**Sara's Sexual Conditioning**

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**Sara's Sexual Conditioning Pt. 01**

Sara's entire body tensed as she felt his hands glide slowly up her beautiful dancer's legs towards the bottom of her skirt. As a college freshman, Sara had been trying to make new friends by going to parties and getting to know other students. Tonight, she had gone with a group of other freshmen girls to a fraternity house hoping to meet some people.

Now, Sara was in a stranger's bedroom on her back, only partially aware of what was being done to her. She vaguely remembered being curled up on a sofa with her shoes off sitting between two cute guys she had met that evening. After some playful flirting and a few drinks, Sara took turns making out with both of the guys. It had been really turning her on, but when one of the guys slid his hand up her skirt and the other one unbuttoned the top button on her dress, Sara suddenly realized she was getting in over her head. She recalled trying to resist as one hand began stroking her pussy through her panties while the other undid a second button on the top of her dress and slid inside to touch her perky young tits.

It was then she realized she was getting very drowsy. As the teenager began falling further into unconsciousness, she felt herself being lifted off the couch and carried into a back room by the two guys who then placed her on a mattress.

In a dreamlike state, Sara began to wonder if they had slipped something in her punch. Her mind still clouded, she was barely aware of one of the guys taking her by the wrists and pinning them above her head while the other began undoing the large buttons that went all the way down the front of her royal blue dress. From the low cut top to the bottom of the knee length skirt, Sara felt each of the buttons being undone and her dress being slid off her beautiful nineteen-year-old figure as the fraternity guy unwrapped her like a present.

Sara had always appeared confident on the outside, but in truth, she was somewhat shy, sensitive, and very self-conscious in new situations. Her eyes were amazingly blue and innocent, her silky brunette hair came down to her shoulders, and her lips were the kind that you could just spend hours kissing.

Sara's legs were absolutely gorgeous. As a performing arts major, she had been involved in all types of dance her entire life. From ballet to freestyle, Sara was born to express herself through dance, and she had the most perfectly toned legs to prove it.

Sara didn't know it yet, but those legs were about to be spread wide open.

The stranger unhooked the front closure of Sara's white lace bra, freeing her beautiful, perky mounds. Her breasts rose and fell as the college girl's steady breathing betrayed a lack of awareness of what was happening to her.

"Dayum," he said, admiring Sara's perfect body as she stirred, only partly aware of her situation. "She is gorgeous."

Sara's clouded mind tried to tell her that something was wrong, but as she felt her white lace panties being slid down her innocent body, her pussy flooded in preparation for what she subconsciously knew was coming.

"Oh..." Sara shivered as she felt her beautiful legs being spread apart by the fraternity guy who was about to fuck her without permission. As a dancer, Sara's legs were very flexible. She was used to holding splits and could spread her legs very wide.

"Wow, just look at this," he said, spreading Sara's legs into a mid-air split, her pussy completely exposed to the world and throbbing as if it was begging to be fucked.

Unable to think clearly, Sara tried to resist, but her muscles wouldn't respond. Her perky breasts rose and fell with each nervous breath as she felt the stranger's hard cock touch the entrance to her pussy.

For a brief moment, Sara's head cleared. "Ohmygod..." she thought to herself. "He's going to rape me!"

Sara tried to struggle but her wrists were well pinned by the other stranger. She had only been fucked once before in high school, and it hardly lasted long enough to count.

This was very different.

Sara felt like a virgin about to be defiled and there was nothing she could do to stop it. The college girl could only wait helplessly as she felt the walls of her labia being parted by the guy's cock as it slowly glided its way inside her.

"This can't be happening...this can't be happening..." Sara repeated over and over in her mind as the unwanted shaft tunneled deeper and deeper into her young pussy.

Her young, WET pussy.

"Ohgod no...why am I wet? I can't WANT this!" Sara thought to herself as she felt the walls of her pussy expand to allow the invading cock to push all the way into her. His shaft was much larger than the one that had fucked her briefly back in high school.

"Ohgod, he's inside me!" Sara realized as her mind started to cloud again. She was only partially aware that the large cock violating her pussy had begun to pump back and forth in quick tiny thrusts.

The teenager drifted in and out of reality, her body shifting on the bed with each thrust inside her warm, moist depths. Sara was being fucked without her consent. She was helpless, alone, and being raped by someone she had met just a few hours ago. It was the most vulnerable she had ever felt in her life.

Yet, mixed with feelings of shame came something else. Something Sara would never have expected to experience while being forcefully taken...pleasure.

"Wow, her pussy is soaked," the guy fucking Sara said to his friend holding her down. "This girl wants it bad."

With each pump of her rapist's throbbing cock inside her, Sara felt lances of sexual pleasure fire through her entire body. She gasped each time she felt him thrust his shaft invasively into her love canal. Her pussy seemed to welcome the defilement, caressing his shaft firmly from all sides and bathing his cock in her warm, wet, and unresisting womb.

"Dayum, Sara," he said, more to himself than to her. "Your pussy is a perfect fit."

As Sara drifted in and out of consciousness, her body was slowly and steadily ravaged by the stranger for what seemed like an eternity. Waves of pleasure mixed with feelings of shame washed over Sara's perfect body as she was being taken against her will. Even if she could have regained her senses enough to fight back, her wrists were pinned above her head by another stranger and her legs were being held wide open by the guy who was fucking her.

"Oh fuck, Sara..." she finally heard him whisper as his thrusts picked up speed. "Your...pussy is... fucking amazing. I'm...going...UM!!...to come inside you."

Sara shook her head. "No...please..." she managed to breathlessly say the words, struggling against the other guy that was holding her wrists down above her head. "Please! Don't make me pregnant!"

Ignoring her pleas, the stranger began fucking Sara at full speed, pumping into her pussy as she lay there helpless underneath him.

"Um...unh...no...no...ohgod no...please..." Sara didn't know if she was actually saying the words or if they were just in her mind. She did, however, feel her body shift on the bed with each thrust of the fraternity boy's cock. The cock that was violating her. Fucking her. Raping her.

"No...nuhh...ohgod that feels so...good..." Sara was taken aback as the thought went through her mind. "Good? No, it can't feel good...UM!...I'm being raped. Ahhh!! Why does it feel good?"

Sara's hips began thrusting upward as her cunt was pounded relentlessly.

"Dayum, Sara," said the guy holding her down as he watched her pump her pussy onto his friend's shaft. "You are really getting into this, aren't you?"

"No...please..." Sara weakly shook her head, but she could also feel an orgasm building deep within her.

"Ohgod, no!" Sara screamed inside her mind as her g-spot was stroked relentlessly by the fast thrusts of the cock violating her. "I can't be coming. I can't be enjoying this! I can't..."

Slamming his large cock all the way into Sara's pussy, he unloaded his liquid deep inside her unprotected womb.

"Ohgod!!" Sarah cried out in her mind as her body reared up in tension, her entire world crashing down as orgasm took her. She felt the warmth of his liquid spreading inside her as the walls of her pussy gripped tightly around his shaft, milking him for every last drop. It was as if her pussy had wanted to be defiled.

"Noooooo..." When it was over, Sara's head fell back defeated. She felt violated, degraded, and worst of all, a sense of shame that throughout the experience she had actually felt pleasure. Being raped was a traumatic experience, it wasn't supposed to feel good...and yet, it was the most intense orgasm she had ever had in her life.

"How is this possible?" Sara thought in disbelief. "How could I possibly have enjoyed that?" In her partially aware state, she didn't notice that her two captors had switched places...until it was too late.

"Ohgod...no! No, please!" Sara struggled as best she could as the other fraternity guy moved between her legs and lined his cock up with her already violated pussy.

Sara closed her eyes and braced herself as she was about to be defiled a second time.

"Ohgod...not again..." Sara began drifting in and out of consciousness once again as she felt the other stranger's cock begin to tunnel inside her pussy. Before she knew it, Sara's second rape had begun.

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"That was five years ago, Doctor Boone," Sara confided to her therapist while laying back on the couch in his office. "I still think about it."

"That's normal, Sara." Dr. Boone assured his patient, writing down some notes on a pad. "It was a very traumatic experience for you. These things take time to emotionally heal."

"I know, but..." Sara moistened her lips and replied hesitantly. "I don't still think about it because it was traumatic." Sara's voice lowered to a whisper. "I think about it because it felt good."

Dr. Boone raised an eyebrow. "You mean you wanted to be raped?"

"No," Sara was quick to answer. "As I was being raped, though, it felt amazing. I actually came several times...really hard. I was so turned on at the thought of being taken without my permission. I enjoyed struggling against both guys as they held me down and took advantage of me. It was so hot knowing that they were pounding into me while I was barely conscious, and that I couldn't do anything to stop them. Certainly, THAT'S not normal."

Dr. Boone tapped his pen on his pad. "I'll admit it is unusual, but many women have a so called 'rape fantasy' where they are taken against their will."

"Really?" Sara's eyes brightened, relieved that she wasn't totally crazy.

"Sure," Dr. Boone replied. "Most women, however, don't actually want the fantasy to come true."

Sara was silent for a moment, wondering if she was ready to admit what she was about to say.

"But..." Sara's voice was as soft as a whisper. "What if I...actually...did...want it to come true?"

For the first time in his career, Dr. Boone was speechless, not only from hearing Sara's confession, but because he noticed how hard his cock was.

Afraid she had said too much, Sara began to cry and lowered her head into her hands.

"I'm really messed up," Sara said more to herself than to her therapist.

"Hey, hey, shhhhh..." Dr. Boone quickly consoled his patient. "It's totally fine. I think I can help."

Sara looked up at Dr. Boone with her beautiful blue eyes. "How?"

Dr. Boone spoke softly. "What if I could take away the guilt and shame you feel when someone forces you to have sex without your consent?"

Sara's mouth fell open as she listened carefully.

"I can make your non-consensual encounters feel just as amazing as they did five years ago but without the emotional trauma."

Sara couldn't believe what she was hearing.

"You mean you could actually condition me to enjoy being raped?" Sara asked hesitantly.

"To an extent, yes," Dr. Boone replied. "I could make the conditioning such that it would only work with people you find sexually attractive and know would have no intention of harming you physically."

This time, it was Sara who was speechless.

"That way, if a stranger ever tried to molest or harm you then you would be able to fight back."

Her mouth still gaping, Sara finally found her voice. "That is the most twisted thing I've ever heard."

Dr. Boone shrugged. "Your choice. Think about it, and call me if you decide to schedule a conditioning session."

Her mind blown, Sara stood up and shook Doctor Boone's hand before heading out the door without saying another word.

The drive home was just as quiet. Sara didn't listen to the radio, use her mobile, or even wave to the neighbors as she drove down her street. She couldn't think about anything else. Did she really enjoy being raped five years ago? Did she really want to experience that feeling again? Could she even be conditioned to reject the guilt and shame she felt? How was that even possible?

"Too many questions to think about." Sara thought to herself as she unlocked the door to her small rustic cabin style house. Tossing her purse and keys on the table, Sara hurried to her bedroom and closed the door. Even though she lived alone, she needed the isolation to think.

Sara threw herself on the bed and laid face down on her soft silk sheets, her head resting gently on her pillow.

Sara wasn't sure why, but the tears came anyway.

"What is wrong with me?" Sara thought to herself as she replayed the events from five years ago in her mind. "Did I like what they had forced me to do? Deep down, did I really enjoy being helpless, held down, and raped...twice?"

Without realizing it, Sara's hand glided down between her legs.

"Is it okay to enjoy being raped by two guys who I thought were really attractive?"

Sarah unsnapped and unzipped her jeans, making room for her hand to be able to slip inside her panties.

"Did it feel good to be held down...have my legs spread wide...and have a cock slide into me knowing I couldn't do anything to stop it?"

Sara found her clitoris and began masturbating gently with tiny little circular motions of her hand.

"Oh..." Sara let a soft gasp of pleasure escape her lips as she teased the most sensitive part of her beautiful body.

"What if one of them...or both of them were here now?" Sara wasn't sure if she was still trying to analyze what had happened to her or just wanting to make herself come.

"Would I want them to rape me again?"

Sara's lovely rear was jerking from side to side and her hips were giving little pumps as the young girl's pussy began to get really wet.

"Oh...ohh...ohhh...ohhhh..." Sara closed her eyes tight and thrust her hips into the mattress as she pleasured her sensitive, erect clit with her fingertips. Wanting more, Sara slipped her other hand into her panties and slid two fingers inside her very wet pussy.

"OOHHH!!" Sara cried out as she quickly found her g-spot and began gliding her fingers across it over and over again, all while her other hand continued to wank her clit.

"Ohgod..." Sara moaned to herself as her hands worked faster and faster.

"Oh fuck, I'm going to come..." she screamed in her mind.

Sara felt ashamed that all she could think about was being taken against her will by those two college guys five years ago, and how amazing it felt...

...and as she came hard, her body locking in tension, her head rising off the pillow, and her mouth open in a scream with no sound, Sara only knew that she wanted to be fucked that way again.

"Oooooooo...Ohhhh!! Ohhhhh!! OHHHH!!" Sara finally found her voice, squealing in high-pitched yelps each time her body jerked from powerfully intense jolts of orgasmic pleasure.

"OHGOD!! OHGOD!! OHGOD!!" Sara kept going, continuing to masturbate through another powerful climax and forcing a second wonderful orgasm out of her pussy.

Finally, as the waves of pleasure began to subside, Sara's body relaxed onto the soft bed and smooth silk sheets.

"Mmmmmmm..." the young girl sighed with contentment as she took several long deep breaths.

Sara's mind began to clear from the post-orgasmic euphoria. Rolling over onto her back and staring up at the ceiling, she reached for her phone.

Sara only partially noticed that as she was dialing the number with one hand, the other had slipped back into her panties and was gently rubbing her clit again.

"Hi, this is Sara..." she said into the phone when Dr. Boone answered.

"Hello, Sara, is there anything I can do for you?"

Moistening her lips, Sara's voice was almost trembling as she spoke just one word softly into the phone...

"Yes."

**Sara's Sexual Conditioning Pt. 02**

"Doctor Boone?" Sara asked softly, knocking on his office door.

"Yes, Sara," came his calm voice. "Come in."

Sara glided inside her therapist's consulting office and closed the door, her black high heels silent as she stepped onto the carpet.

Sara worked at a digital marketing company specializing in webpage design and online purchasing. At age 24, Sara was moving up in the company fairly quickly for two reasons: she was very good at her job and she was scorching hot.

Sara's beautiful dirty blonde hair was very soft and came down to her shoulders. Her eyes were amazingly blue and stared hypnotically through a pair of thin-rimmed glasses. Her lips were soft and full, perfect for kissing, and her voice had a melodious, almost childlike tone to it.

Sara's dark secret though, was that she had been raped five years ago by two college guys during her freshman year. She had felt all the shame and guilt that came with such a traumatic experience. To her dismay though, Sara realized she had also enjoyed it.

Now, her therapist had offered Sara a way for her to experience her rape fantasies without guilt, shame, or danger. It was the most bizarre idea Sara had ever heard, but over the past few days, she found herself considering it.

Now, here she was in her therapist's office, getting ready to turn her darkest fantasy into reality. At least she felt comfortable confiding in Doctor Boone. He was always really sweet and compassionate, not to mention cute. She had thought so when she first saw him several months ago.

It took a little while at home to decide what outfit to put on today. After all, what does one wear to a "sexual conditioning session" as Doctor Boone had referred to it?

Sara chose a breezy, thin fabric, one-piece, black top and pants with a lovely peach and white floral print. The top had short puffy sleeves and her shoulders were completely bare. The pants came down to her ankles and had a cloth belt around her waist tied in a bow. Her black high heels and black-rimmed glasses added extra sophistication to her look.

"Have a seat on the couch, Sara." Doctor Boone gestured towards his small sofa that was more like a love seat than a full couch.

Sara walked over to the sofa and sat down, her perky breasts bouncing freely under her shoulderless top. She was hesitant, even a little nervous, but she reminded herself that this was something she wanted to do.

Doctor Boone handed Sara a clipboard with a document and pen attached. "If you will just sign this waiver consenting to the conditioning session."

Sara moistened her lips as she read over the form. Peering at Doctor Boone over the top of her glasses.

"Are you sure this is going to work?" Sara asked softly.

"If you commit to it, yes," Doctor Boone replied. "I'm not going to lie to you though. It's going to require you to do some very intimate things in front of me, and if you resist the treatment then it won't work. You have to want it."

Sara took a deep breath and signed the waiver.

"I want it." Sara handed the form back to Doctor Boone.

"Okay then," Doctor Boone said, placing the form on his desk and sitting down in a chair across from Sara. "Just try and relax."

Over the next half hour, Doctor Boone gradually put Sara into a dream-like state of semi-consciousness, her eyes now closed and her mind now open to hypnotic suggestion.

"Sara," Doctor Boone said softly. "Can you still hear me?"

Sara nodded, her head lowered.

"I want you to go back in your mind to your freshman year in college."

Sara nodded again.

"You are at a fraternity house party, being carried into a bedroom and placed on a mattress by two college guys."

Sara moistened her lips nervously.

"One is pinning your wrists to the mattress above your head. The other is unbuttoning your dress."

"Um hmm," Sara breathed deeply, her braless mounds rising and falling in her bare shoulder top.

"Tell me what happened next," Doctor Boone instructed.

Sara shifted uncomfortably as she spoke. "He...he took off my dress while his friend held me down."

"Then what, Sara?"

The young girl moistened her lips again. "He unhooked the clasp of my bra..."

"From the back?"

"No," Sara's innocent voice answered. "It was a front-closure bra."

"Show me," Doctor Boone ordered.

Reliving her experience, Sara put her hands between her breasts and mimed unhooking her bra. Then, placing her hands on her actual bare-shoulder top, Sara slowly pushed it down to her waist, allowing her perfectly perky breasts to spill out and bounce freely.

Doctor Boone stared at his patient's young beautiful tits as they were displayed for him. They were even more perfect than he had imagined. He watched in awe as Sara's breasts rose and feel hypnotically with her deep breathing, her erect nipples making their presence known.

Boone sighed wistfully. He knew resisting the temptation to take advantage of this situation was going to be tough, but actually seeing Sara's marvelous breasts was testing the limits of his self-control.

"What...did you feel at the time?" Boone asked, trying to regain his professionalism.

"I...felt...helpless." Sara said softly. "He was taking off my clothes and I couldn't stop him."

"What happened next?"

Sara gently bit her lower lip. "He...slid my panties down my legs and took them off."

Doctor Boone's cock was as hard as steel.

"Show me."

Sara nodded and untied her cloth belt. Then, shifting her hips from side to side, she pushed the rest of her outfit down past her waist. As she reached her hips, Sara slid her black satin panties over the curves of her shapely ass and down her legs with the rest of her outfit, tossing them both aside.

"Mygod," Doctor Boone couldn't help saying out loud as he took in the vision before him. His patient, Sara was on his office couch completely nude except for her black heels and black-rimmed glasses while she was sub-consciously reenacting her rape.

"Then," Sara continued, "he spread my legs as wide as they would go."

Boone almost choked on his own words. "Please, show me..."

Sara leaned back on the love seat, lifted her shapely dancer's legs in the air, and spread them wide into the same mid-air split she had been forced into five years ago.

Doctor Boone's mouth fell open as his patient revealed the most intimate places on her body to him. Sara's little pussy was smooth and beautiful. It looked so innocent and delicate. If he didn't know about Sara's rape, he might have thought that she was a virgin. He could tell though just by looking how turned on she was. Sara's nipples were as hard as drill bits, and her pussy lips were throbbing.

"How did you feel as he spread your legs?" Doctor Boone asked.

"Scared," Sara admitted. "I realized that he was getting ready to rape me."

"You couldn't fight back?"

"No," Sara continued, raising her arms above her head. "My wrists were being held down by the other guy."

Doctor Boone stood up and slowly walked over to his unbelievably hot patient. Picking up her cloth belt, he took Sara's arms one at a time and began tying the cloth around her wrists, he secured Sara to the back of the sofa to simulate her memory of being held down.

"You couldn't move your arms?" Boone asked.

"No," Sara pouted.

"You couldn't close your legs either?"

"No..." Sara started to well up with tears. "He held them apart while he raped me."

With a deep breath, Doctor Boone knelt down in front of Sara, placing his hands firmly on the young woman's inner thighs.

"Like this?" Boone's question was almost a whisper.

Sara nodded her head quickly as the tears started to flow. "Yes."

Boone swallowed hard, Sara's moist, throbbing, and tight pussy only inches from him.

"What did you feel then?"

Sara's voice cracked. "I...felt...so...vulnerable. When his cock touched my labia I felt so powerless. I couldn't stop him."

Boone could see that Sara's clit was erect and throbbing.

"He pushed slowly into me..."

The therapist's cock twitched when he saw Sara's hips start to make tiny little thrusts back and forth as if she were being violated.

"He was raping me...I felt so ashamed."

"What else, Sara?" Boone tried to go deeper into her thoughts.

"No...please," Sara sobbed, her hips pumping over and over.

"What else did you feel, Sara?"

"No...it's too embarrassing to admit."

"Sara," Boone said firmly. "You have to confront this. What...else...did...you...feel?"

Sara's hips began pumping harder as if she were being fucked, her gorgeous breasts bouncing up and down with each thrust.

"I...felt...PLEASURE! Ohgod! It felt so GOOD!"

Unable to stop himself, Boone moved his head between Sara's legs and slowly licked her clit...just once.

"OHGODYES!" Sara's hips were shaking, desperately searching for whatever had just touched her clit and given her that pleasure.

"Did you want more, Sara?" the therapist asked.

Sara nodded quickly as her voice trembled. "Yes. I was being raped...but I wanted more. I wanted that pleasure so badly."

"Like this?" Doctor Boone immediately went down on Sara's pussy, lapping away at her cunt like an excited puppy.

Sara's entire body locked in tension. "YES!! OHGODYES!! FUCK ME!! FUCK MEEEEEEE!!"

Boone began going wild on Sara's gorgeous young pussy. He licked and sucked relentlessly, lapping at her labia, and swirling his tongue in circles around her erect clit.

"OHGOD HE'S RAPING ME!" Sara was in another world. A world where she was being taken against her will, and at the same time, in the throes of almost unbearable pleasure.

"I'M COMING!! OHGOD I'M COMING!!" Sara screamed as she was about to be pushed over the edge, her hair flying wildly as she threw her head back and cried out at the ceiling.

"And freeze!" Doctor Boone ordered, snapping his fingers.

Sara's body immediately froze in position mere seconds before she would have exploded in orgasm. Her head lay back, pulling on the cloth belt binding her wrists above her. Sara's amazing breasts thrust forward as her back arched in tension. Her mouth was open and her eyes were closed tight in the most amazing sexual ecstasy.

"Sara," Doctor Boone said softly. "Your body is frozen and cannot move until I snap my fingers again. Your mind can still hear me though, and you can answer my questions. Do you understand?"

Sara's voice was trembling, fighting for an orgasm that was both seconds and an eternity away. "Y-yes."

"I've frozen you at this level of arousal so that I can condition you to achieve it again instantly...under certain circumstances."

"Ohgod..." Sara's child-like voice sounded so vulnerable. "What...circumstances?"

"First, whenever you consent to having sexual contact with anyone, your body will behave as normal," Doctor Boone explained.

"Second, if you are sexually assaulted by someone who means to harm you, your body will also behave as normal and allow you to resist."

Sara waited nervously to hear Boone's next instruction, her aroused body wanting to come so desperately bad.

"However, if someone you find sexually attractive tries to rape you by fucking your mouth, your pussy, or your ass, AND that person has no intention of causing any physical harm to you, your body will immediately go to this level of arousal and remain there until that person comes inside you."

"Ohmygod..." Sara's tears started to flow again. "You are really doing this to me, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am." Doctor Boone continued. "Further, if someone you find attractive gropes your breasts, grabs your ass, or strokes your pussy without your permission, your nipples and your clitoris will instantly become erect and quadruple in sensitivity until your molestor is finished raping you."

"Ohgod...please no..." Sara had only half-believed that what Boone was doing to her was actually possible. As she lay on the loveseat wearing only her glasses and heels, her legs spread wide, her wrists bound above her head, and her body frozen mere seconds from a massive orgasm, the young woman began to realize that this was not only possible, but was definitely going to happen.

Doctor Boone placed his right hand gently between Sara's legs, causing her to give a high-pitched girly yelp.

"Doctor Boone!" Sara panicked as she felt the lips of her pussy entrance being parted by her therapist. "What are you doing? Ahhh!"

Without answering, Boone inserted two fingers inside Sara's warm wet pussy and began to finger blast her cunt.

"OOOHHHH!!" Sara flung her hair back as her therapist's hand went into overdrive, his fingers moving across her g-spot so fast it felt like a jackhammer was inside her.

"OH FUCK!!" Sara cried out from the sexual torture.

"Now Sara," Boone continued. "When you are being fucked in your pussy without your consent, and your rapist is pumping his cock inside you, your g-spot will become so sensitive that you will experience waves of multiple orgasms that will not let up until he comes inside your pussy."

"OHGOD! NO...PLEASE!! AAAAHHHH!!"

"Most importantly, you will not feel shame as you are being raped." Boone continued.

"UNNNNHHH!!" Sara cried out both in pleasure and torture.

"You will enjoy being taken against your will."

"Ohgod no! Please!" Sara begged.

"The more you say 'no', the more pleasurable it will become."

"UUUNNNNHHHHH!!" Sara's entire body began to shake. "You're...forcing...me...ohgod...to...enjoy...my...rape."

"Yes, Sara..." Boone's fingers began pumping into his patient's cunt so fast that they looked blurry. "That is exactly what I am doing. Are you ready to come now, Sara?"

"YES!! OH, FUCK YES!! PLEASE!!" Sara cried out in absolute agony.

Boone snapped his fingers. "Unfreeze."

"OOOHHHGGOOODDD!!" Sara came hard, her pussy muscles clamping down on Boone's fingers in a vice-like grip, rocketing Sara to a new level of pleasure she had never felt before. She pulled on the restraints binding her wrists above her as every muscle in Sara's gorgeous body contracted in tension and then released as orgasm took her.

"OOOOHHHFFUUUUUCCKKK!!" Sara's screams were exquisite to hear, her pussy beginning to squirt onto Dr. Boone's hand as he hooked his fingers and relentlessly tortured her g-spot."

"NO MORE!" Sara cried out. "PLEASE NO MORE!! OHGOD!!"

Dr. Boone didn't stop, continuing to torture Sara's most sensitive spot over and over again as fast as he could. With his other hand, he began stroking Sara's clit in rapid circular movements.

"OH NO!! OHGOD PLEASE NO!!" Sara screamed as her pussy gushed liquid onto her doctor's hand, the couch, the floor, everywhere. The pleasure, torture, and agony soared to new heights each time Sara had said 'no'.

"OH NO!! AHH!! PLEASE STOP!! NO!! AHHHHH!! NO PLEASE!!"

The sight was almost surreal as Sara begged for an end to the sexual torture, her legs spread, her wrists bound, her screams deafening, and her cunt gushing everywhere. Her body had become an orgasm machine with no off switch. A woman now sexually conditioned to enjoy being raped without guilt, shame, or fear.

Finally, Dr. Boone stopped, pulling his hand out of Sara's cunt.

"OHHHHGGOOOOODDDD!!" Sara collapsed in exhaustion and relief that the torture was finally over, her body convulsing in orgasmic aftershocks and her breasts heaving as she struggled to catch her breath.

Doctor Boone knew he should have stopped right then. It would be wrong to do anything else to his patient. So wrong...

But one more look at his smoking hot patient's quivering pussy made Doctor Boone surrender to temptation.

"Sara," Boone whispered as he began undoing his trousers. "I just have one more thing to ask you."

Sara waited for the question that she felt was coming.

"Do you find me sexually attractive?" He asked pulling his cock out of his trousers.

Sara hesitated, her mind clouded from coming so much. She knew Doctor Boone was about to rape her, and if she was truthful about finding her therapist attractive, there was nothing she could do to stop it.

Trembling with anticipation, Sara moistened her quivering lips, and nodded.

"Yes," she said with a pouty voice.

"I thought as much," the therapist said mounting his gorgeous patient, lining up his cock with the entrance to her sopping wet pussy.

"Doctor Boone!" Sara cried out as she felt the head of his cock press between her pussy lips. "What are you doing!?!?!? NO!!"

The walls of Sara's pussy gave way as Boone's shaft entered her.

"OH NO!! PLEASE NO!!" Sara's entire body thrashed about as her cunt was being violated. Her over sensitive clit was pulsating, her nipples were beautifully erect, and her tussled hair flew about her bare shoulders.

Finally, Doctor Boone's cock came to rest fully inside his patient's wet depths.

"Please..." Sara begged in desperation. "Please, don't rape me."

Doctor Boone didn't answer, he simply started fucking.

"NO!!" Sara cried out. "NO!! PLEASE!! DON'T RAPE ME...PLEASE!!"

With every "no" from Sara, her pussy contracted around Doctor Boone's cock, sending massive jolts of pleasure through both of them.

"OH FUCK!! NO!! NO!! NO PLEASE!!" To Sara's astonishment, she realized that her protests were what was causing this amazing flood of sexual ecstasy. The treatment had worked. Doctor Boone had successfully conditioned Sara to enjoy her rape.

"OHGOD!! OH FUCK!! I'M COMING SO HARD!!" Sara cried out to the ceiling as her pussy began to squirt again with each contraction of her cunt. Her g-spot was so sensitive that every stroke across it sent the young woman into another climax.

"It's time to come inside you, Sara." Doctor Boone took hold of Sara's perky breasts and squeezed them tight as his cock began pumping her at full speed.

"OHGOD!! NO!! PLEASE STOP!! AAHHHHH!! NO!!" Sara's hips began pumping back and forth on their own, fucking her rapist as liquid began gushing from her pussy again.

As Boone hammered his patient with his powerful shaft, he felt Sara's gorgeous dancer's legs wrapping around his back and pulling him towards her, slamming his cock deep into her pussy.

When Sara's cunt clamped down on Boone's cock like a vice, they both screamed.

"AAAAAHHHHHHH!!" Sara's powerful legs held Boone's pulsating member inside her as it unloaded deep in her womb.

"OHGOD!! OHGOD!!" Sara cried out as her pussy accepted his liquid, the young woman's gorgeous body being defiled by her own therapist.

"OOHHH!! OOOHHHH!! OOOOHHHHH!!" Sara's entire body trembled and twitched as the little earthquakes of pleasure overwhelmed her.

Doctor Boone leaned in to kiss Sara hard and deep.

"Uuuuummmmm!!" Sara sighed in pleasure through their embrace as she shamelessly kissed her therapist back, her hips giving little pumps as if she were trying to squeeze every last remnant of pleasure out of him.

Out of the corner of her eye, Sara saw the nameplate on Boone's desk that read: "Doctor Boone, therapist."

For a moment, she could have sworn that it read: "Doctor Boone, the rapist".

"Ohgod," Sara finally broke their kiss and whispered into Boone's ear. "I've never come that hard before. It was unbelievable. Please...make me feel that way again."

"You will, Sara," Boone replied, standing up as he began to untie Sara's wrists. "Every time someone you find attractive tries to force you to fuck."

Sara swallowed hard.

When Doctor Boone untied the cloth belt binding Sara's wrists above her, she collapsed onto the couch in a withering heap, completely unable to will herself to move.

Her hair tussled and her body sore from the forced fucking, Sara finally managed to raise her head, her beautiful blue eyes welling up as she looked submissively at her therapist.

"Thank you."

**Sara's Sexual Conditioning Pt. 03**

The winter season was quickly approaching, and for Sara, that meant ballet rehearsals.

Lots of them.

Sara had always been involved with dancing, and, as a performing arts student in college, she took part in several productions. Now, even though her career was in digital marketing, Sara always took part in community ballet and dance companies.

This winter, Sara was dancing for the local company's production of Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker ballet. She always loved doing this particular ballet, because it meant she got to work with Mark.

Mark was tall, slim, and very toned with piercing blue eyes that could make girls melt with one glance. In addition, he was a heck of a dancer, able to be graceful but still very masculine.

Sara particularly loved the duets that she and Mark did together during the ballet. There were so many times that he had his soft hands on her hips or around her waist. She could feel his touch through her thin, form-fitting costume, and it always made her tingle.

Then there were the lifts.

Sara loved to be lifted by Mark. She felt like she was flying with his strong hands supporting her. She got lost in the sensation of being swept away by this strong, handsome, artistic man.

Whenever they made eye contact, Sara would always give Mark a slight smile while trying to communicate with her pleading blue eyes just how much she wanted to be more than friends.

Sara hadn't told Doctor Boone about Mark, and she certainly didn't tell Mark about her rape fantasies or her sexual conditioning. It was just too risky. She did, however, promise herself that she would tell Mark how she felt about him, and opening night was as good a time as any.

Sara had agreed to meet Mark at the theatre earlier that afternoon to go over a few last minute details of their routines. Sara was in the rehearsal studio room tying her ballet shoes. The winter theme of the program meant that Sara was dressed in mostly white, her outfit perfectly designed to accentuate her feminine features. The top was shimmery white satin with a light blue and silver sequin design on the front that resembled snowflakes. Her arms were bare except for the thin straps on her shoulders. The tutu was also white with light blue and silver trim, and her shapely dancer's legs looked amazing in her smooth white hose. Her shimmery white ballet slippers completed the costume and made Sara look as pure as the winter snow.

As Mark approached the door to the studio, he saw Sara perched on a desk in her full costume lacing up her ballet shoes. Her legs looked unbelievably sexy in the all white hose and short tutu which revealed her toned dancer's legs all the way up to her cute rear.

Mark had not seen Sara in full costume during rehearsals, and the sight of his dance partner in her figure-hugging outfit made him stop in his tracks.

"W-wow..." Mark whispered to himself.

Sara hopped off the desk and walked over to the ballet barre to begin her stretching routine. Mark almost knocked to ask if Sara was ready, but realizing that she didn't see him looking through the small window on the door, he decided to watch discretely.

Sara was facing away from the door and was totally oblivious to Mark's presence outside. Placing her shapely legs one at a time on the barre, Sara leaned over to stretch her gorgeously toned dancer's legs. The position gave Mark a wonderful view of Sara's amazing rear under her tutu as the bottom of her costume rode up her ass. He wanted nothing more right then than to bend Sara over his lap and spank her full firm rear while he listened to her high pitched yelps, her legs giving little kicks in her ballet shoes as she struggled.

Mark put his little fantasy on pause as he saw Sara finish stretching on the barre and lie down on her back. Lifting her legs straight up into a vertical position, Sara spread her legs wide into a full split, grabbing the bottom of her ballet shoes with her hands and pumping her hips in little tiny thrusts to stretch her leg muscles.

"Oh...my...god..." Mark whispered to himself as he watched. Although, Sara was facing away from him, he could see her reflection in the full-length mirror on the wall. There before him, was his gorgeous partner with her legs spread wide, her eyes closed, and her hips pumping the air. The outline of Sara's pussy showed through the thin white fabric, and Mark noticed his cock was as hard as steel. Oh how he wanted to fuck that little pussy of hers.

(KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK)

Mark tapped on the studio entrance. "Sara? You ready?"

"Come in," came a cute voice behind the door.

Sara closed her legs and got up off the floor as Mark opened the door.

Flashing a cute smile, Sara cocked her head to one side and placed her hands on her hips.

"How do I look?" she asked.

Mark walked over to her and placed his hands gently around Sara's waist.

"Like a princess. Are you ready to rehearse?"

Sara looked up at Mark with her gorgeous blue eyes and moistened her soft lips.

"Mark..." Sara spoke timidly. "I...need to tell you something first."

The dance couple were inches from each other. They had been this close many times while dancing, but this was different. Sara's heart was racing, her breasts heaving from her deep breaths.

Now or never.

"I...want..." Sara was almost whispering, her eyes watering. "I...need you to kiss me."

Mark blinked, not sure if he had heard her correctly.

"Sara..."

"Shhh," Sara placed her hand gently on Mark's lips. "Don't say anything...just kiss me...please."

Sara closed her eyes and trembled as Mark leaned in to touch her soft lips with his. The kiss was long, gentle, and loving. Sara felt tingles throughout her entire body as the first kiss melded into the second, and the second quickly became the third...

"Mmmmmm," Sara exhaled with contentment as the two dancers enjoyed the sensuality between them, their bottled up feelings towards each other beginning to escape.

Mark glided his hands up and down Sara's beautiful curves, the thin satin material of her form-fitting costume allowed the young woman to feel her partner's touch more intensely.

"Mark..." Sara's voice trembled as she felt him blow gently into her ear between kisses. "I've wanted you to lovingly hold me in your arms for so long."

"Oh, Sara," Mark replied, kissing his partner more aggressively. "I've always hoped I would someday hear those words from you."

Sara closed her eyes and wrapped her arms around Mark's neck.

"This is so wonderful," Sara thought to herself. "Maybe after the performance tonight, we can drive to the lake and look at the stars together..."

Sara's innocent mind didn't allow her to recognize it, but Mark's intentions were much more immediate.

Reaching behind Sara's right knee, Mark lifted her gorgeously toned dancer's leg up high and placed her ankle onto the ballet barre.

"I've wanted this for a long time, Sara," Mark whispered between kisses, "and now I know you want me to give this to you."

"Mark..." the alarm went off in Sara's head when she felt him place his hand on her raised leg and begin gliding it up her inner thigh, moving ever closer to her innocent pussy.

This was all moving too fast.

"Mark, what are you doing?" Sara went from holding Mark to trying to push him away.

The strong masculine dancer held Sara firm with one arm while his other hand disappeared under the young woman's tutu. Moving between her legs in search of Sara's most intimate area, Mark's talented fingers quickly found her pussy and began stroking her through the fabric.

"OH!!" Sara gave a high-pitched yelp as Mark reached around with his arm and grabbed Sara's firm ass while his other hand continued its stroking of her young pussy.

"Mark, no!!" Sara struggled to get away.

It was too late.

Sara's conditioning had been activated.

Immediately, Sara's clit was erect and quadrupled in sensitivity. Her nipples became extremely firm and began showing themselves through the thin satin fabric of her top.

Mark glanced down at Sara's breasts.

"Oh no!" Sara thought to herself, "he can see how hard my nipples are."

Continuing to methodically stroke Sara's pussy through her outfit, Mark locked his gaze on his partner as if he were a wild animal that had just cornered it's mate.

Sara's timid blue eyes looked up submissively at his, recognizing this man's dominance over her.

Mark smiled slightly, noticing Sara trying to control her nervous breathing so that her breasts wouldn't rise and fall so tantalizingly, her nipples saying hello to the world.

"OH!!" Sara gasped as she felt Mark slip his hand into her costume.

"No, please...please don't touch me there..." Sara whimpered as she felt his fingers parting the lips of her smooth quivering pussy.

"AH!!" Sara jumped as Mark's experienced hand found her over-sensitive pleasure nub and began stroking it again and again.

"OH!! OH!! OH!!" Sara cried out as each touch sent a mini-orgasm jolting through her, the dancer's beautiful body giving little involuntary jumps as each stroke of her clitoris felt like an intense bolt of pleasure.

Mark could actually feel Sara's clitoris throbbing as he stroked it, and Sara trembled in his arms with every torturous touch.

"OH!! OH!! OHGOD!! OHHHHH!!" Sara's beautiful childlike voice gave little high-pitched yelps of delight as the most sensitive place on her body was continuously on a hair trigger.

"OH!! Mark! No! OH NO!! Please don't!" Sara panicked as she felt Mark glide one of the straps of her costume down off of her now bare shoulder.

"Ohmygod!" Sara screamed in her mind. "He's going to rape me!"

"Mark, stop! OH!!" Sara's perky breasts spilled out of her outfit as Mark lowered the other shoulder strap and tugged her top down to her waist.

Sara's breasts were as perfect as Mark had imagined. Seeing those wonderful mounds in their full glory with Sara's nipples as erect as her clit, overpowered Mark's sense of decency and unleashed his primal urge to fuck her.

"Please, Mark!" Sara begged with her eyes as her partner lifted her by the waist off the barre and forced her up against the wall. Sara had been lifted by Mark many times during practices and performances. This was different though...this wasn't the artistic lift of a ballet dancer, it was an indication of dominance as Mark positioned his partner to suit his needs.

His need to fuck her.

Mark took Sara's leg and placed her ankle on his left shoulder, spreading Sara's flexible legs wide into a standing split to get better access to her pussy.

"Don't fight it, Sara," Mark said taking her by the wrists and holding them against the wall above her head. "You know you want this."

Sara did want this, but not here...not this soon, and certainly not this rough. She realized though, that she wasn't going to get a choice. He was taking her, with or without her permission.

Sara shivered in pleasure. Just the thought of being raped by this gorgeous man as he held her down, his primal urges overpowering his reason, was so intense it began to overwhelm Sara's better judgment and weaken her resolve.

"Ohmygod!" Sara thought to herself. "Do I really want him to do this to me?"

Sara noticed the bulge in Mark's outfit, and knew that she was about to be violated by that cock. It was going inside her whether she wanted it or not. Even worse, Sara remembered that once that cock entered her pussy, her conditioning would cause her to remain unbelievably horny until he came inside her. She'd have to stop this now.

"Please, please don't fuck me." Sara's voice trembled as she watched Mark pull his shaft out of his costume.

Without answering, Mark moved the material covering Sara's pussy to one side, revealing her innocence for him to take.

"Please! Mark, don't rape me! Please!"

Mark found it interesting that as he began lining his cock up against Sara's pussy, she had kept her arms above her head as if he were still holding them down.

"She DOES want this," Mark thought to himself. "Even if it's only her subconscious that knows it."

"Ohgod!! No!!" Sara closed her eyes as she felt the head of his cock push into the entrance of her womb.

"Oh no!! It's too late!" Sara gasped as the walls of her young wet pussy parted to accept the large shaft that was tunneling inside her.

"AAHH!!" Sara cried out, her eyes going wide as she felt every inch of Mark's rock hard cock entering her most intimate opening. The invasive tool filled the young dancer's pussy completely, forcing it to stretch and expand to accommodate his impressive size.

The moment Mark's cock came to rest fully inside Sara's depths, her entire body was overcome by waves and waves of unrelenting desire.

It was a desire to be fucked.

A desire to be raped.

Mark placed his hands over Sara's wrists again, looking into her gorgeous blue eyes as he began fucking her pussy slowly with long deep strokes.

"OHGOD!! MARK!! NO!! MMMMMMM!!" Sara's cries were interrupted as Mark kissed her hard.

"MMMMMM!! MMMMMMMM!!" Sara's beautiful blue eyes opened wide as she felt his cock plowing deep into her cunt...further inside her than she had ever thought possible.

It felt amazing. This gorgeous man was inside her, using her body to satisfy his primal lust. Sara was being fucked into submission. Her pussy was being taken without permission, and it...felt...so...fucking...good.

Mark's thrusts pounded Sara so hard that her entire body lifted a few inches off the floor with each stroke.

"UHHH!! UHHHH!! UHHHHH!!" Sara tossed her head back and cried out at the ceiling as each massive thrust of Mark's cock went deeper and deeper into her womb. The fabric of Sara's tutu made a swishing sound with each intense penetration, and her breasts slammed up and down with every violation of her pussy.

"OH FUCK!! YES THERE!! THERE!! FUCK!!" Sara screamed as her massively oversensitive g-spot was stroked over and over again by Mark's thick shaft.

"Wait..." Mark thought to himself. "Did she just say 'yes'?"

"OHGOD!! OHGOD!! MARK STOP!! PLEASE!! OHGOD!!"

"I'm not stopping," Mark replied as his cock did amazing things to Sara's pussy, "you want this."

Sara gasped for every word as she fought for control of her own body. Control she no longer had.

"I...OOOHHHH...DON'T...WANT...AAAHHHH...THIS...OHHHGOD!!"

Mark pounded Sara's cunt with unbelievable force, pulling high-pitched squeals of immense pleasure out of her with every plunge of his manhood.

"Then why are you enjoying it so much?" Mark asked, continuing his all out assault on his dance partner's pussy.

"OOOHHHH!!" Sara cried out as another massive wave of pleasure rocked the young woman to her core. She WAS enjoying it. Doctor Boone had conditioned her to enjoy it, and with every protest, Sara's pleasure grew stronger.

"NOOOOO," Sara was being violated. Her gorgeous body had become an object to be used and fucked. There were no feelings of shame or embarrassment, only forced pleasure.

Pleasure at being taken against her will.

Pleasure from being raped.

"I...can't...believe...this...is...happening...OHGOD!!" Sara breathlessly forced each word out as her back hit the wall to which she was being pinned down.

Pinned with her arms above her head...just like in Doctor Boone's office...just like back in college...

Was there some part of Sara's subconscious that wanted to relive that experience?

Mark's voice brought Sara back to the present.

"All right you twisted little girl," Mark said pulling out of Sara's pussy, grabbing her hair, and tossing her to the floor as he knelt down behind her. "I'll show you that this is really happening."

"OH!" Sara gasped when she felt Mark's firm hands take hold of her gorgeously toned legs.

Mark's strong arms spread Sara's legs wide into a full split on the smooth surface, her flexible body easy to manipulate into whatever position he wanted her. Sara's tutu bunched up between her hips and the floor, lifting her ass and pussy several inches. It gave Mark the perfect angle to fuck her.

Sara didn't resist. She knew she couldn't prevent her pussy being invaded again by his staff.

"Watch yourself," Mark grabbed Sara by her hair and forced her to look at the full-length mirror on the wall in front of them. "Watch yourself getting fucked."

"Ohgod no..." Sara gasped as she felt Mark's cock press against her pussy lips again.

In one quick hard thrust, Mark violated Sara's pussy a second time as the entire length of his shaft disappeared into her warm wet depths.

"OH!!" Sara's eyes went wide, her mouth open in a scream with no sound, as she felt her partner's rod infiltrate her all at once. Moments later, her eyes glazed over in pleasure when he started slowly fucking her again.

"Ohhhhhh...mygod...not again..." Sara panted as she stared at her reflection in the mirror, essentially watching herself being raped as Mark pumped his cock into his dance partner's wet pussy.

It was almost surreal for Sara to see herself being fucked from behind, her perky breasts hanging down, her nipples erect, and her hair being pulled, forcing her to watch as she was being defiled.

"Oh! OH!! OHHH!! OHHH!!" Sara cried out in pleasure each time he slammed into her.

(SMACK)

"OH!" Sara yelped as Mark's hand came down hard on his partner's ass.

"Ohgod! How is this happening?" Sara thought to herself as her body was pounded by Mark's hard, deep thrusts.

(SMACK)

"OH!!" Another high-pitched yelp from Sara as her ass was spanked again, her breasts bouncing beautifully every time her partner's cock slammed into her.

Then Mark noticed Sara's entire body begin to shake uncontrollably.

"OHGOD I'M COMING!! OHHHHH I'M FUCKING COMING!!" Sara cried out, her gorgeous body locking in tension as a massive wave of orgasm overwhelmed her.

"AAAHHHHH!!" Sara screamed as she felt Mark's cock slide across her overly sensitive g-spot again and again, each time sending Sara into another climax.

"YES THERE!! OHGODYES!! THERE!!" Sara tried desperately to survive the onslaught of pleasure, her g-spot so sensitive that every stroke across it made her cry out with an agony of orgasmic bliss.

"Oh fuck, Sara!" Mark commented as he pounded into her with increasing speed. "This pussy is unbelievable."

Sara was hanging on for dear life as Mark fucked her pussy, holding onto Sara's tussled hair as he forced her to watch her own rape.

"AAAHHHH!! AAAAHHHHH!!" Sara's words became an incoherent mixture of yelps, moans, and cries as her pussy was being defiled by this man's shaft.

Mark could feel Sara's pussy muscles contracting around his cock, her body trying to hold his member inside her until he delivered his load into her womb.

Sara could feel Mark's body lock in tension as his cock seemed to double in size, preparing to explode inside her.

"OHGOD!!" Sara's eyes went wide as she realized what was about to happen. "MARK...PLEASE...DON'T...COME...IN...SIDE...MEEEE!!"

Ignoring his partner's pleas, Mark gently placed one of his hands over Sara's nose and mouth.

"MMMMMM!!" Sara screamed when she felt her breathing being stifled, the massive cock pounding into her so hard that Sara's hips lifted off the floor with every thrust and then slammed back down into her full split again. Her soft ballet shoes slid on the smooth floor, preventing Sara from using her legs to maneuver out of her obscene fucking position.

"MMMMM!! MMMMM!!" Sara struggled in desperation as she began to feel lightheaded from the lack of oxygen, her entire body convulsing as another powerful orgasm hit.

"Oh fuck yes, Sara!" Mark gasped as he felt his dance partner's pussy clinch down hard on his cock from all directions.

"MMMMMMM!!" Sara screamed as she felt Mark's cock explode inside her, firing massive amounts of liquid into her womb. Sara's cunt responded, her own fluids splashing onto the floor below them.

Interestingly, Sara continued to watch herself in the mirror as she was being filled...struggling to breathe...her cunt defiled...her body raped. There were no feelings of shame, only unbelievably intense forced pleasure at being taken against her will.

"OOOHHHHH!!" Sara gasped for air as Mark uncovered her mouth, allowing her to breathe, just seconds before she would have lost consciousness.

"Yes..." Mark said softly, his hard thrusts turning into slow strokes inside Sara's defiled pussy. The young girl's hips began pumping in time with Mark's now empty cock as each stroke inside her became more gentle.

"Good girl, good girl, Sara." Mark went from pulling on Sara's hair to stroking it lovingly.

Still holding her splits, Sara leaned forward and rested her upper body on the floor, placing her hands in front of her. The cold surface felt so soothing on her nipples as her breasts squished into the smooth surface.

"Ooooooohhhhh ggooooooooddd..." Sara moaned, too exhausted to move. Her body's arousal level and heightened sensitivity to pleasure returned slowly to normal now that Mark had come inside her. Doctor Boone's conditioning had worked perfectly from start to finish.

"Oooohhhhh..." Sara whimpered as she felt the cock that had just raped her slowly pull out of her now well-fucked pussy. She could feel Mark's liquid inside her, a sense of warmth and fullness spreading through her entire body.

Mark moved around in front of his dance partner and began caressing her face with his soft hand.

"There there, Sara," Mark stroked her tussled hair gently.

Sara lifted her head weakly, her perfect blue eyes welling up as she looked at the man who had just come inside her.

"I...can't believe you just...did that to me..."

"Are you angry?" Mark asked.

Sara's eyes were watery. "Yes."

"Did it feel good being taken against your will?"

Sara's voice was much softer now.

"Yes," she confessed.

"I could tell," Mark said, standing up and adjusting his outfit.

Sara looked up submissively with her beautiful blue eyes.

"What do we do now?" Her voice was quivering.

"You're a hot mess, Sara," Mark commented dryly as he headed for the exit. "You should probably get yourself ready for the performance."

Mark walked out the door, closing it behind him.

Still recovering from her ordeal, Sara looked at herself in the mirror, barely recognizing the woman staring back at her. Her perfect legs had been holding a split for so long, she knew getting out of that position was going to be uncomfortable. Her silky hair was a tussled mess, and her beautiful costume was pushed down to her waist, exposing her marvelous tits.

Most of all, Sara's pussy had been fucked...violated against her will. She had been raped and had felt unbelievable pleasure while it was happening to her. It was just like the experience she had back in college. As she felt her pussy being invaded by a man's cock thrusting into her, Sara realized just how amazing it felt to be totally helpless while a man raped her. The difference was that this time, thanks to Doctor Boone, there were no feelings of guilt or shame, only sexual submission, a wonderful loss of control, and unbelievable forced pleasure.

As Sara slowly gained the energy to move, she thought what it would feel like tonight to dance with the man who had just raped her pussy. How would it feel when Mark lifted her into the air knowing that his liquid was deep inside her womb? What would she think when he looked into her eyes knowing that she had been fucked by him just a few hours earlier?

Most of all, what will he think of her when she asks him to do it again?

**Sara's Sexual Conditioning Pt. 04**

(click)

Sara felt her right wrist being locked into manacles above her head.

"Ohgod! No please!"

The room was so dimly lit that she couldn't even tell who was chaining her up.

(click)

Sara waited helplessly as her left wrist was now also secured in restraints.

"Please, no! Don't do this to me!"

Completely powerless to prevent what was getting ready to happen, Sara's eyes went wide as a ball gag was being placed around her mouth from someone behind her.

"MMMMMM!!!!!" Sara struggled uselessly, shaking her head 'no' as her lovely child-like voice was muffled.

"MMMMMMMM!!!!!!!" Sara screamed through her gag as a soft cloth was placed around her head, covering those gorgeous blue eyes.

"Ohgod, no!" Sara's mind cried out. "I'm going to be raped! Please, not again!"

Before she finished her thought, Sara felt several pairs of soft hands begin to touch her body all over.

"Ohmygod!" Sara yanked on the manacle chains in a futile attempt to break free. She couldn't see who was molesting her, or how many people were there, but she could definitely feel their hands roaming all over her clothes, undoing a button, pulling down a zipper, tugging her skirt, unhooking her bra.

"No, oh please no," Sara whimpered to herself as she was being stripped, her clothes discarded as the roaming hands caressed her gorgeous trembling body.

As she felt her soft lace panties slide down her legs and disappear, Sara could feel her pussy getting wetter and wetter in anticipation of what she knew was coming.

"No," Sara struggled as the soft unknown hands began to explore her most intimate places. "This can't be happening."

Sara shivered as roaming hands reached around from behind her back and took hold of her perky tits, massaging them while gently pinching her sensitive erect nipples.

"MMMMMMM!!!!!" Sara squealed as she felt another hand glide between her legs and begin stroking her clit in small circular motions.

Sara's little pleasure nub was throbbing with desire for attention, sensitive to the slightest touch, and right now, some unknown person was torturing it with every tiny circular movement of his...or her...fingertips. Who was touching the most intimate part of her body? How many other people were there watching? How far was this going to go?

Then, two pairs of hands each took one of Sara's ankles and spread her toned dancer's legs as wide as they would go, holding them apart in a full split, suspending the young lady in mid-air with her arms chained above her head.

"Ohmygod..." Sara's mind raced with thoughts of what these unknown people were going to do to her, the circular motions on her clit a constant reminder that she was being sexually defeated. Restrained with her legs held wide open, Sara's pussy was completely on display, and vulnerable. She shivered as another unknown person parted Sara's labia and slid two fingers inside her pussy.

"MMMMMMM!!!!!!!" Sara screamed through her gag as the fingers inside her began to jackhammer her young wet pussy, all while her clit was still being relentlessly tortured.

"MMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!! MMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!" The sound of Sara's muffled screams nearly drowned out the squelching noises from her soaked cunt.

"MMMMM!!!!!!!! MMMMM!!!!!!!!! MMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!" It was too much for the young dancer. Sara could feel the walls of her pussy contracting as a series of rolling orgasms began to overtake her. She felt the liquid desperately trying to escape her twitching and trembling body.

"OOOHHHHHH!!!!! FFFUUUUUUCCCKKKK!!!!!!!" Sara's muffled voice screamed as she came hard, her pussy exploding with liquid that squirted everywhere.

With her legs being held wide open in a split position, and her wrists in manacles above her head, Sara's pussy was completely available to anyone who wanted to rape her...and that thought turned her on more than anything else.

"Ohmygod! No...please no!" Sara's mind raced as she felt a pair of hands take hold of her hips and guide her soaked pussy towards something that felt very, very hard.

"Ohgod, this is it!" Sara panicked as she felt what could only be the tip of a massive, rock hard cock touching the entrance to her love canal.

"OH NO! HE'S RAPING MEEEEEEE..." The swollen lips of Sara's young pussy opened beautifully as the entire length of the large cock slid perfectly into her. Sara's womb welcomed the eager shaft that was going to defile her. The wetness of Sara's cunt was going to make her easy to fuck, and as she felt the unknown man begin to thrust back and forth into her, she realized that her latest rape had just begun...

...and that is when Sara woke up.

Bolting upright in her bed, Sara's breasts rose and fell with her deep breathing as the image in her mind began to fade.

The young woman placed her hand on her forehead.

"Mygod, that was intense," she said to no one in particular, looking around her bedroom to reassure herself of where she was.

"I wonder what Doctor Boone would say to me about having a dream like that..."

Noticing the time, Sara got out from under the soft silk sheets of her bed and headed for the shower, trying to clear her mind for the lecture she was scheduled to do today.

The local university occasionally asked Sara to guest lecture their digital marketing and web design classes. It was something Sara really enjoyed doing and was flattered when her supervisor selected her.

Angie was a great person to work for at the company. She was assertive, confident, and a lot of fun to be around. Sara's working relationship with Angie was fairly casual, and the two of them would have lunch or coffee together often...sometimes a glass of wine after a long week.

Not to mention, Angie was beautiful. With long, fiery red hair that curled naturally, lovely blue eyes, and a gorgeous smile, she was a knockout. Heads literally turned when she walked by.

Angie had always shown confidence in her employee, and Sara didn't ever want to disappoint her.

The sound of the shower being turned on brought Sara back to where she was.

"Come on girl," Sara reminded herself as she got into the shower. "I need to focus on this university presentation."

As the warm water of the shower cascaded over Sara's beautiful body however, her thoughts kept going back to the intense dream she had just experienced.

"Why am I having dreams about being raped?" Sara questioned in her mind.

It was more than that though.

"Why am I getting so turned on at the thought of being raped?"

Sara didn't realize it, but her right hand had subconsciously moved between her legs. Her mind began replaying the dream in her thoughts...the restraints, the ball gag, the blindfold...

...the helplessness...

Sara thought about all of those unknown hands stripping her, caressing her, violating her.

She couldn't stop herself.

Parting the soft lips of her young pussy, Sara found her clit and began stroking it in tiny little circles.

"Um!" Sara gasped in pleasure, gently biting her lower lip in tension as she masturbated herself.

"Ohgod...this...is...so...wrong..." Sara tossed her head back in tension, thrusting her gorgeous perky tits out as water cascaded over her sensitive, erect nipples.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Sara gave adorably cute yelps with each circular movement on her pleasure nub. She leaned up against the side of the shower stall for balance, her hips beginning to give little tiny pumps as if she had just switched on a motor.

Her mind went instantly to the climax of the dream. Her arms restrained above her head, her legs being spread wide, and her pussy being raped by an unknown cock.

"Fuck me..." Sara whispered out loud, lost in her fantasies. "Ohgod fuck me..."

Sara's hand went into overdrive, wanking her clit at full speed as her other hand thrust two fingers into her pussy and finger blasted her own g-spot.

"OHGOD!!! FUCK ME!!!! FUCK MEEEEEE!!!!!!!"

Sara squealed with orgasmic bliss as she came hard, liquid squirting from her cunt.

"OHGOD!!!! OHGOD!!!! OHGOD!!!!!" Sara didn't let up, frigging her clit and her g-spot at the same time...just as the two unknown hands in her dream had done.

"OOOHHHH!!!!!!" Sara squealed in pleasure as a second, more powerful orgasm hit. Her legs involuntarily squeezed together, her pussy muscles contracting as more liquid squirted from her depths.

"OH FUCK YES!!!! RAPE ME!!!! OHGOD RAPE ME!!!!"

A massive orgasmic wave of pleasure crashed down on Sara, ripples spreading rapidly through her entire body as the dancer's young pussy seemed to suckle on her own fingers.

"OOOHHH!!!! OOOHHHH!!!!! AAAHHHH!!!!" Sara's entire body began shaking as the second orgasm had its way with her, the high-pitched cries of release practically going ultrasonic before she finally collapsed.

Exhausted, Sara stopped her self-pleasuring torture and leaned against the side of the shower.

"Ohmygod..." Sara panted over and over, trying to catch her breath while letting the warm shower water soothe her for several minutes.

As the orgasmic haze began to fade, Sara began to wonder what had just happened to make her come so hard...twice.

"Before being conditioned by Doctor Boone," Sara thought to herself, "those were two of the most intense orgasms I've had since...well since I was raped in college."

Sara continued to ponder as she showered.

"Those orgasms I just had weren't part of my conditioning...I gave them to myself. Why were they so strong?"

Was it the intensity of the dream?

"I've had rape fantasies before, but I've never had a dream where I was actually being raped."

What did it all mean?

Sara caught herself gently stroking her clit once again.

"Stop it Sara," she actually said out loud to herself. "You're going to be late for your lecture."

Sara took the showerhead by the handle and pulled it out of its holster, rinsing herself with the gentle warm water.

"Ummm," she sighed and laid her head back as she guided the shower head between her legs, the water making her pussy tingle again.

Gently biting her lip in tension, Sara's mind went back into her dream...

...her dream of being raped...

In desperation, Sara quickly changed the setting on the shower head to water jets.

"Screw it," Sara said to herself, "I'll be late."

Sara held the showerhead between her legs, the pressure of the water jets hitting directly on her clit.

"OH FUCK!!!!" Sara began screaming immediately, her body trembling as it prepared for another mind-blowing orgasm.

\*\*\*

"I'm here! I'm here!" Sara rushed into the lecture room at the university just as the clock hit 9:01am. The full room of students smiled politely at their guest lecturer's last minute arrival. Sara's professional clothes and laptop bag coupled with her frantic entrance and high-pitched voice were both funny and adorably cute.

Little did the students know that she had spent the past hour making herself come screaming over and over.

Sara had gone with the classy all-black look with a lovely blouse, skirt, and high heels. She chose her black-framed glasses as well and it really made her lovely blue eyes and sandy blonde hair stand out.

"Okay," Sara tried to appear as professional as possible as she set up her laptop. "Thank you for having me today. Let's talk about digital marketing strategies."

Sara's dance background had made her a great presenter. Her posture and poise were the result of a lot of training, and her stage presence was very confident as she went through her lecture.

Throughout the presentation, however, Sara couldn't help but notice one of the college students staring at her much more than at his notes. He had to be around 20 years old, with dark hair and deep brown eyes that seemed almost hypnotic. His clothes were trendy but artistic...almost Bohemian. Back in college, he was just the type of guy Sara would have gone for...quiet and slightly mysterious. Now, with several years distance between them, Sara simply saw the student as cute and barely out of high school.

What Sara did notice, however, was how vulnerable she felt. She knew he was undressing her with his hypnotic eyes. She knew he hadn't paid attention to a word of her presentation because he was too busy fucking her in his mind. Once or twice during the presentation, Sara's eyes locked on his and she actually lost track of where she was in her lecture, something that made the student smile to himself.

Maybe it was the dream she had just experienced, or maybe she was still horny from masturbating so much in the shower, but Sara's naughty side decided to seize some control over the situation and show this little college kid how way out of his league she was.

Taking the remote to her slide presentation and walking around to the front of the faculty desk, Sara hopped onto the table and perched there, crossing her toned dancer's legs directly in front of the student. Sara's little knee-length skirt rode up and exposed her gorgeous thighs as her legs dangled several inches above the floor. She even gave a cute little hair flip, flashing a smile in the student's direction.

The student knew EXACTLY what Sara was doing. His eyes ran up and down over her entire figure as she straightened her posture, her arched back presenting her breasts for him to admire.

Sara continued her presentation, gently bouncing her right leg on her left as she talked. She knew she was driving the student insane, and Sara realized the she was rather enjoying it.

REALLY enjoying it.

Sara discovered that her bouncing was causing her thighs to squeeze together and put pressure on her pussy muscles.

"Oooooo," Sara thought to herself as she shifted her hips, "if I could find just the right spot...OH!!! YES!!! There it is!"

Sara's voice cracked mid-sentence as she found the exact way to put pressure on her clit.

"Ohgod yes! That's it right there!!!" Sara cried out in her mind as she began bouncing her leg faster, her beautiful blue eyes beginning to glaze over.

Sara continued her presentation as she discretely masturbated herself in front of the class, her voice now beginning to get a little shaky as the wonderful little jolts of pleasure spread throughout her body.

The student smiled knowingly, watching as the hot-as-fuck guest speaker was perched on the desk in a short skirt quietly pleasuring herself directly in front of him.

In between sentences, Sara caught his stare, and gave the student a flirty wink to let him know that SHE knew he had discovered what she was doing.

Faster and faster Sara bounced her leg, making the pressure on her clit come and go more rapidly as she wanked herself to the brink of orgasm.

"Don't squirt, Sara," she thought to herself as she felt her pussy contracting. "Ohgod, please don't squirt."

The student realized what was happening and quickly thought of a complicated question to ask, taking the attention off of Sara so she could quietly orgasm while he talked.

"Oh fuck! I'm coming!!!" Sara cried out in her mind.

Immediately, Sara's entire body began to shake as orgasm took her. Shivers of pleasure went up and down her spine as she tried to hold it in without screaming in ecstasy.

Finally, the waves of Sara's wonderful private orgasm subsided. Realizing that she didn't hear the question from the student, Sara looked at the clock.

"Oh my goodness, we're out of time. Sorry I can't get to your question."

Sara decided to give a final tease to the student. With one hand she lowered her black-rimmed glasses a few inches and peered at the student over the frames.

"Thank you for allowing me to...come," Sara said in her most breathy voice, "...have a lovely afternoon everyone."

The student actually shivered, and Sara smiled cutely as the rest of the class politely applauded her lecture.

Uncrossing her legs and hopping off the desk, Sara walked back around to her laptop and began breaking down her presentation, her black high heels clicking on the hard classroom floor.

Students began filing out of the room...all except one.

Sara zipped up her laptop bag and whipped around in time to see the student she had been teasing standing a few feet away.

"Oh..." Sara stuttered, caught off guard, "hi...um..."

"Aiden," he finished her sentence.

Sara took a deep breath. "Aiden, look...I'm really sorry...but I shouldn't have led you on like that."

Aiden shrugged. "I didn't mind, and you seemed to be enjoying yourself."

Sara blushed. "I REALLY shouldn't have though, it was very unprofessional of me."

Aiden took a step towards Sara. "That's why I enjoyed it so much."

"Aiden..." Sara said, taking a cautious step backwards as she began to sense trouble, "I don't even know you."

"No, but I know you," Aiden said with confidence.

Sara froze. "What do you mean by that?"

"Or rather, I know all about you," Aiden corrected himself. "Look, I'll show you."

Aiden led Sara into an adjacent room, closing the door behind them. It was a small computer lab, the only door being the one they came through. The overhead lights were off, and there were no windows, meaning that the back half of the room was completely dark and the only light in the room came from the soft glow of the various computer monitors near the door.

Aiden went over to one of the screens and began typing. Sara looked curiously over his shoulder as he seemed to be bypassing several firewalls and logging into various networks.

"Wait a minute," Sara said as she saw something she recognized. "That's my therapist's website."

"Yes," Aiden confirmed, "I'm actually doing an internship in Doctor Boone's office."

Aiden gained access to a few more folders and opened a protected file.

"Now, Sara," he stood up and gestured for the young woman to take his seat, "have a look at this."

Sara sat down and began reading.

"Ohmygod!" Sara's mouth fell open. "This is my confidential file from Doctor Boone's office! How did you get access to that?!?"

"I told you," Aiden explained to a stunned Sara, "I intern with Doctor Boone. He may be a great therapist but he's an idiot when it comes to creating passwords on patient files...as if "sara123" would be hard to guess. I knew you were coming here to lecture, so I did a little research on you...and why you have been seeing Dr. Boone."

Sara stood up, furious. "You have no right to know what is in that file!"

"You're right," Aiden admitted, "but since I HAVE read it, I don't see why I shouldn't take full advantage of the information."

"Oh no you don't," Sara said backing away slowly, her high heels clicking softly with each step.

"Don't try to deny it, Sara," Aiden said with confidence, "we know that deep down, you want what we're going to do to you, and we know you've been conditioned by Doctor Boone to enjoy it."

"Ohgod, is he going to try to rape me?!?" Sara panicked in her mind, and then she realized what Aiden had just said.

"We?" Sara asked hesitantly.

The first moment Sara realized there was a third person hiding in the dark corner of the room was when she felt a hand suddenly cover her mouth.

"MMMM!!!! MMMMM!!!!!" Sara gave a muffled scream. Quickly, the unknown man pinned Sara's arms behind her back, holding them in place by sliding his entire arm through the gap between Sara's back and her elbows.

"MMMMMMM!!!!!" Sara struggled with all the strength she could manage, but his hold was just too strong for her.

"Sara," Aiden explained, "meet my friend, Lucas."

Sara continued to struggle, her muffled screams and high heels clicking on the floor were the only other sounds in the room.

"Now," said Aiden walking slowly towards Sara, "according to your file, all I have to do to activate your sexual conditioning is to grope you without your permission."

"MMMMM!!!!! MMMMMM!!!!!" Sara shook her head no as Aiden grabbed the front of the young woman's top and ripped it apart in one quick motion."

"UM!!!" Sara gave a high-pitched yelp as her firm breasts pushed forward, being held snugly in place by a black lace bra.

"Nice, Sara," Aiden said looking her over. "Shall we go for tits then?"

"MMMMM!!!!" Sara shook her head again as Aiden carefully unhooked the front closure of her bra, unwrapping her like a present as Sara's beautiful perky mounds were released from their confinement.

Sara timidly glanced down at her rack, and then up at Aiden again, her eyes beginning to water.

Lucas could feel Sara's mouth attempting to speak from under his hand.

"I think she's trying to ask something."

Sara nodded.

"What is it, Sara? What are we going to do to you?" Aiden deduced. "Is that what you want to know?"

"Mmm hmm." Sara nodded.

"I thought that was obvious," Aiden replied. "According to your file, you were raped by two guys in college and felt ashamed for enjoying it. Basically, you get off on being raped, so you agreed to be sexually conditioned to enjoy it without feeling shame or guilt."

Sara was afraid of what he was getting ready to say next, and yet she felt her pussy flood itself in anticipation.

"So, we're going to rape you," Aiden said, gently placing his hand under Sara's chin, "...and you're going to come so hard while being taken."

"MMMMMMM!!!!!!!" Sara screamed, shaking her head no again as Aiden firmly took hold of Sara's cute perky breasts with both hands.

"MMMMMMM!!!!!!!" Sara tossed her head back as she felt her sexual conditioning activate. Instantly, the young lady's nipples and clitoris were erect and quadrupled in sensitivity.

Sara's eyes rolled back in her head as Aiden firmly massaged her breasts, giving special attention to her now hard and overly sensitive tits.

Lucas, seeing that Sara was lost in her pleasure, removed his hand from covering the guest speaker's mouth and pushed her little skirt down off of her hips.

"Oh!" Sara gave a girly yelp as she felt her skirt gently fall to the floor, revealing the very sexy black lace panties she had worn today.

"Nooooo," Sara whimpered as she felt Lucas' hands begin to explore her beautiful dancer's body, "please don't do this to meeeee...OOOHHHH!!!!!!."

Sara yiped as she felt Lucas slide his hand into the front of her panties in search of her most sensitive pleasure spot. To tease her more, Lucas began gently blowing into Sara's ear, all while Aiden continued to drive her insane with his hands squeezing and kneading her perky breasts.

When Lucas spread the lips of Sara's labia and touched her overly sensitive clit, her knees buckled.

"OH FUCK!!!!!" Sara threw her head back and cried out at the ceiling as her tormentors relentlessly teased the most intimate places on her gorgeous trembling body.

"Damn Aiden," Lucas said as Sara pouted and whimpered in protest of her forced pleasure, "her clit is literally throbbing!"

"Yeah," Aiden replied, "and her nipples are as hard as drill bits. I'd say she's ready for a good fucking."

Hearing the words snapped Sara back to what was happening.

"No! No please!!!" Sara struggled as Aiden removed what was left of the presenter's top and bra while Lucas placed his hands on Sara's hips and slid her black lace panties down those gorgeous legs of hers.

"Ohgod, this isn't happening..." Sara tried to convince herself she was in another dream as she was stripped.

Now completely naked except for her black heels and black-rimmed glasses, Sara had never looked more desirable...and more vulnerable.

"On the floor, Sara," Aiden ordered.

Sara hesitated.

Lucas grabbed Sara by the hair and shoved her down.

"He said on the floor, bitch."

"Ow! Ow! Ow! Okay!!! Okay!!!" Sara dropped to the ground and looked back over her shoulder.

It was her first good look at Lucas. He seemed about the same age as Aiden, but had a more preppy look, with his sandy blonde hair and dreamy eyes.

"Wow, he's cute," Sara thought to herself.

Then she realized what that meant.

"Dammit," Sara actually said out loud to herself, knowing that because she found him attractive, she would be powerless to stop him from raping her as well.

By the time she had figured it out, both guys had unzipped their trousers.

"Guys, please," Sara begged shamelessly, "please don't fuck me. I don't want to be raped again."

Aiden wasn't having any of it.

"Yes you do," he said placing his rock hard shaft up to Sara's soft lips. "You want it more than anything else in the world. Now suck on this."

"No," Sara's eyes began to water, "please don't make me."

As soon as she said it, she felt a slap across her face.

"Ah!!!!!" Sara yelped. The slap wasn't overly hard, but enough to tell her that he meant business.

"We could leave you right now," Aiden threatened. "Your conditioning would stay activated though, keeping your tits and clit massively sensitive and your entire body on the brink of orgasm 24/7 until we came inside you."

Sara's eyes widened in shock. That was something she had not considered before.

"If that's what you want then say the word and we'll leave right now," Aiden said manipulatively. "Otherwise, get sucking, bitch."

Tears rolling down her cheeks, Sara slowly opened her mouth and enveloped Aiden's cock, looking up at him for approval.

"There's a good girl," Aiden said as he lowered Sara's glasses about an inch so that her misty blue eyes were looking submissively up over the frames into his.

For several minutes, Sara and Aiden had their eyes locked on each other as she bobbed her head back and forth on his shaft, her warm moist mouth being raped by Aiden's cock.

Then...

"MMMMMM!!!!!!!" Sara's eyes went wide as she felt another cock behind her being placed at the entrance to her pussy.

"Ohgod!" Sara cried out in her mind as she felt a very hard member begin tunneling into her pussy. "Lucas is raping me too!!!"

As the walls of Sara's pussy parted to make room for the shaft that was violating her, Sara realized that this was going to be intense. In college, when she had been raped by the two fraternity guys, it was one at a time. She'd never had two cocks inside her simultaneously before.

Sara froze as she felt the cock inside her pussy going slowly deeper and deeper into her womb.

"MMMMMM!" Sara's eyes went wide as she screamed.

Deeper...

"Ohmygod!!!" she thought to herself, "just how big IS this cock?"

Deeper...

"Oh shit! That's so far inside me!" Sara cried out in her mind as the long thick shaft finally came to rest within her depths.

Tears rolled down Sara's cheeks as she contemplated her fate.

"Mygod, how is my pussy going to survive being raped by this massive shaft?!?"

It was then she realized she hadn't been bobbing her head on Aiden's cock.

"I didn't tell you to stop, cunt," Aiden said grabbing Sara's tussled hair and forcing his dick down the guest presenter's throat.

"MMMMMM!!!!! MMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!" Sara screamed and choked as Aiden fucked her face with deep rapid thrusts.

It was then that Lucas began slamming the full length of his shaft into Sara, pounding her pussy hard from behind.

"MMMM!!! MMMMM!!!! MMMMMMM!!!!!!!" Sara was holding on for dear life as her gorgeous body was being raped from both ends by the two massive cocks inside her.

Yet, as Sara was being violated by two college students she had met only an hour ago, she felt no shame at being forced to fuck against her will.

"Ohhhh, dammit this feels so GOOD!!!!!" Sara cried out in her mind. "Why does it feel so good? Do I want to be raped? Yes!!! Ohgod, it feels amazing!!! I love being forced! I love being taken!! OH FUCK YES!!! RAPE ME!!!!!"

The orgasmic fireworks exploded as Sara came hard, her pussy beginning to squirt as the pounding continued.

"MMMMMMM!!!!! MMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!" Sara's muffled screams turned into high-pitched squeals that coincided with each squirt of her pussy.

"Damn, Sara," Aiden observed, "you're really into this."

"MMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!" Sara screamed as she came again.

"Fuck," Lucas said to no one in particular, "I can FEEL her pussy's contractions all around my shaft."

Sara's muffled cries of orgasmic pleasure were soon joined by intense grunts from the two guys fucking her.

Sara could feel both cocks within her depths getting bigger, about to explode.

"MMMMMM!!!!!! MMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!" Sara panicked and shook her head no. With all her strength, she tried desperately to break free in order to keep the two students from coming inside her.

"Oh no you don't," Aiden said pulling tighter on Sara's hair, forcing her to continue sucking him off whether she wanted to or not.

Lucas felt Sara's hips buck like a pony trying to throw its rider.

"Stop struggling, cunt," Lucas ordered, bringing his hand down hard to spank Sara's gorgeous ass.

(SMACK)

"UMM!!!" Sara yiped as she felt the slap.

"Here is comes, Sara," Aiden said, pumping his cock into her mouth as fast as he could.

"OHGOD THIS IS IT! THEY'RE GOING TO COME INSIDE ME!" Sara cried out in her mind as she felt the two cocks throbbing within her.

As her hair whipped back and forth, Sara's beautiful blue eyes looked up submissively at Aiden, pleading with him not to do this to her.

However, to her amazement, in the back of her mind she was screaming...

"RAPE ME!!!! OHGODYES!!!!!!! FUCKING RAPE MEEEEEEE!!!!!!!"

Sara's pussy clinched down on Lucas from all sides as she seemed to take Aiden's member half way down her throat. The two cocks fired immediately into Sara's body over and over, defiling her simultaneously from both ends. Sara took it all, screaming and choking as her pussy gushed everywhere, the overwhelming sensations of her double rape washing away her mind.

Both students pulled out of Sara at the same time, leaving their now fucked guest speaker gasping for air and convulsing from the powerful experience.

"Ohhhhhmmyyggooodd..." Sara panted, still on all fours. "I can't...believe what...you two j-just did to me."

Aiden placed his hand gently under Sara's chin and lifted her head so she could look him in the eyes.

"So," Aiden explained, "according to your file, now that we both just came inside you, Doctor Boone's conditioning allows your arousal level and sensitivity to return to normal."

Tears ran down Sara's cheeks as she nodded. "Yes."

"Well now," Aiden said getting down on the floor at eye level with Sara, "we can't have that, can we?"

Both Aiden and Sara glanced at her breasts which were hanging down beautifully like udders.

"OH!!" Sara yiped in surprise as Aiden placed his hands on Sara's perky mounds and began drawing down firmly on her tits.

"OOHHHH!!! NNOOOOO!!!!" Sara moaned and closed her eyes as she felt her conditioning activating again.

Aiden firmly squeezed and pinched Sara's now over-sensitive nipples.

"Ohhhhh, noooooo, not againnnnnn," Sara bit her lip in tension as she felt her tits practically being milked by the college student.

"Oh yes," Aiden said softly, kissing Sara on the top of her head, "It's my turn to rape your pussy."

Sara's eyes snapped open upon hearing the words, and then widened when she noticed Lucas was attaching thick Velcro hand restraints to the top of the door.

"Oh no..." Sara whispered to herself when the realization hit that they weren't finished with her.

Forcing Sara up off her hands and knees, Aiden pushed her back against the door.

"No! Ohgod, please no!!" Sara struggled as the two college students took her wrists and raised them above her head, placing each one of them firmly in the restraints.

"Ohgod, please don't rape me again," Sara begged. The exhausted captive thrashed about in her high heels, her completely naked figure a vision of helpless beauty.

Ignoring her protests, Aiden and Lucas each took hold of one of Sara's legs and lifted them to be parallel to the floor, spreading them wide into a full split.

"No, no, please don't do this to me!" Sara implored the two college students as they secured their guest speaker's right ankle to a shelf that was cattycorner to the door and her left ankle to a side table on the other side of the entrance.

"Now Sara," Aiden explained, "according to your file, this seems to be your favorite fucking position."

"Ohgod! No!" Sara's eyes went wide.

"Your file also mentioned that, thanks to the conditioning, the more you say 'no' the more turned on you get. Isn't that correct?"

Sara's submissive eyes gave the answer away without saying a word.

"So, feel free to beg me not to rape you," Aiden said moving to stand directly in front of the helpless Sara, "because every time you say 'no', it just means you're getting more and more desperate to be fucked."

With that he began lining up his cock with the entrance to her pussy.

"NO! NO, AIDEN!!" Sara struggled in her restraints as the college student's cock parted the lips to Sara's pussy and began to enter her love canal.

"AIDEN!! NO!!! AAHH!!! AHHH!!!! NOOOOAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!"

Sara screamed as she felt the hard shaft invade her warm and very wet pussy.

"NOOOOOO!!!" Sara laid her head back against the door and moaned at the ceiling in defeat...and with every protest, she became ever more desperate to be fucked.

This time, though, it wasn't a dream.

"Ohgod! This is really happening!" Sara cried out in her mind as Aiden began thrusting his shaft upwards into her cunt. "I'm being raped again! Oh FUCK that dick is going so deep!"

"UH!!! UNNHH!!!!! UNNNHHHHH!!!!" Sara's body slammed against the door with every powerful thrust of Aiden's cock.

"Mygod, Sara," Aiden said as he pummeled the guest speaker's pussy over and over, "you're so getting off on this, aren't you? You fucking love being taken."

Sara's words came out as high-pitched squeals of forced pleasure.

"NO...I...OHGOD....I...DON"T...GET...OFF...ON...THIS!!!!"

"We're not buying it, Sara," Lucas said standing a few feet away holding his phone up.

(click)

"OHGOD!!!! NOOO!!!! YOU'RE...TAKING...PICTURES OF ME!!!!"

"Just for Doctor Boone's files," Lucas assured Sara as he photographed her being fucked out of her mind. "You're his favorite case study."

(click)

"AAAHHH!!!" Sara's eyes went wide as she felt Aiden's cock somehow manage to penetrate deeper into her womb, her back repeatedly hitting against the door and her breasts bouncing up and down with every thrust.

(click)

"NOOOO!!!" Sara begged shamelessly. "Please!!! Don't take pictures of meeeeaaaaAAAHHHH!!!!"

Sara was cut off mid-sentence as Aiden grabbed the guest speaker's ass cheeks with both hands and began pumping Sara's cunt at full speed, his cock relentlessly stroking her overly sensitive g-spot again and again and again...

"OHGOD!! OHGOD!!! OHGOD!!!!" Sara screamed over and over as her pussy began squirting everywhere, her gorgeous body convulsing in her restraints. Her legs quivering as she was forced to maintain her full split with her ankles tied down, her hands restrained above her head, her ass groped, and a massive cock pounding her.

It was her dream from last night all over again, except this time, it was really happening.

Aiden felt Sara's pussy muscles contracting around his cock.

"Oh fuck, Sara!" Aiden said more to himself than her. "I can't hold back anymore..."

Sara panicked when she felt the cock within her depths begin to pulse.

"OHGOD! NOOOO!!! DON'T...COME...IN...SIDE...MEEE!!!"

Both of them screamed as Aiden unloaded everything far into Sara's depths. She froze, her entire body locking in tension as she felt the liquid spread inside her womb.

(click)

"Nooooo," Sara closed her eyes in defeat as her pussy was defiled again.

"Yes...oh what a great fuck you are," Aiden said as he started to pump Sara's twice raped pussy at a slower pace, her body now bobbing up and down gently in her restraints as the waves began to subside.

"Oooohhh fuuuuuck," Sara moaned and sighed in total exhaustion as she felt her conditioning slowly fading away. Thank goodness she had started taking birth control recently. Those two cocks would have easily impregnated her.

When Aiden pulled out of Sara, she went completely limp in exhaustion. She had just been raped twice, her arms restrained, her legs spread, her pussy defiled, her orgasms forced, and her body used as a fucktoy by these two college students.

That's when Sara realized...she WAS trying to relive her experience from years ago.

Her next session with Doctor Boone was going to be very interesting.

Aiden and Lucas slowly began undoing Sara's restraints. Too exhausted to do anything else, she was grateful that the two students were gentle as they took her down, helped her get dressed, and then tidied up the room while she rested.

After cleaning the classroom, the two students helped Sara up. Lucas carried her laptop and purse while Aiden helped Sara outside to her car.

"Thank you for...coming, Sara," Aiden said opening the car door for her while Lucas placed her belongings in the back seat.

Sara glared angrily at them.

"I hope you two enjoyed yourselves," she said bluntly as she got into her car.

"Absolutely," Lucas answered.

Aiden spoke softer. "How was it for you?"

Sara started the engine to her car, took a deep breath, and confessed to Aiden.

"Even better than I dreamed."

\*\*\*

Angie, Sara's digital marketing supervisor, sat at her desk computer going through her correspondence when her email dinged indicating a new message.

"Now what?" Angie said to herself. It was Friday afternoon and she was ready to head out. Angie was hosting a costume party tonight at her house for everyone in the company and she needed to get home to change before setting everything up.

The email was sent from an address she didn't recognize, and it had two attachments. Angie almost ignored the message as spam, but then saw that Sara's name was on the file.

"Some sort of medical records..." Angie deduced.

Opening the document, Angie saw the words "Doctor Boone, therapist" at the top.

As she began reading through the file, Angie's jaw dropped.

"Ohmygod, Sara!"

After finishing the file in complete disbelief, Angie opened the second attachment.

It was a picture...

...a picture of Sara wearing only high heels and glasses, her wrists restrained above her head, her legs in a full split, and being fucked out of her mind by someone with his back turned to the camera.

"Oh my..." Angie said in total shock.

After a few minutes, the ginger girl closed her laptop and sat at her desk stunned, staring at nothing as she processed what she had just seen.

"Oh, Sara..." Angie finally said, smiling to herself. "Have I got plans for you..."

**Sara's Sexual Conditioning Pt. 05**

Sara put her hands on her hips and looked at her reflection in the full length mirror. She couldn't help but think how adorable she looked in her little bunny costume for the office party tonight.

The ensemble was a very form-fitting, one-piece, all black, strapless outfit that zipped in the back and pushed her perky breasts up beautifully while also highlighting her gorgeous toned legs. Her little gauntlets and collar were white with black buttons to accent the cuffs and a black bowtie on the collar. Her little white bunny tail looked so cute on her rear, and her black bunny ears were attached with a headband. Black high heels completed the ensemble.

"Wow, I look so cute in this," Sara said to herself as she turned from side to side, lifting one leg into a flamingo pose.

"My ass looks amazing," Sara commented as she faced away from the mirror and looked back over her shoulder at her cute little bunny tail.

Sara was really looking forward to the office party tonight at Angie's place. It would be a chance to relax and have a glass of wine with her co-workers. After the past few weeks, Sara needed the distraction. Between being sexually conditioned by Dr. Boone, taken by her dance partner, Mark, and raped by two students at the university, Sara just wanted to have fun and enjoy the evening. Putting on a long black coat over her bunny outfit, Sara grabbed her keys and headed for her car.

As Sara drove to Angie's apartment, her mind began to focus on which of her co-workers would be there. Their department was small, with only eight people total, three of which were guys.

"Okay, Sara," she said to herself, thinking carefully through each guy in the department. "There is Arthur, Everett, and Paul. I get along with all of them, and they are cute guys, but they are so sweet, I don't think any of them would dare do anything inappropriate."

Sara breathed a sigh of relief, pretty sure that no one would be able to activate her sexual conditioning tonight. She could just enjoy the evening.

With that out of the way, Sara cranked up the radio and started singing along.

\*\*\*

(KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK)

"Coming!" Angie said, gliding into the living room of her spacious flat.

As head of the department, Angie had done really well for herself, especially for a girl in her late 20s. It wasn't hard to believe though. Angie was smart, friendly, and gorgeous. With her beautiful long curly red hair and a smile of sunshine, everyone liked her, especially the employees on her team.

Angie was good friends with Sara as well, both of them having gone to the same college a few years apart. Sara was like a younger sister to Angie and they always had a friendly working relationship even though Angie was technically Sara's supervisor.

For the party, Angie was wearing her majorette outfit from when she was a baton twirler in college. The gorgeous, form-fitting, white leotard covered her arms up to her wrists and left her beautiful legs completely uncovered. The uniform was highlighted with patterns of gold sequins and fit tightly around her entire figure, making her breasts look unbelievably pert and her ass very tight.

When Angie opened the door, Sara had taken off her coat and was standing there in full bunny costume with her arms spread wide as if saying "Ta-daaaaa".

When the two girls saw each other, they squealed.

"Oh my gosh, Sara! You look ADORABLE!" Angie said giving her friend a hug.

"You too, Angie!" Sara said stepping back to get a good look at her. "You've still got your college body, girl."

Angie smiled, blushing a little. "Here, let me take your coat."

Sara glanced around and saw pretty much everyone from work in various costumes. Arthur was dressed like a private investigator, Everett like a cowboy, and Paul like a musketeer. Heather was dressed as a fairy tale princess, Robin had the 1950s poodle skirt look, and Lori was dressed like a farm girl.

All eyes, however, went to Sara as she walked into the great room, her breasts leading the way and her cute bunny tail drawing attention to her swaying ass as she smiled cutely and waved hi to everyone.

Seeing their coworker in the full bunny costume rendered the guys speechless, their mouths open as they took in the visual feast standing before them.

Angie handed Sara a glass of wine and the two of them began to mingle. The three male coworkers were standing together, each trying to not look obvious as they turned Sara into their personal eye candy. Little did Sara know, as she took a sip of her wine, that she was being fucked three times over in the minds of her coworkers.

"Damn," Arthur commented to his colleagues, "have you ever seen anyone look that hot before?"

"Not in real life," Paul answered back, without taking his eyes off the sexy bunny.

Everett gave a slight chuckle. "What I wouldn't give to bend her over that table and bang the daylights out of her."

After some time chatting with her female friends, Sara worked her way around the room towards the male trio.

"Hi guys!" Sara flashed a cute smile at her coworkers.

Caught by surprise, the three young men hesitated.

Sara placed a hand on her hip and tilted her head to one side. "What's the matter, boys?"

"Oh...um..." Paul tried to recover. "um...nothing. We were just...saying how...um amazing you looked."

"Aww thanks, you guys look great too." Sara replied before turning to Arthur. "Solve any mysteries yet, Arthur?"

Arthur pulled out his magnifying glass from his detective cloak.

"The only mystery here is finding out exactly how these amazing breasts are defying the laws of gravity in that outfit."

Arthur held the magnifying glass directly above Sara's breasts and shamelessly looked them over intently.

Sara's mouth fell open at Arthur's audacity.

"Or how firm this ass of yours is..." Paul commented, smacking Sara's ass with his rapier.

"OH!!" Sara yelped as she jumped.

Everett took out his toy six-shooter and held it between Sara's legs, stroking her pussy with the handle of the pistol.

"So...what it would take for you to let one of us shoot a load into you?"

"What!?! Fuck you!!" Sara fumed, slapping Everett across the face before storming off to Angie's bedroom.

Angie, observing from a distance, followed Sara into the bedroom and found her getting her coat from the pile on the mattress.

"Sara, please don't leave," Angie tried to convince her employee.

Sara's eyes were watering. "I can't believe what those guys just did."

Angie sat down on the edge of her bed. "They've just had too much to drink and weren't thinking clearly. Come on, please stay, for me."

Sara's anger was diffused by Angie's words. She tossed her coat back on the mattress and sat down next to her supervisor.

"I shouldn't have worn this," Sara said gesturing to her bunny outfit. "What was I thinking? It's like I was asking for the guys to hit on me."

"Hey," Angie stroked Sara's lovely hair, "it's not your fault. The guys know better, and you look so adorable in that costume."

Sara's beautiful blue eyes began to water. "I just wanted to relax tonight. I've been through a lot this week, and I need to be away from guys right now."

"Shhhh," Angie hugged her younger friend as the tears started to flow. "It's okay, Sara...shhhhh."

As Sara cried on Angie's shoulder, the ginger girl stroked her friend's hair gently.

"You are a beautiful person, and you just need someone to pamper you...to treat you lovingly."

Sara nodded, knowing that if she tried to speak she would start sobbing.

Pulling out of their hug, Angie placed her hand gently under Sara's chin, the two friends locking eyes on each other. Sara didn't know if it was the wine, or the stress of the past several days, but her inhibitions didn't stop what she suspected was getting ready to happen.

Angie's voice was so soft and loving. "You need someone who...cares about you..."

Sara's big blue eyes were pleading with her friend to kiss her.

"...who knows what you need..."

The two girls leaned in closer to each other.

"...who is willing to give this to you..."

Closer.

"...who loves you..."

Angie and Sara kissed gently. The two girls shivered as fireworks went off throughout their gorgeous bodies.

For the first time in her life, Sara was kissing another girl. It was so soft, and gentle, and loving, nothing like she had ever felt before.

"Mmm..." Sara sighed in pleasure as their first kiss quickly turned into their second. Within moments, the two girls were making out with each other.

"Ohgod," Sara thought to herself. "This is wrong. I shouldn't be doing this..."

Angie felt Sara tense up.

"Shhhh..." Angie whispered between kisses, "it's okay, Sara. Just let it happen."

Angie began to deep kiss Sara more aggressively, the two girls both sighing and moaning in pleasure as Sara began to surrender to the sensations overpowering her.

It was every straight guy's fantasy, two really hot girls, one wearing a tight majorette outfit, the other dressed as a sexy bunny, making out with each other and getting hornier by the moment.

Of course, no one was there to see it. They were alone together, and for Sara and Angie, that made it even hotter. It was their naughty little secret.

As their kissing session got more intense, Angie gently took Sara's hand and moved it between her legs, placing it so Sara could feel Angie's hot wet pussy through her majorette outfit.

Sara's eyes popped open and she instantly pulled away.

"No!" Sara panicked, suddenly realizing what she was doing. "Angie, I can't! It's not right!"

Angie smiled, realizing that this was Sara's first girl/girl experience.

"Sara, it's okay," Angie assured her as she stroked her friend's hair lovingly, giving gentle kisses on her face. "It's just us girls. No one has to know."

Sara seemed to consider it for just a moment. It would be so easy to give in.

"No," Sara snapped out of it. "We shouldn't be doing this, Angie! I'm not into girls. I'd better go."

As Sara stood up off the bed and headed for the door, Angie quickly grabbed her employee by the arm.

"Well, I see I'm going to have to convince you then." Angie pulled Sara over to the writing desk in the corner and forcefully bent her over the table.

"Angie!" Sara exclaimed. "What are you doing?!?"

Angie held Sara's wrists to the table. "Now don't move. I'm going to prove that deep down, you actually want me to fuck you."

"No, Angie! No!" Sara's tears started again.

Grabbing her employee's hair with her left hand, Angie moved her right hand between Sara's legs and began stroking her pussy through her bunny outfit.

"Nooooooo..." Sara whimpered as she felt her conditioning activate. Immediately, her nipples and clit quadrupled in sensitivity, and her pussy was now continuously on the verge of orgasm.

"This can't be happening!" Sara screamed in her head as Angie stroked in continuous little circles with her fingertips. "How can a girl have activated my conditioning?!?"

Sara snapped back to the present as she felt her supervisor slowly pulling the zipper to her bunny suit down her back.

"No!! Angie!! Please don't do this to me!!"

Within moments, Sara felt her breasts fall out of their holsters as her bunny suit was pulled past her curvy hips and down her gorgeous legs.

Sara's perfect pussy now exposed, Angie took her twirling baton from the table and placed the tip of it up against Sara's labia.

"OH!!" Sara gasped as she felt the majorette's other hand go between her legs and open the lips to her pussy.

Angie smiled. "Girl, you are so going to love this."

"AAAAHHH!!" Sara gripped the desk with her hands and cried out as she felt Angie's baton begin to pump back and forth inside her. The ridge on the rubber tip glossed over Sara's g-spot with each little thrust of the baton.

"Ohgoooodddddd..." Sara laid her head back and moaned at the ceiling as the majorette's baton tunneled into Sara's depths, the walls of her pussy opening to accept this latest violation of her most intimate possession.

Sara's hips shifted from side to side as the baton thrusts inside her pussy became longer and deeper, her gorgeous ass squirming involuntarily from the obscene baton fucking.

(SMACK)

"OH!" Sara yelped as Angie spanked her ass hard.

"Damnit Sara, I've loved that ass of yours since college," Angie whispered into her ear.

"Ohgod..." Sara whimpered, "what are you going to do to me?"

Angie smiled excitedly as she worked her baton deeper into Sara's depths. "Oooooo, lots of things. Right now though, I'm going to wank your clit and g-spot at the same time."

"Ohgod! No...no please!" Sara's entire body was trembling.

"Don't scream," Angie said pushing another inch of her baton inside Sara's womb.

"OOHHH!!" Sara felt like her pussy was taking the daddy of all cocks inside her.

"My bedroom isn't soundproof," Angie explained as she worked her twirling baton another inch into Sara's cunt, "and you wouldn't want the guys to come back here and see you like this, would you?"

Sara shook her head, trying desperately to concentrate on enduring the invading staff being pushed inside her.

Then, Angie's soft hand began making tiny but firm circular motions on her employee's unbelievably sensitive clit.

"OH FUCK!!" Sara covered her mouth with her hand to muffle her screams. Her pussy began squirting immediately as the majorette's baton pumped in and out of Sara's depths while Angie's fingers flitted across her clit relentlessly.

"MMMMM!! MMMMMMMM!!" Sara screamed into her hand as her pussy gushed liquid everywhere. As a woman, Angie knew EXACTLY how to make Sara come over and over. The squelching noises coming from Sara's pussy as Angie's baton pumped further and further into her depths revealed to the majorette just how horny Sara was.

"I knew it, you little slut," Angie said as her hand went into overdrive, the image of her fingers blurring as she absolutely tortured Sara's clit.

"MMMMMMM!! MMMMMMMMM!!" More liquid gushed from Sara 's pussy, her contractions squirting the fluid out of her cunt, her muffled screams becoming ever higher in pitch as the majorette forced orgasm after beautiful orgasm from her.

"MMMMMMMMMM!!" Sara collapsed onto the desk in surrender, her body heaving from the torture as Angie pulled her twirling baton out of Sara's defeated cunt.

Before she could even remotely catch her breath, Angie yanked Sara off the desk and tossed her onto her bed. Immediately, the ginger girl was on top of her employee, pinning her down by straddling her legs.

"No! Angie!!" Sara struggled. "What are you doing to me?"

Quickly, Angie took one of her pillowcases and began tying Sara's wrists together.

"No, Angie!! Ohgod, please no!!" Sara begged as her wrists were bound.

The ginger girl then tied the pillowcase around the bed frame, essentially binding Sara's wrists above her head.

"No, Angie! PLEASE!!"

Angie smiled calmly. "Keep saying 'no', bitch. We both know what that means."

"What are you talking about?" Sara asked worriedly.

Angie flashed her cute majorette smile as she took hold of Sara's legs and spread them wide into a full mid-air split.

"Now, according to your file, this is your favorite fucking position." Angie said as she took two more pillowcases and began tying Sara's ankles down to each side of the bed, her pussy completely exposed and ready to be taken.

"What?!?" Sara froze. "Ohmygod! How did you get that file?!?"

"Ohhhhh that," Angie teased. "Well let's just say a couple of nice boys at the university were kind enough to send it to me."

Sara's eyes widened. "No!"

"Ooooo, keep saying 'no', Sara," Angie purred. "We both know it just means you're getting more and more desperate to be fucked."

"Oh no, please, not again..." Sara laid her head back. "Not another rape."

"Yes," Angie said taking a final pillowcase and using it to gag Sara's mouth.

"MMMMMMMM!!" Sara shook her head violently as Angie tied the cloth in a knot behind Sara's head.

With Sara now completely tied down and helpless to prevent her supervisor from doing anything she wanted to her, the ginger majorette went over to her dresser and opened a drawer.

"I've wanted to fuck you ever since college," Angie explained taking a belt of some kind from the drawer and walking back over to the bed.

"I always figured you were straight so I never made a move or said anything about it."

Angie sat on the mattress and gently caressed Sara's face as she talked.

"So when I read your file, and discovered you had been conditioned to enjoy being raped by people you found sexually attractive, I knew I couldn't pass up the opportunity to see if I could turn you on and activate your conditioning."

"MMMMM!! MMMMM!!" Sara shook her head.

"So," Angie stood up again and attached the belt strap around her waist, "now that I know I can turn you on..."

"MMMM!!" Sara shook her head again.

"...I'm going to rape you."

"MMMMMMM!!" Sara screamed into her gag as Angie took a massively large dildo and attached it to the strap around her waist.

Sara's eyes widened in panic when she saw the size of the strap-on cock.

"Ohmygod!!" Sara thought to herself. "It's too big!! There's no way I'll be able to take that in my pussy!!"

Angie climbed onto her bed and got on her knees in between Sara's extremely wide-spread legs. Savoring the moment, Angie smiled and caressed Sara's silky hair.

"You look so sexy with your bunny ears and bowtie...tied down...legs spread wide...pussy throbbing...just waiting to be fucked out of your mind."

"MMMMMM!! MMMMMMMM!!" Sara shook her head violently as Angie lined up the monster cock with the completely vulnerable entrance to her pussy.

"Ohgod! This is it!" Sara cried out in her head. "I'm being raped again!"

The ginger majorette slowly pushed her hips forward, the massive cock head spreading the lips of Sara's pussy apart.

"MMMMMMMMMM!!" Sara screamed at the top of her lungs into her gag as she felt the enormously thick member stretch the walls of her pussy and begin to enter her depths.

"OOOOOHHHHHH FFFUUUUUCK!!" Sara's screams would have been deafening had they not been muffled by the pillowcase gagging her mouth. As the cock tunneled inside her further, Sara could feel her pussy walls stretching, struggling to take the thickness of the shaft into her. Her body twitched and convulsed as her beautiful cunt was being slowly raped one inch at a time by her supervisor.

"Ooooooo," Angie purred, "I bet this feels unbelievable inside your pussy."

"MMMMMMMM!!" Sara's eyes went wide as she felt the cock that was slowly filling her inch even deeper.

"FUCK!!" Sara screamed in her head. "How far inside me can this thing go?!?"

Angie flashed her gorgeous smile as she felt Sara's pussy muscles give, taking in yet another inch of the thick shaft.

"OHGOD!!" Sara panicked as she felt the cock stretching her womb beyond what she thought was possible. "IT'S GOING TO FUCKING TEAR ME APART!!"

"Come on, sweetie," Angie encouraged her employee, "just a few more inches."

"OHGOD!! THERE'S MORE?!?" Sara thought to herself, laying her head back on the mattress, tears flowing from her beautiful blue eyes.

"MMMMMMMMMMM!!" Sara screamed over and over, her legs quivering in tension, her hands yanking on the restraints, her entire body hanging on for dear life as little by little, inch by inch, her pussy was raped by the largest cock she'd ever had inside her.

...and it felt fucking amazing.

Finally, Sara felt Angie's hips up against her legs, and knew that the entire cock was now resting within her depths. Sara tossed her head back on the bed in exhaustion, thanking the universe that her pussy was able to get it all in.

"Don't get too comfortable, sweetie," Angie said, reaching into the top of her majorette outfit and pulling out a small remote that had been tucked between her perky breasts.

"This is when it gets really wild."

Sara's eyes widened as Angie flashed her adorable smile and activated the remote.

(click)

"MMMMMMMMMMM!!" Immediately Sara began screaming as the shaft violating her pussy came to life inside her. The vibration was so strong that it enveloped her entire body with the most torturous pleasure, forcing her to orgasm. Sara thrashed violently in her restraints as her overly sensitive g-spot was tormented relentlessly with continuous intense stimulation.

It was then that Angie took hold of Sara's over-sensitive tits and began grinding her hips up against Sara's cunt, fucking her pussy with the strapped on cock.

Sara's screams of rapture were beautiful as Angie raped her gorgeous body over and over, orgasms crashing down on her like the waves of a violent ocean.

"Oh fuck yes, girl!" Angie pumped her hips back and forth, grinding the shaft into Sara's depths with merciless vigor. "I've wanted this for so long. Ohgod, I love hearing you scream while I fuck you."

"MMMMM!! MMMMMMM!!" Sara kept shaking her head no as she was being fucked out of her mind...and every time she did, her sexual conditioning made her more turned on than ever before.

Angie smiled knowingly as she moved one of her hands to touch Sara's clit.

"Okay, bitch, let's turn on the water works."

Immediately, Angie's hand went into overdrive, blurring rapidly across Sara's erect and highly sensitive pleasure nub.

"MMMMMMMM!! MMMMMMM!! MMMMMMMM!!" Sara screamed as if she was being violently assaulted, her pussy gushing liquid as a whole new level of orgasmic torture rocked the helpless Sara to her core. She couldn't move, she couldn't resist, she couldn't even surrender, all she could do was scream into her gag and try to survive the torture.

Sara was crying out inside her head as well. "Oh fuck!! Oh fuck!! I can't believe this is happening!! This feels amazing!! RAPE ME, ANGIE!! FUCKING RAPE MEEEEE!!"

"OH! OH!! OH!! YES!! YES!!" Angie threw her ginger hair back as she fucked Sara with the vibrating cock, the humping and grinding causing the vibrations to reach Angie's pussy as well, sending the baton twirler into a squirting orgasm of her own.

"OH FUCK!! OH!! OHHH!! YES, SARA!! YESSSSS!!"

Both girls came together, their dual orgasms joining into one as both pussies gushed liquid everywhere, drenching each other's cunts. The euphoria was nothing like either of them had ever felt before when fucking a man.

Still grinding her hips into Sara's cunt, Angie quickly pulled off Sara's gag and lay down on top of her.

"Kiss me hard, you fucking bitch," Sara ordered her supervisor.

Angie raised her eyebrows, impressed with Sara's assertiveness.

Then the ginger girl smiled.

"I love you too, my little rape toy."

Angie gave Sara the deepest, most sensual kiss she'd ever had. Sara responded with a passion of her own that was new to both of them.

New...and exciting.

As the two girls kissed, Sara could feel her arousal levels slowly returning to normal. The exhaustion from the experience began to set in. Angie removed the cock from Sara's pussy and continued kissing her lovingly. Sara's beautiful blue eyes welled up as she looked submissively at the woman who had just fucked her.

"Angie, I..." Sara started to say something.

"Shhhh," Angie said stroking Sara's hair. "Everything is okay. Just rest now."

Sara's fatigue was so great that she fell comfortably asleep still bound in her fucking position with her arms above her head and her legs tied down in a full split.

Angie looked at Sara's gorgeous sleeping face. It was so innocent, so content.

(knock knock knock)

Angie went to answer the door.

"Shhhh," Angie said seeing Arthur, Everett, and Paul standing in the doorway. "She's asleep."

"You sure took your time," Paul said softly.

Angie smiled. "Girls never rush. Is everyone else gone?"

"Yeah, they headed out about 20 minutes ago," Everett explained. "We figured when the noise stopped that you two were finished."

"So," Arthur changed the subject, "do you mind telling us why you had us hit on Sara earlier?"

"Yeah," Paul added, "she's a nice girl and you made us sexually harass her tonight. Now she'll never even consider going out with any of us."

Angie gave the guys an "I've got a secret" smile.

"Follow me."

Angie led the guys into her office area where she did her computer work. The four of them gathered around the monitor as Angie pulled up Sara's file from Doctor Boone.

A few minutes later, all three guys were staring at Angie in disbelief.

"So, that's why you told us not to touch Sara while we were hitting on her," Arthur deduced, "so you would be the one to activate her conditioning while comforting her."

Angie smiled and nodded.

"What does it all mean?" Everett asked.

Angie perched on the desk and crossed her legs, flashing a naughty smile.

"I think we should make Sara's next appointment with Doctor Boone a very special session," Angie explained, "...if you guys are interested."

The male trio looked at each other, wondering what their scheming supervisor had planned.

"Alright," Paul finally said on everyone's behalf, "what do you want us to do?"

**Sara's Sexual Conditioning Pt. 06**

Sara was home from work, lying on top of her own bed with her black dress pants unzipped, her legs spread, and her hand inside her black satin panties. Her eyes were closed, lost in her own fantasy world as she violently masturbated her clit with her quick-moving fingers.

"OHGOD!! OHGOD!!" Sara cried out as she started to come, her hips involuntarily giving little pumps off the mattress as if she was fucking.

With her other hand, Sara pulled up her sky blue top and undid the front closure of the black satin bra she had on today, freeing her tits as they pushed forward, demanding her attention.

"AAHH!!" Sara gasped as she grabbed one of her nipples and began pulling and pinching and tweaking it in search of more pleasure.

"OH FUCK!!" Sara laid her head back as her clit-torturing fingers went faster and faster.

Sara had been masturbating a lot lately. Ever since her supervisor, Angie, fucked her at a party last week, Sara seemed to be in a constant state of arousal, almost as if her sexual conditioning from Doctor Boone was active all the time.

"OH FUCK!! OH FUCK!!" Sara was writhing on the bed as her hand went into overdrive, wanking her clit as fast as she could.

"OHGOD!! FUCK YES!!" Sara screamed at the ceiling as she came hard...again.

This was the fifth time she had made herself orgasm today. Once this morning in the shower, and three times throughout the day at her digital marketing job. Sara had never pleasured herself at work before, but she was so horny, and desperate for release.

Why was it happening?

Sara had to ask Angie for a break at three different times today so she could go make herself come. She would hide in a supply room, unzip her pants, and use a tiny clit vibrator she had started carrying around in her purse. The vibrator was very quiet, but Sara still had to struggle to keep from screaming when she came. The climaxes were much more intense than usual, and Sara wasn't sure why. She just knew she couldn't think about anything else except her next orgasm.

Finally, Sara asked Angie if she could just go home early. Angie smiled and told her it was fine. There was a gleam in her supervisor's eye though, and Sara wondered if Angie knew what was going on.

During the drive home, Sara had one hand on the wheel and the other inside her panties touching herself. As soon as she walked through her door, she threw her purse down, kicked off her black high heels, and crawled onto her bed.

"Fuck, I'm so horny!" Sara said to herself as she hurried to unzip her pants and start masturbating. Within seconds she was wanking herself as if her life depended on it...again.

Fifteen minutes and four orgasms later, Sara was still just as horny. The contractions of her pussy muscles were wonderful, and her gorgeous body twitched spastically with every release. Sara screamed at the ceiling each time she came, but it didn't help. Seconds after she made herself orgasm, her pussy was instantly ready for another one.

Something was wrong.

"Why is this happening?" Sara thought to herself as she fell back on her pillow trying to catch her breath. "Has something gone wrong with my conditioning?"

The young woman's mind raced with what could possibly be happening to her. Quickly, Sara got off the bed and walked into the main room to get her phone from her purse.

"Doctor Boone?" Sara talked as she heard her therapist answer the phone. "Hi, this is Sara."

"Hello Sara," Doctor Boone said calmly, as if he were expecting her call. "What can I do for you?"

"I...need to come see you," Sara answered, "it's...an emergency."

"That's quite alright, Sara," Doctor Boone replied. "I'll be free in about an hour."

Sara sighed in relief. "Oh, that's great, I'll be there. Thank you so much."

Sara was so focused on getting some answers to her predicament that she didn't notice her right hand had been rubbing her clit the entire time.

"An hour..." Sara thought to herself.

Boone's office was only fifteen minutes away...

Not even taking the time to return to the bedroom, Sara quickly laid back on her dining table and thrust both hands into her panties.

"OOOOOOHHHHH FUUUUUCCCKKKK!!" Sara screamed at the ceiling as one hand flittered across her erect clit while the other stroked her g-spot inside her warm wet pussy.

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An hour later, Sara was in Doctor Boone's office sitting on his therapy couch...the same couch where she had been sexually conditioned to enjoy being raped, and then was immediately raped by Doctor Boone himself. It was the first time she had ever been taken forcefully without feeling the guilt and shame that came with being a rape victim.

Sara had thought about it a lot over the past few weeks. "Victim" wasn't even the right word. Without the shame and guilt, she didn't feel like a victim. The closest term she could come up with was "rape participant".

"Is there such a thing?" Sara had asked herself that question many times since she last sat on Doctor Boone's couch.

"Doctor, you've got to help me," Sara said softly but with a tone of desperation.

"What's wrong, Sara?" Doctor Boone asked, noticing the outline of Sara's erect nipples poking through her top.

"I think something has gone wrong with my conditioning," Sara explained. "It seems like it's active all the time. I'm constantly on the verge of an orgasm, and when I make myself come, it doesn't help. I'm still just as horny. My nipples, my clit, my g-spot, they're all so sensitive to the slightest touch. It's driving me crazy!"

Boone raised his eyebrows. "Who was the last person to activate your conditioning?"

Sara looked sheepishly at her therapist, not entirely sure if she wanted to share that information.

"My...my supervisor...Angie."

"Did she rape you?" Doctor Boone asked as if it was the most casual question in the world.

Sara moistened her lips as she confessed. "Yes."

"Then what happened?"

Sara thought a moment. "I feel asleep on Angie's bed. I was so exhausted. I remember feeling my arousal levels go back to normal though, before I lost consciousness."

Doctor Boone jotted down some final notes and put his pad down.

"Okay, Sara," Boone responded, "I think I we can get to the bottom of this. I'm going to need to restrain you in your 'rape position' though."

Sara straightened her posture on the sofa. "But..."

"It's the only way, Sara," Boone interrupted, "we have to recreate the conditions as close as possible."

Sara took a deep breath to fortify herself, and then looked up at Boone, her eyes beginning to water.

"Okay, what do I need to do?"

Doctor Boone stood up and walked to his desk. "Go ahead and take off your clothes while I get the restraints ready."

Sara tried to contain her nervousness as she stood up from the couch, crossed her arms at the waist, and pulled her light blue top over her head, revealing the black satin push-up bra she had worn today. As Doctor Boone set up the restraints, Sara unzipped her black dress pants and wiggled her hips while pushing them down her legs. The matching black satin panties looked amazing on her, gripping her ass and pussy snugly.

Sara looked a lot more nervous though as she undid the front closure of her bra and took it off, exposing those amazingly pert, erect nipples. Then, with a resolute sigh, Sara put her hands at her hips and slid the black satin panties down her toned dancer's legs, stepping out of them while still wearing her black high heels.

Looking shyly at Doctor Boone, and feeling very exposed, Sara covered herself with her arms as she walked back to the sofa and sat down on the center cushion. She wondered why she was covering herself. Doctor Boone had seen every intimate part of her body before. His cock had even been inside her pussy, It didn't make anything easier though.

As Doctor Boone took Sara's right wrist and placed it gently in one of the manacles hovering above her head, the beautiful dancer looked up at the restraints.

"It's happening again..." Sara thought to herself. "I'm going to be raped again...I just know it."

(click)

A few tears of realization rolled down her soft cheeks as her left wrist was then secured above her head.

(click)

"Now, Sara," Doctor Boone's voice interrupted her thoughts, "if you would please put your legs into a split position."

Sara nodded, using her manacled wrists as a support to lift herself a few inches off the couch. Then, spreading her flexible legs wide into a full split, Sara rested her heels on the arms of couch, leaving several inches between her pussy and the cushions.

"Ohgod...how did it come to this?" Sara thought to herself as Boone took Sara's right ankle and manacled it to the arm of the couch.

(click)

Every time another restraint locked, Sara felt her pussy get wetter and wetter. Being made helpless and unable to prevent anyone from doing anything they wanted to her was making her hornier than ever.

"I'm so exposed," Sara thought to herself. "My clit is throbbing, my pussy is quivering. My nipples are so hard and sensitive right now I could come from just one touch."

(click)

Sara heard the sound of the final restraint locking her left ankle in place. Her pussy tingled with anticipation as to what was coming next.

Doctor Boone took a step back and admired the sight in front of him. Sara, his beautiful patient, wearing only black heels and glasses, was completely restrained and helpless in her fucking position ready to be violated, ravaged, and defiled.

Sara looked up at her therapist with misty eyes.

"Are you going to rape me?" Sara asked timidly, just barely above a whisper.

Her submissive eyes had never been so blue.

Without answering, Doctor Boone caressed Sara's hair gently, and leaned in to kiss her.

"MMM!!" Sara's eyes went wide as her therapist planted a long sensual kiss on his patient's beautiful soft lips.

Finally pulling out of the kiss, Doctor Boone whispered into Sara's ear.

"No, not today, Sara," he answered. "You're going to need all of your stamina for what's getting ready to happen."

"Ohgod..." Sara was trembling, "what's going to happen to me?"

Boone pressed the intercom on his desk. The voice of his secretary answered.

"Yes, Doctor Boone?"

"Please send them in," he replied.

"Them?" Sara asked worriedly.

A moment later the door opened and Sara's eyes went wide as Angie walked in, followed by Arthur, Everett, and Paul.

"AAHH!!" Sara let out a scream when she saw her coworkers. "Nooo!! You can't see me like this!! What are you all doing here?"

Sara desperately tried to free herself, pulling hard on her restraints as the tears started to come.

"NO! NO!! THIS ISN'T HAPPENING!! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!!"

"Shhhhhhh..." Angie walked up to Sara and caressed Sara's face gently, "It's okay, love, we're here to help you."

Sara's three male co-workers sat on various chairs around the room while Angie stood in front of the sofa, giving loving kisses to Sara's face as she caressed her gently.

"Angie..." Sara's voice was just above a whisper, "I'm scared."

The ginger girl flashed her gorgeous smile between kisses. "Don't be, I'm here, and you are going to love this."

Angie beeped Sara's nose with her finger and stood up straight, walking over to Boone's desk and perching on top of it, crossing her legs. She looked so cute today in her little white t-shirt tucked into her tiny black shorts and white tennis shoes. Much more casual than her work clothes.

"So, you're probably wondering why you're so horny all the time," Angie explained.

Sara listened intently, trying not to think about the fact that every intimate part of her was on display for her therapist, her supervisor, and her male co-workers.

"After the party the other night, you fell asleep on my bed still restrained in the same position you're in right now."

Sara moistened her lips.

"What do you remember after that?" Angie asked.

Sara thought back. "I just remember waking up in my own bed."

"Mmmhmm," Angie confirmed. "I drove you home and put you to bed...but not before these three guys came in and saw you."

"NO!!" Sara's eyes widened, looking at her co-workers worriedly. "Did you guys rape me while I was unconscious?"

Angie shook her head. "No, they would never do that."

Sara breathed a sigh of relief.

Angie tilted her head to the side and gave a slight smile. "However, before I untied you, one of them got on the bed and gently rubbed your clit until you came in your sleep."

"What?!?" Sara exclaimed.

"You were so beautiful when you came," Angie said dreamily. "Eyes closed tightly, mouth open in ecstasy, hips giving little pumps...adorable."

Sara realized. "But that means..."

"Exactly," Doctor Boone confirmed, "your conditioning was activated but never deactivated."

Sara's jaw dropped, realizing that in order for her body to return to normal, one of her male co-workers was going to have to rape her!

"W-which one?" Sara's voice quivered.

Angie flashed her adorable smile. "I'm not going to tell you."

"Angie!!" Sara yanked on her restraints.

Doctor Boone interrupted. "It's perfectly simple, Sara," he explained. "Your conditioning can only be activated by someone you find sexually attractive. Which one of them turns you on?"

Sara looked at each of her three male co-workers individually, trying to determine which one she most wanted to be fucked by. All three of the guys were cute, but Sara wasn't actually sexually attracted to any of them. At least she didn't think she was...

"I...don't...know..."

Angie rested her chin on her hand and gave a little pout. "Awww, too bad," she commented. "I guess all three of them will have to rape you then."

"WHAT?!?!?" Sara frantically pulled hard on her restraints with her hands and legs in a desperate and totally useless attempt to break loose. NO ANGIE!! NOOOOO!! YOU CAN"T DO THIS TO ME!!"

"Oooooooo, keep saying 'no' girl," Angie encouraged her. "I love it when you make yourself hornier."

"Oh NO!! Tears began rolling downSara's beautiful face as all three guys stood and walked over to the couch, each of them undoing their trousers."

"NO!! NO WAIT!! I can't do all of you at the same time!!

"Sure you can," Angie insisted. "Three cocks...three holes."

Sara's eyes went wide as she realized what was going to happen.

"NO!! OH NO!! DOCTOR BOONE, DO SOMETHING!!"

"It's the only way, Sara," Doctor Boone confirmed what his patient was most afraid of. "I could undo the triggers for your conditioning, but only when you are in a normal state. We'd have to get you back there first."

Sara was so shocked at the thought that she hardly noticed Arthur position himself on his back in the area between the sofa cushions and Sara's pussy.

Her soaking wet pussy.

"All right, gentlemen," Angie supervised her employees as each of them prepared to fuck the helpless Sara, "let's get Arthur in first."

"Ohgod!" Sara whimpered as she felt the head of Arthur's stiff cock rest up against her pussy. "Please, no! Arthur! Please don't rape me!"

Arthur didn't say anything. He just began to push his rock hard staff into Sara, the walls of her cunt parting beautifully to allow him access.

"Noooooooo..." Sara closed her eyes, whimpering as she felt his massive dick come to rest fully inside her.

Angie looked over at Paul. "You're next."

Paul climbed onto the sofa and sat down on the cushions directly behind Sara, his cock pointing upwards towards his young co-worker's ass.

"Ohgod!! NO!! PAUL NO!! PLEASE DON'T!!"

Waves and waves of desire washed over Sara as each "no" made her more desperate than ever to be fucked.

"OH!!" Sara yelped as Paul grabbed both of her ass cheeks and spread them apart, placing the head of his cock up against her most forbidden entrance.

Sara froze, her whole body locking in tension as she prepared to be anally raped for the first time in her life.

"NO!! OH PLEASE NO!! DON'T RAPE ME, PAUL!! NOT THERE!! OHHHHHHHHH!!"

"Shhhhhh...just try and relax," Angie caressed Sara's hair gently. "it's easier that way."

As Paul's shaft began to invade Sara's depths, however, she realized that nothing about this was going to be easy.

"NO!! OHGOD!! OHGOD IT HURTS!! It feels so largeaaaaAHHHHHHH!!"

Sara screamed as she felt the head of Paul's cock push past her opening and begin to work its way through the initial resistance. She could feel that he had put something on his cock to lubricate the invading shaft, and she thanked the universe for it. Paul went slowly and patiently as he took Sara's ass, wanting not to hurt her as he raped her in the most obscene way possible.

Sara felt every inch, every centimeter, as the invading staff tunneled deeper into her. She had never had two large shafts inside her before, both competing for space as they entered her. The sense of fullness was overwhelming, and she knew she still had more to go before it was over.

"Come on, Sara," Angie encouraged her. "You can do it, girl."

Sara's mouth was open as if she wanted to scream, but she wasn't able to make a sound. Her gorgeous body was locked in tension, her tits jutting out as her back arched and thrust her magnificent breasts forward. Her beautiful dancer's legs were shaking involuntarily in their restraints as she was forced to hold her split position. When Paul's cock finally completed the last few inches of its journey inside her warm tight ass, Sara found her voice and screamed, her wrists yanking on the chains above her head.

"OOOOOOHHHHHHH!!"

"Damn, Sara," Paul commented as he finished filling her with his staff. "Your ass is so tight. It's gripping me from every direction."

Tears rolled down Sara's cheeks as she tried to adjust to the amazingly bizarre feeling of having both her pussy and ass completely stuffed.

Angie leaned over and kissed Sara's tears away. "Good girl, Sara. Hang in there...only one more to go."

Standing on the rear of the sofa with his back against the wall for support, Everett grabbed Sara's hair and forced her to tilt her head back so she was looking up at the ceiling.

"NO!! NO PLEASE!!' Sara struggled as Everett positioned himself to force his shaft down her throat. "EVERETT!! NOOO!! PLEASE!! MMMFFFHHH!! GLUH!! GLUH!! GLUH!!"

Sara's cries were interrupted as Everett thrust his cock into her warm moist mouth as far as possible.

"Okay boys," Angie announced, "get fucking."

"MMMM!! MMMMMMM!!" Sara gave a muffled scream as she felt all three cocks begin to pump back and forth inside her body. It's as if the three rods were acting as one while they violated her in the most degrading ways. Sara had become her co-workers' rape toy, their sexual object to be fucked.

"Now, Arthur," Angie said as if she were directing a movie, "grab hold of her tits."

"MMMMMMMMM!!" Sara cried out again as she felt her overly sensitive nipples suddenly being pinched and pulled. Lightning bolts of pleasure fired through her heavenly breasts and spread to her entire body.

"Paul," Angie continued to build the scene, "start rubbing her clit."

"MMMMMMMMMMMM!! (gluh gluh gluh)" Sara half screamed and half gagged on Everett's cock as Paul reached around her waist and made contact with Sara's swollen clit. He could feel it pulsating as he pressed gently and started making tiny little circular motions with his fingertips.

Sara came immediately, and her mind was screaming...

"OHGOD!! YES!! RAPE ME!! FUCK ME, ALL OF YOU BASTARDS!! FUCKING RAPE MEEEEEEEEE!!"

Sara's cunt began to squirt, but her pussy was stuffed by Arthur's cock, causing the liquid to force its way out like a mostly covered garden hose on full blast. Each time her pussy muscles contracted, Arthur and Paul gasped as both her pussy and her ass gripped their cocks tight from all directions. For Sara, the sensations were unbelievably perverted...and wonderful.

Angie put her hands on her hips looked up at Everett.

"Choke her."

As Everett continued to force Sara to deep throat his member, he placed his hands gently around her neck and applied pressure for a few seconds.

"GLUH!! GLUH!! GLUH!!" Sara's entire body convulsed as she struggled to get oxygen. Every few seconds, Everett would relax his grip and let Sara breathe, before squeezing again each time Sara came.

"OHGOD!! IT'S TOO MUCH!!" Sara's mind panicked as the entire universe seemed to orgasm around her. "I CAN'T SURVIVE THIS!! FUCK!! OH FUCK!! OH NOOOOO!! THEY'RE ALL RAPING MEEEEEEE!!"

Sara's entire body was convulsing, reality crashing down around her as she came and came and came again. Nothing else existed except the orgasms that were relentlessly pummeling her...

...nothing but the fuck...

...nothing but the rape...

...HER rape.

Angie and Boone watched in awe as Sara's three co-workers had their way with her. Sara was chained with her arms above her head and her legs in a full split, a cock fucking the daylights out of her pussy, another thrusting deep into her ass, and a third being forced down her throat, all while hands tortured her hard nipples, blurred rapidly over her clit, and squeezed her neck every time she came.

It was so obscene it was beautiful.

Sara could feel it coming. The guys were thrusting faster...harder...and Sara felt like all three shafts were growing bigger inside her.

"OHGOD!! THEY'RE GOING TO COME!!" Sara's inner voice was crying out. "I'M GOING TO HAVE THREE GUYS COME INSIDE ME AT ONCE!!"

The thought plunged Sara into another squirting orgasm.

"OHGOD!! OHGOD!! FUCK ME!! FUCK ME!! FUCK ME!! RAPE ME!! RAPE MEEEEEEEEE!!"

"Come on, Sara! You can do it!" Angie encouraged the girl who had become everyone's little rape toy.

Then she addressed her three male employees.

"Fuck her, boys...fucking rape her...rape her hard...she wants it...she NEEDS it. Rape every single hole in that gorgeous body of hers."

Sara's eyes shot wide open as she felt the three cocks inside her seem to double in size, ready to defile her in the most perverted way possible.

Her triple rape was about to be complete.

"OHGOD HERE IT COMES!!" In her mind, Sara begged the universe to get her through this as she surrendered to her fate and just tried to survive.

Arthur came first, firing his liquid deep into Sara's womb. She felt the liquid splashing against her pussy walls as her cunt wrapped beautifully around his shaft and held on.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMM!!" Sara's scream caused Everett to come. Grabbing the back of Sara's head he forced her to take every bit of his cock as it delivered its load down her throat.

Seconds later, Sara felt Paul's cock explode inside her ass, her muscles gripping his shaft from all sides as he fired over and over into her most forbidden hole, the feeling of warmth spreading throughout her body.

Sara was in another world. The sensation of having three cocks coming inside her body at the same time was a feeling of defilement she had never even come close to experiencing before. The orgasmic haze washed away her mind as endorphins flooded her consciousness. All three guys held Sara tight as each of them finished coming inside her.

One at a time, Angie helped each of the guys dismount their rape toy. Sara's eyes rolled back in her head as each shaft pulled out of her defiled openings.

"That was unbelievable you guys," Angie said in with her beautiful smile.

Sara raised her head back up, her body so limp that she was only being held up by her restraints. Her gorgeous hair was a tussled mess, her eyes were glazed over, and her beautiful body had been raped three times over. In the past two weeks, her therapist, her dance partner, two college students, her supervisor, and her coworkers had fucked her. None of them had asked permission, they simply took her.

Or was it something different? They were fulfilling Sara's rape fantasies, giving her what she wanted deep down the most...to be taken against her will...to be raped without feeling guilt or shame for enjoying it.

Sara realized that she did enjoy it. The objectification of her body, the feeling of helplessness, the restraints, the violation of her most intimate areas, the forced fucking, the submissiveness, all of it.

It was amazing, and Doctor Boone's conditioning had made it happen perfectly.

Or did it?

Sara looked down at her breasts and noticed that her nipples were still rock hard and she could still feel her clit pulsating, desperately wanting attention.

"Oh no!" Sara said more to herself than anyone else in the room when the realization dawned that she was hornier than ever.

Angie smiled when she noticed Sara had realized her conditioning was still active.

"Okay boys, you can go now," Angie said to her male employees before turning to the therapist. "Doctor Boone, may I borrow your office for a while?"

"Of course," Boone said handing Angie a clipboard and headed out the door. "Take notes for me."

Sara looked at Angie in shock as the office door closed, leaving the two girls alone together.

"Angie! You said that my conditioning was activated by one of the guys!"

The ginger girl flashed her beautiful smile as she checked to make sure Sara was still restrained securely.

"I lied."

"WHAT!?!" Sara's mouth fell open in shock.

Angie tilted her head cutely to one side.

Sara narrowed her eyes in anger. "IT WAS YOU!!"

Angie began slowly gliding her hands up and down Sara's toned legs, caressing her as if she owned her.

"Yes...it was."

"But...why?" Sara asked. "Why have the guys all rape me?"

Angie pretended to think about her answer...

"Fun?" Angie smiled as she crossed her arms at her waist and pulled her white t-shirt over her head, her perky breasts snugly held in her white lace bra.

"Angie!?!?" Sara asked worriedly as her supervisor pushed her tiny shorts down her legs, revealing the while lace panties she had put on today. "What are you doing?!?"

Without answering, Angie reached into her purse and took out the strap-on she had fucked Sara with at the party.

Sara panicked and pulled on her restraints as Angie smiled cutely, attaching the cock to her waist.

"NO!! ANGIE DON'T!! NOT AGAIN!! PLEASE NO!!"

"Oooooo, say it again, girl," Angie placed the cock at the entrance to the helpless Sara's pussy.

"Ohgod..." Sara's pleas turned to whimpers as she felt the walls of her beautiful pussy open once again to take in the massive shaft. "Angie...please be gentle with me..."

"Shhhhhhh," Angie's voice was soft as she kissed Sara's face lovingly. "I can rape you gently just as easily," Angie whispered as she steadily began pumping the strap-on all the way into Sara's beautiful pussy with long, slow, loving strokes, caressing Sara's face with her soft touch.

Sara looked at Angie with the deepest bluest eyes.

"I...love you...please...rape me..."

The two girls closed their eyes and kissed lovingly, their hips slowly pumping together.

**Sara's Sexual Conditioning Pt. 07**

A week at the beach was exactly what Sara needed. Her supervisor, Angie, owned a beach house that she liked to use for a getaway from time to time. Now that Sara and Angie were engaged, the two thought it would be wonderful to go there together for a holiday.

Sara and Angie had known each other since college, but they had only gotten together a few months ago. In fact, Sara never realized she was sexually attracted to women as well as men, that is until Angie raped her...twice.

Sara knew it was an unusual way to begin a relationship, but in her world, it made sense.

Sara had been raped back in college by two guys at a fraternity party, and for years she had carried the guilt of not only being violated, but she felt ashamed that she had experienced pleasure during the forced fucking. Now in her mid-20s, Sara discovered that she was really turned on by the idea of being taken against her will. Through her therapist, Doctor Boone, Sara had been conditioned to actually experience her rape fantasies in real life without having the feelings of shame or guilt that usually came with any non-consensual experience. As long as Sara found her rapist sexually attractive, her body had been conditioned to become extremely horny, highly sensitive to any sexual touch, and give her amazing orgasmic pleasure without the guilt. The more she said "no", the more aroused she became.

Since then, Sara had been raped many times by friends, college students, co-workers, even Doctor Boone himself.

Then there was Angie, her college friend, and for the past few years, her supervisor at work. Angie had always been into girls, and had a massive crush on Sara back in college, but didn't think she was interested in being with a woman.

So, when Angie found out about Sara's conditioning from Doctor Boone's patient files, she was determined to see if she would be able to activate her employee's conditioning and rape her.

She could, and she did...first by herself at a party, and then again after three of Sara's coworkers had raped her mouth, her pussy, and her ass all at the same time. Just like that, Sara became her supervisor's fuck doll.

Over the next several weeks, Sara was the office rape toy. To everyone's amazement, she loved being taken at work. Sara came to the office each day not knowing who was planning to fuck her, or how. She just knew that it was going to be by force, and that she would come hard over and over again every single time she was raped. Sara wasn't even sure if she could call it rape anymore, because she actually wanted to be treated this way. She didn't want to have any choice in how she was fucked...or when...or by whom.

Sara especially loved it when her coworkers raped her one after another. One minute, she would be bent over her own desk and fucked hard from behind until she was panting in exhaustion, and then, before she could catch her breath, there was already another cock pushing inside her.

Sara had started carrying a ball gag in her purse so whoever was raping her at the time could keep her from screaming too loud and disturbing everyone else. There were also several places throughout the office building were restraints were hidden away whenever someone wanted to tie Sara down as she was being fucked out of her mind.

Sara's very favorite thing to do though, was when Angie took her into her office, tied her down to her desk with her flexible legs in a mid-air split, and had the helpless Sara make phone calls to clients while Angle went down on her pussy. It drove Sara insane every single time as she squirmed and writhed on the desk, trying to sound professional on the phone while having orgasm after squirting orgasm.

That was all months ago, and since then, Angie and Sara had fallen deeply in love with each other.

When it became obvious that their relationship was getting serious, Angie planned a final office fucking session for Sara where Arthur, Everett, and Paul could do anything they wanted to her before she became off limits to them. The guys gave her a fantastic sendoff, and it took the thrice raped Sara several days to recover afterwards.

Sara and Angie got engaged the following week.

Over the next few months, Sara had been raped exclusively by Angie on many occasions. She loved having her conditioning activated and then being taken. Rough, gentle, torturous, passionate, degrading, or loving. It didn't matter. Sara enjoyed being the submissive one in the relationship, and loved that Angie helped her live out her rape fantasies again and again.

Now, the two of them were sitting together on the private beach in front of Angie's house watching the ocean as they began talking about their wedding plans. Angie was in a tiny white string bikini and adorable little Keds shoes with her bouncy ginger curls pinned up in a ponytail. Sara was wearing a short denim miniskirt with a white short-sleeve cotton top that showed the curves of her breasts perfectly. Her hair was loose and bouncing on her shoulders while her shoes lay off to the side.

"I love this place, Angie," Sara said in complete contentment. "I wonder if we could have the wedding here on the beach."

"I love that idea!" Angie flashed her beautiful smile. "It's so private and peaceful, there's no one around for miles..."

Sara took a deep cleansing breath. "Mmmmm, it's so lovely here."

Angie cocked her head to one side. "It would be a nice place for a family too..."

Sara smiled. "You know, I've thought about that. I'd love to have a baby at some point. I actually know someone that can help us adopt."

Unable to resist Sara's gorgeous blue eyes as she talked so excitedly about having a family with her, Angie closed her eyes and leaned in to gently kiss Sara's beautiful mouth.

Sara responded, closing her eyes and parting her soft lips as Angie placed her hand on her girlfriend's inner thigh.

Sara shivered as Angie's hand moved slowly up her thigh into the beautiful girl's mini-skirt. Sara loved knowing that Angie's touch could still have that much of an affect on her.

"Ohhhh..." Sara sighed in complete pleasure as she felt Angie's hand firmly rubbing her pussy through her white lace panties.

"Ohhhhhhhgooddd..." Sara moaned as she laid her head back, the sensations of sexual pleasure overtaking her. It felt so wonderful to be completely in love, especially with a woman as beautiful as Angie.

The ginger girl teased Sara with light, gentle kisses all over her face, blowing softly into her ear and stroking her pussy methodically through the thin fabric. She had Sara absolutely swooning, and her conditioning hadn't even been activated.

"This feels so wonderful," Sara thought to herself as jolts of pleasure sparked through her highly sensitized body. "She makes me want to surrender myself to her...to give her everything."

Communicating with only her hypnotic blue eyes, Sara leaned back on their beach blanket and sighed in contentment, stretching her arms out wide.

"Mmmmm, Angie..." Sara cooed, her breasts rising and falling beautifully, "please love me."

Angie flashed her smile and moved to kneel directly in front of Sara. Gliding both hands slowly up those gorgeously toned dancer's legs, the ginger girl slid both hands into Sara's mini-skirt and gripped her panties at the hips.

Sara was swept away in anticipation as she felt her panties sliding down her legs. It was such a vulnerable sensation, an admission that she was ready to be taken.

As Angie robbed Sara of her lovely white lace panties, she placed them around the wooden post of the picket fence behind them. One at a time, Angie took Sara's wrists and secured them above her head to the base of the fence post, tying Sara's panties in a firm knot to hold Sara down.

"Mmmmmm..." Sara moaned in helpless anticipation, her pussy getting wetter and wetter knowing what was getting ready to happen. She loved being Angie's captive, whether it was consensual or not.

Angie flashed her smile as she finished tying Sara down and moved to kneel between her thighs.

Knowing what was coming, Sara willingly spread her legs, allowing Angie to see up her short skirt to her perfect pussy...waiting for her supervisor and lover to do anything she wanted with it.

Angie began lightly running her fingertips up and down Sara's inner thighs, causing her friend to yelp from the ticklish sensations.

"Oh!" Sara's body jumped slightly as Angie's fingers tormented her inner thighs, relentlessly gliding back and forth over Sara's most sensitive areas.

"Oh, Angie," Sara was begging as her legs quivered involuntarily, "please...this is torture."

"Oooooo," Angie purred, continuing to barely touch her trembling prisoner, "that sounds like a great idea..."

Continuing to lightly caress Sara's inner thighs, Angie lowered herself so that her head was inches from Sara's beautiful throbbing pussy.

"Ooooohhhhh," Sara moaned in frustrated anticipation, laying her head back as she waited for her supervisor to go down on her.

"Ready?" Angie said teasingly, purposely drawing out the tension.

Sara nodded quickly. "Ohgod, yes! Please!"

"There's no one around you know. You can scream as loud as you want," Angie said blowing cool air gently on Sara's clit.

"OH!" Sara jumped as she felt the air on her little erect pleasure nub. Bracing herself, she felt Angie dive between her legs and begin lapping away at her pussy.

"OHGOD!!" Sara cried out as Angie's warm moist mouth flitted rapidly over her clit again and again.

"OH!! OH!! OH!!" Sara gave adorable high-pitched yelps as the ginger girl's mouth made contact with Sara's throbbing, erect, and desperate for attention clit.

Angie went down on her employee with relentless thoroughness that made Sara's body twitch and jump with every torturous lick, her breasts rising and falling beautifully with each deep breath.

As her body writhed in frustrated pleasure, Sara was screaming in her mind. "Oh fuck, Angie!! Suck on my clit! PLEASE!! SUCK ON MY CLIT!!"

Sara was so far gone in pleasure that she couldn't put the words together. All that came out of her mouth was "AAHH!! OHH!! OHGOD!! FUCK!! AHH!! OHH!!"

Angie LOVED having so much control over Sara's body. She had wanted this since the two of them were at college together, and now, Sara was writhing in pleasure, desperate for release, her entire body quivering, her mind dangling on the edge of a cliff, and her pussy under Angie's complete control.

The ginger girl didn't have to read Sara's mind to know what she needed.

When Angie began sucking on Sara's clit, she screamed to the sky.

"OHHHHH!! AAAHH!! OOOHHHH!! YES!! YES!!"

Liquid immediately gushed from Sara's cunt as she came hard, splashing Angie with each contraction of her pussy muscles.

It didn't even slow Angie down.

"OOOHHH FUCK!! OHGOD!! YES!! OHGOD!!" Sara screamed over and over again as Angie sucked relentlessly on her clit, pulling orgasm after orgasm out of her beautiful convulsing body, her liquid squirting in every direction like a partially covered water hose.

Sara wrapped her toned dancer's legs around Angie's body and pulled her legs towards her, Sara's entire body locking in tension as Angie continued her all out assault on her beautiful fuck toy's pussy.

"OOHHH FUCK!!" Sara yanked on her restraints in a futile attempt to break free, her hips pumping back and forth in a fucking motion as if they had a mind of their own, all while her legs held Angie's head firmly into her cunt.

"YES!! YES!! OH FUCK YES!!" Sara surrendered to her primal lust as the entire world seemed to orgasm around her.

"AAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!" With a final high-pitched scream, Sara collapsed in exhaustion, her legs and arms going limp as her muscles gave out.

Angie pulled away and sat back on her knees in front of her conquest, watching Sara as she panted heavily, trying to regain control of her breathing. Sara's eyes were glazed over, a look of contentment in her weak smile.

"Mmmmmm..." Sara purred as her senses began to return from the orgasmic haze, "Angie, that was amazing."

"I know," Angie said with a cute scrunch of her nose.

"I love you," Sara's beautiful voice was so genuine. "I can't wait to get married and have a family with you."

The ginger girl smiled and kissed her lover gently on the cheek.

"I love you too," Angie said caressing Sara's soft silky hair, "and I'm so glad to know that you want a baby,"

"You are?" Sara lit up.

"Mmmhmm," Angie nodded. "It will make this process much easier."

Sara looked questioningly at Angie, and then heard the door to the beach house open.

"Who's there?" Sara strained to look behind her but couldn't maneuver while her wrists were still tied to the fence post. She did, however, hear two sets of footsteps walking across the small peer towards the sand.

"Hi, guys," Angie said casually.

"Hey, Angie," one of the men responded.

Sara got an uneasy feeling when she didn't recognize the voice. Whoever they were, she didn't want them to see her with her wrists tied to the fence post.

Then, two men walked around into Sara's view.

"Hello Sara," the other guy said, "it's been a long time."

When it was obvious that they knew who she was, Sara forgot about her restraints for the moment and just stared at the two men, trying in her mind to place them. Both were tall, handsome, in their late 20s...one was a sandy blonde and the other had dark hair...one in jeans and a t-shirt, the other in khakis and a button-down shirt.

"Who are they?" Sara thought to herself. "Where do I know them from?"

Then, as if a bolt of lightning had hit...she knew.

"YOU!!" Sara's eyes went wide. "OHMYGOD!! THE FRATERNITY HOUSE!! IT WAS YOU TWO THAT RAPED ME WHEN I WAS IN COLLEGE!!"

"Right first time," Angie explained. "It wasn't hard to find them since we all went to the same college around the same time. A few fraternity membership rosters, a few phone calls, and here they are."

Sara looked at Angie in shock. "But why?"

Angie resumed stroking Sara's lovely hair. "Because, you have unresolved issues to take care of, and it's time to resolve them."

It seemed wildly surreal to Sara, being tied down and vulnerable while talking almost casually to the two guys who had raped her years ago.

"How could you do that to me?" Sara asked, her eyes watering. "I was only nineteen...practically a virgin."

"You came on to us first, if you remember," the dark-haired guy responded. "Anyway, you seemed to enjoy it."

"She did enjoy it," Angie added, "and for years she's felt ashamed for enjoying it."

The two guys looked at each other and then back at Sara.

"Is that true, Sara?"

Moistening her lips nervously, Sara nodded.

"A few months ago, her therapist determined that she has a deep desire to be taken against her will," Angie continued, "and conditioned her to enjoy being raped by anyone she found sexually attractive without the guilt or shame."

The blonde guy raised his eyebrows. "Really?"

"Mmmhmm," Angie nodded. "All you have to do to activate her conditioning is grope her tits, pussy, or ass. She'll become the horniest fuck toy in the world until you finish raping her."

"Angie!" Sara exclaimed in panic. "What are you doing?!?"

Angie reached into her beach tote and pulled out Sara's ball gag.

"Well," Angie said placing the ball gag around Sara's head, "I figure since both of us want a baby, we could either adopt..."

Sara's eyes went wide.

"...or we could impregnate you."

"MMMMMMMM!!" Sara screamed through the ball gag, shaking her head and pulling on her restraints.

"Have at it, boys," Angie gestured to Sara's completely unprotected pussy. "Don't forget to activate her conditioning first so she enjoys it."

The two guys hesitated.

"Come on boys," Angie prompted, "Sara needs to confront this desire. She needs to be fucked by both of you again just like when she was nineteen, but without feeling ashamed. She's been wanting to relive that rape for years."

Sara listened in complete shock, her breasts rising and falling with her nervous breathing.

"This time, though," Angie continued, flashing her smile, "she's fertile, so you're not just going to rape her...one of you is going to impregnate her."

"MMMMMM!!" Sara screamed and thrashed about, realizing that her womb was about to be inseminated. In her panic, Sara was only partially aware that her pussy had just drenched itself.

The two guys looked at each other. "Which one?"

Angie shrugged. "You're both going to rape her, so none of us will know which one of you knocked her up."

The two guys looked down at Sara. The last time they saw her, their cocks were unloading inside her warm, wet, innocent, nineteen year old pussy. Now, her wrists were tied to the fence post, her mouth was gagged, her panties were gone, and her unprotected pussy was begging them to take her again. Without saying a word to each other, the two guys knew that they wanted nothing more than to fuck and impregnate her.

Decision made, the blond got down on his knees in front of Sara and began lifting up her white t-shirt, revealing the cute white lace bra she was wearing underneath.

"MMMMM!! MMMMM!!" Sara struggled like a damsel tied to the railroad tracks as the blonde guy carefully unhooked the front closure of Sara's bra, freeing her gorgeous breasts from their captivity.

"MMMMMM!!" Sara arched her back and cried out as she felt the blonde guy grab both her mounds firmly.

Immediately, Sara's nipples and clit became erect and highly sensitive as her conditioning was activated. She could actually feel her g-spot pulsating inside her, and she knew that her body was ready to be fucked.

"OHGOD!! NO!!" Sara screamed in her mind as she felt her mini-skirt being unzipped and tugged down off of her hips in tiny little yanks. "THIS ISN'T HAPPENING!! THIS ISN'T HAPPENING!!"

Tossing the skirt aside, the blonde guy took Sara's legs and began spreading them wide. "Let's see if you're still as flexible as you were in college."

Sara's legs spread easily into a mid-air split, her pussy now completely exposed to the world and throbbing as if it was begging to be fucked.

"Wow, just look at this," the blonde said to his friend, admiring Sara's smooth, beautiful, swollen pussy lips as they waited eagerly to have a hard cock slide between them.

"MMMMM!! MMMMMMM!!" Sara's screams were muffled by the ball gag as she struggled and shook her head violently. It was the most vulnerable she had ever felt since she was nineteen.

"Hold her legs open," the blonde said unzipping his trousers.

Angie took hold of Sara's left ankle as the dark haired guy took her right and held it in place, keeping Sara's legs forced into her wide splits.

"MMMMMMM!!" Sara screamed through her ball gag as she felt the tip of the blonde guy's cock press against her pussy entrance.

"OHMYGOD!!" Sara panicked. "IT'S HAPPENING!! HE'S GOING TO RAPE ME!! HE'S GOING TO MAKE ME PREGNANT!!"

"Here we go, Sara," the blonde said, starting to push into her. "You're long past due for another fuck from me."

"Your name is Mike, right?" Angie asked, trying to remember which one was which.

Mike nodded as his shaft slid into Sara's quivering pussy.

"Good," Angie replied. "Rape her, Mike."

"NOOOOOOOO!!" Sara cried out in her mind, arching her back in tension as Mike began thrusting in and out of Sara's pussy in long full strokes.

"Go deep, Mike," Angie coached. "I want to make sure she gets pregnant."

"MMMMMMMMM!!" Sara screamed into her ball gag as she felt her rapist's cock pumping inside her.

The sensation of being taken was unlike any Sara had experienced before. She was being raped by the same guys who had raped her five years ago...when she was only nineteen...when she had felt so ashamed and guilty for feeling pleasure during her raping.

Yet this time, even as Mike's shaft pounded into her, Sara felt violated, but not ashamed...used as a fuck toy, but somehow not degraded...raped, but not a victim.

The voice in her mind began to change...

"FUCK ME!! FUCK ME!! OHGOD!! FUCK ME!! PLEASE RAPE MEEEEEE!!"

Sara was still crying out, but the others noticed her hips were starting to pump back and forth onto Mike's cock, her pussy muscles gripping his shaft from all sides.

"Damn, Sara," Mike said pumping into her cunt with increasing force, "you ARE getting off on being raped, aren't you?"

"MMMMMMMMM!!" Sara shook her head 'no' violently.

Angie flashed a smile at Mike. "That means 'yes'."

"What?" The dark-haired guy asked.

"It's part of her conditioning," Angie explained, "the more she says 'no' the more horny she becomes."

"Damn," Mike said, pounding hard into Sara's cunt with each word. "YOU...ARE...ONE...FUCKED...UP...BITCH!"

"True," Angie nodded as she took her free hand and reached between Sara's legs.

"...and so am I," the ginger girl immediately began flitting her fingertips rapidly across Sara's over-sensitive clit, causing her to howl in orgasm.

"MMMMMMMM!!" Sara's pussy immediately began gushing all over Angie's hand and Mike's cock.

Every muscle in Sara's body clinched, her breasts thrusting towards the sky, her hard nipples advertising to everyone just how horny she was.

"MMMMM!! MMMMMM!! MMMMMM!!" Sara broke down in tears as waves of orgasm pummeled her beautiful convulsing body.

"That's it, Sara," Angie encouraged, her fingers going into overdrive, wanking the helpless girl's clit so fast that her hand was blurry, all while Mike's cock threatened her fertile womb with every stroke.

"Come on, bitch!" Mike added, pumping full speed into Sara's warm moist depths. "I'm going to fucking knock you up."

"OHGOD!!" Sara screamed in her mind. "OH NO!! HE'S GOING TO COME INSIDE ME!!"

Sara's pussy muscles clinched down on Mike's shaft so hard that he cried out in an agony of pleasure.

Sara's scream melded with his as she felt the cock inside her seem to double in size. The eruption began, and one after the other, Sara felt Mike's cock fire multiple shots of his liquid deep into her waiting pussy.

"OH FUCK!!" Sara's mind cried out. "HE COMING INSIDE ME!! I CAN FEEL IT!! OHGOD I CAN FEEL HIM COMING INSIDE MEEEEEEE!!"

"MMMMMM!!" With a final muffled scream, Sara's hips fell back on the towel, the contractions of her pussy muscles still milking the cock that had just defiled her for any last remnants of Mike's gift now inside her.

Angie began slowing her pace, making larger and slower circles on Sara's clit with her fingertips. Sara's body jumped out of reflex every time Angie hit a really sensitive spot.

"UM!!" Sara gave a high-pitched squeal as her pussy muscles relaxed and Mike pulled out of her.

Sara could feel her conditioning returning to normal as her pussy pulled his liquid deeper and deeper inside her.

"There there," Angie comforted Sara, stroking her hair lovingly, "Only one more to go."

Sara whimpered. "Ohgod...not again," she thought to herself. "Not another rape...I can't take any more."

The dark-haired guy moved to kneel in front of Sara's still quivering pussy as Mike took hold of Sara's leg and held it in place, keeping the helpless Sara in her mid-air splits.

"Let's take this ball gag off," the dark-haired guy said as he undid the strap and tossed it aside. "I want to hear your screams while I fuck you."

Tears began rolling down Sara's cheeks as she saw her second rapist begin undoing his jeans.

"Please..." Sara begged shamelessly, "please don't rape me...don't make me pregnant."

"But this is what you want, Sara," he replied, reaching out to grab her perky tits and activate her conditioning, "haven't you figured that out yet?"

"No! No please!" Sara thrashed in her restraints as his strong hands cupped her beautiful mounds. "No! NO!! NO PLEASE!! OHGOD!! NOOOOOOO!!"

Immediately, Sara felt her conditioning activate again, her nipples and clit becoming erect and ultra sensitive. She could feel her g-spot pulsating with renewed need, and her entire body was on the very edge of orgasm, ready to be fucked.

Ready to be raped.

"No!! Not again!!" Sara struggled in her restraints as she saw the dark-haired guy line his cock up to her pussy.

"Keep saying 'no' bitch," he ordered, "it just makes you hornier than ever."

"OH!" Sara jumped when she felt the head of his cock touch the lips of her soaking wet pussy. "Ohgod! You're going to get me pregnant! I don't even know your name."

"It's Jeff," he said just as he violently thrust the entire length of shaft into Sara's fertile cunt.

"AAAAAAHHHHHH!!" Sara screamed to the sky, the force of the thrust causing her back to arch and her hips to lift off the ground. She could feel Jeff's cock all the way inside her, the tip practically touching her cervix.

"OHGOD!" Sara cried out. "PLEASE NO!! PLEASE!!"

Knowing that Sara was now more desperate than ever to be fucked, he ignored her pleas and began pumping his hips.

"NOOOOOOO!!" Sara cried out as his cock began raping her pussy.

"Take it, Sara," Jeff ordered as he thrust his entire shaft into her, "take all of it."

"Oh FUCK that's deep!!" Sara said as she felt the massive shaft pumping back and forth inside her.

"That's right, bitch," Jeff said, "I'm going to fuck until I put a baby inside you."

"STOP!! NOOOOO!! PLEASE STOP IT!! AAAHHH!!"

She couldn't stop it. The guys who had raped her when she was nineteen were raping her again.

No...more than that...

...they were impregnating her.

...defiling her...

...breeding her...

...then Sara realized...

...she didn't WANT to stop it...THIS is what she had wanted all along...

...to complete her rape fantasy...to be FORCED to be impregnated...

...the ultimate rape.

Now, with her legs spread wide, her ankles being held down, her wrists tied above her head, and her body being impregnated by the same guys who had raped her as a teenager, Sara finally realized that what had been missing from her rape fantasy when Jeff and Mike first violated her...was her impregnation.

The revelation made her so fucking horny.

"Dammit, I am REALLY fucked up," Sara said out loud to herself.

"What?" Jeff stopped thrusting into Sara, having been caught off guard by her comment.

"Sara, are you okay?" Angie's voice sounded genuinely concerned.

Sara looked up at Angie with her beautiful teary blue eyes, exhausted, but finally self-aware.

"I know what I want," she smiled weakly, "finally, I know."

Angie flashed Sara the sweetest smile she'd ever given.

"Then do it."

Sara turned her head back to Jeff and gave him a look of complete submission.

"Rape me."

It was all she needed to say.

Immediately, Jeff began pounding into Sara's pussy at full speed, and at once, Sara was screaming.

"OHGOD!! FUCK YES!! RAPE ME!! MAKE ME PREGNANT!! FUCKING RAPE MEEEEEEE!!"

Sara's hips were bucking violently like a wild pony trying to throw its rider as Jeff pounded the full length of his cock deep...DEEP into Sara's fertile womb, its one goal to deliver its load and impregnate her.

Angie looked over at the blonde guy. "Wank her clit, Mike. It will make her squirt."

Mike immediately placed his hand between Sara's legs and began blurring his fingers across her extremely sensitive and erect pleasure nub.

"OHHHH MYYY GOOOOOODDD!!" Sara began gushing liquid immediately, her pussy muscles contracting hard with every wet squirt, and her perfect breasts bouncing up and down with every thrust inside her.

Angie maneuvered her free hand between Sara's cute ass and their towel, parting her ass cheeks and shoving two fingers up her forbidden hole.

Sara's eyes went wide, her mouth open with no sound as she felt Angie invade her most intimate entrance.

As Angie pushed deep into Sara's back door, she finally found her voice.

"OOHHH!! OOHHHH!! OOOHHHHH!! FUCK!! FUCK!! ANGIE!! OH FUCK!! YOU BITCH ANGIEEEEEE!!"

"Shut up and take it, you twisted little slut!" Jeff ordered, placing his hands around Sara's neck and gently choking her as his cock got ready to deliver its load.

Sara's entire body convulsed as she screamed and gasped through every relentless squirting orgasm. Clitoral...vaginal...anal...every type of orgasm steamrolled Sara one after another until her body became simply a vessel for her relentless climaxes of tension and releases of ecstatic bliss.

Then, she felt it.

Jeff's cock exploded inside Sara, drenching her love canal with his masculine liquid.

"FUCK YES!! RAPE MEEEEE!! OH FUCK!! PUT A BABY INSIDE MY FUCKING PUSSY!! RAPE MY CUNT HARD!! "

Jeff gasped as he felt himself unloading inside everything he had into her. Sara's pussy walls actually grabbed hold of Jeff's massive shaft and suckled on it, draining him completely and drawing his liquid further and further inside her fertile womb.

Sara knew that there was an egg just waiting to be fertilized in her fallopian tube, and there was no way the amount of liquid inside her could fail to knock her up.

Sara was going to have her rapist's baby, and she shivered in delight at the thought.

When Jeff's cock had been milked completely dry by Sara's amazing pussy, he carefully pulled out of her and tucked his member back in his pants. Mike and Angie let go of Sara's legs and helped her out of her split position...Sara being held in that position for so long that her leg muscles would barely respond.

Finally, Angie untied Sara's wrists and helped her lower her arms, tossing her panties to Jeff.

"Here boys," Angie said giving Sara's discarded bra to Mike, "souvenirs."

As the guys left, Angie lifted Sara's head and gently placed it on her lap.

"Angie..." Sara said weakly.

"Yes, Sara?" Angie replied as she cradled her lovingly.

Sara struggled against her own exhaustion, her beautiful blue eyes full of love.

"I..."

"Shhh, it's okay, baby," Angie said, lovingly stroking Sara's silky hair, "just rest now."

The ginger girl leaned over to kiss Sara gently on her forehead.

Exhausted, but at peace, Sara closed her gorgeous blue eyes and drifted off to sleep, cradled in Angie's arms.

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EPILOGUE

Angie had been sitting in the waiting room of Doctor Boone's office for about an hour when the door opened and Sara walked out.

Angie stood up and hugged Sara.

"So, how did it go?"

Sara smiled. "Really well."

"He was able to remove your conditioning then?"

"Mmmhmm," Sara nodded. "Also, we both agreed to not talk to anyone else about everything that happened. It's better for all of us that way. He even offered to give us family counseling sessions for free if we ever want them."

Angie raised her eyebrows. "Good to know."

"So," Sara asked as the two lovers walked towards the lift, "shall we go look at wedding dresses or baby clothes first?"

"Or..." Angie smiled cutely as the lift doors opened with a ding, "we could go back to the house and I could fuck the daylights out of you."

Sara giggled as the girls stepped into the lift, the doors closing behind them.

"I...probably should mention something," Sara said sheepishly.

"I'm listening," Angie replied, placing her hands on her hips.

"Doctor Boone didn't undo ALL of my sexual conditioning..."

"Oh?" Angie asked curiously. "You mean you can still be raped and enjoy it?"

"Well...yes..." Sara's voice grew submissively soft, "but only by you."

Angle gave a girlish giggle and put her arms around Sara's waist.

"I love you."

The two girls kissed beautifully.

"Oh..." Sara continued as she came out of the kiss, "...also Jeff and Mike."

"What?" Angie asked, surprised. "Why them?"

"Well..." Sara gave an adorable little pout and looked at Angie with her best puppy dog eyes, "we might want another baby at some point."

Angie rolled her eyes. "You ARE a twisted little girl."

Sara bit her lip softly and nodded.

"Fine," Angie flashed her smile and pushed the emergency "stop" button on the lift, causing it to get stuck between floors.

"OH!!" Sara gave a girly yelp as Angie pinned her against the wall of the lift. "Angie! What are you do—-UMMM!!"

Angie cut Sara off with a deep passionate kiss while sliding her hand under Sara's little red skirt that she had worn today.

"MMMMM!!" Sara screamed through their kiss as she felt Angie's hand move inside her tiny panties and thrust two fingers deep into her wet pussy.

"OHGOD!!" Sara laid her head back against the wall and cried out in pleasure as she felt her conditioning activate.

"There bitch!" Angie whispered into Sara's ear as she began to finger blast her overly sensitive g-spot. "You want to get raped again you little slut? You want me to fuck you?"

Sara nodded quickly as she began pumping her hips into Angie's probing fingers, trying desperately to make herself come.

"I love you," Angie whispered into Sara's ear as her fingers went into overdrive, "my horny little fuck toy."

"OHGOD, ANGIE!! I LOVE YOU!! PLEASE...RAPE...MEEEEEEE!!"

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