

# COUNTY JAIL BY ARGUS

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ONE

Meghan felt a mixture of disgust and excitement as she gazed at the scenery alongside the highway. The disgust was for being here in the first place, practically in the middle of nowhere. The excitement was what she couldn't help feeling at such change, at moving to a new state, new house, new job.

It hadn't been her idea to leave Los Angeles for Grandon, Arizona. She'd never heard of Grandon, and was willing to bet the vast majority of Americans hadn't either, nor ever wanted to. How her parents thought they could escape crime and drugs just by moving to somewhere without movies, theatres or malls was beyond her.

Unfortunately, supporting herself was also, at the moment, beyond her. She'd finished high school three years earlier, then took a year off to relax, not sure what she wanted to do in life. She'd gone to college then and taken a year of cooking school, thinking to make herself one of the world's great chefs. Her enthusiasm for that had cooled, however, and she'd then tried her hand at hair dressing. That had lasted all of two months before she'd dumped it. She'd gotten a job at a shoe store, but lost it after too many absences. Then she'd worked as a checkout girl in a grocery store. But that was part time and paid little.

When her parents announced they were moving there wasn't a lot she could do but go along or apply for welfare.

She'd put up a strenuous fight, of course, so that, as a bribe, and to settle one of her major complaints, she'd been awarded the Jeep she was now driving. It was shiny new, black, with a roll bar and fog lights, and she'd had to fight hard to keep her anger after finding it in her driveway. It was major cool.

The down side was that she was forced to accept her little sister's company on the drive, and would probably have to cart the brat around a lot once they got there. It wasn't that Amy was that bad, but the two of them were such polar opposites that they could never seem to get along.

She cocked her head to one side just then, grinning at her sister as she continued to try and read the magazine before her.

The wind was cutting through the open topped jeep with plenty of force, whipping Amy's long, thick blonde hair back behind her and making her blink her eyes beneath her round glasses. She was fighting to control the magazine as the wind tried to tear it from her fingers.

Meghan's own hair was a light reddish brown, cut simple, straight, and about shoulder length. Amy's was styled thick and wavy, and hung halfway down her back.

Meghan had a slender, athletic body, which had served her well in her athletic romp through high school. Then she'd been Captain of the school's soccer, baseball, track and field, and swim teams. Most people thought of her as a tomboy, an image she had done her best to cultivate for it hid the tendency others might have had to suspect where her sexual preferences lay.

The truth is that she was bisexual, leaning towards lesbianism. Her sexual experiences with boys and men had not been terribly pleasant, nor terribly pleasurable. But she had had the luck to have a number of delicious sexual liaisons with girls, including the coach of the girl's volleyball team.

Her parents were very conservative, however, and Meghan had no intention of letting them know a single thing about her sex life. That was not going to make living in a small town comfortable, of course. She'd have to be very careful about what she did down there. In any event, her boyish attitudes were put down to her being a jock, and no one suspected, not even her sister.

Amy, by contrast, was the picture of feminine beauty, with a soft, willowy body, large round breasts and a fawning manner around boys. She had gotten straight as in school and wanted nothing to do with exercise.

Amy followed current fashions with the dedication of a broker following the market, while Meghan herself wore little other than jeans and t-shirts. When Amy had graduated from high school the year before she'd promptly gotten a job in a stylish lingerie shop. Of course, she hadn't made much more than Meghan, but she'd gotten great discounts on the lacy underthings she'd brought home in enormous quantities.

She stepped on the gas a little, speeding up and increasing the force of the wind lashing against her sister's magazine. Amy didn't seem to notice, but obviously found it more difficult to keep the magazine straight and her long light skirt from flapping.

Meghan herself was wearing cut-offs and a tank top with no bra. Those who knew her and saw her dressed like that would think nothing of it, figuring that she simply didn't care how she looked. That wasn't exactly true. Though she preferred jeans and shorts, tank tops and t-shirts, Meghan was quite aware of what the effect would be on the males around her.

The cut-offs, for example, were faded, and quite tight, revealing her rounded buttocks and long, slim legs. The tank top was cropped below the breasts, showing her strong, flat belly, and pulled tight across her high, firm breasts.

Oh, she was aware, all right. Comfort wasn't the only reason she sometimes dressed like this.

People who knew her would probably be astonished at some of the fantasies she'd had, some of the thoughts which sometimes crept into her mind. She had never done anything about any of them, of course. Getting all naked with some guy and letting him – touch her – do things to her – was simply too embarrassing to contemplate seriously.

Anyway, guys were so immature that he'd probably blab to the whole school, the whole neighbourhood. She'd been waiting for some mature, hunky guy to experiment on, but now - .

Now she was going to some small town where everyone minded everyone else's business and where she'd have to search hard and carefully for a discrete – friend. In the meantime she'd just remain celibate.

"Slow down," Amy whined.

"Should've rode with Mom and Dad," Meghan yelled above the wind.

"Don't be such a bitch," Amy glared.

"It's too fuckin' hot to go slow."

"If you'd put the top on and turned on the air-conditioning you wouldn't have to worry about the heat."

"I wanted to ride without the top, okay? It's my car."

"How much longer?" Amy sighed.

"Probably not long now."

"Can't we stop somewhere?"

"Why? We're almost there."

"I'd like to get a drink."

"You always want a drink, then we have to stop again so you can piss it away."

"Don't be crude."

"Sorry, Princess."

"And stop calling me Princess," Amy snapped, trying to stomp her foot even while sitting down.

Stomping her foot was something she did a lot, but with the wind whipping past her all she succeeded in doing when she raised her leg was to let her skirt, which she'd been holding under it, fly loose again. With the increased wind the skirt flew up around her face, exposing her legs all the way to the crotch.

She batted it down in exasperation, folding it under her leg and sitting on it again.

"Purple panties?" Meghan laughed. "Where'd you get them?"

"What's wrong with purple?" Amy scowled, reddening a bit.

"I dunno, Amy, looks kind of slutty to me. Purple lace string panties, hmmm? Now who would you be wearing those for?"

"Don't be ridiculous. I just wear them because... because, that's all. Real women wear things like this, not those stupid jockey things you go for."

"What would you know about real women, you punk?"

"I know they like wearing sexy lingerie. Don't you ever read Cosmo?"

"No."

"No. Of course not. All you read is Sports Illustrated. All you wear are those dumb cotton jockey things. Christ, you hardly ever even wear a bra, and you're too big to go without."

"I wear a bra."

"You do not. You wear those halter things."

"My tits don't get so sweaty in them. Anyway, I wear bras during sports. That's enough."

"That's only because the coach made you."

Meghan snorted and tried again to get something decent on the radio.

She was distracted by the siren that blared behind her. She looked into the rear view mirror and cursed as she saw the flashing lights of a police car.

"Ha, ha," Amy grinned.

"Fuck," Meghan cursed.

She pulled over to the side of the long, empty road, and the police car pulled in behind them and stopped.

"Now you're gonna get it," Amy smirked.

"Just shut your mouth, brat," Meghan snapped.

A fat cop got out of the car and sauntered up towards them, then put his beefy hands on the door and leaned in, face red and sweaty.

"Your pants on fire or somethin', baby?" he sneered.

"No," Meghan said sulkily.

"Lemme see your drivers licence and registration."

She handed it up to him and he peered at it closely.

"Know how fast you was goin'?"

"Fifty five?" she asked.

"Not hardly," he glared.

She shrugged.

"You was goin purty near seventy-five."

"I was not! I was maybe going sixty-five."

"Seventy-five," he said, grinning nastily. "Round here the fine fer speedin' is ten dollars a mile."

"Two hundred dollars!?" Meghan gasped. "I don't have two hundred dollars!"

"You drive a nice new car like this an' you ain't got a lousy two hundred dollars?"

"It was a present from my parents," Meghan snapped.

"AHhh, ain't that nice. Well, maybe daddy'll cough up another couple hundred to keep his little precious out of jail, huh?"

She glared at him and folded her arms angrily across her chest.

"You're from Los Angeles, huh?"

"Obviously," she said cuttingly.

He leaned in again, his eyes flicking from her to Amy, then back. "It true about all you California girls, that you're all sluts?"

"Fuck off," she said resentfully.

He snickered and straightened up.

"Out of the car, baby," he said.

"Why?"

"Why? This ain't Los Angeles, baby. We ain't gonna give you a ticket and then have you tear it up an' drive outa state again."

"But I'm not. We're going to live here, in some place called, uhm Grandon."

"You say. Far as I know you're outa state. That means you gotta come back to the station until you cough up the two hundred dollar fine."

"I wasn't going eighty-five!" she protested.

"You say," he grinned. "Out."

She cursed under her breath and opened the door, then got out of the car. He gripped her arm and turned her around, then pulled her arms behind her.

"Hey!" she cried.

"Gotta handcuff all prisoners," he said. "Thems the rules."

"But she was only speeding," Amy protested, on her knees on the seat now, looking out the side.

"You shut yer yap, girl," the man growled, pointing his fingers at her. "Don't you go interferin' with an officer in the performance of his duties."

"Why can't I just drive there behind you?" Meghan demanded.

"Cause I say so."

"Well what am I supposed to do?" Amy demanded.

"Grandon's not far," Meghan said. "Go and find Mom and Dad and get some money."

"But I only have a learners permit," Amy protested.

The fat officer jerked Meghan around and marched her back to a beat up Chevy with bars on the rear windows. He jerked open the door and roughly shoved her inside, then got in the front.

He stomped on the gas and the car screeched out onto the road, then did a U turn and headed back the way he'd come. Meghan looked out the rear window until Amy and the jeep disappeared from sight.

She sat there glowering at the back of the cop, through the bars between the seats

"Hey," she said. "These things are too tight."

He spit out the open window. "Tough," he said.

"They're hurting me."

"You don't shut yer yap I'll hurt you worse."

She muttered angrily but shut up.

They turned off onto another road, then made another turn, then another.

"How much further is this stupid police station?" she demanded.

"It's a big county," the guy shrugged.

She rolled her eyes unhappily and tried to rub some feeling into her hands.

"These fucking cuffs are too tight," she complained again.

He pulled over to the side of the road and stopped, then heaved his bulk out of the car and opened the rear door. A big hand came in and shoved her roughly down on her side, then he gripped her bare leg and jerked her onto her belly.

His hands felt around her cuffs, then a key went into one and she felt them loosening a little.

"Thanks," she said sullenly.

"Well, now, if'n you's feeling grateful, I kin think of a few better ways fer you to show it," he drawled.

He was kneeling on the seat behind her and she felt a sudden twinge of fear. The twinge shot upwards into fear and alarm as his hand came slid off her wrists and down onto her bottom.

"Hey!" Get off me!" she cried.

"Settle down, baby. I ain't hurtin' you," he drawled.

His hand caressed her round buttocks, tight in the denim cut-offs, while she wiggled helplessly.

"Don't touch me, you bastard!" she yelled.

He snickered, his hand sliding in between her thighs and squeezing her pussy.

"Think yer real hot stuff, don't ya?" he growled.

"Get OFF me!" she cried, twisting violently.

He shifted his leg slightly so his knee came down on the back of her right thigh. She cried out in pain as her soft flesh was crushed beneath his weight. He jerked her left leg wider, forcing it off the seat, then his hand rubbed her pussy harder.

"You fucking bastard son of a bitch!" she screamed.

"You watch yer lip, girl," he snapped, slapping the back of her head.

He gripped her arm and rolled her over onto her back. She tried to kick him but he gripped her legs and pulled them apart easily, grinning at her as he knelt between them. He licked his lips as his eyes moved up and down her body.

"This ain't Los Angeles, baby," he leered. "Round here, we know what ta do with sluts like you."

"I'm not a slut!" she gulped.

"No bra, waving yer ass around in tight shorts. Yer jus beggin' for it."

"You... you better let me go," she gulped, frightened now instead of angry.

"Sure, baby, once you done paid for yer crimes."

His hand cupped her pussy again, then both hands slid up her body, up her smooth, bare belly to her crop top. He shoved the top up over her breasts, exposing them to his greedy eyes, then laid his hands over them, squeezing hard.

"Ahhh," he sighed. "Nice titties."

"Stop it," she cried.

"Think yer too good fer me, baby? You ain't," he sneered.

His big fingers dug into her soft flesh, squeezing and kneading it roughly. He pinched her nipples, laughing when she cried out in pain, pulling them upwards then letting them snap back. He bent and licked at her left nipple, then sucked it into his mouth and gnawed at it with his teeth.

She moaned in pain and tried again to twist away, tears trickling down the sides of her face as the fat man bit and sucked on her nipples.

He licked down to her belly, then gripped the waistband of her cut-offs and tore it open. Meghan cried out in alarm as the pants opened, then sobbed harder as he jerked them downwards. She tried to keep her legs open so he couldn't get them off, but he just grabbed her legs and lifted them up, then pulled them together.

He held her legs together, feet touching the roof of the car, while he slid her cut-offs and panties up their long length to her ankles. Then he pulled them off and shoved her legs apart again.

"Please..please don't," she moaned. "Please."

"You need a good fuckin', baby," he panted. "Snotty slut like you needs ta be shown her place."

He gazed at her bare pussy with lust and excitement, then squeezed it hard, rubbing his hand up and down through her soft curly pubic hair. She tried to close her legs and he glared and slapped her right breast.

She screamed in pain and sobbed as he jerked her legs wide apart again.

"You do as yer told, slut, or things'll go bad fer you," he snapped.

He undid his belt and dropped the gun and nightstick and other stuff on the floor. Then he undid his other belt and opened his pants. He took out a stiff, red cock and wagged it at her gleefully.

"This's fer you, baby," he grinned.

He pressed the fat nose against her tight, virgin hole, rubbing it up and down. Inside she was dry, but outside she was covered in sweat, including between the legs. He was even more sweaty, and he used that as lubrication as he shoved his cockhead against her slit and forced the lips in and back.

"Ohhhhhwww," she wailed.

"Shut yer mouth, slut," he barked.

He shoved harder, and watched his cockhead slowly sink into the tight hole, watched her slit part, the lips surround his shaft as his head disappeared into her body.

He shoved harder, and Meghan cried out in pain as his cock jabbed into her. She was breathing heavily, her chest heaving. She tried to look up at the ceiling, to ignore what was going on, but it didn't work. She gasped in pain each time he thrust forward, each time he forced his cock another inch or two deeper.

Then she felt it meet her hymen. She whimpered in misery and looked up, hoping for some hint of mercy now that he must know she wasn't a slut.

"Hot damn," he cried "I get to pop a cherry."

Her hopes fell, then she screamed as he lunged forward, slamming his cock through her hymen, ripping her pussy open as he fell forward atop her slender body.

He crushed her into the seat as he rammed his prong down into her slit, grunting like a hog as he ground his hips against her and bounced atop her. She sobbed and moaned and panted for breath as his cock was slowly forced all the way up her pussy pipe to the very end.

She moaned piteously as he laughed in pleasure. He bounced atop her, making her cry out in pain, then wriggled from side to side, twisting his cock around in her belly. He reached down and gripped her hair behind her head, forcing her head back, her face up. He jammed his lips against hers and she tasted his bad breath as his tongue shot into her mouth.

She wanted to bite it, but was too frightened. He cupped her breast, squeezing hard, mashing the flesh around from side to side as he humped

against her. His cock pumped hard inside her, jerking in and out, tearing her pussy apart as he enjoyed her soft young body.

His hands raced over her body, squeezing and slapping and kneading her flesh as he worked his cock back and forth in her pussy. He sucked and chewed at her lips and throat and ears, grunting with effort as his big ass rose and fell atop her.

The sweat dripped off his head and onto her face as she moaned and wept helplessly, his heat and weight made it hard for her to even breathe. Her pussy ached, burned, from the hard, raping it was getting, and her wrists and arms were crushed below her weight and his.

She had never imagined herself undergoing such misery, and sobbed in self-pity as the big man continued to hump down into her lustfully.

"You love that, don't ya, slut?" he panted. "Got a hard one in you now, huh, baby? Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Yeah! Yeah! Take that! Ungh! Ungh! Fuckin stuck...ungh...up bitch! Ungh!"

The springs squeaked below them and the car bounced lightly as his heavy body bounced atop her. She grunted in pain each time his weight slammed down against her. It was almost worse than his cock raping up and down in her pussy.

Almost.

His cock was tearing in and out of her just opened pussy tunnel in wild, uneven movements, twisting around inside her belly, punching upwards into her guts again and again as he raped her hole. She could feel every ridge, every vein, every hair on his cock as it pumped up and down in her pussy tube, could feel her soft, elastic flesh forced wide open as his cock thrust in, could feel it straining around the thickness of the prick, then could feel it closing as his cock retreated up her tunnel again.

Again and again his big cock plunged to the bottom of her aching pussy tunnel as the big, sweaty man made free use of her soft, nubile body. He drooled and sucked on her breasts again, then squeezed them until she cried. He shoved his tongue deep into her mouth and made her push hers into his. Then he jammed his hands under her to cup her buttocks and jerk them upwards to meet his thrusts.

Meghan cried out now with each stroke, the force multiplied as he jerked her pussy upwards as he thrust down. His body was crushed even tighter against hers and his cock seemed to go even deeper inside her, so deep it hurt something way up in her belly.

He grunted in pleasure as he pounded his cock up and down in her pussy slot, his fingers digging into her buttocks as he pulled her against him. His teeth gnawed at the nape of her neck as he impaled her on his hard male meat, then he came, grunting in ecstasy as he felt his juice shooting into her body.

"Uuhhhhhhhh!" he groaned. "Comin'! Comin! Yeahhhhhhh! Oohhhhhh!"

He fucked especially hard, then gave a final flurry of thrusts and lay still atop her, his fingers loosening on her bottom.

He heaved a sigh of relief, then slowly pulled his bulk off her and sat up. She lay there whimpering, her breathing loud and ragged.

He grinned down at her, then ran his hand over her body, stroking her breasts, then easing in between her legs.

"Nice, real nice pussy," he sighed. "I oughto arrest you for walking around keeping a nice hole like that all closed up. It should be a crime fer a body like yers not ta get fucked every day."

He pulled her legs together, lifting them upwards again, then sliding her shorts over her feet. He pulled them down to her thighs, then let her legs down and jerked her pants up around her hips, grinning as he zipped them up.

"You be a good girl now," he grinned, getting out of the car and slamming the door.

She lay there, still panting for breath, still sniffing in misery as he got back in the front and started the car again. They drove for another five minutes before she sat up. The tank top fell down over her breasts again, so she could almost pretend nothing had happened.

Almost.

Her pussy still stung from the cruel raping that had ripped out her cherry. Her thighs ached from his hard rutting, and her panties were lying on the floor by her feet.

He drove into a dusty small town and parked in front of a small stone building with one door and one window. There were bars in front of the window, and a sign on the wall said POLICE.

He got out and opened the rear door, then dragged her out of the car and marched her into the police station.

It was as hot inside as out, maybe hotter. She found herself in a small room with a couple of desks, some filing cabinets, and a small table which held a coffee maker and toaster. A man sat at a desk, holding an electric fan up in front of his face.

He looked up as the door opened, his eyes going to her, then the man behind her, then settling back on her.

"Well, now. What we got here?" he asked.

"Found this California slut doing near ninety up on I-14, Sheriff," the fat man said. "Brought her in to pay her fine. Cept she ain't got no money."

The other man set down the fan, then slowly stood up. He was dressed the same as the man behind her, but was taller, leaner. He had a narrow face that needed shaving, and was sweating just like the fat man, just like her.

He walked up in front of her, his eyes moving up and down her body appreciatively. She wanted to complain, to tell him what the other man had done, but this man did not fill her with any assurance that she would be treated right. She kept her mouth shut.

"What's your name, girl?" the sheriff demanded.

"Meghan Sheffield," she gulped.

"You been a bad girl, ain't you, Meghan?" he grinned.

"I-I guess," she whispered.

"I guess," he echoed. "How you plannin' on payin' yer fine?"

"I...my sister drove to see my parents. They'll bring money."

"She says they's movin' to Grandon, an' her parents are there."

"Uh, huh," the Sheriff said. "You kin go back out on patrol again, Hank."

"But, Sheriff..."

"I said GIT!" the sheriff snapped.

The fat man hurriedly retreated, and Meghan was left alone with the Sheriff.

## TWO

He gazed at her through sullen eyes, then took a dirty handkerchief from his back pocket and wiped sweat off his forehead, then the rest of his face. He stuffed it back in his pocket then reached out and abruptly gripped her arm and spun her around.

He gripped her wrists, then removed the handcuffs and spun her around again. "In there," he said, jerking his head towards a door at the other end of the room.

Meghan shuffled across to the door, the sheriff behind her. He reached out and opened it, then shoved her through. She found herself in a small hallway with cages on either side. There was a room just off to the right, though, and it was in here the Sheriff pushed her.

The room was small, with a desk and table. There was a sink in at one end, and also a small square booth not much bigger than a phone booth that was a stand up shower stall.

"Git your clothes off," he said.

"Wha...what?" Meghan gulped, staring up at him in fear.

"You heard me, girl," he growled.

"But...but I..."

He reached out and gripped her by the throat, closing his fingers cruelly as he lifted her up on her toes.

"When I tell you to do something, you do it, understand?"

He shook her for emphases, then flung her back against the wall.

She gripped her throat and moaned softly, eyes terrified as she watched the man glowering at her.

"I mean now!" he snapped.

Her fingers trembled as they went to her top and slowly jerked it up and off. She turned her back on him, trying for some last vestiges of pride and



He drew his gleaming black nightstick, his eyes glittering in sadistic excitement as he gazed on her round, white buttocks. He ran the blunt tip of the two foot long stick over her bottom, then slid it down between her buttocks and prodded at her pussy.

Meghan's sobbing turned into a wail of misery as he jammed the thing against her slit, forcing it through the tight sex lips and deep into her pussy sleeve. Instinctively she tried to rise, to twist away, to reach back and grab at the stick.

He gripped her hair again, producing another cry of pain as he bent her head painfully up and back, and jammed the thick stick even deeper into her pussy. He forced it high into her belly, then ground the tip against her cervix as she sobbed and choked and cried out in pain.

"Stinkin' whore," he sneered. "This's what you wants' ain't it? Somethin' long an' thick up your twat!"

He pumped the nightstick cruelly in her tender sex, twisting it from side to side, punching the end against her cervix as she howled and cried and writhed in his grasp.

He jerked it out then, licking his lips in enjoyment as her body shook with deep, gut wrenching sobs.

"Still gotta check out this other hole for drugs," he drawled, pressing the stick against her crinkled little anal opening.

Meghan's sobs rose to new heights as he forced the baton into the young woman's rectum. Inch after inch of the thick, hard wood disappeared into her tiny hole as Meghan trembled and shook, and tears poured down her cheeks.

He jammed it up into her gut and twisted sharply, making her gasp and choke and sob in agony. He pulled back and punched forward, again drawing a shocked cry of pain.

He snickered and pumped the baton in and out with hard, fast motions, raping her anus with brutal strokes of his long, thick baton. He jerked it out, then slammed it down hard on the table next to her, making her cry out in shock and fear.

His teeth gleamed as he undid his zipper and drew his now bulging cock out. He held it in his fist for a moment, then rubbed the head over the soft flesh of her buttocks. He jerked her thighs further apart then pressed his cock against her pussy.

"Time fer you to start paying for your crimes, slut," he said.

He thrust in hard, making her cry out once again, burying his tool in her belly with one fast, hard stroke. He began pumping at once, gripping her hips as he slammed his hips against her upturned buttocks, pistoning his cock inside her with furious strokes.

He fucked for a long minute, his breath loud and ragged as he drove his thick prong deep into her pussy. Then he pulled it out and pressed it against her anus instead. As before he was not gentle, jamming his cock against her wrinkled little opening, forcing it in as fast as he could.

He threw his hips forward and spiked his cock through her rosebud, grunting with effort, ignoring her whimpers and sobs and moans as he buried his cock in her rectum, then began fucking it.

Meghan lay there in pain and misery and fear, her side aching, her head throbbing, and her pussy on fire with pain. For the second time in an hour she had been raped, and now, almost beyond belief, she was being brutally and savagely sodomized.

She had, of course, heard of sodomy, but had never in a million years contemplated that anyone would ever do it to her. His cock felt like a log back there, tearing around in her guts with painful speed and force. Still, she was grateful it was his cock, that at least, was far less painful than the big baton he'd used to tear her anus open in the first place.

But nothing could lessen the total shock to her mind. No one had ever treated her with such brutal cruelty, and she had no idea how to understand or cope with it. The Sheriff terrified her, the fear so great it outweighed the terrible humiliation and discomfort.

She groaned weakly and miserably as he rammed his big cock back and forth in her belly. She made no further attempt to twist away or evade him, knowing it was futile, and fearing what he would do if she resisted further.

His hands moved roughly on her slender body, slapping her buttocks, gripping her hips to jerk her back against him, then sliding under her chest to cup her breasts. He gripped her hair again, making her cry out in pain as he lifted her upright.

He slid his arms under hers, then jerked back, forcing her arms up and out as he locked his fingers together behind her head. He pulled back cruelly forcing her to arch her back painfully hard. At the same time he ground his loins up into her soft buttocks, twisting his cock around in her rectum.

"Hot slut," he panted. "You'll bring a good price."

She only groaned in pain.

He shoved her forward again, and she only just caught herself before her face would have slammed into the table top. He gripped her thighs, jerking her legs apart, then threw a furious series of hard, fucking strokes up into her rectum.

"Gonna ream you out, slut," he panted.

His prick pounded up into her rectum with savage force, pistoning inside her gut as her body shook in turmoil and her mind wailed in denial and fear and pain.

Then he came, groaning in pleasure as he spurted thick wads of juicy semen up into her bowels, his lips drawn back in a snarl of triumph as he pumped his juice into her succulent young body.

He slowed his pumping then halted with a sigh of pleasure. He let his cock soften a little, then pulled it free of her anal opening. Again he gripped her hair, pulling her off the table and onto her knees on the floor. He rubbed

his cock with thick tangled chunks of her hair, then jerked her to her feet again.

She wailed in pain and misery, her hands reaching behind her, gripping his wrist in an attempt to pull his hand free. He dragged her across the room to the corner, then flung her towards the shower stall.

She staggered and fell, clutching her side and sobbing pitifully.

"Clean yourself off," he sneered.

She sat huddled on the floor for long second, shaking and weeping, but fear of him drove her to her rubbery legs. She stumbled several times but managed to pull herself into the stall. There was no curtain or door and the Sheriff showed no sign of leaving. He sat back on the edge of a counter and folded his arms as he grinned in cruel amusement.

Meghan fumbled at the knobs and water gushed out of the shower faucet. There was no hot water, only icy cold. She knew she had no choice, though, and tentatively stepped into it. She gasped and shivered, a wet, bedraggled, miserable sight as she scrunched her arms in and reached for the soap.

Amy was surprised, annoyed, irritated, and worried, when she saw another police car flashing its lights behind the jeep. She'd only left Meghan and the other cop ten minutes earlier, and was now trying to find her way to Grandon, using a map.

She had never been much good with maps, and had little idea where she was. She had been driving very carefully, though, and for that reason was very frustrated as she pulled over to the side of the nameless road she was on. She was also worried about what this cop would say when he saw she only had a learners permit.

She'd had it for years. She'd actually tried the test once, but failed, and since boys were always nice enough to drive her everywhere she wanted, well, she hadn't been in any hurry to try it again. After all, the place was packed with people, there were long lines, and the driving inspector was always so - intimidating. Still, she wished now that she'd gotten around to getting her licence last year, or even the year before, and hadn't kept putting it off.

He strolled up to the jeep and smiled in.

"Hello there," he said.

"Uhm, hi," Amy said, smiling hopefully.

This cop was younger, and much better looking than the last one. He seemed nicer too.

"Could I see your licence and registration please, Miss?"

"What did I do?" she asked, handing them over.

"Well, it's not what you did, really, just that you've got a busted tail light."

"I do?"

"Uhm huhm. What's this?" he asked, holding up the permit.

"I know. I know," she said. "It's not my fault. My sister was driving, but some cop...I mean, a police officer arrested her for speeding, so I'm going to Grandon to get my parents to get the money for the fine."

"Well, that's all very well," he said with an apologetic smile "but you can't drive alone with this, no matter what the reason."

"But I..."

"And anyway, you're going in the wrong direction."

"I am?"

"Yup. Tell you what, you follow me back to the station and you can call your parents from there."

"Sure," she said gratefully.

He got back in his car and turned around. Amy followed. They made a number of turns before heading into a small, dusty town and pulling up in front of a small green building that said POLICE on a sign. She got out of the jeep and followed him inside, looking around for Meghan.

"Uhm, can I see my sister?" she asked.

She was in a small room. There was a counter on one side, and a couple of desk on the other. The young cop led her up to the counter, where another cop, another young guy was sitting.

"Someone bring in a girl earlier?" he asked.

"Uh uh," the cop behind the desk said. "Nobody's been brought in today."

"But...but he was bringing her in to pay a fine," Amy said, perplexed.

"Was it a car like mine?"

"Huh?"

"Was he wearing the same color uniform, driving the same color car?"

"Uhm, now that I think of it, his shirt was brown."

"Ah, he was probably a county deputy then," the guy said. "Your sister would be in Derlidge jail."

"Oh."

"Say, I did get a notice from the county sheriff's office," the guy behind the desk said. "Said something about pullin' in a girl for speeding and finding drugs on her."

"What?" Amy blinked.

"Said, uhm, said something about, keeping an eye out for a black jeep with another girl in it. That must be her," he said, looking at Amy.

"But that's crazy!" Amy protested. "Meghan didn't have any drugs!"

"I'm sure we'll figure it all out easy enough," the young deputy with her said, smiling reassuringly. "Probably just a mistake."

"It must be! Maybe it's not Meghan."

"Maybe so, but we'll have to search you anyway, and the jeep, just to make sure there's no drugs."

"There isn't!" she cried.

"I believe you, honey. But we got to check. It's rules." He smiled, shrugging apologetically. "Joe, why don't you check the car?" he said to the guy behind the counter. "Well get this over with quick."

"You say so, Paul," the guy said.

"Why don't you come back here with me... Amy, wasn't it? We'll just get this done and then you can call your parents."

"But I..."

"It's okay, it'll just take a minute," he smiled, leading her gently across the room towards a steel door.

"We don't believe in drugs," Amy said, following him and looking around worriedly.

"Me neither," Paul said.

He led her through the steel door and then down a small hall to a square little room. There was nothing in the room but a table and four chairs. He didn't lead her to the table, though, but instead turned her around to face the wall.

"Now I'm sure you've seen this on lots of TV shows," he said, still smiling in a friendly way. "You put your hands up against the wall and bend forward a little ways."

"But... uhm, aren't... I mean, aren't you gonna get a woman to do it?" Amy gulped, her face turning red in embarrassment.

"Wish I could, honey," he said, smiling and shrugging. "But we haven't got any women police. This is a small place, see. If it'll make you feel any better, I'm gay," he said, winking.

"Uhm." She wasn't sure if it did or not.

"Come on now, let's get this over with," he smiled, turning her to the wall again. "Just raise those hands, that's a girl, and put them against the wall, no, further down, that's it, and apart. Now bend over more, and spread your legs apart. Wider. That's it. Now just hold still like that."

Amy was incredibly embarrassed, standing like she was with her butt sticking out at him and her legs apart. But she got even more embarrassed as he gripped her wrists, then slid his hands up and down her arms to her body, then began to run his hands over her shoulders and back, and down onto her buttocks.

His hands kneaded her buttocks, moving all over it in what Amy thought was a more than adequate search, before they moved further down her legs. He slid them up her front then, cupping her heavy breasts. Amy was mortified, and bit her tongue as his fingers kneaded and squeezed her soft, full breasts.

"Hmmm, there's a slight problem, honey," he said, taking his hands away.

"Wh...wh...what?" she stuttered.

"Well, your dress is too long for me to be sure you haven't got anything strapped or taped to your legs. Plus you'll have to take off those boots."

"I...I don't..."

"It's okay. It's just a little thing," he said as he pulled her upright. "Just take off the boots and dress."

Even more embarrassed, her face flaming red, she pulled off the boots. Paul let her sit down, and even helped her remove them, then helped her stand again. She turned her back on him and undid her dress, then slid it down to her ankles and stepped out of it.

He led her back to the wall and made her bend over again and spread her legs. She didn't understand why, since she was practically naked, and he could see she had nothing strapped to her legs. She obeyed, though, and flushed hotly as his hands squeezed her buttocks again and then went between her legs to squeeze her pussy through the thin pink panties.

He cupped her breasts again, fingers kneading them, then worked his fingers around the straps, over her shoulders, and then around her back.

"Well, I was sure we wouldn't find anything," he said, smiling as he let her straighten up.

She looked at him suspiciously, but didn't say anything.

The door opened then and the other cop looked in. His eyes went to the half-naked girl immediately and he licked his lips in appreciation as she quickly tried to cover herself with her hands.

"Found some grass and a little cocaine," the guy said.

"What?!" Amy gasped. "You couldn't have!"

"Fraid I did, lil' lady," he grinned.

"Thanks, Joe," Paul said.

The other guy retreated, closing the door as Amy whirled on Paul. "There wasn't any drugs in the car! I'm sure of it!"

"Well, maybe someone planted it there in California," he said. "Or maybe your sister was trying to earn a little extra spending money."

"She wouldn't do that!"

"I'm sorry, Amy, but I don't see any other explanation. We'll have to investigate further, and..." He shrugged apologetically. "I'm afraid we'll have to hold you for a little while."

"But I didn't do anything!" she wailed, her lower lip trembling as she fought back tears.

"I'm sure you didn't," he said soothingly.

"I want to call my parents!"

"We'll do that. First, though, I gotta search you."

"You just did!" she exclaimed.

"Well," He made a reluctant face. "You see, Amy, when we find drugs we have to do what we call a body cavity search."

Amy's eyes widened. She knew what a body cavity search was. Susan Hopkins had regaled her with horror stories about being searched like that when she'd gotten off a plane from Jamaica.

"But I don't have any drugs!" she wailed.

"I believe you, honey," he said. "But I have to do this anyway. "Now you'd best just get it over with quick. Just take off your undies and we'll hurry it up."

"But...but..."

"Come on now," he said, smiling encouragingly.

Her face flaming, and fighting back tears, Amy turned and undid her bra, then crossing her left arm across her breasts and cupping her right breast with her hand, she bent and eased her panties down with her right hand, doing a low squat as she got them to her ankles, then quickly turning sideways as she stood and stepped out of them.

She cupped her pussy with her right hand as Paul gently turned her around. "Honey, I'm afraid that's just not gonna do it," he said regretfully. "What you're gonna have to do is stand upright and place your hands behind your head.

"Wha...what? Why?" she gulped.

"Well, because some criminals, women criminals, that is, sometimes tape little packets of drugs to the underside of their breasts. If they're well endowed, that is, and you sure are."

He gripped her arms and gently pulled them apart, then raised them up high and had her link her fingers together behind her head. Amy had never been so embarrassed in her entire life as he stood to one side and pulled her hands back, making her straighten and push her chest out.

Her breasts had always been kind of embarrassing. Being a thirty-eight D cup wasn't all it was cracked up to be. She kind of liked the way guys were all turned on around her, and how popular it made her, but it kind of embarrassed her to have them staring at her chest all the time.

And now she was naked, completely naked, in front of a strange man who was looking her up and down very carefully indeed. Even if he was gay it was still humiliating.

"OWwww, Heyy!" she gasped.

He had her wrists in his hand and had jerked her upper body way back so she was arched painfully.

"Sorry. Sorry. Just had to make sure there wasn't anything there," he said. "Okay, honey, now you can turn around and put your hands against the wall."

She obeyed, gulping back tears still.

His hands went first to her hair, sliding all through it very carefully. "Owww!" she yelped, as he pulled on it.

"Sorry," he said.

"What are you doing?"

"Some women hide things in their hair."

"How could you hide anything in hair?" she demanded resentfully.

"You could hide razors, needles, wires, other things. You got really thick, long hair. Here, we'd better remove these."

He pulled off her glasses and put them on the table. Amy blinked her eyes rapidly, everything going blurry.

"Okay, bend way over now, and spread those legs way, way apart."

He made her bend so she was almost horizontal, her heavy breasts dangling straight down below her chest. He nudged her legs a little further, then his foot hooked her ankle and she fell forward, clawing at the wall as she dropped painfully to her knees.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to do that. Here, why don't we do it over the table instead?"

He helped her up and brought her to the table. He kicked a chair aside and shoved her against the corner of the table, so the corner was right between her legs, and just below her light thatch of fluffy blonde pussy hair. He didn't seem to notice this, and his leg slid between hers and pulled them apart.

"OOohwwwwww!" she cried, as her pussy came down on the sharp corner of the table.

"What's the matter?" he asked, his knee keeping her legs wide as her weight crushed her soft pussy mound against the table. She twisted and squirmed and finally managed to slide off the corner, cupping her pussy in her hands as she moaned in pain.

"What happened?" he asked.

"You...you...jammed me against the corner," she gulped, looking up at him warily.

"I did? Well, I'm sorry, why don't you move over a little? Now bend over. Let's stop all this whining and be a big girl."

He bent her over, forcing her chest down on the table, and pulled her legs wide apart. He pulled a rubber glove from his pocket and put it on, then pressed his finger against her tightly closed pussy slit.

He wriggled it slowly up inside her as Amy clenched her hands tight and closed her eyes in humiliation.

### THREE

Amy felt his finger twisting around inside her and then wriggle in deeper. He eased it back, then slid it back, no, there were two fingers now, two fingers prying her sex lips apart and wriggling up into her pussy tunnel.

He pushed them in to the knuckles and then twisted them around inside. He tried pushing them deeper, and she felt the knuckles of his other fingers pressing down hard against her pussy mound. Her pussy ached as he jammed his fingers in further and further.

At least he pulled them back, but then she felt them pushing in again, only there seemed to be more of them, that is, it felt thicker as it, they, whatever, pushed into her.

As his fingers pushed in, they seemed to get wider, forcing her sex lips further and further apart. The strain on them mounted and she was soon groaning with the pain. "Oh God!" she gasped as her sex lips were torn even further open.

"Wha...what are you doooooooinngg?" she moaned.

"Just thought I felt something. Take it easy while I fish it out."

"There's nothing theeeerrree," she moaned.

His fingers twisted from side to side, eased in, then back, forward, then back, slowly wriggling and pushing their way deeper. She felt his knuckles pressing against her sex lips, felt them grinding against her as he twisted his hand from side to side. He pushed hard and she clenched her teeth as his knuckles ground down even harder, then, slowly, straining her sex lips wide, wide apart, they slid in through them.

His fingers were way up inside her now, and she knew a vague relief that she had lost her cherry a couple of months ago. Otherwise she'd sure have lost it now.

His fingers thrust in and she cried out in pain as her sex lips were torn wider still. Then they began to slide a little bit closed, the strain easing as she felt, with astonishment and shock, what had to be his whole hand slide through.

"Oh my God," she gasped. "Oh please! OOohhhhhh! UuuunngghhhH!"

His fingers opened and closed, twisting around, pressing against the soft, elastic flesh of her pussy cavity. She felt her sex lips close around his wrist as his hand turned and twisted inside her lower belly.

"What are you doing!" she cried.

"Just searching for drugs," he said calmly.

"Stop it! Take it out!"

"As soon as I'm done," he said.

"OOOooohhhh," she groaned, panting and gasping and grunting in pain as his hand turned slowly from side to side. His fingers wiggled like live snakes in her belly, pressing this way and that, poking and prodding against the sides of her pussy tunnel.

Still he pushed forward, his wrist rasping against her sex lips as it slid through. Amy ground her teeth in agony at how terribly stretched her sex lips were. The flesh was strained to the breaking point, and as his hand moved deeper into her belly and his wrist slid through, his arm followed, forcing her sex lips still wider.

She sobbed in pain as his hand jerked to and fro, pushing forward, then drawing back, forward, then back, always working its way deeper into her belly. It was simply beyond belief to her to feel his fingers wiggle inside her lower belly.

And then his fingers touched the very bottom of her pussy tunnel, scratching against her cervix. He still pushed forward, bringing more pressure to bear, then halted, and, one by one drew his fingers in tight against his palm, forming a tight, hard, round fist deep in her guts.

She trembled in shock and pain as his fist turned from side to side, twisting way up in her guts. Her sex lips were straining and aching as they clutched at his wrist, and now she felt his fist push deeper.

"Please!" she sobbed, tears coursing down her cheeks.

"Now, now. You can take it," he cooed.

He punched his fist deeper and she cried out in pain. He smiled, his eyes taking in her perfect round bottom, and below that, her tight pussy opening wrapped around his wrist.

He pushed his fist deeper, his excitement lending him strength and taking away his patience. His left arm slid around her and he grit his teeth as he forced his fist all the way down to the bottom of her pussy tunnel. He ground his knuckles against her cervix as she wept and moaned and begged him to stop.

Her pussy strained even harder as his forearm moved into it, forced wider and wider as more of his arm pushed in and his arm thickened. She was jerking and shaking, trembling uncontrollably now as his big fist hit her cervix and began to grind harshly against it.

"Sto....oooo...ooo...pppppp!" she sobbed.

"Not hardly," he smiled.

He continued to twist his arm around inside her, grinding his fist on her cervix. Then he pulled back slightly, then pushed forward. He pulled back several inches, then thrust forward, drawing a squeal of pain from the gasping, moaning, weeping teenager.

He jerked his fist back, fighting the tightness of her hot, sucking pussy tube, slowly pulling his thick fist back down her sex tunnel all the way to the entrance. Then he punched into her as hard as he could. Even then, his fist only moved five or six inches, but it was enough to make her scream in shocked pain.

He was panting in heat now, his cock bulging as he tore his fist back and punched in again. Again she shrieked. He forced his fist the rest of the way up into her belly and ground his knuckles on her cervix, then tore it back violently.

Amy wailed in pain and misery and confusion as he punched his fist back and forth inside her. Her legs were straining wide to open herself as much as possible, but her pussy ached and stung anyway, and her guts were twisting and churning inside her as he forced his big fist up and down in her belly.

"Gotta make...sure there's nothing in here," he panted, jamming his fist up into her belly.

"NoooooO! NoooooooO!" she screamed, "Aaarrghhh!"

His fist pumped up and down in her with more ease now, since he'd worn down her pussy muscles, stunned them into submission. His arm moved steadily, his forearm sliding in and out of her pussy opening as she writhed and shook and thrashed on the table.

Her hands clawed at the table and her head jerked and twisted from side to side. Her legs jerked and flopped as he forced her up higher over the table, and her bottom bucked up repeatedly. He sniggered in sadistic pleasure, pounding his fist into her belly with savage glee, revelling in the tightness of her warm flesh. He wished he could shove his whole arm up into her, then climb in behind it.

He drew his fist back down her pussy a final time, then slowly straightened out his fingers and eased his hand back out of her pussy. She cried out again as his hand popped free of her aching sex, then subsided into weeping and moaning.

Her pussy remained open, a gaping hole into her body. He bent and peered into it, watching her glistening pink flesh disappearing up into the darkness of her body.

He tore his pants open and pulled his bulging prick out, eyes wild with excitement.

"Still...still gotta...check...this other hole," he panted. "Gotta make sure...you ain't got no...drugs up here."

He pressed his cock against her anal opening and forced the head inside. Amy continued to weep, the sound increasing in scale and misery as she felt her rosebud opening pulled open and something forced inside.

She didn't even know it was his cock, having never felt one back there, and having little experience with cocks anyway. Her eyes were closed and she was shaking as deep, gut wrenching sobs escaped from her.

Compared to the pain of her pussy the small ache in her rectum as he forced his cock up into it hardly bothered her at all. It was one added humiliation for her, but the pain in her pussy was far more important.

She didn't even look around as he forced his cock way up into her butt hole, not until he jammed it in to the hilt and his balls and hips pressed firmly against her buttocks, did she realize what it was he had done, what it was that he had pushed into her anus.

She didn't bother protesting, but the knowledge brought a fresh burst of sobbing and moaning from her as Paul slapped his hands down on her buttocks and laughed in pleasure. He began to fuck his cock up her ass with fast, deep strokes, sighing in satisfaction as he drove his cock up into her belly.

"There you goo," he cooed. "Isn't that niiiiice?"

His cock pumped steadily, evenly, in and out of her anus as she sobbed in misery and pain. His hands slid up and down her body. He pushed his hands under her chest and squeezed her heavy breasts, his fingers digging into the thick, soft meat.

He mashed his fingers into her breasts and forced her chest up off the table, pulling her back against him. She continued to weep and moan as he slid his lips down on her throat and began to lick and suck on the nape of her neck.

His fingers kneaded her big breasts roughly, mashing the meat up and down and around in circles, working the soft, malleable meat with his hard fingers, forcing deep furrows in the round perfect balloons, making it ooze out between his fingers.

He continued to thrust his cock up into her anus, driving it almost straight up into her rectum as she moaned and sobbed and begged him to stop.

He sighed happily, letting his fingers sink into her full, fat, soft breasts as he gnawed at her throat and felt her rectum sucking on his cock.

"Ooh, babyyyy," he moaned. "You are sooo hot. You're gonna make me soooo much money."

He mashed his groin up into her soft buttocks, grinding himself against her. He humped up into her with faster motions, using short, sharp little thrusts to punch his cockknob against the very deepest part of her rectum. She grunted repeatedly in response, gasping and groaning as she was punched in the gut – from the inside.

He reached up and gripped a thick mass of her tangled blonde hair, then twisted her head around cruelly, mashing his lips down on hers to silence her cries of pain. He forced his tongue into her mouth as he rutted against her soft buttocks and twisted her breasts.

"Dirty little slut," he gasped. "Little fuck-toy!"

He ran his right hand down her body to her thigh, then jerked her right leg wide, unbalancing her, almost dropping her forward onto the table again. But he still held a thick mass of hair in his left hand.

She cried out in pain as he forced her head way back and spiked his cock up deep into her belly with unrestrained violence. His big prong was a blur as it rammed up into her again and again, rearing out her tortured, aching little bung hole.

He bit down on her throat, tasting blood, then sucked on it as he felt his balls blowing. He cried out, the sound muffled by her flesh, as his cock exploded. A massive flood of silvery white jism jetted up into her round rectal chamber, giving her a semen enema.

"Yes! Yes! Ohhh Yesss!" he groaned, grinding his pelvis into her soft teenage bottom. "Oohhh, babyyyyy," he sighed.

He let go of her hair and let her slump down across the table, shivering and whimpering, clutching her arms around her sore breasts. He pumped a few more times in her rectum, his cock softening very quickly after that massive blast.

Then he slid his cock out of her and panted her bottom lovingly. "You're one fine little piece of girl meat, baby," he said. "The guys will love you."

Amy was left alone for over an hour in the small room, though her clothes, and even her glasses were taken from her. She sat gingerly on one of the table, weeping for a long time, gently probing her sore pussy and anal opening, looking for blood, or some other sign she had been torn open. She didn't find any. On the other hand, the world looked very blurry without her glasses.

She was totally confused about what had happened, about why Paul had done that to her. What had she done to deserve this anyway? She wondered if it was true that they'd somehow found drugs in the car. How could there have been?

She huddled there, shivering and sniffing as she waited for them to bring her some clothes. She wanted to call her parents right away and tell them to come and hurry and get her out.

Paul showed up finally, and tossed her a blue dress. "Put this on, baby," he said.

She took the thing gladly and pulled it over her shoulders, gazing up at him with wide, frightened eyes. The thing was very tight, but she wasn't about to complain. She had to tug it hard to get it over her chest, and then jerked it downwards to her hips. It was very short, barely covering her groin.

"Come on," he said, motioning for her to stand.

She stood up meekly.

"Can...can I call my parents?" she gulped.

"Later," he said.

"Can I have my glasses?"

He spun her around and handcuffed her wrists together, then led her by the arm out of the room. They headed down the hall, not towards the front but towards the back, and then opened a door that led outside.

There was a police car waiting there and he pushed her into the back seat, then got into the front and pulled away from the station.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"You say, sir when you talk to me."

"Whe...where are we going, sir?" she gulped.

"We're going to the county jail."

"But...but why?"

"That's where we keep drug dealers and smugglers and whores and other lowlifes."

"But I-I didn't do anything."

"Oh no. Want to bet. Your record says you were caught selling cocaine to minors."

"What? What record?" she asked in confusion.

"Your criminal record. Not only that but you were convicted of arson, prostitution and child abuse."

"But... but that's crazy. I didn't do any of that!"

"Sure, sure. That's what they all say," he sighed.

"But I didn't! You can ask my parents!"

"Now, now. No point denying it any more. You've already been sentenced. You'll have the next twenty years to try and make it up to society."

"But... but... sentenced? I-I didn't do anything!"

"Don't worry. County Jail can be a nice place as long as you're a good girl and do as you're told."

"But I didn't do anything!" she wailed.

"I told you to say sir," he snapped.

"I didn't!" she sobbed.

"That's what they all say," he grinned.

Half an hour later they were at the county farm. Amy could see little of it, just a big blur, but tall fences surrounded the acres of fields. Men worked almost naked in the fields, guarded by a few men with shotguns. They drove through the main gate and up to a long, low concrete building that had bars on the windows.

He stopped and got out, then came back and pulled her out of the rear.

"Now you better act polite," he snapped. "These people in here don't take kindly to disobedience. It'd be a real shame if they had to whip that nice round ass of yours and leave scars on it, now wouldn't it?"

"But I didn't doooo anything!" she moaned.

"Keep complaining and you're gonna be beaten bloody," he said, shaking his head.

He led her in and they went down a concrete hall and stopped at a counter. A huge black woman got up and came to the counter.

"Got a prisoner here for the female section," he said.

The black woman gave Amy a contemptuous look, then took out a big pen and began to write.

"Name?"

"Amy Henderson."

"That's not my name!" Amy cried.

He jerked back hard on her hair and she cried out in pain.

"She's been trying to deny it for weeks. Judge didn't believe her, neither did the jury," he smiled. "Her prints match up just fine. She's too stupid to know about fingerprints, though."

"Age?"

"Twenty one."

He tugged sharply on her hair to keep her from saying anything more.

"Next of kin?"

"None."

"Crimes."

"Here's the sheet, prostitution, arson, child abuse, drug trafficking. Sentence is twenty years."

Amy moaned and whimpered softly.

"Okay, you can go."

"Bye, bye, baby," Paul said, reaching under her short skirt and squeezing her bare bottom.

"Dolores," the black woman said.

A tall, muscular white woman came forward and took Amy by the arm, jerking her down the hall.

"I didn't do anythiiiiiiing," Amy sobbed.

"Aw, shut the fuck up," Dolores snapped, smacking the back of her head. Amy only sobbed louder.

The woman dragged her into a large room and pushed her away. Amy stumbled and then caught herself, hugging herself tightly as she wept.

"Get that off," Dolores said.

"Wha...wha...what?" Amy whimpered.

"Take off your clothes," Dolores glowered.

"Wh...why?"

"Because I said so, slut!"

Amy cowered in fear, then reached down and hesitantly lifted up the short hem of the blue dress thing, peeling the tight fabric up her body and then off over her shoulders. She held it uncertainly for a moment before Dolores jerked it out of her hands.

"Get those shoes off," the woman growled.

Amy kicked off the plain shoes she had been given, then huddled there, trying to cover herself with her hands.

"Put your hands up above your head, and out," Dolores said, picking up some kind of spray container.

"Wha..what?"

"Put your hands up, slut!"

Amy jerked her hands up high.

"Open then," Dolores glared.

Amy eased her arms apart, then stood there, red with embarrassment as the big woman pointed a small nozzle at her and sprayed a foul smelling substance all over her body. She ran the nozzle up between Amy's legs and prodded at her sex lips, sniggering as the girl squeaked and jumped back.

She sprayed over her rounded buttocks, then up and down her back and even into her hair.

"Okay, whore, now get into one of the showers and shower off," Dolores said.

Amy scurried over to the line of shower nozzles as two more women came into the room. She turned the water on and turned her back to the three guards, trying to pretend they didn't exist. She was completely confused, to the point of being in shock. She didn't understand how this had happened to her, or why.

She let the warm water pour down over her head and body, then reached for the soap and began running the slick bar up and down her chest between her breasts.

One of the guards reached over and turned off the water suddenly.

"Don't waste water, slut," the woman said. "Soap up, then shower off."  
Amy said nothing, turning her red face away.

"When a guard says something to you, you answer her, slut," Dolores snapped.

"I-I'm sorry," she gulped.

"You say, yes, Ma'am, or no, Ma'am. Understand?"

"Y-Yes, Ma'am," Amy gulped.

"Now soap yourself up," Dolores ordered.

Amy turned her back again, even more embarrassed now that all three women had come up close to her. The other two were also large. One was fat, too, while the third was a black woman with her hair shaved off. The three of them were only a couple of feet behind her as she awkwardly tried to soap herself up.

"Turn around, sweetie," the black woman said. "We wants to make sure you're doin' a good job."

The other two sniggered, and Amy fearfully turned. She was crouched, bent over, trying to hide herself as the three women leered and moved their eyes over her.

"I don't think this little pig even knows how to wash herself," Dolores said.

"Maybe we should help her," the black woman said.

"Why not?" the fat woman laughed.

She gripped Amy's arm suddenly, her fist like iron as she jerked her forward. Dolores took the soap out of her hands and gripped her other arm, preventing her from covering her lush young body.

"Ain't she a purty little thing," the fat woman oozed.

"She's gonna be real popular," Dolores laughed.

Dolores rubbed the soap up and down Amy's trembling body, ignoring her feeble, whimpered protests as she mashed and squashed the girl's firm round breasts and then ran the thick, heavy bar down between her thighs and rubbed furiously against her pussy.

The black woman slid her hand onto Amy's breasts, rubbing them back and forth, the slick, soapy flesh pushed up and down as her hands mauled them, oozing out between her splayed fingers.

Dolores began soaping up her back and bottom while the fat woman began running her free hand over Amy's belly and down between her legs. Amy yelped as the woman thrust a finger through her tight sex lips. All three women cackled in amusement.

"Bet this little pussy's seen some action today," the black woman sneered.

"Bet it'll see more," Dolores laughed.

Their hands moved all over her slick, soapy body as they turned the teenager this way and that, and thoroughly scrubbed her thighs and pussy and

buttocks and breasts. Amy was miserably humiliated at being washed by them, and, innocent as she was of such things, had the strong suspicion that the three women might be— lesbians.

That was terribly embarrassing and uncomfortable. Amy knew next to nothing about lesbians, except that they liked to have sex with girls instead of boys. She didn't know precisely how a girl could have sex with another girl, but she knew these three, if they were homosexuals, were thoroughly enjoying pawing and groping her naked, soapy flesh.

One of them grabbed her long, wet hair and jerked her head way, way back, so it was practically upside down behind her. She would have fallen backwards if it weren't for the strong hands holding her arms.

"Would ya look at how long this bitch's hair is?" the black woman said.

"Ought to shave it off like yours," Dolores sniggered.

Hands groped her now taut breasts as they thrust out hard and erect, and Amy whimpered dazedly, blinking her eyes as she stared at the ceiling. She felt fingers between her legs, sliding up and down between her soapy sex lips, stroking across her clitty repeatedly.

"Isn't that niiiiice?" the fat woman cooed.

"We better make sure she's clean inside too," the black woman said.

"Yeah," Dolores said.

"I got just the thing," the fat woman said.

Amy felt her hair being let loose and groaned in relief as she slowly eased it forward again. She blinked and shook her head as she stood there helplessly.

"Please," she whimpered.

"She's begging for it," Dolores sneered.

The fat woman returned, holding a pair of long wooden nightsticks. Dolores took one of them and pressed it flat against Amy's chest just below her breasts. She rubbed the hard, polished wood against Amy's breasts, mashing them up and down, like bread dough under a roller.

Then the fat woman slid her nightstick between Amy's legs and sawed it back and forth against her very soapy mons, digging it up into her slit harshly so that Amy was forced up onto her toes.

"Please," she whined. "Pleeease."

"Gotta make sure you're clean inside," the fat woman leered.

"I am! I am!"

"You will be," the black woman laughed.

Amy blinked her eyes despairingly as she watched the fat woman turn the round nose of the baton against her sex lips and press it up against her.

"Please! Nooo!" she wept.

"Shut up, slut. I bet you love it," Dolores sneered. "All you bitches love getting your pussies pumped."

The baton was thicker than any cock Amy had ever taken, not that she'd taken many, just two, not including the lewd anal rape she'd suffered that day

and not, of course, including the awful fist fucking she'd suffered through earlier. Her pussy had just recovered from that, though, and stung terribly as the baton was forced up inside it.

She yelped and jerked her head around as she felt Dolores pressing the other baton against her anal opening.

"Nooooo!" she cried.

"Yesss," the black woman snickered, easily holding her arm as Amy struggled to break free.

The two soapy batons slowly pushed upwards into the trembling, wriggling teenager's belly, forcing her pussy pipe and rectum wide, making the elastic sheaths stretch and strain out around them as inch after inch of hard wood was driven into her.

"Ahhhhhhh! Stooooop!" Amy cried, as the hard wood hit her cervix and continued to push upwards.

Then she felt another terrible, cramping pain in her gut as the baton in her rectum jammed up against the end of it and mashed into her bowel or something.

Both the guards twisted their batons around inside the young woman's guts, turning her yelps and cries to screams and sobs. Dolores began pumping her baton up and down in Amy's rectum, delighting in the thumping of the tip against whatever was at the end of her anal tube.

Amy shrieked and sobbed, her head thrashing, her body shaking and twisting as the two big batons jammed up into her belly repeatedly. She was on her toes and still the two women forced the batons higher, punching the hard wooden batons into her with cruel force, pounding them deep into her body, impaling her.

"What a buttery little asshole we got here," Dolores grinned, watching the hard baton sliding furiously in and out of the teenager's rounded anal opening.

"This cunt is too tight. Got to work it open," the fat woman said.

"Hell, girl," the black woman sniggered. "It'll be worked open soon enough. This little whore is gonna have half the town between her legs in the next few weeks."

Amy didn't even hear them for her own misery and pain and horror. She continued to struggle helplessly as her rectum and pussy were cruelly raped by the big nightsticks, not knowing or understanding why she was being treated so cruelly.

Finally the two women pulled the nightsticks free and Amy was flung backwards into the shower stall. She fell on her bottom and crumbled there, curling up in a ball and sobbing as she clutched her aching pussy and anus.

"Now you're all clean, honey," Dolores grinned.

## FOUR

Meghan was handcuffed as she was led down the narrow hallway. She was still completely naked as the Sheriff led her out the back of the building to a waiting police car. She looked around helplessly, but it was late at night and nobody else was around.

The sheriff forced her into the back of the police car, then got in the front and started it up.

"Where are you taking me?" she gulped.

"Shut up, slut. You talk when I tell you to."

The sheriff drove out of the alley and then out into the street. He drove for only a minute or so before turning down another alley and parking.

He led her out of the car and up to a steel door. There he pushed a doorbell and waited.

Amy looked around again, but there was nobody else in the dark alley. She trembled in cold and fear, unable to understand what was going on.

The door opened and a small old woman appeared. She looked contemptuously at Amy, then backed up as the Sheriff led her into a dank smelling hall, up a flight of wooden stairs, then down another, larger hall.

She was pushed through a curtain and found herself at the front of a courtroom. The Sheriff led her up in front of the bench, where a judge in black robes sat.

She felt a flush of hot embarrassment as the man eyed her naked flesh, but with her hands cuffed behind her she could do nothing to hide herself.

"What ya got, Al?" the judge asked.

"Caught this slut with drugs," the Sheriff said.

"He's lying!" Meghan cried.

"Order in the court," the judge glared, thumping his gavel down.

"But I didn't do...Ungghhhh," she gasped as the Sheriff slammed his fist into her belly. She doubled over, but the Sheriff held her arm, keeping her from dropping to her knees.

"Now then, how much drugs did she have?" the judge asked.

"Over half a pound, judge."

"Hmph, I hate drug smugglers," the judge scowled. "She got a record?"

"Yeah, Judge. She's got a record long as your arm. Convictions for prostitution, arson, assault, drug dealing, drug smuggling. You name it, she's done it."

"I-I haven't!" Meghan gasped, trying to straighten up.

"Shut her up," the judge grunted in irritation.

He looked down at some papers on his desk as the Sheriff turned Meghan towards him and casually slammed his knee up into her pussy. It hit with such force she was actually lifted several inches off the floor before dropping back and falling to her knees.

She coughed and choked as waves of nausea and dizziness swept over her. The Sheriff shifted his grip to her hair, gripping it tightly as she moaned and tried to put her head down between her legs.

"Career criminal," the judge sniffed. "Well, what the hell, twenty-five years sounds about right."

"Sounds good to me, judge," the Sheriff said.

"Prisoner got anything to say?" the judge asked.

Meghan was still too sick and dizzy to even hear him.

"Got nothing to say," the judge muttered. "Like we care anyway. Filthy little slut."

He signed a paper and handed it down to the Sheriff, who folded it and stuffed it in his pocket. Then he pulled Meghan to her feet by the hair, ignoring her cry of pain as he led her out of the court again.

She was driven through the darkness for about half an hour, then the car stopped and the Sheriff pulled her out. He led her across a dirt yard and into a large concrete building, down a cold stone hall and up to a desk where a man sat.

"Cute," the guy said.

"Yeah, new meat," the Sheriff said.

"Name?"

"Meghan Smith. Age twenty one. No relatives. Twenty-five years."

"Gotcha," the man said, writing things down.

A fat woman came and took Meghan away, leading her down the hall to a small room where she was deloused, then made to shower. Finally she was given a tight orange jumpsuit and, strangely, a pair of high spiked heels to wear and then handcuffed again.

She was led to an elevator, then up several floors and onto a floor with thick, plush carpeting and wood grained walls. The woman led her up to a door and knocked.

"Come," a male voice said.

The woman, a guard of some sort, opened the door and pushed Meghan into a large, richly furnished office. A middle aged man with greying hair sat behind a big desk.

"I'll call you when I want you," he said.

"Yes, sir," the guard said, backing out and closing the door.

The man got up and came around the desk to look at Meghan more closely.

"My name is Warden Thompson," he said. "You will call me sir. When I speak, you will answer, yes, sir, or no, sir. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Meghan said miserably.

"Now I don't want to hear you tell me about being not guilty, about being falsely imprisoned, about being abused or deprived of your rights. I don't give two shits. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," she gulped.

"I'm running a business here. I take the people I'm given and get them to make money for the county while they serve their time. The men do hard, manual labour out in the fields planting and harvesting crops, doing road-work, cutting trees, and clearing land.

"The women do sewing work, laundry, and assembly line work for twelve hours a day, seven days a week. They sleep four to a cell, just like the men, and have two meals a day, just like the men.

"You, however, are a different class of people entirely. You're one of our high earners, a special."

He moved closer, then ran his hand over her right breast. The jumpsuit was so tight it strained across her chest, and her nipples were clearly visible through it. He stroked her breast, then pinched her nipple as he smiled down at her.

"We make a real big profit from our special girls," the warden said.

His hand went to the zipper running down the middle of the jumpsuit and slid it slowly down between her breasts, down her belly and abdomen to just above her groin. He pulled the sides apart to bare her breasts and gazed at them admiringly.

"Yup, you'll be a high earner," he smiled.

His hand slid into the jumpsuit and down between her legs, squeezing her bare pussy.

"Know how much money I can make off of this?" he grinned, squeezing her pussy hard.

She said nothing, just stood there, red-faced and frightened.

"Guess how much," he leered.

She still said nothing and he tightened his grip on her pussy.

"Please," she gasped.

"Guess."

"I don't knooooooww," she moaned.

He loosened his grip but didn't take his hand off.

"A hundred thousand bucks a year," he grinned. "That's my share, what I get from selling this." He gave her pussy another hard squeeze.

"Oowwww!" she gasped, squirming helplessly as he pinched and squeezed her pussy pad.

He laughed and pulled his hand out, then spun her around and unlocked the handcuffs. He spun her back and stood back a little, still grinning.

Meghan rubbed her wrists and looked at him fearfully.

"You're gonna whore for me, work in strip clubs, do sex shows, make videos, and pose for pictures. You'll do it all and smile while you're doing it, or I'll whip the skin off your back and throw you in a shed down in the fields. Know what happens in the sheds?"

She shook her head, terrified.

"They tie you down on a dirty old mattress, arms and legs apart, then let the male prisoners at you. There's hundreds of em' down there, all big and

nasty and sweaty and filthy, and they'll fuck you raw, one after another after another, until you're unconscious. Ever wonder if you can be fucked to death? You can. I've seen it done."

He stepped forward threateningly. "You wanna try it?"

"No," she gulped.

"No, sir!" he snapped

"No, sir," she gasped.

"Then let me see you smile," he grinned.

She looked at him in shock.

"Smile," he glared.

She tried to smile but it was awfully hard, considering.

"You better become a better actress, slut, or you'll wind up in the sheds."

He went around the desk and sat down, then leaned back and put his hands behind his head.

"Stand up straight," he ordered.

She straightened her shoulders, her fear easily overriding her embarrassment now.

"Throw that chest out. Let me see those titties."

She stood as straight as she could, sniffing and fighting back tears.

"Walk back and forth in front of the desk. And do it with some grace. You're supposed to be a lady, remember."

It was bizarre walking back and forth like that, naked, especially in high heels, but she did it.

"Turn your back to me and bend way over," he ordered.

After all she had been through doing this didn't embarrass Meghan as it once would have. She even spread her legs without being told.

"Now I want you to reach between your legs and pry your sex lips open," the warden said. "Let me see pink."

She was shocked by the request, but raised her hands and pushed them through her legs. She knew she had no choice in anything any more.

She eased her fingers into her pussy and gently pulled her sex lips apart.

"Wider," he snapped.

She clenched her teeth as she pulled her sex lips wider. They stung and strained to close.

"Wider," he said.

"I-I can't," she gasped.

"I bet I can. Want me to try?" he snapped.

She groaned in pain as she eased her sex lips just a little further apart, pulling hard with her fingers.

"Okay, stand up straight," he said.

She gasped and pulled her fingers out, then straightened up and turned around.

"Sit down in that chair there," he ordered, pointing to a hard, straight-backed chair before the desk.

Meghan said down, primly closing her legs.

"Don't sit like that. Sit like the slut you are," he sneered. "Drape your legs across the arms and slouch down."

Meghan slowly opened her legs, then, one at a time, draped them across the wooden arms.

"Slouch down more," he said.

She slumped lower, so he could see her pussy easily.

"Good. Now jerk off."

"What?" she gasped.

"Masturbate. I want to see you masturbate."

"I... but... why?"

"It's a major request for some of our customers. They like to see snotty girls jerk off for them. You'll be doing a lot worse before long, honey. You'll be fucking niggers on stage and sucking their donkey dicks, and you'll be doing fag acts with other girls, using dildos on each other while the crowd watches. If you're shy, you're sure gonna get it worked out of you."

She stared at him in stunned horror, unable to comprehend a life like that, the humiliation, the embarrassment and degradation.

"Go on, jerk off."

"I-I can't," she whimpered. "I can't do that stuff. I can't! I won't!"

She jerked her legs off the arms and jumped to her feet, then ran to the door. She tugged desperately on it, but it was locked.

She twisted around, staring at him in terror. "Please! Please let me go! My parents will pay you money!"

"Not nearly enough," he grinned, getting to his feet.

"Why are you doing this to me!?" she screamed.

"Because I can," he drawled, walking slowly over to her.

She cringed back against the door, then burst into tears. She clung to the doorknob, sobbing as she sank down onto her knees beside it, tears pouring down her face as the tall man stood over her and glared down

"I've had girls gutted for trying to escape," he said. "You want to stay alive, slut, you'll do what you're told and be damned happy about it. Now get up and get over to that desk," he glared.

"Now!" he yelled.

Meghan cried out in fear, then, still sobbing, crawled to her feet and shuffled over to the desk.

He followed her.

"Bend over the desk," he ordered.

She bent over, her tears falling on the hard wood as the Warden put a hand against the back of her head and shoved her down flat on the desk top.

"Now you gotta be punished," he sighed. "See what you're making me do?"

He caressed her soft, round bottom with his hand, then stood back to one side.

"I'm gonna have to cane that pretty little ass of yours, girl," he said.

He went around to the other side of the desk and opened a drawer, taking out a long, thin, flexible cane. "You get twenty strokes if you don't move. Understand? Every time you move, you get another stroke. So if you keep jumping around this can go on till your ass is torn to pieces."

He moved around behind her again and swished the cane through the air a few times.

"Every time the cane hits your ass, you're gonna thank me. Got that?"

"I-I..."

"Got that?" he snapped.

"Y-y-yes," she whimpered.

"Let me hear you."

"Wha..."

"Let me hear you say thank you."

"Th-thank youoooo," she whimpered.

"Thank you, Sir," he snapped.

"Thank you, s-sir," she sobbed.

"Best remember that. If you forget, the stroke doesn't count and I'll have to do it again."

"Please don't hurt me," she wailed.

"Too late for that, baby. You should have thought of that before you tried to escape. Now remember, hold still, and thank me for every stroke."

He raised the cane, his eyes on her quivering little round behind, then swung it down. It hissed through the air, then struck her soft white flesh with a CRACK! of noise.

She screamed in shock as the pain tore through her bottom. She jerked upright and twisted around violently, grabbing her aching bottom and sobbing hysterically.

"Not only did you forget to thank me, but you moved," the Warden chided her. "So that one don't count." Now lie back down and do what you're told."

"Please! Please don't!" she cried. "I'll do anything you want!"

"You'll do anything I want anyway," the Warden smiled. "Now bend over the desk," he snarled.

Her sobs reached new strength as she slowly, hesitantly turned towards the desk again. Tears dribbled down her cheeks and fell to her breasts as the Warden gripped her arm and roughly bent her across the desk again.

"Now we'll start again," he said.

He raised the cane and slashed it down on her bottom once more, right next to the fiery red line that his first blow had left.

CRACK!

"AHhhhhrgghh!" Meghan shrieked.

Her hips ground violently into the edge of the desk and her legs jumped and jerked, but she held still, across the desk, arms outstretched above her as gut wrenching sobs made her body shake.

"You forgot to thank me. Guess we start over," the Warden said.

CRACK!

"Ahhhhieeeee!" Meghan screamed. "Th...th...th...annk yooooooooooooooooo."

"Forgot to say sir. It don't count."

CRACK!

"Aaaaaarrgghhhhhh!" Meghan howled.

She panted frantically, gulping and gasping, trying to control the burning pain in her buttocks. She clenched her teeth and raised her head

"Th...thank you, sir!"

"Took too long," The warden said. "Gotta start over."

Meghan sobbed pitifully, then tried to brace herself as she heard the cane slash through the air again.

CRACK!"

She turned the scream into words this time. "Thank you sir!!" she screamed.

"Much better. That's one," the Warden said.

CRACK!

"Thank you sir!!"

CRACK!"

"Thank you sir!!"

CRACK!

"Thank you sir!!"

Again and again the cane slashed down across the teenager's upturned buttocks, leaving criss-crossing red welts across the pale white flesh. The Warden watched the rounded buttocks jump and jiggle as the cane bit into them, watched the girl's body jump and shake and tremble as the pain tore through her.

He watched as her body began to glisten, a sheen of sweat quickly coating her as the pain burned into her nervous system. Her cries became weaker, and she jumped less with each blow.

He halted and she lay there, eyes dull slits, mouth slack, hair plastered against the side of her face. Her perfect bottom was covered in angry red welts, and throbbed and burned with fiery agony as she lay there across the desk.

"Are you gonna be a good girl?" the Warden asked.

"Yesssss," she moaned.

"Say it."

"I'll be a good giiiiirlllll," she said in a dazed, pain-filled voice.

He put down the cane and reached between her trembling thighs, cupping her warm pussy mound. He gripped her thighs and pulled them apart,

exposing the soft lushness of her pubic mound, licking his lips in appreciation as he gazed at it.

He unzipped his pants and drew out his bulging erection, then pressed the head against her pussy slit and eased it inside.

"This is your job now, sweetie," he sighed. "All you gotta do is fuck. That's what you were made for anyhow."

His thick cock slid deep into her pussy, until his hips were pressed tight against her buttocks. He sighed and ground himself against her, then began to pump.

Meghan felt his cock with something like relief. She had already been raped several times today, so this was no great shock, and it would hurt far less than what he had been doing. She lay there trembling and moaning as he pumped his cock inside her, only wincing a little as his hips slapped against her buttocks.

The Warden pumped harder and faster, running his hands up and down her body as he thrust his cock into her warm, tight pussy tunnel.

He reached down and gripped her thigh, lifting it up high and hard, then rolling her over onto her back with his cock still inside her. He held her legs and split them apart as she lay there, shoving them down hard against the desk.

Meghan gasped and moaned, trying to reach up to him, but couldn't reach him as he slammed both legs down flat on the desk. Her thighs ached fiercely as he forced her to do the splits there. His big hands gripped her legs just above the knees and forced both legs out to either side right along the edge of the desk.

He put his weight down on them as he began to ram his cock into her gaping pussy cleft, enjoying the way she squirmed and moaned in pain, pounding his cock up hard into her slit as her insides jerked and quivered around his pistoning prong.

He let them go then and dropped his upper body down on her, gripping her hair and jerking her head back as he mashed his lips down onto hers. His other hand groped and squeezed and mashed her tender breasts as he humped lustfully against her, his cock slicing through her sex lips with savage speed and power.

He mashed and crushed her round breasts in his hands as he ground his body against her. He revelled in the soft, warm heat of her body against him, in the scent of her hair, the tormented look of fear and pain on her face, and the tightness of her sex as it squeezed down on his rutting cock.

His hands plunged beneath her and gripped her buttocks, clawing and squeezing them, jerking her up to meet his hard driving thrusts, making her legs bounce and up and down as he rammed his cock down into her body.

He grunted happily, a smile of gratification and pleasure on his face as his cum boiled up out of his balls and burst out the tip of his pumping cock. It

spilled down her tight, sucking sex tunnel and flooded her womb with his hot seed.

"Ahhhhh," he groaned, still humping, still jerking her bottom upwards, jamming her slit up on his cock.

"Dirty little sluuuuut," he groaned.

He rested on her a long moment, then slowly pushed himself up, smiling tiredly as he stroked her breasts.

"There's just nothing I like more than hot girl flesh," he sighed.

## FIVE

Amy was taken out of the shower room naked, then led down a hallway to another room. There she was given another pair of shoes, ones with even higher heels than the ones she'd had before. She was given a super tight orange jumpsuit too, so tight and thin it was more of a bodysuit than a jumpsuit.

It hugged every curve and angle of her body so tight that she felt practically naked. It gripped her breast and nipples like a second skin, and pulled up into her slit, revealing it to anyone who cared to look. She kept trying to peel the stuff away, but it was made of some kind of super elastic stuff, very, very thin, but very tight.

Finally, she gave up. A guard came and got her and led her through a series of corridors until they came to one hallway that was lined with cells on both sides. The woman brought her up to one cell door, then halted and unlocked the door.

There were three women inside, and they all looked up with interest as Amy was shoved inside and the door closed again. Two of them sat up and looked her up and down. They were wearing orange jumpsuits too, but their jumpsuits were much looser, and made of denim, or some other stiff material.

"Well, well, well," one of them said.

"Looks like we have a little boy toy here," the other snorted.

Amy blinked her big eyes at them and backed against the bars fearfully.

"How come they put you in with us, fuck-toy?" one of the women asked.

"I don't know," she gulped.

"Pretty little thing," another said.

"Nice tits," the third grunted.

"Nice hard tits," the first said. "They look real tasty."

Amy folded her arms over her chest worriedly. These women seemed like more of those "lesbian" types. She wondered if they were, or if they were

just being mean to her for some reason. She was in a prison, after all, and it stood to reason that there were a lot of nasty types in prison.

"Come here, kid," one of the women said.

"W-Why?" she gulped.

"Because I said so."

That was something Amy had often heard. It wasn't something you could argue with. Nor, from the nasty glare on the woman's face, was she willing to be argued with. Amy was locked in this little room with the three women, and desperately afraid one of them would hurt her, even beat her up or something.

She shuffled forward to the edge of the lower bunk the woman was sitting on. The woman swung her legs over the edge and then patted the place beside her. Amy didn't want to sit down, but didn't see any way not to. She slowly sat, arms still folded over her chest.

"What's your name, honey?" the woman asked.

"Amy," Amy squeaked.

"My name's Donna," the woman said. "That's Slade up above us, and Karen across from us."

"Hu...hullo," Amy gulped.

Donna was a lithe woman with curly black hair and a narrow face. Slade was a black woman who had long dreadlocks. Karen had collar length blonde hair. That was all Amy could tell without her glasses. Facial features were very difficult to discern, even when she squinted.

Donna put her arm over Amy's shoulder and hugged her.

"Now why don't you tell us why you're here, honey?" she purred.

"I-I don't know," Amy whimpered.

"You don't know? She doesn't know," Donna snorted.

"How many times you had your pussy pumped today, baby?" Slade called down from above.

"What do they say you did?" Donna smiled, fingers moving through the bangs over Amy's eyes.

"They...said I had drugs in my car," Amy said, trembling a little. "But I didn't. I know I didn't."

"You're very pretty," Donna smiled, eyes flicking down Amy's body.

"Tha...thanks," Amy whispered.

"Move your arms."

"Wha...what? Why?" Amy gulped.

"Because I said so."

Reluctantly Amy eased her arms aside a little at a time, until Donna and Karen, and Slade, who was looking down at them from above, could see her body in it's glistening orange, skin-tight suit.

Donna slid her hand up and down Amy's back, then gripped a thick mass of curly hair and slowly, gently pulled back, forcing Amy's head up. Amy was too frightened to even protest.

She gasped as Donna slid a finger up and down her slit. She could feel it easily through the tight, thin material.

"Talk about tight," Donna smiled. "If I had a cock I could practically fuck you without taking the jumper off."

"Have her take it off anyway," Slade said.

"Yeah."

Donna slid the zipper down all the way to near Amy's crotch, then pulled the fabric open to bare her rounded breasts.

"Nice, huh?" she said to the others.

"Nice and firm," Karen said.

"Please don't," Amy whimpered.

"Okay," Donna said.

She let go of Amy's hair and eased back a little. Amy pulled her head forward, then reached for the zipper.

"Stand up, Amy," Donna ordered.

Amy got to her feet quickly, zipping the jumpsuit up to her throat.

"Go and stand over there against the bars," Donna said.

Amy was glad to, backing against the bars again as she had been before.

"Now strip," Donna grinned.

"Wha...what?" Amy gasped.

"Strip. We wanna see you naked."

"Yeah, get your clothes off, fuck-toy," Slade said.

"But I-I don't... I don't..."

"Strip, slut," Donna ordered.

Amy looked desperately from one face to the other, but saw only scowls and threatening looks. She was terribly frightened of these women, who were, after all CRIMINALS. Who knew what they might do to her if she made them mad. They might hurt her badly, or even kill her.

Her hands trembled as they moved to the zipper, then she slowly, haltingly pulled it down to her lower belly.

"Take it off," Donna growled.

"Yeah, take it off, slut," Karen sneered.

Shaking with fright, Amy pulled the tight elastic thing down over her shoulders, down her arms, then shoved it down her body. She turned bright red as the stuff bared her breasts entirely, then her lower chest, then her belly, then her hips, then her groin. She shoved it down to her ankles, bent over, then undid the spiked heels and removed them. After that she tugged the orange fabric off and stood up, trying to cover herself with her hands.

"Put the shoes back on," Donna ordered.

"Why?" Amy trembled.

"Because I fucking said so! Stop asking stupid questions!"

Amy slipped the shoes on, then bent over and buckled them, trying to keep an arm over her breasts as she did so they wouldn't hang down below her like udders.

"That's sure a nice looking pussy," a voice called from behind her.

She gasped and straightened, then turned around to see four women in the cell right across from hers staring at her with lewd expressions.

"Amy. Amy." Donna had to call twice to get her attention. "Reach above you and grab the bars."

Amy almost asked why, but then stopped in time. The look on Donna's face said she was almost ready to hit Amy if she didn't obey.

Frightened and ashamed, the trembling blonde teenager reached up above her and gripped the bars, baring her body to the three women's eyes.

"Higher," Donna ordered.

Amy started to sniffle as she reached way up and gripped the bars, stretching her body out to its limit.

"Nice. Very nice. What do you say, girls?" Donna sighed.

"Nice piece of ass," Karen grunted.

"Valuable merchandise," Slade said.

Donna reached over to a shelf next to her bed and turned on a little radio there. She turned back to Amy then.

"Let go of the bars, baby," she said.

Amy did so gladly.

"Now dance."

"Wha...what?" Amy gasped, bewildered.

"Dance for us. You know how to dance, don't you?"

"But... but I don't... I can't," Amy whined.

"If you don't, Slade is gonna jump down and smash your face in," Donna shrugged.

Amy stared up at the menacing black woman in terror, then looked back at Donna.

"Dance," Donna ordered.

"Yeah. Dance, pussy," one of the women across from them yelled.

"Shut the fuck up," Donna yelled back.

Amy began to slowly wiggle her hips, mortified at having to dance naked in front of all these women, who were almost certainly lesbos. She was too frightened not to, though. Better to be humiliated than beaten up.

"Faster!" Donna cried.

"Move your ass, girl," Slade snapped.

"Shake your ass. Move those legs," Karen laughed.

Slade jumped down and began to gyrate energetically in front of the blonde, motioning her to copy her. Amy did her best, continuing as Slade sat back on the lower bunk next to Karen. Donna stood up then and began to dance.

"Let me see you do this," she said.

She undulated her body, swinging her hips from side to side, then humping them rapidly in and out. She ran her hands up and down her body,

stroking it sensually as her head rolled from side to side. She cupped her breasts through her jumpsuit, then turned and wiggled her bottom at Amy.

Amy copied her exactly, even thought it shamed her even more to do so. She slid her hands up and down her shaking body as she humped and wriggled and undulated in front of the woman, stroking her breasts and then bending over to wag her bottom.

The women hooted and clapped and called out obscenities, as did the ones in the cell across from them. Amy continued to dance, her head in a shocked daze, moving like an automaton as her mind was overwhelmed by the fright and mortification she was suffering.

Her hands moved above her head as she imitated Donna, who had jumped to her feet again and was facing her. Donna slid her hands seductively up the sides of her body and through her curly hair. Amy dazedly did the same, her hips swaying from side to side, then grinding in a circular motion.

"Nice fat fucking tits!"

"They hardly even jiggle!"

"Lookit that pretty little ass!"

"What a hot little slut!"

"I want a piece of that fuck-toy!"

Donna pushed forward suddenly, her hands gripping Amy's high above her head as she pushed the girl back against the bars. She looked down on the quivering girl with a hard, hungry stare, her body grinding against the naked teenager as she pressed her into the bars.

She bent and stuck her tongue out, then licked a long trail up the side of Amy's face. The other woman laughed and urged her on as the brunette slid her tongue along the side of Amy's throat, then bit down, sucking hard as she continued to grind her pelvis into Amy.

Her hands slid off Amy's wrists, sliding down her arms until they were on the sides of her chest, then up under her breasts. She cupped Amy's round breasts, lifting them upwards, then squeezing her fingers in against the soft, malleable meat.

She bent and began to kiss the blonde girl, her lips sliding roughly over Amy's as her tongue probed demandingly against the trembling girl's mouth.

She slid her hands around behind her and cupped her bottom, pulling her in tight against her own body as her tongue darted into Amy's mouth.

Amy's hands pushed ineffectually against the woman's shoulders, as if afraid to touch her. Donna had no such bothers, and her hands kneaded the blonde girl's buttocks repeatedly.

With a sudden burst of resistance Amy twisted away, only to find her face pressed between the hard, cold bars. She gripped them desperately, chest heaving, mind reeling as Donna pressed her groin in against her naked buttocks and stroked her sides and back.

Donna gripped the bars alongside Amy and ground her pussy in against the trembling teenager's round buttocks. She slid her tongue against the side

of the girl's throat, then gripped her hair and jerked it back as her other hand slid down between Amy's legs and cupped her puffy pussy mound.

Amy gasped and tried to twist away again, but couldn't, could only stand there shaking with fear and humiliation as the woman stroked her pussy slit.

Donna kissed the nape of her neck, and tongued her earlobes, then, turned her around again. She held tight to her long locks, bunching the thick golden curls up around Amy's head as she eased backwards.

She pulled Amy with her across to her bunk, sitting down, pulling Amy down over her, dragging her into the bunk as she lay back.

Amy had no choice but to climb onto the bunk with Donna, and despite her fears and embarrassment, found herself atop the larger woman as Donna pulled her face down against her own and mashed her lips against Amy's again.

Amy was laying atop her, trying to hold herself up off the other woman with both hands. Donna twisted and rolled Amy over so she was laying on her back against the wall, held there by Donna's own body.

"Hot little whore," Donna growled, her lips crushing Amy's as her hands moved up and down the blonde's lush naked flesh. She squeezed and kneaded her breasts, stroked her belly, and then cupped her bare pubic mound, sliding her fingers up and down her tight slit.

Her mouth moved slowly across Amy's face, down her throat, then over her breasts, licking and sucking and kissing and gnawing on the soft, trembling flesh as her hands moved over the girl. She paused, and jerked the zipper of her own jumpsuit down, then shrugged it down to her waist.

She slid atop Amy, rubbing her own hard, hot breasts against Amy's round white orbs, sliding upwards so her breasts rubbed against the girl's face.

"Suck my nipples," she panted hungrily.

Amy whimpered helplessly as Donna pushed her breasts in against her face. She closed her eyes and mouth tightly as she felt the soft round mammary flesh pressing against her, but a sharp tug on her hair forced her to open them and push out a frightened tongue. She licked across Donna's breast, then kissed the nipple.

"Suck it! Suck it," Donna hissed.

Amy swallowed in fear, then slid her lips over the hard nipple and sucked on it, drawing it into her mouth.

She'd never had any thoughts of lesbianism before, and sucking on another woman's nipples was a shocking thing for her to be doing. She felt lewd and perverted as Donna's breasts mashed and rubbed across her face.

Donna reached down and shoved her jumpsuit down further, easing it over her hips and down her legs, then kicking it off. She lay full length atop the trembling blonde teenager, rubbing her body over Amy's, revelling in the softness of the firm teenage flesh against her own skin.

She pressed her lips down on Amy's own as her hands stroked the girl's body. She ground her pelvis in against the blonde, her hips forcing Amy's

thighs apart as she fucked her like she had a cock, wishing she had one, even a rubber one.

Donna straddled her and sat up. She reached down and took Amy's hands, then pulled them up and pressed them against her breasts, rubbing them in slow circles, working the tender, sensitive orbs around.

She took Amy's right hand and pressed it against her belly, then slid it down between her legs, rubbing it up and down against her own moist pussy pad, smiling at the look of shock and dismay on the girl's face. Amy tried to pull her hand away but Donna easily held it in place as she humped her hips forward, grinding herself down on it.

She bent forward and gripped Amy's hair, jerking her head back and glaring angrily to scare her more. She let go of Amy's hand and the girl kept it in place.

"Push your finger in me," she breathed.

Amy stared back in alarm.

"Do it," she hissed.

Amy's frightened gaze slid down to the other woman's pussy and she hesitantly and reluctantly pressed her finger against the tight folds of Donna's sex lips and eased it inwards. Her face crinkled up in distaste as she felt the moisture against her skin, and felt the tightness of Donna's pussy sucking on her digit as it pushed upwards.

"Deeper," Donna breathed.

Amy wriggled her finger up all the way to the knuckles.

"Fuck me with it," Donna smiled. "Yeah. Pump it in and out, bitch."

Amy slid her finger up and down inside the other woman's pussy channel, horribly embarrassed at such an intimate touch, but not willing to risk a beating by refusing.

"Two fingers now," Donna sighed. "Put another finger in."

Amy slowly worked a second finger inside the woman, pumping them in and out, her eyes closed to avoid the lewd and perverse sight.

But then suddenly Donna gripped her wrist and pulled her fingers away. She jammed both of Amy's hands down on the bunk next to her head and slid forward until she was kneeling above her head, her legs pressing down on Amy's arms to hold them there.

Amy stared up into the other woman's pussy from only inches away. She quickly yanked her eyes away, looking up the long, long length of Donna's body to her face way above her. The face was smiling, displaying glistening white teeth.

"All right, baby," Donna said. "Time to get to work."

Amy had no idea what she was talking about, but was horrified to find the other woman's crotch, her pussy, press right down on her mouth. She twisted her head to the side to get it away but Donna quickly gripped her hair and jerked her face sharply back.

She yelped in pain and looked up at Donna, eyes pleading.

"Suck my cunt, baby," Donna gritted. "Go on, lick it. Shove your tongue in me."

"Noooo! Pllleeeeeeasse!" Amy moaned, on the verge of tears at the horrible humiliations being inflicted on her.

Her mind was too scattered, too shocked, too filled with distaste and disgust and shame to even know how to respond.

But then help came from an unexpected, and completely unwanted direction. Karen crossed over and sat on the bunk, down near her lower body. Amy couldn't see her, but felt her hands prying her legs open and pressing her thighs back. Then she felt something moist and warm against her own pussy slit.

She gasped in shock, jerking helplessly as what had to be a tongue slid up and down her tight little slit. She was shocked that any woman would want to do such a lewd and sick thing, but when Donna slapped her face sharply she realized that this was exactly what Donna wanted.

She started sobbing quietly, but the other woman's pussy crushed her mouth again and she had no choice but to begin licking at it.

At first she just pushed her tongue out and licked blindly at whatever it touched, but as Donna growled her displeasure and cursed her, she searched frantically for a way to make the woman happy, and belatedly decided to imitate what Karen was doing down between her own legs.

So she shoved her tongue into the slit, parting her sex lips and sliding it up and down between them. She rubbed her tongue against the top part of the slit, right where Karen was licking her, and used the same speed and movements as the other blonde woman.

Soon Donna was sighing and moaning in pleasure. That honestly surprised Amy, but she was gratified that the woman no longer seemed mad at her. She paid careful attention to what Karen was doing, tried to hide her disgust at it, and wriggled her tongue inside Donna's pussy opening.

She couldn't use her fingers as Karen was doing, but she did the best she could with just her tongue, and it seemed to be adequate. At least she wasn't being cursed or slapped, and her hair wasn't being pulled.

Her biggest problem, as Donna became more aroused, was that the woman was humping and grinding her pussy down on her face, making it hard to keep her tongue in contact with her clitty, and also mashing her nose and coating her face with pussy cream.

But that was a small thing compared to the fear she had of being beaten, so she continued to lick and suck on the woman's slit and clit, while Karen showed her the way.

Embarrassment can only last so long before it begins to fade into acceptance. Adrenalin and fear can last only so long, too. As her heart slowed down again and her fear eased, Amy's mind began to work once more.

She wondered how it was that Donna seemed to be enjoying the lewd tonguing of her pussy so much. After all, she herself felt no such pleasure at

the deft tongue job Karen was doing to her. Karen wasn't hurting her, of course. In fact, she had to admit to herself that the licking felt kind of good.

But she was not aroused like Donna was, and felt no urge to moan and groan in pleasure like the older woman.

And when Donna let out a short gasp of delight and arched her back, humping desperately against Amy's mouth, Amy felt a kind of astonishment at the realization that the woman was having an orgasm. She also felt a small feeling of accomplishment and satisfaction that she had managed to do that.

The feeling was short lived, however. Donna soon climbed off her, and then Karen slid up her body and began kissing and fondling her. Soon Karen straddled her face like Donna had, and she had to lick at her pussy too.

Karen didn't kneel on her arms, though, and instead made Amy squeeze and rub her breasts, and showed her how to finger and stroke her clitty along with her tongue to make her come too.

When she got off it was Slade's turn. This was again something strange, and Amy felt something like surprise that the dark gleaming black skin felt the same to her touch as the other woman's white skin did.

It was still very odd to be licking and sucking on dark black skin and brown nipples. And when Slade knelt above her and lowered her pussy onto Amy's face, Amy felt new surprise that her insides were as pink as the other women.

Slade snarled at her and jammed her own knees down to pin Amy's arms in place, then began to grind her shaven sex into Amy's mouth.

"Lick me, whore!" she growled, and Amy fearfully obeyed.

She felt her lower body rolled onto her right hip, felt hands manoeuvring her, then felt something soft grinding into her pussy. Her upper legs was draped across someone's soft leg, and she realized with a start that someone had scissored her legs in and was rubbing her pussy directly against Amy's own sex. She moaned in disgust, but continued to lick as Slade twisted her fingers cruelly in her hair.

Her tongue and jaw were tired by now, and it took a lot of effort to make Slade have an orgasm. She kept at it, though, until the woman groaned in release and climbed off her.

The women were apparently satisfied for now, but Amy wasn't allowed to go to the fourth bunk and sleep. Instead Donna got back into the bunk, still naked, and pulled the sheets over them. They lay together like spoons, Amy's buttocks pressed back into Donna's groin and Donna's arm around her, hand cupping her breast loosely.

Meghan spent the night in a dark cold cell all by herself. She had no idea that her sister was in a similar, but more crowded cell, and would have been horrified if she knew of the lewd lesbian rape she was being subjected to.

She lay awake in misery, trying to understand what had happened and trying to figure out how to get away from these horrible perverted people. Her bottom continued to sting through the night, and she had to keep reaching back constantly to reassure herself that she wasn't all cut up or anything.

She knew one thing...she would do almost anything to avoid another caning. If that meant pretending to masturbate for that awful man then she would just have to do it, no matter how mortifying it was.

The night took a long time to pass.

Morning came with the opening of the steel door. A woman came in, tall and broad shouldered like all of the guards seemed to be. She moved into the room and over to the bed as Meghan turned over onto her back, clutching the thin sheet against her nudity.

The woman smiled, then reached down and tore the sheet away. Meghan gasped but didn't move, knowing it would be useless to try and hide herself.

The woman's eyes looked her up and down, and Meghan was reminded of the way men looked at her, with lust in their eyes. She wondered if the woman was a lesbian, and felt a slow flush creeping over her face.

"Pretty little thing, ain't ya?" the woman drawled.

She sat on the edge of the bunk, then her hand shot out and gripped the back of Meghan's head, jerking her up in a single motion, crushing her lips down against Meghan's as the younger woman struggled ineffectually to pull free.

The woman pulled back and Meghan let out a gasp and pulled away as she laughed and snickered. She turned her head around, but then jerked it back as the woman slid her hand onto her belly.

"Stop it," she begged, gripping the woman's hand.

Suddenly that hand was around her throat, jamming her head back into the pillow and squeezing tightly. Meghan gurgled helplessly, both hands on the thick wrist as she tried to free herself. But it was like trying to bend a tree trunk. The woman's fingers held her tightly as her head began to throb and her vision sparkled and faded.

"You do whatever you're told, fuck-toy," the woman hissed.

She loosened her grip and Meghan gulped in air, looking up at her in fear. The woman smiled nastily, then slid her other hand over Meghan's body, squeezing her breasts, sliding it down between her legs, then jamming a finger painfully hard into her pussy slit.

"Nice, real nice," the woman sneered. "Yer sister's better, though."

"Wha...what?" Meghan gasped in a choked voice.

"Hot little blonde with long hair. You shoulda seen her squeal when I jammed my stick up her tight little pussy."

Meghan stared at her in shocked disbelief ..

"A-Amy?" she gaped.

"That's her, nice tits on her, nice and round and sooooo soft. Don't worry, you'll get to see her before too long I expect."

"But...but why?" Meghan whimpered.

"Cause she's dirty, stinking little whore like you," the woman sneered. "Once the two of you have taken a few hundred cocks up your tight little pussies I figure you'll be a little less snotty, though."

She dragged Meghan to her feet and shoved her out the door. The woman led her down the hall to a shower room. There, the woman made her stand under the water for a minute, then picked up a bar of soap and began to very carefully soap her up. She ignored Meghan's soft, embarrassed pleadings, running her hand all over her body and even thrusting three fingers up into her anal opening, pumping them in and out as she sniggered and enjoyed her discomfort.

"You should be grateful I don't give you what yer sister got," the woman sneered. "Bet she's got a sore pussy today, and a sore asshole too."

She gripped Meghan by the throat and pulled her face up right against her own as she glared hatefully at her. "That's the best thing to do with slutty little teenage whores," she spat. "Ream out their assholes real good! That shows em' just how cheap and scummy they are!"

After Meghan rinsed off the soap the woman made her lay back on a table and spread her legs wide, wide apart. Then she picked up a pair of scissors and began to cut her narrow band of pussy hair down to little more than stubble. She sprayed shaving cream over her pussy, then picked up a razor and began shaving all her pussy hair off.

Meghan tried to ask her to stop, but a single slap in the face convinced her to keep her mouth shut.

Soon her pussy was completely bald, and her little pussy cleft was embarrassingly visible. The woman fondled her puffy little bald pussy mound for a couple of minutes, stroking and finger it, dipping her fingers into the slit, and even finger fucking her for a minute.

Then she dried her pussy and gave her a pair of high, spiked heels and a super tight orange bodysuit to wear. The thing was almost worse than being naked. It was like being wrapped in plastic food wrap. It clutched her everywhere, and even pulled up tight into her pussy slit no matter how many times she tried to keep it out.

She was led to a big cafeteria, which was packed with male prisoners in orange jumpsuits. She hesitated but the woman shoved her forward. The men all turned and started yelling and making obscene noises and comments as she was led through the room. She cringed in fear and humiliation, trying to cover herself with her hands.

The woman guard disappeared and a male guard took her place, leading Meghan up to the counter and making her take a tray and get her food. Then he led her to a table, in amongst the men, and stood behind her as she ate.

The men all around her stared hungrily at her and kept shouting to her, calling her names and telling her how they were going to fuck and sodomize her, how they were going to chew on her nipples and stick their cocks down her throat.

She was terrified, surrounded by a sea of crude, lust crazed men who wanted to tear her tiny bit of clothes off and gang rape her. She knew that, were it not for the guard behind her, they would be all over her, that she would be raped by hundreds of men.

She kept her head buried in her food and tried not to see any of their leering faces as she shoved the food down her throat and gulped down milk.

Finally she was led out of the cafeteria and handed over to a woman guard again. She sighed in relief as she was taken back to the more quiet areas of the jail, then led upstairs and into a small room equipped with a bed and a table and two chairs.

The woman left and she was alone for a few minutes. Then a man arrived, a large, broad shouldered, muscular man in his twenties. With him was a woman about the same age with honey colored blonde hair. She was dressed in the same kind of orange bodysuit that Meghan wore.

"Okay, slut," the man said. "We're gonna show you how we want you to act when you're around our customers, understand? You do good and you can have your own room with a TV and stereo and fridge, and eat in the small kitchen for the sluts. You fuck up and we'll let those guys you had breakfast with at you. Understand?"

Meghan swallowed and nodded.

"Say, yes, sir," he snapped.

"Yes, sir," she repeated.

"Okay, now watch Robin here. She's gonna show you how to jerk off. The warden wasn't happy you wouldn't do it yesterday so you better learn it, cause he's sure gonna want to see it today."

"Sir, uhm, could I see my sister please?"

"I don't know nothing about any sister. Now shut your fucking mouth and do what you're told. You're gonna jerk off for us later so you better do it right."

Meghan felt a little embarrassment, but just a little. She wondered if she was becoming immune to embarrassment.

Robin smiled at her and Meghan tentatively returned it. Then the woman began to sort of roll her head in a rubbery way and slide her hands up and down her body. She gave Meghan a sultry look, her eyes slitted, her tongue sliding across her lips as she cupped her breasts, then slowly eased the zipper down.

She opened the front of her bodysuit, then pulled it wide, exposing her small, cone shaped breasts. She cupped and stroked them, then slid a hand down between her legs, still inside the bodysuit. Meghan could clearly see the outline of her hand against the tight material as she stroked her slit.

She wriggled out of the bodysuit, then crawled sensually into the bed, rolled onto her back, then brought her knees up and let them fall slowly apart, exposing her sex.

Meghan was not surprised to see the woman's pussy was completely bare, with not even a single pubic hair. She watched with wide eyes as Robin slowly stretched and posed, her hands moving up and down her body, over her breasts and down between her legs.

She slid a finger inside her slit and pumped it in and out, sighing in pleasure, then began to stroke her clitty as she pumped two fingers in and out of her pussy tube. Meghan was embarrassed to watch, but at the same time could hardly tear her eyes from the sight.

Robin groaned realistically, arching her back, thrusting her breasts up and out as both her hands stroked and squeezed and fingered her pussy slit. She humped up at her hands and whined in heated ecstasy as she masturbated.

Then she gave a harsh jerky movement, her breath rattled emotionally as she rolled her eyes back, and she stopped, smiling at Meghan.

"Okay, slut, now it's your turn," the man said.

Meghan made a face, then, embarrassed all over again, began to try and imitate what she had seen. She swayed in place and ran her hands up and down her body, caressing herself through the thin bodysuit, then eased the zipper down, baring her breasts to the man and woman, then peeled it down and off.

She knew she wasn't as graceful or realistic as Robin had been, and that made her even more self-conscious. It was very odd, she thought, to be self-conscious about stripping and playing with herself to begin with, and then be self-conscious because she wasn't doing it well enough.

Still, naked, she laid back on the bed, and continued to run her hands up and down her body. She tried to ignore the presence of the other two, pretend she was all alone, but it was awfully hard. She was especially embarrassed when she first touched her pussy, and began to stroke her fingers up and down her newly shaven slit.

She tried to think of herself as merely an actress, not as someone doing a perverted sexual thing in front of witnesses. That made her feel a little less embarrassed, and she was able to groan a little and undulate her body.

She forced a finger into her pussy tunnel, then stroked her clitty with her finger as she rolled her head from side to side and groaned again. She began to hump up against her fingers, grunting with the effort, making it sound like she was having a good time.

But then the man threw her a curve, or more precisely, a dildo. The long, thick rubber cock hit the bed next to her and startled her out of her act. She stared at it in shock, never having seen one before.

"Use that," the man ordered. "Start fucking yourself with it."

Meghan touched the thing as though it were a snake, but with a small shudder of disgust, picked it up, knowing she had to do whatever she wanted now, that her days of doing what she chose were gone, perhaps forever.

She pressed it against her slit and tried to push it inside, but she was very dry there, and the thing was very thick.

She needed to get some moisture on it.

Then she had an inspiration. She rubbed the cock up and down her body, like it was a real cock, playing with it and smiling as she rolled it between her breasts. She slid it up and put it into her mouth, sucking on the head like she was sucking a cock, getting it very wet.

She tongued the head and slid her tongue up and down the shaft like it was a popsicle. She got as much moisture onto it as she could before returning it to her pussy crack.

It was much easier now to slide it into her pussy, and twisting it from side to side, easing it in, then back, then forward again, she managed to get it all the way up her pussy tunnel without much discomfort. It felt odd up there, of course. She'd never had anything like it inside herself until yesterday, when she was raped so brutally.

The dildo felt different than the cocks, though. Not only was it harder, but more importantly, then pain she had experienced during the cruel rapes was absent, probably because she wasn't filled with fear just now, and had had time to ease it in slowly.

She began to pump it in and out as she humped against it and grunted with feigned pleasure. She had to draw her knees back to get the proper leverage to pump the thing, and this exposed her pussy and anal opening even more than they had been, but simply exposing herself wasn't much to be ashamed of by now.

She was startled again as her act was interrupted. This time it was the man who fell on the bed. He jerked his pants down and took out his hard erection, then reached for the dildo. He yanked it out of her pussy tunnel and tossed it aside, then gripped her legs behind the knees and forced her legs back further.

"Take my cock and put it in," he growled.

Meghan reached for it and gripped it like she had the rubber cock. It was much different to the touch, softer and warmer, and she pressed it against her moist snatch opening with only a little disgust.

He thrust into her and she gasped in surprise. There was some pain, but only a little, as his cock slid to the hilt in her soft, hot belly. He began to fuck her almost at once, steadily churning his cock back and forth inside her as she lay back unmoving.

She wondered if poor Amy was being treated like this. Had that awful woman really raped her with her nightstick, even as Meghan herself was raped by the Sheriff and his nightstick? Had the Sheriff raped and sodomized her?

"What are you, asleep?" he growled. "Get back to work."

She wondered for a brief instant what he meant, then realized he wanted her to go back to acting like she was enjoying things. Well, she supposed that was something she was likely expected to do if the Warden was telling the truth about making her a prostitute.

She started humping back as best she could, and groaning in pleasure. She rolled her head and made her eyes dull slits, but she couldn't bring herself to reach up and put her arms around the man who was cruelly raping her.

His hips were pummeling her backside something fierce now as he rodded his big cock down into her slit tunnel. He grunted louder than she did as his cock pounded into her and the bed creaked beneath them. His eyes were excited, his lips drawn back in a snarl, and his muscles bulged along his arms as he held himself aloft on them and swung his hips up and down in a furious, rutting stroke.

He slowed down then and eased back onto his heels, drawing the long length of cock out of her slit.

"Get on all fours, slut," he ordered.

Meghan looked at him for a moment, then rolled over and eased onto her hands and knees.

"Spread your legs more, and raise your ass up," he ordered.

She obeyed, feeling a new flush of embarrassment.

"Now let me see you wag that tail. Shake it and hump it back at me, slut."

She swung her hips from side to side, and then pushed it back in a half-hearted way. He slapped her bottom and she yelped in pain, humping back much more vigorously, her buttocks stinging from the blow.

"Now beg for it," he sneered. "Beg for my cock."

Meghan didn't know how to beg. She'd never had to beg for anything. She was so surprised by the request that she stopped moving. His hand cracked down on her bottom again and she hurriedly began humping again.

"I said beg," he snapped.

"Please fuck me," she gasped. "Please fuck me."

"Again. More."

"Please fuck me. Please give me your cock."

"Sir, call me sir."

"Please fuck me sir. I need your cock, sir!"

"You want it up your twat, bitch?"

"Yes, sir. Please fuck my twat!"

"I want you to reach back between your legs and peel your cunt open," he said. "Just pull it wide apart for me. Show me pink."

Face red, Meghan eased down onto her shoulders and put her hands back through her thighs. She pressed her fingers against her sex lips and pulled them open.

"Wider. I want it wide enough to shove a fuckin' log through!" he barked.

She gulped in fear, then slowly pressed her fingers back, easing her pussy opening wider and wider, until it strained, then stung, then began to really hurt from the stretching.

She was actually glad to feel his cock sliding in, brushing the backs of her fingers. She eased her fingers out as his cock pushed deep, then pushed herself back up on her hands as he gripped her flanks and began to ride her.

He slammed his hips into her bottom with unrestrained force, pounding his cock into her slit with total abandon, making her tremble and jerk and shake back and forth. Her breasts wobbled and swung below her and she had to constantly shove her hands out to keep from being thrown onto her face.

Suddenly he gasped and stopped, drawing his prick out again and holding it in his hand for a moment. He sat back on his heels and stared up at the roof, then shook his head and glared at her.

"Okay, whore, get on your side and lift your leg up."

Meghan, of course, obeyed, though she was very confused about what he was doing. She laid on her side and lifted her upper leg, her left, as high as it would go. That wasn't high enough for him, of course and he seized it and shoved it up much higher, making her cry out in pain as the tendon in her thigh, still sore from the way the Warden had split her open the other night, was strained again.

He straddled her lower leg as he eased in against her crotch, holding her upper leg up as he pressed his cock against her slit and then drove it into her. He fucked her steadily, able to hold her leg aloft by pressing his chest against it, freeing his hands to squeeze her buttocks and breasts.

But again he halted and pulled back. He lay back down and ordered her to get on top of him.

She straddled his hips, by now rather casual about touching him, and about sex, even in front of Robin, who continued to watch. She gripped his hard cock and pointed it up at her sex, then sank down onto it.

He gripped her breasts and squeezed them as she rode up and down on his cock. It didn't take her long to get into a rhythm, and bounce steadily with little effort.

The man – she still didn't know his name – squeezed her breasts hard enough to hurt, but she didn't protest. Then he pulled her down against him, mashing his lips against hers, pulling at her hair, and then gripping her buttocks and jamming her up and down on his cock with harder, faster movements.

"That's it, slut. Ride that cock. Ride it, whore," he gasped.

Meghan resented his words. After all, she had been a virgin just yesterday, and aside from him had had sex with only three men, all of whom had violently raped her. She thought it was unfair, and mean of him to be calling her those names.

He gripped her hair and twisted her head hard to one side, then slapped her face. She cried out in shock as he jerked her face down against his.

"Stop fuckin' daydreaming, bitch," he snarled. "You're supposed to be acting like a good little whore. Let me hear you moaning and groaning."

"I-I'm sorry," she gasped.

"You sure as shit are, slut!"

She started humping up and down again, grunting and sighing in pleasure as she rode his cock, gasping and moaning as it drove high into her belly, rolling her head and letting it jerk back behind her as her eyes rolled back in her head.

Finally he came inside her, spurting his man milk into her belly. She bounced a few more times then he heaved her off and sat up.

"You, bitch, get me hard again," he said, looking at Robin. "You watch how," he said to Meghan.

He gripped her by the hair and dragged her around and right off the bed. She tumbled to the floor next to where Robin had just dropped to her knees, then was pulled around so she was on her own knees right next to the blonde.

Robin was in between the man's legs. She gripped his cock and stroked it with her fingers, then slid her tongue up and down the underside. She slid the head between her lips and sucked the whole thing in to the balls, munching on it with her cheeks, massaging it inside her mouth, working it over with her tongue as she sucked.

She slid her lips back up, keeping them tight so his cock would stretch out as it came out. She slid her hands under his balls and massaged them, then licked at his cock again, sliding her tongue down the shaft to the balls. She slid her lips around his right testicle then sucked it into her mouth and licked at it, rolling it around inside her oral cavity.

She rubbed his cockhead with her thumb as she sucked on his ball, then pulled back and smiled at Meghan, giving her an encouraging look. Meghan felt more than a little disgusted at the idea of taking the thing into her mouth. Oddly, this was almost as much because of all Robin's spit on it as the fact that it was a cock.

He was watching though, and she knew she had to. She slid her lips onto it, sucking and licking as Robin slid her own mouth back down onto the man's balls and sucked on them.

"Fucking whores," he grunted, running his hands through their hair.

His cock began to harden, and soon was a stiff, steely lance once again. He stood up, still gripping their hair in his fists. His legs were wide as he pointed his cock at Meghan's mouth, then slid it through her lips and fucked her face with several long, rapid strokes.

He pulled out, then fucked Robin's face a few times, then pulled out again. He let go of Robin and moved around behind Meghan, pulling her head way back.

"Grab her arms," he said.

Meghan's head was practically upside down as she felt Robin hugging her, pinning her arms to her sides. Her mouth was open wide as the man

pushed his cock into it, and she automatically closed her lips and tried to suck, despite the awkward position, but then he began punching it down violently, and to her shock, fear, and horror, managed to ram it right into her throat.

She shuddered and struggled to break free, to pull herself off his cock, but he and Robin held her tightly as he slid inch after inch of cock meat down her gullet.

It was an astonishing and uncomfortable feeling for Meghan. She couldn't make a single sound save to gurgle and gag, and couldn't breathe at all. The long, fat cock completely plugged her throat. With him holding her head tightly and Robin clutching her arms together there was nothing at all Meghan could do either.

He buried his cock in her throat, forced it in until his balls were pressed against her nose. He sniggered down at her as he fucked his cock up and down her throat, ignoring her weak struggles.

"This is what we do to bitches who talk too much," he sneered.

He fucked his cock back and forth in her throat as her skull pounded and her vision started to darken. Then he finally pulled it out. She gagged and coughed repeatedly and drew in great ragged breaths of air. He rubbed his spit wet cock all over his face as she regained her breath.

"Tastes great," he said. "No, less filling," he said in another voice. Then he burst out laughing.

"Suck her titties, slut," he called to Robin.

Robin was still hugging her tightly, keeping her from getting off her knees or moving her arms. She shifted herself so she could begin to lick and suck on her breasts, and then the man forced his cock back into her mouth and rammed it down her throat.

## SEVEN

Amy lay awake for hours, but somehow, wrapped in Donna's arms, feeling the soft beating of the woman's heart, hearing her soft breaths, she managed to drift off to sleep. She woke very slowly, feeling odd, strangely... hot.

At first she forgot where she was, in that dazed, half awake, half sleep all she knew was that she felt very horny, that there was a moist heaviness in her lower belly. She thought to ease her hand down, to stroke her clitty, but then realized with a shock, that someone else was already doing so.

She gasped and jerked up, or tried to, but Donna shushed her and held her down. She was still pressed up against Amy's back, her right hand was down between the girls' legs, fingers gently stroking her clitty and slit. Her right arm was underneath Amy, her hand stroking and kneading her breasts.

Amy swallowed repeatedly, her eyes wide as she remembered where she was, and who she was with.

"It's okay," Donna whispered. "Is that nice? Does that feel nice?"

"Ye...yesss," Amy gulped fearfully.

Donna kissed her, sliding her tongue along her throat as she stroked her clitty with more strength now that she didn't need to fear waking her.

Amy didn't move, confused and embarrassed by what was happening. Her flustered state almost suppressed the heat between her legs... almost. Not quite, though. She was at the point where she liked it too much, and wanted it to continue. She was not happy that it was someone else doing it, a woman at that, but the sensations coming up from her loins were just too delicious to want to stop.

Anyway, it wasn't her fault. She wasn't doing anything bad. She was just laying there.

Or maybe it was her fault. Maybe they were right and she was a dirty cheap slut. What other kind of girl would be getting off on having a strange woman rubbing her pussy and squeezing her breasts? She should be screaming and struggling to break free.

But instead she just lay there and closed her eyes, drifting on a soft, sensual wave of pleasure. Her body felt warm and comfortable, snug up against Donna's own warm flesh, and after all the harsh words and treatment she'd gotten yesterday she instinctively was drawn to anything that felt good.

Soon she was unconsciously grinding her soft round bottom back against Donna as her breathing grew hotter and faster and her body began to vibrate to the sexual tune Donna was playing on her body.

Donna eased back and rolled Amy onto her back, still rubbing carefully at her slit. She slid her lips over the girl's erect nipples and sucked them, drawing a soft, surprised gasp from Amy.

She stroked and sucked her breasts and nipples as she rubbed her slit, then licked a trail down her belly, parting her thighs and sliding her tongue into the soft moist slit between them.

She pulled Amy's sex lips open and lapped up and down against her pink flesh, then kissed her clitty, folding her lips over it and sucking expertly.

Amy moaned low in her throat, her eyes closed, her chest rising and falling rapidly as the fire inside her belly grew and spread. She trembled and twitched, her hips jerking upwards as her pussy sparkled with sexual electricity.

She felt Donna's finger slide down into her slit, then a second. The pumped in and out rapidly as the woman's tongue and lips made her clitty burn like a hot coal, and turned her insides to churning mush.

She knew an orgasm was approaching rapidly, and felt embarrassed, in a way. She shouldn't be enjoying this, and didn't want to have an orgasm with this woman.

Then she did, and gloried in it. Her head pulled back and her body twitched and jerked spastically as she groaned and whimpered in sexual release. The fire burned through her nervous system and made her body dance and shake with ecstasy and pleasure, her pussy boiling over with lust as Donna sucked frenziedly at her clitty.

She lay back in wondrous delight, eyes tightly clenched as she writhed under the sexual firestorm roaring through her body. Never before had she felt such pleasure, nor imagined she ever could. The sensations Donna were bringing out from her sizzling pussy were beyond comprehension, and she could only gurgle and moan and shake helplessly as they churned through her insides.

As she slowly eased out of the cum Donna slid sensuously up her body, like a snake she wriggled her soft flesh up along Amy's until they were face to face, their breasts crushed together, their lips gently brushing each other.

For the first time, Amy kissed back, if timidly, and a little shyly. Their kisses grew quickly in intensity, then with a smile, Donna slid up, drawing her legs together and kneeling over Amy's face.

Amy knew what she wanted now, and though she still felt some reluctance, she felt obligated, and even, just a little, excited. She not only felt she owed Donna the same as Donna had given her, but was excited at the prospect of making the other woman cum like that.

She licked her lips a little nervously, then raised her hands and cupped Donna's buttocks as she ran her tongue up and down the bald little slit. She eased her hands through Donna's thighs and peeled the woman's sex lips apart to reveal the hot, glistening pussy skin inside, then lapped excitedly at it.

"That's it, baby. Yeahhh. Ooohhh, baby, baby. Do me, baby. Do me!" Donna groaned.

The words excited Amy, and she licked harder, concentrating on the woman's slit. Suddenly, she felt fingers at her own pussy, then a mouth began to work on it just like Donna had. She didn't know who it was, and, to her surprise, didn't care. She not only didn't feel very embarrassed about it but she was actually glad.

She tongued Donna's clitty and tried to get her lips around it as someone slid her fingers into Amy's own tight pussy tunnel and slurped over her own clitty. She felt her insides quickly reigniting, felt her juices begin to flow again and her belly beginning to heat up.

She rubbed at Donna's clitty, then thrust two fingers up into the woman's sex tunnel as she sucked on it. She groaned as someone gnawed lightly on her own little button, and her legs jerked and flopped down below her.

Soon Donna was bucking and bouncing and whining in heat as her pussy exploded with pussy milk and Amy scooped it out with her tongue. She,

herself was also getting ready to blow. She was having trouble breathing as the heat soared inside her and her muscles began to jerk and twitch.

Then Donna slid off her and Amy was able to look down between her legs to see Karen there. Karen raised her eyes and smiled, then slid up along Amy's body just like Donna had. They kissed, and Amy tasted her own pussy milk on Karen's lips.

Their lips slid softly together, their tongues touching as they ground their pussies against each other. Amy slid her hands down Karen's back and cupped her buttocks, surprised at her own daring but too excited, too hot to restrain herself.

She bucked up against the woman, grinding her pussy against her as their breasts rolled and crushed each other.

Karen pulled away, then crawled up and sat her pussy down onto Amy's face. At the same time Amy noticed a new weight on the bunk and felt fingers at her thighs, then at her pussy. A long tongue probed inside her as she began to lap at Karen's pussy mouth.

After having her throat fucked out, Meghan was forced to undergo something she considered even worse. She and Robin were forced to put on a lewd lesbian show for the man as he sat on a chair beside the bed.

Meghan felt terribly uncomfortable even kissing the other woman, especially as Robin shot her tongue into her mouth. But pressing her breasts against Robin's, and then being ordered, and having to suckle on Robin's nipples and finger her pussy slit, was almost more than she could bear.

Only the memory of her caning and the still tingling aching in her buttocks kept her from disobeying.

Robin led her to the bed, then the two of them made love as the man, and three others who had come in, watched.

As with the man, she had to pretend she liked it. Whenever she looked reluctant or unhappy he or one of the others would yell and curse her, and once, when she was on her knees facing Robin's pussy, and feeling almost nauseous about the idea of licking it, the man had slapped her bottom hard, making her cry out in pain.

She'd had to lick Robin's pussy, shove her tongue way up inside, and then her fingers. It was all disgusting, but she'd done it, and then had lain back as Robin had sucked hers, not just lain there but writhed and moaned and arched her back as though she were having a tremendously good time.

It was humiliating doing that with a woman, even worse doing it with an audience watching and making lewd comments about her performance and her body.

When the men were satisfied she was given further instructions. Robin slowly and seductively crawled out of bed and crawled across the floor to where one of the men sat, then licked at his shoes, then up his legs to his crotch. She undid his pants, pulled his cock out, and began to suck.

Meghan, of course, was ordered to do the same thing, which she did. She sucked him erect, bobbing her lips up and down his stiff pecker, then, on further orders, rose to her feet, swayed in place a little as she slid her hands up and down her naked body, then straddled the man and settled her pussy down on his cock.

He sucked her breasts as she rode his cock up and down, and she had to groan and whine and act like she was having a terrific time.

The worst part, though, was when, as she rode him up and down, another of the men had come up behind them and slowly forced his cock up into her anal opening. It was the second time she'd been sodomized, and she hated it every bit as much as the first.

She only hoped Amy wasn't undergoing the same kind of "training".

Amy was more than a little befuddled by the continuous sexual attention she was getting. Even after she'd eaten out Donna, Karen, and Slade, and been licked to successive orgasms by the three women, things hadn't stopped.

She didn't understand why she wasn't more embarrassed. Not only had she done such... perverse things with women, but in front of an audience. Not only the women in the cell but the women in the cell across from them, none of whom she knew at all.

After her third orgasm, and after she'd finished eating Slade, the three women had complimented her and patted her on the head and hugged her so much that she could not help feeling happy and pleased with herself.

When Slade turned on the radio and got up and started dancing, she had watched and applauded with the other two women. Slade danced so well, and so seductively, swaying and undulating her gleaming black body, that she'd felt a little jealous. And when Slade held her hands out and pulled Amy up to dance with her, the blonde girl had tried to imitate her exactly.

All her life she had been made to feel guilty about acting provocatively, about shaking her bottom or trying to turn people on. She'd been told that wanting sex, enjoying sex, were wrong and slutty, that girls couldn't have sex unless they had a "meaningful relationship" with the guy, while guys could fuck any girl that moved.

Now, in just one day, she'd been released from those restraints. Here, among these women, she could dance in the nude, seven pair of eyes on her naked body, her bouncing breasts, her little pussy, and not feel self-conscious.

It was a heady experience. She'd never really thought about women before, but now found it exciting that they were turned on by her, that they thought she was beautiful and sexy, and wanted to make love with her.

When the cell doors were opened, their cell had become crowded as the women across from them had come over to introduce themselves. At first this made her a little shy and nervous, especially since the women were all dressed in normal jumpsuits, and even Donna and Karen had dressed.

The woman had surrounded her, smiling and complimenting her, and then she was pushed back onto one of the bunks and one of them had knelt between her legs and begun licking her.

Amy hadn't minded that too much, and what embarrassment and reluctance she did feel had rapidly faded as the woman's tongue had driven deep into her pussy and set her sexual electricity humming once again.

For two hours she lay naked, one woman after another sucking her pussy, while others sat on her face or stroked and squeezed her breasts. She came again and again, writhing under many pairs of hands, and many lips and tongues.

And at the end, she found herself dancing to the music again, back against the wall, the cell and the hall in front of it filled with some two dozen women, all eyeing her with lust in their eyes and hearts.

It had been a terribly heady and exciting experience, being desired by so many women at once, and she had posed and preened timidly, and swung her hips and legs and breasts at them, smiling in delight as they called out how beautiful and hot and sexy she was. She'd danced and danced, surrounded by a blurry image of people, all calling out how great her breasts were, or her bottom, or how they'd love to get their fingers up her pussy hole.

Unfortunately, one of the guard women had come and stopped it, then made her put on the orange bodysuit and come away with her.

She was taken to a shower room and then, rather than being allowed to shower, was ordered to climb on a low table and kneel there on all fours. Two women guards had then washed her like she was a dog, soaping up her body and hair, and then, after much rubbing with their hands, particularly between the legs, she was rinsed off, dried off, then dressed in another tight orange bodysuit and taken upstairs.

She was still feeling very out of place when led to the warden's door. The events of the past day were all a giant mystery to her. She had no idea what was happening, or who was responsible for it. She didn't know what was going to happen, how long she would be here, or anything else. She had no control over anything whatever, so had little time or need to think or make decisions.

The woman led her inside, then left her there, standing in front of the warden's desk. She felt a little nervous. After all, though the women...aside from those two guards yesterday who'd raped her with their batons...had all been nice, the deputy had hurt her terribly the other day, and this man seemed to her to be very much like the deputy in his friendly face and voice.

"So, Amy, I hear you're getting along real well here," he smiled. "You're making lots o' friends and even getting into a little dancing."

Amy blushed, uncomfortable to have her lesbian sexual deeds spoken of.

"I can sure see what they mean when they say you're a hot and sexy girl," he smiled. "Hell, I haven't seen a girl as pretty as you in a long time."

Amy smiled a little tentatively, and squinted, trying to bring the Warden's image into focus.

"Why don't you come over here, darlin'," the Warden said.

She obediently moved around the desk as the Warden pulled his chair out. He took her hand and turned her, then sat her across his lap, his arm around her waist as he smiled at her. From this close she could see him fairly well. He was older than the deputy, but not bad looking, in a middle-aged way.

"Yessir, you sure are easy on the eyes," he smiled, running his fingers through her long blonde curls. He patted her head and winked at her. "I hear you like getting your pussy licked," he whispered.

She blushed and he laughed and patted her back affectionately. "Don't you worry, honey. Nobody's gonna think worse of you for that. All the girls here like gettin' their pussies sucked."

"Uhm, sir," she ventured.

"Yes?"

"I uh, I was uh, wondering if I could, uhm, call my parents?"

"Don't you worry about them. We've called them and told them you're okay."

"But... I mean, well, my sister and me. I mean, I have to tell them about my sister too."

"We told them. She's here, you know."

"She is?"

"Yup. This is the jail for the county and all the cities and towns in it."

"But... sir... we never did anything. We weren't doing anything bad."

"Now, now, now. I'm sure you're a good girl. Maybe we'll take a second look at things in a few days. I'm sure we'll find a way to let you go before too long."

He cupped her bottom in a friendly way, then kissed her lightly on the cheek. She smiled back hopefully.

"Yes, sir, you sure are pretty," he said. "Give the warden a little kiss, honey."

She kissed him on the cheek, or tried to. He turned his face so his lips met hers. Soon they were exchanging long, moist, lingering kisses. He had a hand between her legs and was rubbing her pussy through the thing stretch fabric, his fingers stroking her clitty with heavy pressure.

Amy had been incredibly turned on by dancing for the crowd of women, and then turned on again by the way the guards had soaped her up and stroked her pussy. Now, with the Warden stroking her clitty and kissing her, she found herself getting hot once again, felt the moist heaviness in her lower belly as his hand squeezed and stroked her puss.

She couldn't help wondering if he could give her an orgasm like the women had. She'd fucked two boys, not counting the deputy, who, come to think of it had actually only fucked her in the ass, and she hadn't come with either guy.

She wondered if she could come with his cock inside her, for she was fairly sure that the man wanted to fuck her, and that she would not be able to say no even if she'd been inclined to.

He pulled the zipper down all the way, which was almost up to where her little thatch of pussy hair was. He pulled the bodysuit open to expose her round, firm breasts and shook his head in admiration.

"What a set of teats," he said in delight. "These are just about the best teats I've ever seen. I've seen bigger, but never better."

He cupped her breasts, squeezing them together, then burying his face in them. Amy felt a wave of pleasure and pride at how beautiful her breasts were.

He gripped her hair, and pulled it way back, making her pull her head almost upside down, and making her breasts stick out hard and round and firm.

"Oh, yeah," he said, sliding his other hand over them.

He eased her head forward again and crushed her lips with his. His hand slid down her belly and into the bodysuit at the body, squeezing her bare pussy. His fingers slid between her sex lips and up into her hole as his thumb pressed down on her clitty.

He worked her clit down against the fingers inside her slit as he licked and sucked and kissed her mouth, throat and breasts.

Amy groaned in anxious pleasure, wriggling helplessly as her pussy began to burn and tingle with lust and heat. She felt her entire body begin to throb with the sexual desire and excitement that was no becoming routine, and made no effort to resist it.

In only twenty-four hours in this place she had come to understand that she had no control whatever of who did what to her, and therefore, in an odd way, she was free of all guilt and responsibility, and could indulge her body's desires as much as she wanted.

She stroked the Warden's face and head and let her head loll back as he suckled furiously at her nipples, and rained little bites all across her firm round breasts. His fingers pumped inside her moist slit, grinding and sawing against her clitty as his thumb jammed it down and ground against it.

Her insides jerked and twisted and heaved, throwing waves of pleasure up her spine and flooding her brain with delight and sexual heat.

Then she came, her head snapping way back, her bottom bouncing on his lap and her pussy boiling over with pleasure as she grunted and moaned and whimpered in delight.

She Warden pumped his fingers up her pussy and squeezed her clitty as she came, hugging her tight and sucking on her breasts as she jerked and grunted and trembled against him.

Then he lifted her up in his arms as he stood up. He set her down on the edge of the desk, pushed her bodysuit over her shoulders and down to the waist, then pushed her back so she was laying across his desk. He jerked the

material down past her hips, lifting her bottom up as he peeled it down and off.

She spread her legs willingly as she watched him undoing his pants, laying her self open. She licked her lips in both excitement and worry as his cock came out. It was long and thick and all red and purply. He pressed the head against her soft slit, then drove it deep with a single thrust.

She grunted in surprise and a little pain as his cock thrust into her, but she felt nowhere near the pain she had from the batons the guards had used on her, nor, of course, did it feel anything like when the deputy had shoved his whole hand up there.

What pain there was faded quickly as the Warden drove his cock down into her to the hilt. She was able to concentrate then on the feeling of his throbbing male meat inside her, the sensations as it started to pull in and out, and the delight she felt as it stroked her clitty.

"Like that, baby?" he panted. "Better than them dykes downstairs can do."

"Yessss," she sighed, revelling in the feelings the big cock was raising inside her, delighting in the rapid rise of pleasure as his cock pumped back and forth.

His hands slid up her body and squeezed her breasts, then he bent over and kissed her, his tongue pushing into her mouth. He ground his cock around inside her, humping back and forth as his body pressed down on her.

He cupped her buttocks and mashed his lips against hers as she brought her legs up and around him.

He gripped her thighs and lifted them, shoving them back so her knees were pressed against the desk on either side of her body. She was utterly exposed like this, but the lewdness, the brazen animal sexuality, only served to excite her more.

She grunted in delight as he rammed his cock down into her hole, squeezing her own breasts as he crushed her in two and hammered his cock down into her drooling sex channel.

She closed her eyes and grunted happily, floating on a sea of sexual delight as her body thrummed with heat and sensual desire.

## EIGHT

Amy wasn't given her bodysuit back, but left the Warden's office naked, wearing only the high, spiked heels. So many people had seen her naked lately that she had only a little embarrassment over this, even though everyone they passed was clothed.

She was led into a small room, a bedroom, of sorts. A man and a woman waited there for her. She couldn't see either of them very clearly, but the man was big, and the woman looked to be about her age, with breasts only slightly smaller than hers. The man didn't give his name, but the woman's name was Jennifer.

The first thing the man did was put a thick, studded leather collar around Amy's neck. He said he was going to show her tricks. Amy wasn't sure what that meant, really, but was willing to do whatever she was told.

"Do you know what your name is?" he asked,

"Amy," she responded promptly.

"Wrong. Your name is slut. Understand?"

Amy didn't, and looked at him in bewilderment.

"Slut. That's your name. Got that?"

"Okay," she said timidly, a little hurt that he was being mean to her.

"Okay, slut. Get down on your knees," he growled.

She promptly obeyed.

"Say, yes, sir, when I give you an order, slut."

"Yes, sir," she said in a small voice.

"When I want you on your knees, it means I want your back straight, head up, tits out, sitting on your heels," he growled. "Do it."

"Yes, sir," she gulped, sitting on her heels.

"Legs apart," he snapped.

"Yes, sir," she said.

'Okay, whenever anyone tells you to kneel, this is the position. You better do it fast or they'll take a cane to your ass. Understand?"

"Yes, sir!" she said.

"Now, I want you in the suck position. Put your knees together and straighten up your knees."

"Yes, sir." Amy rose on her knees, her back straight.

"Now get in the doggie position."

"Yes, sir." She knew what that was all right. She dropped forward onto all fours, and didn't have to be asked to spread her legs and raise her bottom.

"Good, slut." he said. He picked up something she couldn't make out, then bent and snapped something onto the collar around her neck. It was, she realized, a leash, like you used with dogs.

"Okay, slut, let's see you crawl," he said.

She had little choice but to crawl as he started walking, pulling on the leash. He led her in circles around the room, and, she found out, he had picked up a long switch that he used on her bottom whenever she didn't crawl like he wanted.

He walked her out the door and up and down the hall, making her stop and kneel, or sit, or even roll over like a dog. It was very embarrassing, but every time she hesitate at all the long switch would lash across her buttocks and sting her fiercely.

This was no fun at all, but she had no choice in the matter as the man continued to order her around. He walked her back to the room and made her get in the suck position, then had her suck off Jennifer.

Several more men showed up as she was doing this and watched. When she was finished, after Jennifer had come, Amy had to crawl around to each man and kiss and lick his shoes, then turn and spread her legs and say "Please fuck me, master, please fuck my pussy."

All of them did, of course, which wasn't too bad, really. She almost came, even though she was feeling flustered and embarrassed and upset at the mean way she was being treated.

All the men sat down in chairs then, surrounding the bed as Jennifer got into the bed and lay on her back. Amy was allowed to sit on one of the men's laps and watch as Jennifer began to masturbate.

That shocked her. Masturbation was a terribly dirty thing that people just didn't talk about. And here was Jennifer doing it right in front of all these men. Not only was she doing it but she was enjoying it, arching her back, moaning and groaning, whimpering and wriggling as she pumped her fingers into her pussy and stroked her breasts.

The man who's lap she was sitting on was stroking her body too, and he tugged back on her hair to bring her face around to him. "You're next," he said. "So you better learn to act like her."

Amy felt a momentary panic, knowing she couldn't, just couldn't masturbate in front of all these men. But then she decided that it surely wasn't all that much worse than what she'd done before in front of all the women downstairs.

She also realized that Jennifer was probably faking her responses, and that she herself could do that too. She would feel embarrassed and stupid, but she could do it.

And soon she was, her legs wide, knees drawn back as a dozen men sat around the bed watching. She groaned and wriggled and humped at her fingers, her face blazing with embarrassment as she pretended to masturbate. She didn't think she had ever done anything so dirty in her life.

Jennifer got on the bed with her then, but to Amy's surprise she had something with her. It looked like a gigantic cock. It was thick, and rubbery, and had a cockhead and veins and everything. It must have been over twenty inches long too.

Amy was afraid for a moment that the woman would try and shove the huge thing into her pussy, for she knew that she could never accommodate such a monster cock. She was mystified when Jennifer handed it to her, then picked up the other end...which also had a cockhead, and began to shove it up her own pussy.

Amy held her end and watched as Jennifer's bald little pussy crack swallowed inch after inch of the rubber cock. Then, with more than half the

thing hanging out she gripped the other end, taking it back from Amy, and squatted right up next to her.

She raised Amy's leg and shifted her pussy right up next to Amy's, then pressed the other end of the dildo against Amy's slit. Amy groaned a little as the thing bloated out her pussy, but didn't resist as the woman shoved it deeper.

She started to get the idea of what the thing was about when she realized that Jennifer's slit was drawing closer and closer to her own. Not only did she understand but she started to get a little excited and intrigued.

Jennifer let go of the cock. There was about six inches of it visible between her pussy crack and Amy's then, and Amy wondered if they could get it all inside.

Jennifer took her hands and they manoeuvred their crotches closer together, grunting and panting with the effort as more of the rubber cock pushed into their guts. Amy was getting hotter and hotter as her pussy slid up the cock towards Jennifer's. This was so weird and bizarre and almost funny, that she couldn't be fearful of it.

She pulled on Jennifer's hands, and Jennifer pulled on hers, and soon their pussies were mashing together, the rubber prong deep inside them as they ground and rubbed and mashed their pussies together. Amy was in seventh heaven. The pleasure was enormous as she grunted and humped against the other woman's pussy, feeling the big rubber cock twisting and jerking around in her own guts at the same time.

The men watching only served to turn her on more. It was like back in the cell. She couldn't really see them as individuals. She only saw a blurry outline of their shapes. She knew they were there, though, and as she and Jennifer humped and jerked together she felt a wave of pleasure at how erotic they must be, at how excited the people watching must be.

There was little, if anything left of her modesty by then, for she'd been exposed in such lewd and dirty positions and actions, for so long, before so many people, that she'd grown used to it. All that mattered was the pleasure, and the feel of Jennifer's shaved pussy against her own was so wonderful that even if she didn't have the big cock in her she was sure she would come.

As it was she certainly didn't have to fake the pleasure she felt, or the orgasms that quickly rolled over her. When Jennifer began slapping her pussy against Amy, and Amy responded, the pleasure rocketed upwards and nearly blew the top of her head off.

After that she was placed on all fours and fucked again and again. At the same time men knelt in front of her and shoved their cocks into her mouth. She sucked inexpertly at first, but soon got the hang of what they wanted.

When one of them shoved his cock right down her throat she was so shocked that she tried to resist and pull away. The man behind her had immediately grabbed her wrists and pulled them straight back along her body, not even interrupting his steady fucking.

She was able to do nothing at all then as the man in front of her had pumped his cock inside her throat.

After the second man had fucked her throat, though, she had gotten used to even that, and the next three men to fuck her throat found no resistance.

Meghan slid her hands up and down her body as the music blasted from the speakers behind her. She swung her hips and let her body undulate as the men in the audience yelled out obscenities.

She stuck her tongue out tauntingly, then twirled and wagged her bottom at them. She undid the tight top she wore, then shrugged it off and covered her breasts with her arms. She turned around then, swinging her hips as she moved across the stage, gradually revealing more and more of her breasts.

She twirled and slid her arms up above her head, so that when she came around again to face them her breasts were bare, hard and sticking out tight and firm. She slid her hands behind her head, smiling seductively as her hips shook and her breasts wobbled.

This was her third show and she had the routine down pat by now. She was hardly even embarrassed, having little, if any pride left. The hardest part about putting on the act was the smiling and acting like she was excited and having fun.

She lifted her skirt and wagged her bottom, then peeled it off and tossed it behind her. She danced across the stage wearing only high heels and a G-string, bending way over right at the edge of the stage, showing them her round buttocks, and even letting some of them reach of and squeeze her bottom and pussy.

She danced to the middle of the stage and bent over, then peeled the G-string down and off. Now naked, she continued to dance, to shake her breasts, to bend over and show her pussy at them. She stuck her hands between her thighs and put her fingers in her pussy crack, then peeled it open to show them her pink pussy flesh.

She went to the edge of the stage and squatted there, smiling as the men reached up and grabbed at her pussy. She sat, then lay back and spread her legs wide apart, letting them grab her pussy, letting them jam their fingers into her slit as they fought each other for better positions.

She brought her legs back against her chest and started rocking back and forth, then rolled completely over and stood up.

That was the end of the stripping part of the show. The audience yelled in anticipation as two large muscular black men padded out onto the stage from opposite ends. They came up to Meghan from either end, then squeezed her between them.

They were both naked, their big cocks hanging down beneath their bushy pussy hair. Meghan slid down to her knees as they moved to stand side

by side, then she slipped her mouth over one of the cocks, grabbing the other with her hand and squeezing it.

She sucked one cock, then transferred her mouth to the other. She fisted both cocks, pumping her hands on them as they hardened, rubbing them all over her face as the men in the audience howled in delight and demanded more. They called out happily.

"Fuck the little slut!"

"Fuck her asshole!"

"Ream out that ass, boy!"

"Tear that cunt open!"

"Shove it down the whore's throat, ya nigger!"

She tried to tune their shouts out, since they were so... so mean, so nasty and violent. She couldn't understand how these men, most of whom probably had wives and daughters at home, could want to watch these big muscular guys rape her anus and throat. Oh, maybe they thought she liked it, but why would they?

Of course the bar would oblige. It always did. As the cocks hardened one of the black guys took hold of her hair and then eased down onto his knees, forcing her to bend over. The other guy eased down behind her.

She was sideways to the audience, so they could watch as the guy in front forced her head back and then slid the whole long length of his cock down her throat. There was a burst of applause as his balls pressed up against her chin and her nose was crushed against his lower belly, then another burst of applause as the guy behind rammed his cock down her pussy slit.

The two then fucked her slowly, so the audience could see their cocks working. Gradually they built up speed until they were pounding it to her in furious pistoning movements that made their cocks rip back and forth in her pussy and throat.

They stopped then. The guy behind pulled out and stood up. The guy in front stood up, keeping her face pressed against his groin. He held her there by the hair for a few seconds, then slid his cock out too. He dragged her to her feet by the hair, then roughly bent her over.

The guy behind spread her legs wide and angled her bottom towards the audience, then fitted his cock against her anal opening. He forced the head through her sphincter, then eased the rest up into her.

The men in the audience clapped and hooted as ten inches of black cock were jammed up Meghan's anus.

The guy in front let go of her hair and the guy behind grabbed it, pulling her erect, pulling her right back against him so her buttocks were jammed against his hips and his cock was firmly lodged deep in her rectum. He mashed her breasts and bit down on the side of her throat as the other guy moved forward.

He gripped her left leg, the one close to the audience, and lifted it up...up...up, jamming it straight back so that her ankle was up next to her

head and the audience could see her pussy slit. He fit his cock against it and thrust up hard enough to jerk her off her foot.

The audience yelled and applauded again as the man buried his cock inside her. She felt her guts cramp around the two long hard cylinders of man meat, felt her insides churn and squirm as the cocks began to pump inside her.

They fucked her for a long minute, sucking on her throat, mashing her breasts, grunting loudly as they spiked their cocks up into her belly.

The a third man came out, another muscular black man. He came up to them and the two with her pulled back. She was shoved down onto her back, then rolled onto her side, facing the audience. Her upper leg was shoved way back and two of them knelt there, one shoving his cock into her pussy, the other into her anus.

Her head was pulled back and the third guy shoved his cock down her throat. Again they fucked her for a minute, and then a fourth guy padded out onto the stage.

The audience loved this, and howled in glee as the fourth guy knelt at her chest and grabbed her breasts, then mashed them around his cock as he started pumping.

A fifth guy walked out, then a sixth.

The audience yelled in delight.

The six muscular black guys hauled Meghan aloft by her ankles. One of them lay on his back directly under her, then her head was tilted back and her mouth slid down over his cock. A black guy knelt in front of her and mashed her breasts around his cock. He had to tilt way over to one side so the guy standing above him could jam his cock down into her pussy.

A fourth guy shoved his cock down her rectum, and then her arms were pulled up and apart and cocks were placed in her hands. She pumped them as the other four fucked her.

One by one the guys came, first the guy in her pussy blew his wad. The guy fucking her breasts stood up and took his place. The guy in her rectum came, and one of the guys she was giving a hand job to moved over and shoved his cock down her rectum. The guy in her mouth came, then the guy in her pussy.

Finally there was just one guy left. She lay on her belly on the stage, legs wide, wide apart, as the guy pounded his cock down her anus. When he came he padded off with the rest and she slowly and weakly rolled over, legs splayed, arms above her, giving the perfect image of being totally fucked out.

It was at this stage that the girl crawled out. She was already naked and crawled like a cat across to where she lay. Meghan didn't even look at her. Her head was flat, her eyes closed, her chest heaving as she recovered from the hard fucking.

The girl crawled in between her legs and began to suck on her pussy. Meghan groaned and arched her back dramatically, her hands sliding down

onto her breasts to squeeze them, then sliding down onto the girl's head as the girl sucked her clit.

The girl shoved her thumbs up into Meghan's slit and pulled it wide so she could shove her tongue deep, then slurped out the hot cum juice the men had just left. she eased around so her knees were over Meghan's face, then eased down. Meghan reached up and took her bottom then began tonguing the girl's slit.

The audience yelled out insults, calling them whores and dykes and faggots, but they loved watching.

After a few minutes of the sixty-nine, they were supposed to roll apart, then crawl together and start kissing and hugging and rubbing their breasts together. Then the other girl would produce a strap-on dildo and fuck Meghan's back entrance.

The time came and they rolled away, then got to all fours, and then up onto their knees, coming together. It was then that Meghan got her first good look at the other girl. She was a beautiful blonde with waist length curly hair and big breasts.

It was Amy.

Meghan stared at her in shock, unable to move.

Amy, who had never been given her glasses back, and who could see nothing clearly beyond a couple of feet, squinted at Meghan in wonder.

"Meghan?" she gasped.

"Amy?!"

They stared at each other with open mouths, then Amy threw her arms around her sister and hugged her tightly. Meghan hugged her back, but felt a profound discomfort at the way their breasts were mashed together. She had fucked a lot of girls in the past week... but this was Amy!

She realized then that they had been licking and sucking on each other's pussies, and felt almost sick at the realization.

"Are you all right?" she asked awkwardly.

"Oh, Meghan. I'm so happy to see you again!" Amy cried.

Then she turned to gaze into the audience. She couldn't see them, but she could hear their unhappy yells and cries.

"We better keep on working," Amy said. "Otherwise they'll be really pissed at us."

Meghan wanted to say no way, but she'd gotten another taste of the cane when she'd first refused to suck a man's anus, and then had been strung up by the wrists and been whipped with a riding crop when she'd refused to work at the strip show.

So when Amy began to squeeze her buttocks and pressed her lips against Meghan's, she didn't pull away. Their hands roamed over each other's bodies as they ground together, then Amy pulled back, smiling happily, and picked up the strap-on dildo she'd brought.

Meghan felt a burst of rebellion at the idea of letting her little sister sodomize her, but was too frightened to let it change her act. She watched as Amy donned the gear, then turned and bent over.

She felt Amy's hands on her buttocks, then sliding up and down her pussy slit. She felt the round nose of the rubber cock pierce her sex lips, then slide up inside her. Amy pumped the cock back and forth inside her steadily for a minute, then pulled it out and pressed it against her anal opening.

Meghan grunted as the dildo slid into her anal tube, shuddering as it sank deep. Amy slid her hands up and down her body, squeezing her breasts, then sliding under her and stroking her clitty.

Amy fucked her with faster and faster strokes, gasping and crying in pleasure, which Meghan thought sounded awfully real. She herself just grunted and moaned as the big dildo rutted up her anal tube.

After fucking her for a minute Amy pulled back. There were two long double headed dildos on the stage and she and Meghan each took one. Meghan slid hers up into her anus while Amy fitted hers against her bald sex lips crack and jammed it up inside.

Then the two knelt on all fours and backed against each other, manoeuvring carefully so that the other end of Amy's dildo slid into Meghan's pussy and the other head of Meghan's dildo went into Amy's anus. They swallowed both dildos and slapped their tight round bottoms together as the men howled in glee.

That was the end of the performance. The two of them walked backstage and then went to the shower there and quickly washed up. There was no real chance to talk as they cleaned off, then rushed to the little rooms set in the back.

There they waited as a succession of men came and visited them. Each had about twenty customers over the next few of hours, then were driven back to the county jail, along with the other girls, in the back of a van.

"Amy," Meghan smiled sadly. "How have you been?"

"I'm fine," Amy smiled. "It took a little getting used to, but I'm okay now."

"Okay?"

"Well, I miss mom and dad," she sighed. "But things aren't bad here. In fact, in some ways things are a lot better. I get to fuck a lot, and that's great."

"Great?" Meghan stared in shock.

"Yeah."

"How can it be great? Amy we're being forced to work as strippers and prostitutes!"

"Well...yeah, that's true," Amy shrugged. "But...well, it's kind of...okay. I mean, well, I come a lot."

"You what?"

"I come a lot," Amy said, blushing a little.

"Are you trying to tell me you enjoy being treated as a filthy whore? That you like men slapping you around and raping your asshole?"

"I'm sorry," Amy sighed.

"You're sorry? You're sorry!?"

"I guess I'm a slut or something. Maybe I'm sick."

"I'll say!"

"But we're going to be fucked anyway, Meghan. Hating it isn't going to make it stop. Relax and enjoy it."

"I don't want to enjoy it!" Meghan hissed.

"Then you'll be miserable every day for the rest of your life."

"At least I'm not a whore!"

"Better to be a happy whore than a miserable rape victim. I'm getting fucked a lot, Meg, and since my attitude changed I'm getting off on it. I'm not saying it's the best life in the world, but I can accept it, and so can you."

"Well, I can't," Meghan snapped.

"Then I feel sorry for you. Look, Meg, if you were doing this by choice, if you had all these guys eager to fuck you, you'd be delirious. Try and pretend you want this and you'll be a lot happier."

They were separated at the jail, and Meghan went to her room and had a shower, then she stood in front of the mirror for a while thinking about what Amy had said. She had often dreamed about unlimited cocks, about having as much sex as she could ever want, and now she had it. So why was she so miserable?

True, she was being held against her will, but that didn't change the fact that the fantasies she'd had only a week ago, fantasies about being fucked senseless by guy after guy...was now a reality.

The next day, as the warden fucked her, she came for the first time since her imprisonment. She came again as one of the guards fucked her, then came again during her stage show, and three more times as she was fucked by customers.

The day after that she came even more often. As her mental inhibitions melted and her anger faded, as her defiance disappeared and she began to accept the life thrust upon her, she began to revel in the hot, lewd, carnal actions she took part in, coming wildly without any acting, coming repeatedly, wetly, shrieking with delight as cocks pounded her pussy and anus.

As Amy said, it wasn't the life she would have chosen, but on the other hand, having an endless supply of cock made up for a lot.

END