

The Cop's Wife
Part I
By Rusty Shackleford
(MMMF, Slut Wife, NC, IR, Revenge)

Standard Disclaimers apply. This is a work of fiction. No actual wives were choke-fucked in the making of this work. Be eighteen or be gone.

"I'll tell you Tommy boy, I've been waiting for this moment a long time. Every time I had to get off in my hand, or some jailhouse punk's mouth, I thought of your wife. I jus' can't wait till she gets home."

"You leave her alone, you bastards!" Officer Tom Barkley screamed. He pulled futilely at the handcuffs, his own, that secured him to the kitchen chair. The effort almost causing him to tip over, as the three other men in his kitchen laughed uproariously, as he frantically attempted to right himself.

There were three of them. One was a white guy, an obvious biker type, with long stringy black hair, and a scraggly Fu Manchu mustache. Tattoos covered his bare arms and chest. He was enormously fat, his belly drooping over his belt. The other was a stocky Hispanic with what looked like a permanent sneer on his face. But Tom only recognized the biggest and meanest looking one, Marcus Dupree, a man who Tom had arrested five years ago, on a charge of dealing cocaine. Dupree was a huge black man, almost seven foot tall, with a shaved head and a face badly scarred from jailhouse knife fights. He seemed to exude a menacing power, as he stood up and approached Tom. Tom stopped struggling, and looked up at the man towering over him.

"Every day that you was testifyin' against me," Dupree said softly, "I saw your sweet little wife in the audience. Was she proud of you, Tommy? Was she proud of you for puttin' that bad-assed nigger away? She shore kissed you like she was proud." he chuckled. "I's wonders if she'd be so proud, if she knew what

you done with my cocaine, after you put me in th' joint. You get a good price for it, Tommy?"

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

"Lying sack o' shit," Dupree sneered. He almost casually backhanded Tom, rocking the chair legs back. The two other men snickered. Dupree bent down and looked Tom in the face. Tom tried not to flinch at the overpowering stench of alcohol on the man's breath. "You think I don't hear stuff in the joint? I heared you got a couple hundred grand for my product. No wonder you got a nice house like this on a cop's salary."

"I can get you the money." Tom said, almost pleadingly, "I can pay you back."

"This ain't about money," Dupree said, "but you is gonna pay me back." He gestured at the other two men. "After conferrin' with my associates, y'see, I decided to change careers. Duke and Tito convinced me that there was more money to be made in pussy, than in coke. So I decided to go in the entertainment bidness."

"You're a pimp?" Tom said contemptuously.

"Not yet," Dupree said amicably, "but soon."

Suddenly Tom caught his meaning. For a moment, he was too shocked to speak. Then he said, "You're crazy. Amy would never..."

The three men laughed again, nastily. "Oh, I think when we gets done wit' dat bitch, she's gonna be real happy to do anything we want her to do." Dupree said.

At that point, the Hispanic guy spoke up for the first time. "Don' you worry, cabron." he said. "We got some techniques to make a bitch get real industrious."

Dupree leaned down and leered into Tom's face. "Think about it, Tommy-boy. Think about sweet little Amy layin' up in a ten-dollar ho-tel downtown, taking niggers and spics in that tight little pussy, down her throat, and that ass is what'll be the big seller, I think. That sweet brown hole is gonna be a big money maker. But don't worry Tommy, maybe we can arrange for her to do you for half-price."

The three men laughed again, and Tom redoubled his efforts to get free. At that moment, there was the rattle of a key in the front lock. "Amy!" Tom bellowed, "GET..." but he was silenced by Marcus' big hand clamped over his mouth. Duke and Tito silently vanished from the kitchen, heading for the front door, as Marcus leaned down and whispered in Tom's ear. "Showtime!" he said.

"Tom?" he heard Amy's voice. "Tom, what's AIIIIIIII!" he heard her scream, but it was abruptly cut off. Then there was a crash, that sounded like the coat rack in the front entrance being knocked over. There were brief sounds of a struggle, and then Tom clearly heard Tito's voice. "No noise puta, or you're dead."

"Man," Tom could hear Duke saying, "Marcus wasn't lyin'. Look at the tits on this bitch." there was a chuckle, and then Amy cried out in pain again. Tom leaped against his cuffs, but only succeeded in cutting his wrists on the cruel metal. He heard a sound like cloth ripping, followed by a low moan of despair from his wife.

"What are you bastards doing to her?!" Tom yelled.

Marcus chuckled. "Cut 'em some slack Tommy-boy. They been in the joint for a long time."

"Tom!" Amy called out. "Tom? Are you there? Help me, they're ... they're AAAAH!"

"Oh, does that hurt puta?" Tom heard Tito's sneering voice say, "Your nipples

are sensitive, eh? How about this?" and Amy squealed in pain again.

"Hey boys," Marcus called out, "let the rest of us enjoy the show!"

In a moment, the two men returned. Duke was holding Amy's arms pinned behind her back, as he pushed her in front of him. Her long curly brown hair was disheveled from her struggles, and her big green eyes were wide from pain and fear. Her expensive silk blouse had been torn open, and her bra ripped off, to expose her 38-DD tits. The position in which Duke held her arms, caused her breasts to thrust out even more prominently, and as Tom watched, Tito reached down and gave one of the firm, full mounds a vicious squeeze, that left Amy whimpering.

Then the Hispanic man grinned evilly at Tom, turned back to Amy, and bent down to take one of her large nipples between his lips. Amy squirmed to get away, but Duke only laughed at her attempts to escape, as he held her fast. Tom tried to turn his head away, but Marcus grabbed his chin, and yanked his face back towards the horrifying scene being played out in front of them at the kitchen sink.

"Keep yo' eyes open Tommy," Marcus whispered, "or I'll cut your eyelids off." He chuckled, and then added, "Don't want ya to miss notin'"

Tom gave a sob of anguish, and opened his eyes. Tito was still sucking on Amy's nipples, slurping on them like a baby at its mother's teats. Duke was whispering something in Amy's ear, that caused her to whimper in terror. When the biker saw that Tom was watching, he extended his wet tongue, and gave a long, sensuous lick to her cheek. Tom looked at Amy.

There were tears in her eyes, and her voice was a little girl's plea, as she begged. "Tom? Help me! Please Tom. Don't let them hurt meeeee!"

Tito released his lip-lock on her nipple, stood up, and punched her in the stomach, as hard as he could. Only Duke's vice-like hold on her arms kept her from being doubled over by the force of the blow. She gasped for breath, the

wind having been completely knocked out of her.

"See bitch," Marcus said, "he cain't do shit for you. We gonna do anything we want with you, and all he's gonna do is watch." He jerked his head towards the living room. "Get her in there."

As Duke and Tito dragged the still-struggling woman past him, towards the doorway to the kitchen, Marcus turned to Tom. "We're gonna just let you listen for a while Tommy-boy. Enjoy the show."

"Tom?" Amy's pleaded, her voice rising in pitch, as they dragged her off. "What are they doing? Help me! Tom? TOOOOOOOOMMMMMM!" Her scream was nearly drowned out by the men's laughter, as they hauled her into the living room.

At first, Tom felt a shameful relief at not having to watch what the men were doing to his wife, but after a few minutes of hearing the sounds coming from the other room, he realized the true sadism of Marcus' plan. The images put into his head by the sounds, were if anything, worse than seeing it live and in person. There was the sound of a slap, followed by Amy's cry of pain. A grunted "Get her on her knees." followed by another cry from Amy, which was followed by yet another plea for Tom to help her. Then the sound of a zipper being pulled down.

Amy moaned, "Oh God! Oh no! PLEASE....." then her pleas were muffled, as if something had been shoved into her mouth.

But the comments from the other men left no doubt as to what that something was.

"Yeah man, fuck that mouth! Ram it down the bitch's throat!"

"You like sucking cock whore?"

Then frantic gagging sounds from Amy.

"C'mon, bitch, suck that dick."

"My turn man, let me have a crack at that mouth."

A gasp, as Amy caught her breath, followed by a sob, and then a plea, "Tom!" Then another groan, as another man (Duke?) shoved his dick into Amy's unwilling mouth.

"Hah! I'll bet your old man ain't got nuttin' like that to stick in you, huh whore?" A sound from Amy. "What's that slut?" Marcus taunted, "Tommy Boy ain't got nuttin' like that for his little Amy-slut? Let her answer, Duke." There was an audible pop, as Duke pulled his huge prick out of her mouth. "No," Amy whispered. "Tom's not as big as you." The men whooped in delight.

Tom felt like screaming. She had always said that size didn't matter that much, and that she was satisfied with his four inches. Now she was telling these thugs about his endowment, something that had always been a secret shame of his. He silently cursed Amy, as Duke said, "Well get back to work on it then bitch!"

Tom thought he heard a change in Amy's grunts and groans around their cocks, as if she was starting to respond. 'No,' he thought, 'I have to be imagining it.' But when he heard Marcus' silky whisper, "Thass right baby, now you gettin' into it." he did scream. He tried to shove the chair towards the open doorway, between the kitchen and the living room. He managed to "walk" the chair legs a few feet, but then he fell over, landing on his side with a crash that knocked the breath out of him. By craning his neck slightly, he could now see what was going on.

Amy was on her knees, stripped to the waist. The shreds of her blouse were twisted into a kind of rope, that bound her dainty wrists behind her. Marcus had one of his big hands wrapped in her thick mane of hair, and he was pulling her mouth back and forth, up and down the length of his huge prick. Amy's eyes

were open, though she seemed dazed. The other two men were standing on either side of the bound, kneeling woman, their cocks pulled out of their jeans. Their huge erect cocks occasionally rubbed against Amy's cheeks, as they waited for their turns at her mouth. They were both mauling Amy's big tits savagely, occasionally pausing to administer a harsh twist to one of her big brown nipples. Each time they did this, Amy let out a sound that might have been a moan of pain, or one of pleasure.

As Tom watched, Dupree pulled out of her mouth. She whimpered. Dupree used his grip on her hair to turn her towards Tito, the Hispanic guy. She obediently opened her mouth, and took him in. Duke, the biker, got down on his knees behind her, gripping her large breasts in both hands, pulling and tugging harshly on her nipples. Then he snaked one hand down across her flat belly to cup her brown-furred pubic mound. He began massaging her velvety pussy lips, all the while whispering in her ear, that caused her to sob around the cock in her mouth.

"Hey boys," Duke crowed, as he pulled his lips away from her ear, "this bitch is dripping wet!"

Tito threw his head back in an exaggerated gesture of pleasure and sighed theatrically, "Ahhhhhhh...." he said. "Keep doin' that Bro, she likes it. I can tell by the way she's sucking on me."

Tom sobbed, as he saw what Tito meant. Amy was no longer passively just accepting the cock in her mouth, her lips had tightened around his hardness, and she was slowly moving her head up and down on his shaft.

"That's right puta, " he taunted, "suck it nice an' slow. Take your time baby, we got all night." She moaned softly. Tito turned and looked at Tom, lying helplessly on the floor. "I guess she likes having some real cocks to suck on for a change, eh Tommy-boy?" The men clapped and jeered, as tears ran down Tom's face.

Finally, Dupree silenced them with a wave. "Get the cunt into the bedroom!" he

ordered. "Tommy and me will be there in a minute."

The grinning men yanked her to her feet, and marched her towards the bedroom, her head down. Dupree pulled out a gun, and put it to Tom's head. "Now," he said, "we's gonna go in and watch us a show. I'll bet she's never had it three ways at once, so this is gonna be a real treat for her." He used his free hand to unlock Tom's handcuffs. Tom lay there on the floor for a moment, staring up at Dupree with pure hatred. Then he heard Amy's scream from the bedroom. "Oh NOOO!" she squealed. "Oh GOD NO! IT'S TOO ... AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

"Damn," Dupree grinned, "looks like they started without us."

"UNNH! UNNH! UNHNNH!" Amy cried, over the sound of the squeaking bed-springs. Tom was insane with rage. He turned to rush at Dupree, but stopped when he saw the look in the man's eyes.

"Go ahead Tommy." Dupree whispered. "Try it and I'll gut-shoot you, and leave you to bleed to death on the floor. Then I'll go in and fuck your wife anyway." Tom stopped, cursing himself for being such a coward. Dupree gestured with the gun. "C'mon," he said. "We's missin' the show." In a daze, Tom turned and walked to the bedroom, where the other two men were raping his wife.

What he saw however, could no longer be called rape. Oh sure, Tito was kneeling on the bed, holding Amy's hands pinned over her head. She was lying crosswise across the mattress. Duke was between her legs, his pants pulled down around his knees. He was fucking her cunt with harsh, brutal strokes. His hands were mauling and squeezing her big tits. But she was loving it, Tom realized numbly. 'Oh god, she's loving it. There was no denying it.' Amy's slim legs were wrapped tightly around Duke's broad back, and her lush hips were pumping, rising up to meet his every thrust. What was unmistakable however, was the glazed look of pure lust in her green eyes, and the soft moans of pleasure that spilled from her slack lips. Tom had never seen his sweet, demure wife look so wanton, so sexually alive, and he felt his cock rising to its full four inch length.

Dupree laughed, as he saw the tiny bulge in Tom's pants. "I think Tommy-boy's enjoyin' the show." he laughed. He took the cuffs out of his pocket and ordered, "Kneel on the floor at the foot of the bed." gesturing with the gun. Tom complied, never taking his eyes off of the spectacle of his wife being fucked by the enormous biker. Dupree cuffed one wrist to the brass bed rail at the foot of the bed.

"I'll leave one hand free, so that you can jack off while watching us do her." he smirked.

Tom gritted his teeth in shame, but he couldn't stop his free hand from going to his crotch, massaging his cock through his pants, as he watched the surreal scene playing out in front of him. Amy was squirming in sexual bliss, her head whipping from side to side in a frenzy of lust. Tom could hear the wet sounds of her aroused pussy, as Duke fucked his huge cock in and out of her cunt. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock.

"Shit man!" Dupree jeered, "Is that all you got? No wonder this little cunt is so hot. She be hungry for some real cock!"

Tears spilled down Tom's cheeks, but he began rapidly jacking his cock, never taking his eyes off the obscene spectacle before him.

"He likes watching his wife get fucked I think." Tito said, "And you like getting a nice big dick too in that tight cunt of yours, especially while your pencil dick'd husband watches, don't you puta?" Tito added.

"Yes." Amy whimpered, "Oh God, your thing is so big."

Duke raised a hand from her breasts, and slapped her across the face. "My what, whore?" he grated harshly.

"Your..your p-penis.."

He slapped her again. "Say it cunt." he demanded. "Say it right, like the whore that you are."

"Please." she begged, "Please don't make me say it."

Grinning sadistically, Duke pulled his cock almost completely out of her, leaving only the head stretching her cunt lips wide apart. His thick cock glistened with her flowing cunt juices.

She looked up at him, her eyes wild with frustration. "Please." she begged again, "Please don't stop."

"Beg for it!" Duke ordered, "Beg for me to fuck you with my big cock."

Tears spilled down her face, and she shook her head frantically. "I can't," she sobbed. "I can't say that..."

"Then I guess that you don't want this." he taunted, giving her a few short thrusts, that slipped only an inch or so into her sopping wet cunt.

"I do want it, oh god I really do. Please, oh god, I can't stand it, I need it so badly." she begged, looking up at him.

"All right," she sobbed, tears of shame spilling down her cheeks. "If you want me to beg, I'll beg. Please. Please f-f-fuck me with your big c-cock. Your big hard cock. In my cunt. Fuck me with your big hard cock in my cunt. Make me cum with your big hard cock in my cunt." the words spilled out of her in a torrent, as if they had been pent up for years, waiting only for this moment to release them.

She screamed in pleasure, as Duke shoved himself back into her hard, and began pounding her pussy again. She was so wet and tight, that the slurping sounds of his cock, going in and out of her pussy, filled the room. She continued to urge him on with the filthy words she had never used in bed with her own husband.

"Yes. Oh god fuck me. Fuck your whore! Make my pussy cum with your big hard cock! Oh, yes, fuck, me, hard! Hard like that! I need to be fucked so badly, make, make, me, I'm going to, oh god, I'm, I'm, gonna, c-c-c-I'm CUMING! CUMING! GOD! YES! YES! CUMING SO GOOD ON YOUR BIG HARD COCK!"

Tom groaned, and came as well, spurting a load of semen into his rapidly pumping hand. Duke gave Amy no quarter. He pounded her mercilessly, as if he meant to drive her through the bed and into the floor.

"Oh GOD!" Amy cried out, "I'm going to cum AGAIIIIIIIN!"

She climaxed again, writhing and groaning, as Duke's big cock took her to places that she had never even dreamed of before. With a deep grunt, Duke began climaxing as well. His fat buttocks jounced and quivered obscenely, as he slammed down into Tom's orgasming wife. When he was done, she lay still, moaning softly, as his remaining thrusts shook her limp body.

"Move over brother!" Dupree rumbled, "Lemme get some of that."

"She's a fine piece of ass, and tight like a virgin too. I guess having only fucked that pencil dick husband of hers, left her virtually a virgin." Duke said with a smirk.

Dupree dropped his pants and knelt between Amy's spread thighs. She screamed softly when he thrust himself inside her, and her hips began moving again.

"Oh God!" she groaned. "It's so good."

"Come on slut," Dupree said, "work it. Move that ass. I know you want Daddy Marcus to make you cum again."

"Oh yeah," she grunted, moving her hips more strongly, "make me cum again."

"You ever cum like that with your husband?" Dupree grunted.

She shook her head. "I never... Oh god that's good. Hard like that...I never came with my husband... Fuck me Daddy. Please, make me cum like he never has."

"Shut up!" Tom said, in an agonized voice, but his pleas were drowned out by their hoots of derisive laughter.

"I know it hurts to hear that, maricon." Tito grinned at him, "Let me put something in her mouth, so that she won't say those things no more."

He released her arms and dropped his own pants. As his cock sprang free, he and Dupree shoved Amy across the bed so that her head was hanging backwards, off of the edge, her long curly brown hair reaching the floor. She opened her mouth eagerly, and began sucking, as Tito slid his big cock into her mouth. Tom's prick quickly sprang into another erection, as he watched the two men fucking her from either end. She writhed and squirmed between them, cupping her own big tits in her hands, and massaging them roughly. She groaned and sucked eagerly on the cock in her mouth.

Within moments, she was obviously climaxing again, her moans turning to muffled screams, as her hips worked frantically. Her orgasmic cries around his cock, plus the feel of her lips working eagerly around the shaft of his cock, caused as his long delayed orgasm to erupt inside of her oral cavity, as he grunted with pleasure, while he pumped his cum into her mouth. She tried to swallow, but gagged, as his spunk overflowed her mouth. It ran down her upturned face in sticky white trails, as Tito pulled his softening cock from her lips.

She raised her head and looked wild-eyed at the big man fucking her. "God Daddy," she whimpered, "you're even bigger than the other one... Fuck me Daddy!" she begged, "Fuck your slut hard... and make your slut cum!"

"Whose slut?" he grunted.

"Your slut Daddy, all yours." she promised. "Your slut, your whore, your fuck toy... Anything Daddy, anything you want me to be, anything! Just make me cum

again... yes ... like that ... hard, I love it hard, like a slut, fuck me, fuck me, FUCK MEEEEEEEE!" she threw her head back and screamed as yet another orgasm rocked her body. She rebounded from this one more quickly, and began fucking him back vigorously. "Oh, God, Daddy," she whimpered, her voice hoarse from screaming, "you make it ... last ... long... Oh god, I don't know how much more of this I can take."

"As long as I want it bitch." he snarled.

"Yes Daddy." she said submissively. "Anytime, as long as you want it."

Suddenly, she cried out in frustration as he pulled out of her. "Turn over." he ordered. "Up on your knees. I'm going to fuck that ass. I'll bet Tommy-Boy ain't never done that."

"No." she moaned, as she complied, raising her ass high in the air. "He's never done that. So please Daddy, let me get something to lube myself with. You're so big, that I'm afraid you'll split me in half."

"Okay baby." Dupree said, in a parody of tenderness. "You been so good, that I'll let you lube up. Duke," he said, turning to the big biker. "take Tommy into the bathroom. Let him get something to lube his wife's ass with."

Duke grinned, as he took the handcuff key and unlocked the cuffs. He yanked Tom to his feet, and half-dragged him into the bathroom. "Be quick," he said, "Marcus ain't gonna wait long." Tom heard his wife groan with pleasure. He looked in the bathroom mirror where the bedroom behind him was reflected. Dupree had penetrated Amy from behind, and was fucking her doggy-style. She was pushing her hips back against him, moaning as he fucked her. Tom turned back to the medicine chest. He quickly located a jar of Vaseline. "Here." he said in a broken whisper, as he tried to hand it to Duke.

"Uh-uh," Duke said. "Marcus said for you to bring it."

Every time Tom thought there was no way that they could humiliate him any

further, they found a way. He shuffled back into the bedroom like a sleep walker, over to the bed where his wife was climaxing noisily again on another man's cock.

"Whatcha waitin' for Tommy?" Dupree demanded, "Grease her up!"

"Yeah Tom." he heard Amy's voice saying.

He turned his head. She was looking up at him. Her sweat-soaked hair fell across her face, and she lazily brushed it back. "You have to lube me up baby." she said, "This is a real man, with a real cock. And he's going to tear my ass open, if I'm not lubricated. You don't want me to get hurt, now do you?"

'Yes.' he thought, but said, "No."

Her sluttish smile was cruel. "So be a good 'LITTLE' boy and lube me up, will you?"

Tom took the cap off the Vaseline, and coated his fingers with it. Dupree slackened his pace, moving his cock in and out of Amy slower, while Tom brought his fingers to his wife's ass hole. He felt the tight rosebud contract with each thrust of the big man's cock. Gritting his teeth, Tom thrust a finger inside, too angry to be gentle.

"Unhh." Amy grunted, "Oh yeah baby, that's nice." Tom thrust another rough finger in, and then sawed them in and out harshly. "Yeeaunh, unh, unh," Amy groaned with each thrust. She squirmed her buttocks back against his plunging fingers. Tom had always been gentle, afraid of hurting his sweet wife, but it appeared that rough treatment was what she had needed, and wanted, all along, but he was finding this out too late.

"That's good Tommy," Dupree said finally. "now step back."

"Thank you honey." Amy whispered. "Thank you, for lubing me up so that a real man can fuck me in the ass."

Duke cuffed Tom back to the foot of the bed. Amy gasped, as Dupree placed his cock to the entrance of her ass. He pushed forward, spreading her lubricated ass hole with the blunt head of his prick.

"AaaaaaaAAAAAGH!" she cried out, as he buried more of himself inside of her. "Slow Daddy, please go sloOOOOOO. AAAAHH!" she screamed, as he penetrated her even more. Tom looked on wide-eyed, his hand once again moving on his cock. Dupree had only half of his enormous cock buried in Amy's greased ass hole, and she was sobbing in agony. There was no way that she could... He thrust forward again brutally, as her ass absorbed his cock to the hilt, as if swallowing it.

"AIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEE!" Amy screamed. She dropped her head to the bed. "Please Daddy." she panted, "Please, I can't take it, it's to bi... AAAAAGGH!" as he began fucking in and out of her ass, with slow but hard strokes. He grabbed her hips and pulled her back against him, causing her to cry out again and again. After a few hard strokes however, she began to quiet down. Her cries of anguish turned into soft whimpers, then to gasps and finally moans of slowly building arousal.

"Mmmmmmmh...MMmmh...oh....God..." she grunted, her buttocks moving in slow circles, as Dupree picked up the pace.

"Like it cunt?" Dupree said.

"Yes..." she sobbed. "I like it. I like it! Fuck my ass harder Daddy, please."

"Told you." Dupree said to his associates, "This ass is gonna be my biggest money maker."

"Yeah man," Duke agreed. "I got a party scheduled next week with the Lobos," he added, naming a local motorcycle club. "and I think that her tight little

ass is gonna be the main attraction."

"We'll see how tight it is, after a night with the Lobos." Tito laughed.

Dupree grabbed Amy's hair and pulled her head up. "You hear that baby?" he said. "Daddy Marcus is gonna turn your ass out for gang bangs. Maybe we make that your specialty, until you work off the money that your hubby stole from me."

"Yes." Amy said, totally broken, "Anything. I'll fuck them all. Take them in my ass, squeeze their cum out with my ass hole." her obscene recitation was cut off by Duke, who shoved his cock back into her mouth. In moments she was screaming around his dick, as she came again.

They continued to fuck her for almost three hours straight, taking turns, while swapping back and forth between her mouth, cunt and ass. She writhed and groaned and climaxed repeatedly, as they penetrated her again and again. Finally, they were all satiated, and she collapsed across the bed. The three men got up and pulled their pants on, laughing as they went into the kitchen.

Tom couldn't take his eyes off of Amy. The sweet innocent young girl that he had married was gone. Her hair and face were covered with drops of cum. More rivulets of male jism leaked from her cunt and ass hole. She turned her head to look at her husband, kneeling by the foot of the bed, in a pool of his own cum. He had jacked his cock to at least four orgasms, as he watched his wife repeatedly violated and sodomized.

"Bitch!" Dupree called out from the kitchen, "Get in here and fix us somethin' to eat."

Without a word, and without looking at her husband, Amy got up and put on a robe. She paused at the door to look at him before leaving the room. She left without saying a thing. Tom, exhausted and miserable, leaned his head against the bedstead and fell asleep.

He awoke some time later. The room was dark. He could hear the men laughing and joking in the next room. It sounded like they were playing cards. Tom sensed someone else near him, and turned his head. Amy was kneeling a few feet away, just out of his reach. She was naked.

"I can't believe you." he said, his voice choked with emotion. "I can't believe what you did for them."

She looked at him with contempt. "And what did you do to stop them, Tom?" she said bitterly. "What did you do to protect me? And I found out, it was your stealing from Dupree that's the cause of all of this. He would have left us alone. But now...now..." tears spilled down her face, "Now I'm his whore. He's going to sell my pussy, and my...my ass, until he's satisfied that he's got all of his money back."

"Didn't look to me like it took much force." Tom sneered, "It looked like you liked it."

"No," she hissed at him. "I didn't like it, I loved it. I came like I've never cum before. And If you'd been half a man, I wouldn't have needed it so bad."

She stood up, her large breasts jiggling from the motion. "You know what I'm going to do now, Tom?" she said, "I'm going to go back in there. I'm going to get on my knees for them. I'm going to suck each of their cocks, nice and slow, deep into my mouth, until they hit the back of my throat. And then I'm going to ask them, no, I'm going to beg them to fuck me. In here. In front of you. One at a time, two at a time, all three of them at the same time, whatever they want, I'll do it." she smiled cruelly, then continued, "And you can jack off that tiny little wee-wee of yours, while you watch me fuck and suck real cocks. Assuming that you can get it up again. And when they're satisfied again, I'm going to leave with them. But I'll be back Tom." she said. "When they're done with me tonight, I'll be back. And I'll tell you all about every cock I've sucked and fucked, for money. His money that you stole." There were fresh tears on her face. "Was it worth it Tommy?" she added with a trace of bitterness. "Was it worth the money?"

Tom just shook his head, tears running down his face, as she went back out to the kitchen.

Part 2

It was 10:00 o'clock the next morning when Tom saw Amy again. She was a mess, her hair was disheveled and there were bags under her eyes. She was wearing a pair of cut-off jeans that hugged her ass like a second skin. Tom could clearly see the outline of her pussy through the fabric, making it obvious that she wasn't wearing any panties. On top, all she had on was a flimsy t-shirt, that was ripped and torn in several places. Tom could only stare at her, as she stood at the foot of the bed.

"They wanted me to show you." she said in a toneless voice.

Slowly she stripped off the shirt, then the shorts, standing there nude in front of him. Tom gasped. Amy's large breasts were covered with bruises and bite marks. Her inner thighs were also bruised, with several obvious finger marks. She turned around. Her firm ass was a mass of welts, apparently made by a broad leather belt or paddle.

"My god!" Tom choked, "What did they do to you?"

"What does it look like Tom?" Amy spat out viciously, "They fucked me, and then they beat me. Then they fucked me some more. And do you know how much I made towards paying off your fucking debt Tom?"

"How much?" he whispered.

"Nothing!" she said. A single tear ran down her face. "He called it a 'free sample', and an 'introductory offer'. So that everyone could see just how good

his new whore was."

"How many, how many men, you know, uh, did you?" Tom asked.

"I lost track Tom." she said, "I fucked so many men, that I lost track of how many men actually fucked me. But he says that I have a full schedule lined up for this weekend, so a lot of men must have liked it."

"And, uh, you liked it too?" he asked, "Didn't you?"

"See for yourself." she said, "There's a tape in the VCR."

"They...they.."

"Yeah," she said, "they video taped me. He's going to show it around, to potential clients."

Numbly, Tom got out of bed. Like a sleep walker, he stumbled towards the living room. Amy's laugh lacerated him.

"Boy," she said, "Daddy Marcus really had you pegged. He knew you wouldn't be able to resist seeing it, so enjoy the show honey," she said bitterly, as she sat down on the bed.

Tom went into the living room. There was a tape already in the VCR, next to the big-screen TV. Tom swallowed. He knew that he was going to hate what he saw, but he couldn't stop himself, as he pressed the button.

At first it was impossible to tell what was on the tape. The camera was focused in an extreme close up. Then it pulled back slightly, and the blurry image resolved into a pair of lips, Amy's lips. And they were wrapped around a huge black cock. There was loud rap music playing in the background, but they had apparently put a microphone close to her mouth, to pick up the sounds of her sucking and slurping, as well as Amy's soft moans around the massive shaft sawing slowly in and out of her mouth.

The camera pulled back further, to show her entire face. Amy was lying on her back, with her head hanging off of a table or bed, her thick curly brown hair hanging down. The man whose cock was filling her mouth was standing behind her.

Her eyes were closed in bliss. Her position allowed the man full access to her throat, and he groaned, as she took him all of the way to the very root, her lips milking eagerly at the base of his cock.

The camera pulled back again, and Tom saw that Amy was lying on her back on a pool table in a smoky bar. She was surrounded by black and Latino men, with a few rough-looking white biker types mixed in. One of the latter knelt astride her chest, his cock nestled between her huge tits. He mauled and squeezed her breasts with his rough hands, fucking his cock between them. Amy's hands were full of the cocks, of the men standing on either side of the pool table, her dainty fingers stroking and caressing their shafts. Yet another man knelt between her wide spread legs, pounding her pussy brutally. It was obvious that Amy was loving the rough treatment. Her hips rose and fell eagerly, her ass slamming down onto the pool table, before thrusting back up to take the entire length of the cock that was sawing in and out of her cunt.

Dupree's grinning face appeared briefly before the camera. "She likes it!" he taunted. He stepped back out of the picture and said, "You like it, don't you bitch?"

"Mmmmm-hmmmm..." Amy mumbled around the cock filling her mouth. The man she was fellating pulled out long enough to slap her hard across the face. She cried out. He grabbed a handful of her hair and pulled her head up level. She screamed in pain.

"Didn't your mama teach you not to talk with your mouth full?" he said, sneering down into her face.

"I'm sorry." she begged in a tiny voice, "I'm sorry...please don't hurt me..."

I'll be good."

He let her head fall backwards again, and shoved his cock back into her mouth. "Damn right!" he grunted.

"I think she like that rough stuff." the man between her legs gasped. "That pussy squeezed me tightly when you smacked her."

"Is that right, cunt?" Dupree said. "You like it when we treat you rough?"

Amy's only response was a moan of fear.

The man tit-fucking her said, "Let's see how she likes this then." as he pinched a nipple hard. Amy squealed.

"Yeaahh." the man fucking her said, "Do that again. I thought she was gonna pull my dick off, she squeezed so hard." Grinning, the biker pinched her other nipple. Amy squealed again, but her hips moved even faster. He began slapping her tits, back and forth, the loud smacks blending with Amy's cries of pain, which were soon themselves drowned out by the men's loud shouts and groans, as they came in her mouth and cunt. Soon the other men joined her as well, spurting their cum all over her chest, and frantically working their hands on her body. When they were done, Amy lay there moaning, her legs spread. Her voluptuous body was covered in cum, that glistened on her body in the dim light.

The screen went dark, and he heard the VCR stop.

"Did you like that, Tom?" Amy's voice asked from behind him.

He turned. Amy was standing in the doorway, holding the remote in one hand. She had changed into a pair of skintight hot pants, and a tank-top that was at least two sizes too small. He could see the outline of her large nipples through the thin fabric of the top. Her hair was teased and moused until it stood up around her face. Gone was the sweet innocent girl that Tom had

married. She looked like a street hooker.

She structured towards him, walking with a suggestive sway to her hips. "I asked," she whispered seductively, "did you like it?"

"Y-yes." Tom whispered back. Then his voice rose. "And you loved that too, I suppose?"

"You know that I did," she said, "and there's more. There's an extra special surprise in the next part of the tape. Would you like to know what it is?"

Tom closed his eyes. "Damn you." he choked, "What is it?"

"I told you," she said. "it's a surprise. But it'll cost you twenty bucks to see it."

Tom opened his eyes in shock. "What!?" he said, "He's fucking my wife...on tape...and he wants me to PAY to watch it!?"

"Oh, but Tom," she cooed. "it's really hot. You won't believe how hot it is." She ran her tongue seductively over her lips. "I'm getting all wet again, just thinking about it."

Tom stood there for a moment, his mind a boiling mix of conflicting emotions. He had thought that he had reached the bottom of his humiliation, but Dupree was a fiend. He had had years to plot his revenge, and now it was all playing out. But the worst part was, that Tom knew that he would pay. He was helpless to say no. And Dupree knew that too. "All right." he said, "I'll pay."

"For another twenty," she said, "I'll suck you off while you watch it." Her voice cracked on the last word, but her false smile never wavered.

Tom said nothing. He got his wallet from the table by the door and pulled out two twenties. He handed them to his wife. Still smiling, she tucked them into the pocket of her hot pants. She turned and clicked the remote. "Now sit down

baby," she said in a sing-song voice, "and enjoy the show."

Tom took his seat on the couch. Amy slid to her knees in front of him. He stared at the screen, his face was that of a man waiting for the next blow. The big screen remained dark for a few moments, then the picture came back. Amy was still nude, but on her knees now. This time however, her hands were cuffed behind her back. Tom recognized his own cuffs, the ones he had been fastened to the bed with. A steel chain was attached to the cuffs, then looped up and over a beam in the ceiling. Her arms and wrists were pulled up painfully behind her back. A heavy black spreader bar was fastened just above her knees, forcing her legs wide apart.

The camera zoomed in close to Amy's body, focusing on her wide-spread pussy. Tom could see a white rivulet of male semen leaking out, running viscously down her inner thigh. There were other shiny patches of dried cum on her thighs and buttocks. The camera moved up to zoom in on Amy's ass hole. It was painfully red and swollen from repeated fuckings, and Tom could see more cum leaking from it, running down between the globes of her buttocks. The camera moved up to her face, to where Tom could see more dried sperm coating her face and matting her hair. Her gang-rape had left her thoroughly fucked in every hole. Then Amy's face filled the screen.

Tom heard Dupree say something unintelligible, then the Amy on the screen spoke. "See Tom?" she whispered. "See how well fucked your wife is? I can feel it running out of me Tom. All that cum. All those men in the bar, they all took me, and several times each. And it's not just their cum Tom. I came so many times, that its also my own juice dripping out of me. I never knew that I could cum so many times."

Tom felt Amy pulling his zipper down, and then felt her pull his cock out. He groaned as he felt her breath on it, and felt her blow gently on the head. He looked down for a minute, and saw her heavily painted face only inches from his cock. He saw tears glistening on her cheeks. "Don't watch me Tommy." she choked, "Please don't look at me. Just...just watch the screen."

He looked up. The camera had pulled back to show Marcus Dupree standing by his wife's kneeling body, his face split in that evil grin, which had become all too familiar to Tom. He bent down and slid two fingers into Amy from behind. Amy's eyes closed and she moaned. "OH God," she whimpered. "I'm getting worked up again."

Dupree chuckled. "I ain't never seed a white bitch so hungry for it. She makin' up for my lost time real good." Amy was squirming in her bonds now, gasping from the insistent pleasure that Dupree was stoking in her sensitive vagina. She writhed and twisted and panted with renewed lust, as he fingered her. Her moans and groans grew higher, the tension in her helpless body greater. He pushed her even closer to her orgasm. Closer still, and then he stopped.

Amy cried out with anguish, as he took his fingers away, denying her the release that her voluptuous body craved. She looked up at him and whimpered, "Please Daddy. Please...you know I want to cum for you, please...make me cum." His only reply was to smack her ass, hard. She yelped from the pain. Then he began again with his fingers, teasing and stroking, bringing her right to the brink... and then denying her her orgasm again.

Between Tom's knees, the real life Amy was playing her own teasing game, tormenting Tom's cock with light kisses and gentle licks. He was squirming, wanting to force her head down onto his throbbing cock, but he didn't.

On the screen, Amy was insane with lust, begging for relief. "Please." she sobbed, "PLEASE! I'll do anything...anything you want, Daddy."

"Anything?" Dupree whispered.

"ANYTHING!" Amy shrieked. "PLEASE! I'll suck anyone that you want, fuck anyone that you want. I'll do anything, just let me get off. PLEASE!"

"Oh," said Dupree. "You wants some dick?"

"YES!" Amy cried. "I need it. I need a hard dick inside of me. Please somebody fuck me, fuck me hard, the way I like it."

"Okay baby," Dupree said, "here's you some dick." as he motioned off camera.

Duke, the big biker, came into the picture. He was leading a huge Great Dane on a leash.

"Oh GOD!" Tom cried out. At that moment, Amy plunged her lips down over his cock, taking him to the root in one smooth slurp. She began slowly sucking him, up and down, up and down, in an excruciatingly slow rhythm. Tom sobbed.

Duke led the big dog over to his wife. She was struggling, but she was held helplessly. "Please no, not that." she cried, "I'll do anything, I'll suck, I'll fuck, but not with a dog, please."

"This is Hector," Duke said. "your new best friend."

"NOOOOOOoooooooo." Amy wailed. "No, please Daddy!" she desperately begged Dupree, "Don't make me, I've been good, haven't I been good. Oh God, please no, please, please."

Duke ignored her. He led the big dog over behind Amy. The huge animal's tail was wagging furiously, he obviously knew what was going to happen, and looked forward to it. He lowered his head and sniffed at Amy's crotch. Then his long red tongue snaked out and he began licking between the bound girl's wide spread thighs.

"Auuunnhhhhh..." Amy was nearly hysterical now, "No, no please no."

"Couldn't stop him now if'n I wanted to bitch." Dupree laughed cruelly, "Once Hector gets a taste of that pussy, he ain't gonna stop until he busts his nut in it."

Amy's only response was another bout of hysterical sobbing. She tried to squirm away from the dog's tongue, but she was held fast by her bondage. Gradually, the dog's relentless licking began to get to her. Her head lifted and her sobs became jerky, incomplete. She was still saying "No...no...", but her voice was a whisper now. Finally, her eyes closed and she let out a low moan.

"Gettin' good for you, huh slut?" Duke laughed at her. "My boy Hector is a good pussy licker, huh?" There was a ripple of laughter.

Amy was moaning constantly now, her hips rotating slowly against the insistent licking of the dog behind her. Tom groaned aloud at the feel of his wife's lips gliding steadily up and down his cock, and at the look of sluttish abandon on her beautiful face on the screen. Finally, Duke whispered a low command to the dog, and he pulled away. Amy looked back over her shoulder, her eyes wild from the sudden loss of the insanely pleasurable licking. Then she cried out, as the dog mounted her, but her cry was no longer one of fear or disgust, but rather of wanton submission.

"Yes," she cried out. "Fuck me, boy! Fuck me good! Fuck MeeeeEEEEEEAAAAAHHHH!"

she screamed in lust, as the dog's huge pink cock found it's target, and slammed wildly into her cunt. Then she was grunting like an animal, as he immediately began pistoning his massive shaft in and out of her.

"Hunnnnh! Hunnnnh! Hunnnnh!" she cried, "Oh God, he's...splitting...me....inhalf!"

"But you like it," Dupree taunted her, "don't you?"

"Yes." Amy sobbed, "I like it! I like it! I like it! GOD! GOD! GOD! Fuck me harder boy, fuck me harder! I love it so much." Her voice trailed off into a ragged scream, as she came. The dog continued to pound her helpless body brutally, and soon she was cuming again, tossing her hair wildly, as her climax exploded.

"Now," Dupree said, "here comes the knot."

The camera zoomed in to show the baseball sized knot at the base of the dog's prick, slamming against the tender lips of her pussy. "Relax baby," Dupree crooned. "let that knot in, so Hector can bust his nut."

"Oh no! Please!" Amy cried. "I can't take any more."

But even as she pleaded for mercy, she thrust herself back against the massive invader. Finally, the knot popped into her cunt, with an audible slurping sound. Amy's back arched, and her screams seemed as if they would tear her throat. Tom began to climax then, shooting into Amy's sucking mouth, as he watched her utter degradation on the screen. It went on and on, Amy's on screen cries of orgasm, mingling with Tom's groans of shameful ecstasy, as he climaxed. With a final slurp, Amy pulled her mouth off of his cock.

"You bastard!" she hissed, "You fucking loved it, didn't you? You loved watching me get fucked by a dog. Well, let me tell you baby, I loved it too, and I'm going to keep on doing it. Hell, I'd do it for free, for Daddy Marcus, once your debt's paid off, I'll still be his slut."

On the screen, the dog was howling and grunting as he climaxed, pumping his hot white cum into Amy's cunt. She was no longer screaming and writhing, her orgasms had left her nearly comatose, hanging limply in her bonds. The camera zoomed into a close-up of her face, which was slack with ecstasy, and sexual satisfaction. Her hair hung in sweat-soaked strands across her face.

She opened her eyes and looked into the camera. "I love it." she whispered hoarsely. She ran her tongue slowly over her lips. "I love it...." The screen then went dark.

"Next time, Daddy Marcus is going to make me suck him." Amy said. "I'm going to suck Hector off Tom. I'm going to slide that big dog dick into my throat until he cums in my mouth, and he's going to tape it. Of course you'll buy

that, won't you?"

All Tom could do was nod.

"I hate you Tom!" she said matter of factly, "But Daddy Marcus is making me stay here. It's part of his revenge. And he knows you don't have the balls to throw me out. Because if you do, or if we do anything to stop him, he'll send the tapes to everyone we know. Your cop buddies, my parents." her voice broke up. "He'll send them to my parents Tom. So it looks like we're together. Until he lets us go. And I don't think he'll ever do that. Thanks to you."

She stood up. "I have to get some sleep." She walked off to the bedroom. Tom picked up the remote and rewound the tape to the beginning. Then he hit PLAY.

Part 3

They didn't speak the next morning. Tom was so exhausted and emotionally drained that he considered calling in sick to work. But Amy's silent accusation was too much to bear. He went through the day like a sleepwalker, unable to concentrate. He sat at his desk for hours, staring into space, his mind replaying the lewd images: Amy fucking and sucking her three rapists right in front of him, and loving it; Amy being gang-banged on a pool table, and loving it; Amy being fucked by that huge dog, and loving it. Finally, his partner asked him what the hell was wrong with him.

"Nothing," Tom said after a moment. "Must be coming down with something."

"Well Jesus," his partner snapped, "then go home! You ain't getting shit done here, and you're probably going to get me infected with whatever it is!"

Finally, Tom agreed. He didn't go straight home however, he drove around for another two hours, his mind running around in circles. He felt like a rat in a trap, which is exactly what he was, he realized, trapped. There was no way out

of Dupree's horrible vengeance. If he tried to do anything to stop it, he would end up going to jail himself. Finally, he found himself pulling up outside of his house. There was an unfamiliar van in the driveway. 'Dupree.' he thought to himself, 'He's back. Probably fucking my wife and making her cum. The thought caused him, shamefully, to get hard again.

As he entered the house, he heard Amy's voice from the kitchen. She was whimpering in pain. "Please," she was pleading. "Please...it hurts!"

"Silly bitch," another voice, a female voice, said, "it's supposed to hurt."

"But...but I did everything you that told me to do. I did what you...
AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

"Shut up cunt!" the voice said.

Tom walked into the kitchen. Amy was kneeling there on the floor, naked. Her hands were clasped behind her back, her hands gripping her wrists. There was another woman seated in the kitchen chair in front of Amy. She was a tall woman with close cropped blonde hair. Her body was lean and muscular, as if she regularly worked out with weights. She was dressed in a skin-tight black leotard with a hole cut in the crotch. Tom's eyes were riveted to her shaved pussy. The woman held a pair of pliers in her right hand. The teeth of the pliers were fixed on Amy's right nipple. As Tom watched, the woman gave the pliers a brutal twist. Amy screamed again.

The woman looked up. "You must be Tom." she said with an evil grin, "I'm Tanya. Marcus sent me to teach little Amy-slut here a few things. But she's a slow pupil. And rather stupid as well, isn't that right, Amy-slut?"

"I...I..." Amy hesitated.

The woman gave the pliers a particularly brutal twist.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!" Amy screamed. "Yes Mistress Tanya, I'm a stupid slut. I'm

stupid. Please don't hurt me again..."

Tom had moved forward as if to stop his wife's torture, but he was stopped by Tanya's upraised left hand. "Ah, ah, ah..." she said, in a singsong voice.

"Don't you be a stupid boy, too. Remember that Marcus has the tapes. If you interfere in any way with my fun, they go into the mail. I'd bet that your partner would love to see Amy talking about how much she prefers big black dick to your little white one. And I'd also bet that Amy's parents would love to see the tape that we made today of Amy licking my pussy."

Amy was sobbing brokenly now, tears running down her face. Tanya ran her fingers through Amy's thick curly hair in a parody of tenderness.

"But she lacked enthusiasm for the job, and I like my bitches enthusiastic. So Amy's being punished." she said as she twisted the pliers again.

"AAAAAAAAAAH!" Amy screamed. "Please, please, Let me try again, I promise I'll do it good, I promise."

Tanya looked at Tom's crotch. She laughed. "Look at your husband Amy!" she said, "His little dick is stiff as a board. He loves the idea of watching you eat my pussy."

"I don't care." Amy sobbed, "I don't care about him. Just please, please let me show you that I can do it good."

"Okay Amy-slut." Tanya said, as she put the pliers on the table, "You can try again."

With a grateful sob, Amy moved her head forward towards Tanya's exposed cunt. Tanya stopped her with a hand cupping her chin. She leaned down to look into Amy's eyes. "But if you don't make me cum within five minutes bitch," she hissed. "What I'll do to you will make the last hour seem like heaven. You'll be begging for the pliers!"

She released Amy's chin, leaned back, and spread her legs. With her hands still clasped behind her, Amy plunged her face between the woman's strong thighs, licking and sucking desperately.

"MMMmmm...." Tanya moaned, her hips began rotating slowly against the stimulation of Amy's tongue. "That's better...ahhhh....yes, that's much betterright there...suck my clit....."

Tom began massaging his cock through his pants. Tanya looked over at him and laughed again. "Go ahead Tom." she said, "Take...ahhhh... take it out... and play with it for me...uunnhh....oh yes, you nasty bitch...."

Tom unzipped his pants and pulled his cock out, stroking it in quick jerks.

"Oh, my..." Tanya said. "Amy wasn't lying...ahhh....hnnnh...that is one tiny dick." She reached down and pulled Amy's head from her crotch. "Poor Amy," she crooned. "no wonder you're so hungry for a good fuck." and then shoved Amy's face back into her pussy. "Yessss." Tanya grunted, her hips moving faster. "Good....good...good little Amy-slut...good little fuck toy...lick it...lick it....yes....ahhh...ahhh....you little bitch, you're going to do it...you're going to make me...ahhhh....that's it, that's it that's it.....
UUUUNNNHHHHHHH!"

She grabbed a handful of Amy's hair and bucked brutally against her face, as she came. Tom came too, squirting his cum over his rapidly working fingers and onto the kitchen floor. Tanya groaned and came again, smearing her juices all over Amy's face and lips.

Finally, when she was done, she pulled Amy's head away. "Much better, Amy slut," she whispered. "Now, let's go into the bedroom. Daddy Marcus is busy tonight, but I promised him you'd get the fucking that you need. You've got a date with my strap-on."

Amy looked up at Tanya, her face still coated with the blonde woman's pussy juice. "Oh, God," she groaned, "I've never... I mean I'm not a lesbian."

"Shut up, cunt!" Tanya snarled, grabbing a handful of Amy's hair and yanked her to her feet. "You are whatever we say you are from now on, fuck meat."

She shoved Amy out the kitchen door, shoving past Tom. Amy was sobbing and pleading, begging the dominating blonde for mercy. Tom started to follow them, but Tanya shoved him backwards with her free hand. "Where do you think you're going, Tom?" she said with a sneer, and then added, "Oh, you want to watch?"

She pulled Amy back against her, her arms reaching around to hold the weeping girl firmly in her grasp. She reached up and cupped Amy's big breasts in her fingers, twisting and rolling the nipples roughly. "You want to watch me fuck your wife Tom?" she whispered. She kissed Amy on the neck. "You want to watch me make your sweet little wife cum on my big black strap-on? Come on Tom, you can tell me."

Tom looked at Amy. Her eyes were closed and her breath was coming in short gasps as Tanya stimulated her tortured nipples.

"Yes," he rasped. "I want to see."

"Say it Tom. Say it out loud."

"I want to watch you fuck my wife!" Tom said.

"How much, Tom?" Tanya said. "How much is it worth to you? Remember, Amy's a working girl now, she has bills to pay. Your bills Tom." She slid one hand down over Amy's belly to cup her pussy. "So how much to watch me split this tight cunt, and make your wife scream for me?" Amy groaned as Tanya parted the lips of her pussy with one finger. She began a gentle insistent stroking over Amy's clitoris. Amy groaned again, as her hips began moving in slow circles.

"Twenty," Tom said, "Twenty bucks."

Tanya laughed cruelly. "Hear that Amy? Not only does he have a tiny dick, he's a cheap bastard as well." She kissed Amy on the ear. "Is that all it's worth, Tom? She's a hot little slut ... and I've got such a big cock for her. Would you like to hear about it? It's fourteen inches long...very thick...and it's black, just like your wife likes them, isn't that right Amy?"

"Yes..." Amy whimpered. "Oh, yes..."

"Twenty-five." Tom choked.

"Amy wants that big black dick, don't you, Amy?"

"Yes...unnnhhh....I want it....please..."

"Thirty," Tom said.

Amy opened her eyes. They were glazed with masochistic desire. "Damn you Tom," she hissed. "give her what she wants. Give her what she wants so she'll fuck me. God, I need it so bad..."

"FIFTY!" Tom shouted. "For God's sake, it's all I have on me!"

Tanya held out her hand, an evil smile on her face. Tears spilled down Tom's face, as he took out his wallet and counted the bills into her outstretched hand. When he was done, Tanya crumpled the money in her fist and pushed Amy towards the bedroom. Tom followed, his head bowed in shame. He stopped in shock as he entered the bedroom.

Their bed and furniture were gone. Their regular queen-sized bed had been replaced with a king sized four poster bed pushed to the center of the room. Leather straps dangled from the posts at each corner, and there were others fastened to the headboard. Bright spotlights illuminated the room, and there

was a video camera on a tripod pointed at the bed.

"Oh, by the way Tom, you'll be sleeping on the couch from now on. Amy-slut needs this room to fuck in." Tanya said, as she pushed Amy onto the bed.

"On your knees bitch!" she ordered.

Moaning, Amy complied. Tanya fastened her wrists, with a strap, to the center of the headboard, so that Amy was bent over, her lush ass helplessly exposed. Tanya sauntered over to the camera and turned it on. She then grabbed Amy by the hair, and shoved her face around towards the camera. "Look at the camera slut!" she said, "Tell everyone what you are."

"I'm a slut." Amy whispered.

"And what do you need?"

"A Cock," Amy said, "I need cock."

Tanya reached beneath the pillow and pulled something out. It was a massive cock shaped dildo, in solid black. She held it up to Amy's eyes asked, "Like this? Is this what you need?"

Amy gasped at the size of the thing. "Oh god!" she moaned. "I don't think that I can take it...it's too big!"

Tanya laughed. "But you don't have a choice bitch." as she rubbed the thick plastic cock over Amy's lips. "Now open your mouth Amy, and suck it!" she ordered.

Amy moaned and opened her mouth. Tanya slid the massive dildo between her lips.

She fed the dildo in to Amy's mouth, an inch at a time. Amy's lips were stretched tightly around the massive shaft, and her eyes bulged, as she took

more and more of it. She began to choke on the immensity. Tanya backed off slightly and smacked Amy's exposed ass, hard.

"I said SUCK IT cunt!" she shouted, as she began pushing it back in again.

Tears spilled down Amy's face, as she tried to relax her throat to take the huge invader. This time she got almost half of it down her throat, before she started gagging again. Tanya slapped her ass harder, and said, "Do I have to go and get the pliers again bitch?"

"MMMm-mmmh!" Amy mumbled, with a look of panic in her eyes.

She worked her lips frantically, trying to take more of the artificial cock into her mouth. Tanya laughed and shoved another inch down Amy's throat. "Now keep it there, while I go and get ready."

She stood up, leaving the huge phallus hanging in Amy's mouth.

"Tom," she said, "help Amy. If it falls out of her mouth, or if any of it slips out, I'll punish her."

Tom groaned with lust, as he stepped over to his bound wife, kneeling on the bed. He gripped the base of the dildo and held it in her mouth. His other hand was busy stroking his hard dick. Amy gave him a look of pure hatred, as she saw how turned on he was by her degradation. Fresh tears spilled down her cheeks.

Tanya returned and took the dildo from Tom's hand. "Thank you Tom, you worthless needle dick piece of shit." she said sweetly.

Tom noticed that she had stripped out of the leotard, and fastened a black leather harness around her waist. Slowly, she slid the dildo out of Amy's mouth. Amy gasped for breath, as she pulled it all the way out. Tanya fastened the dildo into the harness, so that it stood out in front of her. It looked like some evil weapon dangling from between her thighs. She climbed up behind

Amy and placed the dildo to the lips of her cunt. Grabbing a handful of Amy's thick curly brown hair, she pulled her head back and growled, "Now fuck meat, tell me what you want me to do with this."

"Fuck me!" Amy begged. "Oh God fuck me!"

"How?" Tanya demanded.

"Hard!" Amy said, "Hard and nasty."

Tanya pushed forward, forcing the humongous dildo into Amy's tight little cunt.

"AAAAHHHH!" Amy cried out, as the huge pole spread and stretched the lips of her pussy and her pussy itself. "OHHHH! OHHHGOD! NO! STOP! STOP PLEASE! ITS TOO BIG! I CAN'T ... AAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!"

"Too late now bitch." Tanya grunted, as she shoved another inch into Amy's cunt, as she screamed in agony.

It sounded as if Amy would scream her throat raw. Tanya showed no mercy, but continued to shove the dildo into Amy with short brutal thrusts of her hips. Amy's screams turned to broken sobs, as inch after inch of the artificial phallus was shoved into her. Finally, the dildo was buried completely in Amy's pussy.

"It's good, isn't it Amy?" the blonde woman taunted.

Amy raised her head. "Yes." she groaned. "It's good...it's so big....oh, please...please fuck me."

"I thought you weren't a lesbian, Amy-slut?" Tanya sneered. "Now you're asking me to fuck you?"

"Please....please...I'll do anything you want. I'll be anything you want..."

just fuck me...make me cum, please, please...."

Tanya grabbed a handful of Amy's hair and began fucking her, slow and hard.

"UUUNNNH! UNNNNH!" Amy cried out in time with each thrust of the huge dildo.

Her eyes were open, unseeing, and glazed with ecstasy as Tanya fucked her.

"YES! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK ME WITH THAT BIG COCK!" she bellowed, as she began

thrusting her hips back against Tanya's brutal strokes. The motion caused her big tits to swing beneath her. Tom could hear the wet slurping sounds of Amy's dripping cunt clasp and contracting around the huge plastic dick.

"Damn," Tanya said. She turned to Tom, smiling. "Your wife fucks like a bitch in heat!"

She turned Amy's face back towards the camera and said, "You like Mistress's big cock, don't you, you whore?"

"I love it," Amy panted. "I love it...I love your big cock, Mistress Tanya.... please, please, don't stop fucking me."

"Does it feel better than your husband's?" she taunted.

"Oh god, so much better!" Amy gasped. "So much better...oh god, I'm going to... I'm going to...you're fucking me so good...I'm going to...OH GOD! YES! I'M CUMING! CUMING FOR YOU! MISTRESS! AAAAAAAAAA! AAAAAAAHHHH!"

Tanya rode her harder, forcing scream after orgasmic scream from Amy's throat. Amy came again and again, as Tanya ravished her with the big dildo. Tom cried out as he came, too. His own orgasm was so intense that he saw stars. He fell to his knees, groaning.

When his vision cleared, he looked up. Tanya had pulled the dildo from Amy's

cunt and then removed it from it's harness. She was holding it up in front of Amy's face. It glistened with Amy's cum juice.

"Filthy little slut!" Tanya chided, "You've gotten my cock all dirty and nasty. Clean it up!"

Amy moaned, but obediently began licking her juices off the dildo. Tanya looked over at Tom and smiled. "She's really gotten to love the taste of pussy juice, hasn't she? I think I'll make her lick me again, before Marcus gets here. But for you," she said, her face becoming stern. "the show's over. You've gotten your money's worth. Now get out."

Tom got up and stumbled into the living room. The door closed behind him. He threw himself on the couch face down and wept.

Part 5

Tom spent the night on the couch, but he didn't get much sleep. He was frequently awakened by the sounds coming from his bedroom, Tanya's harsh voice, Amy's cries of pain, as well as her groans, and screams of ecstasy from both women. He masturbated several times, his mind supplying him with the images to fit the sounds. Finally, near dawn, the house became quiet, and Tom fell into a fitful slumber.

He was awakened by the sound of the front door opening. Marcus Dupree swaggered in, a broad smile on his black face. He chuckled when he saw Tom lying on the couch.

"S'matter, Tommy boy?" he sneered. "Wifey throw you outta your own bedroom? I bet Tanya been givin' her a real workout."

He then raised his voice. "You bitches get out here. Now!"

In a moment, Amy and Tanya came out of the bedroom. They were both naked. Dupree nodded approvingly. "You look like you been havin' fun." he said, and looked at Tanya, "You got the bitch trained yet?"

Tanya ran her hand through Amy's hair. "She's coming along," she said, "She's a stupid cunt, but she can learn, can't you, Amy-slut?"

"Yes, Mistress," Amy murmured, her eyes downcast, "I...I want to learn."

"Well, let's see how you been comin' along." Dupree said. He reached down and unzipped his fly. Amy obediently dropped to her knees before him. Dupree grinned and said, "Well, she's learnin' what she's good for." He then pulled out his cock. Amy's eyes went immediately to the huge prick, and she moaned. "Whass that baby?" Dupree said, "You been fucked all night, an' now you want some nice big black dick to suck?"

"Nothing like the real thing, is there, Amy-slut?" Tanya said.

"No," Amy whispered. "Please...let me suck it."

"You better do a good job now." Dupree taunted.

"I will." Amy said, "I promise, I'll suck it so good."

"Okay then," Dupree said, "suck my dick."

With a groan, Amy opened her mouth and took him in. Her lips were stretched tight around Dupree's thick shaft. She slid them slowly down his immense length, working her lips and tongue eagerly. She sucked noisily, gorging herself on Dupree's man-meat. She reached up with one hand to cup his testicles, gently stroking them with her fingers.

"Damn," Dupree grunted. "You gettin' to be a pretty good cock sucker. When you

started you weren't worth a shit."

"She hadn't had much practice." Tanya laughed. "Especially not with Tom's little dick."

Tom's fists clenched in rage, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from the sight of his wife, slavishly worshiping her black pimp's cock. She looked up at him adoringly, as she took more and more of his prick down into her throat. Finally, almost three quarters of the way down, she reached her limit, and started to gag. As she tried to pull away however, Tanya stepped forward, and grabbed her by the hair.

"Oh no bitch," she hissed, "you don't get a choice of how much cock you take. You take it all." as she pushed Amy's head forwards, down onto Dupree's cock. Amy's hand reached up as if to push him away. Lightning quick, she grabbed Amy's slim wrist and pulled it down, bending it behind her back painfully. Amy's yelp of pain came out as a strangled gurgle around Dupree's choking cock.

"If you do that again," Tanya snapped, "I'll break your fucking arm. Now suck bitch!"

Amy tried frantically to comply, shoving her mouth as far down onto his prick as it would go. She gagged and choked, saliva dripping from the corners of her obscenely stretched lips, but the merciless Tanya twisted her arm painfully every time she tried to pull back. Finally, near unconsciousness, she took the last inch into her throat.

"See," Tanya whispered into her ear, "I knew you could do it." With a muffled groan, Amy began deep throating him, moving her lips slowly up and down his cock shaft, taking him to the root every time.

"Yeahhh!" Dupree whispered, "Thass right...suck that dick. Show me how much you love it. You love that big black dick, don't you, Amy?"

"Mnnnh-hmmmmh.." Amy mumbled around the mouth-filling hardness.

Tanya released her arm, and whispered something into her ear. Amy began massaging her own big breasts, pulling on them, as if she were milking them, and squeezing her nipples between her fingers.

"Harder bitch!" Tanya ordered, "Make it hurt... show Daddy Marcus what a little pain-slut you've turned into."

Amy whimpered as she twisted her own nipples harshly. And to her dismay, the stimulation turned her on even more, as she began sucking him more eagerly.

"Aaaaaaaaahhhh..." Dupree groaned. He turned to Tom and grinned. "She's real well-trained now Tommy-Boy. Looks like she about ready to be turned out for real." He looked down to where Amy was slurping and sucking greedily on his cock. "How about it whore? You be ready to start earnin' some money to pay back what Tommy-Boy owes me?"

He grabbed her by her hair, and pulled her mouth away from his dick. She gasped as his cock popped out of her mouth. She whimpered at the sudden loss of the cock she had been devotedly pleasuring. He shook her by the hair roughly and snapped, "Answer me bitch!"

"Yes Daddy," she sobbed. "I'm ready for you to turn me out. I'm ready to whore for you. Whatever you want...men, women, I'll even do the dog again... but," she looked at Tom contemptuously, "it's not for him. I don't care about him anymore."

Tom's control finally snapped. He started towards Amy. In a quick movement Tanya stepped between them and kicked Tom in the balls. The pain was worse than anything he had ever felt. He fell to the floor, gasping for breath and clutching his crotch. Tom rolled into a fetal position to try and protect himself, but Tanya kicked him again, in the kidneys. As he arched backwards in pain, she rolled him over onto his stomach with her foot, and fell on him,

pinning him face down with her knee on his spine. She grabbed him by the hair and yanked his head up.

"I should kill you for that," she hissed in his ear, "but Daddy Marcus wants you alive and suffering. And that's what you'll do Tom. Suffer. As long as we want. Now watch your wife, Tom. Watch her beg to suck another man's dick."

Tom sobbed with the pain and humiliation as he saw Amy. She had turned back to Dupree and tried to take his cock back into her mouth. He grinned sadistically and held her away. "Please," she groaned, "Please... I want to make you happy... let me have your cock again. You were almost ready to cum, I could feel it..."

She stuck her tongue out and tried to reach it. He laughed and gave her just a taste, rolling the head of his cock on the tip of her tongue, then pulling it away, and to the side.

"PLEASE!" Amy begged, "Just tell me what you want me to do...anything Daddy. Anything you want." she looked over at Tanya. "Do you want to watch her hurt me? Do you want to watch her fuck me?" She turned back to Dupree. "Or the dog ...I'll suck the dog off while you watch. I'll suck his cock right down to the knot...I'll lay on my back and let him fuck my mouth, deep. And you can tape it. I'll make it so nasty, you'll sell a million copies. I promise, anything, anything you want...just PLEASE, let me suck your dick some more...."

"Yeah, you ready to whore for me now." Marcus said, as he looked over at Tanya. "Get over here, bitch," he ordered. "Tommy ain't goin' nowhere."

Tom felt the pressure on his spine ease, as Tanya got up. She walked over and dropped to her knees beside Amy. Marcus turned to her. The blonde woman opened her mouth and sucked his cock into her mouth with a long slurp. She slid her mouth down Dupree's cock, her eyes fixed on Amy's.

"Now," Marcus said, "you girls need to learn how to share."

Reluctantly, the blonde Mistress turned his cock back to Amy, who groaned, as she sucked it in gratefully. The two women began taking turns sucking and licking Dupree's cock. Tanya began licking and sucking the shaft, while Amy sucked on the head. Then Amy took one of Dupree's low hanging balls into her mouth and sucked gently, as Tanya deep throated him. It went on and on, the two women working together to pleasure their Master and pimp. Tom, still lying on the floor, unzipped his pants and began stroking himself.

Dupree looked over and laughed. The two women paused a moment to see what was

so amusing. Then they laughed scornfully too, before they returned to their work. Dupree became rougher with them, slapping his socks against their faces and choke-fucking both of them, until their eyes watered, and tears streaked down both of the women's faces. Finally, Dupree threw back his head and bellowed with his approaching climax. Tanya, who had been the one with the head in her mouth, pulled it out and began pumping it quickly with her hand, pointing the cock at Amy's panting face.

"Take it slut!" she ordered, "Take his load all over your face."

"Yes," Amy cried. "Cum on my face...cover me with it..."

Dupree began cuming, shooting spurt after spurt of thick white sperm onto Amy's face. She held her mouth open wide, catching some of the jism on her lips and tongue. He came and came, coating Amy's face, her hair, her neck. Amy cupped her breast in her hands and lifted them up, offering them to be spermed as well. Dupree wiped his still-leaking cock on her breasts, smearing them with his juice. Tanya bent down to lick the drops of sperm from Amy's tits before coming back up and kissing her roughly. Amy moaned as Tanya raped her mouth with her tongue. Then Tanya broke the kiss and looked over at Tom. A frown crossed her face.

"Hey!" she looked up at Dupree. "Is he supposed to be getting free shows now, Daddy?"

Dupree looked thoughtful. "You know," he said. "you's right." He zipped himself up. "How about it Tommy-Boy?" he said. "You been playin', now it's time to pay."

Tom looked up in agony. His hand stopped moving on his cock. "I gave all my money to her." he said through gritted teeth, "last night. And besides, I didn't cum yet."

"Ain't my problem, Tommy-boy," Dupree said. He reached into his pocket and came out with a knife, which he flicked open. "Amy's on the clock now boy. So it looks like you need to take a trip to the ATM."

Tom got slowly to his feet. As if he was sleepwalking, he walked to the hook on the wall where his keys were. Dupree walked over and put his hand over Tom's.

"Unh-unh." he said. "We's goin' with you. Don't want you doin' nothin' stupid." He turned to Tanya. "Get her dressed for work." he said. Tanya put her arm around Amy, and took her into the bedroom.

When they came out a few minutes later, Amy was dressed in a pair of cutoff jeans that were at least two sizes too small. They hugged her so tightly that Tom could clearly see the outline of her vulva. She wore one of Tom's workshirts, tied up underneath her breasts. She obviously wore no bra. A pair of high heels completed the look. Dupree nodded approvingly. "Love that Daisy Duke look." he said.

When they got outside, Dupree looked at Tom's BMW. "Nice ride." he said.

"You can have it," said Tom, "just go away and leave us alone."

"Awwww Tom," Dupree said, "you's gonna hurt my feelin's. Besides, Amy don't want me to go away, do you, Amy?" he put his arm around her shoulder, his hand resting on her breast. He began kneading and massaging the firm mound, his fingers caressing the nipple that poked against the cloth of the workshirt.

Amy's eyes glazed. "No Daddy," she said in a voice thick with lust. "I don't want you to leave." He squeezed her breast harder and she moaned.

"We can't fit everyone in that Beemer." Dupree decided, "We'll take my car. Tommy, you drive." He tossed the keys to Tom. Amy and Tanya got in the back seat. Dupree got in the passenger side, still holding his knife.

As they pulled out of the driveway, Tom heard a rustle of cloth from the back seat, followed by a low whimper. He stole a look over his shoulder. Tanya had her tongue buried in Amy's mouth and her hand was inside the workshirt, roughly fondling Amy's bare breast.

"Keep your eyes on the road, Tommy-boy." Dupree rumbled.

Tom turned his attention back to the road. All the way to the bank, he was driven nearly insane by the sounds that he was hearing, the moaning, whispers, and every now and then a low cry of pain. Finally, they pulled up to the bank. There was an ATM mounted outside the door.

"I figger you owe me fifty dollars boy," Dupree said, "but you probably gonna be needin' more."

Tom was fuming as he got out of the car. As he punched the buttons on the ATM, he heard a large vehicle pull up. He looked around and saw a badly battered and dented blue pickup truck had pulled in. There were five young Hispanic men getting out of the bed of the truck. Two older Hispanic men rode up front. The younger men walked into the bank, each clutching a check.

Tom saw Dupree get out of the car and walk over to the truck. He engaged the driver in conversation. Tom turned around to get the money out of the slot. When he turned back, Amy was out of the car, standing next to Dupree. Dupree had his hand on her shoulder, still talking. The man was looking at Amy. To Tom's horror, he licked his lips. He wanted to scream, as the realization of what was going on hit him. Dupree said something to Amy. She shook her head.

He spoke again, angrier this time. She said something back. He couldn't make out the words, but he heard the tone of pleading in her voice.

"Hey buddy." a voice said, "Are you done?"

There was a man standing behind him. Tom looked at him uncomprehendingly for a moment. "You done, pal?" the man asked again.

Tom nodded and moved aside. When he looked back, what he saw made him almost throw up. Amy had opened the workshirt, and was showing her naked tits to the driver of the pickup. The group of young men were coming out of the bank. When they saw the scene beside the truck, they stopped dead. The ones at the back of the line stumbling comically into the ones in front. They quickly recovered and walked over to the pickup, where Amy, her head down, was refastening the shirt under her breasts.

Tom stumbled like a drunk, as he walked back to the car. He got in at the same time as Dupree and Amy. Amy's face was flushed with excitement. Tom could see her nipples even more clearly now. They were as stiff as nails.

"Follow that truck," Dupree told Tom, with a shit-eating grin on his face, "It's payday, and Amy's got a train to catch."

Part 6

They followed the battered pickup truck through town, then out into the country. Tom could hear Amy and Tanya in the back seat, moving around. He stole a glance in the rearview mirror. Amy was leaning back in the seat, her eyes closed, breathing heavily. Tanya had her hand back inside Amy's shirt and was abusing her nipples, pinching and rolling them roughly, to keep Amy at a peak of arousal. She kept whispering things into Amy's ear, that had her

moaning and whimpering with desire.

A few miles outside of town. The truck pulled into a driveway that led through a patch of woods. "Those Mexican guys are layin' carpet in some big fancy house out here." Dupree explained, "Guess that's not all they're gonna be layin'." He laughed uproariously at his own joke.

The driveway ended in a clearing. A large house stood in the clearing. It was clearly in the last stages of construction. It seemed complete, but the yard around it was bare earth, trampled by the heavy equipment still parked to one side. There were sawhorses and piles of construction debris everywhere. The blue truck stopped next to the house and the seven men got out. Tom pulled the Lincoln in behind it. Amy and Tanya got out of the back. Tom made as if to get out too, but Dupree stopped him with a hand on his shoulder.

"Not this time Tommy Boy." he said. "These guys might not understand how much you like watchin' yo' wife get fucked." he grinned, "Just stay in the car an' use yo' imagination."

He got out, leaving Tom sitting in the front seat. He watched Amy walk over to where the Mexican men were grouped on the porch. Her walk was a hip rolling streetwalker's strut, the stride of a woman there to be fucked. The men were grinning, as she reached them. One of them reached down and pulled her up onto the porch, where she was immediately surrounded. The men wasted no time in getting their hands on Amy, fondling her tits and ass, until she was squirming with lust. In a group, they moved into the house, followed by Dupree and Tanya. Tanya paused at the door to wave at Tom, a sadistic smile on her face.

Tom closed his eyes and rested his head on the steering wheel. His mind spun, imagining what was happening, and what was going to happen to his wife. Spurred on by Dupree and his evil blonde assistant, the men would use and degrade Amy without mercy, and she would enjoy it. She would crawl and plead and cum and beg for more.

An image appeared in his mind: Amy on their wedding day, standing in the

church,
radiant and virginal in white, with a brilliant smile on her beautiful innocent face. The image was replaced by that of the groveling slut he had seen her become in the past few days. She probably already had a cock in her mouth, or her pussy, or her ass...or all of them. Finally, the suspense of not knowing got to be too much. Tom got out of the car, slowly, leaving the door cracked, so as not to alert Dupree by the sound of the door slamming. He crept quietly to the house, up to the porch. He peeked in through the window.

He was looking into what was probably going to be the living room or den. The room was unfurnished, with carpet rolls and drop cloths scattered around randomly. The men from the truck were standing around the room, drinking beer from cans. One of the men was in the center of the room, lying on his back on the floor, naked. Amy was squatting over his hips. She was naked as well, her fair skin contrasting with that of the man below her. His big cock was buried deep in her cunt. Her head was thrown back, her long curly brown hair spilling behind her almost to the man's legs, as she moved up and down on the big shaft. Her eyes were closed, and her hands kneaded and pulled roughly at her big tits.

She was moaning and gasping in pleasure. As Tom watched, the man beneath her began fucking up into her cunt harder and faster. She matched him, shoving herself up and down harder on the cock splitting her. Tom couldn't hear her, but he could see her lips moving, and he could make out what she was saying. 'Yes, yes, fuck me'. His hips were a blur of motion and Tom could see Amy's body quivering and trembling, as she reached her orgasm.

The men were laughing and jeering at her, but it only seemed to spur her to ride the cock even harder. Her mouth gaped open and he could hear her screaming, as she came on the stranger's cock that she was fucking. As the man below her reached up, and shoved her hands away, so that he could squeeze and maul her big white tits with his dark hands, she seemed to cum again. Judging from the man's rapid jerky hip movement, he was cuming too. Amy gave a final scream, and collapsed onto him. She lay limply on his chest for a moment, until he rolled her off, so that she landed on her back on the floor.

Amy raised her head and looked at the men around her, spreading her legs in an obscene invitation. She reached between her legs and massaged her pussy, offering it to the crowd. Another man immediately knelt between her legs and shoved himself into her. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, and began fucking him back vigorously, her lush hips pumping against his. In moments, Tom could faintly hear her screaming in orgasm again. The man continued to pound her, and she quickly picked up the rhythm again.

Soon, the man pulled out and moved up over Amy's body, until his prick was in her face. She sucked him into her mouth eagerly, moving her lips up and down his cock. Another man got between her thighs and began pounding her with her legs braced over his shoulders. With her mouth and cunt both filled with cock, it wasn't long before her body was quaking and quivering with another orgasm. The man in her mouth pulled out and began cuming on her panting face, spurting long streams of his jism over her lips and cheeks. Tom saw Amy smile and began rubbing his cum, massaging it into her skin, while she looked up at the stranger who had just cum in her face. She ran her tongue over her lips and made nasty kissing motions up at him. She extended her tongue to lick the last few drops of sperm off his cock.

When she had licked him clean, the man got off her, and she raised her head to look at the man fucking her. Tom couldn't make out the words, but she was clearly begging and pleading to be fucked harder. The man complied until it seemed as if his brutal strokes would pound her straight through the floor. She was matching him stroke for stroke however, her hips moving in short jerks. Her head rolled from side to side in bliss, and her orgasmic cries reached Tom once again. The man fucking her yelled too, as he came in her clutching pussy.

The next man rolled her over onto her hands and knees. He was bigger than the other men, with a larger, thicker cock. Amy's head was facing towards Tom now, but her eyes were closed, as she raised her hips up, offering herself lewdly to the man who knelt behind her. Her hair fell across her face, but Tom could see her grimace of pain, as he forced his way into her cunt. In moments however, it was replaced by a slack-jawed look of sheer pleasure, as he began fucking her.

Tom could see her lips moving. 'I love it.' she seemed to be saying, 'I love it...it's so big.' The man raised his big hand and smacked her on her ass cheek hard. She cried out, but she began thrusting back harder against him. He struck her again, and again. She began sobbing with pain and ecstasy, while he spanked her rapidly pumping ass. He picked up speed, slamming into her over and over like a pile driver. Her mouth gaped soundlessly, she was cuming too hard to even scream now. The orgasms shook her body over and over, the sweat and tears running down her face to join the sperm already glistening there.

Tom saw the hulking figure of Marcus Dupree walk over to Amy. He bent down and grabbed her by the hair, pulling her head up, as he bent down to say something to her. Her eyes widened in fear, and she shook her head no, looking up at him miserably. He shook her roughly by the hair, and spoke more insistently. She was crying now, but she looked back over her shoulder and said something to the man fucking her. A grin split his dark face, as he slowly pulled out. He moved up slightly. Tom could tell she was about to be fucked in the ass. He reached down and began stroking his cock.

The man behind Amy began pressing forward, and Amy's back arched in agony. She screamed in pain, and Dupree slapped her in the face. She looked up at the black pimp, begging and pleading for mercy. Her reward was another harsh slap, which brought a gale of laughter from the men. The man behind Amy was relentless, moving his hips in short, brutal strokes, as he worked his huge cock into her unlubed ass. She collapsed forwards on her elbows, sobbing, but Dupree yanked her back up by her hair and shouted something at her. She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth, trying to endure the pain, but she couldn't escape.

Finally, the man was all the way inside of her, and began fucking her with long hard strokes. Amy shrieked each time the man forced himself into her, her eyes open and unseeing in her agony. Soon though, she began to respond. Her screams turned to short cries, then to grunts of pleasure as her obscenely

stretched ass hole accustomed itself to the cock that ravaged her. She began to move back against him, grinding her hips in a circular motion. Her eyes were open again, glazed with lust this time. She had reached the plateau where pleasure and pain were indistinguishable, and her body quivered in what appeared to be constant orgasm.

Another man moved in and laid on the floor on his back in front of her, his cock sticking straight up in the air. Amy moved forwards, the man behind her moving with her awkwardly, and slid her cunt down on his cock. With both her pussy and ass stuffed full of dick, Amy went wild, bucking and twisting, her hair whipping around her face as she fucked the two men like a wild animal. Her cries blended with those of the two Mexicans, as they all came together.

As soon as they pulled out, two more men took their place, the two older men who had been sitting up front. They made Amy kneel in front of them. She sucked both their cocks, alternating between them, one in her mouth, one in her hand. Then men were rough with her, slapping her face with their cocks and pulling her hair viciously. Amy took the punishment and continued pleasuring them, sucking each cock down to the root. Then one of the men lay down on his back. Smiling sluttishly, Amy straddled him, her face lighting up with pleasure as he slid up into her. The other man took up position behind her, forcing his cock into her now well-stretched ass. Again, Amy seemed to go insane with pleasure, writhing and squirming on the double pronged invasion, crying and sobbing with orgasmic bliss.

When they were done, they pulled out of Amy's violated body and left her lying there on the floor, half conscious. Tom realized that all the men had gotten off with his wife, that this "job" was over. He ran back to the car and got in the driver's seat, so that his wife's pimp wouldn't know that he had been watching. His hard-on throbbed in his pants, unsatisfied.

In a few minutes Amy came out, between Dupree and Tanya. She was staggering like a drunk. Her hair was tangled and disheveled, and the workshirt that she wore tied under her breasts was torn and soiled. When they got to the car, it was Tanya who got in front with Tom. Amy and Dupree climbed into the back.

Tanya smiled brightly at Tom. "That was great." she said, as he started the car. "Your wife fucked like a total slut Tom. She drained all those dicks. If they hadn't had to go back to work, she'd have fucked and sucked them all afternoon."

"I jus' wish we'd had the video camera," Dupree said.

"Next time," Tanya promised. "Oh, by the way Tom," she said, "I know that you were watching."

Tom felt his blood go cold. "I don't..I mean..."

"What?" Dupree said. "I thought I tole you..."

"You did Daddy," Tanya purred. "But Tom here just couldn't resist. I saw him standing in the window. He just couldn't help watching his wife getting fucked. Look, his dick is still hard." She dropped her hand into his lap and squeezed brutally. Tom yelped, and almost drove off the road.

"Damn!" Dupree said, "Don't make us have an accident bitch!"

"Sorry Daddy," Tanya said, "but I think that Tom needs to be punished." she smiled and added, "And I have an idea just how to do it."

Part 7

"So Tommy-boy," Marcus Dupree said, "which tape do you think we should mail out? And to who?"

"Please Daddy," Amy begged, "please don't ... I swear I'll be good."

She was kneeling at Dupree's feet, her arms wrapped around his legs, tears

running down her beautiful face.

Dupree ran a hand through Amy's hair in a parody of tenderness, as he said, "I know you have bitch, but Tommy has disobeyed my orders. He watched you with those Mexicans, when I tole him to stay in the car. So now he's got to pay the price. I tole you what I'd do if either of you got out of line. I tole you I'd send out the tapes that I made. An' I always do what I say I'm gonna do, you know that." Amy began weeping even harder. "So who's it gonna be, Tom? Who do you want be watching your wife get fucked? Your partner? Amy's parents? You better choose Tom, `fore I do it for you."

Tom's brain raced madly in circles. The tapes that Dupree and his friends had made of his wife, showed her eagerly sucking and fucking men, women, and even a dog. And worse yet, they all featured her talking about how much better the fucking that she was getting was, than anything Tom had ever given her. They featured her graphically describing, even laughing at, Tom's small penis. The thought of anyone at the police station seeing those, was more than Tom could stand. And Tom knew that Amy's strait-laced, religious father might very well have a heart attack, if he saw his daughter being defiled, and begging for more. Who could he pick, who would do the least damage.

"Her sister!" Tom said, "Send one to Amy's sister."

Amy's head snapped up to look at Tom, her mouth open in shock. "No!" she exclaimed, "You can't!"

Amy's older sister Holly had always lorded over her younger sibling. Holly had been the head cheerleader, the valedictorian of her senior class, a straight-A student in college, and was now married to a successful heart surgeon. She had never missed an opportunity to make Amy feel like a second class citizen. And now she would be the one to whom Amy's degradation would be revealed. But it was better than any other person that Tom could think of, at least for him.

"You BASTARD!" Amy screamed, "You son of a BITCH!"

She attempted to jump up and launch herself at Tom, but Dupree grabbed her hair and pulled her back. "Please Daddy," she pleaded, as she looked up at him, "Not her, not my sister, send it to his buddies at the police station, let them know what a wimp he is, but please, not my sister."

Dupree grinned maliciously. "Naw," he said, "I like Tommy's idea. There might be one of his cop buddies that might decide to do somethin' about me whorin' you out. No, I think yo' sister might be just the ticket. `Sides, she may even decide to come and get some of what her sister's been enjoyin' so much."

There was little chance of that, Tom knew. Holly was the ultimate Ice Princess, a slim blonde with a supercilious attitude. Tom had never even seen her hold hands with her husband, other than at her wedding.

"God, I hate you Tom." Amy hissed at him, "You picked my sister because you couldn't stand to be humiliated in front of your buddies. So you decided to humiliate me instead. I'll never forgive you for this Tom. Never! You're so goddamn WEAK."

And that, Tom realized too late, was the essence of Dupree's punishment. Dupree knew Tom's weaknesses. He knew that he would do anything to avoid a bad image with his friends, and in avoiding it, Tom would make his formerly loving wife hate him even more. He hung his head and sobbed brokenly.

"Come on, get up bitch." Dupree said to Amy, "Tom may have time to lay there blubberin', but you got to get to work."

She cried out as he pulled her to her feet by her hair. He dragged her to the bedroom. Tanya, Dupree's blonde assistant and whore-trainer, got up from the couch and followed them, with a smirk on her face. "We've got another little surprise for you Tommy," she whispered, as she disappeared into the bedroom.

After a few minutes, Tanya came back out. "We were going through your closet Tommy," she said, "and look what we found. Some of your old clothes."

She clapped her hands commandingly, and Amy came out of the bedroom. Dupree and his assistant had dressed her up in one of Tom's old uniforms, from his early days as a beat cop. His patrolman's hat was perched jauntily on her head, her thick curly brown hair sticking out from under it. His dark-blue uniform shirt was stretched tightly across her big tits, so tightly that Tom could clearly see her nipples. Even the areolas were clearly defined against the strained fabric. From the waist down, she wore only a sheer black silk thong, and a pair of 5 inch heels. Tom's gun belt hung around her waist, his handcuffs and nightstick dangling from it.

"Looks good, don't she Tommy-boy?" Marcus grinned, as he followed Amy into the living room. "She's gonna make a big hit at the party tonight. We got some guests that'll really appreciate it. You even know some of`em." He then ticked the names off on his fingers, "You remember Jermaine Riley, don't ya? And Antonio Jones? And I know you remember Cleotis Jackson, Manuel Ortiz, and Big Otis Gaines."

Tom racked his brain for a moment. Then the import of the names came rushing back to him. Dupree saw the look on Tom's face. He threw back his head back and roared with laughter. "That's right, Tommy-boy," he said. "They're all men that you arrested and sent to the joint. I found ten of`em. Its gonna be a reg'lar class reunion, with yo' wife as the entertainment."

"Oh God!" Amy whimpered, "Please... don't let them..."

Dupree winked at her. "Don' worry bitch," he said, "I tol'`em they couldn't kill you. Or cut nothin' off. Don' want my merchandise spoiled. But other'n that..." He laughed again. "You might get banged up a little." He grinned at Tom. "Specially when they see her in yo' cop uniform. It's gonna remind`em of the bad old times."

Tom started towards him, but suddenly Dupree had a gun in his hand. The smile was gone. "Now don't do nothin' stupid, Tommy-Boy." he said, "She's gonna get fucked, whether you're alive, or you're dead." as he stood up, he commanded, "Time to go."

This time it was Tom in the back seat, with Tanya holding the gun on him, while Dupree sat up front with Amy. They had no sooner pulled out of the driveway, when Dupree turned to her and said, "We better get you warmed up. Take out my dick and suck it while we drive."

"Yes Daddy." Amy whispered.

She ducked her head down below the level of the seat. Tom couldn't see what she was doing, but he heard the soft hiss of a zipper going down. Then he heard the soft slurping and sucking sounds, and Dupree's grunts of pleasure.

"Yaaah." he sighed softly, "Thass right...suck it good, bitch."

Tom looked out the window, so he didn't have to catch Dupree's smirk reflected in the rearview mirror, but he couldn't escape the sound of Amy's soft moaning, as she serviced him.

"Listen to her Tom," Tanya whispered, seeming to delight in torturing him, "She really does love sucking cock, now that she's learned what real a cock is." She then reached over and dipped her hand between his legs. "And you certainly love listening to it, don't you? That's why your little dick is as hard as a rock."

"Shut up!" Tom screamed at her in his mind, but he kept silent. Tanya massaged his dick slowly, still smiling. Tom gritted his teeth, to keep from making any sound that would let her, as well as Marcus and his wife, know how good it felt. But the combination of her expert stroking, and the sounds coming from up front, were driving him out of his mind. Finally, he couldn't contain himself any more, and his hips began squirming.

The evil blonde chuckled deep in her throat, and took her hand away. "No Tommy." she whispered, "Not yet. Not before the big show tonight."

They drove through the streets for a long time. The houses and businesses

became shabbier, and the faces of the people hanging out on the streets went from all-white, to mixed, to black. Young men hanging out idly on the corners gave the car a hard look, as they drove past. Finally, they pulled up in the parking lot of a small dilapidated building. The asphalt of the lot was broken and dotted with potholes, and some of the windows had been boarded up. The few intact ones were painted black. Loud pounding rap music was coming from inside.

Dupree made no move to get out. "Jes' a second," he grunted, "let Amy finish me off." He dropped his hands from the wheel to Amy's head, which of course was in his lap. She squealed softly in pain, as he yanked her hair. "C'mon, slut," he grated, "the boys are waitin'."

Tom heard the sucking and slurping double in intensity, along with Amy's moaning. A few moments later, Marcus was grunting his climax, the animalistic sounds ending with a long sigh of pleasure. When he was done, Amy sat up. She put the policeman's hat back on her head as they got out. Tanya and Tom climbed out of the back.

"Now," Tanya said, "we need to make sure that Tom doesn't misbehave again, and whack that little dick of his without permission." She took a pair of handcuffs out of her back pocket and said, "Put these on him, won't you Amy?"

Tom looked at his wife. Her eyes were smoky with that look of lust that he had come to know and hate. There was a light sheen on her lips, that Tom knew was the last remnants of Dupree's cum. She licked it off her lips in a slow sensuous motion. As she walked over to him, he could see that the crotch of her thong was damp with excitement. "I hope you enjoy this," she whispered savagely, as she cuffed his hands behind his back.

"I see that you already are!" he shot back. She didn't answer him, but her hands on his wrists were shaking.

They marched over to the heavy iron door of the old building. Dupree pounded on the door heavily with his huge hand, trying to be heard over the pounding of the music. After a moment, the sound of clicking, as several heavy locks

were opened, was heard, and the door swung open wide.

A short stocky black man stood in the doorway, holding a beer in one hand, and a smoking joint, which dangled from his lips. His hair was styled in tight cornrows, and his eyes were bloodshot from the beer and weed. He nodded to Dupree, and asked laconically, "S'up?" Then he looked at Amy, and his eyes widened. His face split into a grin, as he exclaimed, "Dayum!" He looked at Tom, who was still standing behind the others. "Hey Officer Barkley," he said, with a malicious gleam in his eye, "you remember me, don't you?"

Tom nodded dumbly. He had arrested Antonio Jones years before on charges of repeatedly raping and sodomizing a twelve year old girl. The girl had been so traumatized, that she was unable to speak, so the only evidence of Jones' guilt, had been circumstantial. He was allowed to plead to a lesser charge, and consequently was out of prison after only five years.

Jones took the joint out of his mouth, and said, "I'm looking forward to doin' to yo' wife, ever'thing that I done to that little white bitch. `An' a few other things too." Tanya dug the gun into Tom's back, keeping him from reacting.

Jones turned and walked back into the darkness behind him. They followed him down a short hallway. The music became deafening, as they walked into a large open room. There was a bar along one wall, with liquor bottles behind it. Along the opposite wall from the bar, was a low crude wooden stage, with what looked like a fire pole rising out of the center, and a DJ booth at one end. The air was thick with the stench of pot smoke and beer. A motley assortment of flimsy tables with mismatched chairs, was scattered throughout the room. There were a dozen or more men seated at the tables, or standing around with beers or hard drinks in their hands.

They all turned to look at the entourage coming through the door. When they saw Amy, a ragged whoop went up. It was an ugly sound, the sound of a pack sighting its prey. Amy turned and tried to run. Tom could see the panic in her eyes. Dupree grabbed her by the back of the neck, and easily tossed her, like a

rag doll, into the center of the room, where she was caught by a laughing fat man, who appeared to be Hispanic. The man pinned her arms to her sides, then pulled her back against him. He planted a sloppy kiss on her neck, and then flung her into the arms of a tall skinny black man, with a scarred face. She was weeping, her face streaked with tears.

"HOLD ON!" Dupree shouted, and someone turned the music down.

"Now come on brothers," Dupree asked, "this ain't no way to treat a guest, now is it?" He walked over to where Amy was sagged down in the scarred man's grasp. "Somebody get this lady a drink and a smoke." he said.

Tanya guided Tom over to a chair, and sat him down, as Antonio Jones stepped over to Amy.

"Hol' her up, Jermaine." he told the man holding her.

The man pulled her upright. Jones reached up and adjusted the patrolman's hat, which had fallen askew on her head. Then he flipped the joint around, and put the lit end in his mouth. He leaned over into Amy's face.

"Pucker up." Jermaine said, "Like you was givin' a kiss. Then suck the smoke in."

"I never..." Amy started to protest, but Jermaine shook her and said, "DO IT cunt!"

Tom made as if to get up, but Tanya poked the gun into the base of his neck. "Don't try anything Tommy," she said, "or you'll miss the show. Now here, let's make sure that you don't get into any mischief."

First she undid the cuffs around Tom's wrists, refastening them, so that he was shackled to the chair, with his hands still behind him.

As Jones blew a long stream of smoke into Amy's face, she puckered up and

inhaled. After only a moment, she was racked with a paroxysm of coughing, which sent the men gathering round her into hysterical laughter.

"Again!" Dupree ordered.

Jones passed the joint to the fat Hispanic, who blew her another shotgun.

"Now hol' it in." the first man demanded.

Amy held the smoke in, her eyes bulging, until her face turned red, and she blew it out.

"Do it again Manuel." Dupree said.

Grinning, Manuel complied. This time Amy seemed to be getting the hang of it. When she blew the smoke out, Tom could see that her eyes were beginning to glaze over, this time from the pot. Someone shoved a beer into her hand, and she drank deeply.

"Now," Dupree said, "less see the bitch dance."

She stumbled slightly as he led her over to the stage. Someone turned the music back up, and switched on the stage lights. The stage was bathed in red and yellow lights. A rap song with a heavy beat came on, an old one by DMX.

"It's all good, It's all right,
fuck all day, fuck all night..."

Amy stood on the stage, dressed in Tom's old police hat, belt, and uniform shirt up top, and only a tiny little black sheer thong and high heels down below. She looked up terrified at Dupree.

"I said DANCE bitch!" Dupree yelled, as the other men took up the chant, "Dance! Dance! Dance!"

Amy closed her eyes and began moving her hips slowly, her arms crossed across her chest. The men continued to yell at her.

"C'mon you white bitch!" "Work it!" "This ain't the senior prom!"

As their shouts became more insistent, Tom could see that her dancing became sexier. The throbbing beat and heavily sexual lyrics, combined with the pot and the beer that had been forced upon her, were obviously beginning to get to her. She began moving more sensually, running her hands over her lush body, her tongue running over her lips. She put her hands behind her head, and thrust her hips in short, sharp motions, as if she were being fucked while she stood there. The movement made cuffs on her belt jingle. The men were cheering now, and that seemed to egg her on even more. She opened her eyes, and looked into the crowd, making eye contact with individual men. Her hands came up and cup-

ped her tits outside of the uniform, squeezing and rolling them, until her nipples stood out firmly under the fabric.

She toyed with the top button, looking coyly at them, until they began shouting at her to "take it off!" Then, with a violent motion, she ripped the blouse open. A huge cheer went up, as her big naked tits spilled free. She played with her naked breasts for a moment, rubbing her nipples, to make them even harder and more erect.

"Ha!" Tanya grunted, "Look at that little bitch go. What a fucking slut."

Amy sashayed over to the pole in the center of the stage, and began rubbing sensuously up against it, up and down, up and down. She threw her head back, her legs on either side of the pole, and rubbed her panty clad pussy against it, as the men continued to whoop and holler. She left the pole, and turned back to face the men. She slowly slid the nightstick on her belt out of its sheath, and held it up to her lips. The cheers redoubled, as she began running her tongue up and down the long black baton, and then slipped her lips over the end of the handle, as if she were sucking a cock.

But when she slid her free hand down inside of her panties, and began stroking her pussy, the men's control broke. As one, they poured onto the stage. Amy yelped in surprise, and the patrolman's hat slipped off of her head, as she was seized and dragged off of the stage, back down onto the floor. She was forced onto her knees, as the men encircled her, unzipping their pants. She was surrounded by black and brown cocks, poking and thrusting at her from all directions.

She opened her mouth, and slid her lips down over the enormous black cock of the man standing directly in front of her. She reached up and wrapped her hands around two more, stroking them slowly, as she sucked on the one in her mouth. The men not being pleased, mauled her body savagely, their dark hands were all over her tits and ass. Periodically, one of the men would jerk her by her hair, to force her to change from one cock to another.

She seemed past the point of caring, as she sucked and slurped greedily at whichever cock was before her. When all of the men had had a turn at her mouth, she was jerked up to her feet. Someone ripped the thong panties away from her body, and threw them aside. She was shoved over roughly, her arms pinned behind her, with her big tits dangling and swinging beneath her. One man took the cuffs off of the belt at her waist, and bound her hands behind her. Antonio Jones stepped up behind her, and began forcing himself into her.

"AAAAHHHHHHH!" Amy cried out in both pain and pleasure, as the huge prick violated her cunt.

Jones her grabbed her thick curly brown hair, and yanked her head up. As soon as he did, another man was in front of her, forcing his dick into her mouth. The two men began slamming her helpless body back and forth between them brutally, like a rag doll, fucking her mouth and cunt with deep, pile driver like strokes. Her cries of pain were muffled and gagged by the huge invader in her mouth, but Tom could tell when they began to transform into the by now familiar muffled groans of her animalistic pleasure, followed shortly by the spasmodic grunts of her having an orgasm.

"Oh look at your wife Tom." Tanya cooed in his ear, "Look at how much she loves it." Her hand stealing down to his crotch, and began toying with his zipper. Slowly she worked it down, and then her hand was inside of his pants, pulling his cock out. It was rock hard and throbbing. As she began stroking it with her skilled fingers, he couldn't repress his own groans of pleasure. A few of the men standing around, waiting their turn at Amy noticed. They began laughing and pointing at him.

"Sheee-it man!" one of them jeered, "Is that all of the dick that you got to give to this lil' slut?"

"I know," Tanya grinned, "pathetic, isn't it?" She sped up her stroking, until he was gasping and squirming against his bonds. His eyes were locked on the sight of his wife's brutal ravishment. He was right on the verge of cuming, when Tanya abruptly took her hand away, and he cried out in frustration.

"Oh no Tommy," she said, "you're being punished, remember?"

"Please." he begged, "Please."

She kissed him lightly on his ear and said giggling, "Now don't go anywhere."

She walked over, and knelt down by Amy, smiling up at the men fucking her. "Check this out boys." she announced, and reached up to where Amy's tits were swinging, below her doubly impaled body. She cupped one tit and massaged it gently. Then she grabbed it, and twisted it savagely. Amy shrieked in pain, and as she did, Jones grunted in surprised pleasure.

"Damn!" he said, "That bitch tightened up like she were a little girl, when you did that!"

"Yeah, she's a real pain-slut. Isn't that right Amy?" Tanya advised them.

Amy's only response was a moan of fear. Tanya twisted her tit again, wrenching another muffled shriek from around the cock sawing in and out of her mouth.

"Ahhhhhhhhh!" Jones groaned, as the spasmodic twitching of Amy's cunt set off his

climax. Tanya continued to torture Amy's tits, as he pounded her savagely, grunting with each spasm of cum blasting into her womb. She was obviously cuming too, her body quivering and shaking from her own orgasm. The man in her mouth pulled out, and began pumping his dick with his hand.

"Oh GOD!" Amy cried out, "Yesss...yesss....cum for me. Drown me in it. Cum on meee!"

She stuck out her tongue at the same moment that he yelled that he was cuming. The first spurts of his jism coated her tongue and lips. "Ahhh... ahhh...." Amy groaned, as the man continued ejaculating, his sperm splashing onto her panting face, and into her hair.

Their climaxes complete, both men pulled away from her, causing her to collapse onto her knees. Drops of cum glistened on her flushed face, and she extended her tongue to lick the cum off of her lips. Tanya knelt beside her grinning, and scooped up some more with her finger. She extended the finger to Amy's mouth, as the tormented wife moaned and licked delicately at the finger, before sliding it into her mouth.

Tanya laughed delightedly, as she looked over at Tom and said, "Just when I think that this little whore can't get any nastier, she always does." and winked at him. She reached out and picked up the patrolman's hat that was lying on the ground nearby, and put it back on Amy's head.

"Please." Amy groaned, as she crouched helplessly on her knees, unable to rise with her hands bound behind her. "Please, somebody fuck me. Who's going to fuck me like a real man, and make me cum again?" knowing that her words would cut into her husband like a knife.

A grinning black man sauntered over, and lay on his back a few feet away, and sneered, "Why don't you come over here and get you some, slut?"

Tom recognized Big Otis Gaines, a brutal pimp, whom Tom had put away for nearly beating one of his whores to death. As he pulled down his pants, Tom realized why he was known as Big Otis. His cock was enormous, even bigger than Dupree's.

"Oh my God!" Amy gaped, and began crawling towards him, awkwardly shuffling across the floor.

Gaines said, as he lazily stroked his massive shaft with his hand, "It ain't the first time that a white bitch has crawled on her knees for this, but I ain't never seen one crawling on her knees for it, in front o' her husband!"

That sent the men into gales of laughter. As Amy got closer, Gaines sat up and grabbed her. He pulled her down on top of him, her knees on either side of his hips. Tom could see his cock rubbing against her pussy. She squirmed against him, trying to force the big shaft into her cunt, but with her hands still shackled behind her, she couldn't help put it into her pussy.

"Ohhhh!" she groaned, "Please...please put it in me."

"You want it, huh slut? You want Otis' big dick inside o' you?"

"Oh yes, please. I'm begging for it. I need it. I need a cock inside of me."

He reached down and positioned his cock to the entrance to her cunt. She gasped as the massive head stretched her already abused and stretched out pussy lips. Then she was screaming, as he thrust up into her, shoving half of his cock into her cunt in one stroke.

"AAAAAAAHAH!" she cried out in obvious pain, "OH GOD! STOP! IT'S TOO BIIIG!"

Gaines just reached up and slapped her across her face hard. "Shut up, whore!" he snapped, "Jes' shut up and take it!"

Amy bowed her head, weeping. Her tears dripped onto his chest, as she squirmed her hips, trying to get away. "I CAAAN'T!" she cried, "It's too AAAAAAUGH!" she screamed again, as another thrust buried another inch of his thick cock into her. Then she was subjected to another and another thrust, with each thrust wrenching another scream from her contorted lips, as Otis kept at it, until finally, he was buried inside of her to the hilt.

He let her rest there for a moment, as she panted like a long distance runner, her breath coming in short gasps and sobs. Then Tom saw her hips begin to squirm again, but this time out of pleasure. She whimpered, as the feel of the gigantic cock inside of her gradually overwhelmed her senses. Then she was moving, writhing and twisting on the shaft impaling her. Gaines grabbed her hips, and began fucking up into her by now well stretched pussy. She was screaming again, but this time it was in pleasure, as she rode that huge cock.

"YES! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK ME!" she chanted, her head thrown back, and her eyes closed in ecstasy, as she strained towards another orgasm.

Another man took up a position behind her, and started force feeding his cock in between her buttocks. Her eyes opened in surprise, and then narrowed with passion, as she looked back over her shoulder.

"Yessss," she hissed, "fuck my ass. Split your whore's ass wide open."

He pushed forward and she cried out, "YES! YES! HARDER! FUCK ME!" as the man shoved himself in to the hilt, inside of her tight ass hole. She began cuming again, her hips jerking and thrusting uncontrollably. The two men began fucking her in unison, buffeting her helpless, bound body between them.

Meanwhile, Tanya had seated herself on the floor next to Tom's chair. Periodically, she would reach out to lightly run a finger over his exposed cock, or give it a few quick strokes. She continued however, to deny him of

his orgasm. Tom was in agony, his cock throbbing and in pain, from having to watch his beautiful, and formerly innocent wife, being gang fucked, while Tanya continued tormenting him, by making sure that he stayed in a fully erect condition, but not allowing him his release.

Amy seemed to be in state of almost constant climax, screaming and cursing and sobbing with joy. "Someone put a cock in my mouth." she begged, and within moments, her wish was granted by Manuel, the fat Hispanic. She slurped and sucked noisily on his thick cock, her eyes closed in bliss as she nursed from the obscene prick. The men fucking her down below began cuming, their shouts blending with the sounds of her sucking, and her own grunts of climax. Moments later, the man in her mouth was cuming too. She swallowed as fast as she could, but some of the cum still dribbled down her chin.

When those three men were done with her, three more took their place, fucking her in the ass, mouth and cunt simultaneously. They rode her hard through another series of writhing screaming climaxes. She was then thrown face down over a table, and sodomized brutally, while another yet man fucked her mouth. Then they freed her hands, but only so that she could kneel in the circle, and service the men with her mouth and hands again. After that, they put her spread eagled on the bar, and took turns fucking her mouth and cunt at the same time.

All the while that Amy was being used, Tanya continued to torment Tom, stroking his cock to the edge of a climax, but refusing to let him cum. He begged and pleaded, and even cursed at her. He promised her anything, if he could just cum, but she just smiled and shook her head 'no'. The men laughed and jeered at him, telling him that a little dick like that didn't deserve to cum. Then they went back to fucking his wife.

Finally, all of the men had fucked her several times, and couldn't get their cocks hard enough to penetrate again. She was laying there half conscious on the bar, like a broken doll, her legs spread obscenely wide apart. Tom could see the cum leaking out of her well used cunt and ass, puddling beneath her on the top of the bar.

Dupree sauntered over to him, clutching a fat wad of bills in one big hand, and said with smug satisfaction, "Yep, yo' wife is a good little moneymaker, Tommy Boy."

Tom gritted his teeth. He wasn't going to give Dupree the satisfaction of a reply. It was hard enough for him to maintain any dignity, but with his tiny cock sticking straight out, exposed, in front of him it was impossible. Tanya knelt beside him again, and placed a hand on his thigh. "Poor Tommy," she said, "I think he's been punished enough, don't you Daddy?"

"Yeah," Marcus said grudgingly, "I reckon you can let him get off now."

Tom looked at Tanya, his eyes filled with frustrated agony. "Please," he whispered, "Please, he said you could get me off. Please."

"Me?" Tanya said with exaggerated outrage, "I'm not making that pathetic little prick cum! I only fuck real men Tommy." She then stood up and clapped her hands. "Amy!" she barked, "You have another customer!"

Amy sat up slowly. Tom could see her face, streaked with a mixture of cum, sweat and tears. Her heavy mascara was streaked around her eyes, like the mask of a raccoon. He looked in her eyes, and saw nothing there. She looked like a zombie, her mind had been totally broken by the degradation to which she had just been subjected to.

She climbed off of the bar, and walked slowly over to where Tom sat, cuffed to the chair. "On your knees bitch!" Tanya ordered, and she knelt obediently. Her eyes showed no recognition that she was even kneeling before her own husband. He was simply another cock for her to service.

"Hol' on a second." Dupree said, "I said he could get off. I din't say he could get off for free."

Tom closed his eyes. "Just tell me," he whimpered, "tell me what you want."

"Hows `bout that Beemer of yours?" Dupree said, "It only seems fair, since it was bought with my money."

Tom shook his head no, but Tanya was there whispering in his ear. "Come on, Tommy," she said, "I know how bad you want to get off, and you know how good she can suck a cock, now that she's been taught how to do it properly, and has had lots of practice doing it. Imagine that warm, wet mouth of her's wrapped around your cock, taking you in, all of the way."

"Okay!" Tom said, "Okay...take it, I don't care anymore." he opened his eyes to see Dupree standing in front of him, with an official looking document on a clipboard. It was the title certificate for the BMW. Tanya freed his hands, and handed him a pen. Tears of shame were spilling down his face, as he signed his car away. Amy continued to kneel on the floor, her head down, her eyes unseeing.

When he was done, Dupree took the clipboard, and said to Amy, "Okay bitch, suck him off."

Tom leaned back in the chair, as Amy leaned forward and plunged her mouth down over his cock, taking him in to the root, in one quick lunge. After Tanya's having teased and denied him release for hours, he began cuming almost immediately, screaming out his climax, as he emptied what seemed like a gallon of his sperm into her wet, sucking mouth. She bobbed her head up and down, her tongue moving expertly against the underside of his cock. Finally, she had sucked the last drop of the cum from his spasming cock, and pulled her head back. She smiled up at him with the false professional smile of a well trained whore, and said, "Thanks baby. I hope you liked it."

Tom hung his head in shame and defeat. "Can we just go now?" he mumbled.

"Sure," Dupree said, "Amy needs to rest up. We be filmin' tomorrow, and she needs to look her best."

"Filming?" Tom asked, "What do you mean?"

"Amy's lil' tapes are selling like hot cakes." Dupree explained. "She practically be a movie star."

"You're...you're SELLING them?" Tom asked incredulously.

"All over the Internet Tom." Tanya broke in, "She's even got her own website now."

"Come on slut." Dupree called out to Amy, "We can't keep those fans waitin'."

Part 8

"Wake up, bitch!" Marcus Dupree's rough voice said, raising Amy from her slumber.

She opened her eyes to see him standing beside the bed, with his usual evil smile on his black face. She closed her eyes again. 'Dear God,' she thought, 'will this nightmare never end?' A sharp slap across her face caused her to open her eyes again in shock. The slap had been delivered by Tanya, the sadistic blonde who Marcus referred to as his "ho' trainer."

"Daddy Marcus said wake up, you lazy cunt! Now get up!" she snarled.

Painfully, Amy sat up. She was naked, as always. She was only allowed to wear clothes now, if Dupree decided to allow her to, and even then, it was usually embarrassingly skimpy clothing, with an ulterior motive for allowing her to wear anything. Her entire body was sore and aching from the rough gang-bang that she had endured just the night before. Her pussy and ass had been rubbed raw by the dozen or more big cocks that had been thrust repeatedly into her helpless body. Even her mouth was sore from having been forced to suck off the

dozen thugs that Marcus had recruited to use and abuse her in front of her husband.

Her husband. God, how she hated him now. It had been his stealing from this despicable man, that had set the wheels of revenge in motion, a revenge that Dupree was taking out on her body, by repeatedly raping her, or having her raped, and turning her out as his whore. And the worst part of it was, that she had come to love it, and to need it. She shuddered, as she remembered the multiple orgasms that she had experienced the night before, climax after climax, had been forced from her traitorous body, as she sweated and groaned and begged for more of the same.

All her life, Amy had thought of herself as a good girl. She had even been a virgin when she had married Tom. She had always done what her strait-laced mother called "her wifely duties" in his bed. She had accepted the fact of his small prick, because she had never had anything to compare it to. But she had never allowed him much beyond the straight missionary position, and in the dark at that.

Now, in the space of a few short days, all of that had changed. She had been fucked by multiple partners, most of them black or Latino. She had sucked many cocks for the first time in her life. She had eaten pussies, and taken Tanya's big black strap-on dildo into her ass and cunt. She had even been fucked by a Great Dane, while Dupree caught her degradation on videotape. And no matter how perverted or embarrassing the sex act was, she had cum, over and over, like she never had in all of her years of marriage. Even now, as the memories of the past few days whirled through her mind like a kaleidoscope, she could feel herself becoming aroused. She felt the now familiar dampness between her legs, the stiffening of her nipples, and the flush of excitement on her skin.

"Look at this little slut!" Dupree said, "She just woke up, and she's already pantin' for it."

"Good!" Tanya said.

She reached over and grabbed Amy's wrists. She pulled them above her head, and fastened them into the padded leather cuffs, that had been permanently affixed there. Amy moaned in fear, and tugged uselessly at her cuffs. Tanya stepped back and looked at her watch. "Almost time." she said.

"T...time for what?" Amy whispered fearfully.

"Showtime, Amy-slut!" Tanya said, as she stepped aside to reveal the camera mounted on a tripod by the bed. "You're on live in three minutes."

"What do you mean?" Amy asked, "What are you going to do?"

Dupree ginned, and put his arm around Tanya. "Tanya knows all about this Internet stuff." he said with pride, "She set us up a site, where fellas'll pay good money to watch you get fucked. Some of 'em even send in suggestions for special shows."

"Oh God!" Amy exclaimed, "Please...don't. I'll whore for you, you know I will, but isn't that enough? Does everyone have to know?"

"Not everyone." Tanya said, as she picked up a red ball gag, "Just everyone with a credit card and a stiff dick. Your husband was one of our first members."

Tears of shame spilled down Amy's face. Her husband had been present at her first rape by Dupree and his sadistic friends. He had watched every minute of it, and he had loved it almost as much as she had. Now he was a willing partner in her whoredom.

"Open wide Amy-slut." Tanya ordered.

She didn't dare disobey. Tanay could be even more brutal and sadistic than Dupree, and she knew every way there was, to bring agony to the female body. She opened her mouth, and Tanya fastened the ball gag securely in place.

"You're on bitch!" Dupree said.

Amy turned her head to see the red light on the camera by the bed had come on. Tanya sat down on the bed, in view of the camera, and addressed the unseen audience. "Hi guys," she said in a low seductive voice. "Welcome to our first live show with Amy The Slut. We really appreciate all of the e-mails that you've been sending to us, after seeing Amy's videos on this site. Today we've decided to use one of your kinkier ideas. Watch and enjoy."

She turned to Amy with a smile, and began running her hands sensuously over her bound helpless form. Amy whimpered in fear, and growing arousal. She knew that Tanya delighted in inflicting pain, so she highly suspected that the pleasure that she was experiencing now, would very soon turn into real pain. She couldn't help the feelings that the blonde's experienced hands were bringing her. She began to squirm, as Tanya caressed her large tits. The blonde's thumbs gently stroked her large nipples into full erection, leaving no doubts in the viewers minds that she turned on by what was being done to her. A small moan escaped, but it was muffled by the ball gag.

Tanya laughed, and bent her head down to lick delicately at one nipple, then sucked it gently into her mouth. The nipple popped out fully erect, standing up like a thimble. Tanya began nibbling at it, causing it to stiffen even more. The other nipple hardened in sympathy, and Tanya moved over to that one. She began alternating back and forth, teasing Amy's nipples with her lips, tongue and teeth, until Amy was writhing and moaning with desire.

Tanya looked up and into the camera and said, "Amy's such a horny little cunt." as she slid a hand down Amy's belly, and over her pubic mound. Amy groaned aloud, as Tanya slid a finger into her already dripping pussy. "I think she's ready now." Tanya said, and raising her voice added, "Jock! Come on in!"

Amy saw a tall man, with long stringy blonde hair enter the room. Dark tattoos snaked up both of his arms. Amy thought that Dupree had brought in another of his biker friends in to fuck her on camera. She didn't care who it was. Tanya

had aroused her to the point where she craved to have a cock fucking her, any cock, to put out the fire deep in her belly. Then she saw that Jock was carrying a small leather case. He sat down on the bed, on the other side from her, and opened the case. Amy looked at the contents, and squealed in fear around her gag. The case was filled with long wicked looking silver needles. There was also a small alcohol burner, and a pair of silver rings.

"No!" she thought, "Oh god no, please."

"A lot of guys thought you'd look extra slutty with your nipples pierced, Slut Amy." Tanya purred, "What do you think?"

Amy frantically shook her head no, but Tanya just laughed. "Good thing you don't have anything to say about it then."

Jock had set the alcohol burner up on the bedside table, and lit it. He looked at Amy with a sadistic gleam in his eyes, as he picked up one of the needles. He held it in the flame, turning it around slowly. Amy stared at the needle, the fear evident in her facial expression, and whimpered in fear, as it slowly turned bright red, and then white hot in the flame.

"Oh god!" she thought, "He's not even going to use anything to kill the pain." She looked up at him pleading with her eyes, for him to have some mercy. His only response was to grasp her right breast, squeezing her nipple, until it stood out even further. Then, in one quick motion, he shoved the white hot needle all the way through her nipple.

The pain was more intense than anything that she had ever felt before. She was pulling so hard on the cuffs, that she felt like she was going to dislocate her wrists, while shrieking in agony around the gag, her back arched in pain, leaving only her feet and head on the bed, before she collapsed back down, sobbing and soaked in her own sweat. She had nearly fainted from the agony.

As if from very far away, she saw Jock slowly withdraw the needle, sending fresh bolts of pain through her sensitive tits. Quickly, Jock picked up one of

the silver rings, and slid it into the new hole in her nipple, then locking it shut. He took a cotton swab, dipped it in alcohol, and brushed it lightly over her tortured nipple, wrenching another scream from her throat, as the liquid burned her nipple painfully.

"One down, and one to go bitch." Dupree chuckled, as Amy shook her head frantically, "No, no please. No...." she tried to say, but nothing came out, due to the ball gag. "I think she wants to say somethin'" Dupree said. "Take the gag off of her."

Tanya reached down and unbuckled the ball gag. As soon as she pulled it out, Amy was babbling frantically.

"No please! No more! Oh god please! I'll do anything, anything you want." she looked up at Jock, and licked her lips sexily, then continued, "I'll suck you. I'll make it good for you, you can cum right down my throat, or in my pussy. You can have my hot pussy, my ass, take my ass! Anything I'll do anything, just no more please."

The only response was a burst of laughter from the three of them. "You fucking whore!" Tanya said, "How do you think you're paying for these piercings?"

"No." was all Amy could say, "No more...please."

Jock picked up another needle, and roughly grabbed her other tit. He toyed with her for a moment, barely pricking her skin with the hot needle, then pulling away, as she begged for mercy. Then he shoved the needle through her nipple. This time, the pain was so intense, that she did faint. Thank you, god, was her last coherent thought, as darkness claimed her.

When she awoke, the first thing that she was aware of, was the exquisite sensation of a large cock filling her pussy. Her hips were moving and she heard her own voice, in animal-like grunts of lust. She opened her eyes. Jock was fucking her. He had stripped naked, and Amy saw the rings in his own nipples, as well as the tattoos that covered his chest and shoulders. He was fucking

her, hard and fast, his cock slamming into her pussy like a battering ram. Even though she had been unconscious, her traitorous body had responded for her. She felt the pleasure washing over her, the masochistic pleasure that she had come to crave. The pain in her nipples was still there, but it only seemed to intensify the lustful burning in her pussy. Her wrists were still bound, but she wrapped her legs around Jock's slim hips, and began fucking him back more vigorously, her bare feet pounding his naked back to urge him on.

"Oh, so you like that, huh cunt?" he grated down at her.

"Oh god, yesss." she hissed, "I love it. Fuck me...fuck me harder. Make me pay."

There was still some part of her that writhed in shame at the slutty way that she acted, while she was being taken hard, but she couldn't help, nor stop herself from doing it. She had been broken to cocks, and the more roughly that she got fucked, the more that she wanted, and she wanted it rougher and nastier. She gyrated her hips up in circles against him, gasping as the movement rubbed his cock against different places inside her. She raised her head, and licked delicately at Jock's nipples, taking the ring between her teeth and pulling on it gently.

A spasm of joy ran through her, as she heard his groan of pleasure. Just as she wanted, he began pounding her even harder, and she threw her head back onto the pillow, screaming out in delight, as her orgasm washed over her body, which began convulsing. She had never dreamed that climaxes like this were even possible, when she had only been having sex with Tom. She wallowed in hot spasms of lust, groaning and screaming, as he seemed to tear the climax from deep within her belly. He gave her no quarter, and continued to pound her relentlessly.

Amy felt the pressure of another body on the mattress and turned her head. Tanya was there with that ever present evil smile on her face. She reached over and began flicking the ring in Amy's left nipple, back and forth. The motion sent jolts of pain through her still-tender nipple, as the ring moved around

in the fresh wound. The pain weirdly turned into pleasure, deep in her belly. She felt herself rising to another orgasm, when Tanya hooked a finger inside one of her rings.

"How about it, Slut Amy?" she asked in a loud stage whisper. "You want it. You know you do. Admit it." and then gave the ring a slight tug, causing Amy to let out another masochistic groan.

"Oh God!" she pleaded, "Please don't, it hurts."

"But you like it when it hurts, Slut Amy." Tanya insisted, "I taught you that. All you have to do now is ask for it."

Amy closed her eyes and gritted her teeth. If Tanya pulled the nipple ring, it would be pure agony, and she knew it, but god help her, she wanted it. God, she thought, what kind of a sick slut am I, who wants to be hurt. She opened her eyes and looked up at the blonde whore. "Do it." she hissed. "Hurt me... hurt me...HURT ME YOU BITCHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

The scream erupted from her throat, as Tanya pulled up sharply on the ring through her nipple. The pain was excruciating and all consuming, but amazingly, she exploded into yet another orgasm from it. She felt as if her tits were being torn off. Tanya pulled again, almost, but not quite hard enough, to tear the sensitive flesh. Amy screamed louder, and came again, even harder this time. Her pussy tightened spasmodically around Jock's huge hard shaft which was buried inside of her cunt.

The tattooed sadist groaned, as he too began climaxing. He pulled out of her cunt, and levered himself up over her tortured body, positioning himself over her aching tits. She could feel Tanya's hand slide between her wide spread legs. The blonde immediately located Amy's clit, and began stimulating it with her experienced fingers. Jock grunted and stroked his cock, as he spurted jet after jet over Amy's tits and neck and face. Amy stuck out her tongue, trying to reach his cock. He rubbed it over her tongue, and she came again, gushing all over Tanya's fingers, as she tasted his hot jism.

Finally, Jock gave one last shuddering groan, and slid off of her body. He was done. Amy lay there, panting in exhaustion from her orgasms. She turned her face to the camera. She imagined all of those men out there, her husband among them, jerking off to her image. Incredibly, the thought caused her to experience another wave of arousal. She licked her lips sexily, searching for the last few drops of cum that she could reach.

"I hope that you liked it." she said, her voice hoarse and sexy, "I did. I fucking loved it. Thanks for the suggestion."

"Until next time boys." Tanya said.

"Cut!" Dupree said, as the red light on the camera went off.

Part 9

"Friday night." Marcus Dupree said.

"Date night." laughed Tanya sardonically.

Amy looked up from the floor where she was kneeling naked at Tanya's feet. Her eyes filled with fear, but she didn't stop her gentle sensuous licking between Tanya's toes. Tom was slumped in a chair across the room. His eyes were dull and lifeless, but as usual there was a bulge in his pants, from watching his wife's humiliation.

Tanya reached down and grabbed a handful of Amy's thick curly hair. She pulled the girl's head away from her task of foot-worship.

"That's right, Slut Amy." she purred, "Have you forgotten? Master Duke set up a nice date for you, with his friends the Lobos."

"Oh God." Amy moaned, "A motorcycle gang? Please no...No more."

Tanya slapped her across the face hard. "Shut up bitch!" she snarled. "I can't believe that you even try to pretend anymore. You know you love getting gang fucked. We've seen you. Your hubby's seen you." she laughed again, "Half of the Internet has seen you sucking and fucking and begging for more cock. And yet you still act like the shy little innocent bride." She pushed Amy's head back down to her feet. "Now get back to work slut!" she ordered, "I'm tired of your bull shit."

Tears spilled down Amy's face, as she bent back to her work. She licked and sucked at the toes of Dupree's evil blonde assistant. Tanya sighed happily.

"She gettin' pretty good at that?" Dupree asked.

"She knows what's good for her." Tanya said. She reached down and toyed with the rings in Amy's nipples. "She knows she better please me, or I'll whip that ass right off of her."

"Yeah," Dupree said, "but not before the Lobos get their shot at it." and the two of them laughed at the joke.

"How much longer?" Tom asked.

"Well, whaddya know?" Dupree said, "Tommy-Boy ain't lost his voice after all. What was that, Tommy-boy?"

Tom looked up, and repeated his question, "How much more?" his voice breaking up. "Jesus, how many men have you whored her out to? How many tapes of her have you sold? How many shows has she put on? You even took my car. We have to have at least some of the money paid back."

"I don' know," Dupree said. "I'll have to ask my accountant."

He and Tanya laughed. Then Dupree stood up. He walked over to stand over Tom. "You still don't get it, do you Tommy-Boy?" he said softly. "It ain't just the money. You ripped me off mother fucker. An' your sweet little wife over there is gonna be payin' me back for that for as long as I want. An' when I'm done... well, I ain't decided what to do with her yet." Tom put his face in his hands.

There was the sound of a car door slamming outside. Duke, the fat biker who had been one of Amy's original rapists, entered the house. He chuckled at the sight of Amy on her knees licking Tanya's feet.

"Damn." he said, "You got that bitch trained pretty good."

Tanya smiled lazily, and asked, "Do you want to see how well trained she really is?"

Duke looked at his watch, and said, "Hmmm. We ain't got much time."

"Oh, it won't take long." Tanya said, as she grabbed Amy by her hair again, and pulled her head up. "Thee minutes!" she snapped at Amy, "He comes in your throat within three minutes, or your pretty tits have a date with my pliers. I'll really teach you what pain is."

Amy moaned and crawled across the floor to where Duke was grinning, as he unzipped his pants. "Tom," Tanya said, "why don't you keep the time? You've got that nice watch after all."

Tom stared mesmerized, as Duke pulled his enormous cock from his jeans. He looked at his watch. "Starting ... now." Tanya said. Tom looked down at his watch, and then back up at the obscene scene playing out in front of him.

Amy knelt in front of Duke, and sucked the half erect shaft into her mouth. She looked up at him pleadingly, and began working her tongue against the underside of his dick, slurping and sucking noisily on the big cock.

"Damn!" Duke gasped. "She's really has gotten good."

"Mmm-hmmmm." Tanya purred, "Once she got some real men's dicks to work on, and a little motivation. What's the time, Tommy?"

Tom looked at his watch. "One minute." he choked. Amy whimpered and redoubled her efforts. Her fingers gently stroked Duke's hairy balls, which were hanging outside of his jeans. She took her mouth off his dick and licked Duke's balls, pumping his cock desperately with her hand. Duke grunted in pleasure. "Yeah." he whispered down at her. "You gonna have a good time tonight. I showed the Lobos some of your tapes," he grinned, "and they've been lookin' forward to this all week."

"Two minutes." Tom whispered.

A shudder ran through Amy's body as she sucked Duke's fully erect shaft back into her mouth. She groaned and grunted like an animal as her head pistoned rapidly up and down. Duke grunted in pleasure and wrapped his hands into her hair. He began fucking her mouth hard. She sucked like a starving woman, gagging slightly, as he hit the back of her throat.

"Two minutes thirty seconds." Tom said.

After a few more moments, Duke threw his head back and yelled, "Ah, you sweet fuckin' slut!" he groaned, "I can't hold it, she's just too damn good." His hands in her hair tightened, as he cried out in climax. Tom could see Amy's throat working, as she swallowed frantically. After a long moment, he shuddered and turned her loose. She pulled her head away, and looked at Tom beseechingly.

"Three minutes and ten seconds," Tom said.

"Awwww." Tanya said with mock sympathy, "So close. Still, Slut Amy, rules are rules. I guess that you and I have an appointment later."

"You bastard," Amy hissed at Tom. "You could have told her I made it."

"Time to go." Duke said, as he zipped up.

"Wait a minute," Dupree said. "We can't take her out in the car without any clothes on."

"Hmmm." Tanya said, "Maybe Tommy should pick out something for her to wear. Something nice and slutty."

"Good idea." Dupree said, "Bitch, take your hubby in the bedroom and let him pick out somethin' for you to wear. And don't take too long."

Tom followed Amy into their bedroom, his head down. She stood by the bed, not speaking, as he rummaged through her closets. Tanya's instruction to pick out "something slutty" had been another cruel joke. They had thrown out all of Amy's regular clothes and replaced them. Slutty was all she had left. He pulled out a black leather micro-miniskirt and handed it to her.

"Oh yeah," she sneered, "you love seeing me in this one, don't you?"

Tom didn't answer, as he handed her a thin t-shirt. On the front, in large red letters, was the word "WHORE". Amy took it and looked at it. "Don't worry," Tom said bitterly. "It's not like you'll be wearing it very long."

"You're right Tom," she said softly, and then stepped closer, until she could whisper in his ear, "as soon as we get there, I'll be naked. I'll be fucking and sucking total strangers. I don't even know how many, or what they'll make me do. But whatever they ask for, I'll do. Anything Tom, any nasty perverted thing that they can think of, I'll do it, and crawl around on my knees for more. And you know what? I'm already soaking wet just thinking about it. I am a whore Tom. Daddy Marcus' whore, Master Duke's whore, even..." her voice broke, "Mistress Tanya's whore. And it's all because of you. Thank you Tom. Thank you for bringing these people into our lives, so that they could show me what I really am."

She kissed him lightly on the ear, before stepping back and pulling on the T-shirt. It was so tight that Tom could see her nipples and nipple rings clearly through it. Even the word WHORE was distorted.

"Come on Tom," Amy said, "I'm ready to go get fucked."

They took Duke's Suburban. Tom sat up front as Duke drove. Amy sat in the back between Tanya and Marcus. They drove for a long time, out into the country. Finally, they turned down a long dirt road that led through a grove of trees. They came out into a clearing by a small lake. There were motorcycles parked in rows at one edge of the clearing, and several more bikers roaring up and down, the headlights cutting swaths through the darkness. There was a bonfire next to the narrow sandy beach of the lake, with several men standing around drinking.

Duke stopped the truck and got out. Several men began walking over, as Duke walked around to Amy's door and yanked it open. "Here she is boys!" he yelled. At Tanya's whispered command, Amy got out and stood by the truck. Tom could see her trembling. As the group of men drew closer, Tom could see that they were all Black or Hispanic. Many were dressed in battered leathers and jeans. They were all holding bottles of either beer or whiskey. They gathered around Amy in a tight circle. No one spoke for a moment. Amy looked at them helplessly, her eyes wide, the eyes of an animal with no escape.

Finally one of the men spoke. "I guess this is the whore then."

"Hey," one of the other men called out, gesturing at Amy's tight t-shirt.

"Julio can read! Who knew?" There was a roar of laughter."

"This is the one boys." Duke said, "Was I wrong? Ain't she one fine piece of ass?"

"She's all right lookin'," a tall skinny black man with dread locks said, "but how good do she suck dick?"

"Oh, she's a good cock sucker!" Duke said, "Ain't that right, Amy?" Amy looked down and mumbled something at the ground. "I didn't hear you bitch!" Duke said, "Tell them how good a cock sucker you are!"

Amy looked up, tears glistening in her eyes. "Yes," she said. "I'm a g-good cock sucker."

"Shit," a burly Hispanic man said. "I don't think I believe you, puta. I think that maybe we get our money back."

"And you know what'll happen to you if we have to do that." Tanya murmured from inside of the Suburban.

Amy looked panicked. "No!" she said, "Please...let me show you." as she dropped to her knees and looked up at the men around her, licking her lips. "I'll suck you. I'll suck you good. Nice and slow. Nice and deep. Please, please let me show you." Tom reached down to stroke his cock through his pants, as he watched his wife begging to please this group of strangers with her well-trained mouth. The men were grinning now, amused by her eagerness to please. One of them stepped forward and unzipped his jeans. His cock sprung free, fully erect.

"Show me bitch!" he snarled, "Show me that you know how to suck a cock."

"Y..yes sir." Amy answered, her voice quivering.

She began by licking his shaft slowly, running her tongue along the side, looking up at him, to gauge his reactions. He closed his eyes and his breathing quickened.

"I told you that she was good." Duke grinned.

"She's all right." the man said, and then gasped, as Amy slid his whole shaft into her mouth, taking his entire length into her throat in one smooth stroke.

The other men laughed, as the first man's nonchalance crumbled. "Damn." he

grunted. He grabbed the back of Amy's head, holding his cock deep in her throat, grinding his wiry pubic hair into her face, until she was gagging. He released her, and she pulled her head away, gasping for air. Tom could see tears running down her face, but only for a second, as another man grabbed her, and pulled her head to his cock. He gave her the same treatment, shoving his cock down her frantically working throat, and holding it there. She was gagging and retching, as he pulled back out to let her breathe for a moment.

"Please," she croaked, her voice raw, "Please give me a chance. Let me make it good for you mmnghpf.." as another laughing man began to choke-fuck her.

"Damn!" Dupree muttered to Tom. "I tole them not to kill the bitch."

"WHAT THE FOCK IS GOING ON HERE?" a loud female voice cut through the air.

The men stepped back. Amy collapsed to the ground, gasping and wheezing. A woman stepped through the crowd. She was tall, almost six feet, with long raven-black hair, that hung down her back in a long braid. Her face was striking, rather than beautiful, with her high cheekbones, she looked like an Aztec Goddess. She was wearing a black leather miniskirt, and thigh high leather boots. The woman strode to the center of the circle, and stood over Amy for a moment. Then she looked up at the first man Amy had been sucking.

"So Julio," she said in a low, dangerous, thickly accented voice, "this is what you been doin', while you think I wasn't aroun'? Fuckin' with this puta?"

"Awww, c'mon Juanita baby." the man said, looking almost sheepish. "You know, it's just a party. Duke here sold us this bitch for the night.""

The woman looked down at Amy, who was struggling to her knees. "What about you whore?" she sneered down. "You think you woman enough to take my Julio away from me?"

"No." Amy said, "Please...I'm sorry..I didn't have a choice..I'm..I'm just a

whore."

"Huh?" the woman said. She stepped closer and added, "I think you like it, though. I can tell."

She reached down and began rubbing Amy's breasts through the thin shirt. It was then that Tom noticed that her nipples were totally erect. Amy moaned as the woman rubbed her nipples. "Maybe I take a piece of this lil' puta myself. What you think boys?"

Julio made as if to protest, but he was drowned out by the roar of lustful approval from the circle of men. Juanita grinned at her boyfriend. "Looks like you out voted baby." she cooed, "After all, sauce for the goose, right?"

Julio muttered something and stomped off. Juanita just tossed her head and laughed. Then she grabbed the hem of her miniskirt, and pulled it up. A leather thong, that matched the skirt, was her only undergarment. She grabbed Amy's head and pulled it to her crotch. "You like to eat pussy, whore?" she spat. Amy's only response was a moan of desire. "Fuck!" Juanita said, "Who cares if you like it or not. Just get to fuckin' work." She rubbed her leather clad crotch against Amy's face for a moment. Amy's hands came up to pull down the thing, and the woman slapped them away.

"No bitch!" she barked, "Put your hands behind your back, and use your teeth."

Amy groaned as she complied, crossing her wrists behind her. She took the thong between her teeth and began trying to work it down. The woman didn't make it easy for her either. She squirmed a bit, causing the thong to pop out of Amy's mouth, causing the men to laugh and jeer. But gradually, Amy was able to work the narrow strip of leather down far enough, to reach the dark haired woman's pussy. Only then did Juanita relent, and pull the thong the rest of the way off. She pulled Amy's head between her slightly spread legs, and began humping her crotch against Amy's mouth.

"Mmmmm." she moaned, "Yeah, work that tongue...UUUnnngh...Oh yeah

baby...you

pretty good at that!" She pushed Amy over onto her back, and straddled her face. As Amy went back to work on Juanita's pussy, the dark-haired woman arched her back and groaned. "Uunnhhh. Yeah puta, eat my pussy, eat it good." Some of the men standing around were stroking their cocks from the sight. Juanita looked around, and laughed deep in her throat.

"C'mon boys," she crooned. "I ain't selfish. Ahhh...yeah, bitch, right there... come get some of this cunt."

The men advanced on the two women. One of them hiked Amy's skirt over her waist. She wore no panties, of course, so he was free to shove his cock into her. Amy's scream of pain and pleasure into Juanita's crotch made her groan louder.

"NNNNNnnngh...yeah! She like that...Fuck her man, fuck her ass off...ahh...ah yeah, she gonna make me cum. You fuckin' whore, lick it...lick it...lick my pussy....I'm...I'm...madre de dios, I'm cuming." she said as she threw her head back and screamed from the pleasure that Amy was bringing to her. Shudders ran up her body in waves, as Amy's tongue stimulated her to orgasm.

When her blissful convulsions subsided, she looked down at Amy and laughed with delight. "Damn, puta," she said hoarsely, "you make a pretty good dyke!" She made no move to get off of her face, but turned her head to speak to the man behind her, who was brutally fucking in and out of Amy's cunt. "How's that pussy feel Carlo?"

"Tight." Carlo grunted, "She squeezin' down on my dick like a damn vice, man."

Juanita laughed, as she swung her leg over, to dismount Amy's face. "I bet that ass is nice and tight too." she said.

Carlo grinned, "Let's see."

Tom saw him pull out and take his cock in his hand. Juanita stood up and

grabbed Amy's ankles, pulling them almost back over her head. Then Carlo began pushing forward.

"AAAAAAAUUUUNNNH!" Amy screamed, as the big man forced his cock into her dry
ass. Her back arched in agony, as she tried to squirm away, but she was held fast by Juanita's iron grip on her ankles. "Fuck her harder Carlo." she hissed, "Split that ass wide open!"

"PLEASE!" Amy screamed, "PLEASE! It's too BIIIGG AAAAAAAHHHH!" then her
cries
trailed off into broken sobs, as her ass was forced to accept Carlo's length with no other lube than her pussy juices coating Carlo's cock. When he was buried all of the way inside of her, he began fucking in and out, with short brutal lunges.

Amy's head lolled in the dirt. She was almost fainting from the pain. Her breath was coming in short grunts, forced from her by Carlo's battering of her body. Gradually, as her unlubricated ass hole painfully adjusted to the invasion, she began to respond. Her hips began moving, not in an attempt to escape, but up against the cock skewering her. Her grunts of pain were turning into the familiar groans of masochistic ecstasy, that Tom knew only too well.

"Yeah slut!" Juanita crooned, "You like that big dick in your ass, don' you?"

"I love it." Amy sobbed, "God help me, but I do so love it. Oh please...harder
...fuck me harder."

She writhed shamelessly in the dirt, as Carlo continued to do just that. Juanita released Amy's ankles, and stepped away from her, towards Tom. Tom got a glimpse of Amy grabbing the backs of her own knees, and pulling them up to her chest, as she continued to beg for Carlo to fuck her ass even harder. But his gaze was transfixed on Juanita, who sauntered slowly towards him. "You like it too, don' you?" she whispered, "You like watching your lil' wife get fucked by other men?"

Tom had been so transfixed by the spectacle before him, that he had forgotten that Tanya was there. "You bet he does." she said, "Look how hard his little dick is getting."

Junaita stepped closer to him, so close that she was breathing in his face. Her dark eyes held his, as she reached down and cupped his crotch. "What the fuck is this?" she laughed softly, "It feels like a dick, only smaller."

Tanya and Marcus Dupree laughed uproariously at that. Juanita continue to cup and fondle Tom's crotch, her fingers moving sensuously. Tom groaned. "Oh you like that too, eh maricon?" she taunted him. "Is that lil' dick gonna squirt for me?"

"Yes." Tom groaned. "Oh god."

Behind her, he heard Amy's screams of climax. "GOD! YES! YES! FUCK ME! FUCK MY ASS!"

He started cuming then, his cock spurting madly inside of his pants, as Juanita laughed derisively. Tom's knees trembled as he came and came. When he was done, he was gasping like a distance runner. Juanita stepped back and pointed at his crotch. "Mira!" she giggled.

Tom looked down. His cum had stained the front of his Dockers, making a prominent dark stain. Tanya was laughing too, and so was Marcus. Soon there was a circle of men around him, laughing and jeering at him. Tom sank to the ground, and put his hands over his face, his humiliation complete.

After a few minutes, the laughter subsided. "'Hey sissy!" he heard a voice say. "This has been fun an' all, but I think we're gonna go fuck your wife now."

There was another gale of laughter at that. Tom looked up. Men were drifting away to join a circle of people standing around Amy. She was still on her back,

her legs were high in the air. Another man was between her legs, fucking her fast and hard. From the angle at which he was plunging into her upraised loins, Tom could tell that he was in her ass. Another man knelt on her chest, pulling her head up painfully by her hair, so that she could suck his cock. Tanya was kneeling just outside the circle, her mouth full of another man's cock.

As Tom watched, the man Amy was sucking cried out, as he climaxed. He pulled out of her mouth and spurted his hot cum all over her panting face. When he was spent, he got up. The man between her legs slowed for a moment, then pulled out. "Now bitch," he asked, "are you ready to taste your ass on my dick?"

"Ooohhhh..." Tom heard Amy groan, "Yesss....please bring it to me, and let me suck you...let me suck you dry."

He pulled out, and took the same position that the other man had been in. Amy slid her lips eagerly over the head of his cock, and began sucking on it voraciously. She reached up and fondled his balls for a moment, before gripping the base of his cock tightly. Amy's tight and well-trained ass had worked him to a peak of excitement, so that when the man Tanya had been sucking, plunged his own cock into Amy's ass, her scream around his cock was enough to tip him over the edge, and into his climax. She pulled him out of her mouth, her hand still pumping him, and she moaned as he too came on her face.

This went on for hours. Tanya would suck one of the men to a full erection, then he would come over and ravish Amy's ass, until he was ready for her to finish him off, by sucking him to his climax. Some men had her more than once, as Tanya's skilled mouth brought their cocks back to life. After a while however, all of the men were drained. They stood around the campfire, drinking beers and talking in low voices. They ignored Amy, who lay there moaning in the dirt, her face and tits covered with sweat, and a layer of drying male cum.

Tanya, Dupree and Duke wandered over from a nearby stand of trees. Tanya was naked, and her tousled hair and unsteady walk suggested that she had just been subjected to a long hard fucking of her own. Dupree and Duke were both stripped

to their waists, and their hard cocks hanging out of their pants suggested that they were the ones who'd been doing the fucking. "Looks like Slut Amy earned her money tonight." Tanya giggled, and then she kicked Amy in the side. "Get up, you lazy cunt!" she snapped. "You've got some more work to do."

"No. Please. No more." Amy whimpered.

Tanya reached down and grabbed one of the rings that pierced Amy's nipples. She pulled up slowly. "AAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Amy screamed in agony. She desperately tried to get up to ease the pain in her tortured nipples.

"Stop!" Tom yelled, as he ran forward. He put his arm around Amy's shoulders and tried to help her up. Finally, he succeeded in helping her to her knees.

"Awwwww." Tanya sneered, "Isn't that sweet? Now clean the Masters' cocks bitch!" Tanya ordered, as Duke and Dupree stepped up to her. Tom watched, tears running down his face, as Amy began obediently licking and sucking first one cock, and then the other.

The men began to abuse her. When she was sucking Duke's cock, Dupree would pretend to be jealous, pulling her away after a few moments, and slapping her face hard, before shoving his dick into her mouth so deep that she gagged. The exhausted girl couldn't keep up with their demands, and she was weeping from pain and fright.

"Stop. Please. Give her a chance." Tom begged.

"What?" Dupree asked, "You want to give her a break, I'll give her a break, if you take her place and suck our dicks." He pulled his cock out of Amy's mouth and held it out. "How about it faggot?" he taunted, "Maybe you'd like suckin' it as much as your wife do."

Tom hesitated for a moment, then shook his head. "No." he sobbed, "No, I can't."

"Then get out of the way while your wife sucks our dicks." he said gruffly, knocking Tom to the ground. Tom just laid there, watching his wife desperately trying to satisfy her brutal Masters. Finally, with a grunt, Dupree came in her mouth. Then she was able to devote her attention to Duke. Within a few moments he too exploded deep in her throat.

"Okay." Dupree said. "Time to go home."