

# **Eve's Paradise**

**Crimson Rose**

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## **Eight years ago...**

Working the graveyard shift, Officer Sasha O'Malley was making her rounds when she saw something suspicious out of the corner of her eye. Slowing the cruiser to get a better look, her eyes locked on the activities taking place in a narrow, dead-end alley between two department stores. There was a topless woman on her knees sucking a tall, well-built black man's cock with three more leaning against the brick wall of a furniture store waiting their turn. Prostitution was a huge problem in this part of town and Officer O'Malley saw only one course of action.

Parking her cruiser out of sight, she gently closed the door and silently made her way towards the alley. Unfortunately, in her inexperience and excitement to finally do something other than drive around all night, she made several costly mistakes starting with failure to call it in. Turning into the alley, she was just about to say something when a large hand slapped over her mouth as another dragged her into the alley and pressed her back hard against the wall knocking the wind from her lungs.

The black guy took one look down Officer O'Malley's sexy body and smiled. "Uh, guys, I think we have ourselves a problem."

"I don't see a problem," another black guy said as he approached from the right. "All I see is a sexy piece of ass in need of a good fucking."

Officer O'Malley reached for her holster, but her arms were grabbed. The black man holding her moved in close and used his left leg to pin hers to the wall. Her belt was unbuckled and a moment later was tossed to away. "No need for violence here, Officer," the man holding her smirked. "We're lovers not fighters and if you're a good girl you'll see just how loving we can be. Okay, so this is what's going to happen," he continued as the man to his left held his phone up in my direction. "I'm going to take a step back to let you compose yourself. I'm then going to ask you a question. You will answer: Yes Master, I want all of your big black cocks stuffing me at the same time. You will then unbutton your shirt, lower your pants and get on all fours. If you say anything other than that, if you refuse or hesitate to comply you won't have a good time. Nod if you understand."

Fearing for her life, Officer O'Malley nodded her head.

"One more thing. If you scream or attempt to run, you're going to have a very bad time." No sooner did the words leave his mouth then two of the black men blocked the only way out. The man holding O'Malley let go and took a step back. Shaking, she smoothed out her uniform shirt and cleared her throat. "About time you got here. You ready, slut?"

"Yes Master. I want all of your big black cocks stuffing me at once." As commanded, she reached up and began unbuttoning her shirt as the man with the phone continued recording. Spotting her belt and gun several feet to the right, she calculated her chances of getting it before they beat her to death. Not liking her odds, she undid the last button and then slowly lowered her pants and panties. Gulping back the fear, she got onto her hands and knees. Her mouth and pussy were stuffed full of big black cock and despite her revulsion – not at having sex with black men, but being taken against her will, she let out a soft moan.

"Hey guys, I think the fucking slut is actually enjoying herself," the guy with the camera said as he moved to get a better view of her face. "That's it Rookie, suck that fat black cock down your throat. Get him ready for your tight white ass." THWAP! The man screwing his cock

in and out of her pussy slapped her hard on the ass. She squealed but did not stop sucking. “Hey, Troy, fuck that whore, we’ve got ourselves a bona fide slutty pig to use.”

“Good going, numb nuts, now she knows my name.”

“Who cares? We have her on camera willingly asking us to gang bang her. Isn’t that right Officer Piggy?” the camera man asked.

“Y-Yes Master,” Officer O’Malley reluctantly replied.

“Go on, tell us all what you want.”

“I want all your big black cocks stuffing me, Master.”

“Is that all you want, piggy? I thought you wanted that sexy ass of yours caned for being such a naughty little piggy? And didn’t you mention something about being a piss drinking cum dumpster? Or was that all just a lie?”

“Yes Master.”

“It was a lie?”

“I didn’t...it wasn’t...I mean, yes Master, I want you to use me as a piss drinking cumdumpster and please cane my ass for being such a naughty piggy,” O’Malley said, digging herself ever deeper.

“My name’s Zack,” the camera man introduced himself. “The man fucking you is Carl and the one you’re sucking is Heath. Now be a good little piggy and get on Troy’s cock so they can fulfill your desire of being taken in all three holes at the same time. And then open up because I’m going to piss down your throat. And unless you want it getting all over that cruiser of yours I strongly suggest swallowing it all.”

“Y-Yes Master.” Pulling herself off Carl and Heath’s cocks, O’Malley crawled to where Troy was lying on the ground. Straddling his hips, she lowered herself onto him – chewing her lip as she stretched around his thick manhood. Parting her lips, she took Zack into her mouth and after a brief pause felt the warm liquid flowing down her esophagus. Fighting back the urge to gag, she gulped and swallowed until it trickled to a stop and he started slamming his dick in and out. Behind her, she felt hands on her ass and then it too was filled. Not to be left out, Heath moved in and after a bit of maneuvering added his cock to the one already in her pussy.

Sasha grunted and moaned as the four men screwed her at the same time – something until now she never imagined possible. Troy came first and was soon followed by Heath. Carl pulled out of her ass and shoved into her semen-filled pussy just in time to add his load to the mix. Holding out for as long as humanly possible, Zack gave her number four and she lay on the cool asphalt panting heavily.

Going to a tree, Troy found a thin branch to his liking. “We don’t have a cane with us so this’ll have to do. Kneel with your hands behind your head. Do you remember what you need to say?”

“Um, no Master.”

“You will quietly count the swat and say: thank you Master. And remember, we’re out in public so if you scream you’ll attract attention and then everyone will know what a dirty little pig you are. Also, if you move or forget to count and give thanks you’ll only add more.”

“H-How many swats are you giving me, Master?”

“Twenty to your tits, and a hundred to your ass. That should be sufficient reminder not to be late to your lessons.” Moving to her left, Troy swung the switch. It made contact with Sasha’s breasts and she reeled over backwards – her hand slapping hard over her mouth to keep the scream at bay.”

“Let’s make that thirty to your breasts and one-twenty-five to the ass. Get back in position, piggy.”

Sasha got back on her knees and locked her hands behind her head. Having a better idea what to expect, but by no means enjoying it, she prepared herself.

THWACK! The switch slapped her painfully across the nipples.

“One. Thank you Master,” she said between tightly clenched teeth.

THWACK!

“Two. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Three. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Four. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Five. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Six. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Seven. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Eight. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Nine. Thank you Master.”

THWACK!

“Ten. Thank you Master.”

Her breasts covered in nasty welts and the beginning of bruises, Officer Sasha O’Malley took each swat, counted and gave thanks by summoning every ounce of willpower at her command, but inside she was a nervous wreck. After thirty to her breasts, Troy handed the switch off to Zack who began swatting her ass.

When Carl landed the last one, Sasha was a trembling mess lying on the ground. Once again horny, the four men took her one after the other. She gave no resistance even when Heath pissed down her throat, or Troy used the switch to add fifteen welts on her well-fucked vulva. “I think that’s enough for one night,” he said afterward. “We wouldn’t want Officer Piggy to get fired for not doing her job now would we?” the four men laughed and Sasha groaned. “Get up and get dressed, Officer Piggy and unless you want your boss seeing the video you’ll meet us at the Roxbury Motel, room seventeen tomorrow night. And your clients will expect you to be nice and fresh so make sure you are. Understood?”

“Yes Master.”

Doing her best to clean herself up, Officer O’Malley got dressed, grabbed her belt from the back of the alley, got in her cruiser and drove off feeling an odd mixture of rage, humiliation, excitement and anticipation that had her mind racing and heart pounding as two words swam through her thoughts. *Your clients.*