Renee the Babysitter Helps at the Party

by Alvo Torelli

Part 1: Renee and the Boys

"Renee?" the voice on the phone asks.

"Oh, hi, is that you Mr. Richardson?" Renee answers. "Did you need me to babysit this weekend?"

"Uh, well, yes, but not exactly. But I'd really like to hire you for something a little different, if you're interested. Did you know it was the twin's birthday on Friday?"

"Oh, yeah, I knew it was coming. They're going to be twelve! I can't believe they're so grown up. I guess you won't need me to babysit them much longer, will you?" Renee is honestly sad about the boys getting too old for babysitting. The two horny little devils are her favorite charges.

Renee flashes back to that one time she was babysitting the twins when they were ten and she found an ASSTR porn story on their dad's computer - a naughty story about a babysitter! OMG! She'd had such an amazing fantasy over that - imagining that Jack, their dad, had left the story for her to find. She had quite the crush on him then, and she still did. It was a crazy, weird fantasy, imagining that Jack made secret videos of her getting herself off while she read the dirty story, and then they fucked and there were thousands of people reading all about it as it happened. She'd never cum so hard in her life! Of course she was only fourteen then, and now, at fifteen, she thinks she knows a lot more about real sex - unfortunately not at Jack's hands.

Not long after that wonderful night of fantasy, it occurred to Renee that it probably wasn't Jack who left a porn story for a buxom little fourteen-year-old girl to find. Way too risky! But those two ten-year-olds were already constantly sniffing around her and trying to sneak peeks down her blouse at her ample breasts. It made way more sense that they were the culprits - the dirty little perverts! So ever since then she really turned up the heat; she's been teasing them with her body every chance she gets. God, she loves to wear slutty clothes when she babysits them, like super-tight cutoffs and a loose button-down blouse tied under her tits with her nipples nearly exposed. She loves the way they have to hide the boners they get in their pants and the way they blush when she notices. As they've gotten closer to puberty, she's only gotten worse! She lets them have the occasional 'accidental' tit-show and she doesn't do anything to dissuade them if one of them manages to 'accidentally' touch her. LOL! She's even let them oil up her teen body when she's lying around out by their pool in her skimpy bikini. OMG! She loves cock-teasing them! She knows the two deviants are both way too scared to do anything for real. She loves being the center of their sexual awakening. She loves frustrating them, making them horny and getting them as embarrassed as possible. It's such a thrill.

That one event with the story had also been a different kind of awakening for Renee. She realized she loved the way the fathers of her various charges looked at her when she dressed slutty, especially Jack. But the mothers certainly didn't approve! She had to be careful around the mothers or she wouldn't get called back. Thank goodness Jack is single! Still...

"Uh, Renee?" Jack broke into her thoughts.

Oh, sorry Mr. Richardson."

"So, I'm letting the boys have a birthday party this Friday. It's a slumber party actually. And, well, I could really use some help putting it together and keeping an eye on things. Could you, ah, help out? I'd pay you of course."

Renee smiles, thinking about the choice of outfits she might wear to the boys party, imagining teasing them in front of their friends. Serve them right, the nasty deviants! LOL! "Oh! Sure, ah, Jack. Sure, I'd love to help."

"I think everything's ready, ah, Jack," Renee said. She still had trouble calling him Jack instead of Mr. Richardson, but he'd insisted. The food and decorations were all out. Burgers ready for grilling. The video game room was ready. The pool was clean, the music was cued up, the house looked great. Judging by the number of times she caught Jack ogling her, her outfit was sexy enough. Everything really was ready. "So, who did the boys invite to their party?"

"They invited their entire U13 soccer team!" Jack answered, "But thank god only eight or nine of them could come. They'll all be here as soon as practice is over - another ten minutes maybe?"

"So this is an all-boy party?" Renee is surprised, and a little excited. A whole house of twelve and thirteen year old boys to tease? Her naughty cunny clenches at the the thought.

"Well, yeah, it's a slumber party. I couldn't exactly let them invite any girls. Especially not with the way Marty and Ryan hit puberty six months ago."

"Uhm, they did?"

"Oh god, don't tell them I told you that - it would mortify them! But, yeah, and they've been little terrors ever since. You have no idea."

"Uh, I might have a little bit of an idea," Renee says with a twinkle in her eye. Puberty! Well, that explained a few things that had happened when she was babysitting them.

"Oh look, here they are, earlier than I thought."

Including the twins, Marty and Ryan, ten boys crash noisily into the house, heading for the food. But every one of them comes up short at the sight of Renee in her skin-tight short shorts and bikini top - and nothing else. Hey, it's a pool party! Renee recognizes three more of the boys - Jeff, Eli Jr and Jayden - from past babysitting jobs. Whoah, those three have grown!

Renee blushes, remembering the time Jayden's dad, Jamal, came home early and caught her reading another porn story - a story about a babysitter who got tricked by two little boys, boys who glued her to their bed and let her get fucked by their dog! She'd been so engrossed and turned on she hadn't heard Jamal return. She had her skirt up around her waist and her panties down around her ankles before she realized that she wasn't alone! She caught a reflection of Jamal's handsome face and realized he was secretly watching her frig herself in front of his computer. He could see everything! She'd nearly died of mortification on the spot, but then the level of her arousal had spiked. Instead of trying to cover herself, she'd pretended she didn't know he was there and kept on working herself up to a nice, hard crescendo of passion. She even moaned and at one point she said his name, just to see what happened. LOL! From the corner of her eye she could see him stroking his big, black dick - the only cock she'd ever seen. She was pretty sure he'd cum, too, but she couldn't be sure without giving away that she'd seen him. But her own orgasm was incredible. Too bad they never asked her back to babysit Jayden again.

But now Renee has to deal with ten pairs of huge eyes ogling her flesh. It thrills her! She returns their stares, turning from one to another and soon ten boys are embarrassed and trying to pretend they hadn't noticed her. LOL! Now the party can start. This is going to be so much fun!

Ninety percent of the food and all the hamburgers are gone in the first ten minutes. "Jesus, I forgot how boys like this can eat after practice!" Jack says. "Can you hold down the fort while I make a run to the store? Maybe you could corral the boys together so the twins could open their presents. That'll keep them occupied for a bit."

"Sure, ah, Jack," Renee agrees, but a bit of a shiver runs through her. How will these boys behave without an adult present? OMG! Don't be a scaredy cat, gyrl! She thinks about the present she's been considering giving the twins for their birthdays, and realizes it will be way easier with Jack out of the picture for a bit. "Yeah, Jack - go ahead, don't worry about anything."

"Brave girl," Jack responds with a wry smile.

It's great fun to sashay about the house playing the Pied Piper, using her sexy outfit and come-hither dark eyes instead of playing a flute to lure the various boys to come join her out by the pool, promising them they don't want to miss the twins getting their 'special' birthday present. In no time all the boys are gathered around Renee and the twins, who already blush just from being the center of attention. Adolescent boys! LOL! So cute.

First the twins need to open the present their dad left for them, which turns out to be a high-end video camera. Renee thinks it's odd that Jack only got one present for the two boys, but it was obviously very expensive and they seem thrilled with it. It only takes a few seconds to unpack it before it's in immediate use, documenting their birthday pool party. The twins don't seem to mind at all that its Eli Jr who's using the camera.

The next present for the twins is from their whole team, a pair of generous gift certificates presented by their best friend Darius. After a round of high fives, Renee realizes its her turn. It's now or never! She's excited at what she wants to do to the naughty twins, but nervous too. She runs her fingers through her long blonde bangs and bites her lip as she gets up her nerve.

A hush falls over the crowd of gangly, awkward boys when Renee steps up. The ogling is back in force, but this time she can't seem to find the confidence to turn it back on the little boys. Flustered, she needs to regain control. She reminds herself how delicious it will be to thoroughly tease the twins and embarrass them in front of their friends. Mischievous confidence floods back into her veins. LOL! She can't wait to see them blush and stammer in front of their friends.

Not wanting to waste another second, Renee grabs the twins by their hands and pulls them in close. "Happy Birthday, sexy boys!" she says in a kittenish voice, giving her hot teen body a sexy wiggle. Before they can react, she pulls Ryan in to give him a deep, lip-locked kiss.

The hooting and hollering from the other boys is enthusiastic and sends an electric rush of unexpected magnitude through Renee's young body. God she loves teasing little boys! She presses her pillowy breasts against Ryan's chest and holds the back of his neck as she lets all the boys see that she's slipping her tongue into his mouth. Cheers erupt and when she presses her bare thigh between his legs she can feel the hardness and surprising size of his instant erection.

But there are two boys to torment. Without hesitation, Renee swings around to Marty and lays a huge kiss on him, too. It's such a simple plan - give them both big, warm kisses and nipple rubs to get them aroused, let them put their hands on the warm, smooth flesh of her bare midriff, then pull away and leave them breathless, blushing and seriously tented in their shorts! A simple plan, but a plan that backfires.

The first problem is how much Renee is affected by the cat calls, whistles and general boisterous enthusiasm of the other boys. The excitement of the boys suffuses her with erotic energy. She drinks it in and lengthens the time she spends kissing Marty and rubbing her scantily clad body against his skinny form. She hears snatches from the other boys in the midst of the hooting, "... said she was a slut...", "... fucking great tits...," and "... mom won't have her in the...".

The second problem happens as she finally forces herself to break off tongue-fighting the newly minted twelve-year-old. She's supposed to turn her laughing, taunting smile on her audience. Marty and Ryan should be blushing beet red, desperately trying to hide the condition of their young dicks from their teammates. It will be priceless, and then she can make a big joke out of it and tell all the other boys they should be as lucky as her favorite, mortified preteens. It's a perfect plan. But the twins aren't blushing! She looks incredulously from one to the other. They aren't trying to hide the obvious tents in their shorts. They're both looking at her with wry, dangerous smiles on their smooth-cheeked but no longer so innocent looking faces.

No! This isn't going the way it's supposed to. She's losing control of the situation. But she can get it back on track. She just needs to embarrass them more deeply, take it to a higher level, that's all. That will do it! In a moment of desperation, Renee grabs each twin by a hand and places their palms firmly on her large, buoyant breasts. Ha! Does my female flesh burn you, little boys? "Oh Marty! Ryan! That's so naughty, stop that!" she cries out in an alarmed, sexy-kitten voice, as if the boys were molesting her in front of their friends. That will get them blushing, she's sure of it!

But she's wrong - she's so wrong. The twin's hungry smiles have gotten hungrier and there isn't a sign of embarrassment about them! How can this be? Just look at the bulges in their shorts! Then the sound washes over Renee - laughter and hollering, but a different kind of hollering - dark words like "slut" and "she wants it" and then the chant: "show us, show us, show us." She scans the crowd of boys and they all have that hungry, frightening smile. They all have noticeable tents in their shorts - ever last one of them - even Eli Jr with the new video camera up on his shoulder with its big lens that suddenly blinds Renee as it reflects the lowering sun into her eyes.

Renee blinks and realizes the boys have all begun to cheer. Why? OMG! Ryan and Marty have conspired to pull her strapless bikini top down under her breasts! NO! Ryan, Marty! NO!

The swim top holds up Renee's very ample bare breasts and makes them look even bigger, even bouncier. Ten pairs of big, round, adoring adolescent eyes burn her with their intensity. They must be scorching her for she can feel the heat on her skin - on her chest, her nipples, her face. Oh god! Renee is the one who is blushing, blushing so hard she can feel the heat in her every pore! Renee is the one who is the center of this maelstrom of young testosterone-driven attention. She tries to throw her arms over her chest, to escape their mortifying gaze, but Ryan and Marty have taken hold of her wrists and they hold her arms out to the sides. She twists and struggles, but it's no use. When did the two grow so strong, so big? Why are they looking at her like that?

A sudden thrill spikes through Renee's psyche like nothing she's ever experienced, like a first dose of heroine or a first jump in a parachute. It sears her mind, travels straight down to make her pussy clench and flood. She knows in that instant she will never forget and forever crave this amazing rush of pure, simple lust - lust driven by the most debilitating humiliation she's ever felt.

Ryan and Marty twist Renee's arms, forcing her to thrust her chest out. She knows she could fight off either one of them alone, but together they're stronger than her. She's at their mercy. Still blushing horribly, she understands that they're forcing her down onto her knees. As soon as they have her there, they kneel on either side of her, keeping the painful pressure on her arms. Her arms come together behind her back, forearm to forearm and someone she can't see begins to wrap something around them.

Marty leans around and kisses Renee again and another spike of lust makes her go along with him. She doesn't even try to pull away. And as he kisses her she hears Ryan's voice in her ear. "You didn't think daddy would only give the two of us a single present, did you, Renee?" She hears laughter ripple across the other boys. She feels the binding around her arms tighten. She's frightened, but her pussy is clenching so hard. She tries to force her tongue into Marty's mouth.

But suddenly it isn't Marty kissing Renee, it's Ryan. Desperately, her tongue entwines with his as she kisses him back. It's Marty who's torturing and teasing her with his voice, talking over the humiliating laughter of the other boys. "Daddy said you'd try something. Daddy said it was time for you to learn the price of being such a cock tease. Daddy said you wouldn't even fight." The laughter and boisterousness grow louder, but she doesn't know why - she can't see the other boys, she can only see the young face of Ryan.

Renee gasps as Ryan is suddenly gone. There's only the briefest glimpse of a sea of eager and excited faces before her sight is eclipsed by something else. But it's not another face, it's not another boy come to kiss her. Renee knows exactly what's been thrust past her full, curvaceous lips - a cock.

As a huge cheer erupts from the boys and another spike of adrenalized embarrassment courses through her body, Renee instinctively tries to throw her arms forward and push the boy, whomever he is, away. It's only now that she realizes her arms are tightly bound behind her back. It's only now she realizes that her humiliation will be joined by helplessness, panic and fear. But none of these new emotions can overcome the extreme lust that causes the fifteen-year-old babysitter to eagerly suck the proffered young cock deep into her mouth, where she swirls around it with her tongue.

At last. Here's something Renee can successfully tease!

Ryan's voice is in Renee's ear again as she eagerly gobbles his brother's larger-than-expected cock. "That's it, Renee, suck Marty's dick! You know you want to. You know you want to suck my dick too - and you'll get your chance. Everyone's going to watch. Everyone's going to know what a cock-teasing slut you are. Every boy here is going to know how it feels to have your pretty lips wrapped around his dick!"

OMG! They're going to make her suck off every boy here - all ten of them! They're going to film it! She feels a whole new wave of shame roll over her. The way the shame and depravity turns her on is terrifying! Her pussy is so wet. Her nipples are so hard. She bobs her face forward and back, fucking her mouth around Marty's warm cock.

Now, a boy of twelve, with his five inches of inexperienced cock embedded, for the very first time, deep in the warm, wet, eager mouth of a pretty blonde, buxom teen girl, a girl who's completely in his control, helpless to resist him - well, he isn't going to last very long. Is he? It's just natural. Marty grabs the back of Renee's head and starts thrusting in and out of her mouth, moaning "oh my god, oh my god," oblivious to his friends' cheers and stares. Regardless of her overwhelming mortification, Renee eagerly sucks at the rapidly moving cock. But despite her extra years, despite her extensive experience teasing and arousing boys and men, despite her bravado and the reputation she's tried to promote, Renee isn't really prepared for what it means to suck a boy's cock until he cums. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Marty announces to all of his friends. "Yes, oh god, it's so.... fuuuuuucckkkk!"

Renee's mouth floods with young boy sperm. Jack wasn't kidding when he told her the twins had hit puberty - wave after wave of hot, thick cum jets into her mouth. She splutters and chokes. The cum overflows the limited space that's isn't filled with boy-cock. It dribbles over her chin and a whole new level of belittlement constricts her throat as she feels the cum dripping onto her bare tits. As senseless as it is, she struggles against whatever is binding her arms.

Renee's view expands for a moment as Marty stumbles back, his small cock waving about. He's so proud to be the first to get the pretty girl to suck him off. And Renee? She's overwhelmed and confused - confused by how incredibly horny she's become! Her eyes dart about, catching Marty getting a high-five from Darius, the glint of the camera lens, a sea of laughing, wide-eyed faces, two boys pointing - pointing at her. She realizes what she must look like. She's on her knees with her bare, cum coated breasts on display. Her mouth is open, her pretty, full lips must glisten in the harsh sun, moist with Marty's seed. And her mouth is still full of his cum. Do they know how cloying and oily it is? Do they understand that the earthy taste overwhelms her mind. Will they understand what it means when she tilts her head back to show them the pool of cum then swallows it down? Can they possibly understand that their laughter and jeering only makes her want more?

Renee does show the boys the bounty in her mouth, and then she swallows and basks in the glow of the cheer that goes up around the pool.

But her view contracts again as the shadow of another form fills her vision - Ryan and his ready, hungry, throbbing boy-meat. The sun disappears and Renee thrusts her head forward to slide her lips, along the boy's five inches of excited flesh.

Why is she so hungry to suck and lick at Ryan's boy-cock? Her skin still burns with shame, shame that sends throbbing, incessant shocks of arousal down into her sopping cunny. OMG! Her panties and her shorts must be soaked by now. What if they see? OMG! It seems impossible for her blush to deepen, but on her pale cornflower complexion it does. And still she gobbles at Ryan's twitching cock. It's all so confusing and frightening, this terrible new-found need she has to debase herself for the crowd of gawking, hooting boys. She wants Ryan's hot seed in her mouth - why? She wants all the boys to see her smacking her pretty lips as she swallows his cloying, tasty cum down her throat - why? Where has this need been hiding?

Maybe it wasn't hiding? Even as she doubles her slutty efforts to get Ryan to give up his cum, a little voice in the back of her is waking up. 'This is the real you, Renee. This why you've been teasing those little boys and their daddies. This is why you came so hard when Jayden's daddy was watching you. This is why you keep wearing slutty, revealing clothes when you babysit. Didn't you ever wonder why you never agree to babysit only for little girls? It's degrading and shameful the things you do for attention, slut! Didn't you understand how much you need to debase yourself so that you could wallow and squirm in their sexual attention? It's what you are, Renee. Admit it! Be who you are!'

OMG! No, no, it can't be true! But the rest of her mind knows that it is true. She lets Ryan's scalding cum overflow from her mouth. She wants them all to see it! She wants them all to know she likes it. She shows them all, then swallows and swallows.

And then she begs. "More! More, please!" Waves of shame overwhelm her and she nearly loses her young mind. Ten boys. Ten cocks. So much cum!

They lift her from the deck of the pool and someone unbinds her arms. Her arms ache as she moves and blood rushes back into them. There are so many boys, so many hands, so many shining eyes ogling her flesh, so many fingers stroking her skin, so many palms testing the buoyancy of her ample, soft breasts, so many tongues licking her aching, straining nipples. "No, no," she cries out weakly but even she can hear in her voice that she doesn't mean it, that she wants them to use her, touch her, kiss her, tease her, laugh at her. There are enough boys to lift her off the deck and carry her to a deck lounge. She's on her back. She doesn't fight them. A little piece of her mind is screaming at her to run, but that other piece, that evil piece, is in ascendance and it makes her shiver in obvious delight under the hands that touch her everywhere. So many boys! Someone kisses her and she kisses him back. Someone licks her nipple and she arches her back. Someone pulls her arms underneath the lounge chair and she hears the distinctive sound of handcuffs, she feels her wrists pulled painfully tight under the chair, but she doesn't care, it's what she's there for. She's just a toy for the little boys to play with, hardly even a person, and god she wants them to play with her!

But wait, no, OMG! Renee can't help kicking and squirming when she feels them unzip her skin-tight shorts and start to shimmy the tight, stretchy fabric over her hips. No, god, no! This is too far! "Ryan, Marty, please!" she hears herself cry out. She hears the terror in her voice, the panic. But then she hears all the boys laughing and cheering at the sight of her neatly shaven young pussy. She hears one saying "look how wet these panties are!" and another yells "god, what a horny slut!" That stab of incredible shame-driven lust lances through her body as all the boys see how she is completely overwhelmed with desire and need and she's isn't strong enough to resist it. "Ryan, Marty, please!" she repeats, but this time her voice is filled with longing and lust. "Ryan! Please! Marty! Oh god. Touch me! Make me cum! Please!" Renee is lost to an arousal she can't even begin to comprehend.

The laughter that her begging engenders is almost more than she can bear.

Renee's head falls back, over the end of the flat deck lounge. Her head spins. Someone kisses her, hard, with tongue. He disappears, but a cock is presented to her hungry lips and she lets it slide into her mouth. Blood runs to her brain as her head hangs upside down and her lips gobble at the thin, young cock. She realizes too late that he's distracting her from a worse fate. Unseen boys pull her ankles to the sides of the lounge and push her knees up and out. She's no longer too distracted to understand she's on display - her virginal tight cunt must glisten in the cruel light of the setting sun. It must beckon to them - their adolescent wet dreams come true.

How many of these naughty, hormone-riddled little boys could ever believe the truth: Renee is still a virgin. Who could believe that such a cock-teasing, slutty, flirtatious girl of fifteen could still be pure? She feels something wrap around her ankles and she understands her ankles are being bound to the arms of the lounge. She's forced open and vulnerable and available for anyone who wants to use her. Oh god, oh god - they wouldn't! They wouldn't! Despite the shameful stories spread around about her, stories she had never denied, Renee really is a virgin! Despite the cock that she sucks with passion as it fucks in and out of her mouth, Renee thrashes and wrestles uselessly against her bonds.

"Relax, Renee," she hears in one ear, then the voice seems to move to the other ear like some seventies stereo gimmick. "Daddy said we can't fuck you."

The twins! Relief floods through Renee's brain. That can't fuck her. They can't rape her.

"Daddy said," the first boy whispers, "you aren't good enough to be our first fucks."

No! OMG! NO! A whole new level of humiliation hits Renee in the temple. She's bound, she's at their mercy, she doesn't even know which boy's cock she's sucking, she's spread wide for their hungry eyes - but she's been rejected. She's not good enough. Her cunny nearly explodes with need. OMG! Why won't they fuck her? She needs it!

"But we can do anything else we want," the second twin whispers in the other ear.

And Renees mouth floods with boy-cum once again. But this time, upside down, she chokes and splutters and she feels the cum splurting out onto her face. It's harder to swallow. The cum drips into her long bangs.

As the most recent boy retreats, as she swallows his warm cum, Renee feels something new. A tentative touch on her inner thigh, then another. Yes! Yes! Please! She finds that she can't raise her head enough to see who's touching her. Just trying makes her dizzy as the blood sloshes about in her brain. OMG! But she can whimper. It's humiliating and debasing, but she can whimper and beg. "Oh please, please, make me cum. Make me cum! Oh god, please!" She hears giggles between her legs and laugher all around and her mortification climbs yet another notch on the ladder. But she doesn't care. It only makes her need that much worse. Yes, another touch, and another, closer, closer. OMG! Touch me! YES! YES! Some brave boy's finger enters her snatch, easily sliding in through the wetness. Her own fingers have never felt half so wonderful!

The laughter and the giggling of the young, inexperienced boys grows in pace with the trembling that spreads out from Renee's cunny. Her traitorous body responds to the inexpert clawing of the boys. Their ineptness is no matter - her need is too great and the shame of her position is too overwhelming. Voices rise above the laughter. "I dare you!" "No way, gross!" "Chicken!" "Fuck you, James, you do it!" "I will." "No you won't." "Just watch, dirtbag."

Renee gasps at a new sensation, something she's only dreamed of. A cheer ripples across the crowd and her pussy spasms, then clasps at the new intrusion. Smooth skin presses into both of her upper thighs and a warm wetness laves across her clit. She screams. She arches her back and strains every muscle, but even as the unknown boy's tongue brings her to a wild, insane climax another boy's cock is presented to her pretty lips. In her ecstasy of depravity, her first orgasm at the hands and tongue of a young boy, Renee eagerly gobbles yet another boy-cock into her warm mouth. Her tongue traces the outline of the invading cock even as the other unknown boy discovers the unknown country of her labia, her clitoris and her cunt. Renee bucks and strains every muscle as her pussy floods and she orgasms on the boy's lovely tongue. She would scream aloud in shame if it wasn't for the boy who is fucking her gorgeous face.

Renee begins to lose track of the depravities as twilight deepens. She greedily sucks another cock as various boys whisper terrible things in her ears - things they'd like to do to her, things that even she's never heard of, things that make her shiver. A wash of cum covers her pretty face. She feels it dripping into her bangs, soiling her beauty. But she doesn't have time to beg them to clean it off - another cock is already deep in her throat - someone much bigger, almost like a man.

Bright lights suddenly flood the poolside and cut through the rapidly waning light of day. Renee blinks in the brightness, momentarily confused before she remembers that the twins have someone filming her shame with their new camera - the camera their father gave them for just this purpose. Will her shame never cease? Oh god, why does her shame excite and arouse her to the point of madness?

She hears the boys daring one another to taste her cunt. The first who had the courage is now hailed as a hero, a man among boys. A prize is offered to the next boy who can get her to shiver and buck in orgasm again and Renee knows only too well how little it will take. She's so aroused, so needy. Every new degradation just drives her wilder with unmet desire. She wants to beg them to tongue her, but her mouth is always busy, always sucking. So much cum! So many boys. Surely she's sucked them all by now. How can there be more? Her lips are tired, her tongue and jaw ache, but she services them all. It's all she's good for.

Another boy has the courage to tongue Renee to orgasm. Then another - each time she bucks and moans around another cock. But it's the fourth tongue that's applied to her young pussy that brings her to a whole new level of orgasm. Who is this boy with the wild, strong tongue? He's even willing to rake his strong rough muscle over her tiny ass and the unexpected pleasure burns her soul. She wants more!

For the first time in what seems like hours Renee doesn't have a boy's cock in her mouth. But this only means she can finally express herself out loud. The boy with the rough tongue - oh god - he's so good! "Aghhh! Aghhh! Yes, yes, oh please! More, more, I'm almost there, almost... Yes, yes, god, harder, harder its so good. Yesssss!" She screams until the intensity of the orgasm takes away her ability to express words and then she just moans as she twists and thrashes and bucks on the amazing long hot tongue. Oh god, if she could only see which boy! She would declare her eternal servitude, her undying love, if only he would promise to do this wonderful thing to her again, and again, and again. But try as she might, she can't raise her head to see him - and before her orgasm even begins to wane another boy's cock invades her mouth.

Renee eagerly puts her pretty lips and clever tongue back to work, shivering in a way she's never shivered before.

The delicious torment never ends but it changes. They unbind her from the deck lounge and help her stumble to her feet. Her legs will barely hold her up as several boys support her and lead her back into the house, into the room shared by the twins. She's confused and dizzy as the blood rushes from her head. She sits on the edge of Ryan's bed. Through bleary eyes she sees Ryan on one side of her, Marty on the other, both of them smiling that frightening, hungry smile.

"Oh god, Ryan, Marty, please - no more, please stop. Let me go," Renee whimpers. It's what she's supposed to say. It's what she's supposed to want. But deep inside she knows it's not really what she wants. She wants to be the center of their world, even if it means more of their terrible abuse.

"Stop, really? Like you stopped cock-teasing us as we got closer and closer to puberty?" Marty whispers.

"Like you stopped when we couldn't control how badly you turned us on. When you gave us boners that wouldn't go away for hours." Ryan continues.

"Like you stopped letting us look down your blouses, even when you knew it drove us crazier and crazier?"

"Like you stopped us from touching your boob, or grabbing your ass, but only a little, only enough to cause us so much frustration and heartache and pain?"

"Oh god, boys, I..., I..., oh please, just stop," Renee says, but she knows they can hear in her voice that she doesn't really want them to stop. She still wants them to adore her. She still wants them to want her! She still wants to make them hard and frustrated - she can't help it.

Renee realizes someone is behind her but before she can react her head is enveloped in darkness. Someone pulled a hood over her head! She screams and tries to reach up, but hands grab her wrists and pull them behind her back, where they're handcuffed once again. The hood pulls tight across her face, zipping down the back as panic fills her body with the terror of suffocating. But there's an opening in the tight-fitting hood, an opening over her mouth that stretches around her full red lips. She's blind, but she can breath. She feels the collar of the awful hood constrict around her throat and hears the buckle snap closed behind her. A whole new kind of frightened settles over her like a weight on her shoulders. What are they going to do? Why did they cover her face? Why did they blind her?

The voice of one of the twins comes through the thin, stretchy fabric of the hood. "We don't need your face, Renee. We're sick of your face. You're just a thing! We just want something warm, wet and soft to use." Someone pulls her to her feet and turns her to face the bed. On the other side she hears. "That's all you are to us now, babysitter, you're just a cum toy for us. All of us!" A new wave of humiliation sends shivers through her body and she can't stop the way her pussy clenches, trying to find something, anything, to stimulate her. She hears them laugh and she knows they've seen her secret shame.

Renee is pushed forward and she drops to her knees. Someone pulls her knees far apart and she screams as she pitches forward, unable to break her fall with her hands, but instead her stomach presses into the side of the bed. Before she understands what's happening, her ankles are secured with ropes and a belt around her waist secures her to the edge of the bed. She feels so vulnerable, so confused, so frightened. OMG! Her head is pulled back and she feels a pull against her wrists as something is connected between her hood and her handcuffs. She tries to picture what she looks like, kneeling against Ryan's bed, bound, hooded and helpless. What are they gong to do to her?

She feels so excited. She can't imagine why they've put her in such an elaborate position, but the boy's words echo in her ears "you're just a cum toy."

A shifting of the bed tells the blind girl that someone is there, in front of her. She feels the tip of a cock on her lips and she dutifully opens her mouth, realizing how quickly the little perverts have trained her. Is she really so easy to turn into a cum slut? OMG! Why didn't she fight harder? Why didn't she try to run? She knows why and it simply adds to her self-humiliation.

"Get it nice and slick, cunt," Renee hears the nasty boy demand. What does he mean. Isn't she sucking him hard enough. It's difficult to sway her upper body forward and back to work his boy-cock, but she's giving it everything she's got. It helps that the excited degenerate has her head in his hands so that he can thrust into her mouth. "Yeah, yeah," he moans. That's good, that's great. Now I can fuck you with it."

Fuck me? No! No! Ryan and Marty said you wouldn't. They said you couldn't. Terror courses through her again. She's not ready for that! She wants it, she wants it desperately, but she's not ready. But her fear is unfounded. She feels the boy's weight shift on the bed again as he drops from standing to kneeling. She feels his cock, slick with her own spit, nestle between her beautiful, soft breasts and suddenly she understands.

The little jerk-off is going to use her. They're all going to use her. She can't even see who he is. Is he cute, ugly, thin, fat, pimply or peach-fuzz fresh? All she knows is that she has to give him the thrill of his young life as he presses her breasts together to envelop his cock in their warm loveliness. He's going to defile and use her in a whole new way - he's going to fuck her tits.

Renee hears the comments and giggling from all the other boys as the one in front of her takes up a rapid, excited rhythm. He starts moaning almost the second he has her perfect young breasts pillowed around his flesh. How many times has this boy fantasized about a nice, hard tit-fuck. Was it Renee's amazing breasts that engendered his dreams? Well, he isn't dreaming now. He's in heaven. He's stroking through the amazing flesh as fast as he can, pushing them hard together with his hands and thrusting his pelvis hard, up and down, up and down. The other boys egg him on, tell him to hurry, demand their own turn. But the boy won't be distracted. His moans get louder and his pace increases. "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuuuuuuck!" he cries out and then he cums. His hot seed lances out across Renee's chest and shoulders. A cheer erupts from the other boys and she hears someone say, "fuck it, Jeff, get out of the shot!"

There's a scramble to be the next boy to use Renee's buxom, pretty tits as a warm fuck tunnel. As the next boy sinks his long, excited cock into her mouth for lubrication, she understands that the boys no longer even care that she's the one they are using. She's just a pair of warm, smooth, cushiony breasts - every boy's wet dream come true. The boy's thumbs massage her nipples as he pushes her tits together around his sausage and starts to tit-fuck her for real. Her nipples go even harder and her cunny floods with more desire, but she knows that his stimulation of her tender nipples is only accidental. He doesn't care about her or her needs. He just wants to feel the amazing pseudo-fuck he can get between her breasts.

Renee thinks that this is the only reason they've bound her to the edge of the bed. But as the third boy drops to his knees in front of her, his impressive thirteen-year-old cock glistening with her saliva, ready to get pillowed in the valley of her tit flesh, she feels someone move in close behind her, kneeling between her spread legs.

A hand comes up between her legs and fingers stroke through her sopping cunny. Renee screams and presses her chest even harder agains the boy who's fucking her beautiful tits. She feels something big and harder than fingers pressing into the valley of her cunny. No, no, you can't fuck me! They promised. But she knows she wants him to! She would do anything to get a cock into her snarling, snapping cunt. But the boy just grinds her for a few seconds. And worse, he whispers into her ear. It's Ryan, or Marty, she can't tell the difference. "I know you want me to fuck you, babysitter. But you aren't good enough. You know you're not good enough. I'm just getting wet and slick so that I can use you like the other boys, 'cause that's all your good for!"

No, no, please! I need it! But he's as good as his word. He pulls his now wet cock out from between her legs and nestles it into the valley of her ass. His hands feel so strong as they press her ass cheeks around his throbbing, wet boy-cock. He takes up a fast, hard stroking, grinding his cock through the tight channel of her ass.

The two boys cum at almost the same time. Hot sperm spreads out on Renee's smooth skin in front and back. Her handcuffed hands are suddenly drenched in boy-cum. She feels it dribbling down over her nipples, teasing and tickling her. It drips along her ass.

None of the boys seem to mind the previous boys' seed as more and more of it is spreads on her tender skin, front and back. A steady line of the little devil's play fuck-the-tits and grind-the-ass. Renee can barely keep them straight. Exhaustion begins to take its toll. Some of the boys stand back up to cum into her mouth instead of on her breasts. How can they have so much cum?! It never ends. What time is it? How long can this torment go on?

They untie Renee and she nearly collapses. But they still want to use her. She has no will to resist them. They carry her. She's hears the giggles and then she's flying. She seems to fly for a long, long time before she hits the water. They threw her in the pool! She surfaces, spluttering. Being in the water blind is terrifying, but she can't get the buckle of the collar open to remove the terrible hood. She hears splashes as more and more boys join her in the pool.

Someone grabs Renee and she twists around to get away, slowed by the water. Another hand grabs an ankle, then a tit, then her butt. She's surrounded by slow-motion grab-ass little boys. She's sure there must be hundreds of them! For fifteen minutes they all thrash about in the water. Thank goodness she's in the shallow end or she'd never stay above water.

They haul her out of the water and thankfully some of them dry her off before she starts to shiver in the cool night air. But the next thing she knows she's face down on another surface, she has no idea where. Maybe it's a couch or an armchair. But her wrists are handcuffed again, her face juts out over nothingness and her ass is high in the air. Her chest presses into a firm, cushioned surface and she isn't given even a second before another cock is presented to her pretty lips. She gobbles it down, letting the boy hold her head and thrust into her throat. Her lips are exhausted. Her tongue can't find the rhythm. How many boys has she sucked? How much cum has she swallowed? How many hours has this gone on? Soon enough she swallows another load of hot boy cum but the shame of it doesn't rekindle the flame of desire that was quenched by the cleansing pool.

Renee has gone past the simple humiliations the boys can force upon her. They're only boys, after all.

Another boy slides his cock into her tired mouth before she feels fingers sliding through her cunt. She isn't wet anymore. She isn't aroused. But whoever is fingering her has a tongue too, a strong, confident, exuberant tongue that quickly relights the flames of her desire. Oh god! Oh god, yes, yes. She can't stop herself from bobbing fast on the cock in her mouth as her arousal is rekindled and fanned and bursts into bright, searing orgasm. She swallows another small load of warm, oily boy-cum even as she reaches a new climax.

The laughter is back as Renee continues to buck and moan. For a moment the tongue is gone and she screams "more, more, please!" But then it's back, stronger than ever and a moment later she's presented with another cock to suck. The laughter is louder as she takes the cock into her mouth and greedily sucks it in. The cock is strangely slick, but she can't think about that. All she can think about is the amazing tongue sluicing through her cunt again and again, driving her insane. She slurps and twirls her tongue around the strange cock. What did he coat his cock with? What new deviant humiliation is this boy trying to perpetrate on her. Is that you Ryan? Marty? Little perverts! Oh god, oh god - her orgasm lifts to a new level and she sucks hot thin cum down her throat.

The cock disappears and the tongue fades away. But she wants it back! She begs. She pleads. She swears she'll do anything, anything, just please, please don't leave her like this! The tongue gouges through her pussy once again, swirling around her clit and she screams, but her scream is cut off by yet another cock. It's just like the one before - slimy and strange. There's only one possibility - it's the twins, tag-teaming her, tormenting her with the best orgasm of her life. driving her crazy and making her suck something terrible from their dicks to humiliate her in front of her friends. It has to be them, but she doesn't care. She just needs to climax!

And she does climax, on and on. She sucks the slimed-up cock and thrashes on the other twin's expert tongue. Her brain is barely coping. She's over the top, unable to think. There's nothing left for the fifteen-year-old girl but her mouth and her cunt and her deep, deep shame and the terrible, disgusting laughter of ten twelve and thirteen-year-old deviant boys.

Renee has no idea how many times the boys in the room have used her. Every boy has emptied his seed into or onto her three, four, some of them even five times! It's a testament to her resilience and the strength of her need to be the the center of erotic attention, no matter how humiliating, that she's still conscious. Few would have lasted so long. Renee swallows one more load of warm cum, watery rather than thick, no doubt from the boy using her so many, many times.

She passes out, collapsing like a rag doll.

Part 2: Renee and the Men

Renee Robertson wakes up to sunlight streaming in through a tall window. She blinks and pulls the covers tighter over her shoulder, turning away from the light, still half asleep. Her eyes snap open at the realization that one, she isn't in her own bed, she's in some large, luxurious bed, two, it's the middle of the day - what day, Saturday? - and three, Jack Richardson, father of Ryan and Marty, is sitting across the room in an armchair, reading a magazine and pretending he hasn't noticed she's awake. Renee bolts up in the bed and realizes four, she's wearing nothing, nothing at all.

A million memories flood Renee's brain and she sees the terrible smile that crosses Jack's face as he sees her blush with shame. But how much could he know? He'd left The birthday party for more food and never returned. Then she remembers the horrible words. 'Daddy said you aren't good enough...' and she knows he knows everything. Instinctively modest, she clutches the covers to her chest. "Wh-what's happening? What time is it? Where are all the boys? Y-you left, and..."

"Well, yes, I did want to let the twins enjoy their birthday presents without my interference. Much better that they not have to worry about what I thought of them." Jack smiles and his words are teasing. "I trust you enjoyed yourself?" He waits for only a second, enjoying Renee's little gasp. "But you don't have to worry - the whole gang of little deviants is off to their soccer tournament up North. They're gone for a couple of nights, actually. A bunch of the mothers agree to take them this time." He watches Renee as she registers relief that the little boys are all gone. But then the full meaning of Jack's words begin to sink in and her eyes flare with worry.

"So, ah, do you need me to help clean up after the party, or, ah something..." Renee stumbles over her words, looking around her a bit like a cornered animal.

"Oh sweetie, you don't understand. The party isn't over. The party is just... well, the party is ready for its second wind. I hope you got lots of rest - you'll need it." He indicates a tray of food on a side table and the second Renee sees it she realizes she's ravenous. "Why don't you have a bite to eat first? Then you can get get freshened up in the bathroom. Won't that be nice?" Renee stares with a combination of fear and excitement as Jack rises and smiles for her. "Take a nice long shower. Do your hair. Pamper and enjoy yourself I've laid out some... things for you, in the bathroom. You'll find everything you need, and everything I expect. I'll be back in a bit, after the guests arrive."

Renee watches Jack leave the room. Her eyes are wide. Should she try to escape? Should use the phone to call for help? OMG... She picks up a sandwich and digs in.

Freshly showered and coiffed, Renee lets Jack lead her down the stairs towards the family room. She's very aware of the unfamiliar way her ample breasts sway and bounce as she walks. The leather harness she's wearing constricts and lifts her tits and accentuates the sexy way they move. She's not use to wearing such outrageous high heels either. Nor does she like the leather collar around her neck or the leash that Jack is using to lead her downstairs to the second afternoon of the 'party.' She feels so slutty and she has no idea what she's going to find waiting for her.

It's incredibly exciting.

There are four men lounging about in the family room as they enter - Jack makes five. Renee pulls up short, eyes wide, as she recognizes Eli Sr, Eli Jr's father, as well as Jeff's father Mark. Jayden's handsome, tall father Jamal leers at the way her naked body is presented by the leather harness, making her shiver and blush. Another flashback to the time she let him watch her rub her fingers through her young pussy while he stroked his big dick grips her mind. She gives a small gasp as she remembers sucking his son's impressive cock and swallowing the boy's cum, more than once. More than twice for that matter. She sees the way all the men, including the tall redhead she doesn't recognize, smirk at her blushing face.

Five hungry, horny grown men and one small, frightened fifteen-year-old girl - Jack knows how to throw a party.

Renee's blush deepens immensely when she realizes what the lounging, drinking men are watching on the giant-screen television - her. They're watching video of her night with the ten boys. OMG! Is that really her sucking Eli Jr's small cock? Why does she have to look so enthusiastic? No, this is terrible, this is... Oh god, this is what she did. She eagerly sucked off every boy who put his cock to her lips. She showed them their cum in her mouth and then swallowed it down - just like she's showing Eli Jr up on the huge screen, just like she's slowly, sexily swallowing the little boys thick sperm. She remembers with shame how much she wanted to be Eli Jr's little slut - how much she wanted to please all of them. But watching it, with Eli Sr enjoying the show, is so much worse.

The video cuts to a different scene, Renee on her back with her head over the end of the pool lounge, sucking another boy while Jeff licks her thighs and then delves his tongue into her exposed cunt. The girl on the screen shivers with obvious pleasure. Renee can't tear her eyes away from it. Did she really enjoy being used so much? OMG! Yes, she did. She can practically feel Jeff's tongue in her pussy. And she even likes watching it! She's such a terrible gyrl.

Mark cheers his son on, but the tall redhead interrupts the general enthusiasm for the video. "This is bullshit," he says. "Why are we watching little boys play with their toys when there's real men here - ready to show a lady how to actually have a good time?"

The way the man looks at Renee, like she's something to eat, raw, scares her silly and she shies up against Jack - ignoring the fact that he's the one who put her on a leash!

"Ah now, Patrick," Jack says as he freezes the video with a remote. On the screen, Jeff has just come up to look at his friends with a big shit-eating grin and his chin glistens - proof of just how aroused and wet the bound young blonde on the screen is. "You haven't been introduced to our dear Renee. Renee, this is Patrick. He's the father of that rascal Darius. Patrick is an old friend, but he's not known for his patience or finesse - he's known for his... Well, you'll see, dear."

"Oh yeah, she'll see alright," Patrick says, grinning. "Maybe she should see right now."

"Just be patient, Patrick," Jack says. "I think we need to help get the lady in the right mood."

Jack pulls on Renee's leash and starts to parade her around the room with her breasts thrust forward, bobbing, and her bare hips swaying. The men's eyes confirm how incredibly sexy her new harness, collar and heels make her. Jack forces her to sashay from one man to the next and each man takes a moment to gently caress the curve of her breasts, tease her already hard nipples, then prove to himself just how wet her tight teen cunt is. To Renee's dying shame, her trembling body shows each man how aroused and needy she is. Every touch is torturously arousing. Each smirk sends another spasm of exciting shame through her virgin cunny. And each man makes sure she knows how amusing he finds her predicament.

She's their little sex toy, she knows it and the shame of it makes her crazy with lust.

Finally, Jack leads Renee to a large sofa, where he sits and pulls her down to her knees between his legs. "Let's see how well you've learned to use that pretty mouth, Renee. Everyone here needs a bit of a warm-up - we wouldn't want to disappoint you once the party really gets going."

Renee is confused. Despite the leather cuffs on her wrists, Jack hasn't bound her arms behind her back. It seems wrong to her. From her subservient position on her knees she looks up to meet Jack's eyes, only to drop her gaze immediately. "Go on, Renee, show us all how much you really want us to do terrible things to you. Show us what a slutty little girl you are."

OMG! She does want them to do terrible things to her! She really does.

Renee fumbles at Jack's belt and fly. She's never opened a man's pants before and it seems so awkward. Her fingers are too excited. She's afraid of doing something wrong, something that will break the spell of intense sexuality that's wrapped around her like a semi-transparent veil. Jack doesn't help! None of the men help her or give her a hint. For a second she stares into the evil glint of the camera Jack gave his boys, now mounted on Mark's shoulder. Mercifully, Jack deigns to lift his hips as she pulls and tugs his slacks and boxers down.

OMG! Renee has spent so much intimate time with the cocks of twelve and thirteen year old boys. Her shock at seeing a real cock, an adult man's large, pulsing rigid cock, is swift and severe. His dick is at least eight inches long and it makes her hands look tiny as she tries to wrap her fingers around it only to find that it takes both hands to fully encircle the monster. Renee glances up again, praying for some help, some sign of what she should do - but he just smirks at her, driving home the fact that she doesn't really know what she's doing. It's the first time she's had a man's cock in her hands! Even last night she never touched any of the little boys - her hands were always bound. OMG! It keeps jerking and throbbing in her hands. Did she do something wrong?

"Get on with it, little girl!" someone growls and breaks Renee out of her stupor. It's the big redhead, Patrick, scowling at her. And suddenly she knows what to do - do what she's read!

"Now Patrick, give the little thing a chance to.... oh, oh fuck me, yes!" Jack reacts to way Renee licks her tongue all the way up the underside of his long, fat cock, then over the bulbous head, which slips into her mouth to tease with her tongue. "Oh fuck, child, yes, yes, that's it! God yeah, show us all what a talented little slut you're going to be. Oh yeah." She repeats the whole process again, only harder, really getting as much of her tongue against his flesh as she can manage. And Jack squirms under her attention as the other men give small murmurs of appreciation and begin to exchange quiet comments on her technique.

The attention goes straight to Renee's pussy! Suddenly she's so aroused she can barely keep from jumping into Jack's lap. She purposefully spreads her spit onto the head of his cock and uses it to lubricate her fingers so that she can begin a fast double-handed stroke, up and down, as fast as the pulse she feels hammering through the throbbing veins in his tool. Her lips enclose the head and a couple of inches. She bobs her head in time with her hands, sucking hard, the vacuum pulling at Jack's cock, driving him quickly towards a climax.

Renee is suddenly on fire. All those stories, all those descriptions. She drools down Jack's cock to help lubricate her hands. She strokes with only one hand, pressing her palm along the underside. Her other hand slips down along the wet flesh until her palm is cupping his heavy scrotum and her thin finger slide along the crack of his ass towards his sensitive rectum. When he shivers all over she smiles around the three inches of cock that's gliding in and out of her mouth, sliding over her full, pretty lips. OMG! She feels so powerful, so sexy, so...

"Jesus, Renee, fuck - fuck, that's so... oh fuck, guys! She really knows.. oh fuck! YES!" Jack grabs both sides of the child's head and forces her to hold as his cock throbs again and again, pumping his hot daddy-seed into her mouth. He makes sure to pull out so that the last blast of hot cum boils from his cock onto Renees pretty face, icing her small, flaring nose and her full upper lip.

Renee knows her place. She knows what a good slut is supposed to do. She opens her mouth and shows Jack his cum. She turns and shows the camera. And then the fifteen-year-old swallows. She swallows and uses her fingers to scrape the rest of Jack's cum into her pretty mouth, then swallows again before she softly asks, in the sexiest voice she can hope for, "who's next?"

As Renee is passed from man to man, father to father, the camera is passed as well, so that every man at the party will have a permanent record of the night the pretty little slut-teen sucked him and drank his seed. Eli Sr and Mark are smaller than Jack, but still they're men with hungry, big, rigid cocks that are happy to use her little mouth. Jayden's daddy Jamal is bigger than Jack, but Renee already knows that. He's over nine inches and feels like a cucumber in her trembling hands. She looks so white against his ebony skin, shining with her spittle as she strokes the monster. As she stretches her mouth around him she's sure that no man could possibly be bigger! When he shoots cum into and on her, so much, near to drowning her, she's sure no man could cum more.

She's wrong of course. Renee's last blowjob of the 'warm-up' is Patrick and suddenly she understands what Jack was hinting at. The man is a freak of nature. It isn't possible! Suddenly all her bravado is lost as she tries to understand how to satisfy, stroke, suck and lick twelve inches of massive, pulsing flesh. He's as big around as her wrist. Thoughts of the horrible things he could do to her with his monumental cock send tremors of panic through her. She doesn't know what to do. Suddenly she's just a little girl again.

"Well, that's changed her tune," Renee hears Patrick growl low and sees the nasty, frightening smirk on his face. "Not such a sex kitten when you're faced with a real man, are you, little girl! Well, you're gonna have to satisfy that big piece of meat anyway - like it of not. So start licking, princess. Here, let me help!" Patrick's idea of helping is to grab the little girl by the back of her neck, tilt her head to the side and force her lips to the very base of his gigantic cock. "Open up, get that tongue busy," he growls at her and she does as he commands. "Get it wet, girl. Come on!" Renee's tongue and lips glide along the foot of warm cock. He pushes his fingers into her hair and pulls her tighter, nearly gagging her with the size of his manhood. As soon as he's wet he yells at her to grab it with her little hands and she does her best to wrap them together around the shaft, barely getting her fingers to touch over the top of the huge beast.

But Patrick wants his cock in Renee's mouth. He pulls her face roughly to the end of his snake and presses her lips to it. She doesn't think she can do it. She hears the gasps and excited whispers of the other men. She doesn't feel powerful and sexy anymore. She feels young and weak and afraid. And yet, this is what she's supposed to do! She opens her mouth wide, then wider. She strains. His cock stretches her full lips. The head alone fills her entire mouth. She strokes his cock as fast and hard as she can manage, becoming more and more determined. She even manages to play across the surface of the huge intrusion with her tongue.

The gush of cum that fills her mouth gags Renee. She can't breath. She coughs and splutters. Patrick's cock pops out of her mouth, but the cum keeps coming, sluicing out onto Renee's pretty face, running down over her chin to drip onto her amazing breasts. She's still gripping the big cock like a firehouse as it spews onto her pretty face when Jack takes her wrists and pulls her away, helping her back to her feet.

"Jesus, Patrick, what a mess. Who's going to clean this up?" Jack says with a crackle of laughter in his voice.

"Yeah, I think you know perfectly well who, asshat," Patrick growls back at him as he stands and pulls his pants back up. But he has a wicked smile. "Let's keep this party rolling!"

Renee is so confused and overwhelmed that she doesn't immediately realize Jack has pulled her wrists behind her back. But the twist of her arms as he lifts her wrists to the middle of her back, uncomfortably high, snaps her out of her fog - and the snap of the clasps that bind her leather wrist cuffs to the back of her bondage harness send a new spike of adrenaline straight down into her sopping wet pussy. As he turns her around, she sees that the video is playing up on the giant screen again. She sees a closeup of herself on her back with another boy-cock deep in her mouth. The way her pretty, full lips gobble enthusiastically at the thin cock and the way she seems to be thrashing in erotic pleasure send a delightful shiver of shame through her form. But then her shame blossoms to a whole new level of horror and she drops to her knees in front of the screen as she starts to whimper at what she sees.

Up on the screen, the camera pans along Renee's amazing body. Her fantastic breasts bob and jiggle as she arches her back. Her flat stomach twists and trembles. And then the cause of her intense pleasure is finally made obvious - the tongue of some sort of huge, long-haired German Shepherd, delving deep into her pussy.

A dog! OMG! NO! They didn't, they didn't, oh please, no, they didn't! But clearly they did. Renee remembers the one boy who's tongue was so much more talented, so much stronger and rougher. She realizes she's still whimpering as she watches herself have a huge, shameful orgasm on the dog's tongue. She remembers how much she liked it! She remembers what happens next: the boy's cock is pulled away and the girl on the screen begs for more. She begs for it! It's the most shameful, terrible thing she's ever seen and it's her.

Jack's voice, whispered in Renee's ear, cuts off her whimpers. "Come now, dear Renee, admit it. Admit to all these nice gentlemen: you knew. You knew it wasn't a little boy getting you off - you knew it was a dog. And you wanted it. Admit it!"

Renee's tortured young mind reels, but she knows Jack is right. She pushed the realization of what was happening to her deep into the dark, back recesses of her mind. She'd given it to that awful, nasty little voice and let her keep it hidden away. But she knew. "Y-yes, yes, I knew," she whispers, but all the men can hear her shame.

"And you liked it, didn't you, baby? You loved his tongue and the way it made you feel. Say it, Renee. Tell us."

"Yes! Oh god, yes!" the poor child screams.

"Do you want more, baby? Do you want more of that long, rough tongue? Do you dream about it? Do you want more? Well?"

This is horrible. They want her to admit that she liked being tongued by a dog! OMG! She can't, she can't - it's too much, too degrading. But... "Oh god, yes, yes - I want to feel that again."

"Well that's great, baby," Jack says. "Because here's Titan to clean you up."

"What? No! No..." Renee tears her eyes from the awful sight of herself on the screen. She looks around wildly, only to find the same huge dog, in the flesh, standing directly in front of her. She's still kneeling, arms bound, so she has no way to protect herself from the strong, hot tongue that lances out to slather across her face. "Oh! Oh god! Please..." she cries out in terror, but she just earns herself a mouthful of dog tongue and a round of excited laughter from the five men.

"That's it, baby. Let Titan clean all the nasty cum off of you." Jack croons in her ear. "And give him a nice kiss, Renee. Kiss your doggy lover! Go on. You know you want to."

Renee's mind reels, unable to keep up with the depth and intensity of just how far Jack has gone to pile shame after shame onto her. How did he know that she wouldn't be able to resist? How did he know that humiliation would send her into paroxysms of arousal and need. Did he understand that all those times she was trying to shame and tease him and his boys were just a reflection of her need to be teased and humiliated herself. She opens her mouth and kisses the big dog. She kisses him hard, straining to get her small tongue into his mouth, to press her open lips to his black, slobbering maw and nearly gagging on the

length of the strong rough tongue he sweeps through her mouth. Her pussy clenches, hard. She kisses the big dog harder, bathing in the men's laughter.

But wait! How can the dog be licking at her breasts with his hot, rough tongue when he's busy kissing her and cleaning cum off her face? In a panic, Renee shakes away from Titan, twisting and turning to try to see, to understand what's happening. OMG! There's another dog! Another big long-haired German Shepherd!

"Meet Thor, Renee," Jack says from just behind the kneeling child. "Thor and Titan are brothers - twins in fact. You like twins, don't you, Renee?"

All the men laugh as the new dog lifts his head to kiss the girl on the mouth. His brother moves his attention down to her heaving breasts, where there's still a little bit of cum to clean from her smooth, sensitive skin. Renee has no choice but to kiss the second big dog until he, too, decides there's more tasty cum to clean from her chest. Both dogs lick her nipples as she squirms and squeals in tortured ecstasy.

Renee loses her balance and starts to tumble to her side, unable to brace herself with her arms tightly bound to the back of her harness. But Jack and Jamal are there to catch her. "Come on Renee, we know you want to give the boys a good taste of more than your salty skin." Jack whispers into her ear. "Let us help you." Renee sees Mark grab both big dogs by their collars and hold them back. She doesn't understand what Jack and Jamal are doing, but they slide her back towards the couch. Her leg's splay out in front of her as Jack pushes a thick cushion under her ass, and then they lean her back so that her shoulders press into the seat of the sofa. She still isn't sure what they're doing until they grab her ankles and spread them wide. Patrick appears with a long metal pole, a spreader bar, and in a flash Renee's ankle cuffs are snapped to the ends of the bar. She's spread wide for their ogling gazes. She sees the two big dogs drooling with anticipation. With her arms bound, she's helpless, exactly as Jack intended.

Mark lets Thor go and the huge dog goes straight for Renee's sopping pussy. She screams as he charges and her screams quickly turn to more squeals as the dog's long, rough tongue invades her young virgin pussy.

Up on the screen, directly in front of Renee, she sees a bound girl with a hood covering her face. And the same dog who is ravaging her cunny now is ravaging the cunny of the girl on the screen while she sucks a boy's cock. On the floor she arches her back and squeals. On the screen the hooded girl swallows cum and writhes under the dogs tongue. But suddenly the dog on the screen is pulled away. The Renee up on the screen begs "more, more, please" as the boys in the video and the men in the room all laugh.

OMG! No! Renee watches as the dog on the screen is led quickly around in front of her and the second dog takes its place at her poor, abused pussy. No! She can't believe what she sees. The first dog's long, fat red cock dangles beneath his body. He's excited from eating the tasty juices of a terrified little girl. Someone swings his cock up between his back legs and presents it to the hooded girl's trembling lips! Nooooo! Don't! Don't let them trick you! OMG! No!!

Renee is gasping, blushing and watching herself about to suck a dog's cock when her view is suddenly eclipsed. It's eclipsed by the stomach of a huge dog as he straddles her waist and rears up to put his front paws at the edge of the sofa. His giant red cock, as big as Jack's, maybe even as big as Jamal's, is right in front of her face, bobbing and thrusting as he struggles to bring it to her lips. She screams and desperately turns her face from side to side to keep it away from Thor's cock.

"Come now, Renee," Jack says smoothly just behind her. "Don't try to pretend you didn't know. Admit it, admit you knew."

"Oh god! Oh god, please! Not a dog, no, please."

"Admit it!"

"Yes! Yes, I knew it wasn't a boy."

"Was it the most humiliating thing you've ever done, Renee? Tell us."

"Oh god, please.... yes, it was the worst ever." She thrashes from side to side in a desperate attempt to stay away from the big red cock.

"And what did it do to you, Renee? What happened when you sucked the dogs' big cocks and swallowed their nasty dog cum! What happened when you knew you were doing something so nasty and degrading and the boys were laughing at you?" Jack whispers into the distraught young girls's ear. Tell us what it did to you, you little slut."

"No, please, oh god... it made me... it made me cum, it made me cum so hard!"

"That's right baby, it made you cum because you knew it was a dog and you knew all those boys were watching and laughing, all those boys who'd already used you as a cum slut. And you know you want to do it again. You know you want to suck Thor's cock and make him a happy dog while we watch you. Don't you, baby, don't you?!"

"No, no! Oh god, oh... oh... yes," she answers in a weak whisper. Renee's cunny is spasming so hard at the thought of letting the dog rape her mouth while all the men watch. What's wrong with her?! She can't understand it, but she knows she wants it. "Yes, oh god, yes!"

"Let him go," Jack says to Eli Sr, who's the only thing keeping the huge dog from ramming his cock into the little girl's face. Thor yips with excitement when his collar is released and he can press forward, tail wagging like mad. Little jets of hot precum wet Renee's face as he jerks his cock at her gorgeous young face, hunting for the warm embrace of her full lips.

"Oh god, oh god, oh, ahhhh..." Renee moans, still panicked, still thrashing her head from side to side. Thor's long wet cock, shining in the harsh light of the camera, swipes across her cheeks at a frantic pace. It takes all of Renee's will to let Thor slide his cock through her luscious lips. Her panic increases as he rams it home, deep into the back of her throat, gagging her. In and out of her mouth so fast. Her lips close around the slimy, long pole of red flesh and she feels the hard jets of hot, salty dog precum scalding her throat. She sees the glint of the camera lens from the corner of her eye, but she doesn't care. She just wants to suck the dog's big prick. His cock is her whole world, that and the laughter of the men as they enjoy the show.

Mark lets Titan go too, and like a flash the big dog begins to slobber all over the girl's sweet pussy. His tongue lashing adds to Renee's complete submission to the dogs. She writhes and twists as her pussy gushes with fluids and climax rapidly blossoms. Despite the depravity, the laughter, the shame, the terror and the bondage, orgasm rushes through every part of her young body and takes away every thought in her young mind.

Renee feels something huge slamming into her lips as Thor continues to thrust at her face. She goes cross-eyed trying to see what's happening and she's just barely able to focus her eyes on the big Shepherd's cock. Just as she realizes what she's seeing, Thor gives forth with a huge, boiling gush of thin dog cum. Renee sees the incredible knot that's formed at the base of his cock, the knot that he's trying desperately to force into her mouth. That knot terrifies her even more than the flood of cum that she's forced to swallow down into her stomach. How can he have so much cum!?

She's barely aware of the laughter and jeers of the grown men all around her and only vaguely aware as Thor is pulled from her lips. A flood of thin dog cum flows down onto her chest, but only long enough for Titan to replace Thor astraddle her young body. Renee whimpers when Titan tries to get his huge cock into her mouth, but she doesn't have the strength to voice a protest. She just opens her lips and swallows the huge, red, slimy cock, then eagerly sucks on it as the big dog rapidly fucks her pretty face. The other dog is already back with his rough tongue slurping greedily at her quivering pussy.

It isn't long at all before Renee swallows her second huge load of watery, earthy dog cum and another gigantic knot bangs into her lips over and over. She knows she can't let him get that knot past her lips or she'll be in real trouble, but she's so tired! Who knew having constant, intense orgasms would be so exhausting! Titan is getting closer, pushing harder. She's so afraid he'll get his knot into her mouth!

At the last second Titan and Thor are both pulled away. More cum pours down Renee's front.

Renee can barely raise her head - but when she does she's looking straight into the lens of the camera that's perched on Jack's shoulder. Jack smirks at her. She looks around to see all the men smirking at her and she knows a fresh bloom of deep blush appears on her face. She just sucked off two dogs in front of them! And she liked it! OMG!

Up on the screen Renee is down on her knees by the pool, back to sucking little boy cocks as fast as she can. For the Renee bound on the floor, covered in dog cum, that seems like so long ago.

Jack hands off the camera and attaches the leash to Renee's collar as someone else unhooks her leather ankle cuffs from the spreader bar. They help her back to her feet and give her a second to get her legs steady underneath her. God, she wishes Jack would unhook her wrists from where they're clipped to her bondage harness. But Jack does something worse, he slides the pole of the spreader bar between her elbows and her back, which forces her shoulders back painfully and makes her arch her back. She suddenly feels much more vulnerable! Her ample breasts, glistening with slowly drying dog cum, push out provocatively. Jack has found a new way to shame her and put her on display for the camera and her quintet of male admirers.

Unbelievably, Renee's pussy quivers again. She has to admit to herself that the more time she spends as the center of their depraved attention, the more she loves it! But will they ever...?

"I don't think you'll be needing to talk any time soon, Renee," Jack whispers from behind her. A thick, short, red plastic penis dangles from an evil black strap just in front her face and she shies back in fear. "I think you've used those pretty lips enough for a bit, don't you? Open up now, baby."

For some reason the penis gag terrifies Renee. It's going to fill her mouth. It's going to be incredible uncomfortable and frustrating. She can tell. The idea that she'll be unable to speak, to beg them to stop, eats into her soul. But she doesn't have time to try to scream or beg - Jack pushes the tip of the short penis against her lips and she has no choice but to open wide and let him slide the terrible thing past her pretty lips.

"That's it, baby, I knew you'd like it. You do like it don't you?" With utter shame, Renee nods her head and capitulates to Jack's dominance by sucking the fake cock deep into her mouth, until the leather straps press into the sides of her lips. "Oh yeah, you're such a well-behaved slut, Renee," Jack croons as he pulls the straps behind her head and tightens them down much tighter than Renee had expected. She was right about the uncomfortable gag. It presses into the back of her throat and nearly chokes her. Her fear spikes even higher, her cute nose flares as she struggles to breathe - betraying her panic to the watching camera - but her cunny clenches even harder. At least Jack is nice enough to pull her beautiful straw-blonde hair out from under the straps.

"We'd better get you cleaned up a little bit, slut," Jack says quietly in Renee's ear. "I certainly wouldn't want you to suffer any discomfort as all that dog com dries on your skin," he says with a chuckle and Renee understands he he's just trying to emphasize her disgrace. "Unless you'd rather we left all that jism on your pretty titties, sweetie?"

OMG! Renee tries to say 'no, no, please,' but she immediately discovers that the penis gag is completely effective. All that comes from her throat is a meaningless, frightened moan.

Suddenly all of the men are close, each with a simple wet washcloth. Renee starts as hands reach out to clean her body. Warm, wet cloth teases her breasts and nipples. She turns around as her pussy is groped, her ass, even her face. So many hands! They come at her from every direction as she spins and twists, unable to hide her fear. So intimate! She blushes harder as she responds to the groping hands and fingers. Her nipples harden, her pussy creams, she forces a moan past her evil gag.

"Enough, you perverts!" Jack proclaims. "She's clean. Let's get on with the party!"

"Hell yes!" the men chorus.

It's even more degrading to be led around by the leash with her arms bound and the evil, thick bar forcing her into a provocative posture. Her breasts sway and jiggle in the harness that holds them up like offerings. Jack seems to know how humiliating it is, because he takes a long, meandering path through the big house until they emerge out into the mid-afternoon soon by the pool. The other four men, all of them now nude and sporting impressive erections - especially Jamal and Patrick - take up positions here and there with cold drinks. They admire Renee's sweet young body as she'd forced to parade it up and down around the pool. She knows she looks like a slave, barely more than an animal, and the total indignity of it thrills her in ways she didn't know were possible.

And still the beautiful fifteen-year-old is a virgin. If it weren't for the insane gag in her mouth, Renee would gasp at the thought. She can feel the fundamental change that is rapidly approaching.

After one last lap around the deck, Jack leads Renee in front of the men and steps over to join them. Next to him, Eli Sr has the camera trained on her pretty, gagged face. She waits, trembling slightly, knowing that something important is about to happen.

"So, Renee," Jack smirks. "Do you like being our slutty little sex toy?"

Renee's eyes flare at the unexpected question. She blushes anew. She thinks about what she looks like in her bondage harness, with her tits jutting out towards the camera's evil lens. She nods her head. Yes, she does like it, she knows she likes it.

"That's great, slut. Now tell me the truth, Renee - tell everyone the truth. Are you still a virgin, Renee?"

OMG! This is even worse. How does Jack know? She feels how hot and red her face is. But she nods her head. Her trembling gets worse.

"Are you sure, slut? Are you sure you didn't let one of those little boys fuck you last night? Are you sure you didn't fuck some boy's daddy some time? Are you sure you didn't fuck someone's dog, Renee? Are you sure?"

Oh god, Jack's words are like daggers. Yes, yes I'm sure! She nods her head vigorously, wishing so much that she could say it out loud.

"Okay, little girl, we believe you," Jack says in a voice that's almost kind, almost fatherly. "So then the question becomes, Renee - who do you want to fuck you for the first time? You have to pick, Renee. You have to pick the two men who are going to be the first to fuck you - unless you'd like to let the dogs do the honors. Would you rather let the two dogs be the first to fuck you, Renee?"

No! NO! NO! Oh god. She shakes her head wildly, horrified!

"Then choose, Renee. Choose the two men who are going to fuck you first." Jack stares into her eyes, waiting. "Hurry, Renee, or I might have to send for Thor and Titan."

OMG! Two? Why two? She can't! But she has to. Oh god, why doesn't he just tell her who? Because this is worse, that's why - she understands. She looks from man to man, from excited, throbbing cock to cock. Some of the men are slowly stroking their cocks, some just let them jut out in front of them. Oh god!

Renee can't stand it. She quickly steps up to Jamal and nods her head at the handsome black man with the big cock. That's one. She's chosen. For a second she glances at Patrick and his gigantic cock, but she simply can't, it's too frightening. And so she steps back over to Jack and nods to him as well. Jamal and Jack. Oh god, what has she done?

Mercifully, Jack removes the bar from behind Renee's back, but he doesn't remove the clips that bind her wrists to the harness at the small of her back. He leads Renee by her leash to one of the cushioned pool lounges - the same one where she spent so much time sucking little boy cocks. She knows he's chosen that one to remind her of how much time she's already spent being the party slut.

As Jack lies back on the cushions, his eager erection pointing at the bound little girl, he pulls her on top of his body until she's straddling his legs. Her breasts still push out invitingly as she tries to keep her balance. Jack hands the leash off to Patrick and grabs Renee's curvaceous hips.

Oh god, oh god, this is it! Jack is going to do it - while all the others watch. It's both embarrassing and exciting! Renee's traitorous, tight pussy floods with anticipation as Jack's strong hands pull her forward and her cunny slides atop his thick manhood, trapping it in a valley of warm, wet flesh. She has a cock pressed against her sex!

"Show me how much you want it, Renee - show all of us how much you want your first fuck."

OMG! She doesn't know what to do! She wants him inside her so badly, but she doesn't know how. And they're all standing around, waiting and laughing and filming her. She knows she's blushing horribly. She knows he's teasing her without mercy. She just doesn't know what to do! She suddenly feels so young and helpless.

But the throbbing of Jack's warm flesh between the folds of her young cunt is amazing, so inviting. And she understands. She's bound and unstable and afraid, but she knows what to do! Renee uses the gifts given to every girl, every slut - she uses her pelvis and her spine to grind her cunny harder against Jack's thick cock. She undulates her torso, faster and faster. Her pussy easily slides up and down along the underside of Jack's dick. She must look like some indecent lap dancer, but she doesn't care: Jack is moaning and rocking his hips to meet hers and IT FEELS SO GOOD!

Renee is still grinding against Jack like mad when she feels someone slide in close behind her. Big dark hands come around her front to play with her bouncing, jiggling breasts. Once again she would gasp if it weren't for the evil penis gag. As it is she throws her shoulders back to press against Jamal's broad chest. Between his grip on her breasts and the support of his chest she's able to increase the strength of her undulations and she's rewarded with a loud moan from Jack.

"Are you ready, little girl?" Jamal whispers from behind her. Renee nods her head enthusiastically. She want's to scream yes, yes fuck me, but the words are clearly written on her agonized face. "Then here it comes, slut!"

Jamal has a solid one-armed grip around Renee's torso with her right breast clutched in his left hand. She feels him lift her. She feels Jamal run his cock through the entrance of her virgin pussy, using his fingers to tease her and lubricate his cock with her own juices. He withdraws and she feels Jack's hand worm between them to position himself. She feels Jamal slide something up and down through the crack of her curvaceous young ass and only now does she finally understand why Jack made her pick two men.

No, no, no! She wants to scream, but of course she can't. Not at the same time! Not her first time! They can't do this, no, no, please!

But of course they can. Jack slots the head of his cock into Renee's sopping cunt and swirls it around, proving easily how ready and needy she is. Jamal pushes the head of his cock directly against her tiny back opening. It's impossible that he could fit that huge thing inside that tiny hole, but she knows he's going to try.

Renee realizes that she is screaming, but it sounds like she's merely moaning, almost as if she's begging for them to do it. Suddenly she wants to beg them. Her eyes flare in anticipation and she screams please, please, please, now! into her gag.

The men enter the fifteen-year-old's cunt and ass at the same moment, a perfectly coordinated ballet of lust and domination. Her screaming ramps up as she loses her virginity in every possible way, all in an instant. And then, as Renee shivers and throws her head and shoulders back, straining every muscle in her small body, her eyes wide with terror, the two fathers start to fuck her in perfect tandem, almost as if they've done this a thousand times to a thousand other little teens.

Renee reels as the men fuck her. She screams. It hurt when they entered her! But now, so soon, the pain is washed away by the sheer depraved pleasure of it. The cock in her pussy thrusts incredibly deep, deeper than she ever thought possible, even as the cock in her ass is withdrawn until nothing but the wide, bulbous head is left inside her. They switch. Jamal's huge jackhammer forces its way up and up and up, so fast, until she feels it rearranging her insides, like it wants to push up into her stomach, while Jack's cock is withdrawn to the very brink of leaving her.

Suddenly the little girl is so glad she's being fucked by two men at once! It isn't just the shame of it, the knowledge that she can't help showing the other men and the camera how much she likes it. It's more. Each time one of the men withdraws from her she feels a pang of longing, like they were leaving her forever - and it's only the forceful thrust of the other that makes the longing bearable. How could any girl stand to be fucked by only one man at a time? It's inconceivable.

The true depth of Renee's depravity, her need to be a slut for these men, for all men, for all the boys of the world, hits her young brain like a sledgehammer. She begins to shake, uncontrollably, as climax takes away her ability to think. In that moment of ultimate lust and depravity, Renee is reborn through orgasm into a new being. Her place in the world, her reason for being is all made clear to her. With her first ever cock fucking her cunt, her first ever cock fucking her ass and a fake cock locked into her mouth, Renee rides the waves of ecstasy that only a fully realized cock slut could possibly enjoy to such depth. Renee is and will always be a disciple who worships on the alter of the penis - a slave to her intense carnal desires.

Jamal cums first, ramming his big cock as deep into the little girl's ass as he can get it, moaning about how tight and good she is. Jack isn't far behind, although he doesn't feel the need to announce his climax. They fill her body with semen, warming her from the inside with their hot lust for her. And all the while Renee writhes in shameful orgasmic pleasure.

The gang bang moves on in earnest. All of the men are eager for a turn with the hot, tight teen.

Face up, Renee feels Eli Sr's cock push up into her ass as Mark kneels between both of their legs, grips her hips and pounds away at her sloppy cunt. Her breasts bob and bounce in an erotic dance as the two men fuck her with impressive energy. She sees that Jack is busy recording the moment for posterity and she can't help a pang of terror at the thought of what he intends to do with the hours and hours of video he has of all of Renee's humiliating adventures.

The two men both attain hard, lively orgasms with lots of swearing, moaning, and loud pronouncements that Renee is a slut, a whore, a nasty cunt.

Renee is with Jamal again, astride his tall body. For a moment her breasts dangle in his face and her poor nipples are tortured with his tongue and teeth. She wants to scream at him to fuck her. She feels so empty. But she realizes, too late, that the only man who hasn't fucked her yet is Patrick - the owner of the cock that belongs on a horse, or maybe an elephant. Even as Jamal smiles and slides her small body higher, until he can enter her wet, clenching pussy, she feels Patrick pushing in behind her and she knows her fate is sealed - she can't stop him - she doesn't want to stop him. OMG! OMG! He's going to stretch her so... "NNNNNNNNNN!" Drat the uncomfortable, humiliating gag that keeps her from screaming.

Patrick's huge monster is painful but wonderful as he fucks deep into Renee's tight ass. Jamal is big too - though not as big as the redhead. Renee can't believe her small body can accommodate such a mass of man-meat. Somehow she manages. Somehow the pain recedes. Somehow she's forced to throw her head back and moan as a new wave of orgasm claims her full attention. When Patrick unlooses his load of sperm into her bowels he pulls at her long blonde hair and growls quietly into her ear "There's a lot more where that came from, little slut! Anytime you want it - you can have it."

Just as Renee's jaw really begins to ache from the tormenting penis gag, someone unbuckles it. She gasps with relief, dragging in deep breaths of the cool night air. OMG! It's dark. How many hours has she been stuffed full of throbbing, excited cocks? How much cum have they left inside of her? Even better, her wrists are unclipped from the back of her harness. Her arms scream as she moves them, but it's still an incredible gift.

Renee thinks the ordeal must be nearly over, but just as she does she hears Jack whisper something into her that chills her to the bone.

"Don't worry, baby," Jack whispers. "I didn't want to disappoint you, so I have a whole new wave of guys coming to help us out. How does three more big, hard, eager cocks sound to you?"

"Ohhhhh, god," Renee moans back. More? She can't take any more! But... but... oh god, she's so far gone. "Yes, yes, more!" she pleads weakly.

"That's my little slut!" Jack hisses. "But I don't entirely trust these guys, baby. So I want to make sure they're in for keeps before I let them see what they've really got. Besides, you're pretty, but all the rest of us are a little tired of your face."

"What?" Renee starts to say, but the blinding black hood is pulled over her face! She's blind and bound again. Why? Is he bringing all those boys back? Who is coming? Oh god! Panic is like an aphrodisiac and she creams her tight pussy on the man who is underneath her. Is it Mark? She's lost track and she can no longer see. She feels the man quivering as he loses another load of cum in her womb and then she's lifted off him and left on the lounge cushion alone, on all fours. For just a moment she's completely alone, blind and shivering with fearful anticipation.

"What the fuck? You guys are late. But better late than never!" Jack declares to the sounds of high fives. "Drinks are over there - and I bet you can tell where the entertainment is. Clothes off guys - that's the only rule."

The new men have arrived at the party! How many now? Oh god, eight? But she's only one little girl! Renee isn't given time to think about that - a cock is shoved past her lips. It's only half erect and she understands her job is to get it excited and ready to fuck her, so she concentrates on sucking hard like the good, worshipful little cock slut she's become. She doesn't stop bobbing her head or slurping at the rapidly swelling cock even when she feels someone kneeling behind her, slotting his cock into her sopping, abused cunt. She wants to scream "fuck me" as the man plays with her pussy, using his fingers to tease her swollen clit and drive her crazy. The tumescent cock in her mouth prevents her demand. But suddenly, almost as if it were orchestrated, the two men shove their hard cocks into her at once, spitting her.

Renee realizes that the man in her mouth isn't going to accept just being sucked! His cock is long and fat, smaller than Jamal but still sizable. And he wants to shove it down her throat! No, no, I'm not ready for that! Obviously the man doesn't care if she's ready or not. He's going to teach her, right now. He's going to fuck her throat.

It would be easier if the man behind her wasn't pounding her so hard and fast. It's hard to concentrate, to try to find the will to relax her throat and let the cock down her throat before he hurts her. The man seems to understand this, as he suddenly says "Hang on, Parker, hold still. I don't think the little cock-slut knows how to deep-throat - not yet anyway."

OMG! OMG! OMG! No, no, no, no, oh god, please no! It can't be!! Renee nearly faints from shock.

"Okay, little girl," the man says. "You've got a nice warm mouth, but it's time to take this here pecker down your throat. Just relax now, baby. Relax that throat, here we go."

Renee hears the voice again and she would scream if he wasn't pressing his cock inexorably into her throat. She has to do as he says. She always has to do as he says! No, no, no, she thinks, but she concentrates hard and relaxes her throat and tries to swallow and oh, god, he slides deeper and deeper until she can feel his balls pressed against her chin. There's a hush all around the pool deck as the other men watch. The man very slowly begins to rock forward and back, fucking her throat. Longer and longer and strokes, faster and faster, with his hand clutching the back of her head.

OMG! OMG! Renee understands now why Jack wanted her hooded before the other men arrived. The man forcing her to deep-throat him is her daddy, Rick Robertson. ONG! My daddy is raping my throat!

And Parker? Oh god, Parker is daddy's best friend. Her daddy's best friend is fucking her while her daddy is making her deep throat him. They drive deep inside her at the same time and she feels like a pig on a spit.

They don't even know who she is!

When he's ready, Renee's daddy pulls his cock from her throat and spews his cum into her mouth, then tells her to swallow it. Ever the dutiful daughter and cock-slut she does as she's told, only to be rewarded by another big cock in her mouth.

"That's it Peter," Renee hears her daddy say. She's all warmed up for you. Let's see some tonsil calisthenics."

Peter? Oh god, no, not Peter Chae! Renee had had a terrible crush on Peter when he was her middle school PE teacher. She can't believe he's the man forcing his long cock down her throat like her daddy did. Two of daddy's friends spitting her and they don't even know.

She can hear the six other men chattering and laughing at her expense. She hears Mike and Patrick comparing how tight she was, Eli Sr extolling Hal to finish up and leave some pussy for the rest of them. And she hears Jack explaining to her daddy that he's in for a huge surprise - something he's never seen before - something he'll want to tell his grandsons about. She hears her daddy laugh, slap Jack on the back and yell "bring it on, man, bring it on!"

And the gang bang continues. Man after man, cock after cock, thrust after thrust, orgasm after orgasm. Her young body is only ever empty for brief moments as they shift her from one position to another. There are hands and fingers everywhere. There are always two cocks in her, sometimes three. Blind, she can't keep track of who's who. She's drinks more cum and hears the nasty, degrading things they say as they fuck her and fuck her and fuck her...

Eight horny, high, inebriated daddies and one precious, sexy little girl of only fifteen. Too bad it can't last forever.

Part 3: Renee and the Bells

Renee Robertson wakes up to sunlight streaming in through a tall window. She blinks and pulls the covers tighter over her shoulder, turning away from the light, still half asleep. Her eyes snap open. Is this deja vu? Hasn't she been here before? Wasn't she naked that time too? What's going on?

"Don't worry, baby, you're safe," Jack Richardson says from his comfortable armchair.

She's back in his big bed, upstairs. Memories flood her confused brain - bad memories. OMG! She can't remember passing out. She can remember someone putting a bottle to her lips, late in the night - something fruity and sugary that she gulped down even as two men were... Oh god, did all that really happen?

Renee shifts in bed and moans. She hurts! She's sore everywhere!

"Yeah, you're probably pretty sore, sweetheart," Jack says with a chuckle. "Don't worry, a nice soak in a really hot bath with some epsom salts will fix that."

"But... but the party. Where did everyone go? What happened?"

"The party? Oh, baby, the party isn't over yet. The party has a another whole night to go." Jack smiles at the terrified little girl, who can't believe what she's hearing. "Go on now, baby. You go ahead and eat something and I'll get you a nice hot bath going. Okay?"

Resigned to her fate - knowing she won't even try to escape from the nightmare she's still living, Renee turns to find another tray of scrumptious looking food. God! She's so hungry.

Renee descends the stairs demurely, eyes down, beautiful hair carefully brushed and shining. Her aches and pains are still with her, but diminished to mere annoyances by her long soak and a couple of pain pills. She steps very carefully, unsure of herself. Her leash dangles down to nestle between her gorgeous young breasts, then arches gently across to Jack's hand. She hardly even notices the black leather collar anymore, and she isn't wearing anything else to notice at all. Besides, Renee's attention is fully drawn to the mortifying new additions to her slut look - additions she can feel and see and even hear.

Two small, tight clips are attached to Renee's tender nipples and from each clip dangles a small golden bell. The bells don't weigh much, but they swing this way and that with every step, and they make a surprisingly loud, pleasant peal. And as they swing and dangle the little bells torture Renee's nipples, keeping her constantly aroused and irritated in equal measure. She would love to tear the horrible things off, but the handcuffs that keep her arms firmly bound behind her back prevent such bad behavior.

But the bells on Renee's nipples aren't the only new humiliation to audibly announce her arrival. The nipple-clamps are hardly enough to throw her off her gait and make her fearful of falling, not even in her high heels. No, that torture comes from the large anal plug that Jack slid into her ass and inflated just moments earlier. With every step, every movement, she feels the huge thing pressing her insides, despite the fact that it's barely half an inch thick at her anus. Even worse - dangling from the thick ass plug is a thick, two-foot tail of black, shiny hair. And tied into the tail, every four inches from top to bottom, are more of the little golden bells, each of them chiming and tinkling with every step the poor child takes as she descends into day three of Jack's party.

The eyes of Eli Sr, Mark and Patrick are glued to Renee as she slowly descends the stairs. All of them have wicked smirks on their faces. Jamal stands back slightly, handling the camera. She can't take her eyes off the lens, and she blushes yet again at the thought of what it's capturing and who the audience might be who will enjoy the hours of recordings.

But despite the shame, the questions, the nipple-torment and the huge plug rearranging her insides, much of Renee's confused mind is trying to imagine what Jack might have in store for her for night three of his outrageous party. What else could they possibly do to her!? Not knowing the answer to that question is intoxicating and terrifying and Renee can only hope the men can't tell how excited it makes her. Or perhaps it's the opposite; perhaps she wants them to feel her lustful, erotic excitement more than anything. Even Renee doesn't know which.

Jack proceeds to walk his blushing little captive around the house for the enjoyment of all the men. Once again Renee is subjected to the most degrading comments and frequent gropes. Mark, in particular, laughs every time he fondles a perky breast or pats her smooth ass and gets the little bells to tinkle. Since all the bells have slightly different tones, he's desperate to play Renee like a musical instrument - but the others all want their turn and he'll just have to learn to live with his disappointment.

The terrible parade ends back in the big family room, where once again there's video of Renee and her adventures up on the big screen. She see's herself writhing and moaning in obvious pleasure as Eli Sr fucks her in the pussy and Patrick uses his huge cock to invade her tight ass. Just watching makes her pussy clench and flood with excitement. She has trouble tearing her eyes from the screen until Jack pulls on her leash to remind her where she is and who's in charge. She turns to face the center of the room and sees something there that turns her blood to ice.

"Ah, Renee," Jack says, "I see you appreciate the nice present I got for you. This is called a stockade, sweetie. I had it made just for you. In fact Patrick was the one who constructed it. Wasn't that nice of him? What do you say to Patrick, Renee?"

Renee's eyes are so big. It isn't at all hard to understand how the evil-looking device waiting for her on the floor works. It's simplicity itself - down on the floor, one vertical bar connected to two horizontal bars, with leather wrist and ankle cuffs at the ends of the two horizontal bars; a fourth metal bar rising up from the vertical bar, topped with a small, thickly padded platform, a platform, to rest someone's mid-chest on; and a fifth metal bar rising straight up from the center of the shorter horizontal bar, topped by a loop of metal with a simple hinge and a padlock, a loop of metal just the right size to fit around the neck of a little girl - a little girl like Renee. She slowly brings her gaze up to look into the smirking face of Patrick. "Th-thanks?" she says, trembling all over.

Jack steps close behind Renee and removes her leash. He unlocks her handcuffs and steps even closer to her, pressing into her trembling back. He reaches around to lift one perfect, ample breast. His breath is hot on her neck and she feels his tongue lightly run along the skin and down the edge of her jaw. His other hand reaches between her legs and his fingers test her cunt, proving that she's incredibly wet. "God, Renee, my beauty, my little slut, my precious child - you're so perfect, so sweet, and so very ready. You're going to be perfect, my love."

Renee lets Jack press her forward and down to her knees. She straddles the center pole and bends forward until her mid-chest rests against the pad of the stockade and her pretty breast dangle freely in front of it, tinkling. Without even being told, she widens her knees to place her ankles at the ends of the rear bar and sets her wrists next to the cuffs at the forward bar.

She's so very frightened of the evil device, but she's so excited that it's there for her, to showcase her and fix her in place as the center of attention of all those men. She could kick, scream, run away - but she doesn't. She can't help whimpering as Jack buckles cuffs onto her ankles, forcing her knees wider apart, then comes around to buckle the cuffs to her wrists, forcing her down onto her elbows. Her bells tinkle again and again, like an invitation to dinner - and she's the main course. While she still can, she strains to turn her head to see that the humiliating tail arches upwards out of her upturned ass, then drops down between her legs. Renee is completely helpless and presented to her audience like some kind of cat in heat.

"Oh god, Jack, please." Renee whimpers as Jack closes the ring around her neck and she hears the padlock snap close. He takes her chin in his hand and lifts her face to look him in the eye, raising his eyebrows for the rest of her plea. "Please, Jack, please won't someone fuck me?"

Laughter ripples around the room, but Jack just smiles. "All in good time, dear. But we have to wait for the rest of our guests to arrive. We wouldn't want anyone to miss anything, would we."

Renee's eyes flare. "More guests?" she whispers, but her only answer is a soft kiss from Jack. Then he shows her the dreaded black hood and with a terrible smile he pulls it over her head, carefully arranging it to leave her pretty lips visible. But once again she's completely blind.

"Now be a good little slut and don't say anything, baby. I don't want to have to gag you again." Jack whispers into her ear.

She hears Jack as he rises, joins the others and they all leave the family room. Even the sound of the video is turned off. Renee is left alone, blind and bound and helpless.

It feels to Renee as if they leave her bound there for hours. But it can't really be that long before she starts to hear people filtering back into the room. There's more and more of them, a crowd! They murmur and mill about, but no one touches her or speaks clearly. She's the center of their attention, but she can't see them! She hates it and it's humiliating. More people arrive. More men. Their chatter increases and one voice rises above the others in her ears - daddy! Oh god, no, daddy is here again!

It occurs to Renee that she never let on to Jack that she knows her daddy used her body again and again the previous night. Does Jack know she knows? Of course he does! He seems to know everything about her. Jack's words come back to haunt her, 'you're in for a huge surprise, Rick - something you've never seen before - something you'll want to tell your grandsons about.' What could the surprise be? Is it her, his daughter, bound and fucked? Is that why she's wearing the awful hood? Is that why he told her not to speak. Not knowing what's going to happen is torture! It's humiliating. It's exquisite. But Renee won't spoil Jack's little secret.

The noise of the crowd grows and Renee can hear enough snippets to know that she really is the center of attention. The tension grows as well. Her need grows just as fast. She wants to beg someone to fuck her, she needs it so much, but she's too well trained already to break Jack's commands. But another idea occurs to her! She can't speak, but maybe she can entice one of them to help her - help her with their big fat cock that is. And didn't Jack give her the perfect way to do that.

Renee is bound helpless and vulnerable on her hands and knees, but she can still move enough to do what she needs to do. She can wiggle her upraised ass. She can shake her shoulders and make her dangling breasts wobble and swing. And in the process she can play a little tune on her many bells. She strains her muscles to push her ass even higher and fights against her bondage to get as much movement in her shameful tail as she can manage. The bells tinkle and chime like mad, and the tail swishes from side to side, tickling her inner thighs horribly. Her arousal and need grow exponentially as she desperately tries to flirt with the crowd of men - men that she knows are horny and would love to fuck her! Oh god, she needs it so bad.

"And there you have it," rings out Jack's loud, clear voice. "Just look how desperate our trained little cock-slut has become. Have you ever seen such a wanton display of female depravity?"

A roar of laughter meets Jack's little speech and the captive child cringes in shame, for she knows what he says is only the truth. And the men's laughter only makes her need so much worse.

Renee feels Jack's hand rest gently on her shoulders and wishes once again that she could see. Her temporary blindness makes everything else so much worse. "Do you need a big fat cock, little girl?" Jack says. "Show us. Show us how you beg for a monster cock to fuck your tight little pussy." He swipes one finger through her swollen, wet labia and she can't hold back an incoherent moan of desire. "Show us all."

Again, Renee struggles to get her ass higher, to wave her mortifying tail about as seductively as possible. All the bells tinkle, each of them giving a little peal that sounds almost like 'please, please, please.' She can't believe she's doing something so incredibly shameful, but she can't stop herself.

"What do you say, gentlemen, shall we give our little slut a big throbbing cock to assuage her desire? Shall we see just how far she'll go to fulfill the burning need she feels in that gorgeous tight pussy?"

The chorus of jeers includes 'yes' and 'give it to her' and many versions of 'I'll fuck her!' It's deafening.

"No, no, none of you," Jack says, quieting the boisterous crowd of men. "We have some special guests to help our precious wee cock-slut with her problem. Gentlemen, please welcome our first special guest for the evening - Titan!"

Titan! A horrifying image dances through Renee's brain as she hears the cheers. She imagines Mark or Eli Sr leading the huge long-haired German Shepherd into the room. No, no, no, please! she wants to scream. Not a dog! Please not a dog! Suddenly she understands the stockade - it's the perfect way to hold her in position and help complete her ultimate humiliation, being bred to a huge dog. Wait! Didn't Jack say 'guests?' OMG!!

"Titan is a Titan amongst canines, my friends!" Jack announces. "He's a Shiloh Shepherd, weighing in at 140 pounds." There's a susurrus of excitement across the room at the shear bulk and strength of the dog that strains at his leash, nearly pulling Eli Sr across the room. "With your permission, gentlemen... let the show begin!"

The first thing Renee feels is Titan's tongue, lashing across her lips, bringing back the memory of kissing him the day before. And she doesn't disappoint the crowd this time either, she kisses the big canine back even though she can't see him. But Titan doesn't just want to kiss the little girl who's holding still in such a submissive position, like she was begging him to dominate her. He remembers how tasty she is! Leaving off her mouth, he rubs his coat all down the side of her body, marking her with his scent, then whirls around for a good long taste of her wonderful sex.

Ooh! The way the little girl wiggles her ass back and forth when he shoves his tongue up in between the warm folds of her pink pussy is intoxicating. And her tail twitches back and forth like mad. Such an invitation, although the tinkling sounds she makes are confusing! Titan presses his shoulder to her butt and slides it all up the other side of her body, courting her, letting her know he's ready to take her as his little bitch. She moans a throaty, desperate moan. Her ass continues to waggle. She trembles all over. Every sign says 'yes, yes, I submit!'

But the mind of the young girl who can't stop her body from signaling her willingness to the big dog is reeling, terrified, finally realizing she's let things go too far. They want her to fuck a dog! In front of a crowd of men. In front her daddy! NOOOO! NOOOO!

Renee screams the first time the dog tries to jump onto her back to mount her. His weight comes down on her back and he scrabbles to grab her waist, but in reality he's a dog and she's a girl and it isn't exactly right. He drops back to his paws and circles her again, pressing his fur into her sides and swiping at her here and there with his long rough tongue. The bells on her nipples chime loudly when he slobbers across her breasts. Then he's ready for another try.

"Oh my god! No, please, please!" Renee finally screams out loud. But her pleas are useless, her fear is of no consequence - and her ultimate humiliation is inevitable. Titan rears up again, centered perfectly this time. His strong front legs curl around her waist and hook hard against her thighs. His weight presses Renee down, a whole new level of dominance of the little girl. Her tail is pressed into her butt and the anal plug tilts inside her as she cries out in terror. Hot precum stings her and dribbles down her thighs. Titan's rear paws dance as he struggles to find the perfect position, but in fact the stockade is holding Renee exactly where she needs to be for him to easily overcome any mismatch in their anatomies.

The crowd goes crazy as they sense the moment they've waited for. "Jesus, look how fast he humps," and "Fuck, he's got her now," are typical of the comments zooming across the room. Renee can't see any of the men, but she's already heard many zippers and she realizes that many of the men are stroking their cocks as they watch her with the giant dog.

The young teen is completely helpless. Whether she wants it or not, the dog is going to fuck her and fuck her hard as everyone watches. And suddenly she realizes that part of her does want it. The deepest, darkest part of Renee simply can't resist the opportunity to be the absolute center of attention, no matter how humiliating and depraved it may be. That little part of her brain blossoms, nurtured by the dog's dominance, the rapid jangling of all her shameful little bells and the crowd's jeering barbs. It wins the fight with the rest of her conscience! "Oh god, Titan, Titan, yes! FUCK ME! FUCK ME! PLEASE!" Renee cries out at the top of her lungs.

And Titan does just that. As he humps forward again and again, poking in the general direction of his little bitch's cunt and soaking her with jet after jet of stinging precum, the tip of his thick red rocket finally encounters the warm wetness of her tight embrace and a signal travels instantaneously to his canine brain - yes, you found the mark, right... THERE!

Titan's assault is instantaneous. He slams his cock between the puffy outer guardians of Renee's precious sex and straight on through to the very depth of her pussy. He's so big! As big as Jamal, easily. But Jamal has never fucked a girl as thoroughly and rapidly as Titan can fuck Renee. That huge cock moves in and out faster than a man could count, much less perform. Her little bells sound like wind chimes in a hurricane.

Renee's world shrinks to a tiny bubble - a bubble that surrounds her and the magnificent dog. Jack's house and the big video screen, her audience and their jeering cheers, it all vanishes from her perception. As the dog fucks her twenty times faster than a man could ever manage, time slows to a crawl and the details become sharp - his weight on her back, his claws at her thighs, the strange feel of his fur against her smooth skin, the ring around her neck, her humiliating bondage, the rapid ringing of the bells on her nipples, the big ass plug that makes her pussy even tighter for her doggy lover - and above all else the sheer force of his animal domination and the rapidly blooming intensity of the pleasure in her cunt.

Climax overwhelms Renee's confused mind in less than a minute. "Oh god, yes, yes, Titan! YES!" she screams, oblivious to the hooting delight of her audience. Even as she screams and orgasms she feels the rapid change in Titan's cock - the way it swells even thicker and then something even bigger forces through her entrance, again and again. A vision of the knot on his cock, the knot he'd tried to force into her mouth, explodes in her mind and she understands that Titan is finalizing her ultimate debasement - he's going to tie her! But she can't care - her pleasure is too great. And when the huge dog slams his cock into her one last time, when he's barely able to squeeze the knot past her puffy, velvety entrance and past the extra constriction of the ass plug, when the knot is fully embedded and swells up another inch or more and massive quantities of his hot thin cum explodes from the pointy tip to warm her depths, Renee understands, right then, that she's hooked. She's hooked on the sex, hooked on the debauchery, hooked on the humiliation - and most of all hooked on the domination of being tied to the massive cock of a large dog.

There's no going back. Renee will dream of this moment, fantasize about reliving it every day. As if she's had one too many doses of heroine, Renee is addicted to the pleasure of the humiliation and submission and she understands she will forever want to be some man or some dog's little slut-bitch.

As Renee realizes that she really is tied to the dog, that he can't pull his swollen knot out of her even as he tries, the rest of the world comes back to her. How long will she be trapped under the big brute? What does she look like to all the men in her audience? She quivers almost violently under the canine as her orgasm, still fed by the sheer size of the knot inside her, lingers on.

"Well now, gentlemen!" Renee jerks her head up at the unexpected sound of Jack's voice. "Did I not promise you an extravaganza?" Great applause and cheers meet his question to the crowd. "But as you can see - our sweet slut is now tied to her new lover. She'll be hosting that magnificent cock of his for half an hour at least. Now we all know how impatient she gets if she's not allowed to service as many as possible. So who'd like to step up and be the first to keep our little slut's mouth busy?"

Pandemonium erupts. It seems every man in the room - and there seem to be so many - wants to be first. The energy in the room seems to annoy Titan and he dances about on his back legs, pulling and tugging at Renee's cunt. She moans piteously, but it's lost in the noise of the crowd.

"Settle down, gentlemen!" Jack bellows and the crowd subsides. "I was only kidding! The honor of going first belongs to our special guest - Rick Robertson." Renee jerks at the mention of her daddy! No! She has to bite her lip not to scream. Not her daddy, not again! But she hears the footsteps just in front of her, she feels a hand on her head through the awful black hood.

"Wait, wait," Jack says. "Didn't I promise you a huge surprise, Rick? Something you'd never seen before, something to tell your grandsons?"

"Jesus, Jack - what could possible top watching a hot little girl fuck a big mongrel?"

"How about this, Rick?" Jack says and tears away the blinding hood that covers the hot little girl's face.

Renee blinks rapidly as the light floods her eyes and she hears her daddy cry out "Holy shit, Jack! That's my... that's my... holy shit!"

"Daddy?" Renee manages to say. She sees the shock on his face, the way he takes in her situation with new appreciation now that he knows it's his own daughter entertaining the crowd of men. His eyes travel up and down her body. She sees the moment when he realizes that she's the same girl - the one he'd raped in the throat and fucked, again and again. What is He going to do now that he knows? "Daddy?" All of her humiliation and uncertainty and fear flow into that one, piteous word.

Rick doesn't stumble back and run from the room. Rick doesn't lose his cool and scream at his slutty daughter. Rick doesn't attack Jack, the man responsible for debauching his child beyond imagining. No, Rick Robertson's eyes flare with excitement. He steps forward, kneels down, wraps his fist into his gorgeous daughter's blonde hair, tilts her head back and feeds his throbbing cock into her warm mouth. He looks over the child's shoulder at the huge dog weighing her down and drooling on the back of her neck, and howls until the dog raises his head and howls along.

Cheers and laughter erupt all around the room. Renee swallows her daddy's cock and sucks on it with everything she has. Her tongue attacks the big intruder. She does everything she can to please him, drinking in the mortifying energy from the crowd, energy that renews the climax in her stuffed pussy. Once again the bells at her nipples tinkle.

Renee's daddy fucks her mouth with enthusiasm until he can't hold back any longer. His hot cum boils out just as he pulls away so that he ices her face with thick goo. He rises to a loud round of applause, grinning from ear to ear.

For the first time, Renee is able to see her audience. The room seems so crowded! She spots all eight of the men who'd used her so thoroughly the night before, but she also sees boys, lots of boys! It's Ryan and Marty and all the other boys from the birthday party, back from their soccer tournament. And it's one of those boys, Ryan, who steps up to take the place of Renee's daddy. His twelve-year-old's cock seems tiny compared to her daddy's, but it isn't long before Renee is swallowing an impressive load of young Ryan's hot jism.

Renee sucks four cocks, swallowing loads of hot cum, before Titan is finally able to pull his huge knot past her ass plug and constricted opening. She screams, but not from the pain, from the terrible emptiness - as if she's no longer complete. But she doesn't have to suffer the empty feeling for long, for only minutes later another huge dog - this time a Great Dane - is cleaning up the rivers of thin cum that flowed down her legs as Titan extracted himself from her. The big dog quickly moves up to her pussy and she shivers with anticipation: if this dog's tongue is any indication, his cock will be massive.

Even as Renee begins to enjoy the attentions of the second dog, wagging her ass to encourage him and tinkle the little bells in her tail, wantonly enticing him to dominate her, Jack prepares one final humiliation for the young girl. He has Patrick lead Titan around in front of her so that her face is just inches behind his ass and she can see the size of his magnificent, dangling cock.

"So, it just seems fair, little bitch," Jack says to Renee, kneeling next to her. "If Bruno back there is going to clean you up, then you really ought to clean Titan up. Don't you think?" Renee's eyes flare with surprise, but she doesn't try to stop Jack when he pulls the dog's cock up between his back legs and feeds the pointy, quivering red tip into Renee's mouth. "That's it, Renee, suck him nice and clean - then you can enjoy some quality time with Bruno."

Renee isn't forced to suck Titan's slowly shrinking cock for long. Jack has made his point - that there's nothing Renee won't do, no matter how humiliating. And there are far too many men and boys eager to get their own cocks between her pretty lips while they watch her get fucked or licked by a dog. But first she needs to be mounted again.

She can't see that Eli Sr. is actually holding the big Great Dane back, letting the dog lick at her enflamed pussy, but preventing him from mounting her. As Titan is led away, Renee's cunny is begging her for a cock. Licking is wonderful, but it wants to be FULL! And so Renee does exactly what Jack hopes she would do - she looks into the lens of his camera and she begs, she pleads, she screams for relief from her never-ending need.

"Please! Please! Oh god, let him fuck me. Let him fuck me now! Please!"

Jack smirks as he signals Eli Sr to let the dog go. The dog tries to mount her, but misses. He dances around her as she pleads with him. "Bruno, Bruno, please, come on, you can do it. Oh god please!" She waggles her ass for him and tinkles like crazy as the big dog presses against her sides, gets confused and tries to mount her head, scaring the poor girl nearly to death, then gets back behind her and tries yet again. "Oh my god! Oh my god! He's so big!!" the fifteen-year-old screams, for indeed the dog's cock is huge and he hasn't wasted any more time finding her pussy and plunging into her depths.

Three or four minutes later Renee is panting hard. She's tied to the Great Dane's humongous knot. It feels like she has a softball inside her, trapped by the anal plug. It's incredibly frightening and uncomfortable and dominating - but she loves every second of it.

And when she's presented with yet another cock to suck she gobbles it down greedily.

A steady stream of boys and men kneel and worship at the alter of Renee's pretty mouth as she holds a huge dog cock deep inside of her. As soon as Bruno the Dane manages to extricated himself from her pussy embrace, Thor is brought out to refill the terrible emptiness in her body. And after Thor there's a huge Rottweiler named Spike. And after Spike it's a huge Doberman Pincer who goes by the odd name of Fluffy. And always there are cocks to suck and cum to swallow and the little bells on her nipples tinkle away as the evening turns to night and the night turns to early morning and Titan returns for a second eager fuck with the beautiful little girl-bitch.

It's Jack who ends the party - far too soon for most of the eager boys and men. But Renee is exhausted, with barely enough strength to suck another cock, barely enough energy to waggle her amazing round ass for the next dog. It's Jack who shoos the party-goers away, unlocks the nearly comatose girl from her bondage and carries her up his bed to sleep another nine or ten well-deserved hours, maybe more.

Renee Robertson wakes up to sunlight streaming through the window and and sits up with a start. Where? How? OMG! She's in her own bed. She has no idea how she got here. She's wearing her favorite soft sleep blouse and a pair of panties, like she always does. No one is sitting in the corner, smirking at her. She's alone. She shivers despite the warmth.

The three-day weekend of the birthday party has ushered in the end of summer. School starts the next day. Renee goes back to her familiar routine, school, homework, friends, texting, even babysitting. But she's haunted by constant memories of the party, by the dull ache of emptiness.

And she thinks she might be going crazy. There's nothing, nothing at all, to indicate that the boys' birthday party ever happened! There are no rumors. No one looks at her strangely or sends her weird texts. Time after time she runs into one of the boys or men at the party and they don't even notice her, or they act like nothing happened. She tries to ask about it, but they just give her puzzled looks. Finally, she corners Jack in a store and confronts him, but he denies everything. He's nice about it, and tells her he's worried about her, but he assures her that he and the boys weren't even in town that weekend - they were all off at a multi-day soccer tournament with the whole team. He even has a receipt for the hotel they stayed in. A couple of the other dads were there too.

Frightened, Renee tracks down one of the mothers, then another, only to have them each corroborate Jack's story! The boys and their fathers were all out of town the long weekend of the 'supposed' party!

But what about daddy? Daddy was there! She knows he was there. But he couldn't have been there. "No, sweetie, Rick and Parker were off fishing for the three day weekend. Didn't you know that? Heck, it took me half a day on Tuesday to clean all the fish they brought back Monday night," Renee's mother tells her. "Here, look at these pictures they texted me on Saturday and Sunday - gorgeous sunsets up there on the lake."

Renee is close to a nervous breakdown. Did she just imagine the party? No! But... OMG! With every passing day she becomes less sure, but more upset. And to add to the horrible uncertainty and confusion there's the fact that she is undeniably and overwhelmingly horny! It's a horniness she can't even begin to assuage on her own - but there's no one to turn to. She desperately wants to feel the wonderful combination of humiliation and sexual stimulation that speaks to her very core. She needs it!

Renee imagines what it would be like if everyone knew of her terrible, humiliating adventures. The idea is terrifying, but she's convinced that even that would be better than what she's faced with - nothing. Still, how can she find someone to help her if everyone she thought was at the party denies it ever happened and their families corroborate their stories? Who can she turn to?

Two weeks into the school year Renee can't take it anymore. Every minute is torture. She needs help. Her school has a psychologist and counselor! She makes an appointment with the woman, Ramona Dixit. She's never met her.

"You... you can't tell anyone what I tell you, right?" Renee asks the attractive late-thirties woman at their first appointment.

"Of course not, dear. Our conversations are strictly confidential. I could lose my job if I divulged what you tell me." Ms Dixit is a tall woman who likes a severe look, her long black hair pulled into a tight bun, a matching jacket and tight pencil skirt, black, heeled ankle boots and large black glasses that give her a strict and frightening seriousness.

"Oh god, thank you Ms Dixit."

"Please, Renee, let's use first names. It's Ramona. These sessions are a... safe place. Now, tell me what this is all about, Renee. And don't leave out any details!"

"Oh, okay." Renee feels better already. There's something about the imposing woman that makes her pour out the entire story - every sordid detail. It takes hours. At some point Ramona has to call out to cancel her afternoon appointments, but she never seems upset or shocked or unbelieving. Not until the story is all told.

"Well, Renee, that's quite a story," the counselor says, looking over her extensive notes. "But you say that everyone who was at this... party... now claims to have been somewhere else. Indeed, I'm professionally acquainted with Peter Chae and I can assure you he was at a convention for PE teachers over the long weekend before school started. Hmm. This is a conundrum, Renee."

"Oh god! You don't believe me."

"Well now, dear, that's really not the point is it. My job isn't to believe you or not believe you. You believe it happened, and that's all that really matters. My job is to help you deal with the consequences of your belief."

"But... but... you don't understand! I... I need it! I want it so much! You can't understand!"

"Oh, but Renee, my dear, I certainly can understand. And I can help you - I can. I promise! I. Can. Help. You."

"Really?" Renee is near to tears that someone is finally willing to help her.

"Yes, exactly. But I'm afraid our time is up for today, Renee. You'll have to wait for next time."

"What? No! Please, please!" Renee's eyes go wide as she hears herself beg and then her blood turns cold at the smirk on Ramona Dixit's pretty face, a smirk so like the one that Jack liked to give her.

"I'm sorry, dear. But that will be all for today," Ramona says as she shows Renee to the door. She's about to close the door on Renee when she has a thought. "Just one more thing, Renee. You have such a great reputation as a babysitter - I was wondering if you'd be willing to babysit my girls Friday night. My usual babysitter had a sudden emergency and I'm really in terrible... need."

"Babysit? Me? But... but after all the things I just told you! You'd still want me to babysit for you?"

"Come now, dear, we both know that's all in your head - and I know you're a very responsible young lady. I'm sure you'll be a great babysitter for Shelly and Miranda - they're just eight and ten - you'll adore them. Here's the address - we'll see you at seven."

OMG! "Oh, ah... I guess?"

With the two cute, inquisitive preteens in their beds, Renee wanders the surprisingly large and luxurious home of Ramona Dixit. Ms Dixit lives well for a school counselor! The woman had been right - Renee did rather adore the two little girls - they were sweet and fun and they'd all had a good time discussing 'icky boys.' Now Renee tries to fight the draw that always plagues her when she's babysitting; she tries to be good. But it's no use. She can't resist. Her wanderings inexorably take her into Ms Dixit's office. She's surprised to see three computer monitors side by side on the wide, modern desk, all of them dark. She tries to talk herself out of it, but she still sits in the chrome and black leather chair and reaches out towards the mouse next to the keyboard. She tries to hope the screens will stay dark or be locked, but she bites her lip in anticipation and she knows she'll rummage about for the password if they are. She can't help herself.

She's babysitting for a mother, not a handsome daddy, and she's babysitting two little girls, not preadolescent boys. So why does her naughty pussy flare with excitement as she moves the mouse and the three screens start to flicker to life?

The screens aren't locked. OMG! There's a web browser open to a porn site on the middle screen! Ms. Dixit looks at porn? She leaves it open where her little girls might find it? OMG! Renee can't pull her eyes away from the center screen and the bold lettering of the porn site:

Mistress Ramona's Dungeon  
Desire, Domination and Debasement

OMG! Desire, domination and debasement. Renee tenses with a combination of fear and excitement.

But wait... Renee's first impression was wrong... as she looks across the other two screens she realizes she isn't just looking at a web browser. She's looking at an elaborate web site construction application. Ms Dixit wasn't looking at the porn site - she was building it!

OMG! OMG! Part of Renee's mind screams at her to run away, leave the house behind, never come back. But that naughty little piece of her mind that always causes so much trouble tells her she can't leave without knowing what kind of sordid, horrifying debauchery the site contains. 'Look closer' the little voice says. She looks closer. In bright red letters she reads

"Our newest star: Renee the Babysitter!"

Noooooo! It can't be! It's not possible. Her hands tremble as she clicks the link and the page opens and there she is - her - Renee Robertson, peering out from the screen with a 'wouldn't you like to kiss these pretty lips' pout on her face. And then her voice comes from the screen. It sounds sexy and enticing, but it really is her voice! "Hi there, baby, welcome to my party. Wouldn't you like to see how much I love to be humiliated and used. Members only - but you won't be disappointed, I promise. OMG! I'd love to show you more. LOL!" How did they...

As Renee watches the picture fades out and another one takes its place - Renee down on her knees with her arms behind her back and her bikini top pulled down under her pretty breasts, thrusting them up and out in an enticing display. The girl on the screen looks out at the watcher and its obvious how excited and turned-on she is.

Renee can't tear her eyes away. The picture of her fades to another still with her perfect breasts framed by the bondage harness and a leash trailing away from the collar around her neck as she smiles alluringly. Then again the picture changes and Renee's nipples tighten at the sight of the little bells that were clipped there for so long, slowly torturing her. And that Renee on screen is giving that come-fuck-me pout that she's used to tease boys and men for ages.

The very idea of the website is horrifying, but there's also a flood of relief. It did happen! This is proof. There really was a party!

With trembling fingers she clicks through to the next page. And there it is, her worst nightmare and deepest fantasy. Three separate sections for the three nights of the party, all laid out in front of her. Links to hundreds of still photos. Hours and hours of movies. She can't resist the need to know what she looks like! She opens a random movie and watches herself sucking the dicks of young boys. Another random choice and she's sandwiched between two men, moaning around a penis gag as they both fuck her. She realizes that the movies are cleverly edited so that you can't see who the men are. Their faces are either off-screen or blurred out. The only recognizable person is Renee and anyone watching would be able to tell that she's in heaven as the men and boys humiliate, dominate, fuck and use her for their pleasure. OMG! There's so much of it!

She hesitates, terrified, but she can't resist her curiosity. She clicks on yet another movie and sees herself bound on all fours, waggling her ass to make the bells on her tail tinkle for her audience. There's no hood hiding her face, so this isn't the first time she tried to entice one of the big dogs. OMG! Was he realy so wanton, begging for yet another dog to come and shove his wonderful cock into her sopping cunt. But she remembers how it felt, she knows she longs for it and she blushes a deep shade of red despite the fact that no one is there to see her shame.

It's all there - on the site. Every demeaning, mortifying thing she did. But is it really out there for people to see!? OMG! Renee studies the other two screens, the ones that control the site, allow for edits, track the users. And yes, she can see that the site is live - the pages that detail her shame have been up for a few days. And how many times have they been accessed? OMG! OMG! Hundreds of thousands of page views! NO! Her blush deepens even as her pussy clenches and creams. This is insane, it's horrible - it's so fucking exciting!

But who? Who is looking at her. She digs deeper. She finds the list of subscribers to Mistress Ramona's Dungeon. There are thousands of names. But every name she can think of is on the list. Her father! Her principal. All of her teachers. Most of the boys she knows. Even some of the girls she knows. It goes on and on. Names from all over the country - all over the world, a huge spike in subscribers to the website since Renee's pictures and videos were uploaded.

This is too much! She has to stop this insanity. Renee is a computer savvy girl and it doesn't take her long to figure out how to edit the contents of the website. OMG! She can delete it - she can delete it all. She can take down the entire site, then destroy the backups. Yes! Yes! She can...

But that awful little part of her mind - the part that keeps getting her into so much trouble - it asks her if she really wants to do that. Isn't she thrilled to be the center of so much attention. Look at all the comments! They think she's hot, beautiful, sexy, nasty. Look at all the things they want to do to her! OMG! She can't read the comments without blushing at the same time she pushes one hand down into her panties. God, she's so wet!

Renee pulls away from the simple click that could have ended it all, deleted her shame. Instead she clicks again on one of the movies and watches Thor ram his huge cock up into her pussy. Oh god, she's going to cum! She fingers her wet pussy like mad as the girl on the screen moans and writhes under the big dog, her nipple bells tinkling madly. Renee's breathing is fast and shallow. She's so close. It's going to be so good! OMG! She's missed this so...

A hand grips Renee's shoulder and she screams.

"Hush now! You'll wake the girls," Mistress Ramona hisses in Renee's ear and Renee, oddly compelled, does as she's told. "For a second there I thought you just might delete it all," the woman whispers more gently. She reaches around Renee and uses the mouse to close the video window. "But I do think you missed one important edit to the site. It was all cued up and ready to go live. You just needed to hit the upload button."

Renee seems to be frozen in place. All she can do is watch as her high school psychologist/counselor manipulates the web site controls and the page featuring Renee the Babysitter updates before her very eyes. She still sees Day One: Renee and the Boys, Day Two: Renee and the Men and Day Three: Renee and the Dogs. But now there's a new section to the page, in screaming yellow letters that flash over and over:

Coming Soon! Renee the Babysitters Dungeon Adventures

"Oh god! What does that mean?" Renee manages to whisper.

Ramona Dixit spins Renee around in her chair and glares down at her with a smirk that Renee has seen before, a smirk that holds so much promise of humiliation and debasement - and fun! Renee shivers with fright as she takes in the full view of her counselor, the black leather corset, the blood-red lipstick, the thigh-high leather boots with seven inch spike heels and the whip hanging from her hip. Ramona locks eyes with the young teen. "It means, my precious, that it's time for my little ones to begin learning the family trade. And since you're such a perfect combination of nurturing babysitter and submissive slut - I've chosen you to be our little toy and training slave.

OMG! Renee is so confused and overwhelmed. She's terrified. The woman is so forceful and frightening. And the little girls, too? OMG! She should flee! She should run, escape, get as far from this demonic, dark, beautiful dominatrix as she can get! But... Renee bites her lip. Her fingers slip deeper into her sopping cunny. She focuses even deeper into the mesmerizing eyes. OMG!...

"When do we start?" Renee whispers