



Agent Swann, FBI:

Fucked, Blackmailed, and Impounded

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By

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&

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Chapter 1

Standard Procedure

It was a gray, bleak morning with an overcast sky. A damp chill hung in the air. Special Agent Natalie Swann looked out the passenger seat window of the agency-issued car, watching the mist-covered fields of last year's crop pass by. It was Ross' turn to drive, which meant no radio to lighten the mood, but that was fine with her. It was too early in the morning for music or cheery talk shows anyway. She checked her reflection in the rearview mirror, frowning at what she saw. She had not applied much makeup today and she looked tired from the long hours she had spent on duty. The dark circles under her large brown eyes had not been there at the start of the week and had only grown more prominent since. Her features seemed worn and drained. Still, she looked gorgeous as always, her natural beauty refusing to give way to the rigors of time and hard work.

Natalie had not slept well for the past few days, her subconscious working on the latest case put on her desk even in her sleep. Much like her father, who had been an agent just like her, she had never been able to let go of a case before it was solved and would dedicate every waking hour, and sleeping hour as well it seemed, toward its conclusion.

"So what are you thinking, Tali? Just another dead end, or will we find something of use this time?"

Natalie looked over to her colleague behind the wheel. Daniel Ross was ten years her senior but still hadn't been promoted past the rank of special agent. He claimed he liked it that way, but she knew that was a lie. She didn't want to end up like him, spinning her wheels year after year before waking up one day and realizing her life was never going to change. No, she had ambitions. She was going to keep climbing the ladder and make a career rivaling that of her father, who had made Deputy Chief of Staff in

management before he retired five years ago.

“It can’t hurt to have a look around. That witness may not have been credible, but it’s worth a shot. Besides, it’s not like we have any better leads to go on. Makes you sick thinking about that bastard walking free.”

“Yeah, there are a lot of those freaks out there, kid. Remember, Swann, we’re just here to ask some questions. I want no heroics from you.”

She hated it when he called her ‘kid’. She may be younger than him, but at 28 she was hardly a teenager anymore, and far from the innocent choir girl he made her out to be. She had seen things, done things, that would make his puritan head swoon if she told him.

“Whatever you say, boss,” she said with a smirk, watching a flock of birds take flight across another gray-misted cornfield.

* * *

Twin Pine Meadows, despite its pretty name, looked just like any other trailer park Natalie had seen, at least around this desolate area; A circular piece of flat land strewn with old rundown vehicles and rusted mobile homes, surrounded by dense dark woods and a nearby creek. Unidentifiable debris littered the muddy ground, and a broken swing dangled from a tree branch on its one remaining chain, making creaky noises in the mild breeze. Near it, a stray dog sniffed through the contents of a toppled trash can. Everything looked worn and overused, not unlike the image of a junkyard.

It was as good a place as any to live for those who preferred their privacy, she supposed, as law enforcers tended to avoid these areas if they could and let the inhabitants settle their own business. Unless suspicions arose of a serious crime, of course, like murder. But she couldn’t shake the creepy sensation that crawled down her spine whenever she visited here. This morning, that feeling seemed worse than ever. With that sense of foreboding looming in the back of her mind, Natalie pulled up her coat against the early morning chill and signaled for her companion to get moving.

“You take the East side, and I’ll start over here. Keep the comms open and notify me if you see anything suspicious,” she said.

“Well, well, now who’s the boss?” Daniel replied with a chuckle, but then gave her a serious nod and headed toward the far end of a line of shadow-shrouded buses and old trucks. Natalie turned, checked that her Glock 22 sidearm was still in its shoulder holster, as she always did for good luck, and walked up to the nearest RV. So far she hadn’t seen a single soul out and about—well, except for that dog which was still nosing about the spilled trash—and she wondered how these people would appreciate a wakeup call from the law. She guessed she was about to find out.

As she neared the first group of what looked like old school buses converted into some kind of living space, a huge black rat crossed her path. She jumped back, a spike of adrenaline surging through her veins.

“OK, calm down, Tali... just stay cool and this will soon be over...” she mumbled to herself. “I can’t wait to get out of here, this place gives me the creeps.”

She reminded herself of what the witness had said. They were looking for a fat guy living in one of the biggest buses or mobile homes at the edge of the trailer park, near the encroaching forest. So her plan was for them to go around the place, each on their respective side until they found something that could meet that description.

How people could live in such a squalid place was beyond her. At least, they could have cleaned up their surroundings and made it look less like a truck cemetery. But they seemed happy to dump anything they didn’t need next to the place they lived in. She had to be careful not to step on trash or kick at empty beer cans as she progressed along the old vehicles. She was light-footed and made almost no sound as she walked. As she reached the farthest point from the parking lot, she noticed something that might correspond to the description. Her stomach knotted at the sight and she once again brushed her arm against her handgun.

“Ross, I think I’ve found it. Northwest end of the park. I’m going to investigate,” she whispered on the radio.

What she stood before was a complete semi, connected to an 18-wheeler with what looked like a cut-out and welded-together hole in its side functioning as a makeshift door. It was by far the largest home in the area so

chances were this was the place the witness had referred to.

Sneaking into the woods for cover, she approached the place on silent feet, moving from tree to tree, to get as close as she could, trying to spot any movement through the windows or listen for any sound coming from inside. A flash of long hair near one of the dingy curtains caught her attention.

“Our guy’s not alone, looks like a woman, or a girl, might be with him,” she added on the comms before clicking it off.

* * *

“Dad... Daaad! There’s someone out there!”

“Whaaat? Shut the hell up kiddo, let your old man sleep!”

“There’s some guy in a suit walkin’ door to door, looks like. Never seen ‘im before. Wonder what he’s doin’ here?”

“Aww, it’s just some stupid sales guy, like that dumb asshole last week. Come on, kitten, get back to bed.”

“No, wait, Dad! There’s another one behind the truck, in the woods! I think she’s carrying a gun.”

“What are you on abou....FUCK! Get in here, keep quiet, and stay out of sight, NOW!”

“But they’re comin’ this way, Dad! What should we do?”

“Do as I say and get the fuck down! Hide under the bed or somethin’, just stay back. I’ll take care of this. Shit! Those fucking Feds...can’t leave an honest, hardworking man alone for one sec...”

“You never worked a day in your life, Dad.”

“Shut the fuck up and get under the bed!”

“Whatever.”

“Shit! Shit! Shit! Where the hell’s my fuckin’ shotgun?”

* * *

Natalie held her breath. She had heard some muffled noises from inside the trailer, sounding like voices. She listened hard, trying to deduce what was

happening, but there wasn't much to see or hear apart from the trailer shifting a bit.

"Ross, there's movement inside. I think we've been spotted. No need to hide now. I'm going to knock at their door. Hurry up!" she radioed. Then she walked out of the trees. Now that the action had begun, she felt calm and composed. She moved with no obvious hurry so as not to look threatening, yet she was ready to grab her gun if needed. She came around the trailer to the door and knocked on it three times.

"This is the FBI. We would like to ask you a few questions."

"Shit, you're right, there's two of them. I can see them both now. See if you can spot anyone else, and let me know if you do, but *STAY QUIET!*" Joe instructed his daughter, who had already slipped underneath the family bed. Then he moved up to the front door.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm coming! What's the rush this time? Can't a man get some sleep around here without being bothered?" he grumbled as he unlocked the door and pushed it open. He kept his shotgun out of sight tucked under a newspaper, but within reach should things go south.

As the door opened, Natalie's trained eyes scanned all the details, looking for any potential danger. Seeing nothing of immediate concern, she relaxed a bit and managed to keep a straight face despite the smell of unwashed body odor that wafted from the fat, half-naked man who stood in front of them. Keeping her right hand close to her gun, she showed her badge, while Ross was doing the same, one step behind her.

"What can I do for you on this beautiful morning, officers? Or is that... agents? I can never remember. My, my... that's one sweet ass if I ever saw one," he whistled, giving Natalie a long, lewd stare that slithered all over her slender form.

The man's stare was so obscene it felt as though he had just run his tongue all over her body. She might as well have been stark naked instead of wearing her very formal, patented FBI black costume. Her vest hid most of her curves, but as she had left it open to allow her quick access to her gun, it revealed a bit of her waist and chest. She had a slender, athletic build and always flattened her breasts with tight sports bras, but to that slob, it seemed

to be enough to put his imagination on fire. Feeling the onset of a blush, she tried to put an end to his rude inspection by going straight to the point.

“I am Special Agent Swann, and this is Special Agent Ross. We would just like to ask you some routine questions, sir. May we enter?”

“Mmm, yeah, I’d welcome that tight ass into my humble abode anytime,” he mumbled, grabbing his crotch through his yellow-stained underwear as the hot, black-clad agent walked by him into what functioned as the mobile home’s kitchen.

Natalie feigned not to notice his open inspection of her feminine charms, although his dirty underwear did grab her attention, straining as it was to hold in some bigger-than-average genitals. How could this man be so obscene in such a serious situation? In all her years of investigating and interrogating lowlifes, she had never encountered anyone quite like him. She wasn’t sure whether to be shocked or amused or feel...something else... at his frankness.

Upon entering, she and Ross made a quick routine check of all the rooms. The situation was clear, although there might be something under the big bed. There was more than enough room under it to hide a person, and there were other parts of the truck that were hidden behind dirty tarpaulins that acted as walls. Of the woman she had seen earlier at the window, or thought she had seen, there was no sign.

“To what do I owe the pleasure of such fine company, come to see ol’ Joe, eh? Come in, dear agents, make yourself at home. Anything I can get you? A shot of whiskey perhaps? A foot massage? Hey, if you’re looking for a real man, sweetcheeks, you found him. I could take reeeal good care of you!”

This time, Natalie had to turn around, pretending to observe the room, to hide the full blush that had come onto her face. She didn’t want that guy to see it, and even less so her colleague. That slob was disgusting! He smelled of sweat, urine, and cigarette smoke, yet he was so confident... His behavior was sparking something in her loins that she had always been ashamed of and wanted to hide at all costs. Biting her lip, she tried to focus. Luckily, Ross took this opportunity to recover some of his leadership.

“As Special Agent Swann said, we have some questions to ask you. Let’s

take a seat,” he said. As they sat down at the crumbs-covered kitchen table, he looked up at the still-standing Natalie. “Agent Swann?”

“I’ll join you shortly. I just want to take a look around first,” she said in a voice that was a few degrees meeker than usual.

Joe did not try to hide his wide grin, showing a set of crooked, yellow-stained teeth as his eyes followed Agent Swann’s tight, suit-clad ass into his bedroom.

“Goin’ straight for the jackpot, are we, hot buns?” he yelled after her. “Well, don’t start without me! Sorry I can’t join you right now, but if you give me a minute to get rid of this other guy, I’ll make it up to you, I promise. I know juuust what you like, baby!”

Joe could tell that the male agent—Ross, was it?—did not approve of his rowdy behavior, but he couldn’t care less what some fancy suit thought of him, not while intruding in his home!

Natalie felt a shiver run down her spine at those words. Somehow, his voice, his demeanor, echoed with her deepest fantasies. Images of bondage and rape flashed in her mind. A bead of sweat formed on her temple. She took a deep breath to chase those ideas away. She knew she should react, she should say something about those obscene allusions he was making, but she felt like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming car. So again, she chose to just let it pass. She took another breath, gave a circular glance of the room, and came to sit down at the table, facing the disgusting jerk.

“Sir, what were you doing on the night of...” Agent Ross’ voice began, though Joe stopped listening the second the male agent started droning off the standard questioning procedure. He had been through this all before, multiple times, and it never failed to bore him. He was much more interested in that stunning piece of ass that occupied his bedroom at the moment. It had been a long time since he’d seen such a fine bitch, and there was something about her that seemed...off. It was almost as if she enjoyed his lewd advances, or just soaked them up instead of brushing him off like most women in her position would.

His mind filled with images of her hot body bent over the end of his bed, tied down and helpless as he fucked her hard from behind, one hand

yanking a fistful of her hair to force her to arch her back, and the other holding her own gun to her temple. He saw his fat belly slap against her tight ass on every upthrust, his coarse pubes mingling with hers...if she had any hair down there...maybe she was smooth? Yes, she looked like a shaver, he decided. The rush of power from the potent image got him hard under the kitchen table, and he sucked a strand of drool from the corner of his mouth.

“Sir? Will you please answer the question?” Ross said.

“Huh? What was that?” Joe turned back to the agent sitting across him, annoyed at the interruption of his fantasies.

As if summoned by his mind, the hot female agent reappeared, taking a seat next to her colleague at the table, right in front of him. His eyebrows rose at the sight of her, as did his erection. This close, he got a better look at her, and she was gorgeous! Long, silky brunette hair wrapped up in a tight bun at the nape of her neck, big brown eyes and high cheekbones, full, sensual lips, and a straight, cute nose. She looked young and yet experienced. Perhaps in her late twenties. His eyes dropped to her chest to evaluate her assets there. She had small tits, he saw with dismay, too small for his tastes, but they looked firm and perky behind that crisp white blouse. Judging from her movements and her bearing, she seemed fit, though he couldn't see much bare skin in that suit she wore.

“Did you have a nice time in there, honey?” he asked her in his sleaziest voice. “Next time I might just tie you down a little harder so you can't escape so easily.”

No sooner had he stopped speaking when he realized he might have pushed things beyond what was tolerable, and that his words may have sounded a bit too much like a threat. He held his palms up to placate the agents. They were Feds after all, and there were limits to what he could get away with, even here in his home. But as long as their attention was on his foul persona, they might be too distracted to see anything they should not.

The moment she sat down, Natalie regretted it. At that distance, Joe's smell was much stronger and had now decomposed into its base elements; foul breath, unwashed armpits, rancid sperm, and stinking feet. It was hard for her to concentrate on the interrogation as she was focusing her mind on

keeping a straight face, despite the turmoil of disgust and dark fantasies that churned inside her. Of course, Joe only made things worse with his choice of words, waking up mental images she had tried to block since puberty. It made her very uncomfortable, and she left her colleague to lead the questioning, which was rather uncommon for her.

Joe reached out with one bare foot under the table and let his big toe trace a daring path up along the inner side of Agent Swann's shin. In the meantime, he gave absent-minded grunts in response to the other agent's interrogation, "Huh, uhuh, yeah, mmhm..." as his focus remained on other, more important matters. He first felt her polished black shoe, then her loose pant leg, and followed it upward. To his surprise, he got as far as her knee before she shifted and squeezed her legs together to stop his advance. Yes, there was something odd about this one. If he didn't know better, he'd say she was aroused!

Natalie bit her lower lip at the sudden touch. She gave a little jerk that made Ross pause in the middle of a sentence. Then she froze as the clear print of a toe slid up her inner calf. How dare he? She was an FBI agent, she had come here to question him, and he dared to treat her like she was some common slut in a bar!

Suddenly she realized that she was indeed behaving like a slut. His foot had already reached her knee while she was reflecting on how to react. She blinked a couple of times, as though to wake herself up, and clenched her legs together. She did not like the smug expression she saw on Joe's face.

Alas, that did not stop the slob from continuing his assault. His foot now attacked from the outside of her left leg, pushing under her pants. His cold, moist toes touched her bare skin, and she felt a jolt of disgust. She jerked her legs away, making her bump into Ross, who once again made a pause and even looked at her, puzzled by her unusual behavior. Natalie felt herself sweating. Her face must be glistening under the bare bulb that hung from the ceiling.

"Ain't nothing I wouldn't do to you if I had the chance," Joe then said out of nowhere in a breathy voice, puzzling Ross and shocking Natalie, as a new rush of perverted images flooded her mind. This time she imagined

herself kneeling on the dirty floor of the bedroom, her arms contorted behind her and tied to the bed frame while Joe raped her mouth with an impossibly huge and filthy cock; or her being wrapped and bound to that very kitchen table and him ejaculating immense amounts of sperm all over her naked body while he used the overhead bulb to burn her nipples. Even worse images tumbled at the back of her consciousness, where she was strangled, peed upon... This was getting out of hand.

"I... I'm sorry..." she said, pushing her seat away from the table and standing up. "Ross, I have an urgent call to make. Do you mind continuing this without me for a moment? I'll be just outside..."

"Leaving already, sugartits? And we were just getting to the good stuff!" Joe's departing comment followed her on her way out of the trailer.

Agent Ross was flabbergasted. How did Swann dare to leave in the middle of the interview? Such unprofessional behavior was unlike her. Come to think of it, she had been acting in a strange way ever since entering this place, and even though he could not quite figure out why that was, he did find her obvious distress somewhat...amusing. As she was heading for the door, he drily said, "We are done in a minute, Agent Swann. Come back here and let's finish this, now."

Natalie stopped just as she could breathe the fresh forest air. Ross was not her superior, but he was still her senior mentor, and she could not reject a direct order, even though she did not want to go back anywhere near that scumbag. Doubly defeated, she turned on her heels and came back to the table, feeling humiliated and helpless. In front of her, Joe was beaming.

"Ahh, I missed you, pumpkin. Why don't you come over here and sit in Uncle Joe's lap? I promise it will be much more comfortable than that rickety old chair," he said with a nasty grin, slapping a greasy hand against his bare, hairy thigh.

Natalie once more tried her best to ignore the insufferable pig and instead turned to her colleague, whispering to him, "Ross, can we please get out of here? It's obvious this guy doesn't know anything. We're just wasting our time here."

“Oh, I know more than you think, baby. I know exactly what you want. And there’s only one way you will get it,” Joe interjected. He left his words hanging in the air, the double meaning obvious. Even the dull male agent could not hide a small smirk this time as he picked up on the sexist slur. Joe didn’t blame him. Working every day with such a knockout of a partner, the poor guy had probably tried to get into her pants more than once and failed every time. Joe chuckled to himself. This agent...Ross was it?... had a lot to learn. He clearly had no idea how to treat a slut, or he would have gotten to that pussy in no time. From where Joe was sitting, Agent Swann was just begging for it.

Natalie could not believe it! Was it possible that her partner was enjoying the situation? Was this some kind of revenge for her tendency to take the lead despite her lower rank? Or was it just some man-to-man joke at her expense? For some obscure reason, she didn’t dare to snap a sharp remark at the slob, nor did she reprimand her partner.

Joe sought eye contact with Natalie, and when he got it, he fixed her large brown orbs with an intense stare, conveying to her all the filthy thoughts that occupied his mind at that moment, daring her to stop him from seeing them all fulfilled. He had her now. Oh yes, she was his. She just didn’t know it yet.

Natalie had kept her eyes averted most of the time until now. Feeling Joe staring at her, she made the mistake to look up, and then it was as though she were mesmerized—a mouse in front of a snake. It wasn’t that his eyes were dazzling, or charismatic. Quite the contrary; they looked like pig eyes, squeezed in amid bags of fat. But the things they conveyed! They seemed to drill straight into her soul, sucking out her most horrible fantasies and making them worse. It was as though her resolve was melting. She could no longer turn her eyes away, nor could she speak. Her mouth opened, as though to say something, and then remained agape, and silent.

The look she gave him in return, the expression of submission in those dark, velvety eyes, the slight tremble of her full lips, and the tightening of the tiny muscles in her brows, almost caused his cock to burst through its meager confinement beneath the table. He nearly came in that week-old underwear,

adding to the stains already in them. What small part of Joe's mind that wasn't occupied undressing the young female agent in front of him, body and soul, was now handing out trite answers to Ross' questions in monotonous tones as if coming from a separate being.

Agent Ross tried to continue his interview, not paying much attention to what was happening around him as he read his notes and scribbled down what he could. It was difficult to get any information out of this slug of a man. Swann may have been right, they were wasting their time. Still, he liked how his colleague had turned all meek and silent all of a sudden. Perhaps it was the stench floating around in this place. He could see how that would affect her. For his part, he would have to get his suit dry-cleaned once they got back to civilization. Failing to get any more answers to his questions, he stood up.

"OK, Mr. Carter, we are done, for now. Do not leave the country until we let you know that this case is closed. We might have more questions to ask you at a later date." He walked to the door and then looked over his shoulder at Swann who was still sitting at the table with a lost look on her face.

"Didn't you have an urgent call to make, Agent Swann?"

This broke the dark spell Natalie had been frozen in. Shaking her head, and closing her mouth, she stood up too, almost stumbling on her chair, and headed for the door without another word, happy to leave this creepy place.

Before his pretty prey could exit his home, Joe grabbed a hold of her arm and pulled her aside, cornering her between himself and the wall. A glance outside confirmed that her partner was already a way up ahead and would not overhear what he was about to say. Boy did she smell good! He made sure to stand close enough to her so that she could feel his erection poking up against her body, to let her know he had claimed ownership of her.

Natalie shivered at the clammy touch on her arm, and then the solid bulge against her thigh, but did not even consider shaking herself free. Again, she felt frozen to the spot, lost in her maze of twisted arousal.

"If you want to know what really happened to that missing chick, I might know something about it," Joe said in the most serious tone of voice he had used all day.

“But there is a price. You come see me tonight back here, at ten o’clock sharp, alone and unarmed. And don’t tell anyone about it, or I won’t talk.” He looked into her eyes for a long moment to see if she had understood and then slid his hand down her arm to brush over the backs of her slender fingers.

“Oh, and about that payment, don’t worry about it, I’ll let you know what you can do for me when you get here,” he finished with another toothy grin.

“See you tonight, tight-cheeks.” He slapped her on the butt to send her on her way and then turned back into the trailer for some breakfast.

* * *

Natalie’s mind cleared almost as soon as she was out of the truck, but Joe’s words kept churning in her head. Following Ross to their car, she even let him drive again as she was trying to sort out her thoughts. If that fat pig knew something about their case, it might help her progress toward her upcoming promotion. However, there was something more at stake here, something far more personal. That price she would have to pay... it was easy to guess it would be some kind of sexual service. And the things that a sleazebag of Joe’s caliber would come up with in that regard would never classify as mild. To her confused mind, that thought acted both as a repellent and an attractor.

Starting with her puberty, she had developed very intense fantasies which she had kept to herself and had fought to suppress for years. And now that man, that disgusting slob, was giving her a chance to live them all out. It would be their secret. Nobody she knew would be around or have any reason to meet with or speak to that man afterward. And even if they did, who would believe a hillbilly like him if he decided to brag about his conquest? After the way he had just treated her, with Ross as her witness, it was clear he was quite full of himself and could not be trusted. Besides, it would be her word against his, and a respectable Federal agent like herself would win that debate ten times out of ten.

It would be just a one-time affair. She could experience the thrill to its culmination, and then it would be exorcized, leaving her free from its curse for the rest of her life. It was a bit reckless, maybe... but she didn't think this guy was really dangerous. He was just a stupid, porn-addicted redneck. And it was not as if she was defenseless. Even without her gun, her body was a trained weapon and she felt sure she could overpower that obese guy without breaking a sweat. But he was so disgusting! What if she caught some disease? And what if his invitation was a trap? What if, when she got there, ten of his friends would be waiting to jump her and gang rape her?

Thoughts like these continued to torture her for the entire day back at the office, preventing her from getting much work done. Whenever she managed to calm down and think about the situation in the cold light of day, she came to the conclusion that it was all just bullshit, that Joe had no information to give, and that he only wanted a piece of ass without having to pay for it. Yet, she could not get rid of that clammy touch on her arm. She could still feel the moist, pudgy fingers holding it with steel strength. It was as though she was still in his filthy grasp. Whenever that thought came back, her resolve collapsed and she felt the urge to see him again. Moreover, it seemed that the stench of his genitals had impregnated her pants where he had rubbed them. It was as though his pheromones had marked her and were floating around announcing to everybody that she was owned. Looking around at her colleagues, nobody seemed to notice anything different about her, but she did not dare to ask. She made several trips to the restroom to try and wash the spot with soap, even spraying it with perfume. But somehow the smell would not go away. Worse, whenever she found herself alone in the restroom, she could not fight the perverse thoughts from coming back. She found herself slipping her hands under her shirt, under her sports bra even, to knead her breasts and pinch her nipples. That just drove her crazy and blurred her mind even more.

In the end, she went home early in the hopes that a long shower would remove all traces of that awful man. As soon as she was in her apartment, she disrobed and got under the hot spray. She soaped every inch of herself and shampooed her long curly hair. Then she turned down the temperature of the

water until it was as cold as it could get. This helped her a lot, and when she got out of the shower, covered in goosebumps, her decision was clear in her mind. She would forget about that jerk and continue with her job as usual. She was looking forward to a cozy evening of watching Columbo episodes until she fell asleep on her couch.

On the way to the kitchen, she saw her clothes, which she had just dropped in a heap on the floor. She gathered them to put them in the laundry basket. That was when the smell came back, wafting up from her crumpled pants. In seconds it had melted her mind again.

She realized then that she would never get rid of this curse. The only way to break free was to explore it, live it out to its end, and then forget about it. She looked at the clock. Five past nine. She could still get there in time if she hurried.

She put on a pair of jeans, a normal bra that would not compress her breasts to oblivion, and a white blouse. Nothing sexy, but informal and not too expensive, as she might have to dump the clothes afterward. For her shoes, she selected a pair of natural leather sandals with a medium heel.

She was already late. She had no time to dry her hair or tie it into her usual bun. She knew that by the time she reached the trailer park, it would have dried into a monstrous mess of brown curls, but that didn't really matter at this point, did it?

She considered taking her gun, hesitated, and decided to put it in the glove compartment of her car, just in case. She also tossed her handcuffs in her purse should she need to arrest the guy at some point.

Then she drove as fast as she dared. Night was already falling and it was a solid hour to get to the trailer park. With almost no traffic on the back roads at this late hour, she made it in less than fifty minutes. But she was still late. She parked her car by the rather quaint 'No Trespassers' sign at the entrance and then set off across the seedy encampment. Again, the place seemed deserted, and she wondered if anyone else but Joe lived there.

She arrived at his big trailer truck a few minutes past ten, panting and having built up a sheen of perspiration from the brisk walk. Taking a breath, she gave the door a firm knock, which still sounded weaker than the

pounding of her own heart.

* * *

Joe had been watching for Agent Swann to arrive but never thought she'd show. When the clock had passed ten, he was sure she wouldn't, but then he spotted her jogging up toward the trailer, and his face lit up in a nasty smile.

"Hey, kitten, why don't you get over to your friend's house and play with some dolls or something, leave daddy to have some fun tonight, OK?" he called over his shoulder to his daughter, who gave him a frown and a huge sigh.

"I'm nineteen, Dad. I don't play with dolls anymore. Though it looks like you'll get to play with your doll tonight," she added with a twisted grin. "Are you sure you don't need some help with her?"

"Just get out of here, girl," he said, making shooing motions for her to leave.

"OK, OK. I'm going." Heather grabbed some of her things and then pushed open the back door, slipping out into the woods behind the trailer and was fast gone into the night.

* * *

Joe leaned up against the front door of his shabby but trusted trailer. On the other side of it stood Special Agent Natalie Swann, the two of them separated only by a sheet of metal. He had heard her knocking but decided she could wait a little longer. He stroked his rising cock through his sweatpants and thought about what he'd first do with her. He could almost smell her through the walls; that faint, sweet perfume of hers that intoxicated his senses.

Natalie stood, panting, trying to recover her breath. There was no reaction, no sound from inside the truck, though she could see a warm yellow light filter through the curtains. Where could that slob have gone off to anyway? He was just playing with her nerves, she was sure. At least this pause allowed her to calm down a bit.

Joe couldn't wait any longer. He tore open the door, and there she was. For a moment he just stared at her, taking in her beauty. She looked different. So different, in fact, that at first glance he thought she might be somebody else. Her hair was all over and around her head, a tousled mass of thick brown curls. She wore more makeup than she had when on duty, and her tits looked somehow bigger. Her plain white blouse contrasted with her tanned skin, making her glow in the dim light under the lone functioning lamp post. Whoever this was, she looked great! Then he recognized those liquid brown pools she had for eyes and his face split in a big grin.

"Agent Swann. So glad you could make it," he said, holding out his arms to the sides in a welcoming gesture. She did not respond with more than a raised eyebrow.

The temperature had dropped outside and wearing no jacket, she looked cold, though her skin gleamed with perspiration. She must have hurried to get here on time. He liked that. Already, she was showing dedication. He made no move to invite her inside, enjoying the sight of her standing there shivering. She looked even more unsure of herself now than she had earlier, but he knew she wouldn't have come here if she didn't know what she wanted—and what *he* wanted.

"You look unarmed, but you'll forgive me if I don't take your word for it," he said, taking a step forward.

"Turn around and put your hands up against the wall." He smirked, loving the swapping of roles. When she did as ordered, he moved up behind her and placed his hands on her hips, enjoying the feel of their flaring curvature. He grabbed her small, firm waist and slid his hands up along her flanks as if feeling for any hidden weapons, taking his time, and when he reached her breasts, he cupped and squeezed them far longer than needed.

Natalie chewed her lip and closed her eyes, repeating to herself that she was making a mistake. But it was too late now. His hands were warm and sweaty against her cold skin. The touch was disagreeable and the way he squeezed her breasts... his fingers felt like the claws of some raptor. Yet it brought a clench to her vagina. This was it. Her fantasies were getting real.

“Well, you don’t hide much up there, I can tell,” he taunted her, a bit disappointed in how shallow those small mounds of tit flesh felt under his palms. He leaned in closer so that he could bury his bulbous nose in her sweet-smelling mass of hair and whispered in her ear, “Now let’s see what you’re concealing down below.” Grabbing her neck with one hand to push her up against the trailer wall, he used the other to feel up her jeans-clad ass and firm-muscled thighs. Wherever he placed his hands on her, he felt tight, toned flesh. She was fit, alright, and in great shape from the looks of her.

All along, Natalie remained silent. She was trembling a bit, whether from the chill or the fear she couldn’t tell. Or was it excitement? His hands explored her butt and crotch as though she was just a piece of meat. It should have been obvious to him that she could not hide anything there as her tight pants hugged her body. But then, he wasn’t searching her, he was evaluating her, and asserting his domination of her. And she felt it, deep in her soul.

He found her purse hanging off one shoulder and ripped it away with such force the strap broke. Rifling through its contents, his eyes fell on the standard-issue handcuffs inside and he let out a soft chuckle. Plucking the metal out of the purse, he upended the rest of it on the muddy grass and threw the empty thing aside as if it was trash.

“Hey! My purse! My things!” Natalie protested, wondering how she was going to find all her stuff in the darkness. The keys to her car and her apartment were in there somewhere! Along with the condoms she had thrown in at the last minute.

“How nice of you to bring your own toys to the party,” Joe said, ignoring her protests, and pulled her hands down one by one to lock them in the steel manacles behind her back, tightening them to their smallest circumference until they sat snug up against her slender wrist bones.

She had felt it coming the moment he’d found the handcuffs and she gave herself a mental slap for even bringing them. Or was this what she had wanted all along? She hadn’t found any non-violent way to avoid her shackling, and now she felt stupid, standing there like some common criminal in the chilly night, her wrists crushed by her own handcuffs. How humiliating was this going to get?

“Now let’s go have that talk, you and I,” Joe said as he grabbed her arm and pulled her along in rough jerks, making her stumble as she was manipulated, stubbing her toes against the steps on the way in. She wasn’t really used to wearing heels. As Joe shoved her inside the trailer and slammed the door shut behind them, Natalie already had the distinct feeling this was going to be the longest night of her life.

§

Chapter 2

Laying Down the Law

For the second time that day, Natalie found herself within the dirty, smelly trailer that her fat informant Joe Carter called home, except this time she was defenseless and alone. True to his demands, she had not told anyone where she was going. How bad of a decision that had been remained to be seen, but for now she was going to have to trust her wits to get her through this part. To recover some control over the situation, she tried to negotiate.

“Tell me what you know first, and then we can discuss your price,” she offered. Not that she had much bargaining power at the moment.

Quick as a cobra, Joe turned on her, grabbing her throat with one hand and slamming her up against the nearest wall with such power that her feet almost left the ground. Her skull rang from the force of the impact. She squirmed, contorting her arms, hurting her wrists against the steel of her handcuffs. He was taller than her by a good five inches and at least twice as strong, and she felt like a ragdoll in his hands. She realized she had mistaken his bulk for lethargy, but there was a lot of muscle beneath that blubber, lending him both speed and strength. With her arms tied behind her back, Natalie had no real means to fight back, and Joe had put himself too close to her body for her legs to find any leverage for a groin kick. Clearly, this wasn't his first rodeo subduing a woman.

Natalie felt his smelly warmth against her body, his foul breath smothering her face as he put his ugly mug inches from hers and spoke in a near whisper, “I know one thing, tiny tits. You're in MY world now, and if I were you, I'd stay very quiet and do as I'm told, or things might not end up the way you hoped.” The playfulness in his voice was gone, replaced by a cold, sinister tone that brooked no argument.

“Do you understand?” he said, and tightened his grip, his fingers digging into the soft tissue of her throat.

She froze, stopping her struggles, despite the constricting pain in her windpipe. Her eyes grew wide, almost bulging. Her mouth opened as she tried to breathe but no sound came out. She couldn't even nod as her neck was grasped in that vise-like grip. She just mouthed the word 'YES' with her trembling lips. This was it. She had no control over the situation. This was an important part of her fantasies... but also the most dangerous.

He kept staring into those gorgeous eyes, looking even more beautiful now, wide open and glazed with fear, asphyxia, and unshed tears. Inside their glistening orbs, he could read her soul like a book, and he liked what he saw.

“Good answer, slut,” he said, releasing his iron grip and letting her full weight down onto her feet.

She almost collapsed, her head turning as she coughed and took a few deep, ragged breaths. She had to brace against the wall to avoid falling over. She was panting, her breasts pushing against the white cotton of her shirt, her erect nipples poking through her bra.

“Now, I want to know what information you have on this case you're working on,” Joe continued. “Who are your suspects, what evidence have you collected, what departments are involved in the search for the perp? I want names, places, timetables, everything you know. Talk, slut.”

Natalie's blood froze in her veins. Those questions killed all the erotic tension she had felt mounting in her. This was no sexual game, this was a trap! She looked around in search of help, but of course, there was none to be found and there wouldn't be any for the rest of the night.

“Listen, that's classified information. I can't divulge any of that. That's not the agreement we...”

A hard slap across her face silenced her mid-sentence. She yelped, her head snapping to the side, ears ringing.

“You can, and you will, slut. Talk to me now!”

“OK, OK! You give me information and I give you... whatever you want from me.” She had spoken the last words after a moment's hesitation, as once again her hormones were interrupting her thought process.

Joe paused for a moment, thinking things through. This bitch was tough, and he liked that. Her offer made for a good compromise, so he decided to test her mettle. Besides, he was getting hornier by the moment for those soft lips around his cock.

In the middle of her panic, Natalie tried to think straight, to analyze the situation. She looked into his eyes, seeing rampant lust there. This was a tight rope she was walking. She could get what she had desired for so long, but that could also lead to her demise... or worse.

He reached out and grabbed a fistful of her tousled mane of hair, pulling her down to her knees in front of him.

She moaned as her scalp was yanked, and pain shot through her knees as she was forced down onto them. Suddenly, her face was level with his dirty crotch. The stench was overpowering, like a concentrated whiff of a dirty public restroom.

“Suck, bitch. If I like it, you’ll get what you want. Final offer.” Joe said, making no move to get her started, though by now his cock was trying its damndest to break out of its steamy confines on its own.

Natalie’s eyes were blurry. Being forced to give head was one of her fiercest fantasies. So, without thinking more about it, and without evaluating how sincere Joe could be for his part, she dove into the perversion she had been craving for.

As the slob’s cock was still in his yellow-stained pants, she first had to pull it out of them. Clenching her eyes shut from disgust, she seized the hem of the protruding underwear with her teeth and pulled it down. The cock was so erect underneath that the elastic band would not go over it. She had to pull back hard and then downward, and suddenly the biggest, nastiest, dirtiest cock she had ever seen jumped out, hitting her in the face.

The ugly thing was fat, bulbous, and covered with veins and pustules. It was also uncircumcised and as the head poked out of its cover, it showed all the nasty dick cheese that had been rotting under there since his last shower sometime in the past century. She backed away, not expecting such filthiness. Even though she had imagined performing this act for so long, now that it was happening it felt too much. She was just trying to avoid puking all over

herself. Still, she could not turn her eyes away. The dilated piss slit staring back at her was like a hypnotizing snake eye.

Suddenly, she knew what was wrong. And the realization made her vagina clench on the verge of orgasm. She turned her eyes up, searching for his, while keeping her mouth aligned with his cock.

“Force me, sir. Please grab my hair and fuck my face senseless,” she said in a voice made hoarse by lust. This was going to be the only time she indulged in these fantasies and she had just decided to get the most out of it. Better explore everything now so that she would not be tempted to try it again later.

Joe watched the beautiful young agent navigate her way into his pants, enjoying her struggles to free his rampant manhood. When she had succeeded and was on the brink of taking him into that hot warm mouth, he almost could not keep from grabbing her head and shoving her face forward. So when she tilted her head back and asked—no, begged—him to do just that, in a sexy voice, he lost all manner of control.

Sinking the greasy fingers of both his hands deep into her thick mane on each side of her head, he grabbed a firm hold of her tresses close to her scalp and pulled her skull toward him, while at the same time shoving his hips forward as hard as he could.

She shivered and moaned when his fat but strong fingers grasped her hair. She opened her mouth wide, waiting for what was to come.

He felt his cock enter her wide open mouth, bump against her teeth, glide over her wet tongue, and then penetrate her throat in one straight glorious path, ending only when his unkempt crotch hair smothered her nose in its swarthy jungle.

Still, her bedroom eyes kept looking up into his as, whether she liked it or not, she was forced to swallow all of his solid eight inches. Once seated into the hot depths of her neck, the inner walls of her throat clenched so tight around his shaft that he almost came from the intense pleasure surging up his groin.

She had no choice. There was no way she could resist his strong pull. She had taken cocks down her throat a few times before, but never like this. It had always been slow and careful then, with her being in full control. Now it

happened without any regard for her comfort or safety, just the way she had wanted it.

At first, her near-virgin throat resisted the penetration. She moaned around the thick shaft as it forced her gullet to stretch wider than it ever had before. It was painful, anguishing even, as she could not breathe. It was also revolting as the taste and greasy feel of that nasty cock was so bad. Her nose was engulfed into the thick wiry bush of musky hair while she felt sweaty, hairy, low-hanging testicles beat against her chin. She choked, she retched, throat mucus spurted into her mouth, and when that path was blocked, it came out of her nostrils. Her eyes bulged in despair. Right now, all she wanted was for him to pull out and let her breathe, as this was the most ignominious way for a woman to die.

She writhed, twisted her arms, and tried to back away, but she was up against the wall and could go nowhere. Her hands, strangled by the harsh steel, had already turned numb and hurt like hell as every movement caused the cuffs to bite deeper into her flesh. She wanted to breathe, she wanted to live, but at the same time, she hoped he would not pull out yet, and fuck her at his own pace without consideration for her needs. That was how perverted her fantasies were.

Letting his cock just sit in its warm, tight embrace for a moment, Joe tried to gather his resolve and keep from emptying his balls into the hot agent's stomach. He would do that later at some point, for sure, but not yet. This night had only just gotten started. He could see that she was struggling for breath, but he knew she could take it. If not, she would have to learn fast how to cope with his demands. He wasn't about to give her an inch of leeway until he had taken what he wanted from her.

She kept retching and coughing and puking bile around his cock as she was unable to pull back. Her face grew red, her eyes turned to slits. Her squirms grew more desperate by the second. In her position, she couldn't even bite him as her jaws had no leverage at all. Her vision began to darken and her struggles to weaken.

Taking a slow step back, Joe let the length of his shaft begin its long journey out of her clenching gullet, bringing with it a slew of thick mucus and

saliva. Long strands of it dripped off her chin, and he loved the choking sounds she made as she fought to remain in position until she was allowed to breathe. Her clenched eyes opened and looked up, full of hope for the air she was soon going to get. But just before his cockhead would pop out of her throat, he stopped, smiling at the confused expression on her anguished face. *No, you don't get to breathe just yet, bitch*, he thought. Reversing his movement, he began to push back into her, once more sinking his throbbing cock into her hot neck sleeve, reveling in how good that fleshy tube felt hugging and massaging his shaft with just the right amount of pressure.

A snort of despair escaped her flared nostrils, only to be smothered in his pubes as she realized she'd been tricked. Her face turned red hot with trapped blood, her limbs felt made of lead. She would have collapsed had she not been held up by her hair.

Her throat felt amazing, but the highest pleasure that Joe took from his dominant pose was the knowledge that he was putting this high and mighty bitch Fed into her place. He hated the law, every aspect of it. All of his life it had only brought him misery, and this was his moment to vent some of that pent-up hate, to feed it all back to the cesspit whence it had come. So he shoved his dick down the hot agent's throat until it couldn't reach any further, until her face was being mashed so hard into his groin that his pubic bone threatened to break her nose.

"Take it, bitch! Swallow that cock and choke on it!" he yelled.

By now, Natalie was barely conscious. She was not even fighting back. Only on instinct was her throat clenching and retching in a last-ditch effort to free her airways and save her life. All she could see was flabby skin and wiry pubes. That would be the last sight she took away with her to the grave.

Realizing that his unresponsive partner was soon to be lights out, Joe yanked out his cock and gave her a few hard slaps to either side of her face, waking her up from her stupor.

"Hey, cocksleeve, I wasn't done with you yet. You made me interrupt my fun just to keep your sorry ass alive a little longer. You'll get punished for that!"

A torrent of bile and mucus flooded out of her gaping mouth and nostrils as she retched, interrupted by ragged attempts at sucking air into her burning lungs. Her entire breathing apparatus hurt, her head rang as it was slapped multiple times, and her throat was in agony from the brutal penetration. He was still holding her by her hair in one hand while using the other to punish her face. That was all that kept her from falling in a heap on the floor. Her head swung back and forth under the brutal blows, her neck limp. Yet the ugly sounds that came out of her throat testified that she was still alive.

“You call that a blowjob? A five-dollar whore sucks cock better than you! Not that I had expected more from a pig in a suit.” Joe complained. Still, he gave the bewildered agent some time to recover. Even messed up and gasping for breath, she still looked hot as hell, and he wanted her in every perverted way he could think of.

Natalie’s face was a mess. She was covered in sheets of sweat with her chin hidden under ropes of throat slime. Her mascara had run and left jagged tear lines on her cheeks. Her throat was still throbbing from the abuse. At the same time, she felt proud to have gone through it. *Brutal facefuck: done*, she notched in her mental notebook. She gave him a weak smile to show him she was OK, a gesture that only seemed to infuriate him.

“You think this is fun, whore? This is some kind of game to you? I could end you right here, right now, and no one would ever know. You’d better remember who’s in charge, or I’d have to teach you a lesson that’d make what you just went through seem like a warm breeze on a spring morning.”

Those words, far from scaring her, triggered another wave of hormones to flood her brain, sparkling new perverted ideas.

He reached down, grabbed her hair, and yanked her up to her feet.

“Come on, I’m not done with you yet.”

She was too weakened to stand without aid. Again, she had to brace herself against the wall for support. She tried to speak, but her vocal cords were too sore from the brutal facefuck and only allowed throaty whispers to come out.

“You... want... info from me? Make me... tell you...” She was pushing him. That could be very risky. But she wanted to be sure he would go all the way on her so that she would have no regrets later when she remembered this night of foolishness, the night when she had fulfilled all of her twisted fantasies.

This slut is something else, Joe thought. For a moment she threw him, and he almost lost his grip on her hair. Then it hit him. This piece of cunt meat was even more depraved than he had first pinned her for. It was hard to believe, her being in law enforcement and all, but the evidence was right there in front of him.

“You didn’t come here to ask me any questions, did you? It’s not even about your case at all. You came here to get raped. Plain and simple. It’s what you want, isn’t it bitch? A hard cock up that tight little Fed snatch of yours, fucking you till you can’t stand straight.”

“Y-yes...”

“Then say it! Admit it!” he pressed. He wanted the words out of her own mouth.

By now, Natalie was deep in her private space. This guy was acting his role to perfection. He would do the only thing he was good for and in the morning, everything would be behind her forever.

“Yes, I came here to... get raped and bound like a true... painslut,” she said in her ruined, whorish voice.

“What a fucking pathetic little slut you are.” He twisted his grip on her hair, forcing her head to bend backward, then hawked and coughed a few times, bringing up a thick glob of snot-mixed mucus from his nicotine-abused lungs and spat it right between her gorgeous eyes. The loogie splattered onto her face, half of it sticking to her eyelashes, the other part oozing down the side of her nose.

“Leave that on there, it makes you look pretty,” he said, grinning.

Natalie blinked hard, revolted by the humiliation of being spat in the face. She could feel the warm glob trickling down her cheek like a slug.

“Now you and I are going to have some real fun,” he said, shoving her toward the bedroom. “Since you’ve already been in there, I assume you know

the way. I'm going to make good on that promise I made you earlier...now that I know what you like."

Her scalp was on fire from all the yanking it had been subjected to. It was a small miracle her hair had not been torn from her head by now. She yelped as Joe once more used it as a leash, before being shoved hard in the middle of the back. She staggered forward and landed on the large bed, face first, unable to stop her fall because of her chained arms. The mattress had no sheet. It was dirty, splattered with countless spots of various colors, none of them pretty. As her face landed on it, she found that it reeked of old sweat and sperm. It was the most disgusting bed she had ever seen. Even street whores and bums had cleaner ones. She rolled onto her side so as not to have her nose against this nest of filth. Something worried her, though. Her hands throbbed after having been clamped by the cuffs for so long. From handling criminals and making countless arrests she knew of the danger of pinched nerves and cut blood circulation. This was not something she wanted to experience for herself.

"Could you please release my handcuffs, or at least loosen them? They are cutting my skin." This was said in her new, huskier voice, which sounded like that of a derelict whore.

Her answer came in the form of a guttural laugh. "Oh, the whore isn't comfortable enough? Well, too bad!" He grabbed the hem of her jeans and yanked her back from the bed, then left her half bent over it, coming to stand behind her just like in his kitchen table fantasy earlier that day. From this position, out of her sight, he made a quick check on her cuffs. It didn't look like they had cut circulation as she claimed, though she might get some lasting bone or nerve damage from their tightness depending on how long he left them on her. In any case, her wrists would have some nice marks to explain tomorrow, that was for sure. But none of that was his problem.

Leaving her to stand on shaky legs at the foot of the bed, he snaked his hands around her waist and began to open up the front of her jeans, speaking into her ear as he flipped the buttons one by one.

"How does it feel being the plaything of a big fat criminal?" he taunted. "I can do whatever I want with you tonight, bitch, and you're going to find

out just what that means.”

She shuddered in that very obscene position, both from fear and anticipation. The handcuffs did hurt her but she knew that if he had loosened them, she would have been disappointed. The fact that he denied her any control over the situation had a powerful effect on her. This was like in her wildest fantasies. She was going to be raped with no way to stop it. She hoped it would be so painful or so quick that she would not be allowed to cum. She wanted to be used like a sex toy, and toys did not feel any pleasure.

Having loosened her pants, he grabbed the hem and pulled it over her flaring hips, yanking the sturdy cloth down her thighs. He fondled those smooth legs, reveling in the feeling of bare female skin under his sweaty, calloused palms.

She yelped. Her firm, toned buttocks pointed up in the air as her face rested again on the stinking mattress. With her pants around her knees, she had lost more of her freedom of movement as she was properly hobbled now. Only her panties were left as a meager protection against rape.

“Mmm, unhhh,” Joe breathed in shallow puffs into the back of her neck, turning himself on by leaning over her firm young body and exploring it with clumsy hands. The sweet smell of her perfume mixed with her natural feminine scent drove him crazy. Underneath her jeans, he found that she wore a pair of tiny black string panties, and he fingered their silky fabric in appreciation.

“You put these on for me, slut? How considerate. I like a bit of enthusiasm in my whores.” He drew two fat fingers up along the front panel, over her covered crotch, feeling warm dampness there. “You know, I was wondering before if you were shaved or not down here... guess I’ll find that out... Oh, but you’re soaking wet, pig cunt. Looks like you really are that rape slut you claim to be.”

Much to her shame, he was right. She was soaking wet down there. Her string was moist and musky with her juices.

By this time, Joe’s erection was like an iron rod, and he moved even closer to her body, pressing up on her from behind to feel it rub against her. When that wasn’t enough, he lifted the hem of her blouse so he could slip his

cock underneath the soft material and let its curved length rest up against the small of her back, the slimy tip drooling precum along her naked spine.

“Can you feel that?” he whispered in her ear. “That’s how far up your ass you’re going to get it.”

She could feel it very well. It was big, maybe not as big as in her fantasies, but they had always been unreasonable on that matter. But big enough anyway. It would stretch her virgin anus as it seemed it was the hole he had chosen to plunder. That was good, as she did not think she’d be able to orgasm in that way. It would also be safer, from a health point of view... probably. Plus there was no risk of her getting knocked up, of course. He did not seem like the condom-wearing type, and she had left herself foolishly unprotected. She could also feel his massive balls resting against her crack. She imagined them full of hot sperm that would mark her body and soul with its foul spray. Pervertedly, she squirmed her butt back and forth, helping to rub the cock in the valley between her cheeks.

“I’m disappointed. I had hoped you’d have a bigger cock...” she slurred, hoping to anger him.

“Ooh, a feisty one, I like that! You’re sexy when you try to act tough, agent. But it’s pretty clear your body doesn’t agree with you on that point. I can tell a needy whore cunt when I see one.”

She blushed, but as he was behind her, he could not see it. Acting like such a wanton slut was not in her nature. Quite the contrary, in fact. At work, she was better known as the ambitious ice queen. But tonight was different. Now that she had dipped her toe into the foul mire of depraved sex, she wanted the full package. She wanted to suck its juices out to the last drop. After all, this was going to be a once-in-a-lifetime feast of freakiness, and she craved to experience everything to the max.

“Besides, that attitude of yours makes me think you can take more punishment, am I right? After you leave here tomorrow—if you leave—you’ll be wearing turtlenecks and long sleeves for weeks. And yes, you will feel my cock, every inch of it. Don’t you worry.”

“You’re a sick bastard!” She hammered in her words by stomping her right heel onto his bare toes, as hard as she could in her hobbled and

unbalanced position.

“I am indeed. But what does that make you? You’re the one that came to me, rememb... Aoowww, BITCH!”

He grabbed her neck from behind and threw her across the room to crash against some empty cardboard boxes in the corner. “Try that again, bitch, and I’ll fucking kill you right here!”

Unable to absorb the impact with her arms, she crashed into the boxes before falling onto the floor, bruised and dazzled by the violence of his reaction. Maybe she had gone a bit too far with her taunts. She moaned, curling into a protective ball. She had only hoped he would tie her down some more, not kill her!

“Looks like we’re doing this the hard way. You brought this on yourself, cunt,” he said with a growl as he walked up to her and delivered a nasty kick to her stomach.

“Please... I’m... AOooooowwwchhh!”

When he heard the air leave her lungs in a whoosh, he kicked her again, this time in the ribs. He wasn’t going to stop until she proved compliant, even if he had to break a rib or two to make his point.

She yelped again, winded and in agony, gritting her teeth and crying. This guy was massive and stronger than he looked. His kicks felt like battering rams to her gut. He could kill or cripple her with such blows! To protect her belly, she pulled her thighs tight against her chest, desperately trying to recover her breath to plead for mercy. But there was no air left in her lungs.

“Are you going to be good?” he asked, then when she didn’t answer, he reached down, grabbed her hair, and yanked her back to her feet with a strong pull of his arm.

She grimaced in agony, sure that her scalp was going to be torn from her skull. Her ribcage hurt with each breath and she was now fearing for her life. This had gone too far, well beyond her wildest fantasies, and she just wanted to put things back on track.

Staring into her face from close up, he studied her delicate features. Her cheeks had started to redden and she looked a little swollen around the eyes from the hard slaps she had taken, but he knew that was nothing compared to

what would come. Still, he had to remember to leave her presentable for work tomorrow. He didn't want her to draw any unwanted attention if he could avoid it. She did work for the Feds after all, and who knew what they would do should they suspect something was off with one of their own. The last thing he needed was for them to launch a full-blown investigation against him.

She tried to speak, but no words came out of her cramping belly. She tried to nod instead, but as he was holding her whole weight by her hair, she could not move her head much. All she could do was to turn pleading, crying, mascara-smearing eyes at him, hoping it would be enough to attract his pity.

He loved those big, brown, sad eyes of hers. And the look she had in them now was just what he had wanted to see. Not yet broken, but well on her way to becoming his tamed little slave slut.

“What did you really have in mind when you came here, agent?” he asked. “Did you think this was going to be some kinky little sex party? That we'd play around with safewords, fluffy pink handcuffs, and toy whips? This is real, bitch. You'll be lucky to leave here with all your parts intact, and that's IF you please me, which you have not shown yourself capable of doing so far. I suggest you start using that slutty pile of mush you have between your ears and show me some filthy moves, or we'll call this thing off. I'm beginning to tire of your tricks.”

Desperate to break that violent fit, she tried to wiggle her butt and breasts in a lewd way to entice his interest, but she was still too dazzled and winded to give a good show. It was pathetic, she knew, but it was the best she could do in her current state.

Joe just laughed at her feeble attempts to charm him, not impressed. “I thought you fancy agents were supposed to be smart. I have no idea how you made it into that suit. Clearly, you fucked your way to the top. So show me some of that attitude now. Show me how you seduced your superiors,” he taunted, trying to coax some spirit out of her, to push her limits.

That angered her. She was proud to have succeeded in her job thanks to her competence. Of course, this was hardly the moment to argue about it. She had to get out of this alive first.

With a sigh, Joe threw up his hands and left the dizzy agent half crumpled on the bedroom floor and went out the door to get some fresh air, where the stink of desperate cunt wasn't so prevalent.

* * *

It was quiet outside, the still of night having descended upon the ramshackle community of outcasts and rednecks that he lived in. There wasn't a soul in sight, which was the way he preferred it. His neighbors knew to stay away from him and mind their own business, and in return, he left them alone. Right now, that silent understanding was quite welcome. Even if he trusted most of these halfwits not to rat on him, he didn't want any witnesses to what transpired here tonight.

Stepping into his clogs, he headed for the shed where he stored most of his equipment and tools. This bitch he had caught was strange, maybe even a bit off the rails, but she was much too hot to let off the hook, and he had let things progress too far already to stop now. He just had to make sure she wouldn't talk, and then he could continue with the plan to mold her into his bitch slave. Everything was set up to record her shame, and once he had gathered enough material on her, he could set things in motion. In the dim light of the bare bulb dangling from the rusted shed roof, he smiled. That smile only widened as he found what he'd been looking for.

* * *

Natalie writhed on the dusty floor, gasping from the pain, not daring to move as she tried to recover her breath. With her jeans around the knees, she could not move her legs much and as they were tight, it was not easy to pull them up or down with her cuffed hands. Running away was hopeless in her current state. She could not even get into her car without her keys and could not drive without her hands. She decided it was better not to anger him further with a futile escape attempt. She had better chances by waiting for his return and trying to placate him.

She wondered where he had gone off to. He knew very well she could not go anywhere. He might even be waiting for her to make such an attempt just to punish her. So she just waited, recovering her breath and some strength. Moving a bit, she judged that her ribs had been bruised but not fractured. That one had been too close to the edge. She had to soften him before it went too far.

As Joe returned to the main trailer, he had recovered some of his lost libido thinking about the bound and smacked-up bitch that awaited him inside and what he was going to do to her next. His cock was again hard in his sweatpants, and he knew that soon, very soon, it would find a tight warm place to grow comfortable.

As soon as she saw him, she lifted her head from the floor. She had not moved from where he had left her. She looked at him with sincere, pleading eyes.

“I’m sorry for the kick. I’ll be good. I was only hoping you would tie me up some more. I should have asked politely, I guess?” She made her voice sound as apologetic as she could. Hopefully, being honest with him would soften his rage.

“Funny you should ask. I was just thinking the same thing,” Joe said, holding out one hand, a wide black leather dog collar dangling from his fingers. “Guess where this is going?”

Natalie smiled at the sight. Her fantasy was back on track. “That’s used to keep bitches like me obedient,” she said with a wink.

Joe went up to her, nodding. This was the attitude he wanted to see. “Close, cuntbreath. It’s an obedience collar, alright, used to train naughty, wild bitches into submission, to let them know who their master is. In fact, I’ve used this one on two of my dogs to tame them, and now it will serve to break in a third.” As he came closer to where she was sitting, he held the collar up to her so she could see it in detail. The worn leather was stained with dried dog saliva, and here and there tufts of rough fur sprouted from its dirty circumference where it had gotten caught in the lining. The thing reeked of wet dog.

Natalie wrinkled her nose at the nasty smell. It was a sturdy thing, made

of thick and wide leather, devised to hold a big animal. She shuddered at the sight, wondering how it would feel against her slender neck.

He unfastened the thick leather strips that held the band together, opened the collar up, and wrapped it around the agent's waiting neck, not caring how much of her long hair got caught in the process. When the collar was in place, he just yanked the trapped curls out, leaving more than a few human brown strands adding to the dog hairs already there. Then he tightened it, going notch by notch until he saw her eyes widen in distress. Yet he kept going. He wanted it to be as tight a fit as the bitch could manage without choking to death. He wanted for her to feel the presence of her bondage with every breath she took, to remind her of her status, and to be uncomfortable swallowing past its grip. And she would be doing a lot of swallowing in the near future... He finished his work with a final, quick tug of the leather and a pat on her cheek.

"There you go, sweet buns. What a pretty little pet you'll make."

Not only was the collar thick but it was also tall, wrapping her neck almost from her clavicles to her jawbone. It felt rough against her tender skin and that feeling only grew worse as it was tightened. At first, the situation excited her but as the collar started to choke her, her concerns grew.

"Not so... ughk... tight! You're cho...king me!" she complained, but that only made him pull in another notch.

Her eyes bulged out, her mouth gaped wide and her breath turned to a labored hiss. Her face grew red as she had to work hard to get every breath in, and then even harder to push it out. Each respiration cycle required a conscious effort and drew more pain from her bruised ribs. It was a horrible sensation, anguishing and humiliating. It even deprived her of normal speech as she could not spare the required air for it, all her efforts being focused on the simple act of oxygenating her blood. The collar also had a deep psychological effect, reducing her to the rank of some dumb animal, as if she was no longer an intelligent human being. That thought filled her heart with both anger and humiliation.

Feeling satisfied with his pet's constraint, Joe took out the leash next, a long silvery length of chain with a leather handle to wrap around the owner's

wrist, and attached it to the steel ring protruding from the front edge of the collar. He gave it an experimental yank, smiling as he waited for her reaction. What she didn't know was that along the inside of the leather lining ran a concealed choke chain that would constrict around her throat whenever he pulled the leash, and by the shocked look in her eyes she had just discovered this.

Natalie hissed and gurgled as her throat was suddenly constricted even tighter, cutting all of her air supply. Acting on instinct, she tried to crawl toward him to loosen the choke. With her arms behind her back and her knees hobbled, this was not an easy maneuver. She now understood that when he had called this an obedience collar, he had not been lying. It made her helpless and eager to do whatever he ordered. It was crazy, it was dangerous, and going far beyond her wildest fantasies. But she was in no position to change anything now. She could only hope he would not strangle her to death.

“Let's see if you can obey some simple commands, agent *pet*. Even the stupidest dog could do these tricks. Sit!” he ordered, holding the lead tight with one hand and pointing to the floor with the other as if directing an animal.

This was so degrading! She hated it with all her mind. She had no desire to experience the deadly choke again, though. She struggled to curl her knees under her and then sat on her haunches, keeping her torso straight, hoping this was the position he had in mind.

“Good bitch. Not bad at all. And on your first try too! You make your owner proud.” He fished around in his stained pocket and brought out a couple of lumps of dried liver, a favorite treat of his dogs, and held them out before her face as a reward.

She wrinkled her face in disgust and shook it, not wanting to eat that stuff. She was still panting and hissing hard against the strangling collar.

Furrowing his brow in anger, he put tension on the lead, once again constricting her airways to enforce his order. His hand remained in front of her face, pushing the unappetizing bits toward her lips.

Natalie realized she had no choice but to accept the reward. She pressed

her nose into his moist palm and took the treats with her lips. She hated liver, and even just the smell of it made her gag. But these things were not that bad. Mostly bland and salty, though with a pretty nasty aftertaste. She chewed them to crumbs before trying to force them down her strangled gullet, which was no small feat.

He nodded and gave his next command, “Now roll over, girl!” Giving her some slack to perform, he looked at her expectantly. “Come on, this one’s easy. I’m sure you’re used to being on your back with your legs spread,” he added, now addressing her human side. He snuck a glance over to the other side of the room, where he had positioned the hidden camera earlier, and hoped it would cover this angle. They weren’t standing quite on the spot he had tested but it should be close enough to capture most of the action.

Natalie frowned. This wasn’t funny at all. This was just pure humiliation. She hated dogs, she despised them, and being treated like one was not one of her fantasies.

So she lay herself down on the dirty floor and rolled, first to her back and then to her belly. With her jeans still wrapped around her knees and her hands cuffed behind her back, the maneuver was difficult and painful, but she managed it on the first try. She stopped in that position, her breasts pressed against the floor, her shirt all crumpled and twisted around her chest, trying to keep her nose off the floor’s filth. She realized that the collar prevented her from turning her head to the sides, lest it would choke her more. By now she was sweating profusely as even the least of movements exhausted her in her state of continuous asphyxia.

“Aaand up again!” Joe said cheerfully as he pulled hard on the leash, lifting his collared dog bitch back up on her knees by her neck.

Natalie’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets as the collar constricted her neck with brutal and sudden force. She struggled to get her legs under her and get on her knees, straightening her thighs and torso to be as tall as possible, all along making ugly gurgling noises through her strangulated throat. She was trembling hard, as even in that position she could still feel some tension on the choking chain.

“That wasn’t very good, slut, but about as much as I could expect from a mangy cur like you. Maybe you’ll do better playing fetch? That was always a favorite of my old bitch.” Joe reached down and unhooked the leash from her collar, then took out an old chewed-up rubber ball from his pocket and tossed it across the room. It bounced off the wall and came to rest a few paces from where they stood. He looked at her with a raised eyebrow, waiting for her to move. When she just looked at him with a dumb expression on her reddened and strained but still very beautiful face, he pointed to the ball and clarified, “Fetch the ball. In your mouth. On your knees. Now,” in a slow speech as if she really was a dumb animal.

Natalie would have sighed if she had had enough air in her craving lungs. She felt so tired from this constant battle against asphyxia. At least she was no longer leashed and she had better not anger him again. Thus, despite how humiliating it felt, she crawled the short distance that separated her from the ball. With her jeans stuck around her knees, it took her longer than expected as she had to shuffle her legs in tiny steps. The practical part of her mind was glad she had chosen sturdy pants that would not get ruined by this kind of exercise.

She bent down and had a closer look at the ball. Right away, her trained detective’s eyes spotted the deep dents left by dog teeth. But she also noticed a few shallower bumps as could be made by a human. Of course, the lab would have to analyze them to confirm her suspicion... but that was enough to put her in detective mode. Had this pervert played this game with other women before her? Joe must have taken her lack of movement for hesitation. A painful slap on her raised butt reminded her that she had more urgent duties at the moment. With a grimace of disgust, she opened her mouth very wide to be able to grab the ball. She curled her tongue and lips all the way back to avoid touching it with anything but the tips of her teeth. At that point, she realized she had just ruined a precious piece of forensic evidence. If she brought it to the lab now, they would find her DNA all over it, as it also was everywhere in this room after all the beatings and humiliating games she had suffered. Ball in mouth, she straightened herself and knee-crawled back to the slob, her jaws aching from being parted so wide. Like a good dog, she dropped

the ball at his stinking feet.

Joe watched as the proud Federal agent placed herself down onto his dirty bedroom floor and began a slow, awkward knee-walk past where he was sitting on the edge of the bed. He could see the muscles of her athletic thighs, slender yet strong, shift and play beneath her tanned skin as she strode forward with short, shuffling steps. Her jeans still caught halfway down her legs, her bound arms, her tousled hair, and the reddened marks on her body from his harsh treatment only added to his arousal. As did the fact that despite how intense their session had been so far, he had yet to see her naked. As she reached the ball and bent down to grab it in her mouth as instructed, her almost bare ass swayed with her movements, held high in the air behind her, the twin cheeks tight and full, bisected by the thin black string of her small panties. With his eyes fixated on that gorgeous part of her body, Joe slurped up a string of drool that had escaped the corner of his mouth and adjusted the erection in his pants, which had once again become quite uncomfortable. As she stayed in that provocative position for a long moment, he couldn't resist reaching out to deliver a hard spank to her upturned ass, watching the tight cheeks bounce and jiggle before settling down to their perfect firm globes. Then he sat back to await her return, loving the look of abject humiliation painted all over her face as she strained to keep that filthy dog toy in the grip of her teeth.

"Well, well, looks like we found something you're good at after all," he complimented his bitch as he bent down to retrieve the ball where she had dropped it at his feet. She looked up at him with those soulful eyes as if awaiting his next command, and he was not short in giving it. Having planned to send her around the room on a few more rounds of fetch, he now found himself impatient to move on to the next stage. Once again, he checked in his mind the positioning of the hidden cameras and the angles they covered to make sure this would all be captured on film.

"Turn around," he ordered.

She obeyed, shuffling her sore knees on the floor. The crumpled jeans under her knees were getting very uncomfortable.

When she had her back toward him, he reattached the leash to the

second ring at the back of her collar and then started to wrap the trailing metal links around and in between her elbows, pulling them tighter and closer together with each pass. He knew this would hurt, even for someone as fit and agile as the young agent looked to be, and the tension in her muscles and the grunts of pain escaping her lips confirmed it. He made sure to keep her collar chain short and taut enough so that she would be strangling herself if she moved too much or tried to relax into her bondage.

She felt her neck being pulled backward, strangling her, while her supple arms were contorted in a very straining position. She had to pull her elbows as high as she could while arching her neck backward to be able to breathe in a very anguishing and uncomfortable position. The links of the chain leash dug into the muscles of her arms and pinched her skin, adding to her torment. Yet, that kind of predicament bondage was part of her fantasies and smoothed out some of the humiliation she was suffering.

“I think we need to get you into some rougher restraints, don’t you, agent? Can’t have you escape before we get you into custody.”

“You know I won’t go anywhere until you have revealed to me everything you know about that case,” she responded with some effort through her hoarse throat.

She sat down on her haunches, feeling her leather sandals press into her buttocks. She now had to keep a very uncomfortable position with her arms contorted up her back and her head arched backward so that she was forced to look at the ceiling. The smallest attempt at relaxing her body caused the collar to cut what little air she could get. She had no idea how long she could hold such a straining position. It was deadly, she knew. It reminded her of a murder case she had investigated a few years back, where a Mafia informant had been found dead in a position similar to hers. The autopsy showed it had been a very slow and torturous death. The memory sent an icy chill up her spine. Hopefully, this miserable slob was not going to kill her in such a crude manner. Hopefully, he would not kill her at all, she corrected her thought.

“Now that we are both comfortable and have gotten to know each other a little better, I think it’s time we had that talk you seem to want so much, hmm?” Joe said, reaching over to the nightstand to pick up his

cigarettes and a lighter, and placing them down on the mattress beside him. He then sat on the bed with his fat legs wide apart, the bound female agent crouched on the floor beneath him, her head leaning back against his paunch, trapped between his bare, hairy thighs. It was a proper position, he thought; him looking down on her from above, in full control of her every movement, even her life-giving intake of air. He stroked her cheek with almost gentle fingers, letting the digits play over the part of her soft, vulnerable throat that protruded over the broad collar around her neck as if to reinforce to her the power he now held over her.

In that position, Natalie could not move. She was forced to look up at his ugly face while the stench from his unwashed body floated all around her. Her curly hair was pressing against his crotch and she could not help but notice the hard bulge there. She would have to shampoo her hair again, several times, before going back to work. On the more positive side, she found that she could grab the bottom of the mattress which helped her to keep her elbows as high as possible. This relieved some of the pain in her arms and some of the tension around her throat.

“Yes. I won’t be able to take notes, but I have a good memory,” she managed to joke in her strangled, hoarse voice.

Though he loved the feminine tenor of her voice, it sounded even better with the rough edge to it that her harsh bondage provoked. It would also force her to choose her words with care and let him do most of the talking; the way any good woman should behave.

He pulled a cigarette from the pack, lit it up, and took a deep drag, puffing the smoke into the air as he let the nicotine hit calm his mind.

Natalie wrinkled her nose at the smell. As a total non-smoker, she was quite sensitive to tobacco smoke and always tried to avoid situations where she would have to inhale it. Now, there was nothing she could do to escape it and she hated that.

“So, Agent Swann, before I say anything more on the matter, first let me know what you have on this case. What do you know of the missing girl? What prompted you to come to my home and start asking rude questions?” His fingers tightened their grip on her chin at this point, forcing her head

back at an even steeper angle, urging her to answer him with the truth.

Natalie shuddered. This was confidential information he was asking from her. If she spoke and it was discovered she had given up sensitive details, it would ruin her career and possibly get her in jail too. She knew what would happen to a former cop in prison. She had heard horrible tales... Those thoughts made her loins clench once again. Here she was, bound in a torturous position, helpless, and being interrogated by a cruel slob. That was so hot!

“You talk first. Tell me what you know and I’ll tell you what I do.”

That was not what he wanted to hear. Once again, the arrogant slut thought she could dictate the order of things. That was not going to stand. Leaving the cigarette dangling between his lips, Joe reached down to her front, grabbed each side of her blouse, and tore it open with such force that the buttons flew in all directions, scattering over the floor. The B-cup bra she wore beneath, he yanked down so that it hung askew on one side, baring one of her small but firm breasts to his hard fingers, which dug straight into the pliable flesh with uncontained rage.

Shit! Natalie thought as her shirt was destroyed. The immediate rough groping that followed brought new tears to her eyes as her breasts were very sensitive and he was mauling the left one without any care for the fragile glands inside.

Her tits may have been on the smaller side, but he found that her nipples were long and rock hard, pointing straight out from her chest like bullets, or at least one of them was. He pinched the one he had freed between thumb and forefinger and twisted it in a sharp bend, digging his nail into the tender flesh.

Her eyes bulged out of her head and she let out a long hiss, her face grimacing in agony. At the same time, the pain seemed to shoot straight to her pussy, converting it into pleasure. Her fantasy was complete. She had no choice but to speak now, and it was a sick way to reward him for his actions. With her neck forced backward like that, it wasn’t easy to speak. She had to make frequent pauses to recover her breath, to swallow her saliva. Yet she spoke, recounting the few bits of information they had managed to gather

and how they had found the lead that brought them to this trailer park.

While she talked, Joe made sure to aim his exhale down at her upturned face, watching the blue-gray smoke of his filterless cigarette roll over her pretty features. He enjoyed the way it made her wince and cough, interrupting her already strained speech. Now and then, little fragments of ash would also release from the glowing tip and drift down to her face, irritating her skin and making her blink to avoid getting it into her eyes.

This showed how little respect he had for her. At first, he had done it to show his control over her but when he saw how much she hated the smoke, he continued blowing it into her face out of pure sadism. She tried to turn her head away but of course, that was impossible. She had to inhale the stinking, cheap smoke and it made her whole breathing apparatus itch. Her eyes burned and she had to blink them over and over to prevent tears from rolling down her cheeks.

He shifted in his seat, one hand going down to his groin to adjust the bulge in his pants. When that didn't work to relieve the tension, he slipped his hand inside his sweatpants and took out his cock in full, letting it breathe some air, or rather pollute the air around it, even more than the smoke had.

As the strong, but now familiar stench wafted around her contorted head, Natalie paused her speech to grimace in disgust.

The mass of soft brown curls that fell about his crotch like a curtain felt good on his skin, and he pushed his freed cock deeper within those silken tresses, using her hair as a comforting blanket for his turgid member.

Turning her eyes up, she could see the purple, massive cock head emerging from her curls at the top of her forehead. Its oily warmth spread against her scalp. She imagined his fat balls splayed in her hair and it gave her nausea. It was so revolting. In her fantasies, the guys had always smelled good. Well, a bit of sperm of course... but this guy was reeking. He must not have taken a bath in weeks and when he pulled his cock out, the contamination it left behind was overpowering.

“Speak, cunt!” he yelled, his patience having run out. Spittle flew from his lips, joining the little black dots of ash on her upturned face, and he felt her jump at the power of his voice.

“I told you all I know! Really, there isn’t much. That’s why I hope you can tell us more.” She tensed. What if he didn’t believe her and tortured her for information she didn’t have?

He flicked the last bit of ash from the dying cigarette onto the floor beside her and sighed. “OK, I believe you. For now. But if I find out you’ve been holding something back...” he left the threat hanging in the air for a moment, then decided to enforce the seriousness of his statement by turning the smoldering cigarette butt over in his fingers and pressing it down against her shoulder, putting it out against her smooth skin with a soft hiss.

Her eyes bulged out and a hoarse scream escaped her mouth, muffled by his big hand. She squirmed as the pain throbbed on her shoulder. The bastard had branded her! He had marked her in her flesh! She was both furious and devastated. She wanted to look at her back to see how bad her skin had been marred, but he kept his calloused hand over her mouth as long as she screamed and struggled, holding her still.

After a few minutes, the pain eased down, leaving a dull ache behind. As soon as he removed his palm, she glared at him, ash-flecked tears streaming down her face.

“Why did you do that? That’s a scar that will never go! Are you crazy?”

“Oh, come off it! I thought you agents were supposed to be tough! Turns out you’re all just a bunch of cry babies wanting to look cool, but when it comes down to it, you can’t handle the heat. Though in your case, I think that heat made an improvement... that mark suits you... and now you’ll remember me forever,” he grinned.

She gritted her teeth in frustration. She yearned to respond but that would only make things worse. He was right, a burn on the shoulder was easy to cover, and even to forget as she would not see it in the mirror. It was safer just to move on and not to keep him on this track, or he might burn her again.

Joe grinned down at his pretty captive cop. Shifting his cock within her hair, he let it rest against the back of her ear as he began to recount his side of the story. Fun’s fun, but a deal was a deal. Not that he had a shred of honor within his fat body, but this was all part of the bigger plan.

Natalie relaxed a bit, as much as she could in her current contorted position as she listened intently, committing every word to her brilliant memory, despite the many painful distractions she was suffering.

He chose his words with care, knowing she'd remember every inflection, every syllable, and most assuredly would use it against him later, even though she would have no concrete evidence of this moment apart from her own testimony. Still, he gave her just enough misdirection to keep the Bureau looking in the wrong place for some time to come. When he finished, all he had really told her was that a young woman had been reported missing a few days ago after a minor squabble at the local bar, the general opinion on why and what had happened, and the woman's name, Connie Mathers. It was a small town, and everybody knew this much about it now, though no one had the specifics. It was all stuff she would no doubt already have, except for one detail. He had saved it for last and tossed it in there almost as an afterthought.

"Oh, and I did hear someone mention that Connie was going to see her cousin up in Wellspring. Something about a lost wager. No idea what that means, but you guys can probably figure that out with your big brains and fancy toys," he finished. It was all bullshit, of course, something he just came up with on a whim. A red herring to send her on a wild goose chase. The truth was far too much for this little slut to handle. He almost could not hold back a laugh as he saw the wheels start to turn behind those big brown intelligent eyes. She was so desperate for recognition, this one. It was written all over her.

This was meager information. All that for so little. Well, at least she had been able to live out her wildest fantasies, and after all, that had been the main reason she had come here tonight. And now she had a new lead. She just had to find an explanation for how she got it without going into all the scabrous details.

"Thank you for your help, sir. You know, there is a reward for any information that leads to an arrest. If your info helps us, I'll make sure you get your due part," she tried to say in a formal tone, which sounded ridiculous with her husky vocals.

"Oh, you will reward me alright, agent cunt. As a matter of fact, I'm

going to take my 'due part' from you right now."

Natalie shuddered. This was the last part of her fantasy she had yet to experience. The lust flooded back into her mind, her eyes turned fuzzy as she lost herself in subspace.

Joe grabbed the top of her skull and turned her face toward the side where his cock still lay buried in her soft hair. The pressure of the collar on her windpipe increased, making her breathing even harder. With a bit of maneuvering, he brought its swollen, purplish tip to her lips and slid it back and forth over those soft pillows.

His slimy cock felt like a giant slug crawling across her face. It was disgusting. The stench, the look of it. Again, she had to fight the urge to puke.

"Tongue," was all he said.

Reluctantly, she stuck out her tongue and curled it around the proffered cock flesh, grimacing as she tasted the sweaty, grimy skin of his shaft.

"That's right, slut. I know you have an eager tongue in that whore mouth, always yapping it around for no reason. Now show me how you put it to some good use for a change."

Really, that was too disgusting for her. So much filth was a complete turn-off and ruined the moment. But she had no choice. In that position, she could hardly get any air and she knew he would not change it before she obeyed him. So, she started licking the underside of the hard cock, tasting its filth, a mix of urine, sweat, and unwashed grime. There were even some loose pubes getting caught on her tongue. His groin stank. It was a full-blown male swinery in there. She tried her best to lick as far as she could in her strenuous position, stretching her tongue around the sides of the shaft.

Joe helped his kneeling slut agent along by sliding his manhood over her upturned mouth, using her wet, silken tongue as a washcloth to rid himself of days worth of accumulated cock scum. Soon, the tip of her nose and much of her chin glistened with a foul mix of his filth and her own saliva. He wanted to taint her with his scent, drive it so deep within her consciousness that she would never get rid of it. His essence would remain with her for the rest of her life, forever marking her as his property.

The cock filth was smeared all over her face, against her flared nostrils,

spreading its abominable pheromones everywhere. It overwhelmed every other sensation, plunging her into a haze of his sex musk. His flaccid testicles, hair-covered and leathery, smothered her nose, forcing her to inhale more of the rankness. It was like her entire world was reduced to his stinking sex organs.

As much as he wanted to continue this orgy of debauchery, he knew that time was of the essence and that there were many more steps to be taken before he could claim this slut as his own. First, he had to ruin her, take away her life and security, turn her world upside down, and leave her with nothing but his ownership of her. And step one toward that goal was insurance.

Pulling his cock away from her smeared but still very pretty cop face, he leaned back and reached a hand under the mattress for the piece of black cloth he had stashed there earlier. He pulled the strip out and rolled it up into a thick, rope-like length. This he wrapped around her head, making sure it covered her eyes and was tied tight behind her neck. He checked and rechecked its position as it was crucial she would not be able to see anything for the next part. Then he yanked her to her feet by her elbow chains, and, ignoring her feeble moans of protest, bent her over the bed with her face mashed into the stained mattress and her ass up in the air. The way she moved and shifted her head as if trying to locate any point of reference assured him she was bereft of her sense of sight.

For brief seconds, her air was again cut off as she was manhandled and placed in an obscene and defenseless position. The fact that she could not see anything was disorienting and made her feel even more vulnerable. It also somehow made her sense of smell even stronger, which in her current situation was a malediction. She did not dare to move, focusing on breathing as much air as the collar allowed. Her arms were now knotted with cramps and the chain that dug into her elbows brought protruding veins all over her forearms. Her strangled hands had taken on a deep shade of red, and her clawed fingers had turned numb. Against her face and now half-naked chest, she felt the musty mattress she was sinking into. Its stench was nothing compared to Joe's cock but it still added to her impression of getting impregnated with his musk.

Leaving her like that for a moment, Joe went over to the opposite side of the bed to set up the camera he had prepared earlier. For this scene, he needed the angle and focus to be perfect. Trying not to make any sounds that revealed his intentions, he kept talking to distract his victim.

“So, Special Agent cocksucker, now I will give you that reward you’ve been yearning for ever since you set foot inside my home. Just keep your ass pointed up high, your legs spread and your back arched like a good little whore, and you’ll get that pretty little law-abiding ass of yours stuffed full of trailer trash cock.” By now, Joe had this slutty bitch’s dirty fetishes all figured out. And for now, he was going to give her what she wanted. Not that it would be much of a sacrifice on his part to play along with this side of her depraved mind.

His choice of words could not have been better to arouse her perverted mind again. Twisting her lower legs and rubbing them against the edge of the mattress, she managed to slide her pants down to her ankles, which, while making her hobble more pronounced, also allowed her to spread her knees much further apart. She shuffled them forward, increasing the arch of her spine, making her position very suggestive. She rubbed her chest against the mattress, dragging the bra down and popping her second breast out. The rough fabric felt good against her erect nipples and added to her lusty fantasy. Blind, all her other senses were sharper, and she shuddered. Her mouth was wide agape in her efforts to breathe. A thread of saliva ran down her chin which she could not wipe off. Her skin glistened with a sheen of perspiration.

“Yesssss!” she moaned in her whorish, strangulated, ruined voice. “Take my ass, ram your big cock in it until I’m senseless, ruin it, and cum all over me.” The cumshot was not really part of her fantasy, but she thought it would be a way to prevent him from cumming in her vagina without protection. This was it! This was going to be the cherry on top of her perverted cake. She was going to get what she had dreamed of for so many years. It was so good that her pussy was wide agape and creaming, glistening with her juices.

With the camera up and running the way he wanted it, Joe returned to his squirming slut, who had now managed to undress herself a little further. He smiled at her eagerness to show herself off to him and live out her not-so-

secret fantasies. She may be a smart and competent young woman in her field, but she had no idea what she was getting herself into here.

Natalie was too deep into her fantasies to understand what Joe was doing around her. She wanted this to be perfect, so she had squirmed into a wanton position. Surely, that would arouse the most animalistic instincts in her would-be rapist.

Looking down at the wanton display of feminine charms before him, Joe dropped his old sweatpants to the floor and stepped out of them. Agent Swann was like a true bitch in heat now, so wet her juices had soaked the tiny black thong between her legs and overflowed in tiny rivulets down the inside of her smooth thighs. He could smell her scent, her feminine musk, her unbridled arousal, and it intoxicated him. But he needed to keep his mind calm and controlled. This was the moment of truth, and there was no room for mistakes. Leaning over her outstretched back, he grabbed her thick hair and lifted her head up at the right angle, aiming her blindfolded face straight toward the camera lens.

She moaned as her sore scalp got pulled again, but this time it only added to her arousal. His drooling cock lay snug in the valley of her ass cheeks, hugged by her firm flesh. It was driving her crazy with lust. Despite how disgusting that monstrous cock was, she wanted it, she needed it inside her at that moment. She squeezed her strong buttocks around it, as though she could grab it and swallow it.

“Now, Special Agent Natalie Swann—or should I call you ‘the most perverted whore to have ever set foot inside my house’? Tell me what you want, let me know what dark desires that fill that slutty little brain of yours. What should I do with you next, hmm?” He said in an attempt at leading her on.

“Take me! Take me hard, like a bitch in heat. Plunder my ass with your big cock while you yank on my hair and maul my breasts. Make me howl. Don’t hold back. I need it full strength and full scale!”

“Yeah, I know you do. And what are you? Tell me!” Though her dirty talk had aroused him, he pushed on with his scripted plan, wanting her to confess her true nature to the camera in her own words.

“I’m the neediest, sluttiest, filthiest pain bitch the FBI has ever had in its ranks. Rape me as though I had arrested you and left you to rot in prison for the past ten years. Ragefuck my virgin ass and cum over my whore agent’s face!”

She immediately regretted those last words as that would ruin her looks for the trip back home, but it was too late to take them back. Again, she humped her hips, trying to slide the elusive cockhead down to where her puckered anus was waiting, barely hidden by the thin strip of cloth. She now not only looked like a whore but her voice sounded like one too, her throat ruined by the depththroat rape of earlier.

This was good, more than he had hoped for. She was so lost in her sexual high that he felt he could push for even more, make her confess to something that would not only ruin her career for all time but also send her to jail, and make her friends and family shun and despise her. Something truly despicable. He wondered if he could get anything that nasty out of the straight-laced detective, but judging from the way she spilled her guts now, anything was possible.

“Such nasty words, Agent Swann! I wonder what goes through that naughty little head of yours when you walk a crime scene or investigate a rape case, hmm?” He said, punctuating the sentence with another slide of his cock up between her clenching buttocks. He was playing along with her wildest fantasies now, leading her down the path to total destruction without her having the slightest clue about it. What an aphrodisiac! But there was more to come. The grand finale. He could feel it hovering so close. He gave her choke leash a bit more slack so she could talk unimpeded with only a slight hoarseness to her voice. She needed to be recognized beyond any doubt on the video.

This got her wild. “Remember that police bitch who got raped in Broadhill last month? It was all over the news, you must have seen it. She’d been gangbanged by those she had arrested just after they got out of prison. It was a pure hatefuck. They raped her as vengeance. They fucked her with her own baton to loosen her tight virgin ass... and then they took her every hole. Each of them. She was left a total mess... but that was so hot! I managed to get

access to the crime scene photographs. I even made copies of them and brought them home, and then I masturbated on them so hard. I wish I could have interrogated her...to hear her relate every juicy detail from her own mouth... but my questions would probably have been a bit too personal. Do me like that, as revenge! Come on, I'm Special Agent Natalie Swann from the FBI and I have come here to arrest you. Will you let that go unpunished? Do I need to show you my badge to excite that hate in you?"

And there it was. Jackpot! There was no way she was getting herself out of this one. He almost fell for the temptation to lower his cock and shove it straight up her ass right then and there, but again forced himself to calm down. This wasn't over yet. And her final words had given him an idea.

"Did you bring your badge, Agent Swann?" he asked.

"Of course. It was in my purse, which you...I mean, which *I* carelessly dropped at the front door in my haste to get my holes pumped," she said with a bit of sarcasm, but not so much as to risk angering him now at this critical moment.

This was getting better by the minute. Joe was almost ecstatic now. "Stay there, Agent Swann," he ordered. "Don't move a muscle. I'll be back once I've checked your credentials."

Natalie whined in frustration. Didn't he see how needy she was? But if her badge could make him more brutal, then she was willing to wait for it. She heard him opening the front door and rummaging around outside. She felt so stupid and obscene in her current position. She imagined the sight he would get when he came back, with her butt offered, thighs spread wide and glistening with her juices.

Naked below his waist, Joe ran out the door, dick swaying, searching his porch for the missing FBI badge. The item was quite large and easy to spot even in the dusk of night, its metal details glimmering in the light of the single street lamp glowing outside. He picked it up, along with the keys to the handcuffs that he also found lying in the grass nearby, thinking they might come in handy. The rest of the girly stuff; makeup, tampons, a few packs of condoms, some pocket change, he left where they lay.

Returning to the truck, he paused at the entrance, taking in the vulgar

sight that met him. He could hardly believe his eyes. Had someone told him that very morning, that he would have a naked, hot FBI agent bent forward over his bed, tied up with her own handcuffs and with a large dog collar around her neck, ready and yearning for her ass to be fucked, he would have thought them a total nutcase.

“Found it? Do you want me to read you your rights first?” she said. While he was gone, Natalie had thought of further ways to stir his perverted lust, and this just might work.

“Yeah, I found it. I have it right here.” The sexy agent’s hoarse, seductive voice brought him back to the present, and he reached over to grab her by the elbow chains again, hoisting her upper body from the mattress so that the camera got a good view of her bare breasts, nipples pointing straight out and her bra still hanging off-center below them.

“And yes, I do want you to read that baloney for me. So tell me, Agent Swann, what are my rights?”

“You have the right to fuck me hard until I scream. If I remain silent, you have the right to fuck me even harder. Everything I say, can and must be used against me. You have the right to fuck any whore you want, but if you can’t afford one I will appoint myself in her place if you wish. Knowing and understanding your rights as I have explained them to you, are you willing to hate rape me until I’m reduced to a trembling mess of female cop flesh?”

Somewhere in the back of her mind, Natalie wondered if she would ever be able to read the Miranda warning again without having flashbacks to this moment.

“I do agree to those prerogatives, Special Agent Swann. After all, who am I to stand against the might of the law when you lay it down so eloquently?”

“Do your worst, then. My holes are yours to use and abuse.”

During her perverse distortion of the Miranda rights, Joe had been holding Natalie’s FBI badge beside her blindfolded face in full view of the camera, grinning like a fool behind her while she condemned herself on record. It was all just too good to be true.

“Just one more thing, agent. Would you be willing to wear your badge

in a place where people could see it better? Just so there's no confusion as to who you are and who you represent? I think this respectable insignia should be carried pinned to your chest in honor of its legacy, don't you?" To forestall any protests at this point, he reached one hand down between her legs and gave her panty-clad pussy a firm slap, knowing this would send her lust-crazed mind into overdrive.

He was going to make her explode with lust. Why did it take him so long to just fuck her? At this point, she was ready to accept anything if it could get his cock into her.

"Yessss! Do it, and then fuck me!"

Joe chuckled at her frustration. "Hold still now, agent cocksucker."

"Sir yes Sir!"

His hand came around her to rip what remained of her bra clean off her shoulders, not even bothering with unclasping it first. The force of the elastic coming apart left angry red strap marks on her skin as he threw the tattered garment onto the floor. Extracting the badge from its cover, he flipped out the sharp pin on its opposing side and then reached over her shoulders. Grabbing her left tit with one hand and aiming the pin toward the base of her red-engorged nipple, he stabbed the sharp steel right through it in one quick push. The piercing was over and done before she had time to react. Not that she could do more than jerk a little in her bonds from the pain. To prevent the badge from slipping, he pushed the long pin up to its fastener on the back and hooked it in. This squeezed her nipple tight as it now lay trapped between the needle and the hard metal backing. When he let go of the heavy insignia, it now sat on her chest like some strange adornment. Her left breast sagged lower than her right, dragged down by the weight attached to it.

Natalie screamed in agony, taken by surprise as she had not understood what he really meant to do. Her nipple throbbed and was stretched down by the weight of the heavy badge. The official emblem of her profession was now ridiculed on her lewd body. Her nipple hurt badly but at this point even that intense pain only added to her cravings.

Knowing he had risked too much with this game already, Joe decided to not push matters any further. The whore was on the brink of exploding with

lust, and he knew he had more than enough material on her by now. Whatever happened next was just a bonus.

He squatted down by the end of the bed. With one arm holding her legs, he unstrapped her shoes and pulled them off her feet one by one, tossing the feminine sandals into the corner to join the various old junk already there. Then he began to peel her jeans off all the way, freeing her trapped legs from their grasp. He wanted her mobile for what came next. As he worked, he could sense her getting more excited, probably thinking he was preparing her for that fuck she had been promised. She wasn't wrong, but it wouldn't happen the way she hoped for, of that he was fairly certain.

More preliminaries... as if she hadn't had enough yet? Why did it matter that she had her shoes and pants on? He could still fuck her with them on, couldn't he?

"Come on, just hurry up and fuck me!" she complained.

Ignoring her pleas, Joe paused for a moment to study her bare feet as he held them in front of his face, sole up, toes pointing back. She had delicate arches and cute little toes, and the soles were soft, clean, and wrinkled. He'd always had a thing for female feet, and it wasn't often such a beautiful pair presented themselves to him. Deciding to sample her, he put his face down and gave each of the tender soles a big sloppy kiss, then a long wet lick from heel to toe with his fat tongue, concluding the taste test with a quick suck of her toes. He felt her wriggle them inside his mouth and gave them a departing nibble.

Natalie moaned in frustration as Joe was paying more attention to her feet than her needy crotch. She wiggled her toes out of impatience and grimaced as she felt his sticky spit between them.

Joe sighed at the whining coming from above. "Shut up, cunt!" he yelled. Then he stood back up and delivered a hard slap to both of her pouting buttocks, making them jiggle in a pleasant display of firm feminine flesh. Natalie moaned again, but this time it was from pleasure.

Apart from her blouse, which was too tangled up in her bound arms to be bothered with, her delicious body was now naked. Well, there was also the tiny piece of fabric still covering her nether assets, and he decided it was time

to rid her of that one too. He hooked his fingers into the thin waistband of that minuscule underwear and eased them over her hips and down her thighs in a slow, tantalizing movement. She moaned in response while wiggling her butt some more. As her most private parts revealed themselves before his lecherous eyes, Joe smiled to himself. He had been right, she was indeed shaved. But only the cleft itself lay bared, glistening and swollen. Further down, her mons were still adorned with a thick, but well-trimmed patch of dark brown curls to give a bit of dignity to her womanhood. Her vulva was bloated, her inner labia swelling out, all puffy and glistening with juices. The entrance of her vagina opened and closed itself in a slow pulse as if trying to suck him into its moist depths. This close to her sex, the smell of her musk was almost overpowering. He wasn't sure if it was too much or incredibly arousing, but he made a vow to himself that he'd put his cock all the way up into that inviting hole before this night was over.

Sliding her soaked panties down the rest of the way, he threaded them over her feet and used them as a rag to wipe up the excess of her fluids. The mere touch was enough to send thrills through her entire body. Then he leaned over her once more and pressed the wet fabric against her nose, rubbing it across her face. She moaned, breathing her own juices as they were smeared on her skin. She was going to stink like a real whore after they were done.

“Open up, Agent Swann,” he said, holding the panties to her lips. Without a word, she obeyed.

Pushing the balled-up underwear into her mouth, he made sure every inch of the panties was seated far behind her front teeth, almost making her gag on them. She grimaced in disgust, not used to tasting and sniffing her own juices.

“Do you like the taste of yourself, whore?” he asked, knowing she would not be able to give a coherent answer, but not able to resist the opportunity to taunt her some more.

She shook her head, as much as the thick and tall collar allowed. She was upset about not getting what she had been waiting for for the last ten years. The ball of cotton was indeed soaked and full of her own flavor, which

she had never much liked. Why did he have to do all that now?

“Now stay still,” he said. Looking for something to tie the makeshift gag with, he saw her discarded bra still on the floor and picked it up. Wrapping the elastic garment around her head and over her mouth, he found it to be a good tool for anchoring the soggy ball of pussy-and-spit-soaked cotton between her teeth. That would shut her up for the moment, he thought. No more listening to her pitiful complaints.

He stepped back and took a moment to admire her form. The defiled agent looked incredible, presented there in lewd display across his bed, her naked body squirming and writhing in its bonds. His hand grabbed his iron-hard cock and gave it a few slow strokes. The camera was still running. He could edit out any incriminating sounds or images of himself in the final video, as well as distort his voice to something unrecognizable. All that would be left in glorious technicolor was the daring agent and her own self-damning evidence.

His libido stoked to new heights, Joe stepped forward, grabbed hold of the slender waist, dropped a huge glob of spit between her pouting buttocks, and sunk the tip of his cock into her tight anal entrance with sheer brute force.

Natalie jerked and gasped as her anal sphincter got forced. It was not the first time for her, despite what she had told him, but it was definitely the largest of insertions she had ever felt back there, and it hurt! The pain made her clench her anus in a protective reflex, which only made it worse.

At once her head came up, and a muffled groan escaped her gagged throat. He couldn't tell if it was from pain or lust, maybe a bit of both, but it didn't matter. He didn't care one whit for her pleasure, this was his own reward for all the trouble she had made him go through. He'd make sure to have her pay him back in many other ways down the line, but for now, he was going to take what she so freely offered to him.

Of course, she had expected some pain and she actually welcomed it, although it also prevented her from achieving the orgasm she had been yearning for.

“That's just the tip, slut. Do you like it so far? There's still another seven

inches to go. What was that? I couldn't hear you... But I thought you said my cock was too small for you... No?" he taunted as he applied more pressure on her dilating anus, feeling the stretched ring muscle cramp and pulse around his cock head. She was an anal virgin alright, or close to it. She had not lied about that part. He had never felt anything so tight before.

Natalie moaned into her gag. She wished he would have taken her deeper and faster, like in a hate fuck. Why was he suddenly so gentle and tactful? She tried to back up her butt and spear herself on that cock but groaned in dismay. This was really not the same as being taken by force.

Grabbing her chained arms, he lifted her up to change the angle of his penetration and to better show off her agonized facial expressions to the camera. He wanted every second of this moment immortalized. The movement pulled on the choke chain and cut off her air supply. She croaked and grimaced behind her panty gag. Her breasts dangled under her naked chest, the humiliating badge dangling from her left nipple in a painful and degrading way.

The feeling of that tight piece of Federal ass clamping down on his cock made Joe growl with unbridled lust. He leaned in close to his partner's neck, put one hand over her mouth to hold her head in place, and bit down hard on her ear as he shoved himself deep into her bowels, using the full force of his bulk to pile-drive his cock into her body.

Natalie's lust skyrocketed as she felt Joe's arms grab her tight. Then she howled at the top of her lungs as he impaled her in one swift, ruthless move that felt like her rear was being split apart. The sensation was so sharp, so brutal, it felt as though his cock filled all of her lower body. That was it! Yes, oh yes! She moaned again, this time in a more wanton tone.

"You wanted to get fucked in the ass, pig whore? Well, now you'll get it so deep and hard you won't shit straight for a month."

He felt her body resisting, trying to expel him from the unnatural entry with spasmodic jerks of her core muscles, but he just battered through them all, forcing himself deeper into that hot, forbidden cavern, growling and grunting like some feral beast into her ear. His hairy bulk broke out into a sweat, large grimy drops running off his fat body to mingle with her own

perspiration and soak into her soft skin like some vile lotion.

His moist hands had her arms in a grip of steel, strangling her in the process. His thrusts forced her head to bob and yank on the choker. It was an extreme experience as she was both strangled and raped at the same time. But that also made it exhilarating.

His powerful thrusts changed into a staccato of short stabs, hammering his cock inside, breaching the remaining few inches until his balls slapped against her wet cunt with loud dirty noises. He was in her all the way up to the hilt, and by now he might have driven what shit she had stored up in her colon straight back into her stomach.

Lost in his primal lust, he forgot about the camera, about the greater long-term reasons why he was doing this. Right now, he just wanted to fuck this stuck-up bitch to oblivion.

Natalie's bowels were on fire, bursting from internal pressure. Every movement inside her rectum ground against raw flesh, adding to the pain. He had let go of her arms to grab her hair instead. She had collapsed on the mattress, crushing her breasts and her pierced nipple against it, while her head was yanked backward in short rhythmic pulls by her scalp. Her face grimaced as she grunted in agony. As her colon got sleeker with blood and cock slime, and her inner walls stretched to broader dimensions, he could move faster and faster. The first impression was floating away now. Only pain remained, and it grew worse with every thrust. She had almost orgasmed during the first few humpings but now all pleasure was gone, replaced by the agony of the brutal fucking. Images of the policewoman from Broadhill flashed in front of her blinded eyes. Was she going to end up like her? All of a sudden, her fate did not look that appealing to her, despite what she had said before. She tried to complain, to tell him to stop, but what little air she could suck into her lungs was used to moan and gasp and just survive. Every attempt at forming words was muffled by her own panties and bra. *Stop it! Stop it! You're tearing me apart! You're breaking my neck and choking me to death!* The words bounced around in her pain-boggled skull, unable to exit her gasping mouth. In the back of her mind, she realized that what she was going through was not even a quarter of what she had begged him to do to her, and now she hoped he

would just cum and put an end to all this. She tried to crawl away from Joe but she hardly felt her legs at this point. Besides, he had a very strong grip on her hair and there was nothing she could do to escape her fate.

Joe grabbed his fuckdoll detective by the hair and pulled her back from the mattress. “Get up, cunt!” he yelled, and threw her aside, shoving her in the back so that she stumbled forward, falling in a heap on the floor. She lay there hissing through her strangled throat, her violated ass throbbing, too dazzled to move. Blindfolded, she had no idea where she had fallen or where her assaulter was, but that did not matter much. She was just trying to cope with the pain and asphyxia.

His cock had been yanked out of her ass by the momentum and now stood like a shining monument pointing into the air, coated in a mix of spit, sweat, cock-grime, and whatever foulness had been in her rear. The bedroom stank of sex, yet he was hungry for more. With the camera rolling on, Joe stepped toward the cowering agent and pulled her to her knees once more. She felt light as a feather in his arms, and he loved that he could do pretty much anything he wanted with her on account of his superior strength.

Ripping off her gag, he threw the ruined bra and damp panty-lump aside before delivering a resounding slap to her sweat-shining cheek. The blow was so hard that he could almost hear her brain rattle around in her skull.

“Party’s over, agent slut. Now it’s my turn to have some fun.”

Still dazzled by the brutal rape and slap, too shocked yet to use her recovered freedom to talk, she couldn’t believe what he had just said. Where had *her* fun been? Her ass was ruined but she hadn’t gotten any pleasure from it, much less an orgasm. Well, in all honesty, he hadn’t even done half of what she had begged him to do, but still... that choice of words was unfortunate. At least it meant her now gaping, oozing anus was safe.

He guided her blind face toward his brown-smearred cock, pressing its slimy head to her lips. Even deprived of her sight, she knew what was coming up for her because of the foul smell of his nasty cock. The stench of it was even worse now that her own feces had been added to the mix. She tried to turn her head away, but as always he was holding her tight by her hair, giving her no choice. The huge cockhead bounced against her clenched lips, against her

nose. He used his manhood to slap her cheeks, to poke against her eyes through the blindfold.

“Clean it,” came his order.

To further motivate her in this task, he grabbed hold of both of her ears and twisted them in a firm grip, feeling the soft cartilage bend and crack between his fingers. The noise it made was ominous, being so close to her auditory center, it was maybe worse than the pain. What had this monster done to her ears? Were they going to be malformed, jutting at an angle? No matter how silly it may have been, sudden concerns for her vanity now tore through her mind.

She looked distressed, and a soft moan escaped her liberated throat, but she did as told and opened her mouth. Joe inserted his filthy cock into that warm, sexy mouth and let it just rest there on her wet tongue, enjoying the cock-cleaning service she provided.

Her throat was still sore from the previous face fuck and she was glad it was not his intent to repeat that torture. To further motivate him away from any such ideas, she started licking the dirty cockhead, grimacing as she tasted its smegma and filth. She curled her delicate tongue around the tip and ran it behind its crown to collect all the nastiness that had been gathering there for the past month or two. Then, once the glans had been cleaned with her saliva, which involved swallowing all the foul bits past the constriction of her tight collar, she started to suck on it, pressing her lips around the veiny shaft while using her tongue over all the most sensitive spots. She listened to Joe’s gasps and breaths to find what he liked the most and give him more of it.

“Ooh, yeeeah, maybe you’re not such a bad cocksucker after all, sweetcheeks,” Joe said in a rare show of praise for his slut’s oral talents. And it really was good. Her loving tongue felt like a velvety but firm piece of warm cloth, wiping away all the filth and grease from his cock head and massaging its tender spots with gentle care. Even the harder bumps of her teeth scraping against his shaft now and then sent little thrills up his spine, making the rolls of fat on his belly shudder and jiggle as he groaned out his pleasure.

Realizing he was fast approaching climax, he gathered his willpower and pulled out of her loving mouth with a soft pop. As much as he wanted to

drench her gorgeous features with a liberal coating of sperm, he did not want to cum yet, and not in this manner. He took a deep breath to collect himself, stepped back, and looked down on his little law enforcer bondage slut.

Natalie just sat there, chin tilted upward, lips part-open as if waiting for him to continue using her. He loved how vulnerable she looked, her arms immobilized in that strict chain bondage he had put on her athletic figure, her cute little ears reddened from his harsh use of them as handles, the big black dog collar around her neck applying a mild but near-constant choke on her throat; and of course, the blindfold hiding half of her face, lending her a mysterious air. Perhaps that cloth needed to come off though. He missed seeing her big brown eyes and the expression of submissive pain in them.

He glanced over at the bedside alarm clock. 1:14 AM. Time had flown by since their kinky session had begun, but the night was still young. Leaving the kneeling agent where she was, Joe began to clear out the evidence of his video recording, tucking away the cameras and hiding all signs of their presence. He had more than enough dirt on her as it was, enough to ruin her entire life and any chance of a decent future for her. There was no need for him to overdo it and risk discovery. The mundane chore also allowed some time for his surging lust to diminish. This hot Fed was something else, and no matter how things went from here, whether his plans for her succeeded or not, he was going to get the most out of her tonight. Yes, she would provide him with a memory to last for the remainder of his pathetic, lonely, trailer-trash existence.

Natalie had no idea what he was doing. She heard him move back and forth, ignoring her. She seized that opportunity to get some much-needed rest. She had no idea of the time but she was tired, which was not unexpected, given all that she had gone through and how late it must be. She hoped his activity meant it was the end of their adventure and that she could go back home to take a shower and get some sleep.

Up till now, things had been rather chaotic, as could be expected when two strangers met under such bizarre circumstances to engage in some kind of perverted sex meet. And Joe had certainly let himself get carried away in the moment. But now he felt calmer, more focused. He felt he knew this slut's

colors, what she thought she needed, and what her agenda was. He no longer feared any retaliation from the law, despite having just sexually assaulted and ass-raped a Federal agent. She would not tell on him, he knew. And if she gave him the slightest bit of trouble going forward, he had the incriminating video of her to keep her silent and compliant. He owned her now. The thought sent another wicked thrill up his spine, and his mind whirled with the endless possibilities that lay ahead. But one of those options stood out before all others. Ever since his wife Margaret had died two years ago, he had seen himself degenerate into the sad slob of a drunk he was today. His life felt hollow without her. Even though he still kept the memory of her around, it just wasn't the same. He missed her big blue eyes, her furtive smile, her long blonde hair, her twisted kinks, and her submissive nature which had complimented his own dominant persona so well.

This young slut may not be half of what Maggie was, but there was potential within her, he could see that now. Perhaps with some...changes...she could be made into a decent successor to his late wife. A replacement, yes, a poor substitute for the real McCoy, but still a warm body to serve his needs and bend to his will. The first subject had failed, but this one...yes... she would be adequate for the role. He liked her eyes in particular. Although they were the wrong color, they reminded him a lot of Margaret's.

Suddenly, his purpose felt clear; He would make this slut his own, reshape her into whatever form he wanted, and claim her whole being, body and soul. The worst-case scenario was that this plan failed like the others had, but if she couldn't be made to suit his purpose, he could always just dispose of her and try again with another. It was a wild idea, but one he felt certain would be worth the effort. And though the road to that goal might prove long and arduous—there was a lot about her appearance and measurements that were wrong—that didn't mean he couldn't have some fun along the way. After all, this bitch wasn't going anywhere, and neither was he. For the first time in years since that fateful day of his wife's passing, his heart soared with joy.

“So, shit-for-brains, what do you think happens now?” he asked the still kneeling, blinded agent. “You still owe me that payment you agreed on,

remember? Or did you think I'd forget about that?"

Natalie was surprised. "Payment? Didn't I already pay enough? You got triple the price, I'd say."

"Oh, sweetcheeks, that was just for fun. Don't tell me you didn't enjoy it. It was plain as day on that cock-hungry face of yours."

"Wasn't I supposed to enjoy it? And no, sorry to burst your bubble, but I did not enjoy it at all."

"Really? Could have fooled me. You're not a very good liar, Agent. Don't they teach you how to lie and deceive in base camp?"

"Whatever. You've got enough payment for three times your pathetic life. Now release me and let's part on good terms."

"I don't think so, miss A-cup. You're staying here with me for a while longer. In fact, you're not leaving until I say so. And you owe me a great deal of fun until then."

"I must go to work soon. If I don't show up on time, my colleagues will look for me. You don't want them coming back here to investigate... So, if I were you, I'd let me go right now."

"You told someone you were coming here? I thought I made that part clear!"

"I did not. But if I'm missing, they'll investigate my cell phone position and it won't take them long to guess where I'm at."

"I see, and where might your phone be, I wonder? I didn't see it in your purse, and it's not on you unless you've hidden it somewhere I haven't looked yet."

"I left it in my car."

"Where did you park? I didn't see you coming in."

"Near the entrance of the park. Taking my phone now would be pointless though. It's been communicating with the nearest cell antenna for the past few hours. It's all in the database, waiting for the FBI to request the data. That's the first thing they'll do after I don't show up and don't answer their calls. So, in your best interest, you should make sure I don't show up late. And remember, I must go change and clean up at home first... Time is running short."

“You talk an awful lot, slutty tits. I’m thinking I need to shut that head hole of yours again.”

“Don’t do that. Just let me go befoooooommffff!”

“Now, that’s easier on the ears! I like you a lot better like this, all quiet and compliant. Maybe I should keep you like that? After all, I don’t have much use for a dumb loudmouth complaining all the time, now do I?”

Natalie was upset. Here she was, arguing with the slow-witted slob about something that had the potential to ruin both her own valuable career and his pathetic life. And now he had gagged her again, this time with the stupid rubber doggie ball. That retard! She shook her head as much as the thick collar allowed, trying to dislodge the big object. Alas, it had been squeezed past her front teeth by a hard shoving of his hand and was now spreading her jaws far too wide apart while flattening her tongue underneath. There was no way she could remove it without her hands, and maybe not even then. Drool began to run down her chin while the articulation of her jaws hurt so bad it might well be on the verge of dislocation. Her nostrils flared but that was about all the indication she could make to convey her anger.

The taste of the ball was awful, and there were now little bristly dog hairs everywhere in her mouth. Images of how filthy it was flashed through her mind. That thing must have rolled and bumped into every corner of this truck and trailer park. Who knew how many dogs had chewed on it? At those thoughts, her stomach revolted and she had to fight hard to avoid choking on her own bile. The bitter fluid invaded her mouth, leaving a very bad taste, and burned her throat. Some of it found an escape way through her nostrils, burning her sinuses in the process. For that whole time, she could no longer breathe and she had the anguishing impression she was going to drown in her own acidic bile. It took her long, dreadful seconds to recover control over her body, swallowing or sneezing away all the mucus and clearing her airways. By that time, she was exhausted and felt even more degraded. She felt very vulnerable too as she could now suffocate to death just from the simple act of having her nose pinched.

Joe looked down at his cute little Federal pet. With the rubber ball stuffing her face, there were no more complaints coming from her bitchy

mouth, though he did hear a pitiful whining from somewhere deep in her throat which seemed to be all the noise she could produce. The ball also looked big enough that she would never be able to get it out without the use of her hands. There wasn't even any need to tie it down. And wasn't that convenient? Satisfied with his work, Joe stood and watched her struggle to gain control of her breathing, which now seemed further impaired, but all he did to assist her was to stroke his cock in front of her blinded face, getting off on her suffering. He didn't want her to die, not here, not like this. But unless she showed signs of being in serious trouble, he would not intervene.

What a pervert! Although she could not see what was going on, she could smell his stink and hear the telltale sounds of a cock being jerked off near her face. She could not believe he was masturbating while she was on the verge of death! Or maybe that was what he had been planning from the start? Her head throbbed, her vision had somehow darkened to even deeper blackness behind the blindfold, and she felt dizzy from the lack of oxygen. It took her many more minutes to fully recover a calmer, albeit labored breathing cycle.

"Oh, stop your whining, agent. I'm sure you've treated suspects far worse than this while interrogating some poor innocent chap in your office. You're such a little bitch. It's not as fun being on the receiving end for once, huh?"

She tried to shake her head but that movement was chafing too much on her now sore neck. She tried to say no, but of course, nothing useful passed the huge dirty ball in her mouth. She was now mute and unable to stop him or argue with him in any way. She had just sunk deeper into helplessness.

To amuse himself further, now that he was starting to get into a good mood again, Joe pincer his fingers over her flaring nostrils and pinched them shut, wondering how long she could go without air, and what she would look like while suffocating. Would she turn blue? Maybe a nice shade of purple?

"I read somewhere that you Feds were trained to hold your breath for up to three minutes. Is that true, agent vacuum mouth? I'd like to see you do that for me. That would impress me. And I'm not an easy man to impress."

He punctuated his words by grabbing her hair with his free hand, holding her head still as he waited to see what would happen.

She was still trying to communicate when all of her breathing was cut off. She had gotten no warning. Her lungs were not even full. She groaned behind her gag and tried to shake her nose free, but she had no leverage and his grip on her nose was tight enough to be almost painful. Moreover, to further control her movements, he grabbed her hair and held her tight. Desperately, she tried to suck air into her lungs, through her pinched nose, through the corners of her mouth... but almost nothing could pass. Three minutes without breathing? That was so wrong! She had never trained for that! And she was going to die if he believed she could do it. In particular as she was still exhausted and had been choking for most of the past hour or so. It did not take long for her to grow desperate for fresh air. Her face turned red, but as the gag and the blindfold hid most of her expression, it may not be obvious that she was out of air, at least on her face. As for her body, her muscles tensed as she tried to break her bindings and her stomach heaved in and out at a faster and faster rhythm as she grew more desperate for the precious oxygen. Her craving lungs burned and she was dangerously close to start retching again, which would almost certainly lead to her death.

Her little trembles and cramps as her body fought for air caused heat to rise in his loins and his pulse to quicken. Knowing that he held the power of life and death in his hands was an incredible turn-on. He leaned closer to grunt his lust in her ear, licked its curvature, and tasted her sweat and her fear. He wanted to fuck her so badly now but again he knew he had to wait.

She had changed color from a healthy tan to a dark red and then shifted to a sickly puce right before his eyes. Still, he did not let go. It occurred to him that he hadn't even timed how long he'd been cutting off her air, but he didn't care. Right now he just wanted to feel her life trickle away beneath his hands. He wished he could look into her eyes as they glazed over, see the lights go out in them, and promised himself he would do that next time.

Right as he felt her body start to go limp, he released his hold and shook her head to jolt her awake. Her nostrils flared so wide they looked like black caverns, only to contract into slits as she sucked in a tremendous, desperate

lungful of fresh air. Her constricted neck only allowed a reduced amount of airflow so the recovery was even more anguishing than normal, but it was still paradise. She kept repeating the rushed breathing cycle for nearly a full minute until she began to settle into a normal rhythm, and he watched her every second of the way, mesmerized by the show.

The situation was getting seriously out of hand. Maybe it was time to start thinking about a way out before it all derailed beyond the point of no return. It was maybe already too late as her options were so limited by her bondage. She would have to be ready to grab any opportunity for escape that presented itself.

“That was a decent start, but you only got halfway there. Ready for another try, agent?” he said, flicking at her nostrils with his fingers. “Or did you want to try something else?”

Frantic head movements and muffled moans answered his question. The prospect of getting asphyxiated again was terrifying to her.

“I’ll take that as a yes. Which means you are ready and willing to pay me now? Good. I wish you could be this amenable all the time, agent fucklips.”

What could she answer? She was in no position to resist anything anyway, nor to protest or argue.

Joe reached behind her head and untied the blindfold, pulling it off her face. He was happy to see those big browns again, even though they looked bloodshot and tear-strained as she blinked against the sudden light.

She was relieved to regain her sight again, as this made her feel much less vulnerable, even if it did not change much of her situation.

“There you are. Did you miss me, honey pots?” he said with a toothy grin. In response, little spurts of saliva flew from around her tight-fitting ball gag as she either tried to breathe through her mouth or attempted to say something. He couldn’t tell which, but it made her look adorable. And so did the way her eyes were shooting daggers. He approached her face and licked at the beads of sweat that had formed under the blindfold, on her temples, across her cheeks and nose, causing her to jerk away in disgust.

“Aw, don’t be like that now. We were just starting to get along, weren’t we?”

More furious muffles responded to him, while she twisted her sore arms in another vain effort to break free.

“What a wildcat I’ve caught myself. Whatever shall I do with you, hmm?” In fact, he knew exactly what to do with her, but he wondered if there was time for some more fun before then. He checked the clock. 2:47 AM. It was getting late. He figured it was time to start wrapping things up for tonight, as there was no need to push his luck any further than he already had.

“So, about that payment. For the trouble I’ve gone through, I reckon around \$2.000 should do. In cash, of course.”

She frowned and lifted an eyebrow. Was he serious? They had never mentioned anything about any monetary payment. All the innuendos had been about sexual offers.

He saw her stunned expression and laughed. “What, you thought you could pay with your body? Not this time, honey. I want hard cash. I’ll take your body too, of course, but that’s just a bonus. Or call it a down payment if you will. In fact, you should probably pay me extra for the sex, seeing how much you’ve enjoyed it so far. Yes, now that I think about it, let’s make it \$3.000.”

She was furious. This was turning to racketing. Besides, she had no such amount on her and he could not expect her to come to a seedy date with such a sum. Forcing herself to calm down, she reasoned he probably wanted to negotiate about something else. She rolled up her eyes and waited for him to reveal his cards.

“Not happy with that generous deal, babytits?”

Again, she rolled her eyes in annoyance.

His eyes darkened as he reached down to grab the back of her collar, pulling her to her feet and shoving her out the door to stumble into the small kitchen where they had first met what seemed like days ago.

Forced to stare at the ceiling by her contorted head, she staggered, stumbled, and finally crashed against the kitchen table, her torso falling flat on its top while her bare butt wiggled at the slob, this time very much against her will.

“Remember playin’ footsie with me this mornin’, candy eyes? I knew

then right away that you wanted old Joe reecal bad. Anyone could tell that much from a mile away. ‘course I didn’t want to make a scene in front of your buddy. He was probably embarrassed enough of your behavior as it was. Now that we’re alone though, sweetheart, you can feel free to act out all that whorishness to your heart’s extent. I swear I won’t tell anyone.”

She straightened herself and spun on her heels to face him. She had to bend forward to meet his eyes. She was panting and angry over the huge ball gag. The gall of this man! The way he turned things around, making it seem like she was the one coming onto him was just infuriating! But she couldn’t let him get to her, she knew. She had to keep a cool head to get herself out of this mess.

Ignoring her pitiful attempts to protest, he just gave her a sharp slap across the face, spun her back around, and shoved her hard between the shoulder blades, sending her crashing into the table again and bending her upper body forward over it. This time, the edge of the table hit her hard in the belly, winding her, and she landed like a pancake on the tabletop, her bare chest flattened against the greasy wood. Her FBI badge, still pinned to her nipple, rang as it hit the table. Its merry sound was louder than the muffled moan of agony she produced as the tortured bead of flesh got squashed. Dry breadcrumbs stuck to her delicate skin. Out of breath, she couldn’t react fast enough. Joe had already kicked her feet wider apart, depriving her of any leverage while his weight pinned her against the table from behind.

“Now be a good girl and spread those slutty cop legs for ol’ Joe.”

He dropped his pants to free his erection, which he used as a club to swat at her bare buttocks, once again presented before him in all their bubbly glory. Back and forth he went between them, leaving slimy trails and spatters of precum across their smooth, taut curve. He saw that her anus was still gaping a bit from its previous abuse, the tiny hole winking up at him as it tried to close its wrinkled aperture.

“You can act all tough and bitchy as much as you want, but your cunt speaks the truth.” He followed up that sentence with a swipe of his fingers along her bare slit, picking up a generous coating of her love juice, which he promptly reached over to smear under her flaring nostrils.

Her neck bondage forced her to keep her head back, her chin off the table. Joe's paw appeared in front of her face, smelly with her own pussy juices. Earlier, the situation might have aroused her, but now she had had enough and this was just disgusting. She tried to buck and kick but she was in no position to fight back. At that precise moment, after all that she had gone through, her special training was worth nothing. She was just another helpless piece of female flesh ready to get raped.

Joe held her down against the table, his left hand gripping her neck chain while his right busied itself jerking his cock, sliding the thick flap of foreskin back and forth over his purple-shiny cockhead. The lewd sound of his fapping was so wet and nasty he was sure she could hear it where she lay bent over in front of him. To make sure she remained compliant and off balance, he pulled and yanked on her choke collar in time with his crude masturbation, causing muffled gasps to escape her nose.

He stared down at his trapped prey, devouring the sight of her helpless young body in such a vulnerable position. He knew she wanted him inside her, or at least her pussy did. But he didn't care one whit about her pleasure. This night was all for him, and only him. He had earned this relief. After all the excitement of the past few hours it didn't take long for him to approach his climax, and just as he was about to peak, he let himself teeter on that precipice while he shifted a half step to the side. He aligned his cock with her glistening pink cunt hole, and with a single hard thrust, shoved his rod up her buttered tunnel to the hilt, the tip of his cockhead slamming against her cervix. At that very second he came like never before, flooding her womb with his white trash jism, spewing all his hate and loathing and every drop of angry seed his balls had stored up for weeks into the hot, bitchy agent.

"Uuuuunnnnnnggggaaaaahhh!" he groaned as his orgasm shook his fat body, the rolls on his stomach shivering like jelly with his release. He fell across her bent back, his grimy sweat pouring off him onto her body as the last dregs of cum seeped out of him in sporadic, dying spurts. He had filled her to the brim with his seed, and yet none of it was for her. He had just used her as his human condom, as nothing more than a convenient place to deposit his bastard-making testicle sludge. The satisfaction of that victory was near

overwhelming.

Her vagina was still amply lubricated and waiting from the long night of teasing, yet the girth of his cock, which had now reached its biggest size, stretched its inner walls to capacity. He pushed in with such vigor and impatience that it took her by surprise. She moaned and bucked, and then screamed into her gag when he banged against her cervix, the contact feeling like a sharp stab through her core. Almost no sound went past the huge ball in her mouth, but the intention had been there and her face was contorted in pain.

There was no back and forth, no humping. It was the shortest coit she had ever experienced. She had no time to adapt, to relax, and even less to enjoy it. Just as his cockhead kissed her cervix, she felt the mighty shaft jerk and pump in the characteristic throes of male ejaculation, while her womb flooded with the warmth of his sperm. She realized that the bastard had kept all his cum for this end, as though he wanted to make sure he would impregnate her. Cursing, she made a mental note to go buy a next-day pill as soon as possible.

At the same moment, it was as though a mountain had crashed on her back, sandwiching her against the table, squashing her, and flooding her with the nasty sweat that ran down his hairy chest. She was pinned against the table, the badge pin grinding, pulling, and twisting her poor nipple, her arms contorted, her lungs barely able to breathe, while the cunt-buried cock continued to spurt more sperm into her belly. She felt his hot and foul breath against the back of her neck, his chest heaving against her torso. Even his pounding heart sounded like a ram battering her ribcage.

The mere idea of that filthy cum flooding her sex brought nausea to Natalie. She had seen and smelled that ugly cock from close quarters. There was no chance such a piece of crud could be healthy. She could probably expect to catch a severe mycosis, if not worse. Hopefully, the guy was too repulsive to have had sex with many other women before her, reducing the chance of him giving her some nasty STDs.

Joe pulled himself back to a standing position behind the sprawled agent. That had been a great and very satisfactory cum. He felt fantastic, like

his machismo had been multiplied by a factor of ten. Easing his cock out of her warm cunt hole, it brought with it a torrent of his sperm. As he watched the overflow run down the backs of her legs and splatter onto the dirty kitchen floor, he found to his amazement that he was still hard.

“Now it’s time for you to go, agent slutholes. I know you had a good time and want more, but fun’s over. Sorry,” he said, a touch out of breath. It had been a long night and he was tired. Now that he had spent his load and drained his balls, he just wanted to get rid of the bitch and go to bed. Looking over her harsh bondage, which had kept her restrained for most of the night, he pulled his pants halfway up and felt around in them for the keys to her cuffs, intending to let the shackles loose. But then he smiled as another, more appealing idea lit up his mind.

At last, this was the end of this horror night. As she heard the tingling of the handcuff key on its ring, it comforted her that Joe was not lying about letting her go. Her arguments had finally found a path into his thick skull.

“I know you need to be at work in a few hours like a good little law-abiding detective cunt, and since I’m such a nice guy, I’m going to give you a head start to help you with that.” He placed the small key up against her winking, part-dilated asshole and pushed it just inside the tight anal ring, feeling her body tense at the rude intrusion. Lining up his cock head behind it, he used what remained of his erection to shove his slime-coated shaft all the way inside her tight bowels, pushing the key along on the end of his dick the full eight inches up her ass. *Good luck getting that out, slut*, he thought with a chuckle.

Natalie grunted from the renewed pain in her sore anus, only to realize what had been done. That filthy bastard had just shoved her only chance of escape deep up her bowels! She squirmed and grunted in protest as if to shake the thing out of her, which only made her ass wiggle in a much too sexy way.

Yanking her back to her feet, he gave the agent a hard smack on her buttocks and shoved her out the back door of his truck, sending her stumbling into the harsh woods with a loud crunching noise of dry underbrush.

“And don’t you forget what you owe. I want that money in my mailbox

tomorrow! It's right up where you parked your car, in case you missed it. Have a good night, special agent fuckslut." He slammed the door shut and left her alone in the cold quiet darkness.

In her instinctive attempt to protect her fall with her arms, Natalie had instead strangled herself, so that as she landed hard in the dry leaves and intertwined roots, she was almost knocked out and left fighting for her breath. All but naked, her ruined blouse offered little protection against the chill of the night, and her skin was covered in goosebumps. For a moment she writhed in the dirt like a worm, moving her legs in all directions as the focus of her struggles was to lift her elbows high enough to relieve the acute pressure on her throat. Her frantic efforts to avoid a horrible and slow death were all but silent because of her effective gag. She squirmed and contorted and rolled on the ground, and then remained immobile, gathering energy for another effort, looking every bit like a fish pulled out of the water.

After the bright light inside the truck, the darkness of the forest left her almost blind, making her feel even more helpless. She was now fighting terror as much as she was fighting her bonds. In fact, it was only after she had managed to calm herself that she found a position where she could rest while breathing a little easier. When she had recovered enough to sit up her naked, sperm-oozing butt on the dirt, she started thinking about her next move.

Meanwhile, as he shuffled into the bedroom, yawning, Joe felt his bare foot kick against something on the floor. It was the agent's jeans, left lying where he had pulled them off her. The thought of that slut driving back to town butt naked was gratifying, but he wasn't a complete jerk. He smiled as he bent down to pick the pants up, and felt something in the right front pocket. It was another key, this one looking like it would fit a locker of some kind. It was even marked 'Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity' in tiny etched letters. He could only guess it was for her locker or storage at work. She probably needed that. He sighed. That bitch was lucky he was such a gentleman.

A wicked idea sprang into his mind then, and he went over to his daughter's room down the far end of the trailer. That Goth thing she had going, or whatever kids called it these days, was going to come in handy now. She had taken up jewelry crafting of late, he knew. For months it had been a

growing hobby of hers, and she now had her own welding gear mounted on her work desk, alongside her homemade tattoo kit. She was such a talented girl, his kitten.

Heather's living quarters were quite a contrast to the rest of the dingy truck. Unlike her old man, she kept things neat and tidy, which helped him find what he was looking for in one of her drawers. He wasn't comfortable going through her things without her there, but he was sure she'd understand. He'd make it up to her later in any case. Everything in here was so clean and organized, he almost felt like he was on another planet. Maybe he could ask her to...ah yes, there it was! That tiny padlock he'd given her last week for her 'abstract artistic creations project' or some such. He didn't think he'd ever need it himself. Well, not until now.

When he returned to the wooded backyard, he found that the bound agent had barely moved from where he had left her moments ago. All she had managed to do was sit herself up on the ground. How pathetic! She looked at him with a pained expression on her stupid ball-stretched face, as if expecting more torment, and for a moment he was tempted to give her just that, if just to punish her for being so pitiful. She seemed exhausted, but she still tried to shuffle her butt backward, pushing her bare heels into the ground to get away from him as he approached her.

"You forgot something, sweetcheeks. I take it you need this, hmm?" He dangled the key in front of her and took her frantic blinking and snorting as a yes.

"Well, I guess you don't need that thing there anymore," he mused and reached down to unclip the FBI badge from her breast, removing it with a sharp tug that almost tore her nipple off in the process. She groaned behind her gag, but he ignored her and checked her bleeding nub, twisting and turning it to get a closer look at the damage. It had a nice hole in it now near its base, just wide enough for the padlock to fit into. Perfect! He threaded the locker key onto the curved shackle, which he then fitted into the pierced nipple before snapping it shut. When he let go of it, the padlock and key hung from her nipple like some obscene jewelry.

"There! Now you won't lose your key again, despite being such a clumsy

twit,” he said, pleased with his own ingenuity. He tossed the liberated FBI badge into some thorny bushes, and without another word turned on his heel and left her for the second time that night, slamming the door shut behind him.

Natalie could not turn her eyes away from her brutalized nipple, now pulled down by the padlock and the key to her locker. She could not believe what Joe had done. That bastard, however dumb he could be, was a bottomless pit of cruelty! She could only avert her eyes from her throbbing breast when he closed the door, plunging her back into darkness.

Joe did not stop when he got inside the truck, but headed straight through it and out the opposite front entrance, only pausing to pick up the slut’s jeans on the way. Outside, he dropped the American blues onto the porch and positioned himself in a wide-spread stance over them. Knowing the agent would be a while getting out of her bonds, he took his time, lowered his sweatpants, and relaxed into a nice long piss, aiming the stream all over the denims, letting the stinky, yellow fluid soak into the cloth. “Ahhh, yeah... that’s nice...” he mumbled. When he was finished, he shook out the last drops, sighed contentedly, and went back inside.

Behind the truck, once the shock of having her nipple padlocked had passed, Natalie tried to think about her options. Her situation was dire. Her only hope of evasion was her key, stuffed deep in her rectum—and how embarrassing was that!—but with her elbows linked to her neck, there was no way she could reach it. That was a macabre joke. Just a way to let her strangle herself when she had lost the strength to keep her elbows high enough. There was, of course, another way to get the key out, but that was not something she was willing to try, not yet.

Joe could still smell the agent’s perfume on the mattress and the lingering scent of her cunt in the air as he stretched himself out on the bed he hadn’t washed in ages and drifted off to sleep. It had been a great day, but now he was ready for dreamland.

He had barely closed his eyes when a loud bang shook the truck, followed by another, and then another. They seemed to come from his back door.

“That fucking bitch! I can’t believe it. She just never stops, does she?”

With an angry growl, he got out of bed in nothing but his soiled underwear. Grabbing his trusty shotgun, which still lay under the newspaper he had used to conceal it this morning, he tore open the door to the backyard and levered the sawed-off barrel toward whatever had made the noise. And of course, it was that dumb bitch who had been busy putting dents in his wall.

Natalie had been kicking at the truck with her bare feet, trying to wake the fat slob up and get his attention so that he would release her arms or at least her elbows. As the door opened, she backed up a few steps and bent forward so as to be able to look at Joe despite her contorted head. At the sight of the gun pointed at her, she froze, her angry and demanding expression turning into one of fear, though she was of course silent behind the giant ball splitting her face.

“What is it now, you brainless cow? You must really have a death wish to keep pushing your limits like this. What part of GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY FACE don’t you understand? I guess you’re just too dumb to take a hint. Well, do you understand this?” He yelled, raising his gun and cocking it with a distinct click-clack.

She made some ridiculous attempts at speaking around her gag, her big eyes pleading with him. Then she turned around, squirming her arms, trying to convey her request. Could he not understand she could not do anything with her elbows chained like this?

Joe was enraged, having been uprooted from his comfy bed by this nonsense. What was worse, he knew that this infernal racket could very well attract the attention of his neighbors, even though they were used to ignoring him. As the bound agent turned her back to him, he seized the opportunity to grab her hair. Pulling her back with him a step or two, he kept her under control while he grabbed a flashlight from a hook by the door and shoved his feet into a pair of clogs. Then he set off walking deeper into the woods, dragging his troublesome prey along behind him. This bitch needed to be taught a lesson, and he knew just how to give it.

Natalie, bent at the waist, had trouble following him as she was barefoot and couldn’t see where she stepped, her bare feet managing to find every sharp

rock and twig that was laying around to stumble on or stub her toes against. She tried to whimper and moan around her gag but whatever pleadings she managed to get out were ignored.

They didn't go far. Before long, they reached a mound of loose dirt rising from the ground in an oblong shape that reminded Natalie of a body bag. The dirt looked freshly disturbed, though it was hard to tell in the dark. Next to the mound yawned a dark pit in the ground maybe three feet deep. A firm hand pulled her to its edge and then shoved her into its gaping maw. She landed on a soft bedding of loose dirt and dry leaves, but she couldn't help but feel like she had just been thrown into her own grave. His silence was unnerving. As she turned around she found herself staring into the cold barrel of his shotgun and wondered if this was it.

The analytical part of her mind told her that the weapon he was pointing at her head was a twelve-gauge Remington 870. Being fired upon by such a powerful weapon at point-blank range would all but obliterate her face. Forensics would have to consult dental records or proceed to DNA analysis to identify her corpse. It was a sobering thought if not a very cheerful one.

The hole was deep enough to act as a burial place, and there was no direct witness to whatever transpired next, she realized with a cold shiver running down her spine. She would die here, naked, raped, and degraded. Her stupid and ignominious death would be spread all over the news. Maybe pictures of her naked, tortured body would be leaked to the press for perverts to masturbate upon, just like she had done to that poor policewoman. Her only consolation was that Joe would spend the remainder of his life in prison, as there was no way the FBI would not be upon him before the end of the next day. She closed her eyes and waited for the slug to end her promising young life.

Joe's rage was tempered by the sudden look of submission in the agent's eyes. Lying there naked and bound, with a huge ball gag in her mouth, a dog collar around her neck, and her long legs stained with his cum, she looked both pathetic and smoking hot. Her silky tan skin contrasted with the black dirt surrounding her cowering form, and here and there dark scuffs of the soil marked her body. Once again, he held the power over her life and the decision

on whether or not to let her continue breathing. The front of his underwear now confirmed his arousal by tenting into a notable bulge.

“I hear another peep out of you, and this really will be your grave,” he said with menace. Seeing the understanding in her eyes, he added, “Now get the hell out of here before I change my mind.”

Her eyes blinked open, filled with renewed hope. She might survive a few more hours! Even if that meant she would die a slow and painful death instead of a quick one, she was unable to see it in a bad way. Her conservation instinct told her that as long as she was alive, there was hope. So, she just tried to thank Joe with her eyes while remaining immobile and silent, praying he would leave without adding more to her misery.

He kicked some loose dirt at her face, some of it getting into her wide-open eyes, making her blink and recoil. Then he lowered the gun and went back to the truck, for what he hoped would be the last and final time tonight.

She blinked over and over as her eyes burned, but did not make any noise, however muffled. She could feel that they were both on the verge of a fateful turn of events here and that everything could either go terribly bad or leave them with a chance to move on with their lives. So she held her breath until Joe had disappeared from sight.

Natalie soon understood her new predicament. The first thing she tried was to get up on her feet and try to climb out of the waist-deep pit. But with her arms bound behind her, she couldn't get any purchase. Her bare feet kept sliding on the steep banks of the hole. She felt like an insect struggling in an antlion's sand trap.

After several attempts that left her panting and sweating, and out of hope, she sat down to rest and think. She was shivering in the cold night, unable to call for help, and on the verge of panic. That sick slob wanted her to die in that hole, she thought, strangling herself, as though that made him less of a killer. Yet, that made no sense. Again, he must know that he'd be the first suspect as the FBI came to investigate her cellphone.

A movement in her belly gave her the obvious solution. The one she had not wanted to consider before. All she had to do was to defecate the key. She winced. This *would* be his style, wouldn't it?

Thus, the proud Special Agent Natalie Swann squatted, naked, half-buried in the middle of some outback trailer park, pushing with all her strength. It took her quite some time as she did not really need to go, but deep within she could feel a bowel movement coming. Hopefully, it would push her key along with it on its way out. She felt so ridiculous and pathetic, doing her business like that. Even though she was alone, surrounded by nothing but nature and darkness, she felt degraded like never before.

Even though it was a small key, she could feel its hard metal edges scrape and cut the sensitive inner lining of her cock-bruised colon as it moved within her. At last, her stool came out along with a fart, dropping with a soft thud on the leaves between her feet. The most humiliating part came when she had to investigate the warm excrement, blind in the dark, with her fingers. Thankfully, she found the key just next to the filthy stuff. Still, it stank and made her feel dirty.

Unlocking her handcuffs was a simple process by comparison. This was something she had trained for, although she would never have imagined performing the maneuver in such an extreme scenario. Once her hands were free, she contorted her arms, and once again half-strangled herself as she reached for the strap of the thick collar. She needed all her dexterity to unbuckle them with just the tips of her fingers. Once she succeeded, the collar fell off and its chain leash unraveled on its own from her elbows, falling to the ground with a soft rattle.

A victorious smile would have beamed on her face had it not been stretched by the huge doggie ball as she flexed and rotated her sore, stiff arms. Freeing them was a major progress on her path out of this hell hole, despite the humiliating price she had had to pay for it. The chain had left deep red prints around her arms, and her wrists were scratched and chafed where her own handcuffs had strangled them. She wiggled her fingers, testing their function, relieved to see that no obvious damage had been done to their mobility, although they still felt cold and numb. She couldn't see her neck but it was probably marked too. After having been contorted for so long, it was stiff as well and throbbed as soon as she turned it too much.

She considered her next move. The aching of her jaws incited her to

remove the ball gag, but the huge thing resisted her first hasty tries. The smell coming from her soiled fingers as she brought them to her mouth did not encourage her to make any more attempts and she decided to see about the ball's removal later. For now, she had to recover her things so that she could drive away from this hateful place and never come back.

Now that she was free to use her arms, it was easier to climb out of the dirt pit, and soon she was walking through the woods, guided by the lights coming from the main settlement. Being quasi-naked in a forest at night was a new experience for her, and one she would have preferred never living through. She couldn't see where she was stepping and had to walk prudently, exploring the ground in front of her to avoid hurting her feet on protruding roots and stones. She cupped her left breast in a gentle grip with one hand to prevent the padlock from jerking about and pulling at her sore nipple. This reminded her that she still had to recover her badge or she would have a difficult time explaining how she had lost it.

Fortunately, she was not too far inside the forest and soon found herself just behind Joe's truck, where he had left her the first time. She found the bush where he had thrown the insignia. The next minutes were spent with her crouching around on all fours, scratching her arms and chest as she reached into the dense thorny branches to recover her precious tag. At last, she did retrieve it, only to realize she had no pocket or purse to carry it. She could pin it to her loose blouse... but she didn't like the idea of advertising for the FBI in her current state of undress. She tried not to foul the item too much with her shit-smearred fingers as she just carried it in one hand.

She sneaked around the truck, in the hopes of recovering her purse, which the bastard had emptied and thrown away at the front door at the start of this never-ending night of woe. It might still be there. The muffled snoring that came from the inside reassured her that Joe was no longer a threat.

In the gloom produced by the sparse, flickering park lights, she could just see enough to walk upright. As she reached the front door, she smiled at the sight of her jeans, thrown in a crumpled heap on the ground, along with her empty purse lying next to them. The snoring slob might be a bastard, but he had at least not left her to drive home stark naked. She eagerly reached for

her pants and then dropped them again, grimacing in disgust.

“You filthy sick bastard!” she whispered through gritted teeth while throwing a furious glare at the truck. Her pants were drenched and stinking of urine! She couldn’t believe he had just relieved himself on her clothes!

Reluctant to put on the cold and smelly pants, she instead took her purse and tried to recover its contents, which had been thrown all around in the unkempt grass. In the dim light, she couldn’t be sure she had everything, but at least she had her ID and her car keys. Then, seizing the disgusting pants with two fingers, she ran away, still naked, shivering, and humiliated toward the parking lot. Joe’s cum was still oozing out of her sore vagina, trickling down the inside of her thighs, another reminder of all the pains she had gone through during this fateful night. But at least now it had come to an end.

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About the Author

Writing has always been my passion in life, and I intend to keep on doing it until I drop. I am intrigued by the many aspects of sex and human intimacy, the deviant parts of our psyche, and the exchange of euphoria between souls.

To that end, I am a creator of Erotica, often focused on strong, capable women being subjugated and tested in perilous ways. This could be anything from cruel predicament bondage or torture in a medieval dungeon to the daily struggle of life in a harsh dom/sub relationship.

I see writing as a means to experiment with these fantasies and push the boundaries of what is hot or not within a safe environment. Today I invite you to join me on that journey.

-Edgar

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