

The Abduction of Gina

Introduction

Gina had just completed the latest grueling day of her insipid life. She flipped on the lights in the foyer of her posh suburban house, remarking to herself how tired she felt. Her leather valise was plunked on the kitchen counter and she poured herself a glass of champagne. Gina felt hot and exhausted. She popped the top buttons of her blouse and pulled her scarf out, wiping the sweat from her face with the tail. Her fingers released the clasp that held her hair tightly against her scalp. Gina turned up her collar, changing her appearance and sensation from a stern executive to a relaxed, sensuous woman. For Gina, life had a dual existence. During the day, she was the authoritative executive, buttoned up in the layered shell of power suits, the ever present burgundy valise tucked under her arm or slung over her shoulder... but at night, she was a rutting whore, craving rough sex and hard cocks.

Another evening of overtime at the office left her strained and frazzled. She had just spent two hours crammed into a stuffy overheated conference room with thirty or more executives, secretaries and consultants. The result was sweaty clothing adhering to her skin, the odors of multiple bodies lingering in her nose, and due to a particularly busty secretary whose soft, delicious body she spent pressed against for much of the conference, Gina's hot silk panties were filled with a thick, viscous fluid. Her pulsating cunt and throbbing clitoris itched for the caress of her fingertips. She wanted her cunt and ass to be impaled by hot, fat cocks as her mouth sucked on the thick, salty nipples of that cloying, oversexed, over-perfumed secretary.

Gina's eyes and imagination had wandered over those perfectly spherical, globular breasts straining to burst the buttons of a tight-fitting, expensive, striped silk blouse. Gina had popped them one by one in her daydreams, pulled the lacy brassiere down to expose two thick nipples standing erect on the plum-colored areolae of those milky breasts. She imagined her tongue following the faint tracery of light blue veins until they vanish under the knobby areolae. After thoroughly biting, sucking, kissing and licking those nipples, her mouth ran to the secretaries' open lips, drawing out her tongue and tasting the sweet juices while her startled eyes stared into hers. "Ms Hart! Ms Hart!" rang in her ears. Gina was startled from her daydream, "Did you hear Ms Robbins' question? ...About last quarter's earnings?"

With these idle visions, Gina's nostrils flared as she sniffed the perfumes and sweat of this fleshy, Lesbian fantasy, mingling with her own faint odor of arousal. Hot cream pulsed into her panties. Gina's nipples throbbed and itched beneath the multi-layers of satin, lace and silk encasing her rutting body. She felt light-headed after her short drive home, still dreaming about that secretary... but reserving her orgasms for the privacy of her bedroom.

With her sharp heels clacking up the staircase, Gina was beginning to undress herself. The last two buttons of her blouse were popped open, and she unbuckled the designer belt on her creased slacks. Pulling her blouse out, Gina's fingers felt the heat of her soft mound of Venus before moving down to the bloated, throbbing cunt encased in a layer of silk and nylon pantyhose. When she wanted to maintain a state of arousal, the tight seam, with the buttoned fly of her tight-fitting slacks providing additional pressure, would rub her clitoris as she walked, or when she crossed and uncrossed her legs. By the time she arrived home, or returned to her hotel suite during business trips, her lips would be swollen and her erect clitoris tingling with the need to be stroked, rubbed, and penetrated.

Without even bothering to kick off her heels, she lay back on smooth satin sheets and gulped from her champagne bottle as one hand slipped into her panties. With the half-empty champagne bottle left on a bedside table, her hands were both free to pull her bustier cups down and tug, twist, pinch and knead her swelling, erect nipples. There were wet spots in the cups... her nipples had discharged. It seemed as if an electric current ran directly from those aching nipples to her clitoris. From a bedside stand, she removed a clear bottle of baby oil, a tube of jelly and a large vibrating dildo. The jelly was squirted along the shaft of her dildo, and the baby oil rubbed into her breasts and nipples. A small amount of vinegar and baking soda was rubbed on her nipples, the hot tingling sensation driving her to the very edge of ecstasy.

Gina pulled the clitoral hood away as the vibrating tip of the dildo teased the pearly, greasy, ultra-sensitive knob. It grew ever larger, as her nipples also swelled to a painful degree of erection. Moaning, bleating and cooing, "MMmpphh.... Aaahhh.... OOOooo.... " Gina whispered the name of that voluptuous, fragrant secretary as if she were with her, begging and pleading... "OOOO.... It feels so good.... UUUhhh.... Hard.... Rub me harder.... Twist my nipples.... Karen, you're so hot.... I'm.... I'm.... UUrrggh.... Such a slut! Fuck me like the slut that I am, Uugggh, a sleazy Lezzie cunt-sucking, nipple-kissing whore... oh Karen!"

She grabbed the dildo in both hands and thrust it deep into her pussy. Causing her torso to arch off the bed, her breasts to jut out, her eyes to roll back, and her mouth to open in a painful, sudden, deep "UURRGGH!!!" Her torso bent and arched back and forth like a bow, twitching with pre-orgasmic spasms that caused her breasts and belly to tremble. She reached lower with her fingers and pushed the tip of her index finger through her tight sphincter. A jolt of electricity shot through her body, causing a burning in her nipples and cunt. "Karen, roll me on my sticky hot belly and ram my ass with your dildo! Sodomize me! Slap me, pinch me, hurt me!"

As her orgasm approached, a wave of masochistic impulses shot through Gina's nervous system. She wanted pain and humiliation, to be this woman's anal whore and fuck toy. She rolled on her belly, pulling the pillows underneath her to elevate her ass and to hump them. She ran her hands across the buttons of her blouse and felt the smooth silk sliding over the hard, lacy shell encasing her torso. The heat of her soft belly burned through the lace. As she popped the last of the buttons, she imagined it was the hands of her ravisher, though at this stage she might have preferred that her clothes be ripped from her body. Her nipples were burning hot and hurt with increasing sensitivity. Her arms were underneath her, groaning with the hard push to get the dildo into her rectum.

"GGGrrr..... HHmmpphh..... Harder..... Harder....." Her face was flat against the bed sheets, her left cheek buried in the satin. Her mouth was still uttering her guttural moans, pleading in her fantastic stupor, "Sodomize me.... Deeper.... Harder.... Rape my fat ass... MMMmmm....." As her hands pumped the dildo, she was humping her pillows, until the sudden shock of orgasm shot through her body like a blast of lightning... Gina's back arched, pressing her belly into the soft pillows, thrusting her ass into the air, and causing her mouth to go suddenly wide with a nearly silent hard exhalation.... A crackling in her throat was the only sound. Her body went as rigid as a sculpture, with a sudden gushing spray soaking the pillows... either she pissed herself or ejaculated... she was in too deep an ecstatic stupor to know or care. Her eyes stared sightlessly as all she could see was orgasmic flashes... After several hard spasms jerked her body, her eyes rolled back, her muscles relaxed and her lips curled in a smile. She let out a satisfied moan and the room went silent, only broken by the faint buzzing of a greasy dildo resting on her thighs after it was expelled with a sticky sound from her sodomized rear.

The noise of the squeaking bed, the squishing liquid sounds of thrusting dildos and fingers, the moans, all were now silenced. Gina lay facedown in her ruined clothes and sheets, twisted and stained with body fluids, lipstick, baby oil, and a pool of sweat, ejaculate and girl-cum. A pair of shiny round globes protruded from the tangle, along with a mass of stringy, sweat-soaked hair. Her arms were still buried underneath her, one hand gripped by the suction of a post-orgasmic cunt, the other arm bent so she could suck on her gluey fingers.

When she awoke the following morning, she burst off another orgasm. The room smelled like the musky, sweaty bedroom of a reeking whorehouse. Gina looked like a thoroughly ravished, hung-over, filthy used-up slut. An hour later, she was washed clean, with creamed and lotioned skin, perfumed, impeccably made-up, sheathed in crisp clothes and ready for business and pleasure. Fingering a string of pearls adorning her business attire reminded her of the pearl of her clitoris... the hard satiny sphere's resemblance to a drop of her girl-cum or that of a male injecting her. Her days were occupied with the rigors of business, finance, maintaining a marriage and a house.

Whenever she had the opportunity, such as the meeting she had spent next to Karen, her erotic imagination ran wild. Gina discovered that the more absurd the fantasy, the more aroused she became. A mature woman with a young, nubile lover... a thick BBW with a delicate, flat-chested girl... a nasty street whore with a prissy housewife... The thought of a horny, over-sexed teenager in a school uniform bunny-humping or tongue-kissing her austere, mature teacher would inflame Gina's lust. She found herself dressing like a stern schoolmistress in severely cut suits with her blouse fastened at her throat... her manicured hands fingering the collar nervously like a prudish, sterile old maid. Gina sometimes imagined this persona of hers being pounded by some fat-assed, thick-waisted girl or the oiled, fleshy bodies of Carnivale dancers... her dominant personality sought to be sexually ravished... what she needed was a sort of role-reversal...