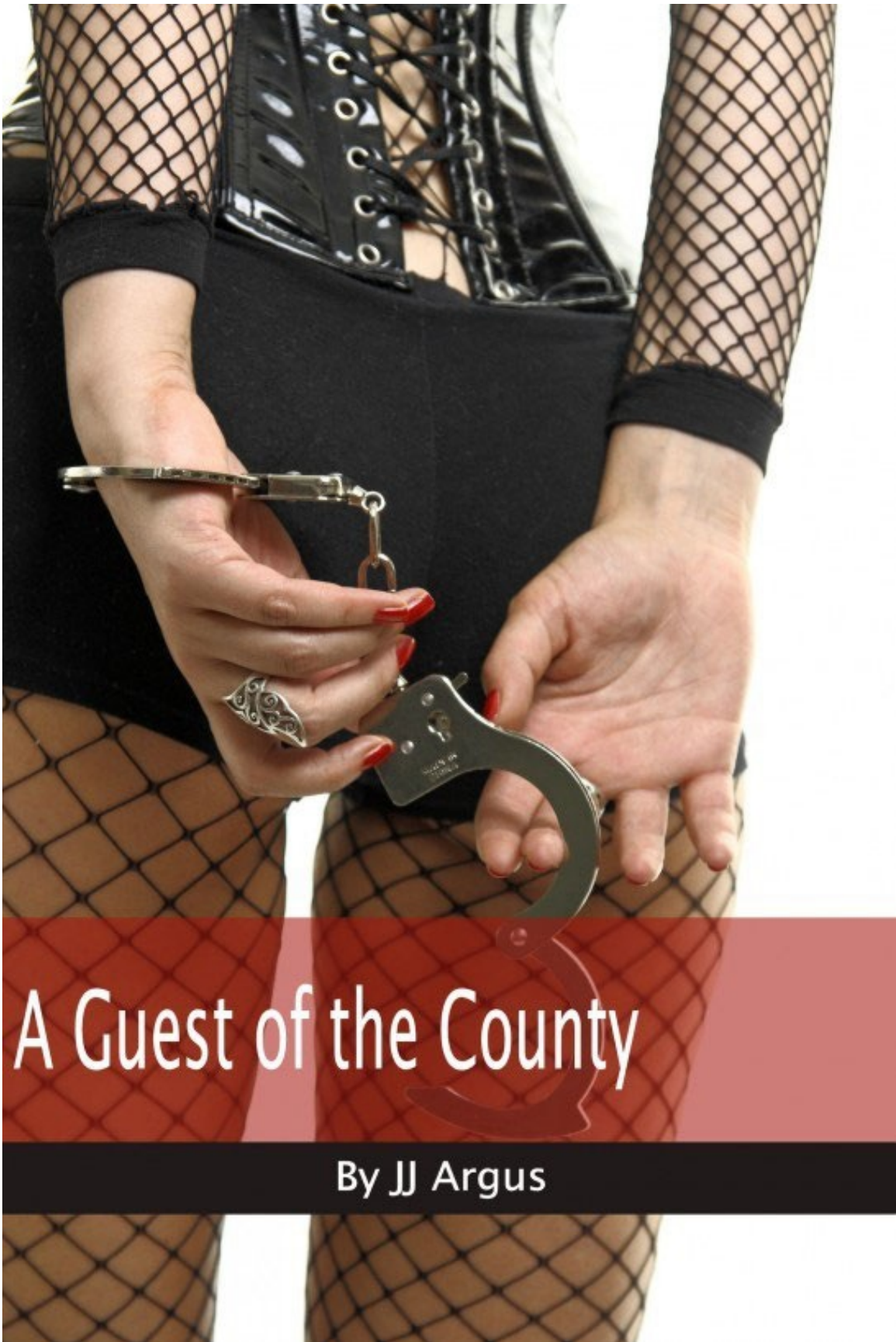


# A Guest of the County

By JJ Argus



# A Guest of the County

By JJ Argus

# **A Guest of the County**

By JJ Argus

*Copyright 2015*

**Smashwords edition**

JJ Argus has written more than 250 novels, and been published in hardcover, softcover, and innumerable magazines and digests. This work is the result of the long, hard effort and creativity of the author. Please do not post or resell it without permission.

*This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.*

Speed limits are like, suggestions, mostly. I mean, I don't know anyone who actually goes the speed limit, except maybe my grandmother. I sure don't, not ever! I drive a BMW which has really nice acceleration. Why should I put-put along at 55 or less if the road ahead is clear? I mean, who does that!? Weirdos, that's who.

I was headed north, headed back to school after spending spring break in Sarasota. I had a lot of distance to make so I was moving at a nice clip, but safe, you know. I wasn't being crazy or anything. I was doing maybe seventy five, which is no big deal I was taking a short cut, I hoped would get me around a traffic jam on I-75 north of Lakeland

I was on a local secondary road with nothing much along it but farmland and trees. I wasn't even sure where I was any more, to be honest. The GPS was doing the navigating and I was just steering where it wanted me to go. It was starting to get dark so I took out my phone and started looking around for a motel or hotel nearby since I'd been driving all day.

And that was when the red lights started flashing behind me.

I didn't notice, at first, since I was trying to find a place to stay, and then a siren sounded briefly, like started up and then died away. I cursed and threw the phone down, easing over to the side of the two lane road I was on.

I mean, fuck! Why did this asshole have to be here now and why did he have to bug me!? Couldn't he be out catching robbers or drug dealers or something!?

Of course, I knew the answer to that. The cops liked the ticket money, especially county or local cops. And I couldn't even claim to have got stuck in a speed trap. I always did seventy five or so. So I pulled over in resignation, then looked down at my short shorts and my tight little halter top and shrugged.

I could try to have him let me off. I was still dressed for spring break, since I was still in southern Florida. I'd spent most of the last week in a bikini, so the halter was no big deal. It was tight across my chest, and partly unbuttoned. I let another button go to expose some serious cleavage.

What the heck, it was still a lot less than I showed in a bikini, and if it made the

cop more... friendly, well, hey, that's one less ticket my dad will have to pay and then yell at me about.

I sat up straight and put on my meek little girl look, also reaching behind me to remove the elastic from my pony tail so my blonde hair fell free.

I rolled down the window and cringed at the hot, moist air which swept in. Florida is okay on the coast, when you're by a beach or a pool. What kind of fools would want to live in central Florida anyway? Half the state used to be swampland, you know, and the weather hadn't changed much since then.

It was getting dark but I could still see this guy getting out of the car and walking towards me. It was dim enough that I couldn't make his features out, but he looked – big, and I had the impression he wasn't old either. My interest perked up. My vacation had been less exciting than I'd hoped it would, partly because my friend Angela had gotten sick and had canceled on me the day we were supposed to leave.

He flipped on a little flashlight as he got to the car and then shone it in my face. I blinked at it a bit, since while it wasn't dark it was sure not bright.

“Miss,” he said. “Do you know how fast you were going?”

His voice was deep and kind of husky, sounding older than I'd thought, but there was something about the low vibrations of the sound that made my stomach tingle a little.

I bit back a smart ass reply. Those never go over well with cops.

“Uhm, I wasn't really watching,” I said, trying to sound anxious and innocent. “I'm not even sure where I am. My GPS kind of diverted me off I-75 because of an accident.”

“Is that why you were on your phone?” he asked.

I hesitated. Was Florida one of those states where you weren't allowed to use your phone while driving? I didn't think it was, but I wasn't sure.

“Uhm, I was looking for a place to spend the night,” I said, “since it was getting dark.”

I realized when I said it he might take it as suggestive, but it was easily deniable. And I'd had a look at his face by then and he was one hunky looking guy. He had broad shoulders, and his bare arms protruding from his uniform shirt were tanned and muscled.

“Can I have your license and registration, please?”

I handed them over and he examined them, then me.

“Sara Thompson?”

“That's me!” I said brightly.

I smiled every time he flipped the flashlight at me, and hoped he was getting a good look at my cleavage and feeling friendly.

Oh don't whine at me for trying to manipulate the man! Manipulating men is one of life's great joys! It's why God gave me this body in the first place!

“You been drinking, Miss Thompson?”

“Not today, unless you mean coke or Pepsi.”

He nodded and I fidgeted a little.

“Not that I couldn't use a drink now,” I said. “I mean, my throat is getting kind of dry.”

I licked my lips as if to show him.

He leaned into the car and flashed the light at me, then past me, and then he reached a long arm across me and I just had a minute to notice the remnant of a joint in the ashtray before he plucked it out and moved back.

Oh shit! I mean, it was just a little joint!

“What would this be?” he asked.

“Uhm, I just had a little smoke a while ago.”

“How long ago?”

“I don't know, like, hours and hours!”

He opened my car door.

“Please step out of the car, Miss Thompson.”

Shit! Fuck! Piss!

I got out of the car, fighting the irritation that was starting to creep over me. Was this asshole going to give me a hard time for a little joint?

“It's only like, a little, itty bitty piece of a joint!” I protested.

“Do you have more marijuana in the car?”

I hesitated again.

“No,” I said.

He gave me this look like he clearly didn't believe me.

“Turn around and put your hands on the car please, miss.”

I opened my mouth to protest, but his big hand - his BIG hand – was already on my arm turning me. So I did, and I felt that big hand, and the other one, sliding over my back. Like he was searching me or something!

I was feeling kind of aggravated, but I have to admit I also didn't think this was any big deal, and he was a big, good looking guy. So when his hands started sliding along my shoulders, well, I didn't dislike it, you know? They slid down my back, past where the halter ended, along my bare back, and then curved around to go down along my hips.

There wasn't much I could have hidden in the tight, short, low-riding shorts, but I felt a momentary sense of disappointed his hands didn't go anywhere else.

Then he got into my car! I stepped back from the car a bit to see, and a protest hovered on my lips, like “You can't search my car!” except I kind of knew he could since he'd spotted the joint.

And it didn't take him long to find the grass in my purse. It wasn't a whole lot,

just enough for a few more joints. And it had been brought along with Angela in mind, since it was a bit much for me to smoke myself.

He came back out of the car, holding the baggy.

“I forgot,” I said lamely.

“No, you didn't,” he said with a snort.

“Well, you don't expect me to tell you about it, do you! Anyway, it's just a little, just for me and Angela!”

“Who is Angela?”

“She's my roommate at USC! She was going to come with me but got sick at the last minute!”

“Marijuana is illegal in the state of Florida, Miss Thompson.”

“Well, you better arrest the whole state, then!” I exclaimed.

“Turn around and put your hands behind your back, miss.”

“Oh, come on! You're not really going to arrest me, are you!?”

“I'm afraid so.”

“But – !”

“You needed a place to stay tonight anyway,” he said, as he started to turn me to face the car.

I turned back around and pushed his hands back.

“I wanted a motel not a jail!”

“Well, we don't always get what we want, now do we?”

“Isn't there something else I can do?” I asked, a bit desperately.

“You mean like wash my police car or something like that?” he asked with a

smirk.

I flushed. “I mean, you could just let me go!”

“I could, but why would I do that?”

“I-I don't know! I mean, uhm...!”

“You wouldn't be offering me a bribe, would you?”

I looked at him anxiously. “Would that be wrong?”

“That would be illegal.” He turned me towards the car again, but I spun away again.

“Oh come on! It wasn't only a little grass!”

He put his hands on his hips and glared at me.

“Girl, I am not your daddy,” he said. “You don't get to say 'I didn't mean it' or 'it was only a little bit' or 'I promise not to do it again' and think that'll work in the real world.”

“But – !”

“And flashing them boobs at me won't work, neither,” he said. “I can see boobs all over the place. It don't do me no good when I can't touch em.”

I opened my mouth to protest and then closed it with a snap, thinking furiously.

“Uhm, I didn't say you couldn't touch them,” I blurted out.

Then I cursed myself. What had I just said!?

“Oh, you didn't huh? And what else did you not say I couldn't do?” he demanded, folding his arms across his chest.

My mind was spinning. Was he asking... I mean, was he suggesting... like was it possible I could get out of this if I ... and how much and ... how long and... and shit!

“I-I didn't... not say... you couldn't do anything... in particular,” I said uncertainly. “I mean, I was actually kinda thinking you looked kinda cute and uhm, that maybe we might, you know, maybe have a drink together or something...”

Which I said awkwardly even though it wasn't all that far from what I actually had been thinking.

“You think you can get away without punishment by being nice to me, girl?”

“I didn't say that!” I protested.

“Because you are not getting away without punishment. I guarantee you that.”

I bit my lower lip anxiously.

“But it might be that I could... figure a proper way to punish you that wouldn't result in your car being impounded and you being arrested and having to hire a lawyer and go to court and all.”

I felt my stomach churning wildly, both with hope and with anxiety. I jumped eagerly at his words, but wasn't sure what price I would have to pay.

“Put your hands on the hood of your car,” he ordered.

“But – .”

“Now,” he said, turning me roughly to face the car this time. “one of the things you got to learn, girl is to do what you're told. You understand me?” he demanded, leaning over me.

“Y-Yes!” I gulped.

“Yes sir,” he said.

“Yes, sir.”

“Put your butt out and spread your legs.”

The words were... graphic, and made me suck in a breath of air, but they did have an entirely uhm, proper point, kind of, or might have had one...!

I mean, I'd seen cops say that on TV! Even though no guy had ever told me to spread my legs except for one reason!

His big hands were on my wrists as he'd placed my hands on the hood of my car. Now they ran slowly back up my arms, as I was thinking 'but he already searched me, kind of...!'.

This time his hands were slower, and they kind of squeezed my arms as they slid up to my shoulders. This time they moved down my back until they reached the bottom, then slid up inside it.

I sucked in a breath again, heart starting to pound, as his big hands slid back and forth over my shoulder blades and back.

“No bra?” he asked.

I flushed and didn't reply. I mean, what was I supposed to say, that the halter had a built-in bra!?

I was embarrassed, anxious, fearful, and then ... something else again. The feel of those big, male hands on my bare back under my halter was wickedly exciting! I know it was just my back, but it was under my halter! Don't ask me to explain it!

His hands slid to the sides, and my heart beat faster, for the material of my halter was at least a little elastic, and I felt his long, thick fingers sliding around the sides, along my ribs, then brushing ever so lightly against the sides of my breasts!

I felt a hot rush of something almost dizzyingly powerful sweep through my mind and body! It was a sense of wild, nervous excitement, embarrassment, and a flickering sense of heat that had my nipples getting instantly hard even as his fingers drew back!

His hands moved firmly, but very gently and slowly down out of my halter, then down along my bare back until they reached my shorts. They skimmed along the top, then slid sideways to my hips like they'd done before. This time, though, they slid into my shorts! I felt my pulse race as they slid down along my hips, then backwards along my buttocks. I stood there, my mouth wide, all my attention focused on the feel of his hands under my shorts!

They slid back along my hips again, then past them, around front of me, caressing my bare hips in the front, the fingers sliding down along my abdomen very close to my pussy! They didn't go all the way around front, though, but instead slid back up out of my shorts, slid slowly up my abdomen and belly, kind of caressing my soft skin, until they were right below my halter.

The bottom of my halter was right below my breasts, though, so as his bare hands kind of rubbed me there, the edge of his hands were brushing along the underside of my breasts!

“You've been a very bad girl, Jennifer,” he said in a soft, but still husky voice. “You have to be punished for it. Do you understand?”

“Y-Y-Yes!” I squeaked.

His hands came off my belly, and then suddenly he slapped my butt sharply.

“Ow!” I yelped.

“Yes sir,” he said calmly.

“Y-Yes, sir!” I squeaked.

His hands slid slowly up my bare back, as my pulse raced wildly. His fingers pushed in under the bottom of my halter and continued to move up my back beneath it! Then one hand drew back and slid up under my halter in front!

His hand moved slowly, easing in beneath the elastic bottom of the halter, pushing up between my breasts. But his hand wasn't exactly small, so the fingers on one side, and the thumb on the other slid up across my breasts even as he halted his hand in the middle of my chest.

“Your heart is beating very quickly, Miss Thompson,” he said behind me, his voice soft, his lips right behind my ear!

I had no fucking idea what to do! I mean, I was slightly in shock by how fast this had come up! I wasn't sure where it was going either! And I didn't even know if I wanted to get there! I admit that I'm used to guys being nice to me, and that I acted in such a way as to get them to be nice to me, but letting a guy grope me – or worse – to get out of a ticket went well beyond that!

“Are you feeling... guilty over something?” he asked, just as softly.

The thing is... well, the thing is that there was another side to things, though. He was a big, impressively built, handsome guy, and the idea of... giving into him... was darkly thrilling in a weird sort of way. I mean, my friends wouldn't know. Nobody would know. Here we were out in this darkening county highway with no one who knew me anywhere around.

It was like the usual rules didn't quite apply any more, and that threw me back onto what I wanted to do. And I didn't know! And my mind was spinning so much it was really hard to think it out, and he wasn't giving me time anyway!

He reached around and suddenly the remaining buttons which went down the front of the halter popped open! I squealed as a shock ran through me, and immediately grabbed for my top, but he was ready for that, seizing my wrists firmly and guiding them back onto the roof of the car.

“I require you to follow my orders, Miss Thompson,” he said sternly. “You're in enough trouble already without resisting arrest.”

He released my hands, and I kind of just... stood there, frozen, bent forward, my breasts now hanging free, and the two sides of the halter dangling at my sides!

*Crack! His hand slapped my butt again!*

“Ow!” I cried.

“Understand?” he asked.

“I-I – I'm ... “

*Crack!*

“Understand.

“Ye-yes!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

“Sir,” he said.

“Yes, sir!”

“Good. Now you're not carrying any drugs on your person, are you, Miss Thompson?” he asked.

“N – oh!” I cried.

His hands had slid in beneath my arms and were now cupping my bare breasts! I felt my insides swirling wildly as his big hands squeezed my breasts gently, then caressed them, before the fingers began to knead my soft flesh.

“Since you've already lied to me I'm afraid I'm going to have to strip search you, Miss Thompson.”

His fingers caught my already hard nipples, and rolled them between them as a hot, tingling rush of sensations rolled through my breasts and into my chest!

He drew his hands down along my ribs, down my sides to my hips, then dug his thumbs into the waistband of my shorts and thong and drew them slowly down over my butt! I could feel my heart racing as they slid down my legs to pool at my feet, and a wild sense of disbelief that I was standing naked on the highway!

He gripped my wrists and then pulled me upright, drawing my hands together behind my neck, then slid my open halter up and off my arms.

“Keep your hands behind your neck like this,” he said. “Keep your elbows back and chest out. Understand?”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Understand?”

“Y-Yes, sir!”

He turned me around to face him and I flushed hotly, my face flaming as he looked up and down my body. He loomed over me there, shadowy and menacing, in a way, but I didn't really have any fear of him. I mean, I didn't fear he would hurt me or anything.

But he was so... big!

“You have an excellent body, Miss Thompson. You must work out,” he said.  
“Take off your shoes, too. There could be drugs in them.”

I dazedly looked down, then stepped on the heel of one foot, then the other, to get them off. He gripped my arm to steady me, then bent and slid my shorts and thong off.

“Feet apart,” he ordered as he straightened.

I was utterly stunned by this wild, weird, kinky, hot, nasty, incredible public nudity! Oh, I know no one was around but him, but I was on a highway! I was completely naked, with my hands behind my head and my bare feet flat on the gritty pavement!

“You know, one way to punish bad girls is a spanking,” he said, as he laid his hand flat between my breasts again.

I lurched and he gripped my arm once again until I stood more steadily, then he ran his other hand down my body, slowly. When the tips of his fingers reached my clitoris they paused and began to rub lightly as I gulped in air.

I was gulping in air so rapidly I was becoming light-headed! I slowed my breathing with a conscious effort, as my face flamed and he idly caressed my clitoris with his fingers.

This was sooo intense!

“So you're a student at USC?”

“Y-Yes!”

He frowned at me.

“Yes, sir!”

“Do you smoke pot a lot there, Miss Thompson?”

“N-No, sir!”

“Turn around and bend over the hood of your car, please.”

Dazedly, I turned around, with him gripping my arm again, then bent over the front of the BMW. I felt his hand behind my neck, gripping it firmly but gently, and pressing me down further, pushing me down until my breasts pillowed out against the warm metal and my bottom was high in the air.

“Spread your legs, prisoner,” he ordered.

Prisoner!?

I grunted as he forced my ankles apart.

“We have a lot of experience in how prisoners hide drugs,” he said.

His fingers traced the line of my sex and I shuddered weakly, feeling a sudden wild rush of heat and sensations down there! I cursed myself for a slut, but at the same time, well, he was a hot looking guy and we were alone and I was naked!

His finger pushed slowly inside me, and I bit my lower lip to keep from moaning.

“Feels kind of slick in here,” he said. “Like maybe there's some sort of slippery substance.”

I flushed hotly again as his finger probed within the mouth of my sex, then slid deeper.

“Very tight place to hide things,” he said, his finger turning and twisting. Another pushed through, and I did moan then, and gasped as his fingers slid deeper.

“Do you have a lot of sex at USC, Miss Thompson?”

“N-No!” I squeaked.

*Crack!*

“Ow! No, sir!”

“That's a pity. This is a body that looks like it was built for sex. You have a very

nice ass, Miss Thompson, and your pussy feels nice and warm and tight.”

My mind squirmed self consciously as my body began to squirm with a wild, thrumming heat and arousal!

I gasped as he gripped my loose hair and drew me back so my hips were further from the edge of the car. In fact, he pulled me back so that my breasts slid off the side and hung free beneath me. Then he pushed my hands forward, my arms straight.

“That's the proper position I want from you, Miss Thompson,” he said. “This is exactly the right position for... searching.”

His fingers pushed into me again, twisting and turning, pumping slowly in and out. Then I felt him stroking my clitoris at the same time, and a wild, incredible flood of sensation and emotion rolled through my body and mind!

*Crack! His hand slapped sharply across my bare bottom!*

“Keep still, Miss Thompson,” he ordered.

I whimpered dazedly. How could I keep still when my body felt as though it was crackling with electricity!

He added a third finger and I moaned aloud as he pushed the three deep inside me, turning and twisting them.

“Now I'll use my special probe,” he said.

His fingers drew out of me, then I felt something else pressing forward, something thicker, and infinitely softer – but hard all the same. I shuddered as it pushed forward, too big for my opening, forcing back the labia, spreading them apart, wider, wider still, and I gasped as he slid into me an inch at a time.

I felt myself getting ready to burst, to explode, as I followed the penetration, inch by slow inch, spreading my tight sheath wide, driving deeper and deeper to fill me, to utterly fill me! And then, when I finally felt his uniform trousers pressing against my bottom, I exploded!

A tremendous rush of sensations tore through me, and I cried out in helpless,

wanton heat, thrusting back against him desperately, just as he gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back! At the same time, his other hand darted down over my hip, his fingers finding my clitoris and rubbing harshly.

The orgasm redoubled and I cried out again! And again! My ground my hips back frantically, completely submerged in the wild heat of the sexual explosion! Nothing mattered to me just then but that incredible howl of pleasure, and doing my best to prolong it!

God! God! God!

He was so deep inside me! I ached with the fullness! But I ached wonderfully! My mind twisted and writhed as a sizzling crackle of sexual electricity poured through it, and I found myself drowning in sensation, in pleasure, in wonder and heat!

This was the wickedest, nastiest, sluttiest, hottest, sexiest, most exciting thing which had ever happened in my whole life!

The orgasm faded, leaving me... dazed... and nearly limp. My legs sagged, and he pushed me forward so that I was bent fully over the hood of the car again, moaning as my breasts pressed down firmly against the metal below.

“I think I told you to stay still, prisoner,” he said gruffly.

*Crack!*

“That wasn't staying still.”

*Crack!*

“Oh!” I gasped.

“That was rolling your hips around like some kind of sexual animal,” he said sternly.

*Crack!*

“Are you going to start doing what you're told, prisoner?”

*Crack!*

“Oh! Please!” I gasped.

“Answer me.”

“Yes!”

*Crack!*

“Sir,” he said.

“Yes, sir!” I cried.

He was starting to fuck me even as he slapped me, his hips working in and out in a long, slow stroke. Suddenly he drew my arms around behind me, and held them there with one hand. A moment later I felt something metal slide over my right wrist, then pull in around it and click closed.

He did the same with my left, and I realized he'd handcuffed me!

I groaned as he pulled back, then gasped aloud as he seized my hip and spun me around, while at the same time lifting me up and back to sit roughly on the edge of the car. A moment later he'd shoved me back so I fell back onto my arms as he seized my legs and lifted them up and apart.

Wide apart!

But now I could see him, and my eyes dropped down to his cock, his thick, hard, long, menacing cock, which projected up and out from his open trousers like... like a spear! Like a weapon!

I shuddered as he leaned into me, rubbing the shaft up and down against my exposed sex.

“Look what I have for you, prisoner,” he growled. “Don't you want him inside you?”

God! This was so perverted!

I gasped as his big hands jerked my legs even further apart.

“Don't you!?”

“Y-yes, sir!” I panted.

His cock was so big and thick!

He found the angle and I caught my breath, staring as I saw him pushing into me, saw myself spread wide, stared at his long, glistening shaft pushing into me and disappearing! At the same time, of course, I could feel it moving inside me, could feel it filling me up, pushing deeper and deeper!

It was an awesome sight! And an amazing feeling!

He drove himself into me all the way, until his hips were pressed firmly against me. Then he leaned over me, his elbows coming down on the hood on either side of my head! He looked at me, and I looked back breathlessly.

“Do you think I should fuck you, prisoner?” he asked calmly.

I flinched at the words as he ground himself against me.

“Should I?”

“Y-Y-Yes!?” I gasped.

“Say it.”

“Yes, sir!”

“Do you want me to fuck your hot little body, prisoner?”

“Y-yes, sir!”

“Then beg.”

I stared at him, bewildered.

“Beg me to fuck you,” he ordered.

“Please fuck me?” I gulped.

He slapped my face lightly.

“Sir,” he said.

“Please fuck me, sir!”

The sentence this time was accompanied by a rush of heat!

“Beg me again.”

“Please fuck me, sir!”

I moaned after I'd said the words, for they were so hot and nasty and darkly arousing!

And then he suddenly crushed my lips with his as his hips began to move!

I moaned into his mouth as his hips moved in and back, in and back, stroking with long, slow, smooth strokes, his tongue dipping into my mouth at the same time! I tentatively began to kiss back, my pulse racing as his hips stroked faster. I was so live, feeling such an intense rush of emotions and sensations that I could hardly believe it!

And the biggest of those sensations was the feel of his long, thick cock thrusting into my lower belly!

Ohmygod, it felt so good! I had just climaxed but already my body was sizzling with dark heat again, my nerve endings spasming as he thrust harder and harder into my overheated body! I was sweating, panting for breath, overheated inside and out, and all I could do was lay there on my handcuffed wrists and gasp into his mouth as he fucked me!

I felt myself ... melting. That's a strange word but it sort of fits. Kristie Thompson, which was me, kind of melted away, along with all of her emotional baggage, all her cares and concerns, all her thoughts and wishes, and I just became this mindless creature of sex and heat laying there as his hips battered her, as his cock punched in and out of her, as his lips ravished her mouth.

And I didn't think about anything and anyone but the wild pleasure and heat enveloping me!

It was like I was drunk on the sex, intoxicated by the pleasure! And then another orgasm hammered into my mind and I cried out again and again, back arching, hips trembling and churning as he pounded into me with powerful strokes that hammered me down into the hood of the car!

His own breathing had become harsh and ragged, his movements more urgent as he fucked me, and then he gurgled and gasped and hammered me even harder as he came himself, ramming himself into me with harsh, desperate strokes until with a shudder he halted, buried inside me.

I was slack jawed after that one, limp and filled with the kind of dazed languor that didn't much care about anything.

He slid me off the hood of my car, gripping my arm firmly to keep me from falling to my knees on the pavement, then, helping to support me at first, he guided me down the road past my car and over to his patrol car. He opened the rear door and I moaned and shook my head as he pushed me into it.

“Wh-where are we going?” I moaned breathlessly.

“You have nowhere to stay tonight, remember?”

He closed the door behind me, then moved back to my car, grabbed my clothes, closed up my car, and locked it. He came back and got into the front seat of the patrol car as my mind sort of woke up to what was happening, and I looked around anxiously.

“Can I have my clothes back?” I asked timidly.

“Don't be silly, prisoner,” he said. “First search turned up negative, but I got more searching to do.”

I gulped, anxious, nervous, and also feeling another crackle of sexual electricity low in my belly, along with a healthy sense of wonderment. I mean, it wasn't like I was a virgin, but the boys I'd slept with finished when they finished.

He started his car and headed up the highway past my car, and I blinked my eyes rapidly, naked and handcuffed in the back of his patrol car there in the near dark with no idea where I was!

“Wh-where are we going?” I gulped.

“To jail, prisoner,” he said.

I stared at him anxiously. Did that mean he was arresting me anyway!? And omg, what if there were other cops at the jail!? Were they going to gang bang me!?

We turned onto another highway, this one with more light, and some traffic. I crouched low, afraid of being seen. When we drove into a small town I crouched even lower, feeling very, very exposed!

We pulled into a small parking area, and I saw another police car there, which made my insides twist and my anxiety grow even sharper! But the cop – and I realized I still didn't know his name – got out and came around back, then reached in and gripped my arm to drag me out.

“But someone might see!” I whined anxiously.

“I'm sure they'll be happy with what they're seeing,” he replied, pulling me around the car and to a kind of fire door in a brick wall. He opened it and led me down a narrow hall with a linoleum floor and ugly green walls.

We turned and went through another door, and he flicked on a light to show a couple of jail cells there in the back, with a small desk in front!

“Have you eaten, prisoner?”

“N-N-No!” I gulped, anxiously looking around.

Crack! His hand slapped my butt sharply.

“Sir,” he said.

“No, sir!”

“I'll get you something to eat, then. We treat our prisoners well here. Of course, you still have to be properly punished for being such a bad girl and all.”

I looked at him anxiously as he marched me towards the cells, but then he

stopped. Instead of putting me into one he pressed me against one, then uncuffed one of my wrists. He drew my hands up and above me, then cuffed them again, and when he stepped back I realized they were cuffed around one of the bars.

He turned me towards the bars and pressed me back against them, looking down at me, and I looked up breathlessly.

He smirked, then moved back to the desk. He opened it and drew out a pair of leather straps. Returning, he bent low and slid one of the straps around my thigh, then around one of the bars to the side. It fastened together with a strip of Velcro, like hospital restraints, and he did that, then spread my other leg to the side and slid the second strap around my other thigh.

Then he went away, leaving me like that! I waited, heart pounding, for long minutes, wondering what he was going to do, fearing what he was going to do, half expecting a gang of other men to come through the door!

How many cops could a small town have working at any one time, I wondered?

He came back, and he had a length of black cloth in his hand. I watched anxiously as he folded it over. Then he placed it over my eyes and drew it behind my head, tying it off.

“Wh-what are you gonna do!?” I moaned.

“All sorts of wicked, nasty things,” he replied.

Then something pushed against my mouth! I moaned as a kind of thick knot of material pushed into my mouth, with the rest of the material pressing in against the sides of my mouth as he pulled it around behind my head and tied it together too.

He left me like that again, for long minutes. I had no idea how much time passed as I waited there, anxious, nervous, and utterly helpless and naked!

I couldn't even complain!

My mind was awash with emotions, but there was a slender thread of something dark and glittering, like a jagged rent running down a wall. I had never been tied up before, and this was something new for me, these handcuffs. The feeling of

helplessness was kind of merging with that sense I'd had earlier, that I could do anything, that it didn't matter because I was far from home and nobody would ever know.

And it was forming something breathless and, well, not masochistic, exactly, but open to some wild and shocking possibilities! I'd never really seen myself as a victim before, and didn't really now, but the idea was making my insides churn with the expectation of something nasty... something deliciously nasty!

At the same time I was still nervous, anxious, self-conscious about my nudity, and uncertain what he planned and whether those plans included anyone else!

So when a hand slid up my hip I jerked violently, my face twisting around, even though I couldn't see a thing! The hand felt male, and that was all I could tell! I couldn't even tell if it was his or someone else!

It slid slowly over my breasts, pausing to roll and lightly pinch my nipples, then slid down between my legs, caressing my clitoris.

And I couldn't DO anything!

I mean, I don't know what I would have done, but I would have at least liked to know it was him there!

The hand moved up my body again and I heard a distinct buzzing sound. Then something else pressed in against me between my legs, something hard, but with a kind of fleshy texture which was still not, I thought, flesh. It wasn't warm enough for one thing, and it didn't feel alive. It buzzed, it... vibrated.

I sucked in my breath in an anxious moan, realizing that was precisely what it was! The buzzing thing played up and down along my sex and over my clitoris as his hand caressed my breasts. I felt his breath against the nape of my neck, then his lips sliding in, kissing me, sucking lightly, chewing even more lightly.

The thing between my legs continued to move slowly up and down, sometimes pressing in harder, sometimes lighter. The tension inside me grew more powerful, and began to take on a more physical tone now as I felt a deep thrumming from inside me, as the vibrator resonated right up through my abdomen!

His lips came off my throat and I felt them on my right breast, then my left, sucking and licking, chewing lightly at the flesh surrounding my nipples. Then they moved lower, licking and kissing their way down my belly. The vibrator stopped rubbing, and instead slid down and angled in so that the narrow tip could penetrate me.

It pushed up inside me, widening as it went, and then I felt lips on my clitoris! I moaned into the gag, my hips jerking as he began to suck on my clitoris, as his tongue flicked out, as he pushed the vibrator deep into my quivering body!

And all the while I was gripped by a sense of the wild and the forbidden and the shocking in that I still didn't know if it was him, or even if others might be watching!

I had no reason to believe it wasn't. It was just my paranoia, I thought. But the thought it might be someone else, that my helpless, naked body was at the mercy of some other man, or men, was both frightening and darkly thrilling – in a scary sort of way.

I moaned as he pushed the vibrator achingly deep into my belly! I could feel the vibrations right through my abdominal wall, making my clitoris quiver against his tongue!

His tongue started working heavily on my clitoris, then, and I began to moan in tandem to his long, fast, strong licks! My hips began to jerk, as if they could roll upwards as his tongue did, and my buttocks ground into the steel bars I was shackled and strapped to!

Abruptly, he stopped licking, his hands coming off my body. The vibrator was still inside me, but then it slid back out again and I no longer heard it. I felt something else against the swollen lips of my sex, felt it pushing into me, and unlike the vibrator, the fleshy feel of it was warm and real!

I gasped as he slid into me. It was him, wasn't it!? It must be!

His hands cupped my buttocks as he pushed up deep, and I felt his body pressing me back into the bars behind me. His chest pushed into me, and I gasped, for there was no shirt on it now. Bare flesh, warm bare flesh over hard muscles pressed in against my breasts as I felt his breath on the nape of my neck again!

I felt his hands behind my head, undoing the knot of the gag, then pulling it free. A moment later his lips were on mine, and I moaned into them, much more confident it was him now for some reason.

And why did it even matter? That thought occurred to me in a dazed, gut wrenching shock. I mean, I didn't even know his name! What did it matter if it was another man then!? It was a strange, dizzying thought, and added to that glittering sense of dark excitement swirling within me.

The thought occurred to me that there might be more men there watching, a dozen men standing around watching and waiting their turn!

I didn't think it, but the idea sent a jolt of heat through my mind, and as he began to thrust in and out of me, as his fingers tightened on my buttocks and his tongue slid into my mouth, I felt a trembling sense of unreality and heat.

I was ungagged, and had nothing to say! I moaned and gasped and grunted into his mouth as he fucked me, as he used me – as he fucked me like I was his helpless prisoner, which I was!

And I came, violently, the sexual pressure reaching an incredible level until it exploded into a wild, pulsing shock-wave of pleasure that made my body tremble like a plucked guitar cord! The wild, raw pleasure took hold of my mind and tumbling end over end as, blinded, I could do nothing but feel the incredible heat of the eruption!

And that big cock pushing up into me again and again and again!

\*

I thought he might have come, but I had no real idea. I was still blind, and alone and shackled, and he was running the vibrator up and down inside me, sliding it out to grind it against my clitoris every twenty or thirty seconds.

He was licking me again, sucking me again, toying with me, or rather, with my body, and there was nothing I could do about it.

Not that I especially wanted to!

I was definitely going to have to get a vibrator, though, I thought weakly, as he ground the thing across my clitoris again.

It stopped. He stopped, and then I heard another buzzing sound, this one

somewhat deeper and more powerful sounding. Something pressed up against me, something which was rounded, like the vibrator, but... thicker, much thicker. It shifted position, as if he was adjusting it, then I heard the distinctive sound of masking tape being pulled from a roll.

The thing between my legs shifted several times, then held tightly in place against me, buzzing strongly, powerfully.

The gag went back into my mouth, and was tied around behind my head. And I heard and felt no more of him for a time.

But it was a bizarre time! I still wasn't sure who might be watching! Maybe nobody! Maybe a crowd, if they were quiet! I was tied there helpless and unmoving except that, well, the vibrations were having an affect on me, a very definite affect. And the longer the thing was pressed against me, the more intense the affect!

He must have taped the thing to the bar right up high between my thighs! And while it wasn't grinding or rubbing against me it was still having a most definite influence on my nervous system!

I didn't deliberately begin to grind myself against it. My body started to do that on its own. But I didn't stop when I realized I was doing it, and as the influence of the vibrator grew more powerful my body began to tremble and shake with a sense of crackling sexual electricity.

With my thighs strapped to the bars there was a limit to how much I could move, but I could roll my hips up a little, and that was enough to grind my clitoris up and down against the vibrator!

I came, powerfully, crying out into the gag again and again, self-conscious even as the orgasm lashed my senses, aware he or someone else might be watching! But whether they were or not I couldn't resist the impulses of my own body.

I went limp as the orgasm passed, but the vibrator was still taped in place, pressing strongly against my sex. I moaned in discomfort, trying to twist away from it, but with no success. My sex felt super sensitive now in the aftermath of the orgasm, and the vibrations were uncomfortably overpowering.

But I couldn't protest, and I couldn't do anything about it, and another wave of

strange, glittering darkness rolled over me as I was reminded that I was a helpless prisoner.

They could do anything to me!

He, they, them, whoever was out there! My imagination built up crowds of men, all silently watching me, lusting after me, waiting their turn at my body!

I laid the back of my head back between two bars, moaning into the gag, breathing becoming more ragged. I tried to resist it, kind of, still anxious about who might be watching, but it was a losing struggle. My hips began to grind helplessly against the thing, and that rubbed my clitoris against it, and then my hips began to buck and roll and another orgasm sent my head rolling and my back arching as heat and pleasure tore through my mind and body.

I moaned dazedly, startled, gasping for breath. I hadn't realized I could come so many times! I never had before! Then again, I'd never been faced with such a shocking, wicked situation as this, nor a powerful vibrator grinding relentlessly against me!

Okay, it was me grinding against it, but that was beside the point.

I still marveled at it. I mean, I'd come at the car – twice! That alone was amazing. But now I'd come twice more!

Over the next several minutes – though it was hard to measure time – I think I came four more times!

God, I was starting to feel wrung out! My insides were aching, and I was light-headed, breathless, gasping and moaning. My muscles were spasming and twitching and I was sweating as the fucking vibrator kept pressing against me! And I couldn't even beg him to take it away! I would have, you know!

And then, abruptly, it was pulled away, and I went limp, gasping for breath.

“Such a bad little girl,” I heard his voice purr in my ear.

I moaned in reply.

“She definitely must be punished for her wicked ways,” he said, his fingers

caressing my clitoris.

A strange sort of punishment, I thought wearily.

But then I felt his hands at my thighs, at the straps. They loosened, first one, then the other coming free. I groaned, pulling my legs together, but his strong hands gripped my hips and spun me around to face the bars.

Crack!

“Oh!”

“Push your ass back, prisoner,” he said sternly.

I moaned helplessly and obeyed, thinking that this was like at the car, but he'd already fucked me not... well, ten or fifteen minutes ago! Could he have gotten an erection again so soon, especially after he'd fucked me at the car?

Or was it someone else!?

I felt the vibrator, the first one, buzzing against me, sliding up and down the hot, wet, swollen entrance to my sex, then pushing up inside me. His hand moved down my belly, forcing my hips back further, pushing my bottom out vulnerably.

“Are you a bad girl, Miss Thompson?” he asked.

I moaned into the gag, and he untied it, then pulled it free.

“Are you a bad girl, Miss Thompson?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” I moaned.

His big hand was pressed against my pubic bone, his fingers rubbing casually against my clitoris as he jammed the vibrator into me almost all the way.

“Tell me you're a bad girl.”

“I-I'm a bad girl, sir!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

What hit my bottom wasn't his hand, this time! It was a strap of some kind, like a belt! It was narrow, and not very heavy, but when it cut across my out-thrust buttocks it made a stinging impact and left a line of heat behind!

“Ow!” I cried.

“Bad little girls have to be punished, Miss Thompson,” he said.

*Crack!*

The belt cut across my buttocks a second time, and I cried out once more, my hips thrown forward against his hand, against his fingers, which pushed them back again.

*Crack! The belt sliced across my bottom again with stinging force!*

“Ow! Please!” I gasped.

*Crack! The belt cut down again!*

“You forgot to say sir.”

“Please, sir!”

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

“My colleagues and I believe you deserve punishment, Miss Thompson,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

Colleagues!? Were there others there!?

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

*Crack!*

I couldn't hear them, but – !

*Crack!*

Was he swinging the strap or someone else!?

*Crack!*

“Oh! Please!”

*Crack!*

“You forgot to say sir again, prisoner.”

*Crack!*

“Ow! That hurts!” I cried.

“It's supposed to hurt. You're a bad girl, after all.”

“I'm not!”

I cried out as he gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back.

“But you said you were. Are you confessing to lying to me, prisoner?”

*Crack!*

“Oh!

“Are you?”

*Crack!*

My bottom was starting to burn like fire! It was hot and throbbing, and his hand between my legs kept my butt pushed way up and out and back as the belt snapped down against me repeatedly!

“I... no... sir!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

“Tell me you're a bad girl,” he growled in an insistent voice.

I moaned.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Say it.”

“I-I'm a bad girl, sir!”

*Crack!*

“Again!”

“I'm a bad girl, sir!”

“You're a bad girl and a whore, aren't you?”

I moaned helplessly.

*Crack!*

“Say it, prisoner.”

“I'm a whore, sir!”

*Crack!*

“And what do we do to whores, prisoner?”

*Crack!*

“Oh! God! Please!” I cried.

“Please what? Please fuck you? Shall we see if you're ready, prisoner?”

he released my hair, his hand sliding down my spine and in between my legs

again. I felt his fingers gripping the base of the vibrator and pulling it free. His fingers rubbed against me, then, and I was indeed very swollen and hot and – and wet!

His fingers thrust up into me and I shuddered, for the other hand was still pressed against my pubic bone, forcing my hips back.

“You feel very wet inside, prisoner,” he said.

I gasped, my voice a squeak, as a fourth finger joined the three inside me! Then I felt his thumb pressing against my back opening! It pushed in smoothly, easily, slick with... something! I gaped at nothing, still blinded, as his fingers and thumb pumped in and out of me.

“Hot, wet and ready for a cock, aren't you, prisoner?” he growled.

His fingers thrust in and out and I could actually hear a kind of wet, sucking sound as he drove them in hard! They were thick and long and my pussy ached more and more as he thrust faster and faster, but on top of that was a wild, shocking rise of the darkest, most intense heat I think I'd ever felt up to that point!

“Beg for me to fuck you, prisoner.”

“P-Please fu-fuck me, sir!” I cried.

His other hand, the one between my legs, had trapped my swollen clitoris between two fingers, and was grinding it between them as my hips jerked convulsively.

His thumb twisted around in my bottom.

“I think you wanted it up the ass this time, didn't you, prisoner?” he said.

I shuddered.

“Didn't you?” he demanded, his fingers thrusting in sharply.

“Yes! Please!” I gasped.

“Say it.”

“I-I want it up the ass!” I gasped, shocked by my own words.

“Beg for it!”

“Uhhh!” I moaned as his fingers buried themselves in my pussy and his thumb jammed itself fully into my ass!

“Beg for it, prisoner!”

“Please my ass, sir!” I gasped.

His thumb and fingers pulled free of me in back, though his other hand was still pressed firmly against me in front. I felt something else, something hard and yet soft, pushing against my ass, pushing up into it! It was thicker than his thumb, and softer, but more than hard enough as it pushed up deeper and deeper!

Suddenly a hand jerked back on my hair!

“Tell me you love it up the ass,” he said softly.

I gurgled helplessly, feeling his thick cock pushing deeper and deeper!

“Say it,” he ordered, gripping my right nipple and pinching it.

“Ow! Oh! Please!”

“Say it.”

“I love it up the ass!” I cried.

My mind was spinning wildly, my very skin seeming to crackle with a wild shock of sexual electricity, with embarrassment and heat, with anxiety and arousal! I could add up hands! I could tel that if one was in my hair and one was between my legs he didn't have a third one free to pinch my nipple!

Ohmygod!

The amazing thing was that I wasn't as shocked as I should have been, probably because my mind had been suggesting something like this since he'd driven me

towards the jail naked. But also that other idea I'd had had kind of seeped into me, you know, like, what did it matter if it was him or someone else? I didn't even know him anyway?

Still, it was one thing to think that in theory and another to adjust to it as some other man was shoving his cock up into my ass! The amazing thing, though, was there was no real pain. My mind was so distracted, so shocked, that he was buried to the balls before I knew it. He'd used some kind of lube, too, or maybe it was what was left over from the thumb.

I moaned helplessly as he worked himself in and out, his hips slapping my buttocks, grinding me against the fingers still squeezing against my clitoris.

“Say it again,” I heard him say soft and low into my ear.

I must moaned helplessly, and the hand in my hair jerked it back sharply.

“I love it up the ass!” I gasped.

God, this was so slutty!

“Again,” he said.

“I love it up the ass!”

His hand, or someone's hand, cupped one of my breasts, kneading and squeezing it, then another hand gripped the other breast! I had four hands on me as the hard cock pushed up and down in my belly!

Ohmygod!

And then I came.

I never would have thought I could come being fucked in the ass. I'd given in and let guys do it twice before and hadn't really liked it either time. This time everything just felt so wildly, so intensely sexual, and I was gripped by such a sense of animal hunger and abandon that I came, screaming!

\*

Whoever the other man was he hadn't said a word. It was, in a weird way, as if he'd never existed. Maybe I'd imagined it!

I was still blindfolded, but now I was on my knees, with my hands cuffed behind my back again. And I was eating pizza.

I was still, of course, naked. And he had shoved the vibrator back up inside me before guiding me by the hair, onto my knees and making me spread them wide apart.

Now he was feeding me, by hand. If I hadn't been so hungry... but it wasn't like I had a choice, right?

“Lean forward.”

I leaned forward more, opening my mouth, sticking out my tongue until I felt the pizza, the piece of pizza, really. He'd cut it into small pieces. I licked it out of his fingers and then leaned back, still nervous about not knowing who else was there.

Was it just one other man? It seemed unlikely there'd be many of them, but then again he might have called over some friends! Come and fuck this handcuffed, blindfolded naked girl I took prisoner!

God!

“Can you hear me, prisoner?”

I gulped and nodded, and felt my nipple pinched sharply.

“Ow!”

“Answer orally. We like oral.”

I flushed.

“Yes, sir.”

“Here's what I want you to do. I want you to say 'I love cock', lean forward, open your mouth wide, and stick your tongue out.”

My pulse began to speed up, but ...

“I love cock,” I said, leaning forward, opening my mouth and sticking my tongue out.

He placed a piece of pizza on it and I leaned back, eating.

“Do that every time you finish swallowing, prisoner.”

God, what a pig he was! What a pervert! What a sicko! What a... kinky bastard!”

And even so I felt a thrumming heat as I did it, repeatedly. I was hungry, and not just for pizza.

“I love cock,” I said again, leaning forward, and one time a hand cupped my right breast and gave it several good squeezes.

I gulped, but did nothing and said nothing as he placed a piece of pizza on my tongue, except to draw it into my mouth and lean back again to chew and swallow.

Was it him? Was it the other man? Was it someone else!?

“I love cock,” I said, leaning forward, mouth open.

This time the hand slid between my thighs, fingering my clitoris as he put the food on my tongue.

I sat back on my heels, chewing and swallowing.

“I love cock,” I said, leaning forward.

Hands cupped my breasts, and another slid between my legs to finger my clitoris. At the same time someone pressed something against my bottom from behind, something rounded and slick!

I felt the piece of pizza on my tongue and drew it into my mouth, then started to ease back. But I felt immediately that the thing someone had pressed against my back opening was now wedged there against the floor. I felt my heart beating faster as I slowly eased back, feeling it spreading me open, getting wider as I

moved backwards.

“All the way back, prisoner,” he said as I hesitated.

I moaned and sank slowly back, gasping as it pushed deeper. Then it abruptly narrowed and I sat back fully, with it inside me. No, a part of it still sat outside me against my opening. I had no idea what the hell it was.

Fingers were rubbing my clit, and the two hands were still kneading my breasts.

God!

“I-I love cock!” I gasped, leaning forward to take another piece.

My body was starting to pulsate with heat!

A hand gripped my hair, and I gasped in pain as it tugged at my scalp! It held me in position, though, as another hand reached beneath me, and I felt that... that thing which had been pushed into my ass pulled free. I groaned as it got wider and wider, then came completely out.

The hand holding my hair then eased me up higher before pushing me back, and I gasped as I felt something thick and soft below me. It wasn't as wide as the thing which had pulled out, so it slid in easily, at least for the first few inches.

It was like... like some kind of dildo! I had no idea what it was, but I was forced to slide back and down until it pushed deep into my ass!

From then on each time I leaned in and forward I slid my body up the thing half a dozen inches, then slid back onto it.

And I still had to say “I love cock,” every time I finished swallowing, or get one of my nipples pinched!

“Legs apart, prisoner,” he barked, and I moaned, shifting my knees wider again.

Then I felt the vibrator, the big one, pressing in against my pussy! I moaned helplessly, gulping in air, then cried out as my nipple was pinched.

“I love cock!” I cried.

I leaned forward, mouth wide, tongue protruding, and another piece of pizza was placed on it. I sank back down onto the thick thing beneath me, feeling it push deep into my ass again, moaning as I felt cramps high inside me.

I felt fingers at my nipples!

“I love cock!” I gasped, leaning forward, mouth open.

Another piece of pizza was deposited on my tongue, and I slid it in and began to chew as I sank back down onto that thing in my ass. Meanwhile, the vibrator was grinding up and down against my pussy!

“I love cock!” I moaned, leaning forward again, sliding up off the dildo, opening my mouth wide.

It was all so kinky and impossible and wild and shocking and thrilling and obscene that it was like I was in another world, in a dark dream or fantasy – or nightmare! But it was also like I was in a place and time apart from the normal world, where the rules I knew of and governed my life by had been set aside.

“Would you like a drink of milk, prisoner?”

“Yes, sir,” I gulped.

I felt a hand gripping my thick hair, tugging me up and forward. I started to slide up off the thing, but then I was halted in place. I felt some kind of jiggling around below me, then the thing pushed up inside me again!

I was turned to the side, then forced to bend forward, way over, a hand gripping my arm then as I was basically put face down on the floor, though with my bottom high in the air.

*Crack!*

I gasped as something cut across my bottom with stinging force!

“Legs apart, prisoner,” he ordered.

I moaned and spread my knees wide, my breasts pillowed out beneath me against the floor as I heard a sound just in front of my nose.

“There's a bowl of milk in front of you. Drink,” he said.

And how the fuck was I supposed to do that with my wrists cuffed behind my back, I thought.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“Drink, prisoner.”

I moaned, kind of wiggling forward a bit until my nose felt the edge of the bowl. I raised my head up a bit, then pressed my mouth into the liquid and started to drink.

At the same time I felt hands on my bottom, and between my legs. I squeaked in surprise as he ... or someone ... pushed their cock into me. I was still very hot and very set, and he slid into me all the way in one smooth stroke, then started pumping.

“Drink, prisoner,” he said, his voice at least six feet to my side.

I continued to slurp and drink the milk in the bowl before me as someone thrust into me with long, steady strokes.

The shocking indignity and outrageousness of what was happening had my body thrumming with heat despite myself. I mean, I felt a renewed sense of embarrassment, anxiety and self-consciousness, but even so, the heat rose in a strange sort of masochistic glee as I was further degraded, as someone I didn't even know began to fuck me!

It was a dark, kinky thrill now that I had wrapped myself in a strange kind of fantasy world where the rules didn't matter. And I fought to keep my breathing steady so I could drink while someone thrust into me harder and harder, his hips now striking my buttocks with enough force to make my body jerk in time to his thrusts.

The dildo, or whatever it was in my ass was being struck by his pubic bone, or belly now, adding a second sense of dull, dark, delicious ache within me. And still I just sucked and licked at the milk, or tried to. As his thrust got harder it

jerked my body in and out, and my lip banged against the bowl sharply.

“You've spilled your milk, prisoner,” he said.

I felt a hand in my hair, and gasped as it drew my head up, and the bowl slid away.

“Clean it up, prisoner,” he ordered. “With your tongue.”

My face was lowered again and then jerked forward a little by the hair, and I felt liquid against my nose as it touched the floor. Gasping, moaning, my body still lurching as the man behind me continued to thrust, I began to lick at the floor.

“That's it, prisoner. Now over here,” he said, my hair jerked to the side.

I licked at the floor, moaning, gasping, hands gripping my hips now as the man's hips struck my buttocks harder and faster.

“Oh!” I cried out as my hair was jerked sharply up and back, lifting my upper torso all the way back so that I literally sat down on the cock behind me. I felt a man's thighs beneath me, his chest against my back.

“Do you love cock, prisoner?”

“Y-yes.... sir,” I gasped.

My hair was jerked forward and a cock pushed into my open mouth. It might have been him, or it might have been someone else!

And it didn't matter, I thought dazedly, sucking and licking as it pushed deep into my mouth.

The vibrator began to rub up and down against my clitoris now, and I shuddered as the man behind me and beneath me, started grinding and thrusting up in short movements.

Whoever held my hair pulled it forward, and the thick cock slid along my tongue and then plunged into my throat! I gurgled weakly as he pulled me smoothly forward, pushing forward himself at the same time. I'm sure my eyes were bulging behind the blindfold as he slid down my throat, which ached and

spasmed and gagged weakly.

“Swallow every inch of it, prisoner,” he ordered.

My head was pulled forward and then my lips were pressed against someone's pants, my nose jammed in against them as I was held in place. I felt my head pounding and my chest burning, and twisted weakly and helplessly as someone, the guy beneath and behind me, leaned in to bite the side of my throat and suck at my skin.

Hands cupped my breasts and squeezed hard, mashing them up and together, big male fingers digging into the soft, sensitive flesh as the cock in my throat slowly drew back out.

I coughed and gagged a little as he pulled free, and felt my own saliva dribbling down onto my breasts as he pulled free. I gasped for breath, feeling him rubbing his spit-wet cock up and down against my cheeks.

“Do you love cock, prisoner?”

I shuddered, too busy gulping in air to speak.

Then the hands fondling my breasts gripped my nipples and pinched sharply.

“Do you love cock, prisoner?”

“Yes! Yes!” I gasped.

“Yes sir.”

“Yes, sir!”

His cock pushed into my open mouth and I moaned around it, sucking in a deep breath of air ahead of it as it pushed into my throat and all the way down again.

I did have some experience with deep throating, but I wasn't exactly a porn star! I mean, taken by surprise and all and with no preparation...

But then again, for me, the best preparation was always arousal. And my body was pulsing with heat as the vibrator played over my clitoris and the cock I was

sitting on ground against me and rough male hands kneaded my breasts!

This was so fucking impossible!

He started pumping in and out of my throat, pulling me forward by the hair, then back again, then forward and back as his hips worked. I gurgled wetly, which was about all I could do as he held my hair and head in a tight grip.

But I was becoming dazed and light-headed again.

He pulled out and slapped my face with his wet cock as I gasped for breath, then, not waiting for me to speak again, pulled me forward by the hair and plunged into my throat once more, pumping in and out.

I heard, for the first time, a murmur, as of whispered voices, through the pounding in my head, and the cock pulled back. Strong male hands lifted me, literally, up into the air, my legs dropping below me for a moment until I could think to actually try to stand.

Then my knees hit someone else's knees.

“Spread your legs, prisoner,” he ordered.

Gasping for breath, I obeyed, and a hand pressed them wider, as other hands seized my hips and pulled me forward. There was a chair in front of me, and a man sitting on it. They pulled me forward so that I was straddling him. I felt three fingers push up into my sex and curl under to pull me forward, then a tongue licking at my clitoris!

A body was pressed into me from behind, hands kneading my breasts, then I felt a wet, hard cock pushing up against my buttocks. The ... dildo, I guess it was, was pulled out, and then that slick cock pushed up into my bottom!

I shuddered and moaned dazedly, gasping as I was pulled downward, guided onto another cock, which pushed up into my pussy!

Ohmygod!

My body was tilted forward, a mouth on my breasts, on my nipples, hands under them, around them, hands on my ass, lifting me up and setting me down, and

two cocks inside me... two! I shuddered and cried out dazedly at each thrust.

“Ride that cock, prisoner,” he said.

I trembled as I obeyed, riding slowly up and down even as the guy behind leaned into me, thrusting his cock into my ass! Then my hair was jerked up and back, then my head twisted to the side. A cock pushed in against my lips, slid through and over my tongue, to fill my mouth.

It pushed down my throat, just as I came, the orgasm tearing through me like a massive explosion, stunning in its force and intensity. My muscles spasmed wildly and uncontrollably as my hips ground frantically against the cock beneath me!

A feverish heat had taken hold of me, and it enveloped my mind, shielding it from any care or consideration that wasn't related to the wild passion and heat gripping me! I screamed and screamed, my voice deeply muffled by the cock which had driven deep into my throat.

My body thrashed and twisted as the orgasm set my nerve endings ablaze and I shook as if in a fit, lost amid the crackling storm of sensations set loose within me!

And through it, the man behind me thrust up into my ass, and the man below thrust up into my pussy, and sucked on my nipples as hands gripped my breasts. The world was a wild sexual fantasy and all that mattered was the pleasure!

The orgasm was like none other in my memory. It wasn't merely long, extended and intense, but when it eased back down, the fiery heat within me did not die. It raged still, as their hands mauled me and their cocks drove into me, and my body burned with the shock and passion of it all!

Thirty seconds later another orgasm hit, and then another, and another, as if I rode a high speed roller coaster, surging up and down but racing ever onward as if I were going mad!

\*

He had promised me a place to stay for the night. That was a coat which was set in, I guessed, a jail cell. There were bars at the head of the cot, and to one side,

and my wrists were raised up and cuffed again on the other side of the bars as I lay on my back.

“Nighty night, prisoner.”

It was a night without sleep. I lay on my back alone in the quiet and darkness, shell shocked by all which had happened.

But it wasn't over.

A hand landed lightly on my breast, startling me! I jerked my head up, but of course, could see nothing. The hand caressed my breast, then the other, then slid down my body and between my legs. I moaned helplessly as the fingers caressed my sensitive pussy, then probed against me, pushing slowly through the still-swollen lips of my sex.

I gasped again as they slid in, and a mouth bit and chewed and sucked at my right nipple. I said nothing. What was I to say? What was there to say?

Hands spread my knees wide, and then there was a cock sliding up and down the line of my sex, then pushing into me. I shuddered as it pushed deep, as a body lay down upon me and his hips began to thrust in and out.

Again I was struck by the outrageousness, and a dark, animal heat rippled along my spine as some part of me reveled in my own abuse, my own victimhood. I grunted and gasped as he thrust into me, as he mauled my breasts, and jerked on my hair as he kissed me.

And then he was gone.

Whoever he was. Would I ever know? Probably not, I thought wonderingly.

I lay alone on my back again for a time. A hand landed on my belly, and I started in surprise again, anxiety and heat both rising. Hands slid over my body, kneading my breasts and fingering my pussy. My knees were lifted up and back and I was entered again, gasping and grunting as someone used my body.

They pressed my legs back sharply, folding me over, raising my bottom to meet his pounding hips as he rode me hard and fast.

And then I was alone again for a time.

Hands slid through my hair, then turned my face to the side as a cock pushed against my lips. I moaned as it slid inside. More hands caressed my breasts and hips, spreading my knees. I gasped around the cock in my mouth as I was entered, as the thrusting began.

I didn't know who they were. I didn't care. I grunted and moaned and gasped and shuddered – and came, hips grinding up desperately as the heat swept through me like a firestorm.

And then I was alone again for a time.

Until hands landed on me again. This time they forced me to turn onto my belly, then pulled my hips into the air, slapping my bottom. I was taken in that position, the same one, basically, as when I'd been drinking milk. Then with a slap on my bottom, he was gone.

And I was alone again.

And so the night passed.

The length of time between visits became longer and longer, so that I almost dozed off a few times. But then would come hands on my body, fingers and lips on my nipples, and it would begin again. Silently, in the dark, my body aching and burning simultaneously.

In the morning – at least I guessed it was morning – he came for me, uncuffing my wrists, then cuffing them behind me once more, pulling me to my feet, then leading me from the cell. I was sat down on what was unmistakably a toilet and ordered to pee. And so I did, embarrassed as I was.

After that came a shower, with his hands soaping me up, fingering me, kneading me, caressing me to the point where I was near orgasm. Then he bent me over and entered me, thrusting hard and fast until we both came powerfully.

Breakfast was on my knees, as dinner had been, eating out of his hand, and this time milk was simply poured on the floor for me to lick off. No one mounted me while I was doing it, but I had to keep my knees wide, and the vibrator ground against me the entire time, leaving me dripping wet, hot and swollen.

When he pulled me back onto my heels there was something beneath me again, but it was harder and thicker than before, and it was pressing against my sex. Groaning, I was slowly forced back onto it, spread achingly wide. The mouth of my sex stretched and strained and then finally the slick hard object slid slowly up into my belly.

It was hard and heavy, and it pushed horribly deep! But he kept working it in until it was practically buried inside me! My belly ached with the thickness of it!

He drew me to my feet and I was led along a hall, then out through a door to feel the sun on my bare skin, and feel a gentle morning breeze against my face. He had me get into the back of a car, and I sat very, very gingerly indeed! Even so, the soft seat pushed up against the base of the ... thing, making me ache inside!

I had to slouch low to take my weight off it as he got in and the car started forward. Ten or fifteen minutes of driving brought us to a stop and he pulled me out of the car and then turned and bent me forward across it. I groaned as he spread my legs and then his cock pushed into my ass for a final hard thrusting that, despite the ache inside me, brought me off yet again.

I felt him grip my ankle and lift it, then drop it. He gripped my other ankle and lifted it, then dropped it, then I felt something sliding up my legs.

“Stand up, prisoner.”

Panting, dazed, I raised myself up as he pulled my thong up around my hips, then tugged my shorts up after it. He uncuffed me, put my halter top on, and buttoned it up, then guided me into the front seat of a car and closed the door.

Finally, he pulled off the blindfold. I think my eyes were still kind of glassy as I stared up at him.

“It's been a real pleasure having you as our guest, Miss Thompson,” he said with a grin. “You come again any time.”

And then he walked back to his patrol car, got in, started it up, and drove away, leaving me speechless, dazed and eyes blinking.

Alone on an empty highway, and wondering if it had all been a fever dream.

But the ache inside me told me otherwise. I looked up and down the highway, then undid my shorts, slouching, pulling them down, along with my thong, and cupping the palm of my hand over the thing still slightly protruding from my body.

I stared down at it wonderingly. Then, removing my shorts, I slumped way down, almost laying on my back and drawing my knees up and back – and apart. Slowly, I worked what turned out to be a cucumber out of my aching pussy, groaning in relief as it finally came free.

I put on my panties and shorts, started the car, and took off, observing the speed limit as I drove in a mindless haze, thinking about nothing but the road for quite some time.

It took me hours to snap out of it, then hours feeling a sense of awe, then hours feeling a sense of anger and outrage, then hours feeling a sense of wondering heat and awe again. I hovered between the wildly improbable responses of complaining to the state police, or going back to get arrested again!

But I knew I'd never have the courage for that. What I had been through had all been completely unexpected, or at least, mostly unexpected. It had built upon itself to the point where each escalation had almost seemed normal.

I would never want to go through that again! But at the same time, I was awed by it, and did not regret it for an instant. Every time I thought about it I felt a shudder of heat, and felt my pussy spasming.

I remained in kind of a shell-shocked state, though, for the rest of the drive home. And when I got back, finally, and unpacked, and showered, and took care of all the small chores you did when coming back from a trip, I settled down to check my email.

And I saw the message.

It was a video, of me, straddling a man sitting on a chair, while another man thrust into me from behind and another man drove his cock into my mouth. It was hard to make out the face because it was turned to the side away from the camera, and half the time it was jammed into a man's groin.

But there was no question what it was, not to me, not when I had lived through

it.

I stared at it in open-mouthed shock, felt heat sweep over my face and then down my body.

I still had the cucumber, and I put it to use, staring at the video again and again, my body and mind inflamed as I brought myself off repeatedly, wrapped in the wild, thrilling memory of the darkest, kinkiest event of my life!

I don't know how many men used me that night. It doesn't really matter. It changed me and how I thought of myself, and how I thought of sex. I had been, I guess, normal, up until that point in time. Now I became, well, promiscuous is putting it mildly.

My first year in college had been, well, kind of mild and boring, but my next three were filled with parties and sex. It wasn't that my view of myself had been devalued by what had happened, you understand. It was more that my view of sex had been greatly expanded, and I now saw myself as a sexual creature, a woman of vast hunger and desire, of passion and need.

And I was determined to satisfy that need. My inhibitions had been swept away, and now I saw sex as something to be explored and enjoyed as much as possible, just like everything else in life.

I've never gotten the courage to go back to that town, but I'll always be grateful to those men, whoever they are...

End

\*

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

*Erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus*

Zoe's New Job \* Working For The Smiths \* Wild in Wyoming \* What I Learned in College \* Two Teachers \* Twenty Nine \* Tomb of Darkness \* Thrown to the Wolves \* The Wolves' Pet \* The Wolf Girl \* The Tenant \* The Submission Game \* The Student Librarian \* The Straight Girl \* The Secretary \* The President's Slave Girl \* The Personal Assistant to Mister Blake \* The New Neighbors \* The Nerd Girl \* The Mouse \* The Millionaire and the Med Student \* The Master's Choice \* The Lady in the Castle \* The Interview \* The Girls in the Band \* The General's New Aide \* The Director \* The Debt Slave \* The Secret Room \* The Challenge \* The Butler \* The Banker's Payment \* The Banker Babe \* The Arrangement \* The Accounting Girl \* Stripped! \* Stocks and Bonds \* Slave of the Vampires \* Sir! \* Rich Man's Yacht \* Personal Services \* Nigger's Girl \* My Boyfriend's Father \* Molly's Black Master \* Molly's Two Black Masters \* Mister Stirling's Chauffeur \* Miss Sullivan's New Duties \* Miranda's Tower \* Masters Fine Leather \* Journey into Slavery \* Into The Past \* In the Vampire's Lair \* In The Summer Heat \* Her Very Own Pirate \* Fiona's Need \* Erin's Four Masters \* Emily's Debt \* Courtney's Boring Life \* Courtney Gets Caught \* Chained Heat \* Bound in Red Tape \* Biker Bitch \* Behind the Mask \* Back in Time \* An English Girl in China \* A Slave to the Pack \* Owned by the Pack \* An Office Affair \* A Life of Slavery \* A Different Kind of Pet \* A Darker Shade of Gray \* A Dark Spirit \* A Dark Desert Heat \* A Dark African Fever \* Anything \*