



After
Club SIXX

DRIVEN

LORD KOGA

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Driven
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**ADULT CONTENT
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After Club SIXX: Driven

I... I can't believe this happened to me. I always thought that if something like this were to come my way I wouldn't simply give in and do whatever he said, and yet that's exactly what I did... exactly what I allowed to happen, and to be honest I rather enjoyed it. The roughness of flesh against heated flesh; the lack of control over my own body... was so intoxicating so tantalizing that right now, as I stare at myself in the mirror and see the reflection of the lightly tanned 19 year old woman with curly long brown hair, I have to wonder what kind of person; what kind of woman staring back at me really is? Is the woman in the reflection really so perverted? Is the woman with the breathtaking aqua blue eyes gazing back at me really that much of a dirty tramp? Am I really that perverted, that hard up for a long hard cock that I allow myself to be taken like that? That hard for a good thick dick that I really did what I did at the end?

Damn this is bugging me so much. A part of me wants to pick up the phone right now and report it to the police, but... but can I really do that? Can I really report that I was sexually violated when after taking it for a few moments, after fighting the passionate feels driving through me I gave into my body's desires and went along with it so willingly? Maybe not at first mind you, but somewhere during the course of my

abduction, I gave in and allowed the brute of wrought male flesh order me around like some sort of 2 cent tramp. Damn it bugs me. I always thought I was better than this. Yet still, even now I can't stop thinking about it without getting those pin pricks of excitement rolling through my tight tanned body. The memory of his scent, his strength embedded inside me... I can't stop thinking about him, can't stop remembering the feeling of his rough hands upon me, feeling me, touching me firmly, taking me from inside as he pounded into me... damn it gets me so hot and wet just thinking about it. That's why I am writing all this down now, making some record, some proof of my confusion, some proof that I am not such a slutty bitch... some proof that I didn't go willingly at first... I didn't become this sex crazed whore, the beast that I am now, made from the events those hours ago when I was taken to heights I had long since forgotten.

It happened just hours ago after I partied at Club Sixx in downtown Grand Rapids. It had been a long week at work being watched by the married legal attorneys as they eyed me like some sort of perverted sex candy. Each one undressing me with their eyes each time I came to them to serve them coffee or assist them with some other sort of midlevel task. Having to listen to their subtle yet obvious comments of where they really desired my ass to be, or how they wanted to feel my glazing red lips gliding slowly down their hardened shafts, or be taken hard on their desk. By the end of the week I was so ready to get wasted, and oddly so horny that if one of them would have had the balls to make a move I would have done them right there on their desk, driven them hard, blowing their minds with the tightness of my body. Yet, obviously none of them had the balls to act on their thoughts, typical. Anyway I went to Club Sixx, the local hangout for Grand Valley College Students, being a freshman their myself, I was looking to find handsome young buck, willing to make his move and if lucky, take me home and have their way with me.

Sadly by the end of the night all I managed to do was drink myself into a stupor. It seemed that all the prime candidates I met were already hitched to the bitch they came with, leaving me to go home alone... again. Exiting the bar that night I walked out to my car. I had parked across the street at some furniture manufactures trailer lot. When I parked there a few hours before, I knew it said that it was private property, but damn, with how busy the bar was that night I would have had to walk a ways if I had

parked in the bar's parking area. This was just closer, and to be honest, at least at the time, I really didn't think anyone would make that big of a fucking deal about it.

It was then when it happened. I remember trying to get the keys to the car in the lock only to hear someone approaching me from behind. Turning around quickly I had a can of pepper spray attached to my keys. I forgot who gave it to me, doesn't really matter anyway it doesn't have anything to really do with what happened but anyway I had the can of spray in my hands and as I turned around I was quickly blinded by a bright white light being shined in my eyes. "MISS... *You're parked on private property,*" I heard a deep, husky male voice say calmly yet firmly. "I...I...," I paused, his strong, masculine voice echoing through me, sending waves of pleasure down my body as I continued to hold the spray tightly in my hands, the tip of my fingers arming the trigger as I prepared to use it. "*Miss... I am security for this place, and I need you to please get into your car and get off the property,*" he said commandingly, his voice nearly echoing through me again as I squinted my eyes, trying to make out the figure just beyond the bright light. "*Security?*" I said, a bit put off by the situation as I stupidly re armed the can of spray and turned back towards my car door, trying as best I could to put the key into the hole. "*Fuck security, you can go fuck me for all I care*" I said like a true bitch, not really thinking that anyone would take my words so literal.

"*Looks like you're having trouble getting it in the hole,*" he replied, his tone suddenly changed, as the bright light behind me clicked off, "As a real man I can get into your hole for you, make you feel right again," he said, his pun so stupid, so bold and blatant that I turned around, ready to call him a perverted pig, only to feel a glowing sting smack across the side of my face, his hands smacking across me so fast, so hard that I fell back against the grassy knoll just in front of my car. "*What... what are you,*" I managed to cry, the sudden impact across my face blurring my thoughts as I tried to do something, anything to make sense of what was going on. "*Fuck security,*" I heard the man grunt firmly, loudly, almost sinisterly as he hovered over me, around me like a great shroud of darkness. "*How about you get FUCKED BY SECURITY,*" he hissed; his hand drove roughly across the other side of my face, burning me to the core as the strength inside me began to fade. "*Please... please don't,*" I begged only to feel my body

breaking way, giving up as I became weaker by the second, unable to fight back any further to the coming storm of male dominance that over took me.

When I awoke a few moments later, I could taste the slight salty taste of my own blood upon my lips and an odd blackness as I my ears focused on the sounds of rushing air in the background. The sudden piercing pain in my head came next, falling upon me so fast that I felt like someone had taken a baseball bat and smacked it across the back of my head.

"Fucking..." I scuffed to the pain trying to place my hands upon my head only to feel that my wrists had been cuffed and forced up over my head. *"What the Fucking..."* I cried, screaming as loud as I could as I felt what I thought at the time was a warm breeze pass across my lower half, quivering to the feeling, I realized I was naked, bound and unable to move my arms, unable to escape. *"What the hell are you doing with me you pervert?"* I Screamed, *"Someone help me please...help me,"* I cried as loud as I could, only to feel the warm breeze, the warm breath of air pass across my inner thighs. *"Scream all you want,"* I heard him moan, the vibrations of his words, echoing against the slight opening of my slit, sending heated chills of pleasure down my back as he rolled the tip of his tongue over my pussy, his lips almost kissing it as they centered toward the middle. *"HELP... PLEASE SOME ONE HELP ME,"* I screamed again, the heat of his tongue tearing through my defenses as I became slightly aroused to his advances, *"no one works in this plant on the weekends,"* he hissed, draping his lips across me again as his hands roamed up my sides, before grasping my full breasts, crushing them against me roughly, the tips of his fingers tearing into my aroused nipples.

"PLEASE... please just stop... I didn't mean to offend you," I grunted as I fought him, only to find a part of me enjoying the roughness of his touch, the powerlessness to fight back, the excitement of the unknown building up inside me as he continued. *Please... Please, Fuck,"* I gasped, panting suddenly as a feeling washed over me, a sudden rush of strength, a bolt of pleasure cascading across my sense as his tongue darted like a serpents deep inside my drenching opening. *"Oh... Not yet my bitch... but soon, so very soon,"* he growled, suddenly plunging his fingers deeply inside my tight pussy, tearing into me, widening me as he forced me into a heated daze of pleasure

beyond anything I could describe, the pleasure consuming my entire being as I jerked my head up toward the ceiling, still unable to gaze into the eyes of my abductor, my captor, my sex-crazed taker.

“No...,” I cried as I tried to resist the temptation flowing like a raging waterfall through my body, consuming my every thought to flee. “NO... *Stop, get away from me you fucking pervert!*” I screamed, only to feel him upon me again, this time I could feel his entire body pushing against me, the full form of his muscular chest, his rock hard abs, pressing against me firmly, molding into my body as the head of his cock rubbed against my exposed clit, “*Fuck... please...NO,*” I grunted, the feeling of his cock pressing into me, consumed my every thought to fight, forcing feelings, pleasures unlike anything I had felt in so long upon me. “*FUCK,*” I moaned, feeling his lips rushing over mine, “*Of Course... we will get to that I promise,*” he hissed, kissing me deeply, wildly as his tongue pressed into my mouth, pressing against my own before draping his lips over mine, allowing me to taste his savor, his masculine flavor upon my lips before breaking away again.

“*Shhhhh... this is what you wanted... to fuck security,*” he growled as he pressed his hardened cock against my inner left thigh, his hands racing across my breasts, his nails tearing into my flesh, forcing me to gasp to the pleased pain that engulfed my body like a wild firestorm of lust. “*Please... please no... don't,*” I gasped, feeling his throbbing hard cock sliding slowly up my inner thigh, making its way close and closer to my wet opening, the arousal of it all overtaking rational thinking as I slowly gave into the moment, slowly allowed myself to become an active, willing accomplice instead of an ever fighting victim.

“*You're only going to lose that hot voice of yours... no one is in the building... we are alone...*,” he hissed deeply, “*let me help you fill that hole of yours, let me give you something to feel whole again.*” “*So... lame,*” I thought as he growled like an enraged creature into my ear, the tip of his cock pressing against my pussy lips, causing me to widen my thighs as I gave into his request. “*You're so... so big... you'll tear me apart,*” I panted wantonly, feeling him pressing into me, stretching me further than any man... any boy and done before. “*FUCK... SO BIG... SO BIG,*” I panted. “*Good... then next time you'll be more than accepting... ready to be taken even harder... driven even*

further,” he grunted as my wrists became un-cuffed allowing me to move my arms freely as he turned me quickly around, still strong enough to easily overpower me, the tip of his cock pressing roughly against the opening of my ass as he roped his arms around my stomach holding me in place. *“Tell me Suzan... when did you first give it up?”* he growled, sliding the tip of his cockhead inside me, *“How... how do you know my name?”* I asked only to feel him slam the top of my head down against the countertop, *“When did you let the first boy fuck your tightness?”* he asked again, *“I...I...”* paused, taking a deep breath as memories of my first time fluttered through my mind, *“I don’t... don’t remember,”* I hissed not wanting to give fully into his perverted thoughts, *“Liar,”* he grunted, only to suddenly feel him slid the full length of his cock into my tight ass, catching me by surprise as the pain rushed through me, I could feel his large round cock pushing up into my abdomen as he suddenly slammed three of his fingers deeply into my throbbing pussy, rolling them wildly inside me while fucking me up the ass at the same time, *“FUCKING HELL,”* I panted, gasping for breath as I slammed my head against the edge of the counter, streams of tears cascading down the sides of my face, only to feel him rolling me onto my stomach as he quickly slapped his free hand across one of my firm tanned cheeks. Smacking it so hard that I instinctively thrashed upward, driving my hips into his hands, forcing his fingers even deeper into my pussy, all the while I could feel him drilling his large monstrous cock deeper into my ass, never relenting an inch as he continued to take me from both the front and back.

“Fuck... fuck security guards,” I cried, feeling the intense erotic burn from each slap as he continued to spank me over and over again, while at the same time I could feel the full whack of his large, heavy balls draping against my ass. *“Fuck... yes my tight little bitch,”* he grunted deeply, sinisterly into my ear as he tightened himself inside me, allowing me to feel the head of his cock grow even large in size, taking my ass again and again, tearing me open even further with each new thrust, each new hard, heavy push into my ass. *“FUCK YOUR SO TIGHT... SO FUCKING HOT,”* he panted, draping his tongue across my earlobe as one of his hands snaked around me, latching firmly against my breasts as he continued to rape my ass over and over again, sending shockwaves of pleasure through my body.

"FUCKING TIGHT, JUST AS I REMEMBER," he panted, his lips gliding over the side of my face, his fingers continuing to ravage my pussy, as his dick drilled harder and faster into me, "Re-remembered?" I cried, caught completely by surprised as I couldn't remember ever feeling so good, so full like this before, *"I... I can't wait to cum inside you... fill you up with my load like the naught hot bitchy slut you are,"* he grunted. My ass tight to him, making him feel every little bit of it as he slid fiercely into me like a sex crazed animal, the heat, the friction of our bodies pressing roughly against each other, the sounds of our bodies, our sweat-laced flesh smacking into, over one another as the scent of our sex mixed with each other's sweat overloaded my senses. *"FUCK... FUCK YEAH,"* I cried out as he angled his head against the back of my neck, lathering it with his syrupy saliva. *"Fuck... fucking yes,"* he cried out, the tightness of my ass around his cock causing him to weaken with each continued thrust as I could feel him getting closer and closer to his own climatic edge.

"Cry..." he said as he slammed into harder than ever before, I could feel the tip of his cock piercing into me as if I was being stabbed with a dagger over and over again. *"Cry... cry for me bitch,"* he hissed as he increased his pace, slamming into me harder and faster with each new thrust. *"No... never,"* I hissed, *"Cry... Cry damn it! Let me hear my little slutty whore cry"* he howled, slamming another finger deeply into my pussy as he scraped the tip of his thumb over my clit, stabbing into it as he continued to rape my ass with the full length of his cock, entombing it into me so deep that I could feel his balls creeping across the crack of my cheeks.

Fuck... fuuuccckk!" I cried out, as I tried unsuccessfully to hold back the sweltering tears, my eyes glassing over as the pleased pain flashed through my eyes like lightning rolling across a darkened sky. *"FUCCCCCK!"* I screamed out again and again as his pace continued to increase, harder and deeper from both my ass and pussy. *"YES!"* he cried as he began to ravaged me harder, using my ass like a sex toy, feeling the tightness of my ass all around him as he quickly felt himself going over the edge. *"YES... !"* he called out once more as he arched his hips into my ass, spanking me one last time before unloading a full load of hot cum deep into my ass, filling my insides with his hot seed within mere seconds. *"YES... fuck yes take me my tight... tight BITCH!"* he said again, as he pressed his cock into me once more, blowing even

more of his evil seed into my ass as it oozed like a waterfall down the sides of my inner thighs.

"You like that don't you little bitch," he asked as he rolled me back against the countertop, removing the blindfold from my eyes as he gazed at me, allowing me to see his face for the first time during the entire ordeal. *"You... it was you?"* I said, suddenly finding it hard to speak as a pit began to grow from the center of my stomach. I couldn't believe it was him, believe that I was fucked so hard... so good by someone I first had sex with in the past. *"What the fuck... Mark?"* I hissed as I gazed deeply into his brown shimmering eyes. *"Rebecca,"* he said as he held his still hardened cock in the palm of his strong, muscular hands and arms stroking it in long drawn out lashes as I gazed upon the beast that took me for the first time, the beast that brought me so much joy, the monster that filled me up with so much tasty cum.

"Did you like it my tight little bitch?" he asked, seriously wanting me to answer his question as he held his still hardened cock in the palm of his hand, *"you were always such a hot bitch in school...flaunting that tight round ass of yours to all the football players in class... and then one day, you gave it to me... remember?"* he growled, his eyes ever so piercing, ever so commanding, I felt as though I was back in high school, forced to do whatever the geeky looking tutor asked me to do. *"Well... did you like it?"* He barked, *"I...I,"* I said, becoming amazed with the words that escaped my lips, as if something or someone else from inside me was speaking through me, using my body, my voice to answer his perverted question, *"I fucking loved it... Mark just like before, though even more so now"* I heard my own words cry out.

"Then Suck it like the bitch, I watched giving head to one of the teachers behind the bleachers on graduation day," he hissed as he quickly grabbed my damp brown hair, pulling it hard as I quickly fell down on my knees, gazing up into his light brown eyes as he gazed like a demon back down at me. *"Suck it like the slut I watched at orientation last month giving head to one of the freshman,"* he hissed again, still holding my hair tightly in his hands as I continued to fight the urges inside me to do what he commanded, to do what it seemed I really wanted to do. *"Suck IT NOW!"* he growled again, pressing the tip of his cock against my full lush lips, glazing them with his cum, *"I'm security... I am your old tutor... the man that desired you always no matter who*

you fucked, and I'm here to help you get the best of everything life has to offer?" he grunted as he pushed the tip of his cock firmly against my lips, only to feel my resolve pressing back, not allowing him inside my mouth as memories of the past flashed through my mind. *"Fine,"* he said as he pushed away, gazing deeply into my eyes, *"you can leave anytime you want to... you can go back to that life you had only hours ago..."* he said almost angrily as he stared deeply into my eyes, his gaze melting me where I stood as he continued to stroke his large, overly strong, ripe cock in front of my eyes.

Needless to say, I sucked him off a few times that night... before finally leaving for the night. I found out that Mark was also a student at Grand Valley and was keeping an eye on me all this time. Though some would call it stalking I think it's kind of sweet... and actually like the idea that someone cares so much about me.

My thoughts right now are still cluttered and chaotic as to what I should do next. All this happened only hours ago and I can still taste the slight salty flavor of his manliness on my lips. Oddly enough, before I left, I told Mark I had plans to go to Club Sixx again next Friday and would make damn sure to park in the truckers trailer lot. His reply, "you don't have to wait that long, just show up to class sometime... I sit three rows above you in lecture." Obviously tomorrow I should make sure not to wear any panties...

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