

Two Raped Wives(59k) by J.T. Watson

FOREWORD

In today's society, the agonies of rape go beyond the fact of a woman's violent ravagement. In many rape cases, there is as much mental anguish for the victim who seeks justice as there is physical suffering-the humiliation of a sordid police investigation, cold-hearted medical observations, and harsh legal procedures have made today's rape victim feel more ashamed than if she had chosen to remain silent.

TWO RAPED WIVES is the story of Jennifer Wales and Rena Cole, women violently defiled by an escaped convict. Fearful for their lives, they submit to their tormentor's every whim, and are dragged into a whirlpool of shame and degradation from which there seems no escape.

TWO RAPED WIVES-a novel mirroring some of the problems and struggles in America today.

-The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

Darkness had fallen before the two young women left the lecture hall.

"I wish my husband could be like that," Jennifer Wales sighed.

"Tom's a very nice man," Rena Cole protested.

"Oh, he's nice enough," Jennifer said, "but he's just so dull. He never does anything exciting."

"And I suppose you'd like for him to fly planes and nearly get himself killed in far off places like our speaker did?" Rena questioned.

"Nothing so drastic," Jennifer admitted. "I'd just like for him to change a little. He's dull in just about everything he does, even in bed."

"Jennifer!" Rena said sharply.

Jennifer shrugged her shoulders. She knew her slim, dark-haired friend didn't like to talk about sex. Rena could be a real prude about some subjects.

"Jennifer!" Rena said.

Jennifer waited patiently while Rena fumbled in her purse for her car keys.

"Here they are," Rena said, and dropped them on the pavement.

"Oh damn!"

She bent down to pick them up but suddenly a man was there snatching them off the ground.

Jennifer almost yelled but one look at the black pistol in the man's hand convinced her not to.

The man was short and squat, with thick shoulders and arms, He had been working out in the sun for his skin was tanned a deep brown a his hair was almost golden.

"Don't scream, ladies," he said. "I'm a desperate man. I don't mind shooting you both right here in the parking lot. Don't make any mistakes about that."

Rena couldn't have screamed if she'd wanted her skin had gone pale and she was leaning against the car for support. She was scared to death.

Jennifer was also scared but she was thinking quickly. She was remembering all the things she ever heard about this kind of situation.

"You can have the car," Jennifer said, "we won't scream or try to stop you. Just take it."

The man grinned at her. He had gleaming white teeth that reminded Jennifer of some kind of animal, and Jennifer realized the car wouldn't be all he wanted.

"That's nice of you," he said, "but the car wouldn't do me any good if I had to drive it. The cops are looking for me everywhere. I wouldn't get a half mile."

"You're Dave Madden!" Rena blurted out.

Jennifer felt a coldness in her soul. She hadn't put it together as quickly as Rena had. Dave Madden was an escaped convict.

It had been in all the newspapers. He had shot a guard escaping and the police were all over looking for him.

"That's right, lady," he said. "So now you know I'm a desperate man. I can't go back. So both of you will do exactly as I say and we'll get along just fine."

Jennifer had two choices. She could scream and hope that he wouldn't kill them both, or she could get into the car and hope he wouldn't throw them into a ditch somewhere. The first choice was not a very good one. She had a feeling that he would do exactly as he said.

They would be two dead bodies lying together before anyone could help.

"All right," Jennifer said slowly, "just tell us what you want us to do."

He studied them both carefully for a moment and then evidently made a decision. He put the gun away in a side pocket and gave the keys to Rena.

"You drive, honey," he said. "Just be real careful. Remember that I'll be sitting in the back seat with your girlfriend."

"Please," Rena said, "I don't think I can. I'm too scared."

"Drive, damn it," he said, "or you'll be dead."

He motioned her into the car and Rena went without argument. She dropped the keys a couple of times but she finally got them into the ignition.

Jennifer slipped in the back seat and he was right beside her. She could

feel the bulge of the gun pressed against her side.

"All right, honey," he said, "drive and be careful."

Dave leaned back against the seat grinning. He couldn't believe his luck. He had been in that parking lot all evening just hoping for a chance. He hadn't expected two such lovely looking women.

"Why don't you get a little closer?" he asked Jennifer. "I want us to look like a couple of lovers in case some nosey cop looks into the back seat."

Jennifer could feel herself trembling as she pressed closer to him.

She had a feeling that he wanted more than just her being close. He had been in prison. Men got horny in prison.

Jennifer steeled herself not to jerk away as his big hand touched the top of her head. He made a stroking motion with his hand, stroking her silky blonde hair.

"You're a pretty thing," he whispered. "Did you know I've been in jail for seven years?"

"No," she answered.

"Seven years is a long time," he said.

His hand kept gently stroking her hair and she was more afraid than she had ever been in her entire life. She wished she were back at home with dull Tom.

"You'd look much nicer in a short dress," he said. "I don't like women in pants. You and your friend should get short dresses and those high boots like they wear. Maybe a low cut blouse to show a little bit of your tits."

Jennifer closed her eyes. She was afraid she was going to be sick.

"Now I want you to be nice to me," he said. "I want you to be real nice to me."

Jennifer's first impulse was to break from him, but Jennifer had always been a thinking person. She had to think of the consequences.

He was stronger than her. He could physically force her to do anything he wanted. She already knew he was a violent man and fighting him could only get her hurt.

Jennifer looked up and saw Rena's eyes frantically signaling her in the rear view mirror. At almost the same moment he saw the reflection of the police car.

Jennifer felt Dave stiffen and he put his hand inside his coat.

Jennifer knew there were only moments away from a shooting, and probably she and Rena would suffer the most. He would certainly kill them as he said he would.

Jennifer also knew what was going on in Rena's mind. Rena had heard the conversation in the back seat and she was already thinking of Jennifer going through a fate worse than death.

But Jennifer wanted to live and she was willing to do almost anything to keep living.

"My God, Rena," Jennifer said softly. "Don't do anything stupid. He'll kill us. Can't you understand that? He really will kill us."

Dave Madden said nothing. He just sat there as the police car pulled around them and sped away into the darkness. Jennifer breathed an audible sigh of relief.

"That's better," he said. "You're a smart girl."

He pulled Jennifer snugly against his broad, thick chest. His hand dropped to her shoulder he squeezed. Jennifer winced in pain as she felt his steely fingers digging into her flesh.

"Are you going to fight me?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

His fingers loosened and he started stroking her hair again.

"You really are a pretty thing," he said softly, "like a movie star or something."

She didn't try to draw away as his hand dropped once more to her shoulder and then around to cup one breast.

"It's been so long. "God, what a tit," he said.

She was wearing a pullover sweater and bra, but even through so much clothing she could feel the heat of his fingers. She could almost hate herself as she found herself comparing him to Tom. Tom had never gotten so

excited when he touched her.

She leaned back as he pulled up her sweater and slipped his hand underneath. His fingers nearly burned her flesh as he slipped his hand up her silky feeling stomach to the swell of her breasts.

"Baby," he groaned, "take that damn thing off. I want to feel real tit. I haven't felt a real one in so damned long."

She reached behind her back and released the clasp on her bra. For some reason she didn't feel so sick or disgusted any longer. Perhaps it was because she'd made up her mind to do what he wanted.

She glanced into the driver's mirror and saw Rena glancing back.

Rena's face bore an expression of horror. Jennifer started to pray that her young friend didn't do anything stupid.

"That's nice," he said, "that's so god damned nice."

His fingers touched her bare flesh as he slipped his hand under the loosened bra. His fingers felt much hotter as he stroked her breast.

He couldn't seem to get enough of touching her. She leaned farther back

against the seat and allowed him to do what he wanted.

"They are so beautiful," he breathed.

There was a chance she might have grabbed for the gun for he seemed to have forgotten about it. He had pushed both his rough hands underneath her bra to cup her breasts.

Jennifer decided against it. She didn't know how quick he could be, and she didn't know that much about guns. Maybe it had a safety or something and she would look pretty stupid trying to shoot him with a gun that wouldn't shoot.

Besides, it wasn't so bad. Other boys had touched her breasts. She had been a cheerleader in high school and every boy in school had tried.

There was no sense pretending to be so shocked by what this man was doing.

She wanted to live most of all.

"Baby," he said, "baby, I've got to kiss them."

She reached down and pulled up her sweater to her neck. His eyes ran

over her exposed body. She wasn't ashamed of herself. She knew she had a good build with two large creamy breasts capped with large pink nipples, "Jesus," Dave Madden said softly.

He had her bra up and he bent his head to lick her nipples. This was the place she had always stopped the boys in school. She was extremely sensitive around her nipples. She got turned on too easily.

She closed her eyes and tried to think of other things. She thought of how good her husband was to her, and of how Rena was looking in the mirror.

She tried to tell herself that she couldn't get carried away, and that it was sick to even let herself feel.

"Oh," she said, as his rough lips captured one cherry bud and his teeth nipped gently.

Her nipples were just so sensitive. She felt them getting taut in the wet warmth of his mouth. He may have been in prison for seven years but he had not forgotten how to turn a woman wild. His teeth and lips worked at her until she felt tingly all over.

His mouth left her tits. He pushed her at an angle against the door.

His lips traced a wet path down her quivering belly to the tops of her

pants.

She felt his tongue going under the top of her pants.

"No," she said, "please don't do that."

"What's the matter, baby?" he asked. "Are you afraid you're going to like it too much?"

She couldn't answer him because what he said was true. She had always had a secret desire to ask Tom to kiss her down there, or even to kiss him. She never had because she could imagine how shocked Tom would get.

Oddly enough, Tom and Rena were a lot alike in their prudish outlook.

He tugged her snug fitting pants down her long, slender legs. She was wearing a pair of thin blue panties and the flimsy material ripped in two halves in his grasping fingers.

"Sweet, sweet pussy," he said. "God, it's been a long time since I dived into a muff like that."

Jennifer could no longer see the mirror and she was thankful for that.

There was no telling what sick expression would be on Rena's face.

Dave was grinning lewdly as he bent his head and pressed his rough lips against her thigh. She shivered as his tongue caressed the soft flesh, going higher and higher on her thighs until his tongue tangled in her thick, blonde pubic hair.

"Please stop," she begged him.

Jennifer didn't really want to stop him. It seemed so sick and yet she was hungry to feel his tongue right there. He knew how to make her body throb as Tom never had.

He pushed his face between her legs, and she nearly jumped out of the seat. He rubbed his tongue up and down her swollen cunt lips and she started feeling wet down there.

Again he knew exactly how to turn her on the most. He pushed his strong hands underneath her ass and lifted her slightly. Her legs just seemed to fall apart.

"What a delicious view," he said.

Again his face went between her legs. This time he licked up the tangy juices that covered her pussy. Then she felt his tongue parting the folds of her moist pink cunt.

"He never did that," she gasped. "Tom never did that!"

It felt good. It no longer mattered that her best friend was probably watching from the front seat. Nothing had ever felt like this.

His tongue slipped deep into her juiced up cunt. She couldn't control her hot desire as she spread her legs farther apart and grasped his head with both her hands. Her fingers tangled in his thick blond hair as she pulled him closer.

"Eat me," she groaned. "Tom never ate me. He never did that to me."

She could sense his surprise at this sudden animal wildness in her.

She was just as surprised at herself. She'd never gotten this hot so quickly.

His tongue was a fiery dart filling her cunt so that she felt like exploding. Her body throbbed as she began moving her hips in rhythm to his thrusting tongue.

"Jesus," she groaned, "oh, nothing has ever felt like this. I love your tongue. I love it! Jesus, you're making me so hot. I can't stand ittttttttaghhhHHHHHH!"

She ground herself against his face as she felt her juices fill his mouth. He drank them in like he was thirsty for them and he didn't try to get away.

A relaxed feeling came over her as her body stopped throbbing so deliciously. He raised his face from between her thighs, and she watched him licking his lips.

"It's my turn," he said.

Jennifer became aware of the car slowing down almost as soon as he did.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The police," Rena said. "They're stopping people."

Jennifer raised up so that she could see the roadblock up ahead.

Jennifer felt a tight feeling in her throat. They were just minutes away

from being dead unless something happened.

"Put your sweater on," Dave said, "we'll give the police something to think about."

Jennifer pulled on her sweater and tugged it down to just above her knees. Dave pulled her close and her sweater stretched so that the outline of her nipples showed against her sweater.

"Good," Dave said, "now don't make any mistakes or you could both wind up dead."

It was really easy to get through the roadblock. The young police officer never took his eyes off Jennifer the entire time. He probably never even took a good look at Dave Madden.

For some reason Jennifer felt excited and she crossed her legs so that her sweater slid up almost to her crotch. She saw the young officer's eyes feast on her bare flesh. She knew he was wondering what she had on underneath the sweater.

Finally he had to give up looking and he waved them through.

CHAPTER TWO

"That was a good job," Dave Madden said. "Keep it up and nobody will get hurt."

Dave tugged Jennifer back against him and his hand slipped underneath her sweater to cup her pussy. He rubbed her sensitive cunt lips with his fingers.

"You turned into a real hot momma," he said. "I bet your husband never offered to do that."

"No," she admitted.

"I bet you never had a cock in your mouth either," he said.

Jennifer had that choking feeling in her throat again. She'd been afraid he would want her to suck him. He was right that she'd never done it, but she'd always wondered what it was like. She'd never expected to find out this way.

His hand left her pussy. He leaned back against the far door and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Now do a good job," he said. "I've got a hot load for you. A seven year

load."

Jennifer brushed back a strand of her blonde hair as she looked at his crotch. She saw the outline of his cock and she felt weak with excitement.

She knew that Rena was watching and wondering what she was going to do. Probably Rena was already sick about what had happened in the back seat.

"I'm waiting, baby," he said.

Jennifer peeled off her sweater once again because she knew that would make it more exciting for him. She went between his legs and her lips touched his thick bulge through the material of his prison trousers.

She felt his prick jump excitedly. Trembling, she slowly unzipped his trousers and reached inside. He wore no shorts and her fingers touched hot flesh immediately.

"Oh, my God," Jennifer heard Rena say.

Rena was really shocked by what she was seeing, but Jennifer had little time to worry about Rena. Jennifer wanted to stay alive and this was what it required. Besides, she had never touched a man's cock in just this way before.

She wrapped her fingers around the thick stem of his cock and pulled it through the opening of his trousers. She gasped as his magnificent cock sprang into view. She'd never seen a cock like his. She'd always thought that Tom had a big one, but Tom's could not compare to this huge throbbing prick.

She felt her heart pounding as her eyes took in the entire length of it. She quickly opened his trousers a little more and pulled his heavy balls out. She blinked at the sight of the heavy sperm-filled sac, so heavy and huge.

She couldn't believe that she would ever be able to get the huge lust-bloated rod into her mouth. Yet, there was a part of her that was hungry to try.

"Come on, baby," he urged. "You know you want to. Put your mouth on it. Taste my cock. You're hungry as hell for my cum. You know you are."

Tom had never used words like that with her. Tom had never showed much excitement. She'd never believed she could be turned on by a man talking dirty to her and yet she could feel a burning heat between her thighs.

"Suck it," he said, "suck it like I sucked your hot cunt!"

She lowered her head and touched her lips to his blood filled crown.

For the first time she tasted a man's cock and it didn't turn her off.

She licked the tiny opening in his cock head and tasted the salty flavor of his cum.

"Yes," he moaned, "do that. God yes!"

He put his hand behind her head and tugged her closer to his crotch.

She opened her mouth over the rubbery tasting tip. Her lips closed tightly on his cock just below the sensitive crown. A strange, hot desire burned within her.

She was sucking a man's cock. Not just any man's but a bad man, a convict. She was being forced to suck a convict's cock. He was using her like a tramp and she wasn't minding it a bit.

"Suck it all in your mouth," he said. "Suck every inch. I want to feel your sweet little housewife mouth fucking my cock. Get it in there deep, cunt!"

She heard soft sobs coming from the front seat as she sucked more of his prick into her mouth. Rena was crying. Rena was thinking how awful it must be.

But it wasn't awful. It was damned exciting!

Jennifer took the entire length of his throbbing cock between her lips. She closed her eyes as his delicious tasting cock head pushed snugly against the back of her throat.

"You cunt," he said, "you fucking housewife cunt! I love your fucking mouth. I love it!"

He was getting rougher. His hands pinched her nipples and cupped her tits. His hips had started bucking so that his thick shaft slid in and out of her mouth.

He grabbed the back of her head and began to direct her movements. His thick shaft began sliding farther into her throat and then back out again until her lips were covered with his hot lubricating fluid. She tasted his salty, rubber flavor each time he slammed into her mouth.

"Damn," he yelled. "It's been so long. So fucking long. I need to blow it in your throat. I need to put my cum in your hot mouth! I'm getting ready!"

His hands tightened against the back of her head and she could feel his cock growing in her mouth. She would have thought that she would pull her mouth away when the time came, but instead she found herself sucking

hungrily.

It was like she wanted to taste his cum.

She felt his first hot squirt hit the roof of her mouth and she thought that was all.

"Jesus, baby," he cried, "Jesus, it feels good. I'm going to blow it all. Take it in your mouth. Take my hot cum right in your mouth. Take it, baby. Take ITTTTTTTTTTTT"

Then his cum really poured into her mouth. It seemed like more than a pint. She couldn't take it all and his jism dripped from the edges of her mouth.

"God," he said softly. "God, I needed that."

She couldn't take her mouth away from his cock. He no longer held her so tightly but she still didn't move away. She sucked the last of his hot jism out of the end of his cock and then she began licking him clean.

She felt like an animal on her knees between his legs. She felt like something depraved as she hungrily sucked on his thick, salty tasting cock head as if she couldn't get enough.

She ran her tongue up and down the length of his rod. She licked his jism away from his balls. She had his rod gleaming clean in just moments.

Her cunt was a hot burning itch that needed a cock. His cock. She knew she had the kind of itch that even Tom couldn't scratch. Only the big thick cock of Dave could do the trick.

She had forgotten that he was a convict. She'd even forgotten that Rena was driving the car. The only thing that mattered was the urgency between her legs.

"I need it," she begged him. "I need your cock."

He looked at her surprised but she could feel her sucking lips getting a response. His beautiful cock was growing again. His cock head was throbbing against the back of her throat and his heart was starting to pound faster.

"Baby," he said. "You're sure a hot one. I never expected a sweet looking thing like you to be so hot."

He pulled his trousers down to his knees and she quickly unbuttoned his shirt. His bare chest was muscular and hairy. She couldn't resist the impulse to put her mouth to one of his brown nipples.

She nibbled at his nipple as she stroked his stiff cock. He had such a big one and it hadn't taken long for him to grow excited again. It would have taken Tom a few hours before he would have been ready.

She ran her thumb over his cock head and she felt a little sticky fluid touch her hand.

"Ummm," she said. "You're ready too."

"Damn right," he agreed. "You forgot I've been saving this for seven years."

He pushed her back in the seat while he stroked her flesh all over. He wasn't gentle but that was all right with her. She didn't want him to treat her like some precious breakable doll. She wanted to be roughly used.

His hot lips came back to her nipples again. She sobbed as she felt his teeth nipping at her tender flesh. He couldn't seem to get enough of sucking her titties.

"Please," she told him. "Please put your cock in me. I need it so bad."

"Please fuck me!"

She heard the startled gasp from the front seat as Rena listened. She knew that Rena couldn't believe what was happening. This was a side of Jennifer that Rena had never seen. Her need for sex like this had always been in Jennifer but she'd held it back until now.

Now all her inhibitions had broken down and Jennifer was begging in the way she'd always wanted to. Maybe she could explain things to Rena later on.

Jennifer reached for his cock again and she tried to pull his rod into her burning box. She spread her legs wide so that his big cock could have easy entrance.

"Come on," she begged. "I'm so hot and juicy down there. I'm ready for your big cock. Please fuck me now."

"Damn," he said. "You sure turned into a hot bitch."

"Yes," she agreed, "I'm a hot bitch! I'm so hot! I need a good fucking!"

She pulled his cock head against her furry pussy and he did the rest.

He was ready too. He slammed his thick cock all the way into her tight fitting pussy. It hurt a little, at first. She hadn't ever taken anyone as big

as him.

But the hurting went away just as soon as he began to move his cock in and out of her juiced up pussy.

"Yes," she cried out, "yes, that's what I want. Your big cock fills me up. I love it. Oh yes, it feels so big and hard and good inside me!"

He stretched her hot pussy more than it had ever been stretched before. She tried to squeeze her cunt muscles as tightly as she could each time he slammed into her.

"Feel my balls," he said. "I want your hand feeling my balls. Squeeze them."

It was uncomfortable in the car seat but somehow she got into a position where she could reach for his heavy balls. She caressed them gently, at first.

"Squeeze them," he said. "SQUEEZE THEM!"

She got his balls into a tight grip and she began to squeeze. She felt him increase his thrusting rhythm until she felt like his cock was going right up into her stomach. She kept squeezing as hard as he wanted.

His strong hands clutched her asscheeks and she felt one of his fingers exploring her tight anus. That was something else Tom had never done.

She shivered as one of his fingers went into her tight asshole right up to his knuckle.

"Ohhh," she gasped, "oh, what are you doing to me? Nobody's ever done that."

She thrust back at him just as quickly as he fucked her. She ground her titties into his hard chest. Her body burned as if something had set her skin on fire. His cock made a slippery noise as it slammed into her.

"I'm so hot," she gasped, "you're making me come. You're making me come. I can't hold back!"

"Don't, baby," he said. "Don't hold back. Let it come. Flood my cock with your hot juices! Flood me!"

She went crazy. She couldn't help herself. His cock just felt so good.

She pushed against him furiously trying to draw every inch of his big cock up her cunt.

"I love it," she moaned. "I love it. I'm going to come. I'm going to come! I'm going to come! AghhhhhhhAGHGHGHGH!"

"I'm with you, baby," he grunted. "I'm with you. Jesus Christ, it feels goooooooooooooood!"

Both of them flooded each other with juice and they couldn't seem to get enough. She kept grinding herself against him until she was sure that every drop was drained from the end of his prick.

After a long time, she felt his cock go limp and slip out of her cunt.

"Jesus," he said softly, "you're a savage fuck."

For the first time she began to grow ashamed of what she had done.

What would Tom think? How could she explain her actions to Rena? She couldn't explain her obvious enjoyment of what he was doing to her.

"Another police car," Rena said.

Her voice was cold. Jennifer could imagine that Rena was sick at what she

had seen. Jennifer was beginning to feel a little sick herself.

How could she have allowed that man to do these things to her?

"Drive a little slower," Dave said, "don't get him curious."

Rena slowed down. Jennifer held her breath until the police car pulled out and passed them. She watched the glow from the taillights going on down the road.

"Damn," he said, "we're going to have to get off this road for a while. Pull into a farmhouse."

"A farmhouse?" Jennifer asked. "There'll be people around."

"I'll take care of them," he said coldly.

It was farm country and Rena drove a while longer before turning off into the dirt yard of an old farmhouse. She stopped the car in front of the house and turned off the ignition.

"Now don't you two make any mistakes," he warned. "Get out of the car."

Jennifer slipped out of the car and stood beside it. She saw the lights come on in the farmhouse. A door slammed. A light beamed off the porch.

"Who's there?" a frightened voice asked.

"Just some stranger," Dave answered. "We're lost and thought you might give directions."

A young man stepped into the beam of light. He looked about seventeen and he looked like a rugged farm boy. He had reddish hair and broad shoulders, but Jennifer knew he'd be no match for Dave Madden.

"Who's with you?" the boy asked.

His eyes widened at the sight of Jennifer's naked body. His mouth-dropped open.

"She's naked," he said.

Dave Madden got close enough to hit the young boy with the edge of his hand.

CHAPTER THREE

Rena was the first one to the boy. She cradled his head in her arms.

He had a deep gash in his forehead.

"You didn't have to do that," Rena said.

"I had to," he said. "I don't want the boy getting any funny ideas. It looks like he's here alone."

Dave went into the house alone. Jennifer tried to catch Rena's eyes but Rena wouldn't look at her. Instead Rena tore a piece off her blouse and pressed it against the boy's forehead.

Dave came back out of the house. He still carried the pistol in his hand.

"He's here alone," Dave said, grinning. "All by himself. Looks like his parents went off on a little trip."

"They'll be back soon," the boy said.

"You'd better hope not, son," Dave said.

There was something cold in his voice that made the young boy turn pale.

"Everybody inside," Dave said. "We're going to be here for a while."

Jennifer tried to help Rena get the boy into the house. Rena gave her a nasty look.

"Don't you think you should get some clothes on?" Rena asked.

Jennifer had almost forgotten about her nakedness. The boy was staring at her again with obvious hunger in his eyes. He had probably never seen a grown woman naked before. Maybe he had never had any pussy.

For some reason Jennifer felt a little tingle at the thought.

She pulled on her pants and sweater and followed the trio into the house. Rena helped the boy to sit down at the kitchen table. Dave Madden stood in the middle of the kitchen with his hands on his hips.

"This is nice," he said. "I don't think the cops will look for me here."

Dave was proud of himself. Everything had been working out perfectly for

him. In fact, things seemed to be working out better than perfect.

Who would have thought that he would find such a hot bitch on his first night out.

Now he'd found the perfect hideout until the police quit looking for him.

"What's your name, boy?" Dave asked.

"Jonathan Bailey," he answered.

The boy looked at Dave with hate in his eyes, and Dave returned his hate with an amused glance.

"What time are your folks returning?" Dave asked. "And tell me the truth this time. I don't like a liar. Especially a bad one."

The boy seemed to be considering what Dave told him. Finally he shrugged and said, "They aren't due back for a week. Mother's visiting a sick aunt."

"That's better," Dave said. "Now why don't you two girls get up some supper. I'm hungry as hell."

Jennifer was happy to see Rena getting up to do as she was told. Rena was good in the kitchen. Jennifer stood close as Rena fixed a salad and put some steaks in the oven.

"You're doing fine," Jennifer whispered to her friend.

"You seem to be doing better," Rena said curtly.

"I had to do what I was told," Jennifer said. "There's no sense in fighting."

"Hell, you didn't fight at all," Rena said. "You were enjoying it. I heard you."

There was little Jennifer could say to defend herself. Rena spoke the truth. She had enjoyed it. It was the best she'd ever had. Better than Tom could ever hope to be.

Jennifer served the meal when it was done. Dave gulped his food down like a hungry horse. Jennifer found herself hungry also. She noticed that Rena hardly touched her food.

Jennifer picked up the dishes and the young boy offered to help.

"I'll do them," Rena said.

"No," Dave said. "Let them do them. I want to talk to you. Kind of get better acquainted."

There was no mistaking the lustful gleam in Dave Madden's eye as he looked at slender Rena. She trembled under his look and backed against the kitchen table.

"Let them do the dishes," Dave repeated. "You come on into the living room with me."

"I won't," Rena protested.

Dave Madden took out the pistol and pointed it at the young boy. He pulled back the hammer. Jennifer watched the young boy go quickly pale.

"I know it won't do any good to threaten you," he said, "but any more argument and I'm going to blow your young friend into hell."

There was a long silence. He meant it. Jennifer could tell he meant it. Young Jonathan was only moments away from death. She heard Rena sigh.

"All right," Rena said. "I'll go with you, but we're just going to talk."

"Sure, baby," he said, putting the gun away.

Rena stayed two feet away from him as they walked into the living room. Dave allowed the door to close partially but not enough so that he couldn't hear what was going on in the kitchen. Somehow Jennifer had a feeling that he would be listening for anything they might try.

"He ripped the phone out when he came in before," Jonathan said softly, "but I might try to run for help."

"He'd kill you before you got ten inches outside the door," she said.

"But what else can we do?" he asked angrily.

"Just do what he says," Jennifer shrugged.

She started washing the dishes while Jonathan piled up everything by the sink. She could feel his eyes on her while she worked and she knew he was thinking about seeing her naked.

She wondered what was going on in his mind. Was he hot for her? He looked barely old enough to know what it was all about. Yet, there was animal

heat in the way he looked at her.

He brushed close as he handed her the next dish.

"I think you're pretty," he said.

Jennifer's knees felt weak and she leaned against the sink. He put his hand on her shoulder and she could feel the heat of his strong fingers.

"Are you all right," he said. "I didn't mean to upset you. I just think you're pretty."

Jennifer didn't like the hot feelings that were suddenly growing in her body. It was like Dave Madden had opened up a new part of her personality, a wild, animal beast.

"You shouldn't talk like that to me," she whispered.

"Why not?" he asked. "I think you're pretty. Especially like you were when you got here."

She knew the boy was being braver than he usually was because he was turned on so much. Just seeing her had made him randy as a young stud.

The thought turned her on even more. Certainly Tom had never acted as if she was special.

"I'm twice your age," Jennifer said.

"You look better than most of the girls my age," Jonathan said. "You look a lot better. All over."

"How do you know?" Jennifer asked. "What girls have you ever seen?"

"I've seen a couple," he said.

"What did you do with them?" Jennifer asked.

Jennifer wanted to stop herself from talking. She wanted to stop him.

She couldn't. She knew she was getting deeper and deeper into dangerous areas, but she just couldn't.

"I didn't really do anything," the boy admitted. "We just talked and kissed a little. I got hot but the girls, wouldn't do anything."

His hand stroked her arm higher and higher until he was touching her throat. Then slowly, as if drawn by a magnet, his fingers crept down to touch the swell of her breasts.

"You shouldn't," Jennifer said.

"I want to," he said. "I want to so bad."

She wanted to stop him. She really did. But he was so excited by her body that it turned her on so much. She leaned against the kitchen sink as his fingers caressed her breasts.

"I want to see," he said.

She lifted her arms and helped him to take off her sweater. She forgot her reluctance almost as soon as his hot young eyes touched her firm globes.

He was really turned on by the sight of her. His eyes were appreciative in a way Tom's had never been.

"Oh Jonathan," she said softly.

He bent over her and for the first time his lips feasted on female flesh. He was like a young boy lost in a candy store and not knowing which counter to start at first. His mouth dropped from one hard, rosy nipple to the other.

She groaned softly and stroked his hair as she felt him eating her titties. He was inexperienced but he was energetic and that made up for it.

"Jonathan." she moaned.

She lifted him up and kissed him on the mouth. She wiggled her tongue into his hot mouth and felt him stiffen in surprise. A moment later he was giving his tongue back to her.

His big hands dropped to cup her titties. He squeezed roughly and ran his fingers over her taut nipples. She felt hot excitement growing in her, excitement for this very young boy.

She sensed his surprise once more when she let her hand fall between his legs. His stiff bulge pressed uncomfortably against his jeans. She traced the length of his rod with her fingers and found it extended a good way down his leg.

Another big one. She squeezed his cock and felt him pushing her backwards as if he were trying to climb up her body. He was so randy he couldn't control himself.

"Wait," she said She struggled with him for a few minutes before he would let go of her. She almost laughed at his painful expression. He was used to cock-teasing girls and he was thinking that she was one of the same.

She had no intention of cock-teasing.

"Come on, sugar," she said. "I'm going to show you a really good time."

Introducing this boy to sex was the most exciting thing she had ever done. It even topped being raped in the back seat by a convict.

She could feel her hot pussy juice dripping as she led him to the kitchen table.

She made him stand before the table as she went down on her knees before him. Deftly, she unzipped his trousers and reached her hot hand inside. She found his hard prick bunched in his shorts and it took a few minutes of struggling before she could release it.

"Mmmmmm," she said softly. "You've got something nice for Momma. You must have been saving this for a long time."

Jonathan was looking down at her as if he didn't believe what was

happening. Jennifer didn't know if she believed it herself. She could feel her heart pounding as she bent her head over the pulsating cockhead.

"Mmmm," Jennifer said.

She touched her lips to the ruby tip and tasted the salty flavor of his lubricating fluid. She opened her lips slightly and took just the rubbery head inside her mouth. She began to run her tongue around the sensitive crown.

"Oh," Jonathan said. "Oh, oh!"

She opened her mouth wider and sucked his entire shaft into her mouth.

He wasn't as large as Dave and it was easy. She felt his balls snug against her chin and his big cockhead tight against the back of her throat.

"God," Jonathan said. "Nobody's ever done that before. Oh Jesus."

She lifted her fingers to his balls and caressed them gently. She began to bob up and down on his cock, loving the rubbery feel of his shaft going in and out of her throat.

He grabbed the back of her head and he started thrusting roughly. She could feel his prickhead swelling in her throat and she tasted a little of his

salty jism.

He protested as she pushed him away.

"Don't worry, sugar," she said. "I've got something else for you."

He ogled her hotly as she stepped back and skimmed out of her tight fitting pants. His eyes swept down her full titties, flat belly, and bushy snatch.

"God," he said.

"Do you like what you see, sugar," she said. "Do you like my pussy."

"Oh yes," he groaned. "God yes. You're beautiful. You're so beautiful."

"You're turning me on, lover," she said. "Why don't you strip your clothes off?"

He immediately began tearing at his clothes. He had a strong young body though she missed the wild, hairy look of Dave Madden. She ran her fingertips lightly over his strong chest.

"I like," she said softly. "MMM, I really do like."

She leaned back against the kitchen table with a soft smile on her lips. She knew the boy was itching to fuck her, but she wanted to keep him hot. She wanted him to remember his first time for a very long time. She wanted the satisfaction of knowing that he would compare any other woman to her.

"I'm so hot, lover," she said.

She leaned against the kitchen table and she parted her legs slightly.

She gave him a real show. She ran her hands down her melon titties.

She hefted them in her fingers and felt her nipples grow so hard it was painful.

"So hot," she purred.

She ran her fingers farther down to where her fingertips rested at her furry snatch. She ran one finger down between her legs, knowing that she was turning him on.

"Come here, sugar," she said. "Momma's pussy wants a little kiss. Come to

Momma. Give my furry pussy a little loving. Hurry. I'm so hot!"

He blushed a deep red as he realized what she wanted him to do.

"No," he said. "I can't do that. I mean, I've never done anything like that before."

"I'll teach you all you need to know," she said. "Get down and lick my pussy!"

At first she thought he really was going to refuse. He was more afraid than he was excited. He wanted this luscious looking woman but he wasn't sure if he was man enough.

She parted her legs even farther and he could see her finger working on her plump pussy lips. His face began to grow even redder.

"Hurry," she said.

He couldn't refuse any longer. He dropped to his knees between her legs. He stared directly into her swollen pink lips, and he licked his lips.

"Jesus," he said softly.

"Eat me, sugar," she urged him. "Eat me. Put your tongue in my pussy.

Eat me good!"

He kissed her soft, creamy thighs and let his tongue slide up until it touched her pussy hairs.

A hot spasm shook her body.

"Eat me," she whispered hotly, "I want you to eat my pussy. Eat me, sugar!"

She grasped his head and tugged him close to her cunt. His tongue touched her pussy lips and another hot spasm went through her. She felt hot tingles all over.

"Oh eat me," she groaned. "Eat my pussy. Put your sweet tongue in deep. I need it. I need your tongue!"

He wiggled his tongue into her full pussy lips just as deep as he could. She shivered hotly as his tongue licked at her hot pussy. She squeezed her cunt muscles against his probing tongue.

"Yes," she wailed, clutching fiercely at his head. "Oh yes, sugar."

The boy was getting really turned on eating her pussy. She could sense his growing excitement. His face was pushing farther up into her sweet, hot cunt and his tongue was licking furiously at her tangy juices.

She felt like she was about to get his entire body up into her hungry cunt. Perhaps she would have tried if it were possible. She'd never felt like this, even when Dave had been eating her.

The boy may have been inexperienced but he gulped at her tender flesh savagely.

"My clit, sugar," she urged him. "Suck on my clit."

She had to move around a little so that his tongue could find the right spot. When he touched her button she nearly jumped out of her skin.

"Jesus, that's nice," she cried. "That's niiiiiiiiice!"

The boy seemed to sense that his tongue had touched a really sensitive spot and he went to work on her feverishly. He kept running his tongue over her hard bud and sucking with his lips. She felt the hot fires within her

burning to a climax.

"Jesus," she moaned softly, "I'm so hot I think I'm going to burn alive!"

She climbed up on the table and stretched out on her back. Never once did his sucking lips leave her cunt as he scrambled up after her.

She spread her legs even farther apart as his face pressed closer to her pussy. She began to buck up at him.

"Feel my ass," she said. "Squeeze my ass and put your finger in my hole."

She remembered how it had turned her on when Dave had done that. Now she wanted to feel this young boy's finger deep in her asshole. She kept begging him until she felt his strong young hands slipping under her full buttocks and he clutched tightly.

"My hole," she said. "Put your finger up my asshole!"

He was hesitant but she kept wiggling around until his finger slipped into the crack of her ass and he touched her tiny, puckered anus.

"Put your finger in my ass," she said.

He explored the rim of her anus with a gentle touch, and then his finger slipped into her up to his knuckles. Her ass jumped hotly off the table.

He remained still until she had settled back on his finger once again.

"Yes," she asked him. "Do that. Please do that."

He probed with another finger and then she felt two fingers slipping into her tight ass right up to his knuckle. He wiggled them around.

"Dear Sweet Jesus," she cried. "That's fantastic. MMMMM, Jesus!"

He began ramming his fingers up her ass just as quickly as his tongue worked in her pussy.

A spasm of joy shook her body. Then another.

Her heart pounded and it seemed like she could barely breathe.

"I'm coming," she groaned. "I'm coming. I feel quivery all over. Your tongue feels so good. I love it, sugar. I love it, SUGAR!"

SUGARRRRRRRRRR!"

She clutched his head and pulled his face so tight against her cunt that she was almost afraid he couldn't breathe. She couldn't control herself as she covered his face with her sticky juices.

"Swallow my juices," he begged him. "Swallow them. I want my cunt juices in your mouth!"

He didn't have much choice. He was having to swallow to keep from choking. She had flooded him. with her hot juices. She could hear the noises he made as he sucked her juice down his throat.

"Ooooooooooh," she sighed, as her body relaxed and the trembling stopped.

She still kept him there as she stroked his back and shoulders. He had been good. So damned good. It was hard to believe he had never eaten pussy before.

Finally she released his head.

He came up gasping and licking his lips. She could see the wet over his cheeks and lips.

"I want to fuck you," he said. "I want to fuck your sweet, hot cunt."

"Oh yes, baby," she agreed. "I want your cock. I Want you to fuck my pussy. I want your big, hard cock!"

He climbed on top of her and she felt his prick head brushing against her thighs and leaving a wet streak. She parted her legs and clutched his bony ass.

"Put it in me," she said. "Put your big cock in me! Fuck me good, lover."

He couldn't control his impatience. He jabbed his prick at her again and again but he couldn't seem to get in.

"Patience," she said softly. "I'll help you."

She grabbed his hard cock between her fingers and pressed him against her plump mound. She spread her legs and bucked her pussy at him.

"Ummmmmm," she moaned, as she felt his long, thick shaft sliding into her cunt. He went deep and it felt good as hell. She began to rotate on his cock, letting his slippery shaft touch every sensitive part of her cunt.

"Fuck me, sugar," she said. "Fuck me hard."

He was really turned on and he began to slam his thick cock into her cunt. He fucked her savagely, with deep, hard strokes that threatened to drive her right through the table to the floor.

All the while his strong hands clutched her sweet ass and drove his fingers into her tight asshole.

"God, sugar," she groaned. "You're tearing me up."

His heavy balls slapped against her solidly as he fucked and she could feel his hard chest mashing her titties flat. He kept slamming his cock into her until she could feel it growing.

"You're coming," she moaned.

"Shit, baby, shit," he cried. "Shit, I can't help myself. Shit, shit, it feels good. Godalmighttttttttyyyyyy His thick jism poured into her and she clutched him tightly against her. She rubbed her titties in his chest as she felt spurt after spurt of hot jism fill her cunt.

"Oh baby," she sobbed softly.

He wasn't finished. He'd gone too long without pussy. He still had enough to fill her again.

He lay on top without moving. In a few minutes she felt his cock growing hard again and he began to move in and out of her pussy.

"Oh," she said. "You're doing it again."

It was amazing. Twice in one night she'd met a man who could even keep it up after such a fucking as she'd just given him. He was growing really hard again and she could feel his prick head pulsating against her pussy.

"Jesus," she said softly. "Oh Jesus."

She couldn't control the hot fires that grew in her once more. The young boy was turning her on more than she'd expected him to. His fingers clutched her ass again, and for the second time his fingers found her anus.

This time he didn't need any prompting from her. He drove two fingers into her ass roughly. She winced a little but she quickly grew used to the wet feelings of his fingers in her ass.

"God," she said. "I don't believe this. You're making me hot again."

You're making me hot."

She started humping up at him, as she felt her hot fires growing. She could feel her nipples growing hard and her pussy was dripping juice.

She couldn't remember ever coming so many times in one night before and it looked like she was about to come again.

"Oh Jesus," she sobbed, "do it rough. Do it hard. Squeeze my ass and fuck me hardddddd!"

He did. He fucked her harder than she ever remembered being fucked. He drove his cock so deep in her pussy that she was afraid he was going to come out her mouth. His balls slapped against so hard that she knew he would leave bruises.

"God," she groaned. "I'm coming again. You're making me come. Oh God, I love it. I love your big cock. Oh Jesus, it feels good. Oh JESUSSSSSSSSSSSS!"

She felt as if her body was being torn apart each time he slammed his thick cock into her. With each stroke, she could feel her cunt being stretched and the good feeling of his staff rubbing her hard clit. It was enough to drive a woman out of her mind.

"Baby," he panted. "God, I love this. But I want to come in your mouth."

She remembered the hot taste of him, how good it had felt to suck his cock. She remembered the sweet feeling of his rubbery shaft filling her mouth. She wanted his cum. She wanted to taste his slimy cockhead erupting into her mouth.

"Yes," she said. "Come in my mouth. I want you to come in my mouth."

He gave her a couple more savage strokes before he took his cock out of her pussy.

She felt him dripping onto her body as he moved up to straddle her head. He gripped both sides of her face and pressed his sperm tipped cock to her lips.

"Open your mouth," he said. "I want to stick my cock in your mouth."

She parted her lips and tasted his rubbery cockhead pushing between her lips. He shoved hard and his thick cock filled her mouth and throat. He kept pushing until his heavy cum-filled balls rested at her chin.

"Christ," he moaned. "I can feel your hot tongue on me. I can feel your

tongue."

She could hardly breathe but she didn't mind that. She loved it. She opened her mouth wide as he pulled his staff out and then slammed it back into her again.

He leaked a tittle and she tasted his thick, salty cum.

"I'm coming," he groaned. "Hot damn, I'm going to come in your mouth.

Oh Jesus, I'm coming! Jesus, I'm COMINGGGGGGG!"

She swallowed as his thick cum spurted into her mouth. She sucked an him until he quit trembling and then she allowed his prick to remain between her lips. She liked the warmth of his prick. Only after a while did she become aware of Rena's soft sobs coming from the other room.

CHAPTER FOUR

Rena felt frightened and confused as she followed Dave into the other room.

She didn't like the way things were going. She didn't like the way Jennifer had acted. She had never seen her friend like that before. It was

as if Jennifer had turned suddenly into another person.

"Very nice," Dave Madden said, "isn't it kind of nice being alone?"

"No," she said.

She didn't like being anywhere alone with Dave. She knew he had ideas that she was afraid of, and she wouldn't have agreed if it hadn't been for her fear for the young boy.

Dave Madden was an animal and he wouldn't have hesitated a moment in shooting the young boy down. Rena had decided that she had a better chance with Dave than the boy had.

Dave sat down on the couch and patted the place beside him.

"Come on over here, doll," he said. "We've got a lot to talk about."

"We don't have anything to talk about," he said, "and I think I'd be better off sitting over here."

His eyes grew ugly and she was afraid he was going to come after her.

"You'd better get that pretty little ass over here," he said.

She ran her fingers nervously through her dark hair. She had never felt as afraid as she did now. Nor had she ever felt as helpless. Dave Madden was a man capable of doing anything.

"All right," she agreed.

He smiled at her as she walked across the room and sat down beside him. She crossed her legs.

"You're a pretty thing," he said, "as pretty as your friend. Course your tits aren't as big."

"Please don't talk like that," she said.

"Like what?" he asked her. "You don't like to hear talk about sex?"

"What do you and your husband talk about?"

"I'm not married," Rena said.

"Not married," he said. "My God, don't tell me you're a virgin."

"Yes," she admitted softly.

Dave stared at her in disbelief. He could already feel his prick growing hard at her words. He couldn't believe his luck. Goddamn, but he'd found a hot little bitch and a virgin all in the same night. He took another long look at her slender body. Broken in right and she could be the hottest thing he'd ever handled.

"Goddamn," he said again.

He put his hand on her knee and squeezed. He felt her body tense as he played with her knee.

"I really like you, honey," he said. "I'd like to get your pants off."

"I'd like to put my big cock in your cunt. Just like I did your friend."

"Did you like watching us fuck in the back seat? Didn't it turn you on just a little?"

"Leave me alone," she begged him. "Can't you just leave me alone."

"Sure, baby," he said. "Right after you give me what I want. You're going to like this."

"I'm leaving," she said.

She jerked her knee out of his grasp and stood up suddenly. She thought she had seen his anger before but she was wrong. He gave a cry of rage and jumped up after her.

"Let me go," she said.

He slapped her hard across the cheek and she went stumbling backwards.

"You animal," she said. "Leave me alone. I'm leaving here."

"You crazy little bitch," he said. "Don't you understand? I own you.

I'm going to do you just like I did your girlfriend and you're going to love it."

"No," she whispered.

"There's not a goddamned thing you can do about it," he said.

She stared into his lust bloated face and she realized what he said was true. There was nothing she could do about it. He was physically stronger and much tougher. He would take her apart if she made a mistake.

"I don't want you to hurt me," she said.

"I'm not going to hurt you, baby," he said. "I'm going to make you happy."

He bent down and kissed her softly on the lips, and she couldn't help jerking her mouth away. She felt sick. She turned away but not before he could see the revulsion on her face.

"You bitch," he said savagely. "You fucking bitch. I'll teach you to turn away from me."

He slapped her down on the couch and then picked her up again. She felt as light as a feather in his strong hands. He began shaking her until she was afraid he was going to shake the teeth right out of her throat.

"Bitch," he said over and over. "Bitch."

He dropped her to the couch again. She was sobbing softly as he put his big hands on her shoulders. Before, she knew what he was doing he had ripped her blouse into shreds.

"No," she screamed. "Oh my God, no!"

He ripped the blouse off her and she stood panting in just her pants and bra. He walked toward her with an evil gleam in his eye. She backed away until there was no place else she could go.

"Leave me alone," she said. "Please."

"Baby," he said. "I'm going to take your goddamn clothes off and then I'm going to fuck the shit out of you. I'm going to teach you what it means to turn away from a man."

She clawed at his face but he grabbed her arm and twisted it down. She felt pain shoot through her shoulder. He let go of her and slapped her back against the wall. He kept her pinned there as he bent to kiss her soft white throat.

"Animal," she whispered.

She felt sick and disgusted at his touch. She brought her knee up in an instinctive reaction. She heard his grunt of pain as her knee hit his balls.

This time she'd really gotten him mad and she hadn't hurt him enough to stop him.

He slammed her back against the wall and his fist slammed into her stomach. She was out of breath for a moment and he gave her no time to get her strength back.

"Do you want to play rough?" he asked her. "I'll teach you how to play rough, you fucking cunt!"

He grabbed her by the head and began pushing her head back against the wall. Again he slammed her until she was seeing stars. He slapped her cheeks until she tasted blood.

"Oh my God, stop," she pleaded.

He didn't stop. He kept hurting her until she felt like she had no strength left. Finally he released her into a sobbing heap on the floor.

He grabbed her hair and lifted her head up.

"I'm going to fuck you, cunt," he said. "I'm going to stick my cock right up your pussy and in your mouth and anywhere else I want to. I'm going to give it to you, bitch, and there's nothing you can do about it."

Everything he said was true and there was no sense righting any longer.

She nodded her head. "All right."

He picked her up and leaned her back against the wall again. This time his mouth was hard as he pressed against her. She felt his tongue probing her lips and she opened up. His hot tongue darted into her mouth and touched her own.

"There," he said. "Now that wasn't so bad, was it? But we haven't started good yet."

He kissed her again on the mouth and allowed his tongue to explore the inside of her mouth. She felt a little weak and sick, but she knew better than to try to pull away again.

She tensed as she felt one of his big hands pawing her breasts.

"Hell," he said. "Take that damn thing off. I don't want a woman wearing bras. I like to see titties flop."

She reached behind her back and unhooked the clasps of her bra. She bit back a sob as she felt his eyes touching her in a way no man ever had.

She dropped the bra and it fell to the floor. She removed her arms and allowed him to look at her tits. He stood there for a long time just looking.

"Fantastic," he said.

He pressed her against the wall with his strong, stocky body while his hands freely groped at her ripe tits. For the first time she felt a man's fingers bruising her tender flesh.

"They feel real fine, honey," he said, "they're small but they feel real fine."

She wanted to be sick to her stomach but she somehow controlled herself. She could feel his hardness pressing against her stomach. She shut her eyes but that didn't help. She was suddenly flooded with mental pictures.

She could still see Jennifer and this man in the back seat. She could hear the soft cries they made. She could still see Jennifer's blonde head bobbing up and down on his immense shaft.

His fingers clutched her titties tightly and he started running his thumb over her nipples.

She tried to will herself not to feel anything.

She tried to think of other things. Nothing helped. Even as a girl, her breasts had always been sensitive. One touch could drive her crazy. She had always had to be so careful.

He felt her nipples begin to stiffen and he laughed lewdly.

"All you virgin pieces are just alike," he said. "You're hot for it."

"No," she lied, through clenched teeth. I don't like it. You're an animal and I get sick looking at you.

He laughed again because he knew she was lying. He kissed her mouth and found her bps warm. He sucked at her tongue but she struggled to keep it from him.

He didn't get angry. He only got more determined to teach her a lesson. He was going to make the coldhearted bitch beg for his cock before he was done.

He fondled her titties a few moments longer and then he stepped back from her.

"Okay, sweetie," he said. "I want to see what you've been hiding all these years. Strip the rest off. Right now!"

He walked back to the couch and sat down. He wasn't afraid of her trying to run away again. She was too frightened for that. He licked his lips as he watched her firm tits heave.

She was really turning him on. She looked so sweet and innocent and so damned scared.

"All right," he said, leaning back on the couch. "Hurry it up. I want you to strip the rest of your things off. I Want to see that sweet virgin cunt of yours. Hurry!"

She couldn't hurry. Her fingers trembled as she undid her pants. She couldn't seem to get the buckle to work right. Finally she had it undone and she looked up at him with pleading eyes.

"Go ahead," he said. "Strip them off."

Tears stung at her eyes as she realized the hopelessness of her situation. It wasn't like the movies. Her charming hero was going to be too late to rescue her virtue.

"Get on with it," he repeated.

His eyes were ugly and there was no mercy to be found in his face. He was hungry for her. He looked at her like a hungry cat eyeing a canary.

She was still crying as she skimmed the form fitting pants down her legs and stepped out of them. She dropped the pants on the floor and stood up straight again. His dark eyes went over her body.

"Hot damn," he said. "Godalmighty, you're a fine piece of woman!"

She felt naked and dirty but there was nothing she could do about it.

She closed her eyes but she immediately had to open them again. She couldn't stand the mental pictures that formed in her mind.

She kept seeing his stiff rod slamming into Jennifer and she kept hearing Jennifer's soft cries.

"This can't be happening to me," she said softly.

"It's happening," he said. "It sure is happening You've hidden your sweet body too long. It's time you found out what a woman's body is for."

Dave had never been as strongly attracted to a woman as he was this one. There was something very sexy about her. Something that made his blood hot and put an ache in his balls.

Clothes had hidden her body deceptively. Clothes had made her look skinny and she sure wasn't skinny. She had a tiny, perfect body. Like one of those shaggy darkhaired dolls the little girls had.

She wouldn't look at him and he found that this turned him on even more. He liked her to be so afraid of him.

"Now the panties," he said. "I want to see your pretty pink cunt."

"Don't make me take off anymore," she begged him. "I'll be good. I'll do the cooking and cleaning and things and I won't try to run away."

Only don't do this to me. Please."

"Quit your damn crying and get your fucking panties off!" he commanded.

"You act like your cunt's virgin gold. You're not the first cunt who ever got fucked and you won't be the last."

She was sobbing loudly as she skimmed the flimsy panties down her legs. She stepped out of them and her fingers immediately covered her mound.

He allowed her to keep her hands there, for a few brief moments, because that turned him on even more.

"Move your fingers," he finally said.

"I can't," she moaned.

"Move your goddamn fingers," he said.

"Please don't make me," she begged. "Go do Jennifer, but please leave me alone!"

She was frantic. She didn't, know what to do. She was willing to betray anyone to keep this evil man away from her body. She told herself that Jennifer wouldn't mind. Jennifer had loved it. She would be more than willing to fuck him again.

"Jennifer will," she said. "Jennifer's good. She'll do anything you want."

"I want you," he said. "Now move your hands or I'm going to come over there and change your looks around."

He meant it. He would have hurt her just as he would have killed the boy. She moved her hands and felt his eyes touch the sacred spot between her legs.

"Sweet looking," he said. "You have a fine pussy."

Her pussy hair was thick and raven black, a startling contrast to her ivory thighs. She did have a fantastic body. Like one of those models out of a centerfold magazine.

Dave still couldn't believe his luck. Two beautiful women in one night. And one of them a virgin.

"Come over here," he said, once more patting the place beside him on the couch.

This time she didn't protest as she walked to him. He stopped her in front of him so that he could run his eyes all over her naked body. He couldn't get enough of her.

"Damn," he said softly.

He reached around her shoulders and pulled her against him. Her flat belly quivered as he touched his lips to her skin. He ran his fingers down her back and touched her delicate ass. She shivered as his fingers caressed her. He pulled apart her plump cheeks and let his fingers explore her crack.

"Stop," she pleaded.

Her pleading only turned him on more. He wanted this dark-haired virgin. He wanted her more than he had ever wanted any woman. There was just something about her that made his balls hotter than hell. He took her hand and placed it on his rigid prick. She jerked her hand away as if she had been hurt.

"You don't like it yet, do you, sweetie?" he asked her. "Or maybe you're scared of it. Well don't worry. You're going to get used to it.

Real used to it.

"I won't," she said.

He grabbed her and pulled her down in his lap. He positioned her so that

he was sure she felt his hard bulge pressing into her crack. He played with her titties until he felt her sigh.

"Kiss me," he told her.

This time her lips were warmer than before. She offered him no resistance when his tongue probed. Her mouth opened and his tongue went deep into her mouth.

She responded by touching his tongue with her own. He knew she was not completely turned on yet. She was just accepting him. But he knew he was going to get her turned on. She had been too long without a man and he didn't think it was going to take long to light her fire.

He felt her nipples responding to the touch of his fingers once again.

Her nipples grew into hard points as he caressed her. She had smaller titties than her friend but her nipples grew almost as big when they hardened.

"You feel so good, sugar," he said. "Your titties feel so goddamned good it makes me want to taste them. I want to get your tit in my mouth and suck on it a while."

"Please," she whispered.

He only grinned as he pushed her off his lap and made her stretch out on the soft carpeted floor. He bent over her on his knees. He kissed her throat and the soft white of her shoulders. He sensed that she was still trying to fight her feelings.

"Don't fight it," he told her. "Just relax. I'm not going to hurt you."

He kissed the tops of her firm titties. He captured one nipple and rolled it gently between his thumb and forefinger. She squirmed as if she were really trying to get away but he didn't think she was serious.

He bent down and touched his lips to her nipple. He felt her shivering as he began licking her salty flesh. Her nipple grew in his lips and he bit down gently.

"Stop that," she begged him. "Please stop that. Oh, please stop, pleaseeee!"

He couldn't have stopped then if he'd wanted too. He'd already tasted one sweet nipple and he couldn't help his hunger. He moved his mouth from one nipple to her other. He sucked more of her tender flesh into his mouth each time.

Her fingers tugged at his hair but she didn't try too hard to pull him away. It was like she had no strength in her fingers.

He left her titties and moved his lips down to her flat belly. She tasted so hot and clean. He sucked at her body and pushed his tongue into her tiny navel.

"Ooooooooo," she moaned.

He knew she was feeling it then. He knew she didn't have the will to stop him from doing anything he wanted to do. He moved his lips down until he was touching just above the beginning of her thick pubic hair. He could smell her sweet pussy.

"God, baby," he said. "God, you taste so good!"

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Oh, don't do that. Don't. What are you doing, you filthy animal?"

She was a crazy tittle bitch for all the while she begged him to stop, her fingers tugged him lower.

He pushed his tongue into the curly mat of her pussy hairs. She tasted fine. He went lower and kissed the plump tips. This time he felt her hips

jerk.

"You love it, cunt," he said. "You're wild for it."

"No," she lied.

All the while her fingers kept tugging him closer to her cunt. He put his hands on her thighs and pulled them apart. He licked his lips as he looked into her juicy inner cunt.

"I'm going to eat that stuff," he said.

"No," she said.

He sensed her tensing up again. Her fingers pulled at his head and she felt as if she were struggling to get free. He was tired of her futile protests. He held her thighs in a strong grip.

"Don't keep fighting me," he warned her. "I've already told you that I'll hurt you. Don't fight."

He felt her go limp. He knew she was still fighting inside, but that didn't matter. She wouldn't be able to control her desire for even a little while. There wasn't a woman alive who could control herself once he got his tongue

in.

"You're going to like this," he told her. "You're going to like my hot tongue in your cunt. Believe me. I can drive you wild. I know how to eat pussy."

He pressed his face into her sweet tasting cunt. He kissed her plump pussy lips until she was squirming hotly. He tasted her tangy juices as she grew wetter.

He slipped his tongue up into her.

"Stop," she pleaded, but she didn't sound as if she really wanted him to stop.

She got even wetter as he began to work his tongue in her. He licked her tangy juices away from her pussy hairs and off the entrance to her cunt. He sucked at the flesh of her delicious cunt lips.

"Please stop," she begged.

He pushed his tongue deep into her sweet tasting cunt and she quit trying to push his head away. Instead her fingers tugged at his hair urgently.

"Oh, Dear Jesus," she moaned softly.

He almost laughed because he knew she was getting carried away. He started to really work on her cunt. He licked at her feverishly, as if he was trying to suck all of her juicy cunt between his lips. He was driving her wild. He felt her shivering all over.

"Oh God!" she cried out loud.

He searched with his tongue until he found her tiny, sensitive bud. It was already hard and he felt her hips jerk as his tongue touched her.

Her hands pulled at his head with a strength he didn't know she had.

"God, God, God," she moaned over and over.

He put his hand under her fine hot ass and lifted her higher. Her luscious cunt spread apart for him even wider and he drove his tongue savagely into her.

"Oooooo," she cried. "You're making me feel funny. You're making me feel so strange all over."

He sucked her clit between his lips and began to nibble gently. This was

enough to drive her crazy. She was getting as wildly aroused as any woman he had ever eaten.

She was really wet and he knew she was about to climax, and he didn't want that yet.

He felt her frantic tugging as he lifted his head.

"What's the matter, baby?" he asked her. "I thought you didn't want me to do that."

"Bastard," she screamed. "Filthy bastard, why are you doing this to me?"

"I'm going to make you beg for it, cunt," he said. "I'm going to make you beg and scream for my cock and you're going to love it when I give it to you. You're going to thank me."

"No," she said. "Never. Just do it and get it over with!"

"Not until you beg, honey," he said.

She kept her mouth closed and he was glad of that. He didn't want her to start begging too fast. He liked it better when it took a little longer to

break the resistance down.

He knew it would happen sooner or later. He had known all along that she was a hot piece and all that it would require would be finding the right button to turn her on.

He had every confidence that he could make her beg, if he could just hold out long enough. His cock was so stiff now that it was hurting him.

He stretched out beside her and took her hand. He placed her hand on his bulging trousers.

"Feel that," he said. "Think about my big hot rod in your cunt. Think about it, cunt. Feel how hard I am and think about it going into your pussy. Think about me tearing your pussy up. Think about it, baby."

"I don't want to," she said.

He kept his hand on top of hers so that she couldn't move away. He could feel her trembling, and he decided it was time to really give her something to tremble about.

"Take it out, cunt," he said. "I want you to feel a real man's cock."

Rena bit her lips nervously. She fumbled with his zipper but she finally got it down. She didn't want to look and she especially didn't want to feel his throbbing weapon, but she had no choice. He would force her if she refused, and that could mean pain.

"It's not going to bite you," he said. "Take it out!"

She was still trembling violently but she reached her hand inside his trousers and touched his cock. She forced herself not to jerk her hand away as she felt his sticky flesh, "You're wasting time, baby," he said. "Take it out."

He grew impatient with her fumbling and unbuckled his trousers himself. He pulled them apart and quickly jerked them down his legs.

He felt his cockhead brush wetly against her soft cheek and she jerked away.

She didn't get far. He grabbed her shoulder and held her in a fierce grip.

"Don't leave, baby," he said. "The fun's just started. We haven't even warmed up yet!"

He grabbed her by a handful of her raven black hair and made her look.

"Feel of it some more, sugar," he said. "Feel of it. I want your fingers wrapped around my cock and I want you to squeeze some jism out."

She hesitated only a moment as she touched his prick again. She kept asking herself why he didn't get it over with. Why didn't he just fuck her and be done? He could. He didn't have to play so many games.

She wrapped her fingers around his shaft and then moved her hand up and down. She suddenly felt her hand get sticky as he leaked onto her fingers.

"See how hot you've got me, sugar," he said.

She closed her eyes as she moved her hand up and down. Maybe he would come this way and leave her alone. However, she didn't really believe he would.

"Just leave that thing for a second, sugar," he said. "Come on over here and straddle my face. I'm going to suck your sweet pussy again while you suck my dick."

"I couldn't do that," she said.

"You'd better," he warned.

He grabbed and pulled her on top of him. He kissed her lips softly and then he made her sit up. He made her turn around so that she was facing away from him.

"Sit up just a little," he said. "I'm going to lick your hot cunt juices away."

She raised up a little and she felt his tongue licking at her pussy hairs.

"No," she moaned, as a hot shiver went through her. "No, please. Not again."

But his tongue wouldn't stop licking at her and she opened her thighs wider and she sank down on his face. His hot tongue parted her lust swollen cuntlips and thrust deeply into her cunt. She felt weak and trembly all over.

"Ooooooooo," she moaned.

He pushed at her back until she had to bend over. Her face was inches above his cock and she knew what he wanted. She stared at his cock with a half excitement and half revulsion.

"I just can't," she whispered, but she remembered his warning and she

knew she'd better.

She bent over closer and touched her lips to the ruby tip of his cock.

She could feel it pulsating beneath the touch of her lips. Then she tasted his salty flavor of his leaking cum and she jerked back.

She wasn't turned off by what she'd done. Instead she felt a deep warmth all over.

Dave kept licking her cunt and causing her to tingle.

She found she couldn't resist putting her mouth back on the ruby crown. She felt him jerk as her lips touched him and again she tasted the rich, salty flavor of his cum. This time she didn't jerk her mouth away.

She licked at the tiny hole until she had licked away every drop of his cum. Then she opened her mouth wider and took just the sensitive crown into her mouth. She pushed her tongue all around his throbbing tip and she felt him thrusting hard, trying to push his cock deeper into her mouth.

A hot spasm shook her body. She'd never felt like this. Never. She started grinding her cunt against his face as she felt her pleasure mounting.

Again he could sense when she was ready to come, and he pushed her away.

"No, you bastard," she sobbed weakly. "Not again. Don't do this to me again."

"I told you I'd get you hot, sugar," he said.

She tried to push him down so that her cunt could once more cover his face, but he was too strong for her. He pushed her off his body and grabbed her by the back of her head.

She was on her knees beside him and she felt her head being drawn down to his cock. She didn't mind sucking him, but her cunt was so hot. It was like she was burning up.

He pushed her head down farther until her lips were just bare inches away from his cum-tipped crown.

"Suck it good, girl," he said. "Suck my prick real good. I'll make an expert cocksucker out of you yet."

She was so confused. She hated and loved the things he was making her do. She couldn't understand her feelings. She'd never been so hot. She was

acting worse than Jennifer had acted, worse than anyone could act.

"Suck it, honey," he said. "Suck it!"

He loved the feelings that went through him when he felt her sweet ripe lips touch his cock. She began using her lips and tongue to work on him, covering him with her saliva.

"Down the cock," he panted. "Lick down my cock right to my balls!"

She licked down the length of his cock all the way to his balls. Her tongue worked feverishly over his balls and he could feel them aching for release.

He pulled her head back up to the end of his cock.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth, cunt," he said. "I'm going to flood you with my jism. You're going to taste my cum before I put it in your cunt."

He thrust and she felt his cockhead against her lips. She didn't open them, at first, for there was fear in her. She wasn't sure she wanted to take his cum in her mouth. She could still remember how Jennifer had made those wet, gulping sounds when she had swallowed his jism.

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

His hand tightened on the back of her head and he slammed his blood-filled cockhead against her mouth once more. She couldn't breathe and she tried to move her lips away.

"All right, goddamn it," he said angrily. "I'll really mouth fuck you."

He got up on his feet and he grabbed the back of her head. He held her firm as he brought her lips back to his cock.

"You're going to get a good mouth fucking this time," he said. "I'm going to put it right down your throat."

He gave a savage thrust and she couldn't keep her mouth closed any longer. She felt his cockhead breaking into her mouth and then there was the feeling of his long, thick shaft stretching her cheeks.

She tasted his leaking fluid and she felt his pulsating cockhead snug against the back of her throat. She could even feel his balls resting against her chin.

"Now you're going to get it, honey," he said.

He started guiding her head up and down his shaft and she kept feeling him leaking down the back of her throat. She'd never been so hotly excited in all her life.

It wasn't a feeling she understood. She would have thought that she would have been disgusted. She knew she would be sick afterwards, but right now she found herself thirsting for his cum.

"That's it, baby," he groaned. "Now you're doing it. Keep doing that with your tongue and mouth and you'll get a real taste of my cum.

You're going to swallow a mouthful!"

There was nothing she could do to avoid what was going to happen. She knew she was going to take his thick jism in her mouth, and that he was going to make her swallow it.

She closed her eyes as he kept slamming his rubbery shaft deep in her throat. He was pumping faster, now, and she could actually feel his cockhead growing in her throat.

"God, baby," he yelled. "God, I'm getting there!"

Dave looked down and saw the most exciting sight he ever hoped to see.

His cock was disappearing between her ripe lips while her hair flowed freely around her soft white shoulders. He could feel his balls aching hotly as he got ready.

"Here I come," he groaned. "Here I fucking come. Get ready for it, sugar. Hell, taste my hot cum. Taste it. Taste every drop. Swallow, it CUNTTTTTTTTTTTTT!"

She gulped noisily as she felt his cum spilling into her mouth. She tasted it in the hollows of her cheeks, and going down her throat. He had too much and she could feel his stickiness flowing out of the corners of her mouth.

"Ahhhhh," he moaned softly, as his cock spurted one last time into her mouth. "Now don't move your mouth, cunt. Just stay like that for a while."

She felt hot and uncomfortable as she kneeled there, but she remained as he told her to. She kept his cock in her mouth and she sucked on him gently.

It wasn't but a few moments before she felt his cock beginning to grow stiff again.

She knew what was coming next and she could feel her heart pounding quickly. She raised her eyes to him, while her lips remained on his prick, and she could see him grinning lewdly at her.

His hands played in her hair until his prick grew completely hard and then his grip tightened and he began guiding her head up and down.

She thought he was planning to come again in her mouth, but he only waited until his prick was slick from her saliva and his leaking fluids.

Then he pulled his cock out of her mouth and rubbed it gently against her cheeks.

"All right, baby," he said. "Now I'm going to make you beg for my rod."

He pushed her backwards on the floor and he stretched out beside her.

He ran his fingertips lightly over her titties, down her quivering belly to the juncture between her thighs. He pushed her legs wider apart and started running his finger up and down her wet pussy lips.

He had carried her to the brink twice and he knew it wouldn't take any work to get her there again.

"You hot, baby?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she admitted softly.

His fingers slipped inside her warm, wet cunt and she shuddered. He had three fingers in her pussy and he moved them in and out slowly. He could feel her getting wetter.

"You're getting turned on," he said. "I know you want it and I'm going to give it to you. I'm going to ball you until you turn blue. I'm going to ball your cunt sore! I'm going to make you beg and beg and beg!"

She was moving in response to his caressing fingers. Her hips rocked from side to side and low moans kept being torn from her throat. She parted her lips and licked at the corner of her mouth.

"You're making me hot," she groaned. "You're making me so hot. Please don't tease me any more."

He went between her thighs and pressed his cockhead against her cunt entrance. He began moving his cockhead up and down the wet entrance.

"You want it?" he asked her.

She didn't answer. He pressed his cockhead snugly against her cunt and pushed a little. She was wiggling frantically now. Her legs opened wider and

it was like her cunt was trying to suck his cock into it.

"Tell me pussy," he said. "Tell me you want it. Come on, beg me some!"

"All right," she sobbed. "I want it! I want it!"

"Tell me what you want," he insisted. "Tell me exactly what you want me to do.

"I want your fat cock," she groaned. "I want your big, fat cock inside me!"

It was what he was waiting to hear. He had broken her defenses down and he had made her beg for it.

Now he was ready to really fuck her.

He wasn't gentle. He was too turned on. He slammed his cock through her virgin cunt walls with one savage stroke. She screamed, but he wasn't listening.

He withdrew his cock partly and slammed it back into her again. This time his cock went all the way into her sweet feeling pussy. He could feel his balls resting against her.

"Now I'm going to fuck you," he said. "Now I'm going to really give you some of my big cock."

"Oh yes," she moaned. "Give it to me. Give it to me."

He started fucking her with deep strokes that slapped loudly against her. His balls were aching painfully and he knew he wasn't going to be able to last for long.

He brought his fingers up to caress her nipples and she went out of her mind.

"Jesus," she cried. "Jesus, I love it. It's not like what I expected."

It feels so good. Jesus, it feels so good. Oh fucking JesusssssssaghhhhhGHGHGHGGH!"

He'd had her so hot it didn't take her any time at all. He felt his cock get slippery with her flooding juices. Her sweet cunt felt so good that he couldn't stand it.

"Get ready," he grunted. "Get ready to take my cum. Get ready to have your pussy filled."

He fucked her faster and faster and she met his every thrust with a bucking of her ass.

"Give it to me," she groaned. "Fill my cunt with your cum. Fill me up."

She felt his cock growing within her cunt walls and she squirmed closer to him. She knew she would be ashamed later but right now she wanted to feel his cum squirting into her.

"Christ," he moaned. "Christ, I'm coming in your sweet pussy. I'm going to fill your cunt. Oh Christ, it feels so fucking goood. So fucking sweetttttttttt!"

She ground herself against him as she felt his thick jism erupting into her cunt. She kept wiggling against him long after his prick had gone limp.

Only then did she feel shame.

CHAPTER FIVE

Jennifer had stood open mouthed in shock as she'd watched Dave and Rena on the rug. She'd never seen anything so exciting. She'd never expected to see her prudish friend get so turned on.

"My God," the young boy said.

The youngster had followed her from the kitchen and he'd not bothered to get dressed. Jennifer suddenly realized that she'd been rubbing his cock all the time.

"You're getting hot again," she observed.

"Jesus," he said. "Didn't that turn you on?"

"Yes," Jennifer admitted softly.

Jennifer gave his cock another gentle squeeze before she went to comfort her friend. She sat down beside Rena and put her arm around Rena's shoulders.

"It's not so bad," Jennifer said.

"You don't know what he did," Rena moaned. "He did it to me.. I mean, he really did!"

"Hell," Dave Madden said. "Don't carry on so. You enjoyed it more than I

did."

Rena only sobbed louder because she knew what he said was true.

"Hell," Dave said. "I want a beer. Shake your ass, girl, and bring me one."

Jennifer nodded. She hurried to the kitchen and searched until she found a cold one in the back of the fridge. She opened it and brought it back to him. He ran his ringers lightly across one of her big nipples before he took the beer.

"Anybody tell you that you've got a fine pair of titties," he said.

"Did you let the kid suck on them?"

Jennifer wanted to keep him in good humor for as long as possible.

She'd fetch his beer, answer his questions, or crawl around the room on all fours panting like a dog if he wanted it. She kept remembering that he was capable of doing a lot of damage to them.

"Yes," she said, "he sucked them."

He grinned at her answer. "You're a hot little bitch. You and your friend both."

He made a disgusted face at Rena who was sitting on the floor still crying.

"Why don't you shut your goddamned mouth," he said.

"You liked being fucked. You begged for it. Now shut the hell up or I'm going to come over there and give you something to make you cry about."

Jennifer hurried to her friend and once more put her arm around Rena's shoulders.

"Please be quiet, Rena," Jennifer whispered. "I don't want to make him mad. He'll hurt you! He'll hurt us both!"

"He couldn't do anything worse to me," Rena said.

Jennifer was suddenly angry. "You damn fool," she hissed, "of course he can do something worse to you. He could kill you. Do you want to die?"

Rena was shocked by the sudden anger in Jennifer's voice and she began to realize that Jennifer was right. Just because he'd fucked them both

didn't mean they were safe. He could decide to kill them at any time.

"I guess I have been acting like a two-year-old," Rena said. "The most important thing is staying alive."

"Now you're talking," Jennifer said.

Jennifer held her friend's hand as Rena painfully climbed to her feet.

Jennifer noticed that the insides of her friend's thighs had blood on them. Virgin blood. Jennifer hadn't really believed that Rena was a virgin, as Rena had said so many times.

Now she believed it. For the first time, Jennifer grew really angry at the convict. It was a damn shame that Rena had to lose her virginity to such a brutal man.

"Could we go upstairs?" Jennifer asked him.

"For what?" he asked.

"We'd like to get cleaned up a little," she said.

"All right," he said, after thinking a moment, "but you remember that any funny stuff and the boy is dead. You think about that while you're trying to slip out the window."

Jennifer nodded. The young boy had sat down on the couch and his face was pale. He shot them a pleading glance as Jennifer helped Rena up the stairs.

They found the master bedroom and they both took long, hot showers.

They also found clean panties and some pullover shirts in a bedroom closet. The clothes were not a perfect fit but at least they were clean. Jennifer had started feeling dirty In the clothes she had been wearing.

"Jennifer," Rena said, sitting on the edge of the bed. Rena was looking better after her shower.

"Yes?" Jennifer asked.

"Don't you think we should try it anyway?" Rena asked.

"You mean go out the window?" Jennifer asked. "You know, he'll kill the boy?"

"Maybe he plans to kill us anyway," Rena said. "At least this way we might be able to find help and get back before he does. The other way we're just at his mercy."

Jennifer could tell that her friend was beginning to use her head instead of just being scared. The worst had already happened to Rena.

The thing she had been most afraid of.

"We'd be taking an awful chance," Jennifer said.

"We're taking an awful chance staying here," Rena observed.

Jennifer understood that her friend was right. Dave might kill them no matter what they did. Maybe he would feel like he was taking a chance leaving them alive. He was capable of doing anything. Perhaps the best thing would be trying to escape.

The boy couldn't get much worse off.

"All right," Jennifer agreed, "we can try the window. If we're quick enough, he'll never know we're gone until we bring the police right back."

They had both seen enough old movies to know just what to do. First they

tied the bed sheets together and lowered them out the window.

Rena went first and she climbed down the bed sheets like a monkey.

Jennifer was a little heavier and she was slower coming down, but they both made it.

At least they thought they did until they heard Dave Madden's rough laughter.

"Well, ladies," he said. "Are you out for an evening stroll? On such a chilly evening. Why, you could catch your death."

Jennifer clutched Rena's hand both for comfort and because she was frightened Rena might try running, and Rena wouldn't be able to outrun a bullet.

"Let's go inside," he commanded.

Jennifer felt as if a hand clutched her heart as she walked ahead of Dave Madden back into the farmhouse. Now she was really frightened.

They had tried to escape and he was angry.

She heard Rena gasp as they nearly fell over the stretched out body of the boy.

"Don't worry," Dave said. "He's not dead, but he won't be playing football for a long time. And he won't be trying to stop me any more.

Just remember, ladies. You could get hurt. The only reason you're still alive is that I have other uses for you.

Jennifer nearly stumbled again but Rena caught her arm. Dave prodded Jennifer in the back with his pistol.

"Walk up the stairs," he said. "To the bedroom."

"What more can you do to us?" Rena said. "Why don't you just kill us now?"

"Oh," he said, "there's lots more time, yet. Lots of time for fun and games."

Jennifer licked her lips as she thought about the kind of fun and games he might have in mind. She had to admit that she had enjoyed the things he had done with her that evening, but there was a new sound to his voice. A

sound of cruelty. He was angry at them and he meant to make them pay a price for their escape attempt.

He marched them into the bedroom they had just left. He sat down on the edge of the bed with the pistol still in his hand.

He was leering at them and Jennifer wondered how a man could stay so horny. He had fucked more that night than Jennifer thought a man could and he still looked hungry for more.

'You know," he said, crossing his legs, "when we try to break out of prison the guards make things tough on us. Solitary and such. Both of you should have some punishment."

Dave was feeling hot as he looked at the two beautiful young women trembling before him. He always got a sense of power when he had people afraid of him, especially good looking females.

"All right," he said. "Strip off your clothes."

Jennifer felt like spiders crawled up her legs as she started undressing. Rena was slow but she too started taking off her clothes.

In a few moments both of them stood naked before him.

"Both of you make quite a contrast," he said. "It's turning me on."

"What do you want us to do?" Rena asked. "Come over here," he said.

"Kneel!"

Jennifer knelt on one side of him while Rena knelt on the other. Dave leaned back on the bed and put his hands behind his head. He leered at them.

"Take my cock out, ladies," he said. "Show me how you're sorry you ever tried to escape. Show me, ladies."

Jennifer reached for him but Rena was quicker. She reached her hand inside his trousers and pulled out his slowly growing cock. She wrapped her fingers around his stem.

"Both of you look so good," he said. "Why don't you give each other a kiss. A nice sloppy kiss."

Jennifer felt her heart pounding as she looked at her friend.

"Kiss each other," he said.

"Come on, Rena," Jennifer said softly, "we have to do it."

Rena nodded, but her face was pale. Jennifer leaned closer and her friends lips just barely brushed against her friend. She felt a tingle go up her spine as Rena quickly pulled her mouth away.

"Not like that, goddamn it," Dave said. "I want a show. I want to see you really kiss each other."

Jennifer knew what he wanted and she wanted it too. She couldn't deny it. She was hungry to kiss her friend, to find out what Rena's soft mouth felt like in a real kiss.

She grabbed Rena's head suddenly and jerked her against her. She pressed her mouth down against Rena's and she could feel Rena trying to make her mouth cold. This time Jennifer was determined that Rena would feel something.

Rena tried to move her head away but Jennifer kept her in a tight grip. Finally, she felt Rena's lips soften.

"That's the way," Dave said.

Jennifer drew away and she could see that Dave's cock had grown as he had watched them kissing. Rena's small hand was still clutching it tightly.

"Kiss her again," Dave said, "kiss each other just like that."

Jennifer leaned over and kissed her friend again. This time she was surprised by the hunger in Rena's lips. She opened her mouth and she felt Rena's tongue touching her own.

"God," Dave said. "Both of you get on the bed. God, I like this."

Jennifer couldn't deny that she was getting hot. She scrambled up on the bed and stretched out on her side. Rena pressed close to her and she felt Rena's small breasts against her own.

Jennifer felt a wetness between her thighs as she kissed her friend.

She pushed her tongue deep into Rena's mouth and wiggled it against Rena's.

Dave started stripping off his clothes as he watched. The two girls were really getting into it. He hadn't expected them to get so carried away. This was better than a porno movie. He climbed on the bed beside the sweet

assed blonde.

He pressed his cock against the firm globes of her ass. She felt so fucking good. He couldn't resist reaching around to fondle her magnificent tits.

"Baby," Dave groaned, "baby, you feel so fucking fine."

The two girls kept kissing each other hungrily, as if they had been waiting all their lives for this. Perhaps they had. It took a man like Dave to bring out their animal hungers.

"Do it, ladies," he said, "rub your sweet pussies together. Rub them."

Jennifer felt a little ashamed as she listened to Dave's whispered commands. She knew that Rena felt the same way. Yet, both of them couldn't seem to get enough of each other. Jennifer pushed her pussy against her friend's furry snatch and she heard Rena sigh.

"Suck the blonde's titties," Dave said, "chomp on those beautiful big jugs."

Jennifer nearly froze as she felt her friend's lips touching her. She felt Rena's tongue making a wet path down her shoulders to the front of her

titties. Rena began chewing on her flesh just at the swell of her creamy tits.

"Oh Rena," Jennifer moaned. "That feels so good."

Then Rena's hot mouth went farther and she was sucking on one of Jennifer's large nipples. Jennifer felt her nipple harden at the hot, wet touch of Rena's lips.

"Oh my God, Rena," Jennifer moaned.

Rena's mouth suddenly seemed like it was trying to devour Jennifer's flesh, sucking until the dark-haired girl could get no more flesh into her mouth.

Rena lifted her head. She had a curious expression of pain and excitement in her face.

"I'm sorry, Jennifer," she said. "I just can't help myself. I've always wanted to. I've waited so long."

Jennifer couldn't believe what she was hearing. She grasped Rena's head and tugged her mouth back to her hard nipple. She felt a delicious tingling as Rena's mouth covered her nipple once again.

Jennifer could only close her eyes and listen to the wonderful wet sounds of Rena's sucking. Jennifer felt too weak to do anything else.

"That feels so good, Rena," Jennifer moaned. "You make me so hot all over."

"That's right, cunt," Dave said. "Make her hot all over. Make her hot by sucking them big titties. Bite them, suck them, suck them!"

Dave was kissing her throat and shoulders. She parted her legs slightly and his hard cock slipped into the warmth between her thighs.

He moved back and forth slowly as his big, rough hands dropped to massage her cunt.

"Goddamn," Dave said, "this is turning me on. This is really fucking turning me on!"

He climbed to his knees and grabbed Jennifer by the hair. He pulled her away from Rena and made her get to her knees before him. He pushed her head down until her lips touched his cock.

"Suck it," he moaned. "I want you to suck my big prick. Suck it up, cunt!"

Jennifer felt Rena softly kissing her thighs as she sucked Dave's big, throbbing prick deep into her mouth. She hollowed her cheeks so that she could suck all of his cock into her mouth. Her tongue touched his balls and she could taste his jism in the back of her throat.

"Oh shit," Dave moaned. "Oh shit, what a fantastic mouth!"

Dave looked straight into Rena's eyes as Jennifer's blonde head bobbed up and down on his cock.

"Go ahead, cunt," he said. "Suck her pussy. You know you want to. Get down and suck her sweet pussy. She tastes good. I can promise you that. Her cunt tastes delicious."

"I couldn't do that," Rena protested weakly.

"Do it, goddamn it," Dave demanded.

Jennifer wasn't really shocked when she felt Rena's hot, wet mouth touching her thighs. Jennifer had somehow known that this was what Dave had been leading up to.

"That's the way," Dave said. "Suck her pussy. Taste her juices. Get your tongue right up in there."

Rena's tongue touched softly at Jennifer's snatch. Jennifer could feel her plump pussy lips dripping hot juice as Rena's tongue started licking at her.

Nothing had ever felt so good. Jennifer had everything she'd ever wanted. A tongue in her pussy and a cock in her mouth. She sucked hard at Dave's cock.

"Keep doing that," Dave said. "You're getting her hot. Keep doing that!"

Jennifer shivered as she felt Rena's tongue slip completely inside her cunt. She felt Rena wiggling her tongue around, touching every sensitive part of Jennifer's cunt.

"Ummmm," was all Jennifer could say.

"Dear Jesus," Dave said. "Oh fuck. You're making her suck harder.

She's going to suck all of it up."

Jennifer was suddenly hungry for his cum, as hungry as she'd ever been. She wanted to taste the thick jism going into her throat. She didn't need his hands directing her to bob faster, she was more than willing.

"Oh Jesus," Dave groaned. "Jesus, I'm going to blow it in your sweet mouth. Oh fucking Jesus, get around here, cunt. Hell, get your ass around here!"

Rena quickly climbed around to where she could sit beside Jennifer.

Jennifer missed her tongue in her cunt but right now she wanted Dave's jism more.

"Share, bitches," Dave groaned. "I want you both to share it."

Jennifer watched as Rena's black head bobbed quickly down on his cock.

"Jesus," Dave groaned. "Jesus, I'm coming. I can feel it coming out."

Jesus, I love this. *GODALMIGHTY!!!!*"

His jism exploded into Rena's face just as she was coming up for air.

Quickly Jennifer lowered her lips to his bursting cock and took most of his creamy jism into her mouth. Rena was sobbing as she kissed Jennifer's cheeks and licked cum away from the end of his red cock.

"God," he said. "God."

Both of them continued to suck on his prick until there was no more cum. One look at Dave's face told Jennifer that he was completely exhausted.

"That's all right," he said, patting her head. "We'll start again in the morning."

Jennifer was disappointed but she knew that was part of Dave's punishment for them. He would send them to bed horny. Dave leaned back and gathered them both into his arms.

"Calm down, ladies," he said, laughing. "Maybe I'll let you suck each other again in the morning."

CHAPTER SIX

Jennifer was taking a shower early the next morning when she heard Rena scream.

Quickly Jennifer turned the shower off and wrapped a towel around herself. She was running down the stairs when she nearly ran into a man she'd never seen.

He was a big, beefy man with a gun in his hand.

"You're the other one," he said, grinning. "It's okay now. We have him."

"You're a police officer," Jennifer said.

"I sure am."

He may have been a police officer but his eyes ran all over her body.

She tugged at the towel so that so much of her flesh wasn't revealed.

He grinned and licked his lips.

"I'm supposed to bring you down," he said. "Shall we go upstairs and let you get dressed first?"

She felt the police officer's eyes on her, watching her hungrily, as she turned back up the stairs. Yet, she couldn't really concentrate on keeping her towel in place. She breathed a sigh of relief at every step.

For the first time she realized just how scared she really had been.

And now it was over. It was all over.

"I have some things in the bathroom," she said.

She'd somehow expected the police officer to stop just outside the door. That was the way the hero cop was supposed to do things.

Instead, she was suddenly aware that he had followed her into the bathroom. He was leaning against the door with a leer on his face.

"Go ahead and dress," he whispered huskily.

"Aren't you supposed to wait outside?" she asked.

"Why, sugar?" he asked. "You showed it all to Dave Madden and he's a real sick fellow. You shouldn't mind showing a little to the officer who rescued you."

Jennifer was suddenly angry. This was no way for him to be treating her. He was acting like she was guilty of something. All she had done was try to stay alive.

"Get out," she said. "You're sicker than he is."

His face was clouded with anger as he pushed into the bathroom and slammed the door with a kick of his foot.

"You little bitch," he said. "Don't go calling me names. That boy crawled fifteen miles to tell us that Dave Madden was here. Fifteen goddamn miles! It took him most of the fucking night and he may die from it. While you and your friend were here playing cozy little games. So don't call me names."

Her face grew pale and she felt her knees go weak. He couldn't blame the boy's condition on her. That wasn't fair.

"Let's see it," he said. "Let's see a little of what Dave Madden got!"

"My Lord," Jennifer said quietly.

She didn't protest as he reached for her towel. He ripped it away from her and his eyes blazed with lust. He rubbed himself between his legs.

"Jesus, what a body!" he said.

She expected him to take a good look and then hand her clothes to her.

That may have been what he was planning to do until he saw her naked body. Now she saw he was getting other ideas.

"Baby," he said huskily.

"Don't you touch me," she said. "I'll scream. I'll scream the goddamn house down."

"Nobody's going to care," he said, "my captain is downstairs with your friend. He's probably got it in by now. Hell, don't take on so. You've been giving it to Madden all along. The boy told us. He said you loved it."

"That's not true," she said. "I just wanted to stay alive. I just wanted to live."

She could tell by his lust-bloated face that there was nothing he wouldn't do to have her. He might be ashamed later, but right now he was thinking between his legs.

"Then you'd better do what I want," he said, "nobody but me knows you're up here and nobody will believe you after what the boy said."

You be nice to me or I'm going to hurt you real bad. I know how. I could hurt you worse than Dave Madden!"

What he said was true. Nobody knew, for sure, if she was still alive up here. He could kill her and blame it on Dave Madden. He looked like he could do it.

He unzipped himself and reached inside his trousers. He pulled out his half-hard prick.

"Get on your knees," he said.

Jennifer sighed. There was really nothing she could do. She couldn't believe it was happening. After being raped by Dave Madden she was being raped by the officer who rescued her.

She dropped to her knees on the hard tile floor and took his prick in her fingers. She tugged it completely free of his trousers so that his hairy balls also dropped outside.

She felt his prick growing hard in her fingers. She wrapped her fingers tightly around his stem and began jerking him off. In a moment she had him completely hard.

She lowered her lips to the reddened stem and she felt him shudder.

"Jesus," he said softly. "Suck me, baby. Suck my big prick!"

The best thing to do was to get it over with and she knew just how to do that. She opened her mouth wide and sucked his cock completely between her lips. She sucked his prick down to his balls.

"God, baby," he moaned. "God!"

She fondled his balls gently as she moved her mouth up and down on his prick, all the while using her tongue to get him into a fever pitch of excitement.

"Good, baby," he moaned. "Good!"

He grabbed her by the back of her head and he began to fuck her mouth.

He slammed his cock in her lips savagely and drove it deeper into her throat than she wanted to take him. A couple of times she almost choked, but she figured that it was worth it to get it over with quickly.

But he didn't want it over with quickly. As soon as the first spurt of jism

leaked from his cock he pulled his cock away.

"Turn around," he said. "Grab the end of the tub. I'm going to fuck your sweet ass."

She turned around and gripped the end of the tub and she felt his hands parting her asscheeks. She felt his cockhead pressing snugly against her anus and she realized that he did intend to fuck her in the ass.

"No," she said, twisting around. "I've never. You can't do that."

"Fucking bitch!" he said, as he savagely struck her. She tasted blood from a cut lip as she went almost into the tub. He grabbed her by her ass and once again pressed his cockhead against her anus.

"I'm going to fuck you where nobody has before," he said. "I'm going to put my cock right up your asshole. I'm going to get a little of your sweet, virgin ass."

"Oh no," she pleaded, but he wasn't listening.

He reached around and grabbed her hanging titties. He squeezed painfully hard as he began to apply pressure to her tender anus. She squirmed to get out of his way but he held her too tightly.

"God, bitch," he said. "I want a little of your big ass! Fuck, this is going to feel good!"

He gave a savage shove and she felt his huge cock tearing into her virgin ass. She cried out loudly as she felt his prickhead lodged in her ass. He kept pushing as more of his cock went into her.

"Oh God," she wailed.

She felt as if she were being torn apart. His big cock went into her deep, all the way into her stomach. She felt his balls resting against her asscheeks.

"This feels good, bitch," he said. "Your big, soft ass feels really good."

He began fucking her in deep, hard strokes that made her entire body shake each time he entered her. After a few moments the soreness went away and it was replaced by new feelings.

"No," she said to herself. "Don't let me feel anything. Don't let me feel anything!"

But her body was already responding to him. His hands on her titties

caused her nipples to become hard and she could feel a delicious wetness between her thighs.

"God, baby," he said, a little surprised, "you really are a hot bitch.

You're getting turned on!"

"Yes," she admitted, "I'm getting turned on. I'm getting hot. Fuck my ass. Fuck it hard!"

His rhythm got harder and faster and she could feel his prickhead growing.

"Fuck me," she cried. "I'm coming. Your big cock is making me come. OH FUCK ME HARDERRRRRRRR!"

He couldn't have fucked her much harder. He was nearly driving her into the tub. His fingers squeezed her tits even harder as he grunted.

"I'm going to fill your ass!" he said. "I'm going to fill your fucking ass with my cum!"

"Yes," she moaned. "Yes, yes, yes!"

"Here it comes, baby!" he cried. "Get ready to take it. Get ready to get filled up with my cum! Here I come, bitch. Here I fucking commmmmmme!"

She thrust back against him as she felt his hard cock erupt into her ass again and again. She didn't move until he stopped trembling and his thick cock slipped out of her ass.

"Get your clothes on," he said.

* * *

Rena had been cooking breakfast when Dave Madden had come downstairs.

He looked as surly as a bear, and he didn't notice that the boy was gone from the doorway.

Rena had noticed he was gone the moment she'd gotten downstairs. She'd followed a trail of blood down the front steps and out to the road.

Her first thought was escape. Madden was going to be angry when he found out. Killing angry. Yet, she couldn't leave Jennifer upstairs.

Maybe both of them would have a chance.

She made breakfast and put it on the table. He was eating, and he'd almost finished when he noticed the boy was gone.

"Christ," he said. "Where the fuck is that boy?"

"I don't know," Rena said.

She backed away as she saw him reach into his pocket for his pistol.

Then she screamed for the back door burst open and a policeman in uniform came charging across the room. Dave Madden never got the gun out. He was knocked sprawling and a detective was putting handcuffs on him.

"Where's the other girl?" the detective asked.

"Upstairs," Rena said.

"Check it out, Dan," the uniformed officer said.

The detective disappeared up the stairs as the uniformed officer took Dave Madden out to his car. Rena felt weak as the officer pushed Dave

Madden into the back seat and closed the door.

"Just the two of you came?" Rena asked.

"We weren't sure the boy was telling the truth," the officer said, "but we couldn't take any chances. A lot of cars and he might have heard us coming. This way we could sneak up on him."

Rena, leaned against the, door. She felt relief flooding through her now that it was over. It was over and she and Jennifer still lived.

The uniformed officer walked back to her and took her hand.

"You look a little pale," he said. "Let's go inside."

"Aren't you worried about him?" Rena asked.

"He's not going anywhere," the officer said. "He's got a lump on his head that will keep him dizzy for a while."

Rena allowed him to take her hand and pull her into the house. He pulled her into the living room and made her sit down on the couch.

"You look like you could use a drink," he said.

"No thank you," Rena said. "I guess I'm a little weak. This has been a terrible experience."

The uniformed officer sat down beside her and put his arms around her shoulders.

"Was it?" he asked. "Was all of it such an awful experience?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You mean, there wasn't any of it that you enjoyed?" he asked. "Not one moment?"

Rena felt a little frightened as she looked into the officer's leering face. He looked a lot like Dave Madden. Rena had the sudden feeling that something was wrong.

She tried to move away but his arm tightened around her shoulders in a fierce grip.

"Move closer," he said, "don't you fight with me. You didn't fight with

Dave Madden."

"Oh no," Rena said. "Not again. This can't be happening. It can't be."

"There's no sense in your getting hysterical," he said. "I think that I deserve a little something, don't you? I mean, we could have arrived with sirens and blazing guns. Then you and your girlfriend would be dead."

"Please leave me alone," Rena said.

"The boy told us everything," he said. "He told us how you begged Dave Madden for sex. He told us how your friend upstairs fucked him in the kitchen. What's another slice off the loaf, sugar?"

His hand dropped from her soft shoulder to cup her breast. She could feel the heat of his fingers right through her clothes. She didn't try to struggle. She felt sick and disgusted.

"This can't be happening," she said.

"It is, baby," he said. "Why do you think we came by ourselves? We wanted a little of the action."

His hand was playing with her tit. Despite herself, she could feel her

nipples starting to grow hard. She realized that she was still turned on from the night before.

"Don't," she whispered.

He paid no attention to her. He unbuttoned her blouse and pulled it off her shoulders. She wore no bra and his hungry eyes ogled her jutting tits.

"Nice," he said.

He bent his head and licked at one of her nipples. It became harder under the touch of his tongue. He licked all around her nipple and then sucked the point into his mouth.

"Oh, please don't," she begged.

His lips sucked hard at her flesh, drawing more of her titty into his mouth. She felt a hot tingle go up her back. Then another. He began biting her gently.

She put her hand in his hair but it wasn't to push him away. She ran her fingers gently through his hair and gasped softly as his mouth worked on her.

He dropped his hand to her thigh and squeezed. She parted her legs slightly as she felt wet there.

"Stop," she groaned. "Stop"

But she didn't really want him to stop for her hand was tugging his mouth tightly against her nipple and she had started to rub her ass against his crotch.

"Ummm, baby," he said. "You get turned on fast. Everything the boy said was true. You are a hot piece."

He ran his hand up between her legs and groped at her. She spread her legs farther apart as she felt his fingers caressing her plump cunt.

"Take off my pants," she whispered.

He reached behind her and unzipped them and she helped him peel them down her legs. He peeled her panties off just as urgently.

His hand went back between her thighs and he began squeezing her flesh.

"God," she groaned. "Put your fingers in me. I'm so hot down there. I need

something."

She parted her legs to admit his two fingers. He drove them in and out of her wet cunt just as he would fuck her with a cock. She shivered and began humping to meet the rhythm of his fingers.

His mouth left her titties and he pushed her backwards on the couch.

She opened her mouth as he kissed her. Her tongue went into his mouth and touched against his tongue. She wiggled it against his for a few moments.

God, she loved it. She had been so long without the feel of a man caressing her. Then Dave Madden had lit a fire within her that she couldn't control.

She reached between his legs and found his huge bulge. Her fingertips traced his prick through his trousers. She found the swollen prickhead and she began running her fingers all over it.

"Shit," he said.

He got up from the couch and started to hurriedly undress. Rena was just as hot as he was and she hurriedly helped him. She got his shirt off and ran

her fingers through his thick hair on his massive chest.

"Ummm," she said.

She kissed each of his nipples and then ran her tongue down through his thick hair to his navel. She pushed her tongue into his navel and tasted his salt. He was unzipping his trousers and peeling them down as her head went lower.

His hard cock was bunched in his shorts and she helped him to pull them down his legs.

His thick cock sprang free and she lowered her face to it. She touched her tongue to the tiny slit in the reddened cockhead. She pushed her tongue around the sensitive crown.

"Christ," he groaned. "Christ, you're making me hot!"

She opened her mouth and took the sensitive crown into her hungry mouth. She ran her tongue around the rim as she sucked. He grabbed the back of her head and thrust the rest of his stiff prick into the warmth of her mouth.

"Oh, God, baby," he yelled. "Suck my prick. Suck it right down your throat. Suck it and I'll give you a present. I'll give you a hot mouthful of my cum."

Suck it, baby!"

She felt his balls against her chin and she opened her mouth wider.

She took his hairy balls into her mouth and she caressed them with her tongue.

"Jesus!" he cried.

She began to bob up and down on his cock, obviously loving the taste of his thick cock filling her mouth. He clutched the back of her head tighter and he began slamming his cock into her mouth.

"God," he groaned. "Jesus, I'm coming. Jesus, I'm coming. Oh fuckkkkkkkk!"

She swallowed quickly as his jism spurted into her mouth. She was able to swallow almost every drop of his cum and she sucked for more.

Finally he had to pull her head away.

"Jesus, baby," he said. "You sure know how to suck a man's cock. What else do you know how to do?"

"Why don't you find out?" she asked.

She felt hot all over as she leaned back on the couch and parted her thighs. She knew he was seeing all of her inner cunt and that was turning her on even more.

She licked her fingers and placed them between her legs. Slowly she wiggled two fingers inside herself. She'd never been so wet and hot.

"Oh baby," he said.

"Ummm," she moaned. "I'm so hot down there. Can't you do anything?"

"Hell, yes," he assured her.

His cock wasn't hard but he removed her fingers and plunged his face between her thighs. She screamed as she felt his wet tongue going through her pussy hairs and touching at her swollen pussy lips. He pushed his tongue past her cunt entrance and into the moistness of her cunt.

"Oooooooh," she moaned. "That's nice. That feels really good. That's sooooo nice!"

His tongue found her hard clit and he sucked it between his lips. He began to work on her flesh with his lips and tongue until she was going out of her mind. She felt as if she was burning up. Her entire body tingled.

"I need to be fucked," she groaned. "I need your big cock in my pussy!"

He moved up her body and she felt his stiff cock pressing against the insides of her thighs.

"Mmmmm," she said, "You get hard fast."

She wrapped her fingers around his throbbing weapon and brought the cum-soaked cockhead up against the entrance of her cunt. She pushed her hips up off the couch and she felt his cockhead slip just inside her cunt.

"Don't tease me," she begged him. "Put it in me deep. Put that big thing in me."

He thrust hard and his prick filled her cunt. He brought it half way out and slammed it into her again.

"Just be still a minute," she moaned. "Just wait a moment."

He waited as she got used to the feeling of his cock stretching her cunt. After a while, she began to move her hips from side to side as spasms of heat shook her body.

"Now fuck me," she begged him. "Fuck me really hard."

"Sure, baby," he said huskily. "I'm going to fuck your goddamn ass off."

He grasped her buttocks in his strong hands so that she was lifted slightly. Now his cock was going into her deeper. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his back.

"That's great," she cried. "That's great. I love it. Keep fucking me like that."

He began to pump furiously and she met his every savage stroke. It felt so good. She knew that no matter what happened to her from that day on, she would never be able to go very long without a man's cock filling the hungry place between her legs.

She locked her arms around his back and pulled him tight so that she could feel his hard chest mashing her tits. Her nipples seemed almost painfully hard.

"I need it," she sobbed, "I really need it. Give it to me hard. Fuck meeeeeee!"

He was fucking her faster and harder than he had ever fucked a woman.

He found her mouth and drove his tongue deep into her throat. She sucked at him hungrily and he could taste himself on her tongue. God, she was hot!

Its hands gripped her ass tighter as he felt his prick growing larger.

"Yes," she moaned. "You're going to come inside me. I can feel your hot prick coming. Oh God yes, give it to me. I can feel you coming in me! I CAN FEEL YOUR COCK SQUIRTING, GOD, I'M COMING TOO! I'm coming with YOUUUUUUUUUUUUU!"

They collapsed together on the couch as his cock finished spurting hotly into her.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Jennifer had been surprised to get an urgent phone call from Rena, and she was even more surprised at the place Rena wanted to meet. The Top Hat

Club was not a place that Rena would normally go.

Jennifer was aware of the men's stares as she walked through the door and looked around for her friend.

"Need help, lady?" a man asked.

She shot a look of disgust at the short, bald man, and he quickly went away.

She spotted Rena sitting at a corner table and Jennifer hurried over to her.

"My God, Rena," Jennifer said. "Why couldn't you come up to the house?"

This place is full of perverts."

Rena sipped at her drink and Jennifer was again surprised. She'd never known Rena to drink. Jennifer had the strange feeling that something was terribly wrong.

She slipped into the chair across from Rena, and waited for her friend to speak.

"I'm going nuts," Rena said suddenly, "and I don't know what I can do."

"I don't understand." Jennifer said.

"You wouldn't," Rena said, "you've always been so sure of yourself and so carefree."

"What's bothering you, Rena?" Jennifer asked.

"I can't forget," Rena said. "It's been two weeks and I still can't forget."

"You've got to give yourself more time," Jennifer said.

"I can't forget Dave Madden and I can't forget that awful policeman,"

Rena went on, as if she hadn't even heard Jennifer. "And I can't forget you."

"We did what we had to do," Jennifer said. "It was a terrible experience but we did what we had to do."

"That's just it," Rena said softly, "it wasn't such a terrible experience. That's not the reason I can't forget."

"Oh," Jennifer said.

Jennifer was beginning to understand. Rena had been a prude all her life. She'd never lived, never really enjoyed herself. Now she had been opened to feelings that she never realized she had, and she didn't know how to deal with them.

"I see," Jennifer said, smiling. "You're horny and you don't know what to do about it!"

Rena nodded her head.

"Well that's natural!" Jennifer exclaimed. "You're a perfectly normal unmarried woman. Of course, you're going to have those kind of feelings."

"Yes," Rena said. "I understand that. What I need to know is how you deal with them."

"You can suffer," Jennifer said, "or you can find yourself a man."

"I've tried men. Two macho types. Neither of them did anything for me."

"You keep remembering Dave Madden?" Jennifer asked.

"Yes," Rena admitted, "and the policeman."

Jennifer knew exactly how Rena felt. She had been remembering them herself. The roughness of the two men had made her more excited than she had ever been before. No wonder Rena was having problems. Men like that didn't just pop out everywhere.

"This is why you visit places like this, Jennifer said, "so you can find a man. A real man."

"Yes," Rena said.

Jennifer was silent for a moment. She didn't know how to find other men like Dave Madden.

Men who would take complete control. She looked around the club.

There didn't appear to be such men in the club. Mostly sordid little men trying to cheat on their wives, most of them drunk and willing to settle for

anything. That wasn't the type they needed.

"Come on," Jennifer said.

"Where?" Rena asked.

"I don't know," Jennifer said, "but I don't think we'll find what we're looking for here."

The two women walked out on the street. It was near lunchtime and a lot of business people were walking around. Jennifer studied each man's face as they passed. Some studied them back but very few with the naked lust that Dave Madden had.

Jennifer stopped suddenly. "I know where we can find men. Men primed and ready. But you have to be willing."

"Where?" Rena asked breathlessly.

"There," Jennifer said.

Rena sucked in her breath as she looked where Jennifer pointed.

It was one of those new porn movie houses. There was a picture of a naked couple on the board out front.

"You can't mean there?" Rena asked.

"Yes," Jennifer said, "don't you see. It's the excitement of it we want, and nothing could be as dangerous and as exciting as going into a place like that. One filled with men on their lunch hour and horny as hell."

She could tell that she had hooked Rena. Her young friend was pale but determined. They walked across the street and purchased their tickets.

The young woman in the ticket office looked at them strangely, as if she couldn't understand why two young women would be going into a place like that without an escort.

They went into the darkness of the movie house and took seats on the very last row. It took a few moments for their eyes to adjust to the darkness.

The first feature had just started, and again Rena sucked in her breath.

There was a fantastic looking woman on the screen. She was a dark-haired girl with full, inviting lips and huge breasts. As they watched, a man was

slowly undoing the buttons of her blouse to reveal the massive globes.

The man began making loud sounds as he bent his head to suck on her huge, hard nipples.

"Goodness," Rena said softly.

But the movie was to get much better. The man finished sucking and he reached down to unzip himself. The girl reached inside his trousers and her face got a look of awe. She pulled a huge cock out of the man's trousers.

Jennifer couldn't believe her eyes. She'd never seen a cock that big before. It was only half hard and it was the biggest thing she'd ever seen.

The big titted girl went down on him. Her full lips opened to take the man's shaft deep in her throat. She fingered at his balls as her mouth moved up and down on his rod.

"Jesus," Rena said, "I didn't know they had movies like this."

Jennifer had known but she'd never seen one. Now she wondered why she'd waited so long. She closed her thighs tightly together as she felt a wetness there. She wished she'd been smarter and worn a short skirt like Rena.

She glanced at Rena's skirt and saw that it had slipped up above her thighs. Rena was rubbing herself against the chair. Jennifer looked around and she could see nobody looking at them.

She put her hand on Rena's bare thigh.

"Don't," Rena said, "you don't know how hot you're making me!"

"I know," Jennifer said, "I'm the same way."

She gently caressed Rena's thighs as she looked back at the movie. The girl was still blowing the man and Jennifer could tell that he was approaching his climax.

He had his hands tangled in her long black hair and he was making soft noises with his mouth.

"He's going to come," Rena said.

Rena slipped down in her chair and suddenly Jennifer found her hand just inches away from Rena's cunt.

"Touch me," Rena whispered.

Jennifer was frightened. Anyone might look over and see what was going on between them. But she couldn't resist Rena's plea. She slipped her hand higher and touched Rena's wet panties.

"Oh God," Rena said.

The man on the screen was coming. The girl pulled her mouth away and his thick jism splashed onto her face and tits. Jennifer didn't think he was ever going to stop coming. He covered the dark-haired girl in his thick jism.

"Oh, Jennifer," Rena gasped, "I've never seen anything like this before. Never!"

"Neither have I," Jennifer admitted.

The picture changed. This time there was a long-haired blonde with a slender body. Two men walked into the room and saw the blonde lying on the bed massaging her breasts. She still had her panties on but it was evident that she was hot.

They started to undress as they climbed onto the bed with her. One of the men started sucking on the blonde's tits while the other man kissed her

mouth. The blonde started squirming as the two men made her hotter.

One man started slipping her panties down her legs. She helped by kicking them off and then opening her legs so that her pink snatch was easily reached.

"Two of them," Rena said. "Two of them at the same time."

Jennifer had to swallow a nervous lump in her throat. Rena's panties were getting wetter as Jennifer touched her. She knew her own panties were starting to feel uncomfortable.

One man went between the blonde's legs eating hungrily at her pussy.

The other man had pushed his stiff cock against the blonde's mouth and she opened her lips.

The blonde started sucking on his cock while the other man ate out her pussy.

"Oh, my God," Rena said.

The man being sucked straddled the girl's shoulders as the other lifted his head. He took out his stiff cock and pushed it against the girl's pussy.

The camera angle showed his stiff prick going into her cunt.

"I'm getting so hot," Rena moaned.

Rena was a little loud that time and her voice caught the attention of the man across from them. His eyes were drawn to Rena's bare thighs and to Jennifer's hand.

Jennifer started to remove her hand as she blushed red. Rena was having none of that. Her hands clamped down on Jennifer's and her ass began squirming again.

"You can't stop," she said. "Not now."

The man stood up and walked across the aisle.

Jennifer found that she liked his looks. He was big and beefy looking and he was tanned deeply.

He slipped into the seat beside Rena.

"Got your cunt hot," he said. "Let me finger you for a while."

He didn't wait to be asked. He removed Jennifer's hand and pushed his own big hand between Rena's legs. Rena shivered as she felt his strong fingers rubbing across her pussy.

"Take your panties off," he said.

Rena looked shy and confused but the man quickly grabbed the top of her panties and started pulling. Rena lifted her hips and he slipped them off. Jennifer saw him putting Rena's panties into his pocket.

"Now I can really feel your pussy," he said.

He jerked her skirt up higher and his hand went back between her legs.

Rena's skirt was now high enough for Jennifer to see his hand working.

Rena nearly jumped out of her seat as the man forced three of his fingers into her cunt.

"Oh," she said. "Oh!"

"Feel good, baby," he said. "Do my fingers make your hot pussy feet good?"

"Oh yes," she gasped.

Jennifer's attention was torn between what was happening on the screen and what was happening beside her. It was hard to tell which was more exciting.

Again she wished she'd worn a short skirt. Her probing hand could do her no good. Touching herself only seemed to make her hotter.

On the screen all three of the people were coming at once. The man fucking the blonde's pussy suddenly pulled his cock out and his milky white fluid erupted onto the blonde's stomach. The blonde was greedily sucking as the man erupted into her mouth and his jism spilled out the corners of her lips.

"Oh, Christ," Jennifer said, "I can't stand this. Isn't there someplace we can go?"

"Sure," the man said.

He took his hand away from Rena's cunt. Rena cried out but he patted her on her thigh.

"Don't worry, sugar," he said. "We're going to have a good time. You two just come with me."

Jennifer and Rena followed him. There was a couch in a kind of lounge area just before entering the women's bathroom. In that place all three of them could see the action on the screen.

"This is good enough," the man said. "Let's see what kind of mouth this one has."

He grabbed Rena by her head as he sat down on the couch. He forced her head to his crotch.

"Come on, sugar," he said. "Eat my prick. Suck my jism in your hot little mouth!"

Jennifer watched spellbound. She wasn't sure that Rena was not going to choose that moment to just walk out. Maybe Rena wasn't as hot for it as she believed herself.

Rena didn't stop. She frantically pulled at the man's zipper and slipped her small hand inside.

"Let me unbuckle myself," the man said.

He unbuckled his trousers and pulled his trousers and shorts down his legs. His stiff cock brushed against Rena's face leaving a trail of white. Rena didn't seem to mind. She went down on the man's cock as if she was starving for it.

Jennifer didn't believe that this could be the same Rena she'd known all her life. The Rena she knew wouldn't be gobbling a man's prick like this dark-haired girl was doing.

"I feel so weak," Jennifer said.

She sat down on the couch beside him. She caressed Rena's shoulder as Rena's lips bobbed up and down on the man's blood-filled cock.

"That's it, sugar," he said. "I like your fucking mouth and tongue.

God, that's good!"

Jennifer was suddenly aware that they were not the only ones there.

She looked up and saw a dozen men's faces staring back at her.

"Oh no," Jennifer said.

A man sat down beside her and put his arm around her shoulder. Another man sat down on her other side. Other men crowded around her so that she felt as if she could hardly breathe.

"Aren't you feeling left out, sugar?" one man asked.

She couldn't seem to stop the hand that moved to cup her breast. He jiggled her breast in his fingers, his thumb running gently across her nipple.

"What a tit!" he said. "Baby, you should be in some of these movies. I get hot just looking at you."

The other man was unzipping her pants. She looked down and saw his hand slip into her pants to caress her. He pressed his fingers snug against her panties.

"Her snatch is wet already," he said. "What is it, baby? Do you and your friend get turned on by fuck movies?"

Jennifer didn't answer. She could barely see Rena. Someone had dragged her down off the couch and onto the floor. Men's hands undressed her and touched her everywhere. Rena's dark hair still floated around her head as

she bobbed her mouth on the first man's cock.

"Let's get her fucking clothes off," a man said. "She's fucking hot for it."

A man took her hand and placed it against him. It took her a moment to realize that she was rubbing his hard bulge in his trousers. She started to realize that all of the men intended to use them.

"Oh no," she said. "Come on, Rena. We've got to get out of here."

"Your friend's busy," a man laughed. "Just like you're going to be."

Hands tugged at her clothes until she was completely naked. She struggled against them. This was more than she had bargained for, more than she had wanted.

"No," she said.

She was dragged down onto the floor as several hands explored every part of her body.

"Spread her legs," a man said, "I want to see her cunt. I want to see those delicious pink lips."

"No, please," she begged.

She tried to claw and fight but one of them slapped her hard in the face.

"Don't fight it, baby," he said. "You came in here looking for some action and you're about to get some. More than you need!"

A strong hand parted her thighs and two rough fingers caressed her cunt lips. She couldn't control the hot feelings that went through her. After all, the movie had made her hot and the hands caressing her all over added to the fire.

A man bent to kiss her mouth and she opened her lips to take his probing tongue. He drove it in her throat as deep as his fat tongue could go.

She felt lips at her tits. She felt her nipples growing under the touching tongues.

She heard Rena groan and she somehow managed to turn her head. A man was fucking Rena in the ass while she sucked off another.

Jennifer could see the two big cocks going into her friend, and she could hear the wet sounds.

"Oh my God," Jennifer said.

"Baby," a man said. "Baby, feel that."

Some man had her hand and she felt herself touching his hot flesh. He made her wrap her fingers around his pole and his hand directed hers in a jerking movement. Immediately her fingers felt sticky as he leaked.

"Jesus!" Rena cried out loud.

"I've got to fuck that sweet cunt," a man said. "I've got to put my cock in her pussy."

The hands left Jennifer's cunt and she felt her legs being pressed farther apart. She felt the knob of a man's cock pressed snugly against her cunt. She tried to raise her head to see the man's face but immediately another man was kissing her mouth.

Most of the men had undressed and now she could feel their naked, hairy bodies touching her. She couldn't believe what was happening to her. Not even in her wildest thoughts, had she ever imagined anything like this.

Someone had her other hand and she was suddenly caressing two thick

cocks.

"Aghhh," one man groaned, "shit, that's nice."

She shivered as she felt the cock being pressed into her cunt. It went slow, at first, but then one savage stroke drove the man's cock in deep.

"Ahhhh, God!" Jennifer yelled.

His cock was in so deep. She began to move her hips as he fucked her.

She forgot that she was being mauled on the floor of a dirty movie house. She forgot that there were other men waiting for her. The only thing that mattered was the good feeling his cock was giving her.

"She's loving it now," a man said. "Look at her move her ass. Look at the bitch. She's a cock-crazy bitch, all right!"

"Yes," Jennifer groaned. "Yes, I am. I'm a cock-crazy bitch! Yessss!"

She lifted her legs and wrapped them tightly around his back. He began fucking her in deep, delicious strokes that made her tingle everywhere. She pushed herself up at him, loving the feeling of her big titties being mashed

flat against his hard chest.

She hardly resisted when she felt someone at her head, fingers playing in her tangled blonde hair. She felt her head being pulled back and she tasted a cock drawn close to her lips.

"Oh," Jennifer said, as the cockhead pressed into her mouth. She touched the end of her tongue to the tip and she tasted the man's salty cum.

It was just like the movie. She was getting two cocks at once and she was just as excited as the girl in the movie had been.

The man cradled her head in his hands and began driving his stiff cock deep in her throat. She hollowed her cheeks as she tasted his rubbery staff filling her mouth. She felt his pulsating cockhead at the very back of her throat.

"Jeez!" the man cried, "she's taking it all. The cocksucking cunt is taking all my pecker!"

Jennifer was taking every inch of his whopper into her hungry mouth.

She was so hot she couldn't get enough of his stiff prick. As she gobbled his prick, she could feel the other men getting closer. She could feel other cocks brushing wetly against her skin. Damn, but it was making her tingle

everywhere.

The man fucking her cunt began moving faster, and she could feel his cockhead growing.

"I'm coming!" he cried. "I'm coming in her sweet cunt. I'm coming in her fucking hot twat! Feel my cum spurting, bitch! Feel it spurting in your pussy! Feel it! FEEL ITTTTTT!"

She humped up against him as she milked his cock of every spurt of jism. She hadn't been ready for him to come, but she didn't have to worry. The men had every intention of taking good care of her.

She could hear Rena making soft sounds but Jennifer couldn't turn her head. She was surrounded by too many hairy chests and stiff, throbbing cocks.

"Turn her over," a man directed.

She wasn't ready for what happened next. The man withdrew his cock from her mouth as ready hands turned her over on her stomach. She couldn't seem to find the will to resist them.

"Get her on her hands and knees," the man said.

She was jerked up on her hands and knees and she felt a cock brushing against her lips.

A man slipped underneath her.

"What tits!" he said. She could feel his hands massaging her hanging titties. "What tits! I've got to get a little of her sweet pussy. Come on, baby. Hump me."

Jennifer moaned as she felt him thrusting up at her, trying to push his prick into her cunt.

She helped him. She sat down slowly so that his cockhead went between her cuntlips. She pushed down and his staff stretched her cunt entrance. He thrust hard and she felt his cock go all the way into her cunt. His balls rested against her.

She reached between her legs and fondled his hairy balls.

"Jesus," he groaned. "Ride me, cunt. Ride my cock. Ride meeeeeee!"

She started bouncing up and down on his prick, loving the feeling of his cock filling her. This time she was only moments away from her climax. She

could feel it building all through her body.

"God," she said. "God, it feels good. God, I'm going to come. I'm going to come. AghhhhJesusssssss!"

He kept slamming his cock into her as the explosions rocked her body.

She felt good and relaxed as the trembling in her body-stopped. But she wasn't going to be allowed to relax.

She heard Rena sobbing, "No, not again. I'm so tired. Just let me rest!"

And then her voice was muffled by something and Jennifer heard a man's rough laughter.

"Suck it, bitch!" he said. "Suck it good. Suck my cum right down your throat!"

Jennifer felt her asscheeks being parted. Hands explored the crack of her ass and her tiny anus. She felt bruised as a man shoved his finger into her ass up to his knuckle.

"That hurts," she moaned.

"I've got to fuck her sweet ass," the man said. "I like the way she bounces. I'm going to stick my cock right in her ass up to my balls."

"No," Jennifer said.

"Somebody shut her up," the man said. "Put a cock in her mouth!"

Jennifer opened her mouth and a man did as suggested. She felt a rubbery tasting cockhead being pushed into her mouth.

"God," a man said. "This feels fantastic. She's got a fucking sweet mouth!"

"Not like her ass," the other man said, "not at all like her ass, I've got to fuck that big beautiful ass!"

She felt the weight of another man's body against her back. She felt his cockhead being pressed snug against her anus, and she realized he was about to fuck her ass!

Three cocks! She was about to get fucked in every hole. It was hard to believe. She told herself she should have felt disgusted and sick.

Yet, she felt the same tingling of excitement that had been in her before.

She had never been so brutally abused, and yet she had never enjoyed it so much.

She felt his big cock stretching her ass. He pushed harder and his cockhead popped into her ass.

"One more thrust, cunt," he said.

He shoved savagely and his cock went into her tightfitting ass up to his balls. It felt good to him. He pulled his cock out and slammed it back into her again. She groaned as she felt his cock coming out of her ass again.

"One more time, cunt," he said.

This time she felt his cock going into her stomach. It was a strange experience. He slammed his cock so deep into her that she was afraid he was going to tear her apart.

Then he started moving his cock in and out of her ass in gentle, deep strokes. His balls slapped lightly against her.

"God," a man said. "I can feel your cock. I can feel you when you're

fucking her!"

All three men drove their cocks savagely into her as they grew more and more excited. She couldn't help but respond. She wanted them to use her. She wanted their big cocks savagely thrusting into her.

"Oh, Jesus," the man in her mouth cried. "Jesus, I'm coming! I'm going to come. I'm going to fill her fucking mouth: I'm going to commmmme!"

She tasted his first spurt deep in her throat and she started to swallow quickly to keep from choking. Some of his jism spilled out of the corners of her mouth. She felt the two men in her cunt increasing their thrusting rhythm. Harder and harder they slammed their cocks into her.

"Fuck!" one cried. "Jesusss!"

She moaned as their cocks erupted into her pussy and ass. She felt exhausted. But the other men were hungry for their turns.

"No," she said weakly.

But they didn't stop.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Jennifer became almost sick with shame as she opened her eyes the next morning. It was a good thing Tom was still away on a business trip. He would have known something terrible had happened if he'd seen her come in the night before.

How many men? Jennifer couldn't remember. She remembered that it seemed like hours before they were done with her., She remembered helping Rena to her feet, and helping her to get dressed.

She remembered the long drive to Rena's house and somehow getting the poor young girl inside.

Then Jennifer had returned home and into a hot tub. She'd scrubbed herself raw but she still didn't feel completely clean. What bothered her most was the feelings she'd had. She had acted like an aroused animal at times.

Even now she could taste cum on her tongue and she could feel those big cocks slamming into her.

"Oh, Christ," Jennifer said softly.

She slipped out of bed and wrapped a robe tightly around her.

She thought that a cup of hot coffee might make her feel better. She'd had three cups before the doorbell rang. She ignored the bell. She didn't want to talk to anybody, she didn't want to see anybody.

The bell kept ringing.

"Go away!" Jennifer yelled.

Whoever was at the door wasn't listening. The bell kept ringing until she couldn't ignore it any longer. She thought about putting on something else but the robe covered her important parts and she wasn't planning on talking long.

She carried her cup of coffee to the front door, and opened it. An elderly man stood there. She could see an old car parked at her curb.

"Yes," she said.

"Are you Mrs. Jennifer Wales?" he asked.

"You can read the mailbox," she said sharply. "What is it you want?"

He grinned at her and she didn't like it. She was in no mood to be grinned at by dirty old men. She started to slam the door shut but he put his foot against it.

"I think you'd better talk to me," he said.

"Come back later," she said.

"I think we'd better talk now," he said, "or maybe you'd like me to wait and talk to your husband. He might be interested in what movies you've been watching lately."

"Movies?" Jennifer questioned weakly. All of a sudden she was beginning to feel sicker. "What is this foolishness about movies? What do you want?"

"Invite me in for a cup of coffee," he said. "We have a lot to talk about."

Jennifer stepped back out of the man's way. She got back far enough, but she felt him intentionally brushing against her. She could smell beer on his breath, and his knee pushed some of the material of her robe closer to her thighs.

"You've got nothing on under that," he said.

"That's none of your business," she said.

He didn't get mad. He only grinned and went boldly into the kitchen.

He was already pouring himself a cup of coffee by the time she got there.

"What do you want?" she asked again.

"Why, I'm just making myself at home," he said. "Just what you're afraid of. I'm going to help myself to your husband's coffee and your husband's food and your husband's wife!"

This was what she'd been afraid of since the man had walked into the house. She'd almost wanted him to ask for money. His asking for money wouldn't have made her feel any worse.

"You're filth," she said.

"Let's cut out the bullshit, baby," he said. For the first time he stopped grinning. He reached into his pocket and took out an identification tag. It was a tag Jennifer had always kept in her purse.

"I found this on the rug where you left it yesterday," he said. "You see, I missed out on all the action but that's all right because I never liked group things anyway."

Jennifer's legs seemed to give way under her and she sank down into the chair across from him. Her robe fell apart at her thighs and she saw his eyes go there. She didn't pull her robe together. It didn't seem to matter.

"Now don't look so sad," he said. He leaned across and put his hand on her bare knee. His sweaty fingers tightly clutched her flesh. "I ain't so bad."

He gave her a lewd wink and his hand went farther up her thigh. His hand was not yet underneath her robe but she knew that in another moment it would be.

"Besides," he said. "They told me you liked it. You and your friend.

They said you begged for more."

Jennifer tried to close her ears to him, but she knew that he was telling her the truth. She dimly remembered begging the men not to stop, not to ever stop. It was hard to believe that she had been the one begging them.

The man's hand slipped all the way to her pussy. He rubbed his fingers lightly through her curly pubic hair. She felt his thumb just barely caress

her plump lips.

"You've got a nice one," he said. "I'm going to enjoy this."

Jennifer closed her eyes. She couldn't believe the things that had happened to her all because Dave Madden had kidnapped her. He had awakened her to feelings she had never known before.

She didn't want to be pawed by this old man, but everything had started to go to pieces.

"Let's go someplace comfortable," the old man said.

Like a zombie, Jennifer got up. He followed right on her footsteps as she walked up the stairs to her bedroom. He patted her gently on her ass.

The old man fondled her as if he owned her, and in a way he did. He knew he could make her do anything he wanted.

"All right, honey," he said, "let's see what you've got."

He walked over and sat down on the bed. The bed smelled of her perfume, and it was really turning him on to think he was soon going to be fucking her

on that bed. The same bed her husband fucked her on.

"Hurry," he said impatiently, "I want to see that body naked. I want to see that furry cunt the guys were telling me about."

Jennifer undid her robe and dropped it to the floor. He whistled as he ogled her firm body. She was built just as the fellows had told him she was. Big tits, flat stomach, hairy pussy, and round, soft ass. The kind of woman men with money got.

The kind of woman he had never had.

He leaned back on the bed and put his hands behind his head.

"Why don't you show me how much you like sucking cock?" he asked her.

The pretty blonde housewife walked slowly to him. She kneeled down between his legs and he had to lift his head to watch her. Her firm white fingers pulled his zipper down.

He had not expected it to be this easy. He had expected her to put up a fight.

He watched her slender fingers pulling his trousers open and then her

hand going into the opening. He wore no shorts and he shivered as her warm fingers came into contact with his prick.

"Ahhh," he said softly.

She tugged his cock out the opening and he watched her start fingering him. Her fingers ran gently over the length of his cock and down to his balls. She lifted each of his balls as if they were precious to her.

"Oh, baby," he moaned. "Kiss it. Show me how much you love my cock."

He saw her bend her head down to his cock and he felt the delicious touch of her wet tongue against the sensitive head of his cock. She didn't take his cock into her mouth right away. Instead, she ran her tongue over his hard cock until he was coated with her saliva.

Then she began running her tongue around the rim of his prick until he was so hot he couldn't stand it.

"Suck my cock," he said. "Put your hot mouth on me."

Her soft, ripe lips closed over the most sensitive part of his cock.

He felt as if his cock was being enveloped in hot lava. Each time her

tongue touched his tiny hole, he nearly jumped right off the damn bed.

"Suck it all, honey," he said.

He got the most delicious sensation he'd ever gotten, as her warm, wet mouth slowly sucked his staff into her throat. His prick went half way into her mouth and he thought she'd stopped. Then he heard the wet sounds her mouth made as she sucked him even deeper.

"My God, they were right," he cried. "The fellows were right. You're a cock-crazy bitch!"

He thrust hard and the rest of his rigid prick went deep into her mouth. His cockhead tingled as he pressed it deeper than it had ever gone in a woman's mouth.

"You're special," he groaned. "All you sweet fucking housewives are special. You must spend a lot of time perfecting your cocksucking technique with your husband!"

Jennifer knew he would be surprised if she told him that she'd never sucked her husband's prick. Tom was much too prudish for that sort of thing. Still, she had been getting a lot of practice. First Dave Madden. Then the young boy and the police officer, and then all of those men at the porno movie house.

She felt his hands in her hair as she started to run her mouth up and down on his slippery prick. His fingers tightened every time she sucked him up. She started moving her head a little faster, and she gently caressed his balls with the tips of her fingers.

"You're enjoying it, baby," he said. "Women don't like it, you can tell. You're not one of them. You like to suck dick, baby. You love having a big fat dick in your mouth!"

Jennifer might have denied it if her mouth had been free, but it would have been a lie. There was something about sucking a man's cock, even an old man like this, that turned her on. She couldn't help it.

"I'm going to come in your mouth first," he said, still clutching at her head. "I'm going to make you drink my cum. Then I'm going to fuck your pussy. Don't you worry about me, now. I can keep it up!"

His cock was growing in her mouth and she knew he was getting close to coming. She started bobbing her head faster. For a moment she forgot that he was an ugly old man and that he was blackmailing her. She was remembering the taste of cum in her throat, and she was hungry for more.

"That's eating me," he groaned. "That's sucking my cock. You can really suck one. You're going to suck my cum right down your pretty throat!"

She tasted his leaking fluid and she released half his cock. It gave her more room to use her tongue. She was frantically licking at his tiny slit, taking every bit of his jism into her mouth.

"Hot damn," he yelled. "I'm coming, baby. I'm coming. Take it all.

Take every damned drop! Oh, you sweet cuntfuckingsuckerbitchhhhh!"

He exploded into her mouth with gobs of thick cum that coated her mouth. She couldn't have possibly swallowed it all but she tried. She was sobbing and gasping for breath when he released his fierce grip on her hair and his limp prick slipped wetly out of her mouth.

"God," he said softly.

He pulled her onto the bed with him and he kissed one of her big rosy nipples. He found it hard under the touch of his tongue and he realized that sucking him off had made her wet. She groaned softly as he moved his head from one big nipple to the other.

Her flesh tasted sweet and clean, and her nipples were alive throbbing things. He bit down on each of them gently, and then a little bit harder.

Her hands played with his cock and balls.

"You need it, don't you, baby?" he asked. "You get hot sucking dicks and you need a fat cock filling your cunt!"

She didn't answer but her body responded to him. He ran his hand lightly down her quivering belly and between her legs. Her downy fur was as soft as he imagined. Her plump cuntlips offered no resistance to his fingers. She was already wet.

"Ohhhh," she cried out softly as one of his fingers parted the lips of her cunt. He pushed his finger in deeper until he was feeling her cunt sucking at him.

Her fingers closed tightly around his cock and she started frantically jerking him off. He could feel his prick growing stiff again. It was faster than he'd ever thought he could get aroused.

"Damn, baby," he said.

She rolled over on her back and spread her legs open wide. She was urgently pulling him toward her, pulling his cock toward her juicy pink pussy lips.

"Lift your legs, baby," he said. "Lift your legs up high!"

She lifted her legs and he pushed them over her head. She'd never been so exposed to a man. He pressed down on top of her and started running his cockhead up and down her juicy slit.

She couldn't stand it any longer.

"Put it in me," she begged him. "Please put your big cock in my pussy!"

He didn't wait any longer. He groaned as he stretched out on top of her and savagely thrust his cock into her juicy cunt. She was hot for him. He could feel her pussy clutching at his cock almost like grasping fingers.

"Fuck me," she begged. "Fuck me good!"

He was in so fucking deep. He'd never felt a pussy like hers before.

He began to slowly move in and out of her grasping cunt. He could feel her cuntal muscles working on him, clutching and releasing. No wonder the fellows had enjoyed the little housewives so much. She was as tight as a virgin.

"Oh, Jesus," she groaned. "That feels so good!"

He had already had one come, but it didn't make him feel any less excited. He couldn't help speeding up his thrusting rhythm. He felt like his cock was on fire. He bent closer to her so that his cock went in even deeper. His heavy balls slapped loudly against her.

"You're making it happen," she groaned.

"You're making me come. I don't want to but you're making me. You're making me. Oh, I'm cominggggg. I'M COMINGGGGG!"

Her hips writhed from side to side as he drove himself into her with increasing urgency. He couldn't help himself. He couldn't hold back.

He started to erupt in her hot, sweet cunt.

"Jesus," he yelled. "Jesus, Jesus, Jesussssss!"

He kept fucking her hard until the trembling stopped. He rolled off her with a satisfied sigh.

"You were everything I imagined," he said. "I'm going to really enjoy

knowing you!"

CHAPTER NINE

Jennifer was sitting in the dark when Tom came home the next evening.

She was sitting in the living room with her legs curled under her.

Earlier she had tried to read a book, but she'd been bored with it.

She was thinking about what she was going to tell Tom. She knew she had to tell him. That afternoon she had gotten a strange phone call.

The man had told her that he was going to visit her pretty soon, and that he'd heard about her through some friends at the movie.

Jennifer knew she couldn't allow that sort of thing to keep on happening. She had to tell Tom even though it might be an ugly scene.

"Honey," Tom said, coming into the living room. "What are you doing sitting in here?"

"I have to talk to you," she said.

"Sure," he said. "Later. I have a lot of paperwork to finish up on.

This is a bad time."

"It has to be now, Tom," she said.

He noticed the change in her voice and he didn't understand it. There was something strange about her. Something soft in her face. Something afraid. She wasn't so strong willed and certain.

"Okay, hon," he said. "We'll talk."

He came into the living room and sat down beside her. He smelled her sweet perfume and he remembered that it had been a few weeks since he'd had a good sex bout with her. Maybe that was what was wrong with her, but he didn't think so.

"What is all this about?" he asked.

"I've been unfaithful to you," she said.

Tom winced. He had known that this would happen one day. Her being a bored and lonely housewife. He had read all the right books. He decided to be mature about it.

"Do you love the man?" he asked.

She laughed and he didn't know what to think. Her laughter had a strange ring to it. Maybe it had something to do with Dave Madden.

Maybe it was a delayed reaction to what had happened to her then.

"We can deal with it," he said. "We'll find a way to face it. If you don't like the man as much as you thought you did."

"Don't you understand," she said. "it wasn't just one man. It wasn't just one."

This time Tom was shocked. Not just one man. Then it might have been Dave Madden and some of his friends. That was it.

"It was rape," he said. "You didn't tell the police but Dave Madden raped you. Along with his friends." '

"It wasn't rape," she said.

Tom couldn't believe what he was hearing. His wife was telling him that she'd had relations with more than one man, and that it hadn't been rape. She had wanted to go to bed with them.

"How many men were there?" Tom asked.

"I don't remember."

It got very quiet in the room. Tom could see his wife's face and she looked miserable.

"I just don't know what to say," Tom said.

He stood up and walked to the window and he started to get really angry. He had been good to her. He had treated her decently. The sex was good. Why in the hell had she gone to other men to get satisfaction?

"Bitch," he said suddenly. "You fucking bitch!"

Jennifer started trying to get away as she saw the ugly expression on her husband's face. She'd never seen him like that. He wasn't supposed to get

violent. She hadn't thought he cared that much.

"Bitch," he said again. "I'm going to beat the hell out of you."

"Tom," she said. "Stop right there. No, Tom!" She scrambled away from him but she wasn't fast enough. She was really frightened of him. As frightened as she'd been of Dave Madden. She scratched at his face but he knocked her hand away and grabbed hold of her thick blonde hair.

"Stop!"

He never once hit her with his closed fist but it was the most brutal beating that anyone ever took. She fought as long as she had strength and then she gave way to him completely. She even quit trying to get away. He kept slapping her until she was a sobbing wreck lying on the couch.

"Now I want the entire story," he said, his eyes full of anger. "Every damn word. I want to hear about every cock that got into you. I want to hear everything."

She told him. She blurted out everything that had happened and he kept hitting his fist into his palm. She didn't try to hide a thing, including the way she had responded to them.

He was silent when she finished talking.

"Are you finished?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

Tom shifted his position on the couch and he saw his wife give him a frightened look.

He had never been able to make her frightened of him before. There was something exciting about the feeling. And he kept remembering Jennifer's friend, Rena. that hot little black-headed girl. It was hard to picture Rena doing all the things that Jennifer had told him they'd done.

"All right," Tom said. "Call your friend."

Jennifer looked at him puzzled.

"What?" she asked.

"Call Rena," he answered. "Get her over here. I don't care how."

"But why?" Jennifer asked.

"Just do as I goddamn tell you!" he roared.

Jennifer hurried to the phone and made a call. He heard her whispering into the phone but he really didn't care how Jennifer was getting her friend to come. All that mattered was that she was coming.

* * *

The bell rang.

"There's your friend now," Tom said. "and right on time. Why don't you go and let her in."

She got up quickly and went to the door. He watched the swish of her fine ass as she walked. She did have a nice, plump ass, a fine looking ass. He had always enjoyed watching her walk.

He leaned back and shut his eyes. He could hear whispering voices in the hallway, and a soft smile came across his face. Neither of them wanted to come back in. They didn't know what to expect, and that was how he wanted it.

Tonight was his night. Tonight he had the power and he was going to use it.

He hadn't seen Rena in a while. She seemed to get more curvy every time he saw her. Today she was dressed in a long skirt, high tan boots, and a frilly white blouse. She was wearing her hair longer so that it fell past her shoulders.

He could tell that she still wasn't quite sure what to think about him. She was still prim and proper, as if she'd drop dead at the sight of a man's cock. He couldn't picture her as the wanton little bitch Jennifer had described.

"How have you been, Rena," he asked.

"Just fine, Tom," she said.

Both Jennifer and Rena looked at him with puzzled expressions. Tom was really enjoying himself. He grinned at them as he took another swallow of his drink.

"Jennifer and I have been having quite a conversation tonight," Tom said.

"Really?" Rena questioned.

She was making her voice cold, attempting to treat him as she always had. But it wasn't going to work this time. He had all the trump cards.

"Yes," Tom said. "Quite a conversation. And you were in a lot of it."

"Was I?" Rena asked.

"Yes," he said. "Jennifer tells me you're getting to be quite a hot little cunt."

Rena's eyes narrowed in disbelief and anger. She turned on her heel and started for the door.

"Stop," he said. "I'm not through yet."

There were tears in her eyes when she turned around.

"I don't understand," she said. "Did you bring me here just to humiliate me?"

"No," he said. "I had something else in mind."

This time Rena went pale. He had started to get to her, all right. It was

time for the fun and games to begin. She wasn't going to be so cold by the time he was through with her.

"I want you," he said. "I want some of that sweet cunt you've been so free with."

"I don't have to stay here," she said.

"No," he said, shrugging, "you don't have to stay. Walk on out the door. But I'm going to beat hell out of my wife when you get outside, and don't ever try to call here again. I own her now, you see. Body and soul. So you make your goddamn choice."

"My God," Jennifer said softly.

"Strip," he said. "Both of you."

Rena bit her lip nervously as she started undoing the buttons of her blouse. Tom's prick jumped excitedly as she shrugged the blouse off her shoulders. She was wearing a low cut black bra that revealed plenty of her creamy flesh. She couldn't look at him as she reached behind her back and unsnapped her bra.

"Sweet," he said softly.

Her tits were smaller than Jennifer's, but they were firm and perfectly shaped. Her nipples were large and brown. It made him hungry to suck them just looking at her.

She unzipped her skirt and let it drop to the floor. She wore a pair of black panties that were flimsy enough for him to be able to count her raven black pussy hairs.

"Leave the boots on," he said.

He rubbed his aching cock and turned his eyes to his wife. He saw that she had stripped off her halter top. Her melon-shaped tits made him feel even hotter. He took another gulp of his drink.

"Down to your pussies," he said. "Strip right down to your sweet muffs."

They were slow to respond but they finally shrugged out of their panties. Rena had to nearly rip hers off to get them over her boots, but he still wouldn't allow her to take them off.

"Very nice," he said. "Two sweet pairs of tits. Now I want to see you two kiss each other."

He had them where he wanted them and they knew it. They kissed each other gently and Jennifer felt a shiver go up her spine. This was not what she wanted, and yet she felt that same twinge of excitement.

"Not that way," Tom said. "I want to see you both really kiss. The same way you did in front of Dave Madden."

They gave each other frightened looks but again they had no choice.

This time Jennifer felt Rena's mouth touching her hotly, and she tasted Rena's tongue.

"That's it," Tom said, "but press closer. I want to see your tits touching. I want to see your tongues touching, too. Give each other a little tongue."

Jennifer pulled back slightly so that Tom could see her tongue darting into Rena's mouth. Jennifer felt Rena's hands stroking her back and then dropping to her buttocks. Rena's fingers clutched her ass and pulled their pussies closer together.

Rubbing their pussies close together gave Jennifer a warm, wet feeling.

"God, yes," Tom said. "That looks good. You really look like you're getting into it."

Watching them was a real turn on for Tom. He had never seen anything like the two fantastic looking women locked together in a hot embrace.

"Kiss each other's titties," Tom said.

Rena uttered a soft cry as she stopped kissing Jennifer on the mouth and let her lips go down Jennifer's throat to the swell of her full titties. Jennifer couldn't resist the hot feelings that went through her.

It was different than when Dave Madden had been watching. She had convinced herself that she had to do what Dave Madden told her. But this time it was her husband she was getting the same feelings.

She ran her hand through Rena's thick hair as Rena's lips closed over one nipple.

"Oh, Rena," Jennifer said softly.

Rena's lips seemed hungry. Jennifer felt her titties being sucked hard. She felt her nipples growing even more swollen and she arched her back to push more of her tit into Rena's mouth.

All the time Tom sat on the couch rubbing his crotch and grinning at them.

"Go to it, girls," he said. "Get down on the floor. You'd be more comfortable there!"

Jennifer almost dropped to the floor. She was glad of the chance for her legs were growing weaker. She pulled Rena down to the floor beside her. Immediately Rena's hungry mouth was back at her titties. Rena gave her gentle little nips that seemed to send electric shocks down her back.

"Shit," Tom said. "Eat her pussy, Rena. Eat my wife's pussy. Put your face in her snatch. Get down there and put your tongue in her!"

Rena's lips left Jennifer's tits and her tongue traced a wet path down Jennifer's quivering belly.

"No," Jennifer said softly. "You can't, Rena."

"Don't stop her now," Tom said. "This is just getting good. Put your face between her legs, Rena. Get down there and eat her sweet muff"

Rena's lips touched Jennifer's plump cuntlips and Jennifer could fight it no longer. It just felt too good. She grabbed the back of Rena's head and humped up at her.

"Bury your face," Tom urged. "Bury your face in her pussy!"

"Ohhhh," Jennifer groaned, as she felt Rena's hot tongue parting her pussy hairs and going into her cunt.

Jennifer tightened her grip on Rena's hair. She ground herself against Rena's willing mouth as hot spasms shook her body.

"Jesus," Tom said softly.

He had never seen anything so exciting as Rena's hungry mouth down between his wife's slender legs. He could hear the sounds of Rena's mouth working on Jennifer. He could see Jennifer moving hotly from side to side.

And he could see Rena's plump ass high in the air, as Rena kept diving into Jennifer's muff.

Tom was getting horny as hell. He finished off his drink in one long gulp. He stood up and began hurriedly tearing off his clothes. He got his shirt and trousers off, and he saw his wife's eyes on his shorts.

"You're going to get it first," he said.

He pulled down his shorts and he had never felt so hard and ready. He

saw her eyes widen at the sight of his waving prick. He ran his hand up and down it.

"Look bigger to you, sweetheart? It feels bigger. I think I'm going to cram it all right down your throat. Just like those others."

He walked to his wife. He dropped to his knees beside her and the head of his prick left a wet streak against her cheek.

"Is Rena eating your pussy good, baby?" he asked. "Is she making you feel good?"

"Yes." Jennifer moaned.

"Are you ready to suck my prick?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

He pushed his prickhead snug against her mouth. He watched her full ripe lips open and he felt his cock being sucked into her hot throat.

Her mouth gulped him deeper into her throat than he thought was possible.

"Fuck," he said softly. "Oh fuck!"

He felt himself leaking into her mouth but that didn't seem to turn her off. Instead she seemed to be sucking even harder on his prick. He grasped the back of her head tightly and started shoving his slippery, throbbing prick harder into her mouth.

"I'm going to come in your mouth, baby," he said. "I'm going to fill your fucking mouth. Taste my cum, baby! Taste it! God, taste it, babyyyyyyy!"

He felt like liquid fire was going through his prick as he erupted into her wet mouth. He spurted twice into her mouth before he jerked his cock and allowed the rest of his cum to spray her face and neck.

Jennifer was moaning softly, and Tom could hear Rena sucking savagely.

"It feels good, baby," he said. "Does her mouth feel really good on your pussy?"

"God, yes," Jennifer moaned.

"We're going to do this a lot, baby," he said. "We're going to fuck and suck and everything else. You're going to love living around here from now

on!"

"Jesus," Jennifer groaned. "Oh, I love it!"

She started to rub her hands up and down her body. Her fingers rubbed at the sticky cum that covered her neck. She began rubbing the stuff onto her fingers.

"Jesus," she groaned. "Jesus, I'm coming. Rena's making me come. She's sucking my cunt so good. JESUSAGHHHHH!"

He saw that Rena wasn't trying to escape from between Jennifer's thighs. Instead her head was bobbing as she sucked and swallowed his wife's juices.

"Why didn't I do this before?" Tom asked.

Jennifer stopped shuddering and Rena moved from between her legs. She was licking her lips and staring at Tom with a look of hunger.

"I'm so hot," Rena said. "I'm so hot all over!"

She moved closer to him and he felt her tits pressed against his arm.

"I need a cock in me," she whispered.

"I'm still soft," he protested, "I'll fix that," she said smugly.

She pressed him back on the floor and she began kissing him everywhere. He felt her lips caressing his nipples. They grew painfully hard. Then his balls felt hotter as her wet tongue snaked into his navel.

"Feeling better?" she asked, grinning.

"Much."

He felt a new excitement in his prick as Rena's mouth went low enough to touch his prick. Her soft lips closed over his prick like it was made to fit her mouth. Twice in one day. He'd never had a woman suck him before and now he was getting it twice in one day. He felt his cock become rigid.

Rena's mouth left his prick and she climbed up his body.

"I need it inside me," she moaned. "I need your big fat cock in me."

She reached between them and her fingers closed over his throbbing

shaft. Quickly she guided his cockhead up against her cunt, and she slowly sucked his prick into her cunt.

"Ooooo," he groaned. "That's good. That's good. Oh, bounce on my prick, baby. Bounce on my prick. Bounce on me!"

She began bouncing joyfully down on his prick. Soft cries of pleasure came from her throat. She wore a look of pure delight each time his prick stretched her cunt.

"I love it," she groaned. "I love it. It feels so deep!"

He started to thrust harder as he felt the hot excitement building in his balls.

Jennifer kissed his mouth and her delicious tongue probed his throat.

"Oh Christ, I'm coming," Rena screamed. "I'm coming and you are too. I can feel your squirting. God, it's never been this way before. It feels so good. Keep squirting. **JUST KEEP SQUIRTING IN MEEEEEE!**"

They collapsed together on the soft carpet. Tom could feel their soft bodies pressed against him everywhere.

"Ummm," Jennifer said slowly. "That was fun. I think I'm going to like this new you I've discovered."

"I think I'm going to like me better, too," Tom said. "I should have done this a long time ago. A hell of a long time ago!"

Jennifer reached down and touched her husband's cock where it had escaped from Rena's pussy. She rubbed the cockhead until she had a little of his sticky cum on her fingers. She brought it up to her mouth and grinned.

"Well," she said. "I guess we'll just have to make up for that lost time!"

THE END