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THE DOG'S GIRL



APET
BOOK

by Ted Stevens

PROLOGUE

"Brace yourself!" he whispered. "He's going to fuck you!"

Betty felt the furry forelegs slide over her hips, then the warm moist point of the dog's prick struck her between cunt and asshole and slid up to wedge itself in the tight wrinkles of her asshole.

She raised her ass abruptly, and the prick slid downward as the animal hunched forward. The tip slithered into the sloppy petals of her hairy cunt, probed around swiftly, then found her hole and slipped inside.

The beast hunched again, and Betty felt his cock snake into her cunt. As it fucked into her, she was amazed at the fullness she felt. She had imagined some sort of slim, rather short prick, but the cock he was feeding into her cunt must have been a good match in diameter for a big man.

Now the dog began fucking her in earnest. His hindquarters tensed and humped into her with hard thrusts, driving his prick through her slick sheath rapidly. Betty was growing hotter by the moment, feeling the delicious fullness, the heat of the meat, and the teasing tickle of his furry foreskin as it rammed against her cuntlips.

Above her, she could hear the dog panting loudly, with occasional whining overtones. His saliva drooled from the corner of his mouth and dripped from his tongue.

Betty steadied herself on her hands and knees, and moaned steadily as the beast fucked her with his short little fucks that seemed to stir her every passion.

"Fuck it, doggie!" she whimpered. Her ass was wiggling a little as she sought to work off some of her powerful tensions; they were building up in her so swiftly that she was about to go crazy with the potency of the thrilling sensations. "Oh, give me... some more spurts... of that come!"

The dog moved his meat in her sloppy snatch at his own pace, and Betty was almost sobbing when he loosed a second load. It hit the end of her cunt like hot lead, and she wailed as the sensation started her on an orgasmic trip.

The rigid dog-prick continued its tight stroking as her walls convulsed around it; her wrists, elbows and knees felt as weak as water while her body jerked out its orgasmic reactions, but she dared not lose the support of any of them!

The animal's panting and whining were very pronounced now, and his slaverings drooled down onto Betty's back steadily as he fucked desperately to get out his last shots.

"Oh, that hot beast meat!" Betty whimpered. "It's scorching my cunt!"

And then the animal growled as he felt his draining load flow out of him. It shot into Betty's cunt with more potency than before. Betty cried out as she came again, and her body wobbled around as if she were a puppet, her torso suspended from a string while her rubbery arms and legs merely hung down from the swinging body.

The beast whined as he backed off from her, his knot slowly diminishing in size, but still too swollen to pull free from her cunt-flesh – itself swollen with the engorged blood of her sex flush.

They separated with a wet plop. As the knot came out of her cunt, it sucked with it a vast excess of fluids, Betty's and the beast's. The stuff trickled down her thighs as her knees gave out and she slid down to lie with her belly on the floor.

Betty watched as the animal sat down and licked his cock. The unsheathed meat was a bright, fiery red now. She thought it must certainly be inflamed. But after a while, he got up and sniffed the air, then he whined and wagged his tail as he moved up to nuzzle the hairs around her dripping snatch.

He slithered his tongue into Betty's cunt, lapping loudly at the juices gathered there, probing her hole with the tip of his tongue. Betty felt tingling electric thrills spreading out through her belly and cunt.

"Ooh-h-h! Nice doggie!" she moaned. "Lick Betty's soupy cunt all you want!"

And he did lick at her cunt for quite a while.

Suddenly Betty was aware of all the other men in the room, the men who had abducted her, the rapists who had filled every hole in her body with their cocks and tongues. And now they were

watching her as she fucked their watchdog.

Quickly they tied Betty to the bed again. They laughed at her as she tried to struggle against the bonds. And then they left the room, and she was alone with her thoughts: My God, how did it all start? What's happening to me? Betty shuddered as she recalled the nightmarish days that she had spent tied to the bed, forced to fuck every member of the gang. What's going to happen to me? And then she could feel fatigue overwhelming her senses, and she began to dream of how her nightmare had first started.

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## **CHAPTER ONE**

Betty Brady woke up naked and spread-eagled to the bed. She could still smell the chloroform about her face. Her five abductors had forced a cloth into her face before she passed out. She remembered now: she had been out on the trail of the Joey Frank gang, trying to tail them to their hideout, but they found her before she found them.

Her ankles and wrists were tied securely. She struggled, to try to get free, but they had done a very good job of securing her with nylon cords to the bed, and she only hurt herself when she struggled.

Betty had remembered hearing their words before they left. As a rookie cop she had been trained to observe everything that went on around her. She gathered by what they said that they had all left to arrange an exchange; Betty for Mack, a captured member of the gang.

She tried to recall all of the training she'd had in cadet school, to see if any of it would help her out of this predicament, but all she remembered was the police chief telling her that women were not cut out for police work, that it was not their place. "Get married and have kids!" the chief had told her emphatically.

Betty pulled hard at the cords again, angry at remembering his words, but the only thing that happened was that her round, pert tits jiggled wildly. She stopped pulling and looked down to watch her bouncing tits. Maybe being a woman doesn't help much in police work, she thought. Maybe I should have been a housewife. But she knew that police work was all that she'd ever thought about since getting out of high school.

She was becoming more conscious of being seized by a cold sort of fear. It started at the small of her back and crawled up her spine. Slowly she began to realize that it was not fear of dying at the hands of these depraved criminals, but fear of being raped by them.

Betty had been proud of keeping her virginity, even after growing up in the roughest part of Boston. She had been lucky to get into cadet school, but her scores on the tests had been so high that they couldn't afford to not take her, even though the chief didn't like women on the force.

That was where she had met Buddy Thane. He was a cadet too, strong, and emanating a virility that one could almost touch. Betty tried hard to not get caught by his sexy voice and his handsomeness, but she hadn't been successful. Now that she was tied and bound by the ruffians she thought back to that time with Buddy, and the gentle tone he had taken with her. She hadn't liked it at the time, in fact she had refused to have anything to do with him after that, even though he had made many advances to her. Betty felt sad and nostalgic.

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"Can I take you home?" asked Buddy, knowing that it was the last weekend before graduating from cadet school, and that Betty would like to go home, and that she didn't have a car of her own.

Betty thought about it a while, mulling over the eight weeks of Buddy's overt advances. She thought that this wasn't like the rest of the times at all. "All right!" she said. "But I want to go right home. Do you know where I live?"

"No, but you can show me," he smiled.

Betty was surprised at how charming Buddy was as they drove along. He didn't even resort to his sexual jokes and puns in order to make her laugh. She was really charmed, but didn't know just how much. Even when he suggested that they stop at his place for a nightcap, she didn't mind.

When she was inside and Buddy was pouring her a drink, she suddenly realized where she was and what she was doing.

"Here's your Scotch," he said.

Betty was more apprehensive than ever now, Buddy was being so cool and debonair. She felt a twinge in her belly and thought that she was getting sick, but it was really the seed of passion itching at her cunt.

She drank the Scotch down in two gulps. "Can we go now?" she asked, showing a little fear in her quivering voice.

"Let me finish mine first," said Buddy. "I'm not quite the drinker you are."

Betty realized that it was going to her head now, because she was not a drinker, this being the first drink she'd had in over a month. Boldly she asked for another one, holding out her empty glass shakily.

"Are you sure?" asked Buddy, smiling at her with a twist to his handsome mouth.

"Ya, of course!" she said emphatically, trying to hide her uneasiness under a forceful gaze.

He brought back the drink and she gulped it again, not being able to finish it this time in two gulps. Her head was really spinning now and she was beginning to feel hot.

"Can I take off my jacket?" she asked, not realizing what she was doing.

"Sure!" said Buddy, moving closer to her on the overstuffed sofa.

He put his arm around her and she looked over at him with a silly grin. She had lost all of her fear of him with a little bit of Scotch, and she didn't even flinch when he put his arm about her shoulder.

Betty looked down at her drab blue cadet uniform and realized that her voluptuous body showed through the plain cut of the skirt and the bagginess of the light-blue blouse. She was momentarily ashamed, but as the alcohol began to work at her even more she passed into a calm where she didn't care what happened to her. And that feeling in her pussy was becoming more pleasurable the harder Buddy pulled her to him. She turned around and smiled at him.

She had always tried to diminish her sexuality; she realized that she had to, or thought that she had to, to compete in a man's world. Her efforts were paying off too - she was becoming a cop in a week. But her efforts hadn't been entirely successful - she was always being propositioned by other cadets,

and some trainers. Buddy had been the most persistent, and his efforts seemed to be paying off. As he slipped his hand into her blouse, she didn't balk.

Betty felt the warmth of his strong hand cup her breast. She didn't immediately realize that he was feeling her up; she just concentrated on the wonderful warm feeling it brought. Then, as he squeezed her bra-covered nipple between the vise of his forefinger and thumb, she sobered up.

"What are you doing?" she demanded, leaning over and breathing her Scotch at him.

"Feeling you up," he said straightly.

"Really?" asked Betty, looking down and laughing as she saw his hand move about in her blouse.

Her mind raced through all of the self-defense that she'd been taught, but it didn't seem appropriate here. The warmth was really too good to stop it. She sat back and took another sip from her half-empty glass as Buddy started to breathe heavily on her silky neck. She tilted her head to give him more neck, not realizing what she was doing because it was such a nice feeling.

Then, as the soft skin of her throat was pulled into Buddy's passionate mouth, she knew what was happening. He's seducing me, she thought. The Scotch had had a great effect on her, and she couldn't activate her arms to push him away.

Buddy could see that she was becoming very drunk, and he was going to take advantage of it. He let go of her nipple with his left hand and slipped his hand up to her top button. His fingers worked quickly, unhindered by alcohol, for he had only sipped at his drink, knowing what it would do to him.

His fingers worked nimbly as the buttons flew open to his touch.

Betty was amazed, and she watched as her tits came into view, marveling at her own breasts.

She felt like she was in a dream, enacting some perverse fantasy that was buried deep inside of her. She smiled at Buddy, thinking that this couldn't possibly be real. But as her mind began to work against the effects of the Scotch and she began to realize that this really was real, she became confused, not understanding how she had gotten herself into a situation like this.

Buddy pulled open the blouse, revealing the firm globes of bra-covered flesh. He let out a long, low sigh and then reached around behind the young cadet cop, unfastening her cups with one easy motion.

As her breasts were released and she could see them jiggling, she started fighting, this being the first time she had ever allowed herself to be seen even partially naked by any man. She pushed at Buddy's strong arms, trying to get him away from her. But he had had the same training that she'd had, and he was quite a bit stronger. He just sat there, holding her, waiting for her to wear herself out and quit thrashing about like a wild animal.

Betty realized that all she was accomplishing by fighting the powerful cadet was making her tits bounce around. She could see the ripples of fatty tit-flesh shake. More embarrassed than ever, she tried even harder to get free, but the way Buddy was holding her made it seem like she was working against herself.

Suddenly she realized that the itch in her cunt that was making her fight so vigorously was passion. Even though it had been there before, gnawing at her composure, she had refused to recognize it as such. She realized that she was expending her sexual energies on fighting Buddy, and it was only



serving to excite him.

Betty relaxed momentarily, and to her surprise Buddy let go of her arms.

"I'm not trying to hurt you," he said. "I was only trying to keep you from hurting yourself."

Betty wondered at his words. She was still drunk and confused. When no words came to her for reply, she slumped her tired body up against his arm. She didn't know it, but he was an experienced seducer, and this was exactly what he wanted.

Buddy put his arm back around her shoulder and slipped his left hand back to her breast. This time she thought nothing of it, having given herself over to his protective ministrations and kind gestures.

He let his hand push the fleshy globe up her chest, then allowed it to fall back into its firm roundness. Betty could feel her pink nipple tighten, and as she looked down, she could see that it had turned the color of a strawberry; she was amazed that it felt like the texture of a strawberry also. She had never seen it like that before. She had refused to masturbate, just as she had refused to lose her virginity, and she had never been sexually excited like she was right now.

She was sitting straight, and she was frightened, and her tit was being massaged by a strong man. She was really sobering up now, but she didn't want to start fighting him again. She would seem like a fool after he had been so kind to her. So she sat there and let her body be taken away by passion.

Everything in the room became clear as she tried to relax. She saw that Buddy had been careful in making it a romantic atmosphere; he had candles burning that flickered hypnotically, and low soft music playing in the distant background. It suddenly flashed through her that she wouldn't mind being fucked for the first time in a room like this. She even wished that every time she got fucked it would be in a soft, romantic atmosphere like this.

For the first time in her life she felt her clitoris becoming hard, the passion gnawing at it like a little flame. It made her forget what she had been thinking about before she began concentrating on the intensity of the feeling.

Buddy moved the bulk of his powerful body around in front of her so that he could place a kiss on Betty's tightened lips. She was still frightened, and she knew that Buddy could see it in her face. But he was the perfect gentleman not forcing, not pushing, just easing his body over hers, swallowing her fear with his gentleness.

As his mouth met hers and as his tongue flicked at the opening of her lips, she parted them, feeling the hot muscle ease its way to her teeth. It made her pretty head swirl with passion as the tongue pried her teeth open and began digging its way to the back of her mouth. As the turgid muscle darted around inside the cavern of her mouth, she imagined that his cock would soon be doing the same thing inside of her virginal cunt. She panicked a bit, and fought reluctantly to get away – the booze and the passion were working on her, telling her to let herself be fucked, telling her that it would be good.

His hand released her breast and moved down the corrugation of her ribs toward her belly. His fingers squeezed the resilient skin lightly, allowing it to bounce back each time it was pressed. Betty felt goose-bumps rise, and his hands felt hot.

Then his hand ventured down to the waistband of her skirt, his fingers lightly caressing the skin as he went. When he reached the band of cloth, Betty sucked in her breath, the roundness of her belly going flat. As soon as she did this, Buddy's hand slipped under her skirt, and then into the waistband

of her panties. She felt the fingers dance about and then touch the top of her pubic hair, tickling it until she had to laugh out loud, playfully trying to push his hand away.

He persisted, his tongue still digging into her mouth, and his hand still pushing for her clitoris. She bucked and tossed, laughing around his tongue as his finger crept down the top of her clitoral hood. As soon as her clit was touched, she sat very still. The heat was so intense that it made her drunk and giddy again, and she just sat there with her head bobbing back and forth.

As soon as her head cleared a little, she reached over to push him away again, but she accidentally reached for his crotch and pushed his turgid hard-on. She knew what she had touched as soon as she had done it, but she didn't pull her hand away until she had felt the length and breadth of his cock.

Buddy balked when she had first touched his prick, but then he pushed his hips up at her hand, groaning deeply. He sighed when she let go of his prick, then he dug his hand deeper along her slit. He brushed over her clitoris, and then backed up, pulling on her clit and stroking it with his agile fingertips.

Betty buckled under his ministrations, arching her back and forcing her pubic arch up into his hand. He released her mouth from his as she thrashed about. But this time she was writhing not to get away, but because she was becoming so impassioned.

She felt like she were really on fire, now that he was stroking her clit rhythmically. She could control herself, but didn't want to. She reached behind her and unsnapped her skirt.

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CHAPTER TWO

Buddy's hand slipped uncontrollably down her slit, so that his fingers almost hit her asshole. He drew them back up, allowing them to linger at the cuntmouth, exploring the folds of her cuntlips.

Betty felt new sensations washing her body from head to foot. She felt unabashed and free as the passion coursed through her body.

Then Buddy suddenly pulled his hand out of her skirt, and she felt a void forming in the middle of her belly. She wanted it back, and she wanted it now. She couldn't help showing it, and she didn't care if she did. She reached for Buddy's hand to force it back into her skirt, but he already had his arms under her and was lifting her up. In desperation she shoved her hand beneath her skirt, pulled back the clitoral hood, and began rubbing the little, hot point of pleasure as hard as she could.

"You sure want it now!" laughed Buddy, carrying her toward the door to his bedroom.

She didn't answer, but just lay limp in his muscular arms, squeezing her inflamed clitoris between her forefinger and thumb violently, rolling her head in ecstasy.

Betty felt like she was floating as she was carried into the bedroom. As she was set on the bed, she pulled her hand out of her skirt and expected Buddy to put his back in, but he didn't. He stood over her, staring at her full, voluptuous breasts while unbuttoning his fly. As the fly fell open to reveal the giant bulge at his Jockey shorts, Betty gasped and put her hands over her breasts, as if to protect herself from the large weapon.

"Please take your hands away," Buddy said, moving his hands up to his shirt.

Betty slowly removed her hands from her mounds of luscious flesh. Her hands slid down her ribs, her tits jiggling as they were released.

"I just can't get enough of an eyeful of them," Buddy said as his eyes refused to move from the globes.

Betty flushed for the first time, being sober enough to know what was going on. The passion in her was telling her to pull off her skirt, but as she watched Buddy's shirt fall from his hairy chest she decided to wait and let him do it.

His light blue shirt fell to the floor behind him, his broad shoulders looking stronger and more virile when naked.

Betty sighed and watched him reach down and push the slacks down his waist, allowing them to drop to the floor. Now he stood with only his bulging jockey shorts on.

He moved his eyes from Betty's breasts and looked her straight in the eyes. She wanted to watch his cock emerge when he pulled his shorts off, but his eyes hypnotized her like the proverbial snake and bird. She couldn't turn away from his gaze.

After he stood back up from dropping his jockey shorts, she finally tore her eyes from his and looked at the engorged cock pointing at the ceiling. She thought it looked as big around as her wrist, but she knew that that couldn't be true. She could see the purple veins standing out along the shaft even in the dim candle-lit room. The pulsing prick was as hypnotic as his eyes. She felt calmed by the bobbing of his cock, but she couldn't take her eyes off of it. Even as he approached and the cock began bobbing up and down wildly, her eyes still followed its motion.

He placed one knee on the double bed and pulled at Betty's skirt. Her eyes now shifted to his hands and she watched as her muff of soft pussy hair was exposed. She would have been embarrassed, but the light was too romantic, and the passion in her loins was too intense.

"What a beautiful cunt!" exclaimed Buddy.

Betty had never heard words like that, but she was strangely not shocked. It seemed totally natural and right.

He pulled the skirt and panties off her ankles and then stood up, holding them and staring fixedly at the light-brown muff of her pretty cunt-hair. Betty had dug her hands into the bedspread in quiet anticipation of something horrible, but nothing happened. She relaxed her grip and looked back up at Buddy.

He was smiling broadly as his hand went down to his cock and he squeezed it tightly, making the silky head turn red and puff out. Betty sighed. She thought that he was hurting himself, but the reassuring smile was still glued to his face.

The bed bounced slightly and her tits bounced with it. Buddy put one leg and then the other onto the mattress. Betty's fingers again dug into the spread as she realized that now she was going to be fucked. She felt a perverse desire to get it over with.

Buddy gently took her by the knees and spread her legs, revealing the moist, glistening slit of her cunt. If Betty could have seen it, she was sure she would have been embarrassed; but she could only see the muff of soft pussy hair.

Buddy sighed as he climbed between the spread limbs. Betty watched as his mouth dropped open in awe. She smile to herself that she could affect a man in that way, though it had never entered her mind to try it before.

She was strangely happy to be here with Buddy, although she told herself that it was the alcohol that was making her do it. Betty knew that he thought she was sober, and that disturbed her a little. But as soon as the hot glans of his cockhead touched her moist cuntlips she forgot everything but that stiff prick at her twat.

"Oh, sweet Jesus!" she moaned, digging her fingers even deeper into the already bunched up spread.

"Hold still, honey," Buddy warned as he tried to push his hips forward. He was blocked by Betty's maidenhead, but kept right on pushing.

Betty didn't know what was happening. She had expected him to just force that hunk of meat into her cunt and start pumping. Then she remembered her maidenhead at the same moment Bud did - he pulled back just as she was about to tell him that she was a virgin.

"I'm going to have to break your cherry with my fingers," said Buddy with a serious smile.

He moved his muscular bulk across her body, planting kisses on her breasts and stomach. He then ran his mouth down along her slit, but Betty balked at having her genitals touched by his mouth. She was more embarrassed for him than herself. She wondered how anyone could do that, though she had read that many people preferred it. She stopped wondering as his tongue dipped into her cuntlips, and her passions soared. She could even feel the muscles in her twat loosening up for penetration. She knew now why he was doing it to her.

He pulled his head away and insinuated his finger into her cunt. Betty tried to squirm onto it, she wanted it so much. She would have been ashamed of her passion, but it was so strong that there was no room for regret or hesitation; she just pushed her hips toward him and moaned loudly.

Betty felt his forefinger slide into the virginal muscles of her cunt, spreading them as it went. She could feel her cunt walls separating to make room for the intruding finger.

"Mnnnn!" she moaned.

His finger went deeper until it hit the tough membrane. She thought that it must be really tough, having stayed in place for twenty-four years. She wasn't proud that it was there right now, though an hour ago she would have sworn that her maidenhead would always be in place. It was a hindrance now because she wanted sex so bad. She wanted it so bad that she had her head spinning from the anticipation of it.

Buddy pushed again and again at her hymen, stretching it out and then letting it bounce back into place. Betty imagined that she could feel it being stretched to the breaking point more than once, but it refused to break.

Suddenly he gave an extra powerful plunge and the hymen broke. It felt like an elastic band had been stretched inside of her and was suddenly cut, releasing all of the tension in her body. She didn't understand it as such, but she had just had her first orgasm.

Buddy pulled his finger out and it was covered with something, but it was too dark for Betty to see just what. He moved quickly into the bathroom and came back with clean hands. Betty decided to not ask what it was; she was afraid of what he would tell her. He seemed to be anticipating the question,

and when it didn't come, he seemed to be relieved.

He mounted the bed again, moving between Betty's still spread legs. She held out her arms and took his weight onto her chest, the hair of his chest bristling against her nipples, making them stand erect again. She was beginning to really enjoy sex, Buddy was so strong and gentle at it.

He reached down and placed his cockhead at the entrance to her pussy. She waited with tensed muscles for the plunge, but he moved slowly and with care. She had her arms around his back and pulled on him to tell him to do it rapidly.

"Let's go slow so you won't be hurt," he said. But she ached to have the thick, pulsing meat buried deep inside of her itching, moist cunt.

He moved his hips gently, the glans of his cock pulsing at her cuntlips. Slowly the shaft began to descend into the wet tunnel, pushing aside the tissues as it went. Betty could feel that the pussy hair was being drawn in with his dry cock. It felt like she was going to be turned inside out, but she didn't mind.

The shaft went deeper and deeper as Betty's head began to spin more and more. I'm being fucked! she thought as the impact of the scene finally hit her. She arched herself up to the driving rod, carrying Buddy a couple of inches off the bed.

"Calm down," he said. "You'll have had plenty of this cock before we're through."

That sounded more ominous to Betty than she would have liked, but she soon forgot it as his cock was finally in her to the hilt, touching her cervix.

"Oh! Jesus H. Christ!" she yelled, unable to contain herself even a little bit.

"You sure take to this," Buddy said between hoarse breaths, "especially compared to how long you fought me."

Now that she was really being fucked Betty knew that she was going to be in for some hard times. But these times right now were so soft and gentle at Buddy's hands that she fell back into the feeling of passion and pleasure.

Buddy began withdrawing his mighty cock from the depths of her virginal cunt. She felt as if he were drawing the life source from her body, leaving her weak and helpless. She fought against it, trying to gain back the lost control over her senses, but they had gone wild. She saw clear colors flashing in the darkened room, and she heard a buzzing in her ears like the distant drone of police sirens.

As he pulled back, and his cockhead was the only part of his prick left in her, he raised his chest off hers and then placed his hands on her jiggling breasts. She felt his warm hands cup the full globes of flesh as her nipples tightened into tiny knobs of tense and impassioned flesh.

He remained like this for a minute, with his back arched in a bow and his teeth gritted tightly. Then he plunged his hips quickly at her, driving the moist shaft completely into her itching twat.

"Oh, yes! Do it!" she screamed, abandoning all pretense of control as his cock fucked into her.

She suddenly realized that she could be hurt by his tremendous cock, and she balked as he pulled slowly out again. But then she remembered how kind Buddy was being to her, and she relaxed, feeling his cock being shoved in and out of her tender parts.

His speed picked up and she felt herself melting away, his driving thrusts filling and then emptying her pussy of his giant tool.

"OH! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she cried out, knowing that she had thought that she would never use those words.

"I'll do my best," laughed Buddy, sweat dripping down his forehead.

Every time he thrust at her, she felt him grip her breasts harder with his muscular hands. The passion in her was a fire, burning from her belly to her chest.

She moaned and accepted every pump of his hips gratefully, feeling the probing cock going deeper into her cunt.

His body had become a jackhammer, ramming her tender body with rapid, driving blows. By the look in his eyes Betty could tell that he was truly in ecstasy. She bent her back in order to take in more of the new and wondrous cock.

"I'm... I'm going to... COME!" Buddy yelled as he continued driving his meat into her.

Betty didn't understand what he meant at first, but as the hot liquid flowed into her abdomen, she definitely understood.

He then drove his hips for the last time, the glans of his cockhead finding its way into her womb. She buckled and let out an animal-like groan, a feeling more intense than anything she had ever experienced before washing through her pent-up body.

She could feel his cock pulsing fluid into her cunt even after he had collapsed on top of her. Her cuntlips clamped sporadically around the buried shaft as if they were trying to draw it deeper and deeper into her cunt.

She slipped into a sleep. Buddy fell asleep on top of her, his limp cock shriveling up inside of her spent pussy.

About two hours later she woke up in a fright, having dreamed that she had lost her virginity. As soon as she saw Buddy lying on top of her in his great bulk, she knew it was true. She began crying and pounding on his sleeping shoulders. He woke up.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Take me home. Take me home!" she demanded, tears streaming down her face.

"Why don't you spend the night here?" he asked kindly.

"Because I want to go home!" She was still crying uncontrollably as he lay on top of her.

Buddy rolled off her, looking puzzled, and he started to pull on his pants. She jumped up and threw on her clothes too. She didn't look at him throughout the entire procedure. If she had, she would have seen that there was only kindness in his eyes.

As he drove her home, he tried to cheer her up, but her mind was set against it.

After he left, she cried herself to sleep. She kept telling herself that he had taken advantage of her being drunk and had raped her.

When she awoke in the morning, she swore that she would never speak to him again.

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

Betty stopped reminiscing and looked down at her tied legs. She was sorry that she had been so harsh with Buddy. He had tried to make pleasant advances to her after the scene, but she had rebuked him as if he were the plague itself.

Her thoughts of Buddy were halted by the sound of a barking dog. They must have left a watchdog to guard me, she thought.

Just then the door flew open, and Joey led his gang of criminals into the one-room cabin.

"Well, how's our young cop doing?" Joey asked.

Betty hated his familiar tone, especially in the circumstances she was in, being tied and bound by him and his henchmen. It was like he was making fun of her and she couldn't do anything about it. She had the greatest desire to spit in his face to show her defiance, but he wasn't close enough, and she knew that she should keep her cool.

"We talked with your wonderful police chief," he said. "We're going to be able to exchange you for Mack."

Betty remembered that Mack was the member of their gang that the police had captured near Harvard Square about a month ago.

"I don't know if the rest of the boys want to trade off someone as beautiful as you for that clumsy asshole," Joey continued. "But we have to because he is the only one who knows where the money is."

"Ya," said the short, dark man with black eyes. "He isn't half as pretty as you are."

"Oh," Joey said with a facetious smile, "we haven't been introduced properly, have we? Well, this big Negro is Shorty, and this lime guy with the weasel eyes is our mastermind, Albert. The dumpy one is Willy, and the guy standing by the door is Fingers. He can open anything with a lock on it. I'm Joey Frank. I suppose you've heard of me?" He laughed and the rest of them laughed with him.

"We have two hours to blow," said Willy. "Why don't we fuck her real good before we go."

"NO!" Betty yelled.

"I was afraid that you couldn't speak," Joey said. "But now that we see that your mouth moves, I'm going to stick my cock in it. But you better not let a drop slip from your mouth, because these boys can be very irrational."

Betty couldn't help but shake with fear. They really expect me to eat his sperm, she thought, clamping her lips tight, hoping that they wouldn't insist on this debasing degradation.

She watched as Joey pulled down his pants and the others gathered around the head of the bed to be

able to watch. The only one who seemed a little reluctant to join in was Albert, who finally moved up with the rest of them as Joey's shirt hit the ground.

Joey climbed onto the bed and Betty felt her arms and legs pulling at the cords as she bounced. She tried with all her might to get free, though she knew it wouldn't work with all of them standing around her.

"Now open that pretty little mouth," Joey coaxed. "And if you bite my cock, I'm going to slap you silly." He was grinning, his teeth closed tightly in a devilish smile, and she knew that he was telling the truth. She opened her lips reluctantly, and Joey swung his legs over her chest as he mounted her.

She looked at his cock for the first time. She could see the wrinkled flesh just below the cockhead and knew that he wasn't fully erect yet. He pulled the skin back and she saw the head go taut and shiny. She remembered thinking that Buddy had been brutal with her; but that was nothing compared to what she was in for now.

"Now swallow it!" Joey demanded.

Betty first swallowed the lump that had risen to her throat, then she looked around her at all of the leering eyes. She looked back at the cockhead positioned at her face and saw the lubricant dripping from the spongy head. She opened her lips a bit more and Joey moved his hips forward, insinuating the glans into her mouth.

She could taste the spunky liquid on her mouth, and the flavor made her stomach do a little flip. She closed her eyes and opened her mouth. The big prick slid in across her teeth and to the back of her mouth. She felt the pulsing along her tongue as the cock was buried in her warm mouth.

"Look at dat!" said the big Negro in his colorful bass tones.

"Ya!" said two of the others in unison.

"Now suck on it!" Joey commanded with a sneer.

Betty closed her lips around the throbbing prick and drew in her breath. She felt the skin along his cock draw into her mouth and cover the pulsing head. The lubricant tasted even spunkier now and she would have tried to spit out both the fluid and the cock if she hadn't remembered Joey's warning. She swallowed again, drawing his cock to the opening of her throat.

"Mmmnn!" Joey moaned as his cock was pulled taut.

Betty stopped sucking and just held the throbbing meat in her open jaws.

"Now... blow it!" Joey gasped.

She puffed up her cheeks and blew a breath of hot air into the tiny mouth of his cockhead. Joey buckled on top of her, tossing his head back and groaning loudly.

When she blew, she felt the bottom ridge of Joey's cock expand like a balloon. The prick felt like it was burning hotter now, and Betty could feel the increased pulses of the prick between her lips.

She sucked again as soon as Joey began to calm down a bit, and as the cock hit the back of her mouth, he buckled again. She had control now and she liked it. Joey was like a puppet on her chest, jumping and bouncing as she sucked or blew on his thick prick.

"Look at her go!" exclaimed Fingers in a low, slow voice. None of the rest of them spoke, but they all sighed deeply in agreement.

Betty closed her eyes again because her neck was becoming sore from the somewhat unnatural position.

Joey, in all of his ecstasy, still seemed to notice. "Untie her!" he commanded in a loud distraught voice.

Fingers and Willy worked quickly at the cords and her hands and feet were free in no time. As soon as her hands were free, she put them under her head for support. Just as she was getting back her rhythm, Joey pulled his throbbing meat out of her mouth. She gasped hungrily after the escaping cock.

"Stand on your knees!" he demanded, holding onto his prick with his large hands.

She pulled herself up shakily, having been tied in that supine position for over three hours. When she was on her knees, she wavered slightly and then lunged for his cock. He let go immediately and she sucked it deep with one breath.

She knew why he wanted this now. His cock was no longer chafing across her bottom teeth, and his prick could go much deeper into her mouth from this angle.

Betty sucked again and the head of the turgid cock sunk into the opening of her throat. She gagged and held her breath, not sure if she were going to suffocate while trying to satisfy Joey's perverse desires. Then, as panic set in, she quickly realized that even though her throat was blocked she could still breathe through her nostrils.

Joey then lay down on his back. Betty followed, holding onto his prick with her beautiful, sensuous lips. This angle was even better yet; she forced her face down and the cock went deeper, throbbing at the tender tissues of her throat.

She was breathing easy now, through her nose, and massaging the ridge along the bottom of his throbbing cock with the top of her agile tongue. She scrubbed at the member, and Joey began contorting on his back, writhing halfway between pleasure and pain. Betty was a little worried at first, but his animal groans told her that it was just excitement that made him act that way.

Now the collar of matted hair at the base of Joey's turgid cock met Betty's lips. It tickled slightly and she began to laugh. The laughter made her throat muscles contract and expand around the stiff shaft, pulling more and more of his cock until her lips were pressed tightly against the pubic arch above Joey's cock.

The prick started to pulse in rhythm with the laughter, and Betty realized that if she didn't stop laughing that she would swallow him whole.

She fought, and the laughter subsided, leaving tears in her eyes from the excitement of it. Her cunt was beginning to itch, and she knew what that meant. The little fire in her belly that accompanied her itch sprung up and she knew that, even against her will, passion had been ignited in her by blowing Joey.

Joey put his hands up and clasped them around Betty's ears, and he began pulling her head back and forth on the length of his mighty cock. She could feel the member drive in and out of her throat, the spongy glans sliding across and exciting the tender tissues of her young throat.



She heard someone speaking in the background about her, and she realized by the drawl that it must be Shorty. He was saying something about her cunt, but she was too busy to concentrate on just what was being said. Then she suddenly realized that her ass was facing the tall, broad Negro and that her cuntlips were winking at him. She concentrated for a moment on them, trying to forget Joey; but the feeling she was getting from blowing the leader of the gang was too great to resist.

The passion felt like a warm, moist wind blowing through her young, shapely body, and though she didn't want to, she abandoned herself to it and was carried away. She sobered a little as Joey's cock began pulsing more wildly.

Joey had her head held tightly now and was holding it still. She was waiting for him to start pumping her head again on his cock; she was beginning to love the feel of his thick rod in her throat. But she just lay there, shivering on top of the bed, his body jumping occasionally as if hit by an electric charge.

Just as she decided to move herself, his balls jumped up against her chin. She was frightened and didn't know what was happening. She found out as soon as the thick, heady fluid began to pump into her mouth. Her throat began contracting sporadically around the member, taking big gulps down the inflamed tunnel.

She remembered his warning not to spill a drop of his sperm, and she started to swallow wildly.

As Joey was emptying his seed into her, Betty knew that she was not going to be able to get release herself from the large, heavy fire burning in her young belly. She wanted it to end so bad, and bask in the afterglow that she began to hallucinate. Vivid colors and loud sounds seemed to surround the young novice.

Then she felt a finger probe the folds of her cunt, hunting for the nubbin of her clit. She was grateful that someone had taken pity on her.

Suddenly she exploded, gushes of fluid pouring out of her sopping cunt as the large finger touched the point of the clitoris. She moved against the hand, still holding her mouth around the cock that was rapidly becoming limp in her mouth.

She sucked the last drops of liquid from Joey's spent cock as the last waves of her tumultuous orgasm washed through her tender, young body.

She fell down across Joey and rolled to one side. She looked back over her shoulder to see who had helped her. She saw the big Negro smiling down at her. His large finger was probing around in her vaginal cavity. She was too weak to protest, and besides, it felt much too good to ruin.

"Now it mah turn!" said Shorty, pushing aside hilly who was standing beside him. "Ah'm goin' ta give her a real honeyfuck!" The others laughed, though rather forcedly, afraid that the big Negro would hurt them if they contradicted him.

Betty watched in horror through her post-orgasmic haze as the tall, black man stood up on the bed and dropped his pants. Betty's mouth dropped too, as she saw that he was wearing no underwear, his gigantic coal-black cock sticking uncircumcised toward the ceiling.

"Ya like it, eh?" Shorty asked facetiously. "Well soon you'll get a taste of it."

Betty panicked, thinking that he meant her to eat the throbbing black member. But as he knelt down at her spread legs, drooling over her gaping cunt, she realized that he was going to fuck her.

Shorty placed his large hands on her ankles and pulled her legs apart. Betty was glad that she couldn't see it, because she knew that it must look more than disgraceful. She closed her eyes because she was beginning to imagine it, and even the thought of looking at the open folds of her reddened cuntlips was slightly repulsive.

With her eyes closed she could feel the large rough fingers crawling up and down her legs. She wanted to shiver and shake them off, but they were beginning to feel too good. She didn't know what to think of herself, taking to sex like this. She began to think that there would be no end to her depravity if this kept up. She put out her hands and tried to push him away, but he didn't move. He laughed at her meek attempt to repel him.

Shorty then put both of his thumbs into her cunt. Betty squealed and shook her hips, more out of the excruciating pleasure than out of shame. His thumbs went deeper and deeper, side by side, into the rosy hole. Betty felt her tissues being expanded like they had never been expanded before. She wondered why he would want to stretch her cunt so much, but then she remembered the awful size of his cock.

"You'd better hold still for this one," he warned in his deep, bass voice.

"Ahhggg!" Betty screamed as the thumbs dug into her cunt.

"Watch out, Shorty," Albert said, "or you're going to tear her apart inside."

"Ya, ya!" the broad Negro exclaimed as he insinuated the head of his terrible, black cock into Betty's juicy vulva.

Betty tried to spread her legs wider, thinking that if she didn't have her cunt as open as possible that she would be hurt for sure. He smiled down at her contorted face and began pushing his mighty hips in toward her tender, young body.

"Be careful!" she asked in a meek sort of voice, but with enough power in it to tell Shorty that she really meant it.

"With you, honey, I'll be mo' than careful." He laughed again, as if to tell her that he could do anything with her body that he wanted to.

The young cop suddenly lay still under him, afraid that any further movement on her part would mean pain. She could feel the spongy glans of the giant head pushing at her pussy. Her cunt began to ache to be full, but she was also frightened that what it would be too much for her recently virginal hole. She whisked the thoughts of fear out of her mind and concentrated on the pleasure that the bulbous head was causing as it pushed.

"Mmmnn!" she groaned as the head slipped with a pop into the muscles of her cuntlips. Though his cock was very large she was amazed that it fit in her cunt. It was tight, but it felt good.

Shorty began to move the bulk of his body forward, finding that the going got hard as he went deeper. Betty's cunt was already full with his turgid meat, and he was only about halfway into the juicy hole. She moaned a deep, guttural cry of ecstasy and Shorty stopped pushing.

"What's da matter?" he asked.

"Na... Nothing!"

"I'm goin' ta start fuckin' again," he said with a finality that made Betty catch her breath.

She was prepared for it now, her cunt stretching out. He began to draw out though, and Betty was bewildered. Just as she was about to reach out and pull the big Negro toward her, he dropped his hips again, pushing the mighty cock back into her juicy cunt.

He halted again halfway into her pussy. She felt an itch deep inside her cunt, where no cock had been before, and she knew that the only thing that could scratch it was the spongy head of Shorty's driving cock. She pushed herself up, trying to position herself so that she could pump her hips up at him, but his weight on her chest was too much, and she couldn't move an inch.

Again he pulled back, easing the shaft of the mighty cock out so that only the head remained buried in her tender cunt. Again she fought to push herself up, trying desperately to scratch that awful, pulsing itch. Shorty smiled as he began to understand what she was doing, and he started to drive the stiff rod back into the juicy hole.

Betty had her legs spread and she pulled them back as far as they would go. She knew that he could drive it all the way into her cunt now, and she wanted it, she wanted it bad.

Finally she raised his bulk off her for a split-second, and drove her hips up at him, impaling herself on his throbbing prick to the hilt.

"Ohhhh, God!" she screamed. "Thaaat's greeeaat!" She could feel the glans tickling the entrance to her womb, before bursting through the sensitive cavity itself.

Her heady juices began to flow out around the shaft as her orgasm rocked her body.

Shorty held still while she contorted under him. As soon as she began to settle down and her eyes became very glassy, he started his retreat. He pulled his shaft gently out. Betty could feel the withdrawing cock cause a vacuum in her belly.

She expected it to be all over because she had come already, but Shorty had other ideas. He started pumping with his big cock more rapidly than ever, cock driving in and out of her tender tissues. At first she wanted to scream, but the faster he went, the more she wanted his big prick.

She reached down and felt his body become rigid with tense muscles. She slid her hands down to his ass and felt his buttocks tremble as he pulled out his mighty cock and then drove it into her juicy cunt again.

Betty was still slightly in the afterglow of her orgasm, but the feeling of his mighty cock pistoning into her juicy pussy was heightening her greatly. She didn't know that a woman could feel this good physically while engaged in fucking. She had been taught that sex was just for the pleasure of the man. That was one of the reasons that she had been so against it; she had wanted to be as much a part of the feeling as her partner. And now she was.

When she thought that Shorty was going to speed up and finally come, he started to turn her onto his side, slowing down his pistoning action slightly. She was bewildered and didn't know what to think of this. He saw the look on her face as he kept pumping his mighty cock into her cunt.

She was on her side and she was surprised that this position worked; he slid his balls along her leg as he continued to thrust his meat into her sopping cunt. She knew that if he drove it in all of the way that he would really penetrate her tender womb with his turgid cock.

He picked up speed in this position, but he was careful not to drive the full length of his black cock into her. Just when Betty began approaching another of her sexual peaks, he slowed down again, the strain showing on the muscles of his dark face.

Betty wanted to scream with frustration, but she could only moan helplessly under his bulk.

He began to turn her again, rolling her onto her soft stomach. Betty felt powerless in his strong grip, and didn't try to resist as she was rolled over while he fucked her.

She lifted her leg as high as it would go as she spun, avoiding kicking him in the stomach by only an inch. As she flopped onto her chest, she felt his cock still digging into the depths of her body.

Betty looked out of the corner of her eye and saw Shorty reach for the pillow that had been placed under her head while she had been bound. He lifted her hips off the bed. With one quick motion he shoved the pillow under her cunt. She was now jacked up in the air about two more inches.

As soon as Shorty began to fuck, Betty realized that he had done this because it allowed him deeper penetration. And she couldn't understand why he wanted that, he was so big. She felt his pubic arch hit against her asscheeks as he drove his cock into her reddened cunt.

She felt her insides on fire another time. His prick was like a poker, rubbing her to flames of passion. She could feel her clit becoming puffed up and sensitive as it rubbed against the soft pillow. Then she began flying like a rocket. She could tell by Shorty's puffs and pants that he was becoming as excited as she was.

His strokes began to go deeper and deeper into her cunt as his speed increased. Betty's head was swimming in ecstasy as she arched her ass up at the driving cock and buried her face in the sheets.

Again and again he drove into her, going deeper each time he stroked. She could feel the thick, black meat digging into the very center of her pussy as he fucked with obvious abandon. The throbbing cock felt wonderful in her arched twat; she could feel the soft folds of her labia harden with excitement.

His strokes slowed suddenly and Betty thought that he was going to start turning her again. He reached under her chest and grabbed her soft tits, squeezing them as his cock began throbbing wildly inside of her pussy.

She ached for release as her nubbin of pleasure began buzzing like a live wire. Suddenly she felt all hot and wet inside. He was coming, squirting large globs of cum into the depths of her tender cunt. He pulled back again, and then jammed his hips hard at her ass, his cock sinking inches into her womb. Then she felt herself gush, her orgasm pouring fluid over the pulsing prick.

Her juices and his were steaming inside of her in a turmoil. She felt the cauldron of her cunt expand to allow the juices from her orgasm and Shorty's spewing cock to mingle inside of her. Then as his cock shriveled, and a space was formed around it, the steaming juices shot out of her, running down her thigh in thick gobs.

Shorty moaned for the last time and collapsed. She took his great weight on her back and then rolled, tumbling him off her. She could hear voices buzzing all around her, but she couldn't understand what they said.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Then Betty heard the voices more distinctly through the haze. She could hear Fingers and Joey arguing about her.

"... but I want to!" demanded Fingers.

"Nobody is going to touch her now," Joey stated. "There'll be plenty of time after we get Mack back here."

Betty gathered from this short exchange that they didn't really mean to exchange her.

"Ya," Joey continued, "Albert had the great idea of making a dummy with the young cop's clothes. We will be so far away that they shouldn't be able to tell."

"That's really good!" Willy exclaimed, slapping Albert on his back.

"You bet," Joey said. "Now all of us are going to have to get on it to get the dummy finished in time. Willy, you and Shorty go to the store and get some paint."

Willy looked down at the spent Negro. "I don't think he's ready to go anywhere," the chubby man said with a sardonic laugh. "I'll take Fingers with me."

"No," Joey said. "I need him here. Take Albert." The short, thin man bowed in Betty's direction, turned around and left with Willy.

Betty realized that she was still nude, and it embarrassed her. She wrapped herself in the sheet and tried to be inconspicuous in a corner of the bed.

"Well, look at the shy one!" Fingers exclaimed as he watched her move across the bed. "You'll get your chance to be shy with my cock in your mouth, you pig bitch."

Betty realized that their scorn for her was not purely because she was a woman, but more because she was a cop. She took pride in their dislike of her; she knew that in that dislike there was a spark of respect for her being in the police force. She smiled to herself and pulled the sheets up around her nakedness.

She watched as Joey came back from the bathroom with her clothes. He smiled over at her sarcastically. She now took the time to note all of his features. His hair was short but wispy along his receding hairline; she thought that he would look distinguished if it were not for the fact that he was a wanton criminal. His broad shoulders and narrow hips added to this appearance of distinction.

Joey dropped the clothes on the coffee table near Fingers and walked over to Betty. He still had that same smile of sarcasm glued to his face as he reached down and yanked the sheets from her grip. "We need them for the dummy, darling. Sorry that your beautiful body has to be exposed for everyone to see, but there's no helping it. We need to keep you here in case anything goes wrong."

"But it's going wrong from the first if you don't keep your word and let me go." She wondered how she could have ever spit out all of those words in one harsh breath, but she knew that her point had been made, even if he wasn't going to be affected by it.

She huddled naked in the corner now, trying hopelessly to cover herself with her hands and arms. She knew that most of her tits and all of her cunt were still open to view, but she couldn't do anything

about it.

She watched, curiously, as the two men worked at making the sheet into tubes of cloth, taping and twisting it into legs and arms. Then Fingers turned around and faced her, pulled out a gravity knife and flicked it open with a twist of his wrist as he walked toward her. Betty was frightened now, and she knew that the training that she'd had in karate and judo were not much good against a knife.

Fingers then pointed the knife toward the mattress and put a big slit in the side with one motion.

"We need stuffing," he said with a sardonic smile.

Joey laughed and went back to work tying off the sheets that were going to be stuffed. Betty watched as Fingers took large handfuls of cotton stuffing. The fright had disappeared and left a cold feeling in her chest. She was glad that she didn't have to try to fight him while he had a knife in his hand.

Betty then realized that the two were very occupied with what they were doing. She looked at the door and knew that they hadn't locked it. She began moving across the bed to where the door was. She knew that she would have to move fast to get out before they catch her. She suddenly realized that she didn't even know where she had been taken. She swallowed deeply and decided to try the break anyway.

Just then she heard their watchdog bark. Her heart sank. Willy and Albert walked in holding cans of paint. Shorty was still asleep on the foot of the bed, snoring away quite wildly.

Willy walked over and shook the big black man by the shoulder. "Hey, wake up you big oaf!" demanded the fat man.

The Nergo jumped up violently, flaying his large arms around in circles as if to strike some invisible adversary. Betty watched as his cock swung around in circles. She laughed and the Negro turned around and glared at her.

He was approaching her in an aggressive anger just as Joey called out for him to get his ass over and help. The large Negro shrugged his shoulders as he got off the bed. He pulled on his pants, still glaring at Betty.

"We're almost finished," Joey said. "You can help stuff this last leg."

Shorty ambled over and began shoving cotton into the empty leg of the dummy. He would look over at Betty between handfuls and glare at her with mean eyes. She decided that he wasn't going to do anything as long as the rest of them were there, so she relaxed and returned his awful stare each time he looked at her.

Finally the dummy was finished and they were all preparing to leave. For a moment Betty thought that they had forgotten about her, and were going to leave her untied. But as they were walking toward the door, Willy turned around and walked toward her. He picked up the discarded cord and began binding her in the same position that she had been in before.

"I was going to leave her free," said Joey, "because the dog would make sure she didn't escape. But I guess you're right, Willy - she could have gotten out of the window, even though they are nailed shut. These cops are pretty tricky sometimes."

"And just plain old pretty sometimes, too!" Fingers exclaimed emphatically, as he walked over to her outstretched body and ran a quick hand down her still juicy slit.

"Ya," Willy agreed as he fastened the last knot.

Betty looked at them all sneering at her, and only saw compassion on Albert's thin face. She knew he was the smartest one of the group, and she deduced by his look that he was also the kindest one.

When they left, Betty tried pulling on the thin cords at her wrists again. This time they seemed to have been done looser, and they gave a little each time she pulled. After about ten minutes she could feel that they were going to give way eventually. She decided to rest a minute before trying it again, her wrists being very sore and red.

She looked up at the head of the bed and saw where the cord was tied to the bedpost above her left arm. It wasn't tied right. She stretched her body, trying to reach it with her left hand, but her feet were tied too well and she couldn't move up enough.

Shifting her weight seemed to help as she bounced on the bed and continued pulling on the cord.

Suddenly it came loose and Betty sighed deeply. She quickly untied the knots on her right wrist. She sat there for a minute with her legs still tied, rubbing her sore wrists until they felt better.

Betty then began undoing her leg bindings. Just as she was getting her right leg untied, she turned around and saw Albert staring down at her. She hadn't heard him enter.

"Can I help?" he asked in a sincere voice.

She was prepared to be shocked, but his words had sounded so full of honesty that all she said was, "All right!"

Albert moved his thin body gracefully over to Betty's side and began undoing the last restraints that had been put on her. As he did this, his fingers kept brushing up and down her ankle. Betty could feel the sparks of excitement running up her lithe leg. She tried to shut it off, but the tingling sensation kept running up her.

The knot finally came undone, but Albert did not let go of her ankle right away. He caressed her leg before he let go. Betty could tell that he had been affected by helping her. His face was flushed and his eyes gazed at her nakedness.

"Ah... ah... can I..." He kept hesitating, trying to say something that he just couldn't get out.

Betty reached over and touched his arm to tell him that it was all right, and he turned to her quickly and grabbed her breast.

"I'm a virgin!" he yelled at her.

Betty caressed his arm lightly. He had released her breast, but now he turned back toward her and began fondling both of them, but much more gently than before. She accepted his caresses and forgot completely about getting away for the time being.

Albert's dark eyes wandered over Betty's voluptuous body, and she blushed. But she kept control of her composure and ran her hand down the front of his shirt to his belt buckle. Her lithe fingers quickly undid the brass buckle and pulled the belt loose. Albert just kept staring at her and fondling her tits.

When she had the buckle undone, she ran her fingers down the front of his pants, feeling the bulge at his crotch expand as her hand brushed over it. She was becoming excited now herself, the flame in

her belly burning hotter all of the time.

She ran her hand back up the ridge under his zipper, causing Albert to moan loudly, and then he grabbed the brass tab of the fly and began pulling it down very slowly.

Betty was worried. She'd never been in a position like this in her life. But now that she was taking the lead she didn't know how to drop it, and she was scared.

Albert kept pressing her tits, the great mounds flattening to his pushes. The zipper dropped easily in her small hand and the purple head of his turgid cock protruded from the opening. Betty looked down between his arms and saw the organ throbbing.

She licked her lips, it looked so delicious. She imagined herself running her tongue along the huge glans and then popping it into her mouth. The bottom ridge pulsed as more of his cock became exposed. She could see herself nibbling lightly and teasingly on it.

Betty slipped her hand over the head and felt its intense heat throbbing in her grip. The shaft was narrower than the bulbous head, and she pushed down on his prick, making the skin wrinkle around the base as the cockhead became tauter.

"Ohhhhhmmm!" moaned Albert, pulling his face away from the full globes of Betty's succulent breasts.

Albert frantically pulled off his shirt as Betty's lithe hand began moving up and down the length of his blue-veined prick more rapidly. He was on his back and he turned himself so that his legs were beside Betty and she had a clear view of his organ.

Suddenly her fantasy of putting his cock into her mouth overwhelmed her. She lowered her head quickly and took his prick between her lips. The first taste was salty and bitter, and she almost spit his cock out of her mouth in disgust. But then the taste became like saltwater taffy. She sucked deeper and felt the big head of his mighty cock go to the back of her mouth.

Albert seemed as shocked as she was by her conduct, and he jerked away involuntarily.

"Why did you do that?" Betty sputtered as she grabbed for his hips and tried to pull him back.

"I don't know... I don't know..." he said, hesitating a second before lunging toward her. He planted an open-mouthed kiss upon her lips, and ground his full, sensuous mouth down upon hers with complete and utter abandon.

As he continued to grind his hot, sucking mouth against hers, Albert covered her breasts and kneaded them until her nipples grew firm and rigid against the boniness of his fingers.

Betty gasped deeply at the piercing pleasure he was giving her; she could feel the sticky moisture forming on the thick lips of her cunt. When Albert finally withdrew his lips from hers, she pulled him down on top of her. He seemed to find the opportunity to pull his unzipped pants the rest of the way off. He lay across her chest, forcing the bristling hairs on his chest to dig into her sensitive nipples, and she groaned loudly.

She felt his cock start sliding down over her abdomen, dragging through the soft hairs of her pussy, finally resting hotly against the sensitive skin of her naked thigh. His slavering mouth rushed wetly to the hollow of her shapely neck, down her collarbone to the upper slope of her breasts. He sucked in the tender flesh of her nipples.

She felt a new pang of guilt flash through her. She felt numb and powerless because she knew what he was about to do, but deep inside herself she knew she couldn't, and didn't want to, stop him.

The kidnapper's hot, demanding mouth closed over one of her taut, raspberry nipples and sucked insistently, his bristling, dark chin rubbing against her resilient, white flesh. His long-fingered hands, mauling her soft tits as he sucked her hardened nipple, increased her excitement over and over again.

Making an animal groan, Albert released one nipple from his mouth and, moving as quickly as a snake, he darted over to the other one.

His hips began moving his cock up and down. Then he moved down her luscious body, letting her full tits bobble free. His hungry mouth caressed and nibbled its way down her ribs, then settled at her navel as he licked and sucked and nibbled at her slightly rounded abdomen.

"I thought you said you were a virgin," Betty said.

"I am!" he said, releasing her navel for only a moment.

"You're sure doing this like you've done it before," she said in a soft tone. He didn't answer her, but just kept on sucking at the softness of her belly button.

Betty bit down on her lower lip to stifle a cry of mingled desire and fright that she felt welling up inside of her belly. What he was making her feel was sinful and totally outrageous. But it was also very greatly satisfying and deliciously wonderful.

The small, dark criminal lifted one of her legs and slid his extended tongue along the whiteness of the inside of her thigh, gliding upward toward the warmly throbbing cunt. Betty could not imagine that anyone would ever do something like this to anybody else, but it sure felt good.

Betty sighed as Albert nibbled the smooth flesh of her inner thigh, his ear sometimes brushing against the heated sensitivity of her reddened cunt. Then Albert brought his hand into play and touched the hairy, fleshy lips of her pussy, pressing his fingers into the lush softness of her most private place, caressing up and down between her twitching legs, wiggling the outer lips of her steaming cunt as he went.

Betty shuddered with delight, longing to roll her pussy hard against Albert's close hand. She could feel the thick juices of her hungry cunt seeping warmly through the folds of her pussy; she longed to have him spread her legs wide apart and let the cool air wash over and cool down her overly impassioned twat.

Twisting her neck to stare down at the outlaw, she watched him kiss her soft belly and thighs, his hot lips gliding sensuously over her satiny skin. His long fingers continued to caress the folds of her pussy, pinching them slightly now and then.

Betty tried not to let her reaction show. She thought it was unbecoming of a policewoman, but she was aching with passion to heave her pussy at him, forcing him to penetrate her with his nimble fingers.

Inwardly she began to convince herself that this was inevitable. But she also promised herself that she would not enjoy it. She didn't know what was happening now. Everything was becoming so confused.

Albert pulled his head back and stared down at her sopping pussy. Laced with soft golden-red ringlets of silky hair, the outer lips concealed the succulent folds within, like a secret, hidden and delicious flower. Betty looked up and watched him swallow and then dart his tongue over his lower lip. Then, fixing his dark eyes on hers for a second, he lifted her leg over his head, spreading her thighs widely. The cool air rushed in, but didn't dampen her passion at all.

Then, pressing his thumbs against the outer lips of her cunt, he peeled open the succulent folds and stared down into the moist red flesh of her cunt. The smooth, coral-colored flesh gleamed with the passionate glaze of her juices. In the outermost folds her slick secretions had thickened into milky droplets.

Betty moaned softly, throwing her arm over her eyes as if blinded by the intensity of her passion.

The aroused girl began to feel the tension generated by his more than casual admiration of her cunt. The frantic pitch kept growing until her excitement was almost too much to bear. She screamed, still not daring to look up.

Betty took her arm away from her eyes slowly and looked down at Albert. Little by little he was lowering his head toward the pulsing heat of her cunt. The excited cop held her breath.

Albert pressed his full lips gently against the slick entrance of Betty's open cunt, his long, hot tongue burrowing deeper into the warm, wet, slippery folds of her throbbing pussy.

"Glaaagggghhh!" Betty rasped, her back arching, pushing her hot cunt closer to his dark, almost sinister-looking face. She could hear her flesh slurping against the heat of his lips and she gasped as she felt his tongue slither into her honeyed folds. The intruding muscle fluttered madly on her very sensitive clitoris. Even though what this criminal was doing seemed filthy and perverted, the distraught girl had never before known such soaring pleasure.

He lifted her trembling legs onto his shoulders then, burying his face even deeper into her juicy, musk-scented cunt.

Since Albert was no longer holding her cuntlips apart with his thumbs, the slick elastic folds closed over his flailing tongue. The gusts of his hot breath poured over the silky, golden ringlets of her pubic hair from out of his flared nostrils.

His cock was now sandwiched between his thin belly and her calf. Betty could feel the throbbing of the heavy cock as it pulsed against her body.

"No, oh... Yes, please... Oh yes!" Betty gasped and moaned, her breath ragged with the passion caused by Albert's ravenous tonguing of her tender cunt.

She squirmed beneath him, twisting her flaming, slick pussy against his mouth, her breasts bobbing like cream-colored Jell-O on springs.

Betty made a little groaning sound of deep pleasure and pushed her pelvis up at him at the same time. She felt his lips flatten her cuntlips, then the pressure of his teeth against her outer lips as his tongue flicked even deeper.

She knew from the lapping motions of his mouth that his chin was coated with her juices. Squirming against the intense pleasure Albert was giving her, she brought her hands up from her sides and tangled her soft fingers in the dark mass of Albert's thick, curly hair. She made a little moan of pleasure again, as if she were telling this passionate criminal something very special and very secret.

Albert seemed to answer her as he dug his tongue down into her deeper than Betty imagined a tongue could go in her hot cunt.

She had felt the heat in her womb before, but now it mixed deliciously with his slaverling, tepid tongue, becoming so intense that she almost cried out that she couldn't stand it any longer. But she only tangled her fingers more tightly in his dark hair, shocked at herself for willingly pushing his face harder against her aching pussy. She could feel her abundant juices overflowing around his slurping mouth and running down between her spread asscheeks and across her asshole.

At that moment, Albert's tongue and lips skidded out of her cunt. Undaunted, he caught a mouthful of her outer cunt-hair, sucking fiercely at the meaty morsel. Then he shifted his position, and his hot tongue slithered back into the inner folds of her pussy.

A terrible jolt of pain and pleasure whirled within her pussy, so intense that her stomach muscles pulled taut and she jerked hard on his curly hair. Her breath hissed from her lips as an audible sigh of pleasure escaped from her clenched lips. She ground her cunt up at him, knowing instinctively that his lips had closed over her erect clitoris. The tip of his tongue fluttered wildly against it as she moaned.

Betty writhed beneath him, her knees over his thin shoulders, her buttocks twisting beneath his grip, her heels tapping at the middle of his back as he arched it.

Suddenly an orgasmic vibration shook her unexpectedly to the pit of her very marrow. She gasped at the intensity of the feeling, her cunt closing down on his tongue as if to capture the swirling delight within her tender womb. But the delight seemed to seep out around his probing tongue. Albert kept sucking and licking at her convulsive cunt, his lascivious tongue wiggling in the pudding of wet, warm flesh – but her release was cut short.

Betty felt his tongue probing every fold and wrinkle of her fiery crotch. Even though he was new at this he went about it with the vigor and form of a professional cunt-eater. She could feel his hot tongue rolling over her stiffened clitoris, swirling it around and around until she thought she would faint from the pleasure. And then he shoved it into her quivering vagina as far as it would go, digging even deeper than it had been before. She could feel the pressure of his teeth.

She gasped again as a tremor of orgasm washed over her like a gigantic, warm wave, fading slower than the last, seeming to glow within her like a red-hot ember. She could feel the pulsing in her womb as the liquid passion surged out again, washing hotly over her ass and Albert's mouth.

He teased her now, flicking at the taut bud of her clitoris with the tip of his tongue, making her quiver and gasp under his snakelike motions. Each time his tongue slid over the sensitive nubbin of flesh, Betty felt as if electricity were being shot into her through her clit, snapping hotly from the tender, slick flesh of her cunt directly to her swirling and numbed brain.

Mad with passion now, the thin criminal easily rolled his captive onto her stomach and rapidly buried his face in the quivering softness of her twitching buttocks. His tongue speared out, stroking wetly up and down between the springy mounds of her asscheeks. He kissed and slurped at her asshole, his rough cheeks chafing the deep, soft valley of her lovely, round ass.

Her fingertips digging into the bare mattress, Betty moaned deeply. Never before had she known such perverted or delicious thrills. She embraced the mattress as best as she could as she felt his tongue screw itself into her rectal passage, the hot, wet sweetness of it filling her with an unbelievably delirious melting sensation. She could feel the tension building within her once again.

But Albert stopped kissing her ass before she could reach the most desirable of peaks. Deftly he rolled her onto her back again and looked at her, his dark eyes glittering with a glazed look of passion. She saw that his chin was glistening from her sticky juices, but she didn't care. Then he sprawled over her, smearing his mouth across her bobbing tits, snaking his tongue around her erect nipple. Then, in an instant, he was kissing her. She felt the heat of his juice-coated tongue in her mouth, and she didn't care. The hard, hot length of his cock pulsed against her spent, soft thighs.

Albert lifted his mouth from her lips and looked down at her. A drop of sweat rolled down his nose, hung there for a moment, then splashed saltily against her panting, parted lips.

Albert pulled back from her crotch, but Betty knew he was merely adjusting his cock to a better angle. Then she felt it – round and huge against the spongy lips of her quivering pussy. She held her breath. Anticipating his thrust, she wasn't particularly concerned about her ability to accept him without pain, having just been subjected to Shorty's big cock.

Her pussy had never felt so slick and open. She felt his cock poking and pushing, slipping against the slimy lips of her hot cunt – and she wanted it!

Even if he were a criminal, and one of the abductors who had kidnapped her, she wanted his cock inside of her... churning, plunging, maybe even hurting her a little. Then she felt him raise her thighs.

A cry of anguish tore from her tender throat. Albert had thrust something into her, but it was too hot, too hard, too large to be his prick. The burning sensation shot through her and she clasped her legs around his body try keep him from thrusting into her body any deeper. She had to bite down on her lower lip to keep from screaming out.

When Betty realized that what he had pushed into her was actually his cock – she felt with her hand, only to discover that he had pushed only the head of his mighty cock into her.

"Stop!" she begged him passionately, her voice nothing but a ragged whisper.

"You're tight all right," he admitted. "But it'll only hurt a little at first. Relax! Please relax! Then fuck with me when I get goin'. That way it shouldn't hurt as much."

Betty wanted desperately to believe him, but there was too much pain in her cunt. There was just no way to get that length of cock into her. She doubted if she could close her fingers around the width of his member – yet he was trying to force it into the opening of her narrow cunt.

Tears trickled from the corners of her eyes as the massive head pushed against her tight slit, forcing the lips inward as the huge cock penetrated the tight portal. Betty wriggled beneath him in some small hope of easing the incredibly intense pressure. She swung her hips in an effort to lessen the tension, then suddenly she gasped as she felt the cunt-stretching length of his monstrous cock plunging inch by inch into the tightness of her pussy.

"Glagggghhh!" she gasped. She had intended to scream at him to stop, but all at once the pain vanished, totally swept away by a strange wave of pleasure.

"I thought you'd like it," Albert whispered in her ear as he leaned forward. "Feels really good, doesn't it?" he asked as if trying to reassure himself as much as her.

"It's... awful... tight..." Betty sighed.

"Ya," he said, "and awfully good too."

He twisted more deeply into her, then withdrew a little, releasing Betty's outer cuntlips and allowing her pubic hair – which had been forced in with his thrust – to escape. Then he thrust in once more, drawing another cry from his captive's lips as he fucked deeper.

Albert twisted his cock into her, forcing her clenching cuntwalls to give way. He withdrew until the blood-engorged ridge of his glans was plugging up the orifice of her pussy, then jammed it down into her for the third time, hard, fast and straight.

"Ohhhmmnnn-guggghhh!" Betty moaned, biting her lips with an impassioned force. There seemed to be no limit to his huge cock. He was crowding her cunt. How deep can he go? she wondered, pressing her eyes tightly shut and clenching her teeth.

Albert pulled his cock back and thrust into her again and again, building force each time his prick dug into her tender vagina. Then, as he gave a final twist to his bone-hard erection, Betty felt his coarse, dangling balls tickling her asshole with its bristling wire-like hairs. He paused for a short moment, looking down at her, his dark mouth in a sinister smile.

Betty gloried in the amazing sensation of her pussy squeezing down around his hot prick. She hadn't anticipated being able to exert such control. When the thin criminal grunted with pleasure at her little trick, she tried it a couple of more times. But then the slow, excruciatingly deliberate movements of his giant hard-on began to drive her into an absolute swoon of intense delight. She began answering each of his thrusts with a hump of her own, letting his cock slide out almost all of the way, then re-impaling herself on the immensity of its burning thickness, sucking it into the depths of her womb and allowing it to pull away ever so slightly before sucking it inside of her bubbling cunt once more.

"Okay," Albert grunted. "You got the rhythm. Now fuck with me as hard as you can."

"Oh, God!" Betty gasped. "I mean, yes, yes..." She was beyond the point of offering any resistance, however much she thought she should for this criminal.

Now, when he started to piston his enormous cock inside of her pussy, there was nothing Betty could do but hang on for dear life and hope to survive the onslaught.

He had been gentle at first, but now he was like a man possessed, the bolt-action of his giant cock feeling like a machine within her tender body. Each time she felt the solid shaft sinking, she realized that it did so with additional energy. He seemed to gather momentum with each thrust. Each time she felt his hips retreat in preparation for the next lunge, Betty clung to his neck more tightly, praying that the swollen battering ram wouldn't hurt her – and that he would never stop his assault.

Her white thighs rubbed silkily against Albert's pumping flanks until they were a scarlet hue. Her soft little belly jiggled against his corded stomach as his powerful cock stroked deeper into her cunt again and again.

Then the kidnapper shifted his position a little. At first Betty thought he was doing it so he could plunge more brutally into her sensitive pussy. But with his first downward drive she felt the hard, hot length of his cock slide deliciously across her clitoris. After that, where there had been pain before, she discovered a tingling kind of electricity that seemed to expand around his pistoning prick until her hot cunt seemed to be glowing and exploding with bright bursts of fire. It was wonderful beyond anything she had ever experienced in her life.

Her hips began moving wildly, slamming rapidly upward as her cunt gulped hungrily around Albert's stiff cock. She bowed her back, lifting her head and shoulders, clinging with passion to his thin neck.

She cried out, "Oh Albert, oh Al! Fuck me, fuck me! I don't care anymore. I need it, I need it! Please fuck me, fuck me!"

Albert smiled down at her. He began working his hips harder and faster, driving his hot cock with slippery speed into her rippling, gyrating pussy.

Betty writhed, screwing upward, panting and moaning as she thrust her hips up around his driving shaft, blissfully wanting more and more of his turgid cock.

She realized that he was fucking into her more rapidly now, bouncing her body clear off the naked mattress. She could hear the breath hissing from his throat in ragged, passionate gasps, and she felt the hot air scalding the hollow of her white neck. A dizzying spiral of ecstasy began swirling inside of her heated cunt, a whirl of electric bolts that began to burst around his shaft, causing her cunt to tighten spastically around the enormous cock, pouring out her thick, slick cuntjuices.

The delicious sensation became so intense that she thought she would faint from the pleasure. Betty realized for the first time that she was coming.

"You're making it, aren't you?" Albert pantingly said.

The swirl, ever-growing within her cunt seemed to have robbed her of all physical control over her body. She could only let her head flop from side to side in ecstasy, her eyes rolling wildly about.

"I feel you coming!" Albert panted. "Oh God, it's so damn hot and good when your cunt bites down on my cock like that! We're making it, baby, we're making it!"

Suddenly she felt the entire length of his cock balloon within the tender channel of her pussy. For an instant he seemed to freeze like a statue above her panting body. He made an animal-like groan, his rapidly pulsing cock buried to the hairy root in her sopping, fiery cunt. Then he began to fuck into her so quickly that Betty could not be sure when his cock seemed to add fuel to her own continuing climax and spur her on.

She wanted to tell him how good he was making her feel, but when she looked up at him, she saw that his thin face was contorted into a passionate, fiery grimace.

Betty cried out, thinking that something terrible had happened. Then, so suddenly and so forcefully was his climax that it took her breath away. Albert plunged into her again, and she felt his cock nudge through the opening of her tight womb. The fountaining of his sperm, as it poured like molten metal thickly into her womb, seemed to be an endless torrent.

Each burst of his hot seed, as it splashed into her cunt, gave her an additional shuddering response. Her orgasm grew until she was being swallowed by the sensation of it.

Minutes later she felt Albert relax against her with a deep and satisfied groan. While his cock was still embedded in her cunt, she could feel the last drops of sperm spouting out of him. He slid his tongue through her lips effortlessly, fucking her soft mouth with his tongue just as he had fucked her juicy cunt with his giant cock. Giving herself over completely to the joy which had previously been at war with her fears, Betty began to suck on his tongue, delighting in the warm afterglow of their mutual orgasms.

She ran her hands over his back and through the slickness of sweat that pooled in the small of his back. She cupped his firm, hairy buttocks in her hands and pulled him deeper into her, bumping her pussy up at him at the same time. She rubbed her heated breasts against his panting chest. She let

him nibble delicately at the lobe of her ear and the vulnerable flesh at the hollow of her neck.

She could hardly wait for him to catch his breath so that he could fuck her again. Then she remembered the others, and she thought that they might be returning any minute now. She tried to roll Albert off her. Even though he was small, his motionless weight was too heavy. She pushed extra hard and he moved a couple of inches.

"I have to go," she said, still pushing.

"Ya," he said sleepily. She felt his soft cock slurp out of her crimson cunt, and she felt a pang of regret.

"Help me!" she said again.

"Sure," he said, rolling completely off her. "After what you gave me, I think I'd give you the moon."

"I don't want the moon," she said. "I just want out."

Albert picked up his clothes and handed them to her, smiling broadly.

"But what will you do?" she asked.

"I'll face the music here," he said. "They can only kill me. I don't care much really. I'm just glad that I had one chance to fuck you, that's all."

Betty was amazed at his willingness to sacrifice himself for her. She felt honored that he was so willing to let her leave.

"Tie me up," he said, "and they'll think that you just took advantage of me."

Betty realized that the logic of his argument was the only appropriate one for the situation. She began tying him to the bed in the same way that she had been tied by the others. She tied him loosely, but still tightly enough so that it looked like it was for real, and not a set-up job.

She leaned over and kissed him before she started to put on his clothes. She was almost tempted to untie him again and fuck him once more. But that was too dangerous, as appealing as it was to her.

Betty put on his pants and shirt, amazed that they fit as well as they did. And then she leaned down again and sucked his flaccid cock into her mouth, a sort of perverse good-bye kiss. Albert didn't seem to mind much as he arched his back so that his groin pushed up against her face as his cock began to get hard.

She spit it out and said, "God I wish I could stay to play here with you, but I have to leave."

"I understand," he said.

Betty walked slowly toward the door, looking back at Albert's smiling face. She opened it without looking and bumped into something, or someone.

"Where ya goin'?" asked Joey.

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## CHAPTER FIVE

Betty had never been so frightened in her short life. Joey had been there so unexpectedly. She assumed a karate stance, as if to protect herself. "You're a real fighter," Joey said with a cynical smile as he pushed Buddy at her. "Here, fight him."

Buddy was pushed at her so fast that she grabbed onto him, and they both fell to the floor. Everyone in the room began laughing at them as they scrambled to get free. Buddy's hands were tied behind his back, which made it much more difficult to get untangled.

"I see you tied up Albert securely," Joey said sarcastically. "But how did you get free?"

"I got free by myself, you sadistic pervert," she said bitterly. "Then he came in and I had to tie him up and take his clothes."

"Well, you can give his clothes right back to him. Now!" said the ringleader of the gang.

Betty began taking off her coverings, looking at Buddy with sad eyes. They began communicating immediately, without words. Betty felt the soft pressure of his affection for her as she had to strip for these other men.

"Well look at that," said the perceptive Willy. "They know each other."

"I'll be damned," Joey said. "I guess the police department isn't as big as we thought it was."

"We went to school together," Buddy said. "Cadet school."

"It looks like you're closer than that," said Willy, arching his eyebrows in disbelief.

"No we're not!" Betty stated emphatically.

They had untied Albert and given him the shirt that Betty had taken off. She felt naked without a top, but tried not to show any embarrassment at the fact. She knew she would feel even more naked without her pants. She looked around at all of the people in the room; they sat like vultures waiting for her pants to fall. Even Buddy had a glimmer of anticipation at the prospect of seeing her furry cunt.

Without further ado, Betty let the slacks fall, the gleaming whiteness of her thighs flashing into view. Everyone sighed when they saw the lovely patch of pubic hair and Betty felt a little like she was on exhibition at a carnival or vaudeville show.

"Look at that twat!" exclaimed Fingers, shaking his hand as if he had just grabbed something hot.

"Ya!" said Joey and Willy and Shorty all together.

"Maybe these two do care for each other," Joey said. "I bet we can find out."

"But what about the exchange we were going to do again?" said Willy.

"After the way the police tried to double-cross us with this cop as a phony decoy, I don't think I will exchange. This lady here might be more fun than having our money."

"But you tried to pull a fast one, too," said Buddy. "That fucking stuffed clothing isn't hardly Betty... I mean Officer Brady."

"You're on a first-name basis with this beautiful cop, huh?" said Joey. "Well, I'm just mean enough to

do things to her in front of you that ought to make the next exchange a real one. Because you aren't hardly worth a stuffed dummy."

The rest of the men laughed heartily at his joke until Joey held up his hand, signaling them to stop.

Betty was afraid now, really afraid. She had no idea what Joey intended to do, but she knew that it wouldn't be as kind as what she'd done with Albert.

"It's you and me," Joey said to Willy. "We're goin' to have us some fun."

Betty looked over at Bud and saw him struggling against his restraints. It was no use, and they both knew it; he was tied far too securely for him to get free. And besides, Shorty was standing right over him, ready to lay him low if he tried anything funny.

"Okay, Willy, pull her over to the bed."

The round man took Betty by the wrist and began tugging on her arm, moving her toward the bare bed. She wanted to scream, or fight, but she knew that it would be a waste of her energy. But she still planted her feet securely on the floor, and Willy had to pull extra hard to get her to the bed.

"Now what?" said Willy, holding Betty with his brutal, plump hand.

"Throw her onto the bed," said Joey.

Betty shook her wrist free and climbed on herself, looking as deviant as she could. She saw Joey take off his shirt and pants, remembering the bitter taste of his cum that he had made her swallow. What will he do to me now? she thought.

Willy began taking off his clothes also, keeping a wary eye out for any false move from Betty. As his shirt came off, she was amazed to see that he wasn't as fat as he looked with them on. His chubbiness was mostly muscle packed into a short frame. She even saw ridges on his stomach where she expected to see a pot belly.

"You get on the bottom," Joey said as soon as he had his clothes all the way off. His sinister eyes and dark smile told Betty that something malevolent was going to happen to her.

Willy grabbed Betty by the shoulders and swung onto the bed, pulling her on top of him.

"Stop it!" Bud yelled.

Joey turned slowly toward his other captive, and then spoke to Shorty. "Gag him, and if he tries to make another sound then shut him up any way you want to." The big Negro rubbed his hands together and looked completely ready and willing to do what his boss said.

Betty was still trying to squirm off Willy, but his strong arms held her on top of him. She could feel his prick starting to rise up between her legs, pulsing hotly as it expanded past her asshole. Her cuntlips had been spread, and they were kissing his fat cock. Much to her dismay she was beginning to get hot herself. The blood of excitement was rushing to her head and she felt her cunt involuntarily clamping itself spasmodically against the thick prick.

"She's ready for us," Willy said with a smile. "I can feel her twat twitching around my cock."

"Good," said Joey. "You stick your cock in her while I go and hunt up some cream."

Just then Betty knew what degrading thing they were about to do to her. Two at the same time, she thought with a grimace. They're going to kill me that way.

Willy was moving under her now, reaching down to his cock. She tried to squash her body up against his to thwart his effort, but he was too strong for her. His hand first stopped at her cunt, one fat finger slipping up her slit and tickling her reddened clitoris.

She buckled, pulling herself away from his hand, even though it felt good. She had pulled away because she was ashamed that it felt so good.

Willy then grabbed his prick and rubbed it. Betty could feel his arm working along her thigh, and was even ashamed that that felt good. She could feel the warmth running up her leg to her cunt. Suddenly she felt the tepid head of his cock pushed up against her glistening cuntlips.

A deep groan came from across the room, and Betty knew that it came from her fellow rookie. Shame and disgust welled up in her, knowing that Joey had been right in trying to unnerve them both by this trick.

She saw Joey enter the room just as the bulbous, purple head of Willy's huge cock was stuffed quickly between her labia.

"Ohhhhhnnngg!" she moaned, trying not to let it sound as good as it felt. The prick was pushed up into the silky channels of her soft cunt. His cock wasn't as big as Albert's, but the expanding width of it fit snugly into her tight twat. She held her breath and felt him ram his hips once more with a powerful grunt, jamming the silky, stiff cock up to the hilt in her cunt.

"Now hold her still," said Joey. "I'm going to climb on." He moved up between both Willy's and Betty's spread legs and placed a glob of chilling cream on the flower of her asshole. Betty's ass twitched and convulsed as he spread it around and then stuck one finger into her ass.

"Ohhh... GOD... NO!" she screamed. Albert had been so gentle when doing her ass that it felt good, but Joey just stuffed his finger as fast as he could into her.

"Hold still!" Joey demanded, extracting his finger and holding her asscheeks open. He then put his thumb slowly into her rectum and forced the sphincter open again.

Betty moaned, not daring to move for fear of being injured. Joey began to pump in and out of her ass with his thumb, oblivious to her having any feeling there at all. The thumb dug into her open asshole. Faster and faster Joey went, until Betty could hardly feel anything but her swelling ass.

"She's coming," yelled Willy. "She's coming all around my cock."

Betty knew what he was saying was true as she felt her insides melt and flow out of her cunt in a torrent of passion. Shame washed her body at the same time. She wished Willy hadn't yelled it out so that she could have kept a little self-respect in front of Bud, but now it was impossible; he knew how depraved she was.

"D'you like that?" Joey asked, turning to the tied and gagged Bud, who was struggling ferociously against his ropes. Bud was obviously as mad as a hornet and struggling like the devil. Shorty reached over and knocked him on the head with his fist. Bud looked stunned and quieted down for a second.

Joey withdrew his thumb from her asshole and Betty felt cold air rush into the opening, chilling her and making her shudder.

Willy began moving his cock inside of her, sliding the fat prick in and out like he couldn't help himself.

"Stop!" said Joey. "Let me get into her first, and then you can fuck her all you want to."

"Look boss," said hilly, "if you don't hurry up, I'm going to come without ever getting to pump into her juicy cunt."

"Hold onto your balls for a second," said the leader. "I'll be right with you."

Betty felt the man at her back put his hands on her shoulders and position himself over her. She could feel his hands, and she didn't know where his cock was. Joey moved suddenly on top of her and pushed his soft, spongy cockhead against the entrance to her ass.

"Be careful! Good God! Please be careful!" she pleaded with heart-rending sincerity.

"Just hold still," said Joey, "and no one will be hurt."

He barely began pushing the brutal length of his prick into her ass before she felt the chilling sensation of anal penetration and let out a howl.

Joey backed off and slapped her hard across her ass, leaving a hand print where he hit. "Now shut up," he warned. "Or you'll really be hurt."

She relaxed, much against her wishes, and felt the prick insinuated again at her asshole. Joey leaned down over her and breathed heavily in her ear as his cock began digging into her asshole. She felt the muscles tense all over the front of his body as he lay against her. Willy, below her, was trying to relax, but he found himself twitching and pumping ever so slightly with his large, muscular hips.

Betty wished she could forget she was being degraded, but try as she might the thick cock in her ass wouldn't let her forget. She wanted to scream for Joey to stop as the silky glans of his turgid cockhead began pushing up her ass, but she had lost her voice.

"Hold on to her!" said Joey with a grunt, "'Cause here I go!"

Betty felt Willy's strong arms encircle her as Joey's cock spread the sphincter to its fullest and plowed on toward the vital organs in her ass. The chamber of her ass expanded to make room for the searing prick as it plunged in.

"Holy shit!" she yelled.

"Calm down!" said Joey, earnestly trying to soothe her.

Betty just panted and lay there with his cock stuck halfway up her tender ass. Soon she began to adjust to it, but it was by force of will and nothing else. She could feel the two cocks stuck in her two holes as they rubbed against each other. She held her breath, waiting for the extremely crowded feeling to subside, but it didn't.

As soon as Joey began to move again, fear struck the pit of her heart. She imagined herself being torn apart from the pressure of the sliding, thick cocks, and all of the muscles in her little body tightened.

"Relax, honey," said Willy below her. "We're goin' to fuck you, and that's for sure, so you might as well relax and like it."

"Well spoken," Joey said.

Willy pushed now while Joey tried to remain motionless, but he had the same problem that the heavy man had had his cock kept twitching madly inside of her. Betty could feel the wall between her anal tract and her cunt spread thin by the intruding pressures of the two blood-engorged pricks.

Willy's cock began moving slowly, plowing a path up the collapsed channel of her cunt. She could feel the silky glans spread her membranes as the chunky man stuffed his cock into her.

"Ohhhhh... Help..." she said as the pressure and pleasure built up at the same time.

"We're trying to," Joey said in a hoarse pant. All of the muscles of his body were tensed and she could feel his ragged breath in her ear. She wanted to scream.

Willy now had his cock up her cunt as far as Joey had his up her ass. She sensed the rhythm of their cocks through the fleshy wall which separated the two members. They both began to draw out their cocks, pulling their pricks free and drawing all of Betty's strength out of her at the same time.

"Hold it!" Joey commanded. "We're going to have to get a rhythm going so that both of us aren't in her at the same time, or else we'll bust her wide open." Betty was having the same terrible fantasy and she was glad that Joey realized it really could happen. "I'm going to pump in," he continued. "Now don't start until I'm on the way out."

"Okay!" said Willy.

Joey began shoving his prick back up the slick tract of Betty's rectum while Willy kept only the head of his thick cock stuck in her cunt.

The pressure diminished, and Betty was quite relieved. The pulsing cocks even made her feel warm and secure in a very perverse way. The prick dug up her channel, hotly pushing away the cotton-soft tissues of her rectum. She sighed deeply and was able to relax into this degrading display of carnality for the first time.

Betty could feel her nipples harden against the soft hair of Willy's chest. The little nubbins seemed to be pulsing at the same rate as the cock in her reddened cunt. She suddenly sensed an emptiness in her pussy and tried to push herself back, to impale herself on the chubby cock in her juicy cunt. She relaxed again and Joey kept going up her ass.

Willy could feel when Joey had reached the end and began his retreat from Betty's tender ass. He started to pump his cock slowly up her pulsing cunt. Now the two cocks were pistoning in her like a two-cylinder engine, pumping fuel for the fire of her passion.

Her head was beginning to swim from the fire in her ass and cunt. She could feel her sphincter spread wide each time the cock in her asshole hit the base and hair tickled her rectum. Two deliciously different sensations were careening through her body at the same time.

Betty had forgotten about Bud, who was tied up and forced to watch this awful scene. She was ashamed of herself for beginning to enjoy the "torture" that the criminals were trying to put her through, and ashamed for abandoning the trust Bud had in her by enjoying it. She didn't know what to do to help ease Bud's mind, but she knew that she couldn't do anything else but feel the awesome pleasure of what was happening to her asshole and cunt.

"Pick up a little speed," Joey said.

"Ya... Ya..." replied Willy, straining between strokes.

Betty could feel her pulse begin to race as their pumping increased in velocity, digging deeper and deeper into her as they went. Her cunt began to twitch wildly, pulling and holding Willy's cock like a powerful vacuum. Her asshole began to wink like a small fist of pleasure, squeezing Joey's cock to new fullness and rigidity. The two men lost control of their rhythm and began pumping wildly and without restraint. Betty felt her insides about to explode from the pressure. Every time one of them moved, she felt her clitoris forced maddeningly against the stiff rod of Willy's tool.

She writhed between the two horny cocks. The mingled sensations of hurt, degradation and wild passion were overwhelming in their combined force.

Bucking and heaving, she took Willy's searing cock deeper into her cunt, her slick, inflamed cuntlips rubbing the prick to new hardness. Then she fucked back against Joey's impaling cock, her asshole spasming around him. She found that even with their weight and strength she could move her cunt.

"Aaannnggghhh!" Betty yelled, only to have her cry choked off as Willy buried his hot, thick tongue in her open mouth, swabbing the opening to her throat.

Joey wriggled his hands between her and Willy's chest, to squeeze savagely at the tenderness of her full breasts. She felt fire leap into her already swimming head from the delicious pressure.

"Glluuuggghhh!" Betty cried, unable to speak around the probing tongue in her lips. She impaled herself first on one cock and then on the other, seesawing back and forth in a deliciously sensual manner.

She pushed her asshole up to Joey's cock, and then dropped her cunt rapidly down on Willy's waiting prick. The two men were going crazy, but they remained as motionless as they could under the circumstances.

Betty could feel Willy's cock swelling up in her like a balloon, stretching the heated tissues of her cunt even more. She gasped as she felt the two cocks slide together within her, separated only by the thinness of her vaginal membrane.

She cried out in ecstatic delight as the first scalding burst of Willy's semen exploded within her tender cunt.

She thrashed wildly against him, rubbing her inflamed clitoris savagely across his spewing prick. Then, when she felt the spastic palpitations of Joey's cock pulsing in her asshole, her own orgasm was triggered with devastating force.

Betty went wild. She thrashed so blindly that both of the criminals were nearly thrown clear of the bed. With both cocks fountaining their thick, hot cream into her bowels and belly, Betty felt her cunt tighten and release in time with her clenching asshole. Her fists opened and grasped at anything. Her back arched and stiffened under Joey's continuing thrusts. The red-hot knot of pleasure expanding from her cunt seemed to threaten to explode within her, disintegrating her entire, pulsing frame.

She didn't know how long it lasted, but it seemed like hours. When her body finally relaxed and she opened her eyes, odd patches of color seemed to form and dissolve before her eyes. She sensed that her performance had not only awed both men, but also those watching.

Hesitantly, the two men both pulled their slimy cocks from her body. For an instant Betty felt that she had been turned inside out in two directions.

Suddenly the thought of where she was rushed over her, she felt shame; shame for having enjoyed



this in front of Bud.

She looked over at him and saw the sweat pouring down his face, great beads of emotional pressure. Betty thought it was from having had to watch the awful spectacle of her degradation, but then Shorty spoke.

"He came in his damn pants," said the big Negro. "He done came without ever touchin' her." The whole room burst out in laughter, even the two spent men beside her. Betty felt sorry for him and was about to go over and console him, but Fingers came up.

"It's my turn, sweetmeat," he said. "I'm going to give you a trip you'll never forget."

Betty feared for the remainder of her self respect, but she knew that she could do nothing about it.

Fingers waited for Joey and Willy to get off the bed. "Now I'm goin' to tie you up and show you why they call me Fingers," he said.

"What do you mean? Let me go!" she said as he grabbed her hands and ankles.

"You'll see!"

He picked up the rope and bound her wrists together and then to the bedpost. Then he tied her ankles, sure that her cunt was opened for all to see. She shrank, spread-eagled like she was, from their gaze, painfully aware of what an unobstructed view they all had of her juicy pussy.

Fingers smiled maliciously and spoke softly. "You're like a musical instrument, you see. And I'm going to play you."

Betty was intrigued now, more curious than frightened at his strange words. She pulled tentatively at her bonds, seeing if she could get free if she had to, but Fingers had tied them much too well.

He reached over her body slowly and touched her armpit, his fingertips finding a nerve she hadn't known was there. Before she realized what was happening, her lithe body snapped taut, her back arching to fling her slightly rounded belly into the air. She gasped aloud. With his other hand, he touched her side, one finger probing deftly inward at her thin waist. Her stretched body leaped to one side, her tits surging. Betty cried out with a mixture of pleasure and bewilderment. Fingers laughed in a low, sympathetic tone and pinched a muscle between her neck and her shoulder. Her hip rose. Twitching and twisting her torso, she shuddered, uttering a sigh.

Abruptly, then, his fingers were everywhere. She vaguely recalled having once thought of this as terrifying, and it wasn't, it was totally engulfing.

She was learning, and it was an exquisite experience. She hated herself for liking it, but there was no stopping that. She lay there waiting for the next wonderful touch.

Betty found she had no control over her body any more. She had no way of predicting where Fingers would touch her, or how the touch would make her respond. She was a bundle of very sensitive nerves after the first three contacts with his delicate fingers, and every fiber in her supine, tensed body seemed to quiver as lust-filled pleasure washed over her.

The sounds which came from her throat were foreign to her, and the protesting groans of the bed merely formed a suitable background for her animal cries. The faces that hovered over her seemed to blur and swim together as if they had emanated from a dream, the bonds on her supple wrists and

ankles were her only contact with reality.

She knew Fingers was fondling her ripe tits, but that sensation blended with the strange, wild streaks of excitement from nerves which had never before been stimulated. She lashed about in a frenzy of delight, her body responding to her mounting lust. But gradually pleasure hardened to desire, and desire knotted in her moist, hot, sopping pussy. She became conscious of the powerful rhythmic undulations of her hips and shoulders and she knew that her cunt was thrusting as if impaled on a gigantic, pulsing prick.

"Oh, please!" she heard herself say without one bit of shame or self-consciousness. "Oh, please! Touch it! Touch my cunt! Please touch my cunt!"

Fingers shifted his position above her thrashing body. Between her widespread legs, his hands rested on her white thighs, and he stretched out with his face above her swollen crotch. She gazed between her tits at him as he lowered his smiling mouth behind the screen of her pubic hair down to the delicious morsel of her heated cunt.

A lascivious warmth engulfed her snatch as he sucked the dripping flesh into his hot mouth and started to chew. His tongue probed the tortured folds and his chin pressed into the back of her slit. She squirmed and moaned, her excitement rocketing to heights she had never known before.

His fingers roved over her thighs and onto her belly, continuing to seek out hidden centers of erotic sensitivity while he began to caress her wet cuntlips with the tips of his agile fingers.

In a brief moment his tongue moved to where his fingers were and he darted the tip of it out to massage the fleshy folds the same way he had done with his fingers. He caught some strands of her cunt hair in his teeth and tugged at them gently. She flung her eager hips from side to side, beside herself with passionate hunger. He drove his tongue to the bottom of her puffy slit, to the tight rim of her cuntmouth.

"Oh, good God!" she exclaimed breathlessly and with obvious agitation. All of the training in her police school had not trained her to be a part of pleasure like this.

Fingers' tongue dragged forward to the base of her inflamed clit. She shrieked at the sudden, fiery surge of sensation, smashing her vibrating asscheeks into the mattress, then flinging her undulating hips upward to hang quivering in mid-air.

"Ahhh! Aghhhh! Love of Jesus. No... don't!" she cried. "Damn, damn, DAMN!"

But Fingers' lips closed over her inflamed cunt. He delicately stripped back the hood and sucked at the pink bunch of nerves while his tongue teased the throbbing tip. Waves of excitement pulsed through her savage body with jolting force. Her image of the scene wavered and receded.

Ecstasy became a tangible sensation, an enveloping, numbing medium she floated in, all other perceptions blocked out. She felt a convulsive spasm in her cunt, then another, and she knew she was entering the shattering orgasm which had been building for the last fifteen minutes in her pleasure-tortured flesh.

Fingers withdrew his mouth and left her. The spasms subsided and she hung at the edge of her climax, denied relief.

"Fingers!" she pleaded. "Oh, please, please! Dear God, help me. Please!"

Fingers untied her ankles, oblivious to the words she was saying, and refastened them, pulling them back so her feet were even with her shoulders and spread so widely that she thought her thighs would split at her cunt. She groaned in agony at the renewed embarrassment; she knew how grotesque she must appear to Bud with her cunt gaping so.

Her ass was raised from the mattress so her open-mouthed cunt faced up, and Fingers settled before it, lowering his face to it again.

She watched, fascinated and horrified to discover that she could see everything he was doing to her tender cunt. He extended his tongue, dipping it into her pink flesh, and she felt it caress the rim of her exposed cuntmouth.

She jerked her legs and her ass bounced, but she couldn't get free. He laid his gentle hands on the taut backs of her velvety thighs and tried to steady her, his tongue darting over her throbbing tissues. Tiny thrills fired her again and she began to forget her humiliating position. She realized she'd never thrust herself up this way for anyone on her own, and she had never had her legs that widespread before in her life.

Fingers took her clit in his hot mouth again, rolling the nubbin gently with his teeth, and her excitement soared. He slid one hand to her soft pussy, dipping his thumb into the mouth of her cunt and rubbing it in the direction of her asshole. She writhed in passion while he slowly forced it through the tight sphincter. Her ass throbbed and a great jolt of heat swelled in her belly.

"Oh, shit! Oh, shit!" she whispered with a hoarse rasp. She heard Bud groaning from the sidelines and wondered if it was from an impending orgasm of his own or from fear of seeing her treated like this. She couldn't see him, and she let his voice fade away from her as her belly knotted with the intensity of sensations that shook her. She flailed under Fingers' sucking mouth.

For the second time he backed away from her just as she was about to come, so that she hovered on the impossible edge of a shaking orgasm, unable to find release. She knew if her hands had been free she would have been able to reach down and trigger the climax, but she was bound very securely.

She sobbed with frustration and tension. Someone fumbled at her wrists and she looked back to see a smiling Joey untying the knots that held them. She waited, not knowing whether she was glad to be untied or not. They left her ankles tied and she couldn't reach them to loosen them herself. She was irritated.

Fingers came to her head, where he knelt astride her lovely face. In an instant of horror, she gazed up at his hair-covered balls, feeling the bristles of long, thick hair brush against her nose and catching the pungent scent of male excitement. His hands were on the inner slopes of her extended, white thighs, and he put his lips once more on her clitoris.

He had undressed while she was in the unsatisfied swoon, and the balls and cock at her face had surprised her.

The torrent of ecstasy turned into savage desire before she knew it, and she began to shake her to the marrow. She reached up slowly and fingered the heavy balls with its egg-sized prisoners. She reached past it and captured the shaft of his elongated cock. His hips surged backward, lowering his hard-on into her view, and she pulled it down to kiss its purple, shining globe of a head.

For the third time that day Betty tasted and savored the metallic, heady flavor as her lips parted to suck at the rounded tip of the extended virile cock. Shivers of wild excitement tore at her and she thrust her face up, her lips riding over the broad bulb and onto the hard, pulsing shaft. She closed

them tightly, her tongue rubbing Fingers' cockhead while she sucked ferociously.

She heard him groan and felt his own tongue scrub at the tip of her clit. His hands slid over her plump ass, and his fingers plunged into her slick twat. He pried the rim open, his fingertips manipulating her tight, squirming flesh until her hips leaped with intense joy. He withdrew the fingers of one hand and thrust one deeply into her asshole. His other hand dug at her cuntmouth, his fingers burying themselves in her while he sucked at her clitoris feverishly.

She held his prick in both of her small hands, forcing the head to the back of her mouth and gulping at its smooth bulges. Her tongue explored the edges of her slit. She rolled her head restlessly from side to side, watching the shaft that protruded from her lips. Her gaze encountered a reflection in a mirror. She groaned inwardly. She'd forgotten that the mirror was there. Now she could see herself as if she were an onlooker, and for a time she couldn't tear her gaze away from the somewhat absurd spectacle in the glass. She knew that this was how she must appear to Bud, and she felt heart-sick.

Her lower back angled up and her ass swelled under Fingers' caressing hands. Her thighs were taut, jumping with frenzy. Her knees were hiding her belly, her feet waving at the ends of the ropes that bound her.

She could see her tits surging, but her face and the cock she held in her tight, lovely lips were both hidden by Fingers' thighs. His body seemed strangely graceful, hung over her like this, his belly close to her tits and his chest inches away from her own belly. His mouth enveloped the pink, wet tissues of her cuntlips. His cheeks worked as he sucked, and his knuckles moved rapidly, driving his fingers ever deeper in and out of her now willing cunt and asshole.

The scene generated a sense of horror that heightened her excitement to the boiling point. She wrenched her attention from the mirror and pulled Fingers' cock, using her hands to force it into her throat while her lips dragged at the inward-sliding prick. His hips jerked in an erratic manner and his balls slithered against her face.

Fingers' thighs began to tremble and Betty saw his scrotum tighten. The dark flesh contracted, pulling its burden of nuts up, and the base of his cock bulged abruptly. Warmth filled her eager throat and she swallowed, gulping at the sudden wealth of thick semen which spurted from his cockhead. The scent of his cum rose from the back of her throat into the cavity behind her nose and she turned giddy with delight and fierce lust.

The knot in her belly hardened and pulsed, and she heard a roar inside her head as if all of her senses were racing to explode. The knot dissolved, only to form again at the mouth of her cunt. Her snatch and her asshole contracted simultaneously, clamping convulsively on the buried fingers. The contraction traveled inward along her vaginal canal like a wave followed by another and another.

She sucked wildly at his cock with each of her own contractions, draining it of jism and robbing it of its hardness. Her body shook with violent tremors and she stiffened her legs until she shook like a madwoman standing on her shoulders, forcing him to sit up.

His hands slid out of her and cupped at her back, holding her body in the vertical position while her orgasm spent itself. At last she sucked a final drop of moisture from the shrinking cockhead and allowed herself to collapse.

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CHAPTER SIX

"Hey, boss," Shorty said. "He ain't actin' at all like you said he would. He seems to like it."

"And so does she," said Fingers, smiling broadly from ear to ear. "No woman's ever done that to me before. Oh, God, it was greeeat!"

"Well, Goddamnit," said Joey, "we're going to make them feel degraded if it's the last thing I do."

"It might be," added Willy, "'cause Albert's gone. Did anyone see where he went?"

"He's just afraid of women," said Joey. "But check outside, just to see if he's there."

Shorty got up from beside Bud and ambled out the door. For the first time since this awful scene began Betty took a good look at Bud. Instead of seeing hate in his eyes the way she had expected to, she saw a warm, gentle sympathy. His eyes were trying to tell her something, and she stared at him. Yes! she said to herself. He saw Albert leave, and he knows that Albert's going for help. But Betty knew that she was deluding herself by believing anything so ridiculous. Why would a criminal try to help the police? She couldn't think of a reason. She sank back into a dark despair.

Shorty came bounding back into the room. "He ain't out there, boss," the tall black man said.

"Don't bother with him," Joey said. "He's so frightened of everything that he would never go to the police."

"We better get ready for the next exchange," Willy said.

"No, we don't!" Joey exclaimed. "First I'm going to see fear and shame permanently in their eyes."

"But don't you want to get what's due you?" asked Willy.

"I'll get it, don't worry, I'll get it!" the leader said. "But business before pleasure."

The whole room was looking at him with a bewildered gaze, Bud and Betty were exchanging questioning looks.

"Maybe a big Negro getting head from your girl friend will change your tune," said Joey, leaning over Bud and sneering in his face. Bud's expression didn't change a bit as he looked cool and calm.

Betty watched as Shorty took off his pants, his great hose of a black cock flopping out of his pants like a limp fish. She noted the wrinkled black foreskin that looked like smoke curling around the covered cockhead.

Shorty moved slowly over to her, pulling back the skin with his forefinger and thumb, making the cock begin to extend. She watched as the head emerged from its flabby folds, becoming taut and hard, but no less black.

As the cock kept stretching out, Betty became frightened. Though it wasn't as big as Albert's, it looked much more fierce and dangerous - almost deadly. She swallowed hesitantly and reached down to untie the bonds still at her feet. No one moved to stop her, knowing that she wasn't going to get away right now.

Betty looked at the black cock approaching her. She knew she couldn't leave, and she just sat there waiting for something awful to happen. Shorty bounded up on the bed easily and sat down across her soft breasts.

"You don't have to sit on her," Joey told Shorty. "She ain't goin' to run away."

Betty closed her eyes and looked away.

"Now get off her, you big lug. Look how you're squashing her poor tits."

Shorty looked sort of angry at Joey, but he slipped off, touching the soft, resilient skin of her abdomen with his large, flat hand.

"Now just lay down and let her do all of the work," Joey said, acting like the experienced sex instructor.

Not sure what was happening, Betty opened her eyes and watched the big Negro lay down beside her. He folded his hands behind his head.

"Now you, sweetie," Joey directed her. "You get on your hands and knees and give him a little head."

Both of the men chuckled; Shorty in his deep bass, and Joey with a high-pitched, maddening laugh.

Feeling totally degraded, Betty stared at them. There was nothing she could do. Joey's obvious enjoyment of the situation caused her to hate him almost more than she did the big Negro, though she didn't let herself show any emotion.

Hauling herself to her knees, her breasts bobbing over Shorty's thighs, Betty lowered her head. Her eyes met the awesome tool before her and she hesitated. Nothing had ever seemed so brutal to her in her life, the prick was huge, and the veins stood out on the sides like drainage tunnels.

She reached forward and wrapped her hand around the expanding prick, feeling it grow harder and harder in her grasp. Shorty moaned and pumped his hips up tentatively in her grip. She pulled down the smoky foreskin and dipped her head to the silky glans, scooping out the lubricant that had just formed there.

She backed off and aimed the tool at the opening of her moist, red lips. She saw his balls jump as she dropped her face rapidly and took the black silkiness of his glans in her mouth. She never imagined that police work would entail degradation like this, and she almost began to believe the chief and his stories of how women were not cut out for this type of work. But she knew she could endure.

She sucked, pulling the hardness of his cock to the back of her tender mouth, feeling the glans flatten out. She slipped her hand down to his balls and squeezed, knowing that to survive this degradation she would have to act as brutal as they were.

"Oh... baby, baby, do it to me!"

Betty was doing just that. She felt his balls swell up in her left hand as her right hand was still encircling the base of his cock. She squeezed and sucked, feeling the cock expand and contract to her manipulations.

Her tongue swirling a coating of saliva around the black cockhead, she closed her lips tight and sucked extra hard on the glans. Her taste buds were assaulted by the heady flavor of Shorty's cock. Perversion overtook her and she started going wild on the tremendous cock.

She slurped the big prick out of her mouth and ran her lips down the bottom ridge of his cock, sucking on it like a flute player. Shorty was groaning. His hands reached up and took hold of her head, holding

it still. Betty wrenched her head free and continued on down the mighty cock.

She felt the dark, curly hairs tickle her nose as she sucked one of his egg-shaped balls into her mouth. She didn't know how it would feel to him, but they looked so delicious bobbing there by his dark asscheeks. She squeezed down on the hard balls with her lips, tucking her teeth under so she'd not hurt him too much and flicking her tongue against the tender skin.

"Holy shit!" he cried, throwing his muscular hips up in the air and almost tossing Betty off him.

Nothing seemed to dissuade her in her lustful quest. She had only wanted to persevere, but had turned into the aggressor. Hungrily she sucked the testicle into her mouth, slightly choking on it, forcing it further back.

Shorty was nothing but a tense mass of muscles now, vibrating to a rhythm that Betty dictated with her flicking tongue. She had control, and she loved it.

Without realizing what had happened, Betty felt Shorty's fat finger dig into the spread of her fluffy cuntlips, across her clit and on down to the rim of her juicy cuntmouth. The electric jolt of penetration almost made her lose control, but she stifled the feeling in her cunt and concentrated on his prick.

Sucking hard, she took both balls into her tiny mouth which made her cheeks stick out. She sloshed them around in the hot cavity while stroking his big cock with her right hand.

Shorty's hand was working like a jackhammer in her cunt, forcing her unwillingly to the brink of another orgasm. She stroked harder on his meat, trying to force him to his climax before she reached hers. Shorty suddenly stopped pushing his finger into her cunt and froze like a huge, black statue. Cum started spurting out of his cock onto her hair, and she spit out his balls and moved her mouth to the shaft of his huge cock. She could feel the pulsing of his prick as the sperm shot out of the blood-engorged tube of flesh and splashed onto the side of her face, hot and creamy.

In a moment of deep perversion she slipped her lips over the spouting mouth and caught the last drops of jism as they exploded out of him. There was something saltier and thicker than the other cum she'd had to eat today. She began hating herself for liking it so. She licked around the member, picking up all of the stray spunk. She even stuck her tongue out trying to scoop the semen off her cheek.

She felt the cock becoming soft in her hand, and she slipped her mouth around it again, sucking the flabby folds of foreskin in. The flaccid cock continued to get more soft until it was a wrinkled knob of flesh. She was just about to release the prisoner from her lips when it began to grow again in her mouth.

"Jesus," Shorty said softly. "No one's ever done 'dat to me."

Betty couldn't help but be proud of herself for doing this to Shorty.

He reached over and grabbed Betty by the thigh and pulled her ass over to him. She was surprised at his strength as he lifted up her ass and legs and placed them over his face. She looked back as she moved her head and shoulders over his crotch to a more comfortable position. She saw his big, thick lips puckered. As he put his lips up against her vulva, she lowered her head to his cock.

"No, honey," he said. "I'm doin' you first - then you can do what you want."

Betty lay down across his crotch, feeling his stiff prick pointing at her breasts. She squirmed on it,

feeling it get harder and pulsing like crazy against her ribs.

Shorty put his mouth against her twat again, sucking the soft folds into his mouth as his hand stretched out and grabbed her full, luscious tit. He burrowed his thick, flat tongue into the slick, silky cuntmouth.

He said, "I sure like fish a lot." She didn't understand this, but the rest of the room was convulsed in laughter at Shorty's joke. Then she remembered that women were supposed to taste like fish after sex. She took a deep whiff of the still air and could smell it too.

Shorty again burrowed his tongue into her, sending a deliciously decadent sensation up her spine. She arched her back and then dropped her ass hard upon his mouth, forcing the tongue to go even deeper than it had been before.

She squirmed and moved as the fire in her belly began to grow from the passion of the scene. She didn't want to come without making him come too, but she knew that he had just had an orgasm and he wouldn't be ready, no matter how much she sucked or pulled, for a couple of minutes at least.

Shorty pressed his nose down on her clit as he dug his fat tongue into the tenderness of her pussy as she ground her chest down on his hard prick. She wanted to reach down and take the cock into her hungry mouth, but the hand he had on her tit was in her way. He pulled up her legs to spread her cunt wider, and then dug his tongue in again. She could feel him probing the soft tissues of her vaginal tract as his tongue darted around inside like a snake.

He inhaled and pulled her clitoris into one of his broad nostrils, causing the nubbin to expand and extend noticeably. She squirmed down on the eating mouth of the Negro, feeling intense pleasure from his darting, digging tongue.

"Ohhhmmnn!" she whispered hoarsely. "Eat me! Oh, God, eat me! Eat me!" she moaned.

Shorty began to twist his head wildly, trying to do the impossible and lose his head completely in her cunt. Her maw was open and he had his lips and tongue both shoved beyond the rim of her cuntmouth. Betty thought that she was going to die from the pleasure of it. Her preconceived ideas of sex were being demolished right and left, each time she had sex. Her desire for it grew each time the sensation of it grew inside her.

Shorty stopped suddenly, just as Betty thought that she was about to come. He smacked his lips. Betty was about to protest, when he suddenly put his mouth over her rectum and dug his tongue into the tight rose of her sphincter.

"Ooohhhgggnn!" she yelled.

"She likes that," Joey said. Betty looked up at him and saw that he liked it too. He was standing right over her, beating off. "Come on, boys," he said to Fingers and Willy. "Let's beat off on her while he eats her out."

"Sure!" they said in unison as they stripped off their pants.

Betty watched as the three men moved up beside the bed and stood in a row by her. Suddenly she felt her cum spill out in a torrent of ecstasy. Shorty moved his tongue from her asshole to lap up the spewing cum. The men standing around seemed a little disappointed because they had just started to jerk off, and weren't ready to come.

Shorty seemed undaunted, though, putting his hungry tongue back up the slit of her cunt, past the heady rim of her pussy lips to her gleaming winking asshole.

Again he dug in, forcing open the sphincter without any regard to Betty's needs or desires. She was so sexually exhausted that she couldn't complain, and she really didn't want to. She was so weak that another orgasm washed through her spent body before she knew it, the cum spilling out of her cunt onto his neck and chest.

She reached under him, still weak from her orgasm, and grabbed his huge black meat. She felt the silkiness of his cock rub across her full tits, touching the tip of one nipple, and puckering it to a tight knot of pleasure.

She rubbed the hard shaft around her face lovingly, as if it were a special pet, feeling the hardness of it against the softness of her young face. She sucked gently at the foreskin while Shorty continued to dig his sharp tongue into her asshole, spreading the sphincter.

"Mnnnn!" she moaned, no longer feeling the heat of her intense orgasm, but in its place a warmth that only told of pleasure and quiet emotion.

Shorty took her two asscheeks in his hands and spread them wide, opening her asshole even wider than she had thought possible. He then stuck his thumb in alongside the tongue, squirming it into her anal tract.

Betty wanted to scream with pleasure, but she already had her mouth over the tepid cock and was sucking hard, making it possible only to moan deeply about the turgid prick. The vibrations from her mouth sent Shorty into wild thrashings of ecstasy, bucking and bouncing like a wild man. He finally had to grab her ass again to hold himself steady as he dug his hard tongue again into her open cunt, his nose pressing against the perky sphincter of her asshole.

Betty stopped humming and swallowed deep, surprised that the silky glans passed through her tight throat-opening. She gagged, unprepared for the deepness of penetration, only to draw the stiff cock slightly deeper. She panicked and swallowed some more, tasting the bitter-sweetness of his lubricant as she started to gain control of herself.

Breathing through her nose, Betty felt the tight curls of his black pubic hair tickling her strained lips. The base of his cock was even thicker than the rest of the shaft, and her mouth would barely stretch wide enough to accommodate the absurd width of his giant cock.

She kept on sucking, though, stimulated by her desire to eat as much of it as she could, and by the heavy-lipped mouth at her twat. Finally her nose entangled with the foliage at the base of the timberlike cock.

"Jesus Christ!" Shorty exclaimed. "I ain't never had no one eat all of my cock before."

She now started sucking, leaving the cock in as far as it was. She rubbed her tongue along the top, biting down gently with her teeth on the bottom of the shaft. Shorty moaned, a mass of tense black muscle.

Betty could hear the slap-slap of the other three beating off by her, but they sounded distant, like the sound of primitive drums. Even that spurred her on.

Shorty reached up and wrapped his arms around her lithe body, pulling her weight onto him. She started to pump with her mouth now. She felt the glans slip out, and then dropped her head again,

impaling her tender mouth even further onto the awesome member.

Soon she was coming herself, spewing new spunk all over Shorty. But he still hadn't reached his orgasm, though Betty could tell by the way his balls were jumping that it wouldn't be long. She was becoming weak from her climax. She didn't know if she could last out until he spouted.

Suddenly she felt the telltale pulsations of his tube of hard flesh, and the marked change in his breathing – she knew that his orgasm was overtaking him.

Hot shots of spunk filled her mouth. She squeezed and tried to swallow as fast as her lovely mouth could.

Just then she felt hot globs land on her back. The three men beside her were coming all over her. Sperm was covering her back and flowing down her sides onto Shorty.

She felt warm and strange in her blanket of sperm, but she didn't seem to mind it as much as she thought she should. She continued to swallow Shorty's cum until she was too weak.

She collapsed, letting the cum roll out of the side of her mouth as the thick, black cock grew soft and spongy in her tired mouth.

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## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

Betty opened her eyes to see the three men standing by her milking the last few drops of semen out of their pricks. She rolled off Shorty and smiled at them.

"Look, boss," Willy said. "She ain't been affected a bit by our tryin' to degrade her. She loves it."

Joey looked bewildered and angry at the same time, scratching his head and cussing under his breath.

"We'll show them this time," he said. "We'll make them give each other rimshots. That's a whole lot worse than getting one from a stranger that you might not see again."

"But, boss," Willy pleaded. "Ain't we had enough fun? Let's get on with the change. I want my money."

"You'll get your Goddamn, fuckin' money. Just wait until these two are through."

Joey darted over to Bud and untied and ungagged him. Bud stood up, looking fighting mad but the sight of Shorty standing nude and powerful beside him quieted him down a bit.

"Over here," Joey said, taking Bud by the arm and leading him to the bed where Betty lay stretched out, naked and somewhat spent. He threw Bud down on the bed and stepped back. "Now I want you two to stick your tongues in each other's assholes until you come."

Betty remembered how Shorty had made her come by doing that and she thought, even though she was tired, that it wouldn't be much of a task at all. But she conjured up the image in her mind of sticking her tongue in someone's rectum and she felt sick to her tender, young stomach and had to cover her mouth for a second.

Bud reached over and hugged her gently, helping to soothe some of the terror she felt at the hands of these criminals.

"Stop that!" Joey demanded. "Just eat her asshole, don't play lovey-dovey with her."

Bud carefully turned Betty on to her back and mounted her in the 69 style, putting his head between her lovely thighs. Betty looked up and saw his dangling balls. She carefully reached up and touched the sac. She grasped his balls, moving them gently about with the forefinger of her right hand.

Bud lowered his face slowly to her crotch, sticking out his tongue as he went. He brushed his broad tongue across the pubic hair above her clit, and then pushed his tongue down into the upper folds of her cunt. Betty lay still beneath him, the only indication of her rising excitement being that of the increase in her pulse. She could feel the blood rushing to her head and her pussy, concentrating in the tight nubbin of her inflamed clitoris.

Bud pulled back the hood of her clit with the tip of his tongue, careful not to chafe the tender center of pleasure with the roughness of his tongue. The gleaming, pink spot shown like a star in the dark-red shadow of her labia and vulva. He dipped his head and sucked the point into his mouth.

"Eat her asshole!" Joey demanded again, becoming more and more irate at their loving handling of one another. But Bud just looked over with a defiant glare and turned back to the tenderness of lovemaking.

She still had his balls in her small hands, but as the tension of clitoral contact increased the lust in her body, she squeezed his balls hard and massaged them with impassioned vigor. She pulled his cock quickly to her face and swallowed the turgid head, savoring the heady taste of his lubricant. She had to admit that his cum tasted sweeter than any she'd had today, even Albert's.

Bud sucked hard upon her clit as his cock sunk into her mouth. He swirled it around in his mouth, flicking the tip every now and then playfully. He was acting like he had never eaten a woman out before, and Betty wondered if he had or not.

She dipped her head, pushing his glans flat with the tip of her tongue, feeling the heat from it fill her mouth. She suddenly felt self-conscious, being watched while she made love. It didn't matter before because the people hadn't meant anything to her, but with Bud it was different. Bud didn't seem to mind, being totally engulfed in what he was doing to her.

She turned her head with her mouth full of cock and looked at Joey. He knew what she was feeling.

"Look at that, boys!" he said. "She's embarrassed. She doesn't like us watching."

She was sorry that she had let him see the shame that was in her eyes. Now he had gotten something that he wanted. She concentrated, sucking deeply on the turgid tool, trying to get everything else out of her mind but her and Bud.

"Ohhhmmnnn!" she moaned as Bud flicked her clitoris with the tip of his hot tongue, helping her to forget the depraved spectators standing around them.

Betty took his cock deep, rubbing the fleshy tube with the flat of her tongue, tasting the delicious flavor of his sweet spunk. Bud concentrated on Betty, twisting his head in an attempt to get her clit as deep as he could in his mouth. Betty thought that he must be stretching it out to an absurd length the way he was working on it – but it felt great.

She pushed her head down, swallowing the cock so that it passed down into the opening of her tight, young throat. She felt the glans expand and watched his asshole wink. She choked and pulled the cock out forcefully with her hand, her eyes watering from the pressure.

After coughing and clearing her throat, she placed the cock back in her hot mouth, covering it with thick saliva.

Bud had released her clitoris and moved down the magenta folds of her labia to the rim of her cuntmouth. Sticking his tongue out further, he ran it around the fleshy edge and then stuck it in. Betty could feel her pubic hairs being sucked into his mouth. Pressing harder, Bud pushed his lips between the labia, penetrating with his tongue.

Betty pressed down with her mouth. His cockhead expanded out to a silky smoothness that she could feel with her tongue. She scrubbed the tip of his pecker, darting her tongue into the tiny mouth of the cockhead.

The three men around them were making sighing sounds and watching. Betty couldn't help but notice that they were there. She wanted to block them out, and tried again to concentrate. Even though the sex with Bud was good, she couldn't. Hating herself for not being able to abandon herself to sex the way she had with the others, she plunged her head down on his prick, almost hurting herself on the huge cock.

Bud continued to eat her, slurping away at her hairy tunnel with his darting tongue. Betty felt the heat rise in her cunt, soaring to the burning point.

Choking again, Betty swallowed his cock, letting the contractions of her throat pull the member into the tightness of her throat. She was letting herself go now, abandoning all worry or shame, thinking only about the pleasure she and Bud were giving each other.

Bud put his arms around her thighs and spread them wider, opening up the juiciness of her velvety twat. He lapped at her cunt like a dog, broad strokes of his tongue picking up all of the juices which had formed there. Betty felt depraved; and she liked it. The feeling of the tongue crossing her twat sent tiny sparks of electricity shooting throughout her tense body.

His tongue darted again into her snapping cuntmouth, caught there by the muscles of her twat. Bud moaned, and then began jack hammering his head down at her pussy, forcing his tongue deeper and deeper into the secret hole.

Betty began picking up speed until she had gained the same rhythm that Bud had on her cunt. Then faster and faster they went.

Betty could feel her orgasm moving down her body to the opening of her twat, and could tell by the jumping of Bud's balls that he was about to come also.

Suddenly she was lifted into the air by Shorty's strong arms, pulling her mouth off of Bud's cock with an audible pop.

"What in the hell are you doing?" she yelled at Shorty, thrashing and kicking like she was crazy.

"I told you I wanted to see some rim shots," said Joey. "And that's what I mean."

Shorty set Betty back down on the bed, and she climbed back on top of Bud, forcing down her feelings of shame and embarrassment. Bud lifted her by the thighs and put her cunt back over his face, forcing her legs wide apart. Betty felt the residue of the incomplete orgasm aching at her crotch. She wanted release, but she didn't want to be degraded any more, so she suppressed the desire and put her face down to the base of Bud's huge balls.

"Now ream each other!" Joey demanded.

Betty licked her tongue down the hairy, wrinkled ridge of Bud's balls while he drew his tongue up from the rim of her cuntmouth to her anus. He licked it and then blew on it, and Betty could feel her sphincter tighten up in response. She felt her asscheeks convulsing.

Bud didn't seem ready to stop licking her sphincter and sending tiny electric thrills up her spine, so she wet his asshole with her puckered lips and blew. Bud froze, vibrating in the wind of excitement as the cool air passed over his ass.

Betty could see the hairiness of his cheeks, and she put her pretty, sensuous mouth on the dark, rosy hole. He gained back his composure quickly, and ran his tongue again down the crack of her ass. Instead of backing up and blowing, he darted his tongue toward the clenched sphincter and dug the tip of it in, causing Betty to moan lasciviously.

She felt her asscheeks clamping around his face, capturing the tongue in her asshole tightly. His hot breath shot from his nose, making her relax against her will and causing his tongue to dig deep into her anus.

She retaliated by sticking her tongue in his ass, prying his cheeks open with her finger and going as deep as she could before his sphincter reacted and locked her tongue in. Bud began pumping his tongue in her asshole quickly, softening and relaxing the tight muscles. She began doing the same, feeling the softness of the hair on his ass brushing her cheeks as she went.

Bud began slurping, working like an oil rig pumping into her ass very rapidly and rhythmically. Betty tried to emulate him, but found his speed very hard to match.

"Look at them go!" Fingers exclaimed with obvious admiration for the two fucking figures.

"Ya," said Willy. "I ain't never seen no one that hungry before in my life!"

Just then Betty felt her orgasm shoot quickly down her spine and leave her body through the opening in her cunt, spewing hot cum onto Bud's neck and chest.

She didn't want to collapse now, she wanted to satisfy Bud like he had satisfied her. She pumped faster and faster, feeling the weakness of her orgasm make her limbs shake and her head spin. She wanted to get Bud off.

Suddenly she felt the convulsions of his asshole, slippery and winking around her darting tongue. Once. Twice. Three times she dug her tongue so deep that she could feel the cottony tissues of his anal tract. And Bud was coming. Buckets of spreading sperm covered Betty's chest and shot between her breasts. She began to slide off him as she collapsed, slipping her tongue out of his ass, unable to continue any longer.

Bud had a determined grip on her asscheeks, shoving his hips up at her as his cock pumped out spunk.

"Pull her over here," Joey said. "Over by the bathroom door."

Willy and Shorty picked up a spent Betty and carried her to the doorway.

"Now string her up by that hook," he said.

Bud was trying to get off the bed as best as he could, but he was weak and unable to fight the way he wanted to. Fingers led him over to the door also.

"Now we're going to have Fingers and that cop both fuck her at the same time, that should show them."

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Willy was going to protest, but Betty couldn't tell if it was because he wanted to fuck her, or because he wanted his money and not Joey's neurotic games.

Betty almost collapsed again as they were tying her hands above her head. Shorty pulled, obviously unaware of how strong he was, for he pulled her clear off the ground so that she was hanging by her tender wrists.

"Let her down a little," said Joey. "We only want to see fear in her eyes, we don't want to hurt her."

Shorty let the rope slip through his hands, lowering Betty so that her tiptoes were touching the floor, taking some of her weight off the wrists.

Joey moved up to her and grabbed one of her bobbing breasts, squeezing it and sneering at her face. Cupping her tit in his hand, he sucked one of her flat nipples into his mouth. Betty was so enraged that she pulled herself up on her arms and tried to kick him in the balls, but the angle was wrong and the rope dug deeper into her wrists.

"She still has a lot of spunk left in her," Joey said. "And you wouldn't think it by the way she's been coming all day."

Bud tried to break loose from Fingers and get to Joey, but he was held too securely.

"You get at her ass, Fingers, and this one will fuck her in the cunt." Shorty moved over and grabbed Bud as Fingers moved toward Betty. He put his finger into her anus and pushed quickly, forcing the muscle to let him in. Betty jumped and then clenched her asscheeks around his hand as tightly as she could.

"I think she's ready for this one, boss," Fingers said. "She's real hot and nasty."

Police work was looking more and more as if it wouldn't be her life's work as she had hoped. And these criminals weren't doing anything to bolster her confidence in herself.

Fingers moved his naked body next to hers, forcing his prick in between her legs so that she was riding it like a rail. Hanging helpless like she was, Betty felt terrified and awful. She tried clamping her legs hard around Fingers' cock to try to dissuade him, but it only heightened his excitement.

"Help me!" Betty whimpered, breaking into tears for the first time since she was kidnapped. Bud still struggled, but Shorty was much stronger and had no problem restraining him.

The cock between her legs slid back and forth, becoming wet on her juicy cunt. Fingers' cock found its way into her asshole, insinuating itself so that the glans entered the tight sphincter.

"Gllaaagggghhh!" Betty whimpered again, feeling the steaming pressure of anal penetration.

"Hold still, sweetheart," Fingers said. "And you won't get hurt when I stick this in your ass."

Betty couldn't help herself. She showed signs of starting to cry. She stifled it, suppressing all shame and indignation, and she relaxed her anal muscles.

"Careful!" she begged before Fingers started to move again.

Fingers pushed his big shaft at her, spreading the tender sphincter with the blunt head of his cock. Betty squealed, hissing out her excitement through her clenched teeth. She moved her hips back, humping onto the prick as best as she could. But Fingers held her tits and wrapped one leg around her, making it impossible for her to move.

"Okay," Joey said. "Get him up here."

Bud dug his heels into the grounds not wanting to participate in this really sick game. But Shorty still had no problem moving him, the big Negro just picked the cop up by his upper arms and carried him easily over to where Betty was hanging.

"Let her down, God damn you!" Bud muttered, fuming mad.

"If you don't do what we say," said Joey, "you'll be hanging up there beside her."

Bud was forced to face Betty and see the tears rolling thickly down one cheek. He leaned forward and kissed a tear off her face very gently.

Joey spun him around and slapped his face. "You're not supposed to be nice to her," he said in a bitter tone. "You're just supposed to fuck her."

Bud's face was red from where it was hit, but he hadn't flinched at all. Fingers was looking over at the two with impatience.

"Hurry the fuck up!" Fingers said. "I'll come without ever moving my cock if you don't."

Betty was smiling at Bud, glad that he had been so gallant for her. Shorty stood behind him, waiting for him to put his cock in Betty's cunt.

Bud grabbed his prick and pumped it a few times with his fingers, getting it hard and thick for entry. Betty looked down, straining her shoulders as she tried to get a look at Bud's big cock. She saw the purple-veined shaft in his hand as he rubbed it and placed it at the softness of her pussy lips. He pushed in, but was too high and hit her inflamed clitoris.

"Mmnnnn!" she moaned.

Bud pushed on; his cock followed the crack of her cunt down to the bottom of her pussy mouth. He knelt, bending his knees so that his cock pointed straight up at the opening to Betty's juicy hole.

He groaned, pushing his mighty member into her with one quick jab.

She could feel the silkiness of his cock sliding up her. Her pussy had been dry, and Bud had to pull out a couple of times and push back in before he could move smoothly in Betty's cunt.

Betty felt Fingers start to move again, penetrating further up her ass. She tightened involuntarily, knowing she shouldn't because it could only hurt them both.

"Ohhh, GOD!" Fingers yelled. "You're going to bust my cock wide open!"

"Do it!" Bud encouraged.

"Mmnnngggg!" Betty whimpered, tightening her anus around his thick meat. Concentrating more than she thought she ever could, Betty relaxed her clenching sphincter and the tight muscles in her anal tract.

"Mnnnn!" Fingers sighed, letting his cock slip a little way out of her asshole. "I sure thought we were both done for there."

Betty realized that one of the problems was being hung up like this. It made her muscles tighter and stronger simply because she was trying to support herself so. She knew that she couldn't let herself tighten up like that again or it might be all over for her. Strangely, she didn't feel afraid, she just felt challenged, and she felt like she could meet it.

Bud began pumping into her, and Betty could feel his foreskin rolling down around his cock and choking her channel off. Then Fingers started to pump in also, the two deep channels of her body stuffed with prick. She was filled with passion and a dry, rattling sound of pleasure escaped from her lips.

Both men started to move at once, keeping perfect time with each other so that her body was either full of cock, or a vacuum where she wanted cock to be. She tried moving herself, but found it next to impossible.

Betty could tell that Bud's cock was the thicker of the two, but she couldn't tell whose was the longest. She felt a tiny orgasm shake her like a cold shiver. The two men didn't seem to notice, for they were still building up speed. Poor Betty felt isolated, almost left out even though they were fucking her. She knew that what concerned them was how much better one of them was than the other. Betty hoped they didn't ask her, because they were both good.

She felt the big cocks drive up her channels, bloating her belly out so that she looked almost pregnant. She discovered now that she could wiggle a little, forcing their cocks deeper into her. She felt Bud's cock continually hitting her tender cervix while Fingers' prick was nearing her bowels.

"Help me!" she begged, and the two men stopped, thinking that they had hurt her. "No! No! Fuck me!" She was becoming delirious, flopping around like a fish. The two men looked through her up stretched arms at each other and shrugged their shoulders.

Slowly, slowly they began pumping again, shoving their cocks up the slick channels of her tender body. She suddenly felt awake again, having the cocks sliding in and out of her. She closed her eyes and concentrated on the feeling of the pricks digging into the secrets of her body and coming out sopping wet.

She could feel her clitoris pound against the base of Bud's cock each time he pushed into her. She felt herself being lifted off her toes each time the heads of their turgid cocks met at the tight, thin wall separating her asshole from her cunt.

"God, her asshole is tight!" Fingers exclaimed. "My cock is nearly putty already."

"Her cunt too," Bud said. "And I can feel your cock right through her cunt each time we drive up into her."

"No shit!" Joey said from the sidelines, panting and looking completely at home with himself in a situation of such perversity.

Betty's head was spinning. She felt the heat and pressure building up again inside her. Her head was swimming and her teeth chattered with each ramming pump of the two fuckers who were working on her. She felt their cocks begin to grow bigger, and her cunt and rectum stretched out to accommodate them. She didn't know how much more she could stand, but she didn't want it to stop.

Bud twitched around her, biting her ear and wrapping his arms tightly about her. Fingers did the same, only taking the other ear and putting his hands over her breasts. His fingers squeezed her nipples, puckering them to a hardness that she didn't know was humanly possible. The nubbins stuck through his fingers onto Bud's chest, welding little spots of excitement where they touched the tense muscles of his body.

Betty was overflowing with rapture before her climax could reach her. The two cocks stuffed in her were now deep and still. She could feel the intensity of their balls jumping up and hitting the area between her cunt and asshole. Moaning, she wiggled a little.

Suddenly the pressure snapped in her womb. Bud's cock had broken through and her orgasm made her instantly weak. Fingers felt what was happening and pushed his cock up further also.

Both men started to come.

Betty sensed the fiery surge of Fingers' spunk shoot into her, scalding her asshole and squirting out of the tightly clamping sphincter like a leak in a high-pressure line.

Bud spouted his cum into her. He kept his arms around her and pumped sperm into her womb, filling the hot cavity with precious fluid and excitement. Betty's eyes watered as she looked at Bud, but she was smiling broadly.

Fingers released his last bit of cum and slid weakly down Betty's body to the floor. His limp cock curling like a snake in his lap. Bud held onto Betty, trying to hold her weight off her wrists as well as trying to maintain his own poor balance.

Betty leaned over and kissed him.

"That didn't work either," said Willy. "Why don't we just give up, boss. She's learned to like sex too much, and there ain't no way in hell that we're goin' to make her any different than she already is."

"Bullshit!" Joey said.

"But, boss, what about our money?"

"Fuck the money!"

"I'd rather fuck the money than fuck her one more time," Willy said in a defiant mood.

"Well," Joey said. "We're going to have her fuck the dog."

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## CHAPTER NINE

Betty's ears perked up from the half slumber she found herself in after Bud had lifted her off the hook

in the doorway. Fuck a dog? When will this ever end? The man has no limits to his perverted imagination.

"No, you don't!" Bud said as he dove toward Joey. Shorty blocked his dive, catching the rookie cop by a thigh and an arm, stopping him.

"Tie him up again and then go get the watchdog," Joey said.

"But we need the dog out there to warn us," Willy said. "You're goin' crazy, boss. Let's just get our money and run."

"No," Joey said. "You don't fool me. You want my money too, you want it all."

"Bullshit!" Willy said. "I just want my fair portion, but I want it pretty soon. We might not have as much time as you think."

"We're goin' to have as much time as I say we have. Fingers and Shorty are behind me, so if you aren't, we would love to divide your share of the profits up among us."

"Forget it!" Willy said, looking silly and disgusted after being talked down like that in front of everyone. He walked over to a corner while Shorty dragged in a complaining, huge German Shepherd.

Betty looked at the animal with fear in her eyes, real fear, the kind that only gets worse when you start to think about what's going to happen to you.

"Ain't he a beautiful animal, lady?" Joey said with a sneer. "Look at the way he's hung, almost like a horse."

Betty was appalled at what was being said, and she could see the slick-looking pecker in its hairy sheath begin to extend, half from fear, and half from seeing her naked body huddling in the corner. She looked into the dog's eyes and was surprised to see something resembling human compassion, something she didn't see in Joey's evil eyes. But instead of soothing any of her fright, this only heightened it – a dog feeling like a human. She began to wonder if all the sex today had driven her to the brink of sanity, for she looked again at the dog and saw nothing but a very dumb animal.

"Pull him over here!" Joey demanded. "Over by her side."

Betty cowered deeper into her corner as the huge dog ambled toward her shivering body. He must weigh a hundred pounds, she thought as the dog approached her.

"Sit, boy!" commanded Shorty as he pulled on the leash.

Betty watched as the panting animal sat on its haunches before her, his chest and stomach exposed to her frightened view. The dog's cock began extending out of its hairy covering, looking sticky like fly-paper and very nasty.

They don't expect me to be fucked by that animal? They can't mean that. But they obviously did.

"Reach out and touch his cock," Joey said, leaning down with an awful smirk on his face.

"No!" answered Betty, putting her hands behind her back as if to protect herself from the thought.

"Oh, yes!" Joey said, reaching behind her and pulling her hands out. "Stroke him or I'll break your arm."

Bud moaned, but he couldn't do a thing.

"He won't hurt you," continued Joey. "In fact I bet he'll like it!" He laughed and Fingers and Shorty laughed with him.

Betty reached out for the awesome-looking member. Instead of biting her as she had supposed, the dog moaned in a deep whine, letting everyone hear that he liked his genitals touched.

"Now stroke it!" commanded Joey.

Betty felt the stickiness of the distending tool coat her fingers as she pushed down on the member. The dog cock expanded in her hand, filling it.

The dog continued to moan as Betty watched two knobs of hard flesh form above its balls at the base of its cock. She wondered what they were until she remembered her father tossing hot water on the dog she had when she was a child. That locks the dogs together when they mate. Oh, God! That's what'll happen to me.

She released the dog cock and tried to back away, but the dog walked toward her on its haunches, humping its rump across the floor. When it got up to her, it wrapped its front legs around an exposed thigh and began pumping on her foot.

"Nasty thing!" she sputtered, slapping it on the nose. The big dog bared its teeth to her and she pulled her hand away very quickly. It looked like some beast out of a class-B horror film.

She reached out again to appease it, stroking the back of its head in as lovingly a way as she could. This exposed her right breast and the dog leaned forward and lapped across the pink nipple with its rough, sandpapery tongue.

"Ohhhggggmmm!" Betty uttered. The feeling was one of intense pleasure, but she hated herself for showing it.

"You're goin' ta have trouble, boss," Fingers said. "She likes anything with a cock."

"Wait until he sticks that pecker into her and starts driving. A dog ain't like a human being he doesn't know when to stop." Joey held his stomach and laughed at the thought, unable to control himself. "Just wait!" he said again.

Shorty pulled the dog back with the end of the leash, and even as strong as the big Negro was he really had a hard time of it.

"Lead her over to the bed," Joey said to Fingers. "We'll let the two animals fuck there."

Betty hated Joey, hated him more than ever, but she couldn't do anything about it. She was just hoping that someday he would be caught and have his goose really cooked.

She was forced to lay down on the edge of the bed with her legs dangling off obscenely. Her cunt was exposed for everyone to see, especially the dog.

The huge animal ambled up to her and immediately put its cold nose in the fishy, soft folds of her labia.

"Shit!" she yelled, trying to pull herself away. But Fingers had tied her hands to the bedposts again - she couldn't even turn over.

Lapping again and again with its prickly tongue, the dog was making Betty's poor cunt raw and supersensitive. She hated to admit it, but she knew that the dog was forcing her toward orgasm. Trying as hard as she could to suppress her excitement, she only succeeded in building up the pressure of the impending climax inside of her.

She felt dizzy and frayed, heat swelling in her belly as the dog continued to lick.

"Stop him! Stop him!" she cried, on the edge of both despair and orgasm.

The dog continued to lick, not heeding even the tone of her plea for salvation from the plight of bestiality. She was sunk now, and she knew it. She would never be able to live down the awesome fact that an animal had forced her to orgasm.

The springs inside of her broke, and thick fluid dropped out of her sopping, red cunt. She squirmed and twisted, but that only made her orgasm even more, pouring the precious liquid into the dog's lapping, hungry tongue.

Bud was tied in his corner, moaning and complaining through his gag. Bud had been bound very securely, and the twisting he did only made his bonds dig deeper into his flesh.

Betty looked through her haze at the animal at her crotch. She was sure that once she had come he would leave her alone, but the dog didn't know any restraints, and only kept licking on the spent pussy lips with renewed vigor.

The animal put its paws up on her thighs and started to pull its face toward hers, licking and slurping on her soft belly as it went. She was so weak from her orgasm that she didn't even have the strength to give a verbal protest.

The dog hesitated at her tits, licking the luscious mounds of flesh all over. Her nipples perked, even in her tired state, and the dog ran his long tongue the full length across them. She tried to move her tits out of the way, but the dog thought she was playing a game, and he swiped at her bobbing nipples as they passed his huge face.

Betty was tired beyond words, but the dog had obviously only begun. She tried to cross her knees and discourage the animal.

Suddenly she felt a great heat at her crotch and she knew that the dog had forced her legs open and had placed his cock at her pussy. He began pumping wildly, still not in her cunt, his slick prick sliding up and down her white thigh. She tried to lift up to see the evil thing that was happening to her, but the dog put his front paws on either side of her neck, forcing her back down.

The hot tip of his cock was at her pussy lips, pushing its way down her slit over the inflamed nubbin of her clitoris. The hood slipped back from the naked knot of nerves and Betty felt the prick touch her point of pleasure.

"Ohhhh! Shit!" she screamed, more in excitement than in disgust.

What am I being reduced to? They're making me nothing but an animal and I can't do a thing about it.

She tossed and turned, but it only helped slide the cock down to her cuntmouth. The dog hovered momentarily there, and then shoved his hips in and out with great rapidity, pushing the head of the huge, sticky prick further and further into the mouth of her cunt. She bucked some more, trying to force the dog cock out of her, but with one final thrust the dog was buried to the two knots of hard

flesh into her cunt.

Betty tossed and turned more violently. But she could feel the hard, iron like balls of flesh at the base of his cock pushing hard at her for entry. Still jack hammering his haunches at her, the dog was wedging his entire cock into her succulent pussy.

She tried to close her legs, putting her heels on the animal's flanks and squeezing, but he was securely embedded between her lily-white thighs. The hairiness against her body tickled every inch of her fighting form, making it more difficult to resist his advances.

She felt the bulbs of hardened flesh begin to slip into her cunt, and she started yelling at the top of her lungs. She imagined that she would have to have hot water thrown on the dog to get the animal off. Shorty reached over the bed with his big, black hand and covered her face, muffling her scream.

"Fuck her doggie, fuck her!" Joey encouraged. But the animal didn't need any encouragement. Its haunches were already moving, jamming the knots into her cunt.

Betty felt the knots pass it, spreading her cunt like it had never been spread before, even by Albert. Panting and slobbering on Betty, the dog stopped pumping for a second and looked around bewildered, almost surprised that he had done it.

"Stop it, you beast, stop it!" Betty demanded in hoarse tones. She wasn't talking to the dog, but to Joey. "You're the sickest human being I've ever met," she said, spitting out her words with a venomous tone and a sneer.

"I ain't never fucked a dog, lady, so watch out who you're callin' the kettle black!" Joey was laughing harder than ever.

Betty could see Bud across the room, his face red and his body vibrating with anger. She sympathized with his helplessness just as he was sympathizing with hers.

She could feel the dog start to move again. Fire began surging inside of her, spreading from her bloated, tight cunt to her belly, from there to her bobbing, jelly like tits.

The hard bone in the animal's chest rested on her breastbone, almost hurting. It would have hurt if the dog was not supporting its heavy weight on its front paws as it drove the turgid, seeping cock into her. She wanted to cry. She grimaced as the stroking cock began to give her pleasure.

I hate myself! I hate myself! her thoughts kept saying, but the excitement and pleasure kept mounting. She felt another, nasty, dirty orgasm drifting down her body, begging for escape. The frenzy of the animal above her told her that he was going to have his also.

The rasp of his fur on her skin became more and more exciting until she forgot her distaste for the scene and abandoned herself to the pleasure of his cock.

She began humping in time with the dog's short strokes, pushing up her hips as he was coming down at her. The redness of her pussy was flaming. She felt the juices in her rosy cunt flowing down to aid the orgasm which was approaching at runaway speed.

The cock was swelling up inside her, pulsing with the rapid heartbeat of the animal. It was difficult to match his demonic, frantic pace, but soon Betty forgot about her disgust and caught up with him, the reddened lips of her cunt surging up around the base and knots of the pounding cock. It was strange feeling the bristling fur scraping her soft cuntmouth, but she began to think of the dog as friendly -

just an animal getting pleasure – and she abandoned herself.

A strange hotness welled up within her, something she had never felt before. She couldn't imagine it being the dog's orgasm, because his pace hadn't been affected at all. But it was! The hot spunk began flowing out of her tight cunt, seeping down her dangling legs. All of the muscles of the animal were tight as his orgasm spent itself rapidly.

The dog then tried to pull out, the knots and its cock still swollen inside of an unsatisfied Betty.

She screamed again, the dog's attempted withdrawal nearly tearing her cunt open. She finally came as the dog struggled to get free. Betty screamed again, the pain mingling with her orgasm, becoming indistinguishable from it, and flowing out of her cunt.

"Hold the dog still!" Joey yelled. "It'll kill her!"

Shorty bounded over the bed and grabbed the dog with his powerful, black hands, holding his hind legs.

Betty was relieved as she felt the brutal prick begin to go flaccid inside of her. She sighed deeply and the dog slipped its meat out of her.

"Have you had enough?" she asked Joey bitterly.

"No!" Joey said.

"What do you mean?" she asked indignantly, pulling as hard as she could at the ropes.

"I mean you have to blow the dog first."

"Look, boss," Willy said. "It's already past dark. We got to get our money. I ain't waiting here another minute."

"Tie him up, Shorty," Joey said casually. Willy had forgotten that Joey held all the cards. Shorty would do anything for him, even kill if he was asked.

"Okay, boss, you win."

"You're Goddamn light I do. Nobody fucks with me, you hear?" snarled Joey.

"Ya."

"Well, you're setting tied up anyway. Tie him up like I said, Shorty." Shorty moved over to Willy with the only remaining piece of rope in the room and bound his hands.

"I been good to you boss, why do this to me?" Willy asked almost pleading.

"Because you're more damn trouble than you're worth," Joey hissed, arching his eyebrows, making his face look even darker than it already was.

Joey turned back to Betty and untied her wrists. He moved her over to the middle of the bed and then whistled for the dog. It moved slower than it had before, still recovering from a giant orgasm.

"Now blow him!" Joey demanded.

"Not on your life!" Betty answered.

"It might be your life if you don't do it!" he said, sneering and looking evil.

"It'll have to be," Betty said. "I've gone through enough today. If you want any more, it'll have to be as a necrophiliac."

"What's that?" Joey asked, angry that he didn't know.

"That's where they fuck dead people," she said.

"Not a bad idea," he said facetiously. "But we need you for the exchange, so that game's off for today."

"Then forget it, because I'm not doing any more."

"Tie her hands again and then put the dog's cock on her face," Joey said to Shorty.

Shorty was just following out his orders when the door burst open and a dozen or so policemen rushed into the room.

Betty swooned and fainted, the last thing she saw was Albert coming in before the chief.

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She opened her eyes to see that a blanket had been tossed over her naked body, and her hands had been untied.

"You did a very nice job," began the chief. "Holding them here while Albert went to get us. We heard screaming and thought that they were torturing you. We didn't dare to barge in then, they might have hurt you. When they took that dog away was our best luck. We didn't know how to get by him without being detected."

Betty stared up at the kind, older face. He didn't look half as mean as when he assigned her to this difficult job - trying to track down the biggest bank robbers in the state while still a rookie. Respect was in his eyes, and Betty forgot all else and knew that what she had done had been worthwhile.

She was still too weak to answer, but held her hand out to him. Albert was standing beside the chief and took her hand. Betty looked over at him and saw love in his eyes.

Two policemen walked over to the bed with her clothes. She gathered the blanket around her as modestly as she could and headed for the bathroom. She felt funny having clothes on - she had been naked so long in front of so many men. But it was good to feel protected, secure in her wrappings.

As she walked out, she saw Bud, the chief, and Albert talking. They seemed to be arguing about something, with Albert and the chief seeming to agree.

"What's the matter?" she asked as she walked slowly, still feeling weak from the day's activities.

"They want to set this sonofabitch free!" Bud said. "He's the one who planned the whole damn thing; he said so!"

"Ya," said the chief. "He was the one who led us to you, without even asking for clemency. What do you think, Officer Brady?"

Betty thought for a minute, not wanting to betray either Albert or Bud, she was caught in a dilemma. She hesitated.

"Well, what do you think?" repeated the chief.

"I think without Albert we might never have gone free," Betty said, reluctantly looking at Bud. He seemed less mad than she thought he would be, but he wasn't smiling.

"We have to take you down to the station," said the chief. "Forms and that sort of thing have to be filled out. It'll only take an hour or so, then you and Bud can go home for a deserved rest."

Betty suddenly realized that Bud had volunteered for the job of decoy because of the way he felt about her. She was glad that Albert was going free, but sorry that she had had to disappoint Bud.

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At the station Betty was forced to remember exactly what happened to her. She found it difficult to recall each degrading position she had been made to assume. But events began coming back to her and, after an hour and a half, she had everything down. The only thing she didn't tell them was that Albert had balled her. She didn't know why she did this, her entire police training had been toward relating the whole truth. But she knew beyond all else that she didn't want him to get into any trouble.

"You've earned a long rest," said the chief. "So you and Bud are getting a week off, as well as a big raise."

Betty knew she should feel delighted at what he was saying, but she was just too damn tired.

On the way back to her apartment she even fell asleep in the back of the patrol car.

She entered her room and looked around. It had only been sixteen hours since she had seen it last, but it was different.

She reached the couch, where she collapsed in exhaustion and slept for sixteen more hours.

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In the sixteenth hour Betty dreamed about everything the gang had done to her – all their cocks fucking into her cunt at the same time – and then she dreamed of a strange-looking cock, one that had a big red knot on the end. It was a dog's cock that she saw so vividly, a German Shepherd's prick that was as big as a man's cock.

The big dog was burrowing his nose into her pubic hair in spite of her tightly clamped thighs. She laughed nervously and locked her hands under his chin to raise his head. "Nice doggie. You wanta fuck Betty, don't you?"

In her dream she uncrossed her knees and parted them. The German Shepherd edged around her leg to thrust his head between her thighs. The chill of his nose as it touched the inner bulges of her thighs shocked her.

"Ohhh!" she gasped, and flung her knees apart.

He touched the edges of her cuntlips. A thrill of guilty pleasure surged over her. She laid one hand on the top of his head and buried her fingers in the dense fur.



"Oh my God! I didn't know I was that horny!"

His tongue probed between the hair-covered folds of flesh at the base of her cunt, arousing an agonizingly intense sensation in her pussy.

"Jesus! Oh, Jesus! I'm terrible, but I like it!"

The dog raised his head momentarily to look into her face, then dipped it and explored her cuntlips with his tongue. She watched briefly, then dropped to her back and lay with forearms raised and fists tightly clenched.

"Ooooh! Ooooh!"

He lapped gently and steadily, the roughness of his tongue dragging at the hair that grew on the fatness of her cuntlips, then tentatively dabbing at the moist, hairless inner membranes. The sensations seemed incredibly pleasurable to her. She strained to separate her thighs to their greatest possible width.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, doggie!" she whispered hoarsely.

She recognized the feeling of fullness in her cunt; her tissues were swelling and parting to expose her cuntmouth under the excitement that was building in her pussy. Her elbows were tightly clamped to her sides and she felt her thighs trembling violently. The tonguing could have been rough and greedy, she reflected. Instead, it was gentle and thorough and deliberate.

As the dog savored tiny portions of her wet cunt, he worked his way along a narrow strip of flesh from back to front, then stripped the same narrow band on the other side of her pussy before starting on a section a fraction of an inch closer to the center.

But little by little, he was working his way closer to her slit and the rim of her cuntmouth. And he was stimulating every nerve ending as he did so. Her belly muscles repeatedly snapped taut in a savage, involuntary contraction; she yielded to them as if they were a different kind of orgasm. The flood of sensation was growing so intense she found her hands opening and closing spasmodically and she realized that she was lifting first one foot up, then the other.

"Oh dear!" she whispered. "God help me!" She raised her legs and drew her knees to her chest. Clutching each thigh behind the knee, she pulled her knees to the sides of her rib cage and clamped them there with her arms. Her feet churned the air above her face while the flesh of her cunt blossomed in front of the dog.

She knew she was oozing more fluid from her cunt. She could feel the coolness as it evaporated where Shad had not yet licked it off. Some of it, she noted confusedly, was even spreading onto her ass.

But the dog seemed well aware of her condition. He began to scoop at the crack of her ass with his tongue, lapping with the full breadth of the warm organ.

She cried out with startled pleasure when he concentrated on her asshole. "Ahhh! God, it feels so good!"

He probed at the sphincter as if it held special interest for him, and her hips jerked wildly at the fiery lances of excitement that shot through her.

"My God! Oh shit! I didn't know that a dog could make me feel so good!"

She was seized by an insane impulse to spread herself still further open for the amazing tongue. Her hands slid along her calves to grasp her ankles and she swung them as far out to the sides as she could, forming a broad, flat angle with her thighs. She felt the tip of the dog's tongue wedge itself into the tight circle of her asshole and she cried out in low intense tones.

"Aaaiihhhhh!"

The spasms of a small climax tore at her and she managed to force her feet still closer to the surface of the bed.

"Oh my God! I... I'm awful! I'm wicked! But, oooh, it feels so good!"

He withdrew his tongue from her ass and she sagged, trembling wildly.

"I mustn't! I mustn't let you lick any more! Oh, dear God!" But she knew she could do nothing to stop the fantastic flow of sensations. She was alone with the dog, and no one would ever know the terrible thing she was doing - except for Joey's gang.

The dog resumed his lapping at her cunt, his tongue dabbing briefly at her cuntmouth and then working forward along the bottom of her slit to her clitoris.

She jerked convulsively. "N-no!" she cried sharply.

The dog ignored the command. To her astonishment, he seemed to have closed his lips over the swollen lump of her clit, the tip of his tongue caressing her sensitive nerve. Wild, fierce sensations poured through her and she jerked her legs together. She knew the sensations would become so intense she would involuntarily block the dog's muzzle if he continued. Desperate to prevent herself from prematurely ending her savage pleasure, she pulled her knees against her breasts and hugged the calves of her legs, her muscles stretching agonizingly.

As the dog sucked and caressed, she rocked back and forth.

"Eeyaghhh! Yaighhhh!"

She gulped frantically and her body thrashed in the grip of a powerful orgasm. The dog rested his forepaws on the taut backs of her thighs to steady her heaving ass, and his muzzle remained firmly attached to her clitoris. Through the haze of her helpless spasms, she realized she could tolerate no more of the violent sensations. But in the instant of her realization, the big dog released her tortured clit and began again to lap at her cuntlips.

Her orgasm subsided to a level she could endure, and she grabbed her ankles and assumed the widespread posture she had used before. The dog's tongue dipped to her cuntmouth and scoured the gaping rim. She breathed in heavy, panting sobs of delight while her hips leaped.

And as her second orgasm exploded within her cunt, Betty woke up. She didn't know if it was her dreamlike ecstasy that had gotten her up or whether it was her pet basset hound, Shad, who was so glad to see her that he was joyfully licking her face.

Betty was at first startled, having forgotten that her favorite pet was taken care of in the day by the manager of the apartment building and that he had been put back in her apartment while she had been asleep.

"Hi, Shad," Betty welcomed heartily. "God, how I've missed you." She grabbed his jowly cheeks and kissed him on the muzzle. "If only you had known what I've been through."

Then Betty remembered the dream that she had just had – the big German Shepherd's tongue reaming out her cunt. She reached beneath her nightgown and ran her fingers over her cuntlips – they were wet and moist.

Shad turned his head, uplifting his nose and sniffing the air.

Betty knew what Shad was smelling – the odor of her hot cunt. He had embarrassed her before when she had been roused from her sleep by Shad's sniffing nose around her crotch.

Betty smiled, and her legs parted. She wondered how far Shad would go if, this time, she didn't push his head away from her heated loins.

Shad sniffed at her belly, then his nose nudged away the hem of her nightgown.

She looked at Shad's prick. It was still sheathed. A week ago she would have forced Shad's head away from her thighs, but now, as she watched him forage through the forest of her pubic hair, she knew she wanted Shad to lick her cunt, to give her the same kind of orgasm that she had dreamed about only minutes before.

Shad became overeager. The tip of his tongue repeatedly slipped through the winking opening of Betty's cunt to jolt her with a teasing fullness, and she mumbled incoherently. She opened her mouth wide and gazed unblinkingly when the long tongue snaked into her cunt and started scooping wetness from the inside walls.

"Don't-do-that-don't-do-that-don't-do-that!" she whimpered in an unbroken stream.

The dog seemed to be licking her internal organs. But the more deeply he probed, the harder his tongue felt where her cuntmouth clamped on it. And each time he transferred a tongue full of the oozing fluid to his mouth and returned for more, the effect was a weird, delicious kind of fucking.

Betty's orgasm came with a blast of incredible pleasure, her cunt contracting in slow, powerful waves and her body tensing to the rhythm.

When Shad extracted his tongue, she pleaded with him. "Don't stop! Not now, Shad! Oh, God, don't stop now!"

His forepaws still rested on her widespread thighs, their pressure the only stimulus she could concentrate on while her orgasm continued.

"Oh, please! Please, Shad, do it some more! Aiiighh!"

She felt one of his paws lift from her thigh, then she was dimly aware of the fact that he had set it on one side of her waist. A moment later, he moved his other paw to the other side of her waist. He clasped them to her in a manner that seemed a little like a man seizing her waist in his hands. She felt something dancing over the soft membranes that surrounded her cunt and began pleading again.

"Please, Shad! Lick! Stick your tongue in!"

The dancing point of his tongue settled in the opening of her cunt and began to bore inward.

"Ahhhhh! Gooooood! Yyyweessss!"

As her cunt began to stretch to receive the wedging action, she sensed that Shad was no longer using his tongue. She brought her gaze down to his head and saw the open mouth and lolling tongue inches above her breasts. She stared unbelievably, still shaking in the grip of her climax and jerking furiously in response to the delirious pleasure of the entering object.

"Shad!" she gasped. "Shad! Unhhh! You're...you're fucking me!"

There was no mistaking the thickness or hardness of the rigid dog-cock that was sliding rapidly into her cunt. Nor could she overcome her body's response to the entering prick. She clutched her ankles fiercely and forced them further apart while the heavy cock surged in rapid, hard thrusts. The pointed cockhead plowed the length of her cunt, and she felt the inner end stretching to accommodate the cock's entire length.

When she was already becoming alarmed at the fantastic penetration, she felt a fat, hard bulge pressing at her cuntmouth. "Oh shit!" she whispered. "What's that!"

Shad thrust brutally at her, driving the enormous knob in as if it were a blunt wedge, and she felt it pop past the lips of her cunt.

"Ohhh! Ahhh!" She exhaled with a shudder.

The sheath of Shad's cock bore against her raw cunt, its stiff bristles stabbing her viciously. The great dog jerked at her with his forepaws, banging her against the base of his cock as his rump pounded his cock deeper.

Wild-eyed and terribly frightened, Betty let go of her ankles and grabbed Shad's ruff. "Dear God, Betty!" she exclaimed to herself. "You've gone too far! You're really getting fucked now, and it's nobody's fault but your own." Her voice broke in a jerky sob.

The long cock jerked back and forth in her, the strange knob at the base blasting the inside of her cunt with every stroke. She trembled and clasped her thighs against Shad's flanks.

As if he needed to reorganize after such an incredibly easy victory, Shad paused for a moment. He clasped her waist firmly with his forepaws and let his chest rest heavily on her belly. He stopped at the inward end of a stroke, cock fully buried and sheath seated tightly on the soft outer tissues of her cunt. The hot, muscular flesh of his belly rode hard on her mound and against the tender smoothness of her thighs.

She clutched at his forelegs, conscious of their strength, and reduced the strain in her legs by wrapping them around his body and locking her ankles over his back.

The bulging hardness of the great dog's cock maintained an unyielding, continuous force inside her cunt and the long, rigid dick continued to produce stretching sensations in the barrel of her vagina. She felt a tickling at her ass from the stiff hairs of his balls and scratchy warmth over the entire area of her pussy and thighs from his thick, soft coat.

The overwhelming feeling that beat at her awareness was that combination of elements that added up to gross, brute intimacy. The heat and size of his cock generated a continuously welling storm of excitement in her, even while he leaned motionless in the cradle of her legs. She tormented herself deliberately with the certainty that she was totally helpless in his grasp. His strength was so much greater than hers that no leverage available to her would enable her to overcome the grip he had on her waist. And the cock that impaled her was so deeply embedded and so rigid that no sideward movement could conceivably dislodge it.

Betty admitted her feelings aloud to Shad. "Oh, you lovable bastard!" she crooned. "You know where you've got me, don't you! Look at me, for Christ's sake! Me flat on my back with my legs wrapped around a big, hairy dog who's got his pecker stuck clear in to his balls in my cunt! And I can't do a Goddamn thing about it!"

Shad whimpered contentedly and lapped at one of her nipples. She tightened her grip on his forelegs reflexively and groaned.

"And you know what? Know what, you son of a bitch? I don't want to do a Goddamn thing about it, except enjoy every second of it! You're going to fuck me, aren't you. You're going to fuck me, and I'll bet I come three times before you do once! I'm going to pound my cunt against your belly and come and come and come! And your cock is going to keep poking until you fill me up with your jism and I yell for more! I'm a lewd, unspeakable slut, letting an animal fuck me... and I love it! Fuck me, Shad! Go ahead and fuck!"

She jerked with her legs driving her cunt onto the base of the hard cock and grinding bristling hairs into her quivering membranes. Shad grinned, panting, and began to fuck her. His haunches bunched and thrust, while her feet bounced on his back and her knees jerked. Her cunt burned from the savage friction. Waves of lust swept her, each leaving her gasping and giddy. She felt as if she were in a delirium of pleasure. She had abandoned all the subtle shades of emotion she would have shared with a human male; her entire consciousness was focused on physical sensation and the delightful defiance of convention.

"Fuck hard!" she hissed violently. "Ram it! Ram me, Shad!"

Her back perspired heavily, and she felt sweat trickling off her sides. Her skin stuck to the pad so that she felt herself sliding back and forth as Shad pumped at her. The long masses of hair under Shad's shoulders brushed her nipples as her tits surged, and she watched strings of his saliva that hung between his tongue and her chest.

Shad's thrusts were smoothly rhythmic-hard, even spaced jabs that hurt delightfully as they battered her. With each thrust of his cock, his forepaws swept her under him violently and abruptly. At the end of the stroke, they merely relaxed briefly, rather than returning her to her original position, and she slowly recognized the fact that less and less of her ass was supported by the bed.

"Shad!" she panted. "You're going to pull me off the bed!" Her visual image of the results overwhelmed her. "Good God, no!" she exclaimed.

Reluctantly, she released the grip of her thighs on the hard body and spread her feet to brace them against the corner posts of the bed. Pushing as hard as she could and twisting her body from side to side, she wriggled back onto the bed without interrupting the mechanical pumping of the big dog's cock. With a sigh of happy excitement, she clasped her thighs to his sides again and hooked her heels at his rump.

"Ohhh, fuck, you lovely beast!" she crooned to him. "Just keep on fucking, love! Hard, hard, hard!" Then, with a wild note of triumph, "I told you... so! I... I'm going to...come! Now - now - now!"

Spasmodic contractions tightened her cunt-mouth rhythmically on the base of his cock and traveled inward along her barrel in a close-spaced train of waves. She squeezed with her thighs and let go of his forelegs to clutch at his shoulders. Hugging him fiercely, she pulled her upper body to him and buried her tits in his fur. His muzzle rested at the hollow of her throat, the great, wet tongue lapping erratically while her body jerked convulsively with pleasure and explosive release.

The intensity of her spasms subsided after the first wild interval, but as Shad continued to fuck without a change or break in his rhythm, they kept grabbing her weakly and failed to bring the muscular relaxation her orgasms normally did. Her sensitivity seemed to have undergone a remarkable increase, and the friction in her cuntmouth was a flaming throb that threatened to drive her into hysteria.

She was instantly aware of the difference in Shad's behavior when it occurred. His thrusts grew shorter and faster and he stopped the powerful, involuntary jerks with his forepaws. Instead of jerking at her, he seemed to be trying to force her even further onto his cock, tugging and straining without interruption, until her skin burned and she expected to find it torn and bleeding. His haunches vibrated fiercely; his cock buzzed in her cunt. A new level of sensations washed hotly through her, eclipsing those she had already experienced, and her orgasm exploded again.

Shad began to groan. His eyes closed and he appeared to clamp his jaws together, only the tip of his tongue showing. In the desperate intensity of her tremors, Betty squeezed him with the full strength of her legs, her thighs molding themselves to the contours of his hard, lean sides.

She realized suddenly that she was not going to last out his prolonged climax. Her convulsive contractions had again dwindled and the orgasmic strength with which she had clasped his body with her thighs seemed abruptly to fail her. With a frightened whimper, she felt her muscles relax. Her legs slipped away from Shad's vibrating haunches and extended loosely, her heels falling to the floor and her knees straightening.

The dog's weight rested on her pelvis and pressed her ass firmly against the edge of the bed. The force of his paws pulled her waist upward, arching the small of her back and crushing her belly against his chest. Even her fingers lost their grips so that her arms fell limply at her sides. She turned her face aside while the powerful brute finished fucking her.

When his fierce vibrations died down, she was aware of the pooled heat in the core of her belly and waited for his cock to soften and withdraw. But the enormous knot that filled the throat of her cunt seemed to lose none of its size or hardness, and when Shad tugged at it she felt no resulting movement of his cock.

"Oh God!" she whispered shakily. "No, Shad! Oh, no! Are we stuck together?"

The notion horrified her. Grotesque as the idea of letting a dog fuck her would have seemed, she had gloried in the strange sensation when it had become a reality. But she felt a tremendous surge of desolation at the notion of being subjected to the indignity of being unwillingly coupled to him when he wanted only to be free from the clutches of her tightening cuntmouth.

After his first unsuccessful effort to pull his cock loose, Shad grunted and sagged against her. She struggled to arouse herself, knowing that his patience would grow shorter as his strength returned. With desperation born of fear, she raised her legs and managed to rest the sole of each foot on the bedposts. She worked herself backward until the firmly coupled cock stopped her. She whimpered as she braced herself for Shad's eventual serious tugging.

When he did begin again to pull at her, she cried out and swung her head from side to side. She had imagined herself beyond the danger of further sexual excitement; to her chagrin, she discovered that the awful pressure against the inner side of her cunt flooded her with deep new waves of pleasure.

"Holy Jesus!" she moaned. "Goddamn you, Shad, you're getting me all excited again! Unhhh! UNNNHH! I'm going to come again when you aren't doing anything but trying to get your cock back in one piece! UNNNHHH!"

His struggles intensified. Betty's legs trembled and she felt the beginning of cramps in her strained thighs.

"Ohhh, you son of a bitch!" she whispered. "I can't do it!"

Her tortured legs collapsed, too widespread to cope with the forces Shad imposed. She felt her butt sliding off the edge of the bed and groaned resignedly, wrapping her legs around Shad's body again to save herself from being torn apart by being suspended on the brutal cock. She had to twist violently when Shad dropped his forepaws to the floor, pinning her shoulders to the bed by his chest. She managed to work herself off the bed so that she hung from him by her tightly clamped legs, her shoulders and arms resting on the carpeted floor.

The grip of her legs reduced the force of his erratic jerks but didn't eliminate it. Her excitement continued to grow, reinforced by the intensity of her sense of the indignity in the situation. Shad seemed to understand what was happening and to be concerned over her reaction. He lowered his head repeatedly to give her face an apologetic licking. But his desire to free his cock appeared to exercise priority over whatever other sentiments he might have, and he became increasingly energetic in his attempts. He dragged Betty, and more than once she had to struggle to prevent him from planting his paw on her chest to pin her down while trying to wrench himself loose.

She shivered with terror as she wondered how long it must take for such an awesome growth to subside when it was continually irritated by the pressure of a tortured cuntmouth. Her excitement had risen to violent heights again and she discovered that her legs were rhythmically jerking her cunt against the base of Shad's cock. To her shame and simultaneous fierce joy, she knew she was fucking the exhausted dog.

"How do you like this?" she demanded thickly. "Huh? How do you like getting fucked when you're all worn out? Shows who's got more sex, doesn't it!"

Her orgasm came quickly and savagely, the contractions of her pussy hitting her like a rapid series of hammer blows. Once more, she could feel the entire length of the brute's cock inside her belly, the tightening spasms of her cunt lovingly caressed the entrapped cock. She clenched her fists and rolled her head from side to side to bite at the sheets. Her tits jumped to the contractions of her belly muscles and she could see the shadow of her feet as, ankles locked, they pumped back and forth over Shad's back.

As her spasms eased, she felt her cuntmouth slipping by degrees on the monstrous knot. Weak hope began to warm her and she stared at the big dog's face to see if he realized they were beginning to come apart. Shad whined gently and worked his haunches; there seemed to be no doubt that he was aware of the improving situation.

Once the unlocking had started, it accelerated rapidly. Her cuntmouth released its grasp on the shrinking knob and permitted her to slide down the still-firm cock. Her butt landed in the carpet while she still had more than an inch of the long cock inside her.

Shad jerked backward and his cockhead popped free of her aching cunt. She let herself sprawl obscenely, too far depleted of energy to care what she looked like.

"Shad," she mumbled in a low tone, "you fuck harder than any human I've ever balled."

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CHAPTER TEN

"Hi, Bud, I didn't..." Then she remembered having invited him over. She had only just gotten up herself a couple of hours ago, and her mind wasn't working right. She looked around the small, dimly lit room and said, "Sorry it's such a mess, but I just got up. Come on in."

"I didn't mean to disturb you," Bud said truthfully, looking around the room and then at the flimsy nightgown that Betty had thrown on for comfort.

"It's all right," she said. "I'll just go and change, be right back." She whisked into the other room of her tiny apartment while Bud tried to make himself comfortable on the cluttered sofa.

He was excited about Betty, even seeing her taut nipples through the nightgown had given him a partial erection. He reached down and rubbed it while listening to the drawers and closet in her bedroom being opened and closed as she dressed.

Betty walked out in a simple dress, looking more feminine than Bud had ever seen her look. "Would you like to go out to dinner?" he asked as she walked up to him.

"No," she said. "I've just eaten a TV dinner. Sorry I forgot you were coming over. My memory still hasn't come back to me completely, and I'd rather just sit and talk."

That obviously wasn't what Bud had in mind, and he felt very self-conscious sitting there before her. She sat down beside him.

As she sat beside him, his hand slid easily, unconsciously over her bare, white knee. She didn't move, frozen with the anticipation of gentle handling. She had almost forgotten what sex was supposed to be like, but she was willing to relearn it.

He turned, his hand sliding up her leg, sending chills of excitement up her thigh. He squeezed and she felt her resilient, white skin give way to his gentle pressure. Squeezing again, Bud's hand moved up her white thigh, his fingertips brushing the tiny hairs which had escaped her lace panties. She sighed and let her head fall back against the overstuffed sofa.

Bud leaned over her, planting a wet kiss on her sensuous lips. She accepted it, moaning slightly to show her approval. Her eyes fluttered in pleasure as the thick, hard snake of Bud's tongue gently pried her lips and teeth open. She felt the muscle darting around in her mouth, almost unable to control itself once it was between her lips.

Softly, Betty sucked on the probing tongue. Bud's hand moved slowly from where he was feeling the moss-moist cunthair, under the lace edge of her panties, onto the thick, wet petals of her pussy.

She sighed. "This is good!" she exclaimed in a whisper.

Cautiously, Bud moved his finger further up the hairy vulva, feeling the wetness of her labia. Opening up the pussy with one finger, he felt the sensitive knot of her clit.

"Uhhhhmmnnn!" Betty moaned.

Her right hand went up to his side, sliding around his ribs to his stomach as his lips met hers again, his tongue darting against the ivory of her teeth. As she parted them, her hand slipped down to his belt. She felt the member respond and become hard.

Bud slid her along the back of the couch, dropping her slowly to her back. She felt like she was riding on a cloud, needing no strength of her own to keep her afloat in the sensuous world of pleasure that

Bud was carrying her to.

As he lay down on top of her, his half-extended cock slipped between her fingers, the loose flesh of the foreskin feeling like moist putty in her hand.

Squeezing again, Betty felt the head of his prick fill her hand. Bud began pumping into her hand with the same rhythm that his tongue was using in digging into her mouth. She moaned around the plunging muscle and squeezed as the moist meat continued to drive into her palm.

Suddenly she thought of Albert. His giant cock embedded deep in her sopping twat. She suppressed the thought.

"Let's get undressed," said Bud.

"Okay!" Betty replied.

She felt his weight leave her body, and his cock leave her hand as he pushed himself off the sofa. She looked down and saw how her legs were spread, her dress up over her crotch. She quickly pulled the dress down as Bud stared at the violent pinkness of her cunt.

She got up off the sofa herself, turning her back to Bud as she unzipped her dress. She reached and turned on the radio; tuning it to the soft music station she sometimes listened to.

Her dress fell to the floor as she stood up. She looked over her shoulder at Bud. He was already undressed, his huge meat sticking up along his belly as his heartbeat pulsed within it, filling it with blood. She turned back around to face the wall. Bud moved up behind her and unsnapped her bra.

He reached around in front of her, sliding his hands up her ribs to where her tits jutted out abruptly. Forcing his fingers gently under the bottom edge of her bra, he slid his fingers up over her tits, catching her nipples between his thick fingers and squeezing.

"Aaammnnn!" she moaned, involuntarily grinding her hips back against his bobbing meat.

"Jesus!" A tremor shook Bud. "I'm going to wake up soon, and this beautiful dream will have vanished."

She thrust herself back against him again, trapping his cock between her grinding asscheeks. "Let's make it last!"

"Let's dance!" he said. "Take off your panties."

She bent down, pushing his cock even deeper into her soft crack as she pulled the panties down to her ankles and stepped out of them. Bud spun her around slowly, savoring every inch of her body. She looked down at the ground, putting her arms on his shoulders, but couldn't help but see his cockhead staring up at her with a drop of lubricant gleaming there.

Bud danced, moving Betty slowly. The room was small, but large enough for Bud to maneuver her very close to his hairy body.

She felt the hairs from his chest prickle at her very sensitive nipples, hardening them as she pushed against his chest. Tightly they held each other, getting their bodies closer and closer. Betty's tits were now squashed flat against his hard body as his cock was pressed between them.

Bud gave up all pretense of dancing. Both hands closed on her round butt, he massaged and kneaded

while exciting fires roared through her.

Betty spread her knees, stood on her tiptoes, and pushed her wet pussy hard on the swell of Bud's thigh, her lower belly still grinding on his cock. Her rigid, tender nipples brushed his tense flesh.

He continued to fondle her ass with one hand while his other hand slipped to the small of her white back. Bending slowly forward, Bud arched Betty's back with his body. Her breasts thrust upward, her moist pussy riding high on his thigh, and her heels coming off the carpeted floor.

"Ahhhggg!" she groaned. "Ahhh! Bud, oh, Bud!"

He ducked his head, his pursed mouth seeking one of her tender nipples, and she shuddered with pleasure. He sucked the quivering flesh into the hot, wet cavern of his mouth and began to roll the stiff nub with his tongue. Her hips undulated to the rhythm of the music, grinding her pussy on his juice-smeared leg and pumping her belly against his hard cock. She had imagined that she had had enough sex to last her a lifetime, but Bud was showing her that it wasn't true.

He thrust his hips up to reinforce his contact with her, and his fingertips strayed along the crack between her asscheeks.

"Oh, Bud!" Betty cried out in a low, hoarse tone of urgency. She had hoped to show some control, but the pressure of their two naked bodies undulating in the middle of the small room was too much for her.

Bud raised his head, leaving her pink nipple wet, puckered and tense with passion. He drew her erect and seized her ass with his hands. She felt herself rising from the floor as if on a cloud of passion as Bud lifted her. Her body was sliding along his, upward, until his cockhead rested in the crevice of her heated snatch. This position reminded her of being hung from the doorway with Bud and Fingers. But it wasn't the same. The tone now was one of kindness and love, and there was no brutal cock up her asshole.

She hesitated, then thrust her knees apart. She felt her wet tissues part to close around the enormous cockhead. The entrance to her pussy opened, and her vulva guided the cock toward the juicy hole. There was an instant of ecstasy when the head and the greasy mouth found each other, and then Bud began to fuck her. The pressure of the impending entry rocketed. Betty found she had to fling her knees widely apart, then she instinctively closed her legs around Bud's hips, her heels resting tightly on the backs of his thighs. She held herself to him while she impaled herself slowly on the impossible cock.

"Ahhhh... Mnnnnnn!Unhhhh!" Her moans grew louder as the cock slid further up her drooling channel, filling her cunt.

"Oh God, Bud! That's great!"

In a moment, she felt something round and soft beneath her ass. She panted and glanced down. She was sitting on the overstuffed arm of the sofa, the height almost perfect for Bud. She raised her feet, crossing her ankles at the small of his back and pulling him harder into her gulping cunt. He steadied her ass and began a rhythmic, hard thrusting, driving his cock again and again into the taut, moist cunt, his pubis striking her pussy with audible smacks.

She felt a gathering violence in her belly and a rising pleasure in her clutching pussy, and she knew that this gentle sex was going to be hers for a long time to come.

Bud groaned and stopped jabbing his mighty cock. His face contorted as he gently massaged her buttocks. Sweat poured from his forehead as he tried not to be brutal. Slowly, he appeared to regain a measure of control over himself. "Christ!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Christ, that was pretty close!"

"What's wrong, Bud?" asked Betty. "What's the matter?"

He grunted, and then smiled at her. "Too fast. I'm going too fast. I nearly blew my wad in you right then, and I want this wonderful sex to last."

She sighed and clung to him, sure that he was one of the kindest people she'd ever met.

He pressed her body down on the arm of the sofa. She fought him at first, not knowing what he meant to do with her. She yielded, making herself lie quietly before him, impaled on his giant cock, her legs still clamped tightly around his lean ass.

She clutched at the edges of the sofa, momentarily overcome by the fear. But the pressure of Bud's thick cock deep in her hungry cunt and the sight of his sweaty, gleaming body above her brought her back to reality. She shivered with lust as she watched the hungry way he stared at her willing body.

She treasured the gentleness of his large hands as they caressed her warm belly. They closed over her quivering, weaving tits. She thrilled to the slow rocking of his hips that kept his cock rubbing slowly against the walls of her eager vaginal tract.

He smiled, his expression strained, and placed his hands at her waist. She gasped when he began to stroke her onto his rigid shaft. The experience delighted her with new sensations, and she was soon helping by jerking at him with her white legs, timing her tugs to match the rhythm of his misty pulls.

The hot frenzy of her earlier excitement gave way to a more intense awareness. She sensed she was on a high plateau of pleasure that could continue unchanged for a long time.

She smiled at Bud, his features hidden in the shadow of night that had overtaken them. The room was almost completely dark. The only light was that from a street-lamp outside her window.

"I like it! I like it this way, Bud!" she exclaimed in a deep whisper. She closed her eyes. This was like remembering a happy moment of childhood – warm, gentle and loving.

"There's time to feel it all," said Bud, leaning forward and kissing her on the cheek.

She giggled. "And 'all' is an awful lot!"

Bud pulled his cock out so that only the mushroom of his cockhead was still in her. Then he pushed forward, sliding the shaft deeply into her, the slippery sides of the cock generating heat and excitement in her twat.

Betty realized the new position exaggerated her breast size. She shivered with delight at the new expression of savage hunger in Bud's eyes.

He yanked her onto his cock with a harder stroke. She felt her excitement start to grow again. She tried to contain her rising agitation, but her legs betrayed her, tightening convulsively.

"Ahhgggg!" she grunted explosively. "Jesus, Bud! I... can't hold out... much... longer! Ohmmm!"

He was sweating profusely, and she realized her own body was bathed with perspiration. But there was an explosive expression of vigorous enjoyment in his carved features. His grip on her thin waist

was sure and firm.

Betty knew that she had had so much fucking that she didn't think she could stop if she wanted to. Her body was hungry for satisfaction as Bud slowed his strokes. She wanted it to last forever – a delicious eternity. But Bud's balls were beginning to bounce against the winking rosette of her asshole.

He slid his hands under her back and lifted. The only result was a steep arch in her back. He laughed lightly and worked his hands toward her shoulders, then lifted again. She caught at his arms, helping. He stopped lifting when she was at a forty-five-degree angle. She clung to his upper arms, helping to support her body, but wondering what was to happen to her now.

He backed away from the sofa, holding her on his cock. Her weight drove her fully onto his cock, and she squirmed happily.

Gripping her waist, Bud began to fuck into her the full length of his blood-engorged cock. Her tits bounced and her hair flew erratically. She gritted her teeth and clamped her thighs on his hipbones, her excitement mounting in sudden leaps as he walked about the small room.

Each blow jarred her. The moist channel of her pussy was hot, irritated and sensitive because of the friction. She twisted so that her clitoris came down on the base of his cock, flaming spears of delight stabbing her in rapid succession. The tight knot in her belly hardened even more, and her body tensed.

"Now, Bud! I'm making it... NOW!" As if the knot had exploded in her belly, her cunt contracted violently on the buried cock. Spasm after spasm wrenched her inner walls, and she shook with the intensity of her sensations. She scissored her thighs around his waist and felt him suddenly stiffen. His hips thrust forward and up, and his shoulders jerked back as he started to erupt inside of her tender body. A hot pool grew around his cockhead and triggered a new series of contractions in her ecstatic pussy. She gasped with deep pleasure and dug her short fingernails into the meaty muscles of Bud's back.

She flung her head back and moaned, unable to do or think about anything but her orgasm.

Bud's pulsing jabs slowed gradually and his body relaxed. He blew out his pent-up breath and walked shakily back to the sofa. He was still being very careful with her, though it was only obvious that his orgasm had so weakened him that he could hardly move.

Betty was surprised to see that what Bud was trying to do was to not let his limp cock slip out of her cunt. She tightened the muscles of her pussy, trying to help him. As she fell to the sofa, she felt his cock begin to slide out of her. Clenching her muscles as tight as she could, her cunt tightened around the bulbous head.

He pushed the flaccid tool the rest of the way into her. In a moment he seemed to be asleep. She put her arms around his shoulders and hugged him lovingly.

It seemed like seconds later that she woke up, Bud still on top of her the way he had been when she closed her eyes.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"It's ten o'clock," he said.

"Three hours!" she exclaimed. "I thought I had just lain my head down for a moment."

"It was that good, huh?"

"Ya," she said with a sleepy smile. She was about to push him off playfully when she felt his cock began to harden inside of her.

"Are you game for another go at it?"

Betty was glad that he had asked, not because she didn't want to, but because it showed that he was considerate of her feelings and her desires.

"Sure!" she said.

Bud bowed his head to her tit and sucked her right nipple deep into his mouth. She felt it immediately harden. She pushed her tit up into his face, his mouth opened and swallowed more of her breast.

She squirmed her hand between her belly and Bud's. She could feel the head of his cock in her hand. Her fingertip touched the tiny mouth of the big cock, and Bud bolted backward, spitting out her tit.

"I didn't even know that my cock wasn't in you," he gasped. "I thought that it was so warm and moist it couldn't be between our bellies. I didn't know what hit me when you stuck your finger in me."

Betty laughed lightly.

"Fuck me now!" she whispered in his ear as she grabbed his cock fully in her hand.

She felt him stiffen at her words, but he slipped his arms under her and embraced her as he reinserted his cock. New vigor seemed to come over him as he thrust it into her quickly. His huge meat dug into her cunt, as it plowed toward her womb. She gasped, and Bud stopped just short of the tender opening.

As he began to stroke, Betty could feel her cervix being rubbed by the top of his cock. She imagined that she could feel every bump and vein in his cock as it spread her vaginal walls.

Her cunt flamed with greedy pleasure as she began to match his strokes. The rhythm of their fucking grew as the fire in Betty's belly ballooned. She could feel Bud's cock probing for the sensitive spot, trying to burst it into an orgasmic rush for her.

Pounding and pounding, he continued to drive his thick cock into her. Betty felt her cunt clenching around the shaft, pulling and trying to hold it in. Bud was going too fast, and the spasms of her belly only opened her up more to his deep penetration.

But drove deep with a mighty thrust and stuck the purple mushroom of his cockhead into young Betty's womb. "AAAGGGHHH!" The pleasure-pain feeling burst within her. Her cunt opened and closed with intense force. Hot streams of greyish cum spurt into her, scalding her womb and vaginal tract.

She fell back, weak, unable to control the orgasms which raced through her tender body. Bud collapsed on top of her, his cock slipping free of her cunt, but still spewing cum all over both of their weak bodies.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Bud had stirred shortly after he had fucked her the second time. He apologized for having to leave, but Betty wanted to sleep alone that night anyway, so she just kissed him goodbye as he told her he would be back.

She tried to go about the business of cleaning her apartment. She went methodically about the rooms, picking up things, dusting and vacuuming. She found some small joy in being able to submerge herself in the work, not having to think about herself.

The doorbell rang and Betty jumped. She was afraid it was Bud coming to ask for her hand. She knew right at that moment that she couldn't. She wanted her career and her freedom. She walked slowly to the door, after turning off the vacuum-cleaner, and opening it.

"Albert!" she exclaimed, her eyes opened wide and her mouth dropped onto her chin.

"Hi!" he said casually. "May I come in?"

"Sure... sure!" she said. "Please do."

"I came to see how you were," he said, his dark eyes flashing the same fire that Betty remembered burning there. "I thought you might like to know that the ECM Corporation has hired me as a management consultant. It's the first straight job I've had since delivering papers as a kid."

"That's wonderful!" she said truthfully. "How did you get the job?"

"Your police chief set it up for me. He's one of the nicest people I've ever met."

"I didn't think that when I was first on the force," said Betty, arching her brows. "But now I see that I was wrong. I even got a promotion from him."

"You deserve it," said Albert. "What with all you've been through they should make you a captain."

"That's silly," she said. "But thank you anyway."

"Well I can see you're all right," he said. "So I'd better be going. I have to start work tomorrow."

"No," she protested. "Stay and have coffee at least." She saw his cock start rising at his crotch when he understood her words.

"Sure!" he replied. "I have a little bit of time."

Betty rushed into the kitchen to start the water. On the way she could feel her cuntlips rubbing slickly together as she walked. She was slightly embarrassed, but she knew that Albert couldn't tell.

She came out of the kitchen in a few minutes with the fresh coffee in her hand. She set it down on the end table and poured Albert a cup. Her hands were shaking from the excitement of having Albert here.

She turned around, holding the two coffee cups, but her hands were still shaking.

"Here," he said. "Let me help you. Wouldn't want you to spill any on yourself."

"Thank you," she said as he took a cup from her hand.

Silently they sipped their coffee. Betty began to get the jitters again and had to take her eyes off Albert. But each time she did she found that her gaze always came back to rest on his crotch.

It wasn't long before Albert noticed this and involuntarily began getting a hard-on. Now Betty couldn't take her eyes off his crotch at all. She was embarrassed and knew that she was being silly, but still her eyes wouldn't leave his growing bulge.

"Nice weather we're having," Albert said to break the ice, even though it had been overcast all day.

Betty jumped at his words and smiled. "Ya, I guess so."

Albert set down his coffee and moved his arm over beside her thigh. His fingers inched onto her leg as he said, "Is something wrong?"

Betty knew that it was only a ploy, but she was glad that he had done it. "No... no. Nothing's wrong." She was shaking violently now at the pleasure of his touch. Suddenly the coffee cup toppled, coffee spilling onto her dress.

They both jumped, but that only made matters worse. Now the coffee was all over both of them.

"Let me help you," Albert said, brushing off her dress with his hand while he held her shoulder with his other. "You better get out of that dress."

Suddenly they both saw the absurdity of the scene they were enacting, and laughed. Betty threw her arms around Albert and drew him close for a passionate kiss. Her tongue slithered into his mouth, forcing his lips and teeth apart. Her tongue darted around inside the hot cavity of his mouth. Her hand slid down his back until it rested on his hips. She pushed, feeling the heat of his groin set fire to her passion.

He began pumping his hips against her, grinding the covered cock into the softness of her belly. She pulled her mouth away with an audible smack. "Fuck me!" she begged. "Fuck me good!"

Albert's lean body pressed against her as he worked his hands into position. With one sweep he picked her off her feet, rushing her into the bedroom with her mouth still stuck to his.

By the look in his eyes she knew that he hadn't been prepared for this, but she was glad that she wasn't stopping him. She felt his long fingers kneading her thighs and back as he whisked her to the bed. Gently he laid her down.

She pulled him down with her onto the double bed, refusing to let go of his neck and mouth. Her kiss was still burning into him as her tongue dug around in his mouth. She could feel his hot, panting breath escaping in gasps from the tight seal of their lips. Still reluctant to release him, she had to be pried off.

"Let's take off our clothes first, baby," he said once his mouth was free.

"Sure... sure!" she exclaimed, still groping for his neck and mouth with her hungry lips.

Betty was amazed at the rapidity with which she dispensed with her clothing. Albert was only half undressed by the time she was naked and back on the bed.

"Don't rush it," said Albert. "We have all night."

Betty knew that they didn't, that Bud was liable to show up any time now. She was willing to take the chance of fucking Albert and having Bud come in on them, she wanted the thin man that much.

Albert began pulling his pants down, the protruding prick making that normally simple task a difficult one. He cleared the cockhead from the belt of his pants and the cock snapped up, slapping against his flat stomach. Betty sighed as the enormous pecker was bobbing only inches from her mouth. She licked her lips, not caring how decadent or perverse it appeared. She lunged for the prick.

Albert stepped back, but not in time. Betty had the prick securely between her fingers before he had taken a full step back. She pulled him toward her with the tool, careful not to pull too hard and hurt him. She gulped at the purple, gleaming cockhead, but he was still too far away, and she only wet the head with her tongue.

"Ahhh!" Albert exclaimed. "Watch out there or you'll bite it off."

Betty refused to let go. She knew Albert felt funny standing there with his pants half dropped, but she was being consumed by a passion that knew no logic.

Albert tried to step out of his pants, hobbling on one foot and then the other, his cock still tethered to Betty's gripping hands. He was finally able to kick the pants free and move toward Betty.

"Let me lie down first," he said with a laugh. "I can't even move with you holding me like that."

Betty seemed to come to her senses as she let go of his prick and rolled onto her back. The afternoon light was defused through the curtain in her room. The atmosphere was warm and romantic, slow and gentle. But her body was surging with intense desire.

Albert walked on his knees across the bed, the huge prick bobbing at his belly. Betty was on her back looking up at the approaching member. Albert kept walking until his cock was positioned right over her smiling lips. She reached up and took it in her hand. Feeling the ridges and bumps in it, Betty took her time in bringing the pecker to her lips. She was so positioned that his balls hung in her eyes while his meat pointed down over her nose to her hungry lips.

Albert put his hands on his hips and smiled down at her. She couldn't see him fully because of the cock and balls blocking her view. She put the mushroom head of his putty-colored cock in her mouth.

"That's so good!" he exclaimed as Betty sucked the cock into the churning cavity of her mouth. Her tongue darted along the underside of the prick, probing the blood-filled tube with her active muscle. Then the tool slipped over her tongue, the head pushing along the rough surface toward the opening to her throat. She suddenly realized that Albert was pumping into her. She tilted her head back to give him a better angle of entry, his prick now pressing hard against the constriction of her throat.

He took his hands off his hips and placed them on her breasts, as much for support as for pleasure. He squeezed his fingers around the resilient flesh, the nipples perking up between them. Pushing his hips down again, he found the muscles of her throat. But Betty choked on the huge tool, gagging almost to the point of vomiting. Albert pulled back immediately.

"Sorry," he said earnestly. "I'll be more careful."

Betty sucked his cock again, not dissuaded in the least. She tongued the probing cock as it slid down to the opening of her throat. Stifling a gag, and breathing through her nose, she was able to force the spongy glans into her throat.

"Aggg!" groaned Albert, squeezing her tits extra hard.

She felt the fire of passion surge through her, growing at the same rate that his cock was expanding in her mouth. She had to spit the cock out of her throat because it was becoming so large. She was sorry that she couldn't do him like that now, but she knew that she would be able to do it for him later.

She satisfied herself by just sucking the top half of the cock.

His balls contracted to a tight, wrinkled bunch of skin above her eyes. She saw them start to spasm. She spit the prick out quickly, grabbing it with both hands as it left her lips.

"What in the hell are you doing?" he yelled, grabbing her tits even tighter than before.

"I don't want you to come," she said, smiling up past his cock at him. "Let's make it last."

He understood her logic. Albert tightened all of the muscles in his body in an attempt to suppress his impending orgasm. Betty turned back over onto her stomach, still gripping his cock, as the pulsing in his groin ceased. She got up onto her knees and then released the member, surprised when it spouted a tiny bit of cum.

"Caught it right in the middle, didn't we?"

"Looks like it," he said pantingly.

Betty pushed him onto his back, walking toward him on her knees the same way he had walked toward her. She rubbed her hand up the hairiness of his legs, feeling the tight muscles relax to her touch. She massaged his calves and then moved up to his knees. She was making all of the muscles in his body relax but one - his cock still stood straight up in the air like a proud pole.

She was careful not to touch his groin as she moved from his thighs to his stomach. But even then the silky cockhead brushed against her hanging tits.

Betty began swinging her tits back and forth across his cock. She then grabbed her tits in her hands to stop them, trapping the huge cock between them. She began slowly masturbating his hard tool with the succulent flesh of her breasts.

"That's quite a trick," groaned Albert. "We ought to see if it's marketable."

They both laughed as Betty continued to rub the giant tool. Fire was surging through her groin again, filling her with desire - the desire to have a cock stuffed up her cunt.

She released his cock with her tits and continued to crawl up his body. When her cunt reached his cock, she realized that she would actually have to stand up a little to position her pussy mouth over the gigantic tool.

She shifted her weight from one foot onto the other, until she was standing in a crouch. She reached around behind her ass and grabbed the cock, still slick and wet from her saliva. She rubbed it around in her juicy twat and then positioned it at the mouth of her cunt.

Squatting slowly, Betty was able to insert the head without much trouble. But her cuntlips were spread wide and taut. She wiggled around, trying to loosen herself up for final penetration, but she was as wide as she would go. She could feel the pulsing of his pecker inside her, telegraphing desire

to the center of her body. She was almost afraid to drop her impaling weight onto the mighty cock, but remembered that it had been done before.

Dropping slowly, Betty could feel the awesome cock plowing into her tender body. She continued to lower herself until she felt completely stuffed with cock. She looked down to check, only to discover that she was little more than halfway onto the prick.

Slowly she began to lower again. She was surprised that the further she went after the halfway mark, the easier it became to go further still. She almost dropped the rest of the way, impaling the cock clear into her womb.

"Ahhhggg!" she groaned as an orgasm rocked her to the very marrow of her bones. She went limp. The orgasm was clenching and unclenching her cunt muscles, pulling her further onto the cock. She didn't know when she would stop sinking, but she knew that if she didn't, she would be hurt seriously.

Suddenly the muff of his pubic hair tickled her twat, then pressed against it. She was safe, and she relaxed.

Spasms still rocked her cunt, squeezing the impaled cock to a pulp. As her contractions receded, she felt his begin.

Huge globs of scalding cum shot into her tender womb, triggering another climax within her. His hot cum continued to spout until Betty couldn't imagine him being able to come anymore. But it continued. The hot fluid seeped down between his legs.

Finally his spasms stopped, and his cock began to grow limp inside of her. She felt the flaccid member retract from her womb, almost pulling violently the remaining strength she had from her body. She collapsed in a lump on top of him as he folded his arms around her.

"It's the doorbell," Albert whispered as he shook Betty gently, trying to bring her out of her sleep.

"What... What is it?" she asked, lifting up her head to look into his eyes.

"There's someone at the door."

"Really!" she exclaimed. Just then the doorbell rang again. "Why don't we just let it ring. They'll go away in a minute." Betty thought she knew who it was, but didn't want to let on.

"There it is again," said Albert. "Just go and tell whoever it is to leave us alone. Go on now."

She threw caution to the wind and got up. Throwing on her robe, she headed for the door.

The bell was still ringing as she opened the door. "Hi, Betty!" he said. "I thought that something was wrong because you didn't answer and you said you'd be here."

"No," she said, trying to fake a yawn. "I was just asleep. Sorry I didn't hear the bell sooner." She hadn't moved from standing in the doorway, thinking that if she could stand there long enough Bud would go away. Then she felt it – cum began running out of her cunt down her legs. She crossed her legs trying to hide it, but that only brought attention to it.

"What's the matter, Betty?" asked Bud, looking down at her legs and then into the room. "Is something wrong?"

"No," she said, just a bit too emphatically.

"Then may I come in?"

"Sure, why not?" Betty knew that it was through now.

"Who is it?" called Albert from the other room.

Bud leaned down to Betty and whispered hoarsely, "Is that pervert in there?"

"Yes."

"I'm going to kill him!" Bud exclaimed, turning for the bedroom door. Betty caught the sleeve of his jacket and held him, digging her feet into the carpet. She looked past the enraged Bud and saw Albert standing beautifully naked, his cock hanging halfway down his thigh, in the doorway to the bedroom.

"Stop!" Betty commanded. "I'm my own woman. I wanted him here."

"What do you mean?" asked Bud, spinning around to face her.

"I mean that I want him here."

"Are you choosing him over me?" asked Bud.

"I don't want to choose anybody over anybody," she said. "I just want to be able to do what I please."

"You'll just have to do it without me," Bud said.

"Why?" asked Betty. "We could work something out. You have something that Albert doesn't have that I need very much, and he has something that you don't. One of you isn't better than the other, you're just different."

"But Betty, it's just sort of sick." Bud's fire had been extinguished. Betty knew that it was only a matter of time before she brought him over to her way of thinking.

She was surprised at herself. She had never even wanted to fuck before, and now she didn't want to give up either of the men she had acquired.

"What do we do then?" asked Bud.

"You can both fuck me," Betty said gleefully. "At the same time, or separately, whichever you choose."

"Sounds like fun to me," Albert said from the doorway. "Why don't we try it right now."

"Come on, Bud," said Betty, taking his arm. "At least try it before you condemn us."

"Okay," he said reluctantly, following Betty into the room.

Betty knew she had what she wanted now. It was more than she could have ever wished for. The fact became stronger as the two began fucking her, both of them enjoying it more than either of them thought possible.

The End