

Officer HuCow

Crimson Rose

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Undercover, Officer Sasha Cole entered the dark alley hand in hand with her first john on her way to the hotel room where her fellow officers hid in waiting to arrest whomever she brought back. But the tall, lanky man she walked half a step ahead of couldn't wait and she found herself coming to a sudden halt. "What are you doing? The hotel is just over there."

"Forget the hotel," the man said with a crooked grin. "I want to do you right here in the alley." Pulling her back, he spun her around to the wall and groped at her breasts.

"Not out in public," Sasha purred.

"Yes in public." Reaching up under her skirt, he tugged her panties down and spun her around – holding her hands over her head as he unzipped his pants, pulled out his already hard cock and pushed into her. Once in, he grabbed her hips and pulled her back, causing her to brace her hands against the rough brick wall.

"Uhn...uhn...Aahhhh fuck!"

"You like that, slut?" the man asked, grabbing her long brown hair and yanking her head back. "Mmmm, you've got the tightest pussy of any whore I've ever been with! Not going to last long before filling your sweet cunt!"

"Oh no you don't! No cumming inside of me," Sasha said pulling off the man's dick, spinning around and taking it in her mouth. "You can shoot in my mouth, and only my mouth. Got it?"

"Sure, whatever, just keep sucking, bitch!" Taking her by the back of the head, he rammed his dick down her throat causing her to gag and choke and when he felt the pressure building to its peak, he held her there, grinning as her face turned beet red and shot down her throat – keeping his cock in place until every last drop was flowing down to her belly. "Thanks whore," he said tossing five \$20's down at her.

As Sasha's first John walked out of the alley, she spit out as much of his semen as she could, pulled her panties up and was righting her skirt when she spotted a well-built, well-dressed bald black man enter from the opposite end.

"Who in the fuck are you?" the man asked.

"Excuse me?"

"I said, who in the fuck are you? Metro Heights is my neighborhood, bitch and no one works these streets without my say so. Now, who the fuck are you?"

"I don't answer to you," Sasha replied as the man neared. "Back the fuck off."

"Oh no you didn't! Did you seriously just bark orders at me?" WHACK! His hand landed hard on Sasha's left cheek. "If you're going to work my streets, you're going to have to prove yourself worth it. Sure, you've got the look, but are you any fucking good? Come on, bitch, let's go."

"I'm not going anywhere with you," Sasha proclaimed, pulling away from his grip on her arm and taking a big step back – wishing she had her badge and gun. Making a move to back up further, she was stopped by his large hand on her arm again as his other hand slapped her across the face again. "Aghh, you motherfucker. Let me go!"

"You're going to go. You're going to go with me and prove you're worth working my fucking streets, or you're going to get a one way trip into oblivion," he said moving the left side of his jacket out of the way to show the grip of the pistol he carried at all times.

"I'm an officer of the law!" Sasha protested.

"Yeah, right. Show me your badge and gun."

“I don’t have it with me. I’m undercover you stupid son of a bitch! Now let me go! You’re under arrest for assault and threatening a police officer.”

“Sure, sure.” Drawing his large hand back, he brought it down hard, knocking her unconscious. Holding her up as if aiding a drunkard, he walked her out of the alley and tossed her into the back of his car – handcuffing her hands and legs together and placing a rope gag in her mouth before getting in the driver’s seat and skidding away.

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Sasha woke bound and gagged lying on a cold concrete floor in what looked like a large basement. Across from her she saw the man that had accosted her in the alley talking to eight other large black men. Trying to push the gag from her mouth to scream for help, she struggled to free herself, but the steel of the cuffs bit painfully into wrist and ankles and she stopped.

“Well, you’ve finally decided to wake your sorry ass up. My name is Vince and if you prove yourself I’ll be your future pimp. Fail and I’ll scar that pretty face of yours to the point no one will ever want you. Understand?”

Sasha stared at Vince and redoubled her efforts to free herself. Rolling from left side, onto her back, over onto her right side and back again, she started to cry. With her wrists cuffed to her ankles, there was no way for her to get free, or to her feet.

“I asked if you understood. Don’t make me ask again.”

Sasha nodded her head.

“Me, and these eight men are going to fuck your brains out. You’ll suck us off and take out big black dicks in pussy and ass over and over and over again until we’re no longer able to get it up. And if you’re able to satisfy us I’ll give you my blessing to work my streets. But know that you’ll be monitored at all times and if you dare betray me you’ll regret the day you were born. Understand, whore?”

Sasha nodded once again.

“Good. Now, before you get thoughts of escape in mind, I should tell you that the door leading out of here is locked from the outside and there are ten other men and five dogs out there. Harry is going to uncuff and ungag you and you are going to stand up, take off all of your clothes and then kneel with your mouth open for us. And if you think about biting our dicks, know it’ll be the last thing you ever do. Go ahead, Harry,” Vince said to the skinny man to his right.

Every fiber of her being telling her to run, Sasha had to mentally convince herself to remain calm and collected as the cuffs were removed. Taking a moment to rub away the pain, she got to her feet and began stripping out of her clothes while looking at each of them – careful to remember any distinguishing marks such as the spider tattoo on Jake’s neck and the missing bottom left ear on Tom. Gulping back her revulsion, she dropped onto her knees and opened her mouth.

Being the one to set her free, Harry had the privilege of taking her first. It also meant he was first in line if she decided to attack back in the most painful of ways. Grabbing a handful of her hair, he shoved his cock into her mouth. She closed her lips around it and began sucking while looking up into his dark eyes. Reaching up, she cupped his large balls in her hand and gently played with them as the dick grew in her mouth – extending down her throat, and causing her to gag on its length and girth.

Seeing that she was going to play along, Vince walked up behind Sasha, raised her ass up and shoved hard into her pussy. “Not bad, slut. Nice and tight, but that won’t last long out there on the streets.” WHACK! His right hand came down hard on her ass and her gagged the cheek, digging his fingernails in deep enough to leave marks behind when he pulled back to deliver

another. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Every slap driving Sasha forward onto Harry's throbbing cock. So far, so good, but you've got a lot more dick to satisfy," Vince said pulling out of her pussy without having blown his load. "What's your name, whore?"

"S-Sasha," Sasha said. She was about to say something else, but Harry filled her mouth once more cutting off any further discussion.

"Alright, men, take Sasha here in every fucking hole. Fill the dirty slut of with your seed!" Vince commanded.

In a flurry of motion, Sasha was pulled off of Harry's dick and tugged down on top of a black man named Brian – his large cock filling her pussy as Harry moved around and shoved hard into her ass. A third man fucked his dick down her throat and something snapped inside of her. Letting her entire body slump in defeat, she allowed the men to fuck the hell out of her – filling her pussy, ass and mouth with load after load of semen. Hours passed and they continued fucking her, her pussy and ass gaping after taking two cocks at the same time in each.

Exhausted, semen dripping down her inner thighs, Sasha was lifted onto her feet, dragged into another basement room and tied with her arms over her head and legs kept open by a spreader bar. "You're in good luck," Vince grinned. "You've proven yourself capable of pleasing us. Now there's only the matter of your mark and then you can get your sexy ass out there on the street and make me some money."

"M-Mark?" Sasha groaned. "What mark?"

"You'll find out in a minute, whore. The rules are simple. You will sell yourself to as many johns as possible and I will take forty percent of the take. And before you think about shorting me, I have eyes and ears everywhere and I will find you no matter where you go."

Going to a cabinet, he gathered up all of the supplies he needed to do his work, placed it on a cart and rolled it over to his bound, soon-to-be prostitute.

"OH GOD!" Sasha gasped, looking down at the contents of the cart. "W-What are you going to do to me?"