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# DADDY'S REVENGE

By R. Van Dorne



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**LLP0314 Daddy's Revenge**  
**By**  
**R. Van Dorne**

Chapter 1

"So, Tony, now that my big prep school boy is home for the summer, his mama'll have somebody to go to church with on Sundays, eh?"

Clara Alessandro reached out affectionately and ruffled the dark thatch of curly brown hair on her sixteen year old son's head. Propped up on a mound of satin-cased pillows, her gray-streaked black hair falling in a long braid over the shoulder of her lace-trimmed, quilted pink bed jacket, the matriarch of the Alessandro family smiled warmly at the slim youth who sat beside her on the bed, squirming a little impatiently, as boys do under excessive maternal affection.

"Yeah, sure, Mama," her son replied, reaching into the jacket of his lightweight red-and-gold striped summer jacket for his comb and nervously rearranging his ruffled hair. For a moment his heart sank at her words, for the thought of going to church with his mother was the last thing occupying his ambitious young mind, but pop had told him not to upset her by disagreeing with her. Besides, she was probably too sick to go, anyway. He'd even been a little alarmed at how much she'd changed, just since Christmas, but he'd quickly put the thought out of his mind. Old people were always getting sick, weren't they? It couldn't be really serious. All he had to do was jolly her up a little, like he had ever since he was small, and she'd let him get away with anything he wanted. And this summer, he had big plans, plans that made it worth not arguing about something as silly as going to church.

"Look at him, Manny," the bedridden older woman laughed, turning to her husband, her thin face wreathed in smiles. "Not a hair can be out of place. We're gonna walk in the church, you and me, Tony, and all the old ladies are gonna make a scandal. 'Oooooooh,' they'll say, and they'll run to Father Morgan and tell him, 'Mrs. Alessandro's finally gotten better 'cause she's got a handsome young boy friend! An Ivy League pretty-boy with fancy clothes!' Isn't that right, Manny?"

"You go to church looking as good as you do today, Mama," her husband replied, patting her hand, "and they're gonna say, 'Who's that good-looking young couple?' And when all those quack pill-pushers who've been throwing big words around for the past six months get a look at you tomorrow, they're gonna want to go back to school for some refresher courses."

Mrs. Alessandro let her thin hand rest in her husband's, and with the other she reached out for Tony's, squeezing it tightly. Looking from one to the other, she spoke, her voice trembling with intensity. "For a mother," she said, "all the medicines in the world don't do as much as having her family with her, safe under one roof. Sometimes this spring, when I was really bad, I didn't think I'd live to see the day.

But now, today, I feel like I could live forever. And even if I don't, just seeing my fine big boy again, I know I could die happy, and meet Saint Peter with a smile on my face!"

"Clara, don't talk nonsense!" Manny objected, his high forehead furrowing into an angry frown. "You're gettin' yourself all excited over nothing." For his wife's eyes had filled with tears as she spoke.

"But it's true!" she insisted. "No matter what, I can meet my Maker with a clear conscience, 'cause I know Tony's turned out to be a good boy ... oh, look at me, cryin' like a baby when I should be makin' his first day home so happy!" Reaching into the sleeve of her bed jacket, Clara withdrew a lacy handkerchief and daubed at her eyes. "Don't pay any attention to me, Tony, I'm just a stupid old woman!" Replacing the handkerchief, she forced a smile, and reached out to stroke her son's face. "So tell me, big boy, what are you gonna do with yourself this summer? Spend it fighting off all the girls? Huh?"

Relieved that the conversation was finally turning toward the subject uppermost in his mind, Tony flashed his mother an appealing smile. "You're all the girl friend I need, Mama, don't you know that?" Then, to avoid another of the hungry embraces that she showered on him at every opportunity, and also to avoid exposing his excitement, he casually got up from the bed and strolled over to the large bay window. The heavy brocade drapes were open to let in the warm June sunshine, and downstairs on the tree-shaded, manicured lawn he could see Pollo, one of his father's bodyguards, in conversation with Gina, a girl slightly older than himself, one of the local pieces of ass. And quite a piece, too, he reflected absently, a dark look crossing his olive complexion as his eyes took in her haughtily thrusting young breasts and firmly rounded buttocks that seemed to strain the thin material of her tight white shorts - a look that would have surprised his mother if she had seen it. "As a matter of fact, Mama," he said, keeping his voice deliberately earnest and guileless, "I thought I'd like to take a job this summer."

"A job? You work hard all year and you want to work on your vacation, too? What for?" But Tony could tell that the idea didn't entirely displease her.

"Well, I can't see just wasting time all summer ... "

"Manny, we're not raising a son, we're raising a saint. How many mothers would give their eye teeth to have a boy with ambition like this instead of some lazy bum who doesn't think of anything but girls and cars?"

"That's right, Mama, we - got a good boy, here," Manny replied, a little nervously.

"And what kind of job? I think maybe they need a lifeguard at the day camp, Tony. That'd be nice for you, you're such a good swimmer. And you'd get to meet some nice young people, too..."

"Well, actually - " Tony ignored a warning glance from his father - "I thought maybe I'd work for Pop ... "

Clara made a face indicating her distaste. "In a hot smelly restaurant all summer? No, Tony, that's no way to spend your vacation! Let me talk to Father Morgan about the day camp job, that's better for you. The money's not so much, but it's healthier than being in the center of Camden in the heat ... "

"That's not what I had in mind, Mama," Tony interrupted, turning away impatiently. Apparently it was going to be even harder than he'd thought. Damn! Why didn't his father help him out?

"Are we playing 'What's My Line' here, or what? You want to work for your father, but not in the restaurant ... " the older woman's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Manny, do you know what he's talking about?"

"Now, Clara, don't get excited, nothing's settled yet, it was just an idea and I told the boy he'd have to get your permission ... "

"My permission for what?"

"I want to get started in the family business, Mama, the real family business," Tony blurted out finally.

Clara looked from one to the other of them, her tall, wiry son, and her broad-shouldered husband, who had moved from his seat on the bed and was wandering uneasily around the room, his face averted so that he wouldn't have to meet her eyes. All she could see was the sharp line of his aquiline profile above the collar of his conservative dark blue suit. Clara sank back on the pillow, not dramatically, but with a little sigh, like a suddenly deflated balloon.

"You promised me, Manny," she said softly, her voice thick with disappointment.

"I didn't break any promise, Clara," her husband replied defensively. "Tony asked me about it, and I said we'd talk to you about it, that's all."

"And just what aspect of the real family business did you have in mind for our son? His education qualifies him maybe for fixing horse races? Or maybe you think they give courses in running cat houses at the Lawrenceville School? He's too skinny to be in your goon squad - maybe you want him to push drugs to school kids, is that it, Manny?"

"Mama, it's nothing like that," Tony began desperately. He hadn't expected her to react like this.

"You shut up, big boy, this is between your father and me!" The sudden authority in his frail mother's voice startled Tony, and he retreated, cowed, back to the window, his eyes darting between his parents as the argument intensified.

"I don't push no drugs to school kids, Clara. Christ, what do you think I am?"

"There's a lot of things I think and a lot of things I know that I don't say anything about, Manny, except maybe to God. A long time ago I made up my mind I couldn't change you. You're my husband, I don't interfere. I only pray. But you're not gonna bring Tony into your filth, not while I have breath in my body. The restaurant's one thing, it's an honest business. But not the other! No!"

Manny could feel himself becoming flushed with embarrassment as his wife's angry tirade gained momentum. She was making him look like a fool, and in front of the boy, too. He resented it, but at the same time he cursed himself for ever having allowed Tony to talk him into bringing the subject up in the first place. He'd known how she'd react. She was always unreasonable on the subject of the business. Christ, didn't she understand it was a dog-eat-dog world, and only the strongest survived? It hadn't been so bad at first, but ever since he'd gotten out of jail ten years ago after serving a three-month token sentence for his gambling operations, she'd been adamant about keeping Tony on the right side of the law. It didn't matter to her that he wanted a son to learn everything he'd worked for. She didn't seem to care or understand that the guys in the legit businesses were just as crooked as he was. It was as though the kid was only hers, not his at all. She'd even made him swear, on the ragged-leafed family bible that she kept always within reach, that he would never let Tony get involved with anything illegal if he could help it. But how could a man keep a promise like that, when he had only one son and only one real profession? It was no use trying to explain it to her, though. A perfectly docile, yielding woman in every other way, her will was iron on this point and always would be. Manny shook his head defeatedly, the corners of his mouth curling down in defeat, and his whole face taking on the air of aggrieved injury. He couldn't resist one final shot, although he knew the matter was settled.

"I've worked hard all my life, Clara, as hard as any meathead out in the street behind a pushcart, but you don't give me no respect. In my own home, I can't get no respect."

"Sometimes I'd be happier if you were behind a pushcart, Manny," his wife replied calmly, although her voice trembled a little. "At least I wouldn't worry every night you were gonna come home in a box instead of your fancy limousine."

As a tension-charged silence settled over the room, Tony, who had been listening to the heated exchange between his parents with all his attention, was stunned to realize that his father was giving up. His deceptively youthful face flushed with anger, and hot tears of frustration rose to his thick-lashed brown eyes as his hopes of spending the summer working for his father, whom he idolized, were dashed. He

fought them down with all his will. He was a man now, not a baby. All he'd wanted was a chance to prove it. Inbred respect for his mother warred with the anger, almost hatred, that he felt for her at that moment. Resentfully, he heaved a deep sigh and glowered darkly at the floor.

"Then it's no?" he demanded, struggling to suppress his keenly felt disappointment.

His father shrugged his shoulders with exaggerated helplessness. You see what I'm up against? his eyes seemed to say.

"Mama, I just want to run numbers, not do anything bad. You can't keep me tied to your apron strings forever!" the youth burst out finally, his voice rising in frustration.

Mrs. Alessandro's control seemed to shatter visibly at her son's words. Her mouth fell open and her hands fluttered convulsively in the air for a moment, then using all her strength, she pulled herself upright on the bed and stared at him, then at her husband..

"You hear him, Manny? He wants to run numbers, that's all, just a little thing, nothing bad! That's how all the boys start, isn't it? And then, if they're good, they graduate to collecting the protection money, isn't that how it works? And after that they're carrying guns and fixing the fights, and after that, who knows? The sky's the limit with Manny Alessandro, isn't it?" Her voice was rising excitedly with every word, and her face became flushed with anger.

"Clara, don't excite yourself - " Manny began, but his wife cut him off.

"When I'm dead and in my grave you can run numbers, Tony. Cheer up! Maybe you don't have long to wait! But until then, you'll take the job at the day camp if you want to work this summer! Apron strings? Better that than bars in front of your face! Do you understand me? Do you?"

Her intensity frightened the adolescent boy. He had almost never seen his mother like this. It was all he could do to choke out a chastened, but still resentful, "Yes, Mama."

Relieved, Clara settled back again on the pillow, exhausted by her outburst. "Good. Now come and give me a kiss, then go think about the job with Father Morgan. I'm tired now. I have to sleep."

Miserably, Tony did as she commanded. "You're not so tough yet you don't cry," his mother said softly as she felt a revealing dampness on his soft cheek. "I'm glad."

A few moments later, Tony and his father were making their way down the curving marble staircase that led to the first floor of the Alessandro mansion in Fairlawn, New Jersey. Both were unnerved by the events that had just taken place in Mrs.

Alessandro's room, Tony because of his bitter disappointment over his mother's angry disapproval, and Manny because, with all the problems he already had on his mind, the last thing he had wanted on the warm June afternoon was a fight with his morally righteous invalid wife.

It seemed to the expensively dressed older man that his life was full of bitterness lately. Not only was there the fight with Clara and his son's looks of disappointed accusation to contend with, he was also faced with the activities of the State Crime Commission, always suddenly militant in an election year. For months now there had been crusading newspaper articles in the Camden papers about graft in high circles, dope in the schools, vice in the streets and assorted other aspects of the "business." Sensing the issue's vote-getting potential, the governor had personally instructed the commission to launch an all out war on the forces of "organized crime in the community." At first, Manny hadn't thought too much about it. He'd ridden out these things before. All you had to do was lie low for a while, pay off the right people, and keep the girls off the streets. It was inconvenient, but nothing to worry about.

But lately things had gotten a little too close for comfort. Some of his best contact men on the police force had already been busted, and a lot of "respected local businessmen" were suddenly away on early vacations. Things were getting so tight that Manny was beginning to feel he didn't have any muscle left, and he didn't like it. The new men on the force were strangers, and know-it-all punks in the bargain, and Manny's emissaries had gotten nowhere in their attempts to persuade them to lay off his pushers and pimps.

And then there was the Callahan kid, a particularly bitter pill for Manny to swallow. The newspapers were really playing him up big ever since he'd crawled out of the woodwork to be a witness at the investigation, volunteering to tell everything he knew about the structure of the underworld in the downtown slum where he grew up, the neighborhood that had been almost equally divided between Manny's boys and Eamon Callahan, the tough sergeant who headed up the precinct until his death three years ago.

And now it was Callahan's son who was sticking his neck out for the commission, in a grandstand play for attention, he supposed. Manny fumed every time he thought of it. Callahan had made his life miserable, and had been responsible for blowing the whistle on his gambling operations and getting him sent up ten years earlier. Now this punk bastard kid was saying things like, "My father fought crime all his life. I'm testifying gladly for the commission. The ordinary citizen had to do something ... " etc., etc., etc., bullshit! And he couldn't touch the little fucker, either. Not with all the publicity he was getting. Cause the commission would be down on him in hours if anything happened to the kid, as it was HIS, Manny's neighborhood, that he was going to be talking about.

And now Clara was hassling him, too. Christ! It seemed to the heavy-set older man that he was getting it from all sides. At the bottom of the stairs, he put his arm around his son's shoulders.

"I'm sorry it worked out this way, Tony," he said, "but you can see how it is ... she just won't listen to reason."

"Yeah," Tony replied disconsolately. "I see the way it is."

There was an edge to his voice that made Manny frown, the broad expanse of his forehead beneath his wavy, gray-flecked hair furrowing in thick wrinkles that extended from one side of his face to the other.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I thought you were the boss here," his son replied, twisting away from Manny sulkily, his hands jammed into fists in the pockets of his fashionably cut jacket. Instinctively, he had driven a verbal knife into his father's vulnerability.

"For Christ's sake, Tony, what the hell do you expect me to do? She's a sick woman! The doctors said not to upset her!" The sudden attack from his son was the last thing Manny wanted to deal with, and he could feel himself beginning to shout with exasperation.

"You didn't have to just ... give in like that," Tony retorted, his voice rising also in defiance. "You didn't even argue with her."

Manny Alessandro could understand his son's keen disappointment. He felt it, too. It would have been a bright spot in the miserable summer of manipulation and intrigue that lay ahead to have his son working with him. "Look, kid, maybe next year, okay? After this investigation quiets down, I'll try to work something out. But I got a lot on my mind now, you know? I gotta figure out some way to shut up that Callahan kid. He's gettin' too much press, and that could really hassle my ass. So lay low for a while, okay? I don't need your mother on me, too."

Tony's ire was mollified by the adult way his father spoke to him, man to man. It compensated for the humiliation he'd suffered earlier in his mother's room. The old man was all right, but his mother was just dumb, like all dames were. She didn't understand about the real world men had to live in.

"Yeah, Pop, I understand. Couldn't you maybe blackmail the guy or something like that?"

"Sure, if I could get something on him. But the little fucker's clean as a whistle, just like his father. Now I gotta get to work. Do me a favor and send Pollo into my office, will you? I gotta talk to him."



"It's about the new shipment, right?" the youth replied eagerly.

Manny looked at his son sharply. How did he know so much? He was just like Clara that way. He always knew what was going on around him. Manny was pleased at his son's alertness, though it alarmed him a little, too. He was still too green to know so much. "One of the first things you gotta learn in this business," he said seriously, "is not to ask questions. You get my meaning?"

"Sure, Pop," the youth replied, flushing a little with embarrassment, but also with pride, for his father's look told him he wasn't really angry. "I'll go get Pollo."

"And Tony ... "

The boy turned around on his way to the door.

"Yeah, Pop?"

"If you want to hang around the restaurant this summer, I can't see nothing wrong with it."

Tony's face broke into a delighted smile, and Manny's eyes crinkled merrily. For an instant they were like two small boys united in a plan to outwit their mother. "Thanks!" Tony said, then disappeared out the door.

Clara's right, the muscular gang leader thought, lighting a cigarette as he walked down the hall toward his office. He's a good boy. A real good boy!

Outside, Tony sauntered casually toward the garage, in front of which Pollo and Gina, the same two figures he had observed from his mother's window, were engaged in some sort of weird game. Gina was down on her knees in front of Manny's muscular, black-suited bodyguard, her ripely developed young body begging for a cookie. She lurched awkwardly upward, her full, wide-set breasts bobbing balloon-like up and down as she tried to retrieve the object that Pollo was holding in his hand just out of her reach. There was something strangely exciting about the tableau they made, and Tony's adolescent penis stiffened against his thigh as he walked toward them. Unconsciously, he moved with the measured, slightly swaggering step his father used. More than ever he felt like the boss's son, and he didn't want the fact to be lost on Pollo and Gina.

"That's it, chickie," he could hear Pollo say as he approached, "Beg Daddy for your biscuit like a good bitch. Wag your tail and beg!" His voice was low and cruelly controlled, though punctuated by short, high-pitched bursts of humorless laughter as he dangled the object the kneeling girl coveted just above her head.

An ex-athlete who had entered Manny's employ after he'd been banned from professional football for taking a bribe, Pollo was twenty four years old with a physique that he still exercised daily, with almost religious zeal, to keep himself in condition. Not tall, he had massively broad shoulders and muscular arms, thickly corded thighs, and a rock-like stomach which he invited people to punch to prove that it had no flab. He moved with a lithe nervous energy that seemed at odds with his size, unless you knew that another holdover from his days on the gridiron was a fondness for pills, potent energizers that gave him an excess of physical drive and intensity when he was "up," and a vicious temper when he was "crashing." Now he was somewhere in between, his lips fixed in a frozen smile that revealed his glistening white teeth, his dark eyes expressionless as he taunted the short-haired, heavily mascaraed brunette girl who crouched before him.

"C'mon, Pollo, gimme it!" she was pleading, in the somewhat nasal tones typical of the Philadelphia-South Jersey region. "You promised!"

"Not until you beg me for it real hard, Gina baby, real hard! Hey look at this Tony," he called, noticing the approach of Manny's son. "The little cunt wants the stuff so bad she's practically creamin' for it!"

"Yeah, man, crazy," Tony replied, feigning disinterest, although the sight of the lewdly wriggling and panting girl made his hard young balls contract hotly inside his lightweight beige slacks. Pollo knew how to handle women, all right. "The old man wants to see you in his office."

"Yeah? What about?"

Tony eyed him coolly. "I don't ask no questions, man."

"Right, man, right. Say, you gonna be workin' with us this summer, like you said?"

"Yeah, sure, why not?"

"What Join'?"

"Well, some independent things. Like right now I'm working on figuring out a way to take care of that Callahan kid that's causin' so much trouble, you know?"

"Great, really great. See you later. Here, maybe you wanna play with Gina for a while, huh? This here's her cookie. She'll do anything for it, and I mean anything."

With a short laugh, he tossed the object he had been holding to Tony. It was a small glassine envelope filled with white powder.

"That Pollo's a fuckin' creep," Gina muttered, getting to her feet after the short-haired thug had made his departure.

"You really into the big H, Gina?" Tony said, turning the envelope over in his hands and looking at it curiously. He'd never actually seen heroin before.

"Oh Pollo's full of shit," the girl replied disdainfully, combing her shag-cut black hair and adjusting her makeup with a pocket mirror. "It's nice now and then, sure, but I can take it or leave it, you know. All that addiction stuff is bullshit."

Tony smiled, his eyes darkening as he took in her ripely rounded form crammed into the tight-fitting shorts and top, beneath which she was apparently wearing one of those upthrust brassieres that pushed her fully developed breasts upward and out like two pointed car headlights. "You didn't look like you could leave it a few minutes ago."

Gina shrugged in annoyance. "Oh, that's just Pollo. He likes to feel like a real big man, you know? I just do that so he won't get mad. Now gimme the stuff, Tony, huh?" Tony's smile grew broader as he heard the faint note of pleading in her voice.

"Pollo got a lot of this stuff?" he asked.

"Car trunk's full of it," Gina replied, nodding toward the nondescript Ford Pollo drove when he was on business. "He's just gotta switch it to the other car to make deliveries. And the son of a bitch holds out one stinking little nickel bag." The spectacularly built teenager sidled over to Tony and pressed her body up tight against his, wriggling a little so he could feel the surging outline of her breasts and the hard mound of her pussy. "Hey Tony, why don't you give me the stuff and we can go have a fast one, huh?"

"Sounds good, Gina," Tony answered, his cock throbbing hungrily at her obscene invitation. "But I'll give you the stuff later. First I want you to do me a little favor, okay?" An idea was forming in Tony's mind, an idea he was sure would gain his father's approval, even gratitude. Still grinning and holding the glassine envelope, he moved to Manny's Lincoln Continental and opened the back door. Inside was a long, wide leather seat, plushly upholstered, and there were curtains at the windows, for privacy. Frequently, his father held "business meetings" in the car.

"Sure, Tony, anything you say," Gina said, her eyes fixed on the hand that held her fix. "What do you want me to do?"

Slipping the heroin inside his pocket, Tony reached down, unzipped his pants, and began unbuckling his belt. "Come on in the car, here, chickie, and I'll explain the whole thing, real slow."

## Chapter 2

"Let's ba-ake a sunshine cake,

It really isn't so hard to make ... "

Brushing a wisp of her curly blonde hair out of her eyes, Sandra Callahan chuckled at her own foolishness. It was later in the same afternoon, and she was, in fact, baking a cake, a very special cake for the very special dinner she was preparing for her hard-working husband. So the song she had hummed as she poured the thick, made-from-scratch chocolate batter into the cake tins was appropriate. Jeff had seemed so tired lately, what with the publicity from the State Crime Commission as well as the usual pressures of work and school, that she had planned a little celebration for this evening, something to cheer him up a bit and help him to relax. A little sunshine in his life was exactly what he needed, she'd decided, and she was going to provide it. After all, wasn't that what wives were for?

Jeff Callahan's wife thought it was, anyway. Unlike many of her girl friends at Green Falls High School in Boulder, Colorado, who had wanted careers, the open-faced, blue-eyed blonde had wanted one thing and one thing only ever since she was a child - to be married and making a home for a good man whom she could love and respect with her whole heart. Spurning business and college preparatory courses, she had devoted all her energies to mastering the "science of homemaking", as her teachers called it, as eagerly as her friends learned typing and Latin.

At twenty years old, after exactly one year of marriage, the attractive young blonde felt sure she had made the right decision. Jeff Callahan was everything she'd ever dreamed the man she loved would be. The son of a policeman, her tall, sandy-haired husband was ambitious, hardworking and brave. Even before his decision to testify for the Crime Commission, she had admired him enormously for his sense of honor and responsibility, and the way he stuck to his studies while holding down a full-time job as a messenger for a stock brokerage firm. But ever since he had decided to come forward and tell the Commission what he knew about the gangland structure in the ethnically varied neighborhood in which he'd grown up, Sandra had practically worshiped him. In her mind's eye, she saw him someday as Mayor, or even State Senator, a crusading public figure who wiped out crime in the cities and made it safe for decent people to walk the streets at night. She would do anything to make him happy, absolutely anything!

"Well, almost anything," she said aloud, straightening up from the stove after placing the two tins of cake batter carefully inside. For it was true that they were having problems lately, problems that were largely her fault. Frowning slightly and unconsciously gnawing at her lower lip, the suddenly serious young bride went about the tasks of straightening the tiny kitchen of their three-room suburban apartment, her mind clouded with troubling thoughts.

A casual passerby looking through the window would have found it surprising that the Nordic-looking young blonde should be so downcast, for on the surface, she seemed the picture of healthy, contented young womanhood. Even clad as she was in a pair of faded dungarees that had molded to her lushly rounded hips and buttocks

like a second skin after many years of use, and a bright pink cotton T-shirt that clung to her pear-shaped breasts, she exuded an alluring feminine bloom. A closer glance, however, would have revealed a certain tension in her features and bearing that belied her serene good looks, as though there were something beneath the surface attractiveness that was somehow unfulfilled.

"Oh, why didn't they teach me something about sex in all those home-ec courses?" she sighed, sinking into her chair at the small round wooden kitchen table. "That's the most important thing for a wife to know about, isn't it?" Leaning her chin on her hand, she stared unhappily out the window at the traffic whizzing by on the highway. "All those husbands going home to their wives," she mused as the cars sped past. "I wonder if they all have problems like ours?"

For the thousandth time, she went over it all in her mind. She just couldn't let go sexually, no matter how hard she tried, no matter how patient and loving Jeff was with her. She was sure it had something to do with her childhood. In fact, she was even certain she knew what it was, a secret so shameful she had never even been able to share it completely with Jeff, although on their wedding night, after she had broken into hysterical tears in the middle of lovemaking, she had told him some of it, the parts that had appeared in the newspaper. Sandra shuddered a little as the memory spread through her brain until it filled her whole consciousness like an uncontrollable stain.

It was in May of the year she was twelve years old, and the town was warm with the first really hot sun after the snow melted in the Rocky mountain valleys. She was on her way home from school, taking the long way through the fields and by the river, stopping now and then to pick flowers from the multi-colored varieties that grew along the side of the road. It was a perfect late spring day, and the attractive child, clad in a pink sweater set and a brown wool skirt, had dawdled on the way home, anxious to prolong the lovely walk and the opportunity it gave her to let her mind drift effortlessly in her private world of thoughts and fantasies. The western landscape excited her imagination, and she invented adventures, gleaned partly from the movies she saw on Saturday afternoons and partly from her own active fantasies. She imagined herself in the old West, the Colorado of mining towns and rustlers, in the days when women wore long skirts and carried parasols.

Sometimes she transformed her surroundings into a faraway land, with castles and kings and queens. Her heart beat faster as she pictured the handsome young knight she loved pledging himself to her service forever, then kissing her tenderly, meltingly on the lips. And then when he went off to war, she would follow him, disguised as a boy, braving death itself in order to stay by his side.

So absorbed was she in her imaginary world that she didn't even notice when the man started to follow her. When she was asked about it later, all she could say was that she first noticed his footsteps right before she got to the stretch of road that led through the woods, so she thought maybe he'd come out of Calder's barn. Suddenly

she heard the shuffling footsteps behind her. Turning around, she saw a raggedly dressed man rapidly closing the distance that lay between them. He grinned at her, revealing great gaps between his teeth. His hair was matted, and there was a stubbly growth of unkempt beard on his chin. A shudder of instinctive fear coursed through the pre-adolescent girl's slender body at the sight of him. Ahead of her were the woods, a long stretch of dark road lasting more than a quarter of a mile. She couldn't go in there with the man still behind her. Summoning all her courage, Sandra decided to wander into the field, as though she were picking flowers, and wait for him to pass. Clutching her schoolbooks in one hand and the flowers she had already gathered in the other, the golden-haired little girl made her way carefully into the open meadow at the side of the road, glancing out of the corner of her eye to keep track of the menacing-looking stranger.

But she stopped in panic when she realized that he wasn't walking by as she had expected, but had stopped and was watching her. Then he, too, stepped off the road and followed her into the meadow. He came closer and closer, and Sandra continued to edge her way farther and farther into the grassy field. But all around the edges there was nothing but more woods. If she kept on going, she would find herself far from the road, drawing nearer and nearer to the cover of the trees which already appeared dark and menacing, casting long shadows in the light of the late afternoon sun. She could see the man coming closer, cutting off her avenue of escape to the road, and finally, with a rising sense of terror, the pretty child turned to confront him.

"What do you want?" she asked sharply, trying to sound unafraid.

He was only about ten feet away from her now, and she could see the weathered lines in his sunburnt face and the cruel glint in his dark eyes. He reeled a little on his feet as though he'd been drinking, and Sandra's heart contracted in fear as she realized he was very big and threatening looking.

Suddenly she regretted with all her heart her decision to take the long way home. Hadn't she been warned time after time by her parents that the lonely stretch of road was dangerous, that there were still old panhandlers in the mountainous region who might harm her? She had never understood exactly what her mother meant. Why would anyone want to hurt her?

But now, gazing into the steely eyes of the dirty man so near her, she knew instinctively that she had to get away.

"What do you want?" she asked again, trying desperately to search out with her eye the best direction to try to make a run for it.

Without answering, the old drifter grinned even wider, then suddenly threw open his shapeless old jacket. The zipper on his pants was open, and only a crude belt of rope held them up. Protruding from the opening was his swollen penis, thick and

blue-veined, and lurching blindly in the air in full blood-hardened erection. Reaching down, he seized it in one gnarled fist and began jerking it obscenely up and down, his breath coming faster and faster.

For a moment, the twelve year old girl stood stock still, too paralyzed to move. Then she heard a scream, an ear-splitting scream of cold terror which she didn't even realize at first came from her own throat. Suddenly she was running, running with all her might, blindly aiming for the road, and dropping her flowers and finally even her school books. She could hear the man behind her, his breath raspy and heavy as he pursued her.

"C'mere, ya little bitch," she heard him snarl.

Oh God help me, please, please help me! the girl prayed silently as she forced herself to run faster than she ever had in her life. The meadow sloped uphill toward the road, and maintaining her speed was difficult, but her youth and agility almost saved her. She had almost reached the road itself when she stepped into a covered animal's burrow, twisted her ankle, and fell into the grass.

All at once the man was on top of her, throwing his smelly body on top of hers and pinning her down with his weight. He emitted obscene grunts and groans, and Sandra could feel his huge penis naked against the shimmering flesh of her slender thighs where her skirt had risen when she fell. Her face was pressed into the damp earth and she clawed desperately at the ground, trying to wriggle out of his grasp. How could this be happening to her? It was like a nightmare from which she couldn't wake up.

"Leave me alone, please, go away. Don't hurt me, please!" Incoherently she sobbed and cried into the sweet-smelling earth, while the lust-crazed attacker rocked back and forth on top of her. His hands slipped around to the front of her body, inching their way upward beneath the soft wool of her sweater onto her bare skin. Sandra screamed and struggled even harder as his calloused fingers closed around the soft swelling of her newly formed young breasts and kneaded them harshly.

"Shut up or I'll kill ya, girlie," he growled into her ear, and the brutal tone of his voice convinced Sandra that he meant what he said. Suddenly she felt him rise from her prostrate body and yank roughly at her arm. Pulling her to her feet, he twisted her arms painfully behind her and began forcing her toward the covering of trees at the edge of the meadow. "Now you jes' be a good little girl and do jes' what I tell you," he slurred, "and ain't nothing bad gonna happen. But if you don't, you'll be real sorry! Unnerstand?"

"Y ... Yes," the frightened child managed to murmur as he pushed her down on the needle-covered floor of the pine woods.

"You jes' lay back real quiet like, girlie," the man commanded, his voice alive with a strange excitement Sandra couldn't quite identify. Trembling with fear, the pretty twelve year old did as she was told, lying back on the forest floor and watching wide-eyed as her assailant, after gripping her ankles and spreading her slender white legs apart, clutched his blood-engorged rod in his hand and fell to his knees between her lewdly splayed thighs. Tears of shame rose to her eyes as he pushed her pink sweater up over her small budding breasts, drooling hungrily as his eyes fell on the pink-nippled white mounds. The tiny nipples tightened into pebble-like hardness on contact with the air, and Sandra shivered as the cool spring breeze wafted over her naked flesh.

"Nice little titties," the grimey man muttered, leaning down to seize first one and then the other satiny mound between his dry and weathered lips. Then he sat back on his haunches and lifted her brown wool skirt higher and higher until it was bunched awkwardly around her waist. His hands thrust into the elastic waistband of her white cotton panties, and he began peeling them down over her hips and buttocks, yanking roughly at them to disengage them from the weight of her young body. The little girl had never felt so ashamed in her life as she did at that moment, nakedly spread-eagled on the ground, her most secret flesh fully exposed to the merciless, leering gaze of the unkempt, drunken stranger. Even her fear paled beside the feeling of embarrassment and humiliation, and she closed her eyes tightly, whimpering in short little sobs as she prayed for her terrible ordeal to be over.

Then the man did a strange thing, something she hadn't expected at all. After staring at her pinkly glistening little pussy split fringed with curling blonde strands of pubic hair, he suddenly lay down on his stomach between her legs and pushed her slender limbs up and back, until her thighs were pressed obscenely back against her tiny breasts. Then he snaked out his tongue, and licked wetly along the entire length of her nakedly trembling vaginal opening! His lewd oral caress created a strange tickling sensation that spread throughout Sandra's upturned loins, until she felt as though there were a warm fire growing in her innocent young body. It didn't hurt at all, but it felt funny. She wanted to wriggle away, but - there was something else, too. Something that made her whole body quiver with totally new sensations she'd never felt before. Uncontrollably, the bewildered young virgin began to wriggle her buttocks downward, trying to escape the funny feeling, but at the same time, almost against her will, grinding her slender pelvis up harder against the face of the heaving, grunting man, who was kneading her adolescent breasts with one hand, while the other was doing something else, something hidden down beneath his belly that made his body jerk up and down in a mounting rhythm, almost as if he and Sandra were on a rocking horse that was going faster and faster.

"Oh, no, stop, please," Sandra moaned as his licking and sucking on her virginal pussy flesh became almost unbearably intense. The little girl didn't know what was happening to her body. It felt so strange, so nice, even though she knew that she should be terrified and ashamed.



Then suddenly the man's movements seemed to explode. His tongue churned wildly against Sandra's quaking cuntal opening, and his hidden arm jerked frantically up and down. The feathery sensations between her tongue-spread pussy lips seemed to consume her whole body, and she flailed her head in every direction, her hair flying around her shoulders like a golden cloud. Her arms and legs flailed wildly out of control, and little mewls and cries of undeniable pleasure escaped her lips.

All at once, scarcely knowing what she was doing, she had seized the man's head in her little hands and was forcing it up harder into her tender little slit, as though she could never get enough of the wonderful feeling his lips and tongue excited in her. It was wonderful, like flying ... she was floating on a beautiful cloud-

"Sandra? Sandra, where are you?" The voice reached her from very far away, just as the man had suddenly stopped his violent motion and rolled away from her. He lay breathing heavily on the carpet of needles, his rapidly wilting cock lying limply in his hand. It was her mother! She was saved!

The dirty stranger heard the voice, too, but was too exhausted to stop the golden-haired girl whom he had just orally raped when she scrambled to her feet, hastily straightening her disheveled clothing and struggling back into her panties.

"Mama! Mama, I'm over here! Help!"

Her legs trembling and almost in a state of shock, Sandra raced out of the woods toward her mother's arms, Weeping hysterically, she blurted out what had happened. Later, she had to tell the story again to the police, and a few days later, her assailant was captured.

Her parents did their best to help her forget the terrible experience, but the memory of it stayed with Sandra all through her adolescence and into young womanhood, a secret shame that she tried unsuccessfully to bury in her schoolwork. She earned a reputation among the boys she dated in high school as untouchable for her prim reserve, although parents and teachers beamingly referred to her as a perfect lady, a "good" girl.

In her own mind, however, Sandra knew that her "goodness" was all a sham, a cover-up carefully constructed to conceal what she thought was the terrible truth: that for a few brief moments, she had actually enjoyed the lewd sexual attack, had reveled in the terrible man's abuse of her adolescently sensitive body! Without ever letting herself become fully aware of it, she felt this made her almost as bad as the man himself. Surely she was some kind of freak, sinful and perverted in the deepest part of herself to have actually liked such a terrible thing! Surely no really nice girl would ever have allowed herself to become so debased.

Throughout her adolescence and young womanhood, the troubled girl had devoted all her energy to erasing the moral outrage she felt she had committed, driving

herself to be the perfect student, the perfectly pure example of F unsullied American womanhood. If she did have such lewd feelings, she seemed to be saying, she was going to bury them so deeply that they would never betray her again! Her efforts were so successful that after a full year of marriage to the best husband in the world, she was still almost as reserved and unresponsive as she had been on their wedding night.

After she had poured out her story to Jeff that night, omitting her own strange responses, he had cradled her in his arms, and promised to give her all the time she needed to overcome her fears. But month after month passed and there was no improvement. Despite all his love for her, she could tell that her husband was becoming impatient and bewildered. They quarreled more and more frequently, and the tormented young bride was afraid that her marriage was falling apart. Her husband hadn't even tried to make love to her for nearly a month, and Sandra knew she had to take some step to convince him she was really trying.

So tonight, on their first anniversary, she was going to give him a surprise. First a wonderful dinner, with all the things he liked best - roast beef, whipped potatoes, a big green salad, wine, and last of all the cake. Then she was going to put on her sexiest negligee, some soft music on the record player, and ...

"And seduce him," she said determinedly, her blue eyes resolute as she turned back from the window to the interior of the kitchen. "No matter how hard it seems. I've got to let him know that I love him, even if I do have these stupid problems ... "

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the doorbell ringing. "Who can that be?" she R wondered as she walked into the living room toward the front door of the apartment, pausing at the hall mirror to brush some unruly strands of blonde hair out of her eyes.

Opening the door, she was surprised to find herself face to face with a teenage girl clad in a pair of white shorts, a tight striped T-shirt, and narrow-thong sandals. Her shag-cut hair was jet! black, and her face was made up as though she were a woman of thirty, with a slash of dark red lipstick on her sensuously full lips.

"Yes?" Sandra asked, puzzled.

"is this where Jeff Callahan lives?" the girl asked.

"Yes, yes it is."

"The Jeff Callahan who's gonna testify for the State Crime Commission?"

"That's right."

The girl's face seemed to light up for a moment, as though she were relieved. "Can I talk to him? It's real important."

"I'm sorry," Sandra replied. "He isn't home from work yet." She looked searchingly at the girl, whose questions seemed charged with a strange tension. At the news of Jeff's absence, she grew agitated, as though this were something, she hadn't expected.

"Oh gosh, I've gotta talk to him. It's about, well-" she looked uneasily around the hall, as though frightened that someone might overhear- "it's about his testifying and all. I ... oh hell, I guess I better go."

"Wait!" Sandra called after her as she started down the stairs. Something in the girl's troubled appearance struck a responsive chord in the young wife. She was so pathetic somehow, with her thick cosmetics and outrageously tight clothing. "Why don't you come in and have a cup of coffee? Maybe you can wait for Jeff to get back, or perhaps I can help you."

"Well, if you're sure it's no trouble ... "

"Not at all." Sandra smiled warmly at the girl, and held the door open for the stranger to walk by her.

"I'm Sandra Callahan, Jeff's wife," she said, holding out her hand.

"Pleased to meet you. My name's Gina."

"Gina? Is that all?" Sandra smiled.

"I'd rather not say the rest," the girl replied, sitting down on the old-fashioned sofa in the living room. "I might get in trouble."

"Oh." Sandra sat down opposite her in a comfortable armchair.

"Yeah. Y'see, I know some things about the things Mr. Callahan's gonna testify about. I still live in that neighborhood where he used to live. I can't testify myself, see, 'cause I'd get in big trouble, you know? But I wanted to tell Mr. Callahan some things about ... about drugs and the kids in the neighborhood, and where they get it from."

Gina's voice trailed off, and she nervously fingered the straps of her large canvas pocketbook as she talked. "Y'see, Mr. Callahan's maybe the only one who can do something about it-" Suddenly the sophisticated-looking teenager dissolved into tears, and she buried her face in her hands.

"Oh you poor thing," Sandra murmured, her heart immediately swelling with sympathy. "I know my husband will want to hear what you have to tell him. You just rest here for a few minutes while I make us some coffee, all right? And then maybe you can tell me about it."

"That'd be fine," Gina sobbed.

As soon as Sandra was out of the room, however, the deceptive teenager hastily dried her eyes and began looking around. She'd accomplished half of her mission, getting inside the house and getting Callahan's old lady out of the room. Now for the rest. Across the room was a desk piled with school books, college texts for the most part. Obviously it was his, because there was a picture of a cop on it, as well as one of Sandra, each in oval-shaped gold frames, and a rack with pipes and a can of tobacco. Moving quickly and quietly, Gina rummaged through her pocketbook for a brown paper bag. Inside it were about a hundred little glassine envelopes, like the one Pollo had given Tony earlier. Going over to the desk, she began distributing them everywhere, in the drawers, under books and papers, in the cubby holes at the back of the desk where Jeff kept pencils and unpaid bills. As an afterthought, she shoved three of them back into her pocketbook. What the hell, she thought. The cops won't know how many there were! Her mission accomplished, she glanced toward the kitchen to make sure Sandra was still occupied with the coffee, then slipped out the door again, closing it softly behind her.

A few moments later, Jeff's unsuspecting young wife came back into the living room, carrying a large tray with two cups of fresh coffee, sugar, and cream. "Here we are -" she began, then stopped, startled, thinking that perhaps the girl had gone into the bathroom. But the door was open and the lights in the bathroom were off. "She's gone," Sandra murmured, going to the front window to see if perhaps she could catch a glimpse of the girl in the street. "How strange. She must have lost her nerve."

Sandra took the coffee back into the kitchen, poured Gina's into the sink, and sat down at the table to drink her own. Making a mental note to tell Jeff about it as soon as he came home, her mind was soon preoccupied totally with dinner preparations and her plans for the evening.

Gina, meanwhile, was just climbing into a taxi that had been waiting around the corner.

"How'd it go?" Tony asked as soon as she was settled inside and the cab pulled away from the curb.

"All cool," Gina replied. "I put it in his desk, spread it around, like you said."

"Good girl!" Now all we gotta do is wait a couple of hours, then tip off the cops."

### Chapter 3

"Oh, Jeff, how could this have happened? How on earth did this happen?"

Sandra Callahan could not keep the tears from spilling out of her deep blue eyes as she looked across the mesh screening that separated her from her husband. He was in jail, actually in jail, and her mind still couldn't believe that the events of the past few days had actually taken place. But she had only to glance at the copies of the morning newspaper spread out on the counter before her to confirm their reality. "State's Star Witness Arrested on Drug Charges," the headlines screamed, and "Cop's Son Charged With Possession of Heroin."

"Now, honey, keep calm," her hazel-eyes husband counseled her, brushing a lock of his light brown hair out of his eyes. "Obviously it was a plant. They couldn't find any other way to keep me quiet, so they decided to make it look as though I'm involved in their dirty business in order to discredit my testimony. It's ugly, but that's the way these animals work. They'll do anything to protect themselves."

"But ... but why do you have to stay in jail then? Why can't you get out on bail? And why do they print these awful lies in the paper about you?"

"Because I can't prove I'm innocent, honey. They found the stuff in the house, and they had to arrest me. The whole purpose of the investigation is to crack down on drug dealers. The cops got a call saying I was pushing, they found the stuff, and until they find that girl you said came by that afternoon, I'm stuck here. I could get bail, I think, but it might be better for me to stay here and make it look as though their plan has worked. If I get out, they may try something snore serious to get me out of the way. I know it's rough on you, honey, .but I think the best thing is for me to lay low for awhile."

Sandra looked longingly through the mesh screen at her handsome young husband. With all her heart she wanted to reach out and touch him, hold him, and tell him she loved him. But that was against the rules. Visitors must have no physical contact with prisoners. All she could do was stare numbly at him, her whole being filled with an aching loneliness worse than anything she'd ever suffered in her young life.

"Are ... are they looking for that Gina, or Jeannie, or whatever her name is'?" she asked, trying to keep her voice steady.

"Sure. But it might take awhile. Finding a brunette teenager with tight clothes and lots of makeup around here is like looking for a needle in a haystack."

"I know I'd recognize her if I saw her again, Jeff. Did you tell them that?"

"Yeah, and if they pick anybody up, they'll call you to make an identification."

A warning bell sounded, indicating that visiting hours were at an end.

"Is ... is there anything I can get for you next time I come?" Sandra asked, her stomach contracting at the prospect of being separated from her husband so soon.

"No. The cops here know who I am. A lot of them knew my father. They're really nice. Don't worry about me, okay?" The muscularly built young man smiled as reassuringly as he could at his blue-eyed wife, who looked so forlorn on the other side of the screen. "Just bring me a great big smile next time you come. Okay?"

Sandra nodded, not trusting her voice. Just then a blue-uniformed guard approached Jeff. "I'm afraid that's all the time you've got, Callahan," he said, although his voice wasn't unkind. Jeff nodded, and turned back to the screen.

"I love you, honey," he whispered. "And this'll all be over in no time, you'll see."

"I love you too, darling. I'll ... I'll see you in three days."

A few moments later, Sandra was making her way down the broad, steep flight of steps that led from the door of the city prison to the sidewalk below. Desperate for a cup of coffee, she couldn't face the prospect of drinking it in the cold gray cafeteria provided for visitors in the basement of the prison. Instead she walked to a luncheonette on a nearby corner, hardly more cheerful than the jail facilities, but at least not in the same building as all those locks and bars that kept her husband so inexplicably locked away from her.

The attractive young wife was oblivious to the masculine glances that followed her as she walked into the luncheonette, chose a seat in the corner near the large plate glass window, and ordered a cup of coffee. Clad in a conservative pale blue shirtwaist dress that subtly emphasized the youthful bloom of her hips and breasts, white medium-heeled shoes, with a small gold locket around her neck and her blonde hair tied loosely back with a blue velvet ribbon, she presented an image of calm, assured femininity that was sharply at variance with the inner turmoil she was feeling. Lighting a cigarette, she began once again to peruse the newspaper articles about Jeff's arrest while she waited for her coffee. One paper had even devoted an editorial to the case, and Sandra could feel hot tears of anger rising to her eyes as she read it.

"With the arrest of Jeffrey Callahan, son of the late respected Sergeant Eamon Callahan and the State's star witness in the coming hearings on organized crime in our fair city," the writer said, "the activities of the Crime Commission take on an added interest. It would appear that the network of poison-pushers extends even into the respectable middle class, not just the usual segments of the criminal population, particularly if Callahan's offer to testify was merely an attempt by one cheap hood to take revenge on another. Either that, or the Governor's commission, seeing the vote-getting potential of the crime issue, will stop at nothing to gain

publicity for its endeavors, even going to the point of persuading a man of dubious morality to sully the reputation of otherwise respected citizens."

Sandra's coffee had now arrived, and she sipped it slowly as she read, bristling with indignation as the editorial writer proceeded to attack Jeff and everything he had worked for, even the Commission itself. No mention was made of Gina's appearance at the Callahan home the afternoon of Jeff's arrest, though Sandra had told the police about it over and over. The attractive blonde wife was furious at the unfairness of the article. It condemned Jeff out of hand, as though his arrest automatically made him guilty.

"Nearly one hundred packets of heroin were found in the Callahan home in the Birchwood Terrace Apartments when police raided it on Monday night ... "

Once again Sandra's eyes blurred with tears as her mind went over the nightmarish events of two nights previous. Everything had gone exactly as she had planned. The dinner was perfect, and by the time they had finished their cake and coffee, both of them were feeling relaxed and mellow. Jeff went into the living room to listen to some music while Sandra put the dishes in the sink. Then she slipped into the bedroom and changed into a clinging pair of blue satin lounging pajamas that he had given her for Christmas, daubed some of her sultriest perfume behind her ears, and loosened her shoulder-length blonde hair so that it fell in soft shimmering waves around her face. Satisfied with her appearance, she went back into the living room and snuggled down next to her husband on the couch.

"MMMmmmmm, you smell good," he murmured, burying his lips in the softness of her curly blonde hair. "What's all this?" he asked, as he opened his eyes and took in her seductive appearance.

"I thought our first anniversary would be a good time to inaugurate a second honeymoon," his wife replied, to his delight.

"I think that's a great idea," Jeff whispered, taking her in his arms and running his hands over the enticingly smooth surface of the clinging pajamas. Her body was soft and yielding underneath, and his penis leapt hungrily to life as he realized that beneath the shimmering garment she was wearing no brassiere. Her breasts rose and fell excitedly under his caressing fingers, her nipples tightening into hard pyramidal points. Gently he pushed aside the folds of her tie-front jacket so that the pearl-white mounds, tipped with the softest coral color, were nakedly revealed to his gaze.

Sandra could feel her husband's mounting sexual hunger in the trembling of his muscular body as he touched her, and in the sudden quickening of his breath as he bent to take her tingling nipples into his mouth. She leaned back on the sofa and let her fingers twine in his sandy hair, trying to communicate with her yielding body all the love and tenderness she felt for him. She, too, began to feel a rising excitement

as he buried his face between her soft melon-like breasts and reached around to stroke the silky plane of her naked back. But even if her own excitement vanished inexplicably, as it usually did, she was determined that tonight Jeff, at least, would be fully satisfied. He would know that she loved and wanted him, even if her own problems prevented her from returning his ardor completely. Her heart beating faster, almost as though this were their first night together, she accommodated her supple young body to his, arching her back upward to meet his increasingly passionate lips and hands.

"Oh Sandy, I want you so much," the lean-bodied young man whispered. "Soooo much."

"Then take me, Jeff darling, take me now!" she heard herself murmuring in reply. Their eyes met, and a galvanic current of love and excitement passed between them, igniting a potent spark of desire that licked greedily at the blonde bride's loins. Quickly, Jeff unbuttoned his shirt and flung it aside. His voluptuous young wife ran her red-tipped fingers up and down over his naked chest, savoring the sculpted hardness of his muscular arms and shoulders, already brown from the few early summer days they had spent at the New Jersey beaches. Standing up to embrace him, she let the top of her satin lounging pajamas slip off her arms, so that her upper torso was completely naked as she pressed herself lovingly against him, her breasts crushed against the warmth of her husband's strong hard chest. Covering her shoulders and neck with warm kisses, Jeff ran his hands down over the rounded hillocks of her ass-cheeks, squeezing and kneading them until they glowed with a pleasant heat beneath the cool satin material. He bent her body backwards over his arm so that he could snake his tongue in a lewd wet line from her smooth white neck down between the gleaming mounds of her breasts to the soft flat expanse of her midriff to the waistband of her blue satin slacks. Still supporting her with one strong arm, he used his free hand to untie the drawstring at her waist, and with a rustling sound, the satin pajama bottoms slid to the floor, leaving Sandra completely naked in the candlelit twilight of the living room.

Jeff stepped back far enough so that he could look at his wife for a minute, drinking in the sight of her lush nakedness as though he were dying of thirst. Sandra, scarcely daring to look him in the eye as he gazed with open desire at her young vulnerable body, could see the thick bulge made by his aroused cock inside his snug white slacks. It looked as hard as an iron pipe as it pulsed visibly against his thigh, and the inexperienced young bride felt a tremor of fear-tinged lust course through her lithe young body at the thought that soon the enormous, blood-engorged staff would penetrate her narrow vagina all the way to the hilt.

Jeff, too, was seized with the same thought, as his eyes roved up and down her naked flesh from the golden halo that framed her face and made her eyes look an even deeper blue than usual, over the delicate curves of her neck and shoulders to the enticing fullness of her firmly upthrust breasts, then the indentation of her tiny waist which blossomed outward into the softly rounded contours of her hips, and



finally over the length of her long, perfectly shaped legs. He found his eyes returning, as if drawn by a magnet, to the downy triangle of softly curling pubic hair at the juncture of her thighs. His tumescent cock throbbed almost painfully with the desire to plunge into the moist pink furrow, to lose himself inside her cuntal depths as if her vagina were a cave, a place of refuge from all the storms that seemed to be gathering around him. Harsh masculine lust thundered through his twenty-two year old body, and it took all his will power and control to restrain himself from throwing Sandra down on the floor and assaulting her vulnerably inviting nakedness with all his strength. But that would be a mistake, he knew.. Maybe later, when his achingly lovely young wife had gotten over the scars of her childhood rape, maybe then he could excite in her a shameless lust to match his own, and the two of them could give free vent to their feelings in the healthy animalistic way he so desired. But not yet. Not tonight, their first wedding anniversary, when for nearly the first time, she was asking him to make love to her despite her fears. Tonight he was going to take it slow.

At one end of the couch was an end table, on which Sandra had placed the remains of the dinner wine and two clean glasses. Reaching down, he filled the glasses with the deep red liquid, and handed one to his wife, keeping the other for himself. Sandra looked a little bewildered as she stared at him, still naked and holding the glass in her hand.

"Happy anniversary, darling," Jeff whispered, raising his glass. "I'm so in love with you, it hurts sometimes." They each sipped the cherry-colored liquid, and Sandra trembled with happiness at her husband's romantic tribute. Then Jeff put their glasses back on the table, picked her up in his arms, and began carrying her into the bedroom, while his naked wife clung to him happily.

He set her down gently on the bed, and then, never taking his eyes from her lushly inviting nakedness, unbuckled his belt and stepped out of both his trousers, and his cotton undershorts. Sandra gasped as his thick rod of masculine hardness sprang free from the confines of his clothing, standing out perpendicularly from the tangle of his brown pubic hair. He walked over to the bed, his hard, lust-tightened balls bobbing against his hair-fringed thighs as he moved. Lowering himself onto the bed beside her, he again took his bride in his arms, and Sandra thrilled as she felt the vein-ridged surface of his rigid cock surge wildly against the smooth skin of her naked thigh. Soon they were locked together in a wordless embrace, their hands eagerly exploring each other's bodies as they rolled about their wide double bed with rapidly mounting abandon.

Jeff could scarcely believe the intensity of his usually reserved young wife's responses to his lovemaking, for she twined her arms and legs around him eagerly and pressed her full red lips against his own with a shy longing that was freer than anything she had ever ventured before. Finally he could restrain himself no longer. He had to have her! Now! Rolling over on top of her enticingly outstretched body, he propped himself up on one elbow and began positioning the lustily swollen head

of his thick cock at the warmly moist entrance to her cunt, relishing the fur-like softness of her blonde pubic curls against his sensitized hardness.

"Mmmmmmm," Sandra sighed as the smooth blood-filled tip of his cock began to penetrate slowly up inside her, -widening her secret passage little by little as it advanced. It felt so good, so wonderful up between her legs, at once satisfying and heightening the desperate longing there. Fearfully, but with less and less resistance, she wound her arms around his neck, inviting him to thrust all the way into her love-moistened vagina.

Suddenly their idyllic coupling was interrupted by the sounds of a harsh knocking on the door. For an instant they stared at each other, frozen in position. Seated now at the table in the luncheonette, Sandra could still see Jeff's face as it was in that moment, his brow furrowing with annoyance as the pounding on the door was repeated.

"Open up in there!" a stern male voice demanded. "Police!"

The rest of the evening flashed rapidly before the troubled young wife's eyes like a movie montage - Jeff hurrying to the door after slipping on his pants, while she quickly pulled on her dressing gown, the police's efficient search of the apartment after producing a warrant, culminating with the find in the desk nearly a hundred small clear envelopes of white powder, after which they took Jeff off to the police station, with Sandra following by taxi.

It was unbelievable to the naive young girl that such a thing could happen to them. Her serene childhood in the Colorado mountains had left her totally unprepared ever to deal with being suddenly on the wrong side of the law. Of course it was ridiculous to arrest Jeff. The packets had obviously been planted in his desk by Gina, that dark-haired girl who had paid such a mysterious visit earlier that day. But she had no proof, only her own word, and that wasn't enough for the police. If only they could find the girl again and force her to tell the police what she knew! But as Jeff said, that might be nearly impossible.

With a helpless sigh, Sandra drained the last of her coffee and folded the newspapers. Just as she was reaching for her pocketbook, however, her mouth fell open in astonishment and disbelief. Outside on the street, scarcely fifty feet away from her, was the very girl the police were looking for, just stepping off a bus and walking toward her! There was no mistaking it. Sandra would know that close-cropped dark hair and thickly made-up face anywhere.

The young wife couldn't move as Gina came toward her, even pausing practically in front of her to read the menu displayed in the restaurant window. This time she was wearing a skintight pair of hip-hugger jeans and a short halter top which left her midriff bare, much to the pleasure of male passersby, who ogled - her ripe young form delightedly. Suddenly, as though she could feel the intensity of Sandra's stare

through the plate glass, she glanced up. The two women's eyes met and Sandra silently mouthed, "Gina!"

And then the girl was gone. Realizing she was recognized, the teenager took off like a shot down the street, while Sandra, moving equally fast, dropped a handful of change on the table and raced out of the restaurant in pursuit. She was just in time to see the girl disappear around the corner, and without even stopping to think about the consequences, she hurried after her.

Had Jeff's young wife been more familiar with the layout of the city of Camden, she wouldn't have been so surprised at seeing Gina suddenly appear, as if out of nowhere. For only a few minutes distant was the neighborhood "controlled" by Manny Alessandro, and on an inconspicuous side street, his restaurant. Although it was open for lunch, the establishment catered primarily to the dinner and late-night drinking crowd, and now, at just before noon, there were only a few customers inside, mostly local workmen who liked to say they'd been to "Manny's place".

From the outside, it looked like just another downtown bar, with a few tables for eating and a long, old-fashioned counter behind which a heavysset man with rolled-up sleeves was setting out rows of newly washed glasses, and occasionally joining the conversation of the two figures seated on high stools at the far end, in the shadows.

"Hey, Gabe," one of them called, "how about another draft down here?"

The muscular barkeep and bouncer frowned as he delivered the order. "Take it easy, Tony," he grumbled. "You know you're too young to be drinking in here, so don't shout, huh? Your old man could lose his license if a cop wandered in right now."

"Fuck it!" Tony Alessandro replied belligerently, already a little drunk. "My old man won't lose his license. He practically owns the fuckin' police force, or haven't you heard? Ain't that right, Pollo?"

"Yeah, right, man!" Pollo agreed, snapping his fingers nervously and looking around the restaurant.

"Not right now, he don't," Gabe objected. "There's cops around here all the time ever since that investigation started. Plain-clothes, too. So keep it cool, kid."

"Looks to me like some of the steam got knocked out of that shitty investigation the other night," Tony continued, although he did lower his voice. "With that Callahan guy out of the way, I don't think they're gonna be able to make much trouble."

"Say, that's really farout," Pollo interjected, opening the paper to look at the article again. "Who'd o' thought Mr. Straight-and-Narrow would turn out to be one of us? But the thing I can't figure is, where was he getting the stuff from?"

Tony snickered. "Shit, Pollo, you sure are dumb."

"Whaddaya mean, dumb? What's so dumb about that? Cat's got a hundred bags lying around the house, he's sure as hell getting it from somewhere, isn't he?"

Tony just grinned at Pollo, then took a large swallow of his beer. His plan had worked better than he'd dared hope, and he was itching to be able to boast about it. "Well, maybe he don't know exactly where he got it from," the youth said.

Pollo's mental capacity, never very extensive, was strained to its utmost by Tony's cryptic remarks. "Goddamn it man, quit bullshittin' me! Hundred bags of skag don't just fall out of the sky into some guy's house, for chrissake!"

"Pollo, have you counted the last load of stuff yet?"

"Yeah, I did it this morning, why?"

"Was it all cool and together?"

"No, 's matter of fact, it was short. I been planning to go talk to the boss about it when he comes in ... "

"How much was it short, Pollo?"

"Uh ... about a hundred bags ... yeah that's right, a hundred bags."

"Did you read how much they found in Callahan's place?"

The crewcut thug frowned for an instant, as though he still couldn't figure out what Tony was driving at, then suddenly his face lit up. "Hey, you mean the old man had it planted in his pad and then tipped off the cops?"

"No," Tony replied, sticking his thumbs in his belt loops and leaning back arrogantly against the wall, "the old man didn't do it. I told you I was working on it, didn't I?"

Pollo contemplated the young son of his employer for a moment, as though he still couldn't put it all together. "Shit, man," he burst out finally. "You mean it was you? Far out! How'd you do it?"

At that moment their conversation was interrupted by Gina, who raced into the restaurant and made immediately for Tony's stool.

"Hey, Tony," she breathed, "I just spotted that Callahan dame in a luncheonette. I think she saw me, too. I ran like hell to tip you off she was around."

"You sure she recognized you?"

"I'm pretty sure she did, yeah. I took off as fast as I could, but ... but I think she might've been following me."

"Shit! That was real smart to bring her right here, Gina, real smart!"

"Well what was I gonna do? I thought she might be heading here anyway," the curvaceous brunette replied huffily.

"Yeah, yeah, well just get out the back door before she gets here. Me and Pollo'll take care of her."

Gina had scarcely disappeared into the gloom at the back of the restaurant when Sandra's slender form became visible at the door, out of breath, and straining to see inside of the building to catch a glimpse of the girl she had been following.

At first Tony felt panicked at the sudden arrival of the woman whose home lie and Gina had violated in order to plant the incriminating evidence against her husband, but a further look at the ripely curvaceous young wife distracted him from his momentary fright.

"Not a bad piece of ass, is she?" he whispered to Pollo, as they watched the voluptuous blonde as she tried to decide whether to enter the restaurant.

"Not bad? Man I could eat that full o' ice cream!" Pollo replied.

"Yeah, me too," Manny's degenerate young son replied, laughing.

Unaware of the lewd observations being made about her by the two semi-drunk men inside, Sandra was still hesitating on the doorstep, reluctant to go in and look for Gina, since she wasn't sure that this was where the brunette teenager had gone, but unwilling also to abandon her chase just when she seemed so near her goal. If she didn't follow through now, she might never have another chance to find the girl who she was sure had left the heroin in their apartment, and Jeff might rot in jail for months! Besides, she would probably be safer inside a restaurant than she was on the rather menacing side street, lined with warehouses. Somewhere in the back of her mind, Jeff's wife thought the name of the place, The Peacock Palace, seemed familiar, but she couldn't quite place it. Taking a moment to catch her breath, she finally opened the door and went inside.

"Excuse me," she said rather timidly to the bartender. "Did a young girl just come in here? About sixteen, with short dark hair?"

Gabe shot a quick glance over toward Pollo and Tony, then replied. "I didn't see nobody, lady. But you can look around if you want to."

His tone wasn't particularly helpful, and Sandra was half tempted to retreat out the door again, but it seemed foolish to give up now. "Thank you, I ... I think I will."

Pollo and Tony watched as the demurely clad young wife walked past them into the slightly larger dining room at the rear, peering hopefully at each of the tables in the hope that she would suddenly come upon Gina. She found herself slightly unnerved by their penetrating glances, and after a quick look around, she once again made her way back to Gabe, who was still behind the bar.

"I don't see her anywhere. Is there another way out of here?"

"Only the service entrance at the back, but that's not open to the customers, lady. I can't let you go back there."

"Oh, I see. Are ... are you sure you didn't notice her? I don't want to be a bother, but it's ... it's desperately important that I find her, you see-"

"Look, lady, I tend bar. I ain't got time to notice who comes in and out, you know what I mean?"

"Maybe I can help the lady out," Tony offered, sauntering forward from his place at the corner of the bar. He was much more drunk than he realized, not being accustomed to drinking at all, much less so early in the day, and his voice and stance were a little unsteady as he approached. "I'm ... uh, the day manager here, you might say," he said to Sandra, his mouth curling in an arrogant smile. "What can I do for you?"

Sandra was a little surprised at the sudden appearance of the slender, but extraordinarily handsome youth. He looked too young to really be the manager, but as the bartender didn't contradict him, she assumed he was telling the truth.

"Well, I don't know actually. I was looking for a girl I know. I saw her on the street and I ... I tried to catch up to her, but she didn't see me. I thought I saw her come in here."

"Why don't you just call her on the telephone?"

"I ... I can't do that. You see, I don't know her number. It's terribly important that I find her." Once more Sandra described Gina in detail, and Tony became a little alarmed at the accuracy of her memory. It wasn't a good idea to have this babe nosing around looking for Gina. Apparently she'd already connected the girl with the arrest of her husband. Why else would she be so hot to find her? It hadn't occurred to him in the flush of his easy victory that Callahan's wife would be so ready to go out on her own, or that she would have remembered Gina so accurately. And now she'd traced her to Manny's bar, which was definitely not a happy turn of events.

Somehow he had to get her off the track, scare her enough so she wouldn't come around butting her nose in his business again.

"Yeah, I think somebody like that did come in here a little while ago," he replied thoughtfully. "But she left again right after. Why don't you leave your name, and if she comes in again I'll give her a message for you, okay?"

"I don't think she'd get in touch with me," Jeff's young wife replied ruefully. "You see, it's terribly complicated." The confused young wife suddenly felt overwhelmed with the apparent hopelessness of the situation, and with frustration at having lost her quarry after having the good fortune to spot her on the street. It seemed like an unnecessarily cruel twist of fate, and her eyes began to fill with tears. "I'm terribly sorry," she apologized, "it's just that my husband was arrested two days ago for something he didn't do, and I'm sure that girl has some information about . it that could ... could affect his case. My name is Sandra Callahan. Perhaps you saw something about it in the papers today ... "

"Oh, you mean you're that Callahan guy's wife? The one arrested on the drug charges?" Tony asked, feigning ignorance.

"Yes, I am."

"Well, Mrs. Callahan, why don't you just come on into my office, and we'll have a little talk. I think maybe I could help you after all."

Sandra's eyes widened hopefully at his words. "Oh do you really think you could? I'd be so grateful! You don't know how much it means to me!"

"Well, I think I could tell you a few things you'd be interested in," Tony said, reaching behind the bar for a key that hung on the wall. "Just follow me." Silently he signaled to Pollo to join them, then preceded Sandra all the way to the back of the restaurant where a small, inconspicuous door led to Manny's inner sanctum. Opening the door, he stepped aside to let her pass him. No sooner were they inside, than the young wife turned in surprise as she heard the sound of the key once again turning in the lock, this time locking them in. She felt a tremor of fear as she saw Pollo, muscular and ominous looking, and Tony, lean and wiry, staring at her, smiling oddly.

"Well, well, well," Tony said, pocketing the key and surveying her with interest. "So you're Jeff Callahan's wife. You're not a bad looking cunt, Mrs. Callahan, not bad at all!"

Sandra could hardly believe the sudden change in the young man's attitude. "How dare you speak to me like that?" she demanded, beginning to feel alarmed as the two men drew nearer.

"I don't think we've been properly introduced, Mrs. Callahan," Tony said, extending his hand. "My name's Tony Alessandro. I think you've heard of my father, Manny! "

#### Chapter 4

Sandra fell backwards as though she'd been physically struck when Tony revealed his identity. All at once everything fell into place, even the name of the restaurant, which she'd been unable to place earlier. Of course, she knew the name. Jeff had mentioned it a hundred times as the front operation for the very man he was planning to testify against the crime commission. And Gina had come in here, just as she'd thought. She was linked to the operations of the notorious Manny Alessandro, just as Jeff suspected.

"Now just what was it wanted to talk to Gina about, Mrs. Callahan?"

"You know perfectly well what I want to talk to her about," Sandra sputtered. "She came to our apartment the afternoon my husband was arrested and she planted that heroin, and you know it! Now let me out of here, you ... you cheap hood!"

Tony and Pollo exchanged amused glances at the young blonde wife's outburst, but made no movement to open the door. "Say man, she's real excited, isn't she?" Pollo said. "Making up stories about some chick name Gina. You know anybody named Gina, Tony? I don't."

"Me neither. Never heard of anybody with that name before. Say, Pollo, I'll bet I know why she's so upset. Her old man's been in the clink for two nights. The little lady probably ain't been gettin' any, you know? She must be just dying for it. Nobody shoved a big hot cock up in her pussy for three whole days. Dames go crazy after awhile if they don't get laid, might even start seeing things."

"Yeah, that's right. Maybe we oughta help her out, huh?"

To Sandra's horror, the muscular ex-football player reached down lewdly and began stroking the ample bulge of his cock and balls inside his tight trousers, grinning at her lasciviously. An icy shiver of terror coursed through her ripe young body as the two men began advancing slowly toward her, stalking her like lions after their prey. Both of them, particularly Tony, were more than a little drunk, although Pollo, being more experienced, didn't reveal the extent of his intoxication as clearly as his younger companion did. Jeff's wife's eyes opened wide in fear as she looked at the two men, her glance darting from one to the other, as she backed toward the door.

"Don't you touch me," she whispered. "You're in enough trouble already. I'll go to the police ... "

Her continued defiance only served to excite in Tony an even keener lust. From his earliest childhood he had been surrounded by an atmosphere permeated with the



subtle sexual subjugation of women. Shielded from any real knowledge of his father's activities when he was a child, he had nonetheless been fascinated by first Manny's and then Pollo's ability to control females. Now that he was almost grown and had discovered for himself the connections between the family business and several of the local whore houses, he was even more intrigued. It seemed one of the most exciting aspects of masculinity, real masculinity, to be able to get anything you wanted from chicks. Gina had been his only opportunity to try out his own powers so far, but already he was learning, learning that you didn't have to take any backtalk from dames. Now he had in his power the delectable young wife of his father's enemy, and he was going to teach her a lesson about messing around with the Alessandros, a lesson he was going to enjoy and she would never forget!

"You aren't goin' nowhere until we're finished with you, chickie," he slurred, grabbing Sandra's slender wrist harshly and pulling her toward him. Christ, she had big tits, bigger than any he'd ever seen before! Already he could feel his adolescent cock throbbing heatedly against his thigh at just the thought of enjoying the luscious body of the girl who had suddenly fallen into his possession. Drunken images of all the things he'd like to do with her poured into his mind. This was a real prize! Not just one of the local girls who'd practically spread their legs on demand, but an outsider, a chick who didn't know yet who was boss. Well he was gonna show her, all right!

Suddenly Sandra began struggling like a wildcat, twisting and kicking with all her might, and screaming for help. Surprised at her sudden violence, Tony relaxed his grip, but her freedom only lasted for an instant. Pollo intercepted her and delivered a brutal slap to the side of her face that sent her reeling backward against the wall.

"Try that again, bitch, and next time I won't bother to open my hand. You'll get a fist full of what you just got, and you won't look so pretty afterwards, right, Tony?"

"Yeah," Manny's degenerate young son replied, having watched the sudden attack on the young wife with mounting arousal. Pollo knew how to handle women, all right, for Sandra was cowering against the opposite wall, whimpering with the pain of the harsh slap and obviously much more subdued.

"What'll we do with her now, Pollo?" Tony asked, ready to leave the initiative to the more experienced man.

Pollo grinned. "Let's have a look at what we got."

Grabbing Sandra's arm, he pulled her roughly into the middle of the room, then held her arms tight behind her back. "Go ahead, Tony," he urged. "Get her naked."

"No! No!" Sandra pleaded. "Leave me alone, please!" Why was this happening to her? Why?

But the two men were deaf to her pleas. Insolently, Tony began unbuttoning the front of her blue shirtwaist dress, ripping off the buttons that his fingers couldn't undo easily. Pushing the thin material roughly aside, he began a lewd caress of her haughtily upthrust breasts, still clad in her white silk slip and lacy brassiere. Abandoning the attempt to undress her in the ordinary way, he reached into his jacket pocket withdrew a small knife, and proceeded to slice through the thin straps of her undergarments. Then he pushed her slip and brassiere downward around her waist, so that the quivering white mounds of her breasts were nakedly exposed to his lust-filled gaze.

Sandra squirmed helplessly in Pollo's iron grip as the completely amoral teenager began a lewdly insulting caress of her heaving breasts, squeezing and kneading them shamelessly while the two males continued their obscene jests about her.

"Shit, I'll bet Callahan's really anxious to get out of jail and get home to these," Tony joked, bouncing the melon-like mounds on his hands and tweaking her nipples teasingly until Sandra felt little knifelike stabs of sensation in the tender flesh, which now began to tighten and stand out from the surrounding areolas.

"Maybe we could send him a car to tell him we're looking after things for him," Pollo suggested, and they laughed drunkenly at their own humor.

"Why are you doing this to me?" Sandra moaned helplessly. "What do you want from me?"

"Oh baby, this is all for you, " Tony insisted, his voice full of feigned kindness. "We just wanna give you something nice to think about next time you're tempted to make trouble, that's all."

Savoring the young wife's look of fear and utter humiliation, the gangster's son reached up under her skirt and began stroking the smooth nylon-clad flesh of her thigh, pushing the material of her dress and slip upwards out of the way. Sandra felt his hand on the bare flesh at the top of her stockings, and inwardly she cursed herself for having been so foolhardy as to try to find Gina on her own. She should have called the police when she saw the girl, not followed her right into the stronghold of the very man who was responsible for her husband's arrest. Now she would be lucky, probably, if she got out of here alive!

Tony by now was lewdly worming his fingers under the tight elastic legband of her white nylon panties, oblivious to the restraints of her encumbering clothing, and Sandra cringed as she felt his fingers graze lightly over the soft cushion of her trembling pussy mound and then relentlessly insinuate themselves into the narrow split between them. It was incomprehensible to the captive wife that Manny's son could be so corrupt. Now Pollo's hands reached around from behind her and seized the resilient flesh of her nakedly quivering breasts, while his youthful cohort continued his lewd searching at the entrance to her tightly clenched cuntal passage.

Sandra was sandwiched helplessly between the two unscrupulous hoods, her legs forced open by the obscene pressure of Tony's hands. She no longer tried to fight them, mindful of the terrifying knife that Tony had produced so readily from his pocket, and also hoping that if she surrendered, her ordeal would be over sooner.

"Nice tight pussy," Tony hissed, pressing his extended middle finger forward, up into the tight recesses of her vagina. "Just the way I like 'em!"

Sandra tried to close her ears to the crudity of the two depraved gangsters, forcing her mind to think of other things, of Jeff, of home, of anything that would dull the sharp edge of terror and humiliation she felt. But suddenly Tony forced her back to reality by dropping to his knees in front of her and, reaching all the way up underneath her dress and slip, gripping the tight elastic waistband of her panties and drawing them down over her long slender legs. Flinging them aside, he forced her legs even farther apart and, placing his hands on her naked pelvis, spread the blonde-fringed lips of her pussy wide apart with his thumbs, exposing the pinkly glistening flesh of her tender vagina to his lust-filled gaze.

Inserting his middle finger in between tier cringing cuntal lips, the depraved youth began a tantalizing massage of the tiny bud of her clitoris which, with her fleece-lined pussy lips spread so wide, stood out prominently from the surrounding flesh. Involuntarily Sandra emitted a groan as a tremor of unwanted pleasure coursed through her nakedly exposed young body, now assaulted, it seemed from every direction by the lewdly rampaging hands of her tormentors, for while Tony was exploring the hidden recesses of her cunt and clitoris, Pollo was still pinching and squeezing tier now achingly erect nipples, until the sensations from both areas synchronized, and the tormented young housewife began to feel an unwanted heat that twisted and churned erotically throughout her body with rapidly growing intensity.

Oh no, she thought desperately. Not that, please not now, not like this! For after all the nights of unsuccessful love-making with her husband, it seemed the most shameful thing imaginable to her that her body should suddenly begin to respond now in such horribly sordid circumstances. But it was true! With a renewal of her childhood sense of shame, Sandra had to acknowledge that once again her own body was betraying her, just as it had so long ago, in similar circumstances, on the lonely Colorado road when she was a child.

Tony noticed it, too, for a sudden gush of warm feminine secretions cascaded downward from her pussy over his obscenely probing fingers. The awareness that despite all her protests and the humiliation of her situation the young housewife was becoming hotly excited by his lewd finger-fucking set off skyrocketed of adolescent lust in the boy's immoral brain, and with a growl of sexual hunger, he suddenly lowered his head and still keeping his middle finger firmly lodged deep inside Sandra's tingling vagina, began sucking on the distended nubbin of her tiny sensitive clitoris.

"Uuuuunnngggghhh," Sandra moaned, as hot flashes of irresistible desire tore through her lewdly splayed loins with the force of a hurricane. Desperately she tried to wriggle away from the tantalizing sensation, but she was powerless against the overwhelming strength of the muscular Pollo, whose arms still encircled her tightly. And another force, too, had to be contended with - the force of her own body's long pent-up sexual desires, which now, in the back room of Manny Alessandro's greasy restaurant, was clamoring for release. As Tony's tongue whirled and danced over her naked clitoris and his middle finger rotated ruthlessly deep inside her clenching pussy flesh, Sandra was horrified to realize that her struggles were gradually subsiding, as though she had no will of her own. Every inch of her nearly naked body was alive with a desperate hunger she could neither suppress nor deny. All she could do was lean back helplessly against the massive bulk of Pollo's body, while the obscenely aroused youth continued his lewd oral caresses.

Tony could barely contain his own excitement as his lips and tongue continued to tease and lick at Sandra's pinkly swollen little clitoris, and his middle finger probed at her tender cuntal flesh until he could feel the hard tip of her cervix deep inside her vagina. He forced a second finger up inside the rapidly moistening channel, and then began opening and closing them in a lewd scissoring motion that made the ravaged young housewife writhe in sensual delight. She was digging it, really digging it, Tony thought triumphantly. This was the way to handle chicks, for sure! Drive 'em crazy with sex, and slap 'em silly if they gave you any trouble! His cock and balls were throbbing wildly with unreleased sperm, and he began to become impatient for his own satisfaction. Standing up suddenly, the corrupt sixteen year old began undoing his belt and unzipping the front of his trousers. He was going to take this bitch right here and now! Fuck her senseless with all his might, and when he was through with her, she'd know better than ever to mess around with the Alessandro family again.

Sandra was weeping hysterically now, in short guttural sobs that shook her whole body, both from fear and humiliation, and with the sudden cessation of the powerful sexual stimulus that had roused her nakedly trembling young body to unbelievable heights of passion. Now the captive housewife watched in horror and fascination as Tony's lust-swollen cock burst forth from the confines of his tight trousers and swayed blindly in the air like some menacing instrument of torture and release. He was going to force it inside her, she knew, compel her to take its huge blue-veined thickness into her softly pulsing pussy depths right here, in the presence of the crew cut thug who was holding her, and whose own rigidly straining shaft she could feel through her clothing along the crease of her buttocks, throbbing in heated excitement at the possibility of witnessing so closely her complete and total ravishment. Perhaps Sandra's mind reeled at the thought - perhaps they would both take her forcibly! There was nothing to stop them, after all.

Helpless to defend herself in any way, Sandra saw Tony coming toward her, his hand gripping the blood-engorged girth of his throbbing young penis, while his mouth

curled upward in a smile that was at once cruel and ... and oddly exciting. To Sandra's eyes, he seemed to move like a figure from a dream, soundlessly, through some other dimension than ordinary tangible objects. To her own horror, she felt her heart beating faster with anticipation as he approached, even while every ounce of her consciousness resisted the horrible attack to which she knew she would momentarily have to submit. Her pussy contracted hotly of its own volition, as though it couldn't wait to have Tony's thick young cock locked up inside it.

Now the wiry youth was directly in front of her, so close that Jeff's semi-naked young wife could feel the boy's warm breath on her skin as he rubbed the velvety tip of his tumescent cock against the softness of her naked belly, causing her to moan helplessly with unwanted excitement. A slight shifting of Pollo's position forced her to flex her knees a little, placing the entrance to her wetly glistening pussy folds exactly against the swollen red cock-head of Manny Alessandro's teenage son.

"Oh, please, don't do this to me," she groaned, pleading as much with the capricious forces that governed her own bodily responses as with the lust-driven youth whose long rod of blood-hardened male flesh was already beginning to burrow upwards into her moisture-drenched cuntal flesh.

To her surprise, this time her pleas seemed to have some effect, for not only did Tony's cock disappear from its position between her lewdly splayed thighs, but Pollo also stopped his tantalizing caress of her naked breasts. Opening her eyes, Sandra saw that Tony was looking beyond her to the door. Twisting her body around to follow their gaze, Sandra saw a well-dressed, muscular man in his late forties who had just entered the room and was regarding the obscene tableau made by the three figures with calm interest.

"Dad!" Tony burst out finally. "You're just in time. This is that Callahan dame. Me and Pollo was just teaching her a lesson."

Manny Alessandro looked first at his son, and then at the young blonde female with the spectacular body who was trying desperately to cover her appetizing young nakedness.

"Okay, Tony," he finally said. "You and Pollo get out of here now. I'll take over from here."

## Chapter 5

Like his son, Manny Alessandro had read the papers that morning with a keen sense of relief, even triumph. The news of Jeff's arrest was no surprise, since his own contact men had tipped him off the previous afternoon, before the story had been released to the papers, but seeing it in print had only heightened his sense of victory.

It wasn't just the fact that Jeff Callahan himself was the State's star witness in the upcoming crime investigation. When it came right down to it, the only thing he could have contributed would have been circumstantial evidence and a certain sense of drama. Idealistic policeman's son continuing in the public service tradition of his father and that sort of thing. And he could also have pointed the way to information about the structure of the prosperous underworld leader's operations that might have become annoying when put together with the testimony of other subpoenaed witnesses with more tangible information.

But in addition to a sense of relief that the young man was now discredited, Manny felt as though he'd achieved a personal victory over Sergeant Eamon Callahan, the tough detective who had been, while he lived, Manny's worst enemy and Jeff's father. That was something worth savoring, the arrest and public pillorying of the old tough cop's son. And he, Manny, hadn't had to lift a finger to bring it about. He was clean.

Of course, he half disbelieved that the kid was really selling dope. It was too far out of character. But on the other hand, it was possible. What better way for the kid to throw suspicion off his own tracks than by coming out in the open as Honest John Doe, while secretly being involved in the very things he was making a public outcry against? It was a ploy Manny had often used himself. Hell, he was head of a dozen committees to stamp out vice and crime, even one run by the local church in the very neighborhood whose prostitutes he controlled. Still, he suspected that someone had done him a favor in getting Jeff Callahan out of the way, a favor he'd be glad to repay when he had the opportunity, as he was sure he would. That was how it worked - an exchange of favors - and one of these days his benefactor would reveal himself. Manny Alessandro only had to wait.

Even his wife Clara's look of constant martyrdom hadn't been able to sour his good mood today. She was constantly harping at him to keep Tony away from the restaurant and away from Pollo, and usually he fled from the house as early as he could to escape her angry accusations. Today, however, he had slept late, and even joined his invalid wife in her room for a leisurely breakfast, before dressing himself in a new, expensively tailored summer suit of a dark fawn color, one of his handmade silk shirts, and a deep wine-colored tie. Seeing him just before he left, Clara had even insisted on putting a flower in his lapel from the vase of roses always placed on her breakfast tray. It had pleased him, that gesture. It reminded him of their early days together before she'd gotten sick, days when it was still possible to see in her now wasted face and body the voluptuous, dark-eyed girl he'd married, Clara Tierno, the belle of Camden's ethnic ghetto.

He was still in a jaunty mood when he arrived at the restaurant to be greeted by Gabe with the news that Tony and Pollo were locked in his office with a strange young blonde girl who was somehow connected with the very man who had, until two days earlier, been so much on Manny's mind. Curious, the husky middleaged gangster made his way to the door leading to his inner sanctum, and paused in

astonishment just inside at the cock-stirring sight that met his eyes. It wasn't just the lewdly undraped blonde that riveted Manny's eyes -to the wild scene, although the sight of her voluptuous form pressed backward against Pollo's massive bulk started an immediate lusty pounding in his thick penis, but the sight of his own sixteen year old son, his face twisted in an lascivious smile as his hands began to ease his long adolescent penis up into the receptive loins of his blonde captive. It seemed to the boy's father that he had suddenly walked into a movie of himself as a youth, when he was just starting out and ready to grab the world by the tail. They even looked alike at that age, the father and son, although Manny's lean wiriness, so like Tony's, had long since receded into a protective covering of muscle and fat. Still, his hair was still almost the same thick wavy black, and their features bore a marked resemblance.

But there was something else, too, a look in Tony's eyes that was so familiar to his father, a certain spirit of rebellion and defiance that shone confidently out of him. That was it, confidence. Manny realized suddenly that it had been a long time since he'd felt so sure of himself. Things had been getting him down, lately - Clara, the investigation, the vague sense that the old ways were changing faster than he could keep up with them. And then suddenly to be confronted with his son, the very image of himself in younger, happier times. For the first time he realized the truth of what Tony had been saying for months, that he was almost a man. He would be ready to join the business soon, maybe ... maybe even take it over.

The words vibrated strangely in the gangster's head in the split seconds before Tony and Pollo became aware of his presence, and with them a curious pain, a blend of paternal pride at having a son to follow in his footsteps and reap the benefits of his life's labors, and a simultaneous keen resentment of the boy for asserting his still untried manhood so soon. Without being fully conscious of what was happening, Manny inwardly acknowledged his son's maturity. In an instant, Tony had ceased to be merely the son and heir, but a man, a potential rival whose power had to be tested, a challenge.

When the boy hesitated at his father's command to leave, therefore, Manny's reaction was sharp and sudden, like an old lion asserting his primacy before the pride. "You heard me, Tony, I said get out, didn't I? And get your cock back in your pants!"

Startled, Tony did as he was told, but not before a dark look of resentment crossed his features.

"And Tony," his father called after him as he went toward the door, "nobody except Gabe comes into this office when I'm not around? You understand me?"

His face crimson, the self-willed youth nodded shortly, then disappeared into the restaurant, followed by Pollo. Once they were gone Manny turned his attention to Sandra, who was still standing half-naked in the center of the room nervously

clutching around her curvaceous body what little remained of her brassiere and slip and the unbuttoned bodice of her blue shirtwaist dress. Still unnerved by the encounter with his son, Manny scarcely looked at the girl, whose recent naked trembling was sharply etched in his brain.

"You can use the private bathroom to get dressed," he said, nodding in the direction of another door on the wall adjacent to the restaurant entrance.

Jeff Callahan's young wife was also in a state of near shock from her lewd manhandling by Tony and Pollo, and was grateful for the opportunity to retreat for a few moments before confronting yet another ominous stranger. Gathering up her purse and her limp pair of white nylon panties from the corner where they had been flung in her struggles with Manny's son and his cohort, she made her way unsteadily into the tiny lavatory to repair her ravaged appearance and jumbled thoughts.

Her heart pounded fearfully at the knowledge that she was now in the presence of Manny Alessandro, whose exploits in the world of crime and vice were apparently extensive. What had she gotten herself into, she thought as she redressed herself in the tiny room adjacent to Manny's office. She was right in the middle of a potentially dangerous situation, and her only desire was to get out as quickly as possible.

Growing up in a secluded section of the West where, as far as she knew, politics and business were still conducted in the relatively honest spirit of competition that was the country's tradition, the young wife had never fully grasped the reality of the big city crime situation. In her world, the existence of an organization like Manny Alessandro's was a product of the imagination only, the subject for best-selling novels and movies, but never actually a force that she herself would have to contend with. But her encounter with Tony and Pollo brought home to her the relentless brutality of the underworld. These men would stop at nothing, she realized, to protect themselves. Perhaps Jeff was wrong to try to fight them single-handed. Already he was in jail, and she had been saved from a brutal rape only by the unexpected intervention of the gang leader himself, and she had no idea what fate awaited her when she went back out to the office. Frightened nearly out of her wits, the abused young bride's only thoughts centered on removing herself and her husband from danger.

"Now, what's this all about?" Manny asked her when she finally emerged timidly from the bathroom. "Who are you and what are you doing here."

"My name is Sandra Callahan," the Nordic-looking blonde replied in a trembling voice. "My husband is Jeff Callahan, the man who's supposed to testify about ... about you in the Crime Commission."

Manny, seated behind his large mahogany desk, laughed shortly at her words. "From what I read in the papers, your husband's gonna be too busy defending



himself to have any time to talk about me. Pushing heroin's a pretty serious thing, you know," he informed her, looking very serious.

Sandra fought down an angry reply. She had to tread carefully now, and she knew it instinctively.

"I know my husband doesn't sell heroin," she replied vehemently. "The day he was arrested, a girl came to our apartment saying she had something to tell Jeff for the Commission. I went out to the kitchen to make coffee, and when I came back she was gone. That night the police got an anonymous phone call about ... about Jeff, and when they came that night, they found all those envelopes of heroin in the desk. They must have been put there by that girl."

"That still doesn't explain what you were doing here," Manny said noncommittally, although he listened to her story with interest.

"Today," Sandra continued, "after I visited Jeff, I saw the girl on the street. I followed her and ... and I was pretty sure she came in here. When I asked about her, your son and that other man brought me in here. And that's all I know."

"What did the girl look like?" Manny asked casually.

Sandra again described Gina's name and appearance, and the muscular gangleader immediately recognized the curvaceously built teenager who hung around with Pollo. Pretty soon she was going to be out on the streets to support her habit, like a lot of other girls in the neighborhood. So it was Pollo who'd done him the favor of getting Callahan out of the way. Strange, he thought, because Pollo didn't usually put things together so cleverly.

"And when she came in here, you decided she must be connected with me, right?"

"Well," Sandra replied, choosing her words carefully, "it does seem that there's a connection ... "

Manny smiled indulgently, and lit a cigar. "Yeah, that's the way these things start. I've got a whole Crime Commission down my back just because of things like that. The fact is, Mrs. Callahan, I don't know nothing about any girl like you describe. And I didn't have nothing to do with putting that stuff in your house. Do you believe me?"

"Yes ... yes, I do," Sandra answered, after looking at him for a moment. She had no real reason to trust his word, but something about the way he declared his innocence impressed her. In fact, her whole impression of Manny Alessandro was rapidly becoming very different from what she had expected. "But then, where did those envelopes come from?"

"Well, a wife doesn't always know everything her husband's up to. Maybe somebody else had a grudge against him and this was their way of getting even." Now that he felt relatively secure himself, the powerfully built underworld leader was beginning to enjoy-the little cat-and-mouse game he was playing with Jeff Callahan's naive young wife. Surveying her calmly from behind his desk, he couldn't help noticing that Sandra was exceptionally beautiful, with a face and figure that looked as if they were made for sex. I wouldn't mind throwing a fuck into her, he found himself thinking as his eyes wandered over her wavy blonde hair and the ripely swelling contours of her breasts. A button had ripped off the front of her dress and in the tantalizing space it left he could see the tantalizing shadow of her cleavage, a deep canyon between the soft mass of her haughtily upthrust breasts. He remembered, too, with a sudden rush of keenly felt sexual excitement, the image of this voluptuous blonde girl as she had been when he first entered the room, her lush body nearly naked, her long white legs wide apart to receive the throbbing length of his son Tony's adolescent cock. She'd been scared, yes, but also flushed with sensual heat. Christ, a kid like Tony wouldn't even know what to do with a body like that, Manny thought. This babe oughta be laid by a real man, not some namby-pamby baby, like his son or her husband. She'd probably never really been turned on in her life. An idea began to form in Manny's corrupt brain, a scurrilous idea whose moral aspects he didn't even bother to question.

"Of course," he said, rising from his desk and walking casually around the room, "there's no reason why we can't help each other out, is there?"

"What do you mean?" Sandra asked.

"Well ... " he paused behind her chair, "I got a lot of influence in this town, you know. It's possible, just possible, that I might be able to get your husband off."

Sandra turned to face him, looking up at him with eyes wide with disbelief and sudden, hope. "Oh do you think you could? You don't know how grateful I'd be if I thought that were possible!"

"Just how grateful would you be?"

"What do you mean?"

"One good turn deserves another, doesn't it? What would I get out of getting your old man off?"

Puzzled, Sandra tried to interpret what he was asking her. "I ... I don't have much money, if that's what you mean," she began, but Manny cut her off in mid-sentence.

"I don't need money," he replied curtly.

"Then what do you want?" Sandra asked in the tense silence that followed.

In answer, Manny let his eyes rove slowly over her ripe young body, while his tongue licked slowly over his narrow lips. The full meaning of his gesture washed over Sandra in long waves, causing her to blush to the roots of her hair. He was offering to help Jeff if ... if she would have sex with him, she realized in horror, her whole body rippling with shame as she remembered the way she must have looked when he came in! She had been rescued from Tony and Pollo only to be brutalized once more, this time by the leader of the gang himself.

"I think ... I think I'd rather go about it another way," she replied softly, still blushing with shame. "That is, if I have any choice."

"Suit yourself," Manny replied, "It's your husband who'll be in jail for the next few years. Maybe you'll like that."

"Not if the police find that girl Gina," Sandra retorted desperately. "Once they prove she left those things at the house, they'll have to let Jeff go."

"I got a feeling that when you find Gina, if you do, she's gonna have five people ready to swear she was at a Sunday School picnic that day," Manny answered, smiling tauntingly at the naive young bride. Something in his eyes made Sandra shiver inwardly with fear. Her earlier trust of the well-dressed man faded as she realized the unspoken implications of what he was saying. If he could get Jeff off, he could also provide an alibi for Gina. Perhaps he already had. He was silently telling her that he and his thugs had already won, and threatening that if she didn't cooperate, things would only get worse. Jeff's life would be ruined, and he would spend the next five years in prison besides, unless she gave in to the obscene demands of Manny Alessandro. Manny watched with interest as her face reflected the inner conflict she felt. Finally, she bowed her head in defeat.

"What do I have to do?" she asked softly, in a shame-ridden voice. .

"Why don't you start by taking your clothes off, and we'll pick up where you and Tony left off?"

Burning with shame, Sandra rose from her chair and began to do as she was told. What does it matter, she thought numbly as she unbuttoned her dress. Deep in her heart she felt she was no better than a whore, anyway, for having responded so shamelessly to this man's son. Why, she would have enjoyed being raped by the boy, enjoyed it! She was a whore! Why not act like one? At least she was selling her body for a good cause. And maybe, she thought bitterly, maybe it'll even be fun! I didn't seem to enjoy sex with a man who loves me, only with men who treat me like an animal, a object to be used and thrown away! Then I don't have any trouble getting excited, oh no!

Manny watched with interest as her blue shirtwaist dress fell in a heap around her ankles. He had retreated back to the large swivel chair behind his desk where he had a perfect view of the voluptuous blonde disrobing in the center of his office. His thick cock increased its hungry pounding within his expensively tailored trousers as her tantalizing body was revealed bit by bit to his gaze. First thing off was her dress, which left her youthfully firm breasts totally naked, since she had been unable to refasten her brassiere after Tony had sliced through the shoulder straps. Manny felt as though he could cum in his pants right there at the first sight of those satin-smooth mounds of ripe feminine flesh tipped with darkly quivering points of blushing coral. He watched with mounting excitement as she stepped out of her slip, then kicked off her shoes and removed her stockings and garter belt. All these tasks she performed mechanically, as though she were superior to them, and every angle of her body communicated to the burly gangster her hate and contempt for what he was forcing her to do. That's okay, he thought to himself. It'll make it all the better when she finally starts wriggling like a bitch in heat after I shove my cock up her tight pink pussy! I like dames who fight a little.

"Wait a minute," he commanded as the young wife slipped her slender fingers inside the tight elastic waistband of her white nylon panties and began lowering them over the inviting swell of her hips. "Come over here."

Pushing back his chair, Manny made a space for her between himself and the desk. Shaking with anger and fear, Sandra walked over and stood in front of him, refusing to meet the gangster's eyes. After gazing lasciviously at the soft plane of her abdomen through the flimsy panty material, Manny grasped her lushly flaring hips and turned her around. First he ran his hands over the surface of her rounded buttocks, then he gripped the waistband of the panties with his thumbs and lowered them slowly over her buttocks, leaving them bunched in a thin white line around her knees. Forcing himself to restrain the lust which was making his testicles contract into hard little balls and his cock swell and jerk impatiently against his thigh, Manny's fingers slowly explored her moon-shaped ass-cheeks, his mind seething with sexual hunger and the desire to conquer the resistance of the nakedly subjugated girl who now seemed to constellate all the long-harbored resentments he felt, against her husband and his policeman father, his invalid wife, his precocious son who was growing up too fast, against the whole world that lately seemed to be closing in around him in ways that he didn't understand. He would show them! He'd show them all that Manny Alessandro was still on top of the heap, no matter what, they thought!

He tried to separate Sandra's buttocks with his hand, but she clenched them tightly shut against him. Following the line of her nether crease downward, his middle finger found the already moistened entrance to her cunt which, aroused but unsatisfied by Tony's manual and oral manipulations, had never ceased to secrete a steady flow of warm and welcoming female secretions. His fingers coated with the musky-smelling fluid, Manny stood up behind Sandra, his face breaking into a sadistic smile. "You don't fool me, bitch," he hissed, twisting his middle finger cruelly

upward into her tight vaginal sheath. "You really want this. You're creaming for it already! Now bend over the desk."

Sandra could hardly believe her ears as she heard the gangster's obscene command. She had felt totally humiliated before, with Tony and Pollo, but this ... this was too much! To be forced, with her panties like a lewd hobble around her knees, to bend nakedly over the desk of this depraved hoodlum, while he did as he pleased with her helpless body was the worst degradation to which she had ever been subjected. Even her childhood rape was not so terrible, for then she had actually been in fear for her life. But now she was being forced to consent, to do as the lust-corrupted older man demanded of her own free will! It was horrible! Horrible! But she really had no choice. If she didn't comply, her young husband would rot in jail for months, even years. Fighting down tears of shame and humiliation, the subjugated young blonde leaned forward over the huge desk, her full-mounded breasts crushed against the cold wood surface.

Unzipping his fly, Manny withdrew his heavy blood-engorged penis from his pants and positioned it against her moistly seeping vaginal split from behind. "Now, baby, I'm gonna fuck you until you can't see straight!"

"Do whatever you want," Sandra replied numbly. "I don't care."

"Oh yes, you do," Manny snarled, running his blue-veined shaft harshly up and down the length of her trembling rectal crack. "You do want it. Maybe you can pull the wool over the eyes of young punks like Tony and your old man, but I know dames. You want me to fuck you, don't you? Don't you?" Manny punctuated his last words with a sharp forward lunge that drove the tip of his bloated cock-head between her cringing cuntal lips and just inside the entrance of her pussy, stretching wide the tender flesh at the opening and then rotating lewdly around just inside. His lewd gesture sent a thunderclap of stinging lust coursing through Sandra's jackknifed body, and her vaginal muscles contracted hungrily around the gangleader's thick bulbous cock-head as though wanting to draw him even farther up inside her.

"Yes," Sandra moaned, weary of trying to subdue her own raging sexual storm. "Yes, I want it! I want it! I WANT IV!!" Years of sexual shame and resistance suddenly exploded as the obscene cries were torn from her throat. She did want it! Why not admit it at last? She couldn't fight it anymore.

Towering above her like a crazed animal, Manny licked his lips in triumph. Instinctively he knew what she was going through. This was the moment he enjoyed most, when he finally brought out the whore in a woman. He could do anything with her now, anything! Growling with triumph, he suddenly fell forward over her naked back, his weight smashing the nearly hysterical young bride's breasts even harder against the desk. His rigidly pulsating cock plunged deep into her welcoming cuntal slit, pushing the soft hot flesh of her vagina in rippling waves before it. There was no

stopping it until with a loud groan from Manny's lips, his balls smacked heavily into the naked flesh of her tapered thighs.

"OH GOD OH GOD," Sandra cried beneath him, gripping the opposite edge of the desk for support. She had never been so filled in her life. His lust-swollen member felt like a huge hot log inside her love-starved cuntal depths. There wasn't one tiny ridge of flesh on its entire blood-engorged length that she couldn't feel.

Gripping the soft flesh of her hips, Manny steadied himself and then began a slow lewd rocking motion, in and out of her tightly clutching vagina from behind. He hadn't felt as hot in months as he did now that his aching cock was firmly imbedded in the tight pink pussy of his old rival's daughter-in-law. Each hard, short stroke seemed to take years off his life and restore a particle of his manhood and pride. He felt like a bull, a sexual demon, potent and powerful as any younger man could be as he rotated his tumescent staff around inside Sandra's gradually widening cuntal channel. He'd show this nosy bitch who was boss! He'd show them all. His eyes glazed with lust and a light sweat broke out on his forehead as he looked down at the nakedly subjugated body bent over before him. His hands made white impressions on her softly jiggling buttocks as he sawed in and out with his huge penis, slowly at first, then building up speed, until each stroke made a lewd wet sluicing sound as his cock plunged forward and then pulled back again. By bracing himself against the desk, he found he could press forward against the helpless young girl until his cock rammed against the hard wall of her cervix deep inside her cringing vaginal passage and Callahan's young wife moaned with sensual delirium and pain. It was hurting her now, he could tell. Her knuckles were white as they gripped the edge of the desk, and her face was contorted into an agonized grimace with each forward lunge of his brutally pistoning cock. Harshly Manny fastened his lips on the naked flesh of her milk-white neck and shoulders, biting and sucking hard, and raising little welts on her tender skin, at the same time slowing his pace to a lust-inciting rotating motion punctuated with sudden rough forward strokes that drove deep into Sandra's vagina, setting off sky-rockets of mounting sexual hunger in her helplessly pinioned loins.

Every inch of Sandra's naked young body felt tinglingly alive, as though nerve endings she didn't even know existed had suddenly begun sending messages of sharp desire to her brain. Her own sexuality, so long repressed, and excited nearly to the point of madness by all the stimulation she had received in the past few hours, seemed to be gathering force inside her the irresistible wild force of nature suddenly unleashed and hurling aside everything in its path. Whatever objections her mind raised, her body wanted this! Needed this harsh assault, with every lust-tensed fibre. Unconsciously, Sandra began to groan in an animal-like way as Manny continued to saw his massive cock in and out of her, and they were harsh sounds that seemed to come from some previously locked and bolted part of herself, as she twisted and writhed wantonly backwards into the expert older man's forward-thrusting cock. Her eyes were closed, and she had lost consciousness of everything except the new world of delicious sensation that the gangleader's churning rod of

male hardness opened to her with its every battering stroke. Forgotten was her husband Jeff, forgotten her fear and terror. She was an animal, a lusty, sex-crazed female animal whose existence centered on only one thing: to be filled to the bursting point with a blood-hardened penis. She loved it! She wanted it to go on forever! Nothing mattered except the fire that raged in her trembling loins, consuming her totally as Manny Alessandro fucked into her like a lust-crazed madman.

Reaching down beneath her prostrate form, Manny began a harsh massage of her opulent young breasts, squeezing the tender flesh until Sandra moaned uncontrollably. His entire bulk was stretched out over her back, and he was so tightly pressed against her sensually pulsing nakedness that it seemed to the aroused young wife that his body was an extension of hers. Together they formed one heaving, thrashing bulk concentrated on only one thing - the release of the tumultuous, overpowering drive that possessed them both and drove them onward toward orgasm.

Abandoning any attempt at maintaining her pride and dignity, Sandra arched her body and drove her buttocks' backward against her muscular assailant's loins, grinding her hips and twisting against him in order to receive every millimeter of his fiercely hammering shaft. Delirious with unquenched passion, she had no conscious will any longer, only the mute and irresistible desire to fuck, to open, to explode the walls and defenses that had kept her body imprisoned and unsatisfied for so long.

"AAAAAAAAAnnnnnggggghhh," she groaned, as deep inside her, she began to feel a totally new and thrilling sensation. It was as though her belly was dissolving in a curiously pain-tinged heat that surged throughout her body in long flooding waves, melting her repressions and fears. She was cumming! Cumming as she never had before! Tears of relief coursed unnoticed down her cheeks as she ground herself backwards against Manny's ironlike pillar of flesh. All she was aware of was the feeling of release, as though a dam had burst, releasing a flood of physical feeling more intense and enjoyable than anything she had ever felt in her life.

"Oh God, oh God, don't stop, I'm cumming," she moaned as the feeling carried her away. "I'm cuuummmmmmmminng!"

Above her, his body stimulated by the obvious changes in the writhing blonde's response, Manny could feel his own orgasm approaching, too. The unbearable force was gathering in his lust-heated balls and spiraling up the length of his furiously plunging cock, gathering momentum with each vicious lunge into Sandra's greedily milking cuntal passage, and he was there! A force greater than himself was suddenly unleashed in his throbbing loins, forcing his cream-like torrent of cum upward, until it jetted forth uncontrollably into the warm hot recesses of the hungrily panting and groaning girl's pussy. On and on it came, until the muscular gang-leader could only brace himself against his young victim's sweat-streaked body and

surrender to the onslaught of orgasm, his eyes closed as his scalding male fluid cascaded into her welcoming cuntal depths.

Finally it was over. Sandra felt his cock gradually go limp inside her and slip out, trailing a lewd sticky stream of cum over her naked thighs. Lost in the peace of her galvanic orgasm, she hesitated a moment before pushing herself up from the desk and into a standing position. Her legs were trembling, as though they could hardly support the weight of her body, and she felt tinglingly alive, yet relaxed, all over. Not trusting herself to confront her lewd extortionist face to face, she hastily grabbed her clothes and retreated again into the bathroom to dress, without ever looking at Manny. Gazing at her own tear-stained face in the bathroom mirror, she felt as though she were gazing at a stranger. Somehow, unbelievable though it seemed, she had broken through to the richness of her own sexual nature, and instinctively she knew that she was different now, freer than she had ever been before. She almost wanted to thank Manny Alessandro for what he had done for her, but knew that that was silly. She would try to stop Jeff from testifying, however. It seemed only fair, in some way that she didn't fully understand.

She was more than a little startled, therefore, when she went back into the office to find Manny seated behind his desk again, a contemptuous look on his stony features as he watched her approach. It was as though nothing had happened at all, and Sandra stood awkwardly in the center of the room, not knowing what to say.

"What ... what should I tell Jeff?" she finally asked when Manny said nothing.

"Tell him anything you want. What the fuck do I care?"

"I mean ... about your helping him ... "

Manny smiled cruelly. This moment was what he'd been waiting for, and he relished it as it happened. "What the hell can I do for him? A guy sells dope and gets caught, he had to take the consequences, that's all."

Sandra could hardly believe her ears. "But ... but you said if I did what you wanted, you'd get him off," she protested.

"Did I? Well, I'm funny that way, baby. I don't usually remember what I say to big-titted whores, you know?" Sandra reeled back as though she'd been struck at his insulting words and icy tone.

"You mean ... you mean it was all a trick? Just to get me to ... to make love with you?"

Manny laughed. "Make love, eh? Is that what you call it? Well, yeah, cunt, you might say that. It was to give you a taste of what you'll get if you or your husband ever butts in again in my business. Understand? You can tell your dumb-ass



husband I got my own kid to look out for. Callahan wants help with his dope charge, he should use his old man's influence. See how far it gets him! Now get out, before I decide not to be so nice!"

## Chapter 6

A week after her humiliating encounter with Manny Alessandro, Sandra Callahan returned to her apartment early one afternoon loaded down with parcels and bags bearing the trademarks of some of Philadelphia's most fashionable boutiques. A casual observer, watching her hastily remove her coat and begin to spread her newly purchased items on the wide couch, would have noticed that the ravishing blonde was undergoing some curious and very striking changes. There was an air of determination and strength about her now, and a certain hardness in her eyes that made her seem less like the apple-cheeked country girl she had been only a few months ago and gave her the aura of a more mature, sophisticated woman.

The items she removed from the bags and placed on the couch were mostly clothing, although there was a small bag of newly-bought cosmetics as well. Lighting a cigarette, Jeff's young wife began to pace around the spacious living room, deep in thought.

Sandra, she told herself inwardly, you're being a fool. Just because Jeff's been victimized by organized crime and you've been brutalized by those thugs, is no reason to think you can still fight them on their own terms. It's absolutely ridiculous to even think about it.

Yet even as she struggled with herself, a deeper feeling rose that easily thrust aside the reasonable part of her mind that struggled futilely to dissuade her from the strange scheme that had only recently taken root in her mind. This feeling was revenge, pure and simple. The trusting blonde girl had been shocked and abused in a way she had never thought possible, and her own husband was behind bars, the victim of gangland treachery. At first the full realization of what was happening had paralyzed her completely, to the extent that she had seriously considered returning to her former home in Boulder, Colorado. But after two days of weeping and self-pity, an inexorable desire for revenge had begun to consume her. And out of this desire for vengeance, she had formed a plan.

Stamping out her cigarette, she closed the curtains on the window and then quickly began to undress, removing her bright blue skirt and white blouse, until she stood only in her thin bikini panties and brassiere, her cream-white skin glowing softly in the muted afternoon sunlight. She picked up one of the items of apparel she had bought, a pair of scarlet, hip-hugging leather pants. The young blonde wife examined the garment slowly, her face registering mixed feelings of determination and doubt.

"I ... I can't wear this," she murmured to herself.

Suddenly she threw the sensual slacks down onto the couch, turning away anxiously, as if once more regretting her detailed scheme. Then she suddenly remembered something the young salesgirl had said when she had tried on the pants and was apparently somewhat embarrassed ...

"Honey," the girl's remark echoed in her brain, "you look terrific. Don't be afraid to wear it as it's meant to be worn."

Once more Jeff's young wife went to the couch and was about to try on the red leather slacks when she was struck by another idea. Hesitating for only a minute, she suddenly slipped her fingers into the tight waistband of her panties and slid them down her whitely tapering legs, stepped out of them and put them aside. Then, with trembling fingers, she began to put on the supple leather pants, wriggling her young body as she pulled the tight slacks up over her full firm thighs and hips. Finally they were zipped up, clinging to Sandra's curvaceous legs and buttocks like a gleaming second skin. It was the first time the young blonde had ever worn slacks without underwear and the sensation of the soft leather on her naked flesh was unexpectedly thrilling, particularly where the soft suede snuggled up into her thin vaginal cleft, giving her crotch the appearance of two shiny scarlet lips as the supple leather molded to every ridge of her soft young pussy.

She walked over towards the full-length living room mirror, her heart beating fast as she realized with surprise that she was growing almost - almost excited at the way the leather pants clung tautly to her young ripe form. Seeing herself clad in only the slacks and her white lacy brassiere made the young wife gasp as she caught-sight of herself in the mirror, looking almost like a brazen female from a girly magazine. At first she didn't like the blatantly seductive appearance, but after a few moments she became somewhat pleased that she was able to transform herself like that, and it was undeniable that there was a certain erotic charge in her body due to the slacks. Quickly she returned to the couch, discarded her brassiere, and put on another newly-bought item, a bright orange jersey wrap-around blouse that tied at the waist. The soft material clung magically to Sandra's proud upthrusting breasts and when she returned to the mirror she caught her breath at the wildly erotic image she beheld.

Yes, she thought to herself decisively, yes, this is just what I need. This will do fine.

Her timidity and embarrassment were gone now, and her blue eyes glittered with a strange satisfaction. She wanted revenge on Manny Alessandro and his son, and all the cheap hoods that betrayed every fine and noble ideals America was founded on. Oh, yes, they were smart boys, but the young blonde knew she had a weapon to fight them with.

In her heart she knew instinctively that those hoodlums had no respect for women, that all females were merely machines to satisfy their sadistic lusts, animals to be

played with and abused, humiliated and treated like fourth-class citizens. And yet in an odd sort of way, she understood that a woman was central to their lifestyle, for without a female to brutalize as they wished, they had no gauge for their manhood, no way to assert themselves as dominant, all-powerful males. Sandra smiled perversely as she realized that for all the contempt they displayed towards her, she understood that their attitude towards women was their fatal weakness, and that a woman, if she wanted to, could wrap any one of those thugs around her little finger by using that most formidable of weapons - her sex. Behind their cruel eyes, their braggart manner, their crude behavior, Jeff's young wife knew that they were frightened, foolish boys committing endless criminal acts to satisfy their need for power, and humiliating women to insure themselves of their omnipotency and dominance. And now, the young blonde was going to use what she knew about them to trick Manny Alessandro's son Tony into revealing what he knew about her husband's arrest. To this end she had purchased a miniature tape recorder, no larger than a cigarette lighter, which she planned to hide in her jacket. With luck, with a great deal of luck, she hoped to seduce the sixteen year old boy and get him to talk.

She stood before the mirror, scrutinizing her appearance, and trying to cope with the recurring fears that echoed in her brain, fears that argued violently against her plan. Did she really think she could get away with it? Wasn't she just leaving herself wide open for more brutal treatment? Was all her week-long scheming and planning merely the foolish fantasy of a naive country girl suddenly faced with the stark realities of big city life? Maybe ... inaybc gill of it was true. Brit the blonde girl also knew that those crooks had taken away the one thing in her life that she cherished most: Jeff. Her man was gone, locked in prison because of those perverted crooks, and Sandra was now like a woman possessed, possessed with the consuming need to help her young husband, and have her revenge on all of the smug cruel degenerates who had treated her so horribly. Her full red lips twisted into a dark smile of satisfaction, as her anxieties faded. She felt herself become filled with a kind of strength and resolve she had never felt before, and in that moment she knew there was no turning back.

In the backroom of the saloon, Tony Alessandro was thumbing lazily through a copy of Chick magazine and sipping from a bottle of beer that stood on a table near his chair. Rock music was blaring from a small radio and the gangster's son nodded his head and tapped his foot in time to the raunchy music, his hungry eyes ogling the slick photographs of naked women that filled the magazine. After a few moments, Gabe the bartender burst into the room.

"Christ, Tony," he said, "you'll never guess who's out there in the bar."

"Raquel Welsh?" Tony inquired with a lewd arch of his eyebrow.

"Damn near. It's the Callahan dame, and you ain't gonna believe how she looks. Man, I had a fuckin' hard-on the minute I saw her."

"The Callahan dame? What the hell's she doin' here? If she don't watch out she's gonna get the same treatment she got before! The old man know she's here?"

"Nah, he's gone for the day now."

"Well ... what's she doin'?"

"Drinkin' Scotch on the rocks."

"What? I thought that chick was strictly tea and hot chocolate."

"Maybe we had her figured wrong. She sure ain't drinkin' no hot chocolate now. And, Christ, the way she's all dolled up ... "

"Maybe I oughta go have a look for myself. Maybe she's flipped out or somethin'. You know it happens sometimes to chicks that ain't too together. With her husband in jail and all, and after the fun we had with her last week . . . "

"You might be right, kid. 'Cause that baby sure don't look the same as last time she was in here. It's funny though, her comin' back. I thought Manny had scared her so bad she'd be on the first bus out of town. Could be she's up to somethin'."

"Yeah, could be."

"Should I call the old man?"

"Hell, no. I can handle this."

"Listen Tony, Manny might not like it. He's been kind of uptight lately about the way you been breakin' out on your own."

"Oh yeah? Well let me worry about that, okay?"

"Whatever you want, kid," Gabe sighed, knowing it was useless to argue with the boy.

"Yeah, let me go out and see what she wants. Maybe she wants a little more of the same, know what I mean? Maybe she's beginnin' to dig it!" The corrupt teenager laughed darkly and winked at the other man.

"Yeah? Ya mean like Gina?" Gabe said, knowing how many girls had initially been repelled by their earthy lifestyle and treatment of women, but who had eventually come to crave the brand of sex that Manny and the gang preferred.

"Yeah, like Gina," Tony replied. "Except Gina's gettin' a little stale. I could use some fresh hot pussy, ya know."

The two hoodlums laughed conspiratorially as Tony flipped the magazine aside, stood up, yanked up his tight chinos so that the thick mound of his genitals was clearly outlined, then made his way to the door.

In the bar, Sandra sat at an isolated table in a corner dressed in the outfit she had bought the day before, her seductive appearance heightened by the liberal use of thick red lipstick, dark blue eye-shadow, and heavy black eyeliner setting off the sapphire sparkle of her eyes. She sipped slowly on a glass of Scotch on the rocks, trying not to drink too fast as she was unused to such a strong drink and was concerned about becoming too drunk to carry out her mission. Draped casually over the chair next to her was a beige cotton jacket, and hidden in the pocket was the tape recorder. She looked up as she heard two men enter the empty saloon from the back entrance and found herself staring into Tony Alessandro's cruel young face.

"Well, well, well," he murmured as he caught sight of the young blonde wife and took in her alluring new appearance. "Still trying to save your husband, huh?"

Fighting back a gnawing surge of anger and fear, Sandra stared directly into the young hoodlum's eyes without flinching.

"Maybe," she said in a low, husky voice, " ... and maybe not."

Tony glanced quickly to Gabe, who had gone behind the bar, and winked at him, smiling lewdly. Then he sauntered toward the young wife's table.

"You know, babe, you could get in big trouble if my old man knew you were here."

"Yes?" she replied casually, glancing softly up at him. "Well, I don't care any more. He doesn't frighten me. Does he frighten you, Tony?"

"Me?" Tony retorted, "Hello no. I'm no kid you know."

"Yeah ... I know." Slowly, Sandra let her tongue lick a slow tantalizing trail around the curving circle of her red lips and let her eyes travel boldly up and down his slim young body. "You're quite a man."

"Think so, huh?" Tony said, growing rather excited by the older woman's attitude and appearance. "Guess it sort of frustrated you when we didn't get to fuck? Huh?"

"Maybe ... "

Tony sat down quickly in the chair next to the provocative young wife. He was so close he could smell the sultry scent of her perfume, and his young cock stiffened hotly in his pants as he settled down next to her sensually attired body.

"Seems like you've changed quite a bit from last week," he remarked. "What's up, doll? You trying to pull some kind of fast one on me?"

"No," she said coolly, although her heart was thudding wildly in her chest.

"Then why are you here?"

"I've ... I've been doing some thinking this week ... and ... I realized that ... Jeff... " she struggled to get the lying words out of her mouth, " ... that Jeff was deceiving me ... and I figured ... that I'd been made a fool of by him ... I mean what's the use of crying over someone like that?"

"Yeah, I can see your point. That bastard really pulled one over on you, didn't he?"

Sandra felt a sudden urge to slap the young punk across the face for what he was saying, but she held back, determined to go ahead with her daring scheme no matter what she had to endure to carry it through.

"Yes ... he did." The young blonde wife took a deep swallow of her drink.

"Well, don't take it so hard, babe. There's plenty other good fish in the sea."

Jeff's wife turned slowly toward the teenage boy and let her eyes lock directly with his.

"Yes," she replied in a near-whisper, "plenty."

Tony's rigid young cock was pounding barbarically in his tight trousers as Sandra exerted all of her potent female charms on him. Her erotic appearance had had great affect on the horny young man, and he was completely taken in by her story, feeling pleased and smug that the blonde girl, wife of the man he had gotten jailed, was now hungry for his body.

"Guess you been pretty lonely with your husband in jail, huh? Guess you been itchin' for some other cock to satisfy your pussy, huh?"

Sandra laughed softly, so as not to betray her shock at his obscene words.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," she managed to reply, surprised herself at the conviction in her voice. "But I don't think your father would like it if you and I ... I mean he'll probably think I'm trying to get something out of you."

Tony leaned back in his chair and eyed her steadily.

"Are you?" he asked coolly.

Sandra laughed softly, then took another sip of her Scotch.

"Sure, Tony ... " Slowly she reached over with her left hand and placed it seductively on his right leg, sliding it with agonizing slowness upward toward his inner thigh. The teenage hoodlum's cock quivered excitedly and lurched against the taut material of his pants like a caged animal suddenly gone wild. Finally the young blonde wife let her palm and fingers rest directly on the shuddering mound of his testicles and began to massage slowly, sensuously. "I want something out of you, handsome ... but it has nothing to do with Jeff or your father." She lowered her voice to a sultry whisper, still continuing to press her hand hard onto the hotly throbbing bulge at the boy's crotch. "I've wanted you from the first minute I saw you, Tony."

"Even though I nearly raped you the other day?"

"Maybe because of it ... "

There was a long simmering silence between the two of them.

"Well," Tony murmured urgently, "maybe we oughta go someplace and finish what we started."

"I'd like that, Tony ... I'd like it a lot. But your father might ... "

"Fuck him!" The youth snapped impatiently. "I do what I want, and I don't give a good goddamn what the old man thinks."

Sandra smiled at the boy, her eyes glimmering with desire.

"Where can we go?" she whispered.

"You got an apartment?"

"Yes, but we can't go there ... it's too dangerous."

"I know a hotel ... it's not too far."

"Can we go there?"

"Fuckin' right we can," he said, his eyes flashing with obscene purpose. "Get your things together, we can go right now."

Jeff's young wife grinned seductively and began to gather up her jacket and bag, while Tony rose from the table and went to the other end of the bar to talk to Gabe.

"Me and the chick's goin' out for a while."

"Hey, Tony, do you think that's a good idea? I mean the old man ain't gonna like it."

"You let me worry about that," Tony snarled. "And don't you rat on me or I'll slit your throat, ya got it?"

"Yeah, kid, I got it," the burly barkeeper sighed. "Just be careful."

"I'm always careful, man, you know that."

Abruptly the corrupt teenager turned away to join Sandra, who stood waiting near the entrance to the bar. Gabe watched as they left, and his brow furrowed with concern as he saw Tony slip his hand down behind the leather-encased buttocks of the young blonde housewife and begin to furtively massage those ripe hot mounds.

"Watch it kid," he murmured to himself, "just watch it."

A few minutes later Tony led Sandra into a small, seedy-looking room on the third floor of the Valencia Hotel, located just behind the Camden bus depot. It was a cheerless place, painted a pale green, with a wide, somewhat saggy double bed, two nightstands, a lamp and a rickety armchair. One window looked out onto the busy city street.

"Well, it ain't much," Manny's son remarked as he closed and locked the door behind him, "but it's got the essentials."

The young wife gulped with anxiety to find herself in such dismal surroundings with the young hoodlum. She had been desperately masking her intense dislike for the boy, and fighting back the surging flow of fear that threatened to destroy her carefully managed "cool." But she knew she had to go through with it now, and she quickly took off her jacket, flicked on the tape recorder in the pocket without the boy seeing her, and set the garment on the armchair. Tony, meanwhile, had pulled down the shade on the window and flicked on a glaring overhead lightbulb that illuminated the small room with a flat harsh glare, making it even uglier than before. Then the muscular youth walked directly to the young bride and without a word grabbed her roughly and began kissing her face, neck and shoulders with a hungry urgency, while running his hands up and down over her provocatively clad young body.

Sandra was thrown off guard momentarily by the arrogant teenager's abrupt ardor, but reminding herself of her desperate mission she began to return his obscene kisses, and let her hands begin to rove eagerly over his lean young body. At first she was somewhat reserved, but within a few minutes she found herself beginning to



fall into the lusty excitement of the moment, strangely aroused not only by the sex-driven young teenager, but by the bizarre circumstances. She could hardly believe that she would actually thrill to the idea of making love to the, youth who had sent her man to jail, embracing him like some desperate harlot, yet it was happening. The young wife reminded herself that she was here to save her husband, and yet there was an undeniable tide of desire shivering through her voluptuous young frame, and she was helpless to resist it.

Finally, she pulled away from the hotly aroused teenager, gasping for breath.

"Well," she said, "you really got at it, don't you?"

"Yeah, baby, when I wanta fuck, I fuck, that's all."

"I think your father would be surprised if he knew we were together like this."

Tony's eyes narrowed dangerously.

"I don't want to hear any more goddamn talk about my old man, understand? I don't need him or anybody else. I got my own plans, my own life. If I had the chance, I could outsmart all of them with one hand tied behind my back ... in fact, I done it already and they don't even know it! I ain't gonna be known as Manny Alessandro's kid. They're gonna know that Tony's his own man. Hell, I'm already ahead of those old time con artists! They're still livin' in the 1930's, for Christ's sake."

"But not you? Huh, lover?" She wanted to ask him about the things he'd done, but was afraid of arousing his suspicions by asking too soon.

"No, baby, not me. I got plenty of ideas, and as soon as I can, I'm gonna get 'em into operation."

"What kind of ideas?" Sandra inquired as she began to untie the jersey blouse, hoping to get the boy to talk.

"Plenty," Tony remarked, his mouth curling in an obscene smile as the young wife revealed the naked fullness of her- pink nipple-peaked breasts to the teenage hoodlum's lurid gaze. Eagerly, Manny's son began to strip himself, taking off his shirt and tossing it aside, then lowering his tight jeans down over his lean, hard hips. He wore no underwear and Sandra quivered slightly in alarm as his thickly swollen young cock and balls were once again revealed to her sight. His hard blue-veined penis was vastly larger than she had remembered, and the young wife shuddered involuntarily as she thought of taking its huge girth up into her tender young vagina. His testicles, swaying lewdly beneath his rapidly stiffening rod of male flesh, seemed to her to be the size of tennis balls. Within a few moments the corrupt youth stood before her completely naked, his well-muscled body gleaming in the harsh light of the hotel room. Inwardly Sandra wished she was miles away from the place, far

from the lewd stare of the perverted young man, back in Jeff's arms, safe and sound. But that was impossible.

"How about strippin' off those sexy leather pants, baby," Tony said, sliding his hand directly up over her tightly encased vaginal mound. "I want to see your cunt all naked again.

Sandra unhooked the front of her scarlet slacks and, moving back slightly, slid the supple garment down over the gleaming white curves of her naked legs, while Tony watched with wildly mounting lust as the blonde housewife's lusciously formed body was revealed completely. His hand reached down instinctively to grasp the stiffly distended flesh of his fully-erect penis, and he began to pump hungrily at it, arousing himself to a fever-pitch of desire.

Jeff's blonde wife carefully folded her leather slacks and placed them with the other garments on the armchair, being careful not to cover the jacket with the tape recorder. Then, walking slowly to the bed, undulating her voluptuous body with sensual grace, she pulled aside the blanket and lay down, spreading her long white legs wide, hoping to excite the youth even more.

"I guess you have a lot of girls, Tony."

"Yeah, quite a few," he said, laughing, his eyes riveted to the appetizing young female with lay spread-eagled on the bed before him. He gloated with drunken triumph, reveling in the idea of brutally fucking the wife of the man he had framed into a jail sentence. Hell, he had the world by the tail - all the chicks he wanted, even this straight chick was so horny for him she was practically begging him to fuck her. Christ, she probably hadn't had a real fuck in her whole life. Still reeling with the effects of his drinking, the youth's mind surged with fantasies of power and wild dreams of becoming even more infamous than his old man, king of a huge network of crime. His massive cock throbbed with raging lust and, growling hungrily, he scrambled onto the bed and fell forward on top of the young blonde housewife, who gasped in fright as he sprawled on top of her without warning. Greedily he began to lick and suck on Sandra's ripely swelling young breasts, at the same time grinding his pulsing hips hard against hers and ramming his desire-bloated cock-head against the wet, silient flesh of Sandra's vulnerably exposed vaginal slit. Then he reached down suddenly, and with one firm move positioned his lurching cock at the trembling entrance of the young wife's pussy. With a vicious thrust he suddenly drove his rigid thickness deeply into her semi-moist cuntal flesh like a raging bull, consumed with roaring lust, pushing the hot soft flesh of her vaginal walls in rippling waves before it. Finally, with a loud slap, his balls smacked against the flesh of her tensed and trembling thighs.

"OOOOHHHHH GODDDDD! ! !" Sandra moaned loudly beneath him, stunned and terrified to be taken so quickly, to have his thrusting hardness tearing with no preparation into her cringing vagina, spearing her without mercy. His huge penis lay

sunk deep in her softly pulsing cuntal depths, filling every part of her insides. It had happened so fast that for a moment the scheming young wife was completely stunned, shocked out of her elaborate masquerade. She realized that he was ready to fuck her right away, and that she had nothing incriminating on the tape. She had to get him to talk, but how? How?

Yet, even as Sandra wondered how in the world she could make the youth confess his criminal activities, her vagina was beginning to tremble with heated excitement. It was as if her young pussy, usually so tensed and resistant, crudely welcomed the youth's obscene girth and brutal attack, even craved it, and the young blonde began to tremble with a kind of erotic delight she had never remotely experienced before, even with her own husband. How was it possible? Why was it happening?

Tony lay still for a moment, then suddenly clamped his lips down wetly over her startled mouth and began a slow rocking motion of his hips between her steadily vibrating thighs. Her awakening cuntal passage began to widen greedily with each short, smooth stroke of his penis as Sandra gritted her teeth, her loins burning with both pain and sensuality from the teenage hoodlum's violent intrusion; and her body began to respond to the increasing frenzy of his brutal fucking. Lewd feelings of carnal pleasure began to surge through her involuntarily writhing young body and there was no way of resisting them.

As Tony Alessandro began to plunge his rod of iron-hard male flesh in and out of her openly responding pussy, her ripe young form began to twitch and writhe, tearing itself quickly out of Sandra's conscious control, and she began to groan with involuntary pleasure into the moistness of the youth's eager mouth. Passion surged like a winding snake through her nakedly throbbing flesh and her nostrils flared heatedly. A light sweat broke out on her forehead under the soft, disheveled strands of her silky blonde hair.

The young teenager, now a rampaging sex machine fed with the fuel of alcohol, drove into the young housewife's rapidly throbbing pussy with near barbaric frenzy. Sandra soon realized that she had no choice but to submit to his merciless battering, surrender totally to it. She was still far from achieving her purpose, but now, her body screaming for release and writhing in uncontrollable passion, she had to thrust aside all thoughts, all needs, and submit to Tony's violent thrusts. With a groan of surrender she began to twist and rotate her pelvis, each move drawing the boy's thickly lurching cock deeper and deeper into her now greedily clutching vaginal softness. Her blood-swollen cuntal lips began to act on their own, screwing like a baby's tender lips drawing in a peppermint stick, sucking Tony's mighty penis up inside her wildly shaking body. Her hands flew up and gripped his well-muscled shoulders, her fingers digging hungrily into his hard flesh, hanging on with passionate intensity, while the moist wet cavern of her cunt flowered farther open to receive his battering cock blows.

There was no resistance left in the young wife now. She was too excited to draw back, too numbed to do anything but submit to the pounding thrusts of her tormentor's rampaging penis. Her legs, spread out wide on either side of his lewdly impaling shaft, were jerking and quivering in uncontrolled abandon. Her eyes were closed and her tongue slavered wetly up into his mouth as small sounds of velvety pleasure rumbled up from her throat. She couldn't believe the thrilling flames of passion that were crackling through her nakedly twisting young loins. It seemed impossible that under the circumstances she could experience such ravishing thrills, but it was true! She was being brutally fucked by the youth whose father she believed had framed her husband, and she loved it! She loved it!

Tony labored hotly above her, lunging up between her legs with brutal strokes that brought his lust-thickened cock almost all the way out of her wetly clasp vaginal softness on the backstroke, then thrusting forward harshly, battering her with the force of a steam drill. He quickened his pace as she thrashed her body nakedly beneath him.

"AAANNNGGGHHH!!!" Sandra. groaned beneath him, her face contorted into an unrecognizable mask of bestial passion. The young wife's body was throbbing madly with unbelievable excitement as bursts of lust-induced heat churned deep in her pussy. Every inch of her skin sizzled hotly as she gasped in the throes of wanton passion.

Tony grunted and groaned, quickened his strokes even more, grinding deep and hard into her passion-drenched pussy so that his huge blood-swollen cock drove far up into the hidden, untouched recesses of her womb. His heavy sperm-bloated balls, slapping roughly against the flesh of her inner thighs, grew hot with their rapidly growing load. He was going to cum soon, cum like a cannon, and so was she. He could tell from the way her gasps and cries of ecstasy came faster and faster. The fire in his testicles swelled to the explosion point now and he knew the climactic moment was at hand.

"SHIT! OOOHHHHH SHITTTT!!!" he groaned with savage intensity.  
"UUUUGGGNNNGGG! !"

Beneath him, Sandra quivered like a helpless whore gone out of control, her perspiration-soaked body flailing nakedly, her head tossing shamelessly from side to side. She was nearly incoherent with the rampaging pleasure she was experiencing and her wildly pulsing cuntal walls were feverish with titanic heat. She was cumming! CUMMING AS SHE HAD NEVER CUM IN HER ENTIRE LIFE! This perverse, criminal youth had taken her to heights of pleasure she had never known existed.

"AAARRRNNNMMM!!!" she groaned as the force of her orgasm tore through her body like sheer lightning, "RRRRNNNGGGHHH!! I'M CUUUMMMI IINNGGG! ! "

Tony felt her hot cuntal depths opening hungrily around him as he gushed jet after jet of thick scalding semen into her passion-flooded interior. Her vaginal secretions flowed hotly around his jerking rod of flesh, mingling her orgasmic moisture with his own. Wave after wave of viscous cream-like cum squirted from the parted glans of the sadistic young hoodlum's cock-head, crashing headlong into the groaning housewife's writhing, welcoming cuntal softness. He twisted his muscular body and bucked his hips, draining himself as she jerked up toward him, the lips of her convulsively spasming vagina sucking at his penis as though trying to milk him dry.

Sandra moaned a long, steady moan of passion as she felt herself bathed in the warm lurid pleasure that enveloped her as Tony gushed the last of his raging load of cum into her madly throbbing cunt. Then finally it was over. Manny's sixteen year old son withdrew his softening penis and collapsed next to Sandra on the cheap hotel bed. The young blonde wife lay inert, totally exhausted, her mind a raging mixture of confused emotions. She had let herself be brutally taken by this youth so that she could get him to confess his involvement with her husband's arrest. Yet, she had greedily responded to the teenage gangster's obscene behavior, her body throbbing with tumultuous excitement like a thirsty man eager to gulp refreshing draughts of water. And yet she still had nothing on the tape that could be used against this little bastard.

"Well, I'd better go," she heard Tony say wearily.

"Oh no ... no please," she pleaded softly. "I ... I've never had such a good ... fuck ... never ... I don't want it to stop."

"I got things to do, babe," he said, sitting up on the bed.

Sandra became desperate. She couldn't let him go, not without some proof of Jeff's innocence and Tony's guilt.

"Oh, please," she purred, letting her hand travel across the bed until it found the limp softness of Tony's cock. "We could spend the afternoon together here ... maybe we could get more Scotch or beer ... " As Sandra massaged the youth's penis she was delighted to feel it begin to stiffen again in her palm. "I want you, Tony ... I want you so much ... can't we just stay here ... and drink ... and talk ... I'll do anything you ask ... anything."

Tony laughed and smiled lewdly at the older woman. Christ, dames were all the same. One good fuck and they were stuck on you for life. He couldn't believe how this stupid cunt had fallen for him, and how she couldn't get enough now. His massive cock was rigidly erect again under Sandra's deft manipulations, and suddenly the idea of spending the entire afternoon with the dumb broad and fucking her every way he could think of began to excite him.

"Okay, baby," he said, "maybe I can stick around a little longer ... feel like sucking my cock for awhile? To get me going again? Then I'll go get some booze."

"S ... sure," the wife stammered, realizing with alarm that she would now have to put her lips onto his hard hot cock, "whatever you want."

Tony lay back on the bed and spread his legs, his desire-stiffened penis jutting straight up like an obscene flagpole, while Sandra knelt between his thighs and slowly began to lower her head toward his pulsating shaft. Her stomach was queasy with fear and humiliation but she had to go through with it, she had to get him to talk, and she knew she would, no matter what abhorrent thing she had to do in order to make this bastard confess.

Oh, Jeff darling, the heartsick young wife thought miserably as her lips closed around the arrogant youth's rigid cock, forgive me please forgive me!

## Chapter 7

Several hours later, her body aching and sore but her mind dizzy with triumph, Jeff Callahan's young wife tiptoed out of the Valencia Hotel room, leaving Tony nakedly collapsed in a drunken heap on the bed. She smiled as she gazed at his sleeping form, overwhelmed as it was by over indulgence in drink and sex. It had taken her all afternoon, but she had gotten what she wanted. Patting the tape recorder in her jacket pocket, she went down the stairs, past the desk clerk who frankly ogled her as she walked by, and out into the street where she hailed a cab to take her home.

Settling back in the seat after giving her home address to the driver, she placed the tiny earplug in her ear and listened to the results of her afternoon's lewd labors. It had been after she had taken his cock between the parted oval of her full red lips and sucked it until he had cum once more that her plan had begun to pay off.

"Where'd you learn to give a blow job like that, babe?" she heard Tony's voice ask. "From your husband?"

"No," she replied lazily. "Jeff's what you might call ... conservative in bed," she lied.

"Oh yeah?" the drunken and sated young teenager replied, laughing a little, confidently. "Looks like I did you a favor, then, getting him out of the way."

Sandra had opened her eyes wide in feigned admiration when he said that, doing her best to conceal the keen excitement his words produced in her. "You mean it was you?" she asked innocently. "I thought all along it was your father."

"Naaaaaaah," Tony replied. "It was me. I was outside in a cab when Gina came up to your place. The old man didn't know anything about it."

"But he does now, right?"

"Yeah, I told him, right after you were in the restaurant last time. Christ, you'd think he'd be grateful, too."

"Isn't he?"

Tony reflected a moment. His father's reaction had been strange; pleased, yet angry too, as though he wished his good fortune had come from someone else. As a result, Tony had been sulky and disappointed all week. "Yeah, I guess so," he said finally, taking another swig from the bottle of Scotch on the dreary bedside table.

Sandra snuggled closer to him then, letting her long, tapering fingernails graze lightly over the curling hairs that were sprouting on his chest. "Well, maybe he's scared of you, Tony," she ventured. "Fathers get that way when their sons start to be men instead of boys, you know?"

Her remark seemed to give the inebriated youth a whole new view of the situation, and gradually his tongue had loosened, telling Sandra all kinds of things in reply to her gently probing questions. Within an hour, the tape recorder had picked up information on rackets, prostitution, and dope dealing far beyond anything the naive young wife had expected. It had taken all her will power to conceal the mounting sense of disgust she felt as his admissions. More than once she was tempted to slap the sixteen year old youth, who was willingly weaving unbelievably sordid things into the fabric of his young life. Sandra was shocked, but fascinated too, at what she heard. Finally Tony had had enough.

"I'm tired of talking, babe," he snarled, pulling her closer to him and pressing his lips down on hers in an alcohol-reeking kiss. "Let's fuck some more ... "

"Sure, Tony," Sandra heard her own voice reply. "Just let me go in the bathroom for a minute, ok?"

"Yeah, but hurry up," he assented. "I gotta get outta here soon." His voice was thick with drink.

The young wife dawdled in the bathroom, hoping to postpone submitting to more of his crude carnality as long as possible, and when she finally re-emerged into the bedroom, she found her young tormentor passed out on the bed, snoring lightly, his fists curled around the pillow like a child's. Quietly she had dressed and made her escape.

The cab was just pulling into the street where she lived as she switched off the pocket tape recorder. After paying the driver, she hurried upstairs and went inside. The serenity of the tiny apartment, so different from the hard cruel world she had just left, was balm to her spirits, and sinking down onto the couch, she closed her eyes

and let herself relax for a few minutes. But only for a few minutes. She didn't have much time, she reflected. Before too long, Tony would awaken and find her gone, if he hadn't already. She had to get to Manny before the decadent teenager got to her. Her heart beating faster, she strode purposefully to the phone, ready to put the final phase of her daring plan into action.

Manny Alessandro was at home in his study when Gabe the bartender phoned him on his private, unlisted phone, something he never did unless there was an emergency that only the boss could handle. With him was Pollo, and another man, Vito Leonardi, a "business associate" of about thirty-five who was known to his intimates as the Rajah, because of the large harem of whores he controlled on both sides of the Mexican border. He had come East on business, which included a visit to his old friend, Manny. The three men were sipping Scotch and discussing the possibility of Vito supplying Manny with regular shipments of uncut heroin through a Mexican shipping company that made regular trips to Marseilles. Manny had just heard the bare outlines of the plan from the sensual-featured gangster whose long, perfectly manicured fingers glittered with rings, when the phone rang.

"Boss, we've got a problem," Gabe's voice at the other end of the line announced. Quickly he told the muscular gang leader of the afternoon's events, beginning with Sandra's seductive appearance at the bar that afternoon, her departure with Tony, and concluding with the news she had just given him over the phone a few moments before: She had gotten Tony to talk, and she had it all on tape. And her information covered a great deal more than the heroin plant that had put her idealistic young husband behind bars. Under the influence- of Scotch, Tony had apparently talked a lot.

"The dame says she's taking the tape to the cops unless you get her old man off by tomorrow," Gabe finished. "I thought I better tell you right away."

"Where's Tony now?"

"She said she left him dead drunk in room 302 of the Valencia. He ain't turned up here yet, so I guess he's still there."

"Okay, Gabe," Manny said. "Send one of the boys to pick him up and bring him back here. I'll take care of everything else."

"What should I tell that dame if she calls back?"

Manny paused a moment before replying. When he answered, his voice was dangerously calm. "Tell her she'll be hearing from me."

He set the phone back in its cradle and lit a cigar, his mind beginning to seethe with anger at the news Gabe had just given him. That fucking cunt just wouldn't learn,



would she? Well, she'd overshot the mark this time, trying to blackmail him. The little bitch was gonna regret it, and before the night was over, too.

"Bad news?" the Rajah asked, studying the tautness of Manny's lips and the anger clearly visible in his narrowed eyes.

"Nothing I can't handle," Manny replied shortly. "In fact, maybe you can do me a favor while you're here, Vito."

The other man smiled and nodded. "I'm always happy to do what I can for you, Manny," he replied in a soft voice. "You know that."

"I got a little blonde with a big mouth who has to be put out of circulation for a while. I think she could use a trip to Mexico to quiet her down."

"Is she good-looking?"

"Very. But she talks a lot. Do you understand me?"

Vito smiled. "There are ways to keep a woman quiet," he said. "Living in one of my establishments in Tijuana, she will be kept too busy to talk. And frequent tastes of my white powder, perhaps forcibly administered at first, will take care of the rest."

Now it was Manny's turn to smile. "I would be very appreciative if you could manage this for me," he said. "Pollo will go with you to pick her up."

After her phone call to Gabe, Sandra took a long, relaxing bath, slipped on her pajamas and robe, and fixed herself some dinner. The silence of the house oppressed her, and she found herself growing tense and nervous. The enormity of what she had undertaken, forced to the back of her consciousness all day, now began to strike her with its full force. Everything was happening so fast, she didn't quite know how to deal with it. Her mind kept returning to the obscene events of the afternoon, her prolonged fucking with the devilishly handsome and cruel son of Manny Alessandro. Now that her mission of revenge and rescue of her husband was nearly accomplished, she found herself able to dwell on the more sensual aspects of their bizarre encounter. Her body still trembled at the recollection of the teenager's thickly rigid penis plunging in and out of her lust-distended vaginal slit. For there was no denying it, she had enjoyed the shameful acts to which she had submitted. Her body had come alive in the past week, starting ... starting with the night of Jeff's arrest, when their love-making had been interrupted by the arrival of the police. She had begun to open herself that night, and all the sexual abuse she had been subjected to since had only served to further the process. She felt like a totally different person now. How could she ever refuse her body again to her husband after having been raped by Manny, and then giving herself in the most calculating manner possible to his degenerate young son? Perhaps ... perhaps something good was going to come out of this after all. Two days earlier she had

gone to visit Jeff again, and had been amazed to feel her pussy become moist as she sat on the opposite of the screen with the sheer desire to ... to fuck him! For the first time she began to respond to her husband not just as someone she admired and loved, but as a man, a very handsome man, whom she desired with all her strength. She felt sick with yearning to have him close to her again, to be able to touch him and love him with her newly awakened body. It was partly this desire that had stiffened her resolve to go through with her dangerous scheme. It was worth anything to her to get her husband back safe again. Anything!

But at the same time, Sandra was becoming increasingly nervous. She still hadn't heard from the unscrupulous Manny Alessandro, and as the minutes ticked by, she found herself growing more and more aware of how vulnerable she was, alone in the house. The only other apartment on the floor was empty, and the tenants had gone off for two weeks on vacation. Downstairs there was only an old lady, half deaf, who couldn't be relied on in an emergency. Perhaps she was being foolhardy to try to do this on her own. She hadn't wanted to go to the police with her evidence, both because it would reveal the sordid details of her afternoon with Tony, and because she didn't want to get any further involved with Manny or the Crime Commission. All she wanted was to get the charges against Jeff dropped, and then she was going to persuade him not to testify at all. They'd move away, go to another town, if they had to, or back to Colorado. She'd had enough of a taste of big city crime to last her forever, and that was why she'd decided to try to make a deal with Manny on her own. Now, however, she was beginning to regret her decision. Supposing they tried to get the tape away from her? Or beat her up? Or ... or even kill her?

"If I don't hear from Manny Alessandro in fifteen minutes," she said aloud, trying to still the rapid beating of her heart and the trembling of her hands. "I'm going to call the police." She lit a cigarette and turned on the radio, trying to distract herself while she waited for the allotted time to pass.

Scarcely ten minutes had gone by when she was startled by the sound of someone knocking on the door. She went cold with fear all over, and for a moment wondered if she should answer it. But whoever it was could hear the radio and see the light coming from under the door. Even if she didn't answer, they probably wouldn't go away. Padding barefoot to the door, the young bride called softly, "Who is it?"

"It's me ... Gina," a voice replied on the other side. "I gotta talk to you."

"What do you want?" Sandra asked, unwilling to be fooled again.

"It's about what you told Gabe," the teenager replied. "Manny's real mad, and I snuck away to warn you. Please, lemme in. I don't wanna get caught out here if ... if anybody comes."

The urgency of the girl's voice almost convinced Sandra, but still mindful of her previous deceit, she put the safety chain on the door before opening it a few inches

and peering out into the hall to make sure the girl was alone. Her range of vision was limited to a corner of the hallway, filled by the now familiar figure of the curvaceous young brunette, but she appeared to be alone, and so Sandra decided to let her in.

No sooner had she opened the door all the way however, than two male figures pushed their way inside, following right behind Gina. Sandra gasped as she realized that one of them was the same man who had held her so cruelly on the day Tony Alessandro had nearly raped her. The other one was unfamiliar. Apparently they had been waiting out of sight in the hallway while Gina persuaded her to open the door.

"You tricked me! You tricked me again!" Jeff's thunderstruck young wife burst out, turning furiously on the girl who, clad in tight jeans and a sweater, was waiting unconcernedly for further instructions. Her only reply to the outraged young wife was a shrug of her shoulders.

"Okay, Gina, find a suitcase and get some of her things packed, and make it fast." It was Pollo who spoke, and his teenage girl friend immediately made her way toward Sandra's bedroom. "Now, sweetheart," Pollo continued, turning his attention to Sandra, "suppose you tell us where that tape is, or do we have to get rough?" He advanced toward her, his eyes hard, and Sandra retreated, terrified.

"I...I don't know what you're talking about," she lied, trying desperately to think of a way to escape.

Suddenly she reeled backward against the wall as Pollo slapped her harshly across the face twice. Gripping the front of her bathrobe, he pulled her roughly to her feet again. "Sweetheart," he hissed, "you're gonna look pretty funny without your teeth which is how you're gonna be if you don't hand over that tape fast."

"It's ... it's on the phone table in the kitchen," the trembling young wife replied, her heart thudding in her chest. Pollo went off to look for it, and returned a minute later with it in his hand.

"You got any writing paper?" he asked.

"Yes, in the desk."

"Okay, sit down and write what I tell you."

Almost paralyzed with fright, Sandra did as she was told, and Pollo began to dictate.

"Dear Jeff," he began, and Sandra looked up, startled. "I am sorry to do this, but I can't go on living with a man involved in something so bad as selling drugs ... I said write bitch!" Pollo commanded, twisting her arm behind her back so hard that

Sandra cried out with the pain. "And so I'm leaving you. It's the only way. Don't try to find me."

Icy terror filled the young wife as she fulfilled the sadistic thug's commands, finally addressing the letter to Jeff and propping it up on his desk. What were they going to do to her, she wondered fearfully.

"Okay, Mr. Leonardi, she's all yours," Pollo said when the letter was finally completed.

The other man, who had let Pollo handle everything so far, now rose from the couch where he had been watching silently and came over to where Sandra stood trembling by the desk. He looked her over coolly, appraisingly, and Jeff's young wife felt herself grow red under his penetrating but impersonal stare. Afraid to move, she steeled herself for whatever might come next.

"Take off your clothes," he commanded suddenly.

Weeping softly in despair, Sandra complied, shedding her bathrobe and pajamas on the floor, until she stood before him completely naked. Professionally, as though he were appraising a piece of cattle, Vito reached out and hefted her pink-tipped breasts in his hand. Nice, very nice, he thought, as his thick cock leapt to life within the confines of his trousers. Stepping back, he took in her lush nakedness with his eyes, the gleaming milk-whiteness of her skin, the deep indentation of her navel between her ripely flaring hips, and the triangular patch of dark gold pubic hair at the juncture of her long shapely legs. He had been ready to take her even if she were old and ugly, just to cement Isis relationship with Manny, but she was far, far better than he'd expected, and young, too. He certainly wasn't going to lose anything on this deal. She would go into one of his best houses, he decided. She ought to be good for at least a year there before the wear and tear began to show. When that happened, he had other establishments where a less refined clientele would still pay well to be serviced by a young blonde gringa, even if she were a little shopworn.

At that moment Gina emerged from the bathroom with a small suitcase. "I packed some stuff," she said.

"Get your coat and some shoes," Vito ordered Sandra.

"What ... what are you going to do with me?" Jeff's young wife asked.

Vito smiled. "You're coming to Mexico with me," he informed her coolly, almost gently. "You will live in a very nice house with other women, where you will earn your keep by entertaining my friends and customers with your beautiful body. There you won't be able to make any more trouble for my friend Manny Alessandro."

Sandra's eyes opened wide in horror at his words. She was going to be forced into whoredom, kidnapped by this oily looking man whose pale fingers glittered with ornate rings. "No ... no," she pleaded. "I won't do it. I'll run away. You can't make me do it. No! Nnnnooo! !!"

Vito shrugged. "You may not like it .at first. But I will see to it that you are well supplied with drugs to numb your mental anguish. Of course, you have a choice. If you refuse to go, I will let Pollo beat you until you're nearly dead, and then I'll throw you off a pier ... with a cement block around your neck."

Sandra went pale at his brutal words, knowing instinctively that he meant every one of them. Inwardly she cursed herself for having left herself open to this trap. She never should have tried to deal with the amoral underworld leader on her own. Now she had no choice but to go with this horrible man, and hope that somehow, some way, she would find a means of escape.

"I'll go get dressed," she whispered numbly.

"Just put on your coat and shoes," Vito instructed. "Where you're going, you won't need a big wardrobe."

Flushed with shame, Sandra went to the closet and put on her raincoat and a pair of high-heeled shoes. She pulled the belt of the coat tight around her, so that it gave at least the impression that she was dressed, although the material felt strange against her bare skin.

When at last she was ready, Vito removed her wallet and keys from her bag, and Pollo steered her toward the door. Sandra's heart stopped as Manny's bodyguard withdrew a vicious looking switchblade knife from his pocket and snapped it open. "One false move between here and the car, chickie, and you're dead!" he warned her as they started down the stairs.

Pollo had decided to bring one of the other boys along to drive, in case Sandra gave them any trouble, and so he and Vito both got into the leather upholstered back seat with Sandra. Gina started to follow. "You get in the front with Bert," he ordered her.

"Hey, Pollo, when do I get my stuff?" the petulant nymphet demanded. "You told me after we got the chick."

"Yeah, yeah, later," he muttered. "Don't bother me now. I'll give it to you when we get to the house." He closed the door to the car and as soon as Gina was settled in the front seat, the big limousine eased its way out into traffic.

"Now," Vito began, closing the curtains once the car was on the freeway, "I think we start training you for your new life. Pollo, are you my friend?"

"Me? Uh, yeah, sure, Mr. Leonardi, sure I am," the broad-shouldered henchman replied, a little puzzled.

"Here is your first client," the soft-voiced entrepreneur informed Sandra. "Amuse him while we drive. Because you've helped me tonight, Pollo, you'll be the first one to try her. Go ahead," he urged as the burly thug hesitated. "Break her in."

The crew cut ex-athlete's eyes lit up once he was sure he understood. Vito was offering him first shot at the Callahan dame! Christ, he'd been hot for that little number ever since he'd first laid eyes on her a week ago in Manny's bar. She'd looked at him like he was dirt, then, the snooty bitch. Well, now the shoe was on the other foot - he could do anything he wanted with her. And she'd have to take it.

"Far out," he murmured. "Okay, cunt," he said to Sandra, shoving her roughly over onto the seat opposite the one they were sitting on, "open up your raincoat and show us your pussy!"

Crimson with shame and embarrassment, Sandra unbuckled her belt and unbuttoned her coat, opening the front of it so that the naked front of her body was visible to the two men sitting across from her. Vito switched on the low lamp that Manny used to read without distracting the driver, so that her shivering nakedness was more clearly revealed. He wanted to be able to observe every nuance of her responses, while remaining himself a passive observer. It would increase his power over her, he knew, if he seemed impervious to her charms, although he was looking forward to the day when he, too, would enjoy the ravishing blonde's voluptuously proportioned body. That would come later, he thought, after she was trained. He had no time to waste on amateurs.

"Come on, get your legs up on the seat and spread 'em," Pollo demanded, for Jeff's young wife, after opening her coat, had only spread her legs sitting in position, and he wanted a clearer view than that.

Her firmly upthrust young breasts jiggling with the rhythm of the moving car, Sandra pulled first one long tapered leg and then the other up onto the seat. Impatiently, Pollo grabbed her ankles and yanked them apart so he could see the full outer length of her hair-fringed cuntal slit. Vito noted with satisfaction that the entrance looked tight, almost virginal.

"Spread your pussy lips open," Pollo ordered. enjoying the expression of utter humiliation on Sandra's previously reserved and superior-looking young features almost as much as the obscene display of her most private parts.

Sandra fought down sobs of anguish as she reached between her lewdly splayed legs with trembling hands and parted the soft cushions of her fleshy vaginal outer lips. She had never touched herself down there before except when she was bathing, and even then only as much as she absolutely had to. Now, to be forced to

it in the back seat of a car, before the leering eyes of two perfect strangers, was more degrading and horrible than anything she'd ever imagined. Even worse, she was now sitting facing toward the front of the car, and looking up, she could see that the driver of the vehicle had a perfect view of what was happening through his rear-view mirror. Perhaps even Gina, too! Oh God, oh God, help me! she moaned inwardly, while at the same time she fought down a wave of fury and hate toward the two men who were treating her so shamefully. She wouldn't let them break her spirit, no matter what. If that happened, she'd truly have no hope. Glancing up, she met the shrewdly penetrating gaze of Vito Leonardi, and for a moment her eyes met his defiantly.

"Do you like her cunt, Pollo?" Vito asked, never taking his eyes from Sandra. "Do you think she'll make a good whore?" He emphasized the last word slightly, twisting it like a knife in Sandra's brain.

"Yeah, she's got a coupla good years in her. Think she knows how to suck cock?" he asked, dropping his hand to the prominent bulge of his cock and testicles and massaging them lewdly.

"Why don't you teach her?" Vito suggested. "Get down on your knees in front of Pollo," he ordered Sandra. "And leave your coat here."

Slipping her arms out of her raincoat sleeves, Sandra positioned herself on the floor between Pollo's knees. Vito moved over to the other side of the car, where she had been, and Pollo spread his legs comfortably on the seat he now had all to himself.

"This is self-service, cunt," Pollo sneered when Sandra paused uncertain of what to do next. "Get my cock out yourself."

The humiliated blonde girl unbuckled Pollo's belt, struggled with the zipper of his fly, and spread the material of his trousers open. He wore no underwear, so she could immediately see the naked skin of his hard-muscled stomach, right down to the thickly curling tangle of dark pubic hair. Summoning all of her inner strength, she wormed her hand down inside his pants until her fingers found the ridged surface of his cock. It felt like a piece of iron pipe, it was so thick and rigid; and in order to get it out of his pants, she had to grip it firmly in her fist and ease it upward over his hard-corded thighs. Finally it was free of the restraints of his trousers and stood upright in the air, swaying obscenely, the blue veins standing out from the purplish surface and throbbing with lust.

It was long and thick, and looked like a huge pillar to Sandra's eyes. Although she had taken Tony's cock into her mouth and sucked him to an orgasm earlier that day, this seemed different to her. Then she had been concentrating on her own goals, getting evidence that would free her husband. Now, however, the huge blood-engorged phallus that loomed before her seemed to the abused young wife the very symbol of everything that was oppressing her. She was being forced to submit to

the dominance of all these gun and cock-wielding thugs, subjugated to the crudest whims of brute masculine force, and her whole being rebelled against it. She wanted to fight back, to kick and claw with all her strength, but she knew that would only make matters worse. She had to bide her time, do as she was told, or she might never get out of here alive. And so, bending forward, she gripped the pulsing shaft with her hands and, closing her eyes, parted her lips to take it into her mouth.

' But despite her efforts to appear submissive, every angle of her tensed young body revealed her inner rebellion to Vito, who was watching from behind her. Well, he reflected, he'd seen them like that before. Maybe he'd have to get rough with her eventually - there was always that possibility - but more than likely she'd begin to enjoy it before long. Or she'd learn to pretend that she did.

Pollo was reaching down now and grasping the nakedly kneeling blonde girl's, head, forcing it down further onto his thickly swollen shaft, until she gagged as it rammed against the back of her throat. Lewdly, the hired thug rotated his pelvis, savoring the warm pull of Sandra's lips on the hotly pounding surface of his cock. He began sawing obscenely in and out of her mouth, each forward thrust peeling back his foreskin until it stretched tight, and then bringing it back again over the sensitive head of his penis as he pulled back.

Behind their young captive, Vito reached out with his hand and stroked the whitely shimmering surface of her fleshy buttocks. Spreading the two half-moons wide with his hands, he could see the tiny puckered brown hole of the humiliated wife's anus nestled deep in the recesses of her anal crease. Experimentally, he circled his index finger around the interfolded rim of the little opening, which seemed to contract inward, cringing away from his touch.

Kneeling between Pollo's legs, her mouth locked around the pulsing girth of his rigid member, Sandra reddened with shame as she felt Vito's hands on her naked flesh. She couldn't even see him, and his near anonymity made his lewd probings back there even more degrading to Jeff's kidnapped young wife. She felt his fingers travel downward along the deep crease between her buttocks until they reached the unprotected entrance to her pussy. Deftly; the expensively dressed whoremaster slipped his finger up inside the hair-lined slit, still swollen and sore from all the abuse to which Tony had subjected it earlier that day. His questing finger burned hotly in its obscene path up into her loins, and Sandra whimpered helplessly into the heaving expanse of Pollo's belly.

Vito savored her muffled protests, and noted with satisfaction that she didn't try to pull away from him. Good. She might not like what was happening to her, but she was smart enough not to resist it and risk something worse. He could feel himself becoming aroused by the sight of her soft milk-white body hunched over Pollo's cock as she knelt naked on the floor of the plush limousine, her anus and cunt completely exposed to the whims of his hands. Still keeping his finger imbedded in her feverish vaginal flesh, he used the middle finger of his other hand to begin probing again at



her tight, virginal rectal opening. Mercilessly he began twisting it forward, burrowing into the fearfully clenched sphincter ring and stretching it painfully, while his other hand began a circular motion deep inside her cuntal depths.

Tears of pain and humiliation coursed down Sandra's cheeks as Vito's lewdly searching fingers seemed to light a fire in her two helpless channels. Yet all the time she maintained her sucking and licking motions around Pollo's lust-distended cock, her mouth making a wet sluicing sound as her head bobbed up and down. Manny's muscular henchman was making low, animal-like groans now as he felt his balls harden with the thick load of cum that he would soon jet into the humiliated blonde's warm oral cave. But not yet. He wanted to make it last as long as possible - it might be his only opportunity with this luscious piece of ass. Christ! He could ram his hot cock into her mouth all night, if only there was time. From his position on the car seat, he could see Vito twisting and rotating his fingers into her anus and cunt, and the sound of her moans was like music to his ears. That was the way he liked it - when the chick protested, when he could force her to do things she'd never consent to normally. It made him feel more potent and alive than almost anything in the world. Reaching down, he gripped Sandra's head in his hands and forced it down hard onto his lustily churning rod of flesh, enjoying the choking sounds that rose from her throat as he drove it in and out, in and out.

Vito's middle finger was now lodged all the way inside Sandra's rectum, and he circled it around lewdly, developing a rhythm between his two hands. He could feel Sandra's vaginal secretions begin to flow, and he knew that no matter how much she might protest, she was beginning to enjoy it.

Indeed, the tormented girl, to her own surprise, was rapidly finding the fiery sensations in her womb and belly almost irresistible. Involuntarily, she began leaning backward into his hands, driving his fingers even farther up inside her belly. A torrent of desperate excitement was sweeping her away again, and as she felt it begin to overcome her, she gradually lost her fear. She was consumed with the sharp lust that assaulted her from every side. Almost eagerly, she sucked on Pollo's cock, like a child on a stick of candy. In spite of the dangers and degradations of what was happening to her, she was losing consciousness of everything except the irresistible sensations of sensual pleasure that coursed through her nakedly kneeling young body. She wanted to cum! She had to! She would explode with the need for release if she didn't cum soon. Greedily she sucked and pulled on Pollo's blood-engorged rod as if, by some sexual osmosis, hastening his orgasm would also bring on her own. She wriggled her buttocks backward against Vito's hand, while her mouth pulled at Pollo's fleshy rod like a tiny vacuum cleaner.

And suddenly Pollo was there! Groaning feverishly, he released a flood of warm white liquid cum into Sandra's hungrily milking mouth. On and on it came, and she struggled to take it all, down to the last drop. But just as her own orgasm was about to overwhelm her, only seconds later, Vito withdrew his fingers from the straining young wife's two lust-distended orifices, leaving her empty and unfulfilled. She

wanted to scream with rage and frustration, and Vito knew it. He smiled to himself. This was the way to break in a whore. He'd tried it before and it never failed. Keep her so hot that before long she'd be begging for it herself. Don't worry, my pretty little slut, he thought. You'll have many more chances tonight. We haven't even gotten to my friend Manny's house yet. You'll have enough cocks there, I think, to last for hours!

## Chapter 8

Upon arrival at the Alessandro mansion, Sandra was immediately ushered inside and down the long corridor that led to Manny's office. She had no idea where she was, nor even exactly how long it had taken to arrive there, for the feverish activities in the back seat of the limousine had made her completely lose track of time. She was amazed to note the luxuriousness of her surroundings, however, for the home of the powerful underworld leader was more opulent than she had ever imagined.

Once inside Manny's office, however, she had no more time to notice her surroundings, for she was immediately confronted by the stocky gang leader himself, and worse still, by his son Tony. The boy had sobered up somewhat, but having been thoroughly chewed out by his irate father for his loose-tongued encounter with Sandra, he was in a rage at Jeff's young wife.

"You fucking cunt," he hissed as soon as she was inside the door. "I oughta cut you up in little pieces for pulling that trick!"

Sandra didn't even bother to conceal her contempt for the youth as he stood before her, his features twisted into a snarl of hate. He was only a punk kid, that was obvious. There was no point in even bothering to respond when she had other, more formidable foes to deal with in the persons of Manny and Vito. So she merely glared at him defiantly answering.

"Did you get the tape?" Manny asked Pollo.

"Yeah, here it is," the crew-cut thug replied, taking it from his pocket and handing it to his boss.

Manny pocketed it, then strolled around his desk until he was face to face with Sandra. His eyes were narrow as he gazed at the naively stubborn girl who had tried to outsmart him. For a long moment, he stared at her, and then suddenly he slapped her twice, hard across the face. Sandra gasped and brought her hand to her cheeks, fighting down the tears that rose to her eyes.

"You better be glad you belong to Vito now," the middle-aged gangster snarled, "because if you didn't I'd break every bone in your body, you lying little cunt. But maybe this way is better. You'll have plenty of time to think where Vito's taking you

... You want us to shoot her up so she don't give you any trouble on the way home?" he asked his visitor.

"I think that can wait," Vito replied. "My plane doesn't leave until nine anyway. But perhaps, to pass the time, you'd like to enjoy her yourself, my friend? Or some of your boys would like to play with her lovely young body. As long as you leave no permanent marks, I would be interested to see how she performs."

Sandra went cold all over at his words. The thought of having to take any or all of Manny's brutal henchmen was bad enough, but Manny and Vito were also talking about something much, much worse! She knew they didn't intend to kill her, so their ominous words could only mean one thing. They were going to force her to take drugs! She'd heard of things like that, of women forced into prostitution and drug addiction, and now it seemed this was the fate they had in mind for her. Oh God, help me! Please please help me! she prayed desperately.

Manny smiled at Vito's offer. "You're very generous," he said, settling into a leather armchair. "Unfortunately, besides Pollo, I only have two others here right now. But I'd like to see the little bitch in action, too. Tony, go get Bert and Al and tell them to come in here."

Tony left the room to get the others, and Gina, who had followed Pollo into the office and was becoming a little alarmed at the ugly mood in the room, took advantage of the momentary lull to remind him once more of what he'd promised her.

"Hey, Pollo," she whispered. "How about giving me the stuff now? I gotta get home."

Manny's bodyguard-chauffeur looked at her with annoyance. "Christ, you're really getting to be a pain in the ass, Gina," he said, noticing that the teenage girl was sweating lightly and that her hands trembled. She really needed it now. Suddenly he was struck with another idea, and his little piglike eyes lit up with amusement.

"Hey, boss," he asked, grabbing the brunette teenager's arm and shoving her forward into the center of the room, "Why don't we have a real party? I mean, we don't wanna wear the blonde cunt out before Mr. Leonardi gets his money's worth out of her, and Gina here's a real juicy piece of ass. Maybe they could put on a show like."

Gina's mouth fell open in indignation and fear-tinged surprise as she heard Pollo's suggestion. The curvaceous teenager was used to his outrageous demands, but this was more than she'd bargained for. Just at that moment, Tony returned, followed by Bert, who had driven the limousine from Sandra's house, and Al, a brutish member of Manny's "goon squad", whose chief duties were collecting protection money and "persuading" reluctant storekeepers that it was in their best interests to cooperate with Manny's boys. She had always instinctively avoided him,

and she was damned if she was going to let him touch her now, no matter what Pollo said.

"I don't mind doing a number with the chick," she said carefully, "but I ain't lettin' those creeps put their hands on me. I ain't no whore!"

"You'll do what I tell ya, cunt," Pollo snarled, "or you won't get no more skag. You dig?"

"I'll get it somewheres else then! But those creeps don't get near me, and that's that!" Although Gina was outwardly defiant, Pollo's threat unnerved the girl, for she was coming to depend on the supply of heroin he provided more than she cared to admit. In fact, she was almost completely hooked.

"Never mind, Pollo," Vito interrupted smoothly, "We got enough whore here for everybody even without her. Just a show to get everybody hot, that's all we need."

"Okay, bitch," Pollo hurled at Gina, his eyes dark with anger at her sudden defiance, "you heard Mr. Leonardi. Get your clothes off and start shakin' your ass."

With apparent unconcern, Gina prepared herself to do as he ordered, waiting until the new arrivals were seated and provided with glasses of Scotch from the bottle on Manny's desk. She didn't want to make Pollo too mad, so she thought she'd better make her little act good.

Sandra watched, wide-eyed, while the voluptuous teenager slowly raised her sweater up over her head and took it off. She was wearing a provocative black lace brassiere that pushed her nubile young breasts up and out, and Manny's thugs cheered raucously as she began to disrobe. Throwing the sweater aside, she unzipped her jeans and lowered them slowly over her hips, wriggling out of them with an expert twist of her hips. A narrow wisp of bikini panties was all she wore underneath. Reaching behind her, she undid the clasp of her brassiere, and slowly slipped the straps off her shoulders, finally letting the flimsy garment drop completely to reveal to the eyes of the onlookers her voluptuously formed young breasts, tipped with deep cherry-red nipples.

Then she paraded around the room, just out of reach of the lusting men, arching her back and jutting her ripely dancing breasts forward, and occasionally wriggling her rounded little buttocks, much to the appreciation of her audience, who called encouragement from the sidelines. Then, with the skill of a practiced stripper, the teenage brunette lowered her panties slowly, teasingly, first down a few inches, then back up, with her thumbs hooked in the narrow elastic waistband, and lowering them a little further with each movement. Sandra couldn't believe the brazenness of the young addict, and at the same time, she was nervous about what would come next. Just exactly what was expected of her in the little "show" she and Gina were to put on?

She didn't have to wait long to find out. As soon as Gina was completely naked, Bert, the driver, called out, "Now get the other one naked, too! I want another look at her sweet blonde pussy!"

Striding over to her, Gina began unbuttoning Sandra's raincoat. Suddenly she felt a rush of sympathy for what the blonde girl, scarcely older than herself, was going to have to endure.

"Don't worry, honey," she whispered, seeing the look of shame and terror in Sandra's eyes. "Just relax and enjoy it! It's easier that way. And don't let 'em know you're scared!"

Relieved by the girl's encouragement, as though she at least was an ally, however unreliable, Sandra allowed herself to be stripped again, until she, too, was stark naked before the roomful of coarse gangsters. Following Gina's lead, she walked seductively around the room, trying not to let her feelings of fear and degradation show. Head high and hands on her hips, she strode around in a circle, being careful to stay out of reach of the spectators.

"Man I can't wait to feel my cock inside that pussy," Bert said. "I could cum all over her just lookin'."

"Hey, Mr. Leonardi, you mind if we take some pictures?" Pollo asked.

"No, go ahead," the suave brothel keeper replied. "Usually I'd charge extra, but tonight everything's on the house."

Pollo took out his camera and began snapping photos of the two girls, ordering them into various obscene poses, until Tony became impatient.

"You can take pictures while the show's going on," Manny's son insisted. "I wanna see these two bitches suck each other off!"

"Yeah!"

"Down on the floor, blondie, and show us your pussy!"

"Spread 'em, cunt!"

The cries seemed to come from everywhere at once, and burning with shame, Sandra positioned herself on the floor, her slender white legs spread wide. Of all the things that happened to her, this was certainly the worst so far - to be forced to ... to make love to another woman! It was sick and perverted, and Sandra didn't know how she would get through the ordeal that lay ahead of her, but she steeled herself to do her best.

While the men called instructions and coarse jokes from the sidelines, Gina sat down next to the subjugated young bride and began lightly stroking her soft full-mounded breasts, and caressing her face and hair. Then to Sandra's shock, the girl drew her face closer and kissed her fully on the mouth. At first the young wife was disgusted, but at the same time she was surprised to realize that there was something not entirely unpleasant in the other girl's caresses. It was strange, yes, but not as terrible as she had expected, and she found she could endure it without too much difficulty.

Gina's lips traveled downward over her shoulders and breasts, seizing first one tender nipple and then the other in her mouth, sucking on the sensitive little buds until they stood out in wetly glistening pyramid-shaped points. Tiny shivers of arousal coursed through Sandra's defenseless body, still unsatisfied and actually hungry for more sex after the uncompleted finger-fucking she'd received from Vito in the car. Closing her eyes, she let Gina ease her backward until she was lying on her back on the carpet.

"Wiggle around and moan a lot," Gina instructed her in a low whisper. "They like that." Then she once again bent over the young blonde housewife's lewdly splayed form and began working her lips over the smooth white swell of Sandra's belly, while her hands continued their sensual caress of her warmly trembling breasts.

Sandra was grateful for the younger girl's understanding, even sympathy, even though Gina had played no small part in getting the young wife here in the first place. But at least now she seemed to be trying to make it as easy on her as possible, even if it was only because she was angry with Pollo and the rest.

Gina didn't quite understand it herself. But what the hell, she figured. The dame's never done nothing to me. Why should I treat her the way these goons do? Without abandoning her tender caress of Sandra's breasts, the young girl used her knees to push the young wife's legs apart, and then positioned herself up between them. Hunching her body over, Gina let her hands trail down to the blonde girl's lewdly revealed pussy, and then, placing her thumbs on the soft pink outer lips, separated them and dropped her head, letting her tongue lick snake-like the full length of Sandra's wide-spread cuntal split. Lightly she flicked her tongue over the older girl's clitoris, causing Sandra to sigh involuntarily with pleasure at the tingling sensations it produced deep in her finger-spread loins. Lying back, she felt wild surges of heated sensuality wash through her nakedly aroused body from the amoral teenager's incredible tonguing. Like an amorous butterfly, Gina's tongue flitted softly over the naked young wife's vulnerable pussy, never lighting anywhere for long, but darting from one achingly sensitive area of Sandra's cuntal flesh to another.

"O o o o o ohhhh ... Gina... " the passive young wife moaned ecstatically as the girl's moistened lips danced maddeningly over the petal-like folds of her quivering cunt. "Yesssssss!"

Their eyes riveted to the scene, Manny's thugs made coarse jokes as Gina ran her tongue obscenely up and down the entire length of Sandra's throbbing pussy-lips, sending rushes of trembling pleasure searing upward throughout the young wife's body. Gina's tongue soon returned to the pulsating bud of her little clitoris and began to massage it lewdly, her lips and teeth finding just the right spot that she knew would drive her partner wild with excitement. Her hands moved adventurously over Sandra's sleekly throbbing breasts and smooth white shoulders as she sucked and licked voraciously at the delicate little bud of clitoral flesh until it began to quiver with passion, rising up erect like an aroused little miniature penis.

Sandra could not restrain herself from letting her hand flutter down to stroke the short black strands of Gina's hair as the curvaceous teenager continued to tongue-fuck her. It was almost as though she wanted to return some measure of affection to the girl for the incredibly sweet sensations of arousal she was creating. Never in her strangest dreams would the young wife have imagined she could find such enjoyment in the sexual embrace of another female, especially under such nightmarish circumstances, but there was no question but that her helpless body was responding with shameless delight. Vito would have understood it, though. Most of his girls eventually began developing lusts, and even loves, for each other, as though they found in other women some haven from the brutalization to which they were constantly subjected by their clients.

The lewdly sucking young teenager suddenly darted her questing wet tongue up into the tight puckered entrance of Sandra's passion-drenched cunt.

"OOOOHHH YYEEEESSSS!" the hotly stimulated young blonde cried out as she felt for the first time the maddening thrill of another woman's tongue in her love-hungry cunt. Gina flicked the tip into the older girl's flaring vaginal depths, and jolting flashes of pleasure surged through Sandra's writhing body as the teenager's serpentine tongue slid obscenely up into the heated softness of her fevered pussy. She opened her legs wide and pulled her knees up and back, giving Gina full access to her wildly throbbing vagina, no longer caring that she was putting on a shameless exhibition for a roomfull of lustfully aroused gorillas. The only thing that mattered now was losing herself in the rising tide of sensuality that billowed around her like a protective cloud. Heatedly, she ground her vagina up into the younger girl's face and fought back a shrill scream of ecstasy.

Suddenly, Vito, who had been watching the lewd female coupling with interest, called new instructions to the two girls. "Swing around, Sandy. Swing around and suck Gina off too!"

Lost in a blissful dream state, Sandra did not at first comprehend the new demand, but Gina knew immediately. Quickly she reversed the position of her own naked body, straddling her legs over the young wife's face, her throbbing cunt hovering

directly over Sandra's mouth. Then she bent down, supported on her elbows, and continued to lick greedily at the warm succulent cuntal slit below her own face.

At first Sandra was shocked by what was being asked of her. Somehow, despite all that her mind and body had been subjected to in the past few days, she still found strength to recoil from this new command.

"GO ON!" Vito shouted a warning as he saw her hesitate. "Get your hot little tongue into Gina's pussy! NOW! LICK IT!"

His coarse command was echoed by the violently aroused group of men, some of whom had already taken their cocks out and were massaging them openly. Realizing that things would get worse if she didn't comply, Sandra closed her eyes and, fighting down a sudden resurgence of shame, reluctantly pushed out her tongue as Gina lowered her moist pink cunt onto her face. At first the young bride recoiled from the tart feminine wetness as her tongue probed nervously at the throbbing flesh of the other girl's vaginal outer lips. Soon, however, her former sense of compelling desire returned, further charged by Gina's tormenting little tongue fucking so wantonly in and out of her aching cuntal depths. Timidly she began to explore the warmly quivering furrow, rimming her tongue around the delicate strands of dark pubic hair that lined the soft wet cleft. Finding Gina's tiny clitoris, she brushed her tongue lightly over it and was startled to feel the little bud respond eagerly into hardness.

"Oooooooh," Gina mewled as Sandra continued to lick her now lustily throbbing clitoris. The dark-haired teenager increased her own lewd activity, darting her tongue quickly and deeply in and out of the tender folds of clasping cuntal flesh beneath her face.

The group of over-aroused mobsters watched lasciviously as the two sensual young females undulated their naked bodies in oblivious passion, their full red lips crushed against each other's pinkly glistening pussies as they moaned with lewd delight.

"Oh yeah," Tony cried, jerking wildly at his bloated cock. "Suck off, you bitches, suck off!"

Sandra was submerged now in a sea of swirling ecstasy, and she drove her tongue into Gina's moistly clasping cunt, exploring every inch of that succulent interior. Gina moaned in animal delight as her heatedly throbbing cuntal walls began to expand and contract with increasing intensity and hot flashes of excruciating pleasure wound through her wantonly twisting young body. She knew her climax wasn't far off now, and she redoubled her efforts by plunging her tongue deeper and deeper up between Sandra's frantically clutching thighs.

"UUUUUUUNNNNNGGGHHHHH!!!" the desire-crazed young wife mewled as she twisted and writhed her whitely gleaming body up and down on the floor, her tongue-



spread vagina ablaze with uncontrollable lust. She felt as if she were sinking into a cloud of hot, velvety softness, consumed by a tidal wave of sweet aching wetness. I'm cumming! Oh God, I'm really cumming, she thought, amazed that it could happen with a woman. Both girls were cumming, transported now on an incredible vortex of heaving orgasm. Wave after wave of lust-heated delight washed over them as their madly licking tongues drove mercilessly into each other's wetly frothing pussies.

Suddenly, as the two girls reached the convulsive height of their climaxes, Pollo, having run out of film, yanked Gina away from Sandra's deliriously throbbing body. "Okay, bitch," he spat, holding his massively erect cock in the palm of his hand, "you had yours, now let me show this cunt what a man can do!" Viciously he shoved the brunette teenager away and she landed in a heap on the side of the room.

"You fucking cock-sucking creep, Pollo," Gina muttered, rubbing her bruised flesh. "I'll get even with you for this, goddamnit!"

Sandra, meanwhile, through her blurred vision, her mind still reeling from her explosive climax, - could see the powerfully built thug leering down at her with crude intent. She realized in a flash that her ordeal was far from over, for behind him she could see the others all except Vito who was watching from his chair - lining up, eagerly stroking their shafts of lust-hardened male flesh to rigid readiness.

In a sudden move, Pollo was on top of her, and without warning he plunged his massively pulsating cock deep into her passion-drenched pussy, thrusting into her immediately with brutal ramrod strokes, so that the ravaged young wife's body was jerked up off the floor from the force of it. Yet once she was adjusted to her cunt-filled state, her body began to throb wildly with a renewed savage passion, and she slowly was transformed again into a creature of total animal lust.

"OH YESSS!" she cried, nearly incoherent with mounting rapture as her wetly quaking pussy reached climax after climax. "YESSSS! FUCK ME! ALL OF YOU, FUCK ME GOOD!"

Gina, meanwhile, unnoticed by the others, had quietly retrieved her clothes and hid in the shadows by the door. She watched the depraved scene on the floor with eyes flashing deep contempt for the men assaulting Sandra's hungrily receptive body.

"I'll get even with all of you," she thought bitterly as she slipped out into the corridor and padded silently toward the stairs leading to the upper stories, "every single one of you! Just you wait! "

## Chapter 9

The sex-ravaged young teenager ran hastily down the long corridor leading from the expensively appointed study in Manny Alessandro's suburban home. Her

curvaceous body was beginning to tremble with withdrawal symptoms and she could feel a gnawing, nauseous sensation begin to churn in the pit of her stomach. Her mind reeled with thoughts of revenge, revenge on the whole crew of merciless thugs who had treated her so badly and reduced her to nothing more than a drug-driven sexual object, and yet these thoughts were mixed with the deep anxiety and physical distress of her unsatisfied need for heroin. The teenage moll was only barely conscious, as she stumbled down the hall, of a figure that stood at the top of the long stairway to her right.

"Gina!" she heard a weak female voice cry out, "Gina, stop!"

The girl stopped suddenly, for through her now-blurring vision she suddenly saw that it was Clara, Manny's invalid wife, who was standing at the top of the stairs. She was dressed in her pink quilted bed jacket, her long braided hair hanging down over her shoulder, her face ravaged with illness, and she leaned against the bannister for support. Gina gasped when she saw the sickly old woman, for the teenager had never before seen her leave the bedroom. The sight of Clara Alessandro no longer propped up in her bed startled the girl and she gasped with alarm.

"Mrs. Alessandro! What ... what are you doing out of bed?"

The wan-faced woman started down at the trembling abused girl, her eyes as sharp as two stilettos and burning with anger.

"What's going on in my house, Gina?" she asked in a thin but determined voice as she began to slowly, painfully descend the stairs. "You tell me what's going on in there!"

"Nothing ... nothing, I swear it. The boys is just playin' poker and drinkin' - that's all."

"You're lying to me, Gina," Clara said, her voice shrill and harsh, "I know you're lying to me. Just like they've all been lying to me." She continued down the stairs, and Gina knew that each step was costing the old woman precious energy, yet the teenager was herself so ill now that she could barely protest or even talk.

"Mrs ... Mrs. Alessandro," she stammered nervously, "You got to go back to bed. They wouldn't like it if they knew you was comin' downstairs ... "

"I don't care! I want to know what's going on here tonight! For years I haven't said a word, haven't asked a question, but no more! Something is happening here tonight, I feel it in my heart, and I must know what it is! Is Tony there with them? My son? Is he there too, Gina? Answer me!"

Clara was at the bottom of the stairs now, face to face with the drug-dependent girl, and her eyes were watery with bitter tears. Gina's first instinct was to run, to run away from the house as fast as possible and find a fix. Manny and the others would

be furious if they knew that Clara was out of her room, and the teenager knew her life wouldn't be worth two cents if she helped the sickly woman, or told her what was going on in the study. Yet, in the next moment her need for revenge came surging into her brain. Why shouldn't I tell her, she thought to herself, after the way those bastards have treated me.

"They're ... they're in the study," she murmured finally. "But you mustn't go in there, Mrs. Alessandro, you mustn't."

Clara gazed steadily into the girl's eyes, and at once she understood the heartache and trouble the young teenager had experienced in her short life. Manny's wife instinctively knew that they were both victims of the same vicious world of crime and male dominance, both ill and weary of the unmentionable shame in their lives, both sacrificing their integrity for the security of being safe in a man's world. Weakly the old woman raised her gnarled hand and tenderly touched the teenage brunette's face.

"I must go in there, Gina ... I have been quiet for too long. You go home ... if they know you have helped me they will kill you, I know that. Let me do this myself ... go ... "

"But ... you should be in bed ... "

"Yes ... perhaps ... but it would be better for me to die than to go on being silent. It isn't for me I do this. It is for Tony ... for Tony ... maybe I can save him from this life, maybe he can find something better ... you must go now ... please ... "

"All ... all right ... but promise me you'll be careful ... please ... "

"I am an old woman, Gina, and sick ... but I still have some strength left ... don't worry about me. You go now ... and if you can ... get out ... get out and leave here forever."

"Maybe I'll do that, Mrs. Alessandro."

"Good. Now go. I must see what is happening in the study ... "

At the end of the hall, in the study, Sandra Callahan lay on plush carpet, her body throbbing with galvanic sexual excitement and her nakedly glistening skin damp with perspiration. She had been mercilessly fucked by everyone in the room now - everyone, that is, but Manny Alessandro and his son. Despite her humiliation, she had experienced several explosive orgasms from the relentless attacks of the obscene gangsters, and she was now barely conscious, her brain reeling with excitement and numb to reason. Jeff's young wife had totally surrendered to these thugs now, for there was no way she could resist them. The stinging pain that still lingered in her cheek was a vivid reminder that these gangsters would stop at

nothing to get what they wanted. She was trapped, and not only was she being systematically raped by all of them, but she knew that unless a miracle occurred, she was going to be sold into whoredom and drug addiction. Hot tears began to stream down her cheeks as she lay helpless and ravaged on the floor. She was their slave, their helpless slave.

Suddenly Manny strode towards her nakedly throbbing form, his face split with a cruel smile. Bending over the captive blonde, he reached down roughly and began to squeeze the firmly mounded flesh of her pulsing breasts.

"Now that's what I'd call a nice pair of tits, Tony, wouldn't you say?"

"Yeah, she's a real nice piece of ass, Pop," Tony answered eagerly, his muscular young body surging with unsatisfied desire. He had watched each of his father's henchmen screw the young blonde and he wanted his turn now, he wanted to fuck her silly in front of all of them, particularly his father, and prove his manhood. "When do I get to shove my prick into her?"

"Won't be long now, Tony," his father answered, as he began to strip himself of his own clothing. "Her pussy should be nice and creamy now, real ripe for a young stud like you." Manny knew exactly what he was saying. He had deliberately held his sixteen year old son back from fucking this meddling blonde in order to teach the boy a lesson. Tony had been doing some meddling of his own and was getting just a little too smart-ass for his own good. He, Manny, still called the shots in this operation and Tony was never going to forget it after this. After Dad had been the first of the family to finish this chick off, then maybe, just maybe, he'd let his son throw her a fuck.

Sandra closed her eyes, trying to blot out the depraved conversation from her mind, trying to close her ears to the foul language they used in discussing her as though she were a piece of meat.

Manny was completely naked now, his hairy legs straddling her milk-white hips as he knelt, bending down so that his thick lips closed around first one softly throbbing nipple then the other, sucking and biting at the tender breast-flesh like a starving dog, while the others laughed crudely, made obscene remarks, and continued to drink. After a few moments the gang leader pulled away and stood up, leaving Sandra's tiny bud-like nipples swollen and red from his vicious sucking.

"Tony," he called to his eagerly expectant son, "turn the bitch over. I'm gonna give her a special treat."

Obediently, his teenage son bent down and gripped the captive wife's hips with his hands, forcing her to turn over on her stomach, while his eyes hungrily drank in her glistening white nakedness. Sandra lay on the rug without struggling now, shame and humiliation coursing through her brutalized flesh, and her voluptuously rounded

buttocks quivering from the deep, soulful sobs that periodically escaped from her lips.

Manny waited for a moment, standing between her ankles, while his thick cock grew more rigidly erect and jerked lewdly at the sight of Sandra's helplessly exposed ass-cheeks. Then he stooped, grabbed both of the subjugated girl's ankles and yanked at them harshly, splaying them painfully apart.

"Oh no, please no," she whimpered. Her helpless body squirmed in a futile gesture of resistance as she tried to worm her way down into the thick pile of the carpet.

"Hold her, hold her," Manny yelled to his son, who pushed his hand down hard into the small of her back, pressing her stomach tight against the rug. Sandra struggled again for a moment, then lay still, her ravaged body shaking and exhausted from the repeated assaults.

The muscular gang leader dropped to his knees between the girl's lewdly splayed legs and ran his hands greedily over the long, tapering lines of her trembling calves and up inside her cum-smeared thighs to the drenched pink flesh up between her legs. The shadowy cuntal cleft there was wet and inviting and Manny growled in rising excitement as he ran the edge of his hand down the smooth crease of the young wife's helplessly exposed young buttocks, parting it slightly so that her tiny puckered anus was visible to his lustful gaze. Slowly he drew apart the soft white cheeks of her buttocks as she groaned and tried to tense them together. Her continued resistance only made him dig his fingers harder into the pliant flesh until she realized that her struggles only meant pain and that it was best to surrender and let him do as he wished.

The crowd of degenerate thugs murmured with rising lust as they realized that Manny intended to fuck the girl in the ass. There was a roar of approval as the tight ring of brown anal flesh came into view and then a burst of laughter as Manny thrust experimentally at it with his outstretched middle finger.

Sandra cried out in pain and her body jerked forward as she felt his finger intrude roughly into her tight rubbery nether opening. She suddenly realized what he intended and began to shake with terror, humiliated to the very core of her being at the thought of being raped back there! She had thought she had experienced the worst already, but now she knew that her torment had only just begun. Pressing her pelvis hard into the carpet, she tensed her prim white buttocks together to escape the finger being thrust into her rectal depths, but it was useless, for he burrowed forward again, sinking it in to the first knuckle.

"AAAAANNNNNNGGGGGHHHH!!!" she cried out pitifully, clenching her buttocks together as far as she could and trapping his hand between the soft white cheeks.

"Open it, bitch," he commanded, slapping her harshly with his free hand and pushing down with all his strength with the other until his finger broke through her desperate but futile resistance past the second knuckle. Sandra groaned aloud and then in piteous submission, relaxed her sphincter muscles to his obscene invasion.

As he scoured his middle finger mercilessly into her abused little anus, widening and preparing it for the greater entry to come, he began to stroke his blood-swollen cock with his other hand, preparatory to skewering the defenseless young wife spread-eagled on her belly beneath him. He pulled his thick foreskin back with his thumb and forefinger to expose the huge bulbous head, and aimed the long thick instrument directly at the opening now partially stretched from the brutal ravishment of his finger.

Manny again spread her nakedly trembling buttocks wide with his thumbs, withdrawing his finger and leaning forward to drop a large circle of saliva on her anus to moisten and lubricate his entry, while the others in the room watched as if transfixed. Leaning forward, the muscular gang leader pressed the whole of his body down against his helpless captive's back and slid his massive cock along her sweat-dampened nether crevice until the tip rested against the tiny throbbing hole glistening with his spit. Then, levering himself up on his elbows, he pressured his hips forward, directing his lust-swollen cock straight against the fearfully clenched opening. Then mercilessly he bore down on her, forcing his huge cock-head cruelly forward into her tight little anal opening.

"Stop! Uuuuggghhhh! Stop!" she screamed. "Oh God, stop it, you're killing me."

Sandra writhed and moaned in agony, both from the painful pressure at her unprotected anus, and from the knowledge that she was being degraded to a point she had never imagined possible. And there was nothing she could do about it! She was their beast of burden now, and her naked young body was theirs to use as they wished.

Tony watched hungrily as his father's unrelenting rod of flesh burrowed farther and farther up into the tightly resisting ring now clasp the tip of the gang leader's cock like a wide-stretched rubber band. He wanted to fuck her too, and he began mesmerically to remove his clothes while his teenage penis lurched in almost uncontrollable excitement, jerking rigidly with lust and hungry anticipation as he removed his trousers and shorts.

"EEEEIIIGGGGG!!" Sandra gasped again as Manny's massively swollen penis finally hammered its brutal way into the painfully cringing depths of her rectum until it was driven in all the way to the hilt. She jerked spasmodically for a moment then lay still to ease the pain, sobbing out her shame and anguish.

"Nice tight little asshole," the crime czar growled above her. He reached down, grasped her firmly rounded hips in his hands, and pulled her up to her knees,

bending her subservient young body unmercifully. Then he began to fuck in and out of her cock-split rectum, stretching her nether opening wider and wider with painful forward strokes, bringing groans of protest from the cringing wife's lips and howls of obscene pleasure from the eagerly watching crowd of criminals.

Tony, standing impatiently beside them and frantically jerking on his lust-hardened penis, was out of his mind with eagerness to join the orgy, to fuck her at the same time as his father!

"Hey, Pop," he called out urgently, "can we turn her on her side so I can get in on the party."

"Sure Tony," his father answered, feeling revenged on his son and all the others who'd been trying to put him down lately, proud now to be able to share the trembling young blonde's body with his son. He knew at that moment that his son would one day take his place as head of the clan, and that they would fuck the wife together now as if it were a ritual of initiation for Tony, father and son screwing the same captive female! "Come and get it, son!"

Meanwhile, halfway down the hall leading to the room, Clara Alessandro was leaning faintly against the wall, completely exhausted by her trip downstairs and waiting until some measure of energy returned to her frail body. Gina was gone now, and she could hear the cries and moans of excitement coming from the other room, as well as groans of pain. She had heard a woman's voice calling in agony and she was determined to find out what was happening in the study. Finally she felt able to move once more and, using her hands to steady herself, she edged along the hallway wall towards the door.

Inside the room, Sandra Callahan lay on her side, sandwiched between Manny, who's rigidly thickened cock filled her bruised rectal depths, and his son Tony, who lay on his side, facing her, his hot young cock sunk deep into her cum-drenched little pussy.

"Oooooohhhhhhhh," she groaned helplessly from the pain and almost unbearable shame, trapped between the father and son, impaled on their hotly throbbing penises like an insect on a display board, with only the thin wall of flesh between her anus and vagina to separate the two vicious instruments of torture.

Tony began immediately to fuck into the young wife's throbbing pussy-flesh, excited nearly to the bursting point at the idea of sharing. a woman with his powerful father for the first time. He drove into her with cruelly knifing force, as Manny drove upwards from behind, ramming his thick blood-engorged cock into the very depths of her ravaged rectum. It took a moment, but then they developed a natural rhythm, buffeting her between them like a sack of soft, resilient foam rubber. She was groaning piteously now as they smacked into her body with harder and harder force.

The young housewife's loins were stretched wide by the two lust-thickened rods of male flesh and every inch of her milk-white body throbbed with torturous pain. She was drowned in humiliation now, a cringing mass of abused and ravaged feminine flesh.

But then, deep in her loins, as father and son fucked her mercilessly, a new sensation began to grow, faint zephyrs of pleasure that grew stronger and stronger with each brutally ramming stroke up between her legs from front and back. It seemed to the skewered blonde wife that her traitorous body was once again betraying her. She was being fucked in the pussy and anus by a gangster and his son - and she was beginning to enjoy it! Hardly had she begun to comprehend this bewildering turn of events when an overpowering wave of ecstasy washed over her fevered body and completely obliterated the burning shame. It mingled in her loins with the sharply wrenching pain so that she shook with a deeply thrilling sense of savage animal excitement. As the feeling grew, the young girl began to moan in pleasure, twisting and writhing her cock-filled body between the brutally fucking father and son like a lust-conquered whore.

A raging hurricane of masochistic delight swirled from the depths of her helplessness and the realization of her lewd position, ogled and abused by a roomful of thugs, shameful to her only moments before, now charged her with sexual excitement. Her hips began to move eagerly backwards to meet the savage upthrusting of Manny's thickly plunging penis, then forward again to swallow the whole of Tony's knifing young member. She undulated wildly between the two rutting males, rotating and heaving against them in utter obscene abandon.

"YYYYEESSSSSS!" she heard herself scream wildly, "OOOOHHHHHHHH, YYYYYEESSSSSS!!!!"

The father and son fucked her more and more wildly, urged on by her obvious change of attitude and lewd cries. The other men in the study were in a frenzy of lust as well, and had begun to masturbate as they found themselves once more aroused by the lurid scene they were witnessing. Manny, Tony and Sandra were groaning in mutually shared bestial excitement, groaning out a bizarre cry of heated sexual debauchery. So involved with their obscene activities were they that no one in the room noticed the door to the hallway being opened slowly and a pathetic, wasted figure stood in the shadows watching the torrid scene with horrified eyes.

Sandra was nearly out of her mind with pleasure now, and she began sobbing excitedly as her thrashing loins reached even greater heights of naked excitement. She was cumming, cumming uncontrollably and her madly throbbing cunt secreted a sweet gushing fluid that drove her nearly incoherent with delight. Her eyes rolled upwards in her head, and her wantonly writhing body was delirious with ecstasy as orgasm after orgasm rolled like reverberating thunder through her wetly exploding cuntal flesh.



"Oh God, oh God," she sobbed, "don't stop. I'm cummmmmmming!"

Both Manny and his son heard her cry and sensed her overpowering climax and it charged them with renewed strength. Their two obscenely inflated cocks became potent with raw masculine power as they fucked from front and back, searing the twin channels of her loins like mighty cannons, father and son now sharing the triumph of their subjugation of this ravishingly beautiful creature pressed between their hard masculine bodies.

"UUUNNNNGGGGGHHHHH!!!" Tony groaned as his sperm-bloated testicles suddenly tightened and began to erupt under the intolerable pleasure. "I'm cumming, too!"

And suddenly he was there, spurting wave after wave of white-hot sperm into Sandra's furiously quaking cunt, emptying himself with deep guttural moans, filling her with his young liquid cum. Behind them, Manny held off as long as possible, priding himself in his ability to withhold his climax until the moment when he felt the time was ripe for his release. Finally, however, he could wait no longer, and he began to knife his huge lust-hardened cock forwards into Sandra's greedily clenching anus like a jackhammer, his great strength making him powerful as a bull as he tore cruelly into the girl's cock-filled rectal depths. His swollen testicles could no longer hold his wildly churning semen now, and the thickly boiling cum traveled up along the massive length of his deep-plunging cock until it burst through the parted glans of his cock-head and gushed into the dark interior of Sandra's anus, filling her aching rectum with a radiant burst of heat that made her delight soar immeasurably.

On and on it came, and they were joined by Pollo, Vito and the others who masturbated themselves to climax as they watched, grunting like jungle primitives. Finally, Tony pulled away, exhausted, leaving only his father to complete the last few hard strokes until he, too, was drained of his sperm. Then, he stopped, and a momentary silence fell over the room.

Then, in the next second, a woman's voice was heard, crying out with a voice shaking with tears of sorrow.

"Animals! ANIMALS!"

Manny turned quickly, his eyes widening with shock when he saw the stooped figure of his invalid wife standing weakly in the study doorway.

## Chapter 10

Forever afterwards, Sandra was amazed at the way things had worked out. Somehow the arrival of Clara Alessandro on the scene had straightened everything out immediately, although the efforts of that night, she often reflected, had probably cost the old woman her life. But not before she and Sandra had become fast friends.

Manny and his cohorts seemed to wilt before her righteous anger like small boys caught by their mother engaged in forbidden acts. She had gone through the room like a small fury, and even Vito retreated before the onslaught of her anger. When the room was emptied of all but Sandra, Tony, and Manny, she told Sandra to get dressed, and then heard her tearfully pour out her sad story. Her eyes seemed like pools of pain to the ravaged young wife as she heard the full account of what had happened.

In the end, she had found a way of resolving things. Sandra would go free, and Manny would use his influence to get Jeff released. But she, Clara, would keep the photographs Pollo had taken to ensure that Jeff would not testify for the Crime Commission. Months later, after she received news of Clara's death, Sandra had gone to the mailbox one morning to find a sealed envelope containing the lurid snapshots, with a letter from Clara's lawyer explaining that the disease-wasted old woman had given him instructions to see that they were returned in the event of her death. Sandra had burned them, and with them, it seemed, the last remnants of her old self.

For a long time, she had wondered whether she should confide in Jeff about what had happened, but in the long run, she decided it was better to bury the past. It was over now, the torment and frustration, and there was no need to revive it. Let him believe that she had simply overcome her years-long history of sexual shame and fear, stimulated by the enforced separation from him while he was in jail. For now the statuesque young blonde had at last discovered her own capacities for physical love, and she would never let them be taken away from her again. Life was too short to spend it in a constant state of fear and tension. Clara's death had impressed that on her vividly.

Although Jeff had at first resisted her insistence that they take a prolonged trip to visit her parents in Colorado and avoid the Crime Commission entirely, his misgivings were shortlived, for another witness had been found. As though she, too, had been changed by the tumultuous events of that short two weeks, Gina suddenly came forward and told everything she knew. As a result, Manny and Pollo, and several others, were behind bars. In a letter from the brunette drug addict, Sandra learned that the girl had gone for a prolonged treatment, and was now working hard to finish high school so that she could go on to join a program that rehabilitated teenage junkies, not as a patient, but as a therapist.

"So some good did come out of all that after all," Sandra reflected as she stepped out of her shower, her voluptuous young body glistening with little droplets of water. "Funny," she mused as she dried herself with a fluffy blue towel, "how much it takes to make people wake up and start solving their problems. If Manny and Tony had never come into our lives, I might still be the uptight housewife I was a year ago. Maybe Jeff and I wouldn't even be married anymore. You never know."

Catching sight of her body in the mirror, however, the happy young blonde knew that she'd changed. Jeff had noticed it too. There was a womanly allure about her face and features now that hadn't been there before. She was, in fact, openly and proudly seductive. And their sex life had improved a thousandfold. Just thinking about the sensual delights that she and her husband shared now was enough to make the newly awakened young blonde grow tingly with remembered excitement. Smiling, she remembered something Jeff had said recently, after she had given him a particularly pleasurable blow job.

"I don't know what's happened to you, baby," he whispered admiringly, as she cuddled close to him just before they went to sleep, "but I'm sure glad it did."

"What do you mean?" she asked innocently.

"Well," he replied hesitantly, "the only way I can explain it is that there's an old saying about the perfect wife. I don't remember all of it, but there's something about being a lady in company and a whore in bed ... "

Sandra laughed appreciatively, a low throaty laugh of genuine amusement. Then she reached up and nibbled lightly on her husband's ear. "Thank you, darling. I feel very complimented. Sleep well." But the phrase had stayed in her mind before she fell asleep. A whore in bed, her mind repeated lazily. Well, why not? I've been trained by experts, haven't I?

The End