

The Misadventures of Anne: Proffet Creek Road

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This is the first story in “The Misadventures of Anne,” an occasional series recounting the real-life experiences of “Anne,” a woman whose relationship with a certain man led her down many a strange path. This story is *slightly* fictionalized; I’d say the names and places have been changed to protect the innocent, but nobody involved was all that innocent, so I’ll just say the names and places have been changed. I’m telling these stories with “Anne’s” input and approval, so feedback will be passed along to her as appropriate. This, along with all my other stories, can be found at http://www.asstr.org/files/Authors/Senor_Smut/.

Because this is essentially a true story, I have to issue an especially strong warning about realizing that these things aren’t so advisable. In other words, if you try this at home there’s a pretty fair chance that injury, death, jail, and/or communicable disease will be the result. If you DO try this and something bad happens (and it will) then you’ve been warned and you’ll receive no sympathy from me.

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By Senor Smut

Anne was nervous. Her gut was twisting a little, wild with butterflies, and it was making her foot heavy on the gas. Every few minutes she would glance down at the speedometer, see herself clocking in at nearly 80, and force herself to ease back. Inevitably, of course, her mind would focus itself on other things and car would begin going faster.

“Christ,” she muttered aloud, looking down once more and seeing her speed too far over the limit. “I can’t get stopped, I’d get a ticket for sure...”

And that, she reflected, would be a remarkable irony, all things considered.

Exit 367 – Bannerton Road. This was it. She eased off the accelerator and pulled the car slowly to the right, heading up the off ramp. It was dark – she was way too far out of the city for streetlights – and so she flicked her headlights to high beams to pierce the night a little better. Ahead she saw the road – a narrow county two lane, a strip of blacktop crumbling at the fringe, leading from darkness to darkness – and beyond a line of trees and an old fence with rusted, sagging wire that set off a farm field. She paused at the old, titled stop sign that topped the ramp, looking left and right. There were no lights in sight, none at all, not even a lonely farmhouse. On another night, one with clear skies and a full moon, it

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would no doubt be a lovely landscape; now, with low clouds scudding through a pitch-black sky, it was oppressive and frightening.

“Turn right on Bannerton Road,” she mumbled. That was what she had been told by the voice on the telephone, and so that was what she would do, whether she wanted to or not. Whether she was scared or not.

And she was scared.

She edged her car out onto the road and cautiously stepped on the gas, accelerating to about 30 miles an hour. It wasn’t long before the road became curving, winding between low hills, skirting swamps and knots of woods, and suddenly Anne felt like she was very, very alone. The city was only an hour away, but here, along this deserted strip of asphalt, it felt like she was on another world entirely. It was just her...and the dark.

She frowned again. This whole thing was crazy. It wasn’t like she was afraid of the dark, but she didn’t think it unreasonable to be afraid of things that might be *in* the dark...especially out here where no one could hear her scream. Anne was a city girl, born and bred, and having so much nature around seemed...unnatural. But she wasn’t given a choice, and so she didn’t have one. It was just that simple.

She crept on through the black night, driving slow and keeping her eyes wide open. Her next turn was easy to miss, or so she had been informed, and she didn’t want to keep him waiting.

He didn’t like being kept waiting.

She was keeping a sharp eye out, but she almost missed it anyway. She didn’t even notice it until it was flashing past in her peripheral vision so she had to stop in the middle of the road and back up to get a better view. It was a dirt road, barely wide enough for a single vehicle; it wasn’t a nice, graded rural gravel road either, but a simple track , slightly rutted, heading off from the left side of the road to some destination she couldn’t see.

Look for a dirt road on your left, he’d ordered her. It’s right across from a huge dead oak, you can’t miss it. That’s Proffet Creek Road.

She turned her head to the right, and hard by the side of the road was an enormous tree, its bare branches hanging like skeleton fingers, a burn mark on the side showing where it had been struck by lightning at some point in the indeterminate past. She didn’t know an oak from an Okie, but it was a dead tree across from a dirt path. So. This must be Proffet Creek Road.

Anne turned her car and headed down the dirt road, barely moving, eyes on the ground to avoid the ruts and holes that could give her a wrenching bump or a broken axle. She didn’t want a broken-down car out here, no matter what the circumstances. This whole place, from the muddy track beneath her wheels to the rows of trees on either side to the darkness that closed in tight wherever her headlights weren’t shining, gave her the creeps.

She slammed hard on the brakes as something long and low and sleek darted in front of her – *a fox*, her mind told her a moment after she’d stopped. It was just a fox. The sort of thing you’d expect to see out in the ass end of nowhere, right? It was nothing to be afraid of, except that she was afraid, and not just of the fox. She was starting to get a bad, sinking feeling about this whole thing. It had seemed like a good idea when she’d been told what to do and she’d been interested, even eager, but now that she was in it the weirdness and danger was getting bigger with every passing moment.

“Fuck it,” she said aloud, her voice sounding more confident and determined than she felt. It wasn’t like she had a choice anyway. Orders were orders and she had hers.

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With an effort of will, she forced her foot off the brake and the car began to ease forward again. She tried to get her thudding heart back under control.

Fifteen minutes later she saw what she was looking for – a tumbledown wooden fence rotting hard by the right side of the road. She eased the car up next to it and put it into park, peering into the darkness on both sides of the car. It was useless – she might as well have her eyes closed. All she knew was that she didn’t see another car, and that was upsetting.

Maybe, she mused, she was in the wrong place?

No. She couldn’t get that lucky. Besides, she’d followed the directions and here she was. So where the hell was he?

Fucker.

Well...as long as she was here, she’d better have a look around. If he *was* here, just hidden, and she didn’t find him, she’d be in serious trouble. He expected her to put out that much effort no matter how uncomfortable the circumstances. So...she had a flashlight in the trunk for emergencies, and this was starting to qualify. She didn’t want to get out of the car if she was, in fact, as alone as she thought she was, but, once again, she had little choice. One does as one’s told...if one doesn’t want more trouble than one could handle, that is. She popped the trunk.

She opened the door of the car just a crack, enough that the sound of crickets suddenly became overbearing, accompanied by some other unknown insect whose chirp sounded like a saw blade running across tin. The air was humid, rich with the scent of growing vegetation and the subtle, obscene reek of vegetation dead and rotting. From somewhere in the distance there was the heavy, fecund smell of cow manure (or sheep or horse manure, or...well, she wasn’t a manure expert. All she knew was it smelled like shit.) There was a faint breath of wind, but it did little to dispel the clammy, oppressive heat of the summer night as she clambered slowly out of her car and stood. She left the door open – she wanted the light – and the dinging of the “open door” alarm comforted her a bit. It was, at least, a hint of the familiar in a weird and threatening landscape. She took a step toward the back of the car –

And damned near went down on her face. Her foot twisted in the slightly damp and muddy dirt, and only the fact that she was able to grab the car for support kept Anne from wrenching her ankle and sprawling in whatever the muck was that she was walking on. This, she reflected sourly, was one thing she couldn’t blame on him: the platforms with 6” stiletto heels had been her own idea, just like the scandalous outfit she was almost wearing underneath her leather jacket. He had just told her to be here, but she was the one who thought it would be clever and sexy and oh so daring to dress like she was –

A mosquito landed on one of her bare, long legs and she slapped it hard. Oh yeah, this was going to be a blast. A moment later, a moth that was attracted to the headlights landed in her hair, making her shriek involuntarily as she batted it away. “Fuck,” she muttered, trying to re-arrange her shoulder-length locks (natural blonde in front, dyed black in back) the way they’d been when she left her apartment. “It’s the bug house at the goddamned zoo out here!”

Anne tottered to the trunk as fast as her inappropriate footwear would allow, throwing it open and finding the emergency pack inside. She opened it, pawed past the road flares and blanket and concentrated food, and found the flashlight. The light beamed on bright when she thumbed the switch (and thank God, she muttered, because she hadn’t

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checked the batteries in ages) and she turned, sweeping the beam across the night that held her close.

She saw a rotting barn. Yes, she'd been told there would be a dilapidated barn, but she hadn't expected *this*. The roof had sagged and caved in, and the unpainted and unvarnished gray wooden walls were bowed and buckling. It looked dangerous even to be near, much less go into...not to even mention going into for a rough and rowdy fuck. What the hell was he thinking?

"Dammit Dick, this is NOT a good idea," she said under her breath. She took two careful steps toward the barn, looking for some sign that Dick had gotten there ahead of her and was waiting for her to find him, but there was nothing. There was no car – hell, there weren't even any tire tracks in the mud to show that anyone had been this way since the rain this afternoon. "OK, fuck this, I'm waiting in the car."

She climbed back in, flashlight at her side, and shut the door. Immediately the air conditioning took over and began cleansing the air of the humidity and the weird country smells of the outside. Looking down at her pale legs, she frowned – two mosquito bites. Goodamned little bloodsuckers...

Goddamned Dick.

Anne had been relaxing at home when she'd gotten the call. Tomorrow was a work day, and she was perfectly content to settle in, watch a little Animal Planet, and go to bed. But when the ring came and she saw the caller ID, she knew instantly that her plans had changed whether she'd wanted them to or not.

"What are you doing?" came Dick's voice, low and insinuating as always.

"Just chilling," she replied.

"Alone?"

"Of course alone. You know that."

He chuckled. "Well you won't be alone for long. I want you."

In spite of herself, Anne had felt her nipples harden. She hated that he could do that to her, hated how her body responded to his commands instead of her own wants and desires, but that was the way it was and they both knew it. She'd tried to resist him before, but it never took more than a single touch – or more often a few words – from him to put her on her knees in front of him, where he thought she belonged. "When will you be here?"

A laugh. "Oh no, you have it wrong, sugar tits. You're coming to me."

She had frowned at that – she was settled in and really didn't want to go out again – but she knew better than to argue. "Where?"

He'd told her then, describing an hour-long drive into the night, into the exact geographic center of nowhere. "I've been driving by that barn for years," he'd told her. "I've wanted to fuck you there since I met you, like something out of a dirty movie."

Unsurprising. Dick *always* wanted something out of a dirty movie. "I'll leave in ten minutes," she'd told him, and she had...

And now here she was, and no Dick.

It crossed her mind to turn around and go home, to hell with Dick and his little games. She didn't need this shit. She could go to bed and still get a decent night's sleep – but even as the thoughts were forming, she knew she wouldn't do it. Not yet at least. Dick had told her to come here, to this exact spot, and so she had to wait until she knew he wasn't coming.

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She checked her cell phone again and saw that no calls had come in – and then she saw she didn’t have any bars in this place, wherever this was. That put a frown on her face; if Dick had called since she’d gotten out of phone range, she wouldn’t have gotten it and she might be here for nothing. She could go back along her path so she could get a signal –

But that would mean leaving here. It would be at least half an hour until her phone started working again, one way, and if there weren’t any messages then she’d have to drive the same amount of time back. In that time Dick could easily show up and decide she wasn’t going to come...

Anne shuddered. She didn’t want to think about the consequences of that. So, what did that leave her? She had to wait.

She waited.

25 minutes later she saw headlights behind her. Her heart leaped – that had to be him! They crawled slowly forward along the road she’d taken, and Anne felt herself getting excited. There were bugs here, yes, and weird smells, and a rotting barn, but if Dick had been thinking about taking her there for all the months she’d known him, then he had to have something amazing planned. Her mouth was almost watering...

When the car was within fifty yards of her, the cherrytop came on, and she couldn’t help but grin. Dick loved the little displays of power that came with being a highway patrolman, the gun, the badge, the uniform...and the car. Her nipples were hard against her leather jacket and her pussy was already needy and wet between her legs. She’d get what she was craving, what she deserved – Dick would see to that. No matter what else happened, he always saw to that.

The car came to a stop twenty feet behind her and Anne threw open her door and hopped out, a seductive smile on her face and her long legs flashing in the headlights. Dick would love that – he adored her legs...

“HALT!” an unfamiliar voice boomed through the car’ loudspeaker.

Anne froze in her tracks. Uncertainly, she called, “Dick?”

“That’s a bad start, ma’am,” came a second stern male voice, and Anne saw the passenger side door open and a man straighten up; she could only see him in silhouette, but she knew a cop’s silhouette when she saw it. “You don’t want to call a police officer a dick.”

The lust in Anne’s belly curdled into something else, something fearful. “No, I...I wasn’t...”

“Place your hands against the car,” the cop cut her off. “I want your feet back and spread.”

“But –”

“NOW!”

Anne hastened to do as she was told, placing her palms on the trunk of her car and assuming the position so familiar to anyone who’s ever seen a police show or a real-life arrest. Because of Dick, she knew a lot of cops and she knew that they used different voices for when they were fucking around and when they were serious. This guy was not fucking around.

“It’s OK, it’s OK,” she muttered to herself, fighting to stay calm. “I wasn’t doing anything wrong. I was just sitting here. They probably know Dick anyway. One radio call and they’ll be on their way...”

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The officer approached her cautiously, hand on his gun. In his hard, cop tone he demanded, "What are you doing out here?"

"I'm...I'm just waiting for a friend..."

"Uh huh. Funny place for a meeting. Spread your feet."

Anne complied, feeling a little lightheaded; she was aware that the second officer was out of the car now, eyes fixed on her. "His name is Dick Nevers, he's a State Highway Patrolman. He told me to meet him here."

"Right, a State Highway Patrolman told you to meet him here," the cop said from behind her. She felt his hands on her, patting her through the leather coat, the brisk and thorough frisking of an experienced officer. "Right here, in the middle of nowhere, in front of this particular abandoned barn."

"Yes..." The explanation sounded ridiculous, she suddenly realized, a fact that was not altered by it being the truth.

The officer finished the patdown and ordered, "Stand up slowly and take off your jacket."

Anne blushed. "I...Officer please, I don't have..."

"Stand UP and TAKE OFF your JACKET! I'm not telling you again!"

She cringed, but she did as she was told. Her hands fumbled at the belt as she undid it and she was already blushing. Christ! Dressing this was had been her own idea! She couldn't even blame Dick for this! Her hands were shaking as she slipped the coat over her shoulders...

"Well damn," said the other cop, amusement in his voice. "What do we have here?"

Anne's blush got crimson. Underneath the jacket was her big inspiration for the night, the outfit she had expected to so turn Dick on when he saw it. In truth it was barely there at all: a black leather thong that showed every inch of her round, smooth ass, and a black leather push-up bra that held her breasts out and up and left the nipples bare, nipple rings and all. She wore nothing else besides the hooker shoes that Dick liked so much. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, trying to stay in control. They'd put out a call on the radio for Dick. Dick would explain it. They would let her go. This was nothing but a minor embarrassment, that was all.

"Are you a working girl?" the first cop demanded.

"Wh...what?"

"Are you a working girl? Are you here to meet a trick?"

"No!" Anne shook her head emphatically. "I'm a paralegal, I work for – "

"I didn't ask who you worked for, I asked you if you were turning tricks," the cop cut her off sharply. "Just answer my questions."

"No, I'm not a prostitute!"

The cop took one wrist, and Anne felt the cold steel of handcuffs fastening around it. It was pulled behind her back and then the other wrist was bound. Dick had placed her in handcuffs plenty of times, but this was the first time in her whole life she had ever been in them for real. She didn't like the sensation. With a sharp tug she was turned, barely keeping her feet, and found herself looking into the hard face of the cop; he was probably around 30, small and trim beneath his bulletproof vest, with the sort of nasty expression she knew too many cops had...the sort of nasty expression Dick had. His badge said his name

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was SLOAN. He looked at her with a look that told her she wasn't worth shit and said, "So you mind telling us what you're doing out here, Miss?"

"I'm here to meet a friend," she repeated, trying to stay cool under the withering glare of Sloan. "His name is Dick Nevers. He's a patrolman with the Highway Patrol. If you call them they'll tell —"

Sloan cut her off with a warning finger stuck right in her face, an inch from her eye, and Anne couldn't help but flinch from it. "Don't tell us our job, lady. Got it?"

"Yes," Anne whispered, shaken by her unexpectedly rough treatment.

"I didn't hear you!" Sloan barked, and Anne repeated "YES!" as loudly as she could manage, which didn't seem loud at all after Sloan's stentorian bellow.

The other cop stepped forward now; he was bigger than the first, a beefy man with a broad chest and a bit of a pot belly developing. He looked like he was in his early 40s. He looked mean too, but in a different way than Sloan. Where Sloan had the look of a man who would bust you down for looking at him the wrong way, the other cop (CLOHISY, said his badge) looked like the sort who would beat you first and look for a reason later. Unfortunately, Anne had known one or two of those types in the past, and she knew that one had to tread very, very carefully when they were around. He looked her up and down, and she had the very uncomfortable sensation of being appraised like an inanimate thing. "I suppose," he said, the sneer obvious in his voice, "that this boyfriend of yours, this Nick Devers —"

"Dick Nevers," Anne corrected without thinking...and then immediately blanched and shrank from Clohisy's glare.

"This highway patrol boyfriend of yours," he went on, "was the one who told you to meet him here."

Anne nodded. Clohisy's gaze was unnerving and she was beginning to shiver in spite of the fact that the night was hot and close. She felt a mosquito bite into her shoulder blade, but she wouldn't have dared to move to brush it away even if her hands hadn't been bound behind her back. "Yes, sir."

Clohisy grinned; his smile was uncomfortably wolflike, and his teeth gleamed in the reflected glare of the squad car's headlights. "Well we know all the Highway Patrol officers that run this section, don't we?"

"Damned straight," Sloan nodded.

"And I've never heard of a Dick Nevers...have you?"

"Name doesn't ring a bell," Sloan replied evenly.

The twittering sensation in Anne's gut got a little lower and a lot stronger. "He's on the Highway Patrol, he's worked for them for seven years —"

"And he told you to meet him here," Sloan cut her off with a chuckle.

"Yes, sir," Anne nodded helplessly.

"That's your story," Clohisy repeated with amusement. "Your cop boyfriend told you to meet him here, right here, this particular spot, dressed like a twenty dollar cunt?"

Anne winced. "He...he told me to meet him here...the clothes were my idea..."

"Uh huh," Sloan grunted. "Did he happen to tell you why this spot in particular?"

"No...no...he just said to meet him here, that he wanted to..."

"Wanted to what?" Clohisy demanded.

She swallowed hard and said, "He wanted to get together in the barn there. He said it was someplace he'd wanted to...to get together with me for a long time."

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Both cops laughed and looked over at the semi-collapsed wreck of the farm building. "Oh yeah, I can see why," Clohisy said. "It's real romantic."

"Oh yeah, it's a regular honeymoon suite at the Hilton," Sloan agreed with a nod. "Of course, it's also one of the drop-off spots for the largest meth ring in this part of the state –"

"WHAT?" If Anne had been white before, she went ghostly now. She felt herself wobble on her ridiculous slut shoes and leaned back against the car so as not to fall.

"But I'm sure you wouldn't know anything about that," Sloan finished, giving her the look every cop in the history of time has given every slimy perp who tried to lie his way out of being caught red-handed.

"N-no, I...I didn't...I don't..." She felt herself floundering, and it began to occur to her for the first time that she might be in real trouble. Not "two asshole cops saw me mostly naked, cuffed and hassled me" trouble, but real, serious, motherfucking trouble.

Suddenly, she was acutely aware of her ridiculous attire, and the fact that her nipples were bare in the little half-bra she wore. Lord, no wonder they thought she was a whore!

"And I'm sure Patrol Officer Devers wouldn't know that his choice for a place to fuck was an established criminal ron-day-vooze," Clohisy put in, sarcasm dripping from his words. "After all, he's only been working this section for...what was it, Sloan? Ten years?"

"Seven, she said," Sloan answered with amusement. "And I think she said his name was Nevers, didn't she?"

"Well I suppose that would matter, if he existed," Clohisy replied, crossing his arms in front of his massive chest. "Which he don't."

"Seems likely we'd have heard of him, if he did," Sloan agreed amiably.

"Look...look, I think I made a terrible mistake," Anne said. She hated how timorous her voice sounded in her own ears, but she was terrified and she couldn't hide it. "Maybe I took a wrong turn. He's...Dick...was supposed to meet me here half an hour ago, but he never showed up, so I guess I'm in the wrong place..."

"Wrong place, wrong time," Clohisy nodded with his chilling and humorless smile. "But of course, I'm sure your boyfriend can straighten the whole thing out..."

"Yes! He can!" Anne felt like a drowning woman grasping for a life preserver. "Just call the dispatcher on the radio and say you're looking for Highway Patrolman Dick Nevers, badge number –"

"Yeah...I thinking we won't bother dispatch with that snipe hunt," Sloan laughed. "They've got better things to do than chase after nonexistent Highway Patrolmen."

"Besides, I think we can handle this ourselves," Clohisy put in...and slowly drew his baton from its sheath in his belt. With a flick of his wrist, the smooth little cylinder extended two feet of stainless steel, slicing the air with a wicked hiss.

Anne's throat went dry. She knew what this pair was now. Dick had told her about cops like these...hell, Dick *was* a cop like this. They were in the middle of nowhere, no witnesses, nobody to interrupt them. Dick had told her about times he had been in this situation, and how he'd beaten handcuffed suspects just because he could, without repercussion. Not every cop did it, of course, but plenty did – Dick said they even had a special, joking term for it: *batting practice*. There had been plenty of times, after a round of exhausting (and usually rough) sex, when he had held her close on his broad, strong

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chest, his arm idly stroking the soft skin of her lower back, and told her about taking batting practice on a “coon,” a “wetback,” a “white nigger.” It was a game to him, a way to blow off some steam on someone too weak and powerless to fight back. He loved it.

Looking at Clohisy and Sloan, Anne knew that they loved it too.

“Now,” continued Clohisy, “we’re gonna play a game. You like games, don’t you? This one’s called ‘Correct the Cop.’ Here’s how we play. I’m gonna tell you exactly what I think is going on here, and you’re gonna tell me where I miss the mark. And every time you lie, I’m gonna break a light on your car, like this.” The baton whistled through the air and, with a sharp cracking sound, shattered her driver-side back directional indicator. Anne winced as the glass tinkled to the ground. Clohisy put the tip of his baton under her chin and tilted her head back, forcing her to look at him. “And when I run out of lights, I’m gonna start busting you. Get it?”

“I’d listen to him,” Sloan said amiably. “Fucker’s a nutcase. I can’t do a thing with him when he gets like this.”

Anne’s face was a mask of terror. She knew she should hide the fear she was feeling, because to men like this, fear was like the struggles of an injured fish to a barracuda. The problem was that she was so completely frightened that she could do nothing to stop it, not even stop the tears that had begun to roll down her face,

“Now, here’s what I think is going on,” Clohisy continued, chucking her chin gently but threateningly with the baton. “I think you’re a high priced piece of tail from down in the city. I think some hotshot hired you to come up here and show these hillbilly meth-making motherfuckers a real good time. Now, maybe this guy who hired you is a regular client of yours, figures his good buddies in the drug business deserve a fine fuck from a hot little bitch like you, and sends you up here to meet them at their regular drug dropoff – here. So who hired you and who are you supposed to meet?”

Anne was bewildered by the big man’s rush of words. All she could do was shake her head and stammer, “I-I’m not a prostitute, I swear! I think...I think I somehow took a wrong turn and ended up at the wrong place...”

“Wrong place at the wrong time,” Sloan put in cheerily. His eyes were on her body, roving across her flat tummy to her feminine hips and then back up to her small, perky boobs with the pierced nipples so fetchingly displayed.

Anne nodded fiercely. “Yes...yes, this is just the wrong place –”

Clohisy raised his baton as if to strike her and she winced, pulling away and nearly losing her footing. But when the club sliced down it smashed into the read driver’s side taillight, scattering glittering slivers of glass through the air. “Lie number one: you ARE a goddamned hooker!” His baton shattered the passenger side taillight, and then he whirled and held it above her head. “Lie number two: you are EGG-ZACTLY where you were told to be! And I swear to father God and sonny Jesus if you so much as mention your bullshit Highway Patrol boyfriend again, it ain’t gonna be your car I’m busting up! There ain’t no goddamned Dick Nevers in the Highway Patrol in this part of the state, never was and never will be, and if you don’t come clean real fucking fast I’m gonna start losing my patience!”

Anne couldn’t reply. She had folded herself into a compact package, crouching with her back against the car, head tucked down as far as her cuffed hands would allow, crying hysterically. This was a bad dream, it was all just a bad dream. She was safe at

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home, asleep in her bed, Dick hadn't called, Dick had left her alone just like she'd begged him to so many times and this was just her imagination, it wasn't real, it wasn't...

"Aw fuck it," Clohisy snarled, standing over her with his hands on his hips. "Let's run the bitch in, throw her in the county lockup with the tweakers and the gang bitches. They'll have a real good time with her. Maybe she'll wanna talk tomorrow, if she's got any teeth left by then."

"Oh, I dunno, partner, seems a shame to mess up a pretty face like hers," Sloan said softly.

"Fuck her," Clohisy fumed. "Nothing in the world I hate worse than a lying cunt."

"All right, well...maybe we can have a little fun with her before we run her in."

Clohisy just grunted.

"Aw come on," Sloan urged, a trace of vicious laughter in his voice. "You've heard stories about those high-priced escorts. I mean then don't make their money for nothing, right? This ain't no \$50 a blowjob piece, she's a class act. When's the next time we're gonna have a crack at a crack like hers? I mean, the expensive girls don't get out this way all that often, you know what I mean?"

Anne was crying so hard she was hyperventilating, her breath coming in huge, erratic sobs. She felt like her chest would implode...and from what she was hearing, she was starting to wish it would. Part of her mind told her they that were just fucking with her, that they couldn't possibly be serious...but even as one part told her that, the other part of her mind shot it down in flames. Dick was a cop just like these bastards, and she knew he'd taken advantage of similar situations when they'd come along. He loved to rub his power in his face, to tell her the stories of helpless women he'd forced...

Now she was going to be a story for these two savages. And then...and then, afterward, it could well be worse still. A fetid county holding cell with inbred hicks, biker bitches, who knew what else – she wouldn't last five minutes in there. As horrifying as it was, this might be the *easy* part of the night...

The two cops seemed utterly immune to the fact that she was melting down in front of them. "You may have a point there, partner." Clohisy admitted reluctantly. "Jodi ain't been putting out regular since she got knocked up again, and I could use a little something..."

"Yeah, now you're talking," Sloan laughed, punching Clohisy in the shoulder. "What do you want?"

"Pussy, I figure," Clohisy replied.

"Well that's what I want too," Sloan said. "Flip you for it."

Anne looked up from where she crouched huddled against the side of the car, staring at the two officers in utter horror. They were talking about her – about raping her – like she wasn't even there! They were flipping for her vagina like it was the last doughnut. She knew she needed to protest, but when she opened her mouth to speak no sound came out; her throat was dry and tight. And besides, that distant part of her mind informed her, it would do no good – Dick always laughed at how the women he took advantage of begged him not to do it, how they cried and pleaded...and how hard that made him. It was, he had once told her, an enormous turnon to take a woman by force after she'd pleaded for mercy. And what Dick did to others, these two would do to her.

Clohisy reached into his pocket and fished out a shiny new quarter that glinted in the headlights. Anne watched, a growing numbness seeping over her body, as the two men

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determined who would rape her first. Clohisy flipped the coin into the air and Sloan called tails; Clohisy caught the quarter on its downward arc and slapped a meaty hand over it, then revealed it. "Well I'll be go to hell," he muttered angrily, hurling the feckless coin off into the night. "You always were a lucky son of a bitch."

"Oh hell yeah," Sloan laughed, looking down at Anne as she cowered on the ground at his feet. "Hell. Yeah."

She felt fresh tears flow and she dropped her eyes to the ground. She couldn't watch him, couldn't look into his face. His face gave him the semblance of humanity, but he wasn't really human. He was an animal, a monster, and she couldn't – wouldn't – give him the respect of pretending otherwise. She heard the telltale rasp of a zipper being lowered...

"All right now honey, you're gonna suck my cock and get it nice and hard, all right?" Sloan said in a horrifyingly reasonable tone. "I don't like teeth, so be careful about that – you know, if I get hurt, you get hurt a hell of a lot worse. But you're a smart girl, so I don't have to tell you that...and besides, this is something you do for a living anyway, right?"

Anne scrunched her eyes closed as tightly as they would go. She wanted to scream that she wasn't a prostitute, she was just a paralegal who took a wrong turn and wound up lost in her own nightmares, but she knew she wouldn't be believed – and she didn't want to open her mouth. She didn't want to open her mouth because she knew Sloan would put his filthy cop cock in it, and she didn't want to open her mouth because she knew her body would betray her if he did.

A moment later the choice was taken away from her when Sloan reached around behind her head and locked his fist into the tender hairs at the base of the skull. He gave a savage yank downward and her head tilted back, her mouth opening in a sudden cry of pain

And then his cock was in her mouth, a semi-rigid tube of flesh that slid along her tongue. *At least it's clean*, she thought as the flavor of it struck her. *I wouldn't have expected that from these two*. She pushed at it with her tongue in a futile show of resistance, but that was more for her own pride. Her tongue stud met the head and she felt his cock begin to grow.

"Well, she's got one of those pierced tongues," Sloan said, obviously pleased as he began to rock his hips and thrust in and out of Anne's mouth. "Christ that feels good. I've been trying to get the old lady to get that done but she says it hurts too much."

"I got a blowjob from Chrissy Baker the other day," Clohisy rumbled. "She's got one. I liked it a lot."

"Chrissy Baker?" Sloan laughed. "Robbing the cradle these days, are you?"

"Ha. She's fifteen going on 35. And she knows what to do with a cock."

"Yeah, this little whore knows what to do too," Sloan chuckled. "She just ain't doing it right now."

Anne had the urge to bite down hard on his cock when he drove it in, but she knew what the results of that would be so she resisted. She just held herself still and let him use her mouth. She couldn't have pulled away – his hand was still in her hair holding her tight – but she could have actually given him a blow job instead of just letting him use her mouth as a warm, wet hole, but she didn't want to. She was going to be raped, she had accepted that, but she wasn't going to participate in it and she wasn't going to make it any

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better for either of them than it had to be. And when they took her to their county jail she would call Leon Petzelnikov, the sharpest, most merciless lawyer from her firm. And Leon would make these fuckers *pay*.

It was then that she felt it, the thing she had been dreading and praying wouldn't happen: she felt a too-familiar tingle in her nipples and a too-familiar twitch in her stomach. Down lower, she felt something else starting to twitch as well, the spot in the deepest part of her sex that was always the alarm her body set off to tell her she was becoming aroused. She felt a wave of self-loathing ripple through her at her own body's betrayal, but as much as she hated herself for it, she couldn't help it. She was being used; it was her love of, her need of being used that Dick used to make her dance like a marionette, her pussy leading the way, and it was that same love and need that was making her nipples hard and her pussy wet.

Sloan was more or less hard now – he had taken to rubbing the underside of the ridge marking the crown of his cock along her stud, something that she knew felt wonderful to a penis – and she could tell what her pussy was in for: he was a bit longer than average, perhaps, but not terribly thick. By no means was the biggest thing that had ever been inside her, so he wouldn't hurt her that way. He would use her and she would survive. That was all that mattered at the moment.

His strokes into her mouth were longer and slower now, pulling back so only the head remained inside her mouth and then gradually easing in until his balls were against her chin. Anne had sucked enough cocks that she didn't gag when he hit the back of her throat – a small retention of dignity to be grateful for – and she was glad that he wasn't trying to make her gag the way some guys liked to do. She could make it through this. She could.

“Get on up now, girl,” Sloan said, pulling his cock from her mouth at last and bending to put his hands beneath her arms. She opened her eyes as he guided her to her feet, and she was surprised when she felt Clohisy reach around behind her and undo the cuffs. He took them off the right wrist, though not the left; they dangled off her arm like a bracelet. She looked from one face to the other and saw, to her surprise, no real anger or violence there; lust, yes, and a hardness that suggested that they wouldn't take no for an answer, but no sign they would hurt her if she just played along.

“Christ, look at the nipples on this bitch!” Clohisy laughed, taking the ring through the right nipple and giving it a little tug that sent a shiver down her spine. “They're hard as fucking rocks!”

Sloan nodded. “Why, I guess they are aren't they. I think this little cunt doesn't mind this so much.”

“Fuck you,” she spat venomously, her eyes flaring. She knew it was a stupid thing to say; she could just let these two assholes have their way with her and get her to jail. She could survive a fucking. Leon would spring her in two hours and the whole sheriff's department of whatever *Deliverance*-ass county this was would be sued into the ground. She knew all that and she couldn't hold her tongue because the fuckers were *right*. She – or her filthy, deceitful body, at least – didn't mind it at all.

The two cops exchanged a look and then laughed. Clohisy was still toying with one of her nipples and now Sloan joined on the other, and before long Anne's stomach was twittering with the sensations. She tried to step back but got only a few inches before her ass bumped against her car, not even far enough to interrupt the cops as they toyed with her

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nipple rings and made her shiver, and not nearly far enough to keep them from pulling her leather thong down over her hips and letting it drop to her ankles.

It was only when she felt the still night air on her pussy that she realized how wet she really was; the wicked, faithless thing wanted a man. It didn't care that she had come here against her judgment and was being taken against her will. It didn't care that she was being raped by a pair of police officers – a grotesque irony on several levels. It didn't care that she hated it, at that moment, as much as she had ever hated anything in her young life. All it cared about was getting fucked. A moan of humiliation came to her lips but along the way it became at least partly a moan of something else, something both men recognized immediately as desire. God damn her, and God damn her body! All her moan did was add to her humiliation, and all her growing humiliation did was make her want a cock in her even more.

“You better fuck this bitch now or she’s gonna rape *you*,” Clohisy chuckled, and before Anne could say a word four strong, masculine hands had her by shoulders and hips and were turning her, maneuvering her so that she was between the two officers with her back to Sloan. She whimpered a bit because she knew what was going to come next, but the sound she made was only half miserable protest; the other half was lust, pure and simple. She was horribly aware of the emptiness of her cunt, horribly aware that it wanted more than anything not to be empty. It wanted to be filled, and it was about to be filled, and even though, on one level she loathed everything about the moment, her pussy was spasming in eager joy and so wet that she could feel her juices running down the insides of her thighs.

Sloan’s hands were on her hips, holding her steady while Clohisy’s bigger, stronger hands found her shoulders and bent her forward. She jackknifed at the waist, presenting her shaved slit at the perfect angle to me taken, and she winced – not from the pain, for there was none, but from the fact that there was nothing on Earth she loved more than having her body manipulated by a man (or men) for his pleasure. She loved being commanded, loved being owned, folded, bent, positioned, postured; when a man took her strongly and made her body be what he needed at the moment, it shredded her resistance and made her want to be nothing more than the best fuck she could possibly be. And so when she was bent over, when Sloan nudged her feet wider to give her a better stance, when Clohisy put her hands on his hips so she would have something to brace herself against, she could feel all thoughts of really fighting this simply go straight out of her head. She could still protest, and she would, but she could not resist...

She felt Sloan’s cock at her opening. She closed her eyes tightly, not wanting the enormous brute Clohisy so see the lust and need that flared there at the touch. The head of Sloan’s cock moved up and down, just barely between her lips as all, teasing them open and letting the warm night air move along membranes and tissues and nerves so delicate that even that tiny bit of stimulation sent shivers down her spine. Without thinking she bit her lower lip, folding it between her teeth as her breath caught in her throat –

And then she released that breath in a long, slow, soft moan as Sloan pushed himself ahead and inside her. She felt him moving inside of her body, pushing himself into her with a single long, slow, smooth stroke. A part of her cringed at how her pussy sang as he entered her, how perfectly happy it was that his cock was inside of her – he was raping her, fort God sake! – but her pussy was in control now and all her mind could do was watch in dismay as her pussy adored what was being done to it. In a moment Sloan was fleshed

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inside her all the way, his hands tight on her hips, his balls against her body...and then he started to fuck her.

“Ohhhh Gooddddd,” Anne heard herself moaning, her voice dripping with lust. She hated that voice, hated everything about it just as much as she hated her body when it began to rock back into Sloan’s thrusts and hated her pussy when it began to squeeze his cock inside her. She heard the wet sucking sounds her cunt was making on his shaft and they sounded obscene in her ears, but she felt herself getting hotter and wetter from them just like she felt herself getting hotter and wetter from how he slapped his open palm on her pale, upturned ass cheeks with every fourth of fifth thrust. The cop’s cock was moving inside her with languid strokes, pulling out almost all the way and then pushing in long and slow, and as his pelvis met her submissively upturned ass he gave a little extra *oomph* of a thrust that wrenched wet little gasps from her full lips and felt so fucking *good!* She met him with every thrust, pushing back into him, rocking her hips and squeezing him with her pussy muscles to make it good for him (even though that rational part of her screamed not to try to make it good for her fucking rapist) and make him cum hard...

“How’s the pussy, partner?” Clohisy asked jovially.

“Christ, I can see why this bitch is an elite hooker,” Sloan grunted, slapping Anne’s ass and raising a delighted cry from her lips. “She’s working my cock like a fat girl works a cheeseburger.”

It was a vulgar thing to say, a horrible thing to say, and Anne felt sick to her stomach at the flush of pride she felt when she heard it. He was loving her body, loving being inside her, loving the way she moved and the way she caressed him and the way she made I the best she could for him and OH GOD WHY WAS SHE DOING THAT AND WHY WAS SHE LIKING IT?

But even as her brain screamed the question, Anne knew the answer. She was doing it because this was what she was. This was what she needed. And these two brutal, cruel men were treating her exactly the way she craved being treated, damn them. And damn her.

Sloan was picking up speed and force, his thrusts getting fiercer and less gentle, her body rocking harder when he slammed into her. She listened to the *slap-slap-slap* of their coupling, feeling the sensations that made the sounds, and she could feel inside of her the first rumblings of an orgasm. It was distant and small yet, but with every heartbeat and every thrust it grew closer and bigger and brighter. She was going to come. She was going to come on this rapist cop’s cock and when she did she would wail and scream her pleasure and there would be no way to deny the feelings he had given her, just as there would be no way to deny her humiliation or the way she reveled in it.

She heard Sloan panting behind her, the sounds of his pleasure mixing with her own gasps and grunts and moans that were coming from her lips involuntarily. At the best of times, Anne was not quiet during sex, and right now she was so aroused and so stimulated that she was already loud and getting louder. “FUCK!” Sloan moaned, smacking her ass savagely, shooting the sting through her body and making her echo his cry. “This bitch is amazing! I don’t know how long I’m gonna last...”

She knew he was getting close to coming; she could feel the tension in his hands where they gripped her hips, feel his tempo increasing. He was going to come inside of her, putting his seed deep into her body where she would feel it, hot and sticky and wonderful. That thought alone would nearly have been enough to make her orgasm, but it

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was the smacks on her ass that was really putting heat in her blood and her belly and pushing her toward a climax. Every time Sloan's hand came down on one cheek or the other she could feel it echo through her body, ripples of stinging pain that turned into pleasure somewhere along the way and made her cunt vibrate around his cock. Her rapist was paddling her like a child as he fucked her, and as wretched and degrading as the thought was, Anne was devouring the treatment, her body craving more, needing more.

"Jee-zus Kee-rist, will you look at this cooze?" Clohisy laughed, and Anne suddenly realized, to her absolute horror and utter arousal, that her lips were on the big man's crotch, kissing, stroking his shaft through the material. Fuck! How long had she been doing that without realizing it? From the lipstick stains she saw there, it had been a little while at least!

But honestly, the lipstick stains were the last thing on Anne's mind when she realized where her mouth was, because she could feel, inside the cop's pants, a cock of absolutely epic proportions. She wasn't a size queen by any means – it was the way a cock was used, not its dimensions, that mattered – but Clohisy's cock felt like it was bigger than Sloan's...and it also didn't feel like it was more than semi-hard at best! How much was he packing, for God sake?

From behind her she heard Sloan laugh. "Oh yeah, I think we've persuaded her to waive her usual fee, partner."

"I'm...not a...prostitute!" she managed to gasp, her voice high and tight and vibrating. Somehow, even though she was enthusiastically cooperating in her own debasement, it seemed vitally important to the rapidly dwindling rational piece of her mind that these two pigs realize, finally, that she was just a paralegal in the wrong place at the wrong time...or, perhaps, the perfect time.

"Well you'll do 'til one comes along, honey cunny," Clohisy chuckled. "Now how's about you fish my pecker on out of there and have a little taste, huh? You're gonna want it nice and wet for when I put it in you."

I don't want it in me! the little voice inside her protested, but she could barely hear that voice anymore, and it was powerless to influence her actions. Her hands moved of their own accord, eager but made clumsy by Sloan's increasingly fervid thrusts from behind her. She fumbled at Clohisy's zipper for several seconds before she managed to get it down, and when she did her hands darted inside as though they had a deep need to see just how big the big man was. His boxers yielded to her touch and her fingers quickly found the cock she was looking for – and if she hadn't already been gasping from the good, hard fucking Sloan was giving her, she'd have gasped when she felt Clohisy's shaft. It was *enormous*. She pulled it out almost roughly –

"Fuck, move that ass!" Sloan cried, spanking her hard again, and Anne felt the embers of her orgasm suddenly blaze into bright white heat. In the span of a single heartbeat – which felt much longer – that little fire grew and built and suddenly exploded inside her. She was queerly aware that she had wrapped her hand around Clohisy's cock, and that her fingers barely met on the other side, but that was about all the realization her climax allowed her. The cock in her cunt and the stinging of her ass cheeks and – most of all by far – the sheer humiliation of the situation grabbed her like a leaf in an updraft and spun her high into a place where there was nothing but color and sensation and she lost herself for a time there, her brain letting nothing in but the rapture she felt...

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When she came back to herself, Anne slowly realized that Sloan must have come inside her because he was still now, his hands on her hips, panting, his cock motionless inside of her –

And in her hand, an inch away from her face, was the biggest cock she had ever seen in her life.

She gasped, her eyes enormous, and pulled back her hand like she had received an electrical shock. The damned thing almost filled her vision! It was 11 inches long if it was an inch, and thicker than her wrist. The head flared huge like a helmet, and below hung a pair of balls that looked like they could hold about a gallon of semen...each. But it wasn't even the size of the thing that was the most intimidating – it was the veins. The veins were huge, ropy things, like the roots of some bizarre tree that had somehow grown from a man. It was intimidating and brutal, looking less like a penis than some sort of club the hulking police officer could use to batter women senseless. Anne's throat went dry and her stomach, still lost in her afterglow, suddenly held butterflies. This wasn't a cock she could take pleasure from. It was the sort of cock that deserved to be respected from a distance, like a stick of dynamite or an alligator. More in fear and awe than desire, she muttered, "My God..."

Sloan gave her ass one more swat and pulled out; she could feel his seed bubble out behind him and she straightened, slowly and a little tenderly. She shifted a little on her feet, not particularly steady on her hooker platforms on the rough ground, and looked back and forth between the two cops. Her afterglow was starting to fade and take her arousal with it, leaving her with a growing sensation of uneasy self-consciousness and the conviction she'd just humiliated herself pretty badly. Her pussy was tender and alive as it always was after a good fucking, yes, and her nipples were still hard and yearning to be touched, but her more sensible nature was beginning to reassert itself and it wasn't liking what it saw.

"Christ girl, you are a hell of a fuck," Sloan said appreciatively, running a hand along her bare back. "How much you normally charge to handle two men, huh?"

Anne shook her head, her full lips curling downward into a frown. "I keep telling you I'm not a prostitute..."

"That's right, partner, she ain't a whore," Clohisy said with mock sternness. "And besides, she ain't handled two men yet."

Anne looked down at the big man's big cock again and took a half a step backward, but she wasn't going anywhere and she knew it. "It's...big..." she stammered. "I don't think I can..."

"Oh you can," Clohisy assured her, taking her by the wrist and pulling her close so her mostly-naked body was against his mostly-clothed body and looking down into her face. This close to him she could smell whisky on his breath, and she shuddered when his cock touched her right at her rib cage. "I've fit my pecker into littler girls than you plenty of times, so don't go giving me the 'It's too big' line or I'll bust your fucking arm and then you'll take it."

Anne's eyes widened in sudden apprehension; his huge hand was around her wrist like another handcuff, and she knew that she stood no chance against him if he wanted to hurt her. He could probably snap her bones with a single twist – and she knew his type well enough to know he'd do it if she pissed him off. So..."What do you want me to do?"

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“Get down and suck on it like I said,” he told her firmly. “Get it nice and wet. Believe you me, missy, you’ll want it wet.”

Anne dropped into a crouch before him quickly, without having to be told again. Once more she was at mouth level with the massive member, and once more its intimidating nature was inescapable. How was she going to fit this thing into her pussy, for God sake? Her hand was trembling as she wrapped her fingers around it, feeling the veins and the throb of the big man’s heartbeat. Timidly, she began to stroke it up and down, appalled at how long it took her hand to travel from crown to stem...

“I said suck it, slut,” Clohisy growled. “Now get your mouth on it.”

Anne hurried to do as she was told, but even so she didn’t know if the ridiculous thing would go past her lips so she did what she could: she began to lick it. She knew how to give a hell of a blowjob, and she knew the stud in her tongue could drive men wild, so she knew she could give him pleasure this way. She just didn’t know if it would be enough to keep Clohisy from hurting her. She ran her tongue all around the flaring head, tickling underneath and making sure she hit the delicate nerves that were just where the crown met the shaft. She ran her tongue down along the underside, along the enormous vein that throbbed and pulsed along the bottom. When her mouth reached his body she kept her hand stroking his cock and dropped her mouth to his balls, carefully taking first one and then the other into her mouth, stroking with her tongue and massaging with her lips. There was no lust behind her actions now, just fear – but fear can be a hell of a motivator, and Anne felt herself doing things with her tongue that she’d never done before...things Clohisy liked, to judge by his rumbling moans and the way he held the side of her head in his big hand.

“You like that, partner?” Sloan asked with a shit-eating grin.

“Oh hell yeah,” Clohisy grunted. “Maybe we’ll keep this little bitch around for a while, huh?”

Anne felt a stab of fear at that as visions lurched through her head of these two cretins keeping her locked up in a toolshed for a year, but she was somewhat eased by Sloan laughing and saying, “Christ, a bitch like this? What makes you think we could afford to keep her around? I bet she’s used to furs and caviar...”

“We’ll give her enough cock to keep her happy,” Clohisy countered, a sneer on his face as he looked down into Anne’s big, beautiful blue eyes.

“I doubt a bitch like this would be happy in this cracker-ass end of nowhere,” Sloan countered. “She’s a city girl...”

Anne, meanwhile, could only pretend she didn’t hear their conversation as she mouthed Clohisy’s cock. If she paid attention to it then she’d panic again, and if she panicked she’d get hurt and she didn’t want that at all. There was still a chance that she could make it out of this relatively unscathed if she just gave them what they wanted, so she had to keep her shit together and make them happy.

But not too happy.

Suddenly panic bloomed bright as Clohisy’s meaty fist grabbed her hair and yanked her head back hard enough to draw a yelp from her. “I said suck it, not lick it! Christ, you act like you never seen a big pecker before!”

Anne had seen, handled, fucked and sucked plenty of big cocks, but there was big and then there was BIG, and this one was clearly in the latter category. She looked up at

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him, a tinge of fear in her face, but saw no compassion there. He wanted her to suck it and she knew that he'd make her regret it if she didn't, so...

So, she had no choice. She stretched her mouth as wide as it would go and slipped it over the head of his cock. It felt even bigger in her mouth, and she knew she was going to have a hell of a time keeping her teeth off of it – but she had to keep her teeth off of it, because she'd been warned to do so and these two were not the sort to issue idle warnings. She pushed her mouth down on it as far as it could go in comfort, getting maybe a third of its length past her lips. It filled her mouth enough that she almost couldn't move her tongue on it at all, but she did what she could with her stud and her lips and cheeks, bobbing her head on it and praying he didn't fuck her face and choke her on it.

"Now that's a little bit better," he nodded, stroking her hair like he was petting an obedient dog. "Take more of it...that's a girl...little more now..."

Once Anne got used to the sheer girth, she found she could slide her lips down and take another couple of inches so that half of the cock was in her mouth, but she couldn't do more and she couldn't do much with her tongue when it was there. She looked up at him as she let his cock slide out from between her lips and then back in, slowly, working the tip with her tongue when she could and just putting her mouth on it when she had reached her limit. Would this be enough to please him? She fervently hoped it was...

"You ready to fuck her now?" Sloan asked conversationally.

"Guess so," Clohisy nodded, then looked back down to Anne and said, "Stand on up there, honey cunny, I'm ready to put this thing into you."

Almost reluctantly, she took her mouth away from the organ and swallowed hard. This was going to stretch her like hell! She was just glad she had Sloan's juices and her own mixed in her pussy already to provide some lubrication, because the thought of taking this thing dry made her cringe. She stood on wobbly, tired legs, and Clohisy guided her to her car, bending her over the hood so her tits were on the car and her hands spread to brace herself. Her nipples were still hard but even her faithless, lustful pussy wasn't craving being battered by the titanic thing between Clohisy's legs!

Clohisy stepped behind her, hands on her ass, and she braced herself for a hard, brutal fucking. He was obviously the sort of man who liked to fuck hard, harder than a girl liked, and he would do it to her because he could and she could do nothing whatsoever about it. Well...she'd survive, and in a couple of days she'd feel all right and this would all just be a dirty memory. She was ready.

Except she wasn't, because she didn't feel the huge cock head at her open, wet pussy lips. No. She felt it pressing against her soft, puckered asshole.

Anne howled. She had been nervous before, but now she was terrified. "No!" she screamed, thrashing and trying to move away, but strong hands kept her pinned where she was. "No, God, not there, please! You'll kill me!"

Clohisy threw his head back and laughed like she'd told a great joke. "Kill you? You gonna pretend a working girl like you ain't had a big cock in her ass before?"

"GOD DAMMIT I AM NOT A WHORE!" Anne screamed, so loudly and shrilly that her throat ached from it. "And that thing WILL NOT FIT IN MY ASS!"

Sloan was laughing too, but he stepped to his partner's side and laid a hand on his meaty forearm. "Come on buddy, you can't shove that thing in her pooper, you'll rip her wide open sure as shit."

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“Well what am I supposed to do with this then?” Clohisy asked angrily, gesturing at his rampant erection.

“Christ, use her pussy,” Sloan chuckled. “You won’t regret it. Tight as a 12 year old, smooth as silk, all hot...”

“Yes!” Anne cried, suddenly, turning to face her tormenters with a look of utter desperation on her lovely face. She could survive taking it in the cunt, but having it in her ass was more than she could imagine. “Take my pussy. Put it in my pussy, please!”

“I don’t like sloppy seconds!” Clohisy snapped. “Why should I put my dick in this asshole’s cum?”

“I’ll make it good for you,” Anne said, adrenaline and fear fuelling her response. “I’ll be the best fuck you’ve ever had, I swear! My pussy will do things to your cock you’ve only dreamed about! Please, take my cunt!”

“I dunno,” the big man frowned.

Without hesitation, Anne sank to her knees in front of Clohisy, his hands on her thighs in a position of pure supplication. Tears were on her cheeks, and she didn’t just beg, she groveled. “Please, please, please take my pussy. Please! I’ll make it wonderful for you, I swear! I’ll be the best you’ve ever had! My cunt will suck your cock like a mouth! I’ll take you all, every fucking inch of you! Fuck me as hard as you want! Please!”

Clohisy watched Anne’s collapse with a growing smile, his erection getting harder with every word she babbled. Finally, he turned and beamed to his partner. “Buddy, you just can’t resist a performance like that, you know?”

“Gonna take her cunt?” Sloan asked.

“Figure I will.”

Anne felt as great a sense of relief as she had ever experienced in her entire life. She knew she could take him in the front, but him using the back would tear her, rip her wide, make her hemorrhage. She had no clue where the nearest hospital was and she was pretty sure these two assholes wouldn’t oblige her by giving her directions, so taking a tree trunk like Clohisy’s in the ass might have killed her. But this...she could survive this. She could, and she would, and her tears of relief were real as she pressed her face to the big cop’s enormous cock and kissed it, murmuring, “Thank you...thank you...thank you so much...”

Clohisy reached an enormous hand down and put two fingers beneath her chin, tilting her head back to look at him. In a stern voice that was belied by the smug smile on his lips, he asked, “Thank you for what?”

She knew she was being mocked. She knew that he loved seeing her on her knees begging for something she most certainly didn’t want. She knew that he and his type reveled in humiliation, and hers was only feeding him and making his too-big cock even harder than it already was. She knew all that, and none of it mattered. She had to keep herself safe, and she felt no shame whatsoever in saying, “Thank you for fucking my cunt...my little whore cunt...sir.”

She’d added the last bit on a hunch, but she couldn’t have been righter about the effect it would have on him. Lust blazed in his eyes and he reached down, lifted her up off the ground in a single effortless motion, and set her ass right on the edge of the hood of her car. He was between her thighs, her legs spread wide just to accommodate his body. She knew what was coming next and she leaned back to give him a good angle. This was going

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to hurt no matter how he did it – there was too much of him not to hurt – but she wanted there to be as little pain as she could manage.

Clohisy didn't waste a second. She felt the head of his cock move between her wet, open lips, and even though she knew what she was in for, she still gasped. He was just so BIG! It was like a beer can – a Foster's – and she just wasn't built to handle it. She was small down there, something most guys loved, but here it was a definite and undoubtedly drawback. **Pussies stretch,** she told herself. **Mine will stretch to take this...**

The head of his cock went inside her, and her gasp turned to a shocked, "Ohmygodohmygodohmygod" babble. It felt like she was being fisted, for Christ sake! It was already the biggest thing she'd ever had inside her, and he'd barely even started. She was being stretched like she didn't think possible; she didn't think anything had torn down there, but this was closer to being a virgin again than she'd ever wanted to get. Thank God she already had a load of cum inside her for lubrication, or this would have been impossible...

Clohisy was just smiling down at her; she tried to keep her eyes closed so she wouldn't have to see his face, but every time he put another inch inside her, her eyes flew open with surprise and pain. "What's the matter, honey?" he taunted her, inching forward once more. "This the biggest one you ever had?"

"Y-yes," Anne managed to gasp between gritted teeth.

"Tell me," he grunted, a wicked smile on his face.

She knew what he wanted and she gave it willingly; she didn't want him to change his mind about using her ass! "Yours is...is the biggest...FUCK, OH MY GOD! The biggest...cock...I've ever had..."

"Thatta girl," he told her, obviously pleased with her avowal, and pushed another bit of himself into her. She looked down, expecting to see that he'd buried himself to the balls in her body – she already felt like she had a goddamned wine bottle inside her! – but to her dismay she saw that he still had four inches to go!

"Oh God damn it...God damn it..." she moaned when she took another inch and felt him bottom out against her cervix. It HURT! She was starting to wonder if her cunt could really take this after all.

"That's it girl, give my dick a squeeze," Clohisy told her, and she opened her eyes and looked at him like he was mad. Squeeze? She was stretched around him like plastic wrap! She could no more squeeze down on him than she could put her arms around a redwood! But she knew better than to argue and she tried to do as she was told, flexing her pussy muscles on his shaft, trying hard to make him feel something –

In that instant, two things happened that Anne did not expect. The first was that Clohisy actually seemed to feel something, for he gave a pleased little grunt and murmured, "That's it bitch, just like that..."

And the second thing was that it almost felt good to her. Not quite – she was being opened like she'd never been opened for and hadn't been built for – but the pain diminished noticeably and let her feel how stretched she was without the fog of soreness in the way. Her eyes opened a little wider; she couldn't recall ever being more surprised by anything in her life.

"You just keep doing that, slut," Clohisy told her as he pulled back in a long, languid stroke that made her stretched pussy feel like a void inside; she could feel her sex sucking at him as he went out of her, her poor misused tissues returning to their original

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shape and size...and a moment later stretching out again as he pushed back in just as slowly. Anne did as she was told – she'd have done anything to keep him happy right where he was no matter how uncomfortable she was, because the alternative was a hell of a lot worse – squeezing on him as he pulled out and pushed back in. It did feel...better. Just a bit, but when she had as much pain as he was giving her, any little bit felt like paradise.

“How’s that pussy, partner?” Sloan asked, slapping Clohisy on the shoulder. “Did I lie? Pretty goddamned good, huh?”

“Yeah...pretty good,” Clohisy grunted, his voice coming from somewhere down in his incipient beer belly. “Pretty fucking good...”

“Hear that, whore?” Sloan asked, leaning over and looking into Anne’s feverish, sweating face. “He likes your cunt. What do you think of that?”

“It’s good,” she whispered, her face scrunching with the effort of keeping her Kegel working and keeping the huge cock inside her stimulated. “I love...that he loves it...”

Clohisy groaned softly as he managed to wedge a bit more of himself into Anne’s body. To her it felt like six pounds of sugar in a five pound sack, but even that didn’t hurt as much as it had at the beginning. Thank God for small favors!

Sloan was watching as his partner pushed in ever so slowly, then pulled back at the same gradual pace, and although Anne wasn’t able to pay him much attention, she was aware that he was sliding up onto the hood next to her head. She didn’t have any energy to spare, though, so the obvious implications of this didn’t strike her quite yet. She was far too busy squeezing the cock that was too big to be squeezed and trying not to scream...

But the fact was that after a couple of minutes of Clohisy’s slow – even gentle – rocking in and out of her, she no longer really felt like screaming. Maybe she was getting stretched by him, or maybe what she was doing to keep his cock humming and happy was having an effect on her...hell, maybe she was just getting used to it. But the pain had diminished by now to a level that was actually tolerable. It didn’t feel good – far from it – but it wasn’t the ripping agony that convinced her she was bleeding like at the beginning. She’d be sore afterward, of that there was no doubt, but things Dick had done to her, and made her do, had left her sore before and she knew she could survive it. A hot bath could do wonders.

Clohisy began moving faster. Not much – he wasn’t fucking her hard by any means – but the increase in his tempo was noticeable. She was able to keep up, tightening on him and releasing him in time with his thrusts. It occurred to her that he was taking it easy on her; honestly, she’d expected him just to fuck her hard from the get-go. Dick had described taking girls just this way and he always laughed at the fact that they were miserable while he was getting his rocks off in them. But then if he’d done that she wouldn’t have been able to treat his cock right, and the way his eyes were glazed over, he was definitely appreciating her efforts to make him happy. Anne was disquieted at feeling a small thrill at that...it was the lust in her talking again, and it was a grim sign of just how far she’d gone that she could feel anything good about this situation!

She wasn’t ready when she felt Sloan’s semi-rigid cock on her lips, and her eyes opened wide in surprise. She looked up at him looming above her, propped up on one arm and watching her face with a shit-eating grin. “Go on, suck it,” he told her, his voice as cheerful as usual. “I got another load in me you gotta get out. Go on, open your mouth.”

Anne did what she was told. Sloan’s cock, she could handle no matter where he decided to put it. She wouldn’t even have squawked had it been him instead of Clohisy

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who'd wanted her ass – she loved anal, in fact, but there was a definite size limit on things that could go in through the out door. As he slid his cock into her mouth she could taste the tang of their fucking on it, his cum and her juices mingled and semi-dried on his skin, and she couldn't help but give a faint moan; she loved that flavor, that savor of pure, undiluted sex. It tasted like nothing else in the world, and it was wonderful even here and now. Her tongue played upon his shaft, rolling around it, feeling it harden rapidly at the deft touch of her stud...

"Jesus partner, it's too damned bad you're so fucking huge," Sloan chuckled. "You missed out on a hell of a blowjob from this piece!"

"She did just fine with her mouth," Clohisy muttered, and Anne heard that his voice was a little shallower than before; she couldn't help but smile around the cop cock in her mouth – she was a good fuck, and even though the situation was humiliating, a part of her reveled in being a good fuck. No fuck that – that part of her *loved* that it was humiliating. That part of her craved humiliation, debasement, craved being used for the pleasure of men (and women), and this situation qualified in spades.

And it was then that Anne realized that the pain from her sex was fading even more and something else was taking its place. It wasn't pleasure, but it was a warmth, a nice warmth in her pussy and her belly that was increasing as the discomfort fell, and increasing as his tempo increased and she was able to match it. It was getting easier to work his length once she was used to it, and working it was starting to feel like an accomplishment of sorts. Huh...maybe this wasn't so bad after all...

Sloan began to rock in her mouth as he approached full hardness, pushing his cock into the entrance of her throat and holding it there, eyes locked on hers, balls resting on her chin for a moment before pulling back about halfway and doing it again. She looked up at him with her eyes wide the way she knew most men liked when getting a blowjob, and she swirled her tongue in time with the flexing of her cunt muscles. Sloan didn't seem like a bad sort...

She caught the thought even as it formed in her brain. Not a bad sort? What the hell? He was a rapist, another sociopath in a police uniform who used his power to get what he wanted from people who couldn't defend themselves. People like her...

But that was it, wasn't it? She couldn't defend herself. She was helpless, and these two pigs, these two beasts in human form, had sensed it and taken her. She was theirs, to do with as they would, unable to resist, unable to do anything but make it good for them so they wouldn't hurt her. She was a hole to them, a cunt and a mouth, a fucktoy...

And the wickedly submissive part of her that had drawn her to Dick in the first place *loved* it.

"Christ, this bitch is a hell of a fuck," Clohisy moaned, pushing her legs even wider with his huge, strong, irresistible hands. "She may not be a whore, but she ought to be. This cunt is worth gold!"

Once more, Anne felt a flush of pride at the vulgar compliment, once more she felt shame at the pride, and once more she felt excitement at the shame. Her cunt was winning again. Her cunt was taking over.

And the reason it could take over was that that little warmth had gotten bigger and warmer. The pain hadn't really gone down much – she was still being stretched too much for it not to hurt at all – but the heat had increased to the point where it wasn't just heat anymore, it was actual pleasure. Yes she was being stretched around too much

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masculinity, but she was working it with her body and sensual little ripples were flowing from around that huge shaft and spreading into her tummy and down her legs and through her blood, making her nipples achingly hard again and making her pussy get wet with something besides the residue of her fuck with Sloan. It took her a moment of concentration (something difficult to achieve in the present circumstances) to realize that she was so stretched that Clohisy's cock was stimulating her clit from the inside with every thrust and those huge, frightening veins on his shaft were like the ribs on a good dildo – he wasn't just fucking her pussy, he was hitting nerves that loved to be hit, and God damn her to Hell if he wasn't doing a good job of it.

Meanwhile, Sloan was taking her mouth a little faster, her blonde hair clenched in his fist and his balls bouncing on her chin. Her tongue was doing a tango on him and she knew she would make him pop; she was too good with her mouth for any man to resist. He had cum in him and she wanted it –

No! She didn't want it! Her mind, the part of it that she was still in control of at any rate, insisted that she couldn't want it, that this was wrong and she couldn't take pleasure from being used by a pair of brutes this way, but that part of her mind was shrinking again. It was losing, and soon she would be nothing but a mewling little slut, just like they wanted her to be...

"Oh fuck, this hooker's tongue ought to be fucking bronzed," Sloan moaned, biting his lip and a bead of sweat rolling down his forehead with the effort of controlling himself. "I ain't had a blowjob like this in forever. Fuck that, I ain't had a blowjob like this in ever."

To her dismay, Anne found that she would have thanked him had her mouth not been full.

Clohisy's pace was picking up gradually so that now she was feeling his thrusts through her whole body, but she was past even pretending that it didn't feel good. Over the undercurrent of pain she still felt was a glowing, spreading pleasure that intensified with every thrust.

She couldn't fight it anymore, she just didn't have the strength.

Hating herself for it, a moan of sexual contentment escaped around the cock that was fucking her mouth. Her eyes were screwed tightly shut, but she didn't need to see it to know the smug look that the two cops would have exchanged upon hearing that, upon the proof that their cocks were making her hot once again. She knew she was abasing herself before them by reveling in her own humiliation, and that fact made her so fucking hot she could barely stand it.

It was at that moment that Anne realized she was going to come. If only these two beasts could hold out just a little more, they would give her a second orgasm.

The enormous thing hammering at her pussy – and it was hammering now, and she had at some point started to fuck him back while squeezing him with her insides – was making her pussy sing and her clit hum, and every motion made her blood a little hotter in her arteries and her tummy clench a little more.

Sloan was gasping now as he fucked her mouth, just like she was gasping around her cock, and Clohisy was gasping too. The three of them were making a harmony that struck her as incredibly erotic, especially to the accompaniment of the wet suction sounds her dripping, aching, magnificently throbbing cunt was emitting and the sloppy noises of her blowjob. She could hear the medley over the pounding of blood in her ears and the rush

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of air in her lungs, and for a few crystalline moments she felt like she was perfectly aware of every single part of her body –

But almost as soon as she felt that, her body seemed to begin to narrow, and the extraneous sensations like the cool feel of Clohisy's gold watch where she clutched at his wrist and the heat of the car's engine through the hood against her back seemed to fade. Like she was looking down a tunnel with a single point of light at the end, her focus closed down and down until her whole world seemed to be the two cocks in her pussy and her mouth and what they were making her feel.

And it was at that point that Anne silently uttered the most humiliating prayer of her entire life: she prayed, as fervently as any pilgrim at a shrine, that her rapists lasted long enough to give her another orgasm.

Sloan came first. She knew he was close by the way he was vibrating against her tongue and the way he was sucking air in ragged, shallow gasps, so she wasn't surprised when he pulled his cock out of her mouth. She was, in that moment, disappointed, because she adored the feel and flavor of a man's semen splashing down her throat, but she knew the proper role of a submissive little fucksocket like her was never to question where a man wanted to put his cum. She kept her mouth open, gasping, her tongue extended and her eyes tightly shut as Sloan's hand squeezed hard in her hair and he gave forth a long, delighted moan of release –

His cum splashed on her upturned face in long, sticky streaks. His first orgasm had undoubtedly taken the edge off but there was still enough that Anne felt like the prettiest woman in the world when he decorated her face with his white strands. She felt it across her right eyelid, over her nose, down her cheek, and she adored the way it felt. He had used her mouth for his own pleasure, and it was right that he hadn't asked. She was a slut and he had taken her and it was absolutely the rightest thing in the world...

Except that she was going to come too now, and that felt even righter. With her mouth empty there was nothing to muffle the strained cries that Clohisy's cock wrenched out of her with every bone-rattling thrust. He was moaning too, and she was dimly aware that his hands were holding her legs so hard that bruises were inevitable, but she couldn't have cared less. Her legs were a long ways away and bruises were for tomorrow. Tonight, now, this instant, she needed the fucking he was giving her more than she needed oxygen, and she would pay the price he exacted to get it.

She was amazed at the intensity of her orgasm. Later she thought that it must have been because the pain of being stretched had only diminished, it had never gone away. It was there in the background, behind the radiant bliss of her stimulated clit and the deep, perfect satisfaction of being treated like the groveling, contemptible slut she needed to be. It was the pain that provided contrast, darkness to set off the brightest of lights, an anchor to keep her grounded when her pussy suddenly clamped tight and hard around Clohisy's gigantic shaft, her stomach flipflopped, and her climax exploded through her body. She howled. She lifted her head and slammed it back against her car uncontrollably, once, twice, three times. Her hands clenched the big man's wrists so hard she left marks of her own, and her legs somehow managed to splay themselves even wider. It wasn't a long orgasm; it didn't roll in waves or carry her along to a soft, sweet place. It simply lifted her up into the sky in a single blindingly bright rush, set her off like a Roman candle, and sent her crashing back to Earth, into her own body, into her blood and sweat and heartbeat, all in a few brief, mystical seconds.

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Anne let her hands fall – she lacked the strength to hold onto Clohisy’s wrists any more – and lay panting and limp for the next thirty or so seconds while Clohisy hammered at her pussy. Usually she was very sensitive after an orgasm, and this kind of treatment would normally either give her another one hard on the heels of the first or be so uncomfortably intense that she couldn’t tolerate it, but something about her explosion had made her almost numb. She barely felt him rocking her body; she simply lay with her eyes closed, chest heaving, and tried feebly to continue squeezing him like he liked.

There was no mystery about when he came. He slammed into her so hard her body skidded a couple of inches across the hood of the car, arched his back, and bellowed like some sort of bull rutting a particularly choice cow. She felt a sort of satisfaction at knowing that he was flooding her womb with his semen, but the numbness had spread to her emotions as well as her body and she was capable of little more than an abstract sort of Mona Lisa-looking smile at the knowledge.

She was a good slut.

Clohisy stayed inside Anne for a few seconds, motionless, but it wasn’t long before he pulled out. His leaving her body was an ordeal in itself. She had always loved the feeling of being vacated by a man after sex, that openness and sense of blissful purpose that nothing else could match, but she had never felt anything remotely like this. Her poor abused sex clutched at his cock like a new bride clutched at her husband, the sheer suction fighting to keep him inside. He came loose with an obscene sound of air balancing out, a “pussy fart” of grotesque proportions that made Sloan give a tired sort of laugh. Anne would have sworn she felt Clohisy’s sudden absence all the way up to her throat.

She forced herself to open her eyes; the right one was still gummed by Sloan’s goo, and she managed to lift a heavy hand and wipe it away. The first thing she saw was the big man leaning over the hood of her car to stick his dick in her face again. She knew what she had to do without being told – Dick always made her clean him after they fucked – and so she licked his shaft and the flaring head until she had removed every trace of the flavor they had made together. It took considerable effort, because Anne was so tired that all she wanted to do was curl up and sleep, but she knew her duties: to do whatever her man wanted. And right now, her rapists were her men. She obeyed without question.

When she was done she lay on the car’s hood, eyes closed, feeling utterly spent and empty. She didn’t know what the cops would do with her now, whether they would toss her in jail or what. She knew she ought to care very much, because it was vitally important, but at the moment it felt like a problem belonging to someone else, a stranger perhaps in another part of the world.

Still, she was surprised when she heard a car door slam and Clohisy barked, “I’ll give you a warning this time, but you get those goddamned lights fixed. I see you again with busted lights in my county I’m writing you a ticket.”

That was so perfectly incongruous that it made no sense whatsoever. Anne forced her head up and her eyes open again and spoke a single baffled word: “What?”

But there was no answer. As she watched, Clohisy returned to the driver’s seat of the prowler and closed the door behind him. The engine flared to life, the car did a seesaw reverse, and in a moment it was nothing but taillights receding down a dirt road in the middle of nowhere.

“Jesus,” she muttered, not quite able to believe it. “They let me go...”

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The numbness didn't quite leave, not even for that piece of good news, and it was a couple of minutes before she could move again. In fact, it was the mosquitoes that finally stirred her to action. With the other stimuli removed, she was suddenly aware that she was a movable feast for the little bloodsuckers. In fact, now that she noticed it, her whole body itched...

With a shudder of revulsion, Anne lifted her head and looked down at her body. She instantly wished she hadn't: there must have been 20 mosquito bites, and those were just the ones she could see.

"Fuck," she muttered, her languid mood suddenly vanishing – and with it the disgusting craving for use and humiliation that her sex had made her feel. In its place came a distinct feeling of self-loathing that was all too familiar, coupled with dismay at her faithless body's reactions. Never, not even when Dick was pushing her, had she sunk this low before.

When she slid gingerly off the hood, a flood of semen burst from her gapingly open and terribly sore cunt and squelched down her legs in a warm, sticky flood. "Fuck me," she muttered disgustedly, and she looked around for her panties...

They were nowhere to be found. The last she knew of them, the cops were peeling them off her body and leaving them around her ankles, but somewhere along the line they had come off. They weren't on the ground near her car. She spent a couple of minutes looking for them in the weeds by the side of the road, but the mosquitoes were on her in force and it wasn't long before she simply gave up. One of the cops probably kept them for a souvenir anyway, the soulless pricks.

She couldn't sit on her car seat like this, it would make a disgusting mess, and so a few moments later she had spread the safety blanket from her trunk out on her seat, recovered her leather jacket, and gotten in to start the hour and a half trek home. She itched all over from bites. Her pussy was so sore that it hurt more than a little just to sit.

She had been on the highway heading back toward the city for fifteen minutes when her phone rang; the caller ID said it was Dick. She realized that this was the first time she had thought of him since shortly after her ordeal with Clohisy and Sloan had started; she also realized, at the same moment, that she was too tired and too pussy-sore to give much of a fuck whether he was mad at her or not. After all, it was his shitty directions that got her into this mess to begin with. If he was left high and dry with a pair of blue balls, well, tough shit. It was going to be at least a couple of days and the application of some ice packs to the crotch before she was going to be ready to take any man again. And so her voice held a note of defiance when she flipped open her phone and said, "Hello."

"Hey sugar tits, where the hell are you?" he asked. He sounded irritated.

"Dick... I don't even fucking want to get into it. You want to hear the story, call me in the morning – late morning, I'm sleeping in."

"Huh. Did something happen?"

"You could say that, yeah."

"What was it?"

"I'm too fucking tired to tell you now. I just want to go home and get some sleep."

"Tough night?"

"Only a lot."

"Uh huh. Sloan and Clohisy said you got my present."

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Anne's blood turned to ice in her veins. It was a long moment before she could manage a, "What?"

He laughed at her, a high mocking sound that made her feel about an inch tall. "Yeah, they said you liked it. They said you loved it, in fact."

"You..."

"They liked it too. They couldn't believe you weren't a pro, the way you fuck and suck. I told them that you're just a gifted amateur."

"You...SON OF A BITCH!" Anne screamed so loudly that she knew her phone would transmit nothing but static, but she didn't give a fuck.

Dick just laughed. "I knew you'd like it."

"Fuck you, Dick," she spat venomously. "You're such a goddamned son of a bitch!"

"Mmm-hmm. Say 'Thank you,' sweetie."

"Fuck you."

"Say 'Thank you.'"

Anne's jaw clenched. Her eyes narrowed on the road ahead. The sane, sensible part of her wanted to tell Dick exactly what he could do with himself, with multi-step directions and enough detail to avoid any possible confusion. But it was the slut in her that answered, "Thank you."