

The President's Daughter

By JJ Argus



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About the author

JJ Argus started writing for Star Books more than two decades ago, spinning out 3 novelettes a month for minimal compensation. He later wrote short fiction for Penthouse, Oui, Nugget, and other mens magazines before discovering and being discovered by British publishers. He raised the quality of his work and was published repeatedly by Silver Moon, Chimera, Olympia and Nexus. He has published over 250 novels to date

All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen.

Chapter One

Nicky gave her Mother her world class pout, looking at her from the corner of her eyes and swinging her head slightly so her long bangs fell over her forehead. Her Mother sighed and gave her an appealing look.

"Nicole, darling, please try and be more cooperative."

"Mu-ther," she said sulkily.

"Darling the entire world will be watching. We must put on a good impression now mustn't we."

"Fuck the world!"

"Nicole!"

"Oh really Mother, You can't expect me to appear in public in that ratty looking old ladies dress. I have an image, you know."

"It is not an old ladies dress! It is a perfectly sweet, ladylike dress!"

"I wouldn't be caught dead in it."

"Your father isn't sworn in as president every day darling. The least you can do is try and reflect well on him."

"I'm not interested in reflecting well on him," she said icily.

Her father was public enemy number one these days to Nicole.

"Now darling, don't be like that."

"I don't like this cold, wet, rainy city! It's dirty and dead! I want to go back home to L.A.!"

"But sweetie, we're going to live in the White House."

"Who cares? It's not even as big as our house in Beverly Hills! It's cold and damp and drafty. There's no swimming pool and no tennis courts, and no private gym. You're not allowed to go out in the yard, and the place is full of stupid nosey strangers you can't even order around!"

"But darling..."

Nicole stamped her foot angrily.

"I want to go home where it's sunny! I have a hundred bathing suits! What am I supposed to do with a hundred bathing suits in this shitty little burg!?"

"We'll get them to build you a swimming pool darling."

"That'll take fucking forever."

"No, no. It won't take that long."

"It's too cold anyway. How do people live in places like this!?"

"Well, we'll build it indoors."

"Tammie McDonald says there used to be one in there and they just put a floor over it for the press room." Nicky said, appearing to come out of her pout.

"Well we'll find somewhere else for them," her mother said in satisfaction.

"Okay. As long as it doesn't take too long." Nicky sniffed, only slightly mollified.

"Now will you wear this dress sweetie?"

Nicky stomped her foot again, the pout returning to her pretty face.

The bargaining hadn't yet been completed.

"We'll get one of the walls knocked down or something and have your room expanded. Then you can go on a shopping expedition to furnish it. Won't that be fun?"

Nicky sighed. It was a huge, long suffering sigh.

"All right," she said.

"Oh thank you honey," her mother gushed, hugging her.

Getting Nicky to do anything she didn't want to do was always an exercise in bargaining. And there wasn't an awful lot Nicky ever wanted to do, other than party and enjoy herself. Don't things you didn't want to do was for poor people who couldn't pay someone to do the things they didn't want to do. Nicky, of course, had never actually earned any of the money she spent, but that was really quite beside the point.

The little redhead pulled open her robe and dropped it on the floor. She was naked beneath. Her mother gave a little squeak, then quickly stumbled over to the door.

"W... well, I'll let you dress," she said hurriedly over her shoulder.

Nicole smirked to herself, having full knowledge of what effect nudity would have on her pathetically uptight mother. She wondered if the woman undressed and took her baths in the dark. Her father must have practically had to rape her to produce a child.

Nicky had been going to topless and clothing optional beaches in France, Spain and Brazil for years now, and had very few inhibitions about her lithe, slender, shapely young body. She'd been fawned over, mooned at, and preyed upon since she hit adolescence, and took her beauty as a matter of course. And she liked teasing the men, liked being looked at, being wanted being lusted after, being desired. She liked making the boys hot and the girls jealous. Liked it quite a lot, in fact.

She held the off-white dress in front of herself as she gazed at her reflection in the full length mirror. It was probably a mistake to dye her hair red, she thought. It caused too many color coordination problems for her now. Maybe she'd dye it blonde, or a deep, dark black. She wrinkled her nose at the dress. It hung down to her ankles and was shapeless and stiff.

What was it about Americans, she thought in irritation. Why weren't they more sophisticated like the French or Brazilians?

Oh well, it wasn't like anyone important was going to be there. All the cool

people were back home, and they certainly weren't going to be wasting their time watching some old inauguration. The only people that would be at the inauguration were all too old to count for anything.

Nicole had never voted. No one she knew of had ever voted. Voting was something retired people did, not the young and hip. Her mother had tried to persuade her to join her in some photo op at the polls to vote for her father this year. She'd actually considered it, as part of a bargain, of course, but it turned out she wasn't 'registered', whatever that meant.

She dropped the dress on the floor and looked at her naked image instead. Much better, she decided. She ought to go down there like this. That'd show the old man for dragging her out here to this cold, snowy shit-hole of a city.

She noticed her nipples. The small pink nubs were stiff, pointing outward like little pencil points. She scowled. The fucking room was too cold, despite her many complaints to the hotel people. She ought to call up the manager who insisted the heating was fine and show him her stiff nipples.

She fingered them absently. Stiff nipples were no bad thing as long as they weren't hard because of the cold. She'd had stiff nipples often enough in the last few years after all.

What would her Daddy's campaign staff have done if they'd known that she was out banging two boys in a field on the night of his election victory? Her nipples had sure been stiff then. She'd thought Mike was trying to suck the little red points right off her hot, sweaty, swollen breasts!

Now she was supposed to play the good girl virgin for the next four years? She frowned sulkily at the sexy image in the mirror. She posed provocatively for herself, throwing her ample chest out and spreading her legs.

"Nickyyyyyy. Are you almost ready?" her Mother called from the next room.

She cursed and went over to the little dresser, pulling out underwear. If she had to dress like Miss Purity on the outside, she'd damn well dress like Miss Slut on the inside, she thought.

She pulled on a microscopic little black G-string, then fastened a garter belt around her hips. She added the garters, stockings, and see through black bra, and

then went back to the mirror. Let the fuckers see me like this, she thought wickedly.

She looked at the white dress. What a shame to cover up her body in a drecky dress like that. A deal was a deal though. She pulled the thing over her head and tied it in back. At least they didn't want her to wear a fucking sailor suit. Maybe she had her red hair to thank for that. Couldn't wear blue with her red hair after all.

She gave her hair a negligent brush and then stalked out into the main room. There were half a dozen people there. One of them was Mrs. Connors, her Mother's secretary. The woman hated Nicky and vice versa. She was perfectly coiffed, her long blonde hair done into a tight bun atop her head. Her dress tailored to her statuesque body. She looked across at Nicole as she emerged from her room. Her eyes were coldly appraising before they dismissed the teenager's presence.

Felix Roth was there too. He was her Dad's campaign head, and would probably get some big mucky muck job as a reward. Felix was small and skinny, with hair that took a lot longer to dye and curl than Nicole's every would.

The other four men there were all tall, handsome and good looking. They all wore tailored dark blue suits and all had earphones in one ear. They were the SS, the Secret Service. Under normal circumstances Nicky would have been quite pleased at the sight of all that handsome, muscular man flesh. She had come to learn to hate the SS, though.

She'd thought her father had been joking when he'd told her that she would have four or more of them with her all the time. Her mind had flashed to a ludicrous picture of her and her friends hanging out at the mall, with a bunch of big stiff gorillas glaring around suspiciously. She'd freaked. They'd had a huge argument, which, for once, she'd lost.

They were one of the reasons she hated Washington. They'd even be going to school with her! Her mind couldn't even imagine how embarrassing that would be. She'd be shunned, ostracised by everyone! Bad enough she'd had to leave all her friends at Beverly Hills High behind and have her senior year, her SENIOR year, among strangers!

She glared back at Mrs. Connors, stormed over to a couch and dropped heavily

into it.

"Okay, the cars are ready." That was Joseph Maloney, Felix's assistant.

He'd probably get a big mucky mucky job too. He glanced at Nicole and immediately averted his eyes. She smiled nastily.

If her Daddy found out what had happened after the election he'd be lucky to find a job anywhere in Washington.

Joe had been celebrating at a big party at her folk's Beverly Hills mansion. She'd gotten bored early and gone to her room. She'd undressed and climbed nude into her bed, then read a little. He'd come crashing through her door, drunk as shit, looking for the bathroom. Instead he'd found the new president's naked daughter.

"S... s... scuze... me." he'd mumbled, then fallen down briefly.

She'd sat up in bed to look over the side at him on the floor. He'd gotten to his knees and his eyes had been captured by her bare breasts staring at him from a few feet away. He'd been mesmerized.

"Oooooooo... Hellloooo there sweetie." He grinned drunkenly.

Nicole hadn't exactly been impressed. Nor had she been particularly embarrassed. Lots of people had seen her bare breasts, after all, and she knew that, as one particularly hot Frenchman had said, they were 'magnifique'. She'd pulled the covers back over her chest and leaned back against the headboard, staring coolly at him as he pulled himself up to a sitting position on the edge of her bed.

"How you doin' sweetie?" he gaped happily.

"Get the fuck out of my room," she'd said calmly.

He'd given her that stupid wink, the inside wink he used when he was going to tell the reporters something good.

"Got somethin' fer you, baby," he'd leered.

And then he'd pulled down his zipper and taken out the biggest cock Nicole had

ever seen. She'd seen quite a few too.

She had been just about to start loudly cursing him and threatening to call her Father. She'd been stunned into silence by the long flaccid cock, though.

"Wow," she'd said, involuntarily.

The thing wasn't even hard and it looked as thick around as her wrist.

She'd been so stunned by it that she hadn't even resisted when he'd taken her hand in his and put it on his cock. It's soft heat nestled in her palm and she'd closed her fingers, squeezing lightly. Almost immediately it began to harden and lengthen.

She'd been awed into silence as the massive organ unfolded and stiffened. She was, after all, something of a connoisseur of such things. It was as if an art expert had suddenly found the Mona Lisa parked in his bed. She'd watched with rapt attention as it swelled to it's full majesty.

She didn't particularly like Joey, and he was ridiculously ancient to even consider any kind of sex with, but that cock, now that was something to fall in love with. She slid her hand up and down it in reverence, her thumb automatically stroking along the underside of the head. And she hadn't even noticed that her sheet had fallen down, revealing her own bountiful body to the man.

She hadn't objected when he'd reached over and began fondling her bare breasts. The sight and feel of that big cock in her small hand had more than aroused her interest, and that familiar warm fuzzy feeling had begun between her legs, and already spread up through her belly and chest. She couldn't see and touch a cock like that and not get hot. It didn't matter who it was attached to. A cock like that deserved respect, and captivated a sexually uninhibited girl like her.

His fondling of her breasts was inexpert and drunken, but that big cock had gotten her juices flowing anyway, especially with her hands wrapped around it.

"Like that baby? It's an all day sucker just for you," he giggled.

He pulled forward on her head, shoving her face down toward his towering pole of flesh. Her lips opened wide, and then wider still, and engulfed the fat, rounded

head, then slid down several inches, moaning excitedly around it.

Both her hands were around the shaft, side by side, as she bobbed her head up and down on the first several inches. His hands continued to squeeze and knead her breasts for a minute, then one of them tore off the sheet covering her lower body.

"Knew you wasn't a redhead," he said with a snicker.

His hand slid down between her legs and cupped her mound as she groaned and spread her legs apart.

Nicky had always been very sensitive there, and those young men who knew her well knew that a good way to shut her up, to stop her from bitching, to put her in a better mood, was to get their hand into her panties and work quick. No matter what her mood was Nicky would soon begin to melt once you got your fingers into her panties. And so, as his fingers began to stroke and caress her naked sex Nicky had pushed down deeper on his thick cock, and sucked excitedly as her juices began to flow.

How much of it could she actually get into her mouth, she wondered.

But then he shoved her back, and rolled on top of her, his long log of a cock squeezing up between their bodies, squeezing against Nicky's belly like a fat cucumber. His mouth sought hers and locked tight as his fingers tangled around her hair and held her against him. His other hand was roughly squeezing her breasts as he dry humped her, grinding his cock between her belly and his.

"Hot little bitch. Always actin' so snotty," he gasped. "See how you like a good hard one up your tight little cunt!"

His wool coat rasped harshly against her soft skin as he crushed her to the mattress, but Nicky's nipples were hard and sparkling, and she had never been a girl who went for soft, gentle sex. She moaned, her legs spreading wider as he positioned his long, thick tool at the entrance to her sex and then pushed forward.

Nicky squealed as the mouth of her sex was suddenly jammed full of thick cock. His long, fat prick spread her lips wider, and then still wider, and then wider still as she moaned and gasped and writhed beneath him.

“Oh fuck!” she gasped.

“Yeah! I'm gonna fuck you, all right!” he gasped.

“W-Wait!”

His cock pushed harder, and then slowly began to slide through the straining, stretched out lips of her sex.

"W... wait. Wait!" she'd gasped.

"Not for nothin' baby,"

Nicole gasped and moaned as she felt his monster cock sliding slowly through the tight sleeve of her pussy, stretching it wider as it pushed through. It felt as though it was spreading her so wide it was pushing aside her internal organs!

“Oh! Oh! God! Oh fuck!”

He giggled and forced his hips down, forcing several more inches up into her aching pussy. Nicole might be hot and eager but her body wasn't used to that much cock all at once, and she was a slim girl. She cursed and moaned at the pain, writhing beneath him as his cock threatened to impale her. The round head of his cock pushed deep into her belly, then jammed against what felt like it surely must be the actual back of her pussy! His cock felt hard and unyielding, thumping, prodding, and pushing to move deeper still.

He pulled back slightly then thrust in again, driving his massive cock down her tortured little pussy once more. Nicky had nearly been overwhelmed by the sudden pain coming from her lower belly. His cock was enormous, and her pussy, despite the practised use to which she'd put it, was slow in adjusting to the monster.

“Fuck!” she gasped. “Wait! God! You stupid fuck!”

“Fuck is right,” he groaned, biting into her throat. I'm gonna fuck you good, baby!”

He drunkenly ground himself against her as she struggled to hold him back, her slender arms pushing against his chest, and slowly, her pussy walls had adjusted

to the stretching and ache.

The problem was that he was just too long for her. His cock was smashing and bashing against the end of her pussy tunnel as he sought to jam his over-long organ fully inside her body. His fat round cock was pounding against something inside her that gave off sharp cramping pains with each powerful thrust.

"S... stop it! No!" she cried.

He couldn't stop himself, though. His hips rolled up and down as he felt her clinging wet pussy around his throbbing shaft. He drove himself into her with drunken glee, not all that unhappy to be causing distress to his rotten boss's spoiled rotten kid.

He grabbed her hair, muffling her whining with his own lips. His tongue shot deep into her mouth as he threw his hips into her with brutal force. His other hand roughly fondled her breasts and slid down under her to cup her velvety soft buttocks. His nails dug into the warm flesh as he pulled her against him, and her trembling, shaking flesh only made his cock pulse and throb.

Nicky was impaled on his plunging prong, and worried desperately that he'd actually kill her with the huge thing. His cock head was still battering away inside her belly, trying to plough a deeper hole for the rest of the cock to follow.

Her heels slapped and pushed at the blankets, as if trying to push herself away from that evil pistoning organ. Her hands slapped uselessly at his shoulders and chest. She couldn't even dig her nails into him through the thick woolly material.

In desperation, Nicky bit him, and he yelped in pain, but then only giggled again.

"Sharp tongue, sharp teeth!" he said, forcing her wrists down against the headboard.

Then, as if struck by an idea, he slid up. Nicky's robe was draped on the corner post, and Joey yanked the belt out of it, then wrapped it around her wrists, and tied them to the center bar of the headboard.

"Oh yeah!" he panted, red faced, drunk, cock pulsing.

"U-Untie me, you dumb fuck!" she gasped.

He fell atop her again, crushing her, making her gasp as the breath was knocked out of her chest, then kissed her roughly, his lips bruising hers. She bit him again and he yelped and drew back, glaring at her.

“Okay, we'll do this the hard way,” he said with a feral sneer.

He stumbled out of bed, and for a moment she ignored him, thinking he was going to leave. She cocked her head up and back towards where her wrists were bound, and then started to twist around to get her teeth at them.

But he yanked her back and she saw he had a pair of scarves in his hands.

“What the fuck are you – .”

He reached down and grabbed both her ankles, then jerked them up and back. Suddenly her knees were digging into her shoulders and he was pushing down on them with his full weight, squeezing her together where his weight would hold them.

He spread her right leg wide, towards the corner post, then tied it up against the post and released it.

“Joey! You dumb fuck!”

He snickered, then spread her other leg, yanking her ankle up and back and tying it to the other post.

He dropped to his belly then, staring at her pussy. It was one of the neatest, tightest, prettiest pussies he'd ever seen, every hair perfectly lasered off so it was soft and smooth and shiny now with a combination of her juices and his.

He opened his mouth wide, then closed it on her pussy, moaning as he sucked, his tongue pushing out as she writhed and twisted and cursed him urgently.

But if Nicky's ice queen persona could be melted by a careful fingering, she could be turned to hot vapour by a good tonguing. And while Joey was no expert, he was better than most of the younger guys who'd had her. Despite her anger, Nicky was soon gasping and moaning and whimpering as his tongue lapped at her throbbing clit, and his fingers pumped in and out of her now oozing pussy.

Besides, bondage was kinky, and thus exciting. Anything kinky, anything nasty, anything dark and 'shocking' was at the top of Nicky's play-list.

Now she lay, gasping, flushed, wrists and ankles tied to the post, utterly exposed as he climbed up, positioned his fat cock against her seeping sex opening, and then sank himself into her.

“Ohhhhh!” she moaned as his cock slid deeper.

He gripped the headboard, leaned into her, and let the weight of his hips force his big cock deep, deep into her trembling, quaking belly.

Nicky gurgled helplessly, aching as he filled her. But the pain was nothing compared to the raw, wild excitement of being so utterly filled, so impaled on his monster cock, and her head rolled and thrashed, her arms pulling and jerking against the belt as his cock jammed deep into her belly, then began to pump.

His stiff cock slid back and forth inside her, slowly, at first, then faster as her pussy muscles began to lose their hopeless battle. Slick and slippery his big cock moved within her with sullen, irresistible heat, and the nose was soon punching remorselessly against the back wall of her sex, threatening to tear through into her stomach.

Then something gave inside her belly. She screamed at the sudden sharp pain, and his cock sank down, down, down into her. Her eyes opened wide in stunned amazement as she felt it move unbelievably deep in her abdomen. His balls finally touched her buttocks, and pressed firmly between them as his hips ground against her ass.

"AAhhhhhhhhhh. Knew you could take it you hot little bitch" he sighed.

He moved his hips in slow circles, his zipper scratching across the tender mouth of her pussy. He jabbed his cock into her, slapping his balls against her ass and muttering and mumbling in drunken happiness as he picked up the pace

Then he pushed his chest up off her. He raised his hips, drawing the long length of cock up out of her body like a sword pulling out of a sheath. He held it with just the tip inside her and then slowly pushed it down balls deep again.

Nicky let out a long slow groan as the cock slid into her once more. Then gasped

as it pulled back up. Soon his prick was sliding up and down her sucking, wet pussy tube with steady strokes. Joe's eyes were almost closed as he humped up and down on her and she could do nothing but lie there, crushed in two, and take it.

Most of the pain had already subsided, and her initial fascination with his massive cock renewed. She couldn't help watching it's long, majestic length sliding out of her body with each stroke, then sliding back into her. She was amazed that it all fit. Where was it going!? She couldn't imagine something like that going into her without killing her, and yet, here she was alive.

She watched it in fascination as the huge length moved down into her body again. The steady buzzing from her clit, no longer engulfed in the pain racking her body, began to send sizzling bursts of energy through her frame.

Joe picked up the pace, slamming the fat cock down into her with more and more speed, churning up her already bubbling insides with the mighty prong's rutting plunges. His hips smashed down into her buttocks as he fucked her, bringing little cries from her lips to match the grunts when his cockhead reached bottom.

His cock was tearing up and down the entire length of her pussy tube, slicing through her warm, wet, tender flesh as it sought the center of her womanhood, that hot, warm place deep inside her belly that sucked and squeezed on it. Nicole felt overwhelmed by it all, battered and bruised and pounded by the hard male flesh above her, her back aching, her ankles jammed back over her head pulling and jerking against the tightly knotted scarves as he pounded down into her.

The sound of his driving cock was a wet slurpy slap each time he hit bottom. It resounded through the room along with her mewling cries, and grunts, and the crack of his hips against her ass. Certainly no one could have been in any doubts as to what they were hearing if they moved past the room.

Nicky felt the hot flow of liquid excitement spreading up her spine once again, beginning to gasp and moan as arousal suffused her body. Her insides boiled and twisted under the furious skewering thrusts. Her pussy pulsed and throbbed with desperate need as it clutched at the pumping organ. A terrible crackling sexual electricity burned through her belly, spreading out and upward through her body and into the growing fever gripping her mind.

She felt her body shake and tremble as the crackling heat slowly crawled upward from her abdomen, surrounding and snapping like crackling sexual electricity around the hot, glistening tube of male flesh pounding up and down within her. The heat flowed up into her chest, setting her breasts on fire, making her nipples burn and pop as he pounded downward.

He filled his hands with her breasts, squeezing and crushing them, making the soft, malleable flesh ooze out between his clutching fingers. He was twice her size, blotting out the world as she lay helpless, burning with heat, all her focus narrowing to the hot, hard cock sliding up and down in her lower belly.

Her muscles spasmed as her body was racked by convulsions. Her head rolled furiously from side to side, then jerked way back as an even more potent blast of orgasmic energy ripped through her. Her body was engulfed by an intense sexual fire-storm that took her breath away and blew her mind into ribbons.

Nicole lost all control of her muscles. Her body shuddered and shook in a feverish orgasmic dance as his plunging cock continued to spike down into her. Her gasping, helpless body was pounded and hammered by his powerfully built frame as he smashed down into her repeatedly, slamming her down into the mattress.

Her bed shook and creaked in protest as they bounced atop it in glorious masculine pleasure, feeling the age old sense of conquest as he rammed himself into the lush young girl's soft, silken body.

Nicky's eyes were slitted and saliva drooled out of her gaping mouth as her body swirled through cum after cum, driven on by that massive rutting male tool driving into her. She felt as though she were nothing more than soft, gelatinous female flesh wrapped around a mighty cock, pounded by it.

She was gasping for breath, light-headed, having forgotten to breath, when he finally tore his cock out of her. He undid the scarves binding her ankles and her legs dropped back to the bed as the frazzled girl fought to draw breath, fought to clear her frazzled mind. Then he roughly flipped her onto her belly. Her numbed mind was too confused to know what was going on as she felt a mounting pressure against her nether hole.

Then there was pain mixed with the pleasure as his fat cock jammed insistently at her rosebud

"Oohhhhhh G... Godddddd!" she moaned, her body limp, boneless as she dazedly gulped in air.

His cock head tore through her sphincter and drove down into her ass as she pawed helplessly at the bed.

His hands pushed down heavily on her shoulders as he thrust his cock down into her tight little ass. The bloated girth shoved down the length of her anal tunnel as he groaned and cursed softly above her.

Nicky felt as though her ass was on fire. Only the fact she had been limp with the languorous aftermath of a come had kept her anal muscles from locking tight around him and making it impossible to enter her. But not that had faded, and she felt the full long length of him, thick and hard and throbbing, stuffed deep into her ass. Cramps rippled through her as his cock drove into her with a brutal, savage freedom, rutting and twisting along the length of her anal tunnel.

Then he'd cried out in climactic release. His pounding organ swelled even more, and then sprayed out thick gooey wads of juicy white cum. The hot wet discharge flooded down into her ass, seeping into her body as he emptied himself into her.

When her ass had sucked the last drop of semen from his prick, he'd pulled the softening organ out of her and staggered to his feet. Without another word, he'd stumbled out of her room, leaving the teenager sprawled on her stomach, tied to her bed post, her ass gaping open and leaking juice.

They hadn't spoken since then. He couldn't even look her in the eye. It was obvious to her that he was terrified she'd mention what happened to her father or mother and get him canned, if not imprisoned. This kind of made her happy. She liked making him squirm. She wasn't bothered the drunken bastard had groped and fucked her. It wasn't like she'd really put up that much of a fight, after all. Nor was it like she hadn't enjoyed it. But fucking her in the ass like that was unforgivable, and she intended to get him back, sooner or later, when she was ready.

They all left the hotel suite, and were surrounded by more SS. Joey kept as far away from her as possible as they rode the elevator down to the lobby. There were a lot more SS there, cutting off Nicky's vision of anyone else.

One of them led her out into the daylight, and into a limo behind her Mother and Fathers. She didn't ride with them because there wasn't room for her with all the aides and guards in her Dad's car. She didn't mind, though. The last thing she wanted to do was listen to her Mom's whining, or the politico's continued advice.

She watched the people through the thick, bullet proof glass, wishing she had her own little Ferrari to drive. That was another rule though. She had to ride around in these tanks, driven by the SS. Her Ferrari was in storage for the duration. Fuck!

* * * * *

They sat her in the back row at the reviewing stand. Positions closer to her parents were reserved for big-shots from the government and armed forces, and a few of the big spenders who'd donated so much to his campaign. She was glad to be away from them. All those TV cameras would be on them the whole time and she didn't really want to be seen in this crummy dress.

The reviewing stand was enclosed in plexiglass and was far warmer than she thought it should be. The dress had a kind of cape which she took off and folded in her lap as a number of people made incredibly boring speeches. After that there was a long boring parade.

Nicky didn't like parades. She was too jaded, too hard to impress. She was bored stiff. Her hands were in her lap and almost unconsciously, she began to rub against her pussy. Her legs spread wider bit by bit as she rubbed her knuckles against herself through the dress.

She became aware of a growing heat in her groin and looked around her. The men on her right and left were staring at the podium with rapt attention, their concentration entirely on the speaker. She slid her hands beneath the cape and began to rub more thoroughly.

She wished she were wearing pants so she could get her hands down inside. With this long dress she had to content herself with grasping the material of it and her panties and rubbing it back and forth against her clit.

Bit by bit her pussy throbbed higher. The twitching, itchy sensation grew worse and her excitement mounted. She had to bite down on her tongue to suppress a moan as her sizzling pussy began to sparkle with sexual electricity.

She twisted her ass on the chair, rubbing her pubic mound against the hard wood as her hand worked on her clitt. Suddenly her body was gripped by a hot, passionate climax that made her rock in her chair.

She closed her eyes against the whirling storm of emotions and sensations that swept over her and shivered violently. She lay back tiredly, eyeing the men beside her to make sure they hadn't seen anything.

Chapter Two

The next day there was a picture of her in the Post. It showed her eyes closed and had an amusing caption inferring that she had been so bored with the speeches, she'd fallen asleep.

If they only knew she'd actually been in the midst of her orgasm when the picture was taken! She thought that was hilarious. All over the country people were looking at a picture of her cumming and didn't even know it.

She moved into the White House along with her parents, and had to spend most of the day unpacking. They put her in a room overlooking the rose garden. It wasn't much, she figured. Her room in Beverly Hills had a view of the whole L.A. basin.

The rest of the place was like some kind of museum, or else an office building. There were all kinds of offices downstairs, and it seemed that hundreds of people worked here.

Her mother had the workmen tear up the floor in the press room and they were busily fixing the pool, all to the consternation of the reporters. Right now, though, she was bored silly. There was nothing much to do, and nobody to do it with.

It was becoming increasingly obvious that she was unlikely to ever have much of a social life. Wherever she went, she had to go in a limousine and was accompanied by a squad of armed SS men.

Before she could just go to the mall or a club. There was always a cute boy or two who would wander along and try to pick her up. Wherever Nicky went to eat or drink guys would introduce themselves, give her compliments, and undress her with their eyes. It was all really quite enjoyable, even if she did nothing with them. It at least stroked her ego, and Nicky liked to have everything stroked, including her ego.

Now though, nobody went near her. All they did was stare and point. Some of

them even took pictures! How was she supposed to meet anybody in this rotten city when all these goons surrounded her. She hadn't met a single guy in a week.

Her old boyfriends were all back in L.A., and she was reduced to playing with her sex kit. The kit was a little box with dildo's and vibrators she'd bought on Hollywood boulevard. She'd used it before a few times, when there were no attractive guys around, but now she was in danger of wearing it out.

She stripped and went into the bathroom, taking the kit with her. Her naked image appeared in the mirror and she glared at it.

She leaned back against the counter, propping her soft bottom against the edge and lighting a cigarette. She was not in a good mood. She puffed idly while trying to figure a way out of this prison of a house. She took the black dildo and rubbed it idly between her legs, then pulled her legs apart and let the tip push slowly into the mouth of her sex.

She moved back on the counter, sitting on the top and pulling her feet up beside her. Then she lay back, propping her shoulders against a corner of the wall and pushed the dildo deeper into her hot little opening.

She was perfectly hairless down there, and all the way down her legs, since she'd had it all lasered away years ago. Now she had an unobstructed view of the gleaming black cock as it slowly spread the lips of her sex wide, then pushed in – and in – and into her body.

She was still thinking about how to find a nice cock to ride as she idly pushed the dildo up deeper into her belly. It felt good there. She loved that sense of fullness, of penetration, of being penetrated, rather. She closed her eyes, imagining it was a big black stud there before her, and pumped it in and out, wondering if she could seduce one of those hunky SS guys. They all looked like they were made of stone, but maybe she could get one hot.

She pushed the dildo deep into her pussy, grunting with a sharp little pain as it reached bottom. What was pleasure without a little pain to set it off? She began slowly sliding it in and out of herself, sighing in pleasure as she felt her body respond. Her pussy began oozing juice, covering the smooth slick latex in a moist film.

She pushed it fully into her once more, feeling the tip hit bottom and twisting

and shoving the end to get it in further anyway, wanting that hot, deep ache. It moved another inch or two, and her tight pussy lips closed around her fingers which were pushing on the end.

She lay on her back now, pulling her knees up and back. She put her right arm under her right leg and her left arm under her left leg, then she picked a second dildo out of the kit. She rolled the tip in a little jar of jelly and then pushed it against her tightly closed anus.

Her face was only a foot or so from her rosebud as she watched the dildo sink down into her. It felt cold inside her rectum and she grumbled at herself for not warming it up first in her pussy.

She pushed it a couple of inches deep, then began to slowly pump it in and out, trying to suppress her sphincter's natural instinct to clamp down on it. She worked the latex cock deeper, inch by inch, until it was almost buried in her hole and she was feeling cramps deep inside.

She took her hands away, staring in excited pleasure at the tip of the dildo protruding from her little round hole. She bore down on her pussy muscles and her pussy lips were slowly pushed aside as the tip of the dildo emerged between them.

She pushed down, letting both dildos slide half way out of her, then grabbed them in both hands and pushed them back in. She moaned at the feeling of fullness they produced. She slowly started pushing and pulling them both at once, then alternated, pushing one in, while pulling the other out.

She pumped slowly, in no hurry to cum, eager to prolong the erotic excitement. They began sliding back and forth with greater ease, and she sped up her pumping. Suddenly she had an idea. She pushed them both far up inside her, letting her pussy close, and holding the one against her ass so only an inch stuck out.

She got up, standing on shaky legs and walking out of the bathroom. She got one of her garter belts from her bureau and put it on so the elastics hung down between her ass and against her pussy instead of against her legs.

She pulled them together between her legs and tied them tight, pulling them up between her pussy lips and ass, letting them push painfully against the dildos.

She then got her denim mini dress from the closet and put it on.

She opened the door to the hallway and walked out. She walked past a number of people, excited at her near nudity and the idea of having dildos up her holes without them knowing.

It was almost like being an exhibitionist, only without anyone seeing. The denim dress was held together by a long zipper that went from the collar to the hem. She kept it zipped modestly for the most part.

Surrounded by a hot, churning aura of dark sexual excitement, Nicky wandered around the building, passing all kinds of people, delighted at how nasty she was being, and how nobody could tell. She got to the Lincoln bedroom and sat down gingerly on the big bed. Lincoln's ghost was supposed to haunt this place. She shivered in delight as her imagination took hold.

She unzipped the dress all the way to the bottom and then shrugged out of it, lying naked on the bed. The doors were unlocked and anyone could come in, but that was part of the excitement. She pulled aside the elastics holding the dildos in place and began pumping them both in and out, drawing her knees up to her chest again.

She had an intense climax, bucking her hips up and down on the bed as she drove the two latex pricks into her holes. Then, gasping, gulping in air, she pushed them both far up into her belly and latched them in place with the elastics again, then donned the dress.

She wandered out into the hall and down towards the oval office. She nodded to a secret service guard and moved past him into the cabinet room. The cabinet table was at least thirty feet long and ten feet wide. It was a sleek dark polished wood, probably oak, she thought.

The urge came over her and she looked back over her shoulders at the unlocked door. Her body pulsed with sudden excitement at the thought of masturbating right here. Then with hardly another thought, she unzipped the dress and tossed it against the wall then slowly sashayed around the room, wiggling her hips back and forth.

She undid the garter belt tossing it in the corner with her dress. She wanted to be absolutely naked, and even flipped off her shoes. Her skin flushed with

excitement, thinking of how absolutely wicked she was. She held her hands together above her head and danced slowly, moving around the table to the windows.

She stood right in the big window, pushing her chest out and wondering if any tourist with a telephoto lens were watching her now. She felt the dildos slowly sliding down out of her holes. The feeling brought a longing to her belly and she moved over to the table.

She edged her buttocks over the table and slowly sank down, letting the dildo in her ass push back deep into her and pumping the one in her pussy in and out slowly.

She slowly lay back on the table, pumping the dildos in and out of her holes once more, her body rapidly heating up. She rolled from side to side, then spread her legs far apart and raised them in the air. She put her feet back on the edge of the table and began to hump her ass up and down.

She was so excited that at first she didn't notice the growing murmur of voices. Then she blinked in sudden realization. She sat up quickly, her head jerking towards the far door. The doorknob rattled and she rolled off the table.

The door opened and the murmur immediately got much louder. A whole bunch of people filed into the room as Nicky scurried under the table. The bright overhead lights came on, making her cringe down.

All she could see were feet and legs. She hoped that the table was too wide for any of them to see her down here without bending over. They began moving around the table and she crawled into the center, praying they wouldn't find her.

What would the papers make of the President's daughter being caught naked under the cabinet table with a pair of dildos? She didn't want to even think about it. She'd be a national joke! She'd be an international joke! Even the people in France would laugh at her!

People began pulling up chairs and sitting down all around the massive table. Soon there was a wall of knees pointing at her from all directions. She huddled at the center of the table, afraid to move in case someone heard her.

The men were all talking back and forth as she cringed down, her knees against

her chest. The conversation was about some kind of economic crisis. She didn't really understand it and wasn't interested in trying. She kept swivelling her head around and around, making sure there were no eyes or faces down below the table top.

Someone rapped on the table at the far end and the conversation ceased. Someone with a deep voice began reciting from some kind of report, going on and on and on. Nicky gradually sat back against one of the center legs, unfolding her legs.

The dildos in her ass and pussy were pushed way up inside her as she sat down, but she wasn't about to take them out. Instead she let her weight push down on the carpet until both dildos had disappeared inside her. If she was found naked it would be bad enough. If she was found with a pair of dildos..."

Time passed. Nicky's insides ached and throbbed, and she felt cramps up deep from how high the two dildos were jammed. She desperately wanted the stupid meeting to end, but was afraid she might be found out when it did.

She shivered slightly. Her skin was full of goosebumps. She folded her legs up again. The dildo in her pussy began sliding out, moving a full two inches before hitting the carpet at an angle. She grabbed it with her fingers sliding it in again, then pulling it out.

She pumped the dildo in very slow, short movements. She was anxious and frustrated, and pumping the dildo was almost ... soothing. The dildo felt good moving inside her. Then her mind was seized by a sudden dark shock. The idea of masturbating with all these people here was stunningly sluttish. She could feel her belly flutter at the idea.

She got to her feet, squatting there by the rug. The dildos slid down slowly out of her ass and pussy. Down, down they slid, until they both hit the rug several inches below her ass. She raised her ass higher, letting more of the latex emerge from the tight confines of her lower belly.

Then she dropped herself down slowly, letting her groin move down to the floor, embedding herself on the twin prongs. She raised herself again, and the dildos came with her, but then began sliding down out of her body once more.

She raised her ass higher still, almost ten inches off the floor so the dildos came

almost fully out. Then she dropped back down, letting the firm latex slide back up into her belly. A small moan escaped her lips, and she clamped her hands across her mouth. Nobody seemed to have heard it though.

She rolled back onto her back, bringing her knees up to her chest. She began to rapidly pump the two dildos in and out of her holes, her thumb stroking across her clit with every stroke, grunting lightly with the effort and effect. She felt her juices boiling higher and higher. She was feeling incredibly sexual.

She had to resist the thought of rolling out from under the table and giving all these guys a show. She turned onto her belly, then raised herself to her hands and knees. She waved her ass from side to side at imaginary watchers.

The dildos emerged slowly from her sucking hot depths. When they were almost out, she backed against one of the thick table legs, letting the tips of the dildos press against it, then she backed up, forcing the hard cocks deep into her pussy and ass.

She backed against the leg until her pussy mound and ass were pressed against it, then she slapped herself lightly against the leg, jarring the dildos inside her. She could feel her orgasm approach, and with it, her caution slowly disappeared.

Her head dropped to the rug as she supported her weight on her shoulders. Her hands slid between her legs, stroking her clit, squeezing her breasts. She let her chest slide down to the rug. Her swollen breasts were mashed against the floor as she slid forward and down and her hot nipples burned as she scraped them back and forth against the rough industrial carpet.

The harsh and rough caress against her tender skin make her whimper softly as she let her weight squash her breasts. They sent conflicting signals of pain and pleasure to her brain, hurt by the rasping, but intensely stimulated by the pressure.

The noise in the room increased as the meeting broke up, but Nicole was hardly aware of it. Her breasts were mashed against the rug and her ass was still pushed up in the air and jammed back against the table leg, which pressed hard against the base of the two dildos. Her hands were flat on the floor above her head as she rubbed her breasts against the rug, the wild hot sensation eclipsing even the need to rub her clit.

Her legs were on either side of the table leg and it pressed against the tips of the dildos, shoving them inside her as she ground herself against it. She rolled awkwardly over, the table leg still between her legs, pressing at her pussy.

Her feet moved up the table leg, pushing her ass up off the ground, moving her back on her shoulders. She pushed herself closer to the leg, letting her ass move up it's length until it was a good two feet off the floor. She lay her hands flat on her sides, propping herself up on her elbows.

She was almost doing a headstand, except the table wasn't tall enough. Her back and ass were pressed against the leg and she slowly let her legs come off it. She slid down a little, the table leg pressing heavily into her groin as her feet moved back on either side of the leg.

She let herself slide down the length of the leg until she was flat on her back on the rug again. She rolled over onto her belly rubbing her breasts into the rug again. Her entire body pulsed with fiery sexual heat.

She tried to raise herself up again, bringing her feet down under her. Her shaky legs wouldn't support her though and spread apart, letting her ass and pussy come down onto the rug.

She sat flat on the floor with her back against the thick table leg. Her legs were spread almost straight out to her sides. Her hands seized the table leg above her head and she arched her back, humping against the rough material beneath her.

Her clit was rolled and squashed against the rug as she rubbed herself back and forth in little gut wrenching jerks and spasms. She felt herself coming, felt her body begin to shake and lose control as the dark, sensuous erotic feelings flowed and flooded through her.

Then she cried out in passionate release, noticing as she did, a man's startled face looking down beneath the edge of the table at her. She couldn't stop, though, her body soared into a frantic orgasm. Hot, flashing sexual excitement rippled up and down the length of her body, driving the breath from her lungs.

Her pussy rubbed frantically against the rug, burning her tortured clit as she was seized in the grip of all consuming lust. Her head banged against the table leg and she fell away from it, her back and head banging down onto the rug.

Her hands went between her legs, seizing her clit between the fingers of one hand, and the dildo between the fingers of another. She rubbed her clit furiously while pumping the dildo in and out, head rolling and back arching

Then her body gave a final convulsive gasp and she dropped free of the cum. She lay unmoving, except for her heaving chest. Then her eyes opened and she gasped as she saw the man staring at her. She scrambled around, crawling quickly away to the other side of the table and out from under it.

She stood up behind one of the thickly padded chairs, her hands clutching her breasts as the man stood up across from her. It was one of the SS guards. The one who'd been standing by the doors as she went in. He was about thirty, wearing a suit of course. He had wavy brown hair and a square face.

"I wondered what had happened to you," he said, a stunned look on his face.

Nicole didn't know what to say. Her body flushed red in humiliation.

"Where's your clothes?" the man demanded.

She blinked uncertainly, then looked over to the corner where her dress and garter belt still lay in a heap. The man turned and went over to them, picking them up and tossing them across the table at her.

"Put it on, and hurry up," he snapped.

"T... Turn around," she gasped.

"You think you got something I haven't seen yet?" he scowled.

He turned anyway and Nicole hurriedly donned the dress, zipping it up to her throat. She bunched the garter up and shoved it up one of her sleeves. The dildos were still up inside her and she clenched her muscles to keep them there.

"Let's get out of here," the man growled.

He motioned her around to his side of the table, then grabbed her arm and led her out the door.

"Are you gonna tell my dad?" she asked, tremulously.

"What am I supposed to tell him? That his daughter was naked and masturbating under the cabinet table while some of the most important people in the country were sitting around her? I don't think so!"

They moved through the office section of the building. The halls were crowded with people. Nicole's slushy pussy began to lose control of the dildo. She felt it moving out of her inch by inch, no matter how much she squeezed down.

She tried shoving it through her skirt without attracting attention, but couldn't.

"What are you doing?" the man hissed.

"It's falling out!" she gasped.

"Oh Shit!"

He pulled her around by the arm and then shoved her against a chair. She sat down hard, jamming both dildos back up her to the hilt.

She gave a low cry of pain, then pretended to rub her leg as several passing people turned.

"That hurt!" she complained.

"You want everyone in the country to know what a slut you are?" the SS guard hissed. "Are they back in?"

She nodded, sullenly and he jerked her to her feet again.

"Keep a grip on them till you're back to the family section at least," he ordered.

They moved up the stairs and down the corridor, past a pair of uniformed SS guards and into the family wing.

He pulled her along to her room and then opened the door and practically threw her inside.

He came in behind her, shutting the door. Nicole turned to face him, but he brusquely stepped forward and seized her zipper, ripping it down to the bottom in a single motion and pulling the dress apart.

She gave a startled exclamation as he twirled her around and tore the dress off her, then he threw her forward across her desk. His hands gripped the end of the dildo up her ass and tore it loose, throwing it on the floor. He grabbed the dildo sticking out of her pussy and pulled it loose too.

"I'm not going to take the chance of you getting caught with these all over the White House!" he snapped.

"I'll take them and get rid of them."

She tried to jerk away but a single big hand held her pressed against the top of the desk, her bare breasts pillowing out beneath her.

"I should tell your Father, but I can't without humiliating him and probably getting myself transferred to Greenland," he growled.

"That doesn't mean you're getting away with this scott free."

She felt his hand on her bottom and wondered if he was going to cop a feel, then she yelped as the hand rose and slapped down against her ass.

"Owwwww!" she cried.

"Shut up! Do you want everyone in here!"

She twisted and wriggled but he held her easily, grabbing her wrists, at one point, pulling them back together behind her back, then shoving them up along her spine until they were pinned between her shoulder blades. He picked up one of her sweaters, then jammed it into her open mouth to silence her yelps and cries of pain, then tightened his grip on her wrists, forcing them even higher between her shoulder blades, making her cry out in pain once more.

Then his hand came down on her bare bottom, hard, fast, and painful. He slapped her again, and then again and again. His hand was spanking down against her soft, round buttocks with hard fast whacks that set her ass afire and had her yelping and moaning and gasping in pain.

She tried to kick out at him but he easily avoided her. He stood to her left, his knee pressing her left leg into the desk. He was out of range of her right leg as his hand cracked down hot and fast against her red bottom.

"Quit complaining," he growled. "You know you deserve it."

The crack of his hand against her flesh filled the room for several long minutes as Nicole yelped and moaned and whimpered and writhed against his firm grip, her bottom aching, burning, and snapping with sharp, biting pain at every fresh spank.

By the time he finished her ass was burning hot and ached fiercely, and Nicole was sniffing and tearful. He dragged her upright again by the arm and turned her to face him, seemingly uninterested in her naked breasts or tight little sex.

"Now you act like a lady. Maybe you were a slut in California, but here you're going to pretend you're a pretty little virgin princess, understand?"

She nodded sullenly, belatedly covering her pussy and breasts with her hands and arms.

He picked a towel up off the floor and wrapped her dildos in it, then moved toward the door.

"Keep your clothes on outside your room."

He turned around and opened the hall door. His head turned and a considering look crossed his face for a second, then he seemed to shake his head. He left, closing the door tight behind him.

"Fucking bastard!" Nicole snapped at the closed door.

She rubbed her aching buttocks while she thought of all the nasty things she'd have liked to have done to him. Most of them would have left him singing soprano for quite some time. But on the whole, she had to admit she'd gotten off pretty lightly. As long as he didn't gossip to all his friends, she'd managed to avoid publicly humiliating herself.

Chapter Three

The next day she was driven to her new school. She was both anxious and excited about it. She hoped she'd meet some cute guys and find a way to be alone with them. She knew she'd go crazy if she didn't get a real cock soon.

It was an expensive private school, of course. She had to meet the headmaster and several other teachers before even getting to her first class. She was followed by a pair of SS guards everywhere. They set up a little office right in the school with radios and machine guns and stuff, she figured.

Then she was led to her first class and introduced to twenty staring individuals. She felt nervous and swallowed several times. She scanned them quickly and then studiously stared at the walls and windows until the teacher showed her where to sit.

Fortunately, all the kids were in the same classes, one after another. This made it easier to get to know them. She didn't need a conversation opener either. All of them seemed eager to talk to her, even with the SS hanging around, not far away.

They gathered around her as soon as the bell went and followed her in a crowd to their next class. They all wanted to know about her father and mother and what it was like living in the White House. They even managed to pretty well ignore the SS.

She basked in the attention, especially as they all seemed so impressed with her. She played up her own importance and bragged about the White House and her home in Beverly Hills.

A dozen of her classmates sat at a big table with her at lunch.

"Of course, even when the pool's finished, it won't be as big as the one we have in Beverly Hills," she sighed. "And it's indoors instead of outside in the sun."

"What sun?" somebody cracked.

It was January after all.

"Well, we don't have to worry about winter there."

"Wish we didn't"

"I have no idea how I'm supposed to get a suntan out here," she moaned.

"Go to a tanning salon, or get a bed for your place," a girl suggested.

"I don't like those things. I hear they give you cancer."

"Everything gives you cancer," a guy said.

"Anyway, you can get an all over tan in them," a tiny blonde girl ventured.

There were several whoops and snickers from the guys, and she turned red.

"I always got an all over tan at home in the back yard, Nicole sniffed.

Several of the boys perked up at that, no doubt imagining her naked by the pool.

"Weren't you afraid of someone seeing you?" the little blonde gasped.

Nicole shrugged. "It's a big yard."

"Anyway, it's no big deal, Holly," another girl said.

"If you every go to the Riviera you can go to the beach naked. That's what everybody does there."

"Oh, like you did, Karen." the blonde sneered.

"I did, as a matter of fact."

There were a few ribald comments from around the table at that, but they didn't seem to bother Karen.

"You can come and lie around naked in my backyard any time, Karen," one of the boys said with a leer.

"Fuck you Dennis."

"I'd rather fuck you," he snickered to laughter from the other boys.

"Everyone else has." somebody cracked.

"Hey Nicole, you want to come to a party tomorrow?" one of the girls asked.

"I... don't know," she said. "Where?"

"My place, over in Georgetown."

"Everybody's gonna be there." Holly said.

"Yeah, why not?" Dennis said.

"I don't know. I guess so. I have to bring a few friends though," she said sourly, gesturing at a pair of dark suited SS over by the wall.

"What a drag." someone said.

"Tell me about it," she sighed.

"Do they have to come inside or can you like... leave em at the curb?"

"I don't know actually. I guess I'll have to ask."

* * * * *

After a fight that lasted almost two hours, her parents agreed to let the SS stay outside the house, provided they could first check the place out and screen all the people going in. Sandra, the girl giving the party, wasn't all that happy about that, but Nicole perceived that the President's daughter would be kind of a big catch for her party, so she agreed.

Still, it was kind of embarrassing. Nicole had to wait outside in the limousine with several guards while others went in and looked around. When they gave the go head, Nicole was escorted inside and then the house was surrounded by the Secret Service.

"Are you sure they won't come inside?" Sandra asked nervously, while looking

out through the drawn curtains at the group of agents on the front lawn.

"Not unless something weird happens, like someone starts screaming or something." Nicole said.

Sandra grinned and turned to a pair of guys standing behind her.

"Okay, get the booze out of the cabinets and set it up."

She grinned at Sandra. "I wasn't sure how they'd react so we hid all the beer and liquor away."

"Probably a good idea."

People started arriving before long and the music got under way. At first things were subdued, probably because of all the agents right outside. Eventually the booze had effect, and everyone got more confidence that the agents wouldn't come in.

Things loosened up quickly then. Everyone there was from the senior class at Markham academy, Nicole's new school, and that meant they were all rich and pretty spoiled. There were more than a few snotty comments about California, and her father, but she shrugged them off.

Eventually the lights dimmed down and some of the couples began to get hot and heavy on the couches and chairs scattered around the living room. Couples departed upstairs to the bedrooms to get more privacy, and to the wash-rooms to do some coke.

A lot of the guys came onto her, probably wanting to be the first to fuck the President's daughter. She handled them easily enough. They were pretty obvious after all, and while she wanted cock, she didn't want it to be notorious. She was slowly starting to come to terms with the idea that the national press would be interested in anything she did, and didn't like the idea of them publishing pictures of her alongside stories from whoever had managed to screw her.

She wandered around the house in the company of Sandra, or her brother, Luke, whose eyes made it clear what he'd really like to be doing as they raced up and down her body every few seconds.

She was wearing a tight green dress with a hem which barely covered her pert little bottom. She had taken advantage of the fact that her parents had gone out for the evening and that none of their advisers were around late in the evening. The dress was the first she'd worn in Washington which displayed her ample breasts and generous curves to full effect, not to mention her great legs.

"Have a drink." Luke grinned, his eyes spinning in his head.

He held a bottle of beer out to her.

"No thanks. They might notice it on my breath when they drive me home."

"Awww, fuck them," he sniffed.

"They'll tell my parents."

"Fuck them too."

"Come on Luke, let's go back to the living room," she sighed.

They were in a solarium flowing with greenery. It had huge windows overlooking the big back yard.

"Come onnnnn," he groaned.

His arm was around her and he led her over to a big couch near one of the windows.

"Let's sit down for a little bit and get to know each other."

His hand slid down onto her ass as he pulled her over.

"I think I know you well enough," she sniffed, pulling his hand off her ass.

"Come onnn," he begged.

He pulled her against her, his arms going around her and cupping her buttocks. He pushed his face toward hers but she turned aside, struggling with him.

His hands were kneading her buttocks roughly, sliding up beneath her short skirt to squeeze her through her bare bottom. His groin humped against her as his face

nuzzled her throat and cheeks, but he was drooling on her neck, and his breath smelled.

"Get lost," she growled, stomping on his foot.

He yelped and jumped away, grabbing his foot. Nicole sniffed and strode out the door and went back to the living room. The room was in semi darkness when she got there. Most of the people were necking or petting on the chairs, while a few were slow dancing in the center of the room.

She wandered past them and went into the kitchen, wanting something cold. Surprisingly, the kitchen was nearly empty. The only occupants were a small thin brunette and a really big guy who's back was turned to Nicole.

The girl left as Nicole went over to the fridge. She opened the door and looked around inside, then pulled a bottle of orange juice out. When she turned around with it the guy was standing a few feet away, looking at her. She was momentarily frozen in place as she looked up at him.

He was absolutely gorgeous, she thought. He was tall and muscular, with wavy brown hair and bright green eyes that sparkled at her. His mouth was curved in an amused grin, showing his white teeth. They stared at each other for a few moments.

"Hi," he said.

She was so fascinated with him, that she didn't hear him and he had to repeat himself.

"Oh... Hi," she gulped.

"How do you like the party?"

"Oh... uh... okay I guess."

He nodded with a smile.

"Not the best," he said. "But better than sitting home."

"Uh... Yeah."

"I'm Keith," he offered.

"Hi," she sighed, her eyes wide and staring.

"Uh... I'm Nicole... I mean Nicky," she sighed.

"Yeah, I know. I don't think you have to introduce yourself to anyone."

"Um... yeah, I guess you're right."

"Can I pour you a drink?" he offered, taking the big bottle from her without waiting for her answer.

She let it go, continuing to stare at him as he pulled a glass down from the cupboard and poured some juice into it.

Soon they were sitting at the kitchen table and Nicole was pouring out all her troubles to him, telling him how she hated living in Washington, hated living in the White House, hated the Secret Service.

He was a good listener. And his breath didn't smell.

For some reason, she felt like she'd known him forever. She felt completely comfortable with him. It wasn't just his looks either. Eventually the conversation got around, she never could remember how, to wines. Nicole knew very little about wines and Keith warned her that the snobbish girls at Markham would look down their noses at her if she didn't learn fast.

As it happened, the house had a big wine cellar and he offered to take her down and give her a quick lesson. He offered it with a gleam in his eyes that turned Nicole's insides to mush and she followed him, hand in hand as they went down the narrow stairs to the cellar.

For twenty minutes or so, he led her around the room, picking up various wines and showing them to her. She was much more interested in looking at his eyes, his smile, his muscles, and his tight pants though, missing most of the lesson as she fantasized about him.

She began getting more and more impatient, waiting for him to make a move. She even began worrying that he might be gay.

He led her to a corner of the room. She was standing between his large bulk and the wine shelves, and figured this was the perfect time for him to turn to her, but he just kept going on about wines! When he mentioned another wine on the other side of the room, she decided to seize the initiative.

"Keith?" she asked.

He turned towards her and she stood up on her toes and kissed him lightly on the mouth. She pulled back tentatively to see his reaction. She just grinned at her again. She frowned and leaned forward, throwing her arms up around his massive shoulders and kissing him harder.

This time he returned the kiss with passionate firmness. His lips and hers locked and moved against each other, opening and closing. Her tongue edged out between her lips and slid against his lips, then between them, sliding in and out in short darting motions.

His mouth tasted of sweet wine as her tongue found his and they twined together. Their tongues slid over one another like snakes in a small dark cavern, and roamed through each other's mouths.

His hands moved through her long red hair, letting thick clumps slide between his fingers as he felt its softness. Then his right hand slid down over her back, stroking her through the thin material of the dress. He rubbed up and down her backbone, moving from the small of her back to her neck and back again.

Nicole's breathing was getting harder and harder as her excitement mounted. She could feel her breasts swelling inside her tight black half bra, could feel her pussy throbbing and pulsing with anticipation down between her legs. She felt a flickering sparkle of sexual heat run up her spine and gasped in excitement, her lips moving hotly against his. He hadn't even touched her, really, and she knew her pussy was sopping!

She became impatient for that touch, for a hard, firm touch that would send her excitement shooting higher. She wasn't sure just now, what she intended. Her mind was confused and buzzing, overawed by his masculine presence.

She was a good foot shorter than him and had to stand on her toes to keep her mouth against his. She pulled him around slightly to reach the side of a table, pushing her ass against the edge, and trying to jump herself back onto it to ease

the strain on her legs.

His hands came down on her waist and lifted her up a few inches so she could sit on the edge. Her legs were spread wide as he stood between them and her short skirt rode up so her string thong was easily visible. He had a hard bulge in his pants and Nicole decided for the first time, that she was going to do anything he wanted.

His hands continued to stroke her back as they kissed. Then he slowly pulled back. His hands reached down to his waistband and seized his shirt. He pulled both hands upward, sliding his shirt up over his body. His firm washboard stomach and bulging pecks came into view as he slid it higher, and then he pulled it off over the top of his head and tossed it on the floor behind him.

Nicole's eyes got wider as she saw his toned body. She slid her hands up and down over his warm naked skin, marvelling at the muscles riding beneath the flesh. She slid her arms around him and kissed him on the left nipple. Her lips opened and she tongued his nipple slowly, then sucked it into her mouth.

Her right hand slid around his waist and cupped his ass through his pants as she slid her tongue up and down his chest. She sucked on one nipple, then the other as he gently stroked her head and hair.

Her fingers fumbled at his pants, unfastening the buttons and then sliding the zipper downward. She pulled down on the waist till it slid down his legs to bunch together at his ankles. He stepped out of them and kicked them backward on the floor.

He was wearing bright blue bikini underpants which bulged in the middle. She almost gasped as overpowering desire swept through her body.

She stroked downward along his belly, sliding her hand past the thin elastic band and onto his underpants. Her fingers and palm slid slowly down over his bulge, feeling the hardness of his cock through the thin nylon material.

"Oh God!" she sighed.

She leaned forward and kissed his stomach as she rubbed his bulge, then tongued his belly button. She pulled her face back and slowly peeled his pants downward. His curly mass of pubic hair came into view as the pants moved

down and then suddenly his cock sprang free.

It bounced upward so fast it almost hit her in the face. She swallowed and stared in admiration. His prick was a good nine inches, she figured, and thicker than average. It was circumcised, and the little head pointed at her admiring face.

She slid forward, dropping off the edge of the table and Keith stepped back. Naked, he was even more beautiful than before. Her chest heaved and her stomach boiled with lust. She stepped forward, bringing her mouth against his chest. Her face was right on a level with his nipples and she tongued them eagerly.

Slowly she lowered herself, sliding her tongue across his chest and belly, and then down, down, down. She dropped to the floor, her face against his crotch, his erect cock pressing against her cheek.

She puckered her mouth, forming a small, tight hole with her lips. She brought her mouth against the head of his helmeted cock and kissed it several times, then pressed her puckered lips against the center of his cockhead and pressed forward.

Her lips opened wider and wider to accommodate his girth as she took his cock into her mouth. Her tongue slithered up and down the underside of the shaft as more and more of it moved into her. When his cockhead pushed at the back of her mouth, she slowly slid her face away, letting his fat shaft slide out between her lips till only the head was inside.

Then she slid forward again, taking his cock into her mouth, using more pressure as she started sucking in earnest. Her cheeks sucked in as she brought pressure against his dick and began bobbing her up and down his organ.

He stood straight, his legs spread wide so his cock was low enough for her to reach. His hands rested on the back of her head as she moved up and down on him. His shaft emerged from her mouth all wet with a mixture of her saliva and his pre cum.

His hips started pumping slowly against her, driving his cock between her lips with more force as his own excitement became more intense. His head went back and he rutted against her, his hips fucking his erection between her lips.

Nicky was excited as she ran her lips back and forth over his trembling cock, but something was missing, something she couldn't quite identify. Maybe the lack of danger, the lack of kinkiness.

She drew back and then stood up with a sigh and with a negligent wave said. "Well, I'm bored. I think I want to see what's on TV upstairs."

He stared at her in shock and she smirked and patted his face. "You can finish up, yourself, honey."

She started to walk away and then squealed in delight as he grabbed her. His weight jammed her against the table, then his hands gripped the hem of her dress and peeled it violently up her body and over her head as she 'struggled' weakly.

"Hey! You can't do that!" she said in patently insincere protest. "I'm a good girl! I don't hang around with naked guys with big ol boners!"

He growled and bit into the nape of her neck, his hands undoing her bra and tearing it off.

"Rape!" she moaned. "You're raping the president's daughter!"

He growled and spun her around, crushing her lips with his. She kissed him back passionately, her tongue duelling his, but then her hands came up and fingered his nipples for a moment before twisting them stingingly.

"Oww! Fuck!" he yelped, slapping her hands away.

Nicky smirked and then laughed at the look on his face.

"Ohhh, did that hurt?"

"You bitch!"

She sighed and held her arms out helplessly. "Sorry, but I like to twist nipples. Unless you, like, tie my wrists behind my back or something, well, I just can't help myself."

His eyes narrowed and he spun her around, and Nicky moaned and struggled weakly as he found a plastic cord used for wrapping wine sacks and tied it tight

around her wrists. Then he forced her to her knees in front of him, jamming his cock into her open mouth as she moaned in excitement.

His hands were now tangled tightly in her hair, holding her against him as he fucked her mouth. He suddenly pulled his legs together, rising higher so much of his cock slid out of her lips. His hands pulled her hair, jerking her higher on him, then he lunged down against her, driving his cock down between her lips and lunging against the back of her mouth.

His cockhead hit the back of her mouth firmly. His hands jerked on her hair, tilting her head way back. His cockhead bounced aside from the back of her mouth and hit the entrance to her throat with overpowering force.

Nicole grunted and gave a muffled cry of surprise as his cockhead drove into her throat. Her eyes opened in surprise and fear as the thick organ slid downwards into her throat. She'd never deep throated a guy before, but with her wrists tightly bound behind her and his strong fingers gripping her hair tightly she could do nothing but gurgle and gag around the thick slab of meat as it filled her throat.

She stared at his flesh as he force every last inch into her, jamming her lips against his groin and holding her there as she trembled and shuddered. Nicky's inner heat flared with the kinkiness, and her misgivings were swept away as her lips were pressed tightly against the base of his cock. She had every inch of cock inside her, she realized with wicked excitement. She was deep throating him!

She wriggled her tongue on his shaft and sucked on the cock inside her as Keith groaned and pulled his cock back out of her throat and into her mouth. He pulled the whole thing free of her mouth for a second then pressed the head back against her lips and drove deep into her throat in a single thrust.

His big hands completely encircled her head as he held her face pressed against his crotch. He pulled back, letting his cock pop free of her throat again, then thrust forward. He began pumping furiously in her throat, ripping the hardness of his erection up and down her throat tunnel with terrible force, dazing the already panting, dizzy young redhead.

Suddenly he pushed his cock, balls deep and held her face against him. She felt his juices spurting down into her throat and sliding down into her belly. The juice felt hot and tangy in her belly.

His cock pulled out of her throat and past her lips. He bent forward, his hands sliding under her arms and pulling her to her feet. They stared into each other's eyes for several long seconds.

His hands folded around her, drawing her against his chest. His hands slid down to her buttocks and cupped them, rubbing and kneading her silky smooth flesh.

Her nipples were hard as little pencil points as his eyes ravished her curvy white frame.

Then he seized her nipples and she gasped in pain as he pinched them cruelly, pulling up, forcing her onto the tips of her toes.

“Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!” she hissed.

“Are you going to be a good little slut?” he demanded.

“Yes! Yes! I'll be a good little slut!” she gasped.

He shoved her back to her knees and pulled her face in against his balls, and she moaned and sucked and licked them as his cock rapidly began to swell. She licked up and down its length and took it into her mouth again, moaning as she slid down to the base in one smooth push. Then he pulled up and out, rubbing himself against her face before pulling her to her feet.

Then she turned her around and pushed her back against the table. His hands lifted her up so her ass was on the edge, and she lay back on the cold top, shivering slightly from excitement as she raised her legs up and spread them apart.

He positioned his purple knobbed cock against her hot, wet entrance and rubbed it up and down.

“You want it, slut?” he panted.

“N-No! Get that ugly thing away from me!” she gasped. “You filthy rapist!”

“Kinky slut!”

“Ooooh!” she moaned as he pushed forward. “Oh God!”

He spread the lips of her sex and she rolled from side to side on her bound arms.

“Don't rape me!” she moaned.

Her sex lips opened wide around the thick prick and squeezed down hard on his shaft as more and more cock moved into her belly. She could feel his cock-head slowly make its way down the length of her pussy tunnel to the deepest part of her belly.

His hands were on her ankles, holding her legs back and wide apart as he pushed balls deep into her. When his curly pubic hair was crushed into her soft sex and their bodies were pressed tightly together, he gave a sigh of contentment and held still for long moments.

Nicole could feel his long, thick, throbbing cock inside her, resting in the length of her tight, elastic pussy tunnel. His cockhead was deep inside her as she lay there luxuriating in the fullness and warmth of the first real cock she'd had in weeks.

Then he pulled backward, letting his cock slowly emerge from the hot, sucking depths of her furnace-like body. He began to slowly pumping, his ass muscles clenching as he moved in and out of her.

Nicole gloried in the good, solid fucking. She spread her legs wider, rolling her hips on the hard table, moaning in excitement as she pulled her wrists lightly against the tight plastic band he'd pinned them with. She moaned in pleasure at the sight of his cut body, at the sight of his hard cock moving into her, and drew her knees up and back.

“Rape meee!” she moaned, her head rolling from side to side.

“I'll fucking rape you, baby!” he growled, thrusting harder.

“Oh! Oh God! Oh yes! Oh!”

Her insides churned hotly and shook as a tremendous orgasm washed over her. He felt her pussy spasming around his cock and he began to thrust faster and harder, driving his hardness into her with desperate force. His cock was like a trip hammer as it pumped vigorously into her pussy tunnel and his hips slapped bruisingly against her upraised ass.

“Oh! Oh! Fuck! Fuck me! Fuck me!” she cried, her head rolling, her back arching as the heat flooded her body and mind.

Then his cum spewed down into her and mixed with her own juices as he came as well. Her legs bounced on the table top as she grunted and came around his throbbing, pulsing cock.

He tore his cock free from her and knelt between her legs. His tongue stabbed into her, rasping up and down her sopping slit and whipping deliciously against her clit.

He reached above him and pulled an open bottle of wine off the table. He moved the long, thin neck against her pussy, and then pushed it inside her. She felt the cold glass move deep into her overheated sex. It's hard slickness against her smooth, tight, velvety walls.

Then he upended the bottle, letting the sugary liquid gurgle down into her. She felt the wine bubbling around in her sex as he pulled the bottle loose and let it pour down over her pussy, soaking her pussy and ass in it's tangy coolness.

He threw the bottle away and pushed his face into her groin again. His tongue lapped against her, sucking up the wine from her pussy, digging deep into her slit to suck out the sweet liquids as his thumbs spread the lips of her sex wide.

His tongue ran down between her buttocks, slithering deliciously across her skin as he licked the wine from her body. Nicole's head rolled helplessly back and forth as she began rolling her hips up off the table against him. Her breathing came in short, desperate gasps as her body burned and throbbed in growing heat and need.

Keith stood up suddenly and Nicky had a moment of delight as she realized he was hard again. Then he jammed his hardness into her pussy. He pulled her legs up and pushed her knees back against the sides of her chest as he furiously drove his hard cock in and out of her moist, open pussy.

Nicky cried out in bliss at the deep, hard penetration, her ass grinding up up to meet him as their bodies slapped together again and again and again. Breathless, trembling, mouth wide, she cried out again as a second orgasm tore through her. She arched her back, driving her pussy desperately against his belly as he rode her through it. She trembled and shook in heavenly bliss as her orgasm refused

to subside. Her mind twisted and spun in dazed heat as her body flared in climactic release.

Over and over her head banged backwards against the table as wave after wave of boiling electric sexual energy sizzled upwards from her pussy, racing along the length of her spine and blowing into her brain.

Keith drove his cock deep into her belly and then held it there as his cum blasted into her once again. His chest dropped down against her and he kissed her deeply as the last of his juice was sucked down into her depths.

Chapter Four

Nicole just managed to get back upstairs in time to meet the Secret Service agents coming through the front door. It was obviously not going to be possible to break curfew any more. And that thought infuriated her. Why did she even have a curfew any more? She had demanded that of her father before he had even become president and his smug answer was that when she paid her own bills she could come and go as she pleased. Now, of course, with them being so afraid of scandal, they were even more careful of her freedom.

Once home, she went to her room and had a shower, then lay naked on her bed, arms and legs spread wide as she ran the entire wonderful experience through her mind again.

Unfortunately, that made her hot again, and she had nobody around to cool her off. That bastard SS agent, Carter was his name, had taken her two dildos, but she still had a plastic vibrator. She pulled it out from the table by her bed and brought herself off several times before finally going to sleep.

* * * * *

She wore her tightest faded jeans the next morning. They were so tight she had to strain and pull to get them closed and needed a pair of pliers to get the zipper up. Her buttocks were pulled apart and out while the seam dug up into her ass and between her pussy lips.

She wore a dark black nylon shirt that seemed to make her red hair shine as it hung down over her shoulders. She swished her ass down the hall past the Secret Service agents and into the family dining room.

"Good morning all." She grinned as her mother and father glanced up at her.

"Well, hello honey. How was the party last night?" her Mom asked.

"Great."

If you only knew how great, she thought.

She sat down at the table as the butler strode into the room and stood beside her.

"What may I get you, Miss Evans," he asked, in a stuffy voice.

"Just some cereal," she sighed.

"Bacon and eggs," her father said.

"I don't want bacon and eggs."

"You need something more than sugar in you."

"So I'll have some milk too," she frowned.

"With the bacon and eggs."

"I'm not eating any crummy bacon and eggs." Her voice rose.

"Don't use that tone on your father dear," her mother said worriedly.

"Get her some bacon and eggs," her father ordered the butler.

"You can eat it," she snapped.

"Nicole, unless you want to be grounded, you'll do what I tell you."

Her father had thick bushy eyebrows and they were pulled together as he glared back.

They stared at each other for several seconds before he pulled away. She had a great stare. She could stare for ten minutes without blinking.

When the butler returned with a plate of bacon and eggs she told him to go back and get her some cereal.

He looked uncertainly at the President who scowled across the table at Nicole.

"Eat the bacon and eggs," he ordered.

She picked up the plate and overturned it on the table.

"Nicole!"

"Nicole!" they both cried. The butler said nothing.

"You'll clean that up young lady!" her father snapped.

"When hell freezes over!" she yelled back.

She jumped up from the table and ran out of the room, fuming at the nerve of him trying to tell her what to do. Jesus God! Just because he was president he thought he could treat her like she was a child again! She was glad she hadn't voted for him!

She stomped down the hall and then out of the family section into the main corridor, grabbing her ski jacket off a coat rack.

She glared at the guards and servants she passed and then trotted down the stairs to the first floor, mumbling curses against everybody in the White House. If the marine guard by the front door was surprised to see her, he didn't show it. His eyes immediately looked behind her for her guards though and he tried to stop her from going outside.

"Wait here for a minute, Miss Evans, while I call the Secret Service," he said.

"Fuck the Secret Service!" she snapped.

She moved around him and pushed open the doors, shrugging her coat on as the cold air hit her. The nearest gate was the one on Pennsylvania Avenue and that was always crowded with tourists. She turned and trekked down the length of the building, rounding the corner to the drive that led to the less known gate at the side of the house.

The uniformed Secret Service agent stared down at her impassively.

"You'll have to wait until your guards arrive," he said.

"I don't want the fucking guards," she snapped.

"You'll still have to wait for them."

The fence was too high to climb so there was really nothing she could do but pace back and forth until a pair of cars drove up to the gate and stopped beside her.

"You know you're not allowed out of the house alone, Miss Evans." one of them growled.

"Isn't this a free country?" she sneered.

"Not for you. Get in."

"I want to walk."

"Well you can't. Get in."

"I want to walk!" she screamed.

Two of them looked at each other in exasperation.

"You can't get to school on time if you walk."

"I don't fucking care!"

"Miss Evans, we'll have to call your parents if you don't get in." one of them snapped.

"Fuck you!"

One of them grabbed her arm and swung her around to the open rear door of the car, then pushed her inside. She tried to scratch his hand but couldn't reach it as he firmly closed the door on her. The door locked and she couldn't open it as the guards in front stared back at her in irritation.

"Bunch of fucking goons," she shouted.

* * * * *

Nicole was aware that, as she had on any number of occasions, she'd overreacted – a little. She was not a girl used to having her wishes thwarted, but she was sure

that wasn't why she had reacted that way. No, it was that wonderful fucking she'd had the other night, and the knowledge that, because of her father and his stupid politics, she couldn't just run out and get more of it right away.

And she wanted it! A lot!

She sulked her way through English and Math, trying to figure out what she should do next. As soon as school was finished the SS would drive her home and she'd be grounded for who knew how long. Before that happened, she intended to cause everyone as much trouble as possible.

She had lunch with Keith, and that did a lot to ease her temper as they played footsie beneath the table. She told him about her getting grounded.

"I wish there was some way to get away from the fucking Secret Service for a little while," she sighed.

"Don't you have gym after lunch?" he enquired.

"Yeah."

"I think I know a way then."

"How."

"All the agents are guys, right?"

"Today they are."

"Well, then, they can't follow you into the girls locker room, now can they."

"So?"

"I can wait outside the fire exit with my car. You run out the door and jump in. We can tour Washington alone together."

The idea appealed to her. The idea of bugging her parents and the Secret Service appealed even more.

"There's alarms on all the doors though," she pointed out.

"Sure, but they can't chase us down on foot."

"They'll call the cops and give them your licence number."

"Okay, then. We'll use John's car. I'll park mine on the next block and switch where they can't see us."

She was a little scared of angering the Secret Service like that, but she figured she didn't have much to lose anyway. She was going to be grounded no matter what. Anyway, it was worth it just to see the look of fury on the Agents' faces as she waved to them from the back seat of John's car.

Keith's tour of Washington turned out to be very different from the one she'd gotten with her parents when she'd first gotten to the city. Instead of monuments and tombs, he took her to illegal nightclubs and discos that didn't much care about if their patrons were over twenty-one.

Without her agents around, nobody recognized her as the President's daughter. She was able to be her slutty, flirty self for the first time in months!

When Keith danced close to her, his hands squeezing and caressing her buttocks, she not only didn't push him away, she returned the favour, grinding herself into him and rubbing her breasts against his chest. Her own hands squeezed and kneaded his buttocks as the other dancers moved around them uncaring.

As the afternoon turned into evening, they moved from the seedy dives to some of the more expensive places, and continued to party like there was no tomorrow. As far as Nicole was concerned there wouldn't be anyway. She was getting more than a little drunk and more than a lot horny as they danced the lambada in a steamy Latin nightclub on the south side of town.

As if he knew very well how she was feeling, Keith kept grinding his leg up and down against her pussy while his hands on her ass pulled her tight against him. His leg was mashing into her soft, vulnerable pussy mound and pressing it up into her pubic bone. Each time he did it a burst of hot sexual fury gushed up through her belly.

She pushed her pussy hard against his leg, almost humping against it as the wheeled and turned on the dance floor. Her booze dazed mind became even dizzier as her pussy burned and throbbed with sexual energy. Her breasts were

hot and swollen. She had removed her bra some time ago and her nipples stood out hard and stiff against the thin shirt she was wearing.

Then she shuddered and hugged him tight, pumping her pussy on his leg as she came. She gasped in pleasure and whined in blissful release as her seething pussy exploded in passionate sexual release. Keith's mouth descended on her throat and he bit her hard enough to draw blood as he drew her into him with a powerful bear-hug.

From the looks of a few of the nearby dancers, her orgasm had been noticed. They didn't appear shocked or anything, though. If anything, they seemed either amused or turned on by her cum. Keith led her back to a table, where her wobbly legs collapsed beneath her.

"You really were hot." He grinned.

She grinned back blearily, her pussy still shooting hot darts of sexual desire up into her belly.

"Where can we go to fuck?" she whispered, her breasts so hot, they were burning holes in her shirt.

"I've been thinking about that. They'll know you're with me, and they'll know soon enough who my friends are, at least, the ones at school. I know a guy who hangs out at the Mocambo. He might let us use his place for a quickie."

"I don't want a quickie. I want to fuck your eyes out!" she panted, moaning as her pussy buzzed and sparkled in need.

"Well, we might be able to arrange something with him." Keith said. "Come on."

He pulled her out of the chair and led her out of the little club.

It was only a five minute drive to the Mocambo. Keith parked in the alley nearby and told her to stay put, then he went inside. Nicole wiggled her ass on the seat impatiently until he came back out with a tall black man. The two stood a few dozen feet away, talking and looking at the car. Then the black man left and Keith walked back to her.

He got in the car and turned to her.

"I don't suppose you have any money on you?"

She shook her head and he sighed.

"Well, the only way we can use his place for a few hours is if you let him fuck you too."

Nicole's mouth opened indignantly and she stared at him in outrage, yet her body flared with sudden heat at the thought. The idea of having to ball some guy she didn't even know or like went against her independent streak. Still, the guy had been kind of good looking, and the thing would be so disgustingly crude and slutty. God! What her parents would think!

"Well?" Keith seemed amused by her silence.

She nodded her head quickly, just two short, fast bobs. It was enough though. His eyes opened a little in surprise, but he started the car and drove out of the alley without saying anything.

She had half expected some dump. Instead, Keith drove down into the underground parking garage of an expensive condo. The everything was all glass and chrome, and deep plush carpeting as they went up to his friend's apartment.

When he knocked on the door, Nicole had sudden doubts about the wisdom of what she was doing. She almost decided too back out, but the door opened and the black man was standing a foot away looking down at her.

"Come on in," he said, standing aside.

Keith led her inside and the man closed the door. The inside was as plush as outside. Everything was expensive and well kept. She turned as the guy passed them and went over to a bar.

"Want anything to drink?"

"No, not right now, Jack." Keith said.

"Okay, you and the lady go right on ahead.

Keith pulled Nicole past him and through a door that led into a big bedroom.

There was a huge king size bed under a window and Keith twirled her around by the arm and dropped her into it as she giggled drunkenly.

In seconds he was naked and on the bed beside her. He didn't bother pulling out the sheets, preferring her right on top of the covers where he could see everything.

They lay together side by side, their hands running across each other's bodies. Keith slowly unbuttoned her shirt and pushed it back over her shoulders as his mouth moved onto her naked breasts. He suckled like a baby on her right breast as his hand gently squeezed her left and his fingers twisted and rubbed her nipple.

He ground himself into her pussy as his hand squeezed her cupcake buttocks through the thin layer of denim. Then he pulled back and undid her pants. He had to grip the pants with both hands and stand up on the bed to get them off. He stood up between her legs, pulling up on the jeans so her entire lower body came up off the bed, both of them laughing drunkenly.

Finally they pulled off her ankles and she lay back on the bed. She spread her arms and legs far apart, spread-eagling herself for his admiring view. He dropped to his knees between her legs and slid his hands onto her hips. He pulled her downward onto him, then yanked her upright so she was squatting atop his legs, her own legs around him and her breasts pressed against his bare chest.

Nicky rolled her glassy eyes to the other end of the room, trembling with heat as she saw the Black man there watching, sipping his drink. This was so slutty! This was so fucking wild! She felt her pussy spasming as she leaned into Keith.

They kissed passionately as his hands kneaded the soft flesh of her buttocks and she ground herself against him. He neatly fit his cock head against her moist, overheated pussy and then pushed upward, driving six inches deep into her seething hot belly.

Nicole gave a startled yelp of pained pleasure and pushed herself down against him. Keith dropped back onto his back, laying flat on the bed and Nicole spread her legs to either side of his body and let her entire weight come down on him. His cock slid up to the hilt in her snug, warm wetness and she arched her back in glorious satisfaction.

She sat on his cock, her legs sprawled out to either side and her hands running through her hair as she rubbed herself up and down and her pussy burned with a small, but joyous orgasm. She arched back, her nipples hard points of fire, and she gave sharp little squeaks of joy as she ground herself feverishly atop him, and then, slowly, collapsed forward onto his chest.

They kissed again, ramming their tongues into each other's mouth. Keith's hands mashed against the soft flesh of her buttocks, and his hands moved up and down the cleavage of her ass. He began slowly pumping into her, throwing his hips upward and down, to slide his meat in and out of her throbbing little sex.

She flattened her hands on his chest and pushed herself upright, her legs still splayed far out to either side. She rode him with delight as he bucked his hips up and down, driving his spear high up into her belly with each bouncing thrust. She moaned and gasped, knowing Jack was behind watching, that he was viewing her right from the rear, seeing Keith's cock driving up into her pussy again and again!

Her buttocks slapped down against his hips as she rode him. Her pussy slid up and down the length of his shaft with a hot, sucking, wet sound.

“Oh fuck!” she moaned, drawing her knees in tight around his hips, riding faster, leaning into him as she imagined Jack staring at them, imagined him coming over. Her head buzzed with excitement and sexual fever. Her eyes were throbbing and hot as she neared another sexual peak.

Keith suddenly pulled her hands away from his chest and she dropped forward against him. She felt his... no... someone else's hands on her ass. She turned quickly to see Jack standing naked beside her, his eyes fixed on the join between her sucking little pussy and Keith's pumping prick.

He got onto the bed, kneeling behind her and between Keith's legs. A shock went through her, fear and anxiety widening her eyes, along with a raw, ragged sense of embarrassment. But she groaned in dark excitement and heat as she realized what he intended.

Sure enough, she felt his fingers, wettened with spit, sliding against her crinkled little anal opening. His finger pushed hard and slid inside several inches where it wriggled around excitedly.

Kinky! Hot! Nasty!

But maybe... not nasty enough....

“Nooo,” she moaned, reaching behind her, pushing at his hand. “You can't fuck me there!”

Keith pulled her in and down, and she twisted and pulled against him as his hands gripped her buttocks and spread them apart.

“Nooooo!” she moaned. “Don't rape my ass! Oh God! He's going to rape me with his big black coooooock!”

“You got that right, slut,” Jack growled.

Nicole groaned and pressed herself against Keith's chest as he continued to drive his prick slowly up into her pussy. The finger in her ass was joined by a second, and the two of them pumped in and out for several seconds as she writhed and twisted.

“Noooo!” I don't like Black cocks!” she moaned dramatically. “I'm a white girl!”

Jack gripped her hair and she gasped as he pulled her head, and her body up and back, then she was staring at his black cock with wide, excited eyes.

“Maybe you like to suck this black cock, baby.”

He thrust into her mouth without waiting for her answer, and she sucked excitedly even while pushing against his belly with her hands.

“Tie her hands up,” Keith said. “She likes that shit.”

Jack's eyes narrowed, and then he smirked and pulled his cock back. Keith yanked her back down against him, thrusting up into her hard and fast as she gasped and squealed. Then she felt her hands pulled back behind her back and crossed. She held them in position as Jack tied them together.

When he pulled her up by the hair he was rougher now, and she gasped in pain.

“Suck my black cock, you white slut,” he taunted as he thrust into her mouth.

She moaned heatedly, sucking, rolling her eyes up at him as she rode Keith's cock and sucked Jack. It pushed deeper and she didn't fight, sliding her lips all the way down his shaft until he was in her throat.

He pulled back, cursing, then shoved her hard so she fell over against Keith. Nicky moaned as he climbed in behind her and she felt his cock rubbing up and down against her little rosebud entrance.

It pressed against her anal opening, and she gave a whimper of pained protest as it forced open her rectal chamber and drove inside. Her pussy skin was stretched taut as the two cocks moved in her tight little holes. Nicole gasped and moaned and writhed between them, but Keith held still for a few moments to allow his friend to work his prick deeper into her body, his arms trying to hold her still.

Nicole felt the fat bloated cock moving up and down in short little plunging strokes, lunging deeper into her belly ever time as Jack sought to bury his cock inside her.

Deeper and deeper it went until Nicole began to twist and thrash against the two men holding her in place. The pain mounted and she felt cramps from deep within her belly as Jack's cock pressed higher inside her. Then she felt his balls and belly against her buttocks and sighed in relief. He was buried in her ass and could go no further.

Keith began slowly rocking up and down, pushing and pulling his cock up and down the length of her hot, trembling pussy tunnel. Jack began pulling his cock backwards down the length of her anal tunnel as well, moving it slowly in and out in short pumping strokes.

Soon the two of them were in a pattern, one pulling out while the other pumped in. Their strokes became harder, deeper, longer, until the two hard cocks were ramming up and down her twin tunnels with fierce and even savage disregard for the girl between them.

Nicky was in heaven. It wasn't the first time she'd had two guys at once, but the previous time had been in her mouth and pussy. Now she had two of them in her belly at the same time, and she was nearly dazed by the intensity of the sensations rippling through her. And if the sheer, raw physical pleasure weren't enough there was the incredibly dark erotic delight of being double teamed like this, sandwiched between male flesh, their cocks pumping up and down inside

her.

It was the nastiest, sluttiest thing she thought she'd ever done, and Nicole loved the idea. She only wished there was another guy there so she could suck his cock at the same time!

Keith's cock sawed back and forth inside her, each stroke stoking the fires inside her even higher. She squealed and gurgled in heady, drunken delight as she felt the two cocks filling her belly. She hovered, dizzily, and confusedly on the verge of an orgasm for the longest time, gasping, moaning, eyes glassy, mouth open, gulping in air, the heat overwhelming her as the sexual pressure spiralled slowly upwards.

Then the two males changed their tactics. They both pulled their cocks almost all the way out of her body, then lunged back inward. The two fat pricks slammed into her belly as one, driving the breath from her lungs and sending her into a gut churning orgasm.

They were both eager to drop their loads inside her and began thrusting madly into the shivering, convulsing girl, ripping their prongs in and out of her. Their hands moving furiously over her lithe, beautiful body, stroking, squeezing, pinching. Nicole's breasts were mashed, and squashed, and flattened by four separate hands as the two cocks churned her guts to a heaving froth.

Jack gave a low moan and stabbed his prick deep into her tight little ass, then held it there as his arms encircled her belly and crushed her body back against his.

His thick arms locked her tightly in place as his cock spasmed and exploded. Wads of steaming hot cream spewed out the end of his dark black cock and splashed up into the deepest recesses of her belly. She could feel the cum flooding into her and gasped at the sensation of erotic heat it added.

Jack pulled his softening cock out of her and staggered off the bed. Keith rolled over on top of her, pinning her to the bed as his prong slammed into her pussy with powerful strokes.

His big, muscular body crushed her to the bed, entirely covering her as he drove his hips downward. His tool was pistoning in and out of her body so fast she couldn't tell when it was in and out. Her thighs and pussy were painfully battered

and bruised by the fury of his desperate assault as she rolled helplessly on her bound arms.

He pulled his purple red cock out of her steaming hole and then rolled her roughly over onto her belly. His hands slid beneath her belly and lifted her up onto her knees, then his cock plunged back into her pussy from behind

Now he could really pound her. Her buttocks were slapped and bruised under his furious thrusts. Nicole moaned and whined in complaint as her ass was pummelled by his hips and her pussy ached under his savage strokes.

A hand in her hair raised her head up off the bed and she confronted a dark black cock next to her lips. Her eyes shot upward and saw Jack, grinning and wanting more. She resisted briefly but she was too weak to oppose the two lustful males and finally opened her mouth to receive his prong.

At least he'd had the decency to wash it off, she thought dazedly, as his shaft slid between her lips. His cock stuffed her face full and pressed against the entrance to her throat, while Keith continued to rut into her from behind.

Then she felt Keith's juices spraying into her pussy as he came. She murmured a silent, weary thanks, wondering if she'd be able to sit down tonight.

Meanwhile, Jack's insistent lunges drove his cock down her throat and she found herself swallowing his long, fat black cock. Her throat muscles squeezed and pressed down on his shaft as it slid up and down and she gagged weakly, wrists jerking against the bindings holding them together.

Keith pulled his prick back out of her for a moment, then thrust it back in again. Suddenly, somehow, it was steel hard as it pumped easily in her hot, well lubricated pussy. His hands were gripping her hips tightly as he fucked her with effortless strength and power.

Jack pulled his cock back out of her mouth and got off the bed. Nicole looked around behind her, her mind muddled and confused. She blinked as she saw the grinning black man shoving his cock in and out of her from behind. She had never seen him before and Keith wasn't even in the room.

He pulled her back against him so she was kneeling upright, her buttocks pressed firmly into his belly. He slid one hand down under her pussy and the other

around her belly, then lifted her bodily off the bed and held her in mid-air.

Jack came around to her and stood right in front. He pressed his body against her and worked his cock up against her pussy. Nicole, dazed, and more than a little drunk, moaned in bewilderment and tried to move away but she was easily sandwiched between the two big black men.

Jack slid his cock into her pussy and then the guy behind her eased her down so her pussy enveloped the cockhead and slid down its length. The guy behind her let her feet fall to the floor and she was forced to stand on her tip toes, hung up between the two hard black cocks, wrists crossed helplessly behind her back.

Her toes barely touched the floor as the two men pressed their bodies against her, pushing their pricks balls deep in her pussy and ass. Nicole whimpered and shuddered in pain and dismay, her mind still spinning in confusion, wondering what was going on.

The guy behind her was chewing on the right side of her neck, his hands cupping her breasts in his big black hands. Jack was driving his tongue down her throat as his hands kneaded and squeezed her buttocks.

Then two began to slowly work their cock meat in and out of the dazed girl's pussy and ass. They crushed her pale white body between them as they thrust and ground into her. Their rigid black cocks pumped into her faster and faster. Nicole gasped, grunted and whined as their hard, muscular bodies squashed her soft, pale female form in a lewd, carnal Oreo.

It hurt, and it was – confusing, but oh God it was nasty and naughty and sexy, and as those hard black bodies ground against her, as those hard black cocks drove up into her belly again and again, she felt her insides twisting and squirming even as her mind filled with sexual heat. She lost interest in why or how as her mind was flooded with sex-heat and she rolled her hips lewdly against them.

Nicole's eyes rolled back in her head and she cried out in helpless excitement as her entire lower body exploded in gut churning, heart wrenching orgasms. One after another, they rolled through her, driving her into a frenzied paroxysm of twitching, trembling jelly as she writhed between them and the two black studs continued to ram thrust into her.

Chapter Five

As she'd expected, the minute she showed up outside the White House gates, she'd been yanked inside and then grounded. Her parents were furious with her, completely ignoring the earlier incident at breakfast because of her dumping the Secret Service like she had.

She'd been grounded until further notice. That was okay with her though. She knew that she'd be able to talk them down, eventually. She figured they wouldn't take any longer to cool down now than they would have if her grounding had simply been for dumping her breakfast on the table.

She had been kind of pissed off at Keith. After all, the deal had been that she let Jack fuck her, not Jack and some other guy who's name she still didn't know. She let him know it too, in no uncertain terms. She told him he could just jerk off from now on since she'd find someone more reliable to go with.

Not that she was going anywhere soon, of course. Still, she now had the games room at the White House and today the swimming pool was supposed to be ready at last. She was looking forward to that, and didn't even mind being whisked off home immediately after school by half a dozen unsmiling agents.

When the limo pulled up at the side entrance she was met by an equally unsmiling Mrs. Connors. Nicole's face dropped immediately into a scowl as the woman stood stiffly just inside the doors.

"Come with me," she snapped, turning and walking down the corridor towards her office. Nicole thought about ignoring her, but she didn't want to push her luck.

She didn't want her pool and games taken away from her while she was grounded in this dumpy house.

Mrs. Connors stood in the doorway of her office, rigid and formal in her black jacket and long black skirt. She closed the door after Nicole and then walked around her to her desk. Nicole slouched in front of her, looking at the woman

from half closed eyes.

"What happened yesterday after you left your agents?" she demanded.

"I went for a tour of the city, like I told you."

"Don't lie to me you, little bitch."

Nicole's eyes opened in surprise. Obscenity was unusual in the precisely mannered woman. And however much she didn't like Nicole, she was the president's daughter.

"What do you mean?" Nicole demanded warily. "I'm not lying."

"I have ears everywhere my dear child." Connors said in an icy voice. "I need to know what goes on so I can keep scandals from the press."

"So?"

"So, there are all manner of rumours flying about you. They say you went to some drug dealer's apartment and had sex with him and your boyfriend Keith. Is it true?"

"Are you accusing me of having sex with a..."

"Listen honey. Your parents might think you're some kind of virgin, but I know just what kind of a slut you really are. We had you checked out even before the campaign began. You're reasonably discrete most of the time, but you're still a little hot assed little whore."

"I should tell my Mother what you just said," Nicky said indignantly.

Connors snorted in disdain. "I could prove it easily, but I'd just deny it and say you were trying to shift attention from yourself."

She came around the desk and looked down hard at Nicole.

"I don't need a scandal right now. We're trying to accomplish things and we don't want any diversions."

"Oh fuck off." Nicole sighed, turning to go.

Suddenly she was on the floor. Mrs. Connors having backhanded her across the face.

"You watch your mouth around me, you little bitch!" the woman scowled.

"I'm going to tell my Dad you hit me!" Nicole gasped, staring at her in shock.

Mrs. Connors grabbed her by the hair and yanked the squealing girl to her feet.

"Now you listen to me, Nicole. If you don't behave like a good chaste little virgin, I'm going to have your parents enrol you in Glenview academy. You know what that place is like. It's an all girl's school that stresses discipline and applied learning. You do your school work six days a week and for three hours every night. You want that?"

Nicole shook her head frantically.

"Then act like a young lady, and I stress the word act!"

She opened the door and motioned Nicole toward it. The teenager fled without another word, knowing a school like that would be just what her Father would like for her to keep her out of his hair.

She wandered down the hallway, muttering dire curses under her breath.

* * * * *

She consoled herself by getting into her slinkiest, tiniest bathing suit and heading for the swimming pool. The pool wasn't that big, but it was big enough. The surrounding floor was covered in unpolished wood. There were paintings on the walls, well away from the pool, of course. The windows had been covered with thick curtains, and a bar installed. The media weren't happy, of course, but she could care less what those people wanted.

Nicole dropped her robe and towel on the floor and padded around the pool to the diving board. She was wearing a black suit with a top that was two sizes too small for her and a minuscule triangle of a thong that covered her pussy and not much else. Her breasts threatened to come loose from the cups of her bra every time she moved too suddenly. When she bent over to test the water, her right breast slid up high enough to show her nipple.

There was nobody else there, of course. She was a little disappointed in that. She liked to show off her body. If she were at a beach in California, there'd be all kinds of guys watching her hungrily. She really ought to arrange for a trip to a beach soon so the papers could get a picture of her like this.

She dove in, letting the warm water slide over her skin. She dove to the bottom of the pool, then turned and bounced back up. Her bra came apart in the middle and let the water caress her naked nipples until she popped through the surface.

She tsk'ed and tried to fasten it together again, then gave up and tossed it onto the deck. She felt much freer without it anyway, and a little kinky. There wasn't any lock on the pool room door either.

She did the backstroke down the length of the pool. When she got to the end, she dove down to the bottom, somersaulted, and peeled her bottoms off, then tossed them up onto the deck as well.

Now naked, she swam down to the other end of the pool where the diving board was. She climbed out, feeling very wanton as she slowly walked toward the board. She climbed up and walked to the end, holding her arms up above her head.

Then she dove in. She went almost to the bottom, curving her back a foot above it and turning up to the surface. She did slow twists in the water, enjoying herself, and feeling more and more turned on.

There was the sound of a someone clearing their throat over by the door. She swam to the edge and looked over. One of the footmen, wearing his black uniform, was standing a dozen feet away, looking very uncomfortable.

"Yessss?" she asked.

"Uh... um... There's a phone call for you, Miss Nicole," he stammered, staring studiously at the far wall.

"Thank you," she said.

She lifted herself out of the pool and walked over to the phone. The footman blanched, and quickly turned away, almost running from the room.

She grinned silkily as she picked up the phone.

"Yes?" she demanded.

"Nicole. How ya doin babe?"

"Who is this?"

"I got your number from Keith. This is Jack, remember, Jack in your box," he snickered and she scowled into the phone.

"What do you want?"

"I want to see you again."

"Forget it."

"Come on baby. You know you liked it."

"I don't know any such thing. I don't know who you are, and I've never met you. Goodbye."

"Not so fast baby," he growled. "I got something you might like to hear." There was a click and then a crackling voice came over the phone. "Oh Yes! Yes! Fuck me harder! Fuck me! Fuck meeeeeeee!" the voice cried, her own voice.

Then there was a series of orgiastic grunts and groans. The sounds stopped abruptly and Jack's voice came back on the line.

"You think that sounds hot, you ought to see the video," he said.

"What do you want?" she gasped, her skin face turning white.

"I want you to come on back and see me baby."

"I can't. I'm grounded for running off from my Agents."

"That's too bad baby. I bet I could get a lot of interest if I offered the video we made to the press."

"I'll try and get there."

"Don't try baby. Do."

"I... I'll come tomorrow after school. But I can't stay long."

"That's cool."

The phone hung up and she stood there staring at it for several moments before slowly hanging it up.

* * * * *

She got Barry Dorn alone after school and told him she had to make a side trip on the way home. He shook his head.

"Your Mother was very clear. You come straight home." the senior agent said.

"This is only a temporary stop. I need to see someone."

"Nope, not without permission."

"Come on Barry

"What do you need to talk to this person about?"

"It's personal business."

"Sorry."

"Look, Barry," Her eyes narrowed. "I can make your job a living hell if I want to, to say nothing of maybe getting you transferred to Alaska or somewhere."

He glared back at her and she batted her eyes.

"Daddyyy," she whined, sotto voice. "One of the Secret Service agents makes me nervous. He keeps looking at me, and... touching me."

"You're a spoiled little bitch," he snapped. "Nobody would believe you anyway."

"Maybe they would, and maybe they wouldn't. Why don't you just humour me a little so we don't have to find out."

So she was able to get the two cars to stop at Jack's building. She was accompanied up to the room by four of the agents, two of whom waited outside the apartment, and the other two of whom insisted on coming in with her.

Jack was as charming as could be in front of them, but diplomatically convinced them to let the two be alone in his library so they could talk.

"What the fuck do you want?" she snapped, as soon as the door was closed.

He grinned at her and moved over to a DVD player, turning it and a TV on. Within seconds the image came to life. It showed her on her hands and knees, a big black cock sliding in and out of her mouth, while another slid in and out of her pussy.

He turned the DVD player off and handed her some eight by ten color pictures, they showed her with Jack, with Jack and his friend, and with Keith, she was in all manner of poses. The pictures could have been used to illustrate a sex manual.

Her face was red with embarrassment and anger as she squashed the pictures up in her fist.

"I have other copies of everything, of course, in a safe place."

"What do you fucking want? I don't have any money!"

"I have some friends who want to visit the White House."

"What kind of friends?" she asked, suspiciously.

"None of your business. All you have to know is they can pass for teenagers from your school. They'll come over in ten days and you tell the guards to let them in."

"I don't even know their names, how can I?"

He handed her a single sheet of paper that had several names and descriptions.

"You just say their friends from school and tell the Secret Service to let them in."

"Uh... I don't know if I'm allowed to have visitors. I'm kind of grounded."

"You better be very convincing then, baby, else I'm gonna see that everyone in town gets a look at these pictures. As for the video's we took, they'll be selling them for ten bucks a pop on every other site on the internet."

"How did you get these anyway?" she demanded.

"Didn't you see that big mirror by the bed, baby? It's one way glass. We had the camera's behind it." He grinned at her, then palmed her ass, squeezing his fingers into her buttocks.

"Get your dirty hands off me!" she hissed, elbowing him in the ribs.

He grabbed her around the throat and glared at her fiercely.

"Don't act like the little snotty white girl, bitch!" he snapped. "We both know what kind of a tight assed slut you really are."

He kissed her, mashing his lips brutally against hers and holding her in place by the hair.

Then he pulled back and jerked her around, throwing her forward against a table so her belly smacked into the edge. He shoved her forward so she fell forward onto the table and then his hands ripped her underwear out from under her short skirt.

"Maybe you need a little reminder, white girl!" he breathed.

"Get off me!" she hissed, trying to push herself away from the table.

"Just shut your face, slut!"

He jerked her legs apart and then pulled his cock out. She felt its hardness pressing against her pussy from behind. The pressure mounted and the his hard cock pushed between her dry pussy lips and jammed upwards into her tight sheath.

"Owww!"

"Shut up, whore! You want your friends to find us like this?"

He lunged forward, driving his cock deeper into her hole.

"They'd... unghgh... shoot you, you bastard!" she groaned.

"Maybe they would, then all my little movie collection would go to the papers!" he panted.

He gripped her hips and began rutting his cock in and out of her with savage strokes. The long, fat length of his black cock drove in and out of her twitching pussy tunnel as he giggled and slapped her bottom. His hands slid up and down her body and cupped her breasts through her shirt.

"Nice little pussy. I could put you to work for me baby," he gasped, hammering his loins into her buttocks.

His prong was sliding easily in and out of her now as he worked himself up to a faster stroke.

"You know you like it, bitch. All you white girls like it! You need that big black cock, don't you!?"

He pounded his meat into her with brutal power, ripping his tool in and out of the teenager as she shuddered and grit her teeth against the pain and her rapidly awakening sexual fires.

His hips slapped into her buttocks with tremendous speed as his blurring hips buried his prick deep inside the tight little sex hole and then sprayed out his load of seed.

"Yeah, oh yeah!" he sighed, feeling his sperm jet into her body.

"Want a black baby, bitch?" he cackled.

Then he was finished. He put his cock back in his pants and pulled her upright. She swayed from side to side and tried to bury the feelings of sexual heat that were starting to bubble with fire.

"Now you go out there like a good little girl and we'll say goodbye."

He kicked her panties aside. "I'll keep these as a souvenir." He grinned.

* * * * *

She studied the list as she drove home to the White House. Who were these people anyway? One thing for sure, they weren't up to any good.

What would happen if she let them in? What would happen if she didn't? She'd have to find some place outside the country to go to school in. Everyone in the country would hear about it if Jack let the papers have those pictures. She was screwed, in more ways than one.

She carried the list with her as she went to her room. What the fuck was she going to do anyway? She dumped her clothes and put on her bathing suit. She stopped and then stripped it off again. Why wear a bathing suit anyway. The pool was private enough to go nude, and she much preferred it that way. She got a robe and made her way down to the pool.

On her way though, she ran into Mrs. Connors.

"I want a word with you Miss Evans." the woman said, icily.

Oh shit. Just what I need, she thought.

"What is it now?" she asked, sullenly.

Mrs. Connors looked around, then opened the door to a spare bedroom.

"In here."

"I want to go to the pool."

"Don't ask me to go to the pool, Nicole, or I might be tempted to drown you."

She seized Nicole's arm and pulled her into the bedroom and slammed the door behind her.

"What?"

"You went back to that druggie's apartment!"

"Who says he's a druggie?"

"I said! I told you yesterday to stay away from him. I told you to behave. What do you do? you blackmail that wimp Dorn into letting you go up there and be alone with him. Did he fuck you again?"

"Yes, if you really want to know!" she sniffed.

"That figures, you little slut!"

"Oh go fuck off!"

"Listen to me, you little bitch," Connors hissed.

She grabbed Nicole by the shoulders and shook her hard.

"My job around here depends on your father doing well in the polls. He isn't going to do well if it gets around that his daughter is a whore who's screwing a black drug dealer!"

"So do your job and keep it quiet!" she snapped.

"I'd like to keep you quiet!"

"Get your hands off me, you fucking dyke!"

She shoved at Connors hands and then kicked her in the ankle for good measure.

Connors yelped and cursed. She grabbed Nicole by the hair and twisted her around. Nicole grabbed at Connors' long blonde hair, entangling her hands in it and tearing hard. Both of them screamed and cursed as they pulled harder on each other's hair.

Connors had a good twenty pounds on Nicole, though, as well as six inches in height. She threw the girl across the room, where the small redhead landed in a heap. Mrs. Connors jumped atop her, wrestling her arms above her head.

Nicole twisted her leg around, trying to get enough leverage to roll over. The violent manoeuvres had completely undone her robe and it hung open on her shoulders now. She tried to close it but couldn't because of Mrs. Connors grip.

She got a hand free and latched onto the blonde woman's shirt, tearing it open to the belt-line. Connors cursed violently and slapped Nicole across the face. Nicole had both her hands free then and grabbed Mrs. Connors huge breasts.

She dug her fingers in as tight as she could and then twisted violently. Mrs. Connors gave a shriek of pain and grabbed for Nicole's hands, but the redhead hung on, twisting more. Her nails were digging into the woman's tender breast angrily. She'd had a bad day and needed to take it out on someone.

Connors grabbed Nicole's naked breasts then, gripping both full breasts in her bigger hands and squeezing them around in almost a full circle. Nicole howled in pain, trying to dislodge the woman's grip, but Connors hauled off and slugged her in the chin, knocking her head back to the floor.

She grabbed Nicole's wrists in her hands then and pushed them to the floor near her head as she squatted above the dazed teen.

"You... little... slut!" she gasped.

Her eyes were wide and furious as she pinned the nearly nude girl to the rug and tried to control her breathing.

"Bitch." Nicole gasped.

She thought for a second Mrs. Connors was going to punch her again. She looked up fearfully at the wild eyed woman sitting on her belly. The expensive white shirt she was wearing was torn apart and one of her breasts was sticking out of her bra.

Then Connors lowered her face to Nicole's and kissed her, hard. Nicole was so surprised she didn't react at all as the blonde woman kissed her cheeks and then slid her mouth and tongue down across her throat and onto her sore, aching breasts.

She tongued Nicole's nipples, then took each one into her mouth and rolled it around between her lips. Nicole stared down at the woman sucking her breasts, in shock from the icy woman's sudden shift in behaviour.

Her wrists were still pinned above her head as Mrs. Connors worked on her breasts. She didn't know what to do anyway. Then Connors sat back up. She

released Nicole's hands and tore her own bra open so both her huge round breasts popped out. The nipples were a full inch long at the very least, and the pointed straight out from her hot, hard breasts.

She bent towards Nicole again, pushing her full breasts into the teenager's face. Nicole automatically opened her mouth and sucked in one of those giant nipples, chewing on it ungently and sucking with all her power.

Her belly was churning violently. Her pussy's earlier misuse by Jack had been unsatisfying, but had caught at some dark, nasty side of her and lent her a flickering arousal. Now her pussy burned anew as the big blond overpowered and forced herself down on her. She lay there, letting Mrs. Connors squeeze her face between her big breasts, luxuriating in their tender softness and warmth.

"You little bitch." Connors groaned, sliding her tongue across the redhead's face and gnawing at her throat. Her hands gripped Nicky's breasts, squeezing tightly and rubbing them around in circles.

Her tangled blonde hair caressed the girl's skin as she tongued her way downward to Nicole's velvety soft abdomen. Nicole's legs spread far apart as the woman pushed her face into her hot, moist pussy. She stabbed her tongue far out between her lips and touched the very center of the pink slit.

Then she reared back suddenly and slapped Nicole's face.

Nicole gasped, then gasped again at a second slap, then another, then another. Her head was rocked from one side to the other as the woman slapped her cheek on opposite sides.

Dazed, ears ringing, face hot, she moaned as the woman yanked the belt away from her robe, then rolled her over and pulled her robe off completely. She cried out weakly as she felt a harsh pull at her hair and was forced, scrambling awkwardly to her knees. Nicole felt her arms pulled back behind her by the woman's knees, then felt them crossed the elbows as the belt was wrapped around them and yanked tight.

Dazed, she moaned as the woman twisted her around, yanking on her hair again. Nicky was kneeling on the floor with her back now against the bed as the woman shoved her back. Her head and shoulders fell back onto the bed, and the woman quickly straddled them.

Nicky gasped shakily, eyes fluttering as the woman straddled her face, then sank her pussy down hard against the little redhead's mouth. Nicky's further moans were muffled by the warm flesh jammed against her mouth as Connors began to grind herself furiously against her.

It wasn't even a matter of Nicky performing oral sex. The woman was bouncing and grinding and rubbing herself against Nicky's mouth and face, using her to masturbate!

It didn't take long and then a flood of feminine cream poured down over Nicky's face and into her dazed mouth as Connors came, erupting into the helpless redhead, her pussy muscles spasming again and again and sending her hot pussy milk pouring over the redhead's face.

“Oh God!” Connors gasped, finally easing her furious grinding.

Nicky groaned as well.

“You almost broke my fucking nose, you fucking dyke!” she moaned.

Connors eased off her, then yanked up on her hair.

Nicky squealed, only to have Connors shove her own panties into the redhead's open mouth.

Connors then sat down and pulled Nicky over her lap, but instead of her own hand she took the belt from her suit and slashed it down across the redhead's pale little bottom.

Nicky's eyes bulged and she squealed with pain. Her legs kicked furiously and her arms pulled helplessly against the belt binding her elbows. But Connors would not relent. She held Nicky by the hair and lashed the belt down again and again. Nicky's bottom turned a bright pink, then a dark red as the little redhead squealed and cried and then began to sob helplessly.

Connors stopped, finally, dropping the sobbing, trembling redhead onto the floor.

She bent, caught at her hair, and yanked her back up onto her knees.

“Now you listen to me, you filthy little slut! You're going to learn a little

discipline if it kills you!”

She jerked back savagely on Nicky's hair. “Understand?!”

Nicky sobbed and nodded her head helplessly.

Connors then pulled the panties out of her mouth and pulled her mouth in against her pussy.

“Lick me!”

Nicky licked. She had very little experience with women, but she knew what she liked, and Connors was quick to instruct her, accompanied by yanks to her hair and slaps to her face, head and even her breasts. Nicky squealed and moaned and whimpered, but a dark side of her was growing more and more aroused as the woman forced her into licking at her pussy, and when the woman came in her face again Nicole felt a hot steaming excitement between her legs.

Connors yanked her to her feet, again by the hair, and her hand shot between Nicky's legs. Within less than a minute she had masturbated the angry, helpless girl to an intense orgasm.

"Bitch," Nicole groaned.

"Slut." the woman whispered.

Chapter Six

That night she was forced to go to a party given in the main ballroom by her parents. The party was for the foreign diplomatic community and their families, and no amount of whining and sulking was sufficient to get her out of it.

For the occasion, she was wearing a jet black, strapless evening dress. It had been a compromise between her and her parents, though she'd cheated a little. The one she was wearing was a size too small, making her curves very obvious.

She walked down the hallway to the ballroom. She entered the crowded ballroom and headed over to where the drinks were, but was stopped by an old lady who turned out to be the Spanish Ambassador's wife.

One of her Father's staff members hurried over to keep an eye on her. She'd offended the president of Zambia on one visit by asking him how come his people were starving while he had billions of dollars stashed away in Switzerland. The State department didn't want a repeat.

"My dear child. What a lovely gown." the woman cooed.

She was, Nicole thought, about a thousand years old, and about two tons overweight. She smiled in boredom and thanked her.

"But your parents must be so proud of you my dear. You are so lovely." the old woman simpered.

Oh go fuck yourself, Nicole sighed.

She shrugged and smiled in response.

"And how are you enjoying school my dear. You know my son Ferdinand also goes to Markham Academy. Perhaps you know him, hmmm?"

"I'm afraid not. It's a big school."

"Yes, it's such an excellent school, no? All the best families send their children

there." She lowered her voice. "And there's not so many Negroes there, hmhhh?"

"Uh..."

"Well, we must be going, Mrs. Gonzales." Her father's aid hurriedly intervened.

He led Nicole away from the old woman and over to the refreshment tables.

"Don't ever answer questions like that," he said. "It could be construed as agreeing with her, and make you look racist."

"I'm not an idiot," she said.

"Good. Here comes the Japanese Ambassador and his son."

The two bowed as they came up. The Ambassador was about fifty, with perfectly done hair and manicured nails. He was wearing a black tailored Tuxedo. His son was almost identical, except for being about thirty years younger.

"It is most pleasant to see you here, Miss Evans." the Ambassador smiled benevolently. "You are looking most beautiful tonight."

"Thank you."

"Allow me to introduce my son Hoshima."

"How do you do."

"I am fine thank you, and yourself."

He pronounced every syllable carefully.

"Quite well."

"Ahh, that is good."

"It is an excellent party." the Ambassador said.

"I'm not much for formal parties." Nicole confessed, drawing a frown from Bulger, her Father's assistant.

"Oh, nobody is." the Ambassador grinned. "The only reason to come is to be seen. That is so everyone else knows how important you are."

"Really."

"And, of course, for the free food and drinks."

"I hope it's good then." She smiled.

"Oh, on this occasion it is not so important. It is worthwhile coming just to meet you and your family."

"You really think so?"

"Oh, of course."

"I guess I should be flattered."

"Everyone wants to meet the new first family."

"We're really rather boring."

"Oh, surely not."

The evening went pretty much like that until she was able to slip away into a side hallway and wander over to the library. She went over to the big desk that sat near the window and sat down in the leather chair, putting her feet up on the ornamental teak of the desk.

"Bored?"

She jerked her feet off the desk and twisted her head to the other door to see a man of about thirty standing there in his Tuxedo. He had fairly longish hair for the crowd outside. He looked Mediterranean, and she struggled to place him, then remembered Bulger pointing out the Albanian Ambassador.

"Weren't you with the Albanian Ambassador earlier?" she asked, pulling her feet off the desk.

"He is my father," the man admitted, smiling as he came into the room.

"I am Ernst Hrnixtaxa."

"So how do you like civilization?" she asked, grumpily.

"That is not very diplomatic of you?" he said with an arched eyebrow.

"I'm not with the State department. From everything I've heard about Albania it isn't exactly the most advanced country in the world."

"We are entirely self sufficient," he said, grimly. "We need nothing from anyone. Your country can not say the same."

"Can't say we have people using ox carts either," she sniffed.

She got up from the chair and walked around the desk.

Ernst stepped in front of her.

"We have no crime, no slums, no poverty, no welfare. Everyone works, and everyone is happy."

"And the Easter Bunny lives in the president's palace," she said, sarcastically.

His eyes were angry as he looked arrogantly down at her.

"In my country, woman know their place." He glared. "They do not talk so, to men."

"So go home."

"They also do not dress like American woman, like... whores."

"That's probably cause their all fat and ugly."

"In my country you would be arrested for dressing like that," he sneered.

"Your country can't even build any TV's. You haven't got as much money as the welfare bums in Harlem."

"Perhaps that will change in a few days." his eyes gleamed.

"Yeah?"

"When my friends come into the White House to show the world just what Albania can accomplish."

"Huh?"

"I saw the video you made," he sneered. "My father and I were most impressed with your... talents."

"I... I don't know what you're talking about."

"I think you do."

His hand reached out and slid through her hair under her right ear. Then he grabbed the elastic top of her dress and pulled it down over her breasts to her waist.

"Hey..."

She grabbed for her dress and he slapped her across the face, knocking her hand away.

"Be the good little whore that you are," he said. "We do not want any company."

She stared at him, gasping, cheek aching.

"Remove the dress, whore!"

"But I – ."

He slapped her face a second time, and she moaned and stumbled.

"Remove the dress, slut!"

Nicole bit her lip. She could scream and bring in half the secret service, but then what?

Face heating, she undid her dress and then peeled it off.

He smirked.

“The rest, whore!”

She undid her bra and was soon standing before him naked but for her high heels.

He gripped her hair, yanking back on her head, forcing her back to arch, and when she gasped and struggled he pulled her wrists back and pinned them behind her head, then wrapped her own hair around them and held her like that with one hand, sneering at her contemptuously.

“Filthy American whore!”

He bent her back sharply, running his hand over her firm breasts, then down her body, along her abdomen, and between her legs. His fingers stroked and rubbed against her tight little sex, and Nicky moaned as her clit throbbed in response.

“You will do exactly as an obedient woman should do, do you understand, whore?” he demanded, jerking on her hair.

“Y-Yes!” she gasped in pain.

“Yes sir!” he snapped.

“Yes, sir!” she moaned as he pulled on her hair.

“This should be the oval office itself,” he said. “I would bend you over the president's desk and take you like the whore you are. But I will settle for this desk for now.

He forced her around and bent her over the desk, then jerked her legs apart.

“Legs straight! Keep your feet apart!”

The order was accompanied by a sharp slap to her bottom, and Nicole yelped but obeyed.

She gasped as his cock pressed against her soft little slit, then groaned as he sank himself into her.

“You are all ready for what you do best,” he said, hands running over her body.

She gasped and grunted as he bucked his hips forward, then again, forcing himself deeper into her belly.

"I have been looking forward to this," he said with a leer.

"Bastard," she gasped.

He ignored her, pushing forward, driving his cock fully into her body as he leaned over her.

"Filthy whore!"

He slapped her bottom, then started stroking, thrusting into her. He grasped her hair and yanked her head up and back, and his hips beat a tattoo against her buttocks as his cock sliced in and out between her tight, quivering sex lips.

Nicole was furious, angry, and more than a little scared of what the crazy Albanian had planned. And yet, even so, being mastered, being used, being forced like this, with his cock thrusting into her warm pussy, was having an effect. Her heart was pounding, her blood racing, and her pussy was starting to burn as he rammed himself in and out of her.

"Oh! Ungh! Uhg! Oh! God!" she gasped as his hips slammed into her.

He yanked harder on her hair and she squealed as he dragged her upper body halfway up, then leaned over her, his hands cupping her breasts and squeezing hard as he began to lick and suck and chew at the nape of her neck.

Nicole's hips ground helplessly back at him, the sex heat rising within her as his cock pumped in and out, her breasts swollen, her nipples burning as he pinched and stroked them.

"Whore!" he hissed, biting into her throat.

"You like to be taken by a man, whore?" he sneered. "You like to have a man use you?"

He pumped fiercely, pounding his prick into her. His lips were pulled back in an evil grimace as his cock was squeezed and sucked by her by her tight, slick pussy walls. She was a beautiful young woman, but the fact she was the

president's daughter was what truly made his cock hard.

"Worthless American whore!" he exclaimed.

His hand drove in under her hips, his fingers rubbing at her clitoris, and Nicole gasped and whimpered, her hips grinding frantically back as he continued to ram himself into her. The sex was cold, cruel, painful and hard, and it set her blood burning as she neared an orgasm.

"In my country," he gasped. "I would keep you naked and in chains."

He slammed his cock, balls deep inside her and ground himself from side to side.

"We know how to make use of beautiful whores," he hissed.

He pulled his cock back down her pussy tunnel and then lunged forward again, bringing a cry from her beautiful lips as he jammed his cock back into her.

The door to the library opened then, and an older man walked in. He glared at the two as he approached.

"Father." Ernst said, mildly.

"Ernst, you fool. What if someone else should walk in?"

"That is why I placed Xinhuea at the door."

"She will be missed soon."

The ambassador glared, looking down at the breathless, shuddering, red faced young woman.

"I am almost finished with her." Ernst began pumping again, sliding his cock in and out of her as his father watched with interest.

"Perhaps I will make use of her when you are done. It would be amusing to know I have fucked his daughter when I meet with the President later."

"Everyone has fucked his daughter." Ernst cackled, grabbing her around the waist and pulling her up to meet his strokes.

"In time, perhaps you will be right, the man grinned.

He sat down in the big leather chair to watch his son finish fucking the pretty little redhead.

Ernst slammed his hips against Nicole with a savage flurry, that sent his prick ripping in and out of her with brutal speed and force, then he held still inside her as his come sprayed out then end of his prick.

"I am done," he sighed, pulling his cock out of her.

Before Nicole could move, he seized her by the hair and pulled her off the desk. She fell on the rug in a heap and he dragged her by the hair over to where his father sat. The man looked down at her with amused contempt.

Ernst knelt behind her, pulling one of her arms up behind her till she yelped in pain. He pulled her upright on her knees and pushed her chest out so his father could run his hands over her breasts.

"Very nice." the man said.

Ernst shoved her forward and his father seized her hair, holding her face in his lap with one hand as he unzipped his fly with the other. He brought out his naked cock and held it to her lips. She tiredly opened her mouth and took the semi-hard organ into her mouth.

She began working her tongue and lips over the cock until it hardened, then started bobbing her head up and down the length of it, concentrating on the head in an effort to bring him off quickly.

"I have to get back to the party." Ernst said, finishing adjusting his clothes and moving away.

"I shall join you shortly." his father said.

He had his knees spread far apart as he held the girl with both hands.

He humped up against her face as she sucked on his dick.

She felt his organ hardening still further. It pulsed and throbbed in her mouth as

she sucked and licked. He lounged back in the chair, watching her idly, then turning to look out the window briefly. He started humping up against her once again, this time with a furious urgency.

His hands were harsh as she pulled him onto him, and stuffed his cock into her face. Then he pulled off and yanked her forward, forcing her slim body up into the chair, making her straddle him.

Eyes glazed, but wild, face flushed, Nicole sank down on his cock with a shuddering moan as the man began to suck and chew on her breasts. His hands dug into her ass and she began to ride him, slowly at first, but then faster and more desperately as her own inner heat drove her on. She gasped and moaned every time she dropped down onto him, every time his fat cock pushed deep into her belly, then came with a shuddering sob, riding him for all she was worth as he sprayed his semen up into her quivering, sucking belly.

He gave a great sigh and pushed her roughly off, so she fell onto the floor, panting and moaning dazedly, then stood up and put his cock back in his pants.

"I shall perhaps buy you from your father when I am finished." the man grinned, nastily. "You shall make a good trophy for my palace."

He turned and left the library.

Nicole wiped her mouth off and pulled her dress back up over her breasts. She got up on wobbly feet then tottered over to the chair the Ambassador had just vacated and sat down. She glared at the wall, thinking of what the hell she was supposed to do now.

* * * * *

She shouldn't really have been surprised when Mrs. Connors gestured her into her office the next day.

"Would you care to enlighten me on what happened in the library yesterday evening?" she glared.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Nicole sulked, standing in front of Connors' desk.

"The Ambassador's son, as slimy an individual as you'll find in this city, went into the library while one of his goons stood outside. Ten minutes later the Ambassador went in, and shortly after, his son left. Then the Ambassador left, and a few minutes later, out pops the President's dishevelled daughter."

Nicole rolled her eyes toward the ceiling and popped a bubble from the gum she was chewing.

"So?" she asked, insolently.

"So did you fuck either or both of them?"

"That's my business."

"It's my business too. Didn't I make myself clear the other day."

"You only made clear that you're a bull dyke." Nicole sneered.

Mrs. Connors' face flushed and her eyes narrowed.

"You really are a nasty little whore, aren't you?"

"Oh go suck a pussy."

Then her eyes gleamed and she unsnapped the two straps holding up her dress. The dress fell to the ground around her ankles, leaving her nude before the older woman's desk.

"Why don't you... discipline me?" she leered.

Mrs. Connors glared at her.

"Frederick," she called.

The door behind her desk opened and a man walked in. It was the man who'd caught her in the cabinet room.

She bent down quickly and yanked her dress up over her chest.

"Well, I see you haven't changed much," he said.

"I want you to take personal charge of this little whore, Frederick. See that she stays out of trouble. She needs a... firm hand." Connors said.

"Oh, she'll get that all right."

With that he grabbed her hand, pulling her arm away from her chest. She was still fumbling with her dress, trying to fasten it together again.

He sat down in a straight backed chair, and hauled her over his lap.

"This'll hurt me more than it will you," he sighed, "or maybe not."

He pulled her dress up above her hips and then whipped his hand down against her buttocks. She howled in pain as his palm cracked against her ass.

Mrs. Connors watched as the teenager was soundly spanked. Her angry detachment quickly gave way to an excited interest as she watched the girl's lovely bottom redden under the repeated blows. She wished it was her giving the girl a spanking, and wondered if she ought to find an excuse to get rid of the secret service agent and take over.

The top of Nicole's dress gave way as Frederick held both her wrists pinned behind her back, and her breasts were clearly visible, bouncing and bobbing beneath her chest as Frederick wacked her behind. Mrs. Connors mouth moistened at the thought of sucking on those hot little nipples again.

"I think punishment will only go so far though, Cathy," he said, as he spanked the yowling, writhing girl. "She's got such a hot little box that she won't be able to keep out of trouble without getting it taken care of regularly."

"I think you're probably right. Why don't you fuck her?"

Nicole's eyes widened and she gasped in shock.

"I don't have any more interest in fucking her than you would in fucking me." Frederick humphed.

"Oh really Frederick. I don't see why you couldn't get it up for her. She's got a nice little ass there."

"I'm as gay as you are Cathy. I don't screw girls."

"Oh all right. It would simplify matters though."

Frederick slammed his hand down against her scarlet buttocks again.

"Why don't you fuck her?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I don't have the right equipment to keep her content."

"That's the first time I've heard you admit that."

"She's a cock loving slut. What does she know?" Cathy said, angrily.

Frederick gave her ass a final flurry of slaps and then hauled her to her feet.

He sighed. "I'll see if I can find one of the boys with a tight mouth to keep her pussy filled."

Nicole stood there, her dress around her ankles again, rubbing her sore ass. "You bastards can't do this to me!" she hissed, furiously.

"If you weren't such a little whore we couldn't." Mrs. Connors sighed.

"Somebody has to safeguard the President's reputation though."

"I'll tell my Mom!"

"Oh dry up will you?" Frederick said. "Or we'll put you in that convent school."

"My Dad wouldn't..."

"He would if he found out half of what you've been doing Nicole."

She sulked, then bent over and pulled her dress up again.

Chapter Seven

After that, Frederick was the head of her Secret Service detail, and it was impossible to get away with anything around him. He watched her like a hawk, and followed her everywhere. There was a woman Secret Service agent now who followed her into the locker room and bathrooms, so she couldn't have any opportunity to get away.

When he brought her home, he took her immediately to her room where Mark was waiting. Mark was a younger agent. He was tall and broad shouldered, and delighted at the assignment he'd been given.

"What are you doing here?" she'd glowered the first time.

"He's here to keep you out of trouble." Frederick said.

"I thought that was your job." She glared.

"It's all of our jobs."

"Just get undressed."

"What!?"

"You heard me. Mark's going to give you the ride you need to keep you out of trouble. He'll ride you every morning when you get up and every afternoon when you come back from school."

"I'm not letting him... "

"You don't have any choice. We're not going to have you fucking drug dealers and scummy east block spies any more."

"I'll fuck whoever I feel like fucking!" she said, hotly.

"That's why he's here." Frederick grinned. "So you won't feel like fucking so much."

Mark moved toward her then, and she tried to escape but was easily grabbed and held by Frederick. He stood behind her and held her hands together above her head while Mark carefully unbuttoned her shirt and pulled it open. Then unsnapped her pants and slid them down her legs to her ankles.

"Fucking bastards!" she yelled angrily.

"Oh dry up." Frederick sighed. "He's really very good, at least so I've been told."

Mark pulled her pants off as Frederick lifted her clear of the floor for a moment.

"How do you want to do this boss?" Mark asked.

His pants bulged with his erection.

"Um... Let's just cuff her to the bed and then you can take it from there."

"Are you sure this is okay?" Mark asked worriedly.

"She'll never tell anyone, don't worry. She needs it to keep out of trouble."

They brought the kicking and cursing girl over to her big bed and lay her down on it so her hands were up near the top. Frederick took his handcuffs out and then cuffed both her wrists around the horizontal brass pole that ran between the two head posts.

"I'll leave you alone with her. Make sure you're done by four-thirty."

"No problem."

The other man's eyes were wide and staring as he beheld the gorgeously naked girl.

"They'll cut your dick off for raping the President's daughter." Nicole hissed.

"From what I heard, they'd have to cut off every second dick in the city." the man leered.

He got into bed next to her and began sliding his hand up and down her body.

"You sure got a nice body Nicole," he sighed, stroking her breasts softly.

"Fuck you!" she said angrily.

He grinned. "No. Fuck you."

He leaned over and slid his tongue across her right nipple. He worked the tongue round and round the tiny bud, then took it into his mouth and suckled on it until it stiffened. He played with her other breast while he did that, then shifted his mouth to it while fondling her hard moistened nipple.

He worked easily and smoothly, in no hurry. Nicole jerked her arms against the cuffs holding them in place and tried to ignore the man using her body. His mouth slid all across her breasts, soaking both of them and working her nipples into hot, rock hard little points.

She was getting hot, despite herself. She liked being chained like this, liked being spread out before this strange man for his pleasure. She liked the feeling of his mouth around her nipples, and his hands on her skin. Frederick was right, he was pretty good. He was also pretty good looking.

His mouth moved down across her lower chest, his hands working with it, stroking her skin, squeezing her ribs lightly, then moving down over her stomach. He tongued her belly button as his hands stroked around in circles. Lower still his mouth slithered, down through her lightly furred pubic nest to her pussy.

She stubbornly kept her legs closed until he jerked them open with his hands. She really wanted his tongue against her pussy, but felt she had to put up a fight for forms sake.

His tongue and mouth worked on her clit with practised ease, driving her higher and higher into an orgasmic orbit. She rutted her ass up against him in uncontrollable little rutting movements. Within minutes he had driven her into orgasm.

Her body shook and trembled there on the bed as his tongue twisted and turned around in her pussy and his fingers stabbed into her pussy slit.

"Yeahhhh... You like that don't you, honey?" he breathed.

He drove his tongue deep inside her again and again, and soon had her writhing

through a second orgasm, then a third.

His tongue was driving her crazy as her pussy spasmed and trembled with greater and greater need each time his tongue rode across her clit. Her insides felt empty and barren, like there was a wide void in the center of her belly. She needed something hot and hard up there, needed it badly.

He tongued her a final time then slid up her body to work on her breasts. She whimpered against him, rutting her pussy up against his hand. He stroked her lightly with his fingers.

"Want something Nicole?" he whispered with a leer.

She whined in reply, throwing her hips upward.

His fingers taunted her, flittering across her pussy in a maddening dance.

"Want me to fuck you Nicole," he breathed.

She whispered something.

"What was that?"

"Yes," she hissed.

"I didn't hear you. Say it louder."

"I... I want you to... to fuck me," she sniffed, gasping as a surging wave of excitement shot into her chest from his fingering of her breasts.

"Are you sure?"

"Y... Yes," she whimpered.

"Well... I don't know," he said doubtfully.

He bent down and took her right nipple between his lips, then chewed on it lightly.

She sobbed in desperation as her nipple sizzled with electric fire.

"Fuck me!" she gasped.

"Beg me," he said with a grin.

"Fuck me! P... P... Please!" she cried.

"Your want me to fuck you?"

"Yes!" she howled.

"Well, all right then, if you're sure."

He gave her nipple a final chew then rose. He stood next to the bed and undid his belt, then slowly brought his zipper down and let his pants fall to the floor. He was wearing boxer shorts under them. They stood out stiff in front of him as he bent over and pulled his pants from his feet, then folded them neatly and put them on the back of a chair.

He pulled his shorts down then and his cock sprang free. It was big and fat, and stiff as steel as he stood there looking down on the hot, writhing girl.

"You want this Nicole?" he taunted, sliding his hand up and down the shaft of his cock.

"Bastard!" she moaned.

"You bet honey."

He folded his jacket on the chair then took off his tie and put it on top. He didn't bother taking his shirt off as he knelt between her widespread legs and pushed his cockhead against her hot, moist slit. She humped herself up against him and he pulled back, grinning at her desperation.

"You sure are a hot little bitch, aren't you?" he said, amused.

"Fuck me, you bastard!" she groaned.

"Okay, okay. You'll get it, just hold on."

He lowered himself atop her, feeling her stiffened nipples dig into his chest even through his shirt. He fondled them briefly, then held his cock and positioned it

against her steaming hole once again.

"Take it easy girl. Here it comes," he breathed, holding his cockhead against her slit and then slowly, slowly pushing it downwards. She felt the fat cock push open her pussy lips with ease, then slide down into her pussy pit.

"Oh God Yes!" she cried. "Hurry! Fuck me!"

"Take it easy," he sighed.

His cock sank down into her inch by inch, filling her pussy tube as it moved into her body. She trembled and shook beneath him as she tried to hold back a maelstrom of sexual energy.

"Harder! Fuck me hard!" she sobbed, gritting her teeth.

His cock hadn't yet reached bottom, but he took pity on her and slid it back up to the surface and then thrust downward, driving his hot spike deep into her belly. Nicole screamed wildly and her body shook and rocked beneath him as she burned and raced through an immense orgasm.

He hammered his cock into her belly with short, vicious strokes as she sobbed and shook all over. Her legs flew up and locked tight against his ass, drawing him into her with frenzied power. His cock sank up to the hilt in her furnace of a pussy as her silky wet walls spasmed around it.

After long seconds, her movements eased, and she lay motionless and exhausted beneath him. He lay atop her for a minute, kissing her hair and cheeks, then slowly began to draw his long cock out of her slit. His ass rose and then slowly fell as he began to fuck her easily.

Her eyes were closed and she appeared to be barely conscious as his fat meat slid in and out of her. Her tangled, red hair half covered her face as she lay there, her chest heaving.

He rubbed his cock along the top of her pussy as he pushed in, then shifted and pulled it back along the bottom of her pussy. He moved from side to side, slowly plunging his cock up and down her fuck tunnel. His hands rode across her skin, cupping and stroking her breasts, fondling her hair, sliding down beneath her to squeeze her buttocks.

Her eyes opened and she stared up at him dazedly, her mind numbed by the tremendous orgasm she'd just been through. Her head rested on her bound arms and her eyes blinked slowly up at him. Her legs were spread wide around his thick body as he probed her body intimately.

She hated him, but she loved the feel of his cock as it worked in and out of her. She floated atop a low frequency sexual high, her body almost purring with satisfaction as he worked into her smoothly. She closed her eyes again, letting the feeling wash over her.

Slowly the feelings in her lower belly intensified. The touch of his hands on her breasts and the feel of his cock working back and forth inside her began to burn her body, burn her with an potent sexual fever that made her body shake and tremble uncontrollably.

"Ready, you little bitch?" he groaned. "You ready?"

He pulled out of her and then tossed her over onto her belly. His hands went under her and jerked her up to her knees. His cock stabbed deep into her pussy from behind as he held his fingers tightly around her waist.

Her hands were held tightly in the handcuffs attached to the post as he began hammering his hips into her ass.

"Boss said ride you hard, and that's what I'm going to do," he grunted.

His fingers almost completely encircled her tiny waist as he slammed his cock in and out of her pussy. Her buttocks were bruised and battered as he pumped furiously. He jerked her ass back to meet his savage, powerful strokes, and Nicole yelped and moaned and cried out each time his hips struck her aching bottom.

He fucked into her violently, his muscles straining as he yanked her right up off her knees to meet his driving thrusts. His cock ripped in and out of her furiously, rutting into her like a dog in heat. Her hanging breasts wobbled back and forth beneath her as her body was jerked back and forth by the powerfully muscled man riding her.

Nicole was in a dazed state of sexual heat, gasping and moaning and yelping as he rode her so violently. It was exactly the kind of hard, nasty sex she loved, and

her mind swirled as her belly churned with wild flaring heat. Every powerful thrust into her aching pussy sent a scalding wave of sexual heat flooding up through her body, making her mind tumble and roll amid the churning surf of sensations.

Her very skin felt as though it were on fire, as sexual energy crackled along the surface of her body. Her nipples burned and her pussy flared wildly.

"Oh Noooooo!" she cried, as her pussy exploded once more. Searing waves of sexual fire burned through her system, rippling up and down her spine and burning deep into her chest and belly.

Her head lashed up and down as her pussy clutched and squeezed on his stiff pounding cock. Kaleidoscopic lights danced before her glassy eyes and she gurgled in helpless sexual bliss as the orgasm went on and on.

Mark slid his hands under her thighs, lifting her body off the mattress entirely. Her legs split far apart as he held them up and pounded into her. She hung by her wrists as he slammed his cock into her with relentless force, impaling her on his hard, steel tool.

She shook and gurgled in dazed sexual fever as a roaring wind shrieked through her mind. His prick was forced deep into her body again and again as she hung helplessly against him. He gurgled in pleasure and then his cock exploded into throbbing, pulsing orgasm, spraying her guts with wad after wad of boiling white semen

The he dropped her and collapsed atop her, his cock still shooting juice into her. He crushed her into the bed as they both gasped for breath and tried to recover their strength.

"Now... that... wasn't... so... bad. Was... it?" he gasped.

"F... fuck... you," she groaned.

"You will... honey."

He kissed her neck, nuzzling into the side of her throat.

* * * * *

She was indignant of course, but couldn't for the life of her, figure out what to do about it. Besides, she wasn't entirely sure she wanted to do anything about it. Mark, as unpleasant as he was, and she wasn't certain he really was all that unpleasant, was a really rad fuck. She couldn't remember the last guy who'd done her so good.

She couldn't really put an end to him until she'd figured out a way to replace him, else she'd have to go back to playing with her dildo. The thing that irked her really, was that she was being seen to in such a... clinical fashion, as if she had a disease and Mark was administering the cure. She wasn't some kind of nympho after all.

What she'd really like to do is tell him and Frederick, and that bitch dyke Cathy Connors to go and fuck themselves. But first, she had to take care of the problem she had with that Jack bastard. She knew a lot of people took her for a brainless little twat, but really, she wasn't. She had no intention of letting some kind of... of, well, who knew what they were, come right into the White House. They could be terrorists for all she knew.

What to do about them, though? She'd be hard pressed to find a place to hide if Jack did release those pictures and videos to the sleazy press. She'd be the laughingstock of the country, of the whole world maybe.

She thought about it as she walked down the corridor toward the pool. What she needed, she decided, was someone to steal the things, or maybe even kill Jack, or threaten to kill him, and get them back. Unfortunately she didn't know anyone... or did she?

Wasn't she practically surrounded by big, tough, well armed, and trained people all day? Surely she could get one of them to do a little illicit work for her? The only thing wrong with that was they'd go and tell her dad.

She sighed, and entered the pool area. No, she needed someone who'd do the work and keep it a secret.

She slipped off her robe and walked over to the edge of the pool, dipping her toes in the heated water to test the temperature. It was warm enough. She sat down on the edge of the pool and then slipped down into the water, feeling relaxed and comforted by the warm water caressing her smooth, naked skin.

She slowly backstroked across the length of the pool, her breasts sliding half in, half out of the water like little sharks fins. She had no money to speak of, so that meant she'd have to... hmmm, well, she'd have to blackmail somebody. It wouldn't be the first time.

She could always try it on Mark, Frederick, or Mrs. Connors, but they struck her as the type who could handle that type of thing. She was afraid of Frederick and Mrs. Connors anyway. Fucking fags, she sniffed. She ran through the list of agents who accompanied her around.

Several were possible candidates for the only thing she could use as blackmail, namely, her body. She knew they all thought she was a rotten little spoiled bitch, pain in the ass. She also knew she was a hot little number and a lot of them would have loved to fuck the hell out of her, given the chance.

So... which one? She thought about it for some time. A couple were simply too straight laced and dedicated to be tempted. A couple would be too scared of her parents, a couple were possibles, but, disgusted her. The idea of sleeping with them was too gross.

The best one, she thought, was Amy Ferguson, maybe. It depended on whether those looks she'd seen in the young woman's eyes when they were in the locker rooms and showers really indicated that she was gay, or at least, bi. The way she'd eyed some of the girls, when she thought nobody was observing her made Nicole think she'd had some very high energy sexual attraction to them.

Being one of the few women on her detail meant it would be easier for Nicole to approach her. Also, being a woman, an affair with the President's daughter would be even more damaging to her than to one of the men. Of course, the same could be said about Connors, but there was no way Nicky was going to try to exchange blackmail material with that broad. God only knew what the blonde dyke had on her.

And least Nicky would be able to make use of some of those pussy licking techniques Connors had shown her.

Nicole plotted for several days, awaiting the opportunity to put her plans into effect. Then, everything came together one night. She was supposed to go to another of her parents silly balls. This one was supposed to be more public than the other and so she would have to be escorted by a Secret Service guard, which

happened to be Amy.

The woman was waiting outside her bedroom right now for Nicole to finish dressing. Nicole laid out everything and then thought through her plan once again, everything should work, unless of course, Amy had more self control than most men, which wouldn't be all that hard really.

Nicole opened the bedroom door and motioned the woman inside. Amy came in of course.

"Close the door." Nicole asked, holding one of her dresses in front of herself.

Amy did as she was asked and turned around to look at Nicole inquiringly. Amy was wearing a dark blue skirt and matching jacket, with a white shirt and a blue scarf. She was a short woman, only in her early twenties. She was almost as short as Nicole, in fact. Her hair was a mousy brown and cut very short, just past her ears. She was thin, with very small breasts, but a pretty, heart shaped face.

"What do you think of this one?" Nicole asked.

"It looks fine to me."

Nicole looked down at herself doubtfully, then pulled the dress away, revealing her naked form to Amy. She picked up a second dress, this one with a mini skirt and held that in front of herself.

"How about this?"

"I don't think you can wear a mini to this party," Amy said.

Nicole humphed, and turned around, supposedly looking at herself in the full length mirror. Her ass was turned to Amy and she looked past her own image to Amy, trying to tell if the woman was interested in the view.

"I hate these stupid parties," she sighed.

"At least you don't have to stand around all night, doing nothing." Amy smiled, slightly.

"Oh, I think I'd prefer that." She turned around and threw down the dress,

walking naked across the room to the bed. She passed within inches of Amy, and swung her ass as she passed, giving her a good view.

She picked up a skirt, then purposefully dropped it on the floor, so she could bend over and pick it up. She could feel Amy's eyes on her ass and pussy as she did.

When she turned around, Amy looked kind of nervous and a little fidgety. She smiled to herself.

"How about this one?"

"It looks fine, Nicole."

"I'm not so sure." Nicole sighed.

She dumped the dress on the bed and went over to her closet, rummaging through it. Her closet was a room about the size of most people's bathrooms. She continued to talk to Amy, asking her about how she liked her job and stuff.

She paused in the doorway as she came back out. There was a bar positioned in the doorway so she could exercise by doing chin ups in the morning. She rarely did, but she thought it could come in handy about now.

"Do you ever think about having to shoot somebody?" she asked, curiously.

"No, not really. It's not something I like to think about."

"I know a couple of people I wouldn't mind shooting." Nicole sniffed.

"I'm sure you wouldn't really want to hurt anyone." Amy smiled.

"I don't know."

She put her hands above her head and grasped the bar. She lifted herself up casually, doing a few slow chin-ups on it as Amy watched. She figured that, if Amy really did swing towards girls, she would be really turned on by such a sight.

"We're going to be late, Nicole."

Amy's voice sounded huskier than usual to Nicole. She did a few more chin-ups, then sort of hung easily from the bar.

"Oh who cares? Who'd notice anyway?"

"Your parents."

"Who cares about them."

She swung casually back and forth on the bar, as if she did it all the time.

"Why don't you wear the blue dress?" Amy said.

She sounded uncomfortable.

"Oh all right." Nicole sighed.

She lifted herself up on the bar a few more times, then slipped off and fell heavily to the floor, yelping in pain. Amy rushed forward quickly and knelt beside her as she felt her leg.

"Are you all right?" she gasped.

"I... I think so, yeah."

"Does your leg hurt?"

"A little." Nicole rubbed her upper leg.

"I think I pulled something when I landed."

"Maybe I should call the doctor." Amy said, worriedly.

"Oh, God no. Don't call that old hack."

"Well, let me feel it and make sure it's not broken or anything." Amy sighed.

She slid her hand onto Nicole's right leg above the knee.

"Is this where it hurts?"

"No higher."

"Here?"

"Higher." Nicole's voice had a quaver in it.

Amy's hand was up on her thigh now and she hesitated, then turned her eyes up to look at Nicole's face. Nicole stared at her eye to eye. She grabbed Amy's hand and slowly slid it upward along her inner thigh till it covered her pubic mound.

"Right there." She gasped.

Amy tried to pull her hand away but Nicole held it close.

"Nicole..."

"Make love to me." Nicole sighed.

"No! Nicole..."

Nicole leaned forward, her hand going around Amy's head and pulling her closer till she could fasten her lips around the woman's own. Amy resisted, pulling away, dragging Nicole forward so the younger girl fell forward atop her.

Chapter Eight

She tried to push her off, but Nicole thought her resistance was more for forms sake than anything else – something she was an expert on. She could see the scarlet flush on the woman's face and the shaking in her hands.

She rolled atop the small brunette and kissed her passionately. Her hand continued to press Amy's against her pussy and she ground herself from side to side, giving Amy a good feel of her hot, slick pussy opening.

She looked down into Amy's wide, confused eyes and licked her lips.

"I want you," she breathed, surprised to realize that it was the truth.

She lowered her face and kissed Amy again. This time there was less resistance. The woman wasn't yet joining in, but seemed to be abandoning any physical struggle.

Amy seemed stunned, overwhelmed by what was happening. Her mind obviously wanted to dump Nicole and run, but her body was very much in favour of what was going on.

Nicole humped down against Amy's hand, pressing the two hands between her bare pussy and Amy's open legs. She lay between the woman's legs, thrusting against her as she kissed and tried to jam her tongue between the older woman's lips.

Her hand slid inside Amy's jacket, cupping her small, cone shaped breasts through her thin shirt. Her mouth raced over the Amy's face, making deep, hungry kisses and sucking bites on the small agent's throat, and face.

She pulled on the shirt, which was held together by snaps. It tore open down the front, revealing the small, lacy bra covering Amy's breasts. The initial plans and schemings fell from her mind as a sexual fire-storm erupted in her loins.

She no longer thought about how she could get Amy to cooperate with her

against Jack. All she was interested in was sating the hot, fiery core of lust that burned between her legs. She snapped Amy's bra open. Her small breasts were almost invisible as she lay flat beneath the redhead.

Nicky's mouth swooped down and engulfed a tiny pink nipple, sucking fiercely, gulping it into her mouth and chewing as she sucked. Amy gasped and groaned, her left hand coming down on Nicole's head. Her right, still pressed between Nicole's legs, began rubbing up and down of its own accord.

Amy abruptly rolled over, coming down atop Nicole. Her eyes burned with a deep carnal need as she looked into Nicole's eyes. Then she became the aggressor, her hands working roughly on Nicole's breasts, fondling, squeezing, kneading the tender flesh.

Her mouth crushed Nicole's and her tongue jammed into Nicole's mouth. They mashed their lips together wetly as their hands raced over each other's bodies. Nicole's hands cupped Amy's ass through her loose skirt. She searched for the zipper and tore it down, then pulled the skirt open and began to shove it down over the woman's hips.

Amy shoved Nicole's legs apart and humped against the girl's pussy. She bit a wet trail down to her breasts and began to chew on them as Nicole worked her skirt down her legs. Then Nicole squeezed Amy's ass through a pair of lacy pink bikini underwear. Her hands slipped down inside and cupped the smooth, white ass.

Ant groaned and buried her face in Nicole's throat, her sharp little teeth nibbling on the soft skin. Nicole's hands slid Amy's panties over her hips and down her thighs to her knees. Her hands slid up between her legs and fingered Amy's pussy. She sighed happily when she realized that the woman had no pubic hair either.

She rubbed the smooth pussy mound, captivated by the softness and suppleness of the skin. Her hands slid up onto Amy's bare breasts, more substantial now as she leaned over Nicole. She cupped the breasts, then Amy brought one to her mouth and she sucked it in.

Her hands slid sideways, one of them encountering something that was hard, and not flesh. It was, she realized, Amy's holster. As Amy pulled her breasts free of Nicole's mouth and began to rub them across the girl's own swelling breasts,

Nicole reached for the gun and pulled it free, not sure why.

Amy grabbed it, shaking her head in mock rebuke as she took the gun away from Nicole. But Nicole grabbed Amy's wrists, pulling the gun toward her. Staring rapturously at the barrel. She pulled the long barrel of the gun into her mouth and began bobbing her head up and down, sucking the barrel like it was a cock.

Amy watched, mesmerized, as the gun slid wetly in and out of Nicole's mouth. Nicole's cheeks were puckered with effort as she sucked on the barrel and after a moment, Amy began pushing on the gun, sliding it in and out of Nicole's face, fucking her mouth with the barrel.

She pulled it loose and began sliding it up and down Nicole's body. Nicole shivered as she felt the cold wet steel barrel slide over her breasts, pressing deep into the malleable meat. Amy pressed her lips against Nicole's and they kissed hotly.

She slid the barrel further down the girl's body, and then rubbed it, sawed it back and forth between the redhead's pussy lips. She turned it around and pressed the end of the barrel into Nicole's pussy, then jabbed it forward, sliding the barrel into the teenager's silky tight opening.

Nicole grunted and ground her hips upward as the barrel slid into her. Her pussy lips spasmed around the coldness of the hard metal as it slid in and out of her, and she shuddered and twisted in heated excitement. Amy pumped the gun into her pussy with sudden sharp movements as she darted her tongue in and out of Nicole's mouth.

Nicole spread her legs far apart and rolled her hips upward against the gun, fucking herself against it as her body shivered and trembled in sexual excitement. She felt Amy's hard little nipples stabbing and scratching into her own breast flesh as the woman rubbed her body against Nicole.

She squirmed out of her skirt, then pulled her open shirt and jacket off and tossed them on the floor. She was naked now and the two of them rolled over and over on the rug, their hands and mouths ravaging in their lust and desire as they feasted on the warm flesh pressed against them.

Amy rolled on top. She spread her legs wide around Nicole and slid her body slowly up Nicole's. Nicole whimpered as she felt the woman's moist pussy flesh,

it's velvety, bare softness incredibly exciting, rubbing across her belly, then up along her chest.

The gun was still buried in her pussy, as Amy slid her pussy up over her face. Nicole's hands came around Amy, squeezing her buttocks and holding the woman fast over her face. She stabbed her tongue up into the bare pussy slit, rubbing it up and down the slit and then slurping madly away as her own excitement made her lose control.

Amy spread the girl's arms out and pinned them there with her knees, grinding her pussy into the redhead's mouth as the heat roared within her.

“God! God! God! Lick me! Lick me! You fucking bitch! Lick meee!” she moaned.

She ground herself back and forth over Nicky's flickering tongue, gasping and moaning as the girl caught her clit between her lips and started sucking. She shuddered, jamming herself down into the girl's hot little mouth, and came.

She cried out helplessly, her pussy mashing against the whipsawing tongue beneath her as the wildly excited redhead pulled her down hard and tried to bury her tongue up Amy's hot, wet slit.

Nicole felt Amy's pussy twist and jerk against her, felt the hot rush of warm juices down into her face, and her own pussy squeezed around the hard steel inside her as she came. The two of them grunted and shook together, their smooth, soft bodies quivering with ecstatic release.

When it was over, they lay together, arms around each other, recovering their breath for a few short minutes. Then Nicole rose, holding her hand down to Amy, who reached up and grasped it.

Nicole pulled Amy up and led the suddenly shy woman across to her bathroom. Amy was reluctant now that the worst of her fires had abated, but followed the girl into the huge, luxurious bathroom.

There was a wide, deep tub in the corner of the room, and Nicole led her up to it and then inside. There was no water and Amy looked at her questioningly for a second. Nicole grinned, pulling her down beside her on the cool, gleaming enamel.

The tub was more than big enough for two, and they lay side by side, their bodies pressed together. Nicole grabbed a bottle of honey she'd left here for just this reason and slowly poured the sticky, sugary stuff down over Amy's chest.

Amy gasped, her passions erupting once more, as the oozing liquid poured down around her breasts, down over her belly and then pooled between her legs. It was a big jar and Nicole patiently poured the stuff up and down the woman's body, covering every inch of flesh below her face.

Her own body moved over Amy's, and she lowered herself on the woman. They both moaned as their bodies rubbed slickly together through the thin coating of honey. Their hands rubbed and stroked on each other's flesh, becoming slick and greasy.

Amy scooped up a thick pool of honey from the bottom of the tub, holding her hand cupped and the mashing it against the center of Nicole's pussy. She pushed a straight, stiff finger up inside the redhead, feeling the slickness of the honey ease her way inside.

Nicole moaned and rolled her hips down as Amy thrust her finger deep inside. She pulled back and thrust in a second, then a third. Her arm slid around the girl, holding her body pressed tightly against her own as she slid three fingers up into the tight, oily little slit.

They rolled around in the slushy honey that covered the bottom of the tub. Amy slid down the length of Nicole's body and started licking madly between her legs. Within seconds her face was covered in the sticky wet goo. Her tongue flicked in and out, scooping up heaping mounds of slick, sugary honey.

She slid around in the honey, moving her body around until her knees straddled Nicole's face, then slowly lowered her pussy down onto the waiting, willing girl. She felt the first thrust of the girl's tongue up against her dripping, honeyed pussy slit as she slurped away at Nicole's own damp pussy.

For long minutes the two slurped and sucked and licked away at each other's pussies. Amy came first, then Nicole. Shortly after, Amy came again, and then again, then it was Nicole's turn. After her last cum, Amy pulled her pussy away from the voracious teenager's whipping tongue and turned around again.

They hugged each other close, their mouths locked together, their arms

encircling each other's waists. Amy slid her finger down between Nicole's legs and pushed it up inside the girl, and then Nicole returned the favour. Amy pumped her hand several times, then slid a second, then a third finger up into the sucking pink pussy.

Nicole trembled and shook, her weakening body giving in to shuddering whiplashes of tearing orgasmic energy. Amy took advantage of her weakness, thrusting a third finger up into the tight little pussy. Soon she edged in a fourth, her mouth clamped to Nicole's. She could feel the girl moaning against her as the four fingers pumped in and out of her.

She pressed her thumb against the taut edge of the red head's pussy, then wiggled and shoved it in, pulling the other's back to press the five together and jam them inside. Nicole was wriggling against her, her legs flailing helplessly as she was impaled by the small woman's hand.

Amy half sat up, hauling the dazed girl across her lap. She stared down at the slick, oily buttocks and her hand half pushed into the gaping pussy slit between Nicole's legs. She pushed deeper, harder, forcing her fingers ruthlessly up into the shaking girl's writhing body.

Nicole's pussy lips gleamed with the oily flowing honey as Amy pushed her entire hand up into her pussy. Amy and Nicole both groaned when the heel of her hand disappeared between the tightly clutching sex lips and they locked tightly around her wrist.

Her left arm held the girl firmly around the waist as she pushed her hand deeper still, slowly closing the fingers inside Nicole's belly to form a round, hard fist up in the center of her gut. She pushed it further down the hot, oily pussy tube, pushing firmly, ignoring the mewling and whimpering coming from the hapless girl.

She watched the clasping, oily, glistening pussy lips climbing up her arm as her fist moved deeper. When her knuckles finally hit what must be the end of Nicole's pussy, perhaps the entrance to her very womb, her arm was three fourths of the way up to her elbow inside the thrashing, wriggling girl.

She slowly began to slide her fist back down the length of Nicole's pussy chute, feeling the smooth, velvety walls shoving apart as her fist pulled downward. She pushed forward again, jamming her fist down into Nicole's pussy, making a fat

bulge in the slim, elastic pussy tube as her fist rode upward into Nicole's center.

Nicole came. Amy felt her pussy spasming around her fist and arm as she pumped it slowly inside the girl. She kept pumping, letting her fist move up and down at a steady, slowly accelerating pace. Nicole came again, then again, then yet again.

Amy was moving her fist faster and faster as the minutes went by. Soon she was pumping her fist and arm up and down the slushy little sex box like a butter churn, pulping and mashing the girl's insides into mush, turning her guts to jelly as she pounded her hand in and out.

Nicole seemed to try to escape. Her arms and legs flopped and flailed on the tub, moving and clawing like she was trying to swim away. Every few seconds though, her body would convulse into a twitching, shaking, shivering mass of outraged senses as a fresh orgasm rode over her.

Nicole's loud, ragged gasps for breath quickened with the onset of thunderous climax. Her body was racked by fiery orgasmic energy that burned deep into the core of her belly. Her head lashed from side to side and her ass humped up and down as Amy punched her fist in and out of her burning hot pussy.

She shoved down against the bottom of the tub, trying to shove herself up and away from the horrible, knobby fist that was embedded in her belly. She shoved herself upward, but was held back by Amy's arm around her back. She shoved anyway, desperate to escape, fearful of damaging her brain with the steady series of terrible orgasms.

Her back arched as she shoved herself up. Amy jammed her fist deep into her pussy, impaling the teen on her grinding knuckles. Nicole threw her head far back and her body exploded in orgasms yet again. She dropped forward against the bottom of the tub, her breasts and face rolling in oily honey as her body shook and trembled as Amy slowly drew her arm and fist out of her spasming, aching pussy.

They relaxed, panting, moaning dazedly for some time. Then she and Amy helped each other clean off once they'd caught their breath. She opened the drain and let the honey out while turning on the water to fill the tub. She and Amy soaped each other off, but had no strength left for anything else.

Amy had to help her, almost carry her back to her bed and drop her exhausted body into it. Then she pulled on her clothes and planted one last kiss at the center of Nicole's pussy slit. She pulled a sheet over the half conscious girl and then left the room.

* * * * *

Her original intention had been to blackmail Amy into helping her retrieve the photos and videos from Jack. She couldn't bring herself to do that now. She really liked the small, brown haired woman. The next day, she sought her out and took her aside to a quiet room. There, she explained her situation.

Amy was grave, her frown deepening as Nicole described what was in the pictures and what Jack had demanded to prevent their release.

"You're right," she said. "This is very dangerous."

"I don't know what to do." Nicole confessed.

"What we should do, strictly speaking, is call the FBI in on it. We can't do that though. We can't risk word of this getting out."

"What should I do?"

"Just what you have been doing, stall for time while we try to think of something. I'll talk to a friend of mine, she's very discreet. We'll see if we can find a way."

She made her way back up to her room, to get ready for school. She met Mark coming out of her bedroom. His eyes lit up as he saw her.

"Ahh... I was wondering where you'd gotten to," he said.

"Time for your morning exercises."

"I don't need them this morning," she groaned.

"Sorry. Doctor's orders."

He led her into the room and pulled her robe off, then bent her over the bed and

stuffed his hot, red cock deep inside her. He rode her for what seemed like an hour, driving her into two deep, gut wrenching orgasms before spilling his seed inside her and withdrawing.

She went to school then, and fended off Keith, who, she thought, had no idea what was going on. She thought about telling him, after all, he was in those videos too, and would certainly be in deep shit if they surfaced. She decided to keep quiet about them. There wasn't anything he could do anyway.

Back home, Mark led her into her room and fucked her practically into the ground before finally leaving. She had wanted to see Amy but had to wait half an hour just to recover her breath from Mark's reaming her pussy out.

She found the small woman down in the basement, near the Secret Service offices, and the two of them scurried out to talk some more about Jack and what they could do about the videos and pictures. Frederick watched them suspiciously, and she found Mrs. Connors eyeing her distrustfully later on as well.

The two of them met in her bedroom several times, and spent at least part of the time planning and discussing what to do about Jack. Amy was an amazingly resourceful lover, with all kinds of ideas and toys to keep Nicole guessing... and cumming. Although her body was small, she was like a compact sex machine, completely aggressive and inexhaustible.

Mrs. Connors confronted her in her room a few days later.

"What is going on between you and Amy Ferguson?" she asked, suspiciously.

"Nothing."

"Don't give me that, you little slut."

"Why don't you go and find some little girl to molest?" Nicole sneered.

Mrs. Connors grabbed her hair and forced her back across a table. Her other hand folded around Nicole's right breast and squeezed it tightly.

"Maybe I have one here," the woman growled.

"Get your hands off me you cow," Nicole hissed.

"You weren't saying that a few days ago."

She grinned nastily, and stabbed her tongue out at Nicole's cheek.

"Dyke!"

"Yes Dear, as you well know."

Her hand thrust forcefully down the front of Nicole's pants and squeezed her pussy in a cold, steel like grip.

"Owww!" Nicole cried.

"Why don't you tell me what you and she are doing, dear. Are you and she fucking each other? Is that it? Have I shown you the light, convinced you to swear off men?"

She laughed at Nicole as her fingers wormed their way into her panties and dug into her pussy slit.

"We aren't doing anything!" Nicole gasped.

"No, of course not. After all, you're utterly devoted to getting male cocks up inside you, aren't you? Mark speaks very highly of this little hole," she taunted. "He wants to do you more often, but we don't want to spoil the boy."

She leaned forward and fastened her teeth on the side of Nicole's throat, chewing on the delicate skin.

"Leave me alone!" Nicole gasped.

"In a minute dear."

She pulled her hands from the girl's pants and pushed Nicole down to her knees, lifting her skirt up to reveal her naked pussy.

"Why don't you show me what little Amy has taught you dear."

She leered, her large hand around Nicole's throat. She pulled Nicole's face

toward her and pushed her sex up against the girl's mouth.

Nicole opened her lips and shot her tongue out, tiredly giving in.

"That's a good girl." Mrs. Connors purred, grinding her pussy into Nicole's face.

Nicole felt the wetness surrounding the woman's pussy, felt the heat rising from that damp, moist center between her own legs, and swirled her tongue around and over it. Despite herself, and her dislike for Connors, she felt her body beginning to respond, felt her own pussy heating up even as her breasts swelled and hardened.

Mrs. Connors wasn't like Amy. She was a demanding and selfish woman, intent only on satisfying her own perverse lusts. She held the girl against her pussy, humping against her face until she had come twice, then shoved her away.

"Don't think you can keep anything from me dear," she sighed, "You can't. Not for long anyway."

* * * * *

It wasn't until three days later that Amy felt she had enough information to go on. She'd gone through all the police files on Jack, and staked out his place. She'd even followed him around all night to see where he went and what he did. In the end, what she decided to do was to just break into Jack's apartment and steal the videos and pictures.

"I'm sure it will be simple," Amy insisted.

"I don't know." Nicole was doubtful.

"He almost never goes there at night until well after midnight. I'll sneak in and search the place. I know I can find anything that's there."

"What if he has stuff some place else. What if the Albanians have some of it."

"He wouldn't do that. He's just a little stooge. The videos and pictures are his ticket. He wouldn't give them away to anyone."

"But he could have copies somewhere else."

"Where? I told you, he's a little hood. I don't think he has anywhere else, but if he does have some place, like a safe deposit box, say, then I should see some evidence of it when I'm searching his apartment. I am a professional after all, Nicole."

"I guess." She was doubtful, and worried.

"Trust me. I'll go tonight."

"Maybe I should come with you."

"Absolutely not. You stay here. I'll come back to you when I'm finished."

* * * * *

Nicole looked at her watch again. It was almost three in the morning. Surely Amy should have been back by now. She paced back and forth, wondering what was taking her so long, fearing that something had happened to her, or that she'd been caught. There was a knock at her door. She raced over and opened it. It was Amy. Amy came in and they closed the door.

"Well?" Nicole demanded.

"I found them." Amy was breathless and excited.

"All of them?"

"Yes. I'm sure. I got two DVDs and a bunch of pictures. I also reformatted his computer and his laptop."

"What did you do with the tapes?"

"I burned them of course. I didn't want to take any chances at all."

"So he has nothing on me then?"

"Nope. You can tell him to drop dead."

"Oh, Amy. I don't know how to thank you." Nicole sighed.

She threw her arms around the woman and kissed her passionately.

"That's one way to try." Amy grinned, cockily.

Her hands slid down onto Nicole's ass, squeezing it through her thin nightie. She pulled up the hem of the nightie and felt Nicole's bare ass, bringing rising excitement to both of them.

"The bed." Nicole gasped, leading her over there. She helped Amy undress and lifted her nightie off to lie naked on the bed, grinning up at her. Amy dived into the bed with a low growl and their bodies locked together.

They began grinding their thighs into each other's pussies as their mouths melded together. Their breasts and bellies rubbed and mashed against each other, the soft skin sliding easily as the two lovers rolled and humped in the wide bed.

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Afterwards, Nicole got up tiredly and went into the bathroom, leaving Amy lying spread-eagled on the bed, trying to regain her breath. She wet a face cloth and ran it across her face and down between her legs. It brought cool relief to her overheated pussy. She finished cleaning herself off and went out into the bedroom.

"Come in dear. We were just getting the story from your little friend here."

Frederick pulled her into the room. Amy was on her knees, her hands cuffed behind her. She looked miserably up at Nicole.

Frederick grabbed Nicole by the hair and pulled the yowling girl across to stand in front of Connors. Nicole tried to cover her naked breasts and pussy as the older woman's eyes gleamed.

"Well, dear, I see that you've managed to keep busy, despite our best efforts. Perhaps little Mark isn't the cocksman he thinks."

"Maybe she just likes pussy, like you Cathy." Frederick grinned.

Connors glared at him.

"Have either of you two little sluts got any idea of the kind of mess there would have been if you'd been caught? It would have been an absolute farce! The most

ludicrous, disgraceful scandal in Washington history," she hissed.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Nicole said, quickly.

"Oh, you don't? Did you not think we had this Jack person's apartment under surveillance. Our people saw your little friend here breaking in last night."

Nicole looked at Amy, who looked at the rug.

"We were trying to avoid any trouble." Nicole said.

"I just thought that I could get the pictures myself without any trouble." Amy said, meekly.

"I didn't ask you what you thought, you skinny little whore." Connors snapped.

She stood next to Amy and pulled her hair, jerking her body up and back.

"I'll find a lot of ways to teach you... discipline," she all but hissed at the little brunette.

Amy looked frightened at this, perhaps wondering what the woman meant by that, and fearing that she knew.

"You're both lucky we managed to team in there. As it happens, you missed a video that he'd copied." Frederick said.

Amy raised her head. She looked startled.

"Yes, that's right, you little fool," he said.

"I was sure I got them all!"

"Well, you didn't. We did.

"Then everything's alright." Nicole sighed.

"No, everything isn't all right." Connors snapped. "Or don't you remember that you've got a bunch of armed terrorists coming over this afternoon?"

"Well, I just won't have the guards let them in." Nicole reasoned.

"Oh, don't be so simple minded." Connors snapped.

"We'll have to arrange for them to be removed from the city."

"The country you mean." Frederick said.

"Whatever." Nicole sighed.

"Don't act so casual, little Miss hot pants. You got yourself into this mess, but because it affects your father, we will have to get you out of it," she growled.

"Just don't think we'll tolerate any more of your whoring around." Frederick added.

"Oh no, we certainly won't." Mrs. Connors said. "We'll make utterly certain that you have no energy to spare for that nonsense. Especially now that we have help."

She turned and looked down at Amy, her eyes narrow and cold.

Amy swallowed nervously.

"She didn't do anything wrong." Nicole objected. "It was my fault."

"Maybe you'd like to join her then, sweetie."

Frederick pulled her arms behind her and she felt the touch of cold steel around her wrists. Seconds later, she was down on her knees beside Amy as the Mrs. Connors smiled thinly.

"You both seem to have over-active sex drives. That's not good in the daughter of the President, and little better in a trusted servant."

She glared at Amy.

"I think we'll start now, to show you the error of your ways."

Frederick undid his belt and pulled it loose from his pants.

"I'm sure you both remember this from when you were little girls." Mrs. Connors purred. "We'll give you a little refresher course on the pain of being bad girls."

She grabbed both girls by the hair and pulled their heads forward and down to the rug, leaving their soft, white behinds pointing towards the ceiling. Second later the belt swished through the air and landed across Amy's buttocks. It made a loud crack and brought a cry of pain from the little brunette.

The next blow landed on Nicole's ass, making her yowl in pain. Both girls jumped and shook and struggled against Connors as the belt landed repeatedly on their buttocks. Frederick and Mrs. Connors smiled grimly and excitedly. Both enjoyed the sight, and both planned to experience it often.

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The men Jack wanted her to get inside showed up that afternoon and were passed through the gate easily. As soon as they stepped through the north door though, they were jumped by the Secret Service and hustled off. They picked up Jack soon after, and tore his apartment apart, but found no sign of any further pictures or videos. None turned up later either.

Nicole didn't get off scott free though. Mrs. Connors and Frederick kept her in line with a combination of threats and fiery hot sex. She didn't need to whore around with anyone else now that she had those two as well as Mark and Amy to play with right here in the White House.

In some ways it was better than being home. Either Mark or Amy was almost always on duty, and a simple phone call would bring them up to her room for a furious bout of raw, carnal fucking. She didn't have to worry about anyone finding out either.

Besides, all of this had given her ambition. She'd decided she wanted to go to school and had already applied, and, despite mediocre grades, been immediately accepted. It wouldn't be long now until she went off to Harvard. When she was there, surrounded by legions of ready and willing cocks and pussies, she knew they wouldn't be able to hold her back. She intended to do every sick, disgusting, perverted, obscene, slutty thing possible before she got too old to enjoy herself.

She could get a good head start though, right here in the White House.# grabbed both girls by the hair and pulled their heads forward and down to the rug, leaving their soft, white behinds pointing towards the ceiling. Second later the belt swished through the air and landed across Amy's buttocks. It made a loud crack and brought a cry of pain from the little brunette.