**Oh Donna! Ch. 01**

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I had worked with Donna for about a year or so; she had been hired to fill in for me while I was out for six weeks after a car accident. They had put her at my work station, and upon my return, she had no other spot to use, so I had gotten stuck with her. At first I couldn't stand her, but as time went on, we got to be pretty good friends.

Donna was about 38; half Cherokee and one quarter Sioux, with straight, dark hair and rather large boobs. She was the mother of three teenaged children, and from the several down-blouses I had been lucky enough to catch over the past year, they were probably well breastfed as infants. She was also a very good-looking woman for any age, although she was about eleven years older than me. I suppose the age difference was what led to our friendship; I didn't consider her datable, yet we still talked shit to one another.

One thing that puzzled me about Donna, however, was the fact that as soon as she left the building at the end of the day, she would slip her shoes off and walk barefoot across the gravel parking lot to her car. I wondered if this was related to her ancestry, so I decided to ask her about it.

"Okay, Pocahontas," I teased her, "I have a question for you."

"How many times do I have to tell you my name is not Pocahontas?" Donna demanded with feigned annoyance. "It's 'She Who Must be Obeyed.' Besides, I don't even know where Pocahontas was from, but she wasn't Cherokee or Sioux. And don't you even ask me if I'm that butter woman from Land O' Lakes."

I snickered at Donna's response. Many new-hires were convinced we were married, due to our shared workspace, my continual 'yes Dears' and our mutual snide remarks. I was constantly making Indian-related jokes and remarks to her, and one day I had asked her to hold her arm out while we were all on our morning break.

Donna looked at me and frowned, figuring something was up, but stuck her arm out anyway. I promptly placed a penny on her arm.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Donna demanded.

"Oh," I replied cheerily, "when I was a kid, they used to teach us in school that Indians were copper-colored. I just wanted to see if it was true."

When Donna finally caught me, I was laughing so hard that I could barely walk. She punched me lightly on the side of the head; not enough to hurt, but hard enough to make a point. That point was: we could be open about almost anything, as long as we kept it to ourselves.

"So, what is it that you want to know?" she asked.

"Why do you take your shoes off as soon as you get outside?" I inquired.

"I don't like wearing them." she replied. "They're too confining. Why?"

"Oh," I responded, "I was just wondering."

"When you wonder with that look on your face, there's usually more." Donna prodded. "What's up?"

"Um, uh- nothing." I finally said.

"Like hell." Donna replied. "I know you better than you think. We've talked about some pretty personal things and there's nothing you can't ask me; well almost."

"Okay," I said, "I was just wondering... if you take your shoes off when you leave work, what do you do when you go camping?"

There, it was out. The question was obvious; did she like being naked outside. She could either say yes, no, or complain about sexual harassment, which I knew she would not do. We were too good of friends and it wasn't asked in that context anyway.

Donna looked at me with a stunned look on her face for several seconds, and I figured I was in for a good tongue lashing, complete with some words I hadn't heard before, but suddenly, she started to laugh.

"Yes, I find them *all* confining." she finally answered. "And I haven't been camping in years, but the last time I went, I was quite comfortable. Does that answer your question?"

I nodded.

"Yes. Yes it does. Thank you very much for answering my very personal, and out of line question. I shouldn't have asked you that."

"It wasn't out of line." Donna said reassuringly. "I told you, there's not too much you can't ask me or talk about with me. So, when's the last time you went camping?"

"A couple weeks ago." I replied. "Up at my cabin. Not really camping, but it's rustic."

"That's right; you have all that property up in the mountains." Donna responded. "I'd forgotten all about that. Well, the next time you go, you should try camping comfortably too."

"I have." I admitted.

"So *that's* why you asked me!" Donna exclaimed. "You sly little shit!"

"No! It wasn't like that all." I protested. "I really wanted to know if you just hated all clothes. Oh shit, I did it again."

"Uh-huh." Donna said disbelievingly. "By the way, Bobby has the kids this weekend."

Now, I may be a little slow when it comes to women and their hard-to-crack code of word games, but even I understood this clue.

"Perhaps you'd like to go up with me and spend a relaxing weekend in the mountains?" I inquired cautiously.

"Perhaps." Donna responded. "The weather's supposed to be nice. I could get an early start on my tan too."

I stood like an idiot for several seconds, while Donna let the time tick by as tortuously as possible.

"That meant 'yes,' you dork."

"Oh, yeah... I knew that." I fumbled. "We could leave from here on Friday afternoon."

"That'll work." Donna agreed. "Bobby will pick the kids up after they get home from school, and I don't need to be there. What will I need to bring?"

"Some old clothes and a sleeping bag. I'll have some MREs to eat. You can leave your car here and we'll just take the Jeep up. It's four wheel drive access only, in and out."

"Okay." Donna said with one of the slyest smiles I have ever seen on her face. "Now, let's try and finish out the work week without arousing any suspicion. Oh my god, did I just say, 'arousing?'"

I groaned in reply. Donna was not going to make this easy for me and Friday was still two days away.

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Donna tossed her gear into the back of the Jeep, and we headed out. Of course her shoes were already off, so she was barefoot, and she was wearing a pink tank top and denim shorts.

"So how far is it?" she inquired, as we hit the interstate.

"About two hours." I replied. "It's Friday though, so we may hit some traffic."

"We'll still be there by 2 or 3." Donna noted. "That's plenty of time to get situated. Damn, I can't wait!"

"Really?"

"Yeah Dude! It's been like fifteen years since I got to do anything but step out on the patio at night after the kids were in bed. That's not very fun. We can actually go for walks up there, right?"

"Yes." I answered. "I have 50 acres and it's the smallest piece of land in the bunch. Other than one house about a half mile away, there's nothing in the area on about 500 acres. It's all just woods with a couple of small meadows, and the creek."

"The creek's on your place, right?"

"There's one spot where I own both sides of it, but mostly it makes up about half a mile of my boundary. There's one place where it drops down in a series of steps like a bunch of little waterfalls. At the very bottom is a small pool."

"How small?" Donna inquired.

"Maybe twenty feet or so across. It's about chest deep."

"Sounds perfect." Donna purred. "I want to swim in it."

Two hours later, I turned off the paved road, onto the gravel road that was my driveway. I had to cross someone else's land for the first quarter mile or so, but after that, it was all mine. We reached the creek, and I stopped the Jeep to lock the hubs in and check the creek before crossing the ford I had built through it.

"Is this yours?" Donna asked as we drove through the creek.

"It is now." I replied, as we drove onto the far bank.

I stopped the Jeep once again, to unlock the gate so we could proceed to the cabin.

"Can I take my clothes off?" Donna pressed.

God, what a woman! She was more than ready to strip. At this point, our age difference was feeling less and less with each passing hour.

"You don't ever have to ask me to take off your clothes." I told her. "If you want to be nude around me, just get undressed. I would suggest waiting until we get to the cabin though. It'll be easier."

We wound up the hill via a dirt road for another five minutes or so, before we left the pines, and the cabin finally came into view over the crest of the meadowed knob.

"Here we are!" I exclaimed, as I pulled next to the cabin and turned the Jeep off. "Let me go unlock it."

I exited the Jeep and opened the front door of the cabin. I glanced over at Donna. She was standing next to the Jeep and had already removed her top. I watched as she stepped out of her shorts and slung them onto the front seat. I couldn't help but stare, as she rounded the back of the Jeep and walked toward me.

My god, she was beautiful! Her large, soft breasts jiggled slightly as she walked, and the sight of her completely nude body was almost more than I could bear. Her bare feet stepped through the grass effortlessly, and a few seconds later, she was standing on the small porch in front of me.

"Well," she cooed, "this place *is* beautiful! You weren't exaggerating. I could live up here!"

Her last statement was another clue, but one which I missed at the time. I opened the door and motioned her into the cabin. Donna glanced around and smiled as she stepped inside.

"Very simple." she noted. "Nice wood stove too. I like what I see. Do you?"

I nodded. I liked what I was seeing, very much. I removed my clothes and put my sneakers back on, as I planned to take a little walk before we got settled in.

"Nice." Donna said approvingly, as she looked me up and down. "Now, let's go for a walk."

"Where would you like to go?" I asked.

"Anywhere. I just want to walk around naked. You lead the way."

"I'm going to have a cigarette first." I said, lighting one up and exhaling. "Why don't you run around the meadow while I smoke?"

Donna grinned.

"I'd love that!"

She took off across the open hay, leaping into the air several times. I could tell she was really enjoying running around nude again. I was certainly enjoying it as much as she was, and probably much, much more. Her tits were bouncing up and down as she ran, and I have to admit, my friend was one hot chick.

"Holy shit, that was fucking awesome!" Donna burst out as she returned, panting heavily from her naked jog.

Donna raised her arms over her head and clasped her hands together, then keeping her right foot flat on the ground, she raised her left knee until her toes were pointed straight down. She glanced over at me, and I completely lost control of my cock.

In a period of about two seconds, it sprang into a hard, throbbing mass, pointing upward at a 45 degree angle.

"I'm sorry!" she exclaimed. "Am I turning you on?"

"With that pose?" I asked incredulously. "Are you fucking kidding me? If every squaw did that in front her brave, there would have been billions of Indians out on the plains."

"Oh, you poor thing." Donna said soothingly. "Come here."

I approached her, staring at her nude body and incredible tits.

"You like my titties, don't you?" Donna asked. "I've seen you looking at them. I've seen you looking down my shirt at work too, when I bent over."

"Were you leaning over on purpose?"

Donna grinned evilly.

"Why do you think I'm always asking you for help to move things? Man, you're slow sometimes. Now, go ahead and look at them all you want. Would you like to feel them too?"

I reached out and squeezed her tits, and Donna exhaled loudly. Her fist wrapped around my cock, and I continued to fondle her boobs as she slowly jacked me off.

"That's it." Donna whispered. "Squeeze my titties. Squeeze my big boobies. Does your dick feel good?"

"Wonderful." I croaked.

"Well, I'm going to make it feel even better."

Donna dropped to her knees and slid her mouth over my cock, licking, sucking and stroking it. I'd never had a blowjob before, and this experience was unlike anything I had ever had in my life.

I caressed her head lovingly, as she continued sucking my penis. Before long, I felt the stirrings of an incredible sensation somewhere in my loins.

"I'm going to cum." I whispered.

"Mmm." Donna moaned through her nose.

"Holy shit! Holy fucking shit, Donna! I'm going to cum! I'm gonna cum in your mouth! I'm cumming in your mouth Donna! Oh my fucking god, I'm cumming in your fucking mouth! Oh Donnnnnna!"

I groaned in ecstasy, as I ejaculated in her mouth. She swallowed spurt after spurt of my semen before pulling her mouth from my cock.

Donna stood and faced me. She was clicking her tongue against the roof of her mouth and licking her lips.

"Do you feel better now?" she inquired.

I nodded speechlessly.

"Good, than let's go for that walk now, shall we?"

**Oh Donna! Ch. 02**

I took Donna by the hand and led her back across the meadow, toward the pines. I glanced over at her and once again, I couldn't help but stare at her nude body.

"Damn, you are so hot!" I breathed. "I can't believe you love being nude like this."

"Nor I, you." Donna replied. "Bobby never wanted to do this. I was beginning to think I'd never have the opportunity to walk around nude outdoors again. You've opened up a whole new chapter in my life."

"Really?" I inquired.

"Oh yeah! I love being nude outside; walking around, playing with myself, having sex..."

I stopped and faced Donna. I kissed her passionately on the mouth and squeezed her full tits.

"I want to watch you walking around naked, Donna. I want to watch you play with yourself and I want to fuck you so bad.

"I want to fuck you in the meadow. I want to fuck you in the pines. I want to fuck you in the creek. I want to fuck you in the waterfall. I want to fuck you in the cabin in front of the fire, and I want to fuck you on the edge of the road in the middle of the night.

"I want to fuck you on your back. I want to fuck you doggy-style and feel your tits hanging down while I cum in you. I want to lie on my back and have you ride me so I can squeeze your tits while I cum in your cunt. I want-"

Donna interrupted me by placing her finger across my lips.

"Shh." she said soothingly. "We have all the time in the world."

"We do?" I queried.

Donna nodded.

"Yes, my Love."

At that point, I realized this was the third and final clue. Donna was mine if I wanted her. All I had to do, was say the right thing.

"Let's move up here." I suggested.

Donna beamed. I had chosen the correct words.

"Oh yes." she agreed. "I want to spend the rest of my life in the nude, here with you. Now, take me to the creek. I want to swim nude."

I led Donna through the woods, descending several hundred feet to the creek. We emerged from the woods about one hundred feet downstream from the base of the falls, and headed upstream, along the creek bank.

Before long, we stepped onto a huge flat chunk of stone, about twenty feet wide, thirty feet long, and ten feet thick. Through the middle ran the creek; a v-shaped depression that spilled over the edge and cascaded a few feet down into the pool. Donna once again struck her incredibly sexy pose and leapt into the pool with a huge splash.

The water formed a line just below her massive hangers, indicating it was more than deep enough to swim, and Donna began to swim, enjoying her skinny dip. I sat on the edge of the rock with my legs dangling into the water and Donna approached me.

"I already sucked your dick." she said with a smile. "Come in here with me."

I slipped into the cool water and felt the sensation of it flowing around my genitals as I swam toward Donna, the queen of naturism. She grabbed me by the cock and hoisted me upwards.

"Oh, you fucking whore!" I exclaimed.

"What did you just call me?" Donna demanded.

"A whore. A fucking whore!" I repeated.

"I'm not your whore." Donna stated. "Let me make that perfectly clear. I am your squaw, and I will obey your every word and command."

My gaze focused on Donna's tits, which were floating in the clear, cool water. It suddenly dawned on me, what her place was, in our relationship. I was the master; the brave. She was the squaw; the submissive little whore that liked being nude outside.

"Get up Squaw." I instructed.

Donna stood and faced me.

"Get out of the water. Get up on that rock and lay on your back. Your master is about to fuck your cunt but hard."

Donna smiled; a huge, beaming smile that seemed to radiate an aura of sexuality.

"Fuck me, Captain John Smith." she said, licking her lips.

"Get on your back, Pocahontas. This White man is going to fuck your native cunt so hard you won't know what hit you."

"Ooh, fuck me, White master." Donna whispered. "Fuck your little Indian squaw."

Donna lay on her back across the wide rock, and spread her legs. For the first time, I saw the result of her three childbearing chronicles. Her cunt was gaping wide open; much too loose for most men to handle, but more than inviting for me. I didn't even need to search for an opening; my cock slid into her loose cunt without any fanfare.

"Fuck me!" Donna gasped, as I slammed my cock in and out of her loose cunt.

Her tits jiggled like jelly on her chest, as I fucked her like the cheap little whore she was.

"Oh shit!" Donna screamed. "I'm going to cum! Holy shit, you're in for a surprise!"

I continued my rhythmic pounding of her cunt, and I suddenly became aware of a warm wetness showering my face. To my surprise, jets of milk were erupting from Donna's nipples. Her hips bucked and her feet kicked, as she crested a powerful orgasm.

Milk continued to spew from her tits for several seconds, before it finally waned.

"You're a milkmaid!" I exclaimed. "Oh my god, you're a fucking angel."

"After my last child, I didn't want it to end." Donna confessed. "So I bought a goat milking machine. Every day, I pump my tits and it feels so good. No one seems to notice that we never buy milk."

I clasped my hands on each side of my face.

"You're supplying your family's milk?" I burst out. "You *are* a gift."

"I'm a freak, I know it." Donna admitted. "Please don't think any less of me. I don't want to lose a friend."

"You're not losing a friend." I explained. "You're gaining a chief. I am going to milk you every day, like the cow you are. You're even going to wear a bell around your neck. Your new name will be 'She Who Milks Like Cow,' or 'Cheap Little Whore;' whichever you like better."

"Call me whatever you want." Donna replied. "I'm your squaw; your little whore; your milkmaid."

"Right now," I interjected, "you are my cum whore. That's it, Bitch! Take my cock. I'm cumming in your cunt. I'm cumming in your cunt, Donna! Holy shit, I'm cumming in your fucking cunt! Oh Baby, I'm cumming in your submissive whore cunt!"

I spurted inside Donna's cunt; filling her belly with my warm semen. I rolled off of her and lay on my back on the rock; the sun warming both of us.

"I love you." I finally panted.

"I love you too." Donna replied.

"What a walk back we have." I noted.

"We'll fuck again, before we get back." Donna predicted.

I looked at her cunt. It was the loosest cunt I had ever seen, and I couldn't help but marvel how easy it was to find it and slide into it.

"Your cunt is so loose." I observed. "It's gaping wide open. I didn't even have to poke around for it; it was just there."

"I've had three kids." Donna explained. "After the first one, I quit all those exercises and all that bullshit."

"So you're telling me that you could fit a little head through your cunt?" I inquired.

"I can fit a little head, a volleyball, two fists; even a foot and half a leg." Donna replied confidently.

"Have you ever been foot-fucked?" I inquired.

"Nope, but I get the feeling that by the time this weekend is over, that will all change." Donna stated. "I want you to shove your foot up my cunt and open it once it passes my cervix."

"You are such a little fucking slut." I murmured. "Get up. I came in your cunt and now we're walking back to the cabin."

"It'll run out." Donna cautioned.

"Let it." I replied. "You can clean up later. You came up here to be free from clothes, toilet paper and tampons."

"That's true." Donna agreed. "That means we can piss freely too."

"Yup." I said with a nod. "If I want to piss on you, I can. If you want to piss on me, you can too."

"Good." Donna replied. "I have to piss like a racehorse, and I want to do it all over you."

I lay on my back, and Donna positioned herself over me. Slowly at first, then harder and faster, a golden stream of piss jetted from her cunt. It sprayed my dick and balls, and then my belly.

"Piss on me." I whispered. "Piss on me, you fucking whore."

Donna finished her golden shower, and she stood up. She pulled me to my feet and jumped back into the pool.

"Come on in and rinse off." she called. "Rinse off and let's head back. It'll be dark soon."

"It will." I agreed. "Let's go back and get a fire going. We can warm up and start drinking."

"I love drinking." Donna confessed.

"I'll bet." I replied. "You can't handle your liquor Squaw, can you?"

"Two shots and I'm done for." Donna admitted.

"I mix Everclear." I explained. "One of my drinks equals three of yours. I usually have five of mine. That's fifteen of yours."

"I'll be fucked up for a week." Donna replied. "I guess I can always call in sick on Monday though."

"Both of us?" I inquired dubiously. "We'd better find a way to move here permanently."

"Right now, I don't care." Donna stated. "I want sex, I want nudity and I want the kinkiest shit you ever saw."

"All we're missing is a dog and another woman." I said sarcastically.

"Give me either," Donna hissed, "and I'm yours forever. Give me both, and we'll create a new cult that satisfies your every fantasy."

"A bisexual, dog fucking whore that likes to be nude all of the time?" I inquired.

Donna approached me and dropped to her knees. She licked my balls and then my cock. Then, she began pissing all over her own legs.

"You're mine." I said flatly. "You're a disgusting little whore that will fuck and suck anything I tell you to."

"That's right." Donna agreed. "And I want to do it here. I want to spend the rest of my life here, fucking you and anything else you want me to."

I nodded in agreement.

"Okay." I said. "I can accept that. Let's go back to the cabin, and have a few drinks. Before we leave though, let's get cleaned up."

We both slipped back into the pool and rinsed off. Then, we headed uphill toward my cabin.

Fifteen minutes later, we reached the cabin and reclined on a couple of chairs. I was feeling chilly, so I mentioned this to Donna.

"Get a fire going." she suggested.

I complied, and within ten minutes, I had a roaring fire blazing away in the Franklin stove.

For those of you not familiar with a Franklin stove, it is a very shallow, wood-fired stove that can be opened to become a fireplace if needed. The temperature was dropping outside, and Donna snuggled against me.

"Get any closer, and I'll have to jerk off." I muttered.

"I don't care." Donna replied. "You can jerk off in front of me any time you want. All I want is to be nude and horny."

"How about nude and drunk?" I inquired.

"I'll take that too. Where's the booze?"

"Right here." I replied. "Let me pour you a drink, and you can forget all of your woes."

"You'd better become one of my woes." Donna muttered.

"Huh?"

"You'd better fuck the living shit out of me. Fuck me every minute of every day that we are up here. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me."

"Hey Donna," I blurted, "why don't you marry me and become my nude squaw?"

"You want a nude squaw?" Donna demanded. "Okay, but you'd better be able to have your balls drained at least three times a day."

"I'll do it five times a day." I promised. "And I'll knock you up within a month. You'll be a pregnant nude squaw."

Donna smiled at me; an evil smile that seemed to come from within the depths of her bosom.

"Keep me nude, pregnant and satisfied, and I will be yours forever." she promised. "Now, get some firewood and set the mood for some rough and heavy fucking."

**Oh Donna! Ch. 03**

Donna and I relaxed by the fire, as it crackled in the shallow stove. I placed my arm around her shoulder, and she responded by kissing me lightly on the neck.

"It's too bad your balls are drained." she lamented. "I'd really like to taste your cum again."

"We have all day tomorrow." I replied. "But we have the rest of our lives, if you were really serious."

"I was." Donna responded. "I want to move up here, somehow. I don't care if we only net a dollar a year. If we can live here without any clothes, and we can be happy, then this is what I want."

"Fuck," I said, "let's drink."

Donna smiled.

"You know my weaknesses."

"Not until now." I admitted. "But now that I do, you'd better be ready for anything, Squaw Whore."

"Oh yeah?" Donna challenged me, as she chugged a mixed drink. "Then shove your foot up my wet and slippery cunt."

Before I replied, I did two things. First, I took a drink myself. Then, I squirted a huge blob of hair conditioner on my foot.

"Spread your legs, Bitch." I snarled.

Donna reclined on her elbows and spread her legs. I responded by shoving my lubricated foot into her gaping cunt. I pushed my foot in, until I felt her vagina give way to the openness of her womb. Once I had bypassed her cervix, I tipped my foot backward. My toes dragged along her uterus on one side, while my heel pushed along the other.

"Fuck, that feels good!" Donna screamed.

"I can do this to you every night." I promised. "Let me fuck you. Let me shove huge objects up your cunt. Suck my cock. Let me treat you like the perverted princess you are."

"I'm yours." Donna promised. "Stuff my cunt; stuff my mouth. Let me run around nude."

"We have an understanding then?" I inquired.

"We do. I am your fuck toy. I am your slave. I am your genie and you are my master. You own me."

"Good." I replied, as I slid my foot up and down. "Who's fucking you?"

"You are, Master!"

"Do you like your cunt filled with my foot?"

"Yes!"

"How about feeling it filling your womb?"

"It feels like a baby." Donna screamed. "It feels like a baby fucking my fucking cunt! Oh, Jesus Christ, please just shove anything you want into my cunt! Fuck me! Fuck me with anything that you can stuff in my cunt!"

I shook my head.

"Naughty squaw." I muttered.

"No!" Donna screamed. "I'm not naughty! I'm not a squaw! I'm your fucking whore!"

"What?" I inquired incredulously. "What did you say?"

"I'm your whore!" Donna screamed. "I'm your dirty, fucking whore."

"You'd better make up your mind, Squaw." I advised. "You need to decide exactly what you are."

"I'm your squaw and I'm your whore!" Donna cried. "Oh please, let me be your squaw whore. I'll lick your asshole. I'll lick it while I jerk you off."

"I'd rather you licked it while another chick sucked me off." I responded.

"I will!" Donna promised. "I'll find you another babe to suck and fuck you too. Just please, please, let me be your main lips and cunt. Please."

"The second you took off your top, you had a place in my heart." I explained. "But now, I see what I mean to you, and what my property means to you."

"Please," Donna begged, "let me be your main whore. Please give me the rights to your dick. I will worship it, I promise."

"I want to tar and feather you then." I burst out.

"No." Donna replied. "But you can roll me in clay. That's close enough."

"Like a pig." I responded. "Like a dirty, filthy pig. You'll wallow in mud, you dirty little whore."

"Yes!" Donna hollered. "I'll be your dirty little pig!"

"Okay." I agreed. "You'll be my little whore. My dirty little pig."

"Yes." Donna agreed. "Your dirty little pig."

I nodded, as I contemplated the definition of what a dirty little pig might be. I didn't want to push it too far, as this was by far, the horniest female I had ever had in my possession, yet, I wanted to piss on this bitch and have her roll around in the resulting mud.

"Will you be my little whore; my little slut that obeys my every command?" I inquired.

"Yes!" Donna cried.

"Will you lick my asshole?"

"Yes!"

"Then you are my little squaw whore." I commended her. "It is your privilege to suck my cock and lick my asshole, whenever I want you to."

"I will!" Donna promised. "My mouth will seal only on your cock, and my tongue will only probe your asshole."

"Good girl." I praised her. "Now, let's finish drinking and have some sex, you nude whore."

Over the next few hours, Donna consumed several of my drinks that accumulated many times her tolerated amount of alcohol. I listened to the radio and glanced at Donna's nude body. I wanted very much to fuck her again, but I had no desire to do this while she was stoned off her ass.

I eventually fell asleep with her tits in my hands, and when I awoke the following morning, I was more than rewarded for my lack of aggressiveness.

"Did you fuck me last night?" Donna inquired.

"No." I replied. "You were wasted."

"You didn't take advantage of me then?"

"No." I responded.

"Final answer?" Donna inquired.

"Final answer." I replied.

Donna began jerking me off, and within a few minutes, I shot a load all over her breasts and stomach.

"I believe you." Donna said quietly, as she wiped the sticky mess up. "From here on out, I am yours. I belong to you now."

"Will you be my whore?" I inquired.

"Yes." Donna replied.

"Will you give me children?"

"Yes."

"Will you take my name?"

"I will. I will be your whore and your wife. From this day forward, I will never wear any clothes again, question you or do anything to displease you."

"Then I will accept you as my squaw, whore and wife." I replied. "By the way, Thanksgiving is only two weeks away. I want a golden bird, mashed potatoes, stuffing, veggies and dessert."

"I can do that." Donna promised.

"Oh yeah?" I questioned. "I want you nude on your back, and all of that served on your belly for my family."

"Everyone in your family can eat off my bare belly." Donna said defiantly. "I don't care if they see me nude. Lump the potatoes and gravy on my titties. Stuffing too. They can lick it all up."

"Good," I replied, "because dessert is going to be a scrumptious cheesecake with chocolate sauce, and I'm going to stuff it all in your cunt."

"I'll be your whore," Donna promised. "When you tell me, I'll push it all out, just like I was having a baby. Everyone can eat their dessert right out of my cunt."

That was the last I needed to hear from Donna, regarding our relationship, sex, nudity, or food. Any milk needed for recipes or cereal, came from her tits. Any precooked food that needed to be warmed, did not pass through the microwave, but was instead pushed into her cunt; then sucked out and consumed several hours later.

A few hours ago, I shoved a hot, hardboiled egg into Donna's cunt. Now, it was ready to eat; cooled off and tasty. She popped the egg out of her cunt for me, and I peeled it in front of her; shelling the egg and revealing the hardboiled contents.

"That came out of my cunt." Donna noted.

"Damn straight it did." I replied.

Without warning, I shoved the shelled egg back into her cunt; pushing it in as far as I could.

"Pop it into my mouth." I instructed. "I want your cunt egg in my mouth."

Donna grunted, as she tried to pass the hardboiled egg through her cunt. Instead, she pissed all over the place.

"That's not what I was expecting." I admonished her.

"I'm sorry!" Donna apologized.

"Don't be." I said soothingly. "You are the best whore I've ever seen. Will you marry me?"

"Yes!" Donna replied.

"Good." I responded. "Now, get your titty pump out. I want to make ice cream for Memorial Day."