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Vicki's Tv Revenge



Vicky

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VICKI'S TV REVENGE.

by

Holly Woods.

Ron Wells considered himself to be a top "investigative" reporter. In the 6 years since graduating with honors from a major university, his undercover exposes had made him the envy of many of his colleagues. Ron loved the challenges that his special type of reporting brought. Each new story allowed him to use his quick wit and his acting ability. It had now been 4 months since he had broken the story concerning the huge prostitution ring and its connection to a number of high-placed officials in the city government. There had been a number of red faces, and 3 members of the city council had been forced to resign with their political careers in ruin.

Another repercussion of the story had been the city-wide crackdown on prostitution in general

and that was what really gave Ron the greatest sense of satisfaction. Ron was disgusted by the sight of those shameless bitches flaunting their flesh on the city streets. He had often wondered how they could bring themselves to do it. "Well, I showed them." he smugly thought to himself.

Feeling content with himself Ron began to ponder his next story. It would have to be something really big in order to satisfy his ambition and his ego. He glanced down at the evening paper and something caught his eye. Those damn bitches were going to hold a protest meeting against what they considered to be police harassment. A militant feminist group had rented an auditorium where methods of fighting this alleged harassment were to be discussed and counter-plans formulated. If only Ron could uncover their strategy he felt that he could go a long way towards removing these parasites from the streets for good.

Ron realized that security at the meeting would be very tight and that the consequences of his being discovered there were dire as well. There was no telling what those hookers would do if they discovered who he was. The women-only rally was to held in just 3 days so Ron would need to act fast. He decided that he would need some help if he were to be successful. His current girlfriend Vicki was the obvious answer. He had met her about 6 weeks before

at a singles bar and they had hit it off immediately. He had been somewhat surprised and flattered by all her attentions but he had chalked it up to his "near celebrity" status in the community.

Vicki was slightly taller than Ron... about 5'9" tall and had a body that just wouldn't quit. Her ample tits, narrow waist, and beautifully rounded hips gave her a figure that any woman would envy. In Ron's mind, however, her most striking feature was her legs. They were simply gorgeous and the spike heels that she always wore only served to accent their beauty. He was sure that with Vicki's help he just might pull off his most daring story to date.

Later that evening, at Vicki's apartment, Ron told her of his plan to "crash" the meeting. He asked her if she thought he could pull off such a masquerade successfully. Vicki stared at him for a few moments. Finally she rose from her seat and walked slowly over to him. Her ample bosom jiggled as she bent forward and traced the outline of his eyebrows and cheeks with her finger. She returned to her chair, sat down, and told him that, with a little work, it just might be possible. She told him that his make-up and clothes would need to be perfect if he was going to succeed.

Mentally Vicki took inventory of Ron. He was about 5'7" tall and weighed in the area of 135 lbs. His slim physique and delicate features, along with his sparse amount of body hair, made

his chances of success good. "Perhaps I will help him", Vicki thought, "but not for the reasons he had given her." Ron had been a fool to trust Vicki because, unknown to him, she was an employee of the mob which ran the prostitution racket in the city. Upon their first meeting she had recognized Ron immediately and had seduced him as part of the mob's plan for revenge. Now, the stupid prick was playing right into her hands. Her revenge was really going to be sweet.

"The first thing you're going to have to do is remove all your body hair... including your underarms and groin. Is that clear? Next I'll have to take all your measurements and buy you some well-fitting clothes."

"Why can't I just borrow some of your things?" Ron asked.

"Absolutely not!" Vicki screamed. "If you want me to help you, you're going to have to do things my way... is that understood?"

"Oh, all right", Ron sighed. He was beginning to feel as if he had made a mistake in asking Vicki to help him.

He went into the bathroom to remove the hair as he had been instructed as soon as Vicki had taken his measurements.

Vicki told Ron that she had a few errands

to run and that she would return in a few hours. After he had removed all the hair from his body he decided to kill some time by soaking in the tub with some of the bath oils he had found in the medicine cabinet. Two hours later, Ron emerged from the tub with his skin pink and tingling. He ran his hands over his now hairless body and it felt smooth as silk...just like Vicki's.

He walked back into the bedroom to retrieve his clothing. But he was stunned to find that his clothes were not on the bed where he had left them. In their place was a black full-length negligee, a pair of black stockings, some black lace panties, and a matching bra and garter-belt. On the floor next to the bed was a pair of black satin bedroom slippers with 3" heels. On top of this intimate apparel was a note from Vicki: "I have taken your clothes with me, Ronnie. Please put on these cute things I have laid out for you. If you are going to masquerade as a woman, I think they will help you get a feel for the part. You will need as much practice as possible, and this is the first step. Make yourself at home and I will be back soon. We have a lot to do!"

" 'Make yourself at home'...Damn it! What choice do I have? ! I certainly can't leave without my clothes...Perhaps this is going a bit too far!" Ron thought to himself. "I feel like I'm losing control over what's happening!! When Vicki gets back, I'm going to put an end to this crap right away!"

Ron sat down on the bed and absent-mindedly picked up the negligee. It felt cool to his touch and a pleasant sensation rippled through his body.

"What the hell", he thought, "I got some time to kill and who would it hurt if I just tried the stuff on. I could take it right off again, anyway."

The bra and panties were first. He had to struggle a little with the bra, but finally got into it by putting it on backwards and then pushing it around his chest until it fit in the proper manner. He noticed that the bra itself was padded and gave the impression of a set of well-rounded tits being enclosed. He felt a shiver of excitement as he slowly fastened the garter-belt around his waist. He also had a little trouble with the stockings but finally got them secured to the clasps. The stockings made his legs look longer and the feel of the nylon against his skin was not unpleasant at all. He stepped into the slippers and found they were a bit tight. Without the stockings, he could never have gotten into them. He walked around the room and wondered how women ever got used to walking in high heels. He continually felt as if he were going to fall on his face. The final article of clothing was the negligee. As he placed the silky garment over his head, the scent of Vicki's perfume invaded his nostrils and he felt a stirring in his groin. He let the hem of the garment fall to the floor and turned to check his appearance in the mirror on Vicki's bedroom wall.

Ron stared at his reflection for a moment. Strangely, he was fascinated by what he saw. "Not bad", he thought. "With a wig and some make-up I wouldn't look too bad."

It was then that Ron noticed the bulge in his panties. His penis was becoming hard very rapidly. He was stunned by what had just happened. Never in his life had he felt the sensations he was now feeling. He sat down on the bed with a puzzled look on his face. "Christ! What have I gotten myself into now?" Ron thought out loud. "Why should I be turned on by the sight of myself in some broad's nightgown?" he wondered.

Ron's thoughts were interrupted when the bedroom door burst open and in stepped Vicki. She was accompanied by what looked like 2 'Neanderthal' types in business suits.

"Well, well... doesn't she look adorable. I told you this creep wouldn't give us any trouble. She has followed my instructions to the letter."

"Vicki, what?!" Ron started to say, but she silenced him with a hard slap across the face. "Shut up you little worm!" Vicki yelled. "Here he is boys. This little faggot is Ron Wells. He was about to blow the whistle on our organization again. He wanted me to help him get the real 'inside' story on our racket. Well, I've got some plans for him that would give him the story of his life. Too bad that it's one that he'll never get

to publish. All right boys, get him!"

Before he could react, the 2 brutes grabbed Ron and pinned him to the bed while Vicki forced a needle into his arm. As the drug took effect, Ron could only speculate as to what horrible revenge Vicki had in store for him. Within minutes Ron Wells was unconscious.

When he awoke, he found that he was in what appeared to be a hospital room. He tried to move but found that he was unable to do so. His whole body seemed numb. He was able to move his head from side to side but that was all. He tried to call out, but found that his voice was barely audible. "My God! What have they done to me?" he thought. Ron's mind was racing crazily as he heard the door open.

In walked Vicki, accompanied by a stern-looking woman in a long white coat. "Well... well... it's been three long months but it looks as if our little patient is finally awake again. For a while there, young lady, you caused us all a bit of concern." said Vicki.

"What the hell is she talking about? What's this about 3 months? And why did she call me young lady?!" wondered Ron.

The woman in the white coat examined some charts at the foot of his bed and smiled. She

then came across the side of the bed, reached under the blanket, and lifted Ron's hand out. He was shocked to see that the hand was soft and hairless with beautifully shaped and painted fingernails. The other woman noticed the look of panic on Ron's face and smiled at him.

"Careful dear...let's not try to get too excited. Everything is going well. You'll be up and around in a few more days. I'll leave you and Vicki alone now. I'm sure you two young ladies have a great deal to talk about." she said. With that, the woman turned and left the room.

"That was Dr. Trask, Ronnie. She once was a highly respected plastic surgeon before the medical board took away her license to practice. There was some question about 'human experimentation' or something, I'm not quite sure. She has performed a number of services for my association, however, and she comes highly recommended. Why you, yourself, are a testimony to her great skill." Vicki whispered.

"By the way, honey..." Vicki continued. "I've got some terrible news for you. Ron Wells is dead! I know this will come as quite a shock to you, but he was killed in a fire that destroyed his home. The heat was so intense that no trace of him was ever found. Of course, the police conducted an extensive search for him, but after 2 months they closed the case. I know how close you and Ron were so I wanted you to hear

the news from me. Please try not to be too upset." Vicki murmured to him. The next thing he knew, Vicki was slipping another needle into his arm and he was unconscious again in seconds.

When Ron woke up again he was feeling much better. He found that he was now in a different room. He slowly tried to move his body and found, to his relief, that he could. Something was terribly wrong though! As he moved his hands over his body he was horrified at his discovery. He leapt out of bed and his worse fears were realized. Gazing into the full-length mirror on the wall the image he saw was truly incongruous. He had been given the body of a beautiful young woman!! Ron now possessed stunning melon-shaped breasts, a narrow waist, a firm flat stomach, well-rounded hips and buttocks, and long shapely legs!!! His thick black hair now hung to below his shoulders and his hands and fingernails were lovely! The face in the mirror was only vaguely familiar. The eyebrows had been shaped and arched; the nose was now much smaller and turned up a little at the end; and the cheekbones were much more pronounced than he remembered them. His hands flew to his face and he felt its velvety smoothness. A glint of light caught his eye and he tossed his hair to one side to reveal a set of diamond earrings. He started to remove them and found that his ears had been pierced also. The shocking contradiction to all this was the flacid penis which hung limply from his groin!!! Ron sat

down on the bed and began to sob heavily.

Suddenly a voice brought him back to reality. "How do you like the good doctor's work? I think she did a truly remarkable job, don't you?" Ron recognized Vicki's voice immediately.

"Why have you done this to me?!" Ron shrieked.

"Don't speak to me in that tone of voice you worm!!! You brought it on yourself! You upset some pretty powerful people, Wells! Did you think they would allow you to ruin them and not seek some form of revenge? Consider yourself lucky! If it weren't for me and my plan for you, you'd be a dead man now!!! For all intents and purposes you are anyway: all those changes that Dr. Trask has made to your body are irreversible! You will never have any kind of life as a man again!! At least this way, however, you still have some kind of life. Who knows? You may end up thanking me before I'm through with you.

"Thank you! Why I'll kill you, you rotten bitch!" Ron yelled as he leapt at Vicki. Before he knew what hit him, he was flat on his back.

"I wouldn't try anything like that again baby, or I just might mess up your pretty new face!" Vicki screamed at the now prostrate Ron.

He was in the depths of despair. His masculinity had been destroyed by those bastards and he was helpless to fight back, at least for the moment. Ron vowed to himself that he would make Vicki and her friends pay for what they had done to him! They may have altered his body, but his mind was still his own. He decided that he would pretend to go along with these maniacs, but only long enough to plan his escape! Ron had no idea where they had taken him and so he would play for time until he got his bearings.

"Alright then, let's begin." Vicki commanded. "From now on you will do exactly as I say. Is that understood?"

"Yes." Ron mumbled.

"Speak up!" Vicki shouted.

"Yes!" he said loudly.

"Good! Now the first thing we must do is decide what your new name will be. I like Chrissy. It has a very feminine sound to it. Don't you agree, Chrissy?"

"Yes, Vicki" he said. "I like that name very much."

"Good... very good... I think you'll do quite nicely."

It was Vicki's plan to turn Chrissy into a "hooker". Not a high-priced call-girl, but a common street hooker. How ironic it would be for Ron Wells, crusader against hookers, to become a member of the profession himself. The project would take time, but Vicki was in no hurry. She had all the time in the world. The house where Chrissy was being held was a portion of the country estate of a prominent ex-city official with reputed mob connections. Security was very tight and no one could enter or leave without proper authority. Anyone who tried would be killed. The house itself was the semi-permanent home to some 10-15 call girls. It was their job to "entertain" the guests at the frequent parties held on the estate. Most of the time these girls had little to do except for an occasional game of tennis or a swim in the pool. Vicki enlisted the aid of these lush beauties in her plan to completely feminize Chrissy.

The girls were thrilled by the idea and most thought it would provide an interesting diversion to their lives. The girls were to do everything they possibly could to re-enforce Chrissy's new femininity.

As the weeks went by, Chrissy's resolve began to weaken. The combined efforts of the hormones and the continual attention she was receiving from the other girls was having a big impact on her. Slowly but surely, her will to fight back was dissolving. She was

intelligent enough to know what they were trying to do to her. It was just so damn hard to keep things in perspective!

She had come to like many of the girls at the estate. They weren't evil. They really seemed to care for her and all the attention she was receiving was certainly flattering to her ego. In recent days, Chrissy had begun to notice a subtle change in her attitude. She was beginning to take pride in her new body. After all, she did look like a lovely woman. She was starting to identify with the other girls and that scared her badly!

"If I don't get away from here pretty soon," Chrissy thought, "they will have made a woman in mind as well as in body! I have got to make my break quickly or it will be too late!"

During her time at the estate, Chrissy had become very familiar with the layout of the house and grounds. Getting out of the house was simple enough. The hard part would be getting past the guards and over the 10 foot wall that ringed the estate. Late that night, Chrissy slipped into her dark blue jogging suit and sneakers and ducked out the back door of the house. Keeping to the shadows, she crept along the lawn until she reached a grove of trees where she rested... her heart pounding with fear. The wall loomed up before her only a short distance away. It looked much higher

than 10 feet!! Carefully, Chrissy made a loop in the end of the short strand of rope she had removed from the work-shed earlier in the day. Her plan was to toss the loop over one of the grates at the top of the wall, pull herself up and jump over.

Chrissy looked around carefully. There were no guards to be seen anywhere. She sprinted to the wall. She tried to toss it over one of the grates and missed. She missed again on her second try. On her third try she succeeded! She pulled on the rope and found that it was secure. As she was attempting to pull herself up, she was shocked to hear a voice from behind her!

"I'm really disappointed in you, Chrissy! Get down before you hurt yourself!" Vicki said as she pointed her gun at Chrissy.

"Oh no!" Chrissy thought, "I can't believe it! That bitch must have eyes in the back of her head!"

"I'm afraid you're going to have to pay dearly for this little escapade, my pretty!" spat Vicki.

Chrissy released her grip on the rope and dropped to the ground.

"Let's go!" said Vicki, "Get your cute little ass back to the house!"

Vicki was not surprised by Chrissy's attempt to escape. She had made sure that her every move had been monitored at all times. Ron Well's spirit would not be easily broken. The key to success lay in controlling Chrissy's mind. She must destroy any trace of free will to be sure of victory. Vicki smiled as the idea of what she would do to achieve this objective formed in her mind. "Drugs!" she thought. "I'll turn Chrissy into an addict!" Since Vicki was well-connected with the mob, she had no trouble obtaining the necessary "junk".

Chrissy was kept locked in her room. Once a day for two weeks Vicki would administer an injection of heroin to Chrissy. The injections were stopped on the 15th day. On the 16th day, when Vicki entered Chrissy's room, she was just about climbing the walls. She ran to her. "Vicki!! Please give me my shot! Where is it? Please Vicki!!! I need it!!! I'll do anything you ask...anything!!! Vicki pleasee!!!!"

"Well, I'm glad to see that your attitude has improved."

"Stop it! Stop it!! I'm begging you, Vicki! Let me have it!!!!"

"Sure, baby...Here it is." cooed Vicki.

Chrissy grabbed the hypo and plunged the needle into her arm after the belt on her upper arm had made her veins stand out like railroad

ties. Within moments she was feeling the delicious sensation as the drug took effect.

"Feeling better, honey?" asked Vicki.

Chrissy smiled broadly. "I am now!" she said dreamily.

"Are you content to stay with us now?" she asked.

"Oh yes! I never want to leave!!" Chrissy giggled.

"Good! Very good! I thought you might change your mind. You know Chrissy, if you are going to have to stay with us, you are going to have to earn your keep. Do you understand?"

"I'll do anything you ask, Vicki. Just keep on giving me those injections. I need them badly!"

"Don't worry sweetie. As long as you behave yourself, we'll take good care of you."

Chrissy's will had been broken. She was hooked on "junk" and she knew it. She realized that she needed the daily supply desperately, and the only way to keep it coming was to submit to whatever Vicki had in mind.

"All right Chrissy," Vicki began, "from this moment on I want you to think of yourself as a WOMAN! Is that understood?"

"Yes, I understand completely, Vicki!" Chrissy exclaimed.

"If thinking and acting like a woman were what it would take to keep the heroin in her veins, then she would do it gladly! Besides, I'm just so tired of fighting it." Chrissy's will had been broken and Vicki was ready to launch the next phase of her plan.

Soon Chrissy was taking part whole-heartedly in the girls' efforts. If this was to be her new life, she wanted to be as lovely and attractive as possible. But...just who did Chrissy want to attract? This thought had crossed her mind many times in the past weeks, but she had forced it aside for the most part. It was becoming more and more difficult for her to do this.

Tentatively, she began to ask the girls questions about sex. Vicki was extremely pleased to hear about this. It meant that her plan could be moved along to the next phase. Chrissy was becoming a woman in her emotions as well.

The next time a party was held, Vicki took her to a room where she could observe some of the girls and their partners for the evening making love passionately. Chrissy was totally engrossed. She now thought of herself completely as a woman. In this state of mind, she could almost feel the warm kisses of the

virile men she was observing, covering her own lips and body. If it were possible, she would have rushed out and taken any of those marvelous hard cocks into her mouth and given as much pleasure as she could to her partner. The girls had told her many many times what a wonderful feeling it was to suck a man's cock. She only wished that she could experience the pleasure for herself some day. The participants were now writhing in passion and she could feel herself a warm, wet sensation in her groin. In her mind, she could feel the rock-hard penis pressing against her pelvis. "If only I could be on the receiving end of such passion..." she wished.

Chrissy longed to take part like the other girls, but she realized that she was not quite ready yet. The next morning she begged the girls to teach her all they knew about how to please a man sexually. "Yes...a man" Chrissy finally admitted to herself. There was no longer any doubt in her mind at all. She had hardly slept the previous night. Chrissy kept running her hands over her body and dreaming that the hands belonged to some virile male lover. She could feel him fondling her breasts and thighs and the thought of it was driving her wild with anticipation.

Chrissy knew that if she were to take part "fully" in the next party she would need to become even more of a woman. One of the girls gave Chrissy a flesh-colored 8" dildo and

the girls taught her how to lick and suck it in such a way as to drive her partner wild with desire. They held it deep within her throat until she overcame the urge to gag, soon she could take the full 8 inches deep within her throat. They told her how to use her tongue and fingers on a man's penis so that he would be completely satisfied.

Chrissy also knew that she would need to prepare her other orifice for what she hoped was to come. To do this, she began to wear a "butt plug" that she had been given by Vicki under her panties. After 4 days of wearing the plug, Chrissy asked to borrow the dildo again. Vicki smiled knowingly and told Chrissy to return to her room and she would bring it to her.

When she stepped into her room and removed her dressing gown, Chrissy shuddered with a combination of fear and anticipation. Strapped to Vicki waist was the most realistic-looking dildo she had ever seen. There was even a pouch hanging below the penis. She told Chrissy that the pouch contained warm fluid that would simulate the hot cum that her partner would shoot into her rectum.

Vicki sat down on the bed and began to fondle Chrissy's breasts and kiss her on the shoulders and neck. Soon their lips met in a kiss of mutual passion. As their tongues probed deep into each others mouths, Chrissy's desire was rising rapidly. It had been months

since she had felt anything like this. Vicki kept whispering to Chrissy...telling her lovely and sexy thoughts about how feminine and desireable she had become.

"Do it Vicki, please! Please fuck me! I want it in me! I need it! Please do it now!!" Chrissy implored.

Chrissy rolled over onto her stomach and slowly pulled her satin panties down and raised her fanny slightly to meet the anticipated assault. She felt the pressure of the tip of the dildo against her sphincter muscle and thrust her hips back to meet it!! At that moment, Vicki pressed forward and Chrissy was no longer a virgin!! Vicki began to pump the artificial penis slowly and rhythmically inside Chrissy rectum. Although the pain was great, the feeling of pleasure more than made up for it!

Chrissy began to moan and thrust her bottom up to meet the shaft of the dildo. Vicki sensed that Chrissy was about to cum, so she reached down and squeezed the sac of liquid. Chrissy moaned again and again and shot a load of warm sperm from her own tiny but hard penis.

Slowly, Vicki removed the bogus dick from Chrissy's ass and wiped away the fluid which was now dripping from her rectum. Chrissy sat up and looked at Vicki.

"That was wonderful...thank you." Chrissy

whispered. She lowered her head and gently kissed the wet glistening dildo. "I love you..."

All the next week Chrissy used the dildo on herself every night. Slowly inserting the shaft into her rectum and working the full length of it up and in. She wanted to make sure that the muscles of her rectum remained stretched. She could only imagine how much better a real live cock would feel inside her. She wanted to experience that feeling more than anything in the world: a hard cock in her ass or a hard cock in her mouth.

Vicki realized now, that her plan had succeeded. Chrissy had become almost totally a woman. Vicki told Chrissy that her training was now completed and that the next night, when the quests arrived, she would take her place with the rest of the girls.

She was overcome with joy! She ran to Vicki and began to shower her with kisses. "Oh thank you! Thank you!" Chrissy gushed. It was then that Chrissy thought to herself, "My God! Vicki was right!" Only a few months before, Vicki had told her that someday she might thank her for having saved her life and she had been correct!"

"Wait here Chrissy. I have a gift for you." Vicki said as she left the room. Moments later she returned with the present. It looked like a pair of bikini panties but it was much more!

The item was flesh-colored and matched Chrissy's skin tone perfectly. "My God!" Chrissy thought. The front of the garment was a perfect replica of a woman's cunt complete with the inverted triangle of hair! There was a small cup built into the front which would hide any trace of Chrissy's penis and balls and push them up into her pelvic cavity. There was a large opening in the rear which allowed access to Chrissy's ass and pushed her fanny out provocatively! The garment was so sheer that it was virtually impossible to detect, but it somehow was strong enough to do the job it was designed for. She ran to the mirror after she had struggled into the ersatz cunt. Chrissy was overjoyed at what she saw!! The reflection in the mirror was that of a lovely young woman! There could be absolutely no doubt in anyone's mind. The figure in the mirror was a woman...totally and completely!!!

Tears of joy ran down Chrissy's face. She had never been so happy in all her life! "I will wear it always!" she told Vicki.

The other girls were amazed at Chrissy's new appearance. A few even felt a pang of jealousy when she revealed her naked body to them. Since this was to be Chrissy's first party, it was decided that she would be paired with the most handsome and virile of the guests. The girls worked feverishly all the next day

to prepare her for her debut.

Long hours were spent soaking her body in perfumed bath oils so that her skin was as soft and as smooth as silk. Her hair style and make-up were works of art. Her dress clung tightly to every curve of her body and was dotted with shimmering rhinestones. The front portion of the dress plunged deeply to provide a sensational view of her ample cleavage. Her pert nipples pushed out against the material of the dress, as if begging to be released. The back of the garment was completely open and it revealed an expanse of lovely flesh all the way down to the point where her hips formed a delightful curve. Chrissy had never looked so sexually desirable!

When the guests arrived Chrissy was, as promised, paired with the most handsome and virile of them. Doug was 6'4" tall and looked to weigh about 210 pounds. He had thick wavy hair and his smile revealed a set of pearl white teeth. Doug held her very close to him as they were dancing (Chrissy was grateful for the practice she had been given by the other girls) and she could feel the steel-hard muscles of his body. All the time they were dancing he kept telling her how beautiful and exciting she was. After an hour of so of drinks and dancing, Doug suggested that they get away from the crowd so that they could get to know

each other better. She let him lead her to one of the upstairs bedrooms.

Once they were inside, Doug told her to take her clothes off so that he could get a better view of the body he had been holding in his arms. Chrissy did as she was told, and when she looked at Doug's face her heart leapt with joy! It was obvious that Doug found her to be a sexually desirable woman. She walked slowly across the room and pressed her naked body against his chest. Doug grabbed her shoulders and planted a moist passionate kiss on her lips. This was the first time in her life that she had been kissed by a man and she found it better than she had dreamed of. Chrissy pulled back her head and smiled up at him. "Come on baby," she purred. She removed his coat and tie and then slowly began unbuttoning his shirt. As she did so, she kissed his hairy chest and let her fingernails run over his virile body. Doug was going mad with desire.

"I can't wait! Please hurry Chrissy!" Doug moaned. As quickly as she could, Chrissy helped Doug remove the rest of his clothes. They climbed onto the bed and began to stroke and fondle each other. Chrissy had to make sure that Doug's hands did not stray too close to her rubber cunt so she shifted her body and moved her head down towards Doug's massive cock! It seemed so much bigger than the dildo,

but Chrissy still couldn't wait to feel a real man's hard prick in her mouth, between her painted lips, full and throbbing. She began by licking and kissing the base of the shaft and worked her way up to the moistened head. She again shifted position so as to take as much of the huge organ as possible into her mouth, it felt so warm and strong, she could hardly breathe so excited she was.

Chrissy began to move her head up and down over the shaft while, at the same time, sucking and flicking its tip with her tongue. Her lips were stretched tightly around his cock, somewhere above her she could hear Doug's quickening moans as she concentrated so on her new found skills of lovemaking. Doug's hips began to thrust rhythmically as he forced her head downward with his hands. Chrissy was afraid she was going to choke and had to breathe between the deep thrusts of his penis. She continued her efforts though because she did not want to fail her partner, she began to want it all, the hard cock, the soulful sucking, and soon, the hot white cum of her lover. She wanted to taste it, to suck it all into her wanton mouth! In another life she had remembered women sucking and swallowing her own cum, now she was to experience the same wonder... finally, Doug's body stiffened and he shot a load of hot cum into her mouth... Chrissy continued to suck because she did not want to lose a drop

of the precious fluid. She gloried in her passion as his last spasm subsided. Her mouth full of his semen, she slowly swallowed the male cum.

"That was fantastic!" said Doug. "That was the best blow job I ever had!"

Chrissy positively beamed under his praise. She had passed her first test with flying colors.

The couple continued to kiss and hold each other for a while. Soon Doug told Chrissy that he wanted to fuck her so he could return some of the pleasure she had given to him.

"I'd like nothing better darling" Chrissy whispered. "If you really want to please me, though, Doug, you'll fuck me up the ass. I know it sounds kinky, but it really turns me on! Please sweetheart?" she asked.

"If that's what you want, baby" Doug replied. Chrissy rolled over onto her stomach and placed a pillow beneath her. She raised her hips slightly as she felt the tip of Doug's cock at the entrance of her rectum. She was at once apprehensive yet excited, she had loved the feeling of his cock in her mouth, now she wanted to feel him deep within her loins! Fortunately for Chrissy, Doug's cock was still moist with cum from their previous lovemaking. He shifted his weight and rammed the huge

cock deep into her rectum! As he penetrated her, a searing wave of pain swept over Chrissy's body. This pain was soon replaced, however, by ecstasy as she felt his massive prick moving within her. Chrissy had never felt anything so marvelous before. She began to move her hips to meet the steady pounding of Doug's wonderful shaft. As her pleasure mounted, Chrissy herself felt she was about to lose control and both lovers began to shudder and moan from the intensity. Chrissy closed her eyes and concentrated on the hard cock as it repeatedly thrust deep into her loins. First in her mouth, now in her pussy! Her own hands caressed her breasts and "pussy" frantically, she almost wished for another hard cock to wrap her wet lips around while Doug continued to fuck her madly. She could no longer hold back and suddenly both lovers climaxed in one tremendous orgasm of delight!

Soon after that, Doug arose from the bed, put his clothes back on and kissed Chrissy good-bye. Just before he left the room, he turned and told Chrissy, "You were the best, baby. I'll be seeing you again...and soon!" He removed his wallet and placed a \$100 bill in her hand, "You're a natural baby, keep up the good work!" Doug said as he left the room.

The next day, Vicki took Chrissy aside and wanted to know all about the events of the

previous evening. Doug had already given a full report of Chrissy's "performance" to Vicki, but she wanted to hear her reaction personally. Chrissy was still on cloud nine as she gushed the details of what she and Doug had done. She could tell from the look on Vicki's face that she was pleased.

"Chrissy, I've got some wonderful news for you!" said Vicki. "Doug was so impressed with you last night that he wants you to join his 'escort service'. You're a very lucky young lady! Doug selects only the most beautiful and sexually desirable women for his group. He will take very good care of you as long as you behave yourself."

Reluctantly, Chrissy packed her belongings and bid a tearful good-bye to the other girls. Doug picked her up at 5PM and, as they drove back to the city, told Chrissy of his plans for her in a very gruff manner. Since she was a new member of his group she was going to have to work the streets! It would only be for a little while he promised her. He informed her of the prices she was to charge; which hotels she was to use; which areas of the city she was to avoid and everything else she would need to know to be successful and avoid the cops.

"Doug, I need a fix bad baby!" Chrissy begged.

"Not yet, honey!" he answered, "Let's see

how well you do for me tonight!"

"Oh please, Doug!! I really need it!" moaned Chrissy. "Let me suck your cock, please, I'll suck it and swallow your hot cum, anything!" She began fumbling with his pants, rubbing his crotch in an attempt to get him hard.

"No chance, sweetheart! You bring me back some big bucks and then I'll take care of you!" Doug shouted at her. "Oh, one more thing," he continued, "If you ever fail me or try to leave ...I'll kill you!!!"

It took Chrissy a little while, but she finally learned the ropes. She discovered the spots where she could meet the tricks with the most bread and which approaches were the most successful. Chrissy worked the bars for the most part. It was much easier to manipulate a drunk than a sober man. Most of them never knew they were fucking her up the ass...and those that did, didn't care. Most of the johns were just looking for a decent blow-job anyway.

Chrissy also found out quickly that she hated what she was being forced to do. It was never the same as it had been that first time with Doug. There was no emotion or tenderness now...just pure animal sex. Chrissy felt used and dirty but "What the fuck!" she thought. She now had a \$300 a day habit and there was no other way for her to get that kind of money.

The days dragged into weeks and the weeks into months and Chrissy learned her new trade very well. She had long ago found out what Doug was really like and given up any hope of getting away. She had begun to hold out some of the money she received from her tricks. Her habit had become so big that she was having to score her own junk from the pushers on the street.

When Chrissy returned to her apartment late one night, she found Doug there waiting for her. As soon as she walked in the door, he grabbed her purse and removed all the money.

"What the fuck is this!" he screamed. "you'd better not be holding out on me, baby!!"

"I'm not honey! I swear it!!" Chrissy pleaded. "The pigs are all over the place, Doug! Business is real down, real bad!"

"I don't give a shit about that you freak! You get your ass back out there and make some money! If things are too tough around here, then move up-town for a while! Get going!!" he yelled.

Chrissy took a cab up to one of the most exclusive parts of the city, got out and started to stroll down the sidewalk. The unfamiliar territory made her very nervous. Chrissy removed her cigarettes from her purse and was

fumbling with her matches when she heard a voice say, "Hey doll! Let me help you with that!"

She turned around to see a good-looking guy of about 28 holding out his lighter. She accepted his offer and inhaled deeply.

"Thanks honey" she cooed. "Ya'looking for a little action," she said, repeating the line she had used so often in the past.

"I could be if the price is right. How much?" he asked.

"For \$50 I could show you the time of your life." Chrissy answered.

"You must be new on the street. I haven't seen you around here before."

"That's true, sugar...but I really know how to please a good-looking hunk like you! What do you say? Let's do it!"

"I really believe you could, babe...but not tonight...because you'll be in the slammer, cutie!" he said as he showed her his badge. "I'm Sgt. McNeil, Vice Squad, and you're coming with me!"

"Oh Jesus! This can't be happening!!" Chrissy thought as he put her into his car.

"Come on , baby. Let me go. I'll make it worth your while! I'll suck you good, baby, so good...I'll get you hard and then..."

"No chance, sister! Do you think I'd let slime like you put your hands on me? Now keep your fuckin'mouth shut!"

Chrissy decided to do just that. This was the first time she had ever been busted. The false ID that she was carrying would serve her well, and Doug would be able to get her out in a matter of hours.

"Those God-Damn pigs!" she thought to herself, "Why the fuck weren't they doing something useful? Why can't they leave us poor working girls alone?"

McNeil brought Chrissy into the station-house and told the Desk Sargeant to 'book' her.

"What's the charge?" he asked.

"Are you kidding?" he replied, "Take a look at the tracks on this bitch's arms! This cunt is a hooker and a junkie!"

"Ya'know", he thought to himself, "I'll never be able to understand how these broads can bring themselves to do it. How can people be so ignorant about the blemish to our society that these scum represent? It's really too

bad that there weren't more people around like that writer who got killed in the fire. What was his name anyway? Ron something wasn't it? There was a man who really understood the problems that these parasites could cause!" McNeil was sorry that they had never met. He was sure he would have liked him!

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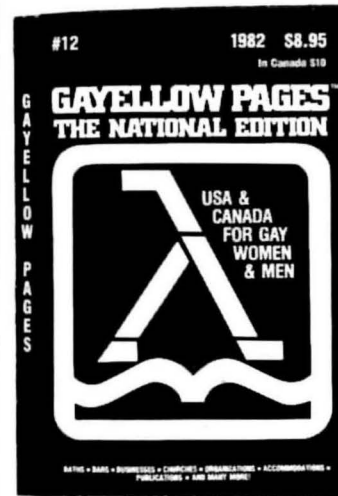
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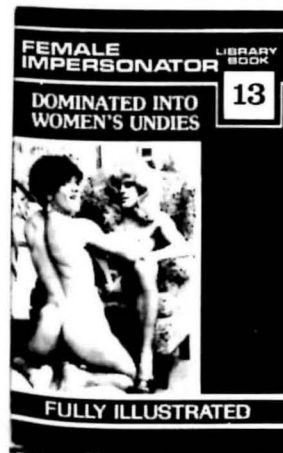


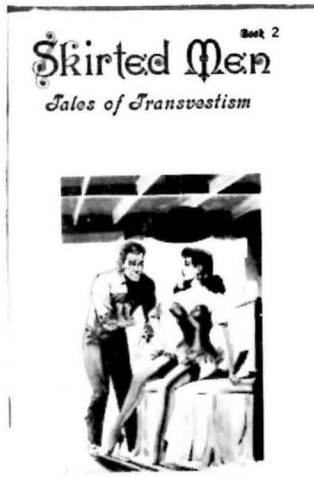
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