

A woman with reddish-brown hair is sitting on a black rug outdoors. She is wearing a white, short-sleeved, button-down crop top that is tied at the waist, revealing her midriff. She is also wearing plaid shorts and white thigh-high stockings. She is looking down and to the right. The background shows a large tree trunk and some greenery.

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JOURNEY INTO SLAVERY PART 1

AN EROTIC NOVEL

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Journey Into Slavery

Part 1

The darkness enveloped her like a warm, fuzzy blanket. She wrapped it around herself and pulled it tight. But there were sounds, and noises, that swirled around her, that pulled her out of the warm and comfortable darkness. She tried to pull it tighter, but then there were the lights, dim and blurry at first, like the muffled, indistinct sounds, then louder and clearer.

There was music, and people talking. And there were shapes moving. They were spinning past her, rushing around her in a swirling haze. She tried to follow them, but they were too fast. No, wait. She was the one who was spinning. Her head was dizzy. The lights became clearer, and the voices louder. She tried to speak, but her voice was muffled, too. Had she forgotten how to speak?

Someone moved around her and bumped her. The room became instantly clear. She look around. She was on her knees in the middle of the room, surrounded by people. How did she get there?

A man stopped in front of her. He was holding a bottle of beer in one hand. She looked up. He had a hard face, with deep, grooved lines. Had she seen him before?

She started to say hi to him, and a warm liquid dribbled out of her mouth and ran down her chin. That was why her voice was muffled. Her mouth was full.

But full of what? It was hard to concentrate with all the noise and flashing lights, and her head spinning, or the room spinning,

or whatever was spinning. Her mouth was full of a warm liquid. She swallowed. It had a distinctive flavor, not like the wine her husband gave her, but something familiar. It was thick, and globs of it floated under her tongue and behind her molars.

The man standing in front of her pulled down the zipper of his slacks with his free hand. She stared at his hand. If she concentrated, she noticed that she had not blinked her eyes for a long time, and they were dry and sore.

The strange man's hand reached into his sharp, pleated slacks, and when it came back out, it brought with it his penis, his long, thick, erect penis. Her eyes got wide. Of course. That was what was in her mouth. It was cum. She had just finished blowing another man, and he left his cum behind in her mouth.

She looked up at the man with the hard face again. Was he her husband? Did he want her to blow him, too? She looked at his penis again. It was a nice looking cock, long and thick. It occurred to her, like a distant voice over the PA at the airport, that she would recognize such a nice looking cock if it was her husband's.

He said something. She looked up to his face again. His words were slurred and muffled. Had he been drinking too much? Or was it her ears that weren't working so good?

He put his hand on top of her head. She smiled at him. Whether or not he was instructing her to blow him didn't matter. She wanted to blow him either way.

She stuck her tongue out and licked the head. It made her giggle every time she did that. It was like she was a little girl licking an ice cream cone, except that this ice cream was cock flavored.

He was speaking to her. It was all a muffled drone, as if her hears were filled with water. All of the noise was an indistinct drone. Oh, what the hell did it matter? She closed her mouth over the end of this strange man's long, thick, nice looking penis, and moved her head back and forth slowly.

She stared at the shiny, silver buckle of his belt. It got closer, then moved away. It got closer, then moved away. It got closer, then moved away. It was a nice looking belt buckle. How come

she had never noticed a man's belt buckle before?

He still had his hand on top of her head. She liked that. He clenched his fingers in her hair and moved her head back and forth on his cock. She liked that even more. She liked when a man took control, especially if he was a little rough. She would have smiled, but it was hard to smile when her mouth was full of cock.

She blinked. What did she have for dinner? Was it steak? Was it lobster? Chicken scallopini would be nice. She hadn't had that in a long time. She would have to make that again, except that the kids didn't like it as much as her chicken parmesan. Why was she looking at a belt buckle? Why did it keep getting closer, then farther away? She tried to say something, but her mouth was full. What was that? Had she fallen asleep in the middle of dinner?

The shiny silver belt buckle suddenly got real close, pressed against her forehead. Something hard stretched her mouth open. She tried to scream. What horrible dream was she having?

Then the cold belt buckle was gone, no longer pressed into her forehead. She reached up to touch her brow. Had it left a dent?

For a moment, she saw a long, thick penis in front of her, and a hand. She blinked, and it was gone. The room was spinning. Or was it her? There were people everywhere around her. Where was she? Was it a party? Was it her birthday? Her husband had thrown a surprise party for her birthday. That was so nice. He was always so sweet to her.

She smiled, and a warm liquid dribbled out of her mouth. Had she been drinking? Was it that strong wine her husband gave her? She swallowed. No, it wasn't wine. It was too thick to be wine. The taste was strong, and there was something familiar about it.

A man appeared in front of her. He had a shiny gold belt buckle. She looked way up at him and smiled. His hair was dark, speckled with gray. He smiled back and said something. His voice, though, was a muffled drone, and his words were a jumbled

mass.

His big hands fumbled with the front of his pants, and then there was a thick, hard penis in front of her. She looked up to his face again. Was this man her husband?

Whether or not he was didn't matter. She opened her mouth and let his penis slide in. He had a shiny, gold belt buckle. How come she never noticed a man's belt buckle before?

* * * *

Sandy didn't know what they were in for. When Greg came home to tell her they had been invited to a party that weekend by a friend of his, she had assumed it was going to be like any of those other boring parties with drinks and snacks and a lot of people she didn't know, and maybe even a fondue.

But it wasn't long after they got to his friend house that she realized something about the party was very different. Maybe it was the way some of the other women were dressed, or more correctly, not dressed. Maybe it was the men and women making out here and there in every room. Or maybe it was the Oriental girl in the kitchen who looked young enough to be dating her son, who was bent over, giving a blowjob to one man, while several other men waited their turns in a line at the counter.

She clung to Greg's hand. The shock made her throat tighten. They had been invited to a swinger's party.

Just the thought of being in a house where so many people were having sex with strangers made her skin crawl. She begged Greg to take her home, but he convinced her to stay, just for a little while. She only agreed because, although she hated to admit it, she was a little intrigued.

While they were talking with Martha, the wife of Greg's friend who invited them to the party, a woman offered Sandy a shot glass filled with a creamy white liquid. She politely refused, and the woman offered it to another woman, who drank the whole glass, and then the two women kissed each other on the mouth.

Sandy shivered. She was pretty sure that was a glass full of

cum. There was no way she would ever drink that.

Martha told them about all the new friends she and her husband had made since they started hosting these parties. She also told them about all the great sex she and her husband had, and sometimes it was with each other.

Sandy listened, and was polite about the whole thing. Even so, the idea of letting Greg go off with another woman was in no way appealing.

They left early, before the other at the party had made the rounds to meet all the new guests. For the whole ride home, Sandy was buzzing. No matter what she thought about being invited to a swinger's party, she could not deny that it all turned her on. She kept looking at Greg with a sly grin. Could he tell how horny she was?

As soon as they got home, she fucked him like crazy.

Ok, so it wasn't as soon as they got home. They had to get the kids to bed, first. Cameron had been left in charge of his sister, and he was glad when they finally got home so he'd no longer have to deal with her.

They sent the kids to bed, and Sandy went down on Greg in the middle of the living room. It was so unlike her to do something so ... kinky. They still had their clothes on. It gave her a thrill that she had never felt before.

She sucked Greg's cock so hard that he shot his cum in her mouth. The fact that she allowed that to happen was bizarre enough. What made it even more bizarre than she could believe was that she swallowed it.

She let Greg's cock slip from her mouth and sat back on her knees and wiped a drop of cum from her lips. Now what in the world made her do that?

Greg must have been overexcited as well. It wasn't more than fifteen minutes later that he had her on her hands and knees on their bed and was pounding her from behind. That almost never happened, that he got aroused twice in such a short time.

With her face buried in the pillow, with her ass in the air and Greg's cock pounding her pussy, she grinned. They were going

to have to go to another one of Martha's parties.

* * * *

It was that next party that changed everything for her. Whether or not things turned out the way she had planned, she could never be sure. In the back of her mind, though, by the time they arrived at Martha's house two weeks later, was the idea that she could be open to almost any possibility.

It was Martha who set things in motion in a direction Sandy never anticipated. She pulled her away from the conversation about taxes with their husbands.

"I have someone I want you to meet. You don't have to feel uncomfortable, and you don't have to do anything you don't want to do. I just think you'll really like my friend," Martha said.

She led Sandy through all of the other people at the party to another room of her house, where a small group of men and women was sitting around a table with their drinks. Instantly, Sandy's eyes locked onto the face of one of the men seated at the table. He had a chiseled, hard-edged face and long, flowing brown hair.

"Sandy, this is Ian," Martha said.

The gorgeous man with the chiseled face and the long hair looked at her. He had a cigarette between his lips and was squinting to keep the smoke out of his eyes.

"Hey," he said.

"Hi," Sandy said.

Her heart skipped. He was like a rock star with his long hair and leather pants and a loose, long sleeved shirt that was open down the front and showed his beautiful chest.

"I'll just leave you here to, you know, have a good time," Martha said.

Sandy tried to think of something to say to make her stay, but she was already gone. The others around the table were all looking at her. They were all younger than her, especially the Oriental girl seated next to Ian. She was the one from the last party who

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