

Quickie #6

Stuffed Pig

Valerie leaned against the wide stone pillar as a warm evening breeze blew across her scantily clad form. Her shoulder-length lavender hair was tossed by the wind as cars passed down the street. Her dye job was complimented perfectly by her short, one piece dress and form fitting choker necklace. Their purple sheen gleamed brightly in the night-time city lights, calling attention to her ample curves.

Her dress terminated just below crotch level and from there, her attractions became more bold. Black garters trailed down her thick thighs. They contrasted nicely with the healthy peach tone of her light skin. The leather strips clipped to stockings just above her knees, framing the rest of her legs in irresistible see-through black silk.

Between her legs hung a long, thick phallus, framed base to tip in a shiny, black latex cock-sleeve. The stretchy material felt wonderful on her hypersensitive length. She kept a small portion of the sleeve unzipped to show off just a little of her bulging flesh. Doing this attracted the right type of clients and warded off the others. It drew men that craved domination like honey did to flies.

Valerie heard a car door slam a little ways down the street and her gaze followed the sound. She'd been so busy scoping for Johns that she'd hardly paid attention to the boy in blue. She'd noticed his cop car earlier, but thought nothing of it. Probably just some jack-off eating donuts while perverting on her. Maybe even tickling the pickle on his break. If he'd parked closer or stayed much longer, she was going to move on. As the young man sheathed the baton in his duty rig and approached her, it seemed a confrontation was inevitable.

“Evenin Mam. I'd like a word, if you don't mind.”

“Have all the words you want. I'll decide if there's any worth replying to.”

“Hey now, no need to get hostile... What's your name?”

“Valerie.”

“That your real name or your street name?”

“Does it matter?”

“I'd like to see some ID.”

Valerie rolled her eyes before reaching down to her purse and fishing out her wallet. She removed her driver's license and handed it to him. He scanned it briefly before handing it back.

“Nice to meet you Jennifer. I take it this is your corner?”

“What if it is? You know the state adopted the Swedish model, right? You can't bust me anymore. Only the Johns.”

“Doesn't seem like there's many of those tonight, from what I've seen.”

“Maybe some asshole cop is scaring them away. Ever think of that?”

“I'll keep scaring them away if you don't show me a little courtesy.”

“Pffft...” Valerie pushed herself off the pillar, picked up her bag and started walking away.

“I can't bust you for hooking” he called from behind her “but I could book you for indecent exposure!”

Valerie stopped in her tracks and turned around, eyeing him scornfully. “What the fuck do you want?”

The flat-foot followed in her footsteps, catching up within seconds. “Maybe I'm looking for a good time. On the down-low, of course.”

Valerie folded her arms under her ample breasts, a smirk on her face and her left eyebrow raised. “Do you even know about this block? This is tops-only territory. If you're looking to get your dick sucked or to stick it in my ass, that's not what I do.”

“I was warned” he replied with a smile.

Her annoyance faded into curiosity. “You're looking to get dommed? By someone like me?”

“Maybe I'm looking for something new...”

Something new? Yeah, right. No doubt he was missing the 'no homo' suck-and-fuck days with his college frat buddies. Probably had a beard wife or girlfriend who was too prudish to peg him. If this guy hadn't sucked a dozen cocks, Valerie was the Queen of England.

Still, he wasn't a bad looking guy. A little on the short side, but handsome enough with short, dark hair and soft features. Well built. He hadn't been on the force long enough to become a pastry cramming, engorged walrus yet. Not that it mattered.

A paying customer was a paying customer. Valerie was happy to drain her balls in any pudgy loser that wanted to get stuffed. Unlike regular prostitutes, a Femdom top didn't have to look at the jerk she was fucking. Didn't have to humor him or pretend she found him attractive. You just pushed their face into the bed and took out your aggression on their quivering man cunt.

Yes, this could work out just fine. It never hurt to have another “friend” on the force.

“What are you proposing?”

“Since this is my first party, how bout a freebie? In exchange, I'll turn a blind eye to your Johns.”

'Cheap ass motherfucker...'

Valerie was instantly pissed, but she didn't show it outwardly. She bottled up her anger. It was more important to reel him in right now.

“Alright. That sounds fair, Officer...” she reached out and touched his name badge. “Pollack.”

“Call me Randy.”

“You want to do this now, Randy?”

“I'll be off duty in a little over an hour.”

“Perfect!” She said, putting on her most charming smile and placing her hands on her curvy hips.

“Come to the Clearview Motel at 10:30 and we'll have a grand ole time!”

* * * * *

Valerie was on the way back to her apartment when she pulled out her phone.

“Hey Siri! Call Shanice.”

She held the device to her ear as her heels echoed off the pavement. It only took a couple rings before the call was answered.

“Hey girlfriend! How you doin?”

“Not bad. How's your night?”

“Eh, its OK. Kinda slow.”

“Yeah, it was dead on my end until some oinker started harassing me.”

“What? For real?!?”

“Yeah, and that's not all. He tried to shake me down.”

“Seriously? He's gotta be new around here.”

“Oh, he's as green as a leprechaun eating pees in the forest. But there's a pot of gold at the end of this rainbow.”

“Oh?”

“He likes dick.”

“Hahaha! What's the plan?”

“I'm on my way home right now to pick up some toys. Meeting him at the Clearview at 10:30. You

want in?”

“Hell yeah! Let's show em who runs these streets!”

“Right on. Park in the back and wait for my signal. I'll text when he's prepped.”

“Sounds good. I'll see if the others want to join in.”

“The more the merrier.”

* * * * *

Valerie opened the door to their room, flicked on the lights and strode in confidently with Randy in tow. She set her purse and bag of toys down on the end table in between the rooms dual twin beds. The mischievous domme surveyed the freshly cleaned room and smiled.

Val and her fellow working girls loved this place for several reasons. It was relatively cheap, the owner didn't ask questions and the raised beds were at ideal “cock level.” It was the perfect place to take any kinky bottom bitch and put them in their place. For the most cock hungry man-sluts who could afford a double team, the small twin beds made it easy to spit-roast them.

“Alright, out of those clothes, slut! I don't got all night” Valerie instructed him with a wink.

“Yes Mam” he replied with a cocky smile. He hurriedly unbuckled his pants.

Valerie noted that he'd left his duty belt in the car. He'd removed his jacket, probably in the hopes that no one would notice he was a cop on the way in, but the rest of his outfit made it a poorly kept secret. At least he was smart enough not to bring a gun into a situation like this. Studying his frame, she spied the outlines of a phone and wallet in his pants.

'Jackpot!'

She returned to her bag of toys and started rooting around in it. As Randy disrobed, she found the item she was looking for and pulled it free. The familiar metal clinking sounds put the young man on edge.

“Playing with yours would've been more fun, but thankfully I brought my own.”

The handcuffs hung from her index finger, swinging below her hand menacingly.

“Hold on now” Randy said as he tossed his underwear aside. “I never agreed to that.”

His flaccid cock hung below, a pale imitation of Valerie's latex-sheathed monster. She wondered if he was a “grower” or if that's as big as it got. It didn't matter, ultimately. It wouldn't be getting any attention tonight.

“Do you want to get topped or not?”

“Yeah... but I'm not into bondage.”

“Well I am. Gets me hard as a fucking rock to see a faggot bitch like you all tied up! We do this my way or we don't do it at all.”

He seemed hesitant; on the verge of calling the whole thing off. She had to put him at ease.

“You saw my ID, Randy. You know my real name. You really think I'm going to try anything funny? Get on the bed and put your hands behind your back like a good little boy! Do what Mistress Valerie says so I can make this the hottest night of your life.”

That was more than enough. His little cock twitched in excitement and his cheeks filled with the deep red of giddy arousal. He followed her instructions immediately, climbing aboard one of the twin beds and stretching himself out.

“Not like that! The other way! Lengthwise across the center.”

He turned ninety degrees and arranged himself as she commanded, his ass now hanging off one side of the bed and his head at the other. He put his arms behind his back obediently and breathed deeply.

Valerie leaned onto the bed, her knee digging into his body as she grabbed one hand and slapped the first cuff on it.

“Easy! Not too tight, please...”

She sneered, grabbed his other hand and pulled it up high and tight behind his back before ratcheting the second cuff around it.

“Ahhh! FUCK!!!”

Valerie leaned down and spoke directly into his ear. “Don't ever tell Mistress what to do, you filthy worm.” She gave his ass a firm shove with her boot as she slid off the bed and got back to her feet.

She gathered a wad of phlegm in her mouth and spit the loogie on his lower back before returning to her bag of toys. The increasingly aroused Domina gathered the remaining equipment she needed: two ankle cuffs and two lengths of chain; one long and one short.

Randy didn't complain as she went to work securing his legs to the bottom of the bed frame. His libido had completely overridden his better judgment. He'd made his bondage bed and now he was lying in it. The anticipation of being filled with Valerie's bulging cum pipe was his sole focus. A deep desire he couldn't deny.

With her thirsty little bitch fully immobilized, Valerie retrieved her phone and sent the text: 'He's ready. Room 13.'

She slowly unzipped the cock sleeve from her fleshy length. As the latex holster slid off, her appendage felt fresh air for the first time that night. Now Valerie was growing as eager as her horny prisoner. She grabbed red lipstick from her purse and moved back to the bed. She uncapped the stick and began writing '**BITCH**' in big letters across his left ass cheek.

“I invited some friends over. I hope you don't mind.”

“What? Friends?!? That wasn't part of-”

“Relax! They're just like me. You're going to love it.” She etched out “**PIG**” in the same big letters across his right ass cheek. “Just enjoy the ride, slut! I daresay you're getting way more than you deserve.”

No sooner had the words escaped her lips than the room's only door opened. The voices of several chattering women could be heard as they entered; their boot heels stomping on the motel floor.

Valerie tossed the lipstick on his back and laid her fully engorged cum cannon down the center of his crack. She worked it up and down, teasing him as her fellow Dommies made their way in. Shanice arrived first, circling to Randy's front as she and two other women examined the bitch-made cop their colleague had snared.

“Well aint he a treat” the dark skinned diva stated. Shanice was almost six feet tall and covered in red latex and fishnets. Randy could do nothing but stare at her in awe, his mouth agape as she unzipped the red latex cock-sleeve; freeing her massive unit.

“Hey girls” Valerie said with a smile, nodding to Joy and Sharon who were standing near the foot of the bed. “How's it goin?”

“Slow night” Joy said with an exasperated sigh.

“Yeah, thanks for the invite!” Sharon followed up.

The blonde and the red-head followed suit, stripping their cock-sleeves off and beginning to fist their long, thick members. As Valerie positioned her tip at Randy's pucker, Shanice wasted no time stepping forward and grabbing him by the hair.

“You can lick my boots and my ass later. Right now you're going to lick my balls until I'm good and hard. Get to work, bitch!”

She shoved her massive, sweaty scrotum into his face and began stroking her cock up and down in slow, smooth motions. Randy didn't need to be told twice. He opened his mouth and began sucking her hot flesh. He swabbed his tongue along the underside of her nuts and suckled her orbs like they were his last meal on death row.

“Whoa! We got ourselves an eager little slut here! Yeah! Suck them nuts baby!”

“I knew it” Valerie chuckled as she pressed her tip into his pucker and sank a third of her cock home in one forceful thrust.

Randy grunted in pain, pulling away from Shanice's saliva coated sack. She dropped her rapidly stiffening cock and yanked on his hair sternly. The tall Domina reached down with her free hand and slapped him across the face.

SMACK

“Uh uh, I didn't say you could stop! You keep going till I'm ready to fuck that sissy mouth of yours!
TONGUE MY BALLS, BITCH!”

Randy resumed his worship of her increasingly sloppy sack, groaning as Valerie continued her assault on his back passage. The lavender haired Goddess glided in and out of his soft, yielding pucker. His warm, fleshy walls parted as she drove more of her hungry phallus in with each thrust.

SMACK SMACK

She scorched his ass with a couple firm swats, her palm striking where she'd written the word '**PIG!**' Randy moaned around Shanice's fat scrotum, sucking half of it into his needy mouth. His cheeks puffed out as he slathered her flesh with his tongue, sucking on her nut like an obscene, over-sized lollipop.

“Goddamn!” Shanice called out, her eyes closing as the little bondage bitch surprised her. “Alright, Momma is definitely ready for that throat now!” She re-opened her eyes and noticed the lipstick rocking back and forth on Randy's back as Valerie shafted him. “But first...”

She reached down and grabbed the cosmetic before stepping back and pulling her nuts from his tender oral worship. Shanice bent forward and hastily brought the lipstick to his mouth. “Pucker up, slut!” He obeyed her command and Shanice brushed the deep red shade around his lips several times.

The ebony Goddess stood back up, her huge, veiny member standing at attention and pulsing with lust. She tossed the lipstick on the bed and put her hands on her hips. Her python pointed straight at his drooling mouth, his now glossy lips eager to serve. “Ok little piggy, let's see how far you can smear that lipstick on my cock!”

Shanice stepped forward and speared her fat glans straight into his waiting lips. A train of ever-thicker black cock followed as she seized his hair and the bottom of his chin. Randy sucked her in greedily, his lips and the walls of his mouth coating her length in thick, warm saliva. Shanice's hips thrust forward, pressing insistently as her hot shaft proceeded down his tongue into the back of his throat.

“GMMMLLLMMPPPHHHHHH!!!”

Randy's handcuffs rattled as his lips slid to the half-way point on her enormous length. The lipstick was smeared all over her throbbing unit, painting her dark length with messy trails of red. He retched involuntarily, skewered on her massive tool with so much left to go.

“Uh oh, maybe we spoke too soon!” Valerie shouted between deep, forceful thrusts into his increasingly blown-out sphincter. She was two thirds buried in his ass and determined to go balls deep.

“Nah, this slut has sucked plenty of cocks” Shanice insisted. “Just none our size!”

The women all laughed. Sharon dropped her hot, fleshy rod only to step forward, seize the lipstick and write '**COCK HOUND!**' in large letters down Randy's back. Valerie redoubled her efforts, seizing his hips tightly and shafting his defenseless pucker hard. Her balls grew closer to slapping his captive ass with each thrust.

Shanice pulled back to let the bitch-pig get a breath, but soon thrust forward again harder and deeper. Her slime covered club plowed back into his sucking lips and forced its way deeper in his tight, warm throat. She moaned in ecstasy as Randy choked and sputtered on her obscene length. The congested squelching sounds of lungs fighting for air through a river of pre-cum and spit welled up as the well hung Amazon fucked his face in earnest.

Sharon barely got out of the way in time as Joy cried out in bliss and thick ropes of pasty white jizzum shot forth to decorate Randy's bound body. The blonde had never stopped fisting her cock and watching the increasingly rough threesome had pushed her over the top. Her cum hosed out like a fountain in long, thick spurts; splattering all over Sharon's lipstick graffiti and coating Randy's back and ass in gooey paste.

This sent Valerie and Shanice into overdrive. They began moaning and grunting like animals as they stuffed their steel-hard erections into his mouth and ass like demons on speed. Sharon resumed stroking her cock as the room filled with the sounds of aggressive, sloppy fucking.

“Just remember when you're pounding this pathetic oinker that he tried to shake me down!” Valerie spat between forceful thrusts. Her heavy sperm sack smacked wetly into Randy's smaller balls and tortured ass cheeks. She let out an especially loud moan as she bottomed out in the filthy cock sleeve his distended asshole had become. She filled him fiercely, channeling all her lust and anger into the hardest, deepest fucking she could deliver into his silken walls.

Shanice grabbed Randy's ears and thrust into him full force, abusing his mouth like a cheap pocket pussy. The spearing of her big black cock into Randy's stretched-wide lips was nothing but a series of guttural gags and saliva-choked heaves. He pulled on his handcuffs in futility as his eyes bulged. Shanice pounded inward, sending ever more girthy, sweaty black penis into his over-packed throat.

After several minutes of blissful, hedonistic spit-roasting, Shanice's sticky scrotum slapped into Randy's chin. His oxygen starved nostrils were forced into the flesh of her pubis as he felt her cum factory shudder and twitch below.

“NNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHH!!!!!”

“AHHHHHHHHHNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!”

Twin rivers of steaming hot filth blasted through the bondage pig's throat and ass. Randy wriggled like a fish on two hooks, squirming uselessly against his bonds as the women held him in vice grips, their cocks buried deep. Creamy torrents of sticky nut rippled into both orifices, flooding his insides with warm love honey. Their copious ejections filled his hallways to bursting, his jizz clogged anatomy backing up. Thick white pudding spurted from the seal of his pucker, spilled from his sucking lips and bubbled from his clogged nose.

Valerie and Shanice moaned in climax as their balls drained into the disgusting fuck-pig. Sharon was only moments behind them, yelling in euphoria as cum erupted from her tip and painted his shoulders and back in a second layer of thick nougat slime.

Cum flowed from Randy's twin fuck-holes as the Dommies pulled their glistening weapons free with loud, wet slurps. Baby batter pattered all over the floor as it dripped from Randy's nose, balls and the tips of his attackers. Unable to do anything else, Randy lay in his soiled state and tried to catch his

breath. Sharon gathered some of the excess cum from her slick phallus and smeared it through Randy's hair, giving his dark locks a milky white sheen.

“Holy shit! I think he enjoyed that!”

“He obviously did. What a perverted little piggy cock whore!”

“Think he can handle another round?”

“Pffft, like it's up to him...”

They mocked him for a while as Randy lay in a daze. He figured they were joking about a second round, but within moments it became clear that wasn't the case. Joy stepped behind him and grabbed his hips as Sharon took her place at his front. They eyed him menacingly and began stroking their cocks back to full erection. It seemed impossible they could be ready to fuck again so soon. It was as if they hadn't, only minutes ago, shot prodigious loads all over his defiled body.

As Joy fed her fat, fleshy sausage into his cum slick rear and Sharon plunged her thick, pungent fuck-stick into his jizz slathered mouth, Randy accepted his new station in life and moaned in pleasurable submission.

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How many hours had it been? Randy didn't know. He only knew he couldn't move. Not just because of the bondage. His brutally sore limbs were only half the tale. He was completely covered in sticky sperm. The dominant dickgirl's final act had been a Femdom bukake, firing on him from four different directions at once.

Patches of his skin and bits of red lipstick lettering could scarcely be seen through the thick webs of jizzum layering his abused body. And now, as he waited to be released, he knew the full extent of his folly was about to be revealed.

“Take lots of pictures!” Shanice intoned as her and Joy's phones clicked away from different angles.

Valerie rifled through Randy's wallet looking for the compensation she and her girlfriends were owed. She found a fat wad of cash and did a quick count. “A little over four hundred and fifty. Not bad! I guess they pay you piggies pretty good?” She put the cash in her purse before tossing his wallet on the cum-slick bed.

“I got what we need!” Sharon announced. She'd been going through his phone.

“What'd you find?”

“His wife's phone number and email, plus the contact info for his precinct.”

“Nice!” Valerie said, clapping her hands.

As the women prepared to leave, Valerie approached their piggy prisoner one last time. She grabbed a wet handful of his cum drenched hair and pulled his face up, ensuring he was paying attention.

“Alright fuck-face, here's the deal. It goes without saying that you're not going to tell anyone about this, and we won't either! When you purchase our services again, which you **WILL** do, you're going to pay double our normal rate. As long as you're a good little piggy, the pictures stay private.”

Valerie released her grip on his head. She produced the key to the handcuffs and leaned down, unlocking the restraints with a gentle click. Randy's arms slumped to his sides, relaxing for the first time in hours and wallowing in the syrupy sperm-glaze all around him.

Valerie grabbed her bags and began to head out, but stopped just before reaching the door. She turned and looked back at Randy.

“Oh, and one more thing! Don't harass or try to stiff sex workers ever again. Bitch.”

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