

**WARNING: This story is an act of fiction that contains graphic sexual descriptions and language. If you are a minor (under 21) or if you are offended by this kind of material then you should stop reading now. Any resemblance between this story and a real event is purely coincidental. The participants are imaginary; their actions have no negative consequences other than those portrayed in the story. The story is intended for entertainment only and should not be emulated in the real world.**



Tracy read the last two paragraphs of the book cradled in her lap.

"All this," the young prince said, waving his right hand in a wide, sweeping arc, "will be yours my darling, after we marry." Alicia's eyes took in the panoramic scenery, the magnificent castle, the many stables, and the many fine houses beyond, strung out as far as she could see. "All you have to do, my precious Alicia, is take my hand, cross the Meadow of Menace with me, and stand beside me in front of the vicar to take our wedding vows." The prince held out his hand. And waited, his heart refusing to beat.

At last, the lovely Alicia spoke, her sky blue eyes looking deeply into his, "I love you strongly and purely, my darling, and if the Hag Crone of Hesperus is correct, and your love for me is just as strong and pure, the Meadow of Menace should visit us no harm." She took his hand, and they started walking together toward the Meadow of Menace. And, for the first time in five thousand years, birds were heard singing in the lea.

The End.

Tracy reread the last paragraph, and then gently closed the book. Why, she wondered, looking up at the ceiling, picturing a blue sky, can't real life be as lovely as a book? With a happy ending for everyone involved? Why were there rotten bastards in the world? Rotten scoundrels, who force young girls into doing awful, depraved and unspeakable things?

She glanced at her watch. In less than an hour, she would be in the hands of one of the world's rottenest bastards. And she had no one to blame but

herself. She listened. There were no birds singing in her lea. And no love strong and pure to rescue her from her own Meadow of Menace. In her world, the Hag Crone of Hesperus didn't exist.

She thought back to how this whole horrible affair had come about. Just a little over a year now, though it seemed five thousand years ago.

And to think it had all begun with a simple, everyday babysitting job . . .

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"COME IN, Ms. Winsome," Mr. Burns said, opening the door wider. "Rugby's already in his pajamas. His bedtime is ten o'clock, so it's all right if he watches TV until then. I should be back by midnight, and my pager number is on the fridge, if you need to get hold of me. Any questions?"

"No, Mr. Burns," Tracy said. "You've answered all the one's I usually ask. You just go and relax, and have a good time. I don't foresee any problems with the little tyke."

"Good. But your use of the term little tyke, means there's one thing you're not aware of. Rugby is not the kind of boy you probably usually sit for. You see, he's seventeen. But, unfortunately, he was born with a brain defect, and has the mentality of a four-year old. His mother died in childbirth, so please try not to mention her to him, as he carries on something fierce. I should have mentioned all this to you on the phone, but I assumed you knew because I believe you know my last sitter, Jacqueline Fine?"

Tracy nodded. "Yes, I know her, Mr. Burns, but Jackie and I run with a different crowd, so we don't really talk that much."

"Oh, well okay, it doesn't matter. You'll find Rugby to be easy to get along with, quite polite in fact, and he shouldn't give you any problems. Well, if there's nothing else, I'll be off." He then turned his head and hollered, "Rugby! Your sitter is here!" Tracy heard from the living room, "Goody, daddy, is she nice?"

Burns looked Tracy up and down, and then yelled, "Oh, yeah, Rug, she's *real* nice!" He chuckled, and then said, in a more normal voice, "Makes me wish I needed a sitter of my own." He winked at her, and she felt her face flush.

"Well, Tracy, the place is all yours. Don't let the burglars in. Ha ha!" He left the house, leaving Tracy standing in the foyer. She took off her coat, laid it neatly on a hall chair, and walked over to the living room archway.

She popped her head around the corner, and there he was, her ward for the evening, sitting on the sofa in his pajamas, watching TV, his eyes glued to the screen. He was the biggest four-year old Tracy had ever laid her eyes on . . .

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TRACY entered the living room. Sensing her entrance, Rugby "Rug" Burns looked at her. All he saw was his sitter. If his mind had been able to catch up with his years, he would have seen a luscious young woman, with long,

shapely legs, beautiful breasts, and a body to die for. All packaged in a 5' 6" tall, 125 lb. frame. With shoulder length blond hair, and eyes as blue as the sky. And he would have felt the same stirrings in his crotch area that his father had felt just a short time ago. "Are you my sitter?"

Tracy nodded and introduced herself to him. They conversed for a time with idle chitchat, in a woman to child way. Tracy was impressed by the size of the boy. He had to be nearly six-feet tall. She guessed him to weigh between 170 and 180. And like her, he had blond hair, but in a crew cut. And, also like her, he had sky blue eyes. They could have easily passed as brother and sister to anyone on the street.

Rugby, bored with his attempt at adult chitchat, put his eyes back on the TV screen. Tracy took a seat on the sofa, a few feet from him. She looked over at him and studied his pajamas. They were pale blue, and covered in colorful, cartoon-like choo-choo trains. "You like trains, Rugby?"

"Uh huh." He said without looking at her. He was transfixed by a show about kangaroos. "Oooh, can they jump!" he squealed with delight, wriggling in place, his long legs stomping up and down on the carpet.

Tracy looked down at the pistoning, churning legs. There was something strange about his left leg. The choo-choo trains on the upper thigh of that leg seemed twisted, as if they had been in a big train wreck. When the leg finally came to a halt, Tracy saw the reason for the distortion. There was a large lump running down the leg, almost to his knee, having, as its origin, Rugby's crotch!

My God, Tracy thought, he's hung like the proverbial fucking horse! She couldn't take her eyes from the bulge. Not only did it seem long, it seemed unbelievably thick. She wanted to look away, but it was mesmerizing her, and forcing her eyes to stay on it.

She had read, and heard, of cocks such as this, but here it was, in the flesh, and less than four feet from her. In spite of herself, and knowing better, she felt her pussy twitch and dampen up. She couldn't help wondering what such a cock would feel like, buried deep inside her vagina. She shuddered at the thought, her pussy getting even wetter.

Then, as if her horny evil twin had taken control of her, she said, "What's that, Rugby?" She waited for him to look at her.

"What's what?" His eyes danced back and forth, between her and the TV.

"That lump there, this one." She reached over and put her hand on it, squeezing it slightly, an excitement coming over her, and messing up her mind.

"Oh, that's my wee-wee." He said innocently. He hadn't even flinched.

The horny evil twin said, "Oh, I've never seen as big a wee-wee as that one." She ran her hand gently up and down the length of the bulge. "I'd like to see it up close. OK?" She waited, her heart refusing to beat, just like the prince's heart had done.

"OK." was all he said. It was game time for the horny evil twin, who now

took full and total charge of the loaded situation.

"Stand up, Rugby!" He stood, his eyes not leaving the TV. Tracy got up and knelt before the willing, pliable man-boy. She noticed he didn't even look down at her.

Her pussy was on fire as she reached up under his pajama top, found the elastic waistbands of the PJs and his briefs, and pulled them both down to the floor. She shot a glance up at him. He was still watching kangaroos hop around, and paying her no mind whatsoever. She rolled up the bottom few inches of his pajama top, no longer worrying about Rugby's reactions to her machinations. He was now naked from his waist down, with choo-choo trains crashing together at his feet. She lifted his left leg, freeing it from the choo-choo train wreckage. His right leg, as far as she was concerned, could stay as it was.

She looked at his cock, her eyes burning in her head. It hung down, and though flaccid, had to be 9" long. His balls, together as big as an orange, were covered in downy blond pubic hairs. As she studied them, she knew she was at the point of no return. Stop now, at a time when he would quickly forget it. Or go farther and risk unforeseeable future problems--and complications. What to do?

She looked up at him. One quick look at the mindless man-child, and the horny evil twin in her made the decision by reaching out, grabbing the large cock's hairy base and, lifting the cock up, guided it to her mouth, her hot hungry mouth, which quickly engulfed the large plum-like head. Then she held still, the cock's head fully in her mouth, and waited, her heart again refusing to beat.

If Rugby had said something in protest, even anything slightly negative, or bafflement even, she would have stopped and engineered his mind off of the subject and back to kangaroos. But all he said, from way up above her head, was, "That feels nice, Tracy. I like that."

*That feels nice, Tracy. I like that.* A license to cocksuck him, if ever there was one. But she had to cover another troublesome base. She took her mouth off the penis, and said, "Rugby, if you want me to keep doing this, you have to swear to keep it a secret. You can't tell your daddy. OK?" She waited, her heart once more refusing to beat. The horny heat she felt all over her body, and in her mind, was awesome. Overpowering.

"Sure. I can keep a secret. I like secrets, Tracy. I have lots of secrets that daddy don't know about. Like the skate key I have under my mattress. He said it was a dirty key and told me to get rid of it, but I fooled him." He laughed, and sounded very proud of himself. And sounded fine to Tracy, who now felt his prick start to harden up under her fingers, which had been gently stroking him as he spoke.

Somewhat assured as to her future safety, she put her mouth back on his penis, and started going up and down on it, feeling it lengthen and harden as she worked the head. She reached out with her free hand and began gently massaging and caressing his balls. She heard him moan softly. "Oooh, Tracy, that feels good, too." She had a feeling that his eyes were still on the jumping kangaroos.

A few more moments and the cock was fully erect, the strength of it felt by her tongue and lips. The entire cock, head and shaft, had very little give to it, it was as hard as a cock can get.

She removed her mouth from it, so she could see its total length. She guessed it to be over 12" and as thick around as her wrist. The pee hole was very pronounced, being deeply indented. The cock head stood out all around the shaft a good half-inch. It was the biggest prick she had ever seen, even in her wildest sexual fantasies.

She went back to blowing him. She had deep throated a guy named Dexter one time, but he was of a more normal size. The only other guy she had ever had sex with, Sam, also received deep throat from her, but he, although a bit thicker than Dexter, was no where near the size of the humongous thing in her mouth. But she just had to try. Her mouth demanded it of her.

She pushed her mouth down the shaft until the cock head touched her gag reflex. It was now or never. She pushed forward some more; a small bit at a time, and felt the large head go down without a problem. She was going to do it! And she did, all the way down to the large prick's pubic hairs. When her nose bumped his flat belly, Rugby moaned again, then he cooed, "I like that a lot, Tracy." His legs were beginning to tremble and shake.

She sucked him for a few more minutes and, when he hadn't cum, she decided to fuck him. Right then and there. On the living room floor. And damn the choo-choo trains, it was now full steam ahead.

She told him to lie down on his back on the carpet. She told him they were going to play a secret game. He obeyed, falling gleefully to his knees, then rolling over onto his back. His long, thick cock now ran up past his navel. His head was turned toward the TV. He didn't want to miss the hoppers.

Tracy wasted no time. She pulled her slacks and panties down to her ankles with one quick motion. She removed the garments from only her left leg, and straddled him, squatting above the large cock. She guided the still erect cock to her pussy, and lowered herself onto it. In no time, the cock was fully in her and had bottomed out.

She started to ride him, feeling the massive head work a delicious magic on her insides. "Does that feel good, Rugby?" she said, breathlessly.

"Oh, yes, I like it, Tracy. This is a fun game. You look like you're riding a horsey. My horsey! I've always wanted a horsey."

She felt like she was riding a horsey, too. "Giddyap!" she yelled, quickening the pace, feeling her insides being probed by the large horsey cock. She was close to cumming. A few more ups and downs on the pony would do it. And they did.

The orgasm swept over her in waves, making her legs twitch, and sweat break out on the back of her neck. Her eyes rolled in her head; her breathing increased, and then seemed to stop. She was fucking a mindless man-boy. and loving every second of it.

"Ooooh, Rugby, I'm cumming again!" She moaned, unable to comprehend

how she could have two orgasms so close together, almost on top of each other. That had never happened before. But she was in for another first.

Rugby, as silent as a tomb, was starting to spurt. And spurt. And spurt. She felt the immense heat of his orgasm as he unloaded deep within her. Then came her other first--a third orgasm by her!

It hit her hard and fierce, making her shudder all over. She started moaning loudly, and speaking incoherently. "Ooooh, mmmm, olg riffa, cum limma, oh, oh, oh . . . OH GOD!" She was done in. Limp. Weak. Drained. She opened her eyes and found that the ceiling was where the wall should be. Then the ceiling spun around and morphed into Rugby's innocent face.

She let her weight sink down on him, having little choice about it, and took his cock fully into her. It's immense heat mingling with her own. From somewhere, far away, she heard birds singing, or were they birds? Or her yelling? Or Rugby humming? Or the TV? She didn't know. Nothing seemed real to her. Until reality spoke to her.

"I liked that, Tracy. Can we do it again? Again now, please?"

She composed herself, guilt entering fully into her mind. "No, Rugby, we," she cleared her throat, "can only do this now and then. And only if you promise to keep it a secret. Do you promise?"

"I promise, Tracy. A secret's a secret." He surprised her by winking at her.

"Good boy." She winked back at him. "Now, Rugby, what say we watch some more TV together?"

"OK" He stood up, unmindful of his nakedness. She told him not to move, to just stand as he was. He obeyed, the kangaroos occupying his mind.

She quickly dressed herself. Then she went and found a face cloth, wet it real well, and went and cleaned his horsey up. She put him back into his PJs.

As they sat, side-by-side on the sofa, watching a show about meerkats, Rugby said, "Oooh, looky, Tracy, lotsa pussy!" She laughed, adoring his innocence.

"Yeah, "Rugby, lotsa pussy. You like pussy?" She couldn't resist.

"Oh, yeah, they're my favorite animals." Animals. How cute. Especially so when uttered by a horse cocked man-child.

At some point, later in the evening, with Rugby safely tucked into his bed, Tracy looked at her watch. 11:45. Mr. Burns would be home soon. And he would pay her for babysitting Rugby. She felt as if she was the one who should be paying him.

And she looked forward to the next time . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

MR. BURNS was home a few minutes before midnight, as promised. He

seemed, to Tracy, a tad tipsy. He told her to wait while he went and got his checkbook from the den. He went off in that direction, leaving her sitting on the sofa.

Tracy waited, unaware of the new event that was soon to take place on this first night of her babysitting the mindless Rugby. The minutes passed by. Five. Ten. Twenty.

What's taking him so long? Tracy wondered. Then, as if in answer to her question, she heard Burns call, "Tracy, could you come here for a minute, please. I want to talk to you." She went toward the voice, glad of having some action to perform besides sitting.

She found the door to the den, went in, and panic and fear hit her immediately. There was Mr. Burns, watching television. But it was no ordinary show he had his eyes on. He was watching a blowjob performance being given by one Tracy Winsome, on his son Rugby. Tracy looked at the screen, horrified, mortified, and beyond embarrassment. She stood there, her mouth agape, and unable to breathe.

Burns hit Fast Forward and, a few seconds later, there she was again, only this time fucking the boy, riding him and his large horsey cock for all she was worth, her naked ass bobbing up and down on the kid's enormous prick.

"Sit there," was all Burns said, pointing to a chair in front of his desk. On legs that felt as if they wouldn't carry her, Tracy somehow made it to the chair, and fell into it.

"M-m-mr. Burns, I can expla . . . I don't . . . it . . . "

"Shut up!" She shut up. And waited for his next move, her heart refusing to beat. He studied her, making her feel cruddy all over. Her mind was racing. If her father ever saw this, he would die, right after he killed her. And her mother? Oh, God, it would just about kill her, too. The Meadow of Menace pushed its way into her mind, mingling with all the other thoughts she was having about death and gloom and peril.

Finally, he spoke to her, his eyes burning into hers. "Tracy, I put hidden cameras all over this house because the last sitter, your friend Jacqueline Fine, not only stole from me, she drank my best booze and had a boy in. But at least she had the decency to wait until Rugby was asleep before she fucked the guy. And, for sure as shit, she didn't lay a hand on my son!"

"Mr. Burns . . . " She had stopped stuttering, but he wouldn't let her talk.

"Tracy, what would your parents say if they saw what you were doing here tonight?" He looked at her, his eyes piercing into hers. "Don't answer, we both know what that would mean, don't we?" She meekly nodded. And felt she had to say something, anything. There had to be a way out of this. He didn't seem like such a bad sort of guy. In fact, the way he was leering at her now suggested a ray of hope. She played into it, hoping it would save her, him being a man and all.

"Mr. Burns, I'll do anything . . . *anything* . . . anything you want me to do . . . if you can find it in you not to show it to my parents." Had he correctly read

her offer?

"Anything?" Just in the way he had said the word, she knew he had read her loud and clear.

She nodded and said, "*Anything!*" He looked at her, a lecherous look unmistakably written on his face.

"Get naked!" He looked at her, waiting. She had found her way out.

Without uttering a word, she stood and disrobed before him, feeling his eyes exploring every inch of her curvaceous body as each piece of clothing hit the floor. She saw that he was rubbing his crotch. Fully nude, with her tits jiggling slightly, she stood there, leaving the next move to him. He switched on an overhead light by hitting a button on the wall behind him. He turned the dimmer switch to its brightest setting. The new lighting effect made her feel even more exposed.

He cleared his throat and said, "You are very beautiful, Tracy, and your body is, well, just incredible. But you know that already, don't you?" She nodded, not knowing what else to do.

He stood up and came toward her. She could see he had an erection forming a tent in his trousers. A stain, about the size of a quarter, was on his light colored slacks, right where his cock's head would be.

He stood before her, and proceeded to disrobe. "Tracy, I want you to tell me that you want me to fuck you. And use Mr. Burns." His shirt hit the floor, followed quickly by his trousers.

"I want you to fuck me, Mr. Burns." Oh, no, she thought, my pussy's getting wet! What's wrong with me? Am I depraved? A sexaholic? Or is it that Burns isn't too hard on the eyes?

At 6' 1" with wavy black hair, a decent looking body, and only in his early 30s, he certainly wasn't unattractive to her. Given different circumstances, she might have actually wanted to fuck him. A part of her did now.

Burns peeled off his briefs, leaving him with just black socks on his feet. As he straightened up, his cock sprang out. He saw Tracy looking at it. "It's not as big as Rugby's, Tracy, but at 10" I think you'll enjoy it."

He moved into her, his body inches from hers, and directed his lips toward hers. She didn't show a sign of resistance as he plunged his tongue into her mouth. To the contrary, he felt her kiss him back. Still kissing her, he found her right hand and guided it to his fully erect prick. She responded positively by squeezing it, stroking it.

He ran a hand down her back and played with her ass cheeks, his fingers taking a plunge into the crack, finding her anus and probing it. He moved a hand to her vagina, the fingers probing her wetness. As he broke from the long kiss, he thought: Christ, I'm in heaven! What a woman!

He bent his head down and sucked on her tits, one after the other, his finger still manipulating her pussy. She moaned and he loved that. Her pussy got even wetter and he loved that, too. He stood up.

He smiled at her, and then said, "On your knees!" She obeyed, now seemingly his willing sex slave. His woman to do whatever he chose to do with her. The thought made her even wetter between her legs.

He reached out a hand and lifted her chin up, and looked directly into her eyes. "You know, Tracy," he said gently. "I'm really a reasonable guy. It was obvious to me you really enjoyed sucking and fucking Rugby, and that's great. You'll enjoy me, too, if you put your heart and soul into it, and just let yourself go. And we can have lots of fun, you, me, *and* even Rugby at some point. Would you like that, Tracy, sucking and fucking the both of us at the same time?"

"I guess, Mr. Burns." He still held her chin.

"No, Tracy, no guessing. I want you to tell me whether or not you would love sucking and fucking us both." He looked at her, a grin on his face.

"Yes, Mr. Burns. I would love to suck and fuck you both." Damn, she thought, feeling her pussy react, I would! Rugby's big horsey flashed through her mind. He released her chin.

"Now, Tracy, it's getting late. So, all I want you to do for me now is give me head. But with the same passion and ardor you displayed earlier in the evening. OK?" She saw his left leg start to shake.

"Yes, Mr. Burns." He reached down with his other hand and began playing with her right breast, pinching the nipple hard. A moan escaped her lips. Burns was really enjoying this night with his first, and probably last, sex slave.

"Now, Tracy, before you suck my cock, I want you to suck my balls. Do it!"

She leaned forward, found his testicles with her right hand, then her mouth, and sucked on them, first one, then the other. Then back again. She did this for a few minutes, hearing him moan above her. His balls smelled strongly of male musk, and the room now seemed filled with the undeniable smell of sex.

"Now, Tracy, lick my cock all over." She proceeded to do just that. "Use both your lips and tongue. That'll get it wetter." She complied, going up and down and all around the head and shaft. Her saliva was coating the cock, making it slick and sticky.

"Now, baby, kiss the pee hole a few times. I want to feel those luscious lips of yours in that way." She complied with five or six wet smooches, smack dab on his innie type pee hole. The third kiss had made a giant blob of pre-cum form on the pee hole. This didn't deter her. Kiss number four pushed the blob of cum onto her lips, and a thin strand of cum hung between his cock and her mouth, defying gravity.

He couldn't believe his good fortune. To have someone, so young, so beautiful, kissing his cock the way she was kissing it, well, this only happens in fictional stories. And, just to know she would do anything he could dream up, well, even fiction couldn't describe what he was feeling.

To cum in her mouth. And have her swallow it! To fuck her young pussy. To fuck her in the ass. To share her with Rugby and double fuck her. And, perhaps, share her with other men. There was no limit to the fun he had in store for Ms. Tracy Winsome, the latest Rugby sitter. And horsey rider.

"Suck me off!" was all he now said. And she did, giving him the greatest blowjob of his entire life. What lips! What a hot, young mouth! And her tongue! The way she expertly used it to explore every inch of his cock, driving him crazy as it explored the *glans penis*, that supersensitive part of the cock's head.

And watching her, as all 10" disappeared into her sweet, innocent looking face. And the blond hair, the blue eyes, the gorgeous face. It was way beyond reality. It was a dream come true. A fucking dream come true!

"Now, darling, are you ready for my load?" She nodded on his cock, moving her mouth up to the head. She liked tasting it. And taste it, she sure did, for Mr. Burns hadn't had an orgasm in a month. He held her head in his hands and looked down at her face, his long, hard cock protruding from her mouth.

"Here it cums, baby, get ready. Take it all. Oh, yeah. Swallow me, baby."

He kept moaning and yelling as he unloaded what seemed to him to be the biggest load he had ever shot out. He spurted and spurted and spurted. Then he dribbled and dribbled and dribbled. There didn't seem to be any end to it. And it was all going into the mouth of the gorgeous woman kneeling at his feet. His long, thick cock in her mouth.

On Burns' second spurt, both spurts having hit the back of her throat, Tracy placed both hands on his ass cheeks and squeezed him toward her. She liked this position. His cock, unattended by her hands, in her mouth as it shot its load, with his strong, muscular ass cheeks in both her hands, moving him back and forth, as if he was fucking her face.

On his third spurt, she had reached down between her legs with her right hand and started to masturbate. Her left hand was still squeezing his ass cheek, drawing him to her, and then pulling him away. As she swallowed his initial sperm, she felt it coming on, her blessed release.

With him spurting, then dribbling into her mouth, the orgasm overtook her. She moaned, sounding appreciative, around his cock. "Mmmm. Mmmm." Above her, he was moaning, too. They were both cumming simultaneously, and it felt fantastic to each of them, in their own way.

He looked down at her, his cock spent. She was still sucking him off while she fingered herself. He let her continue, enjoying watching her work her pussy. Oh, yeah, baby, he thought, I am going to fuck you for the rest of my life! The very thought of that made him shiver from head to toe.

Then she was done with her self-abuse. He helped her to her feet and, looking at her beautiful body, his cock got hard again. As if it too had eyes and loved what it was seeing. This put an idea into his head.

"Tracy, I know it's late, but I just have to feel my cock in your pussy. For just a few minutes at least. So, turn around, bend over, and grab your

ankles." He didn't ask her, he commanded her. And she obeyed.

With her ass high in the air, and fully exposed to him, she felt the hard head of his cock seeking entrance to her pussy. Then, it was in her. Then, it was all the way in her. And it felt delightful to her. All 10" of him. She wondered if he could feel the sperm still deep in her from Rugby.

"Now, Tracy," he said. "Let's talk *real* dirty. Tell me you love my big prick in your hot cunt."

"I . . . I love your big prick, Mr. Burns, in my hot c-cunt!" It was the first time she had ever uttered the word cunt. Somehow, the short, harsh sharpness of the dirty word had an effect on her. She felt her pussy twitch and throb.

He pushed in and out of her. He told her to say it again, and she did, this time with great emphasis on the cunt word. Lordy, she thought, I think I can cum again!

He now yelled at her. "You love fucking me, you cunt?"

"Yes, I love fucking you, Mr. Burns!" He had called *her* a cunt. She now felt like one. A slut cunt.

"You love my prick, you cunt?" He had done it again.

"Yes, Mr. Burns, I love your prick!" She was close, so close.

"Are you *my* cunt?" That did it. She was cumming.

"Y-y-y-y-yes, Mr. Burns, I-I-I'm *your* c-c-c-c-unt! Oh, God, oh yeah, oh oh, oooooooh, oh, God!" She was shuddering violently now, and would have toppled over if his hands, on her waist, hadn't been there.

He rammed it into her, hard, and without mercy. Then pulled back and rammed it home again, even harder this time. He kept doing this to her, driving her farther and farther into an oblivion of her own making.

He came in her, but she was too far gone to feel it. Then he said, "Tell me you love me, my cunt!"

Without hesitation, she yelled, "I love you, Mr. Burns!" He knew it was a lie, but it felt great just to hear the words spoken to him by someone as young and as luscious as she was.

Finally, they were both finished. He pulled out of her, his cock making a sploosh-like sound. He told her, "Clean my cock of your cunt juice!" She straightened up, turned around, knelt down, and proceeded to clean him completely, tasting him and herself at the same time. The word cunt reverberating in her brain.

"Whew, Tracy, I haven't cum twice in one night in a coon's age." He told her to get dressed. He would drive her home. When she was almost presentable, he said, "Tracy, I want you to come here tomorrow, at 8:00 p.m. for a rematch. OK?" He had said it sweetly, with no malice to it, but she knew it was as good as a command.

She thought a moment. "Can we make it 9, Mr. Burns? I have an errand I have to do for my dad."

"Sure, 9 it is . . ." He licked his lips.

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THE NEXT NIGHT was a night of sex for young Tracy Winsome, as she had expected. First, with Rugby watching TV in the living room, Burns had sex with her in his bedroom. He had her blow him. He even made her lick his ass hole. They did a 69. He fucked her doggy style, then her on top, and then came in her during the missionary position. The word cunt came up dozens of times, as did her telling him she loved him.

Then Burns got Rugby into the sex act. Burns had her suck his own cock while she rode on Rugby's horse. Burns told her to yell giddyap, as she had done on the film. She took her mouth from his cock.

"Giddyap, horsey!" She screamed, riding like a mad woman, and enjoying the fun play. "Giddyap, you big horsey, you, giddyap!" Rugby laughed. Burns chuckled, and tweaked both her nipples at once. "Giddyap, giddyap, giddyap!" she screamed at the top of her lungs, her ass bouncing wildly up and down.

Rugby said, "Gee, daddy, Tracy rides my horse real well, don't she?"

Burns laughed. "Yeah, Rug, she's a real equestrian!" Burns waited, letting her orgasm on the pony ride, and then told her to take up a new position.

Burns fucked her ass while she sucked Rugby off, until Rugby came in her mouth, and she had swallowed every drop of the boy's copious load.

Then, after sending Rugby back to the living room, Burns fucked her as a man would fuck a wife he adored. With love and tenderness, while kissing her over and over, telling her he loved her, and making her say the same back to him. Anyone looking at them would swear he was seeing two newlyweds on their first honeymoon night.

It was fantasy and role-play, but it suited them both just fine. Burns loved the role-playing, Tracy the fantasy. It was a match made in heaven.

This went on, two or three times a week for over a year. Then, one night, Burns introduced a downer into the evening. As they cuddled together on the bed, and he held her in his arms, very husbandly like, he said, almost in a whisper, "Tracy, this Saturday I have two out-of-town associates coming in. I've booked a suite for them at the Wellington Hotel. I want you to be there at 7:00 p.m. and . . ."

"Oh, Mr. Burns, no, not *that!*" She tried to sit up, but he pushed her back into position.

"No? NO? Fuck you, you little bitch." He sat up and looked down at her. "Now listen, cunt, and listen good. You'll be there at 7 with fucking bells on. And you'll suck the two of them off. And fuck them until they tell you to quit. In any hole they want to fuck you in. I've already told them you're a

hot, cum-loving cunt, who can't get enough dick, so you bring along your passion. You understand me, cunt?" He glared at her. "Or else!"

She closed her eyes to escape his look. Y-Yes, Mr. Burns, I understand."

"Good! Then it's settled. 7 O'clock, the Wellington, Suite one eleven." He snuggled up beside her again, uncaring that she had flinched. In a more normal sounding voice, he said, "You're to wear a long coat. Under the coat you will have nothing on but a short red slip, red panties, and mesh stockings. No bra. Got it?"

"Yes, Mr. Burns." She'd have to buy the mesh stockings.

"Good girl. Now, go down and suck me off. I want to fuck you again, you luscious cunt!"

This time, the word cunt had taken on a new, and degrading, meaning . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

TRACY stood there before the three men, dressed as Mr. Burns had told her to dress, in red panties, a short red slip, and brand new black mesh stockings. She felt absolutely lewd just by standing there. She had worn only this outfit, as Burns had instructed her to do, hidden under a long coat.

Burns told her to slowly turn around, and then tossed out, "Give us a good show, sweetheart." As she complied, she could feel an immense heat in her vagina building up and her slit moistening. No, she thought, I can't be getting turned on in this horrid situation. But she was, and she knew it.

Having Burns, and the other two men, looking at her was getting her hot. She could feel their eyes taking her in. Feasting on her supple legs, the globular shape of her buttocks, her small waist, and her firm breasts, which now, she realized, had nipples as hard as frozen peas.

After a few complete turns, and when she was facing them, Burns said, "Now, Tracy, please lift the slip and pull your panties to one side, so the boys here can see what you've got in store for them." She pulled on the short slip, raising it a few inches, and felt totally wanton and absolutely slutty.

As she pulled the red panties to the right, baring her pussy for them, she looked first at the fat guy, then at the other man, then at Mr. Burns. She licked her lips suggestively, running her tongue slowly all around them.

She now wanted them to know she wanted them. All three of them. In any manner they chose to have her. Orally, vaginally, even anally. She was their slut for the entire evening, and she wanted the three lecherous looking men to know it. She couldn't help herself.

She had resigned herself to enjoying it, even to the point of not just sucking and fucking them, but doing so with unbridled passion and wanton ardor. Her pussy, her cunt, was in command of her now, and she didn't mind at all.



Something for the boys in Suite 111.

As she went through more exposure motions, Burns having told her to remove the slip, and the panties, in turn, the three men took off their own clothing and started playing with their cocks, pulling on them, squeezing them, as if saying, *this one's for you, little lady*.

They all looked slightly demented to her, with unhidden leers on their faces. She noticed that the fatter of the three was sweating profusely. For an odd, unknown reason, this turned her on even more.

Unknown to the men, this real life scenario fit in perfectly with a vivid fantasy Tracy loved to masturbate to. A scenario taken from those old pirate movies, in which the Governor's innocent, big-breasted daughter is kidnapped by a band of swarthy, bloodthirsty swashbuckling pirates.

In her colorful fantasy, she would be brought, in leg irons, to the Captain's quarters. There, in front of his First Mate, and one of the other nasty, brutish looking buccaneers, she would be told by the eye-patched thief of the sea: "Now, wench, get yer clothes off, so me boys here can see what yer got in store for them this fine night."

She would eventually comply, making many protests along the way, but her protestations to the lusty pirate men only seemed to fire them up more, and made them snarl and growl their commands to her.

They were going to have her, use her, degrade her; they knew it and she knew it. There was no way out. She would be fucked by these loathsome and disgusting sailors from Hell, and there was nothing she could say or do to stop them.

Her only answer to it all, to her helplessness, to the trapped feeling, was always, in each and every replay of her fantasy, to get her pussy as wet as it could be. To this end, she let her fingers have their way, doing it in real life, while picturing doing it before the three drooling, and grossly disgusting, pirate men.

The three pirates would then use her in every humiliating and degrading manner possible. Laughing while they worked her body, guffawing as they plied her vagina with their unclean, rough hands, chortling as her mouth was forced, humiliatingly, onto a large penis head, and calling her disgusting names as one of them hammered her mouth, her pussy, her anus. At this point in her scenario, Tracy would always have the first of her two orgasms.

The second orgasm, much bigger and more intense, would come when the three horrible men tired of her, and the Captain, his yellowed teeth flashing, told the First Mate to ". . . turn her over to the rest of me blackguard crew!"

There she would be, jaybird naked in front of lord knows how many of the lusty and perverted men, being probed and fondled, caressed and groped, by far too many hands to count. Her nipples would be pinched hard, bruised by hard, callused and uncaring fingers, her ass cheeks would be squeezed by many strong hands, her vagina probed, and plundered, by dirty hands with dirty fingernails.

They would call her whore, and slut, and even cunt, and tell her she was going to be fucked more times than she could possibly count. And forced to suck all of their salty-smelling, seafaring cocks. And swallow their sperm, which they laughingly called white rum.

Then they would force real rum down her throat, making her feel very giddy, almost tipsy, and laugh merrily at her plight. "Yo ho ho!" they would sing, all the while attacking her flesh with their hungry hands.

Then she would be forced to watch as the gang of bawdy, raucous men removed their clothing and were soon as naked as she was. She found herself looking at a sea of male flesh, and erections in many different sizes and shapes. Some hard, some yet to be hard. Some already oozing sperm, making their cock heads look slimy and slick. And evil.

In her fantasy, she could never see the men's faces, only their steel-hard cocks, which were always large, thick, and very long. They were all mean and angry looking cocks, with large, ropy veins that stood out all along the shaft. And with very large, swollen cock heads that looked as if they were designed for serious fucking. Not young boy's cocks, nor even teenage boy's cocks, but men's cocks, with large, hairy balls that looked chock-full of manly sperm. Or white rum.

They would then take turns using her, by twos, by threes, by fours, and more, until she was awash in sperm, their white rum. Rum cum. Cum rum.

Cum dried on her face, her breasts, her belly, her buttocks, and glistened in her hair, while dribbling copiously down between her legs, flowing out of her pussy and ass hole. She could smell their acrid white rum cum in the air even as she masturbated in real life. It always made her giddy and feel like swooning.

And she could taste it in her mouth. In the fantasy as well as in real life. And, in her imagination, she could taste it in the back of her throat, each and every time she swallowed. Like salty onions, only more pungent.

Then, just as two especially ugly pirate men used her young body, both orally and vaginally at the same time, she would cum, in the fantasy and in real life. At the crest of her real life orgasm, she would place her pussy-soaked fingers into her mouth, and suck on them, her eyes closed, pretending it was the pirate's prick she had in her mouth, as it ejaculated his hot, salty, white rum cum sperm.

Tracy had gotten so good at performing her fantasy, she had trouble telling

where fantasy ended and reality began. The two meshed, and blended so very well, as if one was water, the other sugar, one plain, one sweet, and her mind's imagination was a stirring spoon.

She could now make her fantasy orgasms take place at the same time as her real ones, causing her to believe she was multiple orgasmic.

At some point in her well spun daydream, she would be so mesmerized by it all, so rapt, so enthralled, that when she had her second orgasm, she wasn't really on her bed at all, but on the seven seas, a buxom whore cunt being forced by ugly men to do many degrading things. Her ceiling seemed filled with bright stars, in a stark black sky. Her bed seems to sway, as if being gently tossed about by the briny sea.

Then, as if to end it all in a fun way, she would pretend she could hear the Captain's large parrot squawk out, from off of his right shoulder: *"She loves to fuck! She loves to suck!"* Tracy would always laugh, and then, with an immense effort, she would rejoin the real world once more, feeling somewhat sorry she had to do so.

Why this humiliating and debasing fantasy appealed to her, she didn't truly know, or understand. She sensed she had some masochistic drive in her that needed to be fed, but why that was so wasn't revealed to her. All she knew, and all she cared about was, the fantasy gave her mind-numbing and body-jolting orgasms, especially that second, very vivid one.

Tracy looked at the fat man, the man named Ken. He was lying on the bed playing with his average-sized prick, stroking it gently. To her, he sure looked like a big, fat ugly pirate man.

She squinted at him now, and pictured a patch over his left eye, and a squawking parrot on his right shoulder. No, she thought, Burns was more the ship's Captain type. He was more commanding. Ken would be better as one of the swarthy crew. One of the cutthroat rapists.



*"Yo ho ho and a bottle of cum!"*

The other man, the one called Joe, was just too nice looking to be a lusty, bawdy, repulsive buccaneer. She would have to force herself to pretend he was otherwise. Her looking down at his cock made pretending easier. He was hung, with a nasty, ropy, evil looking cock, just like most of the pirate ship's evil crew.

Oh, no, she playfully mused to herself, I'm going to be forced to suck and fuck this blackguard's big monster prick! Can no one save me? Her pussy now got even hotter and wetter as the dream took hold of her.

Mr. Burns, she now fantasized, would definitely be her pirate Captain. He would tell her what she was to do to sexually please his lusty band of merciless cutthroats, *whether she liked it or not*. Tracy felt her pussy twitter and her legs go weak. With sucking their cocks in her mind, she forced her dry mouth to make saliva.

She squinted her eyes at Burns, and could now clearly see the large parrot perched on his right shoulder, and his black eye patch. She imagined the parrot spoke to her, in its raucous and squawky voice. *"She loves to fuck! She loves to suck!"*

How delicious it was all becoming . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

TRACY'S FANTASY was running amok in suite 111. Everything said to her was now being altered, as if filtered through an old swashbuckler film.

"Take yer garmints off, yer whore wench, and be quick about it!"  
"Stick yer fingers in yer cunt, yer bawdy bitch, and finger yer cunt well!"  
"On your knees, yer slutty bitch, and suck me First Mate's cock and balls!"  
"Now, whore of a she-devil, suck the other cock, too!"

Captain Burns brought out a large, thick dildo. He placed it on a small table, suctioning it in place, and ordered Tracy to squat on it and " . . . give me crew a good show, if yer know what's good for yer!"

The other two men helped her onto the table, and all three men watched her impale herself onto the large, rubbery member. Inch by inch, until all 10" was firmly embedded in her. She felt ridiculous doing this, this insane act in front of three naked men, and she protested, quite mightily, but, as in her fantasy, her protestations fell on deaf ears. To her masochistic delight.



Aboard the Jolly Roger?

"Now, slut wench," one of the pirate crew said. "Go up and down on the massive thing, and show us how that cunt of yers loves swallowing it up."

She did it until the whole thing bored them. It didn't do anything for her, except make her feel absolutely foolish, but, for some odd reason, perhaps for their benefit, she decided to pretend to have an orgasm.

"Ooh, I'm cumming!" She said once, rather dryly, noticing it did have an

effect on the men, the filthy blackguards.

Then she was told to suck one of the men off. Following the Captain's orders, she knelt before the bed and started to suck off the fat, First Mate, just as the nice pirate crewmember crept up behind her. He made her twitch when the hot breath of his mouth found her ass hole and he ran his even hotter tongue around and into the puckering entrance.

She had never experienced having her ass licked and tongued, and the new sensations struck her as both peculiar and very nice. The fat man on the bed now grabbed her head and pushed it down, making her take more of him into her mouth. He moaned as her lips neared the mid point of his shaft.

He pushed some more, her head following along. "Ooowee!" He yelled. "She's down to the fur!" And she was. His pubic hairs were tickling her nose, his plumpish gut pressed firmly against her forehead, reminding her of a pillow.

He held her in place for a bit. "God, baby, yer sure can suck cock! Now, wench, work my dick for all yer worth." He left go of her head. She scooted her mouth up the shaft, worked the cock head, tongued it, and, without his help, deep throated him once more. "Oh, fucking oh, what a cocksucker you are woman!" Tracy heard, "Argh, fucking argh, what a fine cocksucker yer are cunt!"

Someone else said, "That she is, matey. That she is."

Captain Burns now joined the First Mate on the bed, which, to Tracy, was now a ship. The nice crewman, with the mean looking pirate dick, then grabbed her hips and put his cock into her pussy, driving it fully home, making her shudder involuntarily, and impelling her forward, the fat man's cock almost choking her.

"Now," the frightful Captain bellowed, "Suck both our pricks with yer hot, cum-loving mouth, yer cocksucking trollop!" Tracy followed his orders, going from one penis to the other, then back again, her hot mouth leaving long trails of her saliva, spanning across, as a spider's web strand might, from one dick head to the other.

As she sucked on both cocks, the nice crewman repeatedly slammed into her, making loud, fleshy noises, as his groin ran into her hot buttocks. She could feel his nuts slapping against the lips of her pussy, almost hitting her anus. He was moaning, "Oooh, man, she's tight!" Tracy heard, "Argh, how tight the cunt of this lusty wench be!"

The imaginary parrot, from somewhere above her head, kept crying out, "*She loves to fuck! She loves to suck!*" And, as she pushed her ass back to meet the thrusts of the nice pirate man, her pussy on fire, she knew the parrot spoke the truth. She loved what the three nasty buccaneers were now doing to her, and she wanted them to really know it. She removed her mouth from the First Mate's cock and yelled out:

"Argh, you dirty, bastard pirates, you're making me cum!" And she did, her ass cheeks juddering like Jell-O, her breasts wobbling, and her legs trembling. "Argh, yes, you dirty brigand, fuck me good! Fuck me good, you

rotten blackguard!"

The three men, not knowing what the fuck she was talking about, simply looked at each other, stupid grins on their faces. Tracy, feeling the nice pirate start to shoot into her, smashed her buttocks into his groin, bringing on another of her orgasms, the second one, and the one that was always bigger, and more vivid, than the first.

"Arrrrrgh!" she yelled. "Yer parrot's right, Captain Burns! I love to fuck and love to suck!" As the orgasm swept over her, she put her mouth back on one of the cocks, not caring which one it was. She sucked on it so ferociously, Burns yelped, "Easy baby!" She no longer heard him.

She worked Captain Burns' 10" long prick heartily, eagerly, in seeming total abandonment of her sanity. She seemed to have a mighty thirst for his white rum. At some point, Burns interrupted her by standing up and pulling his prick from her mouth.

"Tracy," he bellowed. "Open your mouth and stick out your tongue! Good. Now make a cup out of it." She curled the edges of her tongue up, obeying him. She looked up at him, waiting.

He proceeded masturbating, yanking on his long cock with strong, shaft-length strokes. Tracy waited, her tongue cupped, and her blue eyes looking up at him. Tracy sensed, more than saw, the other two men move in for a closer look. Then, the Captain of the seas was ready.

He placed the tip of cock head onto the left side edge of her tongue cup, and the first spurt soon followed. It discharged with great force. Ken and Joe watched as it ricocheted off her tongue's middle and disappeared into the back recess of her mouth, leaving a mere pearl of a glob behind. A second spurt, lacking the vigor of the first, hit her tongue, dead center, and died there, forming a small puddle and adding its mass to the pearl.

Then Burns dribbled four times, copious dribbles that filled the pink cup to overflowing. Some of the cum oozed over the cup's edges and clung to her lips, the white globs defying gravity by their stickiness. Tracy was still looking at Burns, her blue eyes not even blinking, with a good tablespoon of his white rum sitting in her tongue cup.

"Now, yer cum-lovin' cunt, swallow me down!" And she did. The three men watched the cup retreat into her luscious mouth, heard her audibly swallow, and saw her open her mouth and stick the tongue back out, as if to prove to the brutish men she had swallowed every drop. As a cum-loving wench ought to do.

She heard someone say, "Whew! You gave her some load, Burnsie!" Burns, perhaps inspired by the remark, took a finger and scooped up some of the blobs clinging to her chin. He pushed the cum laden finger into her still open mouth. Then, as a baby does with a nipple, she sucked on the finger, cleaning it off completely. Again, the men heard her swallow.

Then she was told to work on the other cock, the First Mate's. In a short time, it too discharged fully into her mouth, and she swallowed it in its entirety. She could fully taste the salty sea of white rum cum in the back of her throat, and all through her palate. Running her tongue over her upper

teeth, she felt a sticky coating on them.

All the while, she kept hearing the truth-speaking parrot in her head. Then, to her utter amazement, she had a third orgasm, one even more intense than her second.

It had taken her fully by surprise. And the intensity was so overwhelming, it stunned her. She buried her face in the First Mate's crotch, smelling the musk of his balls, and feeling the heat of him. She put both hands on his waist, pinched him hard, and screamed into his hairy balls, "Arrgghmph mmph, argh!" It was not intelligible to the men, but they knew one thing: Tracy had just had an orgasm to be reckoned with.

She came out of her reverie somewhat when she heard Captain Burns say, very loudly, "Hey! Let's all have a little something to drink, and then fool around some more. OK?"

This was translated to Tracy's ears as: "Argh! Let's give the bitch some rum, me mateys, and then fuck her until she can't walk!"

The men then consumed two beers each, Tracy nursing on one.

When Ken said he had to piss, with Joe echoing the sentiment, Burns shocked Tracy by saying, "Me, too! But how about we all piss in her mouth!" He pointed a thumb at her. "She'll love that!"

Tracy protested this idea so much, and so adamantly, Burns grabbed her and dragged her into the bathroom. He slammed the door behind him, and read her the riot act.

In a hoarse whisper, he told her she'd swallow all their piss, or else. The "or else" beat her into submission. He led her out of the bathroom and said to the boys, sounding very much the conquering hero, and with a gleam in his eyes, "Gentlemen, she's now ready to be pissed into." He ordered her to her knees. Ken laughed. Joe chuckled, holding his crotch and shifting his legs back and forth, as if he had to piss real bad and was holding it all in.

But, First Mate Ken went first. He pushed his limp cock into her mouth, and soon unloaded a glassful of piss into her. She instinctively tried to swallow, but the deluge was just too much. It gushed out around her lips, and his cock, and cascaded onto her knees, and the carpet below.

The taste was awful to her, causing her to wince numerous times. She could smell the urine that had splashed onto her. The fat First Mate laughed. "Guess she needs some practice at piss swallowing, eh, boys?"

Forcing herself back into her fantasy, as an escape from the reality of it all, she imagined she heard Captain Burns say, "Golden rum is an acquired taste, whore cunt, but yer will get used to it soon enough. Argh!" But she didn't think she would. Not when golden rum tasted so very much like plain old piss.

Joe went next. And he really had to go, badly. So much so, he was pissing even before his cock reached her mouth. It splashed all over her nose, lips, and chin, the strong acrid smell of it grossing her out. Then his cock found

her mouth, and he pissed the rest of his golden rum into her for all he was worth.

As if to minimize the smell, she found herself swallowing rapidly. This time, none of it escaped her mouth. She swallowed every pissy drop; the taste of it lingering on her tongue even after Joe had pulled out of her.

"See, mateys," someone said. "The piss-loving cunt knows how to swallow every drop of golden rum when she wants to." Then Captain Burns stepped up to the piss mouth wench. His cock was semi-hard as he placed it into her mouth. It seemed as if it couldn't decide whether it wanted to piss or get hard again.

As he started to piss, he said, to Tracy's way of hearing, "Argh! Now, you flagrant whore, show me men here just how yer can swallow every precious drop of me golden rum." He pissed another glassful of urine into her mouth. The other two men watched, mesmerized, as she swallowed, swallowed, swallowed, gurgling and sputtering, her cheeks puffing way out, and taking it all without spilling any along the way.

Burns withdrew his penis, which was now fully flaccid, and lifted her chin up to him. "Now, yer piss mouth cunt, tell me crew how yer loved drinking all their golden rum piss. Now! Tell them!"

"I-I-I loved drinking all your golden rum piss." She hadn't, but what else could she say? If the men were a little confused by her adding the words "golden rum" to the statement, none of them showed it.

Someone said, in a pirate's voice, "Now, cunt whore, let's do some real serious fuckin'!"

And the three filthy corsairs, aboard the Jolly Roger pirate ship *Suite One-Eleven*, did just that. By twos and by threes. Without mercy. As uncaring pirates would, and in just the raping way the whore piss mouth wench cunt loved.

Afterward, as Tracy came out of the bathroom, she saw Ken and Joe handing money to Burns. That bastard, she thought, has pimped me out! Images of freebooting pirates were not forthcoming. But what could she do about it? Nothing came to her mind. She was Burns' sex slave, and that, as they say, was that.

After Ken and Joe had departed, Burns informed her, with the images of her shuddering orgasms still fresh in his mind, "Tracy, next week will be even better for you than tonight. You'll get the chance to suck and fuck eight new men. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" He smiled sweetly at her.

"Sure," she lied. "It sounds great. I can hardly wait, Mr. Burns." But she knew she wouldn't like it. She would hate it. Just three men had made her pussy real sore. Eight men would kill her.

And, knowing Burns would be making money from it, well, that was just too much to bear. And the idea of swallowing eight or nine glasses of man piss, well, she didn't even want to think about that.

As Burns left the room, leaving her alone, she knew she just had to find a

possible way out of her horrible predicament . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

TRACY'S POSSIBLE WAY OUT appeared to her in the Wellington's lobby. On a sign listing all the hotel's personnel. There it was, on line four, HOTEL SECURITY: Mr. Taggart O. Bonewell . . . . . Suite 901, Ext. 218.

Tag, Mr. Bonewell in her mind, had been her father's partner on the police force, for but a few months, before Tag then suddenly up and quit the blue life. She had only met Mr. Bonewell a handful of times, seven or eight years ago now, but he had spoken highly of her father. And her father seemed to like and trust Mr. Bonewell.

But how could she go to him now and lay this whole sordid affair out before him? What would he now think of the innocent little 10-year old girl he probably remembers from back then? No, she could never muster up that much courage.

But, she thought, what if he still has Lucy Fern as his secretary? From what she remembered, Lucy had seemed a big and necessary part of Mr. Bonewell's life. Lucy had even told her once, in no uncertain terms, that she and Taggy, her way of putting it, were lovers, and fucked regularly, her exact words.

If anyone could be trusted to understand her awful plight, Lucy sure could. She could mangle to talk to Lucy. Then Lucy could talk to Tag. He would still have to know all the horrible details of the things she had done, but at least it wouldn't be herself doing the explaining.

So, with a wishful, and faintly hopeful heart, she set out to locate one of the hotel's house phones . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

LUCY FERN, in a crisp, very businesslike voice, answered on the first ring. "Hotel Security. Mr. Taggart Bonewell's office. How may I help you?"

Recognizing Lucy's cheerful voice at once, Tracy said, "I don't know if you remember me or not, Lucy, but this is Tracy Winsome. I was . . . "

"Tracy! Sure I remember you. How ya been, kid? Long time no see!" She sounded cheerful. Normal. Everyday. Tracy envied her.

"Yes, it has been a long time. As to how I've been, well, physically I'm fine, Lucy, but mentally . . . oh, Lucy . . . oh . . . I've got a *big* problem, a *really big problem!*" She started to cry, the tears flowing freely.

"Whoa, kid, get a grip, OK? This call came in on the house line, so I know you're in the hotel somewhere. The lobby?"

"Y-yes." She said, sniffing.

"OK, now listen to me, Trace. There's a restaurant called *The Den* in the lobby. I'll meet you there in, oh, ten minutes. All right?"

"Okay. I can see it from here. Thanks, Lucy."

\* \* \* \* \*

Less than fifteen minutes later, Tracy and Lucy were saying hello again and hugging each other. Lucy got them a booth, and ordered two gin and tonics. The waitress gave Lucy a fisheye look, and then looked at Tracy, as if to say, you sure she's of legal age to drink, Ms. Fern?

Lucy, prepared to lie, was beaten to the punch by Tracy, who had her driver's license out. Yep, as any waitress with eyes could see, she was 18, which made her legal in this state to imbibe alcohol. Lucy said to Tracy, "You hungry kid?" Lucy shook her head. Lucy turned to the waitress. "I'm not hungry, either. When you see our two gins disappear, back 'em up. OK?" It was. The drinks were in front of them in less than five minutes.

"God," Lucy said, turning back to Tracy. "Eighteen! It *has been* a long fuckin' time. But, girl, I've only got an hour, so why don't we get to your troubles. OK?" Tracy nodded, took a deep breath, followed by a gin sip. Lucy added, "We can play catch up on old times later." Again, Tracy nodded.

Tracy then told Lucy everything, leaving nothing out. How she had just about seduced the mentally challenged Rug Burns. How his large, foot long penis had mesmerized her, and made her a fool. How Mr. Burns had her on film doing it with his son, while riding the horse. His blackmailing of her. The three dirty pirates in suite 111. Her pirate ship fantasy. Everything. Even the golden rum-swallowing episode. She even confessed to Lucy that she had loved all the sucking and fucking, but hated the pissing part. And she told her of Burns' future plans for her.

It came flooding out of her in one breathless monologue. Lucy listened and, if truth were told, found her pussy welling up with moisture, and palpitating, at the vivid descriptions coming from the young woman. She couldn't help herself. She was imagining it all happening to her. Filthy pirates and all. Lucy knew she would be late getting back to the office, but she didn't care. This was too, too juicy to pass up.

As Tracy unloaded more of her tale, Lucy nodded here and there, squirming in her seat, until the entire sordid story had been told.

"Sheesh!" Lucy said. "And now the bastard pirate Captain, oops, I mean Burns, wants you to handle eight men at once and, unless I miss my guess, more than that in the future. You've told me, Tracy, that you enjoyed it with Burns and his son, and even with the three, as you called them, pirates, and that's your right, to enjoy it, honey, but you're correct about eight men being out of the question. You won't be able to walk for a week!" Lucy grimaced, torn between the horror of it all and the hot, sexual implication of being gangbanged by a lusty band of brutish cutthroats. "Not to mention, you'll probably explode with that much pissy golden rum in you!" She forced out a chuckle, in an attempt to lighten the situation.

Lucy winced, making a lemon-sucking face. "I know, but what can I do about it, Lucy?" She looked truly dejected. "If those films ever got out, especially if seen by my father, I'd have to kill myself!" She started to cry.

Between sobs, she said, "I was hoping Tag . . . Mr. Bonewell . . . could help me . . . but I don't . . ." She started crying some more, the tears flowing uncontrollably. It all seemed so utterly unsolvable to her. But not to Lucy.

Lucy reached out, lifted Tracy's wet chin up, and handed her a paper napkin. "Here, sweetie, dry those tears! Believe me, it's not hopeless. If anyone can figure a way out of this shitty mess, Tag sure can. But, you know, he's gonna have to hear it all, every detail, and you'll have to tell it to him just like you told it to me. He's . . ."

"I can't, Lucy, I just can't." She looked pleadingly at Lucy, as if saying, wordlessly, she hoped Lucy would volunteer for that particular untasty job. Lucy, with compassion for the young girl swelling her chest, didn't let her down.

"Okay, Trace, I'll talk to him. But after I do, he may want to talk to you. Can you handle *that* much?"

"If I have to, I guess I have to. Oh, God, Lucy, this is all so fucking embarrassing and humiliating. Why was I so stupid as to . . . ?"

"Never mind that now, that's spilled milk. I'll speak to Taggy Poo and if he doesn't help you, I'll cut his nuts off! OK?" She giggled as she lifted her glass for a sip.

Tracy, not being able to help herself, also giggled. She felt better now. She took a long swig of the gin and tonic.

"And, Tracy, when I speak to Tag, I'll leave out the golden rum part. OK?"

Tracy nodded. That was just fine with her. "Lucy, I don't know if Tag can stop this guy or not, but just talking to someone about it has helped. The only thing I dread now is knowing Mr. Bonewell's going to have to hear all about my . . . uh . . . escapades." She shuddered. "Brrr!" Then took another sip, her hands trembling.

"Don't worry about *that!* Tag's as perverted as Larry Flynt, maybe even more so. Besides, if Tag does come up with a solution, and it works, he'll probably want to fuck you himself, as payment for a job well done!" She laughed.

Tracy also laughed. "Well, Luce, if *you* don't mind . . . *he can!*"

"Mind? Hell, I'd wanna *watch!*" They both laughed, the laughter making one of them feel a whole lot better. And more hopeful than she had felt in what seemed to be a long time.

They then had some girl talk, with Lucy filling her in on just how large and magnificent Tag's cock was, and how good it felt to suck and fuck it. Tracy was all ears, oohing and aahing here and there, as Lucy went on and on about Tag's wonderful penis. Your ears burning, Taggy, old thing?

"And," Lucy added, standing up to leave, and leaving a nice tip. "Talk about a heavy cummer . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

**AFTER TAG** had heard the entire lewd and sordid story, minus the pissing part, he told Lucy to have Tracy come into the office the next day. He already had a plan in mind. And it would take a willing Tracy to pull it off.

"Lucy," Tag said. "Ivan Shakely is in town for a security convention. I believe he's staying here, at the Wellington. He'll probably drop by to see me, at some point, but I don't want to wait. See if you can run him down and ask him if he would come see me. OK?"

Ivan Shakely was the guy Tag had replaced as hotel dick when Ivan took a more lucrative job with another hotel on the opposite coast. The two of them had hit it off, and had actually had a few threesomes with Mrs. Mergenthal, Mergie, one of the hotel's longtime residential guests.

Tag had caught the sexy Mergie, in this very suite, giving Ivan a hot blowjob, and had been invited to join them, which he did. (Reader: See *Tag Bonewell: House Dick!* to read all about it.)

"Sure, Taggy," Lucy said. "No prob. Anything else?" There was. Tag filled Lucy in on his basic plan, and what he expected her to do with Tracy in preparing her for her role in the scheme.

Tag said, "Think she can pull it off?"

Lucy giggled. "Oh, yeah, I'm sure she can. She's a tough gal, Tag. And she's gonna love doing it, too. In fear and dread, no doubt, but I can picture her liking the fun parts." She winked at Tag, who grinned and winked right back at her.

Tag picked up the house phone and dialed the extension for the front desk. A pleasant sounding man answered on the second ring.

"Hi, Willie, it's Tag. I need a favor. Give me the number of a suite, any suite that is not being used right now. Hmm . . . suite 209. Good. Now listen carefully, Willie, sometime within the next week, a Hal Burns, that's aitch-a-el-bee-you-ar-en-ess, is going to ask for a suite. You make sure he gets 209. OK?" It was, with no questions asked.

"And, Willie, keep suite 209 open for Burns. Don't give it out to anyone else in the meantime. OK?" No problem was Willie's answer. "And, Willie, let's keep this from Mr. Smoot. He might frown on it. OK?" Mr. Smoot, the by-the-books Executive Manager of the Wellington, sure would. In spades.

Again, no problem was Willie's answer . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

**THE NEXT DAY**, bright and early, Ivan Shakely was in Tag's office, face to face with him. After some preliminary catching up chitchat, Tag filled Ivan in on Tracy's problem, being stingy with the prurient details. He then told Ivan exactly what he needed for him to set up for the rescue of Tracy Winsome.

Ivan, chuckling, agreed and said no problem, just leave it to me. Ivan left to get suite 209 fully operational. All he needed, he had informed Tag, was a

few hours, at most.

Two days later, Lucy popped into Tag's office. "Tracy called, Tag, Burns has told her be at suite 209 the day after tomorrow, Thursday, 4:00 p.m."

"Good. I'm glad Burns is a creature of habit, and didn't change the location to some freaking cabin in the woods. Ivan says everything is ready for our little party. All you have to do, Luce, is get our girl up to snuff. She find the clothes we need for her?"

Lucy nodded. "Oh, yeah, and a choice of outfits, too. I'll have her come by on Thursday, say around noon, and you can pick what you want for her to wear. If you don't like the initial outfit I've picked, it's no problem to do a switcheroo. And, Taggy Waggy, I shouldn't tell you this, but she says she'll fuck your ears off if this works!" She laughed. "Nice bonus, huh boss?"

"How old did you say she was?"

"Oh, Taggy Waggy, you're supposed to say, 'Lucy, darling, you know I don't want to fuck anyone but you.' " She shammed a hurt look, then giggled.

"Shit, Luce, knowing you, you probably told her you wanted to watch!"

Lucy laughed. "*I did!*" Tag laughed, slapping both hands on the desk's edge. He knew his Lucy real well.

Tag hadn't seen the grown up version of Tracy yet, but given the real embarrassment of the situation, he understood if she was purposely avoiding him. He tried to picture her as a fully-grown, eighteen-year old woman, but all he could come up with was a blond, blue eyed, ten-year old version. A childish version, in long pigtails, that he had great trouble picturing with adult-sized breasts.

Lucy had said Tracy had turned into a real knock out and, if so, Tag felt he was in for a pleasant surprise treat. But could he fuck her? She was, after all, the daughter of his one time partner, Bill Winsome, a take-no-prisoners, follow-the-protocol kind of cop. While he and Winsome didn't always see eye-to-eye on police procedures, Tag liked the guy. Winsome was a straight shooter. But, to fuck the guy's kid . . .

Lucy seemed to have read his mind. "Yeah, Tag, she's your old cop partner's daughter. So what? When you get one look at the body on her, Taggy boy, you won't care if she's the President's daughter!" She wolf whistled, and then grinned at him.

"Luce, we're both shameless. But anyway, does Tracy have the raincoat?" It wasn't an important part of the game, any long coat would suffice, but a raincoat lent an air of spy vs. spy mystery to it all. Tag liked that aspect.

Lucy nodded. "Yep, she didn't own one herself, and I don't either, so I had to borrow one. Got it from Mrs. Mergenthal. Nice dark gray one, with a real mink fur collar. Mergie, of course, had no idea why I needed it, but when I told her you needed it for a secret hotel mission, she couldn't drag the coat out fast enough. Tried to pump me for more info, but I told her you swore me to secrecy. On pain of death! Ha ha!" Lucy was enjoying it all.

Tag said, grinning at her, "I'm surprised Mergie hasn't been after me for details of my so-called secret hotel mission. Oh, well, guess she's got other fish to fry now that old Shakely's back in town." He winked at Lucy.

She winked back at him. "She and Shakely? My, my, who would have guessed she'd dig that old fart . . . oops! Did you just accidentally talk out of school Taggy?"

He nodded. "Yeah, I slipped, Luce. But I know you can keep it secret . . . pain of death and all that." He ran a forefinger across his neck.

"Sure, boss, but it'll cost you, so tell me everything . . . "

\* \* \* \* \*

THURSDAY MORNING rolled around, followed by Thursday noon. Tracy was right on time and, if she was the least bit nervous, she managed to hide it very well.

Lucy led her into Tag's inner office, announcing their arrival with, "Ta da! Here's my work of art, Taggy, Ms. Tracy Winsome." Tag looked up from his desk and saw Tracy in the mink fur collar raincoat. The transformation was unbelievable. Lucy had done a really good job on the girl.

Tag stood up, walked over to Tracy and put his arms around her, hugging her to him. He planted an avuncular kiss on her forehead, and said, "My, my, Tracy, you sure have blossomed into one fine looking woman. Your father must be so proud." Tracy winced at the mention of her dad.

Tag said, "Sorry, kiddo, what I meant was . . . "

"I know what you meant, Mr. Bonewell, and it's okay. I'm just a little thin-skinned at the moment. I hope you understand."

"Sure do," Tag said. "It's understandable. But if all goes as planned, he'll never have to know a thing about any of it. You have my word on that. Now, how about you take off the raincoat, so I can get a gander at the rest of Lucy's handiwork. OK?"

Tracy unbuckled the belt, opened a few buttons, and dropped the raincoat to the floor. She now stood before the other two, awaiting Tag's approval and assessment of her outfit.

Tag whistled. "Perfect, ladies, absolutely perfect. Lucy, you're a wizard."

Lucy said, "We have other outfits, Tag, if this one doesn't fill the bill fully. Tracy can be in one of them in less than . . . "

"No, gals, this one is fine. Right on the money." Tag took a long look at Tracy. "Oh, yeah, this look is perfect, just perfect. And now, ladies, because we have some time, how's about I treat you two to a nice, leisurely lunch at *The Den*?"

Tracy nodded, and said, "Great! I could sure use a nice, stiff drink!" She was thinking of what awaited her in suite 209, and the role she would have

to play if Tag's plan was to work. Her spoken lines were simple enough, but even so, she knew she would soon be sucking and fucking eight men. And, if that bastard Burns had his way, swallowing a gallon or two of their piss.

Lucy looked at Tag, then at Tracy, and said, "Honey, if you're gonna drink, you better make damn sure you have your I.D. with you . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

TRACY STOOD OUTSIDE SUITE 209, her raincoat unbelted, but held closed by three large, pearl buttons. She felt a little tipsy from the three gin and tonics she had downed at *The Den*, but she didn't care. The drinks had fortified her for what she had to do in the next few hours, and she knew she wasn't tipsy enough for it to matter. If it had mattered, Tag would have called it to her attention. She felt sure of that.

Taking a deep breath, she knocked on the door. Burns opened it and just about yanked her inside. As she tumbled into the room, she saw the eight men. They were all wearing robes. And, it was obvious from their bare feet; they were all naked under the robes.

Burns popped his head out of the doorway and looked up and down the hall, checking it out. He mumbled to her, over his shoulder, "Good girl, Tracy, you're right on time. Eager to get at it, are we?"

She nodded, then, realizing he couldn't see her, said, "I sure am, Mr. Burns!" She was now standing in the middle of the room before eight men. Burns closed and locked the door, then looked her over.

"What gives, kid? You look different. Younger. You joining the Girl Scouts or something?" He reached out and grabbed her hair. "And what's with the pigtails, for crissakes?" He was smelling a rat, getting suspicious.

"Oh, Mr. Burns," she said, batting both eyelids at him and undoing the raincoat. "I just thought the fellas would," she dropped the coat to the floor and paused, looking from man to man, seeing some dump their robes, and start playing with themselves, "get a big kick out of my young schoolgirl look."

She turned her back to them and wiggled her ass a few times, and then she lifted the white mini skirt she had on, and showed them she had no panties on underneath. She whirled around, taking note that all the men were now naked. And in different stages of erection. "Right guys?"

"Shit, yeah!" One guy said, pulling on his balls.

"I like 'em sweet and young!" Said another, stroking his cock's head.

"Me, too!" Said a third, his fully erect hardon wobbling in space.

"Yeah, babycakes, come to daddy!" He licked his lips in anticipation.

"Burnsie, you sure know how to pick 'em!"

Burns, still unsure as to what was going down, said, "Yeah, I do, don't I?" He stared at Tracy, and thought: What the fuck are you up to, woman? Or are you really as sex crazy as you seem?

Before he had the chance to think on it any further, Tracy dropped to her

knees in front of him, split the front of his robe, took his cock out and started sucking away on it. Shit, he thought, I've created a cum slut!

He put his hands into her hair, pulled her mouth closer to him, giving her more of his cock and, looking at the other men, beamed from ear to ear. Yeah, he thought, I have picked a good one, haven't I?

Tracy removed her mouth from his prick and looked up at him, her eyes all innocent and wonder filled. "Mr. Burnsie Wurnsie," she cooed, "is this what they call cocksucking. If so, am I good at it?" She batted her schoolgirl eyelids at him, a look of sheer innocence on her face.

Well, thought Burns, if she wants schoolgirl, I can go along with it. "Yes, my dear, what you're doing is called cocksucking. And, yes again, you do it real well." He put his cock's head against her lips, signaling her to suck it some more. He looked over at the group of naked men, and winked at them.

Tracy then said, "I like cocksucking, Mr. Burns. I like it so much, I want to suck all your prickly wickies and taste all your cummy wummy before you fucky wucky me. Okey dokey, Burnsie Wurnsie?" Again, she batted those innocent eyes at him. The eight men were moaning and carrying on. Each man could hardly wait for his turn to be sucked off by this luscious and sweet schoolgirl child.

Burns started to moan. A few seconds later, it was obvious to all that he was unloading into her mouth. She made it more obvious, by puffing out her cheeks, telling the men that she was swallowing it all--and loving it.

She then sucked each man in turn, swallowing his cum, and draining him dry. She was in control of the men now, and she knew it. Tag had predicted this part correctly.

And her pirate fantasy was protecting her somewhat. When one burly guy told her to suck him off, she noticed a tattoo on his cock.



*"Hoist the Jolly Roger, Matey's!"*

She examined it and knew immediately what it meant. The pirate ship had hoisted the Jolly Roger, the skull and crossbones, and it was disguised as a cartoon tiger. Those clever frigging freebooters! Is there no end to the

lengths they'll go to outwit their enemies?

After she had sucked him off, and swallowed his rum cum, she noticed the tattoo was gone. It had been a temporary one, but in her playful mind, it only meant one thing. They had lowered the Jolly Roger, undoubtedly because a King's warrior ship had been spotted on the horizon, and they were taking no chances of an early detection.

But would all the King's men be in time to save her? Or would she swallow so much salty rum cum, she'd sink rapidly to the bottom of Davey Jones' locker? Drowned in rum cum. Another lusty prick was now pressing against her lips, demanding entrance.

She opened her mouth as if to scream, as if to try to catch the attention of the King's ship, but decided the easier path would be safer, and more prudent. Thus, her open mouth let the big-headed intruder sail right in.

Besides, she rightfully reasoned, he's the last of the ship's rotten crew I have to degrade myself by using my mouth and drinking his foul-smelling rum cum. Now, she said to herself, if only I don't sink!

A while later, it was the real Showtime for the sweet ass, innocent schoolgirl. The make-it-or-break-it part.

Tracy stood up, her voluptuous breasts hardly showing through the starched white blouse Lucy had chosen for her. Helped in their flatness by a tight-fitting chest band. She stepped back from the group of naked men, distancing herself from them by a good half dozen or so feet.

Lifting her mini skirt, baring her naked pussy, she said, while waving the skirt's front girlishly back and forth, "I can't have sex with you grown men. I'm only fourteen years old, for Pete's sake." She turned to Burns. "Please, Mr. Burns, don't make me." She batted her eyelids at him. "I won't tell anyone. Just let me go home. OK?" She fell to her knees, her head hanging down, in total supplication. Now fully at the Captain's mercy.

Burns, still in the schoolgirl scenario, went to her and lifted her up by her armpits. "Listen, sweetheart, if you loved cocksucking so much, you'll absolutely love fucking. I guarantee it. Now, like a good little girl, get those clothes off and get on the bed. Or you'll get a good spanking." The men laughed and guffawed at that remark. Burns smiled at them. Play-acting and role-playing was quite a lot of fun.

Then Tracy shocked him. Using the back of her right hand, she smacked him, real hard, right in the solar plexus. Burns lost his breath for a moment, doubling over with sharp and sudden pain. She had sucker punched him.

She said, sounding as adamant as a stubborn child, "I told you, Mr. Burns, I'm only fourteen. If you guys want to have sex with me, you're gonna have to force me!" She then laughed heartily, and readied her hand for another good smack at him.

Burns jumped back, dodging a blow that never came. "Oh, I get it. You want a little rough shit. Ok, rough it is." He turned toward the men, "Hey, Harry, Dave, help me strip the bitch and throw her naked ass on the bed."

Then to Tracy, he snarled, "We're all gonna fuck you silly, girl, whether you like it or not." What fun!

Harry and Dave, two big men, with Burns pitching in, soon had her naked and lying on the mattress. Harry held one of her arms over her head while Dave held the other. She tried a kick at one of them, but missed. She kicked again. And missed again. Then a wild kick landed on Burns' arm, causing him to yelp.

Burns, fed up with her idiotic schoolgirl shenanigans, reached for her and grabbed her firmly by the throat. He sneered at her, a look of total derangement showing on his face. His arm still hurt.

He growled at her, his spittle shooting out, "Stop fighting, you fucking cunt. Or else!" She stopped kicking, as if the 'or else' had convinced her of the futility of it all. And the King's ship had sailed away, leaving her to her plight.

"Are you gonna behave?" Burns asked, the statement tinged with menace. Tracy nodded, glaring at him. "And you're gonna fuck us all real good?" Again, she nodded, but the glare was now diminished, almost gone.

"Good girl! Release her arms guys. She'll behave herself from here on in. Won't you sweetheart?" He chucked her under the chin as she nodded once more. When her arms were freed, she reached for one of the men's pricks, found it and started jerking it off. The pirate men had won, or so it seemed to all the brigands in the room.

Each man took his turn fucking her. Sometimes, a second man was in her mouth. Sometimes, a man also in her ass. Sometimes, in all three of her holes at once. They came in her mouth. They came in her pussy. They came in her ass. Then they all fucked her a second time. And a third.

At one point, Tracy had shouted out, "*She loves to fuck! She loves to suck!*" The men thought she had gone nuts, but didn't care a fig.

Her schoolgirl act had them so worked up; some of them even wanted fourths. But Burns nixed the idea. Enough was enough. The girl looked ragged and bedraggled as it was. And time was running out. He had to meet someone in a short while for an important investment talk. In fact, to his dismay, there wasn't even enough time to play the piss mouth game.

Oh, well, he thought, next time . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

FRIDAY AFTERNOON found Burns at the desk in his den. He was balancing his checkbook. His account was now fatter by \$800, thanks to Tracy, and the eight men. They had all thought she was well worth the hundred bucks a head. Geez, he thought, I can really clean up if I make her do it twice a week! Three . . . ? His mind daydreamed on it.

He punched the total button on his adding machine. Bingo! The account balanced. No errors. No problems. He looked at the clock. 3:15 p.m. He had forty-five minutes before an investment counselor, John Wyatt, was due. He had never met Wyatt, but the man had called him with a wonderful

sounding investment scheme.

He stood up and went over to the wet bar. A nice Scotch and soda would be just great right about now. A celebratory drink of a sort.

The drink made, he took a sip. Too much Scotch, he thought, but fuck it, who cares?

Ding-dong. Ding-dong. The front door chimes. He looked at his watch. 3:20. Too early for Wyatt. Or was it? Never know with these money men. Time is money, and all that Wallstreet bullshit.

He went to the front door and opened it.

Ivan Shakely stood there. He introduced himself as Bob Baker, Mr. Wyatt's assistant. Mr. Wyatt, he told him, had been called away on some emergency business. "Sick friend, don'tcha know?" Burns invited him in.

As Shakely entered, and Burns was about to close the door, two men, very large men, appeared in the doorway and pushed their way in.

"Hey!" Burns yelled. "What the fuck do . . . "

Shakely said, "Easy, Mr. Burns," Burns turned toward him. "We're just here for a nice, friendly little chat, nothing more. Unless, that is, you'd like to see something more?" He had said it so matter-of-factly, so unmenacingly, that there was no mistaking the utter menace in it.

Burns got the message. "What do want, Mr. Baker?" He now doubted that Baker was the man's real name. Or had anything at all to do with investing.

"Why don't we all go into your cozy little den, and I'll tell you all about it. OK?" Before he could answer, Burns was grabbed under both arms and hustled toward his den. He was then pushed into the chair that faced the desk, the two large men standing on either side of him. Shakely sat in the chair behind the desk, as if it was his house the men were in, and Burns the guest.

Shakely said, "Now isn't this cozy?" Burns was silent. "I said, you slime ball motherfucker, isn't this cozy?" Before Burns could answer, the man on his left smacked him, open handedly, across the back of his head, rattling his teeth.

Burns found his voice. "Yes, it's cozy. Very cozy. Now, what the fuck do you guys want from me? I don't know any of you."

"True," Shakely said. "But you know a good friend of ours. Tracy . . . " He let it just hang there, giving Burns a chance to absorb it.

Shuddering, Burns said, "T-Tracy? What's she got to do with this?" He was starting to sense the drift of things. And it petrified him.

Shakely stood up. He reached into his overcoat and took out what looked like a black film cassette box. "I'll show you." He crossed the room to the VCR and put the tape into it. He hit Play. A few seconds later, the movie came on, in living color.

There they were, nine naked men, and one very scared looking schoolgirl. In her pigtails, white mini skirt, and crisp white blouse, and, with her smallish, flattened breasts, she looked younger than sixteen. And, she was clearly telling the men she was only fourteen, and didn't want to have sex with them.

The men didn't seem too impressed by these facts. They were determined to fuck her, and there was no two ways about it, fourteen or not. Burns heard himself say on the tape, loud and clear, "Hey, Harry, Dave, help me strip the bitch and throw her naked ass on the bed." Then he heard himself say, "We're all gonna fuck you silly, girl, whether you like it or not."

Burns knew immediately that the tape had been doctored. "You guys crazy? Tracy is eighteen! Which makes her legal in this state. She fucked us because she wanted to fuck us. No one forced her to do a thing." He looked defiantly at Shakely, but inside he felt queasy.

"Oh, really, Mr. Burns? And just who is gonna believe that nonsense? As far as anyone can tell, this tape looks to be four years old and, at the time, Tracy was just fourteen." Shakely grinned at him.

"Yeah," said Burns, "But even so, an expert could tell this tape was fake, and doctored over." He grinned back at Shakely, the queasiness still with him. He sensed his guest had a trick up his sleeve.

"Ha ha! *You idiot!* Do you think I'd use some moron to play with the tape? Using some film editing computer program? This, sonny boy, was put together by a friend of mine at the F.B.I., who knows how too fool even the experts, being as how he's one of them." Burns received another grin from Shakely. And Shakely had another trick up his sleeve.

"Oh, here it is!" He hit pause on the remote. "A piece of . . . ahem . . . evidence that will definitely establish Tracy's age." He pointed to the screen. There, as plain as day, was a calendar. On the wall, right above the bed of sexual action. The year, as clear and crisp as it could be, was the same year Tracy had turned fourteen.

Burns gasped, showing his first sign of weakness. "But, but, but . . ." He didn't even remember the calendar being there. But it must have been.

"No buts about it, sonny boy. And, besides, even if that film doesn't cook your goose, this sure will." He handed Burns a sheet of paper. On it were the eight men's full names, their business and home addresses, and their business and home telephone numbers. And their wives names.

"Imagine what will happen when this film, with Tracy cropped out, naturally, gets in the hands of their wives, friends, and business associates in each of their little, tight-ass communities. Brrr! Ugly shit, eh?"

Burns knew he was beaten. "I assume, Baker, you want the films I have of Tracy. Right?"

Shakely nodded. "That, and all the money you made by using her. I figure you charged each guy three hundred bucks a pop . . ."

**"A hundred!"**

**"As I said, Mr. Burns, three hundred bucks a pop, multiplied by, as far as Tracy told me, eleven men. Let's see, that comes to \$3,300. Plus, as far as I'm concerned, I think she deserves a bonus, don't you? I thought so. So, let's make it an even five grand, shall we?" He smiled at Burns, and picked up the man's checkbook from the desk. "Make it out to cash, will ya?" He tossed the checkbook to Burns, who somehow managed to catch it.**

**Burns said, "Now, listen, I don't . . . "**

**"No! You listen, fuck face! I've been polite with you so far. But now you're pissing me off!" Shakely reached into his suit jacket, pulled out a .45, took careful aim, and blew the television picture tube to smithereens. The smell of spent cordite filled the air.**

**Shakely continued talking to Burns, but the chair Burns had been in was now empty. The man had taken cover on the floor in front of the desk. "Now, write the fucking check, get me all of the fucking tapes, and stop wasting any more of our fucking time. Got me? Or should I make it even clearer to you?"**

**Slowly, Burns stood up. He was visibly shaking, and looked as white as white can get.**

**Shakely, said, "And, you creep, if you get clever on me, and I don't get all the tapes you have on her, and one of them surfaces down the road . . . well, I'll just have to take stronger measures. Won't I now?"**

**With trembling hands, Burns wrote out the check, but he had to do it all over again as he had made the first one payable to Mr. Baker. He handed the final check to Shakely, and then walked on wobbly legs over to his wall safe. A few moments later, all the tapes were in Shakely's hands.**

**"That all of 'em?" Shakely snarled. Burns nodded meekly. "Good boy. And I don't have to tell you what will happen if you put a stop payment on the check, do I?" Burns shook his head from side to side. "Good boy!"**

**The two big men, who had not said even one word so far, both laughed. One said, with sheer menace in his voice, "How about I make him suck my dick, just to make sure he comprehends us?" He laughed.**

**The other said, "Yeah, and I could fuck him in the ass!" He also laughed.**

**"No, boys," Shakely said. "I think he got our message. We can save that treat for the future, just in case he needs another of our friendly little chats to inspire him." Shakely now laughed, the threat hanging in the air.**

**As the two big men filed out of the room, Shakely said, removing his tape from the VCR, "Why don't you be a nice guy, and call Tracy with the good news. I'm sure she'd appreciate it." Shakely pointed to the phone once, and then departed.**

**Burns, more scared than he had ever been in his life, picked up the phone and dialed. She answered immediately, as if she was just waiting for his**

call. Or expecting it.

"Tracy? This is, uh, Mr. Burns . . . "

\* \* \* \* \*

TAG was sitting in his hotel office/apartment suite listening to mood music, and trying to catch up on his e-Mail. He had shaved, showered, and dressed, and had fifteen minutes or so to fiddle with this crap before she arrived. He knew he was soon to see another of her transformations.

She had told him so, right after she had told Lucy, on the speakerphone that she was going to fuck him tonight. Whether he wanted to or not.

"Don't expect the pigtailed teenager, Tag." She had said. "Tonight, Mr. Bonewell, you're gonna fuck a grown woman!"

He had grinned, and said, "Lucy said she wanted to watch!"

"Lucy and I have agreed that she can watch next time, but tonight, Tag, I want to reward you all by myself. Can you handle that?" She giggled.

"I'll try." He still couldn't picture her as an adult woman, even though, and only out of necessity, he had to watch the suite 209 tape. And, again out of necessity, Shakely had watched it with him. There was no F.B.I. guy. He and Ivan had doctored the tape themselves, using a stupidly simple media editing program on Tag's computer.

"Damn," Shakely had said. "The face of a kid and the body of a woman. Just looking at her makes me feel like a pervert pedophile!" Tag knew exactly what he meant. He felt the same way.

Tag had just deleted a ton of mail when he heard his outer doorbell ring. Ziiing, ziiing. "Coming!" he yelled out.

He opened the door, and there was. In a slinky, form-hugging, silky, pale blue gown that displayed all her charms, from her voluptuous braless breasts to her stunning long, long legs. He was at a loss for words. She was sexy and beautiful beyond belief. He stood there, gawking at her.

"Hee hee," she said gleefully. "Pussy got your tongue?" He still looked stupid, and covered in dopey. "Well, Tag, if you don't come to life soon, your tongue's not gonna get any pussy! Hee hee."

He finally found his voice. "My God, Tracy, you're a goddess! Come in, you gorgeous creature, before I get arrested just for my thoughts." She entered, and he closed the door behind her.

Standing on one high-heeled foot, she did a pirouette, giving him a flash of a perfect ass as it whirled by his vision. "Well, Tag, am I all growned up? Tee hee."

He answered her by taking her into his arms and kissing her. Her lips, like the rest of her, were luscious and absolutely perfect. Soft, and sweet tasting. He felt himself falling into her, losing himself completely in the kiss. And her hot, moist tongue. A remnant of a song flashed through this

mind: Kisses sweeter than wine.

Still kissing her, he ran a hand down her back and explored both of her ass cheeks, and the crack space between them. The silk made his fingers tingle.

Fuck, he thought, I've died and found heaven. He moved the ass grabbing hand around to one of her breasts. The left breast? The right? He hardly knew, and cared less. He heard her moan as he fondled a peek-a-boo nipple, making it stiffen up. His mind told him, I'm in love!

The exhaled breath from her nostrils hit his nostrils like the vapors of Venus. Christ, he thought, even her used breath is sweet! Slow down, he reminded himself, or you'll pop from just kissing her. He broke the kiss, his breathing off key. This situation calls for some sanity.

"Whew, woman!" he whispered hoarsely. "I need a drink!"

She giggled. "Me, too! I'll have a gin and tonic, if you're tending." He nodded, and went to the wet bar. He noticed his hands were shaking just getting two glasses from the shelf. Relax, dodo, he told himself. She's only a woman. You've seen women before. I have?

She said, "Burns called me. Told me, very nicely I thought, that he no longer required my, uh, services. And that I would never hear from him again. Wasn't that nice of him?" She laughed.

"Sure was. He's a regular peach, that guy." He handed her the drink, and said. "Cheers, honey, here's to the future, your future."

"I'll drink to that!" They each took a good hearty sip, on their way to some sanity.

"But, you know, Tag, I really did enjoy Burns, in the beginning. Yes, he blackmailed me, initially, into have sex with him, but I liked it. Especially when he and his son, Rug, were both with me." She took a sip.

"Rug? Oh yeah, short for Rugby. Ha ha! That makes him Rug Burns!" Tag laughed and took a sip. Tracy laughed along with him. Tag now wanted to push her into some dirty talk. He liked dirty talk.

"Tell me, Tracy, was little Ruggy as hung as Lucy said he was?"

"Hung? Like a horse! Twelve inches long and as big around as my wist, er, wrist. And as hard as hard can get." The gin was taking effect on her. "And his daddy was no slouch in the cock club, either. Ten inshes, damn it, inches long and fat all the way through. Like a fucking salami!" She giggled. Her tongue was loosened up.

"I take it then, you loved fucking the two of them?"

"Oh, yesh, Tag, but not only fucking them, I loved shucking, er, sucking them off, too!" She then, to Tag's bafflement, imitated a parrot!

*"She loves to fuck! She loves to suck!"*

She giggled, and walked over to Tag. She kissed him passionately, ending the kiss a tad too soon for his liking, and then dropped to her knees in front of him. She fumbled with the button and zipper on his trousers, and said once more, in a very decent parrot imitation, "*She loves to fuck! She loves to suck!*" Tag had no idea what she was on about, but, if truth were told, he didn't care at the moment.

She hooked both thumbs into his trousers and shorts simultaneously, and, with one quick yank, pulled them down to his ankles. He stepped out of his them and unbuttoned and removed his shirt. He was now totally nude in front of the fully clothed Tracy. He made no move to do anything. This was her show as far as he was concerned.

His 8" cock, which was now fully erect, wobbled in the air right before her face. "Ooh, Taggy, what a big boy you are!" She reached out and squeezed his nut sack. "And what big, hairy friends you have!" She leaned in and kissed the tip of his cock head with her luscious, sweet-tasting lips. Tag felt a jolt of electricity go through his groin area, then all the way to his head.

She looked up at him. "Tag, darling, I want to suck you off and have you cum in my mouth. Then, later, you can fuck me all night . . . if you like. OK?"



Tracy Winsome

"Okay, hon, but I want you naked when you suck me, OK?" In mere seconds, or so it seemed, she was out of her slinky gown, and standing nude before him. He took all of her in. Her beautifully sculpted breasts, her exquisitely narrow waist, her flaring hips. Hoarsely, he said, "Turn around. I want to see your ass." She turned, her back now to him.

"Mmm, lovely, baby, just lovely." He knelt down, parted her ass cheeks, and pushed his face into the crack. He gave her anus exactly three tongue swipes and stood up, making a mental note to explore that part of her more fully, later on. He turned her around and led her over to the sofa.

He sat, and signaled for her to kneel between his knees. "Now, Tracy, show me what that lovely mouth of yours can do to my prick. Don't hold anything back. I want you to let passion have its head. All right?"

She reached for the base of his cock, pushed it up toward his stomach, and examined it. "Oh, Tag, Lucy said you had a magnificent cock that she just loved to suck and fuck. Boy, was she ever right! I'm gonna love doing this!"

She started stroking his cock while, at the same time; she planted wet kisses on the pee hole and the surrounding area. She did this a number of times, her kisses seeming to get hotter and hotter.

She took his cock head into her hot mouth, and proceeded to work on it. More jolts of electricity shot through him. She went up and down on the cock's head, slowly and sensuously a few times, and then took the deep throat plunge. He heard her moan softly as her lips made contact with his pubic hairs.

"Mmmm!" she mumbled, her mouth around his cock. "Mmmm!" She then alternated between deep throating him, and cock head working. Her saliva flowed out freely all around the cock's shaft, cascading down and puddling up in his pubic hairs.

"Oh, baby," Tag said. "I love the way you suck my cock! Your lips are unbelievable, and your mouth is like a furnace." He raised his hips up a smidgeon, pushing his cock into her. As she came up, he pushed up. As she went down, he relaxed. In no time, they had a great cock and mouth rhythm going. Tag's balls and groin covered in saliva.

He reached out and played with her lovely right breast. She moaned the moment he tweaked the nipple. "Oooh!" She had to open her mouth a tad to say it. She then went about her cock sucking magic with a passion he had never seen before, even from Lucy.

She sucked on him. She deep throated him. She moaned. She squirmed her ass around. She wiggled her breasts. She drowned his balls in saliva. She went wild sucking him. Her mouth was flying all around, her tongue going nuts, flashing and exploring every inch of him. He was feeling his end coming up, that point where it's useless to fight it.

"Oh, Trace," he moaned. "I'm gonna cum, honey. Scoot up to the head. I want it all in your mouth." She followed his instruction, tonguing the underside of his cock head, and driving him wild with fever. Then he came, a copious load of sperm that seemed to gush out of him. "Ooooooh, yeah, baby, take it all!" And she did, most greedily.

When she had drained him completely, they looked at each other. She was silent. He said, "Cock got your tongue?"

She moved toward him and placed her mouth on his. He opened his mouth for her tongue, and she surprised him. She spit all his cum directly into his mouth, her lips staying put, her mouth still open. Waiting.

He followed suit by spitting it back into her. She then did the same again. They passed his cum back and forth until it seemed it had been all used up and had vanished. They both had, it seemed, an equal share.

Tag said, "Snowcapping. Where did you learn that little trick? In school? Or did Lucy tell you I liked that?"

She winked at him. "Well, Lucy told me it turned you on, but I knew about it already. Mr. Burns liked that, too. He taught me."

"Ha ha! Mr. Burns! Guy wasn't all bad, was he?" She laughed. He went on. "You know, Tracy, now that Burns' fangs have been pulled, I'll bet he would still love to fuck you. And, as weird as I am, I'd love to watch him fuck you with that big cock of his. And Ruggy, too. Would you be up for that? Would it turn you on?"

"Funny, I should hate him, but now that he's no longer controlling me, I don't. And, if you were present, I *would* fuck him again. And that big-cocked son of his, too!" She giggled, girlishly. "You'd like to see me do them both, wouldn't you? And ride the horsey!"

Tag nodded. "Well, who knows? Maybe we can have a fiftosome, with Lucy as the fifth. She just loves big cock, as she might have already told you."

"She did!"

"That's Lucy. God broke the mold after he made her."

"Tag, know what I'd like to do?" She waited.

"No, what?"

"You still have the film of me with the eight men, actually nine, if you count Burns, don't you?" He nodded. It was in his locked desk drawer.

"Well, I'd love for us to watch it together. I'd also like to have it playing, in the background, while we fuck. If that's not a turn-off for you."

"No, just the opposite. I enjoyed watching you with those guys, even though I knew the hell Burns was putting you through. I'm perverted that way, I guess. But, how about I mix us another drink before the show gets underway. I could use one."

"OK." Tag got up and started to leave the room. "Tag, where are you going? The bar is the other way."

"Gotta use the little boy's room. Be right back."

As he stood in front of the toilet, the seat propped up; he felt a pair of hands on his arms. "Tag, there's something about me you don't know yet. Here, let me show you."

She dropped to her knees, took his flaccid cock into her hand, and said, simply, "Piss away!" She placed her hot mouth on his cock head, and knelt there, waiting.

Tag, temporarily taken aback, said, "Burns again?" She nodded, her mouth still on his soft prick. He was now torn between getting another hardon or pissing.

He looked down at her. It seemed almost sacrilegious to use such a beautiful face as a urinal. But, if this is what she wanted, who was he to deny her?

He reached over and turned on the water in the sink, creating an instant inspiration to pee. As the tap water flowed, he felt his own water signaling

its desire to be let loose. He turned off the tap. It has served its purpose.

He pinched the base of his cock off, so the first blast wouldn't be a deluge. He let a small spurt out and heard her swallow. He let loose another small burst. Again, she swallowed.

He would have fed her the whole flood this way, a spurt at a time, but it was getting too painful. So, he let the base go, and with it, a flood. And, to his amazement, she swallowed every drop, gurgling here and there, but not spilling even one molecule of his piss. His golden rum.

When he was finished, she stood up, and said, "Still wanna kiss me now, big boy?" She laughed. But she didn't know Tag. He placed his mouth over hers and pushed his tongue in, clashing with hers. And kissed her as if he hadn't just pissed in her mouth. He heard her moan. The kiss ended, and she looked at him, a gleam in her eyes.

"Tag Bonewell, if all men were like you, divorce might be a thing of the past." She smiled at him.

"Yeah, I am pretty kinky in my own way, ain't I?" They kissed again.

Tracy said, "Remember, Tag, when I imitated a parrot before?"

"Yeah, that was kinda weird, now you mention it. And I thought so when I heard you do that on the film."

"Well, it's part of one of my fantasies. I've never shared it with anyone. Well, except Lucy. Would you like to hear it later?"

"Absolutely, but right now, kiddo, we got drinks and a hot fuck film in store. And I want to show you what I can do with, and to, a woman's pussy and her sweet little ass hole!"

"Oooh, you just made my pussy twitter . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

TAG looked at the naked vision on his bed. The vision that was Tracy Winsome. She was lying on her back, her legs spread wantonly, with her pussy fully on display. He liked it that her pussy was unshaven, the soft, downy blond hairs running wild in all directions. When he ate a woman's pussy, he liked to feel her pubic hairs against his nose, and on his lips.

He reached for a pillow and signaled Tracy to lift her ass off the bed. He placed the pillow under her buttocks, raising her a few inches off the bed. A pillow under a woman's ass was, to his way of thinking, a good way to fuck her, as well as eat her out.

Tag went over and hit the Play button on the VCR. The nine men and the schoolgirl movie came on. He adjusted the sound to make it audible, but without overwhelming any conversation, or concentration, either of them might desire. He stood there watching for a bit.

There was Tracy, in her schoolgirl pigtails, being used by four men at once. She was sitting on one guy, a mid-fifties sort, with his thick cock firmly in

her pussy. Another guy, in his forties, was in her ass hole. Two other men, also in their fifties, were feeding their cocks to her mouth, in turn. Tag watched as her head moved from one erection to the other, sucking with the same passion and abandonment he himself had experienced earlier.

The entire scene was as lewd as it gets. As Tracy bounced up and down on the man in her pussy, the guy in her ass thrust in and out of her. It was obvious his thrusts were putting his entire cock into her rectum. Everyone, including Tracy, seemed to be moaning and groaning. And sweating.

Adding to the lewdness was the fact that five other men were standing all around the bed, watching and playing with their cocks and balls. One of the guys using her mouth moaned, and it was evident he was cumming. It was also evident that Tracy swallowed the entire load.

The guy in her ass let out a yell, drove his prick all the way home, and shot his load deep into her. This was soon followed by a second guy, who had been in her mouth, cumming. Again, she swallowed his entire load. Two more men took their places at her face, and two more cocks were then sucked on by her. Someone took the ass fucker's place. So far, the guy on the bottom hadn't cum.

Then Tag heard Tracy yell that she was cumming. This inspired one of the men using her mouth to also cum. And the other guy at her head soon followed. In less than ten minutes, Tracy had swallowed four, full cum loads. From four different men. Tag felt his dick get even harder, the head feeling strained.

The guy in her pussy finally yelled and came. Tracy yelled again. Then the guy in her ass came, and pulled out. Tracy yelled once more. She was orgasming fiercely.

The last two men, Burns and another guy, climbed onto the bed. The previous guy, the one who had been fucking her pussy, got out from under her to make more room for the new arrivals. Tracy was now in bed with Burns and the ninth guy, with seven men observing it all.

Burns told her to suck off the other guy while he doggy style fucked her pussy. The other guy's prick reminded Tag of his own. It looked to be about 8" long, quite thick, and meaty looking, with a very pronounced head. Burns, Tag could easily see, definitely had a good 10" and he was now feeding it slowly into Tracy's cunt. When it looked as if he had bottomed out, Tracy let out a long, loud moan, which was muffled somewhat by the fat cock in her mouth.

Burns grabbed her by the hips and proceeded to rag doll fuck her. He was a wild man, pumping in and out piston-like, seeming to have the energy of a god. Every forward push of his forced Tracy onto the cock in her mouth. She was finally pushed to where her mouth was all the way down the man's shaft. Tag could see her nose bouncing violently against the man's lower stomach, as Burns pounded her pussy mercilessly.

"God, Tracy," Tag said, his eyes glued to the TV, "These guys really fucked you good, didn't they?" She didn't answer, so he turned his head toward the bed. She was lying there, her eyes closed, masturbating her pussy wildly with her right hand.

She made an attempt to answer his question, "Yes, yes, oh, yes, Tag, Tag, they, oh, oh, sure, oh, they did. Ooooooh, God, I'm gonna cum again!"

Her eyes rolled in her head as she increased the speed of her fingers going in and out of her pussy. When she had subsided some, Tag climbed onto the bed and joined her. Her pussy slit looked sopping wet with her juices, which were even flowing down her thighs, hiding in her ass cheeks, and staining the sheet.

Tag leaned his head down and his face found her crotch. It was hot and steamy. He proceeded to lick and suck on her, hearing her moan. In the background, Tag could hear Burns yell as he came in Tracy's cunt. Tag licked and licked. Then he heard the other man on the bed unload, with a yell, into Tracy's mouth. It was all too much for Tag. He had to fuck her, and now.

He crawled up between her legs, his lips exploring her belly first, and then her breasts. When his head finally reached her face, he felt her hand finding his cock, and positioning it for entrance into her hot pussy.

As he kissed her, and his cock entered her, he felt the heat of her at both ends. Mouth and pussy. She was on fire. He was, too. She spread her legs wider, and then interlocked them around his back, driving them as far up on him as they could go. With the pillow beneath her, his cock seemed totally in her, more in her than he had felt in a long time, with any woman.

They fucked. Slowly at first. And kissed, passionately. As he pumped her, she moved her ass in tiny circles, feeling him out. Her legs on his back squeezed him.

He kissed her neck, and heard her whisper, "I love your cock, darling, it's magnificent!" A weird thought popped into his head and he almost said, "Aw, I bet you tell that to all the guys!" But he didn't say it.

Then Tag felt himself about to cum. He pushed all the way into her until his cock head was buried deep in her vaginal cervix, nestling there, and feeling her inner heat. He came, and as he did, he heard her say, "I can feel you cumming. I've never felt that before!" She seemed genuinely amazed, and Tag had no reason not to believe her.

When he was drained, Tracy said, "Let's 69 and taste each other's juices." Tag turned himself around and straddled over on top of her, his knees on both sides of her head. He felt her mouth seek out his prick, and engulf it. He pushed his mouth and tongue deep into her pussy, working her gently and tenderly. They ate each other this way for a time, both moaning as the mood to do so struck them. Tracy came again. Then once more.

Later, Tag said to her, as he held her in his arms, "Hey, you were gonna tell me about your fantasy, the weird one with a parrot in it." He heard her laugh in the semi-darkness.

Then he heard a parrot squawk. *"She loves to fuck. She loves to suck!"*

Tag squeezed her to him. "Baby, I have a feeling that this is gonna be one fantasy I ain't ever heard of . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

LUCY was at her desk bright and early. She had just fixed the morning java and was now enjoying the first hot cup. Tag hadn't yet stirred from his inner apartment chambers, and Lucy wondered if Tracy had spent the night in his bed. She hoped the young girl had.

With that sexy, clingy gown Lucy had seen Tracy in, just yesterday, it wouldn't have surprised her in the least to learn that Tracy and Tag had eloped. Lucy took a tentative sip of the overly hot coffee, and thought: Oh, well, after the wedding, they *better* let me watch! She giggled out loud, blowing on the coffee.

All her possible questions were answered when Tag's door to his inner chamber opened and Tracy, still in the slinky gown, came through it. She looked none the worse for wear as she grinned at Lucy.

Over the cup, Lucy grinned back at her, and said jovially, "Well, you seductive looking slut, was he as good in bed as I said he was?" She took a sip, her eyes still on Tracy.

"Tag?"

"No, you dumb blond, the pope!" Lucy chuckled.

"Oh!" she said, feigning surprise. Then to parry the humor of the moment, "You never told me you did the Pope, Lucy. Is he as well hung as Tag?" She cackled, then quickly added, "And as fantastic in the sack?" She winked at Lucy and laughed again.

"Hard to tell. I don't know if it's him or the wild bouncing of the Pope Mobile. It has bad shock absorbers!" They both laughed, heartily. Lucy made her a cup of mud, and they settled in for the girly gossip they both knew was waiting breathlessly in the wings.

The two women then dished the dirt, with Tracy filling Lucy in on all the previous night's Taggy Waggy shenanigans, minus the bathroom-pissing scene. As Tracy spoke, Lucy wiggled in her chair here and there, and almost spilled her coffee a few times.

Her story finished, Tracy asked, "And what did you do last night, for entertainment?"

Lucy, whose motto is, *tell it like it is*, said, "I fucked the balls off of old Ivan! To kind of thank him for you."

"Old Ivan?" The name seemed familiar to her, but then again, it didn't.

"Yeah, Ivan Shakely. He had Tag's job before going to the other coast. It was Ivan who planted the four cameras in suite 209. For your Oscar winning performance as the underage damsel in distress. Ivan also confronted Burns, and got you that nice, big fat check. And the tapes. Which, by the way, Ivan destroyed.

"And, since you were busy, uh, thanking Taggy, I felt someone should step

up and thank old Ivan, seeing as how we couldn't have pulled it off without him." She put the back of her right hand up to her forehead, looked down at the desk, and shammed the look of someone who had been thrown to the wolves.

"Geez, Luce, I'm feeling a bit guilty. Is he really *that* horrible?" If so, she couldn't understand why Lucy had done it. Was Lucy that good a friend?

"Nah, Ivan's a great piece off ass. He's long in the tooth, for sure, but he's also long in the tool!" She laughed.

Tracy also laughed. "It's your turn to tell me all about last night. And don't leave out even one delicious detail. OK?" She plopped down in the chair in front of Lucy's desk.

It was OK. Lucy told her how Ivan had dropped by the office last night, and how one thing had led to another, as it usually did. How, after working hours were ended, she had joined Ivan in his suite, and fucked him royally for hours. She described Ivan's hard 7" cock, and noticed it was Tracy's turn to do some chair squirming.

"And," Lucy went on. "Although it was naughty of us, our third fuck session was accompanied by a porno film of some young woman being fucked by nine fearsome pirates!" She grinned at Tracy.

Tracy said, "Oh, shit, the suite 209 film! I know he had to see it, Luce, to help Tag doctor it and all, but did he have to keep a copy?" She seemed genuinely worried by the thought. And embarrassed.

"Don't worry about old Ivan, kiddo, he's from the Tag Bonewell school of male ethics. He'll fuck a girl, but never tell. Besides, he's probably destroying that last tape even as we speak." She knew otherwise, knowing old Ivan as well as she now did. He'd be jerking off to that tape until the day he died. And probably all the other tapes as well. But she also knew no one would see it but him.

Tracy wasn't completely sold. "Lucy, I've been through hell because of these stupid tapes. If Ivan is still at the hotel, I'd like to speak to him. It could, it would, put my mind to rest."

"Good idea. He'd like that. But be warned, you lusty wench! After watching you in action last night, if I tell him you're coming to see him, in the flesh, he'll probably greet you at the door with a parrot on one shoulder and a black patch over one eye." Lucy laughed at the silly imagery.

Tracy couldn't help herself. She had to laugh at the imagery, too. "Ha ha ha!" Then, for Lucy's benefit, she did her squawky voice parrot routine. "*She loves to fuck! She loves to suck!*"

Lucy laughed, and said, "You sing that to old Ivan and you'd better walk the plank, girl. Because he's gonna rip that sexy gown right off you, and ravish your ass until you think he's a young Errol Flynn." They both laughed. "Last night, when you crooned that to the boys, Ivan waved his cock at the screen and said, 'Here, Polly, how's this for a cracker?' "

"He sounds as delightfully nutty and as perverted as Tag!" Tracy squirmed

in the chair again.

Lucy noticed. "Honey, if you're as wet as I think you are right now, you need a hard, bloodthirsty pirate in you. Still want to talk to old Bluebeard Ivan?" She winked at Tracy, who was still squirming around.

"Mmm, I don't know. You've made him sound nice and all, but . . . oh, fuck, Lucy, who am I kidding? Yes, I wanna fuck him! There, I've said it. Call his ship, oops! I meant suite! Ha ha! And tell him a very horny parrot needs a good hard cracker!"

"You want me to telegraph to him you're gonna fuck him?"

"Why not? Yes, make it clear he's going to be fucking me. It'll put him at ease, and drive him crazy with anticipation at the same time. Call him!" She squirmed again. She was in a getting fucked mood.

Lucy said, "You're one dirty bird, Tracy Winsome!" They both laughed.

Lucy called Ivan's suite. "Ivan, Lucy here . . . Yeah, good morning to you, too. Guess what? Tracy's here with me and, you ain't gonna believe your good luck, but she wants me to tell you that . . . as thanks for a job well done . . . she wants to fuck your brains out!" She put her hand over the mouthpiece, and said to Tracy, "He doesn't believe me. Thinks I'm funning with him." She handed the phone to Tracy.

"Ivan? It's Tracy. Lucy's telling you the truth. I want to show you just how much I appreciate all you've done for me. So, me pirate matey, without any further fanfare . . . wanna fuck me?" Ooh, she thought, I am a dirty bird! She listened for a while, said okay, and then put the phone back on its cradle. She winked at Lucy.

"What he say, what he say?" Lucy was beside herself with the need to know, and was squirming fitfully in her chair.

"He's waiting for an important call from the coast, but he told me to come up in one hour. And he told me, jokingly I'd better say, that if this is a put on, he's gonna plant a redheaded Fern in his garden!"

"Ha ha! He's a pip, he is. You'll like him, Tracy, in more ways than one."

"Speaking of like, is there anything special he really digs?"

"Well, his nipples are supersensitive . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

AN HOUR LATER found Tracy outside Ivan's suite. She knocked gently. An eye could be seen in the peephole. A few seconds later, the door flew open, and there he was.

Fully nude, except for a black patch over his right eye. And a small skull and crossbones flag tied to his flaccid cock. He waved the flag at her once, and said, "Come aboard, me matey, we can't sail without yer!" He waved the flag again, and beckoned her to enter.

Tracy busted out laughing. "Ha ha ha, where on earth did you find those?" She entered, still laughing, her eyes following the waving flag.

He stayed in the pirate mode, still waving the little flag around. "I lied about the call, me bawdy wench, as we fibbing pirates are known to do. I needed time to find me a toy store." He lifted the black patch, and winked the now unhidden eye at her. She laughed again.

Abandoning the pirate mode for the moment, he said, "God, woman, that dress is something else! Lucy was right, this *is* my lucky day!" He went up to her, took her face into both of his strong hands, and kissed her. He had never felt this lucky in all his sixty-odd years.

She kissed him back, their tongues battling each other, and their saliva exchanging places. Through the thin silk of the gown, she felt his strong hands exploring her ass cheeks, kneading them, and then he was at her breasts, kneading them, too, and then at her back, caressing her.

She reached down and found his flag-draped cock. It was already flying at full mast. His cock, that is, not the flag, although the flag went along for the ride. She massaged his dick, the flag acting as a material coat, and heard him moan into her mouth.

Kissing all the while, she heard the zipper of the gown being pulled down. She felt his fingers on her shoulders, pushing the straps off of her. She felt the gown make its way down her body, exposing her body fully to him, her nipples hardening in the cool air. He moaned into her mouth again.

Still kissing, she felt his hands explore her once more. His hands hit the same places as before, but this time she could feel the coarse roughness of them. When the strong, rough hands found her pussy, and his callused fingers probed into her, it was her turn to moan into his mouth. And to daydream of pirates with strong, hard hands.

And still he kissed her. It was the longest kiss she had ever experienced, and she loved it. His fingers continued to work their magic on her. Then it all overcame her. The roughness of his touch. The strength of his fingers. The way he was probing her pussy, so hard and merciless, so callused and strong. She felt herself cumming. Her tongue flew around the inside of his mouth, hot and wet, and she moaned loudly.

He knew she was cumming, and he kissed her all the way through the sensation. His mouth just wouldn't quit. Nor would his strong fingers. He was driving her crazy, and he knew it. And still he kissed her. And drove her even crazier. She was now moaning into his mouth nonstop, with her ass moving in small, frantic gyrations.

Oh, God, she thought, he's making me cum again! And he was, and she gave into it totally, her legs feeling weak, and almost collapsing on her. And still he kissed her . . .

She pulled her tongue from his mouth and, with her lips still touching his, she breathed out, "Oh, Ivan, Ivan, I want you so very much! You've gotten me so fucking hot, I can hardly stand." She threw her arms around his neck, pulling his face into her. Then she backed up an inch or so, and said, as breathy as before "You filthy brigand, you!"

He broke from the kiss, and laughed. She laughed, too, because his eye patch was now up on his forehead, as if covering a third eye. She reached out and lifted it up, and looked. "Whew," she said jokingly. "For a moment there, Ivan, I thought you had gone Cyclops on me!" She let the patch snap back into place.

Ivan chuckled, and said, "No, darling, if I saw you with more than two eyes, the beautiful vision of you would undoubtedly kill me." He removed the patch, and the flag, and tossed them into the air, not caring where they ended up.

"Oh, Ivan, that's beautiful! You're a poetic pirate."

"I have my moments. But, hey, how about we play my fantasy for a while?"

"What's that?"

"Well, it's a romantic one, see? In it, we're married, but we haven't seen each other in six months. I've been . . . out to sea, let's say." She knew he was making it up as he went along. "And I come home, and we . . . uh . . . catch up on all our lost love making, with, uh . . . unbridled passion. Yeah. We have some wine. We put some romantic music on. We light the room with nothing but candles. Yeah. Candles. Scented ones. I'll have to have some sent up to our bridal suite.

"Then we make love, as a husband and wife who haven't seen each other in six months, but slowly at first, sensuously and . . . uh . . . then we fuck like two rabbits in the rutting season!" He laughed. She did, too.

Tracy went over to the phone and picked it up. She put it to her face and said, "It's for you, my darling hubby. Someone wants to know how many scented candles you want . . ."

The End.