

Feminists Win

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Adult Content Warning - this story contains adult themes, including non-consensual sexual acts such as slavery, BDSM and bondage and death. This is a work of fiction and/or fantasy. If you are under the lawful age for such materials (usually 18) or if you would find such material offensive, please go elsewhere.

Categories: BDSM, shemale, rape

I was being hustled quickly and expertly along a gravel path. My high heels made it difficult to maneuver but my new girl friends left me no choice. My chest heaved with exertion combined with fear and excitement.

A beautiful blonde girl held my head back; sharp red nails dug hard into my throat and chin. I stared into her grey eyes highlighted by purple shades and iridescent hues. Her tongue wrestled and sucked my tongue and teeth; her lips glued to mine. Green emeralds spun from earlobes swirling with yellow hair.

A pretty female knee crushed my balls from behind. I hurried as directed by her demanding knee. A door opened and closed with a slam behind me. Inside some building, there was a narrow stairway which I stumbled upwards. I ascended to a position inside some office building.

Two curvaceous brunettes wearing short dresses and the highest possible heels kept my elbows twisted behind me as they shoved me forward and up the staircase. They knew where to go and demanded me to go along.

I was not wearing much. Different too from what I began the night with. The girls had leaped from behind, admiring my heinie and thinking of its trollop potential. Turning at their sound and shouts, a blackjack greeted my forehead. I awoke with the girls stripping me and a knife at my balls. Not much to do about much except to pretend to be a defenseless victim.

Now, I sported flashy and cheap jewelry, makeup and a multiflowered short dress of black, white and pink rose. Thin sky blue panties covered my bottom against which the blonde's knee and my prick were straining. Large, rubbery breasts had been glued to my chest to make my dress puff out. An alligator clip on my nipples extended to my fake tit nipples and a battery pack. Someone squeezing my boobs or false nipples would complete the circuit and make me jump.

The brunettes gladly played with my false boobs making me jerk and dance in response.

Just another dumb skirt on her (his) way to a bed, floor or crate. I tried to release myself from their grip but momentum and strength were on their side.

The blonde pressed my lips closer and sucked at my throat; her tender fingers stroking my neck and trying to make me swallow her tongue even more. My jaws ached from being forced so wide in sexual greeting.

My legs raced along the stairs and halls. The picture of lustful eagerness with long limbs and a dress cut off below my hips by a

sparse few inches. My heels clickclacked rapidly as did my girl friends. I moved too fast to keep my knees together and so appeared even more adventurous.

The constant attention to my boobs tended to make me sway erotically; hips arcing and gyrating. Yet another gracious invitation to my friends who commented freely on my body responses including my swollen member.

We finally lingered at some doorway. I panted heavily through my nose as the blonde fiend kissed and sucked my open mouth. The brunettes shared access to my tits; hands cupping and caressing the sensitive nipples under my floral top.

Other hands transferred my mouth to a redhead who popped my open, smiling and welcoming lips with a loud smack and hungry kiss. Her knee replaced the blonde so that my balls did not feel lonely for long. It was expertly done. I never saw the room in front of me. Only sexy lips and eyes full of lust. Several girls rotated one after another and tasted my mouth and tongue; each one trying to thrust higher and deeper inside my mouth. I wiggled frantically trying to escape.

Dimly, I listened to other sounds around me. Squishy noises. Moans and gulps and an occasional pop. Girls chittering. Frank discussion of whose turn it was and where to put the new "girl". Soft, strong hands stroked the juncture of my groin and upper thigh, brushing my balls. My bottom wiggled in desperate excitement and terror.

At present, I stood with open thighs and a dress pulled down showing my ample bosom. I back kissed hungrily. The picture of a eager "girl" ready for the taking. I blushed in shame.

I shuddered as numerous unseen hands and lips inspected me. I stood nervously swaying, awaiting decisions, on my shiny black heel shoes. Hands tore and lowered my dress back to my elbows and my waist. Someone popped my black brassiere to let my fake boobs hang out more freely.

I shifted unhappily from foot to foot like a dumb girl unable to make up her mind as to who to fuck first. One of my captors held up my right ankle against my upper thigh forcing me to stop and pause as she rubbed my thigh and crotch. I groaned deep in my throat and thrust my ass back and forth against a restraining knee and hands cupping my ass.

I cried and whimpered as another blonde jammed her red lips against my open mouth. Her eyes shouted lust and her knee jerked against my balls with a hard crunch. I shifted uneasily, girls keeping my legs spread for general use and entertainment.

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Swinging forward, I briefly saw what surrounded me now and for the next few hours. It was exotic and exciting as well as horrible.

Four wooden office desks were lined in a square. Across each desk was the spread form of a rapee with a rapist pumping her (his) ass. Two girls held a leg each of each victim in a wide V with the high heel toes pointed out and away. Between each pair of open legs stood a girl, with her skirt or dress hiked in front, pressed tightly against a cute derriere.

In front, a gorgeous babe rubbing her breasts moaned as she thrusted into a rapee face. The rapee head was buried at an awkward upward angle under short skirts and thin mini-dresses of his lovely female hosts.

Two other women held each guy down with long nailed hands on each shoulder and guy hand. The guy's hand was twisted up at a crude angle to cup a bare tit or stoke a dildo.

Jerking forward and down to my knees, I entered my next phase of inspection and entertainment. My position was down between the four desks on my knees. Long stockinginged thighs slid under my chin and I stared at bare white leg flesh above the stocking and a long red dildo at a luscious smelly crotch. An expert hand cradled the back of my head and pushed the tip of the dildo to my reluctant lips.

Sensing my resistance, she pinched my nose until I had to breath. Then she began to poke her way in past my teeth and tongue barriers. Soon, the dildo rested deep down my gagging throat.

She happily thrusted in and out. I jumped and tried to extract the dildo but a tongue was meaningless against groin muscle and two hands. Her short skirt covered my brown curls and hid my efforts in darkness.

Meanwhile two leg girls had restraining hands on my ankles and upper thighs near my groin. I kicked futilely.

Warm hands lifted my dress revealing my blue panties stretched thinly across my pretty bottom. I shivered and sexily rotated my hips inviting attack even as the red dildo sunk down my throat for the first time.

My panties were cut off.

With my legs Veed in the traditional welcome, I awaited further impact as my head was covered up by a skirt. My leg girls held me firm and would later help me wiggle as I tired.

Something touched my asshole.

The girl poked harder and penetrated. I stiffened and tried to escape much to my girlfriends delight.

Deeper and higher the dildo pushed as I pulled and tugged at my confining hands. It only helped my deflowering. In a moment or two, I was fully stuffed with her dildo pounding against my balls.

Breathing hard, I struggled fruitlessly as the girls ripped enthusiastically at my two holes. I could feel the blood dripping out of my ass onto my balls, shocking and tantalizing. The blood acted as a natural lubricant easing some of the pain but none of the humiliation of my rape.

The first girls finished at each hole. Replacements rotated around. Someone settled between my welcoming knees and quickly reamed me with one hard push, burying 12 inches into my rectum.

Up front, black open toed high heels sauntered by. Then she knelt raising her dress to show me a long dildo.

I opened my lips in a toothy grin and swallowed it automatically with one slurp. Her dress went over me even as she pressed her advantage down my throat where all girls wanted to be.

A long line waited for access to my ass and mouth in this too short a night. A hundred high heels would tap in impatience. Many knees would open for my face to slide up and down. I liked getting under a girl's skirt but this was not what I had expected on this or any other night. I would have a real sore throat tomorrow morning.

My legs would be open for business all night long too. I would lose count of how many different sets of knees had knelt behind me and accepted my invitation.

I would not be able to sit for a month!

I whimpered as I had my first orgasm during number three girl's term while slurping a large fat dildo. Exhaustion would kill my orgasms after number four leaving me with a dull throbbing pleasure pulsing from my asshole and balls.

Twitching and groaning, I sucked and fucked until the crack of dawn left me alone with the other guys collapsed on the desks and floor.

Damn feminists! We should have never given them the vote!

I slept fitfully with my rounded posterior sticking out and my thighs wide and inviting. A nice welcoming view for the first lads and ladies into the office the next day. Someone might invite themselves in and curse my slippery hole.

Damn feminists! A guy should not be deflowered! Only slutty girls!

Damn them! I whimpered even as my prick feebly attempted to rise.