

FOREWORD

It is difficult to judge what a person's reactions will be during a stress situation. The prisoner of war who gives in to his captors' demands, the kidnapped heiress who joins forces with her abductors-both must act without past experience to guide them. The end result can be either a very negative or a positive experience.

In RAPED YOUNG WIFE young Jennifer Long finds herself in just such a situation. Held captive by a sadistic escaped convict, degraded and sexually abused, she nevertheless finds within herself hidden resources, a strength of character she never realized she had.

Jennifer Long suffers through an unspeakably horrible experience, yet she comes through with her sensibilities intact, knowing she is more of a woman for what has happened to her.

-The Publisher

Chapter One

Jennifer Long screamed into the phone and then slammed it down in her husband's ear. Frustrated, she looked over the table where she had just put

out her husband's favorite meal. She'd had everything planned so well. A good meal. Some soft music. A new hundred-dollar dress that matched the soft green of her eyes and was so low cut in front that her large tits threatened to spill out at any moment.

"Damn him," Jennifer said bitterly. "He didn't have to pick tonight to work late!"

She hurried upstairs to her bedroom and did what she always did when she felt bitter. She brushed her waist-length blonde hair until her arm grew tired.

She heard the front doorbell ring and her first thought was that Bob had decided to return home early after all. Then she realized that it couldn't be her husband because he wouldn't need to ring the doorbell.

She wondered who it was as she walked downstairs. Probably Tina over to borrow something. Her dark-haired friend was constantly coming over. Tina wasn't exactly an organized person, and she was always running out.

Jennifer was so sure that it was Tina that she didn't bother checking the peep hole before she opened the door. She gasped in surprise as she saw the man who stood there.

It certainly wasn't Tina.

A big, brawny, red-headed man pushed her back from the door and stepped inside. She started to scream but he pressed his rough hand over her mouth. Suddenly she felt a nick at her throat and she looked down to see his gleaming knife pressed against her skin.

"Anybody else here?" he asked. "And don't lie to me."

"No," she whispered. "Nobody else."

"All right," he said. "Now you be good and we'll get along."

She'd never seen a man like this one. He towered above her. His arms and legs were like tree trunks. He wore what looked like a uniform.

With a sick feeling she remembered the convicts who had been working on the highway that afternoon just a few miles away. She had seen them when she'd been on her way to get her dress.

He grinned at her expression.

"That's right," he said. "I'm a convict. I was sent up for murder and I'm not going back so be very careful what you do and say."

She could only nod. Her lips felt too dry to speak. He took the sharp knife away from her throat and he put it in his belt. He started ogling her like she was a slave standing naked on the auction block.

"Gawd," he said softly. "I ain't seen a woman with tits like yours in one hell of a long time. You're a fantastic-looking thing."

She blushed red at his words. She began to feel the first feelings of panic. Was he going to rape her? He looked like he had strength enough to do anything.

"Yeah," he said. "I ain't seen a woman like you in one hell of a long time. Your lips look so sweet. How about one little kiss for me? Surely you can spare one?"

"Don't," she whispered.

He grabbed her roughly by her shoulders. She struggled, but he pushed her back and pinned her against the living room wall. His mouth crushed hers. She tried to make her lips cold and he drew back.

"Now that's not good," he said. "You're making yourself cold. I don't want a cold woman. Now kiss me back or I'm going to cut your pretty face."

He couldn't have known but she had always had a fear of having her face cut. She'd been the most popular girl in her class in school and most of her popularity was due to her good looks. A boy didn't care about a girl who couldn't make conversation as long as she had a good figure and a pretty face.

She didn't want to be cut and she tried to show him some response as his lips crushed hers again. This time he seemed satisfied as he released her. At least he didn't take his knife back out.

"Pretty nice," he said, "could be better, but there's plenty of time." He laughed and his laughter chilled her blood.

He looked around the room and spied the table. He closed his fat lips together with a satisfied smacking. "I hope that's good food on the table, because I'm hungry enough to eat a horse."

He took her arm and directed her to the table. He made her stand by him as he settled into her husband's chair. He examined the food and the expensive bottle of wine.

"Don't you have anything better than this piss to drink?" he asked her.

"There's some cold beer," she suggested.

"That's fine," he said loudly. "Go and get it."

He slapped her on her ass as she went for the beer. It made her blush. Her husband had never treated her that way. She had often wanted her husband to treat her a little more that way, but he had always been too dignified.

She opened a couple of cans of beer and brought them back to the table. He finished one off with a couple of swallows and then he turned his attention to the food.

She stood near him, afraid to move or speak as he devoured the food like a hungry animal. Everything about him was animal-like. He even had a woodsy odor that mingled with his sweat. Looking down at him she could see the thick patch of curly red hairs at the top of his uniform shirt.

She told herself that he looked disgusting and that her husband's white hairless body was much sexier. She couldn't quite convince herself. There was something almost appealing about this beast-like man.

He was exactly the kind of man that Jennifer had always stayed far away from. Like the athletic types at school. She'd always gone more for the intellectual types. They were safer and mentally stimulating.

He finished off the rest of the food and drank the beer.

"Get me another," he said.

He slapped her hard on her fanny as she hurried out of the room and brought him back another beer. For one wild moment, she thought about going out the back door. She could reach Tina's house in just a few seconds.

But he was watching her though the open kitchen door and she could see a smugness about his face. It was like he was baiting her, almost daring her to run out the door.

She put the beer down in front of him and he picked it up. He was looking at her again. He drank the beer slowly while his dark eyes went over her body.

Again she felt like a naked woman on the auction block. It was as if he were thinking about buying her and he hadn't yet decided on how much to pay.

He finished off his beer and put it down.

He gave her that same animal grin and suddenly his arms went around her waist and he pulled her against him. His big hands dropped to cup her

buttocks.

"Your ass really feels fine," he said. "I've always been an ass man. I'm partial to women in spiked high heels and those tight dresses like they used to wear. You got any like that?"

"No," she answered.

"That's a shame," he said. "But I guess a man can't have everything he wants. And you do have a nice-feeling ass. Real firm. I bet it gives your husband something good to hold onto when he's fucking you!"

She'd never heard such language before. She wanted to break away from his caressing hands but she was afraid of what he might do to her. God, why hadn't Bob picked another night to work late? Where was he when she needed him?

He released her and leaned back in his chair.

"Goddamn," he said. "That meal was so fine I can hardly move. You're a fine cook. And pretty, too. What more could a man ask for?"

He was ogling her again. She knew then that he really was going to try to rape her. She wondered what she could do. She couldn't fight him. She

didn't think screaming would help.

She wished she hadn't chosen to wear such a revealing dress. His eyes kept lingering at her creamy tits poking out the top of her dress.

"You should go now," she said. "My husband will be home in a few minutes."

"He will, huh?" he said. "I guess he's going to be really pissed that I ate his supper. Maybe I should hang around and kind of explain things."

"No," she said. "No, please. Bob's a very hard man. He has a temper. He wouldn't like it and he might try to do something. Please just leave. I could pack you something to take with you."

"I don't know," he said.

She thought that she had him convinced. Maybe he would leave.

"It would be the best thing," she said. "You wouldn't want any trouble."

"Is your husband a brave man?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "I guess he is. He has a terrible temper."

"Then you'd better hope that he isn't too brave," he said. He touched the hilt of his knife meaningfully. She realized that he had been teasing her. He had no intention of leaving.

"You know something?" he said. "I've always wanted a little suburban nookie. I think I'm going to fuck you!"

She knew then that everything she'd been afraid of was going to happen. She started backing away. She couldn't fight him. He was much bigger and stronger, and he had already killed one person. She had a feeling he wouldn't hesitate to kill again.

She wished she could stop wiggling because he kept staring at her.

"You're fantastic," he said. "Like a movie star. So sweet and innocent-looking... but those big tits! God, I need you baby. I've been without a woman for a long time."

Her heart thundered as she continued to back away.

"Come here," he said. "Don't try to run away. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm just going to pleasure you a little."

"Just leave me alone," she begged him. "Go away. I won't tell anyone you've been here."

"Why don't you be a little friendlier?" he said. "Come on over here and play with me."

"No!" she screamed.

She looked frantically toward the door. It had never looked so far away before, but she knew she had to try to reach it. She was desperate now.

"Don't try to run," he warned her.

She kicked off her shoes and darted toward the front door. She still kept herself in good condition and she was pretty fast, but she was no match for him. He caught her before she had gotten ten steps.

"Now I told you not to run," he said softly.

The knife wasn't in his hand. She could see the handle in his belt and she made a grab for it. He slapped her hand away, but he wasn't ready for her other hand. She clawed blood from his face.

"Damn!" he said savagely.

He released her and she ran for the door again. He caught her and knocked her backwards. She sprawled on her soft living room carpet.

"Bitch," he said, rubbing his bloody face. "You shouldn't have done that,"

She still wasn't beaten. If he was going to rape her then she was going to make him work for it. She jumped to her feet and headed for the back door. This time she got almost to the kitchen before he caught her.

"Damn it, stop!" he said.

He caught both her hands and there was no way she could break free. There was nothing left for her to do but scream. She never got her mouth open.

His rough hand clamped down over her mouth and he brought his knee up into her stomach.

She'd never known such pain. All her breath went out of her with a soft whoosh. She dropped to her knees on the living room carpet. For a moment she was afraid she was going to be sick. She hurt all over.

She clutched her stomach and looked up at him with tear-filled eyes.

"You're not listening, honey," he said, sounding like a patient teacher with a dense student. "I'm going to have to go over this again. No running. No screaming. No fighting. No argument. Just do as I say!"

He grabbed her by a thick handful of her long blonde hair. He jerked her head back and slapped her cheek hard. Then he slapped her other cheek. He repeated the process again and again until her body was trembling and she was sobbing.

"All right," she begged him. "Stop! I won't fight you anymore. Just stop hitting me!"

He stopped immediately. A strange feeling came over her as she realized what she had done. She had promised him she wouldn't fight him. He could do anything he wanted now. She was completely in his power.

She looked into his lust-bloated face and she knew his loving wouldn't be the gentle kind her husband gave her. This man was an animal and he would take her savagely.

His hand caressed her cheek and then suddenly dropped down the front of her dress. She felt his fingers tracing the outline of her tits and then he

slowly drew one out the top of her dress. He squeezed her tit hard.

"Beautiful," he said. "What a pair of knockers you've got. It's a shame they're wasted on one man. You should be in porno movies, baby."

He pushed her gently back on the carpeted floor and he kneeled beside her. His fingers kept brushing against her flesh. He bent over and touched his lips to her rosy nipple.

"And they taste sweet," he said.

A feeling she didn't understand made her tremble. She told herself that she was being forced to submit to him and that she wouldn't enjoy it.

Yet, something was making her feel funny.

"Not bad," he said. "Not bad at all. Sweet baby!"

He pressed his hot lips to her throat while both his hands pulled away the top of her gown and played with her breasts. Once again he dropped his head to the tops of her creamy mounds.

He sucked one rosy nipple into his mouth and he bit down gently. A delicious hot feeling went through her body. This man was kissing her

breasts in a way that Bob had never done.

He opened his mouth wider and sucked more of her tit-flesh into his throat. Then he began using his tongue all around her hard nipple.

She couldn't help but respond. The hot circular motion of his tongue seemed to awaken responses in her that she didn't know she had. She moaned softly and he released her.

"Like that, sugar?" he said.

She didn't answer. He bent his head to her breasts again and this time he seemed determined to kiss every part of her flesh.

After a few moments of his delicious tongue touching her, she had to moan again.

"Maybe you just like it rough," he said. "Maybe that's the kind you are. You like a rough man to fuck you? What's the matter? Is your husband too soft?"

"I hate you!" she cried. "I hate your guts!"

She realized he had gotten too close to the truth and she was trying to

make him angry. He only laughed and bent his head to her tits again.

She tried to tell herself that it wasn't true, that she couldn't possibly get turned on by being slapped around and treated like a slut.

Yet, there was a part of her that couldn't deny that she liked the feeling of being powerless, and that she liked the feeling of having his strong arms around her.

"My cock's so fucking hard," he groaned. "I bet I've got a gallon of cum for you!"

"Oh my God," she said softly.

She couldn't resist any longer. His rough manner and vulgar words had touched a spot within her. She didn't understand it but she was getting hot.

"Oh, I do like it," she groaned. "I do. Suck my titties. Suck them." It was the first time in her life she'd ever used words like this, and somehow it made her even hotter. She felt his lips sucking more of her flesh into his mouth. "Oh God, suck me. Bite me! I do like it!"

He laughed at her arousal and his lips devoured her flesh as if she were another good meal. He sucked one tit while he caressed the other. He bent

down lower and kissed her belly.

"Bite me," she groaned. "Bite me!"

Even he seemed a little surprised at how fast she had gotten carried away. He was a little hesitant about putting his mouth back against her breasts. She grabbed him by the hair and lifted his head.

"Please bite me," she groaned. "Be rough with me. I need it! I need it so bad!"

"Goddamn," he said softly.

He licked her nipple and then began to bite. A mixture of shame, fear and excitement was slowly driving her crazy.

"Oh God, that's nice," she said. "Keep sucking me like that. I love it. Suck me hard. Oh God, that's so nice!"

He squeezed her tits hard and ran his tongue over her hard pink nipples. He had never found a woman who was this hot before. He used his teeth on her sensitive buds and she screamed and clawed his back.

His hand dropped from one tit to her knee. She felt his fingers slipping

beneath her dress to touch her bare thighs.

"Ooooh," she moaned.

His fingers crept higher to touch the edges of her flimsy panties. She remembered that she had worn very sheer panties in the hopes that her husband might get carried away and rip them off.

She heard the tearing sound as this man grabbed hold of her panties and tore them right off.

"Oh my God," she said softly, "Oh Jessssssus!"

His hand went roughly between her thighs. His fingers gently traced the outline of her pussy. She felt her cunt starting to get wet.

"God, you're a hot one," he said.

Her hips started moving in hot response to his fingers. She couldn't help herself. Her body was tingling with desire. She'd gotten hot so fast. God, if only Bob could make her feel like this.

He stopped playing with her cunt and she protested. But then she saw he

hadn't stopped for long. He had left her side to undress.

She couldn't take her eyes away from him. He took off his uniform shirt and she saw that his hard, muscular chest was covered with thick red hairs. He kicked off his shoes and dropped his prison trousers. He wore briefs but she could see the outline of his massive cock, already rock hard. She had a sudden urge to kiss his hairy, strong thighs.

"Come over here," he said.

She licked her lips nervously as she climbed to her knees and scrambled over to him. She sat before him with her eyes level with his throbbing prick.

"I'll let you take my shorts off," he said.

She trembled as she slowly peeled his shorts down his thick legs. She felt his hard cock brush out to touch her cheek. She didn't look up until she had his shorts off.

She found herself face to face with his throbbing weapon. It did look like a weapon. A beautiful instrument of pain and pleasure. She found herself comparing it to Bob's.

His cock was larger than her husband's and it was covered with blue veins.

His huge hanging balls did look like they could contain a gallon of cum.

She had always thought that Bob's cock was a little bit ugly and wrinkled, and yet she found nothing ugly about this huge organ looking her in the face.

The big cockhead looked beautiful and she could already imagine what it would feel like slamming into her cunt.

There was a little drop of white fluid clinging to the end of his cock.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked timidly.

"You know what I want," he said. "Kiss my cock."

She was afraid. She'd never kissed a cock before. Bob had never even wanted her to. She swallowed nervously and put one hand against his thigh.

"I don't think I can," she said.

"You want to," he said. "All you sweet little housewives are alike. You want to be made to suck a man's cock. You just won't admit it. Now kiss it!"

She tried. She honestly tried. But she couldn't make herself get close

enough to kiss the ruby tip.

"Kiss it, bitch," he said savagely, and this time his fingers twisted in her hair and he jerked her face forward. Her lips came in contact with the leaking head of his massive cock. She licked the drop away and tasted the salty flavor of his cum.

"Is that enough?" she said.

"Hell no," he answered her. "You've just started. Now open up your mouth."

She looked at him in horror as she realized what he wanted. He was going to put his cock into her mouth. She couldn't do that. She couldn't!

Yet, she opened her mouth.

He crammed his thick rod into her mouth savagely. She almost choked. He started pushing his rod deeper into her mouth. She couldn't breathe.

"You can do better than that," he said. "Use your tongue on it."

She tried to use her tongue but she couldn't seem to move it. His cock

filled her mouth. She could feel him pushing deeper with each second.

His salty, sweaty, rubbery texture brought tears to her eyes.

"Play with my balls," he said.

She could hardly do anything. She was afraid she was going to be violently ill. She brushed her hair back from her eyes and raised her fingers to his balls.

She started playing with his heavy sac as he kept cramming his rod into her throat.

Finally he went as low as he could and he brought his cock half out of her wet sucking mouth again. She took a deep breath but it wasn't enough. Almost immediately he crammed his cock back into her throat again.

She felt his cum leaking down the back of her throat. Was he going to cum in her mouth? She wondered what it would be like to take his hot jism down her throat.

He wasn't ready for that, though. She felt him pulling his cock from her mouth again. He rubbed the spermy cockhead against her cheeks and left a trail of moisture.

"Jesus, baby," he said. "You sure can't suck a cock, but don't worry about it. I'll teach you. Right now I want to sample some of your sweet pussy."

"Oh yes," she agreed.

He grabbed her by the shoulders and lifted her up. He pulled off her gown and dropped it in a heap at her feet. She was naked before him and he took in every delicious inch.

He kneeled down beside her and pulled her well-shaped legs apart. He was looking directly into her cunt in a way that her husband had never done.

She would have thought that she'd have felt ashamed. But there was no shame in her. In fact, she burned with a fierce pride in the way she looked. She knew that she was beautiful and that the convict was getting turned on by looking at her.

That made her feel good.

"What a fantastic gash," he said. "Baby, you got nice things all over. What a fucking beautiful cunt!"

Without warning he pushed two fingers roughly into her cunt. She was

already wet enough and his fingers went into her easily.

He began moving his fingers in and around her cunt like he was fucking her.

"Oh, that feels nice," she shivered. "So nice. You make me feel so hot!"

He brushed his fingers against her clit and she jumped. At that moment she could feel a hot itch go down her spine. God, why hadn't Bob done things like this to her?

She couldn't resist reaching for his blood-filled prick. It was just so close. Now and then she could feel it brushing wetly against her skin. Her fingers itched to touch his throbbing tool.

"Ummm," she said softly as she wrapped her fingers around his cock and began jerking him off. Immediately her fingers got sticky as he leaked a little more.

"That feels so nice," she moaned.

"What do you want, baby?" he asked.

She knew he wanted her to beg him.

"I want you to fuck me," she whispered. "I need your big cock in my pussy. Please fuck me."

She'd never felt so wildly abandoned before. It no longer mattered that he was a convict and that she was married to somebody else. He was a real man and that was all that mattered. He was the same one she'd dreamed about at night, that big, brawny savage who had violated her again and again in her fantasies.

"Yes," she moaned. "Please fuck me."

All of her inhibitions were gone. All she could think of was his big beautiful cock and that hunger between her legs.

"Hurry," she whispered.

He crawled between her legs and she felt his cockhead pressed snugly against her cunt. As he pushed she opened her legs wider and started grinding against him.

"Oh Jesus," she whispered.

His cock felt like a living thing as he pushed it into her. She could feel it wiggling against her cuntlips like a fat snake. God, it felt good!

"Raise your legs up, baby," he grunted. "Wrap those pretty things around me."

She had never done that before, either, but she didn't question. She lifted her legs and locked them tightly around his waist.

She kept grinding against him as she felt her hungry cunt sucking up more and more of his big cock.

"Give it to me," she said frantically. "Give me every bit of it."

"You asked for it," he said.

His hips pushed hard and his big cock went into her cunt all the way to his balls. She tightened her cuntal muscles against his shaft and felt the delicious spasms going up her back.

"Ummmm," she moaned softly.

"God, baby," he said. "You're so fucking tight. I've never had pussy like

yours."

"Oooooooh," she whispered, clutching him fiercely. "You're so big... so big... so big!"

He began to work his cock in and out of her and she felt her cuntal muscles stretching to admit him on each of his deep thrusts. She pushed back at him, loving the feeling of his cockhead throbbing against the back of her cunt.

"You're so deep in me," she whispered. "My husband never got in me that deep. It feels so good! It makes me shake all over! Oh, keep giving it to me so deep!"

He was good with his cock and she knew it. She knew she wasn't the first woman he'd raped, and she probably wouldn't be the last. He knew just how to move to make her the hottest.

Now he stopped and waited. She could feel every throbbing, delicious inch of him filling her cunt. She could even feel the snug pressure of his heavy balls.

"Don't stop," she sobbed. "I know it's wrong but I can't help myself, I love your cock! I love it! I want you to fuck me! I want you to fuck me good and hard like my husband can't!"

She clawed wildly at his broad shoulders as he began thrusting into her once more. He savagely drove his throbbing cock into her cunt as far as he could.

At the same time he squeezed her nipples until it was almost painful.

He was just as brutal as she'd expected, but it was what she wanted now. He was going in so deep! So deliciously deep! And it was fine, better than she'd ever had it before. He made her tingle everywhere

"You like it, sugar?" he asked.

"Yes, I like it!" she screamed. "Yes... yes... oh, yes!"

She squeezed her soft inner thighs tighter against his sides as he really started to pound her cunt. She'd never been fucked like this before. He was using her and that was all, but she needed to be used.

She could feel a hot quivering knot in her stomach and she knew she was getting close.

"I'm going to cum," she groaned. "Oh, I'm going to cum! It's never been this fast before! It's never been this way! I'm so hot and shivery all over.

Your cock is wonderful! It feels so goood! AAARRRGGGHHH!"

Her climax left her shuddering. Her body had never been rocked with so much pleasure before. It had been the most fantastic fuck she'd ever had.

He still fucked her and she felt his rhythm get faster.

"Squeeze my balls, sugar," he said. "Squeeze my balls hard!"

She reached between them and she found his hanging sac.

She brushed her fingers over his balls gently but that was not what he wanted.

"Harder, baby," he groaned. "I want you to squeeze them hard!"

She caught them in her fingers and she began to squeeze them hard. She felt the tension go up his back and his balls slapped louder as he thrust deeper into her belly.

"That's it," he groaned. "That's the way I want you to do it."

She was starting to get ashamed of herself as she realized that she was

about to take his cum into her cunt. How could she have acted the way she had? She was a decent woman. She was a good wife.

How could she have acted that way?

He sensed her nervous hesitation and he grabbed her by her hair.

"Damn you, baby," he said. "You keep moving that fine ass of yours or I'm going to spank it. Understand me? You'd better wiggle like you want this to be the finest fuck I've ever had."

She knew he meant it and she began wiggling as fast as she could. She rubbed herself against him everywhere. His hands went beneath her to cup her ass.

He lifted her up off the floor and now his cock was thrusting deeper than it had before. She'd never known that a man's cock could get that deep into a woman's pussy.

"Oh Jesus," he groaned. "I'm going to cum inside you, baby. I'm going to fill your sweet cunt with my cum. I'm going to blow the top of your fucking head off with my cum!"

His hard, deep thrusts got faster and faster and she could feel his

cockhead growing within her and she knew he was nearly there.

"CHRIST!" he yelled. "AAARRRGGGHHH!"

She felt his thick hot jism splashing against her cunt walls. She continued to hunch up at him until his last shuddering spurt. Then he fell off her with a soft gasp.

Chapter Two

Bud Hatchett leaned back on the soft chair and sipped his cold beer. He watched the tall, beautiful blonde woman cleaning away the supper table. He'd allowed her to put her gown back on only because he thought it was sexy.

But that was all she had on. He could see the gown clinging to her body as she walked.

"Goddamn," he said.

It was hard to believe that he'd just fucked this fantastic creature only a few minutes before. Already she was beginning to turn him on again.

"What time does your husband get home?" he asked.

She didn't answer him. She'd hardly looked at him since she'd dressed. Her skin was a blushing pink but he couldn't tell if it was from shame or the exercise he'd given her.

"Hey, pussy," he said. "I asked you a question."

She put the last dish into the dishwasher and she turned to look at him.

She didn't want to look at him. He could tell she was still nervous about his being naked. He leaned back farther so that she could get a good look at his half-hard cock.

She didn't look away, but she turned redder.

"I don't know," she said. "He's late tonight because he's working."

"How late is he usually?" Hatchett asked.

"I just don't know," she said. Suddenly there were tears in her eyes. "But don't you think you'd better leave? There'll be police all over."

"I don't think they'll be looking here," he said with a smug grin. "Not in this neighborhood. It's too nice and quiet. They'd never look for me here."

He took a long drink from his beer. He saw her eyes fall between his legs and then she quickly looked away again. A flush had appeared on her neck.

"You know something?" Hatchett said. "You're the first real nympho I've ever met."

She looked shocked. "I'm not!"

"The hell you're not," he said. "Right now you can't take your hot eyes off my prick. You're either a nympho or you've been starving for some real loving."

She leaned against the kitchen sink. "I'm not," she said. "I'm not."

"Who are you trying to convince?" he asked. "Come on over here."

"Why?" she asked. Her red tongue came out and licked nervously at her lips.

"Did you think I was finished with you?" he asked. "Baby, we've just gotten started. Now come on over here and sit down in my lap."

He expected more argument, but instead she walked meekly to him. Her shapely arms went around his neck as she settled down into his lap.

He felt the soft caress of her plump ass rubbing against his cock. A fire touched his balls and he felt himself growing hard again.

"Fantastic," he moaned.

Her face was inches from his own and he could see the fear in her eyes. That was okay. Being afraid of him only seemed to turn her on.

He lifted one of her sweet titties out of the top of her low-cut gown. She felt so good to a man who had been in jail for as long as he had, but she would have felt good anyway. He had always had a thing for those sweet innocent housewives that he noticed at the shopping malls.

He wondered if they were all as horny as this sweet thing. It was worth checking out.

"Baby," he said.

He bent his head and tasted her hot rosy nipple. She squirmed and he could feel his cock fitting right into the crack of her ass.

She kept rubbing her ass against him as he sucked on her nipple. She was crazy about having her nipples sucked. She dropped her head back and a low moan escaped her throat.

"I think you are a nympho," he said.

For the second time he peeled away her gown. He was able to drop it to her waist so that he could free both her beautiful twin peaks.

"Last time was fast, sugar," he said. "This time it's going to be slow. Nice and slow!"

He moved his lips to her other sweet nipple and he bit down gently. Opening his mouth he sucked in more of her tender flesh. He started nibbling on her tit until he heard her gasp with pleasure.

His cock was rock hard now and it was growing uncomfortable underneath her.

He lifted her from his lap and easily tore the gown the rest of the way off her. He pushed his hand between her legs and found her pussy.

He pulled her cunt opening apart and shoved two fingers inside her. She began to wiggle frantically with her luscious tits jiggling just in front of his mouth.

"Suck me some more," he said, and he pushed her down to her knees.

This time there was no hesitation on her part. He watched her brush back some strands of golden hair from her face and then she bent over his cock.

He felt his cock being sucked into her mouth. It was like being sucked into a vat of liquid fire. She was learning. This time he didn't have to shove his cock deep into her throat.

She did all the work. She sucked his prick in slowly and then released him. She did the same thing again, this time drawing him deeper into her hot throat.

He took hold of her head but he didn't apply any pressure. He just wanted to feel her head as she began to bob up and down on his hot prick.

"You're a fast learner," he whispered. "One suck of a man's cock and the next time you're a pro. You're a fucking fantastic broad."

This time he didn't have to tell her to finger his balls. She wrapped her fingers around his shaft to hold his prick still as she sucked him, and her other hand went to his balls. She began to squeeze them gently and with the same rhythm as she sucked him.

He took up his beer and sipped it. He wanted to cum in her mouth but there was still time for that. He also wanted to fuck that tight cunt of hers again.

He let her continue to suck him until he was afraid he couldn't stand it any longer.

"Take your mouth away," he said. "Just lick me for a while. Lick me all over."

He spread his legs and hunched up a little in his chair so that she could easily reach him. Her tongue went down his long cock to his balls and back up.

"My ass, baby," he said.

He could sense her hesitation but it didn't last for long. Then her hot tongue was again trailing down his long shaft. He felt her kissing his balls and

then she was going lower. Her tongue went into the crack of his ass.

"That's it, baby," he said, stroking her head. "Show me how much you love me."

Her tongue licked frantically at the crack of his ass and then he felt it probing at his anus. He knew that this would be the ultimate humiliation for her. She would really feel ashamed of herself later.

He held her head steady as she continued to lick his asshole. After a while he lifted her head away from his crotch.

"Now turn around," he said. "Turn around and grab your knees. Good. Now walk backwards."

She moved back until she was close enough. He pushed his cock against her blonde pussy, opening her red cuntlips with his fingers and inserting just the head of his cock.

"Okay, sugar," he said. "Show me what a nympho you are. Fuck yourself on my cock."

He didn't have to do anything. He just sat there as she moved back and sucked up all of his cock into her wet, clinging pussy. She moved away again

and then slammed backwards so that his cock was in her up to his balls.

"Aghhhh," she moaned softly.

"It's in deep, isn't it, baby?" he asked taunting her. "But isn't that the way you like it? Deep and rough?"

"Yes," she admitted. "I love it."

He grabbed hold of both sides of her ass and he made her fuck him. He would push her away and then bring her back and her sweet pussy milked his cock with each thrust.

"Nice," he moaned. "You got a nice tight pussy. The best fucking pussy around!"

He let go of her ass and reached far around so that he could grasp her hanging tits. She squirmed against him as he rubbed her nipples and then took a good hold. Now he could bring her back against him with a harder force.

"Oh God," she groaned softly. "Oh, you're making me feel so good. You make me feel so hot."

"Am I better than your husband?" he asked.

"God yes," she groaned. "Much better. Much better. Jesus, you're good!"

He changed his position so that his cock could rub hard against her sensitive clit each time she pulled away. Now there was a new urgency in her movements. He knew she was getting near her time again.

"Go ahead, baby," he said. "Go ahead and let it all hang out. Scream, baby. Scream when you love it!"

"I love it already!" she screamed. "I love your fat, beautiful cock! I love it!"

He had a feeling that she just didn't talk like this usually. That made it all the more exciting for him. He wondered again how many housewives were as horny as this one. Maybe there were thousands out there.

A grin came to his face as he thought of thousands of housewives just begging to be fucked.

"Jesus," he said softly.

"You're making me cum," she grunted. "I can feel myself cumming. God,

it's nice. Your big fucking cock is niiice. Oh I love it! Oh fuckkkkkk!"

She screamed and ground back against him as he felt her hot cunt juices exploding against his cock. He wasn't ready yet and he allowed her to do what she wanted.

In a few minutes the shudders in her body stopped and she sighed.

"You are a fucking nympho," he said.

She didn't answer him and he had a feeling she was feeling sorry for herself again. It made him angry. She was loving it, but she was making excuses for herself.

He knew that she would probably convince herself that he had raped her, and that she had only pretended to go along with his filthy desires.

Well, he wasn't going to let her off that easy. He was going to give her something to remember. He pulled her off his cock and pushed her against the kitchen table. He made her lie on her stomach while he pulled her pretty legs apart. He could see her wet, red slit just waiting for his cock.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Just go ahead and get it over with!"

She was making her voice bitter and it made him madder. So the little cunt wanted to play games. She wanted to have her fun and then pretend that it hadn't been fun.

He was going to make her pay for that by giving her a fucking like she'd never gotten.

He positioned her like he wanted and slammed his thick cock deep into her spread-open pussy. He began rocking back and forth while his fingers squeezed her plump asscheeks.

"You're going to cum again, baby," he said. "I'm going to make you scream and plead for it."

He began rocking back and forth and he knew what his movement would do to her. He could feel her tensing up as she tried to fight him, but he knew she wasn't going to be able to control herself for long.

Without warning, he pushed one of his fingers into her ass up to his knuckle.

"Don't!" she cried. "Don't! That hurts!"

"It won't for long, baby," he promised.

He moved his finger around in her tight little asshole while he continued his rough thrusts into her sweet pussy. He knew exactly when she quit fighting him and started to give way to her sensations.

"Feel good, baby?" he asked. "I know it feels good. I've had enough cunts to beg me for more of this."

"Ooooooooooh," she groaned softly.

He fucked her harder and he could feel the kitchen table moving a little. That was all right. He wanted her to feel really fucked. In a way she'd never been before.

Her pussy was beginning to cling to his cock as she felt hotter. He took his finger out of her ass and pushed his hands around her waist to grab her titties. He hung on as he really began driving his cock into her.

All he could hear was the sound of his cock going into her pussy time and time again.

"Oh God," she said, as if surprised, "I'm going to cum again. Again!"

"Sure you fucking are, baby," he said.

Then he pulled his cock from her pussy and he felt her struggling to get up.

"Please don't stop!" she begged him.

"Then tell me you're a cheap fucking whore and all you're good for is fucking!"

He knew he had found a way to break her spirit He heard her hesitant voice.

"I can't say that," she whispered. "Just fuck me please."

"No, goddamn it," he said. "Not until you tell me what I want to hear."

"I'm a cheap fucking whore," she whispered, "and I'm only good for fucking!"

"Louder," he said.

"I'M A CHEAP FUCKING SLUT AND I'M ONLY GOOD FOR FUCKING!" she screamed.

He was satisfied. He knew she wouldn't be so uppity after he finished with her this time. He drove his cock into her again and she immediately started cumming.

"I love it!" she screamed. "I am a whore! I love it! I love your big fucking cock! Keep fucking me like that! Keep fucking meeeeeeee!"

Once again he felt her hot juices explode around his cock. He knew she was expecting him to cum in her but he wasn't ready for that. He wanted something else.

Something else that would degrade her further and keep her humble.

He pulled his cock from her wet pussy, leaving a trail of wet pussy-juice against her inner thighs.

"Turn around, slut," he said.

She looked confused but she did as she was told. He pressed her down to her knees. She thought he wanted to be sucked and her mouth immediately went for his cock.

"Not yet," he said. "You'll get a mouthful of cum soon enough. Right now I

want you to just wrap your fingers around my cock. Yeah, like that!"

She wrapped her fingers around his throbbing tool and she moved her hand up and down. He moved so that his cock hung inches from her face.

"I'm going to cum in your face," he said. "I don't want you to turn away. I want you to open your mouth and take some of it in your mouth. I want to rub the rest of my cum all over your face."

Her look was full of hurt pride and humiliation and it turned him on even more.

"What's the matter, cunt?" he said. "Haven't you ever had a faceful of cum before?"

He grabbed her by the hair and made her lift her head so that it was closer to the end of his prick. He could see her licking her lips nervously. He knew she wanted to pull away and yet she didn't.

"Get ready for it, cunt," he said as he felt the pressure building in his balls.

Her hot hand only had to move up and down his staff a few more times.

"Ahhhhh," he said. "Here I come. Get ready for a faceful of my cum!"

He gasped as he felt his liquid fire pouring up the length of his cock and then spurting out. His jism landed on her face and in her hair. Some of his leaking fluid went into her mouth but she didn't choke.

He spurted again and his hot cream ran down the sides of her face. Some of it had even found her eyelids. He had covered her in the stuff.

"Goddamn," he said. "That's the way every woman should look. Covered with my fucking cum!"

Chapter Three

Bob Long really felt shitty as he walked up to his front door. Jennifer had sounded mad over the phone, and he was in no mood to put up with one of her tantrums. It wasn't his fault his boss was making him work later and later.

He had a hell of a job with a good salary. Most women would have been

satisfied with what they had. Not Jennifer. She wanted too much.

He waved at pretty Tina Andrews across the street. Tina was dressed in a halter top and tight white shorts that showed the delectable curves of her ass. Now she was a woman. That long black hair falling down to her ass.

Bob bet that her boyfriends didn't have to put up with any of Jennifer's kind of crap.

Bob shrugged his shoulders and walked into his house. He was immediately aware that something was wrong. Jennifer was standing at the end of the stairs and she was dressed in a silky nightgown that barely covered her.

He caught a blur out of the corner of his eye and the next thing he felt was something slamming into the side of his head. He dropped his briefcase and fell to his knees. He heard someone close the door.

"Now that first one," a man said. "That was just to keep you from doing something stupid. I want to get us started on the right road."

Jennifer watched her husband clutching his stomach and moaning like he was going to be sick. She wished he'd get up and make a showing out of himself. Then she thought that her attitude wasn't fair to Bob.

Bob had no idea of what was going on. And he was not a tough man like

Hatchett. He couldn't be expected to handle a man like him.

"Get up," Hatchett said. "You're not dead."

Jennifer's husband climbed painfully to his feet. His glasses had fallen off, but he made no move to get them back. He looked at Hatchett with a puzzled frown.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

Well," Hatchett said, "I just thought I'd stop by and bang your wife for a while."

Jennifer watched Bob's face grow pale. For the first time he seemed to notice that Hatchett wasn't wearing anything. He looked back at her, and his eyes were accusing.

"She was pretty fucking good, too," Hatchett said.

Bob got angry but not angry enough to do anything foolish. Hatchett was smiling but his body was tense and ready for anything Bob might try.

"Now you go over there and sit down," Hatchett said. "You can enjoy the show. I'm about to make your wife suck my peter. Would you like to see

that? Your pretty wife sucking on my dick? How about it?"

Jennifer wanted Bob to scream or curse, or to try anything at all. At least he could behave like a man. She didn't expect him to be able to handle the convict, but at least he could try.

Bob did nothing. He walked over to the couch and sat down. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his head.

"Well," Hatchett said. "It looks like he wants to see the show. Come here, Jennifer."

Jennifer felt her heart pounding as she walked toward him. She kept waiting for Bob to jump up and do something. Between the two of them they might do something, anything.

"I was expecting you," Hatchett said as he sat down at one of the kitchen chairs. "That's why I told your wife to get upstairs and wipe the cum off her face. You know she's pretty good. A fine cunt!"

For some reason Hatchett was trying to make Bob angry. He didn't like the tall, slender man with the intellectual face. That was exactly the type of man who had sat on the jury in Hatchett's trial.

The kind of bastard who had sent him to jail.

"The sweetest pussy I ever had," Hatchett said.

Bob's face didn't change. He looked at Hatchett with a mixture of puzzlement and fear. Hatchett reached out and put his hand on Jennifer's ass. She stood very still as she felt his fingers caressing her through her silky nightgown.

"I told her to go upstairs and pick out something nice," Hatchett said. "Something to welcome you home. You like it? Turn around for him, baby."

Jennifer turned slowly and Hatchett put his hand back on her ass. She felt his fingers squeezing hard.

"She's got a nice ass, too," Hatchett said. "You ever sample any of her ass? I bet you ain't. I bet you ain't even tapped it yet."

Jennifer let out a startled yelp when she felt his finger push at her anus. She moved away but he grabbed her arm and jerked her down into his lap.

"And nice legs," he said.

He pulled her gown up well above her thighs. Bob could see his hand as he

squeezed her soft thighs. He moved his fingers higher until he was almost at her pussy.

"But you know, I like her pussy the best," he said. "The sweetest, tightest pussy I ever had. I fucked her twice this evening and it gets better all the time."

Hatchett could do anything he wanted and Bob just sat there. Hatchett pulled her gown up higher so that her pussy was exposed.

Jennifer tried to keep her legs together as Hatchett probed with his fingers.

"Open your goddamn legs," he said. "You were willing enough a little while ago."

"Please," Jennifer begged, "not in front of Bob."

"Open your legs," Hatchett said, "or maybe I'll just squeeze one of them nipples off."

A sharp pain rocked Jennifer's body as Hatchett's strong fingers dug into her flesh.

She opened her legs wider and she felt Hatchett's fingers tracing the outline of her pussy. He ran his fingers gently over her swollen, well fucked cuntlips.

"Yes sir," Hatchett said, grinning, "she's got a sweet, tight pussy."

Jennifer winced as she felt his finger slip into her. He just let it be still for a moment. The way she was sitting Bob could not help but see what was going on.

"Do you want me to make her moan for you?" Hatchett asked Bob.

"Leave her alone," Bob said.

"Oh, she doesn't want that," Hatchett said. "At least, she didn't a little while ago. She begged me. She begged me for my big cock. She wanted to be fucked by a real man. What's the matter, son? Can't you handle a real woman?"

Jennifer blushed red at his words. For the first time she hated the man. He may have been able to arouse her body but he was cruel, and his taunting Bob like this was the cruelest thing Jennifer had ever seen.

"I'm going to get her a little wet," Hatchett said.

He began to move his finger in Jennifer's pussy. She tried to be strong and to fight the feelings. She couldn't. His finger touched her sensitive cunt walls again and again and she could feel wet warmth down there.

"No," she shivered. "Please stop. Not in front of Bob."

"I'm going to get her turned on," Hatchett said. "I'm going to get her sweet little box hotter than hell."

He rubbed his finger over Jennifer's clit and she bit her lips to hold back a moan. How could she get this hot? How? She wasn't the type of woman who went all sick and trembly over a good-looking man.

She wasn't an animal, so how could this animal-like man do this to her?

"Stop it," she whispered. "Please!"

She couldn't take her eyes off Bob's face. She wished he would look away or something but he kept staring at them with that same expression.

Hatchett pushed two more fingers into her cunt. She was filled by his fingers. He began to massage her roughly and quickly, driving his fingers in and out of her cunt like a cock.

"Feeling that?" he said. "I know you're feeling that."

Again and again his fingers brushed her clit until she couldn't stand it any more. She gave a low groan and pushed herself closer to Hatchett.

"Oh God," she groaned. "I hate you but I can't help it. You make me so hot!"

She couldn't forget that her husband was watching, but nothing stopped her. She pressed her cunt even closer to Hatchett's probing hand.

"Rub me," she whispered. "Rub me hard."

She felt Hatchett's cock getting hard underneath her. Once more his large prick was pressed between the cheeks of her ass and she knew he was probably leaking onto her silk nightgown.

"Oh God," she whispered.

He rubbed harder and faster until she could feel the knot in her belly growing. She felt a hot spasm go down her back, then another. She screamed and rubbed her titties against Hatchett's naked chest.

She knew what it must look like to Bob but suddenly she didn't care. God, she was hot. She wanted to be completely naked and she lifted up the bottom of her gown so that her titties were bared. She could feel Hatchett's muscular chest rubbing naked against her own.

"Ooooooh," she whispered. "I'm getting close. I'm getting so close!"

"I'm going to make you cum, baby," he said. "I'm going to make you cum right in front of your husband!"

"Yes, do," she whispered. "Yes... I need it... oh, yes... I'm cumming. I'm cumming. Oh Jesus, I'm cumming! GODDDDD!"

His fingers got wet as she pressed down on him and let her good feelings rush over her. She could feel that tingling all over as the last shudder went through her body.

Immediately she opened her eyes and saw Bob still staring.

His expression had changed to one of shock and pure disgust. Jennifer tried to pull her gown back down but Hatchett grabbed her arms. He began rubbing his prick against her ass.

"Yes sir," he said. "That's quite a little woman you've got here. Has she ever sucked your cock? Has she ever swallowed your cum? I'm going to let her suck mine. Right now."

Hatchett pulled Jennifer out of his lap. He grabbed her by the shoulders and forced her down between his legs. Jennifer couldn't see Bob's expression any more but she was sure he would still have the same disgusted look.

"Now you suck it good, honey," Hatchett said. "I want to show your husband what a good cocksucker you are now."

Jennifer couldn't. She just couldn't. She looked down at Hatchett's half-hard cock, at the round, sperm-tipped cockhead, and she knew she couldn't suck him. Not in front of her husband. Not this way.

She remembered the way she had practically devoured him before, how she had actually wanted to taste his cum after a while.

But she didn't now. She hated him now and she didn't want to even kiss his cock.

"Get on with it, girl," Hatchett said.

He grabbed her by the back of her head and forced her face against his

prick. She could smell his salty odor and the smell of her own pussy juices still on his cock.

She almost gagged.

"You're wasting time," Hatchett said. "Come on, baby. Show the man how you love to suck cock!"

He grabbed her by her head and he forced her head back. He pinched her nose and she couldn't breathe. After a moment she had to open her mouth to breathe and she felt his cockhead being forced between her lips.

"This is one way I learned to make a girl suck your cock," Hatchett said. "You just cut off her air. She'll suck for her life."

He let go of her nose and pushed his cock deeper into her mouth. His cock was in her mouth, now, and she had no choice but to begin to work on him. She might as well get it over with. She could make it quick and be easy on herself.

The hell with Bob and his disgusted looks.

But Hatchett didn't want to cum quick. He'd already cum twice and he was enjoying himself. He let her work on his cock, using everything she'd learned. It took her a few moments of sucking to make him completely hard

in her mouth.

"Now lick me a little," he said.

She did as before as she ran her tongue up and down the length of his shaft. Up and down a couple of times before she popped his cockhead back into her mouth.

Now she began to bob her head on him, sucking him deep into her throat for a moment so that she could feel him pulsating there.

Hell, she was beginning to enjoy it now. It was hard to believe, but she was beginning to enjoy sucking him. She began to move her head faster and faster, all the while using her tongue around his throbbing flesh.

"Jesus," Hatchett said. "You're too good. You're making me hot too fast."

He grabbed the side of her head and began slamming his thick cock into her hot mouth. This time he was determined to cum right in her mouth, to make her swallow his jism. It felt good as hell.

"Sweet cunt," he moaned. "Hot damn, I'm going to fill up your mouth this time. Hot damn!"

His cock was going deep into Jennifer's mouth, deeper than she would have thought she could have taken it. She had her eyes closed as she gobbled his prick like a candy cane.

She could feel it growing harder in her mouth and she sucked his prick in deep and kept it there.

"Jesus Christ, I'm cumming," he moaned. "Christ, I'm cumming! Oh Christ, it feels so fucking good! ChristTTTT!"

She caught a large gob of his jism on her tongue and then the rest of his cum spurted right down her throat. She drank his cum down like milk and she sucked for more.

"God, baby," Hatchett said. "You can stop now. You've got it all."

She released his cock and felt his hand on her chin, turning her face toward Bob, her mouth still open.

"Look at that," he said. "That's my cum on her tongue. Watch her lick her lips like a cat that's just eaten a bowl of milk. Lick your lips baby, good girl! That's my cum. Mine!"

Bob didn't move, but now he looked really disgusted.

Chapter Four

Jennifer awakened feeling bruised and sore. At first, she thought the night before had been just a bad dream, but then she heard Bob's voice raised in anger.

"I have to go to work," Bob said. "If I don't, they'll come looking for me."

"You can call in sick," Hatchett said.

"No, I can't," Bob insisted. "If I call in sick they'll know something's wrong. I wouldn't call in sick on a Friday when the major company men will be at the meeting."

Jennifer was lying in her own bed but the voices easily drifted up the stairs to her. She got up and wrapped a robe around herself.

She hurried downstairs and found Hatchett and Bob standing near the

door. Bob was already dressed and holding his briefcase. My God, Jennifer thought, he's treating this like any other day. Like nothing happened.

"You must think I'm a real idiot," Hatchett said, "if you think I'm going to let you walk out that door."

"You are if you don't let me go," Bob said. "Calling in sick on an important day like today might make someone put two and two together. Then you'll really be in hot water."

"Hell," Hatchett said, "you'd have the cops down on me in seconds."

"I wouldn't do that," Bob said. "One mistake and Jennifer would be dead. I wouldn't want her on my conscience for the rest of my life. After all, killing her would be the worst thing you could do to her now. You've already done everything else."

Bob gave Jennifer a look that seemed to turn her blood cold.

"You're right about that," Hatchett said with a grin. "You wouldn't be getting anywhere by calling the cops. You know, you're a pretty smart man."

"I try," Bob said, shrugging.

Hatchett seemed to be deep in thought for a moment. What Bob said made sense. The only thing he could do to the girl was kill her. He had already done everything else. So the man wouldn't have to be worried about rape, and maybe could keep his head.

"Yeah," Hatchett said. "I think that maybe you can keep your head. Just remember. I will kill her."

"I'm sure of that," Bob said. "Now how long am I supposed to put up with you?"

Hatchett smiled. "I'll be gone this afternoon," Hatchett said. "A couple of friends will be by to pick me up. So don't worry about seeing me again."

Hatchett reached over and fondled Jennifer's ass.

"And your wife will be okay. She'll be a little sore and tired but she'll be alive."

Bob nodded. Jennifer couldn't believe what she was hearing. She couldn't believe that Bob would just leave her with this animal.

She stood open-mouthed as Bob walked out and got into his car. He gave Jennifer a wave as he did every morning. Everything looked perfectly

normal.

"He's a smart man," Hatchett said. Hatchett's fingers crept down the back of Jennifer's thighs until he was touching her bare skin. She shivered when she felt his fingers go underneath her gown. She felt his fingers trace a pattern up the backs of her thighs until he touched her rounded ass.

"How do you feel this morning?" he asked.

She didn't answer him. She felt his fingers pushing into the crack of her ass and fingering her anus. She didn't like to be used that way but there was nothing she could do.

She still couldn't believe that Bob had just walked out and left her.

He was more concerned with his work than with what was happening with his wife. Maybe he didn't care that she was being raped. Maybe he didn't care about her.

"Don't take it so bad, honey," Hatchett said. "Your poor husband's just doing what he thinks is right. He wants you alive, and I don't blame him. You'll feel a lot better after a little morning fuck."

"You just leave me alone," she whispered. She broke away from him and

stood breathing heavily and staring at him angrily. "You just leave me alone."

"Now don't be like that," he said. "You were doing so nicely yesterday. Don't start any shit today."

"Just leave me alone," she said.

He grinned and rubbed his bare chest. He had put his shorts back on but that was all he had on. She could already smell beer on his breath. Evidently he had started drinking as soon as he got up.

"I'm going to fuck you again," he said. "As many times as I want. So don't make it hard on yourself."

"I hate you," she said.

He grabbed her arm and pulled her against him. She could feel her heart pounding as his strong arms crushed the breath out of her.

"You may hate me," he said, "but you don't hate this. You love this."

He took one of her hands and forced it to his crotch. She could feel his prick rising slowly. She ran her fingertips over the bulbous cockhead and she

felt a little sticky.

"Please just leave me alone," she whispered.

"The hell with that," he said. "You want it, cunt. You wanted it last night and you want it right now. You were built for fucking and sucking and you know it."

"No," she said. "It's not true. I'm not that way."

"No?" he said. "Let's see. See how long it takes for you to beg me again."

He picked her up easily and she didn't bother to struggle. He carried her up the steps and put her right back in her own marriage bed again. Her gown slipped up her thighs and she didn't bother to pull it down again.

She was staring at his crotch. She'd forgotten how big he was. She'd told herself that he was not really that big, that her fear had made him seem that way.

But he was big. He was huge. She could already see his cockhead poking out rigidly from his shorts. Her husband was nowhere near that big. And Bob couldn't even get hard this early in the morning.

"Pull off your gown," he commanded as he stripped out of his shorts.

She could see every naked inch of his big, hairy body and she felt a warmth between her legs.

"No," she whispered frantically. "Don't let it happen again."

"Pull off your goddamn gown," he said, "or would you rather wait for me to get the knife and cut it off you?"

"I'll take it off," she said quickly.

She sat up and pulled off her gown and leaned back on the bed again. She felt hot as his eyes raked her body. He liked what he saw for he grinned at her.

"Goddamn," he said. "You sure got a pussy on you. Jesus, open your legs and let me look at it."

She had to close her eyes as she spread her plump legs. She felt him getting onto the bed with her and she felt his fingers spreading her cunt.

"What a sweet-looking thing," he said. "I bet you've never had it eaten."

How about that, baby? Would you like to have your pussy eaten?"

She popped open her eyes and looked at him. No, her pussy had never been eaten. It had been another one of her fantasies that she would be pinned down on this bed and some rough-talking man would eat her pussy until she screamed for mercy.

Except this was no fantasy. It was happening to her. It was really happening.

"Spread your legs wide, girl," he said. "I'm going to show you a real muff-diver. I ate my first pussy when I was twelve and she was nine. I've been eating cunt ever since!"

His words made mental pictures pop into Jennifer's mind. She could almost see him as a twelve-year-old boy eating out a young girl's pussy. It really made her hot.

Hatchett lowered his face between her legs and he began kissing her creamy thighs. She felt his tongue licking at her and she began to squirm.

"Take it easy, baby," he said. "I haven't even got started good yet. Wait until I really start showing you some of my stuff."

He laughed loudly and it made her feel ashamed of herself. Her shame

didn't last very long, because his face pressed into her pussy and she felt his tongue licking at her blonde hairs. He sucked them into his mouth and wet them with his hot tongue.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned.

She felt his tongue push apart her sensitive cuntlips and enter her. A shiver went up her spine as she pushed her hips up to meet his thrusting tongue.

"Oh, yes, eat me!" she cried. "EAT ME!"

He opened his mouth and pushed his face tightly against her moist cunt. He tasted her hot, tangy juices as he pushed his tongue deep into her. He gobbled her tender flesh like she was sweet candy.

"Oh, that's niiiice!" she wailed. "You're making me so hot!"

He brushed his tongue across her clit and felt her shudder. He opened his mouth wider and sucked her clit between his teeth.

He felt her jerk as he started biting gently.

"Jesussss," she sobbed. "You're making me cum! You're making me cum!"

She grabbed hold of his head and pressed him further between her legs so that she wondered how he could breathe. His cheeks tickled her pussy hairs, and he was beginning to bite a little roughly but she didn't care.

Nothing mattered except that he was driving her out of her mind with his sucking. She could hear the wet sounds he made as he pushed his tongue in and out of her, and chewed on her aching clit.

"My tits are so hot and itchy," she moaned.

She felt him change position so that he could reach up her body and feel her titties. As soon as his hands touched her flesh, she felt a spasm of delight shaking her.

"Jesus!" she cried. "Play with my tits! Play with my tits like that, please!"

It didn't matter that only a few minutes before she'd been hating this man. And that she still hated him. It didn't matter that she would again feel ashamed and sick afterwards. Right now the 'only thing that mattered was the hot feelings his mouth gave her.

"Bite me," she groaned. "Oh, bite me hard! I love it! God, bite me hard!"

She closed her legs tightly together against his face and her fingers tugged hard at his hair. Her entire body jerked as she started to cum.

"You're making me cum!" she cried. "Your hot mouth is making me cum! God, I love it! It feels so good! Your fucking mouth is making me cum! AHHHEEEEE!"

She exploded into his mouth but he didn't pull his face away. He continued to suck at her pussy until the violent shudders of her body had stopped.

She found herself stroking his short red hair, and gasping softly.

He moved his face away from her pussy and he licked his lips. She was still hot and she knew what was coming because she could see his rigid staff sticking up from between his legs. She let her eyes wander down the long length of it to where his pole disappeared in his thick hairs.

"You're beautiful," she whispered. "You're so damned beautiful."

"Raise your legs," he said.

She lifted her legs and he pressed them up above her head. She'd never been in this position before and she could feel her body straining.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Baby," he said. "I'm going to give you another treat. I'm going to fuck your sweet ass!"

She got scared as hell. She tried to put her legs down, but he leaned across her so that she couldn't move. His face was just above hers and he licked his fat lips.

"Your sweet ass," he said. "I've wanted you like this since I first saw you. A sweet, hot little housewife with her big, round ass. I'm going to fuck the hell out of it, sugar!"

"Please," she whispered, "I've never had it there before. Do what you want, but not there. Please, not there."

"You're going to love it, baby," he said.

He dropped all of his weight onto her legs and she thought they were going to break.

"I'm going to put it in you deep," he said. "I'm going to make you feel it come right out of your mouth."

"Please," she said.

He only laughed at her. She tried to wiggle out from under him but he had held firm. She could hardly move at all. He kept grinning at her as he took his cockhead in his fingers and guided it up against her tiny puckered anus.

"No," she said frantically. "Please don't! Oh, please! Please!

"Relax," he said. "I'll be gentle. It won't hurt you at all."

He was lying. He knew it was going to hurt. He pushed a little and she screamed in pain. His cockhead pushed into her ass, finally popping past the outer walls and going up into her rectum.

"Oh God no!" she whispered. "Nooooo!"

He waited for a moment and then he started a steady pressure. His cock painfully forced apart the walls of her rectum and slipped deeper inside. He still wasn't all the way.

She was grunting like a pig.

"Oh! Please!"

"Jesus, you're tight," he said. "Your ass is twice as tight as your cunt. I'm not used to having women who've never been fucked good!"

He remembered some of the other sloppy cunts and asses and it turned him on even more. This big-titted broad was like a gold mine. She was so gawdalmighty sweet.

"Oh fuck," he groaned. "Fuck, baby, hang on. I'm going to have to put it in all the way."

"Oooooooh!" she cried as she felt him give a savage thrust and his cock went halfway into her ass. He gave another hard shove and his cock slipped into her up to his heavy balls. "Please!"

"Ahhhhh Jesus, you're tight," he whispered. "So fucking tight!"

She was in pain. It was like he had taken a flaming spear and driven it up her ass. She couldn't move, and she couldn't fight. She could do nothing but scream and curse him.

"Don't carry on so," he said, chuckling. "The hard part's over with. The best is yet to come."

"You bastard!" she yelled. "You dirty bastard!"

"Just fucking relax, baby," he said. "Just relax."

He didn't move for a long while. He just remained on top of her with his prick deep in her ass. Now and then he would sigh with pleasure, but he didn't start fucking her.

"It only takes a little while for you to get used to it," he said. "Then you're going to like it. You're going to be begging for more dick up your ass."

"Filthy animal pervert bastard!" she screamed.

But he was right. She started to get used to having his big prick up her ass. At first it was just a sensation of not having pain, and then something else began to happen to her. She began to feel warm again.

She couldn't believe it. Her eyes popped open and she stared at his grinning face. She wouldn't move. She wouldn't give him that final satisfaction.

But suddenly she knew that she was going to move, because her cunt was getting hot. He had beaten her again. He was completely in command, and

there was nothing she could do.

"Filthy pervert bastard," she whispered, but then she had to bite her lip to keep a moan back.

"That's right," he said. "Cuss me. Cuss me all you want. But I can feel you moving, baby. I can feel you getting hot again. You sweet hot bitch."

He remained still for a few moments longer because he loved the sensations she was creating. Her wiggling ass caused his cock to grow harder and he could feel himself leaking into her.

God, she had a fantastic ass. He could hardly believe that he was fucking her. He pulled it partially out and then slammed it back into her again. He felt her groan as his balls slapped savagely against her.

"Like that, baby?" he asked. "Maybe I can do it again."

He pulled his cock half out and slammed it into her ass a little harder. Again he felt her shiver and that same low groan came from between her lips.

"Now I'm going to give it to you, cunt," he said. "I'm going to fuck your ass right off."

He began to drive his cock in and out of her ass as savagely as he could. He loved it. She was wiggling frantically now but he didn't think she was trying to get away. Instead it felt more like she was pushing up to meet him.

He knew how to get her hotter. He pushed his hand in between and drove two fingers into her cleft. Immediately he found her sensitive clit and started to rub.

"Oh fuck!" she cried. "You're getting me hot! You bastard, you're getting me hot again!"

"I told you, cunt," he said, laughing.

The pain was gone in Jennifer. New sensations had taken over. She knew she would be sore as hell when he finished, but it felt too good to worry about that.

His prick kept driving deep into her ass and his fingers kept playing with her tiny budding clit, and she was going crazy.

"You fucking bastard!" she cried. "I'm cumming. You're making me cum. You're making me cum in my ass! Fuck my ass harder. Harder, please. I love it. Harder! HARDER! HARDERRRR!"

She humped up at him as she felt his hot cum pour deep into her ass. He was grunting as he drove his prick deep into her each time he erupted. He filled her ass. She could feel his sticky jism leaking out.

"You bastard," she said softly, but her fingers stroked his broad shoulders almost tenderly.

"Ummmm, God," Hatchett said. "That was wonderful, woman."

He slipped out of bed and walked into the bathroom. He filled the tub up with hot water and stepped in. God, the water felt good. He let it soak into his skin for a few minutes.

"Hey, sugar?" he said.

She came to the bathroom door. He noticed that she had wrapped a robe around herself. Her modesty was something else after being screwed by him so many times, but he supposed that some women were just that way.

"Yes?" she said.

"Go downstairs and get me another beer."

She went downstairs and he heard her moving about in the kitchen. He thought about her trying to run away but he didn't think she would. Hell, she was scared and she was liking it too much. She would stay as long as he kept her curious about him.

He leaned back in the hot water, and waited for her to bring him his beer. She was back in a few minutes. She popped the cap and handed it to him.

"Goddamn," he said, sipping at it. "This is the kind of life I dreamed about in prison. A hot bath, a good-looking woman to scrub my balls, and a cold beer. A man just couldn't ask for anything else."

She waited as he sipped his beer.

"When will you be leaving?" she asked.

"Maybe this evening," he said. "I'm calling a friend and they're not far away. I'll be gone before your scared-little-pussy-husband gets home."

"He's not," she said.

"Not what?" Hatchett asked. "Not scared? Hell, he was scared shitless."

Jennifer shook her head, but she knew what he said was true. Bob had been scared. Too scared to do anything. Even to protect his wife.

"Scrub me, baby," Hatchett said, leaning back in the water again.

Jennifer took the rag and soap and she bent over the tub. She did a good job on him. She scrubbed him hard all over, paying special attention to his cock and balls. As she scrubbed his prick she felt it start to harden in her hands.

"Ummm, baby," he groaned. "That's real nice. You've got a fine pair of hands. Now strip off that robe so I can play with your titties."

She shrugged off the robe and his hand immediately went to one of her hanging breasts. She continued to scrub him as he played with her titties. She soaped his hairy chest and his broad shoulders and neck.

"Turn over," she said.

He flipped over onto his stomach and she did the same to his back. In a few minutes she had him completely soaped.

"Stand up," she said. "Let me rinse you off."

She let the water out of the tub as he stood up. Then she stepped into the tub with him and turned on the hot water.

"Goddamn," he said as the spray touched him. "Don't burn me alive."

"Sorry," she said.

She worked with the water until she got it right and then she went under it with him. She rubbed her fingers up and down his body and felt his cock probing between her legs.

"Ummm," she said softly. "Can we do it again?"

"Sure, baby," he said. "But not right now. Right now I want your sweet mouth wrapped around my cock. So get down on your knees and suck me up good."

She nodded and fell down to her knees before him. She felt the hot water hitting her everywhere as she sucked lustily on his cock.

She took his rigid pole into her mouth and used her tongue around the sensitive crown. She had a feeling it wasn't going to take him long. She had already worked on him good when she'd been soaping him with her fingers.

She opened her mouth wider and began to bob her head. Her hair was getting wet and plastered to her forehead. It was getting hard to keep out of the way.

She wrapped her fingers around his staff and began jerking him off with the same rhythm as her sucking. In a moment she felt him start to tense up.

"Mother-fuck," he said softly. "God, you know how to turn a man on. It's hard to believe you didn't know how to suck cocks before I came."

Her blonde head worked faster over his cock.

"Jesus, I'm cumming," he said. "I'm going. Get ready, baby. I'm going to blow the top of your goddamned head off. Get fucking ready. Get ready! READYYYYYY!"

His cum filled the back of her throat and she had to release his cock. His cum leaked out of the corners of her mouth.

She didn't mind. At that moment she loved the feel of his sticky jism.

"Oh Jesus," he groaned. "Jesus!"

She kept sucking him hard until the last shudder in his body passed. Only then did she get off her knees and turn the water off.

Chapter Five

Hatchett was lying on the couch scratching his hairy chest and talking into the phone. He was dressed only in his shorts. Jennifer was sitting at his head softly stroking his hair. She was dressed in flimsy yellow panties and a sheer, shorty yellow nightgown that covered very little.

"Yeah, Tom," Hatchett said. "One of those nice little old-fashioned houses. It's got one of those big iron things out front by the mailbox. What's that thing called, honey?"

"It's just modern art," Jennifer answered.

"Yeah, it's modern art crap," Hatchett said. "And there might be something else for you." Hatchett laughed rudely. "That's right. The sweetest you ever had. Hell, she was almost a virgin before I got hold of

her." Again Hatchett laughed and Jennifer didn't like the sound. "Sure, bring the boy too. It's time he had some education."

Hatchett laughed a third time before he hung up the phone.

"They're coming?" Jennifer asked.

"They sure as hell are, sugar," he said. "They should be here in a couple of hours. We can play until then. Now about that other beer you promised me."

Jennifer got up and Hatchett watched her bouncing buttocks as she walked into the kitchen. Some of his passion had abated for this cool blonde housewife, but she was still able to cause a heat in his balls.

He only wished he could stay around. It wasn't her husband he was scared of. Or anything else, for that matter. He was only a little worried about the money that he and Tom had taken in the last robbery. Tom knew where it was, and he didn't exactly trust his partner. They got along but he didn't trust him.

"Damn," Hatchett said, shaking his head. "This is a nice set-up, though."

She came back into the living room and knelt by the couch. She opened his beer for him and held it up for him to sip out of the can.

This woman was fantastic. The guy who was married to her hardly knew what he had. She was a goldmine. She was one of those women who were made to be dominated by men. There were few of them around.

Hatchett rolled onto his side and kissed her luscious lips. He pushed his tongue into her mouth and he felt his cock growing hard.

Then the doorbell rang.

"Who the fuck is that?" Hatchett questioned. "They couldn't have gotten here that quick."

The door should have been locked. Jennifer realized, with a sick stomach, that it had always been Tina's way to simply ring the doorbell and then walk right in. She did it this time, too, and she was standing in the doorway blinking.

Tina was dressed in a simple clinging shift-dress that barely reached her well-tanned thighs. As always, she wore no bra and her firm youthful tits almost fell out the top of her shift.

"Oh," Tina said. "Excuse me. I didn't realize you had company."

It might have been all right if Jennifer hadn't gotten scared.

"Run, Tina!" Jennifer cried frantically. "Run, please, run!"

And Tina just stood there blinking while Hatchett gave Jennifer a violent shove that sent her sprawling. He landed on his feet running and he slammed Tina out of the way. He shut the door with an angry gesture.

"Now that was a dumb-ass thing to do," he said.

Hatchett was worried now. The dark-haired girl looked little older than seventeen and a scared teenager was one thing he didn't need.

He hadn't worried about Jennifer and he damn sure hadn't worried about her spineless husband, but a teenage girl was another matter.

They'd get scared and start screaming for no reason. No reason at all. He looked at the girl who lay sprawled on the floor. She was still blinking and her face was confused. She hadn't bothered puffing down her shift. He could see right to the tops of her youthful sun-browned thighs. Hell, she must have worn a tiny bathing suit.

"Damn," Hatchett said. "What the hell did you do that for? I could have let her just walk out the door and she'd have run across the street and told her mother about all the strange men going in and out of your house. Why

the hell?"

"I just didn't think," Jennifer said.

"You just didn't think," he said sourly.

Jennifer looked over at her friend. Tina was beginning to understand. Jennifer had thought that Tina would have been smarter, but that was because Jennifer always thought of Tina as being older than just a high school girl.

They had been best friends since Jennifer had moved into the neighborhood, and they had shared many confidences together. It was easy to see why Jennifer thought of the girl as being older.

Hatchett walked to the kitchen table and picked up his knife. He walked around Tina so that she was sure to see it.

"Now," he said. "What are we going to do about your dumb-ass mistake?"

"Don't hurt her," Jennifer said.

"What choice do I have?" he said. "I can't watch both of you and she doesn't look like the type that would knuckle under like your husband. She

looks like she's got a little fire in her soul."

Tina was watching the knife with big eyes.

"Please," Jennifer said to Tina. "Tell him you won't scream or try to run away. Tell him."

"I won't," Tina promised. "I won't run or scream."

Hatchett let his eyes run over the girl's youthful body. She was nervous. He kept seeing her eyes drop to his shorts and then she would blush a deep red. It looked sexy as hell on her dark tan.

"Maybe I won't hurt her," he said. "You know, this has got possibilities. Why don't you strip that shift off and let me see what you look like underneath?"

"Oh my God," Jennifer said. "Don't do that. Please. She's just a girl."

"She's a teasing little sexpot," Hatchett said. "I remember the type when I was going to school."

Hatchett walked close and held the knife dangling before her eyes.

"Now what's it going to be?" he asked her. "I don't have a lot of time. Take it off or I'm going to take it off for you."

Tina was scared out of her mind. She started to scream and Hatchett put a rough hand over her mouth. For a moment Jennifer was tempted to scream, but then she thought of the consequences. Even if she managed it, he could still kill one or both of them.

"Don't fuck up," he said. "Screaming will only get you into bad trouble. Don't fuck up."

He released her mouth and Tina bit her lip nervously. Her hands trembled so badly she couldn't get hold of the bottom of her shift.

"Come here," Hatchett told Jennifer. "Take the damn thing off her."

Jennifer approached Tina on her knees. She looked sadly into Tina's scared face.

"I'm sorry, baby," Jennifer said. "But it's got to be like he says. He's killed one person and he could kill us easily. I'm sorry, baby."

Jennifer took hold of the bottom of Tina's shift and stripped it over

Tina's head.

"Christ Jesus," Hatchett said in awe.

He had expected a good-looking body, but he hadn't expected the youthful beauty of Tina. She was tanned all over except for the tiny little streak across her pussy.

Her thick black pussy hairs made a startling contrast to the little strip of white. He let his eyes go up her body to her firm tits.

Her jugs were not as big as Jennifer's but they were damned near as big, and she had huge brown nipples that looked delicious. He rubbed his crotch.

"Christ," he said. "Don't you ever wear anything underneath?"

"Usually just panties," she admitted, "but I was taking a sunbath in the back yard and there's a boy next door."

Tina lowered her eyes and blushed with shame.

"Well I'll be damned," Hatchett said. "Trying to turn the boys on, huh? Well you don't have to worry about me, little thing. I'm already turned on."

Hatchett walked to the couch and sat down. He was out of beer and that made him a little angry. He rubbed his crotch and grinned at the two girls on the floor.

"This is really nice," he said. "I've never seen two finer-looking pussies. I'll tell you what. While I'm waiting, why don't the two of you put on a little show for me?"

Jennifer knew what he wanted immediately and she felt her heart begin to pound. Hatchett had a way of touching things inside her. Jennifer had already had one experience with another woman. It had been when she was very young and the woman had been a gym instructor.

Jennifer couldn't remember what had happened except that somehow she had found herself cornered by this big, brawny woman. In a moment her gym shorts had been pulled down and the face of the woman was close to her own.

Jennifer could still remember the sensations that had gone through her. The hot flood of fire and almost sickness that had filled her.

"Do you like this, Jennifer?" the woman kept asking. "Do you like this?"

Then someone had walked in and Jennifer had started screaming and

everything was ugly. But Jennifer had not forgotten and she'd often wondered what it would be like with a gentle, loving woman.

And now she was about to find out.

"Tina," Jennifer whispered. "Do you know what he wants?"

"Yes," Tina nodded.

"We have to," Jennifer said. "We have to do what he wants. He hurts us, otherwise."

"I don't know what to do," Tina said.

The poor young girl was really scared. She might not have been a virgin, but she had never had any kind of heavy sex with anyone. Jennifer remembered how it was at Tina's age. A quickie in the back seat. A frightened hand job.

The girl really knew very little about sex except what she read in books.

"Don't be frightened," Jennifer said. "I'll just touch you a little and make you ready."

Jennifer couldn't control the pounding of her heart. She wanted to. She hated to admit it, but she really wanted to sample this young girl. She couldn't help herself.

She put her hand on top of Tina's head and stroked her soft black hair.

Then she tugged the girl's face against her own. She kissed Tina's lips very tenderly. Very softly. She felt Tina struggling to pull away.

"Don't be scared," Jennifer told her. "We've got to. We've no choice."

"But it's not right," Tina protested.

Jennifer knew it wasn't right but she had already tasted Tina's sweet mouth and she knew she was going to take more.

"Don't fight me, please," Jennifer said. "Hatchett's very mean."

Jennifer pushed Tina back on the carpeted floor and kissed Tina's mouth again. This time she probed with her tongue. Tina kept her mouth tightly closed.

"Come on, honey," Jennifer said. "Relax a little. Be easy. I'm not going to hurt you. We're friends. I wouldn't do anything to hurt you."

Jennifer softly stroked Tina's cheek as she touched her lips again. This time Tina's lips were not clamped so tightly together, but the frightened young girl still wouldn't open them wide enough to admit Jennifer's tongue.

Jennifer released Tina. She swore softly. Tina was wound up very tight. There was tension along the poor girl's shoulders and down her back.

Jennifer knew there had to be a key somewhere that could unlock Tina's passion.

"Poor baby," Jennifer whispered. "Don't worry. We'll make a show and then it'll be over. It'll be over sooner than you think."

She kissed the soft skin of Tina's throat. She gently sucked at her throat, wetting the sensitive skin with her tongue.

She felt Tina sigh.

So the girl was feeling something. Jennifer started remembering some of the stories Tina had shared with her. Stories about the dates she'd had, about the couple of fumbling times in the back seat of some boy's car.

She remembered asking Tina what had gotten her to turned on.

"Oh Jennifer," Tina had said, giggling. "I was all right until I let him start kissing my neck. And then his hand got under my sweater and I was gone!"

Jennifer knew that now it was only a matter of time before Tina started returning her passion.

Jennifer lowered her head to the creamy tops of Tina's tits. Tina had been sunbathing without a bra and Jennifer tasted suntan lotion.

It didn't turn Jennifer off. It only reminded her of the beach and of the husky young men and the lithe sun-drenched girls. It reminded Jennifer how turned on she had gotten once when she had seen a well-muscled young man turn over on his back after lying face down in the sand.

She remembered the huge bulge in his swim trunks, and he had caught her looking. He had winked at her and grinned, and she had looked away.

Bob hadn't noticed but he sure as hell noticed the way she went after him like a hungry animal that very night.

All of her memories flooded Jennifer and turned her on even more. She

licked at Tina's soft flesh, licking lower until her mouth was touching one of Tina's big brown nipples.

"Ohhhhhhh," Tina groaned.

Jennifer licked at the nipple and it became taut. She sucked it between her teeth and started biting gently. She knew it would drive Tina crazy, and it did.

Tina began groaning and squirming about, as if she were trying to escape Jennifer's sucking mouth.

Tina didn't escape and Jennifer only sucked in more of Tina's sweet-tasting nipple.

"Oh God," Tina moaned.

Jennifer moved her lips from one sweet nipple to the other. Once again she sucked the taut nipple between her teeth and started to bite on it.

"Oh God, Jennifer," Tina sobbed.

Jennifer pulled away suddenly and looked down at her young friend. There was something innocent and sexy about Tina. Something that really got

Jennifer hot.

She looked at Hatchett who still sat on the couch. He was grinning broadly and his shorts looked like a tent.

"Go ahead," he said. "Drive the little pussy crazy!"

Jennifer reached down and stripped off her flimsy gown. Dressed only in her panties, she bent to Tina's tits once again. She sucked on one nipple as hard as she could, and then she moved to the other.

Before Tina could do more than moan, Jennifer's fingers went between the young girl's legs.

Tina didn't fight to keep her legs closed. Her firm, tanned thighs opened immediately and Jennifer rubbed the tangled pussy hairs.

"Oh stop, Jennifer," Tina pleaded.

Jennifer knew it was too late to stop even if the girl really wanted her to.

She kept playing with Tina's pussy while she searched for Tina's mouth. This time Tina's mouth was soft and hot and parted as easily as her legs.

Jennifer drove her tongue deep into Tina's mouth and felt Tina responding by wiggling her own tongue.

"Jesus," Jennifer heard Hatchett say. "Keep it up. Keep up the fucking show. Jesus!"

Jennifer kept kissing her friend and probing with her tongue.

Her fingers crept to Tina's pussy and she found Tina's cunt wet. She carefully parted the rosy cuntlips with her fingers and rubbed them.

"Oooooohmmm," Tina moaned.

Jennifer drove two fingers into Tina's cunt. It was her first time to ever finger another woman's cunt but she knew just how to make Tina wild.

She drove her fingers in and out for a few moments before she started rubbing her clit.

"Mmmmmm," Tina sobbed.

Jennifer started rubbing the sensitive bud hard and she felt the tension

drain out of Tina's body. Now there was no mistaking that Tina was as turned on as Jennifer.

Tina's hips had started to move in rhythm to Jennifer's probing fingers.

"Suck her," Hatchett said. "Suck her pussy!"

This had been the thing Jennifer had been frightened of, but she knew she was going to go through with it. She left Tina's mouth and her tongue trailed down to Tina's neck and tits. She sucked on one of Tina's nipples before allowing herself to go down further.

She trailed her tongue along Tina's flat, quivering belly until she found Tina's navel.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Tina cried. "What are you doing?"

Jennifer licked at Tina's belly button for a few seconds and then she went down even lower. For the first time in her life Jennifer's tongue touched another woman's pussy hairs.

I don't think I can, Jennifer thought nervously.

But she knew that she was going to.

She lowered her face and let her tongue slip between Tina's thighs. She tasted Tina's tangy juices and she rubbed her tongue along Tina's pussy.

"Oh Jesus!" Tina screamed. "Oh Jesus!"

Jennifer pushed her tongue through the rosy petals and into Tina's hot cunt. She couldn't stop herself. She began to gobble Tina's flesh and use her tongue.

"Oh Jesus," Tina groaned.

Tina lifted her legs slightly and her fingers tangled in Jennifer's long blonde hair.

Tina's grip grew fierce as she tried to pull Jennifer closer to her moist pussy.

"Oh Jennifer," Tina moaned. "Keep doing that. It feels nice. It's never felt so good."

Jennifer continued to push her tongue in and out of Tina's cunt, even

when she caught a movement out of the corner of her eye.

Hatchett had stripped off his shorts and that rock-hard cock of his was sticking straight up. Jennifer knew what he was planning to do.

She moved away from Tina's legs as Hatchett got close.

"Oh, don't stop!" Tina wailed.

"Don't worry, little one," Hatchett said. "I'm going to make it feel even better."

Tina's eyes popped open as she stared at Hatchett, with his big throbbing cock tipped by a cum-smear. He knelt down beside them and put his arms underneath Tina.

He lifted her legs until they were over her head and her young gash was plainly exposed.

"I'm going to fuck your sweet pussy," he said.

Tina was frightened but she didn't dare scream. He dropped on top of her and he felt his cock nudging at her tiny box. He was too turned on to worry

if she were ready.

He gave a shove and his big cock slammed deep into her pussy. She gasped and began to wiggle but he had her now and there was no way she was going to escape.

"Tight," he said. "Jesus, what a fine piece of ass."

He began to rock in and out of her and he felt her starting to respond. She was already wet enough so that it didn't hurt her.

"God, baby," he grunted. "God!"

He kept slamming his big, thick cock into her sweet, tight pussy until he had her practically climbing the walls. Damn, she was fine. She was as good as the cool blonde, almost. She would gain the rest with a little experience.

"Oh Jesus," Tina groaned.

"Come over here, baby," Hatchett told Jennifer. "Get underneath and lick my ass and balls."

Hatchett had always wanted a chance to do this but he'd never had the opportunity. Two women. Two sweet chicks to make him happy. God, it was

fantastic.

He felt Jennifer's warm mouth against his ass and then her tongue slipping into his crack. He felt her tongue probing at his anus and even going inside.

It was more than he had bargained for. It felt good as hell. She slipped her hand up to his balls and began to stroke his balls with each of his deep thrusts.

He could open his eyes and look down into the excited face of the young girl.

Fantastic.

"Christ," he moaned. "I'm going to cum. Lick my balls, Jennifer. Lick my balls!"

Jennifer pushed her face as close as she could get and began to lick his balls. She even managed to give them little nips as he fucked her friend's pussy.

"CHRIST!" he yelled. "OH JESUS CHRISTTT!"

She felt his balls jumping as he emptied his load into Tina's pussy. She kept licking at him until the shudders in his body stopped.

He moved away, his hard cock slipping out of Tina's pussy with a soft pop.

He grabbed the back of Jennifer's head and started pushing her back into Tina's cunt.

"Suck her some more," Hatchett said. "Suck her cunt while I let her clean my cock off."

Jennifer found her face pushed into Tina's cunt and she began licking. She could taste Tina's juices as well as the taste of his thick jism. He had really filled her cunt and Jennifer was getting his stuff all over her face.

Hatchett moved to Tina's head and he grabbed her by the hair.

"Now you clean me, little girl," he said.

Tina had never done anything like it before but she began licking his cock clean. She tasted her own pussy juices as well as his leaking cum. In a few minutes his grip tightened on her hair and he pushed his soft cock into her warm, wet mouth.

"That's it, baby," he said. "Get it really clean."

Tina had never had a man's cock in her mouth before but she did the best she could. All the while she could feel Jennifer's sucking mouth between her legs.

In a few minutes Tina's ass began to jerk.

"You're cumming," Hatchett said. "You're going to cum. Give all your sweet juices to Jennifer. Jennifer'll take every fucking drop."

Jennifer did. She sucked hard and swallowed as Tina's legs thrashed in her orgasm.

After a while, Tina's body quit jerking so violently.

Chapter Six

Hatchett watched the two of them move about the kitchen clearing up

the lunch dishes. He hadn't allowed them to dress and he thought there could be nothing sexier in the world than watching them.

They were quite a contrast.

Jennifer was blonde and she hadn't been very much out in the sun. Her skin was not white, but a light cream color that was just the very beginning of a tan.

Tina on the other hand was golden-skinned, from the sun. Her long black hair hung lower than Jennifer's and almost touched the rising curve of her pretty ass.

He felt his cock grow hard watching them. Damn, it seemed like he'd been horny as hell ever since he'd arrived.

But then it was understandable considering that he'd been saving it for three years while he'd been in that goddamn silly prison.

Hatchett looked at his watch.

It was getting close to the time when his friends would come for him. He wished he had a beer but he'd already drunk the last one.

He considered sending one of the girls after one, but that might be taking too big a chance. He was already taking a chance letting that sissy bastard go to work.

Of course, he didn't consider that too big a chance.

"Where's that wine you had last night?" he asked Jennifer.

"In the cupboard," she answered.

"Well get it and bring it here. Both of you come over here."

Jennifer gave Tina a warning glance. The young girl was holding out pretty well, but her lips were slack and there was a hysterical look in her eyes.

Any minute now, Jennifer was afraid that Tina was really going to crack.

Then there would be hell to pay.

Jennifer went into the kitchen and got the wine. She poured the red liquid into a tall glass and brought it back to him.

"Sit down here," he said. He pointed to either side of him. Tina sat on one

side and Jennifer sat on his other. He put one broad hand on Tina's knee.

"You sure are a pretty thing," he said.

He drained the wine in one gulp and he made a face.

"God," he said. "That stuff tastes like piss. I wish the hell you had some more beer."

"I could go for some," Jennifer suggested.

"Sure you could," he said. "And then you could bring back every cop in the country."

"Then why did you let Bob go?" Jennifer asked.

"I trust him," Hatchett said, grinning. "More than I do you. I think you've got more balls than your husband. Ask him what happened last night after I sent you up to bed. He started panting after me. I told the little pansy where to get off."

"I don't believe it," Jennifer said.

"Sure, baby," Hatchett said. "Your little pansy is hungry after men."

Jennifer felt sick. She couldn't believe it. Bob had always seemed so normal. And yet she remembered, with a little disgust, that strange expression she had seen in her husband's eyes a couple of times. Almost like jealousy.

"I don't think he knew it until last night," Hatchett admitted, "but he sure as hell knows it now. Like I said, baby, I think you got more balls than him."

Hatchett ran his hand up Tina's thigh until his fingertips touched her little white strip.

"But let's don't talk about him," Hatchett whispered. "Let's talk about this pretty little thing here. You sure were a fantastic fuck, baby."

"Please don't," Tina whispered.

Jennifer was really beginning to worry about her friend. Tina didn't look as if she could handle much more.

Hatchett cupped her pussy with his hand. Tina winced and tried to close her legs together. Hatchett slapped her face and pried her legs apart with

both hands and placed his hand back at her pussy again.

"Now don't play games with me," he said. "I know you like me. I know you like my big hard cock. Why don't you touch it?"

"No," Tina whispered.

Hatchett saw that all of the spirit was not yet out of Tina. He realized he was going to have to break her as he had broken Jennifer's will to resist.

It wasn't really hard to do once he could convince a woman that he was the one in charge. That she really didn't have a choice.

"You little cunt," he said softly. "That's all you are. Just a little cunt. I can do anything I want with you. To you. Anything! And I will!"

Tina tried to stand up but Hatchett grabbed her arm and pulled her into his lap. He positioned her so that his bulging cock was poked into the crevice of her ass.

"You little bitch," he said. "I'll show you who's boss here."

He grabbed both sides of her head and held her firm. He kissed her roughly, demanding that she open her lips and admit his tongue. He probed

her hot mouth with his tongue.

She was out of breath when he released her.

"So you want to play games with me?" he said. "I'll show you a couple of games you've never heard of."

"Don't hurt her," Jennifer pleaded, putting one hand on his arm. "Do what you want with me, but don't hurt her. She's only a little girl."

"She's about to become a woman," Hatchett said.

He picked her up in his arms and lay her down on her back on the carpeted floor. Hatchett knew how to make women beg and he was going to make this one beg.

"You're a hot little bitch," he said.

He found her clit with his finger and began to move his finger back and forth across it. She tried to wiggle away but he didn't allow her to move. He kept pushing his finger into her pussy and across the hard knob of her clit.

"Like that?" he said. "Well, I know how to make it even better."

He bent down and began to suck on her nipples. He moved his mouth quickly from one to the other and he had them taut in seconds.

"You came before," he said, "but not like you're going to cum this time. Not like I'm going to make you cum this time, little cunt."

He spread apart her thighs as her fingernails raked down his back.

"Don't worry, baby," he said. "You can scratch all you like and you won't make me mad. It's just going to make me fuck you longer."

He gave her no chance to get ready. This time he grunted as he slammed his cock deep into her cunt and then moved around in a circular fashion.

He grabbed her by her titties and began to pound her tight cunt.

"We'll make the first one fast," he said. "Then you'll have the edge off. Get ready for a real ride, baby."

He began to slam his cock into her furiously as his fingers traced patterns on her titties. He knew she couldn't refuse him long. Her hips began to move and low sobs escaped her throat.

"See there," he said as his balls slapped against her. "I knew you'd love it."

He fucked her harder and harder until he knew he was almost hurting her. He also knew that it would make her cum quicker. He reached underneath her and his fingers found her ass. "Now I'm really going to blow your mind, baby."

He wormed one finger into her anus up to his knuckle. He felt her tensing up trying to fight him but he kept wiggling his finger around.

After a few minutes she gave up trying to escape his penetrating finger.

"That's right," he said. "Relax. It'll be much better if you can relax."

Her tight young pussy fitted well around his cock each time he slammed into her. Of course, she still didn't have the experience of the blonde.

That blonde cunt knew how to move her ass so that she could really make a man cum.

But what the little dark-haired girl lacked in experience, she made up for in enthusiasm. She wiggled around and her cunt seemed to be trying to suck

every part of his cock into her.

"Ohhhhhmmmmm," Tina cried. "I'm cumming. I'm going to cum! OHHEEEEE!"

The first orgasm was just as violent and fast as he could have wished. Now he really started to give it to her. He slammed so violently into her that he imagined the sounds could be heard all through the block.

"No," she whispered. "Not again. Please, not again. I couldn't stand it again."

"Baby," he said. "We've just gotten started."

Suddenly he pulled his cock out of her pussy and placed his thick cockhead against her tiny puckered anus. His finger had gotten her lubricated and now he started to shove against her resistance.

"Oh no!" she screamed. "Not there! Oh God, not there! Please, nooooo!"

He loved it when they started getting scared and they started wiggling frantically. That made his cock harder and it seemed to suck him in deeper. He lifted her legs onto his shoulders, not high enough to be uncomfortable for her, but high enough for him to get a good position.

"Relax, sugar," he said. "Just relax."

She screamed and started cursing him and again her fingernails dug bloody holes into his back.

He didn't give a damn.

It felt too fucking good to worry about a few little scratches.

"Jesus, honey," he groaned. "Jesus, you got one tight little ass."

He shoved hard and his cock met almost impossible resistance. He was afraid he might not get it in. He tensed his legs and shoved again.

"OOOOOEEEEEE!" she screamed.

This time his hard cock went partially into her asstube, and he felt her tight asshole gripping around his stem.

"One more time, sugar!"

He shoved again and this time his cock went into her all the way to his heavy balls. He wasn't as gentle as he'd been with Jennifer.

He wanted this proud young bitch to learn her lesson. He wanted to really humble her. He wanted to teach her that she was nothing but an object to be used by men.

"Cunt," he whispered. "Cunt. Get ready for a real good ass-fucking."

He fucked her brutally. He gave her long, savage strokes that almost drove her back into the floor. She sobbed with each of his thrusts.

"Good, baby," he groaned. "Good ass. Sweet and tight. Sweet and tight."

He grabbed her titties and began mauling her flesh as he fucked her. He felt the moment when her nipples began to grow hard under the touch of his fingers.

"Getting to you, huh?" he asked, laughing. "Beginning to like it, huh? Goddamn, all you cunts are just alike. You're always saying no, but you always want it deeper."

"God," she groaned, "oh God, please stop."

He felt her ass get tighter and he knew she was going to cum a second time. He knew she was learning a good lesson. He continued to pound her ass.

"Christ!" she yelled. "I can't help it! I'm cumming! I can't help it! Oh Christttttt! AAAEEEEEE!"

This time he could feel her tangy juices flooding her cunt hairs and making his cock enter her plump ass even easier. He gave her no time to think.

He pulled his cock from her ass and let her legs fall. Before she could move he had slammed his rigid pole back into her cunt once again.

"No woman's ever gotten it like this, little lady," he said. "Be proud of yourself. No woman's ever got it like this!"

He looked at Jennifer who still stood nearby. Jennifer's face was a mixture of pain and sorrow, and of excitement. Yeah, she felt sorry for the dark-haired cunt but not sorry enough to try anything foolish.

"Come here," he grunted as he started a steady rhythm of thrusts with his cock.

Jennifer came close and he reached up to play with her nipple.

"Sit on her face," Hatchett said.

He knew that would be the ultimate humiliation for the young girl. To have another woman sit on her face while a man fucked her.

"Please," Jennifer whispered. "Don't make me."

He knew that Jennifer wanted to. Every part of her wanted to. She hesitated only a moment before moving to Tina's head. Slowly she lowered herself onto Tina's face.

"That's good," he said. "Grind your cunt against her face. Make her taste your pussy. Make her really taste it."

Hatchett again moved his hands underneath her ass so that he could finger her anus.

He felt the tension in her as she began to work against his cock again. She was getting turned on for the third time and he knew he was going to have to make this the last time.

His cock was getting too hard and hot.

Suddenly Tina started wiggling like crazy. He knew she'd be screaming if Jennifer's cunt were not covering the young girl's face.

"Oh God," Jennifer moaned. "She's licking me. She's licking me hard. Oh God!"

It made him feel crazy as he began to fuck the little girl's cunt a little faster and harder. He felt the steady slap of his balls against her skin.

"Jesus," he groaned. "I'm getting close. I'm getting so fucking close."

Now Tina was going crazy, her ass wiggling like she was on fire. He felt her hot juices explode against his cock as she came the third time.

"God, baby," he groaned. "God, baby, I'm going to give it to you. I'm going to give it to you. Oh Christ, oh Jesus, oh Christ!"

At the last moment he pulled his cock from her wet pussy and let his cum strike her quivering belly. He knew that she would realize she was really his as she felt his cum splashing against her belly and pussy-flesh.

Chapter Seven

"How is she?" Hatchett asked.

Jennifer gave a disgusted look at the hairy man who sat at her kitchen table. She was beginning to hate him more and more. He knew how to arouse her passion but that didn't make him a nice man.

"How would you be doing?" Jennifer asked.

He laughed roughly and loudly. "Come on, sugar," he said. "A nice little fucking couldn't hurt the girl."

"You hurt her," Jennifer accused. "You really did hurt her. Her eyes were glassy and her mouth was open and she could hardly breathe. I think she went into shock. She's sleeping now."

"Hell," Hatchett said. "She shouldn't have gotten so uppity with me."

"You are a bastard," Jennifer said coolly.

At that moment they both heard a car pulling into the driveway. Jennifer went to the window and looked out. She saw a short, squat man coming up the steps. Beside him walked a tall boy of about nineteen. He had greasy hair and pimples and he really turned Jennifer off.

"Your friends are here," Jennifer said.

"Well open the door, sugar," he said.

Jennifer shrugged her shoulders. She had nothing on but a pair of panties.

She opened the door and she saw the look of surprise and hunger come to the two men's faces.

"Well I'll be damned," the short man said.

"Jesus Christ," the boy said.

"Hey, come on in," Hatchett said. "The water's fine. Come the fuck in. Did you bring any beer?"

"Nah," the short one said. "We didn't know we were going to have a party"

The short one shut the door behind him. He couldn't take his eyes off Jennifer. She was just as nice as Hatchett had promised. Damn, she was nicer. What an ass. And those tits. Like plump melons with cherries on top. Jesus, he was starting to get hungry.

"Don't let your mouth stay open," Hatchett laughed. "A fly might drop in."

"You didn't tell me she looked this fine," he said.

"I told you she was nice, though," Hatchett said. "And she is nice. And she fucks like an animal. The best piece of pussy you ever got."

Jennifer stood watching the three of them out of half-closed eyes. She didn't like what she was hearing. One man had been all right. She could handle Hatchett. But she didn't like the thought of being used by two men, or three at the same time.

The young, greasy-haired boy put his arm around Jennifer's shoulders.

"You're a pretty thing," he said.

The boy really was ugly. Jennifer pushed him away. She wanted to claw his

face but she controlled herself.

"You said you would leave," she said.

"Sure, baby," Hatchett said. "I'm going to leave. But first, we're going to have a little party. Wouldn't you like that? A little party?"

Jennifer kept backing away from the greasy-haired boy. He finally had her backed against the door. She felt his fingers rubbing the flesh of her thigh.

"Let me go," she said, "or I'll scratch your eyes out."

The boy looked a little amused. He kept rubbing her thighs and she went for his eyes as she had promised him. She missed only by inches but she did scrape two large cuts underneath both his eyes.

"Jesus!" he cried.

She slipped out from between him and the door and she ran for the kitchen. She could get a knife. Two could play at the knife game. She would cut the greasy kid's balls off.

She was stopped easily by the short man. He grabbed her around the

waist and flung her toward the couch. She lost her footing but she quickly scrambled back to her feet.

"You goddamned bitch," the boy said, holding out a knife that had appeared from nowhere. "Try to blind me, will you. Maybe I'll cut one of your titties off."

"Hold it, Johnny," Hatchett said. "Stop right there or I'll make you eat that knife."

The boy stopped. It was obvious that he feared Hatchett.

"I want to cut her," Johnny said.

"Maybe later," Hatchett said. "Right now I want you to run to the store for beer."

"Do I have to?"

"Yeah, you have to. I'll make it worth your while. There's a pretty little thing upstairs about your age. Maybe you'll like her better. Anyway, take her with you. You'll have to dress her."

"Shit yeah," Johnny said. He put his knife away. "But I'm not finished

with you, bitch."

Jennifer felt honest fear. This young boy was more dangerous than she had realized. He could hurt her if she tried to do anything else.

"Let Tina sleep," she begged Hatchett.

"Hell no," Hatchett said.

Hatchett and the short man sat at the table and talked for a long time while Jennifer heard Tina making soft, sobbing sounds as the boy made her dress.

Tina looked dazed and hurt as the boy brought her downstairs. The boy had one hand underneath her shift, playing with her naked tits.

"She's a nice one," Johnny said. "I might not bring her home for a while."

"Just get the beer," Hatchett said.

It was not until the boy had taken Tina out the door that the two of them turned to face Jennifer.

"What do you want, Tom?" Hatchett asked. "Tops or bottoms?"

"It don't make no difference, boy," Tom said.

Jennifer looked into their lust-filled faces and she felt her heart pounding. They were both going to use her at the same time.

She had been almost an innocent before Hatchett had forced his way into her home and before he had raped her. Now she could no longer call herself an innocent.

And she had to admit that the thought of two men at once was exciting.

"I don't want you to," Jennifer said.

"It doesn't matter what you want, bitch," Hatchett said.

"Come here," Tom said.

She went to them slowly and Tom put his hands against her tits. He seemed to be content with just holding her jugs for the moment. A hot look was in his eyes.

"She's sure got a nice pair," he said.

"Very nice," Hatchett said. "Taste them."

He pulled Jennifer closer and she felt his hot lips circle her tit. His lips sucked at her nipple until she felt it grow hard.

"Ummm," he said.

He pulled away from her. His arms went around her waist and pulled her closer to him. She felt his hands drop to cup her asscheeks.

"Baby, you are a sweet one," he said.

He fingered her buttocks for a moment, and then she felt one of his fingers probing her anus. She relaxed and she felt his finger slip up into her.

"You already tried this sweet ass?" Tom asked.

"Hell yeah," Hatchett said.

He squeezed her asscheeks again and then he released her.

"You go on over to the couch, sugar," he said. "We'll be with you in a minute."

Like a zombie, Jennifer walked to the couch and sat down. The two men quickly followed her and Tom stripped off his clothes as he walked.

Jennifer studied his naked body. He was not as hairy as Hatchett but he had the same well-developed muscles.

She let her eyes stray down to his crotch. He had a nice prick. It was not as large as Hatchett's but it was still bigger than her husband's.

His prick was only half hard while Hatchett, who had been fucking all morning, was already hard again. God, that Hatchett was a real man. Jennifer doubted that she could ever find a man who could go like Hatchett.

The two men sat down on both sides of her. Hatchett put a rough hand on her knee while Tom started to play with her boobs again.

He couldn't seem to get enough of them. He bent his head and licked at one of her cherry nipples. She felt it getting taut.

"Hey," Tom said. "She really likes that."

"Uh-uh," Hatchett said.

Hatchett took her free nipple into his mouth.

"Oh Jesus Christ," she whispered fiercely.

She'd never even dreamed about having both of her nipples sucked at the same time. This was better than fantasy. She took a look down at the two heads that bobbed over her titties.

It was just too damned exciting.

"Mmmmmm," she said softly. "That's very nice!"

Each of the men had a different style of fucking but together it was like they were playing a duet on her titties.

She grabbed hold of their heads as she felt a tingle go up her spine.

"Oh fellows," she groaned.

She'd been tired before. The physical exertion of the morning had worn her out. She'd thought that it would be quite a while before she was ready for sex.

Yet, they had awakened her passions instantly and she was eagerly pushing her titties into their hot mouths.

"I love it," she whispered. "Your sucking feels so wonderful. I've never had it done with two men before. My husband didn't even suck me good. Oh, I never thought it could be this nice."

She parted her legs obediently as she felt a probing hand between her thighs. It was hard to tell whose hand it was, but it really didn't matter. A moment later another hand was there.

"Oh my God," she whispered.

Both men were touching her sensitive thighs, running their fingers across her hairy wet cuntlips.

"Nice," she said. "Niiice!"

One finger parted her rosy cuntlips and went inside. She grunted and pushed her cunt at the probing finger. She felt the other hand just

exploring the outside of her cunt.

Then suddenly there were two fingers in her cunt, but the fingers belonged to two different men. She'd never expected anything like this. It was too nice.

"Ooooooh," she sighed. "You're making me so hot with your fingers."

The fingers got a little rougher and she could feel the men starting to bite her nipples. She didn't mind. She liked the gentle kissing and touching but she liked it rough just as well.

She began stroking their heads and sobbing softly. She could feel a quivering knot in her stomach and she knew her fire was getting lit.

They seemed to know when they had her where they wanted her. Both men drew away and it was like her body was on fire and only they could quench it.

"Oh don't stop," she said. "Please don't stop."

"Let's get her on the floor," Hatchett said grinning.

She was willing now. She passively allowed them to put her on the floor

and position her like an animal on all fours, the way they wanted her. She was facing Tom and she could feel Hatchett at her rear.

Hatchett put his cock up against her hot hole and she rubbed herself against him.

"Oh yes," she groaned. "Put it in me. Please put it in me!"

Hatchett spread her asscheeks but it was only for his fingers. He pushed two fingers into her tight ass while he placed his cockhead against her moist pussy.

"Are you ready for it, sugar?" he asked her.

"Oh God yes," she moaned. "Put it in me. Put that big whopper in me."

He gave it to her slowly. Almost painfully slow. She kept hunching back against him as she felt the delicious length of his hot spear penetrate her.

"Ummmmmmm!" she cried out. "Deeper! Put it in me deeper! And hard!"

He increased the pressure and she gave a sigh of contentment as she felt his cockhead nuzzled into her as deep as he could push it.

"Oooooooh!" she cried out softly. "Now give it to me! Give it to me hard!"

He pulled his cock out slowly and then thrust it savagely back into her tight pussy again. Then he began a steady in-and-out movement that felt wonderful.

In the meantime, Tom had gotten in front of her and he pushed her hair back from her eyes.

On all fours, like an animal, she found herself staring at Tom's rigid prick.

"Do you like all-day suckers?" he asked her with a chuckle. "Here's a pretty one for you to suck on."

He pushed his cockhead against her mouth and she tasted a little of his cum that was clinging to the tip. She let her tongue lick away his salty cum and then she opened her mouth wider.

"Where do you want me to stick this slut?" he asked, gripping her hair in his fist.

"In my mouth," she whispered. "Go ahead and stick it in my mouth."

He held her head tightly by her hair, while he guided his cock between her full red lips. She bit and suckled gently as she felt the crown get past her teeth.

"Christ," he moaned softly. "That's sweet, baby."

She relaxed and allowed him to push the rest of his throbbing shaft down her throat. She almost gagged on it, but she got a deep breath and then was able to relax.

She felt his cockhead pushing into the part of her throat where she was afraid he couldn't go. He didn't shove as Hatchett had done. In fact, he made it kind of enjoyable for her. He waited until she could take the rest of his shaft into her mouth and throat.

She took his prick in all the way to his balls, really deep-throating him in a way she never thought she could.

"Christ," he said. "She's got a real mouth on her. She really can suck my pecker."

"Let's give it to her hard," Hatchett said. "Let's show her how to fuck!"

Jennifer felt a tingling excitement rush through her body at his words. She felt filled up by their cocks.

Hatchett began to fuck her harder and she could hear him laughing with each thrust. He wasn't really laughing at her, she thought, he probably was laughing at the sheer enjoyment at what he did to her.

There might have been a lot of other things wrong with Hatchett but he sure knew how to use his cock on a woman. And he knew how to enjoy the one he had.

Tom wasn't wasting any time either. He grabbed both sides of her head and he began to mouth-fuck her. She closed her eyes and just let the sensations go over her.

She tasted his salty cock each time he pushed it into her mouth and it tasted better than any meal she'd ever had.

"Ummmmm,'" she said softly. "UMMMMMMMMMMM!"

Tom thrust harder into her mouth, so hard that she felt bruised as his balls slapped her. She could feel how heavy they were and she knew his first load was going to be a big one.

She felt him leaking into the back of her throat and she sensed him

tensing up.

"Gawdalmighty," he groaned. "She feels so good. So fucking good, I can't stand it. Gawdalmighty damn, I think I'm going to cum. Gawdalmighty!"

"I'm with you," Hatchett groaned. "I'm fucking with you!"

She felt them getting faster and faster. Her head was spinning. She felt the first hot spasm go up her back. She began to suck frantically on Tom's cock and her pussy humped back savagely at Hatchett.

"She's cumming too!" Tom yelled. "She's cumming too! Christ, I think she's going to bite my cock off!"

She hadn't realized she was biting but she released him slightly. She started using her tongue around the sensitive crown. She knew that would really turn him on.

"Oh Christ!" he yelled. "I'm going to give her my cum! I'm going to spill it right in her mouth! Christ, I'm going to give it to her! JESUSSS!"

She felt the first glob spurt into her mouth and she started swallowing quickly. She couldn't understand herself but it was like she was starved for his cum. She couldn't get enough of it.

She let the warm stuff slide down the back of her throat as she continued to swallow.

"Christ," he moaned. "She's taking it all. She's taking every drop."

She did take every drop. She then began to lick savagely at his cockhead, licking out the tiny piss-hole. It felt good. Too damned good.

She ran her tongue over the length of his cock and licked away any of his cum that had escaped.

God, why was she like this? Why had she suddenly needed to taste and swallow his cum? She couldn't understand it, but she knew that it somehow made her hotter.

Hatchett had done something to her mind and body that made her even more depraved than she'd have thought she could ever be. Not just fucking her, but something more. He'd taken her spirit away and left her with an intense craving to be used.

It didn't matter who the man was as long as he had a big cock.

She couldn't ever be the same girl who had let Hatchett in the evening

before. She felt like she'd lived a lifetime in those few hours.

"Christ," Hatchett moaned. "Oh Christ, I'm going to shoot my wad. I'm going to shoot my wad. I love your sweet pussy, girl. I love it. I love it when you squirm like you're squirming now!"

"Give it to me!" she yelled. "Give me your cum!"

His heavy balls slapped against her a couple of times more and then she felt his jism squirting.

"That's it," she groaned. "I can feel your cock pumping in me. I can feel your hot cum filling me up. It's making me cum. It's making me feel so fiiine!"

At the last moment, Hatchett pulled his cock out and let the rest of his cum spray her round, fleshy backside. She felt the sticky jism touching her and she screamed for more. She rubbed herself against him until she was sure he was done.

"Ohhhhh," she moaned.

"She sure is a hot one," Tom said, sitting down on the couch. His prick had gotten a little harder just watching his friend fuck her.

"She's a little fucking nympho," Hatchett agreed, "and the party's just started."

Chapter Eight

"Where's the closest beer joint?" Johnny asked. The dark-haired girl beside him mumbled an answer and he pulled her against him. He ran his fingers over the soft mound of one of her tits.

He had his hand down the front of her short shift and already two truck drivers had blown horns at them.

Johnny had only grinned and waved. He liked the feeling of having such a good-looking fox in his arms. He liked the idea of making the truck drivers jealous. He didn't give a damn who saw them.

"Where's the closest joint?" Johnny asked again, squeezing her boob.

"There," she said, pointing.

He didn't need to be told anything else, because he could see the red and white blinking sign on the corner. This was a suburban area and he hadn't expected to find one so soon.

It was a classy place, just like the rest of the neighborhood.

"I'm going inside," he said. "I won't be but a minute."

He considered taking her with him. It was quite a chance to leave her in the car, but it was a bigger gamble to take her in.

She had a dazed look on her face and her eyes looked kind of funny. She looked like she might be on something and a cop might notice.

He knew it wasn't drugs. He'd seen even a couple of tough women look that way after Hatchett had gotten through with them. They would walk around looking sickly for days afterward.

Johnny wondered what Hatchett did to them to make them act that way.

"I'll be back in just a minute," he said.

She only barely noticed. He went into the joint and purchased four six-packs. He couldn't find the brand Hatchett liked, but he got expensive stuff and Hatchett would probably be satisfied.

"Isn't that Tina Andrews in the car with you?" the owner asked as he was paying for the beer.

Johnny had a moment of panic, but he quickly got control of himself.

"Yeah," he said. "That's Tina. I was giving her a ride and I thought I'd stop to buy some stuff for her party this evening."

"I hope to hell her Momma doesn't find out about the beer," the owner said.

"It's just for the older kids," Johnny said quickly.

The owner seemed satisfied and Johnny made sure to wave and grin as he walked back out to the car. He had a bad moment when he saw that Tina was sitting near the door.

He didn't know what he was going to do if she tried to make a break for it. Probably the best thing to do was just let her go. He wondered how

Hatchett would handle it.

Luckily, Tina didn't run.

He got into the car and saw that she was playing with the door handle but making no move to open it.

"That was a good idea," he said. "Your not running. I've got a gun."

He didn't really, but he thought that the threat of being shot might make her think twice about trying to get out. She didn't answer him. She just kept looking out her window.

He pulled out of the parking lot but he didn't go straight back.

He had found the beer store so quickly that Hatchett wouldn't be expecting him back for a while.

Maybe he had time for a little fun.

He found the house he'd noticed when they were driving into the neighborhood. It was for sale and the yard was covered by high green grass. He drove into the yard and around to the side of the house.

Here, he couldn't be seen unless someone drove right into the yard.

She didn't look up when he turned the car off.

"I got plenty of beer," he said. "I thought we'd have one before we went back. There's no hurry."

He popped the top and watched the suds spill out of the can. He licked the suds away and then he took a long pull of the sour-tasting beer. The beer wasn't quite cold enough but it was satisfying.

"Damn good beer," he said. "There's nothing like a good beer on a hot day." He took another drink and smacked his lips. "Would you like one?" he asked.

She didn't answer.

He took another sip as he studied her. She wasn't very frisky but she was sure a nice-looking piece. She had her shift high up over her thighs and he could see plenty of her firm, tanned legs.

He remembered seeing her naked. She had a fine-looking pair of tits and a sweet ass. He had felt her plenty when he'd been dressing her.

"How are you at sucking cock?" he asked her.

He saw her eyes flicker in alarm and she tried to move farther away. Still, she didn't try the handle of the door. He took another sip of his beer and rubbed his crotch.

He was getting hard. He thought about the blonde and how she'd scratched his face. He would have a scar underneath his eye, the little bitch.

And this little bitch was the blonde's friend.

"Come here," he said. "Come closer. I know you've sucked cocks before. Wouldn't you like to chomp down on mine? It'll make a fine meal for you."

She looked out the window without answering. Damn, he was getting a little tired of women playing hard to get. He moved across the seat and put his hand on her thigh.

"You sure are a pretty thing," he said.

He kissed her neck and sucked a little of her throat into his mouth. He rolled her skin beneath his tongue. He slipped his hand farther up her thigh until he was touching her between her legs.

"Nice," he said. "I bet you're nice all over." She offered him no resistance when he pulled her shift over her head and left her completely naked. Once again he feasted his eyes on her tanned titties with her large pink nipples.

"Gawd," he said softly.

He lowered his head and sucked one of her nipples into his mouth. He could feel her hands on his shoulders. She tried to push him away but it was like she had no strength.

"Please," she said, sobbing. It was the first time she'd looked directly at him. "Please don't."

"I'm not going to hurt you," he said. "I'm only going to make you feel good."

"Don't," she said. "Don't."

He sucked more of her tit into his mouth and used his tongue on her. He could feel her beating lightly on his back and shoulders.

He put his hand on her thigh. He slipped his fingers up until he was touching her pubic nest. Her dark-haired pussy felt so soft and nice. He

pushed one of his fingers against her cunt lips.

"Oh no, please," she moaned.

"It's all right," he said.

He left her tit and started kissing her throat again. Her head was thrown back and he knew her eyes were open. She was licking her lips.

He kissed her sweet lips and pushed his tongue into her mouth. Her body had gone slack. She'd quit pushing on his shoulders and he suddenly knew that he could do anything he wanted with her. Anything.

He moved away from her and took her hand.

"Now I want you to feel my cock," he said. "Play with it a little."

He leaned back and finished the beer. He crumpled the can up and pitched it outside.

"Come on now, honey," he said. "Get a little life in yourself."

Her fingers touched his thigh and then traced the outline of his cock

through his trousers. He pressed her hand down on his prick.

"Feel that big thing," he said. "I bet you'll like it. Most women do once they get a taste of it. The girls always come back for more."

Her hand squeezed his prick and kept squeezing it. She didn't look at him, though. She kept looking out the window as her fingers worked.

"Unzip me," he said.

She found the top of his zipper and pulled it down without having to be asked again. Her small hand slipped inside his trousers and wrapped around the sweaty stem of his prick.

"That's it," he said. "Now take my cock out. Take my fucking joystick out."

She pulled his rigid cock through the opening of his trousers. She looked at him once his prick popped into view. Her eyes were glassy now and she was looking at his cock, as if she really didn't know she'd gotten it into her hand.

She wasn't looking disgusted or sick. She was simply looking a little curious and alarmed. Johnny started to get the message that there might be something more wrong with her than just being dazed by Hatchett.

She didn't look as if she were really all together.

Another time he might have stopped her, but it was too late. He could feel her hot hand slowly jerking his prick and he knew he wasn't going to be able to stop until he was finished.

"Gawd, that's nice," he moaned. "But I want you to suck me. I want you to suck my hard prick."

She looked at him, puzzled.

"Don't look at me like that, goddamn it," he said. "You know what I want."

He grabbed the back of her head and pulled her down toward him. For the first she began to struggle but he knew how to handle that.

He got a thick tangle of her hair around his fingers and he jerked her head back. He pulled until he knew her neck was creaking.

"Do as I say," he whispered fiercely.

She nodded as if she understood. He released the fierce grip on her hair and pushed her face against his crotch once again. This time he needed only

a steady pressure to make her go where he wanted.

"Now just lick me," he instructed her. "Don't suck me yet. Just lick me up and down."

He leaned back against the far door while he kept a hold on the back of her head. He opened another beer and sat sipping it.

He sighed as he felt her warm, wet tongue licking his sensitive cockhead. She licked all around his crown until she had him covered with her saliva. She even licked at his tiny opening, sending shivers down his spine.

For a girl who knew little about blowjobs, this little girl was really getting into it.

She licked down the long length of his rod right to his balls. She started licking the salty sweat from his balls. His fingers tightened against the back of her head as he felt her suck one of his balls into her wet mouth.

For a moment he thought she might bite. It was a good way to leave him helpless. A part of him wanted to pull her away, but a part of him wanted the good feelings to continue.

"Careful," he said softly, giving her head a little tug to show that he was

still in charge.

Perhaps she'd never had any intention of biting him. In any case, all she did was take his balls beneath her tongue and caress them wetly.

"Oh Gawd," he said softly.

She started planting frantic little wet kisses all along his prick. He sipped his beer and imagined himself as some sort of king and this was a woman who must satisfy him or she would end up on the chopping block.

It was a good fantasy. It made him feel powerful and brought a bull-like heat to his cock.

"You sweet little cocksucker," he said. "Sweet little bitch, you'll never wind up on any chopping block."

She had gotten his red prick gleaming from her saliva. He felt himself leaking a little and she pulled her mouth quickly away.

It made him angry.

"Don't you ever do that again," he said angrily. "That's my cum and you're going to drink it all and love it. Don't pull your fucking mouth away! And don't

cry, either! You're going to love sucking me. You're going to fucking love drinking my cum. All you cunts are just alike, trying to pretend you don't like the taste and then lapping it up like milk. Now get down there!"

This time she licked up the tiny drop that had collected on the end of his cock. Her mouth parted slightly and he crammed all of his prick down her throat.

"Shit," he said. "That's the way you should be. With your mouth full of my cock!"

He began to work his cock in and out of her mouth, while he held onto the back of her head.

"Play with my balls, slut," he said. "Play with my fucking balls."

She lifted her hand and began to fondle his balls while he mouth-fucked her. A delicious sensation went through him. God, her mouth was hot and wet and he could hear the slurping sounds she made as she sucked him.

Slurping sounds like she was drinking up something through a straw.

"Jesus," he groaned. "Just keep using your tongue like that, sugar, and I'll blow my mind."

He began to move faster as he felt his balls getting hot and full of pressure. He let his head fall back and he was looking up at the sky.

"Jesus, Jesus, Jeesus," he groaned with each deep, frantic thrust.

It was fine. He felt the first spurt of his jism hitting the back of her throat. She didn't try to move her head away this time. Just in case, he tightened his grip and crammed his rod farther down her throat.

"Take it," he said. "Take every fucking drop! Drink my cum, little bitch! Drink it! I'll teach your blonde friend to scratch my eyes! Take my Goddamned cum! TAKE ITTTTT!"

He exploded into her mouth again and again until his cum was leaking out the sides of her mouth and dripping down her body

He let her pull away for air but he then forced her head back to his crotch again.

"Now lick me clean," he said, sighing. "Drink up all my cum, every drop!"

He sighed again as he felt her warm, wet tongue licking the drops of cum away from his cock. She licked him clean.

After a few moments, he could feel pressure in his balls again and he knew he wanted to fuck her. It was a good fucking thing he was young so that he could go all night.

He glanced at his watch and saw that he had been gone forty minutes.

"Shit," he said.

He knew that Hatchett would be getting pissed now and there was no sense to make Hatchett that pissed. He would take the beer to Hatchett and maybe Hatchett would give him a chance to get even with that blonde bitch.

First he would beat shit out of her and then he would fuck her pussy sore. He would drown her in his cum. He would show that bitch who was boss.

"All right, honey," he said. "It's time to quit now. We've got a party to attend."

Another time he would have been watching the girl more carefully.

But he'd had what he wanted and now he was worried about Hatchett.

"We got to be getting back," he said, pushing her away from his crotch. "Stop that now."

She sat across from him licking her sperm-covered lips and he could see the wet streaks of his cum against her cheek and even on her neck and on one tit.

It was a real turn-on and it made his cock start to harden again.

Damn, he would have liked to fuck right then and there. To sample her sweet pussy. To stick his dick right up her twat and fuck the bejesus right out of her.

"Ah fuck it," he said.

He pushed his cock back into his trousers and zipped them up.

He might get another chance at her once he took the beer back. Maybe Hatchett wouldn't be in a big hurry to leave. Hell, Hatchett had been there long enough already. If the cops were going to come they'd have already been there.

"Put your dress back on, sweet baby," he told Tina. "I'll let you suck on me

some more when we get back. Hell, maybe Hatchett and Tom will let you chomp on theirs, too."

He should have been ready, but he didn't see the panic in her eyes. This time she didn't just play with the door handle. He started the car and she was outside before he could do anything.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Come back here! Don't run! Hatchett will break my balls if you run!"

He left the car running as he jumped out and ran after her.

His beer-drinking had cut his wind and he was getting just a little pudgy and out of shape. The last he saw of her was her cute little behind jiggling as she was disappearing into the woods.

Chapter Nine

"What the fuck did you say?" Hatchett asked angrily.

Jennifer hadn't realized the extent of the boy's fear until she saw him go white.

"I'm sorry, Hatch," he said. "I didn't mean to let her out. Hell, I tried to catch her. She was just too fast for me."

"You goddamn pussy," Hatchett said.

He hit the boy and sent him reeling backwards. The boy hit the floor hard and Jennifer could not keep from giggling at the sight of him.

"What the hell you laughing at?" he asked her, wiping a smear of blood from his lip.

"She's laughing at you, dumb-ass," Hatchett said.

The boy didn't say anything else but he glared at Jennifer with a hate that made her shudder.

"What are you going to do now?" Jennifer asked Hatchett.

She could tell he was worried about the situation, and Hatchett didn't

like to worry.

"I don't know," Hatchett said. "Right now I'm going to drink a beer. Bring me one."

He hardly had to tell Jennifer. She'd gotten so used to meeting and obeying his every whim and need that she was acting almost before he spoke. She had the top popped and the beer in his hands almost before he finished his sentence.

"Damn," Hatchett said, drinking his beer slowly. "I'd like to take you with me. You're a fantastic piece of ass."

He pulled Jennifer into the chair beside him and he put his hand on her soft inner thighs. His fingers squeezed tightly. Earlier he'd allowed her to put on just a skimpy pair of panties and a wispy bra, but that was all he would allow her to wear.

The only reason he allowed her to wear any clothes at all was because he said it turned him on even more.

"We should pull out," Tom suggested. "If they find that girl, things will start popping."

"Hell, I know that," Hatchett said. "I want one last time with my honey

here."

Jennifer felt his fingers slipping up higher until he was almost touching her cunt.

"Let's me and you go upstairs where we can have some privacy," he said. "I want one last time with you and then Tom can have a turn at you too. But right now I want to sample some of your sweet cunt one last time before I leave."

"What about me?" Johnny asked.

"You ruined my party," Hatchett said, "but yeah, I'll think about it."

The boy glared hatefully at Jennifer as she followed Hatchett up the stairs to her bedroom.

He had said one last time. So this was her last time with Hatchett.

He stretched out on the bed and just stared at her while he finished his beer.

She stared back.

"You beautiful bitch," he said. "I get hard just looking at you. Take off that bra."

She reached behind her back and unclasped the bra and allowed it to fall away, her full tits springing out in the open. His eyes seared her flesh as he looked at her.

"Beautiful," he said. "You got the best tits I ever saw on a woman. It's a shame that other big-titted little girl had to get away. I had some more plans for us."

She thanked God that Tina had gotten away. She had been suffering more for Tina than for herself.

"You're just a little fuck-animal," he said. "A fucking little nympho!"

He was getting her warm with his words, just as he had known he would. They were learning a lot about one another. More than some husbands and wives learned in years of marriage. For one thing, they had nothing in common but sex. He hated her and abused her, and she hated him, and lusted after him at the same time. They had no relationship except lust. They were like two animals sharing one desire. There could be no pretense.

"Get over here," he said.

He was rubbing his prick and she saw it coming to life. His large purplish cockhead glistened with a little of his leaking cum.

"Ummmm," she said.

This time she didn't have to be told to go down on him. She wanted to. She wanted to feel that rubbery shaft in her throat again.

She opened her lips and sucked his cockhead into her mouth. She began to move her tongue around the sensitive crown, loving the salty flavor of his leaking cum.

She felt his hands on the back of her head pushing her closer.

"You're getting better all the time," he whispered. "You've turned into a first class cocksucker."

She relaxed herself and sucked his prick all the way into her throat. This time she was able to deep-throat him as she hadn't done before. She could feel his big cockhead pulsating against the deepest part of her throat and she could feel him leaking cum.

"Ooooooh," she moaned.

He remained like that for a long while. His fingers tangled in her thick blonde hair, but he wasn't giving her any pressure. He seemed content just to have her hot liquid mouth surrounding his prick.

Then he began to move, slowly, at first. He pulled his cock out from between her full red lips and he wiped the glistening cockhead against her face, rubbing her face all over with his dripping pre-cum. She felt the sticky wet against her lips, eyes, and cheeks.

"Like that, baby?" he asked. "Do you like to take baths in my cum?"

"You know I do," she admitted. "You know I'll do anything you want."

He put the purplish head once more against her full ripe lips and she tasted his dribbling pre-cum. He rubbed his jism all over her lips before he once again popped it into her mouth and then pushed it into her throat.

She closed her eyes and moaned as she tasted his rubbery staff pushing deep into her throat again. She again relaxed and allowed his cock to go as deep as he could push it.

His head was thrown back and his lips partially open and she knew he was beginning to feel the pressure.

"Shit," he said. "I want to really fuck your mouth. I want to drive my prick right down your throat."

His fingers tightened on her head and she was ready for the sudden savage thrust. He brought his cock out of her mouth part way and thrust in again.

"I've got to give it to you, honey," he said. He pulled his cock partially from her mouth for the third time. This time he crammed his prick in deeper than he had before and he started to move his prick around in a wide circle.

In minutes he pulled his cock out and slammed it back into her mouth again. This time he started a slow and steady rhythm of thrusts, each time banging his balls against her soft chin when he got so deep.

"That's fine, honey," he groaned. "That's real fine. I'm going to cum. Take it all! Take every Goddamned drop! Suck my prick dry! SUCK IT DRYYYYY!"

She sucked his prick deep into her throat and took his thick jism down. She swallowed quickly and frantically sucked more of his prick into her hot mouth.

She tasted and swallowed every drop.

"God," he said softly, stroking her soft blonde hair. "I sure do wish I could take you with me. You're getting better every time. Right now you're the best Goddamned cocksucker in this state."

She smiled at his compliment.

"I'll send Tom up now," he said grinning. "You fix him up good, hear me?"

She was already half asleep when she heard Tom coming into her room.

She looked at the clock and saw that it was a half-hour past the time her husband was usually due home. He probably had gone off and gotten drunk. Probably he would never be home again, and that was fine with her.

Jennifer could never go back to living with Bob the same way after having a strong, savage man like Hatchett satisfy her dark desire.

She knew she'd never find the cocksman that Hatchett was in any other man, but at least she could find one close. A rough, strong-willed man.

Tom sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Tom," she said. "I want to suck you off. I want to give you a good blowjob."

"All right," he said.

She really did want to suck his dick. She didn't know exactly why. She reached over and unzipped his fly and she reached inside.

She found his prick still limp and she wrapped her fingers around it and slowly pulled it from his trousers. He really did have a nice cock. She wrapped her fingers around the stem more tightly and she began to move her hand up and down.

"Does that feel good?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, it does."

She started to undress him. She stripped off his shirt and then unbuckled his trousers. She had trouble but she finally got his trousers pulled down over his stiff prick. She bent over and gave his cockhead a light kiss.

"Ummm," he said.

She got him completely undressed except for his socks and she lowered her face to his cock and she sucked his prick between her lips. She gave him sharp little nips right around his crown. It was not enough to hurt him but it was enough to make him tingle.

She kept running her tongue and lips over his cockhead until he was groaning. She lifted her head and stared at his lustful face.

She was getting to him. She smiled in satisfaction and lowered her face to his prick again. She rubbed his cock against her lips and again tasted a little smear of his lubricating fluid.

"Oh Jesus, baby," he groaned.

She licked down one side of his immense shaft right to his balls. She licked his heavy ball-sacs until she could feel him tensing up.

"God," he said. "I want you to suck me. I want to have my prick blown. Do it, baby!"

She lowered her lips and took his prick deep into her throat and let him rest there. She knew what she was doing to him. She could feel him tensing up as she sucked on him. She half released him from her mouth and then sucked him back inside again.

Then Tom took over.

He grabbed her head and began to pound his cock into her. He grunted each time he drove his prick into her throat. It felt good to her. She might have been depraved but she loved the feel of his cock in her mouth. He had hold of the back of her neck as his pumping became furious.

"You little fucking cocksucker," he said. "Suck my cock. Suck on my prick. You dirty little cocksucker. Oh shit, I'm going to do it! Oh shit and fuck! Oh Jesus fuck, I'm going to do it. SHITTTT!"

He didn't want to cum down her throat. He pulled his cock out of her immediately and let his cum splash onto her face and lips. She didn't pull her face away. She kept it turned upward as she knew he wanted.

She took every drop against her skin and then waited as he rubbed his spermy cockhead against her face. Finally he pulled away with a soft sigh.

"That was fine, baby," he said.

He got off the bed and got dressed. He patted her plump fanny as he started toward the door.

"Does he want me to come back down?" she asked.

"Oh," he said, stopping. "I forgot to tell you. Hatchett said to tell you goodbye. He's leaving and he doesn't want to see you again."

She nodded. She understood that.

"But he says he doesn't want you to get lonely," Tom said. "So he's leaving Johnny behind to keep you company for a while. Just for a little while, though."

Chapter Ten

"Oh God no," she said. "Not Johnny."

"I'm afraid so, sugar," Tom said laughing.

He stepped out and shut the door. She lay there for a few minutes listening but she didn't hear any footsteps that would mean the greasy-haired boy would be coming up the stairs.

She was really scared now.

Finally the door opened and he came inside and slammed it shut.

"Come over here," Johnny said.

She walked to him and he reached up and grabbed one of her big titties. He rubbed his fingers across her nipple and then slapped her tits hard.

"You and me are going to spend some quality time together now. And I like my women to know who's boss," he said. "Do you know who's boss now?"

"Yes sir," she answered. "You are, you're the boss."

He was pleased with her. She could see that in his face. She was tired and she wanted no more beatings, which meant she had to be completely obedient and she had to go along with everything this strange, ugly boy.

"Play with my pecker," he said.

He was limp. She got into bed with him and stretched out beside him. She put her hand on his prick. She rubbed her fingers up and down until she

could feel a little life there.

"Do it a little faster," he breathed.

She moved her hand faster until she felt the first sticky wetness touch her hand. Then he was grabbing the back of her head and pulling her face toward his cock.

She didn't want to suck him as she'd sucked Tom and Hatchett. She had no great desire for the young punk boy, but she had no desire for any more beatings.

She knew that Johnny could be cruel and she wanted to keep him happy. She'd decided that the best thing to do was hurry up and get it over with. Do what he wanted and make him cum quick and hope that he was satisfied.

Because there was no telling what he would do if he wasn't satisfied.

She moved her lips over his prick, giving his meat tiny little kisses and licks. He seemed to like that, for he began to groan and move his hips, trying to thrust his cock into her mouth.

She moved her lips back up to his cockhead and parted her teeth. She allowed his next thrust to send his cockhead into her hot mouth.

She sucked his cock deeper.

"That's it," he groaned. "Suck on it." She looked down his rubbery shaft to his heavy balls and then her mouth opened wide and she swallowed his big prick.

"Ahhhhhhh Jesus," he groaned loudly. "You're doing it to meeeee!"

He began fucking slowly in and out of Jennifer's sucking mouth. She closed her eyes as she felt the steady pressure of his cock filling and stretching her mouth and slipping down the back of her throat.

"Ahhhhh Christ," he moaned. "Christ, you do know how to suck a man. You're better than even Hatchett said you were. Jesus, what a fine sucking bitch!"

So Hatchett had told him she was a good cocksucker. Well, she would show the little bastard just how good she was. She would make him sweat.

She pushed his cock away for a moment but it was only to lick down to his balls. Then she faced his cockhead again with her mouth in an oval.

"Hot damn," he groaned as he pushed two or three inches of his cock into

her mouth. Then her mouth sucked more and her face was nearly buried in his crotch.

"Ummmmm," she moaned around his throbbing meat.

He felt so good in her mouth. She was closing her eyes and pretending it was Hatchett. Hatchett was the one who was dominating her. Hatchett was the one who was fucking her hot mouth.

"Christ, baby," he groaned.

He was trying to hold back. She knew he was, and she wasn't going to allow it.

He looked down at her sweet face as she gulped hungrily on his rigid shaft. God, she looked fine. He loved to fuck her hot face. The little bitch wasn't so proud any more. Now he owned her with his thick cock.

She wasn't going to put him down after this. She was going to do exactly as he wanted. He began fucking her mouth harder, his throbbing prick almost ready to burst.

"I'm going to cum in your mouth now, slut!" he gasped. "Going to cum! Oh, Jesussss!"

He came sooner than he had expected. Her liquid mouth went to work on him, sucking his salty-tasting cum out of the end of his cock.

He spurted again and again and she took every drop. Hell, she was a lot better than that other little cunt that had sucked him off. A hell of a lot better. The blonde had a hot, sweet mouth that could keep him cumming all day long.

"Christ," he said as he spilled the last of his cum into her willing mouth. "You fucking cunt," he said. "You fucking hot little cunt!"

He was trying to humiliate her as he had been humiliated, but he still couldn't be half the man Hatchett had been. Perhaps that was why he got so angry all the time.

He knew he wasn't capable of making her scream as Hatchett had done.

"You little bitch," he said, but he knew he couldn't make himself hard again right away. She had taken all his cum and drained him dry for a while.

He looked down at her smiling, smug face and he knew that she had beaten him.

"Goddamn you," he said.

* * * * *

Jennifer sat in front of her mirror and put the finishing touches on her make-up. She really looked good tonight. Her blonde hair was shining and the green dress she wore was cut low in front.

It was enough to make any man hard.

She gave her hair another combing before she got up from the table.

Her boyfriend was coming for her in a few minutes and she didn't want to be late. She smiled crookedly. Henry was a nice fellow and an excellent cocksman. He had given her plenty of enjoyment.

But she knew this was to be her last date with him.

Ever since her divorce she'd been dating one man after another hoping to find that combination of manliness, stamina, and dominating beast that Hatchett had, had.

She knew that one day she was going to find a man just like him.

Jennifer gave a sad look toward the yellowed newspaper clipping on one corner of her desk. The black headlines told about the gas station robbery and the two men who'd been killed.

One of the men was named Tom.

The other was Bud Hatchett.

She never felt sorry for him. After all, he'd caused her divorce and he'd caused a poor young girl to go temporarily into a hospital for the insane.

He'd practically destroyed her life.

Yet, every time she thought about him, she would experience a powerful tingling feeling between her legs. Her nipples would get hard and she'd lose her breath. She'd end up feeling that empty sexual need in her stomach.

Because no matter what else he was, he could sure fuck. He sure as hell could fuck!

End