

POLICEWOMAN IN CHAINS

by

John Argus

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One

Toni pushed open the door to the Vice Squad and went through, stopping to look around at the mess and disorder in the long, low, narrow room with ill concealed distaste.

She didn't really want to come here. It was both a blessing and a curse that brand new young policewomen had the opportunity for rapid advancement in Vice.

She would get to avoid the boring radio patrols that spent too much time breaking up domestic disputes, breaking up drunken brawls, and writing tickets to surly motorists, and would jump immediately to plain clothes. Male cops spent years applying unsuccessfully for plain clothes work.

On the other hand, the reason why she was allowed to bypass the boring, but time worn radio patrol initiation, was also the reason why Vice was no happy appointment for police women. Instead of wearing an ugly uniform she would get to wear cheap, revealing clothing and act like a whore on the street, posing as a prostitute to catch johns.

It was, she knew, dirty work. Standing around in skin tight pants, or mini skirts with your breasts hanging out, and marching up and down on the

sidewalk in stiletto heels for hours was nothing to be proud of. Nor was it pleasant work listening to the obscene proposals from passing men, and offering herself to them for money.

Still, a couple of years and she would be a detective rather than just a plain clothes cop. That was years before most men could even think of applying. It would be unpleasant at Vice, but she could handle it. It wasn't like she was some innocent virgin.

Girls who grew up in New York weren't very innocent by the time they reached her age, and those who grew up in the Bronx even less so. She doubted the Johns would use any language she hadn't heard often enough from the guys she'd hung with.

"Yeah?"

She turned her attention to a fat little guy with a receding hairline who was standing in front of her. She was five feet eight, which wasn't all that tall, but he was shorter. He was chewing on half a cigar and his face looked like it hadn't been shaved in a couple of days.

Being in Vice, the fact that he looked like a disreputable scumbag didn't necessarily mean he was. She looked past the open shirt and gold chains, down to his belt. Sure enough, he had a badge stuck into it and a holster on the side.

"I'm Antonia Torelli. I just been assigned here."

"Yeah? Go see Lieutenant Becker. He's the big nigger in the corner by the cage."

He pointed towards a big black guy with a completely shaved head. Toni nodded and moved past him, carrying her papers.

"Hey, kiss my ass, redneck," Becker snapped at a blonde Aryan looking guy sitting on a desk.

"You Lieutenant Becker?" Toni asked nervously.

He turned and glared at her. The Aryan guy turned and gave her the once over as well.

"Why?"

"I'm Antonia Torelli. I just been assigned here."

He scanned her up and down and held out his hand. She shoved the file into his hands but he tossed it on the desk without looking at it.

"Cute. Real cute. Turn around."

"Huh?"

"Turn the fuck around."

She hesitated then turned around, then back.

"Nice ass. You'll be real popular."

She blushed, but held her tongue.

"Carla!"

"What?"

"Get your ass over here."

A tall black woman in her mid-thirties came over from another desk, scowling impatiently.

"What the fuck you want, baldy?"

"Watch your mouth, bitch!" he growled.

His tone and expression changed abruptly. "Got a new whore for you. Get her dressed nice so the johns come arunnin'."

Carla turned her glare on Toni.

"Where you from?"

"The Bronx."

"No, you dumbass, what division?"

"She's a fuckin' rookie, straight outa the academy," Becker said.

"Awwww Shhheeiitt," Carla sighed, shaking her head.

Toni was not feeling very loved at that moment. She was not exactly a dainty virgin, but the crudeness of these people was unnerving.

"Well, come on then, cherry. We'll find you somethin' nice ta wear," Carla sighed, nodding her head as she moved towards a narrow door in the far wall.

Toni followed, glaring resentfully at her back.

She followed her into a room not much more than six by eight. It was crowded with a chest and table and racks of clothes along the wall. Carla

turned and propped herself against a counter, then grinned.

"Git yer' clothes off, sweety."

Toni started in surprise, and flushed slightly under the older woman's eyes. Then, as Carla motioned impatiently she hesitantly removed her jacket, then opened her shirt and slid it off. She felt embarrassed at the woman watching, but knew that was unreasonable.

She skinned her jeans down and off and stood there in bra and panties, feet cold on the cement floor. Carla looked at her, eyes flicking up and down, and she flushed even further, sensing something more behind the look than guessing her size.

Carla made a sign at the bra.

"You ain't gonna be wearin' that, baby. We'll find a nice tight push up bra to shove your tits out at the world an' git the johns all horny."

Resigned, Toni stripped off the bra, then stood there in just her panties, shuffling self-consciously from foot to foot as Carla searched through the drawers and came out with some colourful looking clothing.

The big woman turned several times, examining her, and each time Toni felt a strange little flutter in

her stomach, and a slow heat along the side of her face.

"You got nice breasts," she said.

Toni blinked in surprise and then pursed her lips, embarrassed.

"I mean, they ain't as big as mine, but they're real firm," she said, grinning flirtatiously.

Toni was still trying to figure out how to respond when the woman pulled a black halter from the mass of clothes and stepped over to her. Toni fought an urge to jump back as the woman held the halter up against her chest.

"Yeah, this'll work," she said, folding the thin material up against Toni's breasts.

She moved behind her, pulling the halter in tight against her lower chest and tying it behind her. Her big hands came around the front and she pulled up the top of the halter, pulling it from Toni's uncertain grip and squeezing it up against the underside of her breasts.

The way she pulled the halter in squeezed Toni's breasts together and then up, and she pulled the material in tight so that half Toni's breasts were showing. As she did her fingers slid along the sides of Toni's breasts, and the younger woman felt a swirl of heat along her chest.

"That looks good," Carla said.

"I can hardly breath," Toni complained.

"That's the way it's supposed to look."

"Half my breasts are hanging out!" Toni protested.

Carla moved back in front of her, eyes on Toni's breasts and again Toni felt a flutter in her stomach.

"Nice. Real nice," the woman said. Hey, you can't fish without bait."

"I guess," Toni said uncomfortably.

Carla handed her a pair of black leather pants and she pulled them on. Carla got behind her and added her hands as they tugged and yanked on the things until they were finally closed. They were more than skin tight. Toni thought that every vein and goose bump would be visible in the things. They squeezed her crotch incredibly tight, and cupped her bottom in a sweaty grip.

"Nice," Carla said. "You got a nice little ass. Make sure you point it at the road a lot and all the Johns will come like bears after honey, wantin' to stick their dicks up your asshole."

Toni's face flushed red and the big woman laughed.

Toni glared but Carla ignored her.

Carla stripped then. She wore no underwear and despite her annoyance, Toni had to admire the trim, muscular black woman's physique. Carla had a

voluptuous figure to go with her height, big round breasts with giant nipples, a big round ass, and a tiny waist.

"Like it?" Carla snickered, bending forward and spreading her legs, giving Toni a good shot of her pink fleshed pussy.

Toni flushed and turned away as Carla cackled and drew on a tiny mini. She slipped a little black G-string on beneath it, then pulled on a lacy white bra and a translucent pink top.

"How do I look?" she asked.

"You look like a whore."

"Good."

She looked critically at Toni, then her hand came up to Toni's hair, flicking at it as she tsked.

"What are you.. "

"We got to do somethin' with your hair."

"What's wrong with it?"

"It looks too tough. Let's try an' part it in the middle. You got a young face. Let's try and make you look innocent."

Toni snorted in disgust. "I ain't been innocent for almost ten years."

"Yeah, well, let's try an' look like it anyways."

She took out a brush and carefully parted Toni's black hair in the middle, twisting it a little to leave some short bangs over her forehead.

"Nice... nice," she breathed.

She stood back then and admired her work.

"Great. You look like an innocent little virgin. With that face and that ass, the guys will come running. Just remember, you're, let's say... seventeen. You can pass for that. Guys like em' young."

"Right."

"Too bad you wasn't a blonde. You got light enough skin. Why don't you dye your hair?"

"Why don't you?"

Carla cackled again, her big breasts shaking and bouncing in her lacy bra.

"Ain't got the skin for it, baby. Well, we can git a long blonde wig for you. That'll really draw em' around. You'll rack up lots of arrests and get your little white ass up to robbery or somethin', away from us degenerates down here in Vice."

"That sounds good to me," Toni grumbled.

"Now let's get out there before they start makin' jokes bout' us being dykes or somethin'."

She started to move to the door, then stopped and turned to Toni again.

"You better be prepared for some smart ass remarks. These guys ain't exactly the most polite in the world.

Just tell em' to fuck off if they bug you."

"Hey, where to I put my gun?"

Carla grabbed a little black purse off a shelf and shoved it into her arms.

"My gun ain't gonna fit in that," Toni said dubiously.

"Why not? Ahh, shit, don't tell me you only got your service revolver."

Toni nodded.

"That thing ain't good for shit."

She pulled out a wicked little thirty two automatic from her purse and showed it to Toni.

"This is small, has fourteen shots and with the hollow point bullets gives a kick like a mule."

"I thought hollow points were illegal."

"Fuck that. You want to get your ass shot off by some wacko just cause some pencil pushin' asshole downtown is afraid of you hurtin' em' too much?"

She shoved the thirty-two into Toni's purse.

"I got another in my desk. Make sure you buy one tomorrow."

"Uh, okay, thanks."

"Thanks nuthin'. You gonna be with me I want you to watch my back. I ain't no fuckin' baby sitter neither."

"I don't need no baby sitter," Toni glowered.

She followed Carla out into the main squad room as a chorus of hoots and cat-calls greeted them.

"Hey, Carla. Fifty for a blow job," the little fat guy offered.

"Fuck you, asshole."

"How bout you sweet cheeks?" The aryan guy taunted, slurping wetly.

"Hey, kiss my ass." She glared around her.

"Okay!" several cops offered at once.

"Shut the fuck up!" Becker snarled at them all. He turned to the two women then and nodded his head, lips pursed.

"Okay, Torelli, you go out with Carla tonight. Jenkin, Schultz, Morgan and Washington will be your dates."

He pointed at the blonde Aryan guy, who was Jenkin, it seemed, the little fat guy with his hairy chest showing, and two new guys that had just wandered up, Washington, a thin black guy, and Morgan, who was a six foot five monster in a crew cut and football jersey.

"You watch what Carla says and does. She's a real pro."

"Yeah, from experience, I bet." Schultz snickered.

"Eat shit, Kraut." Carla scowled.

The six of them drove down to forty-second street in a van and an unmarked car. Carla and

Toni took up positions on a likely corner while the guys spread out around them.

"Just remember," Carla said, "you never, under any circumstance, get in the fuckin' car with em'. I don't give a shit how helpless or innocent they look. Better to blow the bust than get in there, understand?"

"Yeah, sure."

It didn't take long for their first customer to roll to a halt. Carla sauntered forward, her bottom wiggling. Toni trailed obediently behind, trying to hide her nervousness. Carla leaned forward, letting her breasts hang down for the john to see as he peered out of his Cadillac.

"Hey, baby. How you doin'?" she asked.

"How much for a fuck?"

"Why, I dunno, baby, what you lookin' for?" Carla said, rolling her tongue around.

"I just want to fuck you. What's the standard rate?"

"I ain't MacDonaldis, baby. Make me an offer."

"Fifty bucks."

"Okay. That'll do it."

Morgan and Washington screeched to a halt in the sedan, blocking the man's car. They jerked his door open and dragged him off as Carla backed away, pulling Toni with her. Five minutes later the

tow truck had taken the car away, while the guy had been driven off by a black and white.

"That was sure easy," Toni said.

"It usually is sweetie, but you can never tell. Some of these guys are wackos and got guns an' knives. You got to assume they all are, just in case."

The next car slid up only ten minutes later. Again, Carla led Toni up beside it and leaned forward.

"Hey, there, big guy," she grinned at a big, blunt looking guy inside.

"I'm lookin' for something special," he said.

"Yeah? Well, we aim to please," Carla smiled wider.

"I want to see you an' the white girl together."

"What, me an' her? What you want us to be doin'?"

"I want to see you to do a lezzie number, suck each other's cunts."

"An for why would we do that, my man?"

"I'll give you a hundred bucks."

"Uh, uh. Not if you gonna fuck us after."

"I only want to fuck her. I'll pay a hundred and fifty then."

"Okay, sounds good. I love suckin' little white girls anyway."

Okay was the signal word and Schultz and Jenkin were already moving in. Toni and Carla backed away as they wrestled the guy out of his car and threw him over the hood.

"Some fun, huh?" Carla grinned.

"Yeah, sure."

Not all the johns showed up right away. They had to walk up and down for long stretches of time as the night wore on. Toni's feet got tired in the tall stiletto heels she was wearing and she wound up walking in little mincing steps. And it wasn't too long before she realized that any walking at all in the super tight pants was going to have an effect on her pussy.

Toni wasn't normally the excitable type, but the leather pants were squeezing against her pussy like a fist, and as she walked, her thighs caused the leather to grind back and forth against her through her thin silk panties, producing a warm tingling at first but growing warmer.

Worse, it was exciting her to be out on the street dressed as she was, half her breasts naked to every passerby, her bottom encased in leather like a second skin. She'd never dressed so sluttilly before, but now it was as though she had a free pass. She could dress, talk and even act like a whore without any guilt.

And it was turning her on. Her nipples, normally small and pink, thrust out a half inch when erect, and they were fully erect now, sticking out against the thin black halter like a pair of thumbs, easily noticeable by anyone who looked. Her breasts felt warm, and her pussy, with the steady stroking of the leather and silk, warmer still.

The hotter her pussy got, the more she started to really get into her act - or maybe it was the other way around. She was sauntering, rolling her hips and showing her tightly clad buttocks to the cars driving slowly past. She knew that she was being recorded, and that the guys could hear, but she somehow didn't care.

Men were staring at her as they walked by, and instead of feeling dirty or cringing she basked in the approval and lust in their eyes.

"Hey honey," the rich looking man said as he leaned over to scan her.

"Hey there, handsome." She grinned, leaning way over so he could see most of her bulging cleavage.

"You working?" he asked, staring into her chest.

"What would you like baby, a little suck? I suck like a vacuum, baby." She rolled her tongue across her lips invitingly.

"Yeah? I'll five you forty."

"Forty? For forty you just get a normal suck," she taunted. "for sixty I'll deep throat ya."

"No shit? You deep throat?"

"Ooooh yeahhh. I just love to take big boners down my throat," she purred, licking her lips.

"Okay, sure. Sixty bucks."

"Don't you want to fuck me after?" She pouted.

"How much?"

"Well, I dunno, do you wanna really pound it to me. That takes a lot out of me you know on account of me being multi-orgasmic."

"Multi-orgasmic?"

"Oh yeah. I come like a fuckin' maniac, over and over again. I can hardly work for an hour afterwards."

"I'll give you a hundred to fuck you too."

"Okay man."

Her pussy was steaming as she slid her tongue along her lips and gave him a cat-like look, then Carla grabbed her arm and pulled her back as the guys showed up and dragged him out of the car.

"What the fuck you doin', girl?" Carla growled, shaking her. "All you needed was the forty. You should have given the key word then."

"I wanted to see how high I could get his price."

"What the fuck for?"

"A girl likes to be valued, Carla."

She snickered, prancing away.

"Dumb white whore"

Carla shook her head and sighed.

Toni's pussy was burning so feverishly now that she was starting to sweat in the warm night air. Her hair was getting damp and her body was sticking to her leather clothes. She was charged and needed somewhere to let off steam.

"Hey, Carla. I gotta go to the can."

"We only been here a couple a' hours."

"I gotta go."

Carla grumbled under her voice, then pointed at a restaurant across the street.

"I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Yeah, well, see that you do."

Toni hurried across the street and went into the restaurant, making her way to the back. There was a narrow hallway there that led to the rest rooms. As she was going down it a man came out of the men's room and eyed her appreciatively.

"Well, hi there, honey."

"Hi, yourself," Toni grinned, feeling hot and cocky.

"You must be new round here."

"uh, huh."

"You got a hot body there."

"It's feelin' real hot, right now," she said, grinning up at him.

"That so? Maybe I got somethin' that can cool it down a mite."

He leaned forward, his arms around her as he trapped her against the wall. She looked into his face only inches away, and was seized with an almost overpowering urge to grab him and rape him right there. She'd never felt this hot before in her life.

Then his arms slid around her and pulled her to him. His lips came down on hers and his tongue darted into her mouth. She returned the grip passionately, not protesting at all when his hands slid onto her bottom and squeezed tightly.

She groaned, sliding her tongue against his as his right hand slid down onto her breasts and started rubbing the skin above the little halter.

Then Carl grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and tossed him against the far wall.

"Get the fuck outa here," she snapped, her hand halfway out of her purse, the gun visible.

The guy gulped, then backed off, staggering down the hall and out into the restaurant proper. Carla turned to glare at Toni, who was leaning back against the wall, panting heavily.

Carla grabbed her by the arm and shoved her forward into the ladies room. It was empty and Carla pushed her against a wall, glaring angrily.

"What the fuck is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," Toni replied sulkily.

"You dumb cunt. You that turned on by this? You are, ain't you. Were you gonna just let that guy fuck you right there in the hallway or what?"

"I wasn't gonna let him fuck me!"

"Yeah, sure. You so hot you burnin' up. I seen girls get off like that before on the hooker thing."

Toni pushed herself away from the wall but Carla shoved her back against the hard tiles.

"I'm not... "

"Bullsheeeit."

Carla suddenly jammed her hand in between Toni's thighs and squeezed her pussy hard. Toni gasped and tried to wriggle away, but Carla was a lot bigger and stronger. She repeatedly squeezed, kneaded, and rubbed at Toni's crotch as she kept her forced back against the wall.

She grabbed Toni's wrists and forced them together against the wall above the younger woman's head, holding them in place with just one of her big hands as she continued to squeeze her leather clad pussy.

Tony panted and moaned, twisting and jerking against the tight grip, but unable to break free.

"L-lemmie go, y-you dyke bitch!" she panted.

"Sure you want me to do that, baby?" Carla breathed, pressing her body forwards.

She jammed her long leg between Tony's thighs and brought her thigh up against the smaller woman's sex, then began grinding it steadily, still holding her wrists pinned against the wall above her.

"You like that, baby? Your pussy all hot?" she taunted in a low growl.

"I-Isn't!" Toni gasped.

Carla looked down at the younger woman's stiff nipples, then seized one through the thin halter, pinching and twisting it.

"Hard little nipples you got, baby," she taunted.

"S-stop it!" Toni moaned.

"You like being a slut? Is that it? That what turns you on, slut? Tell me. Tell Carla."

Her thigh was grinding up and down against Toni's pussy with almost painful force, and Toni's breathing was growing ragged and rough as she moaned and twisted against the wall.

Then Carla unsnapped the back of the halter and it fell away, her breasts tumbling free. Toni gasped at her sudden nudity, her chest aching with the heat

as the big woman continued to grind her thigh against her.

"Nice titties," Carla whispered. "Nice white titties."

She cupped one of Toni's breasts, and the heat gushed through the rookie. Then her big thumb stroked roughly across the aching little pink button of her nipple and an electrical charge seemed to sizzle through her soft breast.

"Oh God!" Toni whimpered.

"Yeah, you ain't hot," Carla snorted.

Her strong fingers squeezed in against the soft meat of Toni's breasts, then she pulled Toni's wrists back down behind her head, gripped a tendril of hair, and forced the younger woman's head back, forced her back to arch.

"Nice. Nice tits," she said.

Toni saw stars as she felt the woman's teeth against her exposed throat, felt her hot breath and moist tongue sliding against her tingling flesh.

"Oh God!" she panted.

Her hips were grinding and bucking now and Carla was grinding her leg in harder and harder. It was painful now, yet the pleasure, the hot, dark, hungry pleasure was too powerful to resist. She started to buck forward against the woman, riding her thigh as the pleasure howled upwards.

"Oh Jesus... Jesus... Jesus, Uhhh... Uhhnnnggh!"

Her eyes rolled upward and her bottom started rubbing and grinding against the tiles as she humped down at Carla's leg.

Her vision flared red as a wave of carnal ecstasy ran up and down her spine. Her mouth opened in a soundless scream that turned into a series of squeaks, then short, sharp grunts that sounded like animal bark.

"Ungh! Ung! Ung! Ung! Ung! Ung! Ung! Ung! Ung!" she gasped, her back arching as she jammed her crotch down onto Carla's thigh.

She came furiously, her head rolling against the wall, her bottom slapping heavily against the tiles as she ground herself against Carla.

Finally it was over and, gasping and moaning, she slid to the ground as Carla stepped back and let her go.

"You okay now? Can we get back to work without you rapin' the johns?"

Toni hugged herself tightly, mortified now at her behaviour and at the stern faced older woman's easy and arrogant manipulation of her body. Unable to speak, she meekly did up her halter and followed the tall black woman back out onto the streets.

Two

Toni was too stunned with herself for the rest of the shift to do much of anything, including talk. She couldn't believe that she had been ready, despite her denials to Carla, to fuck that guy right there. She'd been that hot.

What had come over her? She wasn't any virgin, but holy Jesus Christ! She'd fucked maybe six guys since she'd lost her cherry as a teenager, and none of them had been one night stands. Now she was ready to fuck some stranger in a restaurant.

And then there was Carla. Toni could hardly even look at her the rest of the shift. She was too mortified by what the older woman had done to her. Okay, so maybe the tall black woman had forced her, but shit, she had cum! There was no way she could deny that, not to herself, and not to Carla.

She reddened just to think about it. Would Carla tell the others? What a humiliation that would be. Thank God their microphones had been turned off!

Her talks with potential johns after the washroom incident had been meek and deferential, not at all like the cocky whore she'd played at before. Surprisingly, she'd been very successful. The men apparently thought her meekness was a sign of

a novice and were eager to be among the first clients.

Thankfully, Carla seemed to have almost forgotten the incident. She didn't act differently or talk about it. At least, not on the street. When they got back to the squad room though, it was a different thing. As soon as they were alone in the little room she shoved Toni against the table and glared angrily at her.

"You want to tell me now what the fuck you were playing at?"

"Nothing," Toni gulped, reddening.

"Are you some nympho, or somethin'?"

"No!"

"I can't have you out there by yourself if I can't trust you to remember that you're just pretendin' to be a whore."

"I wasn't going to... "

"Yeah, yeah, that's why you went off like a fucking cannon. You humped my leg like a bitch in heat."

Toni flushed even deeper as Carla's frown eased and her lips tugged upwards into a grin.

"You sure do looks good when you're cummin'."

"I... I wasn't... "

"Uh, huh. Get those pants off afor they stick to you."

Carla turned her back and began to strip. Despite her embarrassment Toni had no recourse but to peel out of her own clothes. The problem of course, was that the pants were just too tight. She managed to get the catch undone, but wriggling them down over her hips was just too much, especially since she was so tired.

Carla snorted and came over to her. She was naked herself and she grabbed at Toni's pants, tugging down.

"Sheeit!" she growled.

She moved behind Toni, her big round breasts pushing into the bare skin of Toni's back as she tugged at the pants. Toni was excruciatingly embarrassed, but could hardly protest. Then Carla shoved her back against the low table and grabbed the waistband, pulling with all her considerable strength.

She jerked the pants down over Toni's hips, then tugged, jerked, and yanked them down her thighs. Toni lost her balance, and half fell onto the table as Carla ripped the skintight pants down off her, lifting her knees and feet off the floor as she finally tore them free.

They pulled loose and Toni's legs fell back to the floor on either side of where Carla stood. Her panties had been torn off as well, with the force of

the pull, and she was now naked as she stared up at the tall, black woman glaring down at her.

Both women stared at each other for a long moment, Toni anxious, embarrassed, scared, and then, shocking herself, aroused.

Carla scowled, chest heaving, eyes dark and hot. Then Carla pulled back. Toni sighed, partly in relief, but also in some strange way, in regret.

"Been a long night," Carla said, her voice unsteady.

She pulled on her jeans as Toni fished her panties out of the leather pants and slipped them on. She pulled on her own pants, then her bra and shirt, racing to get fully clothed.

She didn't know what was going on inside her. She was feeling hot lust, and it was for Carla. She'd never in her life had any kind of desire for a woman, and had no idea why she was feeling it now.

Their next shift went normally. She found herself turned on again, but since she was wearing a mini-skirt, there was nothing squeezing her pussy and she managed to control herself.

Carla seemed to forget about that first night and the two became friends of sorts, though Toni was uneasy around the tall black woman, partly because of what Carla had seen and done, and partly

because she still felt a strange kind of arousal around her.

That first day, she'd gone home after work and masturbated several times to images of herself and Carla in a lesbian embrace.

It was standard procedure to go out for a few drinks with the guys after work, and that included Carla.

After all, they were the only two women in the squad and it was only natural for them to stick together to some extent. So when Carla offered her a ride home after a drinking bout she didn't think too long before saying yes.

She didn't live far and it would save a ride on the subway. Not many New Yorkers had cars, unless they lived in the suburbs.

Toni slumped in the seat, feeling okay as they moved slowly through the traffic. Just one more day to go and it would be her weekend.

She hadn't thought about it until they arrived at her building, and there happened to be an empty space right out front, but then it only seemed natural to invite Carla up for a drink. She hadn't thought Carla would accept. She'd been polite, and friendly, but nothing more since the first night they'd met.

However, Carla nodded and agreed with a shrug. That was when the tingling started in Toni's belly. They didn't talk much as they moved upwards in the elevator. She lived on the fourteenth floor and the ride in the old elevator was uncomfortably long.

Then she hurried out as the doors opened on her floor. The hall was narrow and musty as she moved to her door and unlocked it. She pushed in and Carla followed, showing no sign of anything aside from a little curiosity.

"Nice place," she said, looking around at the little apartment.

"Thanks. I put a lot of work into it."

"Nice bedroom."

The open door of the bedroom was right next to the bathroom and you had to pass both to get into the living room.

"Uh, thanks."

"I live in a bachelor apartment."

"Oh yeah? Well, this place is pretty cheap, really."

"Yeah, you got lucky."

"Coffee or something else?"

"Got a beer?"

"Sure."

Toni found herself fumbling with the bottle opener, her stomach clenching anxiously as she

opened it and then opened another for herself. She cursed herself silently, clenching her jaw as she lifted the two bottles and took them into the combination living room, dining room.

The only place to sit down in the little living room was a love seat and that was where Carla was sitting as she leafed through some magazines on Toni's coffee table. Toni sat next to her, handing her the beer. Carla took it with an absent minded thanks.

They chatted idly about work and the job for about half an hour. Toni was too hyper to really concentrate on what Carla was saying at first, but the woman's non-chalant, casual air gradually began to calm her.

Carla was sitting on her right, and both of them were sitting forward on the couch. Toni's stomach had just about returned to normal when Carla casually reached across with a finger and slid it under Toni's bangs, sliding them back out of her eyes.

If she'd been hooked up to a blood pressure monitor the thing would have shot through the roof. She could hear her heart pounding as he pulse shot up. She sat back against the back of the couch, looking down at her hands, which were anxiously clasped together in her lap.

Then Carla reached forward again, this time her hand gently shoving Toni's thick dark hair back over her forehead. She didn't say anything. Toni was talking at the moment about an instructor at the academy. Her voice went up several octaves but she doggedly continued, pretending an ease and non-chalance she did not feel.

Then as she looked up she realized that Carla's face was much closer to hers as the woman leaned across towards her. Toni stammered, losing her train of thought, her head pulling back as Carla's moved forward.

Carla's lips pressed softly against hers. She didn't react at all, but she felt a bolt of searing fire burn into her system at the touch. Carla pulled back, staring into Toni's white face with a quirky smile.

Then she leaned forward again, their lips joining, the kiss long, deep, passionate, but again, one sided. Toni was sweating, her hands fidgeting in her lap, her heart thumping in her chest.

Carla pulled her lips back as Toni stared into her eyes, mesmerized. She trembled weakly as Carla brought her hand up and caressed her cheek. Then the hand slid down onto the side of her neck, then over her shoulder, then down onto her left breast, cupping it gently, then squeezing it.

Carla brought both her hands to the buttons down the front of Toni's shirt, undoing them one by one until she got to the one just above the waistband of Toni's pants. She pulled the shirt apart, revealing Toni's lacy pink bra.

Though she had already seen her naked body a number of times, Toni still blushed as Carla popped the catch at the center of her bra and pulled the cups apart. Her breasts were hot and swollen, her nipples pointing out stiffly.

Carla's right hand slid in and onto her left breast, caressing it gently, sliding under the rounded orb, rubbing the underside as she cupped it. Toni stared down at the hand on her breast as if spellbound.

Then Carla tilted her head up, her hand under her chin. Again she pressed her lips against Toni's, her tongue sliding into Toni's mouth as she leaned further into her. She kissed a soft trail down along the nape of Toni's neck, then further, her face dropping to the younger woman's chest.

She pulled the shirt further apart, then slid her tongue onto Toni's left nipple. Toni gasped, her body jolted by the contact, her breathing getting more and more heavy and ragged. Carla's left arm slid around her shoulder as her tongue lapped at one nipple, then the other.

She closed her lips around the left nipple and sucked gently as Toni moaned weakly above her, arching her back involuntarily.

Carla pulled back then, her lips sliding back onto Toni's as her hand slid up and down Toni's smooth, white belly. She deftly popped the catch of Toni's pants, then slid inside, her fingers moving into her panties and over her hot, tangled mass of curly pussy hair.

"Ohhh!" Toni gasped as she felt the woman's hand slide over her sex.

She was gasping for breath, on the verge of hyper-ventilating as her body was wracked by tremors of lust and anxiety.

"Relax," Carla whispered, her lips nuzzling at her throat.

Her fingers slid up and down the narrow cleft between Toni's pubic lips, searching for and finding the hard, swollen little clitty. Toni's back arched again as Carla's fingers ground together around her little bud and drove her to a convulsive orgasm.

She jerked hard against the other woman's body, her head rolling back against the seat back as she groaned low and long. She stiffened, then relaxed, then stiffened again, her body arching hard as her pussy ground down against Carla's fingers.

Her head reeled as the orgasmic ecstasy washed over her and left her a panting mass of quivering flesh and exposed nerve endings. She felt, rather than saw Carla pull her shirt out of her pants and shove it back over her shoulders. Then the black woman tugged her pants and panties down her legs, pulling them off and leaving her naked.

Again her skin began to flush as the black woman began to idly stroke her exposed flesh. Still fully clothed, Carla looked down at Toni's naked body, her eyes shifting back and forth.

Toni had slumped down on the couch, and with her legs spread far, Carla had no difficulty palming her sweating, drooling mound, stroking it as she leaned over and kissed Toni with numerous little pecks.

She grinned and reached behind her, and Toni saw with startled eyes that she pulled out her handcuffs. Another hot tremor rippled through the girl as Carla took one hand and slipped the cool metal around it, then clicked it closed. She watched, transfixed, as Carla drew her arm back behind her back, almost instinctively pulling the other arm back and letting the woman cuff them together.

Carla gripped her hair, just behind her neck, where it was thickest, and gently but firmly pulled

the gasping moaning younger woman up and across her lap.

Carla felt her back arch across the black woman's lap, and moaned as Carla ran a firm hand up and down her belly, over her breasts, then down between her legs.

"Hot little slut," Carla whispered.

Her fingers stroked up and down the furrow of Toni's sex, and Toni whimpered, her thighs spreading.

"Yeah. You hot for it, ain't ya, baby."

A long black finger slid into her oozing sex, sliding deep, all the way to the knuckle, then twisting from side to side. A second finger joined it, and a third, then Carla's thumb pressed up against Toni's clitoris and began to stroke from side to side.

Toni hissed and her hips bucked helplessly.

"Slut," Carla said.

She tightened her grip on Toni's hair, forcing her head back farther, causing her to moan in pain.

"Tell me what a slut you is."

"C-Carlah," she moaned.

"Say it. Say it, white girl."

"I-I'm a slut!" Toni gasped.

"Again."

"I'm a slut. I'm a slut," she moaned.

Her breasts were swollen, the flesh taut across the aching, overheated flesh. She felt Carla's hand riding up across them, squeezing and kneading.

Then it slid down her belly and in between her legs. Three fingers buried themselves in her hot, wet sex, and began to pump in and out.

"Come on my fingers, slut," Carla ordered, her voice throaty and deep. "Come on, slut. Come on my fingers. Dirty little white girl."

Her fingers thrust in and out faster and faster, and Toni moaned in pain, her sensitive flesh bruised and battered. But the heat was too high, too hot. The excitement raged within her and her senses were overcome with waves of sexual need.

"Come on, slut. Come."

She moaned and gasped, legs jerking, feet flopping, pussy burning. And then she came, bucking helplessly against the big Black woman as her body screamed upwards into a massive orgasmic overload.

Carla chuckled throatily.

"Yeah, I knew it. I knew it. Hot little slut."

She easily rolled the slighter girl over so she lay belly down across her lap, then casually ran her hands over the Toni's soft upraised buttocks.

"Niiice ass," she said admiringly.

She kneaded the soft, ivory skin, then drew her hand up and slapped it down hard.

Crack!

Toni yelped at the sharp sting as the crack of flesh on flesh filled the room.

"Oww!"

"Nasty little white girl," Carla sneered.

Crack!

"Oww! Carla!" she groaned.

"Shut up, slut. You're a bad girl and bad girls need spankings," Carla said, tauntingly.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

Toni moaned and writhed as the woman casually spanked her upraised rump, gasping and jerking as her bottom became warmer and began to sting with more and more intensity.

"Stop it!" she gasped.

"You don't like that?" Carla asked.

Suddenly her hand was thrust between Toni's wriggling thighs. It cupped and squeezed her moist sex, then three fingers were driven smoothly up through her sex and into her body, wriggling and pumping in and out.

"Wanna come on my fingers instead?" she cooed.

She slapped Toni's bottom with the other hand and the girl bucked against her, moaning as her throbbing bottom flared with new pain.

Carla began to finger her clitty, and slid a hand around to cup and knead Toni's breast.

"You're just like a little doll, aren't you," she said in a growl, "My little sex doll."

Crack!

Toni moaned, panting and dazed as the woman's hands alternately pleased and tormented her flesh. Carla's long fingers writhed deep inside her and stroked expertly across her swollen clitoris as Toni's bottom bucked and jerked and reddened.

Suddenly the big woman stood up with the slighter woman in her arms, then with a grunt of effort heaved her body up and back over her shoulder. Then, carrying her like a conquered prisoner, she walked into the bedroom.

"Oww!" Tonie cried as the big woman's hand slapped against her upraised bottom again.

Carla chuckled, then threw her down onto the bed. She knelt between her legs and two big hands gripped her thighs and lifted her entire lower body up off the mattress, holding it in the air as she brought her mouth down against Toni's sex.

She mouthed the soft, hot mound, then her tongue drove into the tight cleft, sliding up and

down its length, lapping at her pussy-hole, slurping out the copious wet fuck-honey from her burning box. She ran her tongue all around the pulpy mound, slurping along the outside of the lips, then running it up and down the inside.

She dropped Toni's body back onto the bed, spreading her legs almost painfully wide before dropping her body down and mouthing her sex once more.

Her arms pressed down on Toni's thighs, pinning them wide and her fingers eased the girl's soft pussy lips apart to expose her pink flesh. Then she began to work in earnest, her tongue pumping deep into the aching hole, sliding up and circling her swollen clitoris, then stroking back and forth across it. Toni gasped and whined, her hips bucking upwards as she came again, She mewled in anxious delirium as bolt after bolt of gut wrenching sensations of raw, carnal energy slashed through her senses.

Gasping and panting, her head swirling and her chest still heaving tiredly.

Her body burning feverishly, glistening with perspiration, she lay still, panting heavily as Carla started to work on her again, twirling her tongue in her tight tunnel, grinding her teeth and lips over the raw little clitty, fucking her fingers up and down her pussy-tube.

She came again, and then again, her hips bucking, bottom bouncing and shaking through blast waves of orgasmic pleasure as Carla lapped steadily at her pussy entrance.

"Ohhhhh! OHHHH! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" she grunted, her body writhing on the bed as Carla covered her slit with her mouth and sucked furiously.

Carla knelt between her splayed thighs, calmly sucking down more of her pussy juice as Toni slowly emerged from the orgasmic storm.

Toni's head lay back, her slitted eyes staring at the ceiling, gasping and moaning as Carla continued to work her over.

"You gonna be my slut? Are you?" the woman demanded.

"Yes! Yes!" she moaned, unthinkingly.

"Say it, slut!"

"I-I'm your slut! I'm your slut!"

She came again, rolling and twisting, convulsions wracking her body as Carla's expert mouth and fingers set another stormwave of orgasmic energy passing through her overheated body.

She slumped limply, gulping in air, and grunted as Carla rolled her onto her belly. She moaned at another sharp slap on the bottom, but did not react as the woman uncuffed her wrists, then rolled her

back. Seconds later her hands were raised and locked together around the centre bar of the headboard, and Carla was sliding her big hands up and down Toni's body.

"Hot little slut," she whispered.

She reached for her own clothes finally, pulling her shirt off and undoing her bra. Toni's weary eyes fixed on her huge brown breasts as Carla peeled out of her pants. Then her eyes shifted to the black woman's dark pubic hair and the slit within.

Carla crawled forward up her body until her head was directly over Toni's, then she settled atop her, her hips coming down against Toni's thighs like a man in the missionary position.

Again, their mouths joined together, their tongues sliding sensuously over each other like sinewy snakes. Toni groaned in delight, astonished at the feeling of Carla's big firm breasts squeezing down against her own. She could feel the hard black nipples digging into her sensitive flesh as her own nipples scraped along Carla's brown skin.

As their mouths joined together and their tongues slithered and rolled back and forth between each other's oral cavities, Toni tasted, for the first time every, the sweetness of girl juice, her own.

Carla's weight was like that of a man's atop her, crushing her into the mattress. Their soft, fleshy breasts rolled and mashed together as they kissed. Carla began grinding her hips against Toni's thighs, as though she had a cock to fuck her with.

Toni's hands pulled fitfully at the cuffs binding them above her, wanting to hug the other woman, to caress her flesh. Carla's hands slid through Toni's black hair, then over her face as the kiss went on and on. She kneaded the soft white breasts and rubbed against her pussy.

Then she pulled up, crawling up, straddling the slender, panting white girl. She grasped the headboard in her hands as her knees came down on either side of Toni's head, her crotch directly over the slender young face.

Toni stared up into the gaping crotch above her, her head filled with the musky scent of the black woman's hot, steaming sex. Then it came down lower and lower until the drooling cleft was right against her mouth. She had never licked a woman before, but knew how it felt from the other side.

Tentatively, her tongue rose upwards to flick along the edges of Carla's slit. She probed harder then, pushing the tip of her pink tongue in between the tight lips above, sliding it up along the narrow cleft towards the clitoris.

Carla's juices dripped into her mouth as she drove her tongue deep between the taut pubic lips and slurped it upwards along her slit. She flicked it across Carla's clit, then began alternately blowing a stream of hot air upwards and sucking furiously.

Her head was pulsing, throbbing in blinding sexual passion, gripped by the sensuous carnality of their forbidden act, the perversity of what she was doing, of what they were doing. What shock those who knew her would feel, could they only see. What a lewd excited arousal many of them would experience.

Carla grunted high, high above her as Toni managed to get her lips around the bobbing, jerking little clitty and suck hard. Carla began swivelling her hips, mashing her buttocks and mound down on Toni's face. She jammed her crotch hole against the girl's narrow chin, then rode upwards over her mouth and nose and forehead before sliding back.

She rubbed her sex up and down Toni's face with growing excitement, humping faster and faster as she felt an orgasm rushing forward to embrace her. She squeezed her own breasts, her fingers sinking deep into the dark brown flesh as she bounced atop Toni's face.

Below her, Toni could only push her tongue out to catch what she could as Carla rubbed back and

forth with desperate fury, coating her entire face with her pussy milk. Carla groaned in pleasure, twisting her heavy breasts as she ground her pussy down onto Toni's face. Her pussy cream flowed down onto the upturned white face as she jammed herself down again and again.

Then she had rolled off and her mouth joined against Toni's, their lips locked together as their bodies rolled and squeezed and jerked against one another. Carla slid her lips onto Toni's right nipple and sucked it up into her mouth, then bit down hard. Toni squealed in pain and shock, bucking her hips upward.

Carla straddled her belly, her soft brown buttocks rubbing against Toni's stomach as her hands kneaded the girl's round white breasts. She leaned over, her own fat mammarys dropping down beneath her chest as she pressed them against Toni's face.

She seized her own breast and squeezed it, then pushed the hard nipple at Toni's mouth.

"Suck it, bitch," she panted. "Suck it!"

Toni closed her lips around the hard black nipple, sucking it and a big chunk of brown tit meat into her mouth. Her lips pulled inward as she sucked, then her teeth began to grind and chew on

the hard, swollen nipple, making Carla groan and wince.

Carla was grinding her puffy, fur covered sex up and down against Toni's soft, concave belly, but now she pulled her breast out of the smaller woman's mouth and slid backwards to kneel between Toni's splayed thighs.

She twisted Toni's hips a little onto her side, then slid her own right leg under Toni's left leg. Their legs spread like two pairs of scissors, their crotches slid into each other and their hungry, overheated mounds squashed together.

Carla's big hands were clutching Toni's hips, then slid around her, one on her back, the other on her belly as she pushed her own pussy hard into Toni's fuck entrance. She began to grind her pussy against Toni's as the black haired girl groaned and gasped and wriggled against her.

Carla held her around her waist as she jammed her pussy pad against Toni's, rubbing their wet, drooling sexes back and forth against each other. Toni was helpless to do anything but grit her teeth and try and pull Carla in with her legs. Powerful sensations of animalistic lust rippled up and down her spine as she felt her own soft pussy pad grinding and mashing against Carla's

She whimpered in dazed confusion, her system overawed by the explosive release of sexual pleasure searing through her body. Her hot, swollen breasts screamed in bliss as Carla's hand slid up her belly and began to knead and squeeze the tender meat.

"Gonna fuck you!" Carla panted. "Gonna fuck you, bitch! Fuck you! Fuck your white cunt! Uhhhhh! UHhhhhhhh! YEeeaaah! Ooohhhh! Take it! Take it! Yeahhh!"

She twisted and ground her crotch against Toni's, delighting in the harsh massage the other woman's mound gave her clitty and pussy slit.

She reached down and pried Toni's pussy lips apart with her big fingers, causing the slighter woman to gasp and quiver in pain and sexual heat, then, holding the lips apart with her big fingers, she pulled her own dark flesh apart, revealing her pink gash.

She twisted herself around slightly, then carefully brought the two open pussy mouths together, pink flesh against pink flesh, hot, seeping, oily pussy meat pressed silkily against itself as she pressed her groin firmly down and ground her body into Toni.

"Oh! No! Oh! Fuck!" Toni gasped, her body shaking and trembling as fire ripped up and down her frame. Carla's slick pussy meat crushed her own

and their clitties flicked back and forth against each other, sending a flashfire through their bodies each time they made contact.

Carla was grunting and panting herself. Her jaw was slack and her eyes narrow slits. Sweat dripped off her forehead as she ground steadily at Toni's pussy meat. Her big hands were locked onto the smaller woman's body, her right squeezing Toni's buttocks, holding her leg straight up, her left folded around Toni's left breast, mashing and twisting it mercilessly.

Then Toni came, bucking and writhing, her legs jerking and bouncing, her body arching as her hands pulled furiously against the handcuffs. She grunted repeatedly, her mouth open in a near soundless scream of wonder as ecstasy rippled along her nervous system.

Carla twisted the shaking woman onto her side, shoving her left leg even further back as she mashed her pussy down against Toni's. She folded Toni's upright leg against her own chest, squashing her fat black breasts around it as she repeatedly slapped and bounced her sex against Toni's

Then she followed her into the fold of the all-encompassing orgasmic storm, her lips pulled back in a snarl as she grit her teeth and hissed in pleasure, her body quivering as she gasped and

panted and air blew out through her clenched teeth with the sound of a steam pipe.

Three

Toni and Carla had spoken little after their dual orgasm. Carla had looked at her watch almost casually, then climbed off Toni's prone body and gotten dressed. Then she'd removed her handcuffs from around Toni's slim wrists, blown her a kiss, and left.

Toni was left to gather together her scattered wits, then try and figure out what had happened.

She felt no love for Carla. Her feelings towards the tall, powerful woman were more akin to respect tinged with admiration for her abilities as a cop. Yet quite aside from her emotions there was her body's shocking attraction towards her.

The raw sensuousness of the woman had an electrical affect on Toni that she'd never experienced before around any man, let alone any woman. The way she'd fallen to pieces and allowed herself to be used, without really responding or even taking part, was something that was totally unfamiliar to her.

She always played a very active part in lovemaking. To lie there, handcuffed, and play a passive, submissive role was outside her nature. Yet something had definitely aroused her about it, about

being cuffed and fucked... **FUCKED** by the powerfully built woman.

Carla had found and touched a submissive side of her that she'd never even realized was there, and it scared her a little. She'd been a tough girl all her life, and wasn't ready to give up her independence and freedom in anything, especially not lovemaking.

Still, as she lay on the bed afterwards, her arms and legs parted widely and she spread herself out on the oversized mattress as though bound to the four corners, and the thought brought a shiver to her body, a tingling to her loins, and a sizzling heat to her mind.

Nor was Carla about to forget.

Next day, as they changed together in the little room, her arms had gone around Toni's belly as she'd been bending over, and Toni had felt Carla's crotch pushing against her round buttocks. Carla pumped her crotch into Toni's bottom several times.

"Gonna fuck you baby, fuck you with a big black nigger cock!" she whispered, her mouth sucking at the nape of her white neck.

Then she let go and backed away, pulling on her mini-skirt as Toni staggered across to the wall and looked back with wide eyes.

Carla winked at her, then pulled a bra on and began to position her big mounds of brown breast

meat inside the cups. Naked, Toni swallowed nervously, and turned to don a slinky, skin tight sheath dress. It was bright blue, and hugged her curves like a second skin.

She wore no bra under it and her breasts were two firm, round mounds pressing against the fabric, her nipples twin bumps on the smooth blue hillocks.

Carla slid a long haired blonde wig over Toni's head and positioned it carefully. It was all the nervous young rookie could do to hold still with Carla's big breasts so close to her face.

"Now, ain't you a doll!" Carla grinned, standing back to admire her handiwork. "Yeah, that'll bring em' on in crowds. Take a look."

Toni looked at the mirror on the wall and was surprised. She'd never thought about dyeing her hair before but blonde looked quite good on her, and natural with her fair skin.

"You look delicious," Carla grinned. "I could take a nice bite out of you myself, girl."

Toni turned around, backing away from the other woman but Carla only walked past her to the door and out into the squad room. Her senses jangling, Toni followed.

A white Ferrari pulled up alongside them and a man leaned over to peer out the window. Carla

moved forward but he waved her back, motioning towards Toni. Toni stepped forward, smiling coquettishly as she bent forward.

"You're one cute little girly," he said, his eyes sliding up and down her body. "I'd like to fuck you in the asshole."

"Zat so?" Toni said, blushing slightly.

"Yeah. I bet you got a nice tight asshole. Turn around and let me see your ass."

Embarrassed, knowing the guys could hear through the microphone, Toni straightened then turned to show him her bottom.

"Nice. Bend over a little. Yeahhhh, real nice."

She turned around again, smile affixed to her face.

"I got a ten incher, baby. Think you can take that up your asshole?"

"I dunno. Why should I?" she asked.

"Why? Cause you're a whore. I bet you dream about getting fucked up the ass by big fat cocks all the time."

"Not really."

"No? I bet I can split you wide open, bitch."

"That doesn't sound very nice to me. Why should I let you?"

"Why not?"

"Listen, pal, this is all real nice, but I got things to do."

"How much you want?"

"For what?"

"For getting fucked in the asshole, you stupid whore!"

"What you offering?"

"I'm offering to ream out your tail pipe."

Offer me money, you shitheel, she thought to herself. She'd put the cuffs around this moron herself if he'd just offer her some money.

"Tell you what, slut. I'll give you five dollars to fuck your asshole. How's that. That's about what you're worth, isn't it. Five bucks and I get to fuck your asshole for, say five hours. Okay?"

"That sounds okay to me, queer boy."

"What? Who the fuck you calling queer, you fuckin' whore!"

"Eat shit and die!"

"I'll fucking show you who's gonna eat shit and die, bitch!"

Washington and Jenkin were closing in on his door as he pulled a gun from beside his seat and pointed it at her forehead. She had barely enough time to realize that he was about to shoot her before Carla's gun barked several times beside her and the

guy was thrown backwards against his door, the gun dropping out of his hand.

Washington opened the door and the guy tumbled out onto the street as Shultz and Morgan raced over from the alley. Carla let her arm fall as she coolly watched the others drag the man out onto the street. Toni stood rooted to the sidewalk, still seeing the round gun barrel pointed at her face.

"Fuckin' freaks," Carla sniffed.

She turned and eyed Toni, then put her hand on her shoulder and shook her lightly.

"You okay?"

"Uh, yeah," Toni gulped, feeling weak.

"Gotta watch out for these crazies. Knew this guy was a jerkoff the way he was talking."

"He was... he was gonna kill me!"

"Maybe. Or maybe he just got off on scaring whores. Too late to ask now."

"Jesus!"

"Don't worry about it. Part of the job bein' a whore. That's why you always keep your hand near your purse."

Sirens began to sound and soon blue and whites filled the area with their red white and yellow flashing lights. Lieutenant Becker arrived and the rest of the shift was taken up with interviews and reports.

Carla was late getting out because of her longer interview with the shooting team. The rest of them waited at the bar, drinking a lot more than usual because they were all a little shaken by the sudden and dramatic turn of events.

By the time Carla arrived Toni had already had a double and three singles and was starting to feel a little easier about her narrow brush with death. They laughed and joked about things, since that was the way cops dealt with death.

To Toni's surprise, even Lieutenant Becker showed up after a while. By then everyone had gone except for her, Carla, and Shultz. Becker congratulated her on her "coolness", as if he didn't know she was frozen to the ground at the time and couldn't have moved an inch.

Shultz left, after losing an arm wrestling match with the Lieutenant. Toni had had more than too much to drink, trying to forget the sight of that big gun pointed at her, and Carla drove her home. She was vaguely expecting some kind of sex, but to her surprise, all Carla did was strip her and put her to bed.

Next day she was feeling miserable. She had a huge headache for one thing, and now that she was sober, she was remembering how close she'd come to getting her head shot off. She felt very awkward

around Carla too. She'd never liked being indebted to people, even close friends, and here she was more indebted to Carla than she'd ever been to anyone in her life.

So after work that night, when Carla invited her back to her house for a drink, she couldn't turn her down, even though her guts clenched a little at the thought of sex with her. She knew she wouldn't be able to refuse, not with what she owed her.

Carla's apartment might have been a bachelor, but it was bigger than Toni's even so. A huge square room in an old building, with narrow windows that went all the way up to the roof. Carla had a big double bed under a pair of those windows, off beyond her living room set.

They sat on the couch talking for about fifteen minutes. Toni was more than a little uptight, waiting for the black woman to come on to her. She wasn't prepared though, when Carla stood up, put down her drink, and held her hand out towards Toni.

"Come and dance with me."

"Huh?"

"Dance. Let's dance. I love this song."

"Uh, okay."

She took Carla's hand, her small one almost disappearing into the big woman's paw. Carla hauled her up and pulled her against herself. The

song was a slow one and Carla's arm slid around her waist as she took the male position and began to lead Toni around the room.

They danced for about five minutes, Toni getting more and more anxious and, against her will, more and more aroused as their bodies ground and pressed together.

Carla's hands caressed her back, drawing fire to the surface of her skin, then eased down onto her buttocks, gently kneading and squeezing, stroking up and down. They rose, and tugged at the hem of Toni's blouse, then lifted it smoothly upwards, forcing her arms up and peeling it off over her head.

Toni felt light-headed, not wanting to have sex with the big woman, but too aroused and feeling too in debt to say no. Carla undid her bra and tossed it away, still dancing, her hands stroking and caressing Toni's bare skin.

She jammed her fingers into the waistband of Toni's pants, then forced them down over her buttocks and hips so they fell, along with her panties, to her knees. Carla grinned, a foot jamming down on them as she lifted Toni up and out of her bunched up pants.

Naked now, she continued to dance with the full clothed Black woman, her body trembling with excitement, anticipation and anxiety.

Carla grinned and pushed her back against the wall. She stared down into Toni's eyes, then slowly slipped her cuffs out of her belt and clipped them around Toni's right wrist.

Toni looked down at her wrists, numbly watching as Carla locked the handcuffs around her other wrist. She didn't protest, said nothing, mutely following as Carla slowly pulled her a few feet along the wall. She raised Toni's hands high, forcing the shorter woman up onto her toes briefly as she slipped the chain of the handcuffs over a hook protruding from the wall.

Toni was able to drop back onto her heels, but only just barely. Her back was ramrod straight as the handcuffs pulled painfully at her wrists. She stared into Carla's eyes still, her body trembling slightly as the big woman eyed her up and down.

Eyes locked on hers, Carla let her fingers ease the bangs back from Toni's forehead, then stroke slowly down along the nape of her neck and over her shoulders before easing down to cup and lift her breasts. She squeezed Toni's naked breasts together, thumbs rising up to stroke across the already erect nipples, then leaned forward to gently kiss the side of her cheek.

"Slut," she whispered, her voice deep and gravelly.

"Tell me you're my slut," she whispered again. She caught Toni's nipples between thumbs and forefingers and pressed her nails into the soft pink flesh. Toni gasped and moaned, jerking against the handcuffs.

"Say it, little fuck toy."

"I'm your slut!" Toni moaned.

Carla's hand slid down Toni's body and in between her legs, and despite herself Toni moaned and shifted her legs apart on the floor, even though she had to rise to her toes to do it. The feel of the big woman's hand cupping her sex was indescribably erotic and exciting.

She felt the fingers squeezing in and out, repeatedly kneading her sex, squeezing harder, so that it ached, yet forcing steaming pleasure up through her trembling body.

"You're my fuck toy, ain't you, baby?"

"I'm your fuck toy," Toni moaned, arching her back against the wall. "God, I'm your fuck toy. Oh Goddd!"

"Yeah. You like that, eh?"

Her middle finger curled up and slid into the moaning young woman, then a second finger joined it. Her thumb pressed up against Toni's clitoris and began to stroke back and forth as the Italian girl gasped and jerked and trembled in heat.

Toni's mind was awlirl with mixed emotions. She was afraid of this tall, voluptuous woman and her dominant lust and assertive personality, uncomfortable even in her presence, self-conscious in her own nudity and in her bound position, and yet, deeply attracted, not just to Carla, so much as to the eroticism of her own submission to her.

She wished there were a mirror so she could see herself, knowing how erotic she must appear with her hands bound above her like this.

Carla leaned inwards, her fingers pumping steadily up into Toni's sex as she nibbled on the underside of her chin, then on one earlobe, then forced her head up and back and crushed her lips with her own.

She eased back, grinning, then pulled her fingers from Toni's sex. Without warning they were thrust into her open mouth, and Toni's eyes widened as she realized the slick, slippery substance coating them was her own pussy juice. She moaned, and something seemed to snap inside her.

As Carla's eyes bored into hers her lips pursed in around the two digits and her tongue began to lick as she sucked gently. Carla smiled darkly, drawing her fingers back, then pushing them slowly forward, pumping them in and out of the smaller woman's sucking mouth.

"Yeah, you suck it, slut. Suck that juice. Dirty little whore. Nasty little slut."

She pulled her fingers back, then caught at Toni's nipples with her fingers. Slowly, she pinched her fingers together until Toni winced, then pulled her hands up and out, stretching the pink buttons an inch, then two.

"Oh! Oh! Oww! Carla! Please!" Toni gasped, back arching, wrists pulling against the cuffs.

"What pretty little nipples," Carla taunted.

"Owww! Ow! Ow!"

Toni gasped and jerked as her nipples were pulled out even further, Carla's fingers pinching in sadistically as she chuckled throatily.

Then she let go and Toni fell back against the wall, gasping for breath, her nipples throbbing hotly.

Carla leaned in and crushed the slight woman's mouth with her own, her tongue slithering back and forth along her lips, then in against Toni's own. Her right hand drifted down between her legs and three fingers drove up into Toni's oozing sex as her left gripped the girl's hair and yanked her head back.

Toni panted loudly, her body sweating, her skin burning with prickly heat.

She gave a low cry, then shuddered as Carla quickly dropped to her knees, her hands gripping

the undersides of Toni's thighs, forcing them wider, actually lifting her feet off the floor so the bulk of Toni's weight hung on her wrists. She pushed her face into Toni's crotch, her tongue pushing between her cunt lips and sliding up and then sucked hard, her lips pulling at Toni's cunt meat. Her tongue pushed out then and slid into the little hole, slipping back and forth inside the front of Toni's fuck-tunnel.

She moved her tongue higher as she concentrated on Toni's hard little clit. She folded her lips around it and sucked hard as her tongue whipped back and forth across it.

Toni's head tossed and jerked as her body twitched spastically. Her high, round breasts ached, feeling like overfull balloons ready to burst. Toni's pussy was on fire, sending hard, ripping jolts of heat up into her belly and chest.

She came, her body shaking violently against the wall, her head bouncing and rolling, then her chin grinding against her chest as air puffed out between her clenched teeth.

"Oh fuck! Fuck... ," she gulped. "Oh! OH! OH FUCK! Ungh," she groaned, her body flaring with heat, her pussy sizzling like a live wire.

Carla lapped steadily at her flowing fuck-honey, drinking it down with greedy lust as her tongue slithered up and down the girl's pussy slit.

Then Carla stood in front of her and Toni gazed up numbly to see her smug face grinning down at her.

"Hot little fuck toy!" she growled.

She gripped Toni's hair and jerked her head back, then pinched her nipple hard.

"Are you my bitch?" she growled.

"Y-Yes!"

"Say it, slut!"

"I-I'm your bitch!" Toni moaned.

"Again!"

"I'm your bitch!"

Carla chuckled in amusement, then her big hands gripped Toni's throat, thumbs pressing up against her jaw, holding her firmly in place as her black, flinty eyes stared at her from inches away. She bent and kissed her hard, her tongue thrusting into Toni's mouth and swirling across her own.

She drew back, eyes hot as she gazed at the helpless woman bound against the wall, then her hand thrust in between Toni's trembling thighs and squeezed her pussy.

"You're my slut," she growled. "My meat."

Toni groaned in pain and pleasure, her pussy aching as the big hand fisted it. Abruptly, Carla drew back, flipped her around so that she faced the wall and then slapped her bottom.

"Say it again, slut."

Again she slapped her bottom, and Toni cried out at the sharp, stinging pain.

"I'm your bitch! I'm your slut!" she cried.

"Again!"

And again she slapped the girl's small, round, soft bottom, turning the skin a soft pink.

"Oww! Carla!"

Another slap sent her jerking against the wall.

"Slut. Tell me you need it."

"I-I need it," Toni whimpered.

Carla's hand thrust between her thighs again, fingers driving up into her pussy from beneath as her thumb jammed against her anal opening, then slowly pushed inside.

"D-Don't!" Toni gasped, eyes widening.

"My bitch don't tell me what to do," Carla growled.

She gripped Toni's hair and jerked her head back, thrusting her thumb deeper into her rectum, then bit down on the nape of her neck and sucked deeply.

Toni felt overwhelmed, out of control. The handcuffs dug into her wrists and the hot, seductive need swirled around her like a heady cloud.

"Whore," Carla growled.

She jerked her hands back and flipped Toni around once more, and the slighter woman moaned, almost falling, half hanging from her wrists before regaining control of her rubbery legs.

Quickly, Carla stripped out of her own clothes as Toni stared up dazedly. Then her mouth covered Toni's again, smothering all words as her tongue pushed into Toni's mouth and her arms encircled her slight waist, drawing their bodies tight together.

Toni moaned as the woman's hot breasts rubbed back and forth against her own. Carla's right leg slid between Toni's legs, her thigh pushing against Toni's crotch as she ground against her. Her hands cupped Toni's hair and bottom, their bodies firmly locked together from lips to crotch.

She rubbed her thigh hard against Toni's pussy as her tongue slid all around the inside of her mouth. A single finger slid up into her anus, probing deeply. Toni whimpered and jerked helplessly against her as her pussy steamed. Her breasts glowed with heat as Carla began rubbing her chest from side to side, slapping her big breasts against Toni's smaller ones.

Then without warning, Carla pulled aside. Toni's dulled eyes opened and blinked dazedly up to see a new face staring down at her, a black face, a round face, a man's face. It was Lieutenant Becker, all six-foot-four of him, his bald head shining as he moved against her.

He was naked, and her breath caught at first at the sight of the rippling muscles on his body, and the huge erection between his legs. His barrel chest pushed against her breasts then, crushing them back against her ribs as he seized her hair and pulled her face against him. His lips crushed hers and his big red tongue filled her mouth.

She felt his hard-on pressed up between their bodies momentarily, felt its hardness and thickness and length as it pressed against her. Then Carla took it in her hands and pointed it at Toni's slit. Toni felt its blunt nose pushing against her pussy opening. She whimpered into his mouth, her body wanting, needing penetration, despite her horrified shock and humiliation at the Lieutenant's presence.

She felt his fat cock head force her pussy lips in and back as it slowly pushed into her body. Her pussy burned anew with the pain of his thick, powerful penetration. Her opening was stretched wider and wider as his fat fuck-tube forced its way inward.

She shuddered in her cuffs, his mouth still locked onto hers as it mashed around against her and his tongue jabbed and darted and slithered all over her oral cavity. Then his cock sank deep into her pelvic tunnel and she let out a long, agonizing groan.

His cock stretched her fuck-tunnel wide as it drove up into her. The cock head ploughed deep into her belly, finally mashing up against her cervix. He jammed her leg wide as he threw his hips forward, smashing his cock against the end of her pussy tunnel.

"Like that, don't cha'?" he gritted, his mouth momentarily tearing loose from hers. "Like that? Eh? Eh? Eh?"

He punctuated each growl with a hard thrust, smashing her back against the wall as his cock hammered against her cervix. The pain and pleasure swirled and twisted inside her mind and body, and Toni moaned and gasped dazedly.

His hands slid around her, cupping her bottom. His fingers were like fat, hard sausages as they kneaded her buttocks, then slid between her legs, pulling her legs wider as he began to rut into her.

Toni's mouth opened and closed as she panted and moaned in aching sexual bliss. Her eyes fluttered rapidly, her vision blurring and clearing, then blurring again. She saw Carla, standing off to

her right, her hand rubbing at her own pussy as she watched with excited eyes.

"Fuck her, Jessie! Fuck that slut! Rip her! Pump that pussy!" Carla groaned, fingering her clitty.

Becker's powerfully muscled body was hammering the slender young woman against the wall with savage force, jarring her dazed mind with the force of his ruthless blows. His cock was rodding back and forth in her pussy with fast, deep strokes.

His mouth roamed her face, chewing, sucking, kissing, licking, threatening to devour her. He swung his hips harder, his cock sawing back and forth across her pussy lips with long, savage strokes. He was much taller than her and his cock was grinding against her with cruel force.

She came again, came right in his hands, came around his pistoning fuck-pole.

"OH! OH! OH! OH GOD! OH GOD!!" she gasped. "Oh no! Ohhhh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!"

She grunted furiously as Becker slammed his cock up into her body. Her legs jerked and twitched as her buttocks slapped back against the wall.

Her body was rocked by blast after blast of high intensity sexual ecstasy. She arched her back, pushing her hips out from the wall, trying to impale herself on his fat fucking cock. It continued to

pound into her as their lips locked tightly and their tongues smashed together.

"Wait! Wait, Jessie!" Carla cried, trying to pull him loose.

"Fuck off woman!" he snarled, shoving her back hard.

He reached down and gripped Toni's legs below the knees then lifted them up, shoving them back against the wall on either side of her. Her knees made a loud thump as they hit the wall beside her.

Then he started to really pump, his hips swinging in wide arcs, his cock ripping in and out of her, his cockhead pounding against and then past her cervix as he tore into her body with crazed lust.

Toni screamed, her body shaking and convulsing as she left one orgasm only to be hammered by another. She felt utterly impaled on his giant fuck-tube as he pistoned it in her belly. Her pussy was wide open, utterly exposed as his prick pounded in and out.

She could hardly breath. Her head rolled bonelessly as Becker continued his brutal thrusting. Then she came again, her body once more spasming and shaking and convulsing as her pussy exploded in delirious waves of ecstasy. Never in her life had she been used like this, FUCKED like this.

Nothing else described what he was doing to her. He was **FUCKING** her! His hips smashed into her thighs and buttocks with bruising force as he rutted into her. His own breathing was now coming in harsh, strangled gasps as he jammed every inch of fuck-meat inside her squeezing, sucking belly and then came.

Toni's eyes widened in shock as she felt a torrent of steaming, bubbling semen gushing up into her belly. She grit her teeth, but then tore her lips wide to scream as her body flopped and jerked and shuddered through another violent orgasmic fit.

His fat cock continued to pound into her, spraying little drops of cum out around it each time his frantically pounding heart beat. Her pussy cream mixed with his own juices and formed a thick, bubbling stew inside her belly, making her insides churn and roil.

He staggered back, letting her legs fall. Carla moved in and lifted her off the hook, cushioning her fall to the floor. She unsnapped the cuffs from around Toni's red wrists, then pulled her arms behind her back and snapped them shut again as the panting, gasping white woman lay on her belly.

One hand under her arm, the other grasping a fistful of black hair, Connie forced the moaning girl across to a chair and held her on her knees as she

sat down. She spread her legs wide, reaching for Toni's hair, pulling her forward until her face was against her throbbing pussy.

"Suck me, white girl!" she growled. "Suck my pussy! Suck it hard!"

Toni groaned, but needed little encouragement. She was in a high pitched, feverish state of excitement, her entire body trembling and shaking as she pushed her tongue into Carla's dark pussy opening.

"Hot little slut," Becker growled.

Becker knelt behind her and she felt his hands stroking and massaging her rounded buttocks. He jerked her legs apart and began to rub at her sex. Then his hand cracked down across her bottom, and she cried out in pain.

"Nasty little slut," he said. "Dirty little whore."

His hand cracked against her bottom again, and Toni moaned as the stinging pain caught at her mind.

"Lick that pussy, slut!" Carla growled, pulling on her hair.

"Dirty little whore," Becker said, slapping at her bottom.

His big fingers pushed into her pussy and began to pump in and out, while his other hand cracked

and slapped against her upraised bottom, which stung and throbbed.

Then she felt his cock head press against her once again. She whimpered in anxious delight and Carla laughed cruelly.

"You think he's done with one cum , baby. I seen Jessie come five or six times and still keep it up."

Then his hard cock head popped into her hole and he thrust hard, burying the entire length of his massive prick inside her slight young body. She cried out, then groaned but Carla tore at her hair, forcing her face back into her pussy.

The black woman slouched in the chair, her legs up over the arms as she held both hands in Toni's hair and forced her into her crotch. Toni's tongue lapped desperately at the drooling pussy-pit, driving her tongue in between the two black pussy lips to the pink flesh beneath.

Toni's body began to jerk back and forth as Becker fucked hard. He seized her hips and began to pound his cock into her pulpy sex with even more speed and power than he had before.

She had a hard time keeping her tongue in place and the impatient Carla pulled harder on her hair, her big hands coming down on top of Toni's soft black hair and mashing her face into her steamy opening.

Toni licked hard, pushing her tongue as deep as it would go, straining to push it further as she wriggled it around inside Carla's pussy tunnel. She slipped it up her cleft and flicked it across her clitty, trying to get her lips closed around the hard little bud.

Becker's hips were slamming against her from behind, his hands still slapping and cracking at her aching buttocks, making them bounce and jerk. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the air as he drilled her with hard, full thrusts.

He reached around and squeezed one of her breasts, fingering the nipple, then drew his hand back and slapped it lightly. The sting shocked Toni, and she cried out, the sound muffled by Carla's sex.

"Dirty whore's gotta get punished," he said. "Dirty whores need to learn their place."

He slapped her other breast, which wobbled and shook, and it burned feverishly. He slapped the first again, all the time hammering his hips into her from behind.

Carla let go with one hand, sliding it up her body, mashing it against her a brown breast, twisting and squeezing it as she groaned and arched her back. She slid her hand up into her hair as she rode Toni's face into a rocking, shaking, convulsive orgasmic storm.

"Ung! Oh! Yeah! Suck! Suck! Suck! Ung! Ung! Ung! Ungh!"

She slouched deeper on the chair, her legs coming around Toni, drawing her in tighter as she mashed the small white face into her spasming black sex.

She gave a long groan as her orgasm tailed off. She let her legs come wide again and lay there draped over the chair, her hands stroking Toni's hair as Becker began to fuck into her with total abandon.

Toni's face lay against her belly, her eyes dazed and glassy as Becker slid his hands around her slim waist and began to jerk her back to meet his terrible thrusts. His cock pounded into the little pussy opening with furious speed.

"Ngh.. ngh... ngh... ngh... ngh... ," Toni groaned, her voice wavering and quivering as her body was jerked and hammered by the big man behind her.

"Ngh Ngh Ngh Ngh Ngh Ngh Ngh Ngh Ngh... ," she gargled. Her cheek bounced and rubbed against Carla's abdomen as Becker rode her like a madman. More cum shot into her body, blasting her into another gut wrenching orgasm as her body shook violently.

Still he fucked, his cock churning her guts to a frothing pulp. Again, she came, and then again, and then yet again, her body ripping through a series of searing orgasmic seizures as the big black man continued to ride her like a wild animal.

Then a final blast of milky jism shot into her, spewing up into her womb as Becker gave a few final hard, deep thrusts and stopped, his tool buried inside her belly as he leaned forward over her, panting heavily.

"What a cunt!" he gasped.

"Better'n mine?"

"She's tighter'n you, bitch, but she ain't got your talent."

"Fuckin' right, she ain't, but she kin' learn."

Four

The odd thing was, they didn't treat her any different at work the next day. Becker was distantly official while Carla was as brusquely efficient and joking as before. Toni's groin was sore, not real sore, but enough to remind her all day and all evening about the terrible, erotic, lewd, baffling events of that night.

She's spent the night at Carla's, too weak and frazzled to go home alone. She'd slept in Carla's big bed, in between her and Becker. Her hands had remained cuffed behind her back the entire night, and she hadn't wanted it any other way. She'd enjoyed the eroticism of having her hands bound, of being their prisoner, their plaything.

In the morning, she'd wakened to find Becker pumping into Carla's pussy, sending the mattress bouncing and jerking up and down. It had only been a quicky and he'd rolled off soon after. Carla had pulled her down between her legs to finish the job and she'd sucked out Becker's juices and then licked Carla to a moaning orgasm.

Her hands still cuffed behind her, she'd been led into the bathroom by Carla and taken into the shower. The two of them had stood under the

shower as Carla soaped herself up and then soaped up Toni.

Then, standing beside her in the big shower stall, Carla had slid her soapy hand down between Toni's thighs and began to masturbate her. The situation was so intensely arousing, and the feel of the woman's soapy hand against her wet, soapy pussy so slippery and delicious that Toni had cum in her hand in less than a minute.

Seemingly satisfied, Carla had finished soaping her off then positioned her under the water to wash off. She'd led her out of the shower, dripping wet, then used a fluffy towel to dry her off. Toni had sat passively on a chair then as Carla used a blow dryer to dry her hair, brushing it so thick curly bangs covered her forehead.

Only then had she taken the cuffs off Toni's wrists. After so many hours confined, it felt strange to Toni to have her hands free again. She hadn't needed them for much since Carla dressed her herself.

Once at the station though, she was all business. Nobody could have guessed the odd relationship between them. Certainly Toni couldn't figure it out. This wasn't the way a good Italian Catholic girl was supposed to act, not even one who had spent her teen years as a tom boy.

She sleepwalked through her job, not needing any great mental ability to attract men to her shapely body, pretty face, and flowing blonde hair. She'd almost become used to the insults and obscenities.

She sat there in the passenger seat, bolt upright, staring straight ahead, her body rigid. Carla drove casually, turning to eye her now and then with a grin. Toni felt like she was prey in some strange hunt, and didn't know which way to jump.

On the one hand she was ashamed of what she'd allowed to happen, both with Carla and with the Lieutenant. She was disgusted, repulsed, felt indignant that they had used her as they did, and feared they would do it again.

On the other hand, wild fantasies filled her head, fantasies involving chains and whips, of her hanging from her wrists, being fucked hard, her body writhing against Carla's, sucking her nipples and clitty. She didn't know where these fantasies came from, but they were almost overpowering in their strength

Even now, as anxious and apprehensive as she was, even though she was almost panicky with worry, her pussy was hot, steaming hot, and wet. She didn't know what to do, where to turn to.

They stopped at a light and Carla reached over suddenly, her hand sliding behind Toni's head, pulling her over as she mashed her lips against Toni's, pushing her tongue inside Toni's mouth.

She pulled back just as suddenly and Toni jerked back, slamming against the door. She looked at Carla with wide eyes as the black woman stepped on the gas and shifted gears, starting forward. She hugged herself, now visibly trembling.

"Take off those clothes," Carla ordered.

"Wh-what?" Toni squeaked.

"Strip. Now," the woman snapped.

Toni jerked, then her fingers began to undo the buttons of her blouse. She looked nervously out the window at the darkened street, heart pounding as she shrugged off the blouse, then undid her bra and removed it. Her breasts were already hot, the nipples swollen.

She removed her shoes, then undid her pants and removed them along with her panties. Nude, she sat awkwardly in the seat, arms across her breasts, fearful someone would see.

"Open the glove compartment."

Toni looked at her in surprise, then obeyed. There was a pair of handcuffs in the glove compartment and Carla grinned at her.

"Put them on, bitch."

Toni took them out and looked at them. Then snapped one around her left wrist and, as Carla watched, drew her hands behind her back. Carla reached over and snapped the other cuff closed, then pushed her back into the seat.

Toni's stomach twisted as she looked around.

"Wh-what if someone sees me?" she gulped.

"I guess they'll figure you're a slut. You got a problem with that?"

Toni's heart was pounding and her blood racing as they drove along.

"You my bitch?" she demanded.

"I... yes," Toni whispered.

"Say it, slut."

"I'm your... your bitch," Toni gulped.

"Fucking right you are. Spread your legs."

Toni eased her thighs apart and Carla thrust a hand between them, fingers rubbing roughly against an already hot, swollen clitoris.

Toni moaned, closing her eyes and shuddering at the feel of the rough fingers against her, at the heat burning through her body.

"Slut," Carla said, grinning as she pulled her hand back. "I could see you were a slut the minute I laid eyes on you. But now we're going to see just how much of a slut."

"Wha.. What do you mean?" Toni gasped, squirming on the seat.

"I mean, you're about to be gang raped."

Toni stared at her, the words crackling through her body like an electric shock.

The car turned into a dark alley, and Toni's heart pounded even louder. Then they stopped.

"Wh-where are we?" she asked anxiously.

Carla didn't answer. Instead she got out, moved around the car, and opened the passenger door.

"C-Carla?"

Carla dragged her out, then closed the door behind her. She shoved her deeper into the alley, then moved away and got back into the car.

Toni stared at her in disbelief and shock.

"Carla!"

Carla grinned and slammed the car door, then backed up.

"Come back!"

The car accelerated back out of the alley, and Toni trotted desperately along until they approached the street and the passing traffic. Then she halted, backing away from the light.

The car turned and sped off, and she gaped after it, naked and helpless, heart pounding as she stood

there in the dark. She backed further away from the light, her head jerking wildly from side to side.

She heard a sound and twisted around, eyes wide. A man approached, a tall, skinny Black man. She backed away, until she heard a sound behind her, and saw two more Black men coming into the alley.

"D-Don't touch me!" she gasped, voice quivering.

"What we got here?" one said.

"Pussy," another answered.

Two more Black men approached, and then two more, and Toni found herself surrounded by leering, grinning men.

"Gonna fuck you, baby."

"Gonna do this bitch."

"Nice present for us."

"I like those titties."

"Come suck me, baby."

"Bet you can't wait for a big nigger cock, girl."

A rough hand forced her to her knees, holding her there on the cold pavement as the man unzipped his pants. He drew out a thick erection and pushed it against her face.

"Suck it," he ordered curtly.

She moaned, and he thrust it into her mouth.

The other men gathered around, cocks out and hard in their hands, fisting and squeezing them as they watched her.

The cock pushed hard into her mouth, threatening to gag her, and she sucked desperately, licking at the head to please the man as he twisted his fingers in her hair.

"Yeah, suck it, bitch," one said.

"Look at this whore suck cock," another remarked.

"Fucking slut."

The man knelt, pulling her down with him so that she was bent over on her knees. Almost at once another moved behind her, jerking her legs apart. Then she felt herself penetrated, felt a cock thrusting hard into her still moist sex.

The cock in front of her was pumping in and out roughly, and hands moved all over her body, two, four, six, more than she could count. She was surrounded. They were all over her, laughing and taunting her, mauling her soft flesh with eager, lustful hands.

She jerked back and forth between the two men thrusting into her, moaning and panting in confusion and fear. And yet, lurking just below the surface was something else, something hungry and powerful.

In a dark alley, naked and bound, being gang raped, she thought dazedly. Gang raped by who knew how many black men. In an alley. Naked.

Hands were all over her, and when the man in front spit out his seed another quickly moved into place, then another.

They twisted her over onto her back and she felt the rough pavement against her shoulders, then her buttocks. Hands lifted her legs up and pinned them back, and a circle of leering faces looked down at her as she was entered again. Again. Again.

They rolled her over again, her soft breasts grinding into the gritty dirty and cold pavement. Her legs were spread. A man knelt before her, jerking her head up by the hair, and another cock was forced into her mouth.

Then she felt pressure against her anus, and moaned helplessly. She penetrated there too, the cock jabbing again and again, thrusting itself ever deeper into her body with short, insistent battering strokes.

She couldn't count them. They were all around her, shadowy figures in the sparse light coming from the end of the alley and a distant light bulb.

Naked. In a dark alley.

She felt the hunger rising through the recesses of her still stunned mind. It grew and spread as she

was raped and raped again. Her body was lifted and turned. Hands groped her everywhere, squeezing, slapping and pinching as laughing, jeering voices taunted her.

She was flipped over again, knees aching as they were scraped against the harsh, uneven pavement. Strong hands yanked her hips up and then her bottom was slapped hard.

She was entered again, anally, a thick cock thrusting powerfully down into her rectum as her cheek lay pressed against the pavement. She grunted and moaned as the man sodomized her, as his hips pounded against her upraised bottom.

The hunger swelled, a dark, ugly heat setting her mind shuddering as it grew and seeped through her body. She felt her pussy throb, felt vacant, gaping as the man roughly sodomized her.

Feet and legs surrounded her, men watching, jeering.

The hunger and heat spiralled upwards, and her chest was aching with the tightness. Her belly fluttered and twisted and her pussy began to thrum with need. The furious pounding against her buttocks jarred her body and mind, and she whimpered in need as the man rode her into the dirty pavement.

He finished, and another took his place. He thrust himself into her pussy, and Toni knew a wondrous relief, a deep, gut wrenching pleasure and satisfaction filling her along with the man's cock as he began to ride her.

She gasped and moaned and whimpered as he took her, but the pleasure outweighed all else as her mind basked in the lewd, shocking abuse of her body, in the dark heat of being gang raped in a dirty alley by a crowd of men.

She came, eyes closing, body shuddering violently, gurgling in helpless wanton ecstasy as the man continued to hammer his pelvis against her.

He finished, and she felt vacant again, until another man knelt behind her, and another, and another. The darkness swept over her and she came again, sobbing helplessly at the overpowering strength of it.

She had no concept of time as they continued to use her, twisting and turning her to their pleasure, thrusting into her mouth, her pussy, her anus. She came again, and again, whimpering in pain, dazed by the pleasure, raw with animal need and hunger.

And then they were gone, with a few final slaps and jeers, and she lay on her side in the alley, gasping for breath, jaw slack, eyes closed, chest heaving.

She moaned weakly in the darkness, aching all over. A hand gripped her hair and she cried out in dazed pain, forced to her knees. She looked up to see Carla standing there, smirking.

"You got yourself fucked tonight, didn't you, slut?"

Toni could not answer. She sagged weakly, and Carla lifted her to her feet, then picked her up and threw her over her shoulder, carrying her away.

Toni lay in a dazed heap in the back of her car, almost unseeing as Carla drove her to her apartment. Her mind wakened slightly as the woman pulled her from the back of the car, and she was uneasily aware of her own nudity as the woman took her by the arm and led her firmly up to the front door of the building.

It was very late, and they were alone, but Toni felt her own nudity despite that, staring around her anxiously and with no small wonder.

What was happening to her?

Carla led her inside as though she weren't naked, and into the elevator, then down the hall to her apartment.

Almost immediately she was taken into the bathroom and uncuffed.

"Kneel in the tub," Carla ordered.

Toni obeyed without thinking, kneeling on all fours as the Black woman turned on the water. Using a hand shower, Carla soaked her down, then began to soap her, running rough hands back and forth through her hair, along her back, over her breasts, and between her legs.

"That your first gang bang?" she asked.

Toni moaned softly in response.

"Nothing like being done by a wild pack of big dicked mongrel dogs," Carla said, soapy fingers sliding back and forth between Toni's swollen, aching pussy lips.

"Nothing like a little gang rape to show a fuck toy like you how crazed her body makes men, and what she ought to be doing with it."

Toni was all soaped up, and the delicious slippery feel of her body as Carla's hands moved over it soon had a liquid heat rising within her lower belly once again. She felt as though she was beyond caring what was done to her, as if she were, as Carla kept insisting, just her fuck toy, her bitch, a slut made for men and women to use.

A pleasure toy.

The words shocked and excited her, and the tough, cocky girl from the Bronx within her issued a dizzying sense of outrage. Yet the pleasure was stronger still, the pleasure of her body and the hot,

swelling heat of her mind as Carla's hands moved over her slippery flesh.

"Now stand up and spread your legs."

Toni rose shakily, engulfed by a sensual heat, and watched as the woman picked up a safety razor and sat on the edge of the tub. She thought at first she was going to shave her legs, which didn't really need it, but the woman focused her attention on her sex.

She pursed her lips, but kept silent, again, now thinking Carla was merely going to trim her already thin, neatly trimmed pussy mound.

But quickly, it became evident the woman was not going for half measures. The razor bit into the edge of Toni's narrow bush on all sides, narrowing it, lowering it, then doing away with it completely.

The heat engulfing her rose another notch as she finally realized the woman was denuding her of hair entirely, and she felt a hot steam escape her sex as Carl's fingers stretched her pussy lips, pulling them outwards to saw the razor along the edges, ensuring she removed very trace of hair.

Carla rinsed her off, then, and both women examined her bald, shaven sex. Toni knew a new sense of shame at how nakedly she was revealed, and a new sense of vulnerability and excitement as the Black woman's fingers caressed her there.

"Isn't that pretty. All ready for whatever we want to use you for," Carla said.

Toni closed her eyes and shuddered as the woman's fingers stroked back and forth over her now tingling, naked sex. She felt her chest tighten and her breath growing ragged.

Carla eased her lips forward and mouthed Toni's sex. The girl moaned aloud, her head falling back, back arching as Carla's tongue slithered back and forth along the soft, damp furrow.

But Carla had no intention of letting her come. She quickly drew back then jerked Toni forward, out of the tub, then very quickly used a towel to roughly dry her body and take the water from her hair.

Then, still damp, her wrists were once again handcuffed behind her back, and Carla led her by a the arm down to the front room, where she was forced onto her knees.

"Keep your back straight and your legs well apart," Carla ordered.

Toni obediently straightened her back and shifted her knees apart on the floor.

"Wider, slut. Show me that pink pussy."

Flushing with heat and excitement - and no small embarrassment, Toni spread her legs still wider,

shifting them apart on the floor until her thighs ached.

"That's better."

Carla, still fully dressed, made herself a drink while Toni knelt, panting.

"So... slut. Did you like being gang raped?"

The words caught at Toni's mind and she felt a swirl of heat.

"I asked you a question, slut."

Carla tugged back on her hair and Toni winced and moaned.

"Answer when your mistress asks a question."

"I... I... yes," Toni gasped.

"I knew you would."

Carla released her hair and smirked over the top of her glass. She took a sip, then examined the girl kneeling before her.

"That was a test, just to see if you were hot for me or just plain hot. But you're hot for anything. You're a walking, breathing fuck toy."

The front door opened and Lieutenant Becker entered. Face flushing, Toni started to jerk her legs together but Carla turned and snapped out a leg.

"Spread em," she barked.

Toni halted, then, trembling, spread her legs again as the big man padded across the room to them.

'Now don't she look nice," he said.

"She's just been gang raped."

"She looks pretty good for all that."

"She loved it. Didn't you, slut?"

Toni dropped her head, shamed, but Carla gripped her hair and forced it up and back.

"I asked a question, slut."

"Yes," she cried.

"Say it then."

"I... I loved it."

"What did you love, whore?"

Toni moaned, tears filling her eyes as the woman twisted her hair.

"I loved being gang raped!" she cried.

Carla smirked and then crouched beside her. A moment later Becker crouched in front of her. She moaned, her head forced back farther, as she felt Becker's hands moving over her breasts, then down between her legs.

"That true, Torelli? You love being gang raped?" he whispered.

"Yes," Toni moaned, face scarlet.

"You're our little fuck toy, ain't you, bitch?"

"Yes," Toni breathed, shuddering at the words and the knowledge he was right.

"Say it, bitch."

"I-I'm your little fuck toy," she whispered.

"Again."

Toni raised her head, face flushed. "I'm your fuck toy," she said, swallowing and breathing heavily

"You bring it?" Carla demanded.

"Right here," Becker said, pulling a device from the pocket of his jacket.

Toni couldn't see, for Carla held her head back firmly.

"You're going to get a present for your new status as our bitch," Carla told her, squeezing one of her breasts and thumbing the areola so the nipple stood out.

A moment later Toni felt a blinding sting at her nipple, and cried out in pain as the big woman's hand slapped down over her mouth.

The pain was terrible, intense and stunning, but was gone in an instant. She shuddered and moaned, unable to see what had been done, or pull free of the powerful Black woman.

"Pretty little slut," Carla cooed.

She squeezed Toni's other breast, and a moment later Toni heard a sharp metallic click just as another intense pain ripped into her breast. Again she cried out, this time the sound fully muffled by Carla's big hand. She whimpered and twisted, but

the woman held her steadily for a long moment while Becker's big fingers probed at her nipple.

Then she was released and her head jerked forward. She stared down with a gasp to see her nipples had been pierced, and two stainless steel studs had been slipped through them.

"Isn't that pretty? We'll get you some nice rings tomorrow, little slut," Carla said, stroking her breasts.

She stood up, and a moment later Becker did as well.

"In the meantime," he said, grinning as he undid his belt.

Toni swayed on her knees, staring in shock and a strange, hazy excitement at her pierced nipples. Her legs were jammed against Toni's back, and she abruptly gripped Toni's hair, forcing her head up and back as Becker thrust forward. Toni jerked violently as the cock punched through into her throat. Her eyes bulged and she twisted and bucked in helpless desperation.

"Dirty little white girl," Carla sneered. "You gotta learn how to deep throat. You think we can put up with them lilly white, vanilla white bread sucking from you? You're a fuck toy now, bitch. You gonna play in the big leagues you gotta learn how to handle the big bats."

Becker chuckled, forcing his cock ever deeper into Toni's throat as the girl twisted and choked and gagged between them.

"I got her," Carla muttered.

"Hold her steady."

Becker began to pump inside her throat, his thick cock stroking up and down inside the tightly constricted elastic tube. He grunted as he raped her throat, staring down at the girl's bulging eyes with a grin and a leer.

"You like that, baby?" he whispered. "That's all the cock you'll ever need."

Toni's chest burned, her head pounded from lack of oxygen, and the world began to spin around her.

Then Becker drew his cock back and it popped out of her throat. She coughed violently, choking and gagging as Becker grinned and stood back. Carla held tightly to her hair, pinning her back as she drew in deep, shaking breaths of air.

"Eventually you'll learn how to breath even with a cock in your throat," she said in a conversational tone.

She nodded at Becker, and Toni whimpered in denial as her jaw was forced open and the big cock was thrust down her throat once again.

Becker took his time, torturing her with his cock, using her throat to the point where she became

light-headed, then pulling back and letting her breath again, only to bury it within her throat again.

When he was on the verge of coming he drew back, and Carla took his place, taunting, slapping and tugging at Toni's hair as she taught her to lick her pussy properly. Toni licked and sucked until her jaw ached and Carla had come several times. Then Becker took over once again, sheathing his big cock in her throat, slapping his balls against her jaw as he pumped it in and out, crushing her nose in against his hairy abdomen as he raped her throat.

Toni spent the night in Carla's bed, hands and ankles both cuffed together. But she got little sleep. Her body awash in steamy sexual heat, her mind alive with wonder and awe, and no small shame at what she had undergone, she moaned and twisted and turned on the bed, wrists and ankles pulling against the cold steel not to escape but for reassurance of her own helplessness.

The next morning she pleased Carla with her tongue, then was lifted and carried from the bedroom and placed on a narrow table. Her hands were uncuffed briefly, then bound to the the top legs of the table. Her ankles were similarly freed only to be bound to the lower legs.

The table was barely big enough to support her torso, so that her shoulders and head hung over one

end while her buttocks protruded over the other. She was left in that position, her head upside down, the blood rushing to it, for hours, moaning softly and dazedly as Carla busied herself elsewhere.

Then she and Becker returned, and their hands moved over Toni's quivering body as they explored its every recess.

"Cunt," Becker jeered.

"Fuck toy," Carla growled.

Becker moved to her head and gripped her hair, jerking it down so that her mouth opened in a groan of pain. Then his cock was inside her again, pumping in and out.

Toni closed her lips around the shaft of his cock, forming a tight circle as she slowly took it into her oral cavity. Her lips slid down until the cockhead mashed against the back of her throat and gagged her.

Becker chuckled as she desperately worked her mouth up and down his cock, grunting with the effort to please him and keep him from using her throat. Her mouth slid faster as his cock shaft became coated with slippery spit and her lips began to make a wet sucking sound.

Suddenly his big hands enclosed her head, almost covering it completely as he jammed it back and down. She felt a splashing wetness spit against the

end of her mouth, then another, then another. Her mouth rapidly filled with jism and she swallowed several times before his orgasm passed and he sat back with a sigh of relief.

"Nice job," he grunted. His hand slid along her body, stroking her breasts, then both hands returned to her head, forcing it back once again. He forced her head far back so her back arched painfully.

His cock remained hard, and was thrust back into her mouth.

"Okay, whore. Time to deep throat again. Let's do it."

His cock rammed against the entrance of her throat and popped past it, sliding down her gullet. She choked and struggled instinctively as her air was cut off and her throat ached and tickled. But she was held easily in place as the fat fuck-wand slid down her throat pipe.

"Just swallow it. Pretend it's a chunk of meat, baby," Carla said.

"It is," Jessie chuckled.

Carla laughed too. She sat on the chair and slid her hand onto Toni's right breast, rubbing and stroking the taut mammary as Jessie slid his big black girl-fucker up and down inside the girl's throat.

Toni felt the big log of a cock as it pumped inside her throat. Her throat was too narrow and Jessie's cock made it bulge outward, forcing it wider as it moved up and down. On the downward strokes, his cockhead pushed almost into her chest while his balls pressed against her nose.,

She was already dizzy from her awkward, upside down position and lack of air was making her even more so. Then Jessie pulled his cock out, the cockhead popping free of her throat like a cork coming out of a bottle. Toni gasped desperately for air, her ragged breathing loud in the otherwise silent room.

Jessie pushed his cock inward again. Toni whimpered for a second, before her voice, like her breath, was cut off by the bloated intruder which slid down her throat. His cock began to pump up and down steadily, like a piston in its shaft. His hands held tightly against Toni's head, keeping her back.

Toni was little more than a receptacle for his cockshaft as it pumped up and down in her throat. Then she heard a click, followed by a buzzing sound. She didn't know what it was and didn't particularly care.

Until Carla pressed the vibrator against her clitty.

She jerked in shock at the sudden pressure and vibration. The vibrator purred and throbbed and buzzed against her clitty, setting it trembling and spasming. She moaned around the cock plugging her throat, the sound barely audible above the steady slurping of his cock in her wet mouth.

Carla twisted the vibrator against her clitty, turning it from side to side, grinding it against the little bud. Toni's hips began to pump unsteadily, her motions restricted by Jessie's hold on her head and the tightness of the bonds holding her.

Her breasts throbbed hotly, the nipples exquisitely hard and ultra sensitive now with the studs impaling them. As though she saw or sensed this, Carla's other hand slid up over the rounded meat, stroking the flesh, rasping across her hard, aching nipples. She kept the vibrator positioned against her clit as she bent and began to suck on Toni's right nipple along with the barbell stud.

Toni dazedly bucked upwards against the vibrator as her juices flooded out between her pussy lips. She tongued desperately on the cockshaft as it slid back and forth between her throat and lips, unable to suck without any air.

Carla's fingers massaged her hot, swollen breasts, thumbing her nipples to pin-point hardness and twisting the little studs so that they ached

fiercly. Toni's body was trembling and shaking as she neared an explosive orgasmic release.

Then Carla pulled the vibrator back from Toni's sex. A moment later Toni felt something hard and wet placed there instead, and second after that she jerked violently, trying to pull away from the ice cube Carla had pushed against her clit.

Carla and Jessie both laughed, holding her in place. Jessie let his cockhead pop free of her mouth and air whooshed into Toni's lungs as she breathed deeply.

"Ca... Ca... "Carla!" she gasped, her voice choking and hacking.

"Doesn't that feeel goooooood?"

Unable to pull her crotch away from the dripping cube, her pussy had gone ice cold. The sharp biting ache of the coldness bit into her sex and especially her clitty.

Relenting slightly, Carla slid the cube away from her pussy, bringing it up and placing it against Toni's right nipple instead.

"Ohhh... ," Toni moaned. "Carlaaa!"

"Like that, baby?"

"Cooolddd!"

"But you're so hot, baby."

Toni's nipples stung with cold as Carla shifted the ice cube from one to the other. Jessie shoved his

cock back into her throat as Carla rolled the ice cube around one nipple, then slid her lips against the other one and began to suckle like a baby.

Jessie resumed his steady pumping for a second, then rutted furiously for long seconds as he grunted excitedly. Toni felt spurt after spurt of cum shoot out the end of his prick knob and gurgle down her throat.

Carla continued to suck her nipple as her right hand slid between her thighs and roughly stroked her clitty. Her right hand alternated between her tit and her cunt, fondling her clit, then coasting up her taut belly to knead her straining breasts, then gliding back down her belly to dip between her legs again.

Although Jessie had cum, he continued to pump his cock in her throat. Carla pulled back, dropping the ice cube, and Toni heard the click and buzz of the vibrator again as she turned it on. A second later she felt its rounded nose pressing into her slit just under her clitty, squeezing her clit hard.

At first her clitty was too numb from the ice to feel it, then it began to rapidly twitch and shake to the vibrator's rhythm. Her body was still bowed tightly back as Jessie slid his cock up and down her throat tube, but her hips began to shake and her

bottom ground and squirmed as the vibrator sent shivers up and down her spine.

Her bald pussy mound was soaking wet with melted ice and seeping pussy juice. Her sex crackled with energy, jolts of sexual electricity ripping through her belly and tearing along her nervous system. She let her mouth gape wide as Jessie fucked his cock right down into the open hole. Her eyes rolled back and her body began to tremble with power.

Then, almost too late, Carla pulled the vibrator back and slid another cube of ice up against her clit. She pushed the cube right into Toni's burning pussy tunnel, forcing it in deep. Quickly, Carla puled two more cubes out of a little bowl on the floor, holding one against Toni's clit and the other against her right nipple.

Toni continued to hump out, but the violence diminished and the humping began hesitant, as though desperately searching to regain the glittering orgasmic prize which had suddenly escaped her. She moaned loudly, the sound audible even around Jessie's plunging cock.

Then Jessie came again, sending more sperm sluicing down her throat. He groaned and then bit off a curse of pleasure as he tried to catch his breath.

Between her legs, Toni's sex burned with cold instead of heat. Water trickled steadily down her thighs from the rapidly melting cubes. Carla held them remorselessly against her until she was certain she had been well and truly yanked back from the brink.

Only then did she pull the cubes away from her nipple and clit, and fish inside her tight pussy opening to flick the remains of the other cube out of her body. She tongued Toni's nipples, slurping at the wetness the ice cube had left behind, then the vibrator clicked on and pushed against the girl's clitty again.

And still Jessie sent his rock hard prick sliding deep into the young woman's gullet.

Toni's frazzled nerves had her trembling violently now. Her body was covered with sweat, glistening against the bright overhead lights. Her silky black hair was plastered against her head as she twitched and jerked helplessly, her nervous system almost as dazed as her mind.

Carla slid the vibrator up her body and onto her right nipple, circling it slowly around the hard little pink nub and its piercing stud before slithering across her chest and circling her other nipple. Then it was back down her belly and in between her swollen pubic lips.

Toni's overheated body was red. Her chest heaved whenever Jessie let his prick slide out of her throat. Her sodden crotch smelled of a desperate yearning heat.

Her breasts were as hard as rocks, the flesh straining against the thin coating of skin.

Her face was ashen as her body quivered and trembled weakly. She shivered as though freezing, her nervous system confused, her senses dazed.

Jessie pulled his cock out of her mouth at last, rubbing its slick, slippery, cum covered head across her face before letting go of her head. It dropped fully and she lay there, bent back across the table, slack jawed and gasping weakly for air.

"Dirty, nasty little slut," Carla cooed, hands moving over her body.

The hands drew back, and Toni moaned, body trembling. She cried out softly as the vibrator was thrust up into her pussy and left in place, then as Carla's fingers began to rapidly stroke against her clitty.

Her inner fires began to rise once again, to rise and spread. Her breathing became ragged once again and she moaned and twisted in her bonds.

The pain came as a shock. A line of fire stitching itself across her taut, straining belly. She cried out dazedly, body jerking against her bonds, head

bouncing upwards as she tried to see the source of her pain.

Becker drew back, holding a thin leather strap. She grinned at the dazed girl, then whipped it over her head and brought it down across Toni's upper belly. Again she cried out as fire raced across her skin and bit into her mind.

Carla began to lick at her clitty now, her fingers gripping the vibrator and pumping it slowly and out. Becker stood by and watched as Toni began to moan anew. Then slashed the strap down across her breasts.

Toni cried out, body jerking violently, then her head fell back with a shuddering moan. Again he watched and waited as Carla tongued the girl's swollen clitoris, waited while the girl began to whimper and moan and writhe in pleasure.

The strap cut across her straining breasts again, raising a thin red line across the soft, ivory flesh.

"Nooo," Toni cried dazedly.

Carla tongued her clitoris and her head rolled back upside down.

The strap slashed across her lower chest, then her belly, then her breasts.

As Toni neared her climax the strap came down faster, with less time for her to recover from the sharp, snapping pain. Toni writhed and sobbed and

shook as the pleasure and pain twisted within her body and mind. Then the orgasm hit.

Scalding fire raced along her body as ecstasy slashed through her. She grit her teeth, her eyes closed as the power and strength of the orgasm screamed upwards to a terrible intensity.

Crack!

The orgasm swelled and grew so that her fingers and toes seemed to vibrate.

Crack!

Her head thrashed wildly from side to side and her hips jerked and bucked frantically.

Crack!

Each sharp blow, each crack of pain energy kicked at her orgasm, throwing it higher, sending her mind tumbling and spinning. The blows came faster as she twisted and writhed and sobbed, her breasts and belly and even her sex aching.

The climax screamed through her, then eased, then rose again, or was it another. And then her dazed mind was held with awe as she realized it was indeed a second orgasm slamming into her on the heels of the first. It set her nervous system screaming, her muscles spasming and shaking and her mind tumbling, and then as it eased another rose. One after another thundered through her body

like subway cars through a tunnel, setting her shaking and twisting.

"Oh God! OH GOD! OH OH NO!" she screamed, as yet another orgasm tore through her. Convulsions caught at her body, and her head lashed from side to side.

She went limp, jaw slack, but for twitches, but the twitches grew into twitching which grew rapidly into shaking and more convulsions, and then she bit her lip.

"Noooooo!" she moaned. "Oh No! Oh! Oh! Ooohh! Aaagh!"

Her high pitched cries tore through the room as she bucked and shook and twisted helplessly, body writhing as her nervous system threatened to disintegrate under the intensity of the mental and physical stimuli.

Five

Becker left them, then, and Carla unchained her, then led her, crawling, across the room and into the bed. There she cuffed her hands behind her back, cuffed her ankles together, and let her rest. Drained and exhausted, she fell into an uneasy sleep.

She was still sore and drained when she woke. She rolled slowly onto her back, arms beneath her, and stared at the ceiling with a measure of wonderment and confusion at how she had let her life come to this kind of state.

Her chest, belly and abdomen were criss crossed in red lines where Becker had whipped her with the strap, and she shuddered at the sight of them, awed, despite the way they continued to sting and ache.

She continued to feel a deep, throbbing sexual heat within her, and she pulled against the cuffs with a kind of comfortable, languid heat.

"Awake at last. Come on then," Carla ordered.

She uncuffed her, but forced her to kneel, then to crawl out into the front room and kneel beside the sofa. She had her sit back on her heels, impaled on a dildo, then cuffed her hands once again and left her in that position as she sat down and watched television.

Toni watched, as well, but the steady pressure of the thick dildo inside her kept making her squirm and grind her hips. The base of the dildo had been screwed to the floor, so Toni was able to roll her hips and twist her insides around the thick, firm bar of plastic, then slowly fuck herself up and down on it.

"I didn't say you could jerk off on that, slut. Keep still," Carla ordered, glancing down from the sofa next to her.

Toni halted, sitting back on her heels, knees spread, breathless and quivering with arousal.

"You get off when I tell you you can get off," Carla said, glaring.

Toni felt herself pulsing and throbbing with heat, and squirmed slowly on the dildo, unable to work herself up and down to bring herself to climax, but unable to keep still either.

After a while Carla pulled her up across her lap and held her there, casually stroking and caressing her body, pinching and twisting her nipples and clitty whenever she got too aroused.

When she got tired of that she fit a collar around Toni's throat, then locked her cuffs together in front of her and lifted them up and back behind her head, where they were snapped tight to the back of the collar.

She removed the studs from Toni's nipples, and replaced them with rings, then pushed her belly against the same table they had used her on earlier. Now the table was placed against the wall, and she bent Toni forward, then attached an elasticised cord to her nipple rings and lifted it up and forward.

"Oh!"

Toni moaned and whimpered as the cord pulled at her nipples stretching them up and out. She was forced onto the balls of her feet, then her toes, and still the pain mounted as Carla pulled the cord up and forward.

She gripped Toni's hair to hold her in place, then slipped the cord over a hook in the wall and released her. Toni was able to ease back slightly - onto the balls of her feet, but was forced to remain bent forward, her hips jammed against the side of the table, her breasts lifted up and out by the tight grip of the cord.

Carla laughed and slapped her bottom, then left her like that while she watched television again.

After a time she returned, and forced a vibrator deep into Toni's sex, turning it on and leaving her in place. She watched from the sofa as Toni began to squirm and moan, to roll her hips and pull her nipples against the hook.

At the next commercial she padded across to the girl and stood beside her, squeezing her breasts and running her hands over her body.

"Dirty little whore," she whispered, kissing her shoulders and throat. "You're my hot little fuck toy. My bitch. My dog. My slave."

She pumped the vibrator in and out, pulling on Toni's hair to force her head back.

"You my bitch slave?" she growled.

"Y-yes!"

"Say it!"

"I'm your bitch slave!"

Carla grinned and released her hair, but continued to pump the vibrator, watching the girl's body as she became more and more aroused. When she judged she was about to come she buried the vibrator inside her, picked up a nearby belt, and began to swing it hard and fast against her upraised rump.

Toni cried out in pain each time the belt landed, but despite the sharp blasts of pain the orgasm rolled over her and sent her mind tumbling, ecstasy bathing her and sweeping all other sensations away.

Toni didn't get to sleep that night. She spent it on her feet at the foot of Carla's big bed, her wrists strapped to the two posts, ankles strapped to the legs. She swayed and slumped any number of times,

and eventually half hung there, chin on her chest as the darkness slowly turned to light.

What am I doing, she thought several times.
But she didn't care.

Vice involved more than just prostitution, and the next evening when Carla brought her to work, Becker told her she and Carla were supposed to play his whores. He was going to play a pimp and make a big drug deal.

The man they were after was known to be paranoid about police and took great precautions to make sure his group was never infiltrated. He was a major dealer and a vicious killer one who'd taken out several people they knew about. They couldn't prove a thing, of course, and so were trying to catch him on dealing instead.

Becker's street name was Duke. Toni and Carla played his whores as he visited a noted drug dealer, trying to make a deal for several kilos of cocaine.

The dealer's name was Rodrigues, and Becker was convinced he could gain his confidence where other undercover cops had always failed. Toni was going to be his secret weapon.

They dressed her in a sleek green sheath dress to accompany them to the meet. Carla was wearing leather pants and a leather vest, with nothing

underneath. Becker, or Duke, wore jeans, t-shirt, and a leather jacket with a wide brimmed leather hat.

He sauntered into Rodrigues' place with one of them on either arm. First they had to be searched. Carla endured the extra close searching with a sneer while Toni tried to ignore the grinning man who cupped her pussy and squeezed her breasts.

After no sleep the previous night she had been put through her paces all day by Carla, who said she was "training" her to be a good bitch. That had meant crawling and jumping, dancing and stripping, and giving the big woman tongue baths, among other things.

Yet she had not been allowed to come, and now, even as the seedy looking men glared suspiciously at her, she felt her pussy thrum with excitement as their hands moved roughly over her body.

Then they were inside Rodrigues' plush penthouse apartment. Rodrigues was a slimy looking Columbian wearing a five thousand dollar silk suit.

He and his three bodyguards were the only people in the penthouse besides the cops.

Toni was briefly distracted by the huge floor to ceiling windows and the view of the city outside,

then turned her attention back to Jessie and Rodrigues.

They were already sitting at a table across from one another. Carla leaned over Jessie's right shoulder and Toni moved over to his left.

"I never heard of ju afore, man," Rodrigues was saying suspiciously.

"I just got in from L.A."

"Yeah? Wha du fuckh ju doink here now?"

"Heat got too big out west. Thought I'd try my luck here. Have money will travel, you know."

"Dhese jour beetches?"

"Yeah, my two favourites, Carla and Toni."

"De nigger's got big teats."

"Thanks man." Carla grinned sweetly.

"Ju," he turned to Toni, "Ju got a mouth should be wrapped aroun' my cock."

Toni licked her lips uneasily.

He turned back to Jessie.

"I no do business weet men I dunno," he said.

"You say you no cop, but I don' know that."

"Want me to prove it?"

Rodrigues looked at him suspiciously. "How ju gonna do da?"

Jessie grinned, then turned to Toni. "Strip," he ordered.

Toni stared at him, momentarily shocked. This was the first time he had ever allowed what had happened between them in Carla's apartment to intrude into their work relationship. She stared at him and his face twisted angrily.

"I said strip, slut!" he snarled, his fist slamming on the table.

She jerked in surprise, then rose and uncertainly gripped the front of her dress. With all of them watching she felt her skin flush red. Then a strange dark hunger oozed up around her and her breathing became rough and heavy.

She fumbled at the dress, then peeled it up and off, standing there in bra and panties as the Columbians grinned and whistled.

"The rest, slut," Jessie growled.

She shuddered, then obeyed, peeling off her panties and removing her bra, shamed and aroused at once.

"Looks nice. You gonna fuck her, man?"

"Not quite. Carla."

Carla rose smoothly and moved behind Toni, then gripped her wrists and pulled them up and back behind her neck. Her other hand gripped Toni's hair and slowly forced her head back so her back arched sharply and her breasts thrust out.

"Nice teats on her," Rodrigues said.

Becker rose and moved to stand before Toni, who was quivering with dark heat and embarrassment. He caressed her taut breasts, which had quickly healed from the thin, light strap he had used on her, then pinched a nipple.

There were no rings or studs in Toni's nipples today, because he had ordered Carla to make sure they were bare. Now he turned to Rodrigues.

"You got a hammer and nails?"

Rodrigues stared at him in surprise, then, curious, he ordered one of his bodyguards to go and fetch them.

Meanwhile he watched Becker caress Toni's nude body with a leer of anticipation on his face.

"You gonna be a good bitch tonight?" Becker growled in a low voice.

"I-I... yes," Toni gulped.

"Cause I want this man to know I'm not a cop, that you for damn sure ain't no cop, and that's hard to do cause cops are sneaky."

He turned and grinned at Rodrigues, then turned back to Toni. "But there's things cops can't or won't do."

The bodyguard returned with the hammer and nails and gave them to Becker. He nodded and Carla jerked Toni forward, then bent her over a nearby table, pressing her breasts against the wood.

Becker moved to the other side of the narrow table and pressed one of the nails against Toni's right nipple.

He jammed it in, and she cried out, squirming in pain. Her nipple had been pierced, but the hole was not large enough to take the nail.

But it would do so regardless.

She stared in shock as Becker jammed the nail down harder, then brought the hammer against its head. The nail sliced through her nipple and she screamed, as much in shock and fear as pain.

Becker hammered again, and again, driving the nail deeper into the wood, then a final time, so that the head crushed down against Toni's nipple. She howled in agony, twisting frantically in Carla's grasp, but the Black woman held her easily.

Rodrigues was out of his chair, grinning and leering now as he watched Becker hammer the other nail through Toni's other nipple, grinning as she screamed and was pinned to the low table.

Becker drew back, then drew the belt from the loops of his pants. He doubled it up, grinned at Rodrigues, then slashed it forward across Toni's buttocks.

Again she screamed, tears flooding her eyes as fresh pain assaulted her. She was staring in horror

at her nailed nipples, whimpering in fear and pain, and unable to move for fear of tearing them.

The belt slashed in again, and again, the heavy crack of leather on flesh filling the room as the men looked on hungrily.

"You want to use this bitch, this girl you think might be a cop?" Becker asked with a grin.

"I want to do more than that," Rodrigues said, eyes flinty.

He spoke to one of his men, who moved away, then returned with two straps. The man moved behind Toni and quickly spread her legs wide, binding her ankles to the legs of the table. Rodrigues then took the belt from Becker and tested it against the palm of his hand before whipping it in sideways to slap directly across Toni's naked, shaved sex.

She screamed anew, twisting and writhing in pain as the men chortled and grinned to each other. Again the belt slashed in, and again, cracking across the soft, bare pad of her sex.

Rodrigues moved in and dropped the belt on the table, then unzipped and drew out his erection. He thrust it deep into Toni's belly with a single, savage stroke, and growled hungrily at her as his hands settled on the back of her neck.

"You like dat, beetch?" he growled.

He thrust hard and fast, twisting his hips from side to side and up and down, using his cock as a weapon as he pounded his hips against her. His hands moved beneath her to squeeze and twist her breasts, and he laughed as she sobbed and cried out in pain.

Such was the savagery of his attack that he quickly came, then staggered back breathless. He grinned at Becker, then motioned him forward. Becker grinned in reply, and soon he too was pounding his hips against Toni's upraised bottom.

"Still think I'm a cop?" he demanded.

"No, man," Rodrigues said with a laugh.

When Becker had finished he and Rodrigues returned to the table to deal while his bodyguards continued to use the helpless, whimpering young woman. Only after they had completed their deal did Carla pry the nails back out of the table - and Toni's nipples, with the hammer.

Rodrigues had given Becker ideas. Why should he bust Rodrigues for some dope. The man was a scumbag, but there were bigger scumbags around, and now, for the first time ever, they had a chance of planting someone in Rodrigues' organization.

He and Carla discussed it that evening. They were at Carla's apartment. Toni was there,

recovered from her trauma that day. Her hands were bound with rope behind her back as she lay across Jessie's lap. Her naked, softly rounded bottom looked even more beautiful in the low lighting as Jessie absently slid his fingers over it.

"It's perfect, I tell yah!" he exclaimed. "They'll never suspect her, not in a million years."

"Not of being a cop, not the way she acts when someone gets their hands on her pussy, but they might think she's an informant and then they'll cut her fuckin' throat."

"We won't give them a chance."

"How the fuck we gonna stop it? We can't plant a bug on the little whore. She's gonna be stripped naked almost as soon as he takes her."

"We'll plant a bug in the room somehow."

"An how we gonna explain this to the boss? Not to mention the D.A.. Shit! You try an' tell him that she infiltrated his organization by fuckin' Rodrigues and all the others. You know they' gonna gang bang the bitch."

"Nobody ever wrote a law against fuckin'."

"It'll probably get her busted off the force."

"I doubt it. I think if we can pull off a big bust the brass will ignore what she did."

"The fuckin' defence ain't gonna! Can you imagine what the trial will be like?"

She scrunched up her face. "Now then Officer Torelli, when you first saw Mister Big, were you sucking off Rodrigues, or was he fuckin' you in the asshole at the time?"

"It'll probably never get to trial. If we get enough evidence, Rodrigues and the others will plead and roll on their bosses."

"And miss a chance to embarrass the department like that? Can't you imagine what the tabloids would make of her?" She glanced at Toni, who was starting to roll her bottom up and down as Jessie's fingers pumped into her sex.

"You're just upset you won't have that long pink tongue of hers up your pussy for a couple of days."

"Fuck you, King Kong!"

"Ungh!" Toni groaned, humping furiously against Jessie's hand, her ass bouncing up and down as she panted and groaned and wriggled in Jessie's lap.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!"

"Lookit the bitch! She could be a gold mine for us!" Jessie laughed. "We can put her all kinds of places and nobody will dream she's a cop."

He thrust two fingers into the girl's twitching body and she grunted in pleasure.

Toni spent the night bound and gagged and folded into the big bottom drawer of Carla's

dresser. In the morning she was dragged out and untied, slapped until she was able to regain some semblance of consciousness, then made to crawl across the apartment and kneel on all fours in the tub.

Carla washed her and then carefully dried and brushed out her hair.

Toni stood obediently before the mirror, feeling dazed and hungry, and very much like Carla's toy - her sex toy, as the woman carefully fixed the bangs across her forehead and admired her handiwork.

"Just you stand there, baby. Here, put your arms behind your back,"

She reached out and pulled them them back and held them tightly together.

She gripped Toni's damp hair and slowly forced her head up, her back out.

"Look at that slut," she whispered, her breath warm against Toni's ear. "Look at the fuck toy, the sex slave. You ever thought about being a sex slave, Toni? You know what a sex slave wears? Nothing but skin and chain."

Toni moaned, her pussy throbbing.

Carla let go of her arms, then opened a cupboard drawer and took out a studded leather collar. Toni watched as if in a dream as the woman slid it around her throat, tightened it, and buckled it in

place. Two smaller collars followed, wrist restraints which tightly caught at her slim wrists.

Finally, a strong chain came from the drawer and her wrists were clipped together behind her back, then lifted up high, painfully high, to just below her throat, where the chain clipped the joined cuffs together to the back of the collar.

"Slut. Fuck toy," Carla growled, chewing on her earlobe.

She opened a lower cupboard drawer and drew out a halter - of sorts. It was perhaps eight inches wide, and fitted, not over her breasts, but beneath them. The upper edge was stiffened and curved so that it pushed her breasts up. The ends were curled inwards and the straps on each end rose up along the side of her breasts, then curved in across the top and criss-crossed beneath her throat before going over her shoulders.

Another strap went behind her chest and buckled in place, while another thicker strap crossed her chest right across the top of her breasts.

Her breasts were thus lifted upwards, pulled together, and then squeezed downwards by the upper strap. They throbbed with every breath she took, the nipples like two hard pebbles set alight.

"Fuck toy," Carla whispered.

Next out of the cupboard were a pair of boots, gleaming, thigh high leather boots with stiletto heels. She pushed Toni's legs into each and pulled them up, then closed them tightly, and Toni stared at her image in the mirror, awash in hunger and amazement and sexual torpor.

"Don't you look born to be used? Born to be raped? To be gang raped?"

She produced a thick dildo, black and gleaming and covered with little bumps. A twist at the base and it began to buzz.

"Like this, baby? Want something big and thick inside you? Feeling empty without one?"

She forced the girl's hips against the counter's edge, bending her forward, then kneed her legs apart.

Toni moaned as she felt the rough rubber and plastic sliding between her pussy lips. She felt the pressure mount, felt the lips of her sex forced in and back, and the rough rubber cock sliding upwards into her body.

She felt the silky wet sleeve of her sex forced wide by the invading toy, and moaned in pleasure and pain as it was pumped lightly but insistently inside her, forced ever deeper by the firm grip of the big, Black woman.

"Oh!" she gasped, trying to close her legs.

"You can take it, bitch. You can take a fence post if you have to," Carla growled.

She slapped Toni's bottom and pumped the dildo harder, then forced it in deeper. With ten inches inside her the woman halted, chuckling.

She left the vibrator buried in Toni's sex and slipped a thin leather belt around her hips. The belt was slimmer than Toni's thumb, but strongly built. It had two rings set on the hips and another at the rear. As she watched, legs trembling, Carla produced two short, leather straps and clipped one to each ring, then ran the straps down between her legs. They weren't long enough, and Carla pulled harder, forcing the belt around her hips to dig into her soft flesh and pull downwards until she was able to clip the ends of both straps the vibrator an inch from the base.

When she released the straps Toni gasped, for they pulled sharply upwards on the base of the buzzing vibrator, forcing the base up against the top of her sex.

"Almost finished now," Carla whispered, tongue sliding along Toni's earlobe.

Another vibrator was pushed against her rectum, and she moaned, bending forward as the big woman forced it deeper and deeper. Cramps rippled

through her belly, but Carla only slapped her buttocks and forced the thing deeper.

When an inch or so remained she produced another leather strap, fitting this to the ring at the small of Toni's belt and clipping it to the base of the vibrator.

Then two rings were inserted into her pierced nipples, and two fine chains were clipped to them, attached to the front of her collar. The chains were calculated to raise her nipples only slightly, to remain taut and decorative, but they succeeded in creating a steady sensation of tugging and pulling against Toni's sore, swollen, sensitive nipples.

"Now remember, whore. You're going to be a sex slave. You're a mindless fuck toy who will do anything Rodrigues tells her. You got that?"

"I'm scared," Toni moaned.

"Of what? Of getting hurt, or of liking it? Of maybe finding out that being used and whipped and raped is a better life than you had before?"

Carla ran a hand through her hair and tweaked one nipple. "You're going to find that out anyway, baby. The only difference is this way you're going to find it out from Rodrigues and not men.

"I thought you might like it if I wrapped her up, man," Jessie smiled. He held his hand out to

Rodrigues, who's eyes were too tightly glued to Toni's body to notice. His breathing was suddenly coming in harsh strangled gasps as he stared at her.

Finally, he tore his eyes off her long enough to see the key in Jessie's hand.

"This is her key, man. You own her now."

Rodrigues noticed the little keyholes then in her collar, belt, and bracelets.

"Hooooolly fuckkeeng sheeet!" he gasped.

His men, standing behind him, were ogling Toni with similar open mouthed stares. Hard bulges were visible at all their crotches.

"Who needs a fuckeeng key, maaan," he growled, tossing the key over his shoulder and across the room. His hand slid around behind Toni's neck and jerked her forward, then his other hand slid up and down her body.

"We'll see you later," Jessie said, he and Carla backing out.

None of the men paid them any attention. All their eyes were on Toni.

Toni shuddered a little as she heard the door close behind her. She was both frightened and aroused by the men's hard, hungry stares, and by her own bound, helpless nudity. she swallowed anxiously, face flushed, nipples pinching as her chest rose and fell more quickly.

Rodrigues's hand slid down her belly and in between her legs, cupping her sex and the vibrator almost buried there. He stared down at it, then made a joke to his men in Spanish which brought growls of agreement and laughter.

"You belong to me now, beetch," he whispered.

He turned to his men. "Thees ees what all women should look like," he said.

He turned to the others, standing to one side, jerking Toni's head back to throw out her chest.

"Thees ees how all women should look!" he called.

They yelled in agreement.

"Put dem all een chains!"

There were more yells of agreement as the aroused men stared at the lush young girl.

"What should we do with thees beetch?"

"Fuck her!" His men screamed.

"Fuck her to death!" one of them snarled.

"Yeah!" Rodrigues hissed.

Toni shuddered in apprehension and excitement.

Six

Jessie had pushed the seat almost all the way back as he sat there watching. He sat back against the seat back, grinning as Carla straddled him and worked her sex up and down over his rigid fuck pole. His hands cupped her buttocks, digging into the soft brown meat as she humped and ground herself against him.

The radio was playing in the car, but it wasn't any tune that would ever make it onto the top forty, as popular as it was.

The station playing was the collar around Toni's throat, where a tiny transceiver was hidden, and the unsteady tune was one of panting, moaning, and whimpering as the girl was fucked over and over again by Rodrigues and his men.

Carla had taken the first watch, and had sat through the worst of it as Toni was gang banged for the first several hours. By the time Jessie showed up for his shift she was ready to run in and join the frantic couplings in the apartment above.

She rutted desperately against Jessie, plunging her sex down around his steely prong as she listened to Toni cumming yet again, the dull, slapping sounds of someone fucking her easily audible over the tinny speaker.

Toni was on the bed, perched precariously on her shoulders as Manuel stood beside the bed holding her legs just beneath the knees. His cock was half buried in her tight rectum and as he pushed down, the rest of it slid out of sight until his balls rested against the underside of her buttocks.

He held still, his cock stuffed fully inside the beautiful young girl's tight anus, sighing in pleasure at the heat as her body squeezed around his prick.

Jose' squatted in front of her on the bed, mashing her breasts against his cock.

Toni was exhausted, and had lost track of how many times she'd been fucked since Jessie and Carla had left. At first she'd tried to suppress her arousal, but the orgasmic power had grown too great and she'd cum furiously, unable to even keep quiet, to prevent them from hearing her.

She'd cum a number of times, too many to recall as cock after cock was pushed into her. Rodrigues had half a dozen bodyguards in the apartment and all had taken her at least twice, some three times. In addition, he had many visitors, few of which declined to partake in the sexual marathon she was experiencing.

She'd cum at least twenty times so far, and was rapidly approaching another. The mattress

squeaked beneath her as Manuel's muscular arms pulled her up and down in time to his thrusts. She moaned like a mindless whore, which, in a far corner of her mind, she realized she'd become.

Manuel let go of her legs briefly, and for a moment her entire weight was on her head and shoulders. Then his arms pushed down between her legs and seized her about the waist, his big hands almost completely encircling her tiny waist as he hauled her crotch up against him.

Her legs dropped to either side, spreading wide as he jammed her against him with powerful jerks, plunging his cock down into her anus with irresistible force.

His balls slapped against her ass cheeks as he pistoned his long fuck-wand up and down in her tight anal tunnel.

Jose' continued to mash her breasts around his cock, grunting with pleasure as his cum approached. Then he shot off, sending a long sticky stream of juice splashing out against Toni's breasts and pierced nipples. He flopped back with a sigh of pleasure and Jesus took his place.

Jesus wasn't content to fuck sloppy, cum covered breasts though. He and Manuel dragged the girl off the bed, then, with each standing on one side of her,

holding a leg apiece, they easily held her in mid-air, upside down.

Manuel pushed his cock back down into the girl's gaping anus while Jesus drove his down between the bald, puffy little pussy lips, forcing her crack further and further apart as he buried his boner to the hilt inside her quivering body.

Toni blinked in confusion as her body was bounced up and down. She groaned dazedly as the blood rushed to her head and made her even more dizzy than she already was. She could no longer think straight, aware only that she was being fucked hard, that her naked body was being fondled and pawed by the big men, aware that her crotch, that her groin was doubly pierced, her belly stuffed.

She grunted deliriously as she continued bouncing, the men standing almost still as they jerked her up and down over their cocks. The twin prongs slid back and forth inside her lower belly, pumping and churning her guts to a frothing jelly as she squeezed and sucked their peckers.

Jesus came first and poured cum down into her already brimming sex. He eased back, letting go of her right leg. Manuel lowered her to the ground, letting her weight come down on her head and shoulders again as he knelt behind her.

Toni's legs collapsed as Manuel let them go. Her feet thumped to the ground beside her head. Manuel's rough hands were squeezed tightly around her tiny waist as he continued to cram his fuck-staff into her anal hole. Toni's body was folded up and crushed against the floor as the big man continued to rut into her rectum.

Finally he spilled his seed. Toni felt it gurgling down the drain of her anal tunnel, down into her bowels and belly. He shoved her away and staggered to his feet. Toni lay crumpled at his feet as he yawned and moved away.

She lay there for long minutes before finally dragging herself to the bed and easing her tired, still chained body down. She fell asleep almost instantly.

Voices woke her. She blinked around in confusion, not sure where she was at first. Then she remembered, her eyes scanning her naked body with some distaste, mixed with considerable excitement. She felt like a medieval slave girl.

She got out of bed slowly, wincing as her raw flesh made contact with the bed. Her wrists were still jammed up high behind her back, and but her nipples had been unchained, and the dildo and vibrator removed from her pussy and anus. She

moved around the room slowly, half dazed, peering at anything that looked interesting.

She felt as though she was on a soft high, on drugs, her head buzzing constantly and her pussy throbbing. She stopped at one point and turned, pressing her sex back against a corner of a dresser and grinding herself helplessly against it, moaning softly.

She came within a minute, and staggered, then fell heavily on her side next to the bed. As she lay there panting and moaning she saw a suitcase just underneath. The top was closed, but not latched, and there was a crack running around its edges.

Some instinct for police work had her push her head forward and grasp the handle with her teeth, then slide the suitcase backwards, body wriggling for support, until it was out in the opening. Then she awkwardly lifted the lid up and looked inside.

It was packed to the brim with money. There were hundreds of thousands of dollars there, all in hundred dollar bills. She stared at it uncertainly, knowing she should do something, but not what. She swayed back and forth on her knees, then sat back on her heels. Unconsciously, she slid aside so that her pussy jammed down against her right heel.

The pain and pleasure made her moan aloud, and arch her back. She closed her eyes, trying to get

the world to settle down around her, then stared at the money again.

"I found a suitcase with about half a million dollars in it," she said finally. "It's dark blue with white stripes."

They were listening, she knew, had been listening all night, listening to her being gang raped, listening to her come again and again. The thought both shamed and excited her, as did much of what she had done lately.

She thought of them listening as she shrieked in orgasmic pleasure and her skin to flushed red. She hoped they never played the tapes in court. She would simply die.

She let the lid down and shoved the suitcase back under the bed with one foot, then awkwardly stood up and moved towards the door. She stood against it, trying to hear the voices more clearly. They were loud and argumentative, but in Spanish, and even as she felt heat rise through her body and rolled and squeezed her breasts against the door she found herself hoping someone was able to hear what was going on and could speak Spanish.

Jessie understood Spanish very well. He'd turned the speaker up as high as it would go as he tried to make out what the men were saying.

"What're they sayin'?"

"Shut the fuck up," he snarled.

"Fuck you, man."

"There's gonna be a big shipment coming in tonight."

"How big?"

"Somethin' like five hundred kilos."

"Nice."

"At JFK, on a flight from Egypt, in with some ceramics."

"Nice if it's true."

"Shut up! They're arguing... Rodrigues is in trouble. He lost some dope in a DEA raid last week and this other guy is pissed."

"Who's the other guy?"

"Someone named Henri."

Toni hurtled back into the bed as she heard the voices approach the door. The door opened and she looked up dizzily as Rodrigues came in. He grabbed her by the arm and hauled her out of bed, quickly brushed his fingers through her hair, then attached the chains to her nipples.

He looked around hurriedly, found the dildo and vibrator, and shoved her roughly against the dresser, bending her over. In an instant he had thrust them up her pussy and then, ignoring her

gasp of pain, up her anus, attaching the straps which still dangled from her belt to hold them in place.

He straightened her, gave her a final once over with his eyes, then quickly led her out into the living room.

Besides his men, a tall, reedy looking black man stood there, flanked by two other men. Rodrigues was speaking very quickly to him, a desperate smile on his face as he showed Toni.

Toni blinked up at the tall men uncertainly, worried about what was going on and more than a little embarrassed about being naked amidst all these fully dressed men - again.

As before the shame made her cringe but brought a dark heat to her lower belly, and she trembled before these strangers as their eyes moved across her naked flesh.

The tall black man slowly began to smile, though faintly, as Rodrigues informed him that Toni was the daughter of an Italian mobster who had double crossed him and that she had been kidnapped as punishment to the impudent man.

The black man said something to one of the other men behind him and all three laughed. Toni wondered at his words. They definitely weren't Spanish. They sounded like French.

One of Rodrigues's men went to the corner and picked up the robe she'd been wrapped in when she'd come in. Another searched around for the key to her manacles. In moments Toni was enfolded in the robe and was on her way out the door with the three black men.

Jessie punched the steering wheel in annoyance.

"God Damn Haitians!" He snarled. "I don't suppose you speak French?"

"Are you kiddin'?"

"We gotta find some asshole speaks French, fast."

"Where? Wait. I know. That little asswipe Johnny Lebeau."

"How long it take you to fetch him?"

"If he's at the Stakes it won't take more'n half an hour."

"Go. Call me an' see where I am. I don't know where these fuckers are goin' with her."

"Shouldn't we spring her now?"

"No way. I wanna find out more about these bastards."

Toni had no idea what was going on. She had little choice though, but to go along with the three men as they led her down to the basement garage and out to a waiting limousine.

She got in the back with the tall man while the other two got in the front. She gasped and moaned as she tried to sit, and the tall man looked on with cool amusement as she eased her hip to one side, then slumped low.

He moved in beside her, smiled faintly, then opened her robe to expose her nudity. The limo started off, wheeling around the garage and going out through the open doorway. They headed south towards the highway as she looked out the tinted window, carefully not looking behind her.

The black man stroked her hair and caused her to turn back to face him. His fingers continued idly stroking through her hair and across her cheeks.

His eyes were very cold, ice cold. They chilled her, raising goose bumps on her flesh. She knew this man was a cold blooded killer who would cut her throat without a second thought.

His hand stroked her breasts idly, then eased down between her legs and palmed the base of the dildo protruding from her sex. Suddenly he thrust up hard and Toni felt agony deep in her gut. She cried out, back arching, twisting and writhing as the man calmly forced the dildo up deeper, twisting it from side to side and pushing forcefully.

Her insides ached and cramped, and she sobbed in pain as the dildo was forced the final two inches

inside her, the base now flush with her straining pubic lips.

The man stroked his hand along her sex, still smiling faintly, those cold eyes examining her with interest. Then his fingers eased further beneath her and caught at the dildo protruding from her anus.

"Please," she whimpered.

Her insides cramped and burned and ached as the dildo was rammed up into her, and she twisted and convulsed, sobbing in agony.

His fingers rose now, tugging on the chains attached to her nipple rings, pulling the rings out hard enough that tears spilled from her eyes.

They turned off the freeway and Toni realized they were in Chesterton, one of the city's wealthier suburbs. The streets were wide and few of the houses could be seen for the tall hedges and walls. They turned into a short drive and stopped before a tall steel gate.

It opened and they drove down a long winding drive, past weeping willows and oaks, to pull up in front of an old Georgian style manor house. The four of them got out and went into the house, where she was handed off to a middle aged, plump black woman.

The woman eyed her disapprovingly, then hauled her down a long narrow hallway and past the

kitchens to a big, cold, stone room near the back of the house.

There were few furnishings in the room, just a few thick, heavy work tables, some metal shelves with cleaning products, and a pair of washers and dryers. There was also a big double sink.

The woman pulled a big steel tub out of the corner and then took a hose from the wall and turned on the water. She started filling the tub as Toni stood by uneasily, exhausted, frightened, and swaying on her feet, still with little idea what was going on. She'd heard the men speaking, and heard the tall man talk to this old woman but she had no idea what the words had been.

The woman came over and took off her cloak. Her eyes widened as she saw the collar, manacles and chains on Toni, and she said something Toni couldn't understand. She roughly hauled Toni over to the tub and made her stand in it, then tugged on the straps now buried in her pussy and anus to force out the vibrator and dildo, unsnapping them and sliding them out of her aching belly.

Toni moaned, feeling vacant inside, and was easily forced down into the water. She felt it gushing up inside her, for her pussy and anus gaped open, and shuddered as it sloshed inside her.

The woman poured a pail of more water of Toni's head, then began washing her hair, using some hard badly smelling soap as she lathered up Toni's thick short black hair. She ran her rough hands all through her soapy hair, then moved them down over her face. Toni snapped her eyes shut as the woman's soapy hands rubbed roughly across her face.

The woman was thorough, poking her fat fingers into Toni's ears and then rubbing hard behind them and down under her chin and around her throat. She soaped up and scrubbed her upper back and shoulders and chest, then with a mutter, reached down and snapped the chain binding her wrists to her collar and raised her hands high above her.

Toni moaned in relief, for her arms had been forced back uncomfortably for more than a full day, and she felt a wave of pleasure sweep over her as the discomfort was finally ended.

The woman started scrubbing under Toni's arms and down along her sides, her hands so rough she needed no washcloth. Toni winced and yelped several times as her hair was pulled or her body manhandled too roughly. The woman's hands were like sandpaper as they vigorously rasped away at Toni's sensitive breasts.

There was a kind of handle on the back of Toni's collar and the woman used it to pull her to her feet. Toni's feet scrabbled for purchase in the tub as she was dragged to her feet forcefully, the collar digging into her throat and jaw.

Then she stood there, blinded, as the woman scrubbed harshly at her lower chest, her belly and then between her legs. Toni bit her tongue as the woman's harsh hands rubbed furiously at her pussy mound and up along her anal opening.

Not content to wash her outside, the woman's pudgy fingers stabbed right up into Toni's slit, first rubbing up and down along the slit, then driving right up into her pussy tunnel. Toni could do nothing to resist her with her eyes full of soap.

The woman's fingers pushed high into her sex and pumped in and out, then pulled back and sliced up into her anus, again pumping in and out. Toni winced as the woman's fat fingers forced her anus wide, then thrust hard, twisting inside her with no sexual intent whatever.

Then she was shoved down into the tub again, her lower body immersed in the now soapy water. She brought her hands up to her face, trying to rub off the soap, then yelped as her ankle was grabbed and she was abruptly jerked underwater.

She felt harsh hands scraping and rubbing at her foot as the woman held her ankle firmly high in the air. The water was only a foot or two deep but with her ankle high in the air Toni was left with her head underwater.

The woman cleaned her foot, then moved downward along ankle to her calf and then down to her knee. She let go of Toni's ankle then and the girl jerked her head and upper body out of the water, sputtering and coughing.

But her other ankle was yanked up, sliding her face and upper body back into the soapy water. She held her breath as the woman completed cleaning her other foot and leg, then dropped it. Again she slid up out of the water, coughing, trying to rub the soapy water out of her stinging eyes.

The woman grabbed her by the collar again, pulling her out of the water and standing her up. She yanked her out of the tub and over against one of the heavy work table, then bent her across it, kneeling her legs apart. The woman picked up a long thin wire covered with bristles.

It looked like a pipe cleaner, but the woman had other ideas for its use. She picked up a bottle of soapy substance and squeezed out a thick dollop of white stuff onto the brush, then shoved Toni face

down into the table again and pushed the thing against her pussy.

Toni gasped and tried to jerk away, but the woman's heavy hand just pressed down on her back and she couldn't twist away. The harsh bristled pipe cleaner shoved into her silky sex, scratching painfully at her soft pink flesh.

Toni bit off a cry of pain as the pipe cleaner pushed way up inside her belly. The woman let go of it briefly, cuffing Toni on the side of the head as she cursed. Then she fastened the chain to her wristlets again, binding her wrists against the back of her collar.

She grabbed the handle of the pipe cleaner and began to pump it in Toni's pussy. Toni howled in pain as the thing began to scratch back and forth inside her sex. The soapy stuff turned to a stewy, bubbling jelly inside her that stung like antiseptic.

The woman continued pumping the thing up and down her pussy for long seconds, ignoring Toni's cries of pain and easily controlling the wriggling, thrashing girl.

She pulled the thing out at last and Toni groaned in relief. There was a brief pause, then she felt it pushed against her anus. She renewed her cursing and thrashing, trying to pull away as the bristled

brush pushed way up inside her rectum and began to claw away at her insides.

Her feet kept trying to kick back at the woman but she kept slipping on the slick, soapy floor. The woman cuffed her again, then jammed the bristly brush so far up into Toni's belly that she felt a sudden sharp stab of pain in the pit of her gut. She cried out in pain, as the thing stabbed into her again, then again, finally pulling back out of her anus with a wet scraping sound.

Toni lay there gasping. She heard the hose coming on again but didn't think much on it until the harsh stream of water started to hit her pussy. Again she tried to jerk away but the woman held onto her collar, easily keeping her pinned against the table as she forced the hard stream of water right against her slit.

The woman brought the nozzle of the hose closer and closer to her pussy hole until it was actually touching. Then she jammed it in between Toni's pubic lips and forced it several inches deep into her tunnel.

Water sluiced up into Toni's belly and fountained out between her pussy lips as the woman washed the soap out of her with the hot water. That done, she pulled the nozzle out and pushed it into

Toni's anal opening, shoving it several inches deep once again.

Toni felt like her inside were tearing apart as the water blasted against her bowels. She scrabbled helplessly against the table, trying to escape the pain and freezing as the water poured into and out of her anus.

Finally the woman let her up, pulling the hose out of her anus and spraying the water into her face instead. She widened the spray and poured water all over Toni's head and shoulders, then down onto her chest and back and finally turned it directly on her buttocks, her legs and feet.

When she felt Toni was sufficiently washed off she turned off the hose with a grunt and grabbed the bedraggled girl by the arm, hauling her across the room towards the door. She stopped and lifted up a towel from a rack, then began to dry Toni's hair and body.

Toni stood there shivering in the cold, her teeth chattering as the woman dried off some of the water and then hauled her, still damp, out of the room and down the hall again.

She was pushed into another small, spartan room, and another Black woman waited, this one thin, but just as disapproving as she looked at Toni. The two women forced Toni down onto a low seat

then forced her head up and back. The thin woman produced an electrical shaver, which buzzed loudly, and leaned in against her.

"Wha... no!"

Toni realized their intent and jerked violently, but they held her easily in place as the shaver moved remorselessly across her head. She saw the dark hair tumble down across her breasts and shoulders and sobbed in helpless misery as the shaving continued.

When her head was bald it was soaped up, then shaved with a razor so that every trace of stubble was removed. The women shaved her pussy again, to remove the slight stubble which had grown back, then led her from the room.

They came to a wider, carpeted hall, then turned through a wide doorway and into a sumptuously furnished living room of sorts.

There was a grand piano set against one wall, an enormous fireplace against another. All the furniture was antique French provincial.

The tall black man stood before the window, looking out. His back was to them as the fat woman said something in a respectful voice. He replied and the fat woman backed out of the room, closing the door behind her.

The tall man turned around, eyeing Toni with his cold eyes. He was wearing black pants and a white shirt. He padded closer to her, stopping when he was only a foot away. his eyes looked her up and down as his tongue moved around inside his mouth.

He gripped her upper arm and twisted her around, staring at her behind. His hands moved over her bracelets and collar and chains, studying them.

Two more Black men entered the room, one carrying tools, and the other a low bench. As the tall man sat back they forced Toni to her knees, then bent her across the bench. Her arms were released, and the manacles removed, then, to her surprised, they wrapped thick, soft cloth around her arms and wrists.

Thick, heavy manacles were placed over her wrists and pressed together. Another man came into the room, then, holding a welding torch and wheeling an acetylene tank. Toni whimpered in confusion as the three men worked behind her.

She heard the blow torch start up, and felt heat against her wrists even through the clothes, which, she suddenly realized, was asbestos.

Another pair of thick manacles were fastened around her arms just below her elbows, and again she felt heat, gasping as her arms were forced

uncomfortable back behind her until they touched. After several minutes, their tight grip shifted higher, and she cried out as her elbows were jammed together.

Another pair of heavy manacles went around her upper arms just above her elbows. Toni stared up at the thin black man, watching his faint smile as he observed the proceedings, and her stomach fluttered with fear and alarm. What were they doing to her!?

Her collar was removed, and heavy asbestos replaced it, then another, thicker, heavier collar was placed around her neck. Toni stared at the old collar in fear, realizing her only link to Becker and Carla was now gone.

The torch flashed behind her and she cried out at its heat, realizing at last that this collar would have no key, that it was being sealed, welded closed - permanently. And that the shackles around her wrists and arms had likewise been welded together.

The thought shocked her for long moments, and she stared at the man as he looked on.

Her ankles were given the same treatment, the with heavy metal shackles welded tightly about them both.

Water was poured over her arms, and she felt it trickling down her back and along the crack of her buttocks. She heard the metal hissing as it was

cooled down, and then moaned dazedly as the men began to tug the asbestos out from under it.

When they were done they pulled her to her feet, holding her as the man rose from his chair and inspected her, moving around behind her and fingering the now permanent shackles binding her arms, elbows and wrists together.

He nodded at the men and they bowed and smiled ingratiatingly as they removed their equipment and left him alone with Toni.

Toni moaned weakly and fell to her knees before him, whimpering and wondering dazedly what was to become of her.

He studied her for long moments, then turned away, going over by one of the tables.

He began leisurely unbuttoning his shirt, removing it and folding it across the table. He unlaced his shoes and took them off, slipping off his socks and putting them into the shoes. Finally, he undid his belt, and pulled his pants down and off, neatly folding them over the table as well.

Now naked, he walked back towards Toni, who eyed him weakly and anxiously. He smiled thinly as he approached, then wiped his thick erection across her face. She opened her mouth resignedly and his cock drove into her and straight down her throat.

Jessie glared at the silent speaker, cursing methodically.

"Maybe we should go in," Carla suggested.

"Fuck that. I told you I heard water before it conked out. The thing must have got wet. It'll work again when the circuits dry out."

"She could be dead by then."

"Just shut the fuck up."

"Hey, man, can I go then?" Johnny Lebeau whined.

"You shut up too, asshole!" Jessie snarled. "We'll fuckin' wait until the thing dries out and we can hear what's goin' on."

Toni tried not to gag as the black man's cock thrust deep into her throat again. His erection wasn't nearly as thick as some of those she'd swallowed, but it was far longer. The cockhead pushed right down her throat and out into her chest cavity each time he thrust forward.

He spent long minutes face-fucking her, without cumming even once. Finally, after she'd nearly passed out from lack of air several times, he pulled the thing out of her throat and stepped back. Her head fell forward and she gasped and coughed and choked.

He stood over her, sneering down as he eyed her, then his arm flashed forward and he slapped her hard across the face, throwing her back onto the floor.

He snarled something in French, then reached down and gripped her collar, dragging her to her feet. He half dragged, half carried her across the floor and slammed her belly down onto a large table.

He jerked her legs apart as he moved in behind her, then she felt his cock thrust deep into her pussy-slit.

Seven

Jessie smiled as he put down the radio.

"Well, how about that?"

"Five hundred kilos. That's a big fuckin' bust for us. Gonna get a citation for that."

"Fuckin' A right. I just wish we could see Rodrigues's face when he finds out."

"We might hear something in there now that the bug is fixed."

"Yeah, but I don't hear her. That's funny. She's usually pretty noisy."

"I don't like the sound of that."

"Ahhh, they probably gang banged her again an' she's asleep."

Both were happy about the raid that had just taken place at JFK airport. Five hundred kilos of coke was a lot of dough to someone, and they'd busted a dozen men as well. Both were irritated that they had had to let others do the bust, but neither wanted to inform other cops about their particular undercover operation.

Inside the mansion, Toni slowly came awake. Every inch of her body ached, and her head was throbbing like a migraine was about to blast its way out through her forehead.

She groaned loudly, rolling over onto her back as she slowly opened her eyes. She had no trouble remembering where she was this time. She shuddered, remembering the tall black man's cold eyes and savage behaviour.

He'd played with her like a small cruel boy with an insect. She'd been taken many times over the past few days, and often by men who were totally inconsiderate about her feelings, but this was the first time she'd been done by a man who truly wanted to hurt her, who revelled in causing her misery, pain, and discomfort.

He'd stabbed his long cock into her body with so much force her thighs ached terribly from being slammed against the side of the table. Her cervix ached even more from being cruelly hammered by his cockhead. Her breasts ached even worse. He had taken great delight in gripping them tightly and then twisting them as far around as he could make them go, seeming to enjoy her screams.

Every few minutes he'd slapped or punched her, pinched her soft flesh, and dug his fingers into her in ways designed to inflict pain. She had no idea what Rodrigues had said to him but he clearly wanted to hurt her. She was beginning to think that he knew she was a cop.

She lay there for another hour or so before a short fat man showed up and took her out. He pawed at her body as he took her through the house, grinning and whispering in French.

He delivered her to a luxurious bedroom, where the tall black man, who's name she still didn't know, waited. The man sat on the bed, wearing only a robe. The fat men left and the tall thin man stood up and came over to her. She trembled anxiously and this seemed to amuse him.

He forced her to her knees, then roughly shoved her so she fell back onto her manacled arms. She saw now that there were two chains hanging above, and as she watched and whimpered in fear he lifted her leg leg up high, actually raising her bottom and hip off the floor while he clipped one of the chains to her ankle manacle.

He did the same for the other, and she was left hanging upside down, her chin against her chest, her shoulders jammed against the floor. He left her like that for a time, sitting back on his bed and watching, apparently enjoying her discomfort.

Then he stood and gripped a crank set in the wall. The chains began to rise, rattling upwards through two rings set into a pair of high stone pillars.

Toni moaned as she was raised completely off the floor, and then her legs were pulled further and further apart until her thighs were burning and aching from the tension on her tendons.

He locked the chains off then and again sat back to examine her, watching as she moaned and twisted.

Then the faint smile appeared on his face and he rose. Now he had something in his hand, and Toni realized it was a whip, a flog of some kind.

"Please," she whimpered. "Please no."

He smiled again and the flog lashed forward and down to crack across her sex. The flog was made up of a dozen small leather strips, and each stung her flesh like bee stings. She screamed and jerked and twisted as one snapped directly against her clitoris.

Carla and Becker looked at each other, surprised and gratified now to hear that Toni was still alive. Unbeknownst to any of them the collar had been placed in a small box along with her other shackles and, not knowing where to put them, a servant had placed them under Henri's bed.

Now they listened as the girl was beaten, hearing the sharp crack of the whip and her cries of pain. Both found the sounds both exciting and worrisome. They did not at all mind the little slut being beaten,

but did not want her to be seriously harmed, and with only audio and no cameras, they could not tell what was going on.

Henri spoke softly in French, moving behind her, then swung the flog overhand once again. Again the strips sailed forward and down, crackling across her sex and buttocks and thighs like a rain of darts.

She howled and jerked and twisted but could do nothing to protect herself as he swung the flog again, and again, and yet again. His voice rose even as the force of his blows strengthened, and her entire groin began to burn with agony.

Just when she thought she could not stand another blow without going insane he halted, leaving her sobbing, seething and gasping miserable. Her groin was at a level just below his, and he quickly thrust himself down into her swollen, red, pain-filled pussy.

Toni felt the cockhead touch her flesh, felt her aching lips squeezed aside, pushed in, as the long prick began to push inside her. Her pussy opened and he forced the long, gleaming length of his fuck-pole down her silky pink tube.

It hit bottom and he rested there momentarily, his groin pressed against her, then he started to

buck against her, humping down in short little stabs that made his cock piston inside her lower belly. His hands held her red, striped buttocks lightly as he humped effortlessly.

For long minutes his prong churned inside her abdomen, the man in no hurry and making little effort, his hips working in and out as his fingers began to dig more forcefully and painfully into her wounded buttocks.

Dazed and moaning, Toni relaxed in relief as the fierce pain subsided. She hadn't slept in days and had endured more indignities during those days than most women do in a lifetime. Now as her head hung upside down she stared out between his legs and her mind began to sink back into a dulled state of acceptance.

Then, as the hard thrusting continued, that dark, cruel hunger began to rise, to uncoil somewhere in the back of her mind and spread its tentacles through her body. She felt the sexual heat ignite between her

Her position was uncomfortable, but not very, and she began to enjoy his soft fucking. Her groin began to buzz with energy and her body warmed as her mind floated.

He started to fuck harder, gradually increasing the length of his strokes until he was drawing the

entire length out of her. He watched it emerge from her belly like the proverbial sword of King Arthur, inch after inch after inch sliding up into the light.

As the darker purplish skin of his cockhead began to emerge from between her swollen lips, he halted, then sheathed his sword, sliding it effortlessly back into her silken depths where it was squeezed and sucked by her twitching muscles.

The girl was moaning and sighing, which made him feel powerful and arrogant. He fucked harder, twisting his cock around inside her, thrusting from different angles.

He fucked still harder, having to slow down the speed of his strokes now to build up power, but each thrust was a savage, brutal lunge that sent his cock driving into the bottom of her sex in a single powerful motion, a motion that made his groin smack into her crotch and shake her hanging body.

He stabbed her repeatedly, feeling his power over her and glorying in it, skewering her tight little pink sex with his tool, hammering down into her.

She was whimpering and mumbling, but he couldn't understand the words, nor did he care what they were. He fucked harder, ramming his cock and hips forward as fast as he possibly could, grunting loudly with each thrust, with the effort involved. His

noise matched hers, creating a stereophonic symphony of carnal chanting.

Toni's mind bounced and jerked along with her body, confused, delighted, anxiously awaiting each new stroke only to be washed by bliss as the long pole thrust into her body. The pain was a negligible thing next to the pleasure, the burning in her loins, the quivering in her belly.

Her hands jerked feebly behind her, unable to move, unable to do as she instinctively wished to. Her breasts wobbled and shook, the thin chains no obstacle now.

She thought about her welded arms and shuddered at the outrageousness of it, shuddered at having been so obviously turned into nothing but a living fuck toy.

Her heat blossomed into an orgasmic fire. She shook violently, her head rolling beneath her, her body trembling and jerking, her pussy spasming and twitching around his pumping fuck-pole. She grunted and mewled in ecstasy, her sex boiling over with heat, spilling it downward into her belly.

There was, in the midst of her cum, a knock at the door, and voices, but she ignored everything outside of her own body's pleasure, soaring and gliding through an orgasmic flood of pleasure.

Henri glared at the intruder, barking out a command in a single word. The man halted, obediently falling silent, watching as the man slapped and squeezed at her sex and picked up the pace.

He came then, his sperm jetting up into her belly, bubbling and rushing and spewing into her womb as his fingers dug into her wounded buttocks. His cum shot up down into her with terrific force, drawing another cry of dazed pleasure from her numbed mind.

Then he let her go. She collapsed forward onto her face and he drew his glistening prick out from her slit and moved back.

"What is it that you interrupt me?" he demanded.

"It is the Egyptian shipment. The police were there. They arrested everyone but Bachhir and took the shipment."

Henri cursed and slammed his fist into the wall, smashing a great hole in the plaster.

"How did they know?" he gritted. Then his eyes narrowed as he turned to eye the half-conscious girl.

"That asshole Rodrigues. He must have a spy in his group."

"What should we do?"

"We kill him, him and his people."

"What about the drugs? We were to deliver them to Caruthers, Fernandez, and Washington tonight."

"We will take five hundred kilos from the emergency storage site. You go yourself. Make sure there are no mistakes. And send Levesque to take out that scum, Rodrigues."

"Yes, sir."

Carla and Jessie smiled evilly as Lebeau translated.

"Emergency storage site?"

"Where?"

"They didn't say," Lebeau shrugged.

"It must be that guy who rushed in a few minutes ago. Look! There he is now!"

"We follow him?"

"You fuckin' bet."

"What about Toni?"

"She'll be alright."

"What if he takes her somewhere else while we're gone?"

"Shit! Alright then, you stay here. I'll go. Lebeau, you stay with her."

"Hey, man. I got work to do."

"You want to try doin' it without your teeth?"

"I'll stay here man."

"I'll have to get a chopper to follow him. He's bound to be watching for a tail." Jessie jumped out and ran over to the other car as the Haitian guy got into a Caddy and drove off.

Henri padded back and forth, cursing Rodrigues, the police, and himself. He shouldn't have simply sent his people to kill the pig. He should have gone after him himself, and torn his quivering heart right out of his body.

He growled and cursed, getting angrier and angrier. Then he heard a noise and turned sharply, seeing the girl still hanging there, legs spread wide. His eyes narrowed and he hissed a curse. She might not be anything to Rodrigues but she was the only connection he had to the pig.

He strode across to the crank, then raised her higher before opening a drawer and taking out another whip. This was no mere flog, but a long, thick snake of a whip, a bull whip, and the slut was going to feel its touch.

He moved into position behind her, the faint smile appearing on his face once again, and stared at the unmarred white flesh of her body. Her back was protected to some degree, for now, but he had other targers.

He let the whip fly, and with practiced ease sent it curling around the side of her belly, the sharp tip snapping down directly onto one plump breast. She screamed in agony, and he felt a small delight at her pain. He swung again, grinning now as the whip hissed along the side of one hip, curling in as it cut into the soft white flesh, and the tip bit down against the other breast.

Again she screamed, and again he felt a gush of pleasure. He glared at her displayed sex, then swung the belt overhand. It cracked down along the length of her sex and the tip snapped into her abdomen.

Her screams pleased him, and his cock began to rise hungrily.

The whip snapped across thighs and buttocks, then around her hips again to crack against her breasts. He drove it overhand, slicing it into her sex again and again until he managed to get the toughened tip to strike directly across her clitoris.

Laughing and more relaxed now, he moved in front of her, and began to casually whip her belly, abdomen and breasts.

He swung the whip overhand, aiming the tip at her puckered anus, striking it repeatedly. And when the beaten muscles relaxed and her anus seemed partly open, he dropped the whip for an

intermission, moved in behind her, and forced the entire length into her in one single thrust.

Her scream of pain was music to his ears as he began to violently rape her anus. His cock tore into her with a vengeance, heedless of the pain it caused them both. Every sob torn from her lips raised his excitement.

His cock pistoned in her aching rectum, his hips slamming again and again into her buttocks, smashing her down with savage fury. He reamed her anus with all his might, his cock thrusting again and again into her very bowels as he hammered his body down against her.

She sobbed and wept and yelled and moaned before him, her body quivering and jerking and shaking under the brutal sodomy. His long pole of flesh continued to spear down into her rectum with unrelenting fury, until finally a hot steamy gush of liquid shot out the end and hissed down into her guts.

At once he halted, drawing back.

"Qanto! Qanto!" he yelled.

The fat little man came running.

"Yes, master?"

"Where is my sacrificial knife?"

"In the safe, master. You will kill her, yes?"

"It has been too long since I drank hot blood."

"Yes, Master. May I assist?" He looked hungrily at the naked, dazed girl.

"Save your cock, Qanto. I have already defiled her. All that needs be done now is to add the sacred symbols and tear out her heart."

"I will fetch your knife, master."

Henri had planned to keep the girl for some time, but now he decided a sacrifice was in order, a sacrifice to the voodoo gods of blood and fire. He lowered her to the floor, where she lay sobbing and moaning, body criss-crossed with angry red welts.

He lifted her casually, dropping her across his shoulder, then carried her downstairs and into his Voodoo temple, throwing her to the floor and chaining her legs spreadeagled in the midst of a pentagram.

He began to smear his face with the special preparation, drawing special symbols on his forehead and cheeks. He likewise painted his chest, then knelt over the prone girl and began to smear the sacrificial signs on her belly, her chest, and her forehead.

"Qanto! Hurry up, curse you!"

He glared down at her, in his mind's eye seeing her cut open, her beating chest in his hands.

"Qanto!"

He strode to the door and flung it open, then stepped back with a curse. Qanto was not there, but instead a tall black woman stood in the doorway.

"Nice paint job, asshole," she said.

He grabbed a dagger off one of the tables and then was thrown backwards as a bullet slammed into his forehead and out the other side.

Toni looked up as Carla picked her way distastefully over his body.

"Ca... Carla?" she moaned.

"Nice haircut, bitch. Now I won't have anything to hang onto."

"I... hurt."

"Yeah, I can see that. But you had a nice time, too. You sure had enough fuckin' orgasms."

"uhhhhh...," she groaned.

"Yeah, right. You want to stay here or would you like to come home with us?"

As things turned out, there was little need for Toni to testify at any trials. Becker let Henri's men cut Rodrigues and his people into little pieces, then the police ambushed them on their way out.

As for the drugs, over a thousand kilos was found in a crypt at an old cemetery. Becker got a commendation. Meanwhile Carla got a promotion. It all took some creative writing of course, but with

the principals dead, nobody inquired too closely into their stories.

Becker and Carla both found Toni's new look extremely arousing, and were in no hurry to make changes. In fact, Carla brought her to a friend who ran a hair removal salon, and Toni was forced to sit through hours of painful electrolysis on her pussy and head so that no hair would ever grow again in either place.

Her arms remained welded together behind her back and she spend most days on her knees, pleasuring either Becker or Carla with her mouth and lips and tongue, or being ridden roughly, hard cocks or dildos ramming up into her pussy.

A few weeks later, when the worst of the fuss had died down, Becker gave her to another drug lord. This one was more sane than Henri had been, and she was merely raped repeatedly rather than beaten. Still, it had been several weeks before the new microphone built into her collar had revealed enough information for another major drug bust, and during that time Toni had fallen more and more deeply into the life of a sexual toy and plaything.

After a while her arms stopped aching so fiercely, and she began to adapt to being armless, eating her food and drinking her liquids like an animal, licking and slurping them straight from bowls.

Becker had made sure he got the stash of money in Rodrigues' apartment, and got still more when they looked through Henri's place. He bought a large stone mansion, and he and Carla moved into it.

Toni moved with them, like the rest of their possessions, and her life as a sex toy continued.

She never thought about her plight, or wondered if some other life might await her. She now gloried in her own use and abuse, and felt more alive than she ever had in her life.

From time to time Becker would give her to someone new, and she would be raped, gang raped, and sometimes beaten. But always they would come for her and she would return to her life as their toy. Sex was her life, and it was a good life.