

The Banker Babe

by Argus



Modern Erotic Library

The Banker Babe

by Argus



Modern Erotic Library

The Banker Babe

By JJ Argus

Copyright 2011

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

About the author

JJ Argus started writing erotica two decades ago and has been published in paperback by Star, Beeline, Penthouse, Silver Moon, Chimera, Olympia and Nexus.

All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen.

Chapter One

You ever have one of those days?

I've had one of those years. It's been a year where I look back fondly on my days as a waitress, or my early days at the bank as a teller. Early days? It wasn't that long ago, really. Seven years, now, since I was a bright eyed, nineteen year old learning the ropes. But my eyes haven't been bright in quite a while unless you figure bloodshot counts.

I've always been driven to succeed, and coming from a poor background, I didn't have a lot of help in that. Certainly, I never had the money to go to university. But I succeeded, regardless, got promoted, got transferred to head office, and promoted again, always eager to move wherever I could get ahead.

Last year, I moved to Central Standards as a team leader, only to have the boss quit. I was named the temporary, acting boss until they could find someone better.

Why does someone my age, who just arrived there get named temporary manager? Because the place is filled with clowns and idiots! The other team leaders consisted of a venal, backstabbing, self serving guy nobody trusted, a frumpy, middle aged woman who had failed miserably at the job the last time she'd had it, and a guy who spent most of his time in a bottle.

Well, I love a challenge, so I rolled up my sleeves and set to work, only to be confronted by the realities of what you could and couldn't do in a large organization. Policy governed everything, and its interpretation was in the hands of people who were far too busy and far too worried about how things would reflect on them to do what was needed. What was needed was to fire some people and transfer others, but management hemmed and hawed and they were all still with me.

I was working sixty hour work weeks, and chained to my blackberry even away from the office, and half these clowns were calling in sick every sunny day, or spending their office time bickering, arguing or playing video games. So I had to

be the bitch, disciplining people, writing letters of instruction, and appealing to HR for ways to force people to do their jobs and stop acting like misfits.

My immediate boss was an Asian guy who had been moved there from a more sensitive position because he'd screwed up. His boss hated him and was trying to force him out. So she screwed us at every opportunity. Nothing personal, just back and forth feuding.

The atmosphere at the bank was severely antiseptic, with HR doing its best to remove any trace of human behavior, emotion or comfort. There was no art in the employee areas, no plants, no perks or comforts. They had small, beige cubicles, and rules against personalizing them. No pictures of any kind, and email was severely monitored. No humor was permitted. No pictures of the kiddies on your monitor, no cute little dolls or stuffed animals on the shelf.

Why the fuck am I here? That thought has occurred to me more and more often of late. Yes, the money was decent, and once, I'd thought that was all I cared about. But the job had come to take over more and more of my life. I was waking up cursing that I had to go to work, dreading the long list of emails demanding attention, of artificial deadlines approaching or missed. I was getting fed up with it all, and fed up with so many people at work that, frankly, needed a good punch in the face!

Carol, the team leader who had failed last time they'd needed a temporary boss, was such a pain in the ass that I had come to detest the very sight of her. Some days I'd be sitting across a desk from her while she droned on in her whiny voice about how unfair everything was to her, and I just wanted to reach across and slap her face!

But at least all was well at home, right? Well, not so much. I married Brendon five years ago. He was what I thought I wanted; intelligent, cultured, sophisticated. My childhood had not been happy. My mother died young, and my father was an alcoholic. We lived in a dump and sometimes had to steal food. I hated being destitute, being looked down on. I wanted to be one of those oh-so-smug middle class people with the two cars and the nice home with the picket fence, who went to the ballet or theater for her entertainment, not mere movies.

Brendon was a thoughtful guy, but I had come to see that as more of a vice than a virtue. He was too indecisive, dithering over every little thing. He'd started a

gallery, and then sold it – at a loss. Then he'd opened a book store, and we'd lost more money on that. So while we had the nice house with the two car garage and the two cars we were now deep in debt. Brendon was now pissing me off. His limp wristed approach to everything left me in charge of making all the decisions, and I had to browbeat the idiot into doing everything!

Sex? Give me a break! Who the fuck has time for sex!? You work sixty and seventy hour work weeks for a year, and add on a long commute, then throw in a husband who was no great shakes in that department to begin with, and was now, because of his sedentary lifestyle, developing a middle aged paunch – not to mention a receding hairline, at thirty two. After some of the punks and thugs I'd known in my youth I'd thought a gentle man was what I needed. Now I was coming to realize that I couldn't respect a man I could push around so easily.

Or that I needed to push around.

At least I was in decent shape, physically, though that was almost an accident of fate. Parking downtown was ridiculously expensive! And we were too far out for the bus. So I parked a couple of miles off, then jogged to work. Okay, it started out walking, but I'm not the patient type, and so my walking became faster and faster until I just decided it made more sense to jog. It wasn't like I had time to exercise any other way. I didn't even have time for lunch or breaks, working through them.

But as with a lot of other things, I had to overachieve. First I added ankle weights to make the jogging harder, then hand weights so that I could work my arms as I jogged. And of course, I had to move faster, because I never had any time. So I'd park the BMW, then race off to work, backpack across my shoulders, arms swinging, and wind up sweating like a pig as I stumbled panting, through the doors.

I learned to shower quickly, and fortunately, due to the sterile atmosphere at the bank which frowned on the slightest sign of femininity, I didn't have to worry much about doing my hair. That was tied back tightly at all times. And with little time for haircuts it tended to grow and grow. Well so I just tied the tail up and back until the weight of it all finally drove me to the hairstylist.

Maybe some of that was rebellion, too. I'd always liked long hair, and I had nice hair, too. Even long it didn't tend to fray easily, and fell down around my

shoulders like a silky brown wave. That isn't my actual color, by the way. I'm a blonde; champagne blonde. But blondes aren't taken seriously in the world of business, so I dyed it. Being taken seriously was just something too damned important to me to have it affected by stupid cliché's about hair color.

The previous few months had been worse than ever at the bank. There was an official investigation into the conduct of a few of my employees, and it had involved all kinds of meetings reports – and reports – and reports, and untold time. The only good thing about it was that I hoped that at least a couple of them would be booted out at the end of it. No such luck. Instead the bank brought in consultants to do a work place assessment and try to do mediation.

Oh my God, I was so pissed off at management! So pissed off at everybody! If it wasn't for the money my idiot of a husband had lost us I'd quit and go and work flipping burgers!

Anyway, all that boring information is background for why I flipped out. Yes, just flipped out and went nuts. Not at work, fortunately, but on the way to work.

It was a Monday. Of course. I dreaded work, but I dreaded it especially on Monday mornings. Not only was it a Monday morning – which stands alone in everyone's opinion as the worst time of the week – but we had management meetings on Monday morning, which were always a torturous experience given none of the managers liked each other and my boss and his boss were at war.

I had worked late into the night Sunday on legal affairs for my idiot husband's idiotic, and soon to be closed down book store. I had gotten maybe three hours sleep when the alarm went off at five and I felt a sick sensation in my stomach the instant I woke and realized it was Monday.

Again.

I groaned as I slowly sat up. I wasn't feeling very well. I wasn't getting enough sleep, was stressed out all the time, and as a result I was prone to catching almost anything that went around. I felt like shit. I shuffled off to the bathroom, but there wasn't a lot of point in doing much to get ready for work given my jogging. I had my usual instant breakfast – all I had time for, then grabbed my briefcase, my laptop, and my blackberry, and went out to the car.

Meanwhile, Brendon didn't open the store until nine-thirty, so he stayed snug in

bed. That didn't endear him to me, believe me.

The BMW was my single luxury. It was three years old, and had deep leather seats and a great sound system. I was in a kind of fog as I headed off to work, and was half driving, half working my blackberry, cursing and muttering at the idiots at work and their latest failures and complaints. An email from Allan, my director, had me cursing out loud and wanting to smash the blackberry against the dashboard!

“You fucking, moronic idiot!” I shouted.

Good thing the window was closed since there were cars on either side of me. I tossed the blackberry aside, fuming, shaking my head, muttering under my breath, aggravated even more than usual, and feeling even less like going to that fucking management meeting! Oh God, my life sucked!

The roads sucked too. I was fuming even more at the slow, bumper to bumper traffic on the highway to Boston. If it didn't pick up I was going to fucking be late!

And so, my life was changed by traffic. I decided to switch lanes, bullying my way into the right lane so I could get off and try the back roads. But traffic slowed further, to a dead stop. I was right in front of a motorcycle shop. And on display right dead center, was a used Harley Davidson Eletra Glide.

I had owned a bike when I was younger, a Yamaha, then a bigger bike, a Suzuki. I had always wanted a Harley, of course. I had the legs for it, too, at five foot ten. And there it was, beautiful, gleaming chrome, shining black body, built for speed and adventure. I stared at it, and I saw myself, with my hair blowing in the wind, racing down an empty highway, with nothing to do and lots of time to do it.

I let a fantasy come over me, let it tear me away from my miserable, dull existence, let it catch such hold that as traffic began to inch forward again I saw the bike moving back away from me and I panicked, turning off the road and into the bike shop without a single, intelligent thought.

Once I decide on something I can be pretty single-minded. It's a great strength and a great weakness. In this case it was insanity, but what the hell.

Suddenly, I needed that bike. I needed it desperately. It didn't matter that we

were deep in debt. It didn't matter that it made no damned sense whatever. I needed that bike and needed it NOW!

Really, what I needed was a new life. I just hadn't quite realized it yet.

“Beautiful bike.”

The guy who ambled out of the shop was about my height, broad shouldered, wearing a denim jacket. He looked... strong, and I felt something click inside me. He had a barrel chest and an unruly mop of curly brown hair. He looked like a man – and I don't mean those men at work with their suits and carefully cut hair and manicured nails. He looked like a guy who got dirty, a guy with rough hands.

I stared at him the same way I'd been staring at the bike, feeling something almost unfamiliar; arousal.

He was hot!

“Yeah,” I said, remembering to breath.

He stared reciting all the bike's features, though I pretty much knew them. I'd been looking over bikes for years, wanting to buy one, but that logical, sensible side of me had said no. I still had my motorcycle license, something I faithfully kept renewed in the forlorn hope I'd get a bike ... soon.

I was insane. You hear about temporary insanity, but you never expect to feel it.

Still, I wasn't crazy. And I wanted what I wanted, and I wasn't going to be screwed over.

We started talking about price, bargaining. He didn't seem to mind. His name was Jeff, and he had blue eyes, same as me, though his were a little darker. We walked around the bike, and he made me get on it. I knew why he was doing it. Straddling that bike and sitting down on it made me almost moan in pleasure and anticipation, and I wanted it even more.

But I wasn't going to show him that.

We went into the little shop. This was not one of those big, flashy city bike

shops. This was a small place, a bit dingy, more like a garage, and Jeff led me into a back room with a crappy little wooden desk that didn't look like it got much use except to put bike parts on.

We settled on a price, and then he started talking about financing.

“I want that bike now,” I said.

He blinked his pretty blue eyes. “Now? Well, there are a lot of things which...”

I put my finger against his chest. “Now,” I said, giving him my steely management look.

He laughed.

“I want to drive that fucking bike off the lot,” I said.

“Honey, to begin with, you drove in with a BMW. You going to put the Harley in the trunk?”

“Fuck the BMW. You can keep it.”

He stared at me as though I was crazy, which didn't anger me, because I knew I was.

“Screw the financing. I'll trade you the BMW straight up.”

His eyes narrowed and he looked out the window. “That's a Series 1,” he said, “and only three years old You want to trade that for the bike?”

He clearly was conflicted. The BMW was worth a lot more than the used Harley. That was a ridiculously good deal from his perspective, a steal. I knew that, of course, but the BMW was in my way. I needed to drive off on that Harley! And I couldn't do it with the car there.

“Throw in leathers and helmet and five thousand in cash,” I said.

He snorted doubtfully. “It's not stolen, is it?”

I showed him a wallet full of Id and he went out to look over the car and the motor while I looked over the Harley again.

This was insane, I know. I kept telling myself that even as I resisted, barely, shaking with the need to get on that bike and race away.

“It's a deal,” he said finally. “But we'll still have to wait a day or two for the paperwork to go through and – .”

I grabbed him by the front of his T-shirt and pulled him forward.

“I want that bike now,” I said. “Give it to me and I'll throw in something extra.”

My heart was pounding as I said it, and a part of me was screaming about how insane I was and how even more insane the thought of doing it was but... I couldn't stop myself! It was like the sane part of me was a passenger watching in awe and dismay as the rest of me went off the freaking cliff!

“Something extra?” he asked frowning.

My eyes narrowed. “Me.”

He stared at me in shock, then his eyes flicked down to my tank top, which was tight across my breasts, and my thin waist. I had dressed for jogging, save for the sweatshirt I usually put on over the tank top. My jeans were form fitting, and my breasts, which I always tended to cover in formless, shapeless, even mannish clothes at work, were... noticeable.

“I either go to work at the bank this morning and another three hour management meeting or I get on a bike and ride off in the opposite direction,” I said. “You ever find yourself absolutely fed up with your life and wanting to change?”

“Yep,” he said, “That's why I'm here.”

“Well I'm fed up. I'm tired of being in a sterile workaholic existence and I want to do something wild and crazy! I want to do a lot of things wild and crazy!”

I released his shirt and let my hand slide down his chest, feeling a hot thrum at how firmly muscled it was. “Would you like to be one of them?”

He laughed and his eyes flicked down again, then his arms slid around me, his hands sliding down onto my ass. He lifted me up, and I felt a hot thrill at how easily he did it, and set me on the edge of his desk as his lips came down on

mine.

I slid my arms up over his shoulders as our lips met, as his tongue moved tentatively inside mine. His hands began to slide up and down my back, then up under my tank top against my bare skin. I felt my heart pounding as I pressed my lips harder against his. I felt his hands sliding up my back under my shirt, felt his fingers undoing my bra. I slid my hands into his hair, kissing harder. I didn't want him to make love to me, dammit! I wanted him to fuck me! Hard!

I wanted a complete break with my existence! I was tired of Brendon's tentative, hesitant, gentle lovemaking. I wanted down and dirty. I wanted a big, strong guy to just fucking take me! I wanted him to ride me like a bitch in heat! There was a sense of urgency in me which was rising along with the heat and hunger.

I wanted him to feel it too, or at least, to stop acting like a wimp and act like a man. I slid my fingers into his curly hair and jerked his head back hard enough that it would hurt.

“Are you sure you're man enough for this?” I demanded.

That pissed him off, but it was a challenge too, and he wasn't about to say no.

His eyes narrowed angrily, and I felt another hot surge of excitement. He jerked my hands out of his hair, then grabbed my tank top and yanked it up hard. I gasped, raising my arms, letting him yank the tank top off. He ripped off my open bra and shoved me back hard, then grabbed my legs and yanked them up high as I stared up from the desk, gasping.

He undid my jeans, and yanked them down, or rather, up, pulling them out under my butt and yanking them up my legs and off, along with my panties. I felt like a whore! But in a hot, thrilling, incredibly sensual way! The look in his eyes as he feasted them on my naked body was the kind of reward I hadn't felt in years, and I could sense and see the sudden explosion of lust within him.

He leaned into me, forcing my legs back and down, and kissed me hard even as he fumbled with his jeans. He jerked his cock out, and it was already stiff and thick. I was incredibly hot and wet. I hadn't felt like this in years! The intensity of the rush was so powerful I could hardly speak, could barely breath for the tightness in my chest. He pushed the head of his fat cock against my overheated pussy and sank into me hard and fast, almost too hard, almost too fast.

It hurt! And yet, I felt no desire to complain. That hurt, that ache, that pain – I needed it. I deserved it. It was part and parcel of that hot, raw, nasty sex I suddenly craved so desperately.

“Fuck me!” I gasped.

He did, thrusting in hard enough to make me cry out in pain, kneading my breasts harshly as he straightened up and began to work his hips in and out. I felt the long length of him driving deep into my belly and my mind flipped over into an incredible sense of delight and excitement as he began to fuck me.

Fuck me! He was fucking me. Hard!

My breathing was raw and ragged as my feet bounced up and down on his shoulders. My breasts ached as his fingers dug into them. There was nothing soft or gentle about what he was doing, and I was glorying in it. The desk was shaking. Papers and parts were falling off onto the floor as he rammed his cock into my hot, silky sheath again and again.

I moaned helplessly, drawing my arms up and back, dropping them behind me, hanging over the edge of the desk. I arched my back, rolling my hips as his cock pounded into me harder and harder. I was utterly receptive, doing nothing but letting myself be fucked, letting him drill me, use me, take me!

He seized my thighs, jerking me in and out as he thrust, increasing the power of his strokes, then leaned into me, forcing my legs back, and back, and back, elevating my buttocks as he continued to thrust. He kissed me hard, bruisingly hard, so that I tasted blood, and I kissed back passionately, our tongues thrusting against each other in a display of violent passion.

My insides ached wonderfully, and I whimpered and gasped and moaned with his hard thrusting. I hadn't had a cock in me in weeks, and it had been years since I'd been pounded like this.

I loved it!

I felt the intensity of the sexual pleasure inside me rise and rise and rise to the point I could hardly think or breath, and then it exploded upward from there. Oh God it was good! I cried out again and again, though weakly, suppressing it as best I could, self conscious, as I had always been, needing, even now, to sort of

assert my independence, my dignity. But I couldn't hide it all as I arched my back and bucked up frantically against him, gurgling and sobbing in helpless pleasure as he rammed himself into me again and again.

My clutching, squeezing, sucking pussy must have been too much for him, too, and he cursed and hammered himself against my buttocks as he came, then slowing and stopping atop me, half laying across me, pressing my legs back over my head.

“Fuuuuck!” he groaned.

God! What a fucking slut I was! I felt a sense of buyers remorse right away, shame, guilt, embarrassment, but then it was all swept away by heat and excitement, determination, and an almost calculating need for more hot, thrilling excitement.

Even as he eased back and let my legs down, even though I was still kind of dazed from the intensity of the come, I was hungry for more. I was naked – naked! – in this grotty little shop with a man I didn't even know, my pussy aching from how hard he'd fucked me. It was absolutely unbelievable! Unreal! This was me, Jessica Conway!? No one at work would believe it for a second!

What had been a spur of the moment idea had worked out perfectly when I'd taunted him the first time, and now I did it again.

I sat up, panting, and I saw the beginning of a smug look on his face, like he knew damn well he'd given me a great time.

“That the best you can do, little boy?” I sniffed.

His eyes narrowed in anger again, and I once again felt the hot thrill of anticipation mixed with, let's be honest, a bit of fear. I slid off the desk, putting myself deliberately up against him, and reached down for his limp dick with my hand.

“What a tiny cock,” I said flippantly.

I gasped in pain as he filled his hand with my hair and jerked my head back, feeling a sudden wave of alarm and fear. My hair pulled free of the loose bun I'd had it in, and spilled down, but he just shifted his grip, then forced me down

onto my knees in front of him. Heat and excitement surged up inside me as he pulled me in against his cock.

“Let's see you make it bigger, bitch!” he growled.

I moaned in pain but took him eagerly into my mouth, sucking and mouthing him. I reached for his balls, massaging them, taking them into my mouth. I stretched his limp cock out and licked slowly, teasingly up and down its length from tip to base, then took it into my mouth again. I could feel it hardening just a bit, and as I worked it around in my mouth I let my hands slide around him and squeeze his ass, kneading it, feeling another hot surge of excitement.

This was incredible! I couldn't believe I was doing this!

My knees felt sore on the hard, chipped tile, but I was focused on his cock, sucking it, bobbing my lips up and down as it hardened. I squeezed and pumped the base, making the head harder, sucking and bobbing on it until the whole length of him was firm and hard and I could bob up and down steadily.

Then pain hit me as he yanked on my hair. I cried out weakly, disoriented, as he yanked me to my feet and spun me around. He shoved me, belly down across the desk and kicked my legs apart.

“Raise that ass, slut!” he barked.

Crack!

I yelped as his hand hit my bottom a stinging blow.

“Spread your legs!”

Crack!

Another blow made me cry out – and obey!

I felt the slick head of his cock pressing against the opening to my pussy. He pushed himself into the mouth of my sex, then pulled out again. He pushed himself in, and pulled out again, then rubbed himself up and down my naked pussy.

Crack!

“Keep that ass high, you slut!” he barked.

I gasped in pain, obeying, and with a glorious sensation of being penetrated, I felt him slide deep into my belly!

He jammed every last inch inside me and ground himself against my buttocks, then began to pump, hard and fast. I cursed and gasped as my body shuddered to the hard, deep thrusting, then cried out as he grabbed my long hair and yanked it up and back. But he kept his fist against my back, pinning me down, even as he pounded himself into me.

His free hand went under my raised chest, kneading my breast hard, then pinching at my hard nipple until I cried out.

I grabbed at his wrist, and he abandoned my hair, pulling my wrists together behind me, crossing them, holding them tightly in one bit fist as his hips continued to pound against me. The desk was shaking again as he slapped against my buttocks and his big cock drove into me again and again. I was gasping raggedly, moaning, yelping as he slapped my bottom or pulled at my hair. He shoved my crossed wrists up along my spine, forcing my arms up and back until my hands were between my shoulder blades. It hurt, but I didn't care.

I felt my hair being pulled back, then twisted around my wrists, kind of tying them in place as he continued to thrust against me. My breasts were pillowed out beneath me, mashed against the rough, scarred surface of the desk as my body ground back and forth atop them. My bottom was aching, bruised, and my insides ached even more.

But the sexual heat, the dark, sensual, raw animal lust was only growing inside me. This was, to me, at least to that point in time, a one in a lifetime experience of wild sexual abandon, and I was glorying in it!

Who cares if it hurt!?! It was incredible!

“Spread your legs more, bitch!”

Crack!

He slapped my ass again, then again, then again, and I yelped and cried out, obeying him even though it hurt more to expose my vulnerable sex to his hard, cruel thrusting.

“Yeah! You like that cock, baby! You like that cock?” he growled, jamming himself into me and grinding his hips against my buttocks.

He jerked up on my hair, raising my chest from the desk, then dug his fingers into my breast, kneading and mashing it as he continued to thrust into me.

“Tell me you love it, baby! Tell me you love it!” he growled

“I-I-I love it!” I cried, my voice dazed, raw, breath ragged.

“Fucking right you do!”

He jammed me down again, slapped my bottom and rammed himself even harder.

The raw, wild heat was tearing through my mind and body, the hot, dull aching in my groin overlain with a wild hot, crackling, fiery pleasure as he rode me, and when the orgasm spilled through my nervous system I was too breathless to cry out. I could only jerk and shudder and buck and tremble and shake as I gurgled and sobbed in wild, animal pleasure.

Chapter Two

I sent an email to my boss telling him I would 't be in. I meant to write 'today' but wound up writing 'this week'. Then I sent one to Brendon, telling him I was going on a road trip. And then I threw the blackberry out into a field. It was incredibly freeing.

The road was clear heading south, and I sped down it, gunning the big Harley well above the speed limit, breathless with the excitement, and with the wild, strange heat of discovery, of adventure, of breaking free.

Fuck my job! Fuck my life! Fuck everything!

And ohmygod how I'd been fucked! It wasn't that he was that good, I told myself, so much as I had been that frustrated, that hot, that desperate. My ass felt a little sore, my insides even more, but the rumble of the Harley between my thighs felt incredibly soothing, even arousing. God! In the shape I was in it was like having a big vibrator between my legs! Every time I twisted the accelerator I spend up, and felt the pleasure of all that power at my disposal.

Where was I going? I didn't know and didn't care. Away. Lady Ga Ga was blasting out of my Ipod as I flirted with 100 on the highway, throwing caution to the winds. I had no map, and just kept heading west. I didn't know what was out there, but there was a lot of it to the west, so that's where I was headed.

I didn't think of much besides the memory of that great, wild sex for the first hour, and how insanely stupid I had been to have gone this long without it. Then I focused on the wonderful freedom of the road for another hour or so, refusing to even consider consequences, or what anyone would be thinking or doing. All I knew all morning, was that I'd be in that damned management meeting if I wasn't on the road. So I kept racing down the highway – as far from work as I could go.

I didn't dare stop. If I stopped, I might turn around and go back. I had to get far enough away that it wasn't realistic to turn back I kept racing down the road until after noon, until about one thirty. By then I was really hungry. I hadn't had

anything to eat but that instant breakfast, which was really nothing but powder and milk. Usually I snacked while at work. Now my stomach was grumbling and my ass was sore. When I saw a diner ahead I turned in.

A diner! I hadn't seen a diner in forever! When I ate out, which was often, it was always in one of those corporate fast food places. This was an old fashioned looking diner with a coke sign and a promise of hot dogs, hamburgs and fries. No healthy food!

There were a few customers inside at old fashioned red Formica tables, and a guy in a checked shirt behind the counter. They all looked at me when I came in, and I wondered what I looked like. Did I look crazy? My hair was wild and tangled. I'd combed my fingers through it after taking off the helmet, and wondered if it looked like a disaster.

I had no bra, because Jeff had broken the catch when he'd jerked it free, but I was wearing a leather jacket over my tank top so it wasn't like anyone could really notice.

"Hey," the counter guy said as I sat down at the counter.

"Hey," I replied, glancing up at the signs overhead. "Burger and fries," I said "And a coke."

Fuck healthy food! I was as sick of healthy food as I was of my boring, overstressed, exhausting life.

As I ate, I began to consider things more carefully. I felt remorse again. This was insane! I had responsibilities! What would people think!? I would get fired! What would Brendon do!?

But the thought of turning and going back, frankly, made me almost ill.

I angrily shoved the thought from my mind and focused on what I needed. I needed clothes, for one thing, and probably a map. I had very little idea where I was other than five hours away from Boston

There was a mirror behind the counter and I glanced at it. Was that me?! In place of the buttoned down, formal businesswoman there was this wild haired biker bitch staring at me, clad in leather, her hair looking like she'd just stepped out of

bed, spilling over her shoulders. And with the jacket open, my braless state wasn't quite as discrete as I'd thought.

Certainly the guy behind the counter was noticing it. He kept looking at me, then looking away, looking at me, then looking away, as I watched him in the mirror. He was an older guy, past forty, but not in bad shape. Certainly he was in a hell of a lot better shape than Brendon had ever been in. He had all his hair, too. And it looked sort of cute, in a tousled way. He had nice shoulders and strong looking hands.

The customers left, and it was just the two of us as far as I could see. What a peaceful live this guy had, I thought enviously. How quiet and relaxing.

“You work here alone?” I asked

“Gets busier in the evening. We have a waitress comes in then,” he said. “Also on the weekends. But this time of day, things are pretty quiet. I'm more than enough.”

“This your place?”

He nodded. “Used to be my dad's. I took it over when he died. Name's Mark.”

“Hey Mark,” I said, holding out my hand and shaking his. “I'm Jessie.”

Jessica. I insisted everyone at work call me , not Jessie. But not any more. Maybe I could be Jessie instead of Jessica, have a kind of dual personality thing going for me. Jessica was the workaholic bitch manager and Jessie was.. the slutty biker chick. And what was more, I could be the slut, as much of one as I wanted. Why not? It wasn't like I had to worry about my reputation, not out here in the middle of nowhere.

I felt a hot little thrill of discovery slide up my spine, a strange sort of realization that the rules which had bound me throughout my life were now loosened, if not gone. Those rules had been especially tight during my years at the bank, where any sign of femininity could be looked down on. But now, now I could basically get away with almost anything. There weren't any bosses to bring me up short, no HR groups, no communal attitude of condemnation I would have gotten at the bank if I had acted in any way short of an asexual manager.

I let myself ease back a little, knowing it would open the jacket more, and then yawned and stretched, feeling like a total slut as I did it, but – in a strangely exciting way. I hadn't actually tried to show off my body for anyone in a decade or so.

And it felt good!

You're supposed to be ashamed of yourself if you show off, right? And I guess I was a bit embarrassed, but not as much as I would have thought. Instead I mostly felt excited, alive, free. I blushed a bit when I caught him eyeing my breasts, and felt a flicker of worry about just how obvious they were now that I wasn't wearing a bra. I mean, I hadn't checked very carefully, especially while stretching!

“So what brings you out this way, Jessie?” he asked, leaning forward over the counter.

“No real reason,” I said. “I just felt like going somewhere, so I did.”

“That's cool. Been lots of times I've felt like doing the same thing,” he said.

“I work in a bank,” I said. “You know how uptight things are there, how straitlaced you have to be?”

“I can imagine,” He said. “That's one of the reasons I never had any ambition to work for some big company somewhere.”

“It's like being a robot, Mark. I think it drives you a little crazy, but it happens slowly so you don't actually feel it.”

“So you decided to just split?”

“I decided to just... act crazy,” I said with a smile and a shrug.

“Well, you sure don't look like any banker I ever saw,” he said with a grin.

I leaned forward over the counter. The tank top wasn't normally revealing, but the collar wasn't terribly high, and without a bra, and with him standing where he was, I knew he'd have a nice view.

“I don't dress like this at the bank,” I said. “For one thing, I always wear a bra there.”

He blinked in surprise at me bringing it up, and then met my grin with his own.

“I think you look just fine without one,” he said.

“Really?” I asked flirtily.

“Bet you'd look just fine without the top too.”

“You think so?” I asked.

“I bet you would.”

I had my elbows on the counter, and kind of leaned forward, letting my breasts press against my arms.

“Oh I don't know about that,” I said with mock humility. “You wouldn't want to see me without my top on.”

“Oh, I bet you're wrong about that, Jessie,” he said. “In fact, I'm sure of it.”

I thrust my chest out and slid my hands under my breasts.

“These? You don't want to see these,” I said as if surprised.

“Well, I sort of kind of do,” he said, shrugging helplessly.

“Well, I might consider it but I'm sure your customers wouldn't be happy.”

He looked ostentatiously at the empty diner.

“No, I think they're pretty much all right with it.”

“Anyone mind if Jessie shows her boobs?” he called out to the room.

He put his hand to his ear then shrugged helplessly at me and shook his head. I reached down for the hem of my tank top and teasingly slid it up to just below my breasts, then pulled it back again.

“Naahhh,” I said. “I’m too shy out here in the open.”

“Well now, how about you come back here,” he said with a broad grin, moving to a doorway which led into the kitchen.

My heart was pounding, and I was really getting excited with this nasty flirting. It had been so long since I’d teased a man I’d pretty much forgotten how. Not that this was at all subtle, of course. But then, I didn’t need subtle here.

This was fun!

I gave him a flirty look, pretended indecision, then slid off the stool and kind of walked around the counter. I went through the doorway and rounded the corner. Now in private, I felt the sexual tension grow, felt my chest tighten as I looked around at the steel shelves of dry goods and cans.

There was a table just off to the side, but I rejected it almost without a thought. It would be too similar to what I’d done earlier in the morning with Jeff.

God! I was going to fuck another guy in the same day! I hadn’t fucked two guys in the same day in... forever! I mean, never!

I felt a moment of doubt. This was really stupid, insane, crazy, irresponsible, not to mention slutty!

I peeled my tank top up and off and tossed it to him, then backed against the shelves, raising my arms, gripping the shelves up high and arching my back a little.

He inhaled sharply, his eyes alive with excitement and heat.

I liked that look!

“So,” I said, “Come here often?”

“Too often,” he said, dropping the tank top and sliding his arms around my back.

I shuddered a little as I felt his work-roughened hands sliding up and down my soft, bare back.

“Your skin feels incredibly soft,” he said, as he moved in closer.

His lips slid along the nape of my neck, and then one of his hands abandoned my back, sliding up between us to massage my left breast. My nipples were already rock hard and I felt hot little sparkles of excitement as his fingers brushed across one.

His lips found mine, and then his hands traveled all over me as our tongues slid together. He kneaded my buttocks and massaged my breasts, caressed my back, and then popped the catch on my jeans and pushed them down a little to expose my thong.

I kept my hands where they were for a long minute, not even sure why. Then I dropped them onto his shoulders, caressing them, sliding them along his upper arms, then unbuttoning his shirt and pushing it back. I let my hands slide over his chest as our kiss continued, and moaned into his mouth as he pinched my nipple lightly.

That was what I needed! I hadn't even realized it wasn't there until he did it.

I pushed him back hard, grinning at him with hot eyes.

“Do you want me?” I taunted.

“Oh yeah!”

“Well, too bad. You can't have me,” I said with a sniff. “I'm just too good for you. The only way you could possibly have me would be if you...” I shrugged casually. “If you tied me to the shelf or something. Otherwise, forget it. I'm a banker. I'm not going to lower myself to letting some guy at a diner grope me. Now where's that shirt?”

I looked around for it, as if ignoring him, but he was already moving, swiping something off one of the shelves nearby. I bent and grabbed my tank top and then he was right there in my face, grabbing my wrists, a hot grin on his face as he shoved them up and back overhead again, the way I'd had them before.

“Hey!” I said. “What do you think you're doing? Don't touch me you, you grease jockey! You... hamburger guy! Who do you think you are anyway!”

I wasn't struggling, though, at least, not seriously, as he pinned my wrists together against one of the shelf brackets. He had a long roll of rough twine in his hand and wrapped it around my wrists, tying them to the brace, then wrapped it around again and again and again, a dozen times, at least, while I protested and called him names.

“Kinky slut,” he said.

“Yeah? Well, I might be a slut, but I'm still not giving you any, so there!” I exclaimed, as if I wasn't in the process of being tied to the shelf.

My pulse was hammering in my throat as he finished tying off the twine. It was too tight, and hurt a bit, but that only made things hotter and nastier and wilder and more exciting.

“You let me go this second, you – .”

His lips crushed mine hard, and I lost my train of thought, not to mention my voice, as he continued right where he left off. But he was more demanding now, a lot less gentle.

“Bastard!” I gasped, pulling my mouth free.

He grabbed my hair, jerking my head up and back, holding it in place as his tongue forced itself into my mouth. His other hand was roughly groping and kneading my breast. It hurt. It ached. And it felt incredibly sexy and exciting!

He pinched my nipple, hard this time, hard enough for me to yelp in pain, then he bent and took the middle of my breast into his mouth, sucking and chewing at the soft flesh as his hands slid down my belly and gripped the waistband of my jeans. He jerked them down over my hips, along with my panties, yanked them down, and dropped to his knees before me as he pulled them out from under my feet.

“Hot damn, that's a nice looking pussy!” he exclaimed, staring at my sex.

I blushed, despite myself.

“D-don't you dare touch me, you p-pervert!”

He gripped my thighs, and again the contrast between his strong, hard hands and my soft, warm thighs made me shudder with excitement. He jerked my legs apart, and I gasped in pain as the cord cut into my wrists. Then, holding my thighs apart, he opened his lips wide and just sort of... took the center of my pussy into his mouth.

I gasped to see it, then gasped again as his tongue pushed out. He mouthed my sex wetly, warmly, then his lips drew back and his tongue began to ride up and down my tight, neat little slit.

I was all for efficiency, you know. And so, I'd started going for laser treatment on my legs when I was barely out of my teens. The idea was to save a lot of time on shaving, while still feeling attractive. I hadn't intended to go higher than that, but had gotten comfortable with the girl in the Salon, and when she'd told me how much sense it made, given today's high-cut lingerie, and how much cleaner and neater I would look, well, I gave in.

So there was not a trace of hair to mar his view as he gazed into my pussy, as his tongue caressed me, and as he drew his hands back in, using his forearms to keep my legs spread, and let his fingers slide into me and peel my sex open.

I shuddered in heated excitement, gripped by a wild sense of disbelief. This wasn't happening! And yet, of course, it was. I was standing there in a diner a hundred miles from anywhere, naked, hands tied above me, while some stranger licked at my pussy!

And did a wild job of it too! Or maybe it was just that I was so tense, so filled with sexual heat and hunger and excitement, that the feel of his tongue along my slit and over my clit resonated so powerfully. I moaned and arched my back, pulling against the twine, glorying in the wildness of the sexual scene I had brought into being.

I should be at work now, I thought dazedly. I should be at my desk going over financial reports.

Instead I was gasping, moaning, quivering with the rising sexual need, my body thrumming with pleasure as his tongue lapped at my clit. He had slid two fingers into me now, to pry my sex lips open, and now he was driving his tongue into me while grinding his nose against my clit!

Brendon licked me softly, gently, and not without skill. But Mark was eating me like a starving man. He was wild and enthusiastic and eager, very, very eager!

I writhed and moaned, my legs jerking, my body undulating as the waves of pleasure rolled up my spine. I was panting, gasping, and twisting as my entire body burned with increasing need.

I wanted him inside me!

“I-Is that all you can do!?” I gasped. “Your cock too limp to do anything else?”

He glared up at me for a moment, but he got the message. He rose and undid his belt. It was both a menacing and exciting movement as he opened the front of his jeans. Then he was in my face, before I could even see it. I felt it, though, felt it pushing up against my moist opening, felt it forcing my pussy lips back as it slid into me.

I gasped heatedly, groaning as his hand gripped my ass, my thigh, jerking my left leg up and back. I cursed softly as he drove himself into me hard. It hurt, but the pleasure was intense, so the pain didn't matter. I groaned as I felt him drive deep into my lower belly, then gasped as he gripped my ass in both hands, lifting my feet off the floor.

He was supporting much of my weight, but not all of it. The twine around my wrists dug in hard, and I gasped weakly, moaning as he started thrusting into me. His fingers dug into my ass while he drove his hips into me, and I writhed and bucked and jerked against him as his cock spiked in and out of my throbbing, pulsing belly. It was raw, wild, nasty and incredible!

I came, crushed between the cold metal shelves, and all the food on them, and his big hairy body slamming into me. I gloried in the wildness of the pleasure coursing through my veins, in the intensity of the sexual firestorm raging inside me as my head twisted and jerked and rolled in orgiastic pleasure. I rode the storm of sensation like a surfer on a wave, and, like the surfer, desperately hoping it would continue on and on and on.

And then, abruptly, he pulled out, dropping me. I gurgled weakly, my feet, at first, not finding purchase, the twine digging into my wrists. I had no idea what was going on, at first as I stood there, trembling, gasping, gulping in air. He had quickly done up his pants and stuffed his shirt into them, and now he went past

me and out front, and I heard voices.

Alarm began to spill into my mind. This was not exactly a position I wanted to be caught in!

I tried to pull my wrists free of the twine but that wasn't going to happen. He'd tied it a dozen times around my wrists, before tying it off, and my movement had pulled the knots even tighter.

I was completely helpless.

God, this was stupid! How could I let myself be...

“Sure. Won't take long to make a burger,” he said over his shoulder.

I stared at him and he grinned at me as he passed me by and went into the kitchen. I heard him fooling around out there, opening and closing doors and cupboards, and for several minutes I stood there, tensely waiting for someone to come in from out front and see me like that.

There was a television on out front, and that offered up some noise. If he'd come closer I'd hiss at him and tell him to untie me.

He did return, and I hissed at him and started to talk, but he clapped a hand over my mouth and shook his head.

“You don't want to get me in trouble, do you?” he whispered.

Well, of course I didn't! But he could untie me and – .

He drew his hand back, then pulled out a roll of duct tape, snapped off a piece, and placed it across my mouth, effectively gagging me.

Then he went back out front.

“So how do you think the Bobcats will do this year?” he asked.

I stared at the doorway indignantly, but not without a measure of excitement. Gagged and tied up and naked! I felt, despite just coming, a hot little quiver of excitement in my lower belly. Anyone could do anything they wanted to me!

He returned through the doorway and went past to the kitchen, and I heard a hissing sound coming from whatever grille he was using. Then he came back to me, suddenly, and I stared at the object in his hand.

“I know how desperately you need to have something long and hard inside you, baby,” he whispered with a leer.

He had a cucumber in his hand, and it was slick with something oily as he forced my legs apart.

I shook my head frantically even as I felt the round end against my sex, then gasped as he pushed up against me, turning and twisting it.

The thing was thick! True, I was warm and moist and had just been fucked hard, but even so, I felt the lips of my sex stretching and straining, aching and burning as he slowly forced the thing up into me. He ignored my head shaking, ignored my gagged gasps and moans as he pushed it in deeper and deeper, working it from side to side as he grinned at me. I felt the hard, cool pressure pushing up deeper into my belly.

It hurt! But I wasn't upset – exactly. My body had already flipped over from pain to pleasure, and my mind from indignation to hot, helpless arousal. A part of me resented what he was doing, angered by his disrespectful, and borderline abuse. But somehow my body had become almost instantly reignited by the way he was treating me.

Something seemed to shift inside me, and he slid the cucumber even deeper, almost all the way, until my insides ached with the fullness, until my pussy lips strained to accommodate the thickness, until my legs were nearly turned to rubber by the wild, dark thrill of it.

Then he left me and went back out front. I moaned dazedly, staring down my body, between my swollen breasts and hard nipples, to the cucumber sticking out of me.

There didn't seem to be a lot of it sticking out of me. Which meant almost all of it was up inside me!

Chapter Three

Mark came back in, spent a few seconds fondling me and pressing on the base of the cucumber, as if trying to shove it even deeper, then went on into the kitchen to work on the burger. I stood there, trembling, moaning, my belly throbbing, my nipples burning as I waited his attentions.

He finally brought the burger out and I waited in agony, wondering if whoever had arrived would eat it there or go out with it. I felt a hot wave of excitement when I heard him say goodbye.

Then he was in front of me again, smirking arrogantly.

“Miss me, baby?”

I moaned and shook my head unconvincingly.

Then he gripped my nipples, pinching them, pulling them up and out so that I squealed in pain and arched my back.

“Now where were we?” he said.

He released my nipples, his hands going behind my back instead to kind of hold me in that position as his mouth descended on my breasts. He started licking and sucking and biting them roughly, probably as delighted as I was at this different, wild, raw sex.

I yelped and jerked and clinched each time his teeth dug into my soft flesh, though, especially when he nipped and bit at my nipples.

He pulled his lips up and took a shuddering breath.

“Oh right, I remember where we were.”

He undid his jeans and jerked them down, then gripped my arms and turned me forcibly towards the shelves. His left hand then slid down my belly and cupped my pussy, pulling me out towards him.

I yelled in pain as he slapped my bottom sharply.

“I think you had just begged me to fuck you in the ass,” he said.

My eyes opened wide. I shook my head frantically, but already I felt his finger at my back passage.

The stuff he'd coated the cucumber with had made me pretty slippery down there, and now he got his fingers into it, and used them to ease his passage as he pushed them up into my back passage. I moaned and shook my head again, but that got me nowhere.

“I'd like to fuck you in the pussy, baby, but that hole is all filled up,” he said apologetically.

Bastard!

I felt his finger come free, then his cock pushed against me. Like his finger, it was slippery with something – butter, maybe – and I shuddered as he pulled back on my hips, forcing me up onto my toes, and slowly pushed his cock up into my ass.

I had been sodomized once before in my life, by a boyfriend who was even drunker than I was. It had not been pleasant. But this... this was different. I was standing on my toes, my ass pushed out, kind of leaning forward with my arms extended. Mark had his hands on my inner thighs, and his slippery cock moved surprisingly easily up into my bottom.

It wasn't just whatever he'd used for lubricant either. It was my heat, and it was the focus I had on my pussy, which still throbbed and ached around the thick cucumber he'd jammed up inside me. Now, the feel of his cock sliding up my ass was just about completely indescribable! It was like, it tightened my pussy around the cucumber, and made me feel so absolutely stuffed to the brim I could hardly breath!

And his long fingers were pressed into my flesh just to either side of my pussy, as if squeezing in around the cucumber. The sensations roiling through me were so intense, so sharp, that my mouth was wide behind the tape, or would have been if I'd been able to open it! My eyes were sure wide, and I was gasping and moaning and yelping and crying out as he worked his cock slowly up and down

in my ass, pushing it ever deeper as he stroked my sphincter muscles into surrender.

I knew I was going to come again, and come powerfully, as the heat built up within me and the intensity grew. I grunted and moaned as he stroked harder. My body was jerking in and out as his hips struck my out-thrust buttocks, and his cock was driving achingly deep inside my belly with every stroke.

And then he lifted me right off the floor! His hands jerked my thighs apart, well apart, splitting me wide and raising my legs up and out to either side. Much of my weight came down on my wrists, and I cried out in pain as the twine dug into my soft flesh. But Mark was hammering himself into me now as he held me in position. My legs were splayed wide in his hands, and his cock was skewering me again and again as my insides churned and roiled with dark sexual excitement and heat.

I think I was supposed to be in a meeting with HR about then.

I screamed as I came, the force of the explosive orgasm nearly taking the top of my head off as my head whipped up and back and my body pulsed with the hot, explosive flash-fire of sensations. The orgasm churned through my body as Mark continued to slam into my buttocks and his cock continued to drive up hard and deep into my ass.

It went on and on and on, until, as it spilled out of me, I hung limp, dazed, as if shell-shocked by the tremendous intensity of the explosion. My body continued to tremble in time to his hard thrusts for long seconds, then with a curse, he buried himself in my aching ass and spilled himself at last.

* * *

I was going to have to either get a softer seat or stop letting men fuck me so hard from behind, I thought ruefully as I sped away. Mark had tried to persuade me to stick around, but that wasn't part of the plan. After what he'd done to me I was embarrassed, and wanted to slink away, even though I was also kind of elated and feeling wild and sexual and slutty.

A drove through the afternoon, crossed into New York, and ran into Albany with a row of big box stores along the highway. I stopped there for more clothes, and a few other necessities of life, but then I continued on. I wanted no part of those

office towers I saw. I felt the pressure to be out in the boonies again, out away from everything.

I kept heading west, reached Rochester by late afternoon, and finally decided to stop for the night in Buffalo. Now Buffalo wasn't exactly the boonies, but you know, to a Boston girl, it was a rough, down at its heels town, and I was betting I could find something dark and nasty there.

You see, along the ride, I was feeling crazy and slutty for what I'd already done that day, marveling at myself. But I wanted to top it. Today was already the wildest, most insane day of my life. But I wanted it to be even crazier. What if I found yet another guy to fuck!? Three different guys in the same day! That would be just incredible! Amazing!

I checked into a motel and showered, then started trying on my new clothes. They were like nothing I'd bought before, at least, not since I was a teenager. They were designed to show off my body, and to show a lot of skin. The pants were very tight, and low slung. The tops were tight and low cut. Not that I'd bought much. I mean, there wasn't a lot of luggage space on a Harley.

I had bought a very short skirt. It didn't take up much space, after all, but I didn't have the courage to wear it yet, at least, not to a bar. A single girl going into a bar wearing that is screaming "I want cock" and I was not brazen enough to do that in public. I could be slutty with a single guy, but not in front of a whole bar.

In fact, I found myself nervous just thinking about going to a bar to try and pick some guy up. I didn't want anything thinking I was desperate or anything, showing up alone with some slutty outfit. Everyone would think I was some skanky whore, and only creeps would talk to me. So I wound up wearing a short little white skirt with a black belt, and a black, midriff baring vest top. With my hair loose, it didn't look too slutty, or so I thought. God knows what the denizens of Buffalo would think.

I went to a country place, not because I particularly like the music – I don't – but because I figured it'd be easier to pick up some hunky guy there, or at least, let one pick me up!

It was loud, and the music pounded as I went inside. I made my way to the bar, ordered a drink, and tried to look demure, which wasn't easy in a skirt as short as the one I was wearing. Not that it was indecent or anything, but I hadn't worn a

short more than an inch above the knees in almost ten years! So this one seemed barely able to cover my butt!

I didn't have to wait long before a guy asked me to dance. And you know what, he was good enough. Can you imagine thinking that? I mean, I'd never looked for a man before just for a one night stand, without any regard to whether he was smart, or kind or good humored or what his potential was. Craig was taller than me, had nice shoulders and a flat belly. He was about my age, handsome enough, with a strong jaw and nice eyes, and had a short, military type haircut.

“You are one gorgeous looking woman,” he said as he sidled up beside me. “But I bet you'd look even better dancing.”

“I might,” I said.

We danced, and chatted idly, but again, and this kind of discombobulated me, nothing really mattered. I didn't want him for a friend or a romance, but for a one night stand. So I kept catching myself in trying to assess him, reminding myself none of that mattered. Was I having fun? Yeah. Well that was all that mattered!

He danced well, seemed to have confidence, didn't appear to be a psycho, and was obviously interested.

And I was going to fuck him. That night. I'd never really had that feeling before about a virtual stranger. I felt a little like giggling, too. Here he was trying to impress me, and I'd already made the decision. But hey, it didn't hurt to let him go on trying to impress me. He'd get his reward. The night was young, and I couldn't fuck all night long.

Craig started groping me on the dance floor, and at the bar, and at the table, and I started getting hot and excited, but also nervous about others seeing. I'd admittedly had a few, and so had Craig. My breasts were hot and swollen from him squeezing and kneading them through the vest, and then on the dance floor he got the vest buttons undone and his hand inside. He slipped his fingers into the cup of my bra, pushing the bra cup down so he could grope my bare breast.

I felt a hot wave of need and hunger as we kissed and ground together, and he kind of guided me off to the side against the wall, where our tongues and lips moved excitedly together. I was getting really hot and horny, and I finally pushed him back as his hand slid under my skirt and started to rub my pussy.

“L-let's go to my place,” I gasped weakly.

“Sure thing, baby,” he drawled.

We made our way to the entrance and out into the parking lot. I'd taken a cab, but I assumed he had a car. I was wrong. He led across the big parking lot to the truck stop next to it, where a row of eighteen wheelers were parked for the night.

W-where the fuck are we going?” I gasped a little drunkenly.

“My place is closer.”

He had his arm around my waist as he helped guide me through the weeds between the truck stop and the bar, then we reached a big black truck and he pushed me against it. His lips crushed mine, and his hand was on my breasts again. I moaned weakly, my hands sliding up onto his shoulders as he undid the last buttons of the best and pulled it completely open. The bra catch was between the cups, and he popped it and bared my breasts to the world.

Fortunately, it was dark, and we were in between trucks. Nobody could see us there in the shadow as he bent and started sucking and licking on my aching nipples. I grabbed his hair and jerked his head up, pulling his lips harshly against mine, and our tongues danced together as he got a hand up under my short skirt and into my panties.

I moaned and spread my legs as he started fingering my clit and slit, and he kissed harder, finding no hair down there, and his fingers discovering how wet I was.

Then he spun me around and reached above me, unlocking the door to the truck. I started to reach for it and he gripped my vest and bra and pulled them back over my shoulders and off. I giggled hotly, then started climbing up into the truck, and when I was halfway there I felt him yanking on my thong, pulling it down my legs. I climbed out of them and into the truck, my heart pounding and pulse racing. Excited and elated by giving vent to the wildness inside me.

He closed the door behind me, then hurried around and came in through the drivers door.

“We driving to my motel?” I purred, leaning in against him.

He kissed me and filled his fingers with my hair, sort of dragging me across to his seat so I was half draped over him. We kissed long and passionately as his hands roamed my body, and then I pulled myself the rest of the way over, straddling him, grinding myself against his crotch as he transferred his lips to my breasts and started sucking and licking and chewing.

I groaned in pleasure, arching back against the steering wheel as he groped my breasts. He undid his jeans, pulled himself out, and rubbed the head of his prick against my naked sex, and I shuddered in excitement and slid forward and down, taking him deep inside me as I let him suck and chew on my breasts again.

“Oh fuck!” I gasped. “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck me!”

I rode slowly up and down on his stiff pole, grinding myself against him, groaning in pleasure and some pain as he sucked and chewed at my bare breasts. I was getting hotter and hotter as I rode up and down, as I acted out the nasty hunger within me. I was in a truck stop riding a stranger's cock while cars flashed by on the interstate!

And then the door to the rear of the cab opened and a blinking young guy peered out at me.

I let out a squeal of shock and tried to cover my bare breasts, but Craig only chuckled throatily and slid an arm around my waist, keeping me pinned against him – atop him.

“This is Roy, my partner,” he said.

Roy was maybe twenty, tall and slim, with a narrow face and bright eyes. He stared at me in something like awe, and I had no idea how to react, or what to do. I mean, I'd never been caught fucking a guy before! And it wasn't like I could run off and hide with Craig's stiff cock still inside me and his arm around me.

And then Craig pulled my arms away from my chest, forcing them behind my back. I struggled weakly, confusedly, but he got my arms back and pinned them together at the elbow with one hand, then kind of bent me back.

“What do you think, Roy? Is this a piece of ass or not?”

“Yeah!” Roy gasped, wide eyed.

“She says she's a banker. And she loves cock,” Craig said in amusement.

He leaned in and sucked at my nipple. “Maybe if you're nice, Roy will show you his,” he said.

“I-I don't... I'm not... I...”

I didn't know what to say. I was aghast, horribly embarrassed, and yet... and yet I had a stiff cock in me, and my body was still filled with a deep sense of arousal and hunger. And I was more than a little drunk and...

And they didn't let me make a decision. Craig gripped my ass and kind of hefted me up and forward and past him into the back of the cab, as Roy backed up. I wound up sprawling forward on my belly on a sort of leather bed!

Craig was following me in, and I felt his hand at my skirt, and he yanked it off, which dropped me onto my belly just as I was trying to regain my balance. I sort of tried to talk again, tried to protest, but Craig was already right in behind me, and I felt his cock pushing into my pussy. I had a wild rush of fear and alarm, but then the dark hunger I'd felt earlier, the excitement and lust at having things taken out of my hands, at being out of control, flashed into existence and I moaned as I felt that stiff cock push deep into my belly.

A moment later Roy gripped my hair, jerking my face and chest up off the bed, and I found myself staring at his cock even while Craig began to thrust into me from behind.

I felt a strange sense of the surreal, as if this wasn't really happening, but I opened my lips as Roy's cock slid into my mouth, and moaned around it as I closed my lips and started sucking.

I was completely naked in a truck while two strangers fucked me!

I was trying to control the guy in front, at first, but then Craig grabbed my wrists and yanked them back along my sides, sort of using them like the handles of a wheelbarrow, jerking me back to meet his thrusts. That put me completely out of

control as the young guy began to thrust into my mouth. And then before I knew what was happening he'd pushed in too deep and my eyes bulged as his cock slid right down my throat.

There was an instant of shocked awareness, then I started to gag, but then he was all the way down my throat and my lips were jammed against the base of his cock! My mind was filled with shock, and Craig was now hammering against my buttocks, his cock skewering me as he jerked back on my wrists again and again.

“Oh yeah! Suck me!” Roy groaned, grinding my face into his crotch.

He pulled out, and I almost threw up. Only the suddenness of it saved me. Then I was gasping, gulping in air, drooling, coughing, as he rubbed his cock back and forth across my face.

I deep throated a guy, I thought, with a wondering sense of delight.

But I was still being pounded from behind, harder and harder, my body shaking as Craig drove his cock into me hard and fast.

I wondered what they'd do if I tried to resist? Would they hurt me? Would they beat me? I didn't know. But I somehow doubted they'd just shrug, wish me well, and see me to the door of their truck.

That thought made me wary and anxious, and at the same time gave me a sense of protection from my own guilt at doing something this slutty. I didn't want to fuck this Roy kid!

Even though, I sort of kind of did. I mean, not him, but the idea of doing two guys at once now was burning me up inside.

I started struggling, as if to get away, and got a slap to the ass, and a harsh pull on my hair that made me cry out.

I had lately discovered that I loved it when guys pulled on my hair!

Roy jammed my face down onto his cock again, ignoring my resistance, and roughly groped my breasts with his other hand as I sucked on him. I sucked hard, licked harder, hoping to deter him from forcing himself down my throat

again.

He was pumping in and out, in and out, but not showing any hunger for pushing into my throat.

Craig was still thrusting into me from behind. He pinned my elbows together again, then reached under to grope my left breast as Roy groped the right. I loved that I was so tightly held between the two! The fiery sexual heat burned with ever hotter intensity as they pinned me between them and forced themselves on me!

Then Roy shoved himself down my throat again. This time it seemed easier, for I knew I could do it, knew I could survive it. I moaned around it, rolling my eyes up as he stared heatedly down. My body jerked and shook to the harsh blows of Craig behind me, and I felt the orgasm building rapidly inside me.

Roy pulled out, and again I gasped and choked and gulped in air. Then they spun me around. I felt Craig grabbing my hair, yanking my head up and back as Roy grabbed my thigh and twisted me around. I was shoved down onto all fours again, only this time facing Craig. I struggled against him, not for anything but form's sake, and because I wanted him to 'force' me. He did, cursing softly, jerking on my hair.

“Grab her hands,” he ordered Roy.

I felt my arms pulled back, and then pinned together at the elbow as my head dropped to the bed. Craig reached down and I felt something, a belt, a strap, something, sliding around my arms, then cinching tight, binding my arms back, crossed at the elbows... helpless.

I shuddered as raw heat flushed through my system. Then Craig jerked me up by the hair and forced his cock into my mouth as Roy entered me from behind and started to fuck me hard and fast.

I came, screaming around Roy's cock as he forced himself down my throat. My body shook and bucked as Roy rammed himself into me, jerking back on my hips again and again. I don't know if either of them realized I was coming, but my mind spun as the flood tide of intense sexual release washed over me and sent my consciousness bobbing and spinning and tumbling.

I forgot to even care that Craig was filling my throat, that my face was jammed against his crotch.

Roy was really going at me from behind, and he and Craig took turns groping my breasts and pinching my nipples as they used me. I knelt limply, dazed in the aftermath of the massive orgasm, my knees spread, my open mouth being fucked, basically, by Craig's cock. But when he pulled back and let me breathe I felt a prickle of cool air against my sweating scalp, and only then realized how overheated and covered in sweat I was.

“Suck my balls,” he growled, pulling on my hair, using it as a lever to guide my lips to his hairy testicles.

I sucked and licked at them as he pinched my nipple, as Roy continued to ride me. Then as he guided me up I sucked and licked at his cock again.

Roy started cursing, out of breath, panting, moaning as he rammed himself into me. Then he halted and fell away. Craig jerked up on my hair and flung me back on my back on the bed. I gasped and moaned as he shifted his grip to my thighs, jerking my legs up and well apart as he entered me again.

“What a hot fuck!” he growled, driving himself into me.

Roy sat back against the wall of the cab watching, just a foot away, as Craig fucked me. He even reached forward, groping my breast. Then Craig lifted my legs up and pushed them back, thrusting down into me hard and fast. It hurt, it ached, but I could feel the darkness of wild, sensual lust enfolding me and my pussy still burned as I was fucked.

Roy finished, though, finishing with a hot flurry, then slowly drawing back and out.

But they weren't finished with me. I was flipped onto my belly again, and Roy pulled me into his crotch by the hair.

“Suck that cock, baby,” he ordered.

I yelped in pain as Craig slapped my ass from behind.

“Suck him, bitch!”

Helplessly, I sucked and licked at Roy's cock and balls, and being as young as he was it didn't take long before he was long and hard again. Craig had left! Or so it seemed! I was alone in the back of the cab with this guy, tied up, and completely at his mercy!

He turned me around and mounted me from behind again, thrusting in deep, but in no urgent need. I groaned as he rode me, and gasped as he gripped my hair, forcing me up and back – and back. He was kneeling behind me and forced me up onto my knees, forced my buttocks back onto him as I knelt straddling him, facing away, his cock deep inside me.

His hands slid around me, groping my breasts.

“Ride me, baby,” he growled, kneading them and pinching my nipples.

He pinched hard, making my nipples burn, and forcing me up so his stiff cock slid down my tunnel. Then he pulled back on my breasts and I was forced back down onto him to the hilt again.

“Ride me, baby,” he panted, licking and chewing on the nape of my neck.

I moaned weakly, but he tugged on my nipples, forcing me up again, and then I sank down. I rode up again as he pulled on my nipples again, then sank down.

He abandoned my nipples and jerked back on my hair, twisting my head up and around so he could kiss me fiercely, then his other hand drove between my legs, feeling the taut lips of my sex gripping him, and my clit.

“Ride me, baby. Ride that cock!” he panted, rubbing at my clit.

Heat flared and I obeyed, riding slowly up and down his prick as he rubbed at my clit and groped my breast. I was breathless, overwhelmed by it all, and rapidly overheating as I rode up and down.

And then Craig opened the door and came back in, sitting, sprawling, across from us.

Embarrassment surged inside me, my skin reddening as he sipped from a beer can and watched, but I didn't stop. I rode up and down Roy's cock, and felt the heat shatter something inside me. My head rolled, my back arched, and then I

came again, crying out helplessly, riding faster and harder as his finger rubbed my clit and I impaled myself desperately on his hard cock.

“Hot little slut's really getting off on it,” Craig growled with a sneer.

I didn't care. My head rolled bonelessly as I rode Roy's cock, and then he was shoving me forward so I sprawled on my belly once again. His hands were on my hips, jerking me up and spreading my legs as he fucked me harder and faster before finishing.

Chapter Four

I groaned as I felt my hair pulled. Craig literally used it to drag me across to him, then pull me up his body so I was straddling him, facing him. He kissed me, then pressed the beer to my lips. I drank deeply and he grinned and pinched my nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

“Gimmie a little time and I'll fuck you again, baby,” he said.

Roy sat down next to him, a beer in his hand, and then the guys kind of turned me around and sat me between them, but slumped down with my legs spread wide across their laps. They drank, fondled me, and poured beer into my open mouth – or something, as they got drunker, onto my face.

As promised, Craig fucked me again, on my back this time, laying over me, my ankles shoved up and back behind my head as he rammed down. Roy sat back and watched and drank, and when Craig was finished he had me suck his cock again, and this time came in my throat.

I woke in the morning, moaning, still in the back of the cab, still naked, my arms still tied behind my back. It was a big enough bed that Roy and Craig slept on either side of me. They'd had more to drink, and had enjoyed themselves with my body for hours, pawing, groping, teasing and abusing me.

I felt completely and thoroughly fucked, in every sense of the word. But they'd had a lot more to drink than me, and were both dead to the world. I managed to get to my knees and press the belt or strap against a hook and slowly jerk it down my arms so I could slip free. I groaned in relief, and then found my clothes, climbed into them and escaped from the truck. I was feeling grotty and sweaty and slimy and didn't want another session with those two, which they would surely want when they woke up.

I got a cab back to the motel, with the driver leering at me in the rear view window, making it clear he knew very well what I'd been up to in my short skirt, returning to a motel at six in the morning. I didn't car. I was worn out. I got into my room, had a shower, and then collapsed on the bed until afternoon.

I got up, had something to eat, and headed southwest, reaching Ohio by evening, then stopped at another motel. This time, I decided to stay to myself and recover. I was bruised and battered all over. I got some decent food, and a decent night's rest, and then woke really early to get back on the road not long after dawn.

I drove clear through Ohio and into Kentucky, speeding most of the way, and felt a sense of excitement and adventure as I passed the border. Kentucky? I knew almost nothing about it except that I was finally no longer in what I thought of as the northeast. Kentucky, to this Massachusetts girl, was redneck country. It was certainly hotter than it had been in Boston, and more humid, and I was sweating in the leather jacket. Going 90 on the highway, though, you don't want to be in a tank top!

I stopped to play tourist, again thinking that I should be in a meeting at work, and marveling that it had only been yesterday I'd taken off. It seemed like I'd left Boston behind a lifetime ago. Maybe because so much had happened to me since then!

I got my hair trimmed, and dyed blonde, had a decent meal, then went to bed – alone.

I was going to have to do something about that. What's adventures without hot, sexy men, after all!?

I made it to Tennessee the next morning and into Alabama by afternoon. I'd never been to the deep south, and found it fascinating. Again, I found myself playing tourist, sometimes purring along slowly, looking at the scenery and houses and towns along the way.

Newly blonde, I raced down a winding highway in Georgia, almost unconsciously speeding to get the breeze hitting my face harder. It was hot! It was hot and it was sticky, and I was beginning to seriously rethink going south. I wanted to get to Texas, but now I was thinking that maybe I should swing west instead. Arizona would be hot, but it would be a dry heat, right?

I was also realizing the drawbacks of bikes. If I was in a nice, air-conditioned car I wouldn't be sweating under my jacket. I wouldn't be wearing a jacket, in fact, just a halter or tank top and shorts. I sure couldn't wear shorts now.

When I heard the siren behind me I was startled, and immediately felt a surge of

guilt. I was speeding, of course! But where the hell had he come from? I should have been paying more attention! Idiot!

The thought occurred to me that I could just speed up and see if I could lose him, but despite all the societal rules I'd broken lately I wasn't criminally inclined, and running from the police was a lot dumber than running from a high pressure job. I sighed and pulled over to the side. I could afford a ticket, though I'd eventually have to get another job since I doubted the bank was likely to keep me on after this.

I shoved the kick stand down and turned off the bike, then pulled off my helmet and shook my hair free and ran my fingers through it. Stopped, things were even hotter, and I could feel the sweat beginning to dampen the tank top beneath the jacket. I unzipped, not with any ulterior notions, I assure you. It was just hot.

I turned my neck as the cop walked up. He wore a khaki uniform and a smoky bear cap with large sunglasses. He was big, and he was broad shouldered, the vision of an Alabama deputy sheriff except that, times having changed, he was black.

I don't know why that thought gave me pause. I would have said there wasn't a racist bone in my body, and in fact, his being black didn't concern or worry me or anything. Instead, I had this sudden nasty flash of heat - that other kind of heat -- at the thought of doing it with him, right here on the otherwise empty road. I'd never even dated a black guy, and the thought of it now, of letting this big, powerful looking black cop just mount me like a bitch in heat suddenly had me feeling almost as hot on the inside as I was on the outside.

"License and registration please, ma'am," he said, in that cute southern sort of twang.

I suddenly felt a flash of concern. I mean, I'd gotten the bike pretty quickly. I didn't actually have a real registration. I handed over my license, then fished out the paperwork Jeff had given me, prepared to explain what was going on.

"You don't have a registration?" he asked.

I showed him the paperwork and explained how I'd driven the bike off the lot. He didn't seem to understand. I don't want to say he was stupid - but let's just say that he was clearly operating on very clear, very exact instructions, and

didn't quite have the cranial capacity to figure out how to cope with something which deviated from those instructions.

He radioed in and said the bike belonged to some guy in Massachusetts - as if I hadn't just explained everything to him! My horniness was now diminished by my growing irritation. I hated inefficiency! I hated having my time wasted. I hated being questioned and having to explain myself! That was why I'd taken off, to be free and not to have to justify anything I did!

It's rarely a good idea to be rude and snappy with cops, and I was really biting my tongue with this - to put it kindly - moron. He spoke very slowly, and clearly thought even more slowly. Maybe it's racist, but "big ape" was the term which was forming in my mind.

"You all is saying you's bought this offa this fella?" he asked again.

"No, I'm saying I bought it off a bike shop, which is what those papers say."

"S'real easy to print up papers, ma'am," he said.

"I suppose, but I could have just as easily printed up a registration or something."

"That would be against the law, ma'am."

Duh!

I wasn't used to having people questioning my word. I mean, the idea that I would steal something was absurd! Didn't this big ape know who I was!? Then, of course, it dawned on me that I wasn't really much of anything now. I suppose I still worked at the bank for the time being, but soon I'd be unemployed, well, until I found something else. I kind of liked the sense of authority and respectability that came from being in management in a large bank, to tell you the truth.

"You see, I gots to know that you got permission to be riding this bike from the owner," he said.

"I'm the owner!" I exclaimed.

“I’m afraid you’re going to have to come back to the station until we can sort all this out, ma’am.”

I rolled my eyes and shook my head, but what the hell. I suppose it would at least be air conditioned.

“I hope it’s air conditioned,” I said.

“The office is, ma’am, not the cells.”

I shrugged. What did I care about the cells?

“You’ll have to step off the bike, ma’am.”

I blinked at him in surprise. “How am I supposed to get to your station?”

“I can’t let you ride the bike, ma’am, lessen I know you be owning it,” he said.

“So you want me to leave the bike out here, this twenty seven thousand dollar bike, at the side of the road, and ride back in your car?” I exclaimed. “Are you going to pay for it if someone steals it?”

“We’ll send someone out to fetch it, ma’am.”

“Why don’t I just ride it in? I’m not going to take off. “

“I don’t know that, ma’am.”

“I didn’t take off earlier!”

“Maybe that was cuz you thought your papers would work, but they didn’t. Now you’ll have to come along with me.”

He put his hand on my arm and, somewhat incredulous, I swung my leg off the bike and let him lead me back to the police car. I’d never been in a police car before, and wasn’t eager to be in one now.

“Afraid I’ll have to cuff you, mama.”

“Excuse me!?”

“It’s regulation, ma’am,” he said.

He pushed me firmly, but not roughly against the car and took my arms, drawing them back behind me. I didn’t resist, partly because I was shocked, but partly because, well, I’m not the type of person who’s going to resist the police. He locked my wrists in handcuffs, but didn’t search me. I guess with the jacket open he could pretty much see that I didn’t have anything on me. I was wearing low slung jeans and a midriff baring tank top.

I was also wearing a bra, but not really. Basically it was an under-wire cupless bra, sort of like a shelf, which lifted up my breasts and kind of pressed in on them from the sides, but it had no cups, and no top or anything. I’d bought it in Lexington. I had discovered I liked the attention being braless got me, but didn’t want my boobs bouncing around too much. My breasts, I had discovered, were the ideal size for such a bra, since they were big enough to look impressive sticking up and out but not so big they sagged over the edge. That wasn’t why I was wearing it now, however. I was wearing it now because it was cooler than wearing a 'real' bra.

But it meant that without my jacket on it kind of looked like I had no bra, and that my boobs were pretty darn firm.

He put me into the back of his patrol car, and given all four windows were open I was thinking it wasn’t air conditioned.

“You don’t have air conditioning in your car?” I groaned.

“It ain’t very hot today. I only use it when it’s real hot,” he said, staring the engine.

What did this big ape think of as hot anyway? A hundred degrees?

I was hot and getting hotter. My jeans were tight against my crotch, and the leather jacket was unbearable when I wasn’t moving on the bike. But of course, I couldn’t take it off. I was sweltering in the back seat, and the only reason I didn’t beg him to stop and let me take my jacket off was of that damned cupless bra. I wasn’t sure what would these rural hicks think of something like that but probably nothing good. And a fantasy of a roadside dalliance was not the same thing as having to sit in a crowded office with a bunch of cops sniggering at me.

The town looked very pretty once we got into it, but I wasn't spending a lot of time looking. I was sweating like a pig and desperately gulping in air as the car drove in a stately fashion up to a red brick station with a sign out front which proclaimed it as the sheriff's office.

We parked out front, and I was grateful there wasn't anyone around as he took me out of the back seat and led me, in handcuffs, into the building through a side door.

I groaned aloud as the cool air hit my face. It wasn't a big place. There was a young guy in a khaki shirt at a computer near another counter, but the rest of it was empty. We turned left and another black cop stepped in front of us and stared at me.

"You don't look too good," he said. "You all right?"

"I could use a drink," I gasped.

"Leroy, unlock the lady's cuffs," he said, "Then get her a glass of water."

"Yes, sir," the big dumb cop said.

. gasped as my wrists were freed, and then, no matter what anyone thought, I stripped off the leather jacket.

"Why don't you come and sit down here," he said, leading me by the arm into the office and over to a window air conditioner.

I groaned again and almost embraced it. I stood in front of it, hands on it to keep from swaying. I was so hot! Behind me, I could hear Leroy, the guy who'd brought me in, explaining that I was some northern girl on a bike he didn't know was mine with funny paperwork. I heard Leroy call him sheriff, so I guessed - genius that I was - that he was the sheriff. Well, why not. Again, it went against my cliché'd image of a rural Georgia sheriff, but times had changed, right?

The cold, dry air had revived me somewhat, and I took the glass of water I was offered, gulping it down.

"I don't think I'm ready for your weather," I gasped. "It's barely tolerable on a bike heading into the wind. In the back of a car with a leather jacket on it's just

horrible.”

“You get used to it,” he said with a grin. “I’m from Pittsburgh, myself.”

“Leroy was saying he doesn’t turn his air conditioning on until it gets hot,” I said, more than half complaining.

He chuckled. “Leroy doesn’t quite get that when you spend all day outside you get acclimated to the heat and humidity. People who work in offices with air conditioning, or who are maybe from up north don’t find it nearly as comfortable. I’ll have a chat and remind him. Why don’t you have a seat and we’ll sort through this stuff so you can get back on your way? I’m Paul White.”

I grinned. “Really?”

He smiled back. “A black sheriff called White? Yeah, it’s a strange world. We once had a white sheriff called Black.”

I sat down heavily and he sat down across from me. “So suppose you tell me what you were telling Leroy.”

I explained to him, and he nodded in a more intelligent fashion than Leroy had. He seemed a lot more interested in resolving the issue, too, which I appreciated. He was older than Leroy, maybe a forty or thereabouts, in good shape, though not as tall as Leroy or as broad shouldered. I caught him looking at my chest a few times, though, and that half embarrassed and half aroused me. Then, as I realized a few things, it was mostly embarrassed instead of aroused.

See, I’d been all sweaty, and then I’d stood in front of an air conditioner. What do you think that had done? Yep, my nipples were stiff and pointy. As for my tight tank top, I didn’t even dare look down to see what my sweating had done to it, but I had the sinking feeling it was a lot less opaque than it usually was.

And me without a real bra!

I could have tried covering my breasts with my arms, but the thing is, my breasts are high and firm, and the bra kept them that way. If I folded my arms across my chest they would be below my breasts, and do nothing to help. I’d have to make it obvious I was hiding them, and that struck me as more embarrassing. It was kind of like if I refused to acknowledge it then it didn’t exist.

The embarrassment slowly faded, though, in the face of his calmness and the fact that I was starting to think those nasty thoughts about having sex with a black guy again. That gave me a hot little buzz between my legs, but did nothing helpful in terms of hard nipples.

“I believe you, and I’m sure I understand what’s happened,” He said. “What I’ll do is have someone call up the New York state registry and check for an update, and then if necessary call the bike shop. We have to make sure of these now that Leroy’s brought you in. We’d sure look stupid if it turned out I was wrong and just sent you on your way. It won’t take more than about thirty or forty minutes, probably.”

“Okay,” I said.

“If you’ll just come with me,” he said, getting up from behind his desk.

He led me down a corridor and through a steel door, flicking on a light. It was hot back there, and I saw cells. I felt a little startled, but he was right behind me so it wasn’t like I could back up. I walked forward into an area with cinder block walls and cells.

“You’re not going to put me in a cell, are you?” I asked incredulously.

“We call it the holding area,” he said in amusement. “but I’ll see you get lots of water.”

I groaned a bit dramatically, and he led me a little further in.

“And I’m afraid I have to pat you down first,” he said. “Procedure.”

I felt a hot jolt at that, but nodded wordlessly, my chest suddenly getting tight.

“Just put your hands against the wall here where you see the red hand prints,” he said, and then step back and spread your legs.”

“I’ve heard that suggestion before,” I said jokingly.

“I bet you have,” he replied in amusement. “But don’t you worry. I’ll be entirely professional.”

“One disappointment after another in Georgia,” I said, only half joking.

He laughed, softly, and I “assumed the position”, my heart beating more quickly as he stood behind me. I felt his hands on my shoulders, sliding over them, back and forth, then down my back. They traced the bra strap across my back, then slid lower and onto my ass. Was this professional? I had nothing to compare it with but he seemed to be going awfully slow.

“Clearly nothing hiding in here,” he said after a few seconds of caressing my bottom.

I wasn’t sure what to answer to that as his hands slid around my waist, up my bare belly -- was that necessary? - and then up along the sides of my ribs before sliding down under my breasts, along the strap, or shelf that was holding them up and together. His hands brushed up lightly over my breasts then, and I’m sure he couldn’t have missed feeling the stiff nipples. God knows my nipples didn’t miss feeling his hands, as hot little pulses of excitement rippled through my breasts at his touch.

“You’ll pardon me for inquiring, but it feels like you have a bra - and then it feels like you don’t.”

I blushed. Well, I was already blushing. I just blushed more. “Its ahm, a cupless bra,” I said.

“What all is that?”

“Its... it supports the breasts but uhm, doesn’t cover them,” I said, swallowing nervously.

“Well, that sounds awfully strange. I mean, he said. It could be ... suspicious, you know. Would you mind if I saw it?”

Pointing out that I couldn’t show it to him without him seeing my breasts was the first thing that came to my mind, but for some reason the words locked in my throat.

He lifted up the tank top in back to examine the straps. “Sure looks like a bra,” he said.

Granted, he was behind me, mostly, but I was standing with my hands against a wall leaning forward. My breasts were kind of, well, obvious, and both my heat and my embarrassment deepened.

His fingers slid along the strap, this time without the top in his way, all the way around to the front, where the backs of his fingers brushed against the underside of my breasts in a way which had them throbbing even more hotly, and had me fighting to control my breathing.

He pulled the tank top back and then ran his hands down between my legs, slowly, but not roughly, before casually sliding them quickly down around my ankles and back up. Then the door opened and Leroy came in.

“Sheriff,” he said. “This was in the leather jacket.”

I turned my head and felt a sudden shock. It wasn’t a lot of grass, just one cigarette, in fact. I’d gotten it off the truckers, snatching it as I left, figuring I’d smoke it later and relax,, and had forgotten about it.

“Thank you, Leroy,” the sheriff said. “I’ll be right out.”

He turned and gave me the sort of look a parent gives a child he’s caught lying.

“I forgot I had it!” I blurted. “I mean, it was just one! A trucker gave it to me! I was gonna throw it out!”

“I believe you,” he said. “However, I’m afraid that now that there’s drugs involved, I’ll have to search you more – closely.”

“C-Closely?” I gulped.

“You’ll have to remove your shoes and socks,” he said.

I wasn’t wearing any socks, but I removed the shoes readily enough as he looked on.

“Now the jeans,” he said.

I inhaled sharply, and, heart pounding, undid the belt, unzipped them, and slowly pulled my jeans down and off. I had a tiny pair of very low riding purple panties

underneath that matched the bra.

“The top, as well, please,” he said sternly.

Blushing, I peeled off the top, and kind of covered my breasts with my arm.

My nipples were still horribly stiff and sensitive, though!

“You’ll have to remove the bra, too. I know it doesn’t seem like you could be hiding anything but... it’s procedure.”

I turned my back to him and removed the bra, and wasn’t surprised when he ordered me out of my panties, too. I wound up standing naked, thighs pressed tightly together, but that only hid me momentarily as he guided me over to a wooden table and made me bend over.

“You’re not going to – .”

“Procedure,” he said as he gently bent me over until my breasts pillowed out against the rough, scarred wooden top.

“Spread your legs, please.”

I spread my legs, and he made me spread them even wider, then I felt his fingers on my sex. Didn’t rural Georgia cops use plastic gloves, I wondered a little dazedly.

His fingers gently stroked along my sex, then spread the lips apart. I felt a finger penetrate me, long and thick, and covered in something. I held my breath, gasping, as his finger slowly pushed deeper into my pussy, and this thumb - pressed against my clit. Was that a coincidence?! He wasn’t exactly rubbing me, but his thumb wasn’t exactly completely still either.

The tension inside me was building with horrific speed, and it wasn’t fear or anger or embarrassment - though there was plenty of that. No, it was a raw, wild sense of dark sexual excitement, the kind I’d felt with Roy and Craig.

“Sh-shouldn’t I be handcuffed?” I gulped, barely getting the words out.

Chapter Five

The Sheriff paused, his finger deep inside me, sort of moving around in a slow circular motion.

‘You think you should be?’ he drawled.

“I-Isn’t it... p-procedure?” I gulped.

“Why, you know, I believe it is at that.”

He pulled his finger out of me, and I put both hands back behind my back, crossing my wrists. He snapped the metal cuffs around them, and then spread my legs even wider.

The darkness was upon me, and I felt almost like trembling with the pressure of the heat as his finger pushed into me again.

“I’m not hurting you, am I?”

I swallowed several times before I could bring myself to speak, or even know what to say.

“I... if you are, do I get to .. fight back?” I gasped.

“Might not be a good idea,” he said. “We don’t take much nonsense from our prisoners. Gotta keep them in line, you know, maintain discipline.”

I gasped as what had to be a second finger slid into me, the two of them pushing deep, pulling back, then pushing even deeper. Then I felt his thumb pressing against my back passage, slowly sinking into me there. I started to rise, and his hand came down on the back of my neck, pushing me down again.

“Maintain the position,” he ordered.

“I... you’re not going to f-find anything in there,” I gasped.

“Never can tell. You'd be surprised what people hide inside themselves.”

“D-don't you have a... instrument you can use that's longer than your fingers?” I gasped.

“I do indeed. Would you like me to use that?”

I didn't answer, couldn't answer, and his fingers pushed in and out of me as his thumb sank into my ass to the knuckle, then his fingers pulled back, and his 'instrument' pushed into the opening to my sex. I groaned aloud as he drove himself slowly down into my pussy, his hands sliding up my bare body, caressing my skin as he sank deeper.

“This is much more efficient,” he said, pulling back a bit, then sinking his cock deeper still.

“I bet this isn't procedure!” I gasped breathlessly.

“No impertinence from you, prisoner,” he growled.

I yelped as his hand slapped my butt, but the slap sent a hot, rippling shock-wave through my belly and down into my groin as he began to pump in and out in earnest.

“Fuck!” I gasped.

Another slap hit my bottom. “We don't hold with bad language here, prisoner,” he said. “And keep those legs spread wide for me.”

I groaned as he ran his hands along my ribs, then underneath, squeezing and kneading my breasts as his hips moved faster. Then a hand gripped my hair, dragging it up and back, making my back arch as he leaned over me and bit into the side of my throat.

His hips worked faster still, smashing against my buttocks now as he rammed himself into me. I thrust back as best I could, and rolled my head in wild excitement.

“D-Don't pull my hair!” I gasped. “It makes me too... hot!”

“We wouldn't want that,” he said, yanking my hair back so I cried out in pain.

I groaned again as he bit and sucked and chewed along the nape of my neck, then up under my ear, his hips working furiously, his cock driving into me like a hot, black piston as my pussy burned around it.

His body drew up and back off me, but he kept pumping. He yanked on my hair and slapped my bottom as he fucked me, and I felt myself spiraling out of control, felt the crackling sexual electricity threatening to consume me. The orgasm hit like a storm and I cried out in helpless pleasure, twisting and jerking and bucking back against his pounding cock as he tugged on my hair and thrust a hand under my belly and down between my legs to finger my clit.

My eyes widened as the pleasure surged, and I gurgled and gasped and whimpered in shocked pleasure, my body jerking and trembling to the hard thrusting of his cock and the pounding of his hips.

I collapsed dazedly as he orgasm ended, groaning, staring at the table as my cheek lay against it, drooling, but my body continued to jerk and shudder to the hard blows of his hips as he kept pounding into me. I gasped weakly, groaning as his cock speared me, as his hands moved over my body. His thumb sank into my ass again, pumping slowly in and out as he fucked me.

Then the door opened and Leroy came back in.

“Here's the paperwork on the prisoner, sheriff,” he said.

He stopped in surprise, and I cringed, jerking my face away, looking in the opposite direction as my face heated.

“You can leave the clipboard on the table, Leroy,” the sheriff said, not stopping his hard pumping.

“Sure thing, Sheriff. Wouldn't want to interrupt your interrogation,” Leroy said, chuckling.

I felt mortified, but the Sheriff clearly didn't care, as he continued to thrust into me. After a long minute I realized that it didn't really matter to me as I didn't know Leroy or anyone else in this county, and would be gone by nightfall anyway, or at least, thought I would be.

The sheriff pulled his thumb out of my ass, and I groaned as his cock slowly pushed into me instead. Then I cried out as he gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back, lifting me off the desk. I had to pull my legs a little closer together as he kind of stood me up, but kept my bundled up hair in his fist and forced my back to arch. His cock pushed deep into my ass and I moaned and flinched.

“Oh! Oh! Wait! Not so fast!” I gasped.

He kneaded my breast and pinched the nipple.

“You're my prisoner now,” he growled. “That means I get to do anything I want to you.”

I moaned as he drew his cock back, drew my head back, and thrust in slowly, deeply, forcing himself into me to the balls. I felt him pressed firmly against my buttocks I stood there, gasping for breath. His other hand fondled my breast, then slid down my belly and began to finger my clit again as he ground himself against me.

I felt a hot rush of sensation and my pussy spasmed involuntarily, then I found myself rolling my hips as he began to pump up and down in my ass.

I gasped again as he tightened his grip on my hair, forcing my head back further. He licked slowly up along the nape of my neck. “Beg me not to hurt you,” he growled.

I felt a wave of alarm mixed with excitement.

“P-Please don't hurt me,” I gasped.

He tugged sharply on my hair so I cried out weakly.

“Sir,” he hissed.

“Please don't hurt me, sir!” I gasped.

He gave me a sudden hard, sharp, short flurry of thrusts so that my entire body shuddered, the force of his thrusts lifting me onto the balls of my feet, then onto my very toes as his fingers rubbed insistently against my clit.

Another orgasm tore through me, and I squirmed and twisted and bucked back against him as he thrust up into my ass. His deep thrusts ached, and gave me this awful cramping sensation, but it made my pussy spasm and shake and burn, even without his fingers rubbing my clit. I grunted continuously as his hips struck my buttocks, and then he forced me over the table again, jamming my face down against the rough wood, slapping my ass and then thrusting harder still.

“Oh! Oh! Ungh! Ungh! G-god!” I gasped as his hips pounded against my buttocks.

And then, mercifully, he stopped, and I groaned weakly, chest heaving, covered in sweat as he slowly eased his softening cock out of my ass.

“Now because I'm so good natured and all,” he said, a little breathless, “I'm going to take your dainty northern temperature tolerance into affect and let you stay back here without those hot clothes of yours. I'll make sure someone checks on you regularly, too.”

I felt a sharp pull on my hair and cried out weakly as I was forced upright. Then he turned me around and pushed me into an open cell. He sat me on the edge of the narrow, built in bunk, then backed away and locked the cell door. He grinned as he zipped up, then left me there, closing the door behind him.

Left me, naked and handcuffed, gasping, chest heaving, sweat trickling down my chest and ribs and forehead, my insides still spasming with the echoes of his hard thrusting and the massive orgasms which had torn through me.

It took me maybe a minute to clear away the dazed, languorous sense of bliss and relaxation, and to realize he'd left me like that, and then to start feeling a mixed sense of excitement, embarrassment and concern. He had seemed like an okay guy, I told myself, as I anxiously felt the tightness of the handcuffs around me and stared out through the bars.

But then I remembered how he'd made me beg not to hurt me. That both worried and aroused me. It appealed to that sense of darkness, that sense of wanting to be just... mounted, just used, just fucked hard by some powerful, sexy, rough-hewn man. Just like I had been! Still, I started squirming, mentally at being naked back here. Suppose someone else came back? And what had he said about having someone 'check on me'?!

I sat back on the bunk as best I could with my arms cuffed. I wanted to lay back, but laying on your arms is not the most comfortable thing to do. I was too hot to keep my legs closed either, so drew my feet up onto the edge of the bunk and let my knees spread apart. I gazed down at my pussy, noting how red and swollen my lips were. God, he had fucked me good and hard!

I looked up around me at the cell, at the bars and the walls. I again had that surreal sensation. I ought to be at work in a pristine, air conditioned office right now, wearing my tight, uncomfortable business suit. Instead I was a thousand miles from home naked and shackled in a rural Alabama jail cell at the mercy of my black captor! It was just so hard to wrap my mind around that!

And then the steel door to the cells opened.

I jerked my knees closer together and sat up straighter, my heart beating faster as a figure moved beyond the bars. The door closed, and then it came closer, and my pulse shot up as I realized it wasn't the Sheriff. It was Leroy. He had a broad grin on his face, and held a large plastic bottle of water.

“Sheriff said to come in and give you some water,” he drawled.

I blushed furiously and dropped my eyes, flinching as the door to the cell was unlocked. He came in, and I half turned my body away.

“You want some water?”

I did, actually. I nodded my head jerkily, too embarrassed to look at him.

Water began to pour slowly down on my head.

I gasped and jerked my head up.

“Open your mouth,” he said.

He held the bottle just above my head.

“Open it!”

I opened my mouth and he poured water into it, slowly. I swallowed repeatedly, and lowered the bottle, placing it into my mouth. “Close your lips and suck,” he

said. "Make sure you swallow."

I blushed even more, but obeyed, and he eased the bottle back. Water poured over my face, and I sputtered a little and gasped as it spilled down onto my chest and over my breasts. He chuckled, raising the bottle higher, pouring it over my breasts. Then he set it down, and his hands moved confidently to the buttons on his uniform.

"Sure is hot back here," he said. "Must be even hotter with that lilly white skin of yours."

He took his shirt off, then peeled off his t-shirt as I shrank back, gulping, jerking my head from side to side, heart hammering. He continued to grin at me, to leer, as he stepped out of his shoes and then pulled his pants down and off, taking his underwear with them.

His cock was thick and hard and long and stuck out at me like the horn of a wild animal about to charge me. I stared at it, appalled, and yet excited at the same time. I had not actually seen the Sheriff's cock at all, nor his body. He'd taken me from behind. Now here was this enormous black man, entirely naked, with a large cock pointing at me, and I was... naked and handcuffed, completely at his mercy!

It didn't really occur to me to try to say no. Partly, that was because I was afraid of what he'd do if I tried. Would he get angry? Would he get violent? What would they do to me? What about the grass they'd found? Would they decide to throw the book at me or something? I couldn't really afford to make them mad at me.

That was part of it, because you see I'd just been fucked hard, and sodomized. I wasn't really in the mood, if you get me. I didn't want him to fuck me. I didn't like him much either. But I felt helpless, and, oddly, that sense of helplessness, of being vulnerable to abuse, made feel a strange, squirming sense of awe and masochistic fascination.

He gripped my hair, and I wondered if the Sheriff had told him of my virtual confession, then pulled me forward off the bunk, making me kneel at his feet as he stood over me. He gathered my hair up in a thick mass at the top of my head, and rubbed his cock back and forth over my mouth.

I moaned weakly, feeling the start of heat between my legs, and he pushed himself into my mouth. I closed my lips – not that they had far to close – and began to suck, helplessly rolling my eyes up at him as he stared down at me from what seemed like an enormous distance.

He was very black blacker than the sheriff, so that his cock looked almost purplish as it pushed into my mouth. I sucked as best I could, as he pumped slowly in and out, but as his cock grew slick and began to glisten, he pushed it deeper and deeper, making it harder to work on the head. I wasn't surprised when he pushed himself into my throat, and tried to control my gagging as his thick black shaft slid down deeper and deeper.

He tightened his grip on my hair, drawing me forward as he pushed into me, and then my lips were jammed together around the base of his shaft as he held me there against him, groaning and cursing softly. I struggled a little, and his other hand came down on the back of my head, pulling me in tight, holding my face against his groin. My chest began to burn and my head began to pound and I squirmed a little more, moaning weakly.

He eased up, letting my head slide back, drawing his thick, glistening black cock up out of my throat and out of my mouth. He popped out in a flood of saliva, and I gasped and coughed as he chuckled and rubbed his spit-wet prick back and forth over my cheeks and forehead and across my lips.

Then I let out a little cry of pain as he jerked on my hair, forcing my head up and back, before drawing my mouth in against his balls. He lifted his cock up and rubbed my lips against his balls, ordering me to suck, and I did drawing them into my mouth, sucking on them, licking on them as he held me tight by the hair.

Then he pulled his cock back down again and slid it into my mouth, between my lips and over my tongue as I sucked frantically, trying to bob my head, to keep him from pushing it back down my throat, but he pulled me in against him and I gagged as he forced himself all the way back down my throat and again held me in place, face pressed against his groin as my pulse raced.

He drew back out and again I gasped and coughed, light headed, sucking in air, chest heaving as he rubbed himself over my face.

“P-Please!” I gasped as he pushed himself against my mouth again.

He jerked back on my hair, forcing my back to arch.

“Please what?”

“Please I... I... it's hard to... take it into my throat.”

“Supposed to be hard, bitch,” he drawled in amusement.

“But – Ahh!”

Her jerked on my hair again so that I twisted back and around.

“Maybe you like me to fuck you instead.”

“I-I... yes,” I whimpered.

“Beg for it then.”

My heart pounded, pulse racing. I was still gulping in air.

“Beg, slut.”

“Please fuck me!” I gasped.

He chuckled throatily, then twisted my hair deliberately to make me cry out again.

“Sir,” he said.

“P-Please fuck me, sir!” I gasped breathlessly.

He jerked me backwards, reaching down and taking my arm, using his grip on my arm and hair to lift me back into the bunk and shove me back onto my back. Then he spread my legs wide and put one knee on the bunk as he pressed the nose of his cock against my opening.

I shuddered and groaned as he sank into me, my legs bent and spread wide as he lowered himself atop me, this enormous black man, and drove his spit-wet cock deep into my aching belly.

He was a lot bigger than the Sheriff. He was probably bigger than any man I'd

ever had. I felt overwhelmed as his bulk came down atop me, even though he kept most of his weight off me. His cock drove achingly deep into my belly, spreading me painfully wide, and then forcing its way deeper and deeper.

Heat began to ignite within me. Not within my body, which ached, but within my mind. It flared hotter and hotter, and that spread to my body as he began to jerk his hips in and out to work himself deeper.

His lips came down on mine, hard and demanding, as he worked his hips up and down repeatedly. The round nose of his cock punched against the back wall of my pussy again and again, making me ache, making me feel bruised, as I gasped and moaned in growing dizziness. The heat – both inner and outer heat – was sapping my mind, and I found it hard to focus my thoughts on anything at all as he rode me.

My arms ached as I lay atop him, part of his weight atop me. My knees were spread wide and drawn back as he thrust into me, rolling up and down in time to his pumping hips. I felt absolutely helpless, as though I were some sort of white slave or something, a sex slave, and the thought made my pussy throb powerfully as the sexual heat and pressure built up higher and hotter within my mind and body.

My insides ached as he kept punching against me, and then somehow or other, he found room and I began to feel his hips solidly striking my buttocks as he impaled me on his heavy black cock. My left knee was scrapping up and down against the cinder block wall as he drove himself into me, and I straightened that leg, drawing I back over my head. That just elevated my buttocks more, though, so he could thrust in better.

The dark aching explosions from deep in my belly, the hot throbbing of my pussy, and the swollen sensitive buzzing of my clit were too much, and an orgasm swept over me with breathless and mind-blowing speed and intensity. My head jerked and rolled as convulsions wracked my body. Everything disappeared but the wild dark heat and pleasure, as Leroy rode me through one of the most powerful orgasms of my life, and only stopped when my spasming pussy drew his plunging cock into the stormwave of pleasure too.

And then I was alone again, drenched in sweat, chest heaving, dazed, groaning, a little light-headed as I lay back on the bunk, legs spread, and felt the throbbing

heat of my groin. God almighty but he had fucked me hard!

I groaned and then hissed at the feeling of soreness in my thighs. I wanted to touch myself, to shift my position off my bound arms, and sat up weakly. It took me a couple of minutes to get my senses reoriented and kind of shake off the shock and sexual heat so I could think once more.

Not that there was much to think about. I was the sheriff's helpless and naked prisoner. And he clearly didn't mind sharing. Did I mind? Yes! Could I do anything about it? Not really.

When I got a bit more energy, I worked at pulling my wrists down under my slick buttocks, and then under my legs so my wrists were now cuffed before me instead of behind. That was more comfortable as I could now lay back. I could also pick up the half empty bottle of water and drink deeply, and even pour a little more over my overheated head.

I gently explored my pussy, wincing a bit at how swollen my pussy lips were, and the sense of having been violently used. But that very use had left me feeling extremely sensitive down there to the touch, and while I had started out being very tentative in touching myself to avoid the sting, I quickly discovered that touching my clit caused a hot, raw, powerful sensation to flood up into my groin.

I couldn't help brushing my finger lightly across my clit. I mean, it wasn't like I had anything else to do back there! There was nothing to see, or hear, and nothing I wanted to really put my mind to thinking about either.

God! I was turning into a raging nympho!

What if the sheriff kept me back here like this for weeks, for months!?

The door opened and I jerked upright, closing my legs, staring anxiously.

I flushed as another black man in uniform sauntered back. He grinned at me, and unlocked the door.

My heart pounded and my pulse raced, and I felt embarrassed, vulnerable and helpless – and then aroused.

“You look like you're pretty wet,” he said with a smirk.

He sat down on the bunk next to me, and I kind of squirmed a little further away.

He unzipped his uniform pants, then opened them up and took his cock out. It was semi hard, and he pumped it a little as he looked at me. I grew more embarrassed.

“Suck it,” he said.

I felt a bit overwhelmed. He was so casual, and yet peremptory. It wasn't a request. It was an order, and he expected me to obey it. He hadn't even tried to threaten me or act threatening. And that was kind of breathtaking in its arrogance, and in its statement about just how helpless I was.

I didn't feel as though I could refuse, either. He hadn't threatened me or anything but...

I leaned over, and gasped as he cupped my breast, mashing and kneading it as I leaned over further. I wound up sliding off the bunk and onto my knees before it, gripping his cock with my handcuffed hands, bobbing my lips up and down it as he looked on. At least he didn't try to shove it down my throat.

But then he stopped me. “Gimmie a ride, baby,” he ordered,

And again, it was casual. It was an order, but an order given in the same way you'd place an order in a restaurant or shop. He didn't expect any complaint, and I didn't make one. My mind squirming with discomfort, I rose to my feet and then put my knees on the bunk, straddling him. He held his stiff, slick cock erect, and I maneuvered myself over it, then put my cuffed hands behind his neck and sank down on him.

I'm a banker, I thought, a trifle shocked, as I sank down deeper and his hands went to my ass.

My clit burned as I hit bottom, and ground myself against him. He kneaded my buttocks, then my breast, bending to suck and chew on my nipple as I began to slide myself up and down him.

And as I rode him the heat inside me grew more powerful. I was degrading myself, or being degraded. It was a tossup. But I felt like a helpless, degraded sex slave of sorts, and that made my body sparkle and crackle with sexual

electricity as I rode up and down on his stiff black cock. My knees were jammed into the bunk on either side of his hips as his lips moved from one breast to the other, sucking and chewing on the soft, sensitive flesh, grinding his teeth against my quivering, burning nipples.

And then I gasped in alarm as another figure showed up. I hadn't noticed his arrival, but it was another deputy! Also black, he grinned down at me.

“Hey, Jerome, move over closer to the side so I can get at her.”

Oh! My! God!

What the fuck!? What was going on!? What was I doing!?

Jerome, if that was his name, gripped my buttocks, leaned forward, then kind of shifted himself to the side so he was at the 'foot' of the bunk. Then he sat back and pulled me with him, slapping my ass sharply.

“Ride me,” he ordered.

Face flushed, I resumed sliding up and down his cock as the other cop moved to the foot of the bunk and reached for my hair. He turned my head around to the side and there was another hard black cock wanting my attention. I moaned as he pushed it into my mouth, sucking on it as I rode Jerome's cock, feeling a resurgent heat within me as a wild shockwave of excitement rolled through my mind and body.

I rolled my hips up and down, plunging my cock up and down on Jerome's cock faster and faster as he slapped my buttocks and sucked on my nipples. Meanwhile the other guy kept my hair bunched in his fist, my head twisted to my right as he began to pump in and out of my mouth.

“Hope you boys aren't abusing the prisoner's rights,” I heard from behind.

I recognized the Sheriff's voice, and felt a sense of relief, oddly.

“No, sir, we're just giving her a little exercise,” Jerome said.

“She sure has a pretty mouth,” the sheriff observed.

“You want to try some of this, Sheriff?”

The guy pulled back, and the Sheriff leered at me and moved in. He seized my hair, jerking it up and then back, then to the side as I gasped and moaned in pain. He chuckled, then pulled my lips over his cock as I resumed riding Jerome's cock.

“Bend her forward more,” I heard.

Jerome kind of slumped down, and pulled my breasts down into his mouth. That sort of bent me forward, and then I felt the other deputy pushing his hard cock against my anal opening.

A shockwave rolled through me, but I wasn't exactly in a position to protest! I moaned around the Sheriff's cock, and he pushed forward into my throat. The guy behind me slowly sank his slick cock deep into my ass. And for the first time I really felt what two cocks in my belly at the same time felt like. I know I'd had one along with a cucumber, but this was so much different!

And they were both moving! Or at least, I was moving up and down on one while the other thrust up into my ass! I was heavily distracted from both, however, by the sheriff holding my head to the side and low so he could drive his cock deep into my throat.

A part of me was alarmed, frightened, anxious, embarrassed, and feeling flustered and out of control. The other part of me was feeling a clamorous sense of exhilaration driven by a shattering sense of incredulous delight at this sudden and unexpected gang bang. I gurgled around the Sheriff's cock as the other two churned my belly into a heaving froth, and I felt almost drunk, intoxicated on the wild, sexual pleasure and passion roiling through me!

I came, with a silent scream around the Sheriff's cock, gurgling and gasping and choking as he pumped in and out, my insides flaring white hot around the two thick black cocks plunging in and out of my belly.

Chapter Six

“I want you to be under no illusion about how seriously the state of Georgia treats violations of the narcotics act,” the sheriff said sternly.

I was still naked, my wrists cuffed together before me. It had been a few hours since I'd been plugged in all three holes, and was somewhat recovered, if awfully disheveled. I was also soaking wet.

John, one of the deputies who had used me, the one who'd sodomized me, had come for me and taken me, naked, up the aisle and into a small stone room. He'd made me stand up straight, cuffed hands high, and had attached an overhead chain to my cuffs to lock me in position. Then he'd sprayed me with water to soak me from head to toe. Grinning, he then picked up some soap, and soaped me up. I didn't really mind that, except I'd rather have done it myself, and squirmed mentally as he used his hands to slide the soap over my body, particularly over my breasts, and between my legs.

When he'd finished, though, he hadn't unchained me, but had left me standing like that for a good twenty minutes while my overactive mind imagined all sorts of nasty possibilities.

Then the Sheriff had come back to see me.

“Do you understand me?”

“Yes, sir,” I gulped.

“What I ought to do is charge you, and let you see the judge next session. That's on Tuesday, in four days. You'd be locked up till then.”

My heart skipped a beat and I felt a surge of fear.

“But I like to handle things unofficially wherever possible,” he said. “It's more efficient, saves me time and paperwork, and saves the county money. So what I've a mind to do is punish you myself, then let you go on your way. Would you

like that?”

I nodded my head jerkily.

“Answer orally.”

“Y-Yes, sir!” I said meekly.

“Not so fast. The punishment I have in mind is corporal.”

I blanched. “Uhm.... what – ?”

“A strapping. We strap bad boys and girls around here. It don't leave no marks, not even bruises. Maybe makes their butts red for an hour or so, but it leaves a lasting impression on their minds. We don't spoil our children around here. You prefer that, or you prefer to wait for the judge?”

“I.. th-that!” I squeaked anxiously.

“You want a strapping?”

I nodded my head jerkily.

“Say so.”

“I... prefer a strapping,” I all but whispered.

“Sir,” he said.

“I prefer a strapping, sir.”

He stepped a bit closer, his fingers sliding through my hair. “Beg for it,” he said softly.

I flushed hotly. “Please strap me, sir,” I gulped.

He chuckled throatily, forcing my head slowly up and back until my back was sharply arched.

“You sure? I wouldn't mind keeping you around for a few more days.”

I felt him rolling and pinching and tugging at a stiff nipple.

“Please strap me, sir!” I gasped.

He chuckled again, and released my hair. Then he moved away. He returned with a kind of leather ball.

“Open your mouth,” he ordered.

I opened my mouth and he pushed it in.

“You bite down on that. We wouldn't want any noises to alarm anyone.

I flushed hotly and felt a sense of quivering fear in my belly as he slid his belt out of the loops of his trousers. My heart raced as I anxiously turned my head over my shoulder to watch him. My buttocks were already pulling tight.

“Lean forward and keep your legs together,” he ordered.

I couldn't lean forward very much, but I did lean forward a little. He jerked on my hips, pulling my feet further back, and I gasped as I rose onto the balls of my feet, leaning forward so far at he waist that only my shackled wrists kept me from falling.

“Now you stay in this position for the strapping.”

I was gripped by fear and alarm, even though, as he said, people strapped their children. I mean, it wasn't like it was something I couldn't take! But nobody had ever done anything like that to me, not even when young, and I was gulping in air through my nose as I waited the blow.

The belt snapped down across my bottom with stinging force, and I screamed into the leather ball, my hips jerking forward wildly.

“Assume the position,” he said sternly. “You keep jerking around this is just going to take longer.”

I bent over again, telling myself it hadn't really hurt that much. I mean, it had stung some but – .

Crack! The belt struck my bottom again and I cried out weakly, heat flaring in my buttocks. My hips jerked forward, but I forced them back, moaning weakly.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

The belt struck my bottom again and again and again, and I moaned as the heat mounted, as the sharp blows sent stinging pain into my soft flesh. The blows were slow and measured, but becoming harder, harsher. My buttocks were soon aflame as the belt continued to slash down against them, and it became harder to hold my position as tears of pain filled my eyes.

“If you can't hold your position then we'll have to do something else,” he said.

I moaned as he put down the belt, and went to the corner. There were a pair of heavy boots there, like workman's boots. He smirked at me, then pulled the laces out of them. I had no idea what he intended, at first, but then he doubled the laces, and swung them at me.

They were only bootlaces, but there were two of them, and them, and he'd folded them in half, so both tips could strike me which made four of them, and they were of nylon or something, and they stung as they slashed across my belly! I squealed and twisted away. He chuckled, and slashed them across my back, again and again.

Okay, okay, yes, I now they were just boot-laces, but they stung!

He didn't mind that I twisted around, because he wasn't aiming for my butt now. He swung them across my back and then swung them so they kind of swished around my ribs and struck my breasts again and again. I gave up struggling, because there was nothing I could do, and stood there, gasping and jerking and flinching as he swung them across my breasts and belly.

Heat began to flare inside me, now. My breasts were hot with pain, as was my bottom. Both were red and sore, but it was, I don't know, like I was being whipped or something, and I felt that masochistic sense of dark, nasty arousal beginning to set my body trembling as he brought the laces down across my swollen nipples again and again. Hot little sparkles of flaring heat exploded within my breasts with every blow, and when they became too powerful I twisted away with a moan.

I felt his hand thrust in between my thighs, cupping my pussy, squeezing it, then jerking me back.

“Spread your legs!” he ordered.

I obeyed, breathless, moaning, whimpering, and he thrust into me from behind, driving in fast and deep in an instant and pounding against me as his fingers jerked back on my hips. It was the hardest, fastest, most violent rutting I'd ever been subjected to, and while it hurt, I came in the middle of it, screaming into the makeshift gag as the Sheriff hammered his hips into me with savage delight, ramming his cock into my belly with total abandon, driving my mind over the edge even as he pummeled my sore buttocks with his hard hips. He jerked back on my hair as he came, and I cried out again and again as he spilled his seed deep into my aching belly, and finished my punishment good and proper.

* * *

I suppose I could have stayed in a motel nearby, but I had to get far away from that county before I'd feel safe to lay down again! My bike was parked out front, and I drove off, heading west this time. I drove clear through Mississippi before finally stopping in Arkansas and having a thorough shower in an air conditioned room. Then I had lunch in a nice restaurant with real linen, dressed in dress skirt and a respectable top.

I felt a little like I was deceiving everyone, though. I looked so respectable, but could any of these God fearing folk sitting in that brightly lit, shiny restaurant with their kids could have imagined that only the previous day I was naked and riding a black man's cock, sucking on another, while a third sodomized me? How horrified would they have been? How disgusted? They'd have turned on me, wanted me nowhere near them, much less their precious kids.

It was like... like I was an outlaw or something! I was a dark, perverted rebel riding the roads! My wrists were a little bruised, but there were no marks on my breasts other than some faint bite marks from the night before. However much they might sting, boot laces just didn't do any real damage. So there was nothing to indicate to any 'normal' person just what sort of a wild, kinky slut I was now.

Pink spots came to my cheeks every time some memory or other flashed before my eyes, and I would glance around anxiously, as if someone there might have read my mind, and seen the sordid, perverted things which had been done to me

so recently.

Yet, I also felt a strange dark sense of victory, of conquest, of smug superiority for the wild things I'd done. Most people lived drab, dull, boring lives, and look at the incredible things I'd done! Yes, it had been embarrassing, even humiliating at times, but my time in Alabama had also been in incredible roller-coaster of dark sexual thrills.

Stress the 'dark'. I'd been fucked, and fucked hard by black guys! While I was their virtual sex slave! Wow! I mean – wow! My girlfriends wouldn't have just been shocked. They'd have been catatonic! It was so out of this world for a middle class, white-bread girl like me that I was in something of a state of disbelief about it myself!

It was getting to be too hot to wear leather, no matter how dangerous it would be to spill down the road without it. I bought a jean jacket with a Harley Davidson logo in a bike shop just inside the Texas border, then headed for the big city.

I kicked around Dallas for a few days, partied a little, but felt unaccountably choosy about men and so didn't go home with anyone. Then I got back on the bike and headed west, meandering down the highway at barely over eighty, headed for New Mexico. The heat started to get really oppressive, and I picked up the pace, and turned further north, deciding to give New Mexico a miss and go up through Kansas, but I stopped at a rest stop along the way to change.

As I said, there's a limit to what you can wear to cool off when you're riding a bike. You can't take off the helmet, for one thing. You're a fool if you ride in just a t-shirt, and I'd been wearing leather pants, too because it had been cool in the morning air. I changed to low riding jeans, a short, thin little baby-T, and that cupless bra thing that I'd worn earlier. Under the jean jacket they wouldn't be noticeable anyway.

I returned to my bike with my blouse and bra rolled up in the leather pants to find a man squatting next to my bike. There was another Harley parked next to me, so my initial suspicion eased. Then he stood up and turned as I approached, and boy, oh boy I had to catch myself, because this was maybe the hottest looking man I'd seen in quite a while. Think if Antonio Bandaras, with softer eyes and wider shoulders, thicker arms, more muscled. His long, dark hair brushed his shoulders, and he had perfect teeth as he grinned at me.

“Your bike?” he asked, in only slightly accented English.

“All mine,” I said, feeling my nipples perking up beneath my unzipped jacket.

“Very nice,” he said.

We just sort of looked at each other for a long moment. I knew he wanted me, and I sure wanted him, but I had no idea exactly what to say. He was wearing a faded jean jacket, too, but with the sleeves torn off. Underneath, he wore a t-shirt which hugged his muscular chest.

“Where you headed?” he asked.

“Around.”

His grin broadened. “I’m heading west to New Mexico to meet some friends.”

“Well, by coincidence I was heading west, too,” I said.

He held out his hand. “Eduardo,” he said.

“Jessie,” I replied, taking his large hand in mine as butterflies swirled in my stomach.

“You had lunch yet?”

I shook my head and he grinned again. We went inside, and he asked where I was coming from. I didn’t tell him I was a banker. I just said I was on vacation, from Massachusetts, and headed west. He said he’d been visiting his mother in Texas and was heading back to New Mexico, where he worked at a nightclub as assistant manager.

We talked about the bikes, his and mine, and other bikes, and bike accessories, and I wished I could have jumped him right there in the restaurant. What I did manage to do was slip off my jean jacket, and he noticed what was underneath very quickly while I pretended not to notice him noticing. The baby-T was not see-through, believe me. I hadn’t had time to sweat into it, but he’d notice my nipples anyway.

That was okay. I didn’t mind the thought of teasing him with them, since he

wasn't going to get anything for quite a while.

We came out of the restaurant and got onto our bikes together, then, before I could put my helmet on he reached out and grabbed my hair behind my neck and pulled my head over so he could kiss me hard and fast and... good! Then he let go almost before I could think of whether I ought to object or complain or anything!

Well, he'd given me something to think of too! I put on my helmet, and we revved up and headed west down the highway. Western Texas is hot and dry and if it isn't a desert it's as close to it as to make little difference. But Eduardo knew a lesser used state highway and we cranked it up past a hundred and twenty for some distance down the middle of nowhere. It was kind of scary but also exhilarating! Then he slowed, and turned down a very small dirt road which went into a ravine.

I swallowed anxiously, wondering just where he was headed, but followed, my stomach starting to get a little swirly again. If he was headed for someplace private I wasn't going to object, even as hot as it was, not if it had some shade, at least.

The ravine was down beside a low mountain, and he turned off the little dirt road onto a trail which led about a hundred yards in against the cliff. Since the cliff hung over up top there was shade, and there were visible remnants of old campfires all around. There was also a small trickle of water coming out of the side of the mountain. I wouldn't dignify it by calling it a stream, or even a creak, since it was only about two feet wide and probably six inches deep, but it was actual water and moving nicely over a sandy bottom.

Antonio -- I mean, Eduardo -- took off his helmet and swept his fingers through his hair. I pulled up alongside him and pulled my helmet off. My hair was tied back in a pony tail, but I fluffed it up as casually as I could.

"Thought we'd take a break here," he said.

"Obviously, you've been here before," I replied.

"Oh yeah, but never with such beautiful company."

He slid off his jacket and tossed it on the back of his bike, then unzipped mine

and pushed it up and back over my shoulders as he began to rain kisses along the side of my throat and shoulder.

I slid my hands up over his shoulders, my breathing quickening, but then sort of half pulled away.

“It’s too fucking hot,” I groaned.

Eduardo slid his hands under my ass and picked me up, then turned and carried me towards the little stream.

“Wha-what are you... doin!?” I gasped, swiveling my head around to try to see where we were headed.

Then, with me in his arms, he dropped to his knees on the edge of the stream, then sat me down in it! I gasped, but as his hands slid up from my bottom they snagged my baby-T in passing and peeled it up and over my head before I even knew what he was doing.

“Now that’s the kind of bra I like!” he said enthusiastically as I clapped my hands over my bare breasts.

He laughed, grabbed my wrists, and pulled them up and away from my breasts, then let his weight tumble me over backwards. I squealed as his heavy body forced me back into the water. It wasn’t quite deep enough to actually reach my mouth even laying down in it, but the cool water splashed around my bare chest and belly, not to mention soaking through my jeans.

His mouth found mine, then eased back. His tongue tracked along my lips, then he pulled back and slipped his lips around one stiff nipple, sucking gently, then harder, spreading his lips wider, pushing his mouth down, then letting his teeth start to nibble and rasp against my soft flesh as his tongue swept over me.

The water had cooled me off some, but I was getting hotter as he kneaded and caressed my breasts, and his tongue and lips made eager, excited love to them. He sucked hard, and teased me with his teeth. When I gasped and pushed at his face he just grabbed my arms and forced them down beside me into the water, then caught my swollen nipple between perfect teeth and bit into it very carefully. He slowly increased the pressure as I squirmed and gasped and then cried out, only backing off when, I guess, he judged the pain was too high for

me.

But he didn't back off much, alternatively biting and sucking and licking my nipple until it was swollen, hot, buzzing and alive, then switching to the other one, all while holding my arms pinned at my sides.

After an eternity with me laying there gasping, moaning and writhing helplessly, he pulled up and back, undid my jeans and yanked them up and out from under me, tossing them and my panties aside, then spreading my legs. He grabbed my left leg, holding it up and open, licking his way up from the knee, up along my inner thigh to my pussy. I was in the water from about mid-thigh up, but the water wasn't deep enough to get in his way, just to keep me cool and soaked.

He licked at my pussy, hard, demanding, finding my clit and sucking hard as I cried out and twisted and writhed. I again pushed at him, this time at his head, but he pinned my arms at my sides again as he kept working on me.

"Fuck me!" I gasped.

He ignored me, and I moaned and bucked and writhed beneath him. "Fuck me!" I cried.

Then, so fast I was startled, he was over me, his eyes intense, hungry. "You want my cock? You want it, bitch?"

"Yes!"

I gasped as I felt him rubbing the head of his cock up and down against my pussy opening, and spread my legs wider. I felt him entering me, and shuddered, my head jerking from side to side as I moaned in helpless pleasure. I jerked my knees up and wide as he abandoned my arms and slid his hands through my hair behind my head, his lips crushing mine now as his powerful body slid atop me.

I kissed back hungrily, and pulled at his shirt, and after a long moment, he pulled up a bit and peeled his shirt up and off, tossing it behind him. I fumbled at his jeans, for he'd only unzipped. I got them open and slid my hands down inside, squeezing his ass while he drove himself all the way into me and started thrusting.

Jesus, it felt good! I shuddered beneath him, throwing my legs up and around

him as he ground against me, our lips locked together as he gripped my hair in one hand and my breast in the other. I was on the edge of a huge come! But you know how you feel the sensations swelling inside you and then explode into the orgasm? Well, they swelled inside me, and then settled at a higher intensity, then swelled again, and settled at an even more higher, frenzied level.

I was feverish with the wild, raw heat and excitement, the intensity of the pleasure churning within me, and I was making gasping, croaking, impassioned cries of pleasure, when the pleasure swelled yet again and this time the orgasm burst over me with a shattering sensory overload that had me crying out again and again in helpless pleasure. I did hear the sound of motorcycles, yes, but I ignored them. Nothing mattered compared to pleasure like that, and so I rode that wild carnal storm for long, long, long seconds, bucking frantically against him as his cock plunged deep into my burning sex.

And then it was over -- to applause.

Chapter Seven

“Fuck off,” Eduardo said in irritation as he slid up and off me.

“You came at the same time! That’s worth applause!” A Spanish accented man said.

I moaned, the awareness of strangers there jolting me out of what would otherwise have been a long, languorous period of semi conscious relaxation.

There were three guys there on bikes, all Hispanics, all grinning, leering at me as I slowly rolled over in the water to try and sort of hide myself.

“You guys are early,” Eduardo complained.

“Yeah, had good luck with the traffic.”

“Not as good as you,” another one said.

The four of them all chatted in fast Spanish while I kind of curled up and tried with growing alarm to figure out how to get dressed without giving them even more of a show. Then I noticed their denim jackets, or vests, really. They were bikers. And I don’t mean the kind, like me, who works a job and then gets on the bike for recreation. They were gang members!

I saw Eduardo giving me a kind of devilish smirk, the kind of thing I had already come to recognize in him meant he was going to challenge me in some way.

“You know, baby,” he said, “These guys think you are so incredibly gorgeous, and you turned them on like crazy with your beautiful body. It would be really nice of you if you kind of, you know, relieved them of this terrible pressure you created in them.”

What the fuck did that mean, I wondered frantically. Did he want me to fuck them all?!

The three guys walked up and grinned down at me, standing kind of shoulder to

shoulder, but they made no move to touch me or even bend over. They just sort of stood there, kind of rubbing their groins, which, my flicking eyes determined, were all kind of bulging hard. So they had erections. I felt a hot wash of fear, but it was combined with an almost shocked sense of – well – why not? I mean, first, I was helpless. If they wanted to, they could do anything they wanted. And I was kind of afraid they would. But another part of me felt a wild sense of hunger and exhilaration at the thought of just doing it! You know, just do it! Be a wild, fucking whore!

I managed to get to my knees and kind of squirm out of the water, with my knees tightly closed and my arms across my chest. One of them stepped closer, and I felt my heart pound as I looked up at him. He was Hispanic, as were the others. He was older, kind of rough-hewn, like a guy who'd spent a lot of time in his life outside in bad weather. He was sun bronzed, with short, untidy hair, but he had good teeth, which I could see since he hadn't stopped grinning at me, and eyes that blazed hot and eager – and demanding.

I instinctively felt that I did not want to get on the wrong side of this guy, that he would do anything without regard to silly things like laws.

The other two were younger. They looked like brothers, with longish hair that looked dirty. They were as tanned as he was, but taller, thinner, and with lots of tattoos on their exposed arms.

The older guy reached down and slid his fingers through my hair, then kind of tightened them and slowly tilted my head back, then jerked his fingers in my hair just enough to make me gasp in pain.

Flushing red, pulse racing, I slowly drew my arms away from my bare breasts and reached for his jeans. My chest was so tight I could barely breath – not that I really remembered to breath – as I deliberately let my open hand rub up and down against his groin through his jeans.

If I didn't go along with this they'd make me, I thought, every time I hesitated.

I unzipped his jeans, then unbuttoned them. The other two moved in alongside him, kind of forming a semi circle as I tugged down the guy's pants and his cock popped up thick and brown and hungry.

Eduardo stood back grinning as I fought to keep my hands from trembling. I

shakily reached for his cock, gripping it lightly, then, as I rubbed my hand up and down it I felt a sudden blossoming of heat between my legs. I felt an almost dizzying sense of wild erotic heat as I leaned in and licked slowly up the length of his cock, then down the other side.

God! This was insane! But did I really have a choice!?

And did I care!?

I slid my lips over his swollen knob and began to suck, slowly working my lips up and down, taking him in deeper and deeper, feeling his cock sliding through my moist lips and along my tongue as I sucked.

Suddenly, the other two guys reached down and grabbed my wrists, firmly pulling them up and out to the sides, and wrapping my hands around their own hard cocks. I moaned around the one in my mouth as I began to pump my fingers up and down on their cocks while sucking this one.

Oh, Jesus, this wasn't happening!!

But of course, it was!

The guy before me pulled in on my hair and I slid deep, then gurgled weakly as he pushed into my throat. I took him all the way down, then, mashing my lips and face against his groin as he groaned and held me in place. The other two guys were holding my hands, helping me pump them up and down on their cocks. At the same time, though, my hands were being held, and I felt a hot, dark understanding that if I tried to pull them back they would hold them tight.

That awareness added to the tension, the anxiety, even fear inside me. But it also added to that dark, let's call it masochism which I had been feeling of late, that sense that I could be wild and totally free sexually because, well, I had no choice.

The guy in front of me eased his grip on my hair and I pulled back, sucking, gasping then coughing a bit as he let me pull off completely. I heard some quick Spanish between them, and then he let go of my hair, and the guy on the right pulled me onto his cock. I began to suck his cock, while I shifted my hand onto the first guy. This had my head turned to the right, but he held it there with a tight grip on my hair so it wasn't like I had a choice.

I sucked and bobbed up and down on him, going down all the way, as I had with the first man, sucking him hard as he combed his fingers through my blonde hair.

Then my hair was transferred to the guy on the left, and my head was turned that way to suck on that cock. Again I shifted my hands, and so I went, back and forth, back and forth, sucking first one cock, then the other, then the third. That seemed to be the way they wanted it. And in between sucking, my hand would pump up and down on their spit-wet cocks as I wondered a bit dazedly how long it would take them to come.

And whether they would settle for a blow job.

But if they all wanted to fuck me, well, the thought didn't terrify me, not after Alabama.

They continued to kind of hiss and whisper to each other in Spanish, but I had no idea what they were doing until they all quickly began to pump their own cocks, and I was left kneeling, a bit dazed, gulping in air, not sure what was up until I had a sudden dawning understanding just before the first guy came – on my face.

No one had ever done that before, but of course, I'd heard of it. It was still a bit startling, and even more so given how much juice he let fly. Then I realized as I closed my eyes that the other two were coming, as well, spraying their own semen into my face and onto my breasts.

There was much laughter and hooting and hollering, as if this were some sort of great, successful example of male bonding. But I was left with cream all over my face so I could barely open my eyes. I was relieved, though, and turned around, splashing water over my face and chest, rinsing their come off me.

Alonzo, Hector, and Juan were their names. With Juan being the older guy. They seemed to be in a pretty good mood now that I'd taken care of their little 'problem' and I began looking around for my clothes and wondering how I was going to tactfully separate myself from them. I wasn't sure what happened in terms of blonde women with outlaw biker gangs but I was pretty sure 'gang bang' was high on the agenda.

I was nervous enough of their reaction that I didn't just try to flee, though. I wanted us to all be buddy-buddy, and leave on good terms, maybe when we reached a town or restaurant. I got my jeans on again, and my uhm, bra.

“Look at this, you guys,” Eduardo said.

I had my back turned to them, and had just put on the bra and adjusted it properly, and was reaching for my shirt. Eduardo grabbed me and spun me around in front of him, and then grabbed my arms and pulled them back behind me to hold them there as he showed me off.

“Now that is a nice looking bra,” Juan said with a big grin.

“Oh yeah. I like that,” Alonzo said, his English much more heavily accented.

Then the two of them reached out and each of them ran a hand appreciatively over my bare breasts. Juan let his fingers seize my hard nipple and kind of roll it between them as he smirked at me, and I felt a dark heat within myself as I imagined them all fucking me, throwing me on my belly and just taking me!

“You got nice tits, Jessie,” Juan said.

I kind of smiled hesitantly, and Eduardo let go of my arms and gave me my jacket.

“My shirt – .”

He grinned broadly. “You don't need a top. Just put on the jacket. That'll make you decent enough for the road, babe.”

The other guys obviously agreed, so I put on my jean jacket. Well, at least it would be cooler. I buttoned up the jacket, but not all the way up. It was too hot for that. So I was showing some serious cleavage as we all got on our bikes.

We drove slowly back up onto the highway, then headed west at a high rate of speed. I was wondering how I could separate, what excuse I could give, and when I should do it. But at the same time, I felt a sense of excitement and thrills at the thought of riding with outlaw bikers. Could there be a farther escape for an uptight, modestly dressed banking manager than to be a biker bitch?

My nipples were hard and aching as they pressed against the rough denim of my jacket, and the bike growled between my legs as we road along

Next time we hit civilization I'd take off, I told myself.

We crossed into New Mexico, still burning along at a high rate of speed on the secondary highway. Up ahead, I spotted some sort of habitation, and the guys turned into some sort of restaurant/gas bar. I followed, feeling a sense of relief, at first, then a sudden shock as I realized that the restaurant had more than a dozen bikes lined up in front of it.

The guys led me into the bar. It was not well-lit, and at least half the customers looked to be bikers, bikers with the same patch as the guys around me. There was a lot of back-slapping and shouts back and forth, much of the probably obscene words in Spanish. There were a number of women there, mostly young, mostly tough looking, and they looked at me suspiciously, and not in a very friendly fashion.

There was a girl stripping on a low stage at the end of the bar. She had huge breasts, which were obviously fake, and didn't seem all that good, to be honest. I mean, she was sort of grinding herself against the pole in a desultory fashion which didn't impress me. There was another girl who was giving a lap dance to a guy at a corner booth, and I could see his hands sliding up and down on her ass while she ground herself against him.

We found a table, and a hot looking Hispanic woman came over to Eduardo and gave him a passionate kiss. She was tall and beautiful, with black hair almost down to her belt, and I felt a sense of anger and jealousy, which was dumb, and anxiety. I mean, if this was his girlfriend then he wasn't going to be putting much effort into protecting me, right?

I took a drink, somewhat nervously, and did up another button in my denim jacket as the guys with me all chugged down their first beers. The dark haired girl, whose name, I caught, was Sarita, kind of draped herself on Eduardo and glared daggers at me as they spoke. I caught the word 'puta' , which I was pretty sure meant 'whore' and knew she was talking about me. But while I felt a sense of anger I wasn't about to get into a fight with some biker girl here in a bar over it.

Besides, Eduardo had been hot and sexy and we'd had a wild, thrilling experience, but I wasn't married to him or anything.

I emptied my drink pretty fast, probably because I was so nervous. I had another, not even sure what the hell they were. Juan ordered them for me. They tasted

like rum and coke with something fruity thrown in, and I soon had a nice buzz which began to ease the tension inside me. I was getting a little bored because at least half the conversation was now in Spanish, and looked around the dingy bar to see that it was basically all tough looking guys and slutty looking girls.

Including me, I suppose.

I gasped as Juan suddenly gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back, shouting something out in Spanish to some applause as he then crushed my lips with his.

Having my hair pulled was becoming something of an aphrodisiac to me, so while it hurt it wasn't like I was really upset by it. But my pulse rate really shot up as his other hand was thrust through the front of my jacket to cup and squeeze my bare breast quite freely.

I blushed, but before I could fumble my way through how to respond he'd already pulled back and was talking with the Alonzo, on his other side.

The next time it happened, though, it wasn't Juan. I gasped as my hair was yanked back hard, and even as a mouth came down on mine I felt a hand thrust into my jacket and squeezing my bare breast. It took me a long moment to understand it was Sarita, the Spanish girl, who was kissing me, though, and then once again by the time I figured out what I ought to be doing about it she had already let go of both my breast and my hair and was moving aside, laughing, and obviously joking loudly -- in Spanish -- to others, including Eduardo and Juan.

I felt... irritated, as I combed my fingers through my hair, but also increasingly nervous. These were all pretty tough guys -- and girls -- and quite honestly, I knew I wasn't. The way Juanita was looking at me with those flashing eyes clearly told me she didn't like me, and didn't think I ought to be there. And I had little doubt she could kick the shit out of me if she wanted. Nor was I confident anyone would intervene. Men tended to enjoy the sight of pretty women having a cat fight, especially when they weren't wearing all that much.

I kind of eased my jacket further closed, doing up another of the snap buttons, and had another drink to clam my nerves. When the Spanish girl moved away I relaxed somewhat, and didn't object at being kissed and briefly fondled by both Juan and Alonzo. I think maybe I was playing up to them a little for protection.

Besides, I'd already blown them. And they'd already seen me naked, more than naked. They'd already seen me having an orgasm while Eduardo fucked my brains out!

Still, I was startled and yelped in pain when Juan grabbed me and sort of pulled me out of my chair by the hair, kind of sliding me sideways across his lap so he could kiss me again - hard.

I didn't fight him, though. I didn't feel I could, not if Eduardo didn't object. To be honest, even with my thinking a little fuzzy with the liquor, I was smart enough to know that these guys were going to do whatever they wanted, and that nothing I said was likely to do more than piss them off. Besides, he had a pretty tight hold on my hair, tilting my head up and back, arching my back.

I also started to feel that dark sense of heat at his lips on me, at being manhandled like this, and then a shock as his hand cupped me between the legs, then popped the catch on my jeans and jerked my zipper down. I moaned and gasped into his mouth, wriggling a little, but again, didn't dare try to put up a fight even as his hand was shoved down the front of my jeans. I felt his big, rough fingers on my clit, and rubbing up and down along my bare little sex as his tongue plunged into my mouth, and was just grateful it was happening under the table.

And then I felt someone, Alonzo, I think, reach around from behind me and grab my boob, pulling at my jacket so the catches popped open! Doing that basically made me naked above the waist since the bra covered nothing, and I heard some hoots and jeers and laughter from nearby, though nobody sounded at all shocked. I tried to jerk my jacket closed, but couldn't because his hand was on my breast, kneading and roughly squeezing it

My right arm was up over Juan's shoulder, and the left was suddenly grabbed and pulled back, then someone -- it was Sarita -- grabbed my already open jacket and, hooting and sneering, jerked it up and off over my shoulders. Well, it's not like it had been covering anything after what Alonzo had done, but I still blushed right to my roots as I wriggled helplessly on Juan's lap.

My right arm was still trapped over his shoulder, and my leg was still being held back as Alonzo shouted something in Spanish and groped my breast.. Juan, meanwhile, had rubbed my pussy enough that I was wet, despite my

embarrassment and anxiety, and had managed to get his middle finger - a long, thick middle finger, deep into my pussy, where, pumping slowly in and out, it was making me hotter and wetter by the second.

When he pushed a second finger into me I groaned, and when he pushed a third finger into me I started to feel a hot surging sexual power rolling through me. My chest got tight, my pulse raced, and I felt an incredible pressure in my skull! He jammed his hand down hard, so that my jeans were kind of pulled down a bit, even with the fly open all the way. There were more shouts and laughter from around us, though they were mostly in Spanish so I couldn't make them out I(which was probably a blessing).

My head was still pulled firmly back, holding my back in a sharp arch, and then Juan even pulled harder, so that my head was almost upside down, as he licked and rained bites and kisses along the exposed nape and front of my throat. I could see Alonzo leering and laughing behind me, and saw Sarita pass by going towards my other side.

I suddenly felt hands on the waistband of my jeans, yanking, jerking them down under my buttocks! I tried to grab at them, but Juan jerked back harder on my hair, and that bowed my body more and temporarily lifted my buttocks right off his lap. The jeans were yanked down to my knees, and then pulled hard, popping my shoes off at the same time. There was cheering from all around, and I moaned helplessly as I felt someone grab my left ankle, jerking it up and onto the table, spreading me open wide now as Juan continued to pump his three fingers inside m and stroke his thumb across my clit.

My head was spinning! Shock waves were rolling through me, both physical and emotional! I was horrified to be naked in front of all these people, but not as much as I would have been a week earlier. I mean, a lot of men had seen me naked lately! Still, I was shocked and my face was flaming. At the same time I was gripped by a dark sense of wild sexual heat and an almost gleeful sense of helpless masochistic excitement. I was being manhandled all right! I was totally helpless and being humiliated in front of a whole bar!

Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! Ohmygod! Was all that passed through my head as I wriggled and writhed and moaned and gasped and cried out in helpless, dazed disbelief and heat.

Then Juan's fingers came free of me, and slid up my body to cup my right breast. Alonzo was still groping my left. And now I felt a mouth at my pussy, a very talented mouth! I shuddered as fingers drove into me, as a tongue whipped expertly across my clit again and again. Juan eased up on my hair and I was able to ease it up and forward enough to see Juanita there between my legs.

Oh my God! A part of me was aroused, and another part horrified. I'd never had anything to do with women before, and never really seriously considered doing so. But now, the girl's tongue was moving on me like a machine, her mouth threatening to devour my already hot, throbbing pussy.

With my head no longer forced back I could now see that at least a dozen men had moved up to watch, grinning as they surrounded the table. There were a couple of women there, too, with sneers on their faces as I lay back, legs spread wide, gasping and moaning and whimpering while Sarita fingered and licked me.

I wanted to say no, wanted to say stop, but I was gulping in air so fast I was practically hyperventilating, and couldn't quite catch my breath to speak! She had two, then three fingers inside me now, but hers were slimmer and softer than Juan's had been. He was just holding my hair and groping my arm, content, it seemed, to watch Sarita perform on me. And her sucking, licking mouth was not something I could shrug off. I was already intensely aroused, and the fact it was a woman eating me didn't change the raw, physical sensations.

I saw my hips bucking up spastically, without my even willing them to move, and my face burned, knowing everyone else did too. I could hear my own gasps and squeals now, even above their laughter and jeers and shouts, and that embarrassed me further. But I had no strength to resist, and felt the razor sharp sexual heat clawing at my mind as I soared higher towards the peak.

Then with a curse Juan jerked me up, lifting me bodily and twisting me around, shoving Sarita back. I wound up straddling him, facing him, as he fumbled at his jeans. He unzipped them and jerked back on my hair a little. "Put it in and ride me, puta!" he growled.

I felt my hands guided to his thick cock, and whimpered helplessly, feeling a sense of forlorn resignation, but also a dark, feral heat as I rose up a bit, pulled him against my moist pussy, and then sank slowly down and took him deep into

my belly.

God! God! God!

It felt so good! But at the same time I was shocked at myself to the point of being stunned! I had just sank my pussy down on a man's cock in front of at least three dozen witnesses! Aaack!

He slapped my ass, and ordered me to ride him, and so I did, grabbing his shoulders and starting to ride up and down on his stiff prick as everyone around laughed and shouted and cracked jokes.

I was bare assed naked in a dirty bar riding a man's cock! I could feel the rough wood of the floor against my bare feet as I rode slowly up and down, gasping and moaning every time I felt him slide deep. Juan started sucking and chewing and groping at my nipples, and I shuddered and felt a hot star-burst of heat in my lower belly.

It felt so incredible sliding down on him that I found myself moving faster, pushing myself up just so I could feel the delicious sensation of penetration as I slid back down again. As flustered, as embarrassed, as anxious as I was, I couldn't help sliding up and down on that wonderful feeling cock! It was like I was addicted to the sensation of having it slide up deep into my pussy! And even if I tried, Juan had his hands under my ass now, and was jerking me up and down as I gasped and moaned and gulped in air, my eyes wild and my body seething with sexual heat and energy.

But a huge part of me still would have leapt up and run out the door if I had a chance! I just knew they wouldn't let me go, and was afraid that my showing signs of resistance would only cause them to get rough! So I rode Juan's cock, gasping and moaning and shuddering as I was impaled repeatedly on his fat, swollen cock, and as everyone else watched and laughed and shouted.

And then someone grabbed my hair and jerked my head to the side, and before I even knew what was going on I had another cock in my mouth! My eyes bulged as he jerked my head forward and his cock pushed right into the back of my throat. But everyone else just cheered. My hands reached up instinctively to push back but my hands were immediately pushed away. I didn't even see who did it, but I felt both my arms pulled back behind my back, crossed at the elbows, and held there by one big hand.

I only felt one hand on my butt, though, so I figured it was Juan. And then Sarita leaned in, her big breast pressing against my bare shoulder, and I felt her fingers at my bra. It was opened and pulled back over my shoulders, but then instead of being pulled off it was wrapped around my arms, twisted, and then and jerked tight. That left my arms crossed behind me, my hands technically free, but unable to do anything, as Juan bit into my breasts and the other guy shoved his cock right down my throat.

Chapter Eight

The cock in my throat had pushed back some of that heat and excitement as I fought to breath and restrain my gag reflex. I gurgled and choked repeatedly as he fucked my throat, as he shoved his cock in and pulled it back out again. I felt myself starting to panic from lack of air, my chest pounding, my head threatening to explode, but he finally pulled back, and I gulped in air desperately, swaying a little as Juan continued to lift me up and drop me back onto his stiff cock.

He lifted me up, then, leaning forward, and then dropped my butt onto the edge of the table. An instant later he had grabbed my thighs, jerking them up and apart, and dropping me firmly onto my back -- well, only my arms.

I was laying naked on a table in a biker bar, with my legs spread, and all around me were grinning, leering men surrounding the table as Juan began to thrust into me hard and fast. He held my thighs tight, jerking my hips up and back to meet his powerful thrusts, and all I could do was lay there and take it, gasping and grunting and moaning with every hard thrust.

I was freaked out by it all, unable to maintain that state of exuberant sexual heat I had reached just a minute earlier, and could only endure his hard fucking as I shuddered and jerked on the table. And even when he finished, leaning over me, crushing my lips with his, emptying himself into me, I knew it was far from over. Sure enough, he had barely stepped away from me when the next man stepped in, leering at me, spreading apart the legs I had just hesitantly tried to close, and then thrusting himself into me.

I groaned, laying my head back as he started up where Juan had left off. And after a few minute of thrusting, he was replaced by a third man, then a fourth, then a fifth. I kind of lost track after that. There was a sameness to it, as they used me and groped me and tried to impress their friends with how hard they could give it to the blonde girl.

I wasn't as horrified by this as you might think. I guess partly because of what had happened in Alabama, but also partly because I had been almost expecting it

for some time. I wasn't afraid, exactly either. I mean, I was sore from the hard fucking, but I wasn't worried anyone would actually hurt me. I hadn't done anything to resist, and when they were finished, eventually, I'd just leave.

But first I had to let guy after guy stick his dick into me and pound away for a few minutes.

After maybe six or seven guys I started to relax, oddly. I mean, I guess you get used to anything, including having a bunch of bikers standing around watching you have sex, and having a whole bunch of different guys fuck you. I even began to feel a sense of arousal reigniting. I mean, fuck, I was being gang banged by bikers in a bar! Talk about a life experience!

A tall, thin, balding guy was fucking me, gripping my buttocks, jerking my hips up to meet each stroke. I looked up at his chest, up at his face, saw him leering back at me, and dropped my gaze, staring at the intersection of our bodies, at his cock slicing in and out of my sex lips as he used me. Then he drove himself deep, cursed, and came, and dropped my legs apart. I lay there for long seconds, legs splayed wide, feeling like such a sexual object, such a piece of sex meat - in a bad and a good way, if you understand, and then I watched another guy step into place, position his cock at my slick entrance, and push into me.

He lifted my legs up and dropped them on his shoulders so his hands could grope my breasts as he fucked me. From time to time he leaned in, pressing my legs back, his hips working steadily, ramming his cock into me as though it were a weapon. All I could do was lay there on my arms and gasp and grunt each time he drove his big cock into me. Then he finished, and another took his place.

There was a big biker thrusting into me, a wide bodied, hairy looking guy who was nowhere near my ideal for male beauty. Suddenly he shoved his big hands under my back and lifted me upward, and into his arms. Laughing, he turned around, holding as though I were as light as a feather, and then he threw himself back onto the table and lay back. I was now kneeling, straddling him, on the table, and that put me at or above the height of most of the bikers, so that I could really get a perfect view of the fact I was the absolute center of attention.

My face heated again with fresh embarrassment, but then the hair behind my head was grabbed and I was jerked forward, my head twisted to the side as another biker shoved his cock into my mouth. I immediately began to suck,

doing my best to keep him happy so he wouldn't shove himself down into my throat, but I was distracted by feeling fingers at my back opening, fingers slippery with something, prodding at me, pushing into me!

I moaned and tried to shake my head, but there was nothing at all I could do as fingers pushed into me, pumping in and out. Then I felt the spongy, soft head of a cock pressed against my wrinkled back opening, and gurgled helplessly as the pressure increased it and it slowly pushed its way into my body alongside the other cock I was riding.

I felt another sense of "This can't be happening", an almost dazed feeling of confusion as I grunted and groaned and lost my bid to have the cock in my mouth push into my throat. There was more cheering and laughter, and my head pounded as my lips were jammed against the groin of the guy fucking my throat. I felt the cock pushing deeper into my ass, moving fairly easily due to whatever lube had been used and my distracted state.

It hurt at first, but not as much as it might have, and the pain quickly faded. The guy in my throat pulled back, letting me suck and lick on him instead as he twisted and pulled at my hair. And my mind started to stabilize as I concentrated on sucking him properly. The two cocks inside me were secondary, then, and the one in my ass pumped with growing speed as my sphincter muscle relaxed.

And then the sensations coming from down there began to impinge on my consciousness, more and more. I felt a sense of wonderment that I had three cocks inside me, and that helped, because, combined, that sense of arousal began to flicker into life once again within me. The two guys were altering their strokes so that one thrust in as the other pulled out, and it was creating some incredible sensations inside me!

As I caught my breath and my anxiety eased I felt a wildness began to slowly build up inside me. It was made up in part of the intense emotions I was feeling, a growing sense that I was 'safe' from actual harm, as opposed to getting fucked very hard and often, and the almost delighted sense of shock I felt at having three cocks in me at the same time. I mean, how incredibly wild, kinky and nasty was that! Add in the sensations of having two cocks pumping in my belly at once, and what that was doing to me, and I was soon starting to feel not only arousal but a deepening pleasure that fed on the arousal and in return, strengthened it.

You might find it incredible that I could possibly feel aroused while being gang banged, especially under these circumstances, and I did too, in fact, but I sure didn't regret it. The heightened excitement and pleasure were like a soothing balm, easing all hurts, both emotional and physical. Believe me, it's better to be hot than frightened and ashamed! So I embraced the heat, and filled my mind with as much excitement as I could, telling myself how incredible this was, how it was a once in a lifetime experience, and how I could walk away from it all tomorrow anyway.

It wasn't like these people had high standards of sexual morality anyway! From what I had heard all the women were whores, and that was the way the men liked it! So it was like... like I was just a part of them, a part of their general debauchery. I shuddered and moaned as I rode the cock below me, and gasped and groaned as the one behind thrust deep into my ass. I felt the intensity of the arousal deepening, taking hold of me in the way it sometimes did, where the whole world was sex and pleasure, and nothing else mattered.

The guy fucking me in the ass finished, and another guy took his place. His cock was bigger, thicker, and it ached, and that made me even hotter. Feeling the resistance as it moved in and out - just enough, but not too much -- combined with the one in my pussy, made me feel like an incredible sex machine, an insanely slutty whore - even though I hadn't sought any of this and would have run away if I could have.

And the sensations inside me built to such an intensity that a fever took hold of my body, and I ground myself in a hazy sexual sense of bliss that wallowed in the dark, fiery heat as all those male hands moved on me and their cocks moved inside me and the whole room stood around watching, cheering, leering, sneering... I came, and would have screamed. But somehow, with some last desperate vestige of pride, I didn't want them to know I was coming, and deliberately plunged my mouth down harder on the cock inside, taking him into my mouth to silence myself as I writhed and jerked under their hard rutting.

My body shook and squirmed and twisted uncontrollably, but I had been moving and shaking and twisting the entire time, mostly under their pushing and pulling, their thrusting and jerking, so it didn't appear as though anyone noticed anything different.

The orgasm spilled through my senses like a dark, fever dream, and my mind

floated amidst its roiling waves as I bucked and jerked and seething sexual electricity crackled along my nerve endings.

I was coming like a bitch in heat, and loving it, and loving that no one knew as they fucked me harder and harder.

I guess the guy under me came, because with a quick flurry of Spanish the guy sodomizing me gripped me by the hair, yanking my head up and back hard, then put his hands under my thighs and lifted me up off the table. He sat back on a low chair, and I let out a helpless cry of pain as my ass sank down fully on his stiff cock. The guy I had been sucking came around to stand next to the chair and he gripped me by the hair, twisting my head around to feed me his cock again.

The guy under me had his hands under my buttocks and thighs, and was able to kind of jerk me slowly up and down so I was riding his cock. I was dazed from the orgasm, kind of limp, and moaned weakly as the guy beside him shoved his cock into my mouth and down my throat.

I felt fingers at my pussy, then a mouth, but couldn't see who it was because of how my head was turned around and pulled back. The guy standing there drew his cock back, then pushed it in again, drew it back, then pushed it in, pulling the head out of my throat long enough to let me breath at least, before sliding it back in again.

The guy under me shifted his big hands on my thighs, lifting my legs up high and wide apart, pulling them back as the mouth at my pussy licked harder. I shuddered and writhed, helpless, completely in the grip of this ... mob of bikers, totally helpless and barely even able to think straight, then not even that...

My head was lolling back on the biker's shoulder as the second guy drove his cock into my mouth, and only a couple of light slap to the face got me to wake up and start sucking properly. I felt fingers thrusting into my pussy, one, two, ten three, as someone alternately sucked then licked at my clit. A part of me knew it had to be a woman, but I wasn't really thinking coherently, though of course, the sensations from her lapping tongue were starting to flow up my body and into my mind.

Then the guy in my mouth pulled his cock back, and someone else poured beer into my open mouth as my head was held back. I sputtered and coughed, but also swallowed again and again before the beer was emptied. Then the cock pushed

back into my mouth, my face and hair all beer soaked now

I realized that, shockingly, I was going to come again. I could hardly breath, much less think, and then the orgasm hit me and I gurgled weakly as the guy shoved his cock back down my throat again.

My memories are kind of hazy after that. The last thing I remember is being on my knees on the floor, beer having been splashed all over me so I was soaking wet, my arms still bound behind me. Sarita had placed a choke chain around my throat, and was using it as a kind of leash, making me kind of stumble shakily across the floor on my knees, and then she handed it to a guy -- Eduardo. He grinned down at me, ad pulled me in closer as he drew his cock out, then, holding the chain tightly, he had me suck his cock, then swallow it.

I had another of those weird hazy sensations, like I was in two worlds at once, a kind of dazed sense of disbelief that this was happening to me. I mean, I'm normally a primly dressed, properly behaved banker, and here I was on my knees naked in a biker bar, arms tied behind my back, sucking a man's cock while dozens more looked on laughing and jeering! How could this be possible! I should be smoothing down my skirt, looking at them with icy disdain. Instead my hair was in a tangled mess as Eduardo yanked it up in his fist, and a choke chain was pulling in against the back of my neck as his thick cock slid deep into my throat.

He fucked my throat, in a way which made me gag and choke, and if I wasn't so dazed I might well have lost control of my stomach, especially with all the booze still in it. Then he pulled out and came in my face, spewing his semen over my lips and cheeks and forehead as I gulped in air in helpless desperation.

Then he yanked on my hair, forcing me to scramble to my feet, turned me around, and then kind of jerked my head back sharply to make my back bow. He shouted something to them, and they all cheered. I wasn't sure what it was, but I had the sudden thought he was basically proclaiming me as his property.

I didn't really care. I just stood there gulping in air and staring at the ceiling as he held my head back. Then he eased his grip and sent me stumbling into the arms of Sarita. She and another Spanish girl, older and thickset, gripped my arms and marched me, naked, around the bar and through a curtained doorway there. The corridor behind was too narrow for more than one person to walk, so the thickset

girl went first, and then me, while Sarita pushed me from behind, sending me stumbling and staggering every time her hand shoved hard against my back.

They spoke to each other in Spanish, but neither spoke to me, until Sarita jerked on my arm and pulled me into a bathroom with a shower. The thickset girl untied my tangled up bra to free my arms, and then they shoved me into the shower and turned on the water.

“Wash yourself, Puta!” Sarita sneered.

What else could I do? And it wasn't like I didn't want a shower – badly! But having it while they stood back, the thickset girl propped against the wall, Sarita sitting on the counter, watching, was not what I would have preferred. I did it, though, glad to wash the come out of my face and hair, to run the soap over my body and wash off the stick remnants of ... my gang-bang.

My nipples tingled just at thinking the word. Gang banged! Wow! Unbelievable! But I was wary, too. What did they intend to do with me? Shouldn't I be able to get dressed now? Wasn't it time to move on? I'd had my wild time and now it was off to California.

But I was intimidated, alone with these two biker chicks, and naked. I was quite anxious about saying or doing something which might piss them off. I was sure both were quite capable of violence. I was self-conscious as they looked at me, sneering, while I ran soapy hands over bruised breasts, wincing at sore nipples, hissing a little as my hand slid between my legs and rubbed lightly along my tight little slit.

I turned away from them, letting my fingers ease lightly inside, wishing I could put a hose up there since I imagined I was simply filled with their creamy juices. No, all I really wanted now was to leave. And I tried to work up my courage to ask them about it.

Finally, finished, I turned to them. “Uhm, can I get my clothes?” I asked timidly.

They both laughed at me, and I felt a surge of fear.

“Don't you worry, Puta, we'll find you something to wear,” Sarita said.

“Not that you're going to spend a lot of time wearing it,” the other girl said.

I thought of making up something, saying someone or other expected me in a day or two somewhere far from here, but didn't dare.

Sarita threw me a towel and I dried myself off. Then the other girl found a hair dryer and brush. The two talked in Spanish, and the other girl actually put her foot right next to mine, as if measuring my size, as she talked to Sarita.

When I was reasonably presentable – though still naked, they led me further up the hall and into a small back room where the only furniture was a narrow bed. Then they left me there like that, naked. The bed didn't even have any sheets, just a bare mattress – a many times stained mattress that grossed me out so much I turned it over, then sat lightly on the edge. I watched the door, then considered how I could get out of here.

I stood up, finally, and tried the doorknob, but found it locked. Well, shit. That certainly didn't bode well.

I went back and sat down on the edge of the bed, hoping Eduardo would come in and bring my clothes. But eventually, being more than a little worn out, and having had more than a little liquor, I guess I fell asleep. I woke up to the banging of the door as Sarita came through, followed by another girl I didn't know. I jerked upright, looking anxiously from one to the other.

Sarita threw a large brown paper bag on the bed. “Get dressed, Puta.”

Then the other girl threw a pair of boots, a ridiculous pair of boots, all shiny black patent leather which looked like they were about thigh high, with six inch stiletto heels!

“I uhm, can't I get my own shoes and jeans?” I gulped.

They laughed at me again.

“Put it on, Puta,” Sarita said with a menacing smirk.

The boots actually fit, though not perfectly. They were a size too small, and pinched my toes. They also reached up so high that the tops stopped barely two inches below my pussy! Inside the bag were a pair of patent leather gloves which matched the boots, going well past my elbows. It was like... some kind of sex kit! I gulped in embarrassment before their eyes, but there was a sharp flickering

interest somewhere in the back of my mind, in that darkness which had crept into my life of late.

I pulled on a patent leather thong, and then a matching bustier which laced up the front. Sarita came forward, then, to jerk on the laces, making me gasp as the bustier squeezed in hard around my middle and pushed my breasts up and out. It didn't have much in the way of cups. In fact, they barely covered my nipples, and even then, if I moved much my nipples would come free.

A studded leather collar went around my throat, and then matching restraints went around my wrists, on the outside of the gloves.

“Wh-what is all this for?” I gulped.

“For you to do what the fuck you're told,” the other woman snapped.

They led me out into the bar, and gave me a tray. I was to be a waitress, it seemed. A waitress in a thong, in a biker bar, where there were no bouncers to keep the clientele in line. I had all I could handle just keeping from falling as I tottered along on those ridiculous stiletto heels, and not spilling whatever drinks I was carrying. That was especially hard given that being groped was not an occasional but a constant occurrence.

I got tips though, all of them shoved into my ample cleavage.

After a while, I got better at walking in the boots, though my feet were killing me. But I dropped glasses several times, mostly because guys would pinch me or slap my ass or in more than once case just shove their hand into the open top of the bustier to grope my bare breasts. No one objected to this, and I didn't dare, though I did my best to squirm away every time.

After a half hour or so I felt a jerk on my hair as Sarita pulled me up short.

“You see Gabriela?” she demanded, pointing me to where one of the girls was giving a lap dance to a man. “You watch her. You watch the girls. Tomorrow, you do the same.”

I felt a hot surge of fear and anxiety. I didn't want to give strange men lap dances! Not on a continuing basis, anyway!

But I went on waiting on tables, nervously aware of how many times the girls were giving lap dances, and that they got completely naked as they did it. There was no apparent rule against touching them while they danced, either, and their grinning male customers would slide their hands all over their bodies, squeezing, massaging, caressing them to their heart's content as the girls ground away at them.

And watching them revealed another lack of rules – a lack of rules against sex. Never mind touching, there was no rule against sex itself! More than once I watched Gabriella or one of the others actually take out the guy's cock and slip it inside herself as she rode up and down.

These people had no shame! They were... so... so... depraved and low class!

I so needed to get out of there!

Then the customers dwindled away and the place looked like it was closing. My feet were desperately looking forward to that. Eduardo was still there, and he beckoned me over.

“Give me a lap dance, little puta,” he said with a grin.

I felt my stomach lurch. I looked around at the mostly empty bar. No one was paying any particular attention to me.

“Let's see you swing those hips, baby,” he said.

A sharp slap to my bottom made me yelp and jump.

“Move your ass, you lazy slut!” Sarita growled.

I began to self-consciously dance before him, or at least, ground my hips at him, and with Sarita's threatening presence, I straddled him, blushing, and began to grind myself against him.

He caressed and kneaded my buttocks and then tugged down the top of the leather bustier to bare my breasts. I felt a hot flush of embarrassment mixed with something darker, and continued to grind against him as Sarita looked on.

“Take off the thong, slut,” she ordered.

I nervously unclipped the buckle at one hip, and the thong kind of fell away. Then I was basically naked, grinding myself against Eduardo in the middle of a largely empty bar.

Until Sarita grabbed me by the hair and yanked me up and back.

“You stand there and watch!” she snapped.

She straddled him, and ground herself against him far more enthusiastically, being far more graphic. She turned and faced me, grinding her ass back at him, then, stripping off her shorts, actually stood up, legs apart, and bent over, rolling her hips at him, letting him stare right at her! Then she sank back onto his lap, writhing there as he caressed and kneaded her breasts, before turning around. She threw one foot up on the back of his shoulder, slid it over the back of the chair, and leaned in, letting her bare pussy slide right up practically to his face before leaning back again.

And then that, of course, was what I had to do. In the middle of the bar, with maybe half a dozen people still there, including the bartender, I had to roll my hips and shove my pussy in his face before straddling him again. Then I had to take his cock out, which was soft, and stand up. With my legs straight, and spread well apart, Sarita made me bend at the waist and suck on his cock for a while. Then I had to actually straddle him, sink down on it, and ride him right there in the quiet bar.

I was too intimidated, too anxious, too incredibly embarrassed and awkward to feel any actual arousal while I did this. I rode my pussy up and down on him as he sucked lightly at my nipples until he came inside me.

Then it was time for more lessons from Sarita. We spent a good three hours practicing stripping moves, rolling up and down, grinding myself against the bar on the stage, peeling off my clothes – such as they were, for an empty room and posing my body in the most crude and graphic ways you could imagine!

I had no intentions of becoming a stripper in a cheap dive! Even being an overworked, highly stressed banker was better than that! But I had to go through the motions, and... I have to admit, practicing it, despite the way my stomach was churning with anxiety at the thought of actually having to DO it, was arousing that dark side of me.

I was sure, though, that as long as I played along, and didn't put up a fight, and didn't demand my clothes and insist on leaving, that they'd give me some clothes and I could sneak off.

Chapter Nine

Eduardo took me to his bed that night, well, that morning. It was four before we actually got into bed, and then we spent half an hour fucking. It was your basic, on your back, legs in the air fucking without anything novel or kinky, but Eduardo really gave it to me good. Despite my anxieties and worries I was gasping and moaning by the time he finished, not that far short of coming.

I wasn't wearing the boots any more, thank God, and had lost the bustier, too, since he didn't the feel of it against his skin, but I still had the gloves on with the restrains over them. They weren't fastened together in any way, though, but Eduardo fell asleep naked, spooned against me, his arm around me, so I wasn't going anywhere – at first.

I lay awake for a couple of hours, anxiously biding my time, and he eventually rolled over. Then I waited again until I was sure he was sound asleep, and slowly slid out of bed and onto the floor. I crawled across to the door and opened it, then slid out into the hall. Naked or not, I was going to get out of there. There were other clothes on my bike, so I could get dressed after I was gone.

I managed to sneak out of the bar, and get to my bike, but all my stuff had been taken off. I stared at it stupidly, then back at the bar, where they must have been put away somewhere. Shit! I was in the middle of nowhere, without even keys to my bike. There was a spare in with my things, but now it looked like they were probably inside.

Wandering around naked in the desert didn't appeal to me, so I had to get back inside and search for my things.

I did manage to get inside, and I did manage to look around a little. Until Skeezy – and what the hell kind of a name is Skeezy anyway – caught me. He was a bony looking little guy, but all wiry muscle, so there was no question of trying to resist when he slid an arm around me and yanked me down off a stair. I let out a squeal of fear and alarm and he smirked and shoved me against a wall.

“And what are ju doink wandering around here, puta?” he asked, sliding his

hand up my body to cup and fondle my breast.

“I-I was ... I went to the bathroom!” I gasped.

He pinched my nipple and I winced.

“The bathroom is back where you came from.”

“I uhm, I... oh! Oh! Please!”

He had both my nipples now and was tugging them up and out, forcing me onto the balls of my feet, then onto my toes as I grabbed feebly at his wrists.

“I-I was looking for my clothes!” I cried.

“You don't need no clothes, puta,” he said with a smirk.

He tugged me forward by the nipples, then swung a hand around behind my neck, grabbed it, and forced me across a low backed chair

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

I moaned but obeyed, and felt his fingers sliding along my sore pussy, then lightly pushing inside.

“I didn't get a taste of you yesterday,” he said, his fingers pushing slowly deeper. “I heard you were hot an tight and wet.”

I gasped as he grabbed my hair with his other hand, yanking my head up and back. Then I felt his thumb pushing into my anal opening as his fingers sank deeper into my pussy.

“Let me feel you get wet, puta,” he said, pumping his thumb and fingers slowly in and out, forcing them deeper and deeper. “Let me feel how hot and wet you get.”

He suddenly released my hair and dropped to his knees behind me. He spread my legs even wider, his fingers digging into my thighs, almost lifting my feet off the floor. Then I felt his mouth on my sex, licking and sucking at my clit. The sick thing was that, gasping, moaning, my head spinning, the sensations his

mouth produced on me began to arouse me almost at once. There was something strange going on in the back of my head, that said that a man using me roughly, just taking me, just using me, just... I don't know, conquering me, was an incredible, helpless, irresistible turn-on. I had no idea where it came from but it was operating now as he began to slide his fingers into me again, twisting them from side to side.

He stood up, two, then three fingers pushing into my pussy as his thumb drove into my ass. He yanked my head up again, chuckling and laughing, pumping his fingers in and out while he called me his little whore. Then he turned me around and made me suck him while he fingered me, and he almost made me come! If he hadn't come first, another minute or two... I think I would have come. I was amazed at that, wondering what kind of kinky whore I had become. I mean, he wasn't the least bit attractive! And all I wanted was to get away anyway.

When he was done, though, he locked the restraints together behind my back, and then brought me back to Eduardo's room. Eduardo woke up almost the instant Skeezer came through the door. Maybe it was a self defense mechanism. His dark eyes glared suspiciously at Skeezer, then turned on me as they spoke in Spanish. He snorted and shook his head, then said something, and Skeezer smirked in turn and left.

“I-I was just looking for my things,” I gulped.

He got out of bed – naked – and even anxious as I was I couldn't help appreciate how incredibly cut he was, how his lithe body moved in the dimly lit room, and the play of muscles on his belly as he came to me.

“There's a lot of things I want to do to you,” he said, his hands sliding through my hair. “A lot of things I want to show you. I can sense the hunger inside you, and I knew how to bring that hunger out and satisfy it.”

He jerked my head back by the hair and I gasped in pain, but as he began to roll my nipple between his thumb and forefinger I felt the heat which had eased over the past few minutes erupt again and grow instantly hotter. I could see leaving with him, doing wild and kinky things with him, being his little bitch while he made me scream in pleasure. I just couldn't see staying here and being a stripper.

He gripped my arm and led me out of the room, my arms still locked behind me. Oddly, it hadn't even occurred to me to ask him to undo them. He led me up the

hall a way and then into a small room which looked like it was mostly used to hold supplies. There was an odd looking thing in the corner, though. It was sort of like a five foot long board hanging from chains. Holes had been cut in either end for the chains, which went up to rings in the ceiling. The board wasn't hanging like a shelf, but on its side, a few feet or so off the floor.

He led me up to it. "Put your leg across this," he ordered.

Bewildered, I did as he said, straddling the board. He let go of my arm and then adjusted the chains, pulling the thing up so that it pressed firmly against my pussy, then even more firmly. I rose onto the balls of my feet, and he slid his fingers in between my legs, rubbing my clit, and also feeling the pressure of the board against me, then nodded to himself and locked the board in place.

"I don't understand," I said.

"Bad little girls have to be punished," he said with a grin and a leer. "And you're a bad little girl."

"But I – ."

He jerked back on my hair and I gasped, and then his lips were on mine, kissing me passionately as his hand slid between my legs and began to finger my clit.

I moaned helplessly into his mouth, and when he pulled back I staggered a bit, gulping in air.

He snatched a rope off a shelf and bent, tying my ankles together, then left the room for a few minutes. I didn't get it. I didn't understand it. What was he doing? I stood on the balls of my feet straddling the board wondering what was going on. The pressure of the edge of the board against my pussy was no big thing, especially since I was taking much of the weight on my feet.

Then he returned with a black scarf in his hand. I gazed at him in confusion, but he only winked, then rolled it into one thin length and swept it over my head, then over my eyes, pulling it back to tie behind my head.

"Eduardo!" I moaned in complaint.

But then I felt a second one go over my mouth, with a big knot tied in it. He

pulled that one back so it dug into the sides of my mouth a little, then tied it behind me. A moment later I felt something pinch at my right nipple, and yelped into the gag. It pinched tighter, giving me a sharp, burning sensation. I felt the same pinch against my other nipple, then felt them both being pulled simultaneously up and forward.

He left me alone then, for maybe ten minutes. That was long enough to realize that I had a problem. As long as I stayed up on the balls of my feet the pressure of the edge of the board against my pussy was no big deal. But my body wasn't built to stand on the balls of my feet for that long. Already my ankles were aching, my calves burning, and I was having to sink down again and again onto the board, letting more weight onto it.

As my ankles and calves failed I had to basically sit on the edge of the board, and that wasn't any too comfortable, let me tell you! The board split the lips of my sex and jammed up tight against my soft flesh as I squirmed helplessly. The throbbing ache in my pussy rose, and the burning in my nipples continued, though duller than it started out.

I heard a sound and gasped, jerking my head around, but had no idea if it was Eduardo or something else.

Then I heard a buzzing sound, and a moment later my hair was pulled slowly up and back. That forced my back to arch, but also pulled my nipples harder against whatever was holding them out. I gasped in pain as I felt fingers rubbing lightly at my clit, slick fingers, slippery fingers, but more than that, the fingers seemed to buzz like a vibrator. I moaned helplessly. My pussy was sore and throbbing, but not that much, and so it just made the sensations even more intense.

The fingers stroked up and down against my clit as a mouth bit lightly along my exposed throat, then licked and sucked on the underside of my taut breasts. I didn't even know if it was Eduardo! And that made my pulse pound even harder. I felt the heat flow up through my body and catch me like a fever, so that it was hard to breath, hard to think. I felt my hips jerking and grinding helplessly against the fingers stroking and rubbing against them, and my eyes closed beneath the black scarf as I bathed in the waves of sensation.

And then, as if he could sense the imminent orgasm, he stopped, and chuckled throatily. I felt his fingers behind my head, and then the blindfold was removed. I

saw it was Eduardo – somewhat to my relief – and he had a strange device strapped to the back of his hand, a sort of vibrator. I blinked rapidly, stupidly, gasping as I noted my nipples stretched out before me, my taut breasts, thin cords tied tightly to them, stretching up to the chain at the other side of the board.

Then he released my hair and smirked as he walked out of the room again.

I moaned in disappointment, my throbbing, buzzing pussy pressing harshly against the edge of the board. I tried to grind myself against it, but the board was hanging by chains, and would simply move as I moved, frustrating me further. I leaned forward a little, to ease the pull and pain in my nipples, and that worked for a time, but my back began to ache. And I was still trying to stand on the balls of my feet, and increasingly failing, so that I had to let almost all my weight down on the board.

As the pain between my legs grew I had to force myself up off it, however temporarily, even though my calves screamed, just to ease the hot pain in my pussy and tailbone. But I couldn't hold for long and had to sink back fairly quickly, exchanging one pain for another.

Eduardo showed up once more, and I moaned into the gag, appealing to him with my eyes to let me down. I would have promised him just about anything, for the pain in my pussy was growing more intense. He just smirked, gripped my hair and forced my head up and back again. Once again I felt his buzzing fingers between my legs, rubbing lightly against my pussy. At first it hurt, but then the intensity of the sensations seemed to give way to a dark heat that spread like fire through my body, and soon I was again moaning and gasping and now, to my shame, whimpering with the desperation of wanting to come.

“Putá,” he whispered, nibbling at my ear.

“Putá,” he growled, licking at my straining, aching nipple.

“Putá,” he breathed softly as he bit into the nape of my neck.

He chuckled throatily as he pulled his fingers away and I moaned and tried to push my hips forward.

“Will you obey, Putá?” he asked.

I nodded my head frantically.

“You will dance for me, and show me your enthusiasm?” he purred, his buzzing fingers lightly stroking against my clit again.

I gasped, and again I nodded my head eagerly.

“Or perhaps a few more hours here will convince you,” he said.

I shook my head desperately and he chuckled.

“Perhaps I will let you off, and then you must show your enthusiasm to be kept off. Does this sound agreeable?”

It did, of course. My pussy was really starting to ache fiercely! And besides, I was filled with a dark, sexual heat which kept my mind from operating on any level above that of personal pleasure.

He pulled a long, sharp hunting knife from somewhere, and I gulped anxiously as he caressed my body with the dull side of it, then drew it slowly down to my straining breasts. He let the sharp point press lightly against my stiff nipple, and then slice through the cord. I moaned as my nipple was freed, partly relief at the sudden easing of the strain, partly because he hadn't cut me. A moment later my other nipple was free, and both of them began to burn even more fiercely with newly returning circulation.

He untied me and helped me off the board, then removed the scarf and kissed me hard before drawing back.

“Show me,” he said, suddenly brusque.

He shoved a pile of clothes at me, and I saw they were the short skirt and blouse I was supposed to wear as a stripper. There was no underwear, but then, I supposed this was just a kind of demonstration anyway. But as soon as the skirt and blouse were on he grabbed me by the upper arm and pulled me from the room. Shoeless, I stumbled after him up the hall, and then, to my shock, out into the bar.

It was busy again, with rowdy bikers of both sexes, and my face colored as I remembered the previous day, and recognized some of the faces. But then he

lifted me onto the low stage, and I realized that I had to dance, to strip, for them all!

“Do a good job or back on the horse until this evening,” he said, pointing his finger sternly at me.

This evening? That was hours away! I couldn't sit on that thing so long!

“Dance, slut!” someone shouted.

I flinched as if struck, but then someone put on the same music I had been practicing to the previous night, and with an anxious glance at Eduardo, who was standing there with arms folded impatiently, I began to dance.

I was hesitant, at first, nervous, embarrassed, but every time my eyes flicked to Eduardo I knew I had to pick up the pace, and did. I danced and swung around the pole, gaining confidence slowly, then undid the blouse, button by button. I would have been horrified had I not already given the whole bar a free show the other day. That had sort of inoculated me against the worst of the embarrassment as I bared my breasts and rolled my hips.

The words I can't believe I'm doing this kept running through my head as I gave taunting, teasing glimpses under the skirt. Then, after delaying as long as I could, I slipped it down and off.

I was naked!

I felt a sudden hot rush of embarrassment mixed with something else, something darker. I moved awkwardly, at first, but as the initial embarrassment faded I began to roll and writhe against the pole. My pussy was still very sore, and yet I had to grind myself against the pole. At first, it hurt, but then, as that dark eroticism began to assert itself, I began to feel aroused by all this, and the pain, the hot dark pain as I rubbed my now moist pussy up and down the pole began to beat at my mind.

I'm stripping in a biker bar, I thought dazedly. I can't fucking believe this!

This was not exactly a high class outfit, and the revealing, degrading poses Sarita had made me do now came to life as I basically displayed myself to them. I slid down the pole, turning so it was against my back, gripping it overhead, and

then, when my bottom was on the floor, I slumped lower, drawing my ankles up and back over my head, gripping the pole before slowly spreading wide.

You can't get much cruder than that!

I slid onto my belly and then crawled across the stage, turning, sliding my upper body down, my tongue moving across the stage as I kept my bottom high and my legs wide. It was horribly degrading, and somehow that triggered and even deeper heat within me. As much as I wished I could jump off the stage and run away, my pussy was throbbing hotly, and that sexual fever was back.

There was a lot of hooting and cheering and laughing and obscene shouting from the bikers, of course, as there had been yesterday. It flowed over me like a wall of sound around the pounding of the rock music. And then... and then Eduardo leaned over the stage and slammed his fist down on the edge, or so I thought. There was something in his fist, though. It was a big dildo with a suction cup on the bottom.

There was a mass shout of approval from the bikers. I quailed, but stared at the thing in horrified fascination. I couldn't! But I had to! And the heat crept along my spine as I continued to roll my hips and then rose to my knees. Moaning helplessly in denial, I straddled it, rolling my head, arching my back, sliding my hands up and down my body as I slowly spread my knees wider and wider.

I felt the head against my aching pussy, and moaned again in denial. I couldn't! But I couldn't not, and I sank slowly down, feeling it push the lips of my sex in and then back as it slid into my body inch by slow inch. I felt the heat flood me, the heat of shame, the heat of excitement, and slid a hand down between my legs, my fingers rubbing my clit as I sank down deeper and then shuddered and fell back onto my buttocks, knees high and wide.

I grabbed the thing, pulling it off the floor, and then, as the whole bar looked on, I began to masturbate with it, thrusting it in and out faster and harder and deeper as the cheers and obscene shouts rained down on me. And then, crying out, back arching, I came violently, bucking against the dildo as my head rolled bonelessly beneath me and the pleasure overwhelmed my mind.

After that came a string of lap dances, a dozen, at least, and a good third of them made me ride their cocks, all while everyone nearby was watching. They paid for both, of course, and the money went to Eduardo.

I worked there as a stripper and – God it's hard to even say the word – prostitute for three days. Then Eduardo and the bikers moved on. I was shocked when I wasn't invited to go along.

“Sarita wouldn't like it,” he said. “But Skeezer says you can work here as long as you want long as he gets his forty percent.”

I left the next day, of course, heading west to California.

I wound up in Los Angeles, and at first thought I'd throw everything I'd done out the window, sell the bike, fly back home, and try to get my job back. But the thought of returning to my stifling existence was too depressing. I wound up getting a job in a strip club instead, a nice one, where I learned how to tease instead of just thrust everything into people's faces. It turned out I wasn't half bad at it, and graduated to an even nicer club, very stylish, with well-healed businessmen for clients who tipped very big.

Do you have any idea how much you can make in those places!?! I was shocked, and it was the money more than the freedom that kept me there for a while. It was easily three times what I'd been making as a banker for about one third the work. I worked from 10pm to 2am, got to bed around 5:00, slept till noon, then spent most afternoons at the beach. I learned to surf, learned to wind surf, and just basically became a beach bum. After a few months I was even able to buy a beachfront property at a great price.

I divorced Brendon, left him the house and set out to find a man strong enough to dominate me for more than a night. I'm still looking, but the search has its own rewards.

End

Other erotic novels by JJ Argus

writeargus@gmail.com

Zoe's New Job * Working For The Smiths * Two Teachers * Twins in Training *
Tomb of Darkness * The Wicked Stepfather * The Slave Girl * The Shackled
Brat * The Senator's Aide * The Secretary * The Ring * The Racist * The
Punished Schoolgirl * The President's Daughter * The New Neighbors * The
Neighbor's Girl * The Naked Niece * The Hooded Co-ed * The Haunted House *
The Girls in the Band * The Detective * The Dark Passage * The Country House
* The Cheat * The Challenge * The Butler * The Barbarian's Toy * Stripper *
Sorority Girl * Sore Bottoms! * Small Town Girl * Slave of the Vampires *
Slave Daughter * Rich Man's Yacht * Pleasure Toy * Personal Services *
Nigger's Girl * Miranda's Tower * Melissa's Master * Kendra's Dark Seduction *
Kendra's Brotherly Love * Journey into Slavery * Jade's Submission * Infidel *
In the Vampire's Lair * In The Summer Heat * Girl on a Leash * Girl Next Door
* Family Ties * Erin's Four Masters * Emily's Debt * Destiny's Need * Darker
Games * Cry Uncle * Courtney's Boring Life * Courtney Gets Caught * Chains
of Ice * Chained Heat * Chained Cheerleader * Bound in Red Tape *
Blackmailed * Biker Bitch * An English Girl in China * Amy: Student Slave *
All Work, No Play... * A White Girl in Harlem * A Life of Slavery * A Dark
Spirit *