

Slaves of Ravenwood

Emily Sinclair

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“Just my fucking luck,” I thought with a sigh as exhaustion quickly set in. *“Twenty hours on the road and I stop in the one town without a freaking motel.”* Too tired to make it to the next city, which, according to the last sign I saw was eighty-three miles away, I pulled out of the Gas-N-Go parking lot and drove to a park I passed a mile back. It would not be the best night sleep I have ever gotten, but it was better than nothing. Pulling into the dark parking lot, I picked the spot furthest from the entrance, turned the engine off and after covering the front and rear windows with sun screens, felt asleep.

It felt as if I had just shut my eyes when a thud on the side of my car startled me – the sudden rush of adrenaline waking me right up. I’ll blame my sleep-deprived mind for the stupidity of my next move as I unlocked the door and stepped out to see three very large black men dressed as I will forgivingly describe as gangsters. I spun on my heels at the sound of another thud behind me. Four more men.

“W-What do you want? Why are you kicking my damn car?”

“You’re either new to these parts, incredibly stupid or awfully damn brave to park here,” the man standing directly in front of me replied. “What’s your name, bitch?”

“Excuse me?”

“It’s really not that hard of a question. What. Is. Your. Name. Bitch?” His size thirteen boot slammed into the rear passenger door causing me to jump in and inhale sharply.

“SADIE!” I screeched. “My name is Sadie.” Putting my hand on the door handle I was immediately stopped by a look from the gang member. “Why are you doing this to me? I’m sorry I trespassed on your turf or whatever you call it. I’ve been on the road for twenty hours and just need some sleep. Please, just let me go and I’ll find somewhere else.”

“Well, since you asked so nicely...no, you’re not going anywhere until you’ve paid the toll.”

“Fine, if it’ll get me out of here alive I’ll pay your damn toll, but the first stop I’m making is to the...” I was going to say police station, but my eyes fell on another man approaching from the right and I recognized him as one of the officers from the station when I stopped and asked directions to the nearest motel.

“Police station?” the officer now dressed as a thug said. “Nice to see you again. Let me answer all of your questions in one go. This is Ravenwood Park. It is one of those place everyone but criminals and perverts have given up on and you’re trespassing. We don’t like trespassers. That being said, you’ve agreed to pay the toll for your freedom and before I tell you what it is, know the only thing we hate more than trespassers are liars. Are you a liar, Sadie?”

“N-No.”

“I thought not. There are now eight of us surrounding your car. You can try running if you want, but there are another hundred or so scattered throughout the park. Think you can elude us all? Doubt it. With that in mind, you’re going to give us something we haven’t had in a long time. A new female member of the Ravens.”

“Um...what? What do you mean? What are the Ravens?”

“We are the ravens and I’m Head Raven in Charge Officer Nathan Drake. You, Sadie, are going to join us.”

“Why would I join a gang not only in a town I’ve never heard of until tonight, but in a state halfway across the country from where I live? And why would you want me to join? You don’t know me from a hole in the ground.”

“All very good questions with very simple answers. You’ll join because you agreed to pay the toll no matter the cost. And we want you to join because there’s only one way for sexy cunts like you to join and that’s to be jumped in. And by jumped in I mean fucked in every conceivable way by every member of the gang.” I stood there motionless for a long moment as my groggy brain tried to make sense of what he was telling me and he continued. “Are you going to run?”

“N-No.”

“Then follow us like a good little slut and we’ll get this party started. And just in case you’re thinking of running when you think we’re not paying attention, know we’re all armed and there are some of us that shoot first and don’t bother asking questions.” And to prove his point, he and the other seven men raised various sides of their shirts to show me the grips of the guns they carried.

I actually was thinking about trying to make a break for it, but the sight of the guns stayed that decision and I followed along if only to live a little longer. “You can’t seriously expect me to just let a hundred men do whatever they want with me. How do I know you’ll even let me live afterwards?”

“To answer your second question first: we’ll let you live because we don’t kill our own and once you’ve been jumped in you’re a member for life. Halfway across the country or halfway around the world, we will find you and we will collect our dues. And in case that isn’t abundantly clear, you’ll be gang banged by no less than twenty of us at least once a month for the rest of your life. As to your first question: yes, you can let a hundred men do whatever they want with you because the alternative is far less...polite.” With that he gave me a look that said he was no longer in the mood for questions.

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I followed Officer Drake and the other Ravens through an open field and along several dimly lit trails to a large clearing in the woods where another thirty or forty similarly dressed men went about their business. Officer Drake stopped at the tree line and turned to me. “Time to see if you’re a woman of your word. Take your clothes off,” he commanded. “All of it.”

Literally biting my tongue to hold back the tears and to keep myself from saying something stupid, I pulled my shirt off over my head and dropped it on the ground. My bra followed and before it hit grass one of the men grabbed my left breast and another grabbed the right. Giving them hard squeezes, they leaned down and bit my nipples. When I did not immediately pull away they bit harder. I yelped, but stood my ground if only out of fear of what they would do to me should I piss them off.

“That’s enough,” Officer Drake commanded. “Let the whore finish taking her clothes off. And don’t forget, as Head Raven in Charge I get first go.”

To my astonishment the two men actually let go of my nipples and permitted me to finish taking my clothes off, shoes, socks and all. Once I was butt naked, Officer Drake commanded one of the men to pick my clothes up and for me to follow. I obeyed and a few moments later found myself standing in front of about fifty black men all eyeing me with the same look of undisguised lust.

“Who’s the new bitch?” one of them called out. “Are we in for a good night?” another asked.

“A good night indeed,” Drake replied. “Sadie here has ever so graciously agreed to join our gang and we all know what that means.” Turning to me he grinned. “On your knees, slut.”

You're going to suck my cock until it's nice and hard and then you're going to get on all fours and fuck yourself on it until your womb is flooded with my seed. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes." Taking a deep breath, I got on my knees, took his already big black cock in hand and wondered just how huge he was going to get when actually hard. Parting my lips, I gave him one last pleading stare. The look on his face told me he would not be swayed. Letting out a sigh of defeat, I took the head of his dick in my mouth. Using my right hand to jerk and the left to play with his balls, I sucked him off. It did not take long for him to grow and my god how he grew. I won't say I'm a size queen, but I've had some pretty big ones in my time and none of them came even remotely close to the behemoth now filling mouth and hands.

When Officer Drake's cock was standing at a full eleven fat inches of attention I gulped, turned and got on all fours. Biting painfully into my lower lip I backed up until the bulbous head was pressing between the soft, tight folds of my womanhood. Inhaling, I let it out slowly and then pushed back – better to cause myself the temporary discomfort than him. "SWEET MOTHERFUCKING JESUS!" I exclaimed as his massive pole stretched me open. Making the mistake of looking up, I saw clothes flying in all directions as the crowd stripped in anticipation of being the next to screw me.

I fucked myself on his fat cock for several minutes before he grabbed my hips and took over. I wish I could say he was gentle with me, but that would be a lie and as I have already proven I'm a woman of my word. I did not exactly go easy on myself, but even the rocking of my hips to take him as deep as my cervix was nothing compared to the hard thrusts when he took over. "UHN! UHN! J-J-Jesus Christ!" I grunted. "If you're trying to get it in my throat there's and easier way."

"Oh, I'm not aiming for your throat, slut. I'm going to pound my load it right into your fucking womb. And then the real party will begin. You ever been gang banged by a hundred black men?"

"You're the first black man I've ever been with and I've never done a gang bang with any color man. I've never done anything more perverted than have sex with another woman a few times in college."

"Well honey, your life is about to get a whole hell of a lot more interesting. By the time we're finished there won't be a fetish around you haven't tried at least several dozen times."

Gulping back my fear, I dared ask the one question that had been burning on my mind since we entered the clearing. "How long are you going to keep me here?"

"As long as it takes."

"I'm on my way to my friend's. She's expecting me tomorrow afternoon and if I'm not there she'll call. If I don't answer she'll know something's up and call the cops."

Officer Drake grabbed my hair and yanked my head back. After giving me a sloppy, tongue-laden kiss he smirked. "Suppose that's all true. How long do you think it'll take to locate you in this shithole of a town and if they do who are they going to call? Oh yeah, my old man. He's the Chief by the way in case that wasn't clear. And suppose they go over his head and manage to get other agencies involved, you're a willing participant in this here gang bang and by the time they hunt your ass down you'll be a full-fledged member of the Ravens. Or have you changed your mind about being jumped in?"

"N-No."

"Then say the fucking words we all want to hear," he said, pulling back until only the head of his cock remained in me before slamming into me fully.

“UUHHNNN! I’m a willing participant of this gang bang and when I’m done there won’t be a fucking fetish around I haven’t done at least a dozen times!” I grunted as he continued slamming in and out of me.”

“And?”

“And when I’m done I’ll be a full-fledged and willing member of the Ravens Gang!”

Twisting my head, he kissed me again – this time taking great pleasure in biting my lower lip before whispering in my ear. “*Tell them you’re ready. Tell them you want to be their willing and obedient fuckdoll.*” Letting go, he pushed me back onto all fours and gave my ass a hard slap.

“I’M READY!” I yelled out. “I’m ready to be your willing and obedient fuckdoll so please come jump me into the gang!”

The men scrambled in a mad dash to be the first to join Officer Drake. One I would later learn was named Carl won out and his black cock slapped me in the face. Parting my lips, I sucked him as deep as possible and a moment later reeled back in disgust as a warm, salty fluid gushed down my throat.

“ACK!” I gagged on the bile liquid. To my surprise, he managed to cut the stream off the second I pulled away but he would not be denied. Grabbing me by the hair of the head, he rammed his dick back down my throat and held it there.

“You move again and I’ll kick the shit out of you,” he threatened. I believed him and remained perfectly still. He let go and the piss once again filled my belly. I’m not saying it tasted amazing as that could not be further from the truth, but after the initial shock of drinking piss passed, it was actually not nearly as bad as I imagined. “Throw up and I’ll kick the shit out of you.” Again grabbing my short hair he started pumping in and out of my throat. And thus began my initiation into their gang.