger poised at her anus. She didn't want him to touch her there, fearing how far he would go, but she couldn't stop him, her arms unwilling to move to stop him, waiting for what was the inevitable time when he would force his finger inside.  
  
Her pussy felt so good wrapped around his cock, the tightness milking him, knowing he would have to cum soon. He was still driving her hips up with his hands, making her take deep, hard strokes, loving the way her breasts bounced as he fucked her, her eyes wide open, her breathing heavy. She would cum soon. But first, his finger moved towards her anus, feeling her body tensing up, her pussy gripping his cock so hard he could barely stroke it in and out of her pussy. If she hadn't been so wet, he would have had trouble fucking back in. "Now I want you to ride my cock hard Vanessa," smiling as he let his finger slowly enter her anus, seeing the look on her face as she suffered the fingering of her most intimate opening, the tiny hole forced open by his thick, powerful finger. She arched up, trying to escape the finger, only driving his cock deeper inside her, his fingers giving her no way out, moving with her, pushing harder.  
  
She could feel the strange burning in her anus as his dry finger slid into her rectum, unable to control her own sphincter as it clenched and unclenched on his finger involuntarily. She wagged her hips to the sides, hoping to escape the finger, his hard cock rubbing along her clit, moving her closer to the orgasm that she needed so bad. "NNNO," the finger digging into her butt deeper, feeling it bend inside her, knowing that it was at least up to the knuckle, stretching her open from the inside. Why was he doing this to her? She began to buck her hips up and down, she had to make him cum quickly. And herself too.  
  
He was ready, her fucking driving him to an orgasm, his balls tingling, ready to pump her pussy full of his hot cum. He shoved his finger in deeper, burying the entire finger in her asshole, bending and twisting it, making her hips go into wild gyrations as she fought the intrusion up her backside. "Cum with me Vanessa," he cried out as his balls emptied his cum into Vanessa, his cock buried deep inside her, spraying her insides with his hot, salty cum.  
  
Her jerking hips kept driving their bodies together, her pussy rubbed and smashed by their bodies as she fucked him, his cock feeling so good as it filled her pussy. Only her asshole hurt, his finger buried deep inside her, moving around inside her, forcing her to move around frantically, attempting to escape the finger forced so deep inside her asshole, her sphincter fighting to push it out. "NNNOO," she cried as she came, forced to cum after Dr. Michael took her virginity, forced to cum with while being fingered in her asshole. Her orgasm hit her like a train, her pussy filled with his hot cum, shooting deep inside her, bathing her pussy for the first time, shuddering as she felt his fluids shoot deep inside her once virgin passage. His finger kept her hips moving, jerking back and forth, driving a second orgasm from her inexperienced body, his cock still dumping his cum inside her.  
  
Dr. Michael finally slumped down on Vanessa, his finger pulled from her asshole with a loud pop that embarrassed her. He pulled his cock from her pussy, cum flowing freely out of her hole to dribble beneath her, her eyes closed, humiliated that she had cum with him. He got up, leaving the room, leaving her on the floor still naked. She quickly dressed and left.  
  
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"I want you to dance naked, if you like I'll join you, I want you to dance naked, I want to enjoy your body," the Mellencamp song still blaring. She pulled her panties down, her eyes on the men that watched her, embarrassed as she was naked in front of them, her shaved pubes giving them a clear view of her vulva. She couldn't help herself, Dr. Michael somehow controlled her body, her legs and hips moving to the beat of the music. She moved over to the pole, the shiny metal pole rising up from the floor like a giant phallic symbol. She moved her legs to both sides of it, her pussy pressed forward into the cold metal, feeling the hard, unyielding object press between her tight pussy lips, pushed apart to touch her wet inner pussy. She humped the pole, her juices glistening on it in the bright lights that highlighted her naked body as she danced, humping it as if it was a throbbing cock.  
  
She dreaded when the song would stop, Dr. Michael telling her that once she had aroused the men, she would have to service all of them with her body. It was bad enough when Dr. Michael had taken her virginity, but he had told her that these men wanted something different. They wanted to sodomize her, take her in her tight asshole. Dr. Michael's fingers were bad enough, she didn't know if she could take a cock up her backside. But she didn't have time to think about it now, doing a deep knee bend, pushing her ass back at the men, feeling the cool air conditioned air in the room touch her exposed anus, knowing that she was arousing them, knowing that they were all imagining how it would feel to have their cock sheathed in her hot, tight asshole. She reached back, spreading her cheeks wider. Soon I'll find out, trembling at the thought of taking so many cocks up her asshole.  
  
Dr. Michael just smiled at her, making her body perform for him, pleased at how well she was doing, seeing the confused look on her face as she bared her most intimate body parts to the strange men that stroked their cocks at the thought of how lucky they were to be able to sexually have this lovely, young girl.  
  
The End