

**DAMSELS ANONYMOUS VOLUME 2**

**BY**

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## **Previously in DAMSELS ANONYMOUS: VOLUME 1**

**Felicia Fetters is a beautiful young woman, struggling her way through criminal justice school. One day at the gym, she meets a stunning woman named Gina, who takes Felicia under her wing and encourages her to pursue a career in bikini modeling as a way to pay for college. Jealousy consumes Felicia, and soon she hatches a plan to have Gina kidnapped at an upcoming bikini pageant so that Felicia can finally one-up Gina. The plan backfires, and though Gina is hauled off by the hired kidnapers, Felicia also finds herself bound and gagged and stuffed into a closet, unable to compete in the pageant!**

**Sometime later, Felicia takes a position as Sheriff in a small beach town called Marston's Pointe. Felicia expects the job to be a day at the beach, but soon finds that a ruthless crime lord named Ace runs most of the town. Felicia finds herself taken with a beautiful bartender named Janet, who's business is being threatened by Ace, so Felicia takes it upon herself to clean up the town. Along the way, Felicia meets Tanya Donnelly, a buxom and danger prone reporter, and Shelly Arnold, a beautiful, mysterious woman with an agenda of her own.**

**All of Felicia's attempts to foil Ace's plans backfire, leading to Felicia's public humiliation. Eventually, both Felicia and Janet find themselves kidnapped by two beautiful, mysterious women, who bring them before their employer: Gina!**

**Gina is out for revenge on Felicia for having her kidnaped and ruining her modeling career. Despite Felicia and Janet's best efforts, both women are bound and gagged and placed in the cells at the Marston Pointe's Sheriff's Department. Gina declares herself Sheriff, making her lackeys, Caitlyn and Eva, her deputies. With Felicia out of the way, Gina vows to succeed where Felicia failed and clean up crime in Marston's Pointe...**

# 1.

“What are you doing with me! Get your hands off me!” Tanya Donnelly cried as she felt the big man's calloused hands digging into her upper arm. Her long red hair whipped around her face in a frenzy as she struggled and pulled against the two bald, muscle bound men who dragged her by either arm.

“Do you know who I am? I'm a reporter! People will hear about this!” But neither man seemed particularly phased by the threat and continued to move her along. Tanya grunted and tried to dig her feet into the carpeted floor beneath her, but that just caused the goons to switch from a one handed grip to a two handed grip. She cried out in anger as her bare feet scraped across the carpet beneath them.

“Where are you taking me? What are you doing?” She demanded, looking for any clue on the men's blank faces, but their eyes were focused dead ahead. Other than being bald and muscle bound, both wore tightly fitting suits and had clear ear pieces wrapped around their ears, which then fed to a wire that ran under their suit jackets to presumably a hidden radio.

As they moved, the men changed from dragging Tanya to practically carrying her by either arm. No! She couldn't let it end like this, not when she was so close! She was desperate, needed a break in this story, and resorted to the only measure she had left.

“Help! Somebody! Help!”

Both of the goons froze and glared at her. Tanya flashed them a cocky smile.

“Help! Freedom of the press! I'm being silenced!”

One of the suit clad goons rolled his eyes.

“I wish I had a gag to silence you right now.”

Tanya froze, eyes wide on him.

“You heard it folks! Trying to silence the press!

“Shut up lady!” A voice answered.

Tanya spun around to face the casino around her. Lights flashed and glittered along with cheery music from the various slot machines, chips clinked on tables, and every eye was on Tanya and the men carrying her.

The person in question that told her to be quiet was a bespectacled old man sitting at a slot machine next to her. Tanya along with both of the bald men looked down at him.

“Don't worry about this sir, it's nothing to worry about.” One of the goons said.

“Oh yes it is! Do you see what they're doing! What this establis-” Tanya was cut off as the guards pulled her along.

“And put some clothes on!” The old man called out as Tanya was dragged away.

Right now, Tanya was clad in a white thong bikini, in fact, the only thong bikini she owned, though she would never admit it. If anyone asked, she simply told them that she wore this one because it was her favorite, because it made her boobs look great and her ass look even better.

And the bikini was doing its job, judging from the stares she was getting. At first people looked up to see what the commotion was, but then their jaws dropped when they saw that it was because the guards were dragging out a buxom woman in a thong. Tanya's large, round, pale breasts jiggled as she struggled against the guard's grips.

“Wait until I write this piece! You'll all be lucky to still have a job!” But they ignored the threat. Tanya looked up to see afternoon sunlight filtering in through the large, glass revolving doors of the casino. Everyone walking in stopped to gawk at them as they dragged Tanya closer.

“Unhand me! This is your last chance!”

“No, it's yours! No be quiet, you've embarrassed yourself enough!” A guard hissed.

“Embarrassed... embarrassed! Why you! Wait until you see-”

Then they were through the doors and out onto the sidewalk outside of Lady Luck Casino. Taxis and cars waiting for valet sat against the curb, and everyone gawked in awe at the suited guards dragging out the woman in a thong bikini. Once outside, the guards roughly pushed Tanya a few steps forward and away from the casino entrance.

“And don't let us catch you back here again!” One guard said.

“Wait! How am I- My valet ticket, my purse, it's upstairs by the pool! How am I supposed to get home?” She demanded.

Both guards exchanged a look and then shrugged.

“Walk.” One said.

“I demand you let me back in! I am not parading around the rest of the day in this!” She pointed at her heaving bosom as she shouted, her face turning as scarlet as her hair.

“Too bad lady, should have thought about that earlier.” The guards turned around to head back inside when Tanya rushed them and grabbed both by the shoulder. Both guards spun around with lightning speed and glared at her, causing Tanya to take a few steps back and throw up her hands.

“Whoa boys... I just meant... Can I use a phone so I can at least call my son for a ride?”

“No!” Both guards said at the same time.

Tanya opened her mouth to say something when she heard the sound of a car engine pulling up behind her. Immediately, both guards looked up towards the sound and then stepped back. Following their gaze, Tanya turned her head to see a Marston's Pointe Sheriff's Department cruiser sitting at the curb behind her. After another second, the cruiser's engines went silent.

Tanya turned back to the guards and flashed them a smug smile.

“Sheriff's Department's here, now you boys are in trouble.” She said, nodding her head.

She turned back to the police cruiser, hoping to catch a glimpse of the driver. Marston's Pointe had yet another law enforcement shake up when Sheriff Felicia Fetters resigned a month ago, but not before appointing her new successor. Tanya had been hoping to meet the new Sheriff ever since but every time she came by the station, the Sheriff wasn't in, and despite her best efforts to glean any information about the new Sheriff, no one seemed willing to talk.

Tanya would be lying if she said she wasn't glad to see Felicia Fetters go, that woman was an embarrassment to Marston's Pointe in general. A former bikini model, Felicia had apparently chosen to go into law enforcement and became Sheriff of their beautiful beach community, and was even Tanya's neighbor. One night, Tanya got a tip about an arms deal going down at the docks and took off into the night with her camera, hoping to photograph the whole thing and publish it in her paper, *The Marston Observer*. Of course, Sheriff Fetters had to go stick her nose in, and followed Tanya and told her to go get back up while she dealt with the bad guys, and it all went to shit from there. Originally Tanya's plan was to hope that her story would drum up enough interest for Federal authorities to take an interest in the crime of Marston's Pointe, and even that night, as she ran to get the back up, she hoped that maybe the men Sheriff Fetters caught would be able to give them some good leads.

Instead, Felicia got captured, stripped, and bound and gagged inside a crate. Tanya stood there with her camera, watching wide eyed as Deputy Randy peeled off the top of a wooden crate to reveal the underwear clad Sheriff inside, brown packing tape sealing her mouth shut.

And Tanya snapped a photo.

In the moment, she didn't know why she did it, most likely just a reflex, but after, as she was writing her story, she caught herself wondering why she did it. She was supposed to be writing a story about the criminal underworld under their noses, but that night she instead had to write about the Sheriff getting captured first day on the job. Wilson would never let something like that happen to him...

Wilson. Wilson Vorhees was Felicia's predecessor, a good man, a strong man. He and Tanya shared many opinions on how to combat crime in Marston's Pointe, and they had shared other things too...

But Ace ran Wilson out of town. Wilson wouldn't answer Tanya's texts or e-mails. He told her that once they brought Ace down, he would leave his wife, he and Tanya could leave Marston's Pointe, find a new town to call home...

But now Wilson was gone, and here was Felicia, fighting crime in see-through tights. Tanya could feel the rage building inside of her and decided to do something about it.

So she ran the story with the photo of Felicia bound and gagged on the front page. The paper was huge seller, even went viral, the internet loved the story of a model trying to be a crime fighter but botching it. Of course Felicia was angry, even threatened to shut down Tanya's newspaper, but Tanya wasn't scared, bring it on!



A few days later, it was announced that due to her public disgrace, Sheriff Felicia Fetters had resigned, and nobody had seen her since. Tanya beamed with pride upon hearing the news, giving herself credit for it. Last time Tanya had seen Felicia, she was streaking along the beach with Janet Rossi. Felicia had been completely nude, and Janet clad in a bra and thong. The two women had done it in full sight of Tanya's son, Ian, and she was fully prepared to write up a story on the Sheriff engaging in lewd behavior before she found out later that day that Felicia had sent out a statement saying that she had appointed a new Sheriff and was resigning immediately. No one had seen Janet since that day either, and it didn't take Tanya long to put the pieces together. Felicia and Janet were clearly romantically involved and decided to run away together. Janet's bar had been closed since that day Tanya saw them on the beach, and rumors had it that Ace was in the process of buying it.

And here, outside of Ace's front company, the Lady Luck Casino, Tanya was finally going to meet this enigmatic new Sheriff. The reporter put her hands on her hips and waited to catch a glimpse of the newest head of Marston's Pointe law enforcement. The door to the cruiser opened, and Tanya could see a shadow inside move.

Then her jaw dropped. She could practically hear the jaws of the guards behind her hit the floor too.

A woman got out of the police cruiser, and not just any woman, a beautiful... amazonian... perfect woman. She was tall, probably six feet, with long, dark hair and brown eyes. But it wasn't how tall the woman was or how stunning she was, it was what she was wearing. She wasn't wearing the standard police uniform, or even something like the tights that Felicia used to wear, instead it was a full on bikini.

The woman's large, obviously enhanced breasts were barely contained by a purple bikini top. The thin straps to a matching thong ran along her hips, though she wore a sequined, purple sarong tied around her waist, somewhat protecting her modesty. She had six pack abs and despite being thin, had the toned and tight look of a woman who spends several hours in the gym each day. Clipped to the bikini top just next to her right breast was a gold Sheriff's star.

This was the new Sheriff?

The Sheriff smiled at a slack jawed valet boy, who shook his head and ran over to her. She handed him the keys to her cruiser, slung a small purse over her shoulder, and approached Tanya and the guards.

“Hi, is there a problem here?” the woman asked in a friendly tone.

Tanya shook her head.

“Um... excuse me, Tanya Donnelly.” she said and stuck out her hand.

The woman flashed her a white, toothy smile and extended her hand.

“Nice to meet you Tanya, I've heard a lot about you. I'm Gina, Sheriff Gina Dollson.”

Gina looked up at the two guards.

“Is something wrong?”

“Uh, no Sheriff,” One of the guards shook free of his stupor and approached. “Miss Donnelly here was trying to sneak into a private event upstairs without an invitation.” He continued, glaring at Tanya.

Gina nodded and gave Tanya a reproachful look.

“Is that so?”

“Yes Sheriff, I believe that something sinister is at work-” Tanya stopped when she realized that Gina was ignoring her, instead shuffling through her shoulder bag.

“I thought I had it in here somewhere...” Gina mumbled.

“Anyway, Sheriff, I'd love to sit down with you sometime. There's a lot going on here in Marston's Pointe-”

“Ah yes!” Gina exclaimed and pulled an envelope out of her bag. “Is this the invitation?” She asked, holding it out to the guards.

One took the envelope, opened it, and took out a small piece of paper. He read it over, and then looked up at Gina.

“Yes it is.”

“Great, could you two show me where it is? It's my first time here.” She smiled as she asked.

“Our pleasure, Sheriff.” The guard smiled at her and motioned to the casino entrance. Gina started to follow when Tanya chased after her.

“Wait! No, you can't go up there!” She grabbed Gina's arm. The Sheriff spun around and faced her.

“Sorry Tanya, it's a private event. Technically these men are allowed to remove you from the property, or even have you charged with trespassing if you keep it up, and we wouldn't want that.”

Tanya let go of Gina and stepped back, her mouth wide in shock.

“Anyway, I have somewhere to be. Drop by the station sometime, we should talk.” With that, Gina flashed Tanya another smile and headed back towards the casino after the guards.

Once all three were inside, Tanya could only stare at the casino entrance in shock and awe.

That was the new Sheriff?

Suddenly Felicia didn't seem so bad.

## 2.

As soon as the elevator doors closed, Gina's smile faded and she let out a long sigh.

*So that was the infamous Tanya Donnelly.* She thought, the woman that effectively ruined Felicia's law enforcement career. Well, Felicia was already doing that to herself, Tanya just made it public.

Felicia, poor Felicia, Gina shook her head. Right now Felicia and her friend Janet were still bound and gagged inside the holding cells at the station, a situation Gina knew was a time bomb waiting to go off. For the moment, she had made the decree that only herself or her two deputies: Caitlyn or Eva, could go into the cell area, but she knew that there was the very real possibility that Randy or another officer could wander back there and find two beautiful women bound and gagged in their underwear. Gina told herself that keeping Felicia and Janet there was just a temporary solution.

But that was a month ago.

Every day, Gina went back there and tried to reason with the two women, convince them that if they agreed to walk away and not say anything then she would release them. Both women would just shake their heads and mutter into their gags.

And now there was Tanya, a reporter obsessed with stopping Ace, the crime lord running the town. Gina had no intention of ever working with Tanya, but she didn't want to make an enemy of her

either, so it was best to just keep stringing her along, make her feel important. If Tanya ever became a problem, Gina knew that Eva, her Latina friend, would be all too eager to tie her up and throw her in the cells along with Felicia and Janet.

Gina shook her head. Eva seemed to enjoy playing with ropes a little too much, and had enthusiastically volunteered to be the chief jailor of Felicia and Janet. Though Gina tried to keep an eye on Eva, she couldn't be around all the time, and shuddered to think what she was doing to Felicia and Janet behind closed doors.

The ding of the elevator brought Gina back to reality. She would have to think about what to do with Felicia and Janet another day. After a moment, the elevator doors drifted open and Gina stepped out into warm sunlight and the sounds of splashing, music, and laughter.

The roof of the Lady Luck Casino was a massive pool, surrounded by several smaller pools and hot tubs. A large bar sat at the far end of the patio, with a DJ stationed right next to it. At the other end of the pool was a walkway leading into the Lady Luck Hotel, also owned by Ace, a luxury resort sitting on top of the Casino.

The entire pool area was crowded with beautiful fit men and women clad in skimpy swimsuits. Some danced, some drank, other lounged in the pools and hot tubs. As Gina walked forward, a very... well endowed woman stepped towards her. The woman wore a small, lime green bikini. By small, Gina noticed that the tiny top could barely contained the woman's massive breasts. Each step the woman took was deliberate, making sure that her breasts stayed in the top where they belonged. This woman, whoever she was, wore a matching, g-string bottom. Her entire body was layered in lithe muscles, she wasn't bulky, but she was toned enough to look beautiful and intimidating.

As the woman approached, she smiled at Gina and held out her hand.

“Invitation?” She asked, politely and firmly.

“Of course.” Gina smiled and ruffled around in her purse.

“Sheriff huh? Thought I heard about you.” The woman said, and Gina looked up to catch the woman's eyes resting on the Sheriff's badge pinned to her bikini top.

“Oh this thing, I'm off duty.” Gina giggled and removed the badge, dropping it in her bag.

“Too bad, we had an incident earlier, could have used you.”

“The woman trying to get in without an invitation?”

The large breasted woman in the small bikini smiled and nodded.

“Tanya, that woman's a real troublemaker.”

“I'll take care of her, eventually.” Gina smiled and handed over her invitation.

“Are you... private security?” Gina asked.

“Something like that.” After inspecting the invitation, the woman handed it back to Gina.

“Well, I’m Sheriff Gina Dollson,” Gina extended her hand. “Keep up the good work...”

“Lisa.” The woman took Gina's hand in a very firm, almost crushing grip.

“Lisa,” Gina nodded. “Don't work too hard, looks like you could use a dip.” And with that, Gina smiled and stepped away.

She could feel Lisa's eyes on her as she walked deeper into the crowd. It was obvious what kind of “Private Security” Lisa was, and it was also obvious that Lisa, and whoever she was working for, wasn't expecting to see the Sheriff at this shindig. By all accounts, Gina shouldn't be at this event anyway, thankfully, she had an in.

As she moved through the partiers, she could feel eyes turning to watch her go. Men's jaw dropped, women gave her sideways glances for daring to wear such a skimpy bikini. Gina didn't mind, she was used to it. It was up by the pool where she spied what she was looking for: a group of photographers, waiting with their cameras ready.

Where Jessica Lannon went, the paparazzi followed. The photographers, all guys between 22 and 30, assumed that the casino invited them in the hopes of them giving the casino some free publicity, but that wasn't case. Most likely, Jessica arranged for the photographers to be sent invites just like she arranged for Gina to be sent an invitation.

Gina found a spot a few feet behind the paparazzi and waited, crossing her arms. It had been years since her modeling days, and she was certain the bikini world had moved on and forgotten about



her, as it tends to do with all models eventually, but she was still worried about a photographer recognizing her. She followed where the photographers had their cameras pointed and noticed the water in the pool breaking. A second later, a head of blond hair emerged from the pool: Jessica.

Jessica tossed her wet hair back just like in a movie and wiped her eyes. As she stood up in the pool, more of her body became visible. Her skin was a dark bronze, her abs a solid six-pack. Underneath a gold bikini top, her small breasts glistened as beads of water cascaded down them. On the patio, the cameras went wild, clicking and flashing as Jessica moved towards the steps leading out.

Jessica knew how to play this game, and played it well, and never once glanced at the paparazzi or even acknowledged their existence. By tomorrow, these photos would be all over the internet. Gina pursed her lips, there had to be something else. One of Jessica's main skills was self promotion, getting people talking. Her emerging wet from a pool was nothing new, she had to give the cameras their money's worth somehow.

Then Gina smiled as she saw it. The pool started to get more and more shallow as Jessica got closer to the stairs out of it. Jessica wore a gold, thong bikini bottom that matched her top. Two flimsy knots held the bikini bottoms together at Jessica's hips, but the knot on her right hip had come loose. Somehow, Gina suspected that Jessica didn't bother tying either knot all that tight. Gina watched as Jessica gripped the railing leading out of the pool, and the front of her bikini bottoms drag in the water below her. Her bare hip was completely exposed, showing off a deep "V" cut running just below her abs. Just below Jessica's V-Cut was a tattoo of a star. The front of her bikini bottoms were just barely hanging on and covering Jessica's ladyhood.

Jessica took a few steps up the steps and stopped, turning around to look back at the pool,

pretending that she heard something. As she did, she turned so that her bare hip faced the photographers. The other side of her bikini dangled at her side, while a slit of gold fabric ran through her tanned ass cheeks. Gina could make out a tattoo of wings just above Jessica's ass crack. All the while, the photographers snapped photo after photo.

Jessica turned some more, giving the cameras an even better view of her muscle bound rear end. Jessica was a self made fitness guru. At 35, she found herself single and over weight. Lonely and depressed, Jessica started spending hours in the gym each day. She posted her progress and workout routines on Youtube, and in a year had reached her goal and wrote a book about her fitness journey. Now, at 37, Jessica had a better body than most 23 year olds and could have any man she wanted. Gina had met Jessica during her final days of modeling and they became fast friends, and after Gina resurfaced she made sure to reconnect with Jessica.

A few days ago, Jessica had emailed Gina, saying that she was going to be the celebrity judge of the “Ms. Marston's Pointe” bikini contest being held at Lady Luck Casino. At first Gina's instinct was to tell Jessica that she had retired from competing, but she was surprised to see that it was merely a social call, an invite to get drinks and catch up, with a not so subtle hint that Gina should be one of the judges along with her. Gina had enthusiastically agreed to meet, but expressed that her duties as Sheriff and retirement from modeling would keep her from judging.

A few days later, Gina received the invite to the pool party in her inbox, along with a message saying that Jessica had to talk to her in person, and it was urgent. And that brought Gina here, in a small, purple thong bikini and her Sheriff's badge in her purse. She wasn't sure if Jessica needed her here as a friend or as a police officer, but Gina figured she should be prepared for both.

Back in the pool, Jessica turned back around and looked down, noticing that her bikini had become undone. Still pretending like the paparazzi wasn't there, Jessica let out a big laugh and pulled up her bikini bottoms. Silly her, not noticing that she almost showed her vagina off to the world.

Jessica retied the knot at her hips and stepped out of the pool, and immediately made eye contact with Gina. The woman's eyes lit up with excitement and she extended her arms.

“Gina!” Jessica cried, the paparazzi swarming around her like insects as she moved.

“Jess!” Gina smiled and strode forward. Both woman engaged in hearty hug as the cameras snapped around them.

“Jessica, who's your friend?” She heard one of the photographers say.

The two women broke off their embrace and met each other's gaze. Jessica's blue eyes were striking, warm and inviting.

“I'm glad that you got my invitation.” She said.

“I needed to get out of the office for a bit.” Gina shrugged.

“Wait, you're Gina Dollson!” A photographer shouted and pressed forward. Gina did her best not to roll her eyes and smiled at the man.

“Yes that's me.”

“We heard you had retired, are you returning to modeling?”

Gina opened her mouth to speak but Jessica cut her off.

“Ms. Gina here is retired in order to take up public service. Right now she is the Sheriff of this beautiful town.” Jessica beamed.

With that, all of the cameras turned to Gina. The photographers all started talking at once, asking question after question.

“What made you go into law enforcement?”

“Didn't your predecessor get kidnapped?”

“Where have you been for the past few years?”

One photographer strode forward and pressed a card into Gina's hands.

“A former model turned police woman. I love it! I have an idea for some great shoots! Call me if you want to get back on the horse!”

“Yes well... thank you but I'm really not-”

“Anyway, thank you all! You've been great!” Jessica wrapped a powerful arm around Gina's

waist and pulled her away from the flashing cameras. As they turned, Gina gasped as she felt Jessica's hand slide under her sarong.

“Jen-”Gina called out, feeling Jessica slide a piece of paper between the top of her thong and her ass crack.

“Shh. Find me at this address, come alone. I'll lose the paparazzi.” Jessica whispered in her ear and slinked away through the partiers, the paparazzi following. Gina stood, mouth agape, watching.

What just happened?

Once Jessica and the paparazzi were safely away, Gina took a quick glance around and reached behind her and took out the slip of paper. She looked around once more and looked at the note Jessica had slipped her.

*“The junkyard down the street. Come alone. Please help me.*

*Jess”*

Gina read the note once more, then frowned and slipped it into her bag. Jessica was in trouble. It was time for Gina to be Sheriff. Immediately, Gina turned and headed for elevators. She knew the junkyard Jessica was speaking of, it wasn't far, just a quick walk actually. Hopefully, Jessica wasn't into anything too bad.

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Watching from the bar, Lisa saw it all: Jessica slip the Sheriff the note then slip off. Gina tried to make sure no one was watching, but in a place this crowded, someone is always watching. Lisa

watched as Gina's brow furrowed when she read the note, then placed it in her purse. Something was wrong, and she was going to find out what. She gave Gina a few minutes to head towards the elevator, then Lisa got up from her stool and grabbed a black, mesh cover up from the bar stool.

Things were about to get interesting.

### 3.

Though the junk yard was only a five minute walk away, Gina found herself wishing that she would have worn better shoes. She wore a pair of purple wedges to match her bikini, which she fully intended to take off as soon as she got to the party. Wedges were uncomfortable, but they made Gina's butt look great. Gina was proud of her ass, not too big, not too small, but just right, though it was nothing compared to Felicia's butt, or even Jessica's. Felicia's ass was a work of art, and something that Gina was always jealous of, as she was sure Felicia was jealous of Gina's breasts, and Gina felt that if they were ever combined, they would be the perfect woman.

The junkyard was an eyesore on the land, a large patch of twisted dead metal surrounded by a rusty old fence. Gina wondered why it was located so close to the casino but then guessed that most likely Ace owned it as well. As she approached, Gina could see that the metal gate hanging open. Jessica must already be here. She didn't know what to expect when she walked through the gate, and wished that she would have brought her gun as well. A badge was all well and good, but if something went wrong, a badge wouldn't keep people in line like a gun would.

Gina passed through the gate, tightening her grip on her shoulder bag. Mountains of twisted metal and garbage surrounded her on either side, wide walkways weaved through the dead cars like a labyrinth. Should she call out? Since Jessica had told her to come alone, Gina imagined that Jessica must also be alone herself, right?

“Jess?” She said softly as she continued to walk through the metal graveyard.

Nothing.

“Jessica? It's Gina!” She said, a little louder this time.

Gina came around a mound of junk and saw a large silhouette in the distance. A large crane hovered in the air, its claws hanging open like a bird's talons ready to strike. Below it she could see a long, elevated track sitting several feet off the ground: A conveyor belt. The belt lead to a large, rectangular, metal monstrosity: The car crusher.

The crane would pick cars up from the ground and drop them on the conveyor belt, which then dropped the cars into a small chamber where the massive, metal jaws of the crusher would compress the cars into small, metal blocks. Something about the thought made Gina cringe, but she couldn't dwell on that right now. She shook her head and pressed on, hoping that Jessica hadn't been held up by something.

“Jess!”

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Lisa squatted down behind a mass of twisted metal, took out her camera, and snapped photos of the bikini clad Sheriff making her way through the junkyard. Was this where the note told her go? If Lisa didn't know any better, she would say that someone was leading this Gina into a trap.

Her ears perked as she heard the rattle of metal behind her. It was the gate! Lisa moved back and ducked beneath a half crushed car. Despite wearing her cover-up, she still stuck out like a sore thumb. Her cover-up was thin, black mesh that only provided the illusion of modesty, and her lime



green thong bikini seemed even more brilliant underneath it.

She allowed herself a quick peek through one of the car's much encrusted windows. There were several big men in suits stepping through the gate a few yards behind her, and Lisa recognized the leader.

Jack, Ace's eyes and ears on the street.

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Gina came around another mound of junk and found herself by a small, wooden office shack. Like the rest of the junkyard, it seemed deserted.

“Jessica!” Gina called out, starting to get impatient.

“Shh!” Gina jumped and spun around to find Jessica, still clad in her gold bikini, stepping out of the wooden shack.

“Jesus Jess, you scared the hell out of-”

“Did you come alone?” Jessica's eyes were wide, terrified. Gina narrowed her gaze at the bikini clad woman.

“What's this about Jess?”

“Did... You... Come... Alone?” Jess said through gritted teeth.

“Yes, now what-”

“Were you followed?”

“What?” Gina rolled her eyes. What had Jess gotten herself into?

“Were you-” Jess started.

“No, I wasn't followed.” Gina blurted.

Jessica let out a breath and stepped out of the shack. Her blond hair had dried and fell lazily around her shoulders. Gina was sure that the sight of two women in a junkyard in small bikinis presented a surreal image.

“I'm sorry, I just, I can't be too careful.”

“It's alright Jess,” Gina reached out an arm and stroked the woman's shoulder. “What's wrong?”

Jess's eyes continued to scan the junkyard around them, as if she was expecting enemies to materialize out of thin air.

“As you know, a man named Joseph Kingston, or “The King” as he calls himself, he runs the casino, contacted me asking if I could be the special “Celebrity Judge” for the Ms. Marston's Pointe Bikini Contest.”

“I know.” Gina nodded.

“He gave me a special Lady Luck Casino company email, to keep up with promotions, updates on the contests, etc. I would spend a few days in town, give their business some free publicity, and then leave, it would be easy.”

“Okay...” Gina narrowed her eyes, not knowing where this was going.

“Except, I received an email I shouldn't have. Looks like King may have accidentally CC'd me on it. It was from him to someone named Ace.”

“Ace?” Gina's eyes went wide.

“You know who this is?”

“A crime lord, practically runs the town.”

“Shit! Dammit!” Jessica ran her hands through her hair, eyes wide.

“Jess, calm down!”

“Fuck, I... I knew this was bad, but I didn't know it was this bad!” She began to pace back and forth, her muscle bound ass cheeks clenching out of nervousness.

“Jess, calm down! I can help you. Did you read this email?”

“Of course I read it!” She cried out.

“Do you still have it?”

“Fuck no! As soon as I finished I deleted it, hoping that would be it, that they would just... leave it be, you know?”

“They didn't?” Gina shouldn't have asked, of course they didn't.

Jessica shook her head.

“I went out last night and came back to find that my hotel room was broken into. I grabbed my things and stayed at a shitty motel down the street.”

“Why didn't you call me right away?” Gina asked.

“I just... I thought it was over? Maybe they were satisfied seeing that I deleted it. But all today I've noticed men following me, watching me.”

“What did the email say?”

“That's why I brought you here, Ace owns this place as well as the Casino.”

Gina nodded, her guess was right.

“And this is where they get rid of the bodies!” Jessica screamed.

Gina nodded again. It all made sense now.

“I thought that maybe if I brought you here, you could... you know, find evidence or something...” Jessica stared off as she spoke.

“Jess, look at me,” Gina motioned to the bikini she wore. “I’m in no condition to perform an investigation. Let’s get you back to the station, we’ll have people protect you, then I’ll come here and look around with a few other co-”

“No! No station, no cops!” Jessica’s voice was frenzied, panicked.

“What do you mean? We can help you!” Gina was getting close to losing her patience with Jessica. She knew that the woman was scared, but she needed to work with Gina if she wanted to get out alive.

“There was more in the email, something about weapons in the police station...”

“A botched bust a month ago, yes.” Gina said.

“Yes, and they want them back. Someone on the police force works for them!” Jessica shouted.

Gina's blood ran cold. One of her cops was dirty? This wasn't good. She stepped back and nodded, taking this news in.

“This person is going to help them take back the guns.”

“Okay, okay,” Gina held up a hand. “There's a few deputies that I trust, I'll leave you with them, then we'll go from there. Did this email say who it is that works for Ace?”

“Yes, it's someone named-”

Jessica froze. Gina's eyes widened. They heard footsteps approaching from somewhere in the yard. Voices grew closer.

“It came from over here!” A male voice said.

Gina met Jessica's terrified eyes.

“Run.” Gina said.

Jessica didn't have to be told twice. She took off deep into the junkyard, and Gina followed.

Jess ran down a tight path between two junk piles, and Gina followed. As she ran, she thanked herself for all that cardio that she had to push herself through every morning. The junk piles seemed to be closing in on them as they ran, and Gina tried to ignore it and focus on the path ahead.

Jessica's ass cheeks jiggled and heaved as she ran. Gina was only a step behind her.

“Where do we go?” Jess asked.

“Keep running, maybe there's a back entrance.” Gina said between breaths.

Somewhere behind the junk piles, they heard footsteps and quickened their pace.

“Didn't you bring a gun?”

“No!” Gina shouted.

“What kind of cop doesn't carry a gun everywhere?” Jess screamed.

“The cop that thinks she's going to a pool party!”

They rounded a corner and suddenly Gina felt herself pulled back.

*Shit! They have me!*

Jessica skidded to a stop.

“Gina!” she screamed.

Gina tried to press forward and heard a tearing sound. Looking down, she realized that her

sarong had snagged on a twisted length of metal. The back portion of the sarong had ripped down the middle, exposing the small, purple thong running between her cheeks.

“Come on!” Jess shouted.

The footsteps were louder, closer.

Gina gritted her teeth and heaved forward and felt the fabric rip free of her body.

“Let's go!” She sprinted forward and Jessica took off too. Gina felt the wind on her butt cheeks, now bare thanks to her losing her sarong. The situation seemed to get more absurd with each passing moment.

The path opened up and they found themselves in clearing. In front of them were two paths between the junk.

“Which way?” Jessica asked.

Gina's eyes raced around, trying to find a path to freedom.

Then she noticed a half crushed in car lying a few feet away.

“Over here!” She grabbed Jessica's arm and pulled her towards the car.

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Jack lead his men through a tight path through the garbage, following the sound of woman's voice. Two of them, in fact.

*Who did this bimbo rope into this?*

King was a smart guy, good with numbers, good with the businesses, but he fucked up big time. He and Ace were emailing and somehow King accidentally sent a message to this Jessica chick, some sort of big time bikini model. The word from Ace was swift: Get rid of her.

They followed her to the junkyard and Jack realized how bad this situation was, the junkyard was where they disposed off... problems. That meant this chick had indeed read the email. Was she playing detective now? No matter, if she was at the junkyard, then that meant they could easily get rid of her.

But Jack heard another woman's voice in the junkyard too, so that meant that this Jessica chick had told someone about what she read. Shit, how many others did she tell?

Jack certainly hoped that Ace made King pay for this fuck up. Then again, Jack couldn't say anything, seeing how he was on Ace's shit list for the weapons fiasco, and failing to get rid of that cute Sheriff not once but twice.

But Jack had a plan to get the weapons back, and the Sheriff... well she just disappeared, along with Janet Rossi, another thorn in Ace's side. Word is that the Sheriff resigned and skipped town with Janet. And apparently there was a new, even hotter Sheriff. This new Sheriff hadn't run afoul of Jack or Ace yet, but she soon would, and Jack couldn't wait to meet her.

He couldn't wait to tie her up.

As he moved down the path, Jack stopped. A frilly, purple garment hanging from a piece of metal. Jack stepped forward and ripped it from outcropping it was snagged on. It was a thin, purple fabric decorated with gold sequins. It was like a skirt or something. Jack had seen women wearing something like it at a beach to cover up their swimsuits. So they had went this way.

He nodded for his men to press forward.

After a bit, the small path opened up into a wide clearing. At the other end of the clearing was two paths leading off deeper into the junkyard. He had brought six guys with him, and they stood on either side of him.

“What now boss?” One asked.

Jack looked at either path, knowing that each passing moment meant that these ladies were closer to getting away.

“Why don't we split, half go one way, half go another...” Jack turned his head to look around the area and his jaw dropped.

“What boss?” The goon asked.

Jack continued to stare, trying to make sense of what he was seeing.

“Boss, you want us to split up?”

Jack pointed to what he was looking at and pressed a finger to his lips.

Sitting in a corner in front of a massive pile of junk was a half destroyed car. Its entire back half was crushed, while the front was relatively intact. Two women were crouched down behind the smashed back half, their backs were to Jack and his men, seeing how the only thing he could see were their asses.

One ass was a deep bronze and very solid, and a gold thong bikini bottom ran through it. The other ass was lighter, and a purple thong cleaved this woman's much smaller but no less shapely rear end. He could also make out their legs bunched up in front of them. It was almost a clever plan, hide out and wait for the bad guys to run deeper into the junkyard. Almost clever, if only they found a better place to hide.

Jack's men smiled at him.

“Yes, let's split up. Half goes one way, half another. Meet back in a few minutes.” He said loudly, then reached inside his coat and pulled a gun.

His men did the same.

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Gina wrapped her arms around her long legs and leaned back against the car, waiting. The

goons, or whoever they were chasing them, had bought it. They were going to split up, half follow one path, the others follow the other path. While they did so, Gina and Jessica would crawl out from behind the car and run back to the entrance of the junkyard, get Gina's car from the casino, and head back to the police station.

Everything went quiet. Jessica met Gina's eyes and smiled.

“Think they bought it?” She asked.

“Nope, but almost!” a male voice exclaimed from behind them.

Jessica screamed and jumped up.

“Wait!” Gina jumped up, reaching after Jess.

When Gina got to her feet, she saw that the car was surrounded on all sides by various large men dressed in black. All of them had their guns trained on the women. Gina threw her hands up, Jess did the same.

The man in charge, a built man with spiked up hair in a suit and tie, stepped forward.

“Hello ladies, I'm Jack. If you'll please follow me.”

## 4.

The armed men lead Gina and Jess deep into the junkyard.

*This isn't good.* Gina cursed herself. This was about as bad as things could get. She would need a miracle to get out of this.

Things didn't get any better once Gina realized where they were being lead.

The car crusher.

They stopped just under the crane, and Gina felt like a stuffed animal in that claw game they had at arcades. Several empty cars littered the area around them, waiting to be lifted up to their doom.

Jack and his men formed a loose circle around them. One of the henchman handed Gina's shoulder bag to Jack. After rifling through, his hand came up with her Sheriff's badge.

"Ohh, you're the new Sheriff!" Jack said, excitedly.

"Yes," Gina nodded. "And I hope you realize how much trouble you're in."

"Yeah she's the Sheriff! You guys don't need that trouble!" Jess shouted.

"Jess, let me handle this." Gina ordered.

“I heard you were even hotter than the last one.” Jack said.

Gina smirked.

“And even tougher.” She added.

Out of the corner of her eyes, she saw one of the men come up behind Jessica and pull her hands behind her back.

“Hey, let go!” Jess cried.

“Be still!” The man ordered. He produced a length of rope from his pocket and started to tie her hands together at the wrist.

“Well, I hate to get rid of beauty in this world, especially when it looks like you,” Jack said and approached her. “So I’m going to make you an offer.”

Gina watched as the goon finished tying Jessica's hands together.

“Ow! What the fuck!” She cried out.

“Is that so?” Gina asked.

“Yes indeed. Ace and his men have nothing but the utmost respect for those in law enforcement,

and we want to show that by giving a little donation.”

Jack reached inside his coat and produced a large stack of hundred dollar bills in a paper strap. There had to be at least five thousand dollars in his hand. He held it out to Gina.

“Go ahead, take it. It's real” He said.

Gina stared at the money, and up at him.

“Don't listen to him Gina!” Jess shouted. Behind Jess, the goon that had tied her hands pulled a thick, white cloth out of his jacket pocket.

“Take it.” Jack ordered, waving the money back and forth in his hand.

Gina frowned, took the cash, and ran her fingers through it. It definitely felt real.

“There's more where that came from. Just take the money and walk away. We'll leave you alone if you leave us alone. It's that easy.”

Gina looked at the cash and up at Jack.

“What about Jess? She comes too.” Gina had no intention of being bribed, but she was outnumbered and outgunned. If she could negotiate a way for her and Jess to get out of this in one piece, she would.

“Gina no! Don't-ULLLLGGGHPH!” Jessica's cry was cut off by the goon behind her throwing the cloth over her head and pulling it tight between her beautiful, red lips. The blond woman gagged and chewed as the cloth was knotted at the back of her head.

“Gllllmmph! Ullluggmmph! Mmmmp!” She cried as the goon finished tying the gag. Jessica's top lip wrapped around the white cloth, while the bottom of it formed an upside down triangle covering the lower half of her face.

“Jess stays with us. She knows too much, and has a big mouth, that's why we had to shut her up.”

“Fffff mmmmo! Ummmphe Mmmmuufffr!” Jess mumbled through her gag.

Gina held up the money and tossed it in Jack's face.

“No deal. I only play if Jess walks with me.” Gina said.

Jack sighed and motioned to one of his men. A second later, Gina felt her hands being pulled behind her back.

“Stubborn, just like your predecessor.”

“Jack, listen. We can work something out. I can personally assure you that Jessica won't breath a word of what she knows.” A lie, but a lie that would hopefully get them out of this.



“Ullllmm! Mmlllleett mmmoo!” Jessica exclaimed as a goon tied her feet together at the ankles.

Meanwhile, Gina felt her wrists being tied tied together with rope.

“Don't look at me like that Sheriff, I tried to make a deal.” Jack loosened his tie as he spoke.

“Jack, if you kill me there will just be another Sheriff that you have to deal with. Work with me now, make your life easier.” Gina jerked forward as the rope was knotted. Her hands were bound together securely and tightly.

Jack finished undoing his tie and stepped towards her.

“Sorry Sheriff, should have taken the deal.” He said.

“Jack, wait. Let ta—ummmph!” Jack pressed his tie into Gina's open mouth. She bit down and glared at him.

“It wasn't that long ago that I had the last Sheriff in a similar situation.” Jack chuckled and wrapped his tie through Gina's mouth several more times.

She glared at him, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of hearing her plead through the gag. He knotted the tie, now a gag, at the back of her head and stepped back.

“Ummmmph! Mmmmooo!” Gina heard Jess exclaim. She turned her head to see a goon scoop

Jess up in his arms and cradle her in his arms like a baby. Jess kicked in the man's arms but he didn't seem to notice.

“What a waste.” Jack shook his head.

Gina felt a goon push her feet together and start tying them together at the ankles.

“Sorry Sheriff, but it's not personal. Just business.”

In another minute, Gina's feet were securely bound together.

“Ummmph!” Gina let out a cry of surprise as she was lifted off her feet and cradled much like Jess was. The goon carrying her brought her over to Jack, who patted her cheek condescendingly.

“Grrrmph!” She bit on her gag and recoiled.

“It was convenient of Jess to lead you here. Means we don't have to go far to get rid of you.”

Jack chuckled and stepped away.

Then they were moving. Gina twisted her head, trying to see where the goon was carrying her.

An empty car sat a few yards away, its front and rear passenger doors open. The henchman carrying Jess stepped towards the front door.

“Mmmmph! Ulllumggph! Urgllle! Hmmmph!” Jess struggled and twisted in the big man's

arms, but it was no use. He unceremoniously dumped her in the front seat and slammed door.

“Mmmmmllllll! Urrrrmmmp! Gllmmmmbbb!” Jess's bare feet pounded on the window of the car.

Then Gina was there. The goon carrying her lowered her into the back seat of the car and stepped back, slamming the door behind him.

“Hllmmmp! Smmmmooooddy! Hllmmmp!” Jess cried into her gag.

Gina sat up and kicked at her door. Locked. She looked over the front seat to see Jessica writhing and twisting, stretched across the two front seats. Then Gina looked out the window. All of the goons were stepping back, giving the car a very wide berth.

This was not good. Not at all.

In the distance, machinery whirred to life. Gina twisted her head, trying to find the source of the noise.

“MMMMMPH! URRRGGGHHHH! HMMMMPH!” Jess screamed into her gag.

A dark shadow fell over the car. Loud machinery buzzed and hissed above them. The crane. The shadow grew bigger as the claws extended and lowered towards the car.

“Mmmmeep...” Gina let out an involuntary squeal of panic and pressed herself flat in the

seat, knowing what was coming next.

In the front seat, Jess was sitting up, her head spinning, trying to get her bearings.

“Mmmmp! Ummmp!” Gina mumbled into her gag.

Jess spun and looked at her, eyes wide.

“Huump?” She cocked her head.

“Gmmff mmmmoown!” Gina mumbled.

Then the car shook and rattled as the claws of the landed on top.

“MMMMMMFFF!” Jessica screamed and fell back. The metal fingers of the crane locked, two on the sides of the and two on the back. Then they compressed. Metal screamed and bucked and windows shattered and cracked.

“UMMMMPH!” Jessica screamed.

“Grrrrff” Gina turned her to avoid and sprinkling of glass from the now shattered rear window.

Then the crane locked in place. The machinery whirred again.

And the car moved, Gina could feel themselves being lifted in the air.

## 5.

“HMMMMFFF! PLLLLMMMPHH! SMMBBBBYYY HMMMMFFF!” Jess screamed into her gag as the car continued to rise in the air. In the backseat, Gina twisted her head to see Jess thrashing around in a panic. There was another loud clang of machinery and the car stopped moving, the crane holding it up in mid air.

“HMMMMFFF! MMMMEEY! HMMMMF!” Jess continued to kick and thrash and Gina felt the car start to sway with the woman's movements.

*Shit!* Gina looked up at the roof and heard metal twisting and groaning. Jessica's struggles were causing the car to strain against the metal hooks of the crane. If it moved too much, it could rip free and they could plummet back to the ground. Well, they could either die by being crushed to death or possibly die from falling. There was a possibility they could survive the fall and the car would take the brunt of the damage, but then she imagined that Jack and his men would finish them off somehow.

“MMMMPPPH! URRGGGLLE!” Jess resumed her struggling and Gina felt the car heave back and forth with her movements.

“Ummmph!” Gina kicked the front seat.

“HMMMMMMFFF!” Jess was slamming her feet into the driver's side door.

“Mmmmph!” Gina kicked the seat again. Jess spun her head and glared at Gina.

“Ummm hmmm!” Gina shook her head, hoping Jess would get the message.

“Hummmfff!” Jess huffed and spun away from her. As Jess turned, Gina found herself noticing that Jessica's hips were now completely bare. Jess continued to wriggle around in the front seat and Gina noticed the thin gold fabric of the thong still running between her ass cheeks, and Gina realized that all of Jessica's struggles had caused the flimsily secured knots at her hips to become undone. Even when facing death, Jessica still managed to slip in a well timed wardrobe malfunction. The front of Jess's bikini bottoms hung loosely between her legs and Gina realized that the only thing keeping her bottoms on were her clenched ass cheeks.

The crane whirred to life and the car was moving again.

“Hmmpmph!” Jess spun her head upward. The car swayed in the wind as they moved.

Gina bit down on her gag. She needed to find a way out of this, and fast. Her mind raced, trying to think of way to get them both out safely when another jolt went through the car.

“Mmmfff...” Gina grunted as something small and sharp scrapped against her butt cheek.

*Glass!* Yes! The shattered glass from the windows! Gina's bound hands groped blindly behind her, trying to find a piece large enough for her to grip. Her fingers traced the jagged edge of a large shard of glass and she tightened her grip on it.

*Yes!*

She wrapped her fingers gently around the glass, not too hard as to cut herself, and angled it to cut through the ropes binding her wrists.

The car stopped. More machinery clanged and whirred. Both Gina and Jessica looked up at the scrunched in roof.

The metal claws of the crane loosened. The car started to dangle like a fish on a hook.

“MMMMMPH!” Jess screamed.

Gina dug the length of glass into the ropes. The car swayed in the breeze.

Then the claws opened up, letting go of the car.

They were falling.

“UMMMMMPH!” Jess screamed into her gag and Gina realized that she too was screaming.

It was like the worst roller coaster ride ever. Gina felt herself rise into the air, the wind hit her face. The shards of glass fly up around her. She closed her eyes as wind and dirt whipped against her face.

“GRRRMMMMPH!”

Then the car hit something hard with a loud CRASH.

Gina fell back into the seat, her muffled scream turning into a “Hummmfff” as the wind got knocked out of her.

“Ummmmpph!” Jess exhaled as she too was knocked back into her seat.

Gina exhaled heavily and looked up. The roof of the car was a tangled mess of metal and glass, large grooves ran into the corners where the crane had dug in.

“Mmmm.... ummm...” Jessica groaned and sat up, her thong still barely clinging to the crevice between her tanned ass cheeks.

Gina groaned again and sat up as much as she could with the roof almost collapsed it. She looked out the shattered front window.

They were on a long, black conveyor belt. An old, rusted car sat on the belt a few feet in front of them. She could make out three more cars further down the belt, and just beyond them was the hungry, metal jaws of the crusher.

Gina's eyes widened and she felt her heart start to race. She realized that she still had the glass shard in her hands and pressed it against the ropes.

“Ummmm...” Jessica wined, also looking out the window.

The conveyor belt groaned starte to carry them forward.



“Mmmmmeeep!” Jessica squealed.

The car lurched forward.

“MMMMMMPH!” Jessica resumed her panicked kicking and thrashing.

Gina worked the shattered glass against the ropes. She could feel the strands ripping with each movement. Her hands worked the glass like a saw, working fast and furious through the tight ropes.

Through the window, Gina watched as the first car in line tipped forward and fell into the crusher. The belt stopped for a moment and she could see the top of the crusher lower down. A moment later, she heard a sickening crunch of metal and glass as the car was compacted.

Then the belt switched back on and they were moving again. The next car in line rode patiently towards its fate. Gina quickened her pace.

“Mmmm... Ummm...” Jess mewled into her gag, seemingly accepting her fate.

The next car tipped forward into the crusher's hungry maw and the belt stopped again.

Gina could feel the ropes ripping free and once again she increased her speed.

The crusher chewed up the second car and the belt moved forward again.

Another strand of the ropes snapped loose and Gina ripped her hands free.

“Ummmmph!” She let out a sigh of relief and excitement.

The car moved forward and Gina started to untie her feet. The knots were securely tied but she was able to work through them. As she did, she felt the conveyor belt stop as the third car pitched forward into the crusher. They were next.

Gina pulled the knots free and the rope fell away from her feet. In the distance, she heard and loud crunch and felt the belt start to move again. She leaned forward into the front seat and grabbed Jessica's shoulder.

“URRRMMMPH!” Jessica called and spun around. Her eyes widened with surprise when she saw that Gina had gotten free.

“Ummm...” Gina nodded her head, realizing she was still gagged. Oh well, she would deal with that at a less pressing time. She held out a finger, signaling for Jess to be still, and scrambled over the seats into the front with her.

Gina hovered over the bound woman and spun her finger, wanting Jess to turn over so that she could untie her. Jess started to turn, but then her eyes widened in fear.

“Mmmmmrrrrpph!” She cried.

Gina followed her gaze and saw the crusher looming.

“Mmmm...” Gina grumbled and spun around to face the driver's side door. She hit the door unlock button and heard the click signaling that all doors were now open. With one hand, she grabbed the rope around Jessica's feet, and with the other pushed the door open. Warm air and the squeal of the conveyor belt greeted them.

“Hmmpmph! Mmmmpmph!” Jess shook her head and protested into her gag, realizing what Gina's plan was. Gina spun around to face the bound and gagged woman.

“Ummm mmmm...” Gina shrugged. What else did Jess expect her to do?

Then Gina jumped out, dragging Jess behind her.

“MMMMMMMMMMMM!” Jess screamed as she was ripped out of the car behind the Sheriff.

Gina's feet hit the rubber of the conveyor belt and were immediately swept out from under her.

“Urrgggh.” Gina grunted as her face hit the moving floor. She felt herself carried forward and lost her grip on Jessica.

“HHHHFFFF! MMMMMMPH” Jessica screamed as the belt carried her forward.

Gina spun around so that she laid on her stomach and let the belt carry her forward. A few feet in front of her, Jess kicked her bound feet in panic. As she moved, Gina reached one hand forward while extending another one to her side.

And ahead of them, the car angled forward, ready to fall into the crusher. Gina knew that if they didn't get off the belt soon, both she and Jess would be carried into the crusher too.

The car fell over the edge into the waiting crusher. Jessica's head tipped forward over the edge-

“HMMMMM-”

Gina's hand wrapped around the rope binding Jessica's ankles. At the same time, Gina's other hand gripped a metal railing. Both hands tightened and Gina slid to a stop. She could feel the conveyor belt moving against her bare stomach and breasts, but she had Jess.

“Hmmmph!” Jess cried out as the conveyor belt continued to move, catching the string from her bikini bottoms and ripping them away. Still on her stomach, Gina looked up to find herself looking straight into Jessica's bare, waxed vagina.

“URRRGGGGHH!” Jessica moaned, more out of annoyance than anything.

“Grrrrr” Gina bit into her gag and pulled Jess towards her, straining against the resistance of the conveyor belt.

“Hummmph!” Jess cried out, no doubt in discomfort as the belt scrapped against her bare bottom.

Then the belt ground to a halt with a loud screech of aging machinery. Gina used this

opportunity to pull the bound Jess towards her. Jess slid forward, then Gina lurched towards the woman, wrapped her arms around her, and rolled sideways, away from the belt.

“MMMMMMPH!” Jess screamed in Gina's arms as they rolled off the belt and into space.

*I hope we land on something soft.* Gina thought as they plummeted-

-And crashed into a mountain of tires. Both women grunted into their gags as the rubber cushioned their fall.

Their eyes met. Jessica's eyes were full of relief. If Gina could smile then she would have at that moment.

Then they felt the tires shift under them, and Gina only had a moment to roll her eyes.

And they were moving, caught on top of a landslide of rubber as the tires cascaded down.

“Mmmmmmmph!” Jess cried.

“Urggghh...” Gina grunted, trying to steady herself as the rubber carried her down.

The tires hit the dirt ground, some bouncing away, but most just slid to a stop. Gina grunted as she felt her ass scrape against the bare earth and finally come to a halt. She realized that somehow she had found herself sitting inside a tire, and decided to lean her back and close her eyes.

*Is it over?*

“Mmmmeena! Mmmmeenna!” Jessica's cries reassured Gina that it was not. Gina opened her eyes to see that somehow during the tire slide, Jessica had maneuvered herself headfirst into a pile of small tires. Right now, Jessica's shapely legs and bare ass stuck out of a pile. Her feet wriggled helplessly in the air.

“Grrrrmm...” Gina rolled her eyes and pushed herself out of her tire.

“It came from over here!” A voice in the distance cried.

*Shit!* They must have noticed the hill of tires collapsing. Gina jumped up and ran over to the kicking feet that signaled Jessica's position. Once there, Gina moved away several tires, revealing Jess, lying flat, still bound and gagged.

Footsteps approached. Gina didn't have time to untie Jess, but she also knew that if the men checked the cars, they would see that the girls weren't in it.

An idea formed.

Gina pressed a finger to her gagged lips.

“Hmmm?” Jess angled her head quizzically.

Gina bent down, grabbed Jess's bikini top, and pulled. It came free easily and Gina noticed that

Jessica's breasts, small and perky, were just as tan as the rest of her body.

“MMMMMPH!” Jessica's eyes filled with rage and shock.

Gina once again held a finger to her lips and started piling tires on top of Jessica again.

“Mmmmmph! Ummmph!” Jessica protested as tires covered her face.

“Mmmmmeeiit!” Gina tried to say quiet, forgetting that she was still gagged.

But Jess got the hint and shut up. Her entire upper body was now covered. Gina grabbed several large tires and placed them over Jessica's naked lower half, completely covering her. Satisfied that the model was well hidden, Gina took off towards the car crusher.

She rounded a hill of junk and heard footsteps approaching from behind her, somewhere by the hill of tires.

“What happened here?”

“Looks like it fell.”

“Do you think the girls escaped?”

Gina pressed forward, praying that Jess had the good sense to keep quiet and don't move, and that the men didn't decide to search the tires.

“Let's check the car. I don't see how they could escape, and there should be something left of them inside.”

Good, they were buying it.

She rounded another scrap mound and came to the back of the crusher. Several large, unwieldy piles of smashed cars littered the area like a graveyard. Gina imagined that most junkyards would move the destroyed vehicles and scrap them, but not this one. She wondered how many of them had dead bodies rotting away inside them?

Approaching footsteps brought her back to reality. Her eyes traced the mountains of dead cars looking for the one she and Jess had been locked in.

There it was! It had been deposited haphazardly on top of the other cars in front of it, and now it loomed about eight feet off the ground. Gina ran forward, part of her hoped to find the remains of Jessica's bikini bottoms around here too, but she realized that was a lost cause. Most likely, they had been chewed up by the conveyor.

Gina positioned herself right under the car. It was too far up for her reach, despite her height. She balled up the bikini top and tossed at the heap of twisted metal. It caught on a piece of the door that was jutting out.

The footsteps got closer and Gina ran behind a pile of cars and crouched down.



*Please buy it. Please!*

As she waited, she reached up to untie her gag when a smell hit her. Her eyes turned to the car in front of her and she noticed a skeletal hand sticking out of its crushed remains.

“Hummmphhh...” She gasped and placed a hand over her already silenced mouth.

“Which one is it?” She heard a voice.

Gina froze, unable to take her eyes off the skeleton, and kept her hands pressed over her mouth.

“Look, there it is!” Another voice said, and she heard them move away.

“It looks like the top the blond was wearing!” One said.

“She's naked in there!” The other voice replied, too enthusiastically.

“Do you really want to look in there? They'll be all mangled and mashed up.”

“Yeah, I guess you're right.”

“Look, grab the top, take it to Jack, tell him they're dead, and let's go home.”

Gina heard a metal groaning as one of the men climbed the tower of cars to retrieve Jessica's top. She silently cursed them, hoping to bring the top back to Jess so that she wouldn't be totally naked.

“Got it!” A voice exclaimed.

“Good, get down and let's get going.”

She heard the man climb down from the cars and soon heard their feet as they hurried away. Gina waited another few minutes, then untied her gag and pulled it out of her mouth. Once her mouth was free, she let out a gasp and tossed the gag away.

Jack will pay for this.

She waited another few minutes. Jess was probably miserable and panicking right now, but this was for her own good. Once Gina was satisfied that the goons had a good head start, she stepped out from behind the cars.

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Lisa had found a good vantage point on top of a pile of trashed cars and watched the whole thing: the Sheriff and her model friend face down Jack, Jack attempt to bribe the Sheriff, and finally the two bikini clad women get bound, gagged, and stuffed inside the cars to be crushed. Silently, Lisa hoped that no one found her snooping or there would be a third bikini clad woman being sent to her doom.

But Lisa was impressed, this new Sheriff managed to get herself and the model out, and Lisa had captured it all on camera. Now she watched as the Sheriff cleared away the pile of tires that concealed the model and helped her up. The model, Jessica, was completely naked, having somehow

lost her bikini bottoms while escaping the car, and then the Sheriff cleverly used her bikini top to convince Jack's men that they had been crushed to death in the car.

Once the tires were clear, the Sheriff quickly untied Jessica and removed her gag. Jessica screamed loudly at the Sheriff for leaving her there and taking her clothes.

“How could you do that to me! And where is my top! How am I supposed to-UMMMMMPH!”

Lisa's eyebrows raised. Gina, the Sheriff, clearly lost her patience and shoved the white cloth that once gagged Jessica back into her mouth. Jessica raised her hands in protest.

“MMMMMPH!” She tried to swat Gina away but Gina used one hand to swat Jessica's hands away while using the other to keep the gag in her mouth. Then, Gina leaned close and started to say something to Jess.

Lisa was too far to hear, but imagined that whatever Gina was saying, it wasn't nice.

She also had to give it up to Jess, she had an amazing body for a woman in her mid-thirties. It was toned, tanned, and better than women half her age. Her buttocks were a work of art, and the tattoo of wings just above her crack perfectly accented them.

Gina finished whatever she was saying to Jess and after a moment, Jess nodded and grumbled into her gag. Satisfied, Gina pulled the cloth out of Jessica's mouth and tossed it away, then without a word turned and started heading for the exit.

Jess opened her mouth to say something, then thought better of it and grabbed a tire. She held the tire flat against her chest, the top of it covering her breasts, while the bottom covered her vagina, while the middle left her perfect abs exposed. The nearly nude model hurried after the Sheriff, sighing as she went.

Lisa figured she would give them a minute to get clear, figuring she had seen all that she needed to see.

And heard all that she needed to hear.

## 6.

For Felicia Fetters, former (and technically, current) Sheriff of Marston's Pointe, prison could be almost bearable. She had three square meals a day, no responsibilities, and spent all day with Janet.

Except that they spent most of the day in separate cells, bound and gagged.

“Ummm...” Felicia mumbled into her gag as the bright morning light filtered through the small, slit like window set high in the wall in the jail cell across from her. It was morning, and she knew what came in the mornings.

There were some times at night when their jailor, the Latina only known as Eva, would untie them and take out their gags, letting them share a cell together for a night. Those were the nights that made it all worth it. The nights of passion with Janet made Felicia forget it all, forget that they were prisoners, forget that an imposter was running around out there with Felicia's badge. The worst part of it all was that no one was looking for them. Gina had successfully convinced the town that Felicia had resigned in disgrace and appointed Gina as new Sheriff. Apparently the town gossip, started by Tanya Donnelly, was that Felicia and Janet had ran away together.

Tanya Donnelly, the nosy reporter was first on Felicia's list of problems to deal with once she found a way out of this mess. First, Felicia and Janet had to escape, and there in lied the problem. Gina came to her almost every day, offering to free both of them if they promised to walk away, to forget any of this, but they both refused. Felicia wanted to see the day when it was Gina bound and gagged in her

underwear behind these bars, along with her Latina friend and that bimbo bodybuilder, Caitlyn. Maybe Felicia would do the same to Tanya, just for fun, and she couldn't forget Shelly Arnold, who tried to use Felicia as a pawn in her game, and in doing so got Felicia captured by Ace's men.

That night hadn't been a complete waste though, because it was also the first night her and Janet made love.

“Mmmm...” Felicia bit into the thick cloth running through her mouth and sat up on her small cot. Janet was in the cell next to her, also bound and gagged, but still asleep. Janet looked so peaceful, her eyes closed, her beautiful lips wrapped around the white cloth gagging her. Like Felicia, Janet was clad only in a bra and panties, an extremely sexy pair of white thong panties with pink trim and a matching bra. A pair of black frame glasses, Janet's signature look, rested on top of the toilet seat in her cell. As for Felicia, she wore a pair of black thong panties and matching bra.

Felicia wanted so much to wake Janet, to nuzzle her, to touch her, but no, it was best to let her sleep for now. Sleep was the only place where they weren't prisoners.

From down the hall, Felicia heard a heavy, steel door open.

*Oh no...*

“Hola chickas!” A heavily accented voice called out as footsteps moved towards them. Metal bars clanged loudly as a night stick ran across them. Eva, their jailor, was coming.

“Hmmmph!” Felicia sat up and looked down the hall. Eva was skipping down the cell block

towards them, a smile on her face, a bag slung over one shoulder while she held her nightstick with the other, raking it against the prison bars.

“Wakey wakey!” Eva called out. The clang of the prison bars reverberated throughout the cell block.

“Ummmm...” Felicia heard Janet moan. She twisted her head to see Janet blinking and lifting her head.

“Grrmmm,” Janet looked up and saw Eva making her way towards them. As Eva got closer, Janet rolled her eyes and sat up.

Eva stopped just in front of their cells. She wore the signature brown uniform shirt of the Marston's Pointe Sheriff Department, complete with a Deputy badge. To complete her outfit, she wore black boots and a tiny pair of brown shorts that accentuated her perfect ass. Even Felicia, who was proud of her own backside, had nothing on Eva's booty.

“Morning girls! How are we today?”

“Fffff mmmoo!” Felicia mumbled into her gag.

“Hummmm mmmm...” Janet nodded in agreement.

Eva wagged her finger in a “tsk tsk” motion.

“Now girls, such language.” She giggled and dropped her bag and nightstick. Eva opened the bag and took out three styrofoam to-go boxes, from the smell, Felicia could tell that they contained hot food, their breakfasts. Her stomach rumbled and she realized that she was starving, but she knew that they wouldn't eat just yet, it was never that easy. First, it would be Eva's fun time.

Then, Eva reached into the bag and took out two red ball gags.

“Mmmmm!” Both hostages exclaimed at the same time, knowing what was coming next.

“Oh, don't get too excited girls.” Eva cooed. Next, she reached into the bag and removed two pairs of leather manacles.

“I thought that rope was getting too uncomfortable, and I can't have that.” Eva said and sat the manacles down next to the ball gags.

“Hummmph! Mmmoo! Mmmmo Mmmmmfff!” Felicia mumbled into her gag.

“Ummm hmm! Ummm hmm!” Janet was pressed against the bars of her cell and grumbling into her gag. Felicia knew that Janet hated this most because she was always more dominant and hated being restrained. Normally, Felicia detested being bound and gagged, but she always allowed Janet to do it to her. She trusted Janet and there was something so... sensual about giving herself over to Janet, letting Janet have all the control. It was a trust that Felicia didn't give to any other people.

After setting down the ball gags and manacles, Eva looked over her prisoners and smiled.



“Time to get washed up.” She said and started to undo the buttons on her shirt.

“Mmmm!’ Janet exclaimed.

“Ummm hmmm!” Felicia was shaking her head. She hated wash time.

The buttons on Eva's top were halfway undone, exposing her round, exquisite breasts. Instead of a bra, she wore a bright yellow bikini top. Her final button undone, Eva ripped open her shirt and tossed it aside. Eva's brown skin glistened in the morning light, her abs a solid six pack. Next, Eva bent down and started undoing the laces on her boots. After a few minutes, the boots were unlaced and she lazily tossed them aside.

Eva was down to just her shorts now. She smiled at her captives and spun around, placing a hand on either side of the small, brown bottoms. Felicia guessed a while back that Eva had some sort of background in modeling, given her looks, body, and the show she liked to put on. What drove her to where she was now was anyone's guess, though Felicia had a few suspicions. The Latina bent, stuck her posterior out, and started to wiggle out of the tight shorts. The garment slid along her rear, exposing the top of a tiny, yellow, thong bikini bottom underneath.

Eva lazily swung her hips, performing a little dance as her shorts slid down along her ass. The shorts were almost halfway down now, exposing more of the tiny thong disappearing between her large, round ass cheeks. With another push the shorts slid down completely, showing off Eva's full, tanned tush.

“Mmm...” Felicia turned to face Janet and their eyes met. They both knew what was coming

next.

Eva kicked her shorts away, and now clad in just her tiny bikini, reached into her bag and produced a set of keys. Keys in hand, Eva then bent over and retrieved her nightstick.

“You're up first, mama.” She said and approached Janet's cell.

“Hummpff! Mmmph! Mmmoo!” Felicia ran over to the bars separating her cell from Janet's and pressed flat against it.

“Umm hmm! Mmmoo!” Janet backed away from her cell door, shaking her head.

“Sorry, nowhere to go. Maybe if you girls behave, I'll let you two spend the night together.” Eva said.

“Hmmmff?” Janet and Felicia both said.

“Oh yes, you just gotta let me have some fun first.” Eva chuckled and unlocked Janet's cell.

“Ullugggh!” Janet back away as the door swung open. Eva left the key in the lock as she stepped into the cell, nightstick in hand. Felicia's eyes fell to the keys hanging lazily out of the door.

This could be the moment! Janet's cell door swung wide and clanged against Felicia's. If she could get those keys! Eva was distracted with Janet, it was the perfect time. They could both overpower her and lock her up, then make a getaway.

“Ulllummph!” Janet was pressed up against the wall of her cell as Eva approached, smiling as always. The Latina grabbed Janet by the arm and pulled her forward.

“Where are you going chica? We're gonna have so much fun!” Eva spun Janet around and pressed her nightstick to her throat.

“Ummmph!” Janet struggled.

Felicia never took her eyes off of them as she inched her way towards the corner of her cell. She could see the keys hanging out of Janet's cell door. If she could reach through the bars she could pull them free!

In the next cell, Eva still held Janet pressed against her, and ran a hand along her cheek.

“Mllllurrgh!” Janet tried to pull away but Eva held tight.

“No, no, no...” Eva said, running her hand along Janet's shoulder to her bra strap. The Latina's finger lazily pushed the strap down along Janet's shoulder.

Meanwhile, Felicia was pressed against the front of her cell, sliding towards the corner.

*Keep her busy Janet!* Felicia hated to see Janet used like that, but it could work to their benefit.

“Ummm...” Janet closed her eyes as Eva's hand ran along her back and undid the the clasp on

her bra. Then the Latina's hand ran down along her arms to her bound hands.

“Oh chica, I love your skin.”

“Mrrrrmm!” Janet groaned.

Felicia glared as she slid towards the keys.

*Enjoy it now, because you're going to pay very soon.* She glared at Eva as she moved, the keys were almost within reach!

Eva's hand slid past Janet's bound hands and to her ass. She grabbed a handful of Janet's backside and squeezed.

“HRRRM!” Janet let out a cry of anger and surprise.

“I'm sorry mama” Eva said and grabbed Janet's bound hands again.

Felicia pressed against the corner of her cell, the cold steel of the bars digging into her almost bare backside. She positioned herself so that she could stick her bound hands between the bars.

“Let's go.” Eva said and dragged Janet by her hands toward the cell door.

Felicia reached through the bars and her hands brushed against the metal of the keys!

“Oy!” Eva exclaimed.

“Mmmrrrrph!” Janet cried. Felicia looked up to see Eva starring, wide eyed.

Felicia pressed flat against the bars and tried to get a grip on the keys.

“No! No! No!” Eva pulled Janet forward and grabbed the cell door.

Felicia felt her hands wrap around the keys-

-Eva grabbed the door and pulled it back, and Felicia felt the keys drift away from her.

“GRRRRRMM!” Felicia cried in frustration and spun around. Eva had dragged Janet out of the cell and pulled the keys out of the lock. Janet's bra had fallen down after Eva unclasped it, exposing her large, beautiful breasts.

“Misbehaving huh? Mama don't like that.” Eva said.

“Hmrrrrmph!” Felicia spat into her gag.

“Let me take care of this chica here, then I'll deal with you!” Eva cried and grabbed a set of manacles and a ball gag, then started dragging Janet down the cell block away from Felicia.

“Hrrrrrrrr! Ummmm! Glrrrrrrmph!” Janet moaned as Eva pulled her away.

“Hurrmmph! Ullggggh!” Felicia pressed against the bars of the cell, watching as they moved farther and farther away. Eventually, they moved out of sight, though Felicia could still hear Janet's gagged protests.

“Hrrrrmmph! Ummmph!” A steel door opened, which Felicia knew led to the showers.

Felicia stepped back, eyes narrowing. She could only imagine how Eva would punish her for this. A few minutes later, Eva came skipping down the hall, Janet's bra and panties dangling from her finger.

“Oh you, you're a sneaky one. I'm gonna have fun punishing you.” She said, tossing Janet's undergarments into her cell.

“Mmmrrruupph!” Felicia moaned defiantly.

Eva grabbed her keys and unlocked Felicia's cell. As the door swung open, Eva leveled the nightstick at Felicia.

“No funny stuff.” She threatened and walked forward as Felicia backed away.

“Mmmph! Mmmoo! Mmmoo!” Felicia shook her head as Eva got closer.

“Now now, time to pay up!” Eva grabbed her by the arm and dragged her out of the cell.

“Good try though, you almost had me.” Eva giggled as she emerged from the cell with Felicia

in tow. The Latina stopped and grabbed a set of manacles and a ball gag.

“Now, lets get you washed up and clean.” Then they were moving, down the hall towards the open door to the shower room. Felicia tried to plant her feet and resist, but Eva was strong and gave the captive Sheriff a good tug, carrying her forward.

“Ummm mmm! Ummm mmm!” Felicia shook her head, pulling back as Eva dragged her forward.

“Don't be such a baby!” The Latina scolded. Then they were at the door, and with a sharp tug Eva pulled Felicia inside.

“Hummmph!” Felicia moaned as her bare feet hit the tile of the shower room. It was a large, open room, with a drain in the middle and several high windows letting in the morning light. Shower heads jutted out in rows along the wall.

“Fffffmmmmuuuh!” Felicia heard Janet exclaim as she was pulled into the room. Janet was completely nude, and her cloth gag was now replaced with a large, red, ball gag, and her hands were raised above her head and manacled to a shower head. It almost reminded Felicia of the first time they made love, though it was Felicia tied to the shower head and gagged.

The door slammed shut behind her and Felicia felt Eva's hands caress her ass cheek.

“Now,” The Latina whispered in her ear. “No funny stuff, or I punish your mamacita too.” Eva's hand tightened as she dug her nails into Felicia's butt cheek.

“Hurrmmph!” Felicia exclaimed.

“Understood?” Eva asked.

“Ummm hmmm!” Felicia nodded. She did understand completely, and didn't want Janet to suffer for what she had done.

Eva's hand moved up and grabbed the side of Felicia's thong, and soon Felicia felt Eva's other hand grab the other side.

“Don't move.” The Latina whispered and slide the panties down. Once the thong was around her ankles, Felicia stepped out of them and stood bare bottomed. Then she felt Eva's hand move up and unclasp her bra.

“Now, I'm going to untie you. Don't move unless I say so.”

“Ummm hmmm.” Felicia nodded, and she felt Eva start to loosen the rope that bound her hands. In a minute, the knot was completely undone and Felicia felt her hands free up. Eva pushed Felicia forward a few steps.

“Turn around.” She ordered. Felicia spun around, feeling her bra slipping down as she did. Her and Eva faced each other, the Latina's hungry eyes filled with lust.

“Your bra, take it off.” Eva said, and held out a hand to catch it. Felicia slid the bra down her



arms, exposing her breasts, not as big as Janet's but still very nice, in her opinion. Once off, Felicia tossed the bra to Eva, who caught it and hung it on the door knob along with Felicia's panties.

“Now, take out your gag.” Eva said.

Felicia reached up and started untying the knot at the back of her head. After a moment, the gag was undone and she tossed it aside in disgust.

“There. Now leave Janet out of this, deal with me.” Felicia placed her hands on her hips, trying to look defiant despite her nudity. Eva only smiled back.

“I didn't say you could talk.” Her eyes narrowed at Felicia.

“Too bad.” Felicia glared back at her. Eva raised her nightstick with one hand and tossed a ball gag at Felicia with the other.

“Gag yourself” Eva said as Felicia caught the ball gag.

“What?” Felicia stared up at her captor.

“I said gag yourself, now!” Eva's eyes hardened as she spoke.

“Urrmmm” Janet mumbled from the other side of the room. Felicia met her lover's gaze and they both nodded. Then Felicia stared at Eva, opened her mouth, and stuck the ball gag in.

“Oh yeah...” Eva cooed.

Once the gag was secure in her mouth, Felicia reached behind her head and started to tighten the straps on the gag.

“Tighter.” Eva exclaimed.

“Ullluummph!” Felicia grumbled and secured the gag at the back of her head. Eva stepped forward, manacles in one hand and nightstick in the other.

“Let's go chica. Time for fun.” She grabbed Felicia by the arm and dragged over to where Janet was secure.

“Hmmmph! Ulllmmmp!” Felicia grumbled as Eva dragged her over to the wall. Janet's eyes widened as they neared.

“Hmmmph?” Janet cocked her head, wondering what was to come next.

Eva pushed Felicia up against the cold tile wall.

“Raise your hands, grab the shower head.” Eva ordered. Felicia complied and wrapped her hands around the shower head above you while Eva wrapped the manacles around the shower head, and then clasped them around Felicia's wrists. Once Felicia was secured, Eva stepped back and eyed her hostages.

“Well ladies, it's shower time, my favorite time of the day!”

“Ummmmph! Mmmllpph!” Felicia and Janet mumbled into their gags.

“Though, one of you has misbehaved, so that means no private time for you two later. I'm gonna have to teach little Felicia a lesson” Eva turned to Felicia and smiled.

“Hurrmm?” Felicia gaze Eva and quizzical look.

“Urrrm hrrmmm! Urrmm hrrmm!” Janet turned to look at Felicia and shook her head.

“Oh yes, now lets get started!” Eva shouted and ran forward. She twisted to faucets to both showers and a second later frigid water cascaded over Felicia and Janet's bound bodies.

“UMMMMPH!” Janet moaned, twisting around in an attempt to move out of the way of the cold blast of water.

“MRRRRRRGGGL!” Felicia grumbled and twisted her body, but it was no use. She was stuck in place.

“MMMMMPH!” Janet cried. Felicia turned around to see Janet's nipples had gone erect and her whole body had broken out in goosebumps. Looking down, Felicia saw that she had done the same.

Eva came towards them, a small, travel sized tube of shampoo in one hand and a bar of soap in the other.

“Time to get you ladies clean. Though I only have so many hands, where should I put this?” She held up the tube of shampoo.

“Ummm?” Felicia mumbled.

“Any ideas?” Eva turned to Janet when she asked.

“Hurrmmm ummm?” Janet shook her head.

Eva's eyes suddenly lit up.

“Wait! I got it!”

The Latina strolled over and stared at Felicia.

“Felicia, you have tons of junk in that trunk, don't you?” Eva asked and slapped Felicia's behind. It was a loud, wet slap.

“Mmmmmo! Ummmph! Mmmoo!” Felicia shook her head, knowing exactly where this was going.

“I think you can hold onto this for me while I wash Janet!” Eva held up the tube of shampoo again.

“Mmmmp! Ummmp!” Felicia shook her head and shrunk back as far as she could go, but it was no good. Eva grabbed Felicia and twisted her around so that she faced the wall.

“No, don't move... much. Or else I'll have to see if Janet is better at holding things than you are.”

“Ulllmmph! Mrrgggle!” Felicia leaned her head back, screaming into her gag.

Then she felt it. She felt the plastic of the tube of shampoo bend and crinkle and Eva wedged it upright between Felicia's muscle bound ass cheeks.

“MMMMMMPPPH!” Felicia cried into her gag. She felt Eva let go and step back, no doubt to admire her handiwork. The tube of shampoo was small and slim, and fit quite neatly between Felicia's buns.

“Urrrrmm...” Felicia mumbled and clenched. She felt humiliated, but didn't want Janet to suffer the same.

“Oh yeah, keep clenching babe. Don't drop the soap!” Eva giggled at her own joke. Felicia bit down on the gag and tightened her ass cheeks around the shampoo thong running up between her buns.

“Mrrrrmmm...” Felicia looked over to see Eva slinking over to Janet, bar of soap in hand.

“Urrrrmm...” Janet backed away from the soap wielding Latina. Eva slinked up behind Janet and wrapped her arms around her.

“Shhh... don't worry dear.” She said and reached a hand out from behind Janet and started lathering up her breasts.

“Urrmmph! Mrrpph!” Felicia grumbled into her gag, her ass still clenched around the tube of shampoo.

Eva caressed Janet's breast with one hand while lathering up the other with the soap. Soon, Janet's entire left breast was covered in white suds. The Latina switched the soap to the other hand and started lathering up Janet's right breast. All the while, Janet's eyes were wide and pleading, focused on Felicia.

“Urrmmm... Mmmm....” Janet moaned as Eva rubbed the soap over her other breast.

“Oh yeah...” Eva sighed, and Felicia noticed Eva's free hand stroking her own inner thigh.

“Ullmmm....” Janet mumbled as Eva ran the soap off of her breasts and down over her stomach. Eva's hand drifted up from her thigh to over her bikini bottoms.

“Gotta make sure that every inch of you is nice and clean.” She sighed, then slid her hand inside her bikini bottoms.

“Mrrpph?” Felicia exclaimed. This was getting worse by the minute.

Eva moved the soap down, over Janet's stomach to her crotch. The Latina stooped down, and

Felicia could see her hand move under her own bikini bottoms and start to pleasure herself.

“Urrmm!” Janet cried as Eva ran the soap over her crotch.

“Gotta clean every bit.” Eva lathered up Janet's vagina as her own hand danced up and down underneath her bikini bottoms.

“Oh yeah... Oh yeah...” Eva gasped and moved the soap, running it along Janet's inner thighs.

“Don't want you to get too excited now.” Eva said.

“Mrrrrmmph!” Janet twisted her head and her widened to see that Eva's bikini bottoms had slid down to her thighs and she had two fingers tracing along her clit. As Felicia expected, Eva's crotch was completely waxed.

Eva spun Janet around so that her ass faced Felicia. Now facing her captive, Eva wrapped her arm around Janet again while she used the other hand to pleasure herself.

“Oh yeah...”

“Urrmmm!” Janet tried to recoil but Eva pulled her forward and started rubbing soap over her ass cheeks. Eva gyrated forward, rubbing her crotch over Jane't as she lathered the other woman up. Water and suds cascaded over the both of them, and their wet hair plastered over their faces.

Eva finished lathering up Janet's cheek and switched hands, taking the soap in the other hand

while using her free one to masturbate. The Latina's face was twisted into a look of sick pleasure.

“Oh... Oh...” She stepped forward and her bikini bottoms slid down entirely. Eva let them drop and stood pressed against Janet, completely bottomless, her fingers dancing along her crotch.

“Mrrrrmmph!” Felicia growled in anger. She wished this was the first time that something like this had happened, but it wasn't.

Eva lathered up Janet's other butt cheek as her captive shook her head and twisted, trying to get away from her captor.

“Mrrrrm! Ulllmmm!” Janet threw her head back, her wet hair whipping out of her face.

Eva finished up with her cheeks and ran the bar of soap down Janet's ass crack.

“Mmmmp!” Janet exclaimed as Eva dug the soap in deep.

“Ohh... ohhh..!” Eva's hand was moving faster along her crotch.

“Urrrrmmph!” Janet tried to recoil as the soap ran between her ass cheeks again. This time, Eva brought it forward and up.

“URRRRRMM!” Janet squealed as the bar of soap went up between the lips of her vagina. Eva's hand moved ever faster.



“Oh... Oh.. baby...” Eva exclaimed and dropped the soap. The Latina spun around and pressed her bare ass against Janet's nude, wet, sud covered body.

“Come on baby!” Eva's hand moved faster. Janet pulled back as Eva ran her backside up and down over her crotch.

“Mrrrrmmph! Ummmpph!” Janet shook her head, squeezing her eyes shut.

“Grrrrmmph!” Felicia pushed herself forward and she felt the tube of shampoo fall free from between her ass cheeks.

*Shit!*

The tube clattered on the shower floor, but Eva didn't notice. She was too wrapped up in herself.

“OH! OH!” She cried and spun around, pressing herself against Janet, and squeezed Janet's breast with her free hand.

“Urrrrmm!” Janet cried out. Felicia watched as the water ran over Eva's amazing ass. It clenched and unclenched as Eva's hand moved faster and faster.

“Yeah! Oh yeah!” Eva cried, massaging Janet's breast.

“Murrggllle!” Janet shook her head, eyes still closed.

“Yes! Yes!” Eva's body quaked as she removed her hand from her crotch as she came.

“Mrrrrmm! Ummm!” Janet moved her head away and contorted her face in disgust. Eva's body trembled and she wrapped her arms around Janet, pulling the bound woman close. Her ass cheeks clenched tight and her body shook.

The bottomless Latina breathed heavily and clung to Janet. After a moment, she loosened her grip.

“Yeah girl... yeah....” Eva stepped away and she noticed the bottle of shampoo lying on the shower floor. Her eyes widened and she glared at Felicia.

“Felicia... did you drop the soap?” She asked. Felicia's eyes widened.

“Ummm hmmm! Ummm hmmm!” She shook her head. Eva picked up her bikini bottoms and the bar of soap, then strolled over.

“You know what happens in prison when they drop the soap.” Eva said.

“Hummmph! Hummph!” Felicia tugged on her manacles and tried to twist away, but it was no use. She was tightly secured.

Eva strolled over and shut off the faucet. The cold water cascading over Felicia and Janet immediately ceased, and both women hung there, nude and shivering. The Latina stopped in front of Felicia, holding the bar of soap in one hand and her bikini bottoms in another. They both stared at each

other for a moment, then Eva reached behind Felicia's hand and undid the straps of the ball gag. Felicia gasped and flexed her jaw as the gag fell free.

“You crazy bitch! I'm going to get you for this!” Felicia said through gritted teeth.

Eva wasn't listening. Instead, she was wrapping her bikini bottoms around the bar of soap.

“When I get of this, I'm going to hurt you so bad. I'm going lock you up in a place so deep and dark that you'll ne-UMMMMMMPH!”

The bar of soap, now wrapped in the bikini bottoms, was shoved into Felicia's mouth. Felicia's eyes widened as she bit down and tasted soap.

“Such a dirty mouth. We have to clean it out.” Eva said.

“Ulllgggg” Felicia tried to move her mouth but felt it filling with the sudsy taste of soap. Eva then took the straps of her bikini bottoms and wrapped them around Felicia's head, tying them at the back of her neck. Once done, the Latina stepped back and admired her work.

“There. You shouldn't use such language.”

“Mlllggggghhh” Felicia grumbled, tasting more of the soap.

Eva bent over and picked up the tube of shampoo and looked it over thoughtfully. She gave Felicia a look, then spun her captive around.

“Hrrrrmmph!” Felicia cried out. She felt Eva's hand wrap around her side.

Then she felt the tube. It wasn't being wedged between her cheeks again.

It was being shoved up it.

“MMMMRRRRGGG!” Felicia cried out and bit into the soap as the shampoo went up her ass. She felt it twist and then Eva let go of her and stepped back again.

“There, now I'm going to let you hang there and air dry while I deal with Janet.” Eva said.

“Mffff mmooo!” Felicia spun around and shook her ass, trying to work the tube loose.

Eva was already walking away. In a few steps, she was at the door to the shower room. Still pants-less, she opened it and emerged into the cell block. Both women waited until she was out and then turned to each other.

“Mrrrrmm ummp?” Janet mumbled.

“Urrgggh!” Felicia cried. The taste of soap filled her mouth. She started wiggling her ass, trying to work the shampoo free, but it was no use, the tube was wedged up there good and tight.

A few minutes later, Eva reappeared, bag in hand. The Latina reached into the bag and took out a pair of black thong panties and quickly slipped into them. Then she crossed the room and reached to

the shower head above Janet.

“Let's go chica, you were good today. We'll have breakfast while Felicia hangs out here and thinks about what she did.”

“Mrrrrmm!” Felicia cried out.

Eva unhooked Janet's hands from the shower head and let the woman lower her arms. Then Eva manacled them in front of Janet and dragged her over to the bag.

“Down. Kneel!” Eva ordered. Janet got down on her knees. The Latina pulled her brown shorts out of her bag and stepped into them, then turned around so that her thonged ass was in Janet's face.

“Up!”

“Hrrmmm” Janet moaned and looked back at Felicia.

“Mfffff” Felicia cried.

“Up!” Eva ordered again. Janet sighed through her gag and started pulling the shorts up Eva's legs. The shorts came up but stopped just at Eva's perfect rear.

“Come on!” Eva said impatiently.

“Mrrrrmmm” Janet groaned and pulled. The shorts protested, clearly not ready for Eva's booty.

The Latina wiggled her rear, trying to help Janet along. The shorts rose halfway up Eva's backside.

“Urrrrmmff” Janet groaned and tugged, the tiny shorts came up and eclipsed Eva's ass.

“There we go!” Eva turned around and stared right at Felicia, and in that moment, Felicia knew that all of this was part of her punishment.

“Well Felicia, see you tonight! Have fun hanging around!” Eva waved, grabbed her bag with one hand, and grabbed Janet by the manacles with the other.

“Hummmfff! Mmmmmfff!” Felicia bit into her soap gag. She couldn't leave her here all day, could she?

Eva pulled Janet to her feet and dragged her towards the door.

“Let's go chica!” She cried, dragging her hostage out into the cell block.

“Mmmmmffff! Uffff!” Felicia mumbled, tasting more soap as she screamed.

Then Eva and Janet were gone, and a second later the shower room door slammed shut, leaving Felicia alone, gagged with soap and a tube of shampoo jammed up her ass.

“Grrrrmmm” Felicia grumbled and went back to wiggling her ass, trying to work the shampoo free. After a moment, Felicia realized that Eva didn't even use the shampoo.

“Hummmpp!” She exclaimed in annoyance and resumed wiggling her rear.

## 7.

Deputy James Randy sat at his desk, watching as Frank, sitting at the desk across from him, struggled to keep his eyes on his computer in front of him. Frank's eyes kept drifting to the far side of the Marston's Pointe police bullpen, where one of the newer deputies, a woman named Caitlyn Bonder, was now sitting. Caitlyn had her nose buried in a bodybuilding magazine and had her shapely, muscle bound legs propped up on her desk as she read. She wore the regulation brown police uniform shirt and a pair of small, black shorts that perfectly showed off her powerful thighs and quads.

Randy thought he hit the jackpot when he met Sheriff Felicia Fetters. A hot babe with a great ass was his boss? Total score! Plus it was even better when he found out that Felicia used to be a bikini model, and that meant that there was no shortage of great pictures online of her flaunting her ass (her boobs weren't bad too) in various small bikinis. It was too bad that Sheriff Fetters also seemed to have a huge stick up that magnificent ass of hers, but Randy could see past that, especially if she kept wearing see through tights like she did on her first day.

Then Sheriff Fetters resigned out of disgrace, though word leaked that she had run off with that smoking hot Janet Rossi chick. Apparently Tanya Donnelly had seen them both streaking along the beach behind her house, and Randy's dick got rock hard when he heard that. He had wished more than anything that he could have been there to see that. Janet was an older woman, but had a rocking body, and one time (after a few drinks) Randy had asked her out, only to be politely turned down. Somehow, it made it even hotter that Janet and Sheriff Fetters were into chicks. Fuck, would he give anything to be sandwiched between those two!

Then he met Felicia's replacement and his jaw dropped. Gina was gorgeous, she was perfect!



Tall and great, massive boobs! And she brought two of her friends with her! There was Eva, the Latina with the rocking ass, and Caitlyn, her bodybuilder friend. Caitlyn could probably kick Randy's ass with all her muscles, but damn was she hot! And her tits were great too (probably fake)!

Deputies Frank and Cringe though, were having a tough time adapting to the new officers. Every day was a challenge for Frank as he struggled now to ogle the new officers, as for Alice Cringe... well, she tended just to give disapproving looks from her desk.

Seated next to Caitlyn was Eva, who wore her brown shirt and matching shorts, her legs also propped up on her desk. Randy watched as Frank snuck another look at the ladies, this time Eva caught him peeking. The Latina winked, causing Frank to whip his head back towards his computer. Randy barely suppressed a snicker and turned back to the female deputies.

“Where's the Sheriff at?” He asked. The three ladies were tight, and it was clear that Gina trusted them above the others.

“Out on a call. She should be back later.” Caitlyn said, not looking up from her magazine.

Randy nodded and turned back to his desk, realizing that he had nothing to do.

“Does the Sheriff... need back up or something?” He turned back to ask them.

“If she does, she'll call.” Said Caitlyn. It was like this most days actually. Gina said she was still dedicated to taking down Ace, but so far had kept a relatively low profile, unlike her predecessor.

Randy turned back to his desk to see Frank sneaking another look back, and this time Eva was waiting. The Latina giggled and undid a button on her uniform shirt, exposing the very top of her mocha colored breasts. Frank yelped and turned back around, causing Eva to giggle even louder.

Eva was hot, smoking hot, but she had the crazy eyes, and she loved fucking with Randy and Frank. Randy snuck a look back to see that Eva had undone another button and now ran a finger over her breast. It looked like she was wearing a yellow bikini top under her shirt. Some part of Randy knew that he should look away, but he couldn't help himself, and felt his jaw drop. The Latina giggled again and undid another button.

“What are you doing, young lady!” Alice shouted from her reception desk at the front of the station. Eva rolled her eyes and started buttoning up her shirt.

“Chill, don't get your granny panties in a twist.” Eva giggled.

“I won't stand for such games in here!” Alice was on her feet now. Caitlyn sighed and put down her magazine.

“Eva, what did I tell you?” She admonished.

“Oh, but I'm bored.” Eva pouted.

“Not at work.” Caitlyn said.

“That's it! You two need to be taught how to act like a lady!” Alice got up and took a step

towards them. Randy jumped up and threw up his hands.

“Hey, ladies! Let's-”

He was cut off by the squeal of breaks outside. Randy's eyes drifted to the front doors where he saw a Marston's Pointe police cruiser pull up outside. Good, the Sheriff was back, she could put an end to this.

But his jaw dropped when Gina got out of her cruiser. She wasn't wearing her Sheriff's uniform, in fact, she wasn't wearing much at all. Next to him, Randy heard Frank choke.

Gina was strolling towards the front door with purpose and confidence. She wore a tiny, purple, thong bikini that showed off her massive breasts and tight ass. The Sheriff opened the glass double doors and strolled into her office like it was just another day. Alice wheeled around and like out a cry of shock.

“Wha... What! You can't come in here dressed like that?” Alice gripped her desk and Randy feared that she might have a heart attack.

The bikini clad Sheriff ignored Alice and strolled forward.

“Deputies.” Gina said with authority.

Randy was too busy staring. Holy shit, did she have a great body!

“Deputy!” Gina's attention was on him now. Randy closed his mouth and looked up, struggling to maintain eye contact with her.

“She... she... Sheriff...” Frank muttered next to him.

At the back of the station, Caitlyn and Eva got up and rushed forward.

“Gina! What...” Caitlyn seemed just as shocked as anyone.

“Oy, mama...” Eva purred.

Gina took a few steps forward and put her hands on her hips. Randy turned to face her, realizing that he had a perfect view of her ass in that tiny, purple thong, and felt himself getting hard.

*Keep it together James! Keep it together!*

“I won't stand for this!” Alice stepped forward, her eyes blazing. Gina whirled around and held out a warning finger.

“Alice! Deputy Cringe... not now.” Gina lowered her finger and took a breath.

“Where's the pool party?” Caitlyn asked.

“I'm glad you asked,” Gina spun as she talked, addressing the room. “Everyone saddle up, we're heading out.”

“Um... where?” Frank asked, still seated.

“To the junkyard next to Lady Luck Casino. Ace's men just tried to kill me and a friend.” Gina's eyes were fire as she said that.

“Uh, great boss,” Caitlyn said, eyeing up the bikini clad Sheriff. “But I think you may need your badge and gun... and pants.”

## 8.

Tanya's feet were killing her, she was very certain that she had sunburn, and about had it with cars whizzing by and beeping loudly or cat calling her. Left alone outside the Lady Luck Casino in just her bikini, Tanya had no choice but to walk home, barefoot. Those goons at the casino think that they actually got rid of her? Wait until they see the write up she does for the paper and how in depth she would go over their treatment of her. As for that new Sheriff, Gina, it didn't look like she was going to do anything about Ace's illegal activity. Despite Gina's assurances, that dental floss bikini she was wearing told Tanya that she wasn't there on official business, despite her badge.

The concrete of the sidewalk was hot on Tanya's feet. At least that Sheriff could have offered her a ride! Tanya fumed thinking about it, this woman, supposedly the symbol of law and order in this town, was probably right now lounging by the pool sipping a margarita! Sheriff Fetters, for all her bungling, at least tried to take the job seriously. The cops in this town were getting as bad as the crooks!

Another car whizzed past and laid on it's horn. Tanya turned just in time to see two young boys with spiked hair and sunglasses pointing at her with big smiles on their faces. She returned their smiles with two middle fingers. Once the car was out of sight, Tanya lowered her fingers and huffed. Her feet, in fact her legs in general, were killing her. Despite being proud of her body, Tanya rarely spent time in the gym, and it was showing.

In another few minutes, Tanya turned on her street and let out a sigh of relief. Once she got home, it would a long bath and then a nap before she wrote up her scathing article about the casino,

with maybe some sly jabs at the new Sheriff while she was at it. Her house got nearer, and as she walked so she saw a blue van pulling away from the curb outside. Tanya made a point to recognize everyone's car on her street, and this one was brand new. She tried not to stare, thinking that would draw attention to herself, but then realized that her bikini was doing that job for her.

The van made a U-turn in the middle of the street and started driving down towards her. Tanya could make out two men driving, the one in the passenger seat stared at her, his jaw dropping. The driver kept his eyes mostly on the road, but kept stealing sly looks at Tanya as he drove. In a minute, the van drove past her and made the turn off the street. She turned her head to watch them go and furrowed her brow.

*Who were they?* Neither of those men looked familiar. She turned back to her house and kept walking. Ever since Felicia Fetters ran away, her house had sat empty. Maybe they were looking to buy the place? Or maybe they were some of Shelly Arnold's "seedier" associates. Tanya stopped and eyed up Shelly's house, directly across the street from her. Shelly Arnold was cold, manipulative, and opportunistic, a woman looking to edge Ace out so that she could control crime in Marston's Pointe. So far, Shelly didn't really factor on Ace's radar because, despite all her efforts, she was still small time. Once Tanya had exposed Ace and brought down his organization, she promised herself Shelly would be next.

Tanya reached her house and was opening the front gate when her son, Ian, opened the front door. Ian had his headphones in and phone out, and was clearly planning on spending the evening anywhere else but home. Just as Ian was closing the door behind him, he looked up to see Shelly closing the front gate and his jaw dropped.

“Mom?” Ian asked.

“There you are! Weren't you worried? I've been gone all day?”

“Mom... why are you wearing that out?” Ian asked. He had been used to seeing his mom in that bikini, in fact he often insisted that she find something more... modest to wear, but now she had apparently gone out and paraded herself around town in it. His nightmare had come true.

“It's none of your business what I wear! Do you know what kind of day I've had?”

“I... I don't really care.” Ian shrugged, knowing a dead end when he saw it, and made for the front gate.

“Just a minute young man!” Tanya grabbed her son by the arm. Ian was 16 years old, lanky, with dark hair and dark eyes, and had taken to spending less and less time at home, and she didn't like it.

“Let go mom!” Ian protested, shaking her off and turning back to the street.

Just as he spun around, a car pulled up on the curb across the street. At first Tanya ignored it and grabbed her son again.

“Where do you think you're going, huh?” She asked, but then noticed that Ian's gaze was glued onto the car across the street.



A woman was exiting the car. Tanya's gaze narrowed at the woman, and so many thoughts ran through her head at once. One thought was “Her tits are massive!”.

Yet another was “How can she go out dressed like that?”

The third thought was recognition. Tanya had seen this woman somewhere, but where?

The woman was very tan, and her body rippled with thick muscles, Tanya could see them all very clearly because the woman wore a tiny, tiny, lime green thong bikini. Over her bikini she wore a black, mesh cover up that was a cover up in name only because it didn't really hide anything. And the woman's tits were huge, massive. They put the Sheriff's obviously fake tits to shame.

Tanya looked at her son to see that Ian's jaw had practically hit the ground. Oh no! She placed a hand over his eyes.

“Mom!” He screamed and pulled away. Across the street, the woman didn't pay any attention and headed for Shelly Arnold's house.

“Hey!” Tanya yelled.

“Come on Mom!” Ian protested, his eyes once again glued to the woman. She was ascending the stairs to Shelly's house, her muscular ass cheeks flexing around the tiny thong as she moved.

“Hey! You can't go out dressed like that!” Tanya yelled, momentarily forgetting the bikini she was wearing.

But the woman ignored them and headed around to the back of Shelly's house.

## 9.

“Hey! There are children on this street!” Lisa heard the neighbor lady scream as she turned the corner into Shelly's backyard.

*Small world.* Lisa thought and smiled to herself. She had just seen the neighbor, Tanya Donnelly, earlier today at the pool party. Tanya tried to sneak in without an invite, hoping that a tiny bikini and big tits were all she needed to get in. Of course, security stopped her, but not without Tanya making a scene on her way out. Like most people in Marston's Pointe, Lisa was very aware of who Tanya was and her reputation. There had been many times when Lisa asked Shelly if she wanted Tanya taken care of.

“No, she's a fly. She's buzzing around and annoying people but she's not doing any harm. Let her buzz for now, she could be useful later.” Shelly said, and Lisa nodded in agreement. One of Shelly's strengths was finding a use for everyone. Tanya liked to snoop, but her snooping usually lead to nowhere, so everyone just let her be.

On the back patio, Lisa saw her employer, Shelly, stretched out on her stomach on a lawn chair. Shelly wore her signature black bikini, but had undone the top so that it now laid bunched up beneath her small, beautiful breasts. A black thong was the only thing covering Shelly's amazing ass, and the tanning oil on her bare buns glistened in the afternoon sunlight.

“Upsetting the neighbors I see?” Shelly said, her head was turned towards Lisa, large sunglasses covered her eyes, though Lisa suspected they were closed under the glasses.

Lisa stepped forward and undid her cover up, exposing her large, bikini clad breasts. She tossed the cover up onto a lawn chair as she neared Shelly.

“Your neighbor made quite a spectacle of herself earlier today.” Lisa said, taking a seat on the chair next to Shelly.

“She did now? Not surprising.” Shelly murmured lazily.

“You're starting to burn.” Lisa said and grabbed the tanning oil from a table and squirted some into her hands.

“How was the party?” Shelly asked.

Lisa rubbed the tanning oil between her palms and placed both hands on either of Shelly's butt cheeks.

“Eventful.” Lisa said and dug her hands into the bar flesh of Shelly's backside.

Lisa made her living as a low level freelance bouncer/enforcer. Occasionally Ace, or more specifically, Jack, or The King, would call upon her services. Jack's men liked working with her for two very big, and very obvious, reasons.

They didn't work Lisa too hard, mostly just “protect this shipment”, or “work this event”. A beautiful woman was a good guard to have because people let their guard down around her. Most men

were too busy staring at Lisa's tits to imagine all the ways she could kick their ass.

Then Shelly came, and made Lisa an offer: work for me. Shelly told Lisa to keep working for Ace when he called, keep accepting his money, but Shelly would pay her much, much higher, and in return, Lisa would tell her what she knew. Occasionally, Shelly would call on Lisa to act as muscle for something, but for the most part, Lisa was being paid a large sum of money a week to just keep doing what she was doing.

Shelly was a good boss, and had ambition, and a place for Lisa in her eventual criminal empire.

And she was a hell of a lover.

Lisa dug her hands into Shelly's ass and spread the oil over each cheek, not wanting to miss an inch of her employer's delicious backside.

“How so?” Shelly asked, raising her head.

Lisa's hands ran down from Shelly's backside to the inside of her leg.

“The new Sheriff was there. She's hot.”

“Is that so?”

Lisa's hands moved out from between Shelly's legs, and along her cheeks to her hips.

“Mmm hmm, and a friend of hers who came into some very interesting information.”

“Like what?” Shelly was all ears now.

“Someone on the Sheriff's Department works for Ace.” Lisa stopped, her hands resting on either of Shelly's cheeks.

“Do you know who?” Shelly took off her glasses. Her eyes were intense, plotting.

“No, they ran into... trouble. I know where to find this woman though.”

“The Sheriff didn't take her in?” Shelly raised her head to look back at Lisa.

“No, dropped her off at some motel. I imagine that it was because this woman was completely naked.

Shelly narrowed her eyes in confusion.

“A long story,” Lisa shrugged. “The point is, I think we can make this woman talk.”

Shelly nodded and started to sit up. Lisa backed off and watched as her boss held her bikini top over her bare breasts.

“I have methods, I know you do.” She said, turning into a sitting position.

“We have to move fast.” Lisa nodded.

“Get dressed.” Shelly said and got to her feet, placing her thonged behind right in Lisa's face as she rose. Lisa didn't mind, Shelly was a small woman, but a powerful one, and lithe muscles ripped through her body.

“It's time to have some fun.” Shelly said and turned towards her house. Lisa got up to follow.

## 10.

In the end, Gina didn't put on pants, or a shirt for that matter. All that she did was clip a badge to her bikini top, and wrap a gun belt around her waist. She rode with Caitlyn, the beautiful body builder driving while Gina rode shotgun, still clad in her tiny, purple bikini.

“I still think you could have put on something a little more... official.” Caitlyn said, her eyes shifting over to the Sheriff.

“We don't have time, I want to get this over with and then get to Jessica as fast as I can.”

“Yeah... but...” Caitlyn searched for a rebuttal, but arguing had never been her strong suit.

“This could be huge, bodies! I saw bodies in those cars! They tried to kill me and another woman. This could implicate King and the Casino in colluding with Ace.” Gina turned to her partner, eyes blazing. After her kidnapping (orchestrated by Felicia) Gina had sworn to never be bound and gagged again. Jack and his men saw to it that her oath was broken earlier today.

“Colluding?” Caitlyn asked.

“Working together.” Gina sighed. Caitlyn meant well, but neither her nor Eva were cops, which is why Gina kept them at the station most of the time.

Gina had known Caitlyn from her modeling days. They had done a few competitions and shoots



together and Gina had always been blown away by how exquisite Caitlyn's body had been. Caitlyn was young, 24 when they met, and was dating a bodybuilder that owned a series of gyms around LA, Gina had actually posed for a few shoots to promote his gyms. Post kidnapping, with nowhere to go, Gina contacted Caitlyn because in a business where everyone was out for themselves, Caitlyn had always been sweet, kind, and trusting.

Too trusting, actually. Gina had always worried that someone would try to take advantage of Caitlyn, and it turned out to be her boyfriend, who funneled most of her modeling money into his failing gyms. In the end, his business went under and they broke up. Both women had nowhere to go, so Gina and Caitlyn became roommates, Gina stayed out of the spotlight by designing bikinis, and Caitlyn modeled them. Selling bikinis was how Gina put herself through criminal justice school, and one night, after many glasses of wine, she told Caitlyn about what happened to her, and how she found out that Felicia was the one behind it.

Caitlyn's eyes were like saucers as Gina spoke, and once her tale was over, Caitlyn asked what Gina was going to do to get Felicia back. Gina had always had a vague plan, but never saw it as more than an idle fantasy. That night, over more wine, Caitlyn pledged to help Gina get revenge on the woman that ruined her career.

And now here they were, Sheriff and Deputy, riding into battle together. The siren on top of the car wailed, and Gina looked in the rearview to see the line of cop cars behind them. She thought that Frank and Randy were both going to have heart attacks when they saw her in her bikini, and she only hoped that they could keep their heads straight enough to do their jobs when the time came.

The casino loomed, coming up fast. After they got free, Gina had insisted to Jessica that she

remain in police custody for protection, but Jessica was livid, her adrenaline up, and she refused. She was pissed at the men who tried to kill them, and pissed at Gina for rendering her completely nude. Jessica wanted to be alone, to cool down, and insisted that no one knew where her motel was. They argued as they drove, Gina in her bikini in the driver's seat of her cruiser, and Jessica completely naked in the passengers seat, using a tire to cover her nudity.

Gina left Jessica at her motel, but told Jessica to remain in constant contact. Her secret hope was that after Jess cooled off a bit, she would give in and let herself stay in police custody.

The police procession sped by the casino, and in a few minutes the junkyard came in sight. The gates were closed, and chained now, and a man in a suit accompanied by two security guards stood waiting outside.

*How did they know were coming?* Gina's brow furrowed as Caitlyn brought the cruiser to a halt outside the junk yard. As far as Gina knew, these men had no reason to expect them. In fact, Gina had gone to great lengths to convince them that they had killed her and Jessica. So what was all this?

The other police cruisers parked around Gina and Caitlyn, killing their sirens but leaving their lights on. As Gina eyed the men outside the gates, she suddenly felt self conscious in her bikini.

“Ready?” Caitlyn asked.

“Yeah,” Gina said, shaking her head. “Let me do the talking.”

Caitlyn exited the car first, followed by Gina. Gina could see the guard's eyes widen at the sight

of a beautiful woman in a bikini getting out of a police car. Their eyes shifted from her breasts to the badge to the gun hanging on her hip. The man in the suit, however, didn't seem fazed at all and stepped towards them.

As Gina approached the man, she heard car doors open and close behind her. She turned around to see Frank, Randy, and Eva all falling into place behind her.

The man in the suit kept walking towards her and extended a hand.

“Ah, you must be the new Sheriff! I'm sorry, I must have missed you at the party earlier!” He smiled. Gina stopped and placed a hand on her hip. He was older, with gray hair and small, thin glasses.

“Who might you be?” Gina asked.

“I'm Joseph Kingston, General Manager of Lady Luck Casino.” He smiled, his hand still out.

“The King?” Gina raised her eye brows.

“Yes, that is the nickname that people use for me. You may call me by it if you like.”

Gina ignored him and stalked towards the gates. She could feel his eyes on her as she passed.

“You own this property?”

“Yes, it is one of the casino's holdings.”

She spun around to face him.

“Are you aware that several men tried to kill myself and one other woman earlier today?”

The King's eyes widened in concern.

“Heavens no! What are you talking about?”

“Several men, lead by the criminal known only as “Jack”, assaulted and attempted to kill both myself and Jessica Lannon, your “celebrity judge”.

“We've been trying to contact Ms. Lannon for some time. It appears that she checked out of her room.”

“Yes, and is under police protection. Now open the gates.”

“I'm sorry?” King raised his eyebrows.

“I saw dead bodies in their, Jessica and I had reason to believe that several murders have taken place in this junk yard. Now open up.” Gina stood face to face with the man.

King didn't seem faze or intimidated.

“Tell me Sheriff, is a bikini the new uniform of the Marston's Pointe Sheriff's Department? Because I can see several of you looking quite fetching,” King turned and motioned to Eva and Caitlyn.

“I've had a long day, didn't have time to change.” Gina smiled.

“And I must say, it looks great on you. Have you and the other ladies thought about getting in touch with me? We're always looking for... performers at the casino.”

“Dancers you mean?” Gina's eyes narrowed at the man.

“If that's the term you want to use.” Behind him, Eva and Caitlyn glared at him. Gina couldn't wait to slap the cuffs on him.

“One more time, open the gates.” She said.

“Sure, as soon as I see your warrant.”

Gina's jaw went slack. Dammit! A warrant.

“Did you not hear a word I said?” She had to stay strong, show him that he didn't have the upper hand. “Someone tried to kill me!”

“Yes, yes, where is this woman? For all I know, Ms. Lannon took the casino's money, and we paid her a hefty sum for her appearance, and ran. You say that you had a run in with this “Jack” character, and if what you say is true, that means that you were trespassing on Casino property without

permission, and without a warrant!” His voice hardened.

Gina turned to see both security guards crossing their arms. They were big men.

“Did you think that you would roll up in here with your tiny thong and think that we would just let you pass?” King demanded.

“I’ll ask one more time for you to let us in.” Gina said, placing both hands on her hips.

“Come back with a warrant and I will gladly let you in. Until then, please excuse yourself or we’ll be forced to remove you from our property.” Their eyes met again. His grey eyes were harsh and focused. Once again, Gina turned to the security guards to see that they weren’t budging.

She lost, she knew it. By the time they got a warrant, King would have cleared any evidence and they would be back to square one.

And Jessica... They would be looking for Jessica, and right now Jessica was the best weapon Gina had. Jessica could corroborate her story about the men trying to kill them, and testify that King and Ace were working together.

Gina took a step back and looked out over her cops. They were all waiting.

“Let’s go everyone.” She said with her head held high.

Caitlyn’s face drooped and she made her way back to her cruiser. Everyone else followed suit

with a look of confusion on their faces.

“Please Sheriff, feel free to visit Lady Luck Casino any time you want.” King smiled.

“I will be back, you'll see me again.” She warned and headed towards her cruiser.

“I look forward to it.” King turned to watch her go. Gina fumed and balled her fists.

This wasn't over, not by a long shot, but first thing's first.

She had to get to Jessica.

## 11.

Jessica let out a grunt and positioned the barbell across her shoulders.

*Tie and gag me!* Her hands wrapped around the metal grips on either end of the barbell and she leveled her gaze at her reflection in the gym mirror. The full body mirror ran along the entire length of the wall and Jessica took a minute to take in her appearance. Her curly blonde hair fell in a tangle around her shoulders, and her body, tanned a deep bronze, glistened with sweat. She wore a black sports bra, though it was a size or two too small, and her breasts threatened to spill out of the tiny top with each breath she took.

She watched as her six pack abs moved with each breathe she took. Her body was a work of art, something that she spent years perfecting, and it was almost all taken away from her this morning. The feeling of helplessness, of humiliation she felt while those men bound her and sent her to her death was a feeling that she never wanted to feel again.

*Let them try and take me next time.* She gritted her teeth and squatted down, feeling the barbell across her shoulder push down as gravity took a hold. Her knees bent and her muscle bound ass jutted out behind her. Jessica was always very proud of her backside, a product of many squats in the gym, and loved to show it off. Thong bikinis were the only type she owned, and even now she couldn't resist showing off her tush.

Her workout shorts were barely shorts, and stopped halfway along her backside, showing off the



bottom half of her butt cheeks. Underneath, she wore a small, white thong. Jessica shared the gym with two people, a small, blonde woman and a dark haired, muscle bound woman with massive breasts.

As Jessica finished her squat, she noticed the blond woman eyeing up the mirror on her side of the gym, her eyes flitting back and forth, no doubt sneaking looks at her and wondering why she could wear something so skimpy to the gym.

*If you got it, flaunt it.* Jessica exhaled and stood up, feeling her glutes clench as they pushed up against the weight.

The small blonde woman was sitting on a bench doing curls, and Jessica could see that despite her size, she was covered in lean muscle. She wore a tight, black sleeveless top and black tights, and Jessica noticed the blonde's eyes flit over to her as she rose up from her squat. As Jessica got back into a standing position, she shot the woman a “what are you looking at” look.

Catching the look, the blonde quickly looked away. Jessica's eyes turned to the other woman, the one with the massive tits. Like the blonde, this one wore a black sleeveless shirt and black tights, and was currently attempting the leg press. Tits, as Jessica nicknamed her, had her back to Jessica as she worked the leg press, and was “attempting” the machine in the sense that every time the woman's legs came down, they knocked her knees into her massive, most likely fake, tits.

Jessica allowed herself an amused smile. The angle of the leg press machine gave Jessica a perfect view of the woman's breasts and how they bounced every time her knees hit into them.

*Might be regretting those implants right about now.* Jessica smiled, then realized that there was

also a mirror on the other side of the gym, and Tits was using it to watch Jessica. Her smile quickly faded and she focused again on her reflection.

*Christ, chill lady.* Jessica realized that she probably shouldn't be laughing at the woman, but after the day she had, she needed a laugh.

Gina begged Jessica to come with her, to stay in police protection, but after that morning, Gina was on her shit list too. Jessica had hoped that Gina could help her, could make this go away, but instead, Gina got captured along side Jessica and bound and gagged. Part of Jessica also realized that she probably wouldn't even be alive now if not for Gina, but that didn't make her any less angry. In the end, Gina did help Jessica, but it cost Jessica her dignity.

*Why couldn't Gina use her bikini to convince the bad guys that we were dead?*

But that wasn't Gina's style, she could never make herself look bad. Hell, even while they were bound and gagged Gina did her best to look tough and dignified. After it was all said and done, Gina left a naked Jessica at her motel and insisted that she get dressed and come with her. Jessica needed to blow off steam, to be alone, to let the humiliation wash away, and insisted she was fine. After taking a long, long shower, Jessica decided that the best way to work off frustration would be to hit the gym. And here she was, at the only gym in town. A quick workout wouldn't hurt right? A workout and then back to the motel. Maybe once she was calm she would take Gina up on that offer of police protection.

Jessica gripped the barbell and prepared to do another squat when she heard her phone go off. She had set her phone down on a bench next to the squat rack, and a quick glance down showed her that Gina had messaged her. Her grip relaxed on the weight and she sighed.

*What now?*

Jessica set the barbell on the rack, stepped over to the bench, and picked up her phone.

**WHERE ARE YOU?!!!**

At first, Jessica was going to smirk and let the message sit, give Gina some time to sweat, but given what happened earlier, things might be urgent. Jessica quickly typed a response.

**At the gym.**

The message sent and Jessica turned to go back to the squat rack. As she turned, she noticed both women watching her again.

*What's their deal?*

Could they recognize her? It was a possibility, she was a major figure in women's fitness. Maybe they were fans and too shy to approach her?

Just as Jessica touched the barbell, her phone went off again. She rolled her eyes and stepped over to the bench. It was Gina again.

**Don't go anywhere! Omw!**

Her brow furrowed as she read the message. Was something wrong? She was about to type a response when she once again noticed the reflection of the other two women in the mirror. The blonde was still doing her curls, and Tits was still on the leg press, but then Jess noticed just how easily Tits was pushing back on the leg press. It was moving up and down too easily, almost as if she had no weight on the other end...

Then her eyes wandered over to the blonde and saw how small the weight was that she was curling. Neither woman was breaking a sweat.

Her eyes wandered back over to Tits. She looked familiar, did she see her before?

Jess shook her head and looked back at her phone. She was being paranoid, they were just fellow gym goers, trying to get a work out in. Her phone went off again in her hand.

**Pls answer. R U OK?**

Gina again. Jess looked back up at the mirror just in time to see the women look away. Fans or not, this was weird.

**I'm fine. I'll meet u outside.**

Jess typed out her response and sent it. It was time to leave. She figured that by the time she changed, Gina would be waiting outside.

She turned away from the mirror and headed for the locker room, feeling the woman's eyes on

her as she moved.

*Hurry Gina.*

Jessica stepped into the locker room and found it just as empty as the rest of the gym.

*Does anyone work out here?*

Maybe it was an off day? Either way, Jess couldn't waste time thinking about it. She saw her gym bag sitting on the bench where she left it and breathed a sigh of relief.

*Why? Was I expecting it not to be there?*

She was jumpy, that was it, almost being crushed to death would do that. Maybe she should have taken Gina up on that offer of police protection.

*She'll be here any minute. Just get dressed and go outside.*

Jess had just unzipped her gym bag when she heard footsteps behind her. She spun around to see the two woman, the blonde and Tits, walking into the locker room. Tits held up her hands.

“Whoa, calm down, just coming into get a quick shower.” Tits flashed her a toothy smile, and Jessica realized how paranoid she must look.

“Sorry... long day.” Jess said, letting out a breath and relaxing.

“It's cool. You're that lady? The one I see on the workout magazines.” Tits moved toward her as she talked.

“Yeah, Jessica.” Jess said. Tits held out her hand.

“Lisa.”

Jessica eyed her, then she extended her hand.

“Nice to meet you.” Jess said and took Lisa's hand.

Almost immediately, Jess felt Lisa's grip tighten like a vice. Jessica grabbed at her with her other hand while letting out a yowl of pain.

“Ow! What the—” Lisa yanked her forward and Jessica went tumbling towards the woman.

*Where's the blonde?*

She had just enough time to think before she felt both of Lisa's arms wrap around her and pull her even closer. This woman was strong, her arms like metal.

“Nooo-UMMMPPH!” Jessica's cries were cut off when Lisa pulled her face forward and buried it right in her massive cleavage. The woman's massive breasts completely enveloped Jessica's head.

“Hummmmmph! Mmmmmph!” Jessica screamed, swatting at Lisa. She could feel the woman's hands wrapped around her head.

“Mmmmm! Ullmmm!” Jessica wrapped her hands around Lisa arms and tried to pull but they didn't budge.

Who was this lady?

Everything was black, Jessica couldn't see anything inside Lisa's cleavage. Was this how she would be killed? Smothered by massive, fake tits?

“Hllppp! Hllllppp!” She screamed, hoping that a patron or employee would walk in and find her.

“No one will help you. This is my gym. Why do you think it was so private?” Said another voice behind her. The blonde!

“Hllllp! Hlllp!” Jessica wouldn't give up!

She felt someone, the blonde, grab her flailing hands and pull them behind her back. Jessica kicked and heaved and felt Lisa pull her forward, deeper into her cleavage.

“Nnnnooo! Mmmmo!” She gasped, taking in a lungful of air. Lisa breasts smelled like lavender soap.

She felt her hands pulled tight behind her back and something sticky being wrapped around

them. Tape?

“Mmmm! Ummmmph!” She kicked some more but her legs only found empty air.

“Don't struggle, you'll tire yourself out.” Lisa said.

She was right, Jessica took in another breath. She could barely breathe!

She felt the tape tighten around her hands at the wrist and the blonde let go. Jessica tried to move her hands but they were securely taped together.

Then she felt hands grab either side of her workout shorts.

“Mmmmooh! Mmmmmooohhh!” She resumed her kicking, squealing into Lisa's chest.

“Don't struggle! If we wanted you dead then you would be dead already!” Lisa cried.

“Ummm?” Jessica tried to angle her head up but Lisa kept it firmly in place. If they didn't want to kill her then what did they want?

Jessica felt the blonde pull down her workout shorts and felt the cool air hit her bare bottom.

“Mmmmp!”

“Okay, lets gag her before she hurts herself!” Lisa said.



“Mmmmp! Ummmp!”

A gag! No! Not again!

Lisa's grip on her head relaxed and Jessica felt the woman spin her around to face the blonde. The blonde smiled at her.

“Hello Jessica, I'm Shelly. We're about to become very good friends.”

“What do you want you sick bitch! Let me go right now! The Sheriff is on the way!”

Shelly smiled and held up Jessica's workout shorts. Jessica's eyes widened.

“What are you doing? No! I was just wearing those! I-UMMMMMPH!” Shelly stuffed the tiny shorts into Jessica's gaping mouth. Jessica felt her cheeks bulging around the shorts.

“Mffff! Uffff! Mfff!” Jessica gagged and tried to spit out the shorts. They tasted like sweat.

Shelly held up a roll of white athletic tape and pressed an end over Jessica's gagged mouth.

“Ummm mmm! Ummm hmmm!” Jessica tried to shake her head but Lisa grabbed it and held it in place. Shelly started wrapping the tape around Jessica's mouth.

“Mmmmmm! Ummm! Ummm!” Jessica could only watch and moan helplessly as the tape was wrapped, layer after layer, around her mouth.

Finally, Shelly stopped and stepped back, admiring her work. Several layers of white tape held the shorts securely in Jessica's mouth.

“Mmmm! Ummm!” Jessica rubbed her face on her shoulder, trying to see if she could work the tape free, but to no avail.

“Set her down.” Shelly ordered.

Lisa dragged Jessica over to a bench. Her feet still free, Jessica kicked and fought the whole way.

“Mmmmph! Ummmmph! Mmmmm!” Lisa planted her captive on the bench and Shelly grabbed her feet and crossed them at the ankles.

“Ummm mmm!” Jessica protested as Shelly started wrapping the tape around her ankles. As the blonde woman bound her feet, Lisa walked over to a locker and removed a large moving blanket.

Jessica's eyes widened. She had a very good idea what that blanket was for.

“Mmmmo! Mmmmo!” She mumbled, chewing on her shorts.

“There we are!” Shelly said and stood up. Jessica's feet were securely taped together.

“Mmmm! Ummm! Glllmmmph!”

“All those muscles, you think they would help you break free right about now?” Shelly giggled.

“Mrrrrmmmp! Grrrr!” Jessica flexed, taking the woman up on her challenge.

Nothing. The tape held strong.

“Grrrrmmmp!” Jessica's face reddened as she flexed.

“Come on then! If you break free then we'll let you go! I'll even turn myself in!” Shelly gloated.

“Mrrrrff mmmoo!” Jessica grumbled and flexed again.

Behind Shelly, Lisa had spread the blanket out over the floor.

“Are we ready?” Shelly asked, never turning around.

“Oh we're ready.” Lisa smiled and nodded.

“Hrrrrmmp!” Jessica's gaze shifted from Shelly to Lisa. They were going to wrap her up!

In seconds, both women were on her, each one taking an arm, and were dragging her over to the blanket.

“Mrrrrpp! Mmmoo! Mllpp! Mllp!” Jessica cried. Where was Gina? She had to be here by

now, right?

Lisa and Shelly laid Jessica down on one end of the blanket, face up. Both captors had amused looks on their faces.

“Things are about to get spinny. I hope you don't get sick because.. well...” Shelly smiled and motioned her mouth.

“Mrrfff mmmo!” Jessica barked, and then both women rolled her over, taking the blanket with her. She felt the fabric wrap around her as she rolled.

“Mmmmph! Ummmm!” She kept rolling, wrapping more and more of the blanket with her as she went. Her entire face was covered so all that she could see was black.

“Urrmmm... mmmmm...” She felt the pressure of the blanket on top of her as she was wrapped.

And then she stopped. She tried to move but could barely wriggle inside the blanket cocoon.

“Comfy?” She heard Shelly ask.

“Mmmmmpph!” Jessica cried.

She felt hands wrap around her legs, then someone else take ahold of her top half.

Then she was moving.

“Hlllph! Hlllph!” She tried to wriggle as best she could, but the thick fabric restricted her movements. Where were they taking her?

She heard a door open and a rush of air. They were outside!

“Hllllph! Mrrrrfff! Hllllp mmmmmeee!” she mumbled into her gag.

Then she heard a car door open.

“Mmmmmrrrh! Ullllmmmp!” Jessica felt herself being set down, then the door closed.

*Come on Gina!*

Two doors opened, and a moment later closed.

“Hrrrrmmmm! Urrmmm!!”

An engine started and the car roared to life.

Then they were moving.

## 12.

“Grrmmmm Lllummm! Hllllpppp! Hllllp!” Jessica grumbled into her gag, still in the dark. As best as she could figure, they had loaded her into a vehicle and taken her somewhere, but the question was: Where?

It seemed as if they didn't drive very long, but she had no way of knowing how long, given that she was wrapped in a blanket and struggling most of the time. After a bit, she felt the car stop and then both of her captors carry her out. She heard them open several doors and it seemed like they took her down some stairs at some point before laying her down somewhere.

Then everything went quiet, with the exception of her muffled protests.

*Can they at least take the gag out?*

Her work out shorts, now stuffed in her mouth, still tasted disgusting.

“Shhhmmmuuppph!” She groaned and wriggled some more. Where were they? What did they want with her?

“Well well, looks like someone's still feisty.” Jessica heard a voice, it sounded like the big titted one, Lisa.

“I think we should unwrap her.” She heard Shelly say.

“Mrrrrmmmmph!” Jessica flopped around impatiently.

Then she felt herself lifted and everything started spinning.

“Mrrrrmmmmfff!” Jessica bit down onto her shorts as her kidnappers unrolled her. As she spun, the blanket fell away from her face and bright light hit her eyes. She would have raised a hand to shield them if they weren't taped behind her back.

“Ummmph!” She landed on her stomach on something soft and blinked. This room was bright. Very bright.

“Mmmm...” Jessica closed her eyes and shook her head. Now what?

Slowly, she lifted her eye lids. Wherever they had dumped her, it was small, and soft.

“Comfortable?” Jessica heard a voice say from behind her.

“Mmmmph?” She twisted her head.

The room was wide, spacious. She saw what looked like a whirlpool hot tub at the far end against a wall.

*Am I in a spa?*

She turned her head down and realized that she wasn't on a bed, but a small, thin, massage table.

*What?*

Looking up, she saw a workout machines situated a few feet in front of the massage table. It looked like a lat pull down machine. Jessica's brow furrowed in confusion.

“Hmmmph?”

“Like it?” A voice said behind her. Jessica turned her head to see Shelly approaching. Shelly had changed out of her workout gear and was now in a small, black, thong bikini. The woman was stunning, her pale lithe body looked amazing in the bikini. Despite their small size, her breasts looked quite nice in the small bikini top, and to top it off, her blond hair had been pulled up in a bun.

“This is where I come to relax, blow off steam. I actually took a few work out pointers from your books.” Shelly smiled and flexed a bicep.

“Mmmrrrrpph?” Jessica flashed her a questioning look.

Shelly laughed and strolled forward past Jessica. As she passed, Jessica couldn't help but notice the black fabric of the thong running between Shelly's beautiful, sculpted ass cheeks.

“How's our guest?” Another voice asked.



“Hrrmmm?” Jessica turned her head to the other side to see Lisa striding forward. Like Shelly, Lisa wore a tiny, tiny, neon blue thong bikini. The top seemed to barely contain Lisa's massive, heaving breasts.

“I think she's starting to get the swing of things.” Shelly said, and took a seat on the edge of the massage table.

“Should we give her a few minutes to get adjusted or get right into it?” Lisa asked, strolling past them. Lisa's bare glutes flexed and heaved with every step, and despite her beauty, Jessica knew that she was a woman to be reckoned with.

“I think we should start nice, shouldn't we?” Shelly asked

“Hurrmmph?” Jessica looked up at Shelly. *Start nice?*

Lisa walked over to the lat pull down machine. Essentially, the machine was a metal bar attached to a wire that ran to several weights stacked on top of each other. Jessica had used many such machines in various gyms. All you did was adjust what weight you wanted, sit in the seat, grab the bar, and pull. Was Lisa going to work out while Shelly... did whatever?

Instead, Lisa grabbed the wire attached to the weight stack and unhooked it.

“Now, eyes up here.” Shelly said.

“Mmrrrrmm!” Jessica grumbled and looked up at the blond woman.

“My friend Lisa here tells me that you've landed yourself in some trouble.”

“Muuurrrmm! Urrrrmm!” Jessica spat. Trouble! This certainly was!

“Now, from what we understand, you intercepted an email chain between certain parties, and this email contained some interesting secrets. Is that correct?”

“Mmmmp!” Jessica grumbled, doing her best to look defiant, but Shelly was right.

*How did they know? What do they want?*

Did they work for King or Ace?

“Now Jessica, if you want this to be easy, you're going to have to play nice. Now nod your head if you did indeed receive this e-mail?”

Jessica glared at Shelly. What if she told her? Would she let her go? What did she want with this?

“Mmmrrrph! Mffff mmoo!” Jessica grumbled and shook her head. Fuck these two. If they had to kidnap her in order to find out what she knew then they must be up to no good.

Shelly sighed and shared a look with Lisa, who smiled back.

“Suit yourself Jessica. If you would have cooperated, that gag would be out and we could talk, but now... now we get to have some fun with you.”

“Mfffff?” Jessica raised her head. Fun?

“Yes, fun. And when we take out that gag, you better be ready to talk.”

“Mrrrrf mmmo! Mllllppp! Mllpp!” Jessica chewed into her gag as she spoke. What now? What were they going to do to her?

Lisa strode forward, the wire from the lat machine in her hand. Jessica saw this and her eyes widened.

“Mmmmp! Ummmp! Ummmp!” She started wriggling around, hoping to shake the tape loose, to fall off the table and buy time-

-Time for what? Gina had to be looking for her, but how would she know where to look?

“Ummmp! Mmmooo! Mmmooo!” Jessica felt Shelly grab her by the shoulders.

“Hold still now.” Shelly giggled.

“Mmmmp!”

Lisa held the wire over Jessica's head and reached forward.

“MMMMMPH! UMMMMPH! MMMMM!”

Jessica closed her eyes and felt Lisa grab a hold of her thong.

*What?*

Her eyes widened. She heard the clasp on the wire close and suddenly felt her underwear go taunt as the wire tugged on it.

*What the Hell?*

“Ummmph!” Jessica turned her head. The wire from the pull down machine was clamped tightly to the top of the white thong panties that she was wearing.

“Ulllmmm!” Jessica wiggled her ass, trying to work the wire free, but it held tight.

“You might want to clench those glutes of yours.” Shelly patted her and walked towards the machine.

“Mmmph?” Jessica twisted her head to follow, only to have her view blocked by Lisa's massive tits.

“Hope you're ready for some fun.” Lisa shook her breasts in Jessica's face and stepped aside to reveal Shelly taking a seat at the pull down machine.

“This is a new work out that I'm trying, think it will make it's way into your next book?” Shelly smiled and gripped the bar with both hands.

“Ummmmm?” Jessica cocked her head.

Shelly adjusted her grip and pulled down on the bar. In that same instant, Jessica felt her underwear tighten and pull right up her ass crack.

“HRRRRMMMMPH!” Jessica moaned as she felt the wedgie tighten.

“Start slow, with small weight, and work your way up.” Shelly said and slowly raised the bar back up. Jessica huffed into her gag, feeling the pressure on her underwear lift somewhat.

Not that it helped, the wire had pulled her thong pretty far up her ass.

“Exhale...” Shelly called out. “And down again!” She pulled down on the bar, even further this time.

“MMMMRRRRMMMMPH!” Jessica groaned, feeling her underwear bury itself deep in the crevices of her behind.

“And back up.” Shelly raised the bar again and once again, Jessica felt the pressure on her underwear loosen.

“MMMMMPH! MMMMPH! MMMMOO!” Jessica started to wriggle and thrash.

“Please stay still now.” Shelly admonished.

“MMMMMMRRRRPPH!” Jessica was bucking up and down on the table.

“Oh this won't do.” Shelly whined.

“URRMMM! MMMRRRRMM” Jessica continued to thrash, not willing to once again undergo a super-wedgie.

Lisa stepped in front of her again and pushed down on both of her shoulders. The woman was freakishly strong.

“MMMMMOO! MMMMO!” Jessica struggled, shaking her head back and forth.

Then Lisa leaned forward and once again buried Jessica's face between her massive breasts. Jessica felt Lisa's hands wrap around the back of her head to hold it in place.

“Jessica, must we play this game again?” Lisa asked.

“Mmmmm! Ummm! Mmmm!” Jessica tried to shake her head but Lisa had her in a vice like grip.

“I think I'm going to have to calm you down.” Lisa's grip loosened on her.

“Ummmph! Ummmph!” Jessica tried to twist her head out of Lisa's cleavage.

Then Lisa took a step back and heaved her chest from side to side. Both of her massive breasts swung forward and smacked Jessica in either side of the face.

“MMRRRRRMMM!” Jessica cried. They were huge! Each breast smacked against skin of her face like a massive fist. The skin of Lisa's breasts TWAPPED against Jessica's cheeks with each movement.

“Mrrmmm! Urrmmm! Urrmmm!” The sound of skin on skin echoed through out the room as Lisa heaved her breasts faster and faster against Jessica's face.

TWAP! TWAP! TWAP!

Her entire face stung as Lisa's breasts heaved back and forth like pendulums.

TWAP! TWAP! TWAP!

“Urrmmm! Urrmmm! Urrmm!” Jessica tried to turn her head but every time she did Lisa seemed to move with her.

Lisa grabbed Jessica's head again and pulled it forward, forcing Jessica to motorboat her as she shook her heaving breasts from one side to another.

“Like them?” Lisa giggled as she shook her breasts against Jessica's face.

TWAP! TWAP! TWAP!

“Mrrrrruuggglllllll!” Jessica gurgled, Lisa's cleavage further muffling her protests.

Then Lisa let go and stepped back. Jessica exhaled through her nose and hung her head.

“Hummmmmff...” Her face ached, and she realized that she was short of breath, no doubt from Lisa's stifling cleavage.

“I think she's ready for another rep.” Lisa smiled and stepped away.

“Hurrmmm...” Jessica raised her head in time to see Shelly pull down on the bar once again.

“UMMMMMMMMPH!” Jessica cried out, feeling her thong rise up and press deep into the folds of her vagina. Her crotch and ass cried out in pain as the small garment pulled against her skin.

“How's she looking” Shelly asked, still pulling on the bar.

Lisa stalked to the back of the massage table and looked at Jessica's rear end.

“What a tight tush you have! No wonder you wear such tiny bikinis!” Lisa cried out and slapped Jessica's bare ass cheek. The TWACK of Lisa's hand on her rump was deafening.



“UMMMMPH! HLLLLPP! HLLLP!” Jessica cried out.

“We are the only ones that can help you.” Lisa said and slapped Jessica's other cheek. It was another loud slap, and stung just as much.

“MRRRRMMMPH!”

Shelly smiled and raised the bar.

“I have to say, I don't know if this underwear is long for this world.” Lisa gently patted Jessica's ass.

“Mrrmmm....” Jessica exhaled.

“Getting tired?” Lisa asked.

“You can't get tired yet! I'm not done with my set!” Shelly cried.

“Mmmmp! Ummmmph!” Jessica shook her head. *No more!*

But Shelly adjusted her grip on the bar and pulled down again. Jessica braced herself.

Her underwear rode up even further. She could feel the fabric protesting against her skin, riding up against her ass while also digging into her crotch.

“MMMMMMRRRRMMM!” Jessica moaned.

Then Lisa came from behind and stood in front of Jessica, thonged ass right in her face.

“Think you can hold that?” Lisa asked, hands on her hips.

“Sure can!” Shelly called back.

“Mmmm! Ummm!” Lisa shook her head.

Then Lisa bent over, grabbed Jessica by the back of the head, and stuck her thonged behind right in Jessica's face. Lisa's grip tightened on Jessica and her head was forced right between the woman's ass cheeks.

“Gllluumm! Murgggle!” Lisa grumbled into Lisa's behind.

Then Lisa started shaking her ass back and forth, her powerful glutes gyrating and flexing around Jessica's face.

“Urrrgll! Glubb!” Jessica tried to pull away, but Lisa held her tight.

Jessica felt Lisa's other hand grab her face and press her face deeper into Lisa's backside. Lisa pressed herself back and her butt wiggled up and down around Jessica's face.

“Glubb... mllubb... hlllpp..” Jessica protested.

Then Shelly pulled down on the bar some more and Jessica felt her ass rise up, getting pulled along with her underwear.

“Mmmmmmm” Jessica groaned.

“Max out!” Lisa yelled, still holding Jessica's head between her butt cheeks.

Another pull and Jessica's underwear pulled her up even further.

“Mmmmmmm!” Jessica shook her ass, trying to loosen the pressure.

Then she felt it, the snap. The back of her thong ripped right around where the wire was clamped to it and Jessica felt her underwear fall away.

“Ummmpfh!” Jessica cried out as her bottom fell against the table. Lisa let go and stepped away from Jessica.

“Hummmmm!” Jessica took in a breath of fresh air, grateful to be free from Lisa's back side.

“Oh no...” Shelly stood up from the workout machine. Jessica looked up to see what remained of her underwear dangling from the wire hanging suspended from the workout machine.

“Mmmm....” Jessica groaned and closed her eyes, not even worrying about her nudity. What now?

Both Lisa and Shelly stood over her. After a moment, Shelly squatted down, grabbed the tape around Jessica's mouth, and tugged at it. The tape ripped away from Jessica's face.

“MMMMMM!” Jessica cried, the skin around her mouth erupting in pain. Seconds later, the tape fell around her neck and Shelly pulled the workout shorts out of Jessica's mouth.

“Now, are you going to talk? Or shall we put this gag back in and go another round?”

“No... please...” Jessica said between gasps. The fresh air tasted good.

“Good, then tell me what I want to know. That e-mail gave the name of a cop, someone in the Sheriff's Department that works for Ace. I want a name.”

Jessica took a deep breath and met Shelly's gaze. The woman's blue eyes were cold, calculating, and made it hard for Jessica to know if she was telling the truth or not.

“That's all? Just a name?” Jessica asked.

“Just a name,” Shelly nodded. “Then this will all be over.”

Jessica swallowed and looked up at Lisa, who nodded in reassurance.

“The e-mail... it mentioned a deputy... someone named-”

“Mom! Mom!” A voice called from upstairs. It sounded male, and young, most likely teenage.

Jessica didn't think, she didn't allow herself to comprehend the thought that one of these women was a mother, that their kid, a teenage boy, was upstairs, and that meant that she was in a house, most likely a neighborhood. She didn't think about this at all, instead all she thought was to call for help.

“He-ULLLLMMM!” Lisa was fast, and shoved the tiny workout shorts back into Jessica's gaping mouth.

“UMMMMMPH! MMMMMPH!”

“Shit. Keep her quiet!” Shelly said and stood up.

Lisa's powerful hand kept the shorts jammed in Jessica's mouth. A moment later, Shelly came over with a roll of black tape.

“Here.” She handed the roll to Lisa and stalked off.

“URGGGGLL! MMMMLLLLPP!”

Lisa used her teeth to peel some of the tape away from the roll and held it in front of Jessica's face.

“UMMM MMM! UMM MMM!” Jessica tried to shake her head but Lisa pressed the tape over her mouth and started to wrap it around her head. In a minute, she had one layer around Jessica's mouth

and had started on another.

“Mrrrrmmm! Urrmmm!” Jessica moaned as Lisa continued to wrap the tape around her mouth.

A minute later, Lisa broke off the tape and looked down at her captive, effectively silenced by several layers of tape, keeping her shorts stuffed in her mouth.

“Hrrrrmmph! Glllummmph!” Jessica mumbled, once again chewing on her shorts. What next?

“Sorry darling, looks like things got interesting.” Lisa smirked.

“Grrmmmp!”

Jessica resumed her wriggling on the table. There was a kid upstairs! If she could just get his attention, then maybe he could help her! If he was a teenage boy, then he would be all too eager to help out a pants-less, bound and gagged woman, right?

A few minutes later, Jessica heard a door open and the sound of bare feet padding down a staircase.

“Everything alright?” Lisa asked.

“Good news is that he didn't hear anything.” Shelly said.

*Is that her kid?*

“The bad news?” Lisa asked.

“The bad news is that Jeremy just answered the phone to find the Sheriff on the other end. She's at the gym right now, inquiring about the whereabouts of a friend of hers.”

“Hummmmph!” Jessica twisted her head to look at Shelly. Gina was looking for her!

“Yes, you.” Shelly smiled and patted Jessica's bare behind.

“Hurrmm!” Jessica growled and turned away.

“Now what?” Lisa asked.

“We'll have to continue this later. The Sheriff wants to speak to me, now.”

“Ummmph! Ummmph!” Jessica wriggled up and down. Gina would find her!

“Want me to stay here and watch her?” Lisa asked.

“No, come with me. I'll need a witness, someone that can back up that Jessica here left the gym alone and that was the last time we saw her.” Shelly patted Jessica's ass again.

“Ulluummm ggmmmm!” Jessica glared at her.

“What about Jeremy? What if he wanders down here?”

“He just went out with friends. If we lock the door then no one will find her down here.”

“Ullmmm! Mmmmm!” Jessica thrashed around, feeling her face growing red with rage.

“Keep doing that and you'll fall off the table, then what?” Shelly asked.

Jessica stopped and glared at her. She was right, what then?

“Anyway,” Shelly turned back to Lisa. “We shall go, give the Sheriff our alibi, Jessica was at our gym, worked out, then left. The Sheriff will chase Ace's men, thinking they have her, meanwhile, we'll come back here and deal with Ms. Jessica.”

“Mummp!” Jessica chimed.

“Sounds good.” Lisa nodded.

“Good, let's go get dressed.” Shelly said, and turned away. Lisa looked down at Jessica, gave her a wink, then patted her on the ass and walked away.

“Mrrrruggle! Ummmmff! Mffff mmooo! Mmmmmeeey! Mmmmmeeey!” Jessica grumbled into her gag after them.



What did they have planned for her? Once she talked, would they let her go? Doubtful.

Then what?

*Gina, please hurry!*

## 13.

“I’m telling you man, the house is a sitting duck right now, we can take it!” Daryl implored from the passenger seat to his partner, Alex. Alex trained his cold grey eyes on the road ahead and stuck his keys in the ignition.

“What’s the first rule?” Alex asked.

“Come on man!” Daryl wined.

“What. Is. The. First. Rule?” Alex turned to him, his eyes seeming to pierce deep into Daryl’s soul. Alex was a big man, solid muscle all the way through. The black hoodie that he wore covered the sleeve tattoos that ran up and down his arms, and his long dark beard and bald head made him all the more intimidating.

Daryl was very much the opposite of Alex, small, somewhat chubby, with unkept brown hair.

“Don’t get greedy.” Daryl said, deflated.

“Exactly. Now, we have a great haul. Let’s get a beer and call it a day.” Alex beamed and turned to the back of the van.

They had heard a few days back that the old Sheriff, apparently she was a hot piece of ass, had skipped town, but soon word leaked that the Sheriff didn’t even pack up and go, she just left. Her

house, and everything inside were just sitting there.

Breaking into places was Daryl and Alex's thing. They were small time, and happy with that, it kept them off the police's radar, and as long as they paid tribute to Ace every now and then, everything was cool. Alex heard that the Sheriff's place was sitting there, like a present waiting to be unwrapped, and decided that would be their next hit. The clock was ticking though, the bank was no doubt trying to repossess the house, and would try to claim everything inside.

So Daryl and Alex went to work, scoping out the neighborhood earlier that day.

And what a beautiful neighborhood it was. Prime, beachside property, and not shortage of hot babes. As they were pulling away, they caught sight of a hot, red headed chick with huge tits walking up the street in a white thong bikini. Daryle probably stared a little too long. Actually, he did stare a little too long, according to Alex.

“A big blue van like this draws attention, you ogling draws even more attention. They probably think we're perverts!” Alex scolded him after they pulled away.

“Sorry man, but... did you see that? Was she just going for a walk dressed like that?” Daryl couldn't get the image of that woman in the bikini out of his head.

“Who cares? If she sees us later today, we're done!”

Thankfully, she didn't see them when they came back that night. They both got in and out of the Sheriff's place with no trouble. It was almost too easy! The place truly was like a Christmas present.

Whoever this Sheriff was, she didn't even finish unpacking, and the house was filled with boxes containing clothes, jewelry, electronics, everything! They made short work of it all, grabbing boxes and carrying them out to the van. Alex even came up with the idea to tell people that they were movers hired to pick up the Sheriff's stuff, just in case anyone asked.

Once they loaded the van, Daryl settled himself in the passenger seat and waited for Alex to close the house up. It would look like they hadn't even been there. While he was waiting, Daryl noticed the house across the street. It was a nice house, with a well kept yard. At first, he saw a blond, teenage boy leave and get into a car with a few other teenagers. A few minutes later, two women stepped out. One of the women was blond, no doubt the boy's mother, and the other had dark hair and massive, massive tits. In that moment, Daryl wished that he lived on this street with all these beautiful woman, but then he noticed that the women closed up the house and turned out all the lights before getting into a car and driving off.

The house was empty.

Usually, Daryl and Alex had to scope a place out for a few days before they knew when a place would be empty and ripe for the picking, and here it was, served up to them on a silver platter, but Alex didn't want to bite.

“Come on man! Two scores in one night!” Daryl pleaded.

“You saw the way that lady looked at us earlier today. Every minute that we're parked here is another minute that someone could get suspicious and call the cops.” Alex was growing more irritated with every word.

“Dude, we don't have to spend the time casing the place. We go in and out, quick and clean, and with these two scores, you know that we won't have to do another one for a while.”

Alex gritted his teeth and stared out the front window. Daryl beamed, knowing that he had a point. It took time to find a new mark and plan how they were going to break in. This would give them a few weeks to lay low and figure their next move.

“Fine,” Alex turned back to him. “But it's quick, grab a few valuables, then get out.”

“Yes!” Daryl pumped a fist. This was turning into a hell of a night!

The locked the van and quickly made their way across the street to the darkened house. Night had fallen and the street was dark except for street lamps, and the sound of the ocean behind them seemed to drown out their foot steps. Daryl wasn't worried about anyone seeing them, this seemed like one of those suburban streets where everyone went inside as soon as the street lights went up.

Once they reached the house, they snuck around to the rear entrance. Alex jimmied the lock while Daryl played look out. He realized that they didn't know how long the women could be gone, they could have just gone for a quick errand for all they knew.

*This will have to be a quick in and out.*

The door unlocked with a CLICK. Alex looked up at Daryl.

“Listen out, if you hear a car, we're out.”

Daryl nodded and followed Alex inside.

The house was neatly furnished with all of the usual décor you find in a place like it: knick knacks, paintings, electronics, the works. Both of them stole through the kitchen, uninterested in what that room had to offer, and headed for the living room.

“I'll take upstairs, you downstairs. Whistle if you hear anything.” Alex whispered. Daryl nodded and made his way towards an entertainment center on the far wall. The center contained a television, along with stacks of DVDS and video games, along with two video game consoles and a Blu-Ray Player.

*Jackpot.*

Daryl grabbed the two consoles and stuffed them into the gym bag he brought along to every break in. The TV was nice, but they had one from the Sheriff's place, and often times TV's were too cumbersome for quick jobs like this.

After he was done with the entertainment center, Daryl turned to a door on the far wall. A basement? Maybe they have a game room or something down there. He gripped the handle and turned. It was locked.

*Who locks their basement?*

He tried again. It was definitely locked. This was curious, and appealing.

Alex came sneaking down the stairs behind Daryl.

“I got some jewelry and stuff. Let's go.”

“Wait!” Daryl turned to him.

“Let's go! We have enough!” Alex grunted.

Daryl made a show of trying to open the basement door for him.

“Look. Who locks their basement?” Daryl tried it again, just to punctuate his point.

Alex cocked his head and stepped forward. He too tried the door and found it locked.

“Interesting.” He said.

“What do you think is down there?”

“Only one way to find out.” Alex whispered and took out his lock picking kit. His curiosity was piqued, and he was determined to solve this mystery.

“Who knows, maybe it's a sex dungeon that she doesn't want the kid to see?” Daryl giggled.

Alex ignored him and worked the lock. A few seconds later, the door clicked and Alex swung it open. Inside, a carpeted staircase lead down to a brightly lit, finished basement.

“Hmm...” Alex stroked his beard and stood up. “A quick look, we grab anything of value, and run out of here.”

Daryl nodded and Alex lead the way down. This couldn't be a game room. Who locks a game room?

They hit the bottom of the stairs and their jaws dropped. It was a beautiful finished basement, complete with some work out machines and a jacuzzi on the far wall.

And a naked, bound and gagged chick on a massage table.

“Urrrrmph! Mmmmpph!” The woman turned her head towards them. Her eyes widened and she beckoned them over with her head.

Both Alex and Daryl stared, dumbstruck.

“Mrrrrmph! Hllpp! Hlllp!” She moaned, her perfect ass wiggling in mid-air.

Both Alex and Daryl took a step towards her. Whoever this woman was, she was stunning, super model beautiful. She had curly blond hair, but from the looks of it, she wasn't a natural blond. Her skin was a deep bronze and she clearly worked out, lean muscles writhing as she struggled under her bonds.



“Hlllp! Hlllp mmmmeeee!” She mumbled, rolling onto her back. The woman was completely bottomless, and Daryl saw that she had a tattoo of wings just above her ass crack. When she turned over, Daryl also saw that she was completely waxed. He was also wrong about her being nude, and he could now see that she wore a black sports bra.

“Hrrrrmmph! Ummmph!” She pleaded.

“What... the... Hell....” Alex gasped.

“Hlllp!” She implored again. Several layers of black tape had been wrapped around her mouth, and it bulged slightly, suggesting that something had been stuffed into her mouth as well before.

“Uhh...” Was about all Daryl could muster.

“Hrrmmmph!” She gyrated up and down, eyes wide and pleading.

Alex grabbed Daryl by the shoulders and spun him around to face him.

“This is bad.” Alex grunted, his eyes hard steel.

“Yeah... do we just leave?” Daryl asked.

“No we can't just leave! She's seen us!” Alex's grip on his shoulders tightened.

“Mmmmooo! Mmmmooo!” Daryl looked back at her to see her shaking her head.

“I don't think she's here willingly.” Daryl motioned to her.

“Ummm hmmm! Ummm hmmm!” She was nodding now.

“So what do you suggest? Go to the cops? We have to explain that we broke in!” Alex shouted.

“True...” Daryl sunk.

“Urrrrm! Ummmm!” She grumbled.

“All of the stuff we have from here, plus the loot from the Sheriff's place, gone.” Alex had relaxed his grip a little.

“We could just leave. Forget we saw her.”

“Then those two chicks come back, see that the house was broken into, then take out her gag and ask her what happened.” Alex motioned to the bound woman.

“Urrmmm mmm! Urrrrm mmm!” She was shaking her head again, her blond hair whipping around her face.

“So what do we do?” Daryl asked. This was fucked. They should have just let the door be.

But he knew that neither of them could resist a locked door.

Alex stepped away and walked over to the bound woman. She raised her head and glared at him. Daryl turned to watch and noticed the workout machine placed behind her, and the torn pair of white thong panties hanging from a wire above it.

*What were they doing to her?*

Alex stood over the woman and crossed his arms.

“You've placed us in a pickle here.” He muttered.

“Urrmm! Mrrmmph! Ummph!” She pleaded through the gag at him, arching her upper body up.

Alex chewed on his lip and then looked up at Daryl.

“I have an idea!” He exclaimed.

Daryl walked over, intrigued.

“Yes?” He asked.

“The Queen.” Alex said, eyes bright.

“The Queen?” Daryl asked.

“The Queen is always looking for new toys. I hear that she pays very nicely for new girls.”

Daryl's eyes lit up, The Queen! He had heard stories about her.

Everyone in Marston's Pointe had heard stories of The Queen.

Everyone in Marston's Pointe was afraid of The Queen.

“Sell her to The Queen?” Daryl balled his fists and looked down at the woman.

“Hrrmmmp! Ummmmph!” She arched her back and resumed her struggles.

“You know she would pay top dollar for a piece of ass like this. Think about, we wouldn't have to pull a job for a while.”

“Mmmmmoo! Mmoooo!” The woman was thrashing around now and kicking her bound feet.

“I guess... she is already wrapped up.” Daryl smiled and looked up at Alex.

“Mmmmmeeep!” The woman froze and squeaked into her gag.

“See? We get the loot from the house, and The Queen gets a new toy. Plus we'll be in good standing Ace. I hear those two are tight.”

“Urrrrmmm mmm! Urrmm mm!”

Daryl stepped over to the table, standing on the opposite side of Alex. Alex's eyes drifted down to the table and noticed that the woman was laying on a large, thick blanket.

“Here, help me wrap her up!” Alex grabbed one end of the blanket.

“Mmmmph! Mmmooo! Mmooo!” The woman started kicking and thrashing again. Daryl grabbed his end of the blanket and tossed it over her.

“Urrmmph! Mmmrrpph!” She cried, completely covered by one end of the blanket. Alex threw his end over her as well. The thick fabric completely covered her, though she was still kicking underneath it.

“Mmmmmph! Ummmmph!”

“I'll grab her feet.” Alex said and wrapped his large arms around her kicking feet.

“Mmmmo! Mmmmo!” She struggled under his grip, the upper half of her body still whipping around. Daryl quickly ran to the top of the table and wrapped his arms around the top half of the woman.

“Got her?” Alex asked.

Daryl nodded.

“Hlllp! Hlllp!” She cried, still wiggling around in their grasp.

“Let's go.” Alex ordered and lifted the woman. Daryl nodded again and lifted his half.

“Urrrrmmph! Ummmmph!” She kicked and squirmed as they carried her.

“Stop struggling, or we'll drop you!” Alex cried and started to back up the stairs.

She didn't stop, in fact she struggled and moaned the whole time. Daryl realized that this would be the time that the other two chicks came home and caught them carrying out their...

Sex toy? Prisoner? Who was this woman and why did they have her?

“Ummmph!” They reached the top of the stairs and the woman's thrashing got worse.

“Dammit! Do you have her?” Alex cried. Daryl tightened his grip on her.

“Yeah, let's hurry!” He said and they started maneuvering towards the door.

What if someone saw them carrying her across the street? Despite being bound and gagged, she was still making a lot of noise, and could draw a lot of attention.

The made it out the back door and Daryl stopped.

“Set her down, I have to close it.”

“Leave it! Let's go!” Alex ordered.

With no other choice, Daryl complied.

“Hummmph! Mmmph!”

The walk across the street to the van seemed like an eternity, and the woman kicked and moaned the whole time. Luckily, no one was outside.

Once at the van, Daryl held her in a standing position while Alex opened the rear doors.

“Mmmmmph! Ummmph!” She twisted her head around, trying to shake off the blankets.

“Hurry!” Daryl cried.

The van doors swung open and Alex stepped in. Inside, the van was packed with moving boxes from the Sheriff's place, but there was room to store more. Alex motioned for Daryl to load the woman in.

Daryl nodded and shuffled her towards the open van doors.

“Mmmmmph! Ummphh! Hllllp!” She wriggled in his grasp as he pushed her towards Alex.

“She's feisty!” Daryl said through gritted teeth.

“The Queen will get that out of her.” Alex chuckled and grabbed her.

“Mmmmf?” She cocked her head.

Then they lifted her off her feet and she went back to struggling.

“Hllpp! Mmmmm! Mmmmph!”

Once they had her inside, they set her down against some boxes and set their shoulder bags down next to her. Then they quickly hopped out and slammed both rear doors.

“Well, there she is.” Alex said between breaths.

“Yeah...” Daryl said, catching his breath as well. Alex turned to him and smiled.

“Turned out to be quite the haul huh?” He smiled and smacked Daryl on the chest. All Daryl could do was smile and nod.

“Let's go to The Castle. We'll sell this lady and then fence the other stuff.” Alex said and hopped towards the driver's side. Daryl waited a moment, then followed.

It turned out to be a strange night, but also, a fortuitous one. He wondered what The Queen



would do to this chick? She was hot, alright, a ten. No, better than a 10.

The Queen was a tough woman, and he had heard stories about what she did to her girls.

This chick was in for one hell of a ride.

## 14.

“What do you know about this new Sheriff?” Shelly asked Lisa as they drove to the gym.

Shelly had yet to meet the new Sheriff in town. She had heard things about her, sure, but she assumed that their paths would cross sooner or later.

*And now here we are.*

This Sheriff, Gina, had kept somewhat of a lower profile than her predecessor, the missing Ms. Fetters, who had painted a target on her pack early on in her tenure. The thought of Felicia Fetters made Shelly bite her lip. She suspected that there was more to Felicia's disappearance than just her running off with Janet Rossi.

*More indeed.*

Felicia struck Shelly as the perfect puppet because she carried her weaknesses on her sleeve: her vanity and desire to prove herself, and Shelly used both to her advantage. Shelly knew that engaging with Ace head on would almost certainly lead to her undoing, so she had decided to use the police as her pieces in this chess game. She would let Felicia Fetters and Ace go at it, wearing each other down while she swooped in to pick up the pieces.

Shelly sent Felicia off with intel on one of Ace's safe houses, and as far as Shelly knew, that made her one of the last people to see the old Sheriff. Word reached her that their mutual neighbor,

Tanya Donnelly, had witnessed Felicia and Janet streaking along the beach, which led to the gossip that the two had run away together.

Then this Gina showed up, claiming that Felicia had appointed her Sheriff before leaving town. It didn't add up, not at all. Shelly was almost of a mind to think that Gina worked for Ace, but Lisa's account of what happened at the junk yard refuted that. So if Gina didn't work for Ace, what was her angle?

There were too many variables, too many unknowns, and Shelly didn't like that.

“The Sheriff is... interesting. We shouldn't underestimate her.” Lisa said as she drove, eyes on the road ahead.

Shelly nodded from the passenger seat. It was as she suspected. This Gina could be a force to be reckoned with.

“Let's just make this quick, then get back home. Dear Jessica was about to crack, I fear that she may need more convincing by the time we get back.”

Lisa smiled at the thought, and Shelly knew that Lisa was all too eager to have some more fun with Jessica. Once she talked, and Shelly was confident that she would, they would stash Jessica in a barrel, fill it with cement, and toss her into the ocean. The fitness model had served her purpose, but unfortunately couldn't be allowed to walk free. Once they knew who on the Sheriff's Department worked for Ace, they would deal with that in their own way as well. Shelly would either call in anonymously to the Sheriff herself or feed Tanya another anonymous tip and let her do with it as she

wished.

They reached town and as they pulled up to the gym Shelly noticed that the entire Sheriff's Department seemed to be waiting outside. The second thing that caught Shelly's eye was what Sheriff Gina was wearing.

“Looks like our Sheriff hasn't changed clothes since earlier today.” Lisa smirked.

“Interesting.” Shelly said as they parked.

Gina was wearing a tiny, purple g-string bikini. She had her Sheriff's badge clipped to her bikini top and a gun belt slung around her hips. Shelly couldn't help but notice that the men of the police force, Frank and Randy, couldn't take their eyes off of Gina. There were also two other women along for the ride, a curvacious Latina woman and a muscle bound but beautiful dark haired woman.

Lisa got out of the car first, followed by Shelly. Gina stood in front of the closed gym, hands on her hips.

“You must be Shelly Arnold.” Gina said authoritatively. Shelly smiled and approached the bikini clad Sheriff.

“You must be the new Sheriff! I don't think we've had the pleasure of meeting!” She strolled forward and extended her hand. Gina eyed her suspiciously and then glanced at Lisa.

“I believe we've met earlier today.”

“Yes we have,” Lisa smiled. “Long time no see.”

Gina didn't return the smile.

“Are you her hired muscle too?” Gina asked.

“Oh, heavens no!” Shelly laughed. “Lisa here is my personal trainer and good friend.”

Gina's eyes shifted between them and Shelly noticed both the Latina and Bodybuilder take up positions behind the Sheriff.

“Well Sheriff, can I ask what this is about? If it's for a workout, the gym is closed until the morning.”

“This is your gym?” Gina asked.

“Indeed.” Shelly nodded.

“There was a blond woman here earlier today. Tan, very fit. Do you recall her?”

Shelly stroked her chin and cocked her head, making a show of trying to remember.

“Hmm... I do recall a woman of that description using the gym. She seemed like she really needed to blow off some steam.”

Gina took a step closer to her.

“What happened to that woman?”

Shelly shrugged.

“She worked out, then left. Did something happen to her.”

Gina's eyes narrowed.

“She's a good friend of mine, and hasn't been answering her phone. I have reason to believe that she's in trouble.”

Shelly gasped and placed a hand on her chest.

“Oh no! Is there anything I can do to help?”

“You can tell me why the only gym in town closed at dark.” Gina took another step forward, her massive breasts brushing against Shelly's chest. Shelly looked down at the Sheriff's cleavage and then up to her face.

“I like the new uniform. Is this going to be standard issue? I think Frank and Randy would look great in speedos.”

Both men chuckled nervously. Gina never took her eyes off of Shelly.

“Answer the question.” Gina ordered.

Shelly stood straight and looked Gina right in the eye.

“This woman was our only customer all day, combine that with being short staffed and closing early seemed like a very sound financial decision. Plus I wanted to get home to see my son. Being a single, working mom can put a strain on relations.” Shelly smiled.

Gina's gaze shifted to Lisa.

“What about you? What's your story?”

“Same as her,” Lisa shrugged. “The lady was here, worked out, then left.”

“See,” Shelly motioned to Lisa. “That's all we know. May we go now?”

“No,” Gina ordered. “In fact, would you mind if I had a look around your gym?”

Shelly's blood went cold. She realized that Jessica's gym bag, containing her clothes, and phone, were still in the locker room. If Gina found those, both she and Lisa were cooked. They would most likely be taken to the station for questioning, or worse.

“Do you have a warrant?” Shelly asked.

Gina glared at her, eyes blazing.

“What?” Gina demanded.

“A warrant? I'm sorry, but I know my rights, and I'm not going to let you trample around my business without a warrant.”

“Let me in or I'll come back with one.”

“Fine, do it.” Shelly dared her. She had thrown the bait and Gina took it! She knew that the Sheriff wouldn't be able to get a warrant until morning, and by then she would be able to dispose of Jessica's items, along with Jessica herself.

“Fine. Don't think about leaving town.”

“I wouldn't dream of it. After you look around the gym, feel free to sign up for a membership.”

Gina only continued to glare at her.

“Anyway, are we done here? It's late and I have to open early.”

Gina had no play and she knew it. All the Sheriff could do was nod and step back.

“Nice meeting you Sheriff.” Shelly extended a hand. Gina turned away and walked over to her



cruiser. Shelly watched as Gina's magnificent ass heaved up and down as she walked. This Sheriff had a great, though surgically augmented, body. She gave Felicia Fetters a run for her money in the looks department.

“Let's go Lisa.” Shelly turned back to the car and Lisa followed.

As they got in and pulled away, Shelly noticed that no one in the Sheriff's Department took their eyes off of them the entire time.

*I have a feeling that this isn't over.*

Lisa pulled the car onto the street and drove off.

“I have a feeling that this Sheriff will be trouble.” Shelly said.

“Me too,” Lisa nodded. “What do we do about her?”

“Let's finish with Jessica and get rid of her and her things. Once Gina searches the gym, she'll have to assume that Ace's boys snatched her. The Sheriff can chase them while we work on our plan.”

“Which is?”

“Once we find out who Ace's mole in the Sheriff's Department is, we'll deal with them. Either legally or through... unconventional means.”

The ride back to the house went fast. Shelly's mind was racing. Gina definitely wouldn't be an ally.

*She'll have to be dealt with, sooner or later.*

Lisa parked on the sidewalk and they both got out of the car. The house was still dark, which meant that Jeremy was still out with his friends.

*Good, I hope it's a late night.*

“Well, lets go see how our guest is doing.” Shelly smiled and opened the front door. She stepped in and switched on the light.

Then her heart skipped a beat.

The first thing she noticed was the open basement door, then her eyes drifted up to the open back door. Lisa noticed the same and was already rushing towards the back door. As Lisa ran, Shelly hurried towards the basement.

*Shit! Did she escape!*

Shelly ran downstairs as fast as she could. When she reached the bottom of the stairs, her worst fears were confirmed.

The massage table was empty. Jessica was gone.

She balled her fists and turned towards the stairs. Lisa was already hurrying down them.

“She's gone.” Shelly shook her head as she said it. Lisa froze halfway down the stairs. Her eyes were wide, frenzied.

“Now what?”

“I... I don't know.”

Shelly moved towards the massage table. Had Jessica gotten free? That was the obvious explanation. Behind her, Lisa came down the rest of the way and followed her boss.

“Now what?”

Shelly held up a finger as she eyed the massage table.

If Jessica had gotten free, where were her bonds? The tape and gag would be lying discarded if she had somehow broken loose, and the moving blanket that they used to transport her was also missing.

“What?” Lisa asked.

Shelly circled the massage table. No tape anywhere around it.

Did someone carry her off?

“We may have a problem?”

“Yes, I would say we do.” Lisa said.

“No, not that. I think someone broke in.”

Lisa's jaw dropped.

“What?” She asked.

“No tape lying around, and if Jessica broke free she no doubt would have called the police by now. Someone broke in and carried her off. Look, even the blanket is gone.”

Lisa inspected the massage table and nodded.

“So... what?”

“Either Ace's men somehow learned she was here and broke in and took her, or a third party did it.”

“If Ace has someone on the Police Force, could that person have tipped Ace off that you were a suspect? He could have sent someone to check out your place.”

Shelly nodded.

“It's a possibility.”

“Now what?” Lisa asked.

“If Ace has Jessica, he'll dispose of her in his own way. If someone else has her... that's a variable that I don't like. If his mole did alert Ace, then Ace can use the Sheriff's Department to put us on ice.”

Lisa nodded, her fists tightening.

“Then what? What's our play?”

Shelly met Lisa's gaze. A plan was forming.

“The Marston's Pointe Sheriff's Department is compromised, it's time that we take back our Police Department.” Shelly smiled.

“How do we do that?” Lisa asked.

“Oh, I have an idea.” Her smile got even bigger.

## 15.

Despite it being long after nightfall, Tanya hadn't moved from her deck chair by the pool, in fact, she hadn't even changed out of her bikini. Her back patio was illuminated by the underwater pool lights, and the wispy strands of steaming rising from the pool, combined with the lapping of the ocean, relaxed her.

*I'll go in, eventually.*

Ian had gone to bed, or so he said, and she was enjoying the peace and quiet of the night while coming down from the events of the day. Her patio, along with the pool and her bikini, was her happy place, the place where she came to unwind from the shitstorm of her job. After stumbling into her house, she had told herself that she would take that hot bath, but instead, she found herself heading out back and collapsing into a deck chair. At first she told herself that it would only be for a few minutes, but when she opened her eyes, night had fallen.

*I could just stay out here all night.*

It seemed like the perfect ending to the shit day she had. Only one thing could make it better.

*Wilson.*

Wilson Vorhees, the old Sheriff, driven out of town by Ace. At first it was a professional relationship between the two of them, but as they worked together, getting closer and closer to cracking

down on Ace's organization, things... took a twist.

She smiled, thinking of Wilson. Tanya had always wanted to show him this bikini, her favorite, white thong bikini and how great it made her boobs look. Her ass looked even better in it. Ian spent a few weeks every summer at his Dad's, and Tanya planned on inviting Wilson over during that time and taking him out back to the pool.

She would be wearing small, red robe while she lead him by the hand through the house to the open patio door.

Unconsciously, her hand slid down along her stomach. Her bikini bottoms were getting damp.

Once she had Wilson outside, she would undo the robe and lower it back along her shoulders, turning only slightly to give him view of her large, breasts under the bikini top. Needless to say, Wilson's jaw would drop.

Tanya bit her lip and her hand slid down into her bikini bottoms. The thought was making her so wet.

In her fantasy, she would drop the robe, allowing Wilson to see how the thong ran between her juicy, ripe ass cheeks. If she turned around, she would see the front of his pants rising. He would still be in his Sheriff's uniform, of course.

Under her bikini bottoms, Tanya's fingers traced the lips of her vagina.

*Oh boy...*

Wilson would be slack jawed, watching as she set one foot into the pool. She would turn and beckon him with a finger.

Behind Tanya, her patio gate squeaked open, ripping her out of her fantasy. Her eyes flew open, her hand retracting from under her bikini bottoms.

“Ian, wha-ulllllmp!” A hand clamped over her mouth and squeezed, hard. Her hands shot up and wrapped around her attacker's arm, trying to pry them away.

“Hlllllp! Hlllp!” She grumbled, her lips twisted and pressing against the palm of her assailant. Whoever this was, they had an iron grip. Then Tanya felt something dig into her cheek as the hand tightened.

Fingernails?

This was a woman?

She tried to stand up but the woman's other hand came from behind the chair and pulled her down. Tanya kicked her feet in protest.

“Mmoooo! Mmooo! Ummmph!”

“Shh! Or I'll have to get rough with you.” The woman whispered in Tanya's ear.



“Ullluuggggg mmrrrgggle!” Tanya mumbled.

“Sorry Tanya, looks like we were interrupting something.” Another voice said. Tanya's eyes widened, recognizing the voice.

*Shelly!*

This was it, Shelly was finally coming for her!

A shadow loomed over Tanya and she was barely able to twist her head to see Shelly Arnold, clad all in black, standing over her. Shelly had a smile on her face.

“Tanya, looking good. You wear the hell out of that bikini.” Shelly smiled.

“Urrrrggh! Mrrrruuggg! Ullllmmmmph!” Tanya kicked her feet, trying to twist free of the woman's iron grip.

“Hold her there for a second.” Shelly ordered and then stalked over to a patio table. All Tanya could do was watch, helplessly.

She knew about Shelly, most did. Shelly's ex-husband was a player in the drug game, but he got greedy, went after Ace. Ace sold out the man to the FBI, and Shelly divorced him, taking most of his money with her. Except that wasn't enough, she wanted to succeed where her ex had failed, she wanted Ace. She wanted to control crime in Marston's Pointe. Tanya long suspected that Shelly had manipulated her ex-husband into going after Ace, and her continuing actions only seemed to confirm

that.

At the patio table, Shelly grabbed a chair and dragged it over to them.

“Urrrrggh! Mrrrrmmph!” Tanya kicked again. For all these years, they had lived across the street from each other, and Shelly had left her alone, and Tanya long suspected that it was because she left Shelly alone. Shelly was on Tanya's list, no doubt, but that was after Ace and his organization was dealt with.

Shelly placed the chair right in front of the restrained Tanya and sat down, crossing her legs neatly. Tanya could now see that she had a manilla folder tucked under one arm.

“Now Tanya, I'm going to ask my friend Lisa to take her hand off your mouth. If she does, will you get any ideas about calling for help?”

Tanya ceased kicking and glared at Shelly. Shelly sighed.

“Look Tanya, the last thing I want is for your kid to wake up tomorrow and find you floating face down in your pool. So, I'll ask again, if Lisa moves her hand, will you scream? Keep in mind that I've had a very bad night and don't want to be tested.”

Tanya let out a breath and glared at Shelly.

“Ummm hmmm...” She nodded her head. Shelly smiled.

“Good, Lisa.” She snapped her fingers.

“Sure thing.” The woman, Lisa, said. A moment later, her hands pulled away and Tanya let out a breath.

Looking up, Tanya saw Lisa heading off to sit at her patio table. She recognized her! She was the chick with the massive tits that pulled up outside Shelly's! So she was her muscle?

“Now, Tanya, how are you?”

Tanya turned and met Shelly's gaze.

“What do you want? What is the meaning of this? This is trespassing you know!”

Shelly's mouth dropped in faux shock and she held up her hands.

“Tanya, please! I'm here as a friend. I'm extending the olive branch.”

Tanya continued glaring. Everything about this seemed phony.

But if so, what was the game? If Shelly wanted to kill her, she would be dead, right?

“What do you want?” She asked.

“To talk.”

Tanya chuckled.

“You could have called.” She said.

Now it was Shelly's turn to chuckle.

“Would you have answered? Or given me the time of day at all? This was the best way I could get your attention.” Shelly leaned back, still smiling.

“I'll ask again, what do you want?”

“Tanya,” Shelly sighed. “I know you don't like me and have no reason to trust me.”

“Why should I? You're a criminal.”

Shelly laughed.

“Oh please, look at this town. Ace is bleeding us dry. We live in paradise and he's turning it into his own private cesspool. Once he's done here he'll move on. I'm doing what I'm doing because I grew up here, and I want to save my home.”

“Really?” Tanya laughed. “This is you saving Marston's Pointe?”

“Ace deals with the cartels, he traffics weapons, he deals with girls. Girls, being bought and

sold. Think about that. I would never. I want a cut of the drugs, yes, but I wouldn't be dealing local. I wouldn't associate with the scum that Ace works with. I wouldn't push good people out of their businesses. I wouldn't run a police officer and family man out of town.”

Tanya's heart stopped and she gripped her chair. Shelly smiled.

“I know about that, Lisa-” she pointed to the large breasted woman sitting at the table behind her. “-is my mole in Ace's organization. Whatever was going on between you and Sheriff Vorhees is none of my business, but I suspect that you want him back, if we can get him.”

Tanya nodded. Shelly smiled again.

“What do you know about the new Sheriff?” Shelly asked.

“Not much... She avoids me.” Tanya murmured.

“Why do you think that is?” Shelly asked.

“I... I don't know.” Tanya's gaze fell to the ground.

“You were the last person to see Sheriff Fetters and Janet Rossi, weren't you?”

Tanya looked back up.

“So?”

“So, they both disappear, then this Gina shows up, with two cohorts, and declares herself Sheriff.”

“Felicia and Janet... they ran away?”

“So you've said, and that story caught fire. Gina confirmed as much. Did you know that Ace is in the process of buying Rossi's bar?”

Tanya shook her head.

“He's had his eye on it for some time, but he started... aggressively pursuing it a month back, right around when Janet disappeared.”

“But I saw her and Felicia on the beach...” Tanya trailed off.

“The night before, I gave Sheriff Fetters some information on a possible safe house for Ace's men. The next morning, you see her and Janet running naked along a beach. Seem like a coincidence?”

Tanya turned, looking deep into the pool. Could it be? Could Felicia and Janet have been hostages? Had they escaped, and that was why they were running? Were they recaptured.

“Ace... Gina...” Tanya looked back at Shelly, who nodded solemnly.

“I'm afraid, giving Ace's wide array of brothels, that we'll never find those women. They are

deep into sexual servitude, but there's a chance that we can deal a blow to Ace.”

“How?” Tanya could feel her blood boiling.

“I understand that you tried to gain entry to a party today.”

“A pool party.” Tanya nodded.

“There was a judge there, a model named Jessica Lannon. She had contacted Sheriff Gina because she had stumbled upon some information.”

“That's why the Sheriff was there! What did Jessica know?”

Shelly leaned forward, eyes wide.

“That Ace has a mole in the Sheriff's Department.”

Tanya gasped. This was it! This was how Ace was staying on step ahead! It all made sense!

Shelly reached into her envelope.

“Sadly, I fear that he may have more than one.” She took out a few photos and handed them to Tanya.

Tanya took one glance and her jaw dropped. The first photo was of Gina, clad in that tiny purple

thong bikini, and a fit, beautiful blond woman in a gold thong bikini. They were surrounded by men on all sides. She flipped to the second photo, showing a man with spiked hair holding out a large stack of cash to the Sheriff. The third and final photo showed the Sheriff taking the cash.

Tanya dropped the pictures and stared up at Shelly.

“How did you get these?” She demanded. Shelly motioned to Lisa.

“Lisa watched the whole thing. Unfortunately there were too many of them, all armed, so she couldn't interfere.”

Tanya handed the photos back to Shelly.

“What happened?”

Shelly grew solemn and took in a breath.

“Let's just say that Ms. Lannon will not be heard from again.”

Tanya gasped. That woman, Jessica, trusted Gina to help her, and in return Gina lead her right into the lion's den, and accepted money for it!

“I can have those printed in the morning edition first thing.” Tanya said through gritted teeth.

Shelly nodded.



“We will do that, obviously, but that won't be enough. Ace now controls most of the police force, I doubt any arrests would be made. In fact, most likely by tomorrow night, you would join the list of the missing.”

“Then what? What do we do?” Tanya balled her fists. This couldn't be allowed to go on!

“We, the people must take the law into our own hands. We must show, that we won't stand for corruption any more, we must make an example of this corrupt police force.” Shelly leaned forward, her eyes wide and intense.

Tanya was ready. All this time, she seemed to be fighting a losing, one woman battle, and now she had an ally, and ammo.

“What do we do?” Tanya leaned in close, ready to listen.

## 16.

Gina sighed and leaned back in her chair as both Caitlyn and Eva watched her with expectant eyes. This morning had been a bust, and not in the way she wanted. First thing in the morning she had gone to Judge Willard to get search and seizure warrants for the scrap yard and for Arnold's Gym. Judge Willard was old and close to retirement, and Gina worried that he was close to a heart attack when three beautiful women in police uniforms strode into his office demanding warrants. The whole time they talked he couldn't take his eyes off of Gina's cleavage, which was fine with her if it meant getting their warrant.

It did.

Immediately Gina and the girls gathered the Sheriff's Department and visited the scrap yard first.

Nothing.

She couldn't believe it. King and his men must have used the night before to go over the place with a fine tooth comb. Gina and her men searched and searched but all they could find was junk. There had to be bodies somewhere in the scrap yard, she had seen one the previous night! But now, they were all gone. Even Jessica's bikini, which Gina hoped to use as evidence, had been swept away.

But the logistics of it also beat them. The scrap yard was just too big and Gina didn't have the

man power to look through it all in one day. She had the feeling that she could search and search and search and still not uncover every nook and secret place that could potentially be used to hide a body. So, Gina and her men were forced to leave empty handed while King smiled smugly at them, offering his services if they were needed in the future. Gina shook his hand and assured him that he would be seeing her again, and soon.

Next they went to Arnold's Gym to find Shelly waiting. Gina and her men went through the entire gym and every locker in the locker room but found no sign of Jessica or any evidence that she had been there.

“It's as I said,” Shelly said with a smile. “She was here, and then left.”

Once again, Gina was forced to call off the search empty handed, and once again Shelly offered her services if they were needed.

“Well, this clears Shelly.” Randy said as they left the gym.

But Gina wasn't so sure. Shelly clearly had something to hide, and it was well know in town that her husband had been involved in the drug trade before Ace sold him out. Maybe Shelly was trying to get into the game? Either way, Shelly was someone that Gina wanted to keep an eye on.

And that brought them back here, to her office. The door was closed and the blinds closed so that the men outside couldn't look in, and Gina sat at her desk chair while Eva sat on the corner of the desk. Meanwhile, Caitlyn paced, checking her phone from time to time.

“So what now, boss?” Eva asked.

Gina leaned back and rubbed her eyes. It was a good question, one she had been asking herself all morning.

“I... I don't know. Every minute we waste is another minute that Jessica could be killed. I'm fairly certain that Ace has her now.”

“Dumb chica should have stuck with you.” Eva said, checking her fingernails absentmindedly. Gina shot her a glare.

“Sorry,” Eva shrugged. “But you know it's true.”

“She's my friend Eva, and she's in trouble.” Gina's voice was hoarse.

“So, it's still true.” Eva got up and paced the room. Meanwhile, Caitlyn had once again taken out her phone and was reading something intently.

“Well, I'm open to suggestions. We have no leads and-” Gina was cut off by a squeal of excitement. She looked over at Caitlyn to see her lowering her phone, her jaw wide open like a kid on Christmas.

“Yes?” Gina sighed.

“I just got an email. A photographer saw you at the pool party and was interested in doing a

shoot with you and the rest of the ladies of the Marston's Pointe Sheriff's Department.” Caitlyn could barely contain her excitement as she blurted it out.

Gina sat up and gave her a look that could melt steel.

“I’m talking about one of my friends getting kidnapped and possibly murdered... and you want to do a PHOTOSHOOT?” Caitlyn backed away, her eyes wide and afraid. They were the eyes of a child that had just been scolded.

“I know... I just thought... it would be fun. We haven't done a shoot in forever.” She mumbled.

Gina stood up.

“And we won't. Not until this is over.” She hoped that her tone would put this to bed.

“Wait now, I've been itching to do a shoot was well.” Eva got up and stood next to Caitlyn.

“Seriously? The both of you? Do you even care about what could happen to Jessica?”

“Of course we do,” Eva lied. “But... this could be fun. We've been working so hard.”

“What? A woman is missing and you want to get together and prance around in skimpy bikinis?”

“You said it yourself, we have no leads. What else are we going to do?” Caitlyn said in a

trembling tone.

“I can't believe you two.” Gina gasped.

“We can't work all the time. You get to go home Gina, I have to stay here all hours of the day to watch our prisoners.” Eva said with doe eyes. Gina knew that even though Eva was using her guard duty as ammo against her, the Latina loved watched Felicia and Janet.

“We're police officers now, not models.” Gina turned away and rubbed her eyes again. Was she really having this argument?

“And don't tell me that you don't miss it.” Eva accused.

She was right, every now and then Gina did miss the spotlight, the cameras, the flashy outfits. There was a thrill to it all. The men would stare, jaws agape at her in whatever skimpy outfit she had one. Most men thought that the models were there for their amusement, things to strut their goods and live on in men's fantasies for long after, but Gina knew the truth. Gina knew that it was about power, and being a model gave her power over men that most of them dreamed of. Most men were putty in Gina's hands, and she could mold them however she wished. It was a power that she craved, and missed.

No, she couldn't get seduced by the old days, not now when Ace most likely had Jessica.

Then a smile spread across her face. Her looks gave her power, maybe she could use that, and the only thing she knew about Ace was that the casino was most likely his front company, and he had

plenty of loyal followers working there.

She could use that to her advantage.

Gina turned back around, a smile still on her face. Caitlyn's face lit up with hope, and Eva grinned.

“Are we going to do it?” Caitlyn's voice was filled with hope.

“No, I have a plan!” Gina's voice was confident, filled with pride. Caitlyn's face sunk into disappointment.

“Oh, a plan?” Eva said with suspicion.

“We know that Ace brings girls in all the time to work at his casino, as waitresses or dancers, whatever.” Gina started.

“Yeah, so?” Eva shrugged.

“We sneak in, posing as some of these girls, and we talk to a few of his men. Men have very loose lips when it comes to a scantily clad woman. We get the intel and get out. Somebody in there is bound to know where Jessica is. Hell, she could be being held at the casino itself!” Gina beamed as she talked.

Eva and Caitlyn nodded as they listened. After a moment, Eva stepped forward.

“So, you want us to go undercover as showgirls to interrogate Ace's men? Into the belly of the beast itself?” She asked.

Gina nodded.

“It will be dangerous.” Eva pointed out.

Gina nodded again. Caitlyn, meanwhile, was still pouting.

“Look... help me with this tonight, and I'll do the photoshoot with you guys.” Gina sighed with defeat.

Both Caitlyn's and Eva's eyes lit up.

“So I can email that photographer back?” Caitlyn asked, bouncing up and down with excitement.

“Yes, yes.... just say that it has to be a quick shoot.” Gina said.

Caitlyn nodded and took out her phone. Her fingers raced across the screen, typing lightning fast.

“Okay, so what now?” Eva asked.



“We still need one of us to stay back here as a guard. And we'll need an extra hand.” Gina looked at her office door.

Gina opened the door to the bullpen outside to see everyone at their usual spot. Deputy Cringe looked to be napping at the dispatch desk.

*I'm going to have to speak to her about that... again.* Gina grumbled to her herself. Meanwhile, Frank stared blankly at his computer, no doubt trying to look busy, and Randy seemed to be texting on his phone.

Upon hearing the door to her office open, Frank jumped and started typing blindly on his computer and Randy stuffed his phone in his pocket and turned to his computer. Gina smiled and headed over to them.

“Hey boys.” She smiled as she approached. Frank's eyes drifted to her.

“Sheriff...” He mumbled and turned back to his computer. Gina could see the sweat collecting on his brow.

Randy, meanwhile, was booting up his computer. Gina made her way over and sat on the corner of his desk. The Deputy turned to look up at her, his jaw slack.

“Uhh, hey Sheriff. Computer was being wonky...rebooting it... you know?” He stammered. Gina only smiled and nodded.

“Hey Randy, so... what are you doing tonight?” She flashed her teeth at him. Next to Randy, Frank seemed to squeal.

Randy's jaw hit the floor.

“Oh, tonight... I'm... uh... I'm free.” He nodded with each word.

“Relax Randy,” Gina giggled. “I just have a question.”

“Uh... sure,” He sat up. “What's... what's up?”

“Well,” Gina cleared her throat. “The girls and I are going on something of a... let's say secret mission tonight, and need an extra hand.”

“Oh...” Randy looked crest fallen and Gina had to hold in a chuckle.

“Well, think you could help us girls out?” She asked, leaning over a bit. The top few buttons of her uniform shirt were always left open, exposing a generous amount of her cleavage. Randy didn't even try to resist, his eyes flying straight to the curves of her large breasts.

“Uh... sure Sheriff.” He nodded.

“Great!” She exclaimed and jumped up.

“What... what is the mission?” He asked, shaking his head.

“Oh, you'll see. See you tonight!” She smiled and turned back to her office.

Men, such putty to be molded.

## 17.

“Well, here we are.” Randy said as he killed the engine. They were parked a few blocks away from the back of the casino, and where they sat gave them a perfect view of a rear loading dock. In the day, the dock would no doubt be bustling with activity. Deliveries of food, new slot machines, and cash being shipped off to banks would be brought in from the dock, but now it was well past dark, and the dock was completely deserted.

“Thanks Randy, stand by.” Gina said from the rear of the van. When she had first taken over as Sheriff, one of her first moves was to take inventory of whatever they had at the station. Sitting in a corner of the garage, behind the patrol cars, was a large, white, unmarked surveillance van. The Marston's Pointe police department really had no use for a surveillance van and had sold off most of the equipment inside years ago, but Gina thought that a nondescript white van could come in handy one day, and that day had come.

Gina and Eva had stayed in the back of the van while Randy drove, and all three of them were dressed in civilian attire so that they wouldn't draw attention.

“So now what?” Randy asked. Gina worked her way up front and crouched next to the driver's seat.

“Eva and I will find a way inside, you just wait out here in case of trouble.” Gina said.

“How will I know there's trouble?” Randy asked.

It was a good question. Gina nodded, thinking it over.

“Give us an hour. If we aren't out in an hour, call for back up. You armed?”

Randy smiled and lifted his button down shirt, showing his gun pressed into his pants. Gina nodded with approval.

“How are you going to get in?” He asked.

Another good question. Their plan was to pose as showgirls or waitresses, but that meant that they would need to get ahold of whatever those girls were wearing.

“Leave that to me.” Eva called from the back of the van. Gina turned and saw Eva gripping the rear door.

“Wait!” Gina called, not wanting to rush into anything. Eva held up a hand.

“Just hold on. I'll be back in a jiff.” The Latina smiled and opened the door.

“Eva, no!” Gina scurried towards the back of the van, but it was too late. Eva was already out and slammed the door behind her.

*Dammit! Why did I bring her again!*

Gina wanted one of the girls with her and one to stay back to guard the prisoners. Guard duty was usually Eva's job, but Gina thought that she could use a night off, but there was also another reason. It wasn't that Gina didn't trust Caitlyn... but she didn't trust Caitlyn. Caitlyn was a sweet girl, and meant well... but she wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed. Eva had a ruthless streak that Gina thought would be useful on a mission like this.

The Sheriff scurried back to the front of the van and looked out the front window to see Eva sneaking towards the loading dock. What did that girl have up her sleeve? Whatever it was, Gina didn't like it.

There was another reason that Gina brought Eva, and that was because she thought that Felicia and Janet deserved a night off. For years, Gina had plotted how she would get back at Felicia, all of the ways that she would repay this woman for kidnapping her, humiliating her, and now...

Now, the thought of what Eva was doing to Janet and Felicia every day kept Gina awake every night. Whatever revenge she was after had been long inflicted upon Felicia, as well as an innocent woman caught in the crossfire. Gina knew that she needed to find a solution for them, and fast. She didn't want Felicia and Janet living out the rest of their days as Eva's sex toys.

It was all her fault, all of it. She could have walked away, forgive and forget, but she couldn't. Her pride wouldn't allow it. Now she was a kidnapper, a criminal. Gina was no better than the men she was chasing.

She shook her head. It was not the time now for regret. Her head needed to be in the moment.

Outside, Gina watched as Eva scampered up the loading dock and tried a set of double doors next to it. They must have been open, for Eva got in without a problem.

Now, the only problem would be getting out.

## 18.

Eva was amazed at how easy it was to sneak inside the casino.

*You think bad guys would have better security.* She thought as she closed the double doors behind her. Gina wouldn't approve of her plan, but that was too bad.

*Take away my toys and I'll just find new ones.* Eva smiled and turned ahead. She was in a long, brightly lit corridor. People in various uniforms milled about their daily tasks and didn't seem to notice her, too intent on their duties. Cooks carried plates out of one door and into another. Slot technicians chattered away on a radio, dealers in cheap suits played on their cell phones. Eva raised her head and strode forward confidently, having learned a long time ago that if you act like you belong, people will generally just accept it. Though she kept an eye out for security officers, knowing that they were paid to be suspicious.

She wasn't that worried about security. If they caught her, she would just chatter away in Spanish, playing the confused tourist that lost her way. They would most likely just escort her to the gaming floor, or kick her out of the casino. It wouldn't be a big deal, but it would be a set back.

*And would cut back on my play time.* Eva's eyes scanned the hallway as she walked. She had hoped that Gina would bring Caitlyn along on this mission so that she could have the night alone with her toys.

Ah, Janet and Felicia. Their muffled squeals were music to Eva's ears. She had such fun planned



for them! Caitlyn wouldn't play with them at all! Gina was insistent though, Caitlyn stayed and Eva came. Fine then, things were going to go her way on this mission.

Eva passed by a small service bar surrounded by waitresses. They wore tight, cleavage baring black tops and tiny, skin tight skirts. She didn't want to pose as a waitress because the waitresses worked at the casino day in and day out, everyone knew the waitresses, and would question a new face. If she was a show girl though, well those were entertainers paid to appear on a certain night, new faces that filtered in and out of the casino. No one would look twice at a show girl.

But first, she need a way to contain them. Eva's eyes continued to scan the hallway as she moved. Every now and then, a man would pass by and stare at her, but she would ignore him and keep walking. She rounded a corner and saw a closet straight ahead with a sign reading UTILITY.

She smiled. Perfect.

Eva strode forward and tried the handle, also unlocked. This was too easy. She gave a brief glance around to see if anyone was watching, then dove into the closet. Inside, it was pitch black. Her fingers fumbled on the wall until she found a switch and flicked it, bathing the utility closet in florescent light.

Shelves lined the wall, filled with just about every tool you could name. It didn't take her long to find what she was after...

A roll of silver duct tape. Eva grabbed it and smiled, then lifted her shirt and slid the duct tape in the waste band of her jeans next to her gun.

Now it was time to find a showgirl.

Eva emerged back into the hallway and closed the closet door behind her. Head held high, she stalked down the hall. It wasn't long until she heard a gaggle of female voices coming from around a corner.

Bingo.

Eva turned another corner and found herself facing a group of scantily clad women. All wore sequined thong bikinis and feathery headdresses. The women were beautiful and exotic. Any man would melt at the sight of their oiled up, perfect bodies. She licked her lips and felt herself getting wet at the thought of one of these women as a hostage.

The showgirls giggled and chatted as they milled through the hallway, no doubt ready to go out on stage. Now she only had to find a few stragglers and restrain them.

Behind them, she saw two entrance ways built into the hall. One entranceway read: MEN and the other: WOMEN. Locker rooms, if Eva wanted a straggler, that would be the place to look.

She moved through the throng of scantily clad showgirls. They ignored her, talking amongst themselves and adjusting their outfits before their big moment on stage. Things seemed to be hectic, and she had no doubt that they wouldn't miss two of their own.

Eva stole into the locker room.

“I think I've gained weight!” A female voice called from within.

“No you haven't, the bra is just too small!” Another voice said.

“Just hurry up! It's almost time!” The first voice said.

The locker room was large, with lockers set along every wall. At the back of the locker room, a door hung open revealing a shower room. The shower room was small, and most likely could accommodate only one or two people.

Perfect.

Eva entered and saw two women in show girl attire in the middle of the locker room. One was black with hard, six pack abs and swirly tattoos running up and down her thighs. The black woman wore a red thong bikini with sequins running along the hips down to the crotch. Her ass was large, solid, and firm, and her hip tattoos ran along the outer edge of her perfect butt cheeks. The black woman also wore a red sequined bra and a feathery head dress like the other show girls.

Standing behind the black woman was an equally built, blond haired woman. Though her ass wasn't as amazing as the other's, it was still very solid, but the blonde had massive breasts that clearly made up for what she lacked in the rear end. The blond wore a blue sequined thong bikini and headdress similar to the black woman's. As Eva entered, the blond was trying to fasten the black woman's bra.

“I'm telling you Christy, I've gained weight!” The black woman said.

Christy grunted, trying to clasp the two end's of the bra together and failing.

“Nadine... I... did you get a boob job or something?” Christy asked.

“No! But... I've been thinking about it.” Nadine blushed.

“Ugh... I don't know. Do you have a safety pin? Maybe we could pin it?” Christy asked.

Eva stepped forward, her hand sneaking under her shirt. This was her entrance.

“May I offer a suggestion?” Eva giggled. Both showgirls jumped and turned. Christy let go of Nadine's bra and it started to fall, the black woman just barely catching it and clutching it against her chest. Their eyes were wide.

“Hey! Who are you?” Nadine cried out of embarrassment.

“Take them off.” Eva ordered.

Christy and Nadine shared a confused look.

“What?” Christy asked.

“I said,” Eva took her hand out from under her shirt and leveled her gun at both girls. “Take

them off.”

Both showgirls gasped and recoiled.

“Hands up! And mouths shut!” Eva smiled. Both women's hands shot in the air. As Nadine did so, her bra fell loosely around her arms, still covering her round, exquisite breasts.

“Please... don't hurt us.” Christy stammered, her eyes wide with fear.

“I won't... but only if you agree to play along.” Eva giggled.

“Look, we'll give you money, whatever, just let us go!” Nadine cried. Eva leveled the gun at her.

“Your clothes.” Eva ordered. Both showgirls exchanged a look.

“What?” Christy asked.

“Your clothes. Take them off.” Both women stared at Eva, jaws slack.

“Now!” Eva commanded, lifting the gun. She had no intention of ever using it, but it was a useful prop for this scenario.

Both women jumped, then nodded. Nadine lowered her arms and let the bra fall to the floor, exposing her dark breasts completely. Though not as massive as Christy's, she had an impressive rack. Then Nadine raised her hands and removed her head dress, setting it down on a bench.

Meanwhile, Christy had taken off her headdress and set it down as well, then reached behind her to unclasp her own bra.

Nadine, half naked already, slid down her bikini bottoms. The tattoos etched down along her waxed crotch as well, like a road map leading towards her vagina. She kicked away her bottoms and placed a hand over her bare crotch and another over her breasts.

“Uh uh! Hands in the air.” Eva ordered. Nadine jumped and raised her hands above her head.

Christy tossed her bra to the floor, her massive breast heaving free of the constricting garment, then slid her panties down as well. Now completely naked, Christy raised her hands, obviously learning from Nadine's mistake. Both women were in the nude and had their heads hung with shame.

“Now... now what?” Christy stammered.

“In the shower.” Eva ordered.

“What?” Nadine raised her head in confusion.

“The shower. Now.” Eva motioned with the gun. Both women turned, hands still in the air, and headed for the shower room. Nadine's ass cheeks moved up and down as she walked. Her behind was really a work of art. Christy followed after.

Eva ushered them both into the shower and closed the door behind her. The door had a push

lock, meaning that it could be locked from the inside.

Good.

Both women turned to face their captor.

“Please don't hurt-” Christy started before Eva shot her a look that shut her up. Then Eva turned the gun to Nadine.

“Face the wall, hands behind your back.” She ordered.

Nadine cocked her head in confusion.

“Now!” Eva raised the gun. Nadine jumped and turned around, crossing her arms at the wrists behind her.

“What are you going to do with us?” Nadine asked.

Eva reached into her pants and took out the duct tape. She motioned for Christy to come over. The showgirl stared at her blankly, and once again Eva motioned for her to come over. Christy approached and Eva handed her the roll of tape.

“Tape her up.” Eva said.

“What?” Nadine called.

“What?” Christy also asked, wide eyed.

“Tape... Her... Up.” Eva stepped back and raised the gun. Christy nodded and stepped over to Nadine.

“I'm sorry Nadine.”

“Don't be sorry. We're gonna get this crazy bitch!” Nadine cried.

“Shh! Or do you want me to have her start with your mouth.” Eva giggled.

Christy started wrapping the tape around Nadine's crossed wrists.

“Go until I say stop.” Eva said, watching.

Christy went until Nadine's wrists were wrapped in several layers of silver tape, then Eva motioned for her to stop.

“Now her mouth. Go until I tell you to stop.”

“What? Oh once I get free I'm gonna kill you! No judge, no jury, I'm gonna straight-UMMMMPH!” Christy pressed the tape over Nadine's lips, cutting off her threats.

Eva cooed.



“Good, keep going.” Eva back up and slid her hand down her pants. She was so wet.

Christy turned and watched her with fearful eyes. Eva motioned with the gun and Christy started wrapping the tape around Nadine's mouth, packing on layer after layer.

“Ummmmph! Mmmmmph!” Nadine grumbled, the lower half of her face was quickly being enveloped by the sticky tape.

“Oh yeah...” Eva sighed, her fingers tracing along her wet vagina. She wished that she could have time to properly play with these two, but Gina was outside, and would get worried.

“That's enough...” She said, drawing her hand out and steadying the gun. “Now turn around.”

Christy stepped away and Nadine spun around, glaring at her.

“Hmmm mmmmmuummaaaa mmmillll mmmmmooo” Nadine mumbled through her gag.

“Sit.” Eva pointed the gun at Nadine's head.

“Mmmmmooo!” Nadine's eyes were fire.

Eva pulled back the hammer on her gun.

“Sit”

Nadine sighed and slide down to the ground. Eva turned the gun to Christy.

“Her ankles and knees. Go until I say stop.”

Christy nodded and started wrapping the tape around Nadine's ankles.

“Muffff mmmo! Bmmmmlllffff! Mmmuffff mmmoo!”

“If I weren't pressed for time, I'd make her put a little more tape over your mouth.” Eva giggled.

“Mmmmfuffff! Ummmmmph!” Nadine spat.

“That's enough for her ankles. Now just above the knees.” Eva ordered Christy.

Christy raised the tape to above Nadine's knees and looked into the black woman's eyes.

“I'm sorry.” She shrugged.

“Ufff mmmlllrrrrttt” Nadine nodded. Christy wrapped several layers around Nadine's thighs before Eva signaled to stop.

“Now,” Eva started. “Stand facing that wall. Hands crossed behind your back.” Eva motioned to the far wall of the shower. Christy swallowed and stood up.

“Please, I'll be quiet. I'll-”

“Stand against the wall. Hands behind your back.” Eva raised the gun.

Christy walked over the wall and crossed her hands behind her back, duct tape still clasped in one hand. As Eva made her way over, Nadine shot out her bound feet in an effort to trip the Latina.

“Buuffff! Mummfff mooo! Buffff!” Nadine grumbled as Eva sidestepped her. Eva looked down and giggled, waving a finger.

“Now now! Be nice!” She said and hopped over to Christy. She took the duct tape out of the blond's hands and giggled.

“Your turn.” Eva said and started wrapping the tape around the showgirl's crossed wrists.

“Please, I'm sorry. Let us go... we won't tell anyone...” Christy pleaded.

Eva wrapped several layers of tape around Christy's wrists and then ripped off the roll.

“Oh, you won't be telling anyone.” Eva said.

“Please, just let us-ummmmp!” Eva pressed the tape over Christy's mouth and started wrapping. As she went, the blond continued to mewl into the tape.

“Ummmmm.... mmmmmm... mmmmm” her cries were long and drawn out, like a cat's meows.

Behind them, Nadine kicked her feet on the tile floor in frustration.

“MRRUFFFF! UMMMMM! MMMMM! ULLLLURRGH!”

Eva finished wrapping the tape around Christy's mouth and then spun the girl around. She started at her captor with wide, pleading eyes.

“Now, sit.” Eva ordered.

“Hummm mmmm...” Christy nodded and slid down. Eva crouched down and started to wrap her ankles together.

“URRRRRGGGPH! MUFFFFF! MUFFFFF! BBBBIFFFF! BIFFFF!” Nadine cursed into her gag.

“Hmmm... ummm.... mmmmmph!” Christy whined as Eva finished wrapping her ankles and moved up to wrap her thighs.

“Oh stop it ladies. This will be over before you know it.” Eva spoke like a doctor about to give a child a shot.

“MUFFFF MOOO! MUFFFFNNN BIFFFF!” Nadine cursed.

Eva finished taping the still mewling Christy and stood up, dropping the tape on the floor next

to the naked, bound hostage.

“There you are. Now ladies, thank you for cooperating.” Eva threw up her hands in excitement and stepped towards the door.

“Mmmmmph... ummmm.. gllmmmm..” Christy whined.

“Ummmph! Mmmmph!”

As Eva moved towards the center of the room, she noticed the shower head dangling from the ceiling and the handles that controlled in on the wall behind her. She stopped and smiled.

“One more thing...” She said and reached for the handles.

“MMMOOO!” Nadine cried.

“Ummmph!” Christy protested.

Eva turned the handle and cold water came jetting out from the shower head, drenching her naked hostages.

“GRRRRMMMPH!” Nadine grunted, her wet hair plastered across her face.

“Ummmph! Mmmmmph!” Christy cried and pressed herself against the wall, trying to get away from the frigid water.

Eva smiled and turned another handle, adding some warm water to the shower. She turned and gripped the door handle, smiling at her hostages.

“Now, by the time the water wears away at the tape, I will have hopefully conducted my business and will be out of here. Enjoy your shower ladies! Thank you for your cooperation!” She shoved her gun back into the waistband of her pants.

“HRRRRRUMMPH! MMMMMPPPH!” Nadine huffed into her gag.

“Mmmmm! Ummmmmmph!” Christy pleaded.

Eva opened the door and stepped out into the locker room. She turned back to the shower and blew a kiss to them.

“MMMMMFFFFF! UMMMMPH!” Nadine grunted. Her eyes were wide and filled with fire. Christy, meanwhile, was still pressed against the wall, eyes wide with fear.

Eva pressed in the door lock and closed the thick door behind her, cutting off their muffled cries. Then she stepped forward and scooped up both women's show girl outfit.

Time to go undercover.

## 19.

Gina was still crouched down behind the front seat when she saw Eva emerge from the double doors at the load dock with what looked to be a bunch of feathers tucked under her arm. The Latina looked around to see if the coast was clear and then hopped off the dock and towards the van. A few minutes later, the back door of the van opened and Eva jumped in, a large grin on her face.

“What do you have there?” Gina asked with a hint of accusation in her voice. Wherever Eva went, trouble seemed to follow. The Latina held out her arms to reveal two skimpy show girl bikinis, complete with feathered headpieces.

“Do I even want to know how you got these?” Gina asked with raised eyebrows.

Eva opened her mouth to answer but Gina held up a hand.

“Forget it, lets just get changed.” She sighed and grabbed a red bikini from Eva. Gina turned to see Randy watching in the rearview mirror, mouth agape.

“Close your eyes Randy.” She ordered. The deputy blinked, as if coming out from a stupor.

“Randy, close your eyes. I'll be watching the mirror. If I catch you watching then I will relieve you of your badge. Understood?” Gina's tone showed that she meant business.

“Y-Yes Sheriff...” Randy nodded and closed his eyes.

Gina sighed and looked over at Eva, who was chuckling to herself.

“Well, lets get to it.” Gina said and started unbuttoning her top.

They changed as quickly as they could, though Gina couldn't help but feel completely exposed as she stripped down completely naked with Randy in the van. True to her word, she kept her eyes on the rearview mirror the entire time in case the little horn ball tried to sneak a glimpse, but as perky as Randy was, he still valued his job and kept his eyes shut.

Plus, she knew that he would have a treat when he opened them.

Gina and Eva left their discarded clothes in a pile and quickly slid into the thong bottoms of the outfits, and to Gina's surprise, they fit perfectly. Next they fastened their bras and finally, the feathered headpieces.

“Looking good Sheriff!” Eva giggled. Gina felt ridiculous, but had to admit that Eva looked great in the blue thong bikini that she wore. Eva always had a great ass, one that would give Felicia's a run for it's money, and her butt cheeks bulged nicely around the blue fabric of the bikini running between them.

Gina adjusted her large breasts under the bikini top. Though it fit, it felt a bit small and tight, and she worried that vigorous movement would cause her breasts to fall out.

“Okay, lets get ready. Randy, you can open your eyes now.” She called. In the front seat, Randy opened his eyes looked up at the rearview. As soon as he caught the two women in their outfits his eyes



seemed to bulge out of his head.

“Okay Randy, remember, if we aren't out in an hour, call for back up and come get us.” Gina spoke like an adult trying to explain geometry to a toddler.

He continued to stare blankly.

“Randy!” She said through gritted teeth. He jumped and nodded.

“Uh sure Sheriff...” He muttered. Gina sighed and gripped the back door.

“Remember,” she turned to Eva. “Get in, question, get out.” Eva nodded. Then, they opened the door and jumped out into the warm evening, slamming the door behind them and hurrying towards the loading dock.

Gina had done plenty of photo shoots, strutted around in a bikini in front of hundreds of gawking men, and gone to the beach in swimsuits that amounted to little more than a string, but she couldn't help but feel ridiculous going undercover dressed as a show girl. They couldn't even sneak in a gun or badge given the tiny nature of their disguises, so if things got ugly then they would have to make a hasty escape.

The distance from the van to the rear double doors felt like miles, but the two scantily clad officers were there in seconds. Eva gripped the door and opened it, allowing Gina in first. The inside of the casino was hustle and bustle as employees ran back forth out of one door and through another. Given that it was an evening, that most likely meant that this was the casino's peak time. The door

closed behind them and Eva fell in beside Gina.

Gina still couldn't help but feel exposed, and as they walked she could feel every man's eyes falling on their exposed ass cheeks.

“Relax, they get girls like us in here all the time.” Eva said in her ear.

“I know, I just... don't like it. If anyone asks, we got lost.”

Eva nodded as they moved. A teenage looking bar porter scurried across the hall in front of them, his eyes falling right to their cleavage. Gina only smiled and kept walking.

“Look for anyone in a suit that might know something, then work your charms on them.” Gina whispered to Eva.

“Oh I will. This will be fun.” Eva giggled.

“Sure...” Gina grumbled. Eva looked up at her and patted her ass cheek.

“Hey!” Gina recoiled.

“Relax, smile! We're supposed to be entertainers! Look like you're having fun!” Eva said and strutted forward, her bare buttocks heaving up and down as she did. A dealer walked by and gawked at her.

“Hola!” Eva giggled and kept going. Gina sighed and followed, flashing her biggest, fakest smile.

She should be an old hat at this, but she got used to the uniform, the security that a badge and gun gave her, but there was something else eating at her, a feeling of foreboding. There was a strange air about this evening, like something bad was about to happen.

*These people kidnapped and most likely murdered Jessica, and if they catch you then they'll do the same!*

Gina shook her head, banishing the thought. They had to be on their toes, aware, ready for anything. But she knew that she also couldn't admit that Jessica was dead, she had to believe that her friend was still alive.

*But for how long?*

Eva stopped and pointed down a long hallway.

“Down here.” she motioned with her head and followed. Gina took off after her.

The hallway was long and lined with doors that seemed to be offices, most likely for supervisors and managers. Gina followed Eva but noticed that no one else seemed to be in the hallway with them, which made her uneasy.

“Maybe we should find our way onto the casino floor, see if we can talk to someone there.”

“This seems to be where the bosses hang out, let's check this first.” Eva said, not turning around.

Just ahead, the hallway curved to the right and both women turned to follow it-

-And came face to face with The King, flanked on both sides by several large, uniformed security guards.

“Ah ladies, lost?” He chuckled.

“Oh senior, I'm afraid we are!” Eva chuckled, but the look on King's face said that he wasn't convinced. He looked up and met Gina right in the eyes.

“Sheriff, I like the new uniforms.” He laughed. His eyes were filled with sick glee. Gina's jaw dropped and she started to back up, but the security guards were already fanning out, surrounding them.

“Oh please, boys, no need to fret over some chicas like us!” Eva laughed, still in character.

“Cute act.” King nodded. Gina backed up and hit into the rock hard chest of a security guard behind her. Eva's eyes raced around as she came to terms with their situation.

“That's her! That's the crazy bitch!” A voice called from behind King. A beautiful black woman, clad in a white robe jumped forward. Several security guards grabbed her and restrained her as she pointed an accusing finger at Eva.

“That's the bitch right there! She stripped us and tied us up!” Behind the black woman was an equally beautiful blond woman, also clad in a robe, who watched with wide eyes.

Gina looked at Eva, who just shrugged.

“It seems that two of our performers here were accosted by a mysterious woman that forced them to strip and then tied them up. Thankfully, one of our guards was watching on surveillance as a woman snuck in, went into the woman's locker room, and left with an armful of clothes. When we investigated we found Nadine and Christy here, bound, gagged, and naked.”

Eva giggled and shrugged again.

“Just a little fun on my part.” She said. Gina glared at her and looked around. They were completely surrounded by the burly security guards, all of whom could easily be NFL linebackers.

“Fun indeed.” King said, glaring at them.

“Fun like what you did to Jessica Lannon?” Gina accused. Since she was cornered, she figured that she may as well show her cards. To her surprise, King stared at her in confusion.

“What exactly did I “do” to her?” He asked.

“That's what I'm here to find out. Where is she?” Gina asked. King's brow furrowed and he shrugged.

“Your guess is as good as mine. Now, gentlemen, let's escort these trespassers to someplace more private.” He gestured to his men and Gina felt strong hands grab her by the wrists and twist her arms behind her back.

“Ow! Hey!” Gina cried as she was pulled down the hall. She looked over at Eva to see that she was being manhandled in the same way.

“Oy! Off!” Eva cried, trying to pull away from the massive guard that held her.

But the goons were too strong, and both women were being dragged down the hall towards a set of double doors.

“King! Do you know how much trouble you're in! I'm the Sheriff!” Gina cried as she was pushed along.

“What about your trouble? Trespassing and sexual assault, for one.” King said behind them. Gina twisted her head to see that two guards were escorting the two robe-clad women down the opposite end of the hall.

“And what are you going to do with us?” Gina demanded.

Then they were at the doors and the guards pushed them open, ushering their hostages inside. They found themselves inside a small, empty kitchen. The guards pushed Gina and Eva to the center of the room, and King entered last, closing the doors behind.

“Well Sheriff, you seem to be a perpetual problem for us.” He sneered. Gina glared at him.

“I will be until I get you.”

King sighed and took off his glasses.

“I wish that I could just turn you loose with a warning, but I fear that won't enough, so you and your lovely friend here will have to disappear.”

“Like you did with Jessica?” Gina asked. If they were going to kill her and Eva, she figured that they didn't have anything to lose by telling her.

King sighed again as he cleaned his glasses with a white cloth.

“I have no idea what happened to Jessica. Our people are looking for her just as diligently as you no doubt are. She is, as they say, in the wind.” He replaced his glasses and looked at Gina. Her jaw dropped.

So they didn't have Jessica? That left one suspect.

Shelly.

Gina grunted as she felt the security guards wrapping rope around her wrists. She looked over at Eva to see them doing the same with her.

“You can't do this, people will be looking for us!” Gina snarled.

“I'm afraid that you've left us no choice.

Gina grunted again as she felt the knot tighten around her wrists. She pulled on the bindings but it was no use, she was securely tied. Looking over, she saw that another guard had just finished tying Eva, who had her eyes closed back arched. When the guard tightened the knot around Eva's wrists, the latina let out a long sigh. Was she turned on?

“We only came here looking for Jessica, if you let us go then I'll forget this ever happened.”

Gina met King's gaze.

“Gag them.” King took his glasses off and rubbed his eyes.

No! Not again!

Gina watched as two guards grabbed thick, white napkins from a nearby counter.

“Wait! King, let's talk!” Gina shouted, noticing one of the guards advancing on her, white cloth held between his hands.

“The time for talk is over.” King said as he replaced his glasses.

“Wait! No-ulllllmmmp!” Gina was cut off by the cloth being pressed roughly between her lips.



She shook her head, trying to knock the gag loose, but could already feel the guard tying it at the back of her neck.

“Oooommmph! Ummmm!” Gina looked over and saw another guard pulling a gag between Eva's lips as well. The Latina had her eyes closed and was gyrating and cooing as the gag was knotted. Once again, Gina wondered if she was turned on by all of this.

“Ummmph!” Gina grunted as the guard finished tying her gag and stepped away. She bit down and worked her tongue over the cloth, trying to work it loose, but it was pulled back through her mouth as tight as it could go. Her teeth protruded over the gag and a small triangle of fabric extended down over her chin.

Gina looked over at Eva to see both of her lips wrapped around the thick cloth gagging her. Her eyes were closed and she moaned under it.

“Now,” King stepped forward. “That's better. I'm sorry to have to treat you this way, but you made it a necessity.” He smiled at his bikini clad hostages.

Gina glared at him and bit down on her gag. Suddenly, behind King there was a knock on the door.

“Mr. Kingston? Sorry, I have a question for you.” A young male voice called from outside.

Gina's eyes widened and she looked at the door. King's eyes widened in alarm and he turned to it as well.

If it was an employee, odds were that not all of them were aware of King's illegal ties, maybe Gina could get them to help.

But she was gagged, so calling for help meant her mumbling into cloth like a damsel. She didn't want to give King the satisfaction of hearing her cry through her gag.

She knew though, that she had to get attention somehow. Gina would have to swallow her pride and do it.

“Mmmmeey! Hllllppp! Hlllp!” Gina cried.

“Mr. Kingston?” The voice called again. King looked at Gina with amusement.

“Keep yelling, somehow I don't think he'll hear you.” He chuckled.

“Hummmph! Hlllp!” she cried again. Gina looked over at Eva to see that the Latina was still cooing into her gag.

“Oooooh! Mmmmoooo...” She was rolling her head, like she was in a daze.

“I'll be out in a minute.” King called out.

“Hummmph!Mmmmp!” Gina grumbled, looking at the door with wide, hopeful eyes. King looked over her and Eva with amusement.

“Now, gentleman, please escort these ladies from the premises, and make sure that they are never found.”

“Ullllmmph!” Gina turned to face him. King laughed again.

“Sheriff, always a pleasure.” He said and patted her on the cheek.

“Mmmph!” She recoiled.

“It's a shame, both you and your friend look so fetching in those outfits.” He said, eyeing both women up, then snapped his fingers.

Then rough hands seized Gina by the shoulders and pulled her away from King. She tried to plant her feet and resist but the guards pushed her along with ease. Both she and Eva were being herded deeper into the empty kitchen.

*Where are they taking us?*

Her mind raced, wondering where their final destination was, but also with hope that somehow Randy would be made aware of their plight.

They round a corner and Gina saw a set of double doors ahead. A guard charged forward towards them. As they moved, Gina fought and tried to elbow her captor, but his grip on her shoulders was like a vice and she could barely move her bound hands.

Ahead, the guard pressed open the double doors and Gina saw that it lead outside to another loading dock. A large, black van sat waiting, it's rears doors open.

Gina's heart skipped a beat.

“Ummmph! Mlllurrggle!” She stamped her feet and pushed back on the guard behind her, but another came and grabbed her by the arm, pulling while the other pushed.

“Oooohh... mmmmm..” Gina looked over at Eva to see that the guards were having a much easier time with her. She seemed to glide along as they ushered the bound and gagged Latina towards the doors.

*Dammit Eva! This is not the time!*

Then they were outside. Gina's eyes raced, trying to catch a glimpse of the white van, to signal Randy....

Then a guard grabbed her by the back of the head and forced her towards the back of the black van. Gina ducked her head as strong hands forced her inside.

“Mllllummmph!” She cried as she was shoved into the back of a van. A light from above illuminated the inside. It was empty, save for benches lining both sides. The front seats were sectioned off by a black cage.

The guard forced Gina to sit on one of the benches. The cold metal felt harsh on her bare ass cheeks.

“Ulllmp!” She cried in alarm.

Then Eva was pushed in and forced into the seat opposite Gina. The Latina opened her eyes and met Gina's gaze. Her brown eyes were full of fire and... excitement.

Then both rear doors were slammed shut. Gina jumped and looked over.

Now what?

The driver's side door opened and closed as someone got in, and a moment later the engine started.

“Grrrr...” Gina looked at Eva to see that the Latina was biting into her gag with gusto, her eyes narrowed at Gina. The way Eva was looking at her unsettled Gina to her core and she slid down the bench towards the doors.

This was getting worse by the minute.

“Mrrrm...” Gina mumbled as she slid away, never taking her eyes off of Eva.

Then they were moving. Eva slunk down along her bench. Her gaze reminded Gina of a woman possessed.

Randy, where are you?

## 20.

“Oooohmmm... ummmmphhh...” Eva moaned into her gag as she arched her body in pleasure. Gina, seated across from her, could only watch wide eyed and helpless.

*Wherever they're taking us, I hope it's close!* She couldn't believe that something like that was even going through her head! Most likely, her and Eva were being taken to their eventual demise, but her last minutes on Earth could be spent being groped by a sex crazed, bondage obsessed Latina.

“Ummmm...” Eva leaned back her head, eyes squeezed shut. Gina rolled her eyes. If only she could snap Eva out of it! Then, maybe, they could work together to escape.

“Hummmpph!” Gina grunted and lightly kicked Eva in the shin. The Latina didn't seem to notice and continued her moans of pleasure.

“Hummmmm...” Gina grunted and stood up, kicking Eva in the shin. Harder this time.

Eva's eyes shot open and she glared at Gina.

“Ummm mmmmm!” Gina cocked her head, hoping that Eva got the message. The Latina's eyes narrowed, like laser beams aiming right for Gina.

“Ummm!” Gina stamped her foot.

*Get your head in the game, Eva!*

Gina looked down at the bound Latina again and noticed how she was looking at her. Eva's eyes ran up Gina's bare legs to her hips, then up along her torso. She was eying Gina like she was a slab of meat ready to be devoured.

*Oh no...*

Eva's gaze stopped at the white cloth tied around Gina's mouth. Gina unconsciously took a step back.

“Ummm ummm!” Gina shook her head. Snap out of it Eva!

Eva got up, her fiery brown eyes filled with lust.

“Nmmmmooo!” Gina shook her head, now wishing that she would have brought Caitlyn along.

Eva stood up and took a step towards the bound Sheriff.

“Offff...” She grumbled. Gina looked down to see Eva rubbing her bound hands along her bare ass cheeks. The Latina's brown skin broke out in goosebumps as she approached.

Gina back up even more, hitting her head off of the curved ceiling of the van.



“Mffff...” Gina grunted and stumbled back, landing on the metal bench attached to the wall.

“Oommmfff...” another grunt as her bare cheeks connected with the cold bench. Gina shook her head and looked up to see Eva looming over.

“Ummm hmmm!” Gina glared at Eva, but it did little to deter the lusty Latina.

Eva bent over and nuzzled her gagged mouth against Gina's.

“Hmmm?” Gina tried to recoil but felt the back of the van press against her. She was cornered.

“Hmfff...” Eva moaned, pressing her face against Gina's, rubbing against her like a cat. Gina was pressed against the wall as flat as she could go, but still Eva advanced on her.

“Mmfff!” Gina twisted her head away and tried to kick Eva back, but the Latina deftly dodged her long legs.

*What has come over her? How can she find this erotic?*

Gina felt one of Eva's sweaty legs press against her thigh and looked down to see that the Latina was trying to straddle her.

“Mm moo! Mmmoo!” Gina tried to wriggle out but Eva locked her other leg around Gina's other thigh and squeezed. Eva's legs were strong, like metal springs, and both of Gina's legs were pressed together as the Latina slunk closer to her.

*No! No! No!* After her first kidnapping, Gina had sworn to never allow herself to be bound and gagged again. That promise was broken when she found herself tied up along with Jessica and almost crushed to death inside a compacter. Now, here she was again, bound, gagged, half naked, and about to be molested by one of her own officers!

And she was helpless! Her hands bound behind her, a gag silencing her! Her final moments as Sheriff spent like this.

No. She couldn't allow it. She would do the only thing available to her.

“Hlllp! Hllpp! Pllffff! Hllpp mfff!” Gina mumbled into her gag, twisting her head to look at the front of the van, but the driver didn't turn around, his eyes glued to the road ahead.

“Hlllp! Mmmeeey!” Gina bit down into the thick cloth silencing her.

“Shut it! No one can hear you! No one can help you!” The driver said, never turning around.

“Mffff mmmoo!” Gina spat, and turned to face Eva.

Eva now was pressed flat against Gina, her heavy, sweat covered bosom pressed flat against Gina's large breasts. Gina tried to recoil as once again Eva nuzzled her face.

“Mmmoo! Mmmooo!” Gina swatted her head back and forth, trying to ignore Eva.

Gina felt moisture on her bikini bottoms and looked down. Eva was wet. Very wet. Her thighs were covered in sweat, and moisture was seeping through the crotch of her skimpy bikini bottoms.

“Oooommmphh! Mmmmmmuuummm!” Eva moaned and heaved back on forth on top of Gina.

“Mmmmmooo! Mmmoo!” Gina tried to pull away, but Eva squeezed her legs, keeping the Sheriff pressed into position. Eva gyrated up and down, rubbing her crotch against Gina's.

“Mllleellp! Mmmooo!” Gina mumbled as Eva increased her speed. The Latina heaved up and down, her breasts rubbing up against Gina's.

“Mmmoo!” Gina shook her head. This can't be happening. Eva slid forward and rose up, her breast smacking Gina right in the face.

“Mmmeeey!” Gina cried out as her head knocked back.

Then Eva leaned forward and buried Gina's face in her cleavage.

“Mmmmmfff! Mffff!” Gina cried, her face pressed between Eva's breasts. The Latina heaved forward, pressing Gina's head flat against the van.

It was stifling! All Gina could smell was Eva's perfume and sweat. The Latina rocked forward, and Gina could feel both of her breasts knocking against either side of her head.

“Mmmmmfff! Ummfff!” Gina twisted her head, trying to free herself, and Eva pressed forward, pressing the side of her right breast into Gina's face.

“Mmmmmfff! Ummfff!” Gina swatted her bound hands up and down behind her. Her entire body wriggled under Eva's weight. She was actually thankful that the driver didn't turn around, because this was easily the most humiliating thing Gina had ever experienced.

Then Eva recoiled. Gina's head rocked forward and she snorted into her gag, taking in air through her nose.

“hfff... hfff... hfff...” Gina shook her head and looked up at Eva, who was sliding off of her.

*Is it over?*

Eva stood over her now, eyes closed, her hips swaying back and forth like some strange, bondage belly dancer. Gina leaned back and let out a long breath.

*Are we there yet?*

But the ride wasn't over yet, and Eva was far from finished. The latina let out what sounded like a giggle, but her gag muffled it.

“Hummmm mmmphh mmmm mllll” Eva's eyes were still filled with fire, lust and passion intertwined. Gina pressed back against the van, dreading what was to come next.

“Mmmoooo! Mmmoo! Mmmoo muuuffff!” Gina shook her head.

Eva continued to swing her hips and arched her back. As she gyrated, she slowly turned, baring one of her glistening ass cheeks to Gina. The Latina ran her bound hands along her backside as she moved. Another moment passed and soon Eva's entire thonged rear end was facing Gina. Her cheeks shuffled slowly up and down as she swayed, clenching and unclenching, choking the thin thong that cleaved them.

Then Eva bent over and Gina recoiled as far back as she could go. She hated this, hated feeling like a thing, hated being helpless, not even to talk, to reason.

Was this was Felicia felt all the time? Is this how she's felt for the past month?

Suddenly Gina understood Felicia's anger and frustration, that look Felicia would give any time she came to see her. Gina had imprisoned Felicia as revenge, but Felicia had paid for it ten fold.

*If I get out of this, I'm letting her go.* Gina promised herself. She would free Felicia and Janet, and face the consequences.

Eva danced closer, her ass growing ever closer to Gina's face. Gina shot out one of her shapely legs and pressed it flat between Eva's butt cheeks.

“Umm hmmm!” Gina shook her head, thankful that her legs were untied. Eva tilted her head back at Gina and her eyes narrowed.

“Mmmph!” Gina spat.

Eva stepped away from Gina, her back still towards her, and started to squat down. Gina watched, wide eyed, not sure what to expect next.

As Gina watched, Eva squatted low to the floor so that her backside bulged out, then the Latina started slipping her bound hands down along the curve of her backside.

*Yes! She's getting free!*

Gina's heart raced! Maybe her kick had returned Eva to her senses. Once she brought her hands in front, she could untie Gina's hands and they could plot their next move.

Eva sat flat on the rocking floor of the van and rolled into a ball, moving her bound hands up from her backside and along her thighs. In a moment, she would bring them out from under her legs and in front of her.

*That a girl!*

“Mmmeep!” Gina squealed with delight. They might get out of this yet.

Eva brought her hands up from under her feet and in front of her, then she rolled over and gave Gina a fierce look. Gina didn't like it.

Eva planted her feet and stood up straight, facing Gina. Then, she brought her still bound hands

up in front of her and wagged a finger at Gina.

*Oh no!*

Gina's eyes widened. Eva wasn't done yet.

The Latina crossed the distance between them in seconds. Gina recoiled and cried into her gag.

“Mmmmo!”

Just as she was upon Gina, Eva spun around, her large ass level with Gina's face.

*NO!*

Eva backed up and buried Gina's face between her bulging ass cheeks.

“Mmmrrruuggg... ulllurruggg... Mmmmmuuupp...” Gina gargled into Eva's backside as the Latina wiggled her rear end back and forth into the Sheriff's face. As much as Gina tried to struggle and pull away, Eva had her backed flat against the wall of the van.

Gina's nose rubbed up against the thin fabric of the thong running along Eva's ass crack. Both of the Latina's sweat covered cheeks rubbed up and down along Gina's face, smothering the busty, bound Sheriff.

“Mmmmmmmuugggg.... ummmmmurggg... gllllubb...” Gina cried, the combination of gag

and ass completely muffling her. She shook her head, biting into the gag. Her legs kicked and flailed helplessly.

“Mmmmmuuuggggg...” Gina could feel herself getting light headed. She couldn't breath!

*She's smothering me! Smothering me with her ass!*

“Urrrr...” Gina kicked out a leg in a futile gesture. This is how it will end, blackness, buried between the ass cheeks of one of her own deputies.

Then Eva stepped away, light hit Gina's eyes.

“MUMMMMPH!” Gina snorted and heaved forward, taking in air through her nose.

Eva however, didn't waste any time. She grabbed the Sheriff by the flimsy bra and pulled.

“Mmmm...” Gina barely had the strength to protest. She looked down to see Eva's bound hands pulling down one of her cups, revealing her left breast.

“Mmmmooo! Mmooo!” Gina shook her head, but Eva ignored her protests and grabbed the other cup, sliding it down and exposing right breast.

“Ummm mmmmm!” Gina shook her head as Eva started to caress her bare nipples.

“Oooohhhmmmm” Eva moaned and leaned forward.



“Urrrrrrmmm” Gina leaned her head back and closed her eyes. She wanted this to be over.

Eva planted her face between Gina's bare breasts.

“Oohhhhh..” Eva moaned, turning her head from side to side. Despite being gagged, her lips still protruded over the top and bottom of the thick cloth, and she ran them along Gina's bare nipples. Looking down, Gina saw that her nipples were going erect.

“Mmmmmooo!” She wriggled and nudge at Eva with her legs. The Latina drew back and glared at Gina. The Sheriff gave her a wide eyed, pleading look.

*Please stop!*

Eva didn't though. She stood up, looming over the helpless Sheriff, then grabbed Gina by the shoulders and pulled her forward.

*What now?*

“Mmmmmpph!”

As Eva yanked Gina forward, the Latina planted herself on the bench next to her. She stuck out a knee and bent Gina over it.

“Mmmmmrrppph?” Gina's eyes widened. She knew what was coming next!

Eva's hands ran along Gina's ass cheeks. Gina kicked her feet helplessly the entire time.

“Ummmph! Mmmmph! Mmmm!” She shook her head back and forth, her hair whipping around her face.

Eva's fingers traced the outline of Gina's thong, running down the back of it. Gina felt the Latina's slender finger running along her crack between her butt cheeks.

“Mmmoo! Mmmlllp!” Gina turned her head, trying to see what Eva was up to.

Then Eva grabbed the top of Gina's thong and pulled down. The garment stopped and hung uselessly around Gina's knees. Her legs kicked even harder.

“Mmmooo! Mmmoo! Mmmlllp!” Gina whipped her head back and forth, screaming into her gag.

She felt Eva's fingernails dig into both of her ass cheeks and she cried out into her gag.

“Mmmmmpph!” The Latina moved her hands up and down along Gina's ass, her hands digging into her cheeks like they were kneading dough.

Gina twisted her head to look at the front of the van. Surely the driver had to be noticing all of this?

But no, the driver's eyes were on the road ahead. Then Gina noticed something in the driver's rear view mirror.

Red and blue flashing lights. And they were getting closer.

In another minute, Gina heard the sirens.

She was so focused on the driver, she didn't feel Eva's finger penetrate her asshole until it was too late.

“MMMMOOO!” Gina's eyes widened and her head shot up. She felt it inserted and then start to wiggle.

“Mmmmooh! Mmmmooh!” Gina kicked her feet up and down and she felt Eva's finger digging around inside her.

“Ooohhh... ohhhh...” Eva cooed as she moved her finger back and forth inside Gina.

Gina's face was beet red as she bit into her gag.

“Grrrrmmmp! Grrrrmmmp!”

The van shuddered and slowed around them. Gina looked up to see the driver turning the wheel.

*He's pulling over!*

The siren was loud, right on top of them.

“Mmmllummp!” Gina cried, feeling Eva's finger wiggle inside her like a worm.

She realized that she didn't want to be rescued, not like this, pants-less, bound, gagged, and being fingered in the backside by one of her own. Her law enforcement career was brief but this was already the low point.

The van pulled to the side and a moment later the engine went silent.

“Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck...” The driver muttered to himself, then hopped out of the door. Gina could see through the front windshield as the driver ran off into the night.

Eva's finger slid out of Gina's ass.

“Mmmmmuummmmp!” Gina cried in shock and relief. She looked up to see the red and blue lights filling the night.

The rear doors opened behind them.

“Mmmmm!” Gina twisted her head.

Randy stood outside the van, wide eyed and mouth agape. Gina was still bent over Eva's knee, her thong and bra pulled down, and Eva still had her hands wrapped around Gina's naked ass cheeks.

Both women's eyes were wide in shock, starring at their speechless rescuer.

## 21.

Back at the station, Caitlyn was having a considerably less exciting evening than Gina and Eva.

Unknown to her, that was all about to change.

*Guard duty sucks!* She sighed to herself as she leaned back in the dispatcher chair. The station was completely empty except for her. Well, her and their “guests” in the holding cells. Watching Felicia and Janet was primarily Eva's duty, and “primarily” in the sense that Eva had volunteered for it. Much like Gina, Caitlyn chose to turn a blind eye to what Eva was most likely doing to those women day in and day out.

When Gina had chosen Eva to accompany her on the mission tonight, Eva seemed disappointed that she would have to spend a night away from her “toys”, but Gina was insistent that Eva come along. Before they left, Caitlyn asked Eva if there was anything she should know or do with them.

“Usually we have shower time,” Eva smiled. “But that's my favorite part, so leave that to me!”

Caitlyn was more than happy to leave that to Eva, nothing sounded more appealing to her than washing two bound and gagged, no doubt struggling, women. So Eva just told her to check in on them from time to time.

“Make sure that they're behaving themselves.” Eva said with another smile. Honestly, Caitlyn

had no idea how they could misbehave. Both had their hands bound and were gagged, were in separate cells, and clad in nothing but their bra and panties. In Caitlyn's eyes, there was not much those two women could really do.

Caitlyn never got Eva's obsession with bondage, and frankly, Eva kinda scared her with how into it she was. When Gina got back from the scrap yard and told them about her ordeal, Caitlyn saw Eva's eyes light up when Gina said that her and Jessica had been bound and gagged. In that moment, Caitlyn made a mental note to never let herself get tied up in Eva's presence.

*Not that I'll ever get tied up if all I do is sit around the office here.*

Caitlyn got up from the chair and walked to the main entrance, testing it for what seemed like the hundredth time to make sure it was locked, and it was.

The first part of her evening was spent with Deputy Cringe, who seemed to split her time between giving Caitlyn dirty looks and reading her gossip magazines. Cringe left at 9, and Caitlyn escorted her to the front door while assuring her that all would be well.

“Do you even know how to use the dispatch system?” Cringe asked, narrowing her eyes at Caitlyn.

“Of course!” Caitlyn lied before ushering the old woman out the door and locking it. They really needed to get rid of her.

How hard could the dispatch system be? Just press a button to talk on the radio? She should

have asked Gina about, in fact, she should have asked Gina about a lot of things.

Since being deputized, Caitlyn had done little more than sit back at the station. Gina was out fulfilling her duties as Sheriff, and Eva was guarding their captives, but Caitlyn spent most of her day looking for ways to pass the time. At one point she asked Gina if she could go out on a patrol or something.

“Cait, there's a lot about police work that you don't know, and I'm going to have to teach it to you before you go out there.” Gina sighed.

“Well, when can you teach me?” Caitlyn asked.

“Soon.” Gina smiled and patted her on the shoulder.

Caitlyn didn't know when “soon” was, but here she was, still sitting around the station. At least earlier in the day they had the possibility of two searches! Maybe they would make some arrests!

But the searches ended up being dead ends, and here they were, back at square one. Once again, Caitlyn's mind turned to the photo shoot in the morning. She couldn't wait, and realized how much she had missed slipping into a tiny bikini and letting a photographer do their dance around her. Gina had always said that her modeling days were behind her, but Caitlyn was worrying that she could be modeling instead of sitting behind a desk. Police work was nowhere near as cool as the tv shows made it out to be, and she could be making the big bucks modeling while she was still young and hot enough to be doing so.



After checking the door, Caitlyn crossed the station to her desk, which sat at the back of the bullpen, next to the Sheriff's office. Not for the first time, Caitlyn wished she had an office too. Why is the Sheriff the only one that gets an office?

At her desk, Caitlyn reached under and pulled out a black gym bag. She set it down and unzipped it, revealing that it was filled to the brim with bikinis of various size, shape, and color. When Gina gave in and said they could do the photoshoot, Caitlyn had gone a little overboard when picking out something to wear.

Her hand rifled through the bag, she was still unsure of which one to wear. What were the other girl's wearing? Would she have to match them?

*I could try them on and see?*

Caitlyn thought it over for a minute. How else would she pass the time? Gina told her to wait by the radio in case they needed to call, but the radio had been silent all night.

*Plus, I don't need a uniform to answer the radio, She thought.*

Caitlyn turned to look over the station. The glass doors of the main entrance looked out into the mostly empty parking lot, and even though the blinds on all of the windows were closed, if someone came up to the entrance, they would be given a perfect view of her.

*Who would be coming here in the middle of the night?* It was a police station, so there was a possibility that someone could. So she needed a place private, but she also needed something else.

An audience.

She smiled and lifted her bag. She knew just the place.

She bounded over to the door leading to the holding cells and unlocked it. Felicia used to be a model, she would appreciate a fashion show.

Right?

Caitlyn opened the large, metal door and slipped in, leaving it open just a crack in case Gina did call over the radio. She imagined that Gina wouldn't be happy if Caitlyn missed her call because she was strutting around in front of their prisoners in a bikini.

She made her way along the cell block, and could hear shuffling and mumblings coming from somewhere in the middle.

“Ummmmfff...”

“Murrggllle...”

Caitlyn slowed when she came to the prisoner's cells. Both were positioned in separate cells, though still side by side. Gina had them placed further down along the cell block in case the door was open and if someone peeked in, they would still only see empty cells.

Both women pressed against the bars of their cells, and they were exactly like when Caitlyn last saw them. They were clad in their bra and panties, both thongs, and had their hands tied behind their back and were gagged with thick, white clothes. Their eyes widened with confusion when they saw Caitlyn.

“Mmmm?” The older woman with glasses, Janet, cocked her head in confusion.

“Mffff! Mffff!” Felicia spat into her gag, pressed up against the door to her cell.

“Hello there ladies, how are you on this fine night?” Caitlyn asked, stopping in front of them.

“Mffff moo!” Felicia replied.

“Aw that wasn't very nice.” Caitlyn wagged a finger at the former Sheriff.

Janet stepped back from the bars and watched Caitlyn with quizzical eyes.

“Now, Eva has the night off, so you guys get to spend it with me!” Caitlyn set down her bag and threw up her hands in excitement.

“Uffff murrmmm mmmm...” Felicia grumbled and stepped back from the door. If they were relieved that she wasn't Eva, they didn't show it.

“Now, I'm sure things get boring back here, no tv or anything, and it's not like you two can talk.” Caitlyn smiled.

“Grrrrmmph!” Felicia snarled and bit into her gag. Apparently that touched a nerve.

“I’m here to help you guys pass the time! How would you like a little fashion show?” She asked.

“Ummmph!” Janet sat on her cot and rolled her eyes.

“Ummm mmmm!” Felicia shook her head.

“Aw come guys,” Caitlyn chuckled. “Now, the other girls and I have a big photoshoot tomorrow, and I have no idea what to wear.” Caitlyn squatted down and unzipped her bag.

Both of the prisoners stared at her in confusion, then exchanged a look amongst themselves, as if to ask “Is this for real”?

Caitlyn stood up, a tiny, black bikini in her hands.

“Now, I’m going to try on a couple different swimsuits, just nod or shake your head if you like them or don’t like them.”

Both women stared at her in wide eyed confusion.

“Now ladies,” Caitlyn chided. “You’re going to have to play along, or else I’ll tell Eva that you were misbehaving.”

Both women's heads immediately shot up and they both nodded in unison.

“Ummm hmmm!” Felicia nodded.

“Mmmm!” Janet nodded along as well.

“Good,” Caitlyn said. “Now, onto my first bikini!”

She set the black bikini down and unlaced her boots. A moment later, she kicked them away and slipped off her socks, stuffing them inside her boots. Then she stood up straight and started to unbutton her uniform shirt. Her first few buttons were already undone, exposing a good bit of cleavage that she always caught Frank and Randy gawking at. God help her if any of them walked in now.

Her shirt was about halfway open, exposing a black lace bra that held her large, enhanced breasts. Her breasts were the only thing about her that weren't natural, but she was proud of them. They were naturally large, but her implants gave her bust an extra lift. Caitlyn also took pride in the fact that her breasts didn't look as obviously fake as Gina's, though she would never say that to Gina's face.

Her shirt came open and she shrugged it off and hung it on the bars of a cell behind her.

“Sorry, but you ladies are going to get an eyeful today, please don't tell anyone.” Caitlyn giggled and put a finger to her lips.

Both prisoners rolled their eyes and grumbled into their gags.

Next, Caitlyn slid off her belt. She always wanted a gun belt like Gina, but Gina wouldn't allow her to carry a gun yet. As a police officer, Caitlyn felt somewhat naked without it.

She dropped the belt to the floor and undid the top button on her shorts, then slid her fly down. The front of her shorts peeled open like flower pedals, showing her black, lace panties underneath. She giggled and turned her back towards the two bound and gagged women. Caitlyn realized that she was having fun with this, in fact, she hadn't felt this sexy in months.

*I guess I just needed an audience.* She giggled and smiled, and started gyrating her hips, hooking her fingers in her belt loops as she did. As she moved, her hands danced around, tugging on the loops of her shorts and slowly, sliding them down.

The shorts moved down and exposed the top of her black thong panties. As she worked her shorts down along her rear end, she bent over. Her round, sculpted ass cheeks slowly revealed themselves as she moved her shorts lower, bending over more and more as she went. Finally, the shorts, already skin tight as they were, fell past her ass cheeks, along her thighs, and landed in a heap around her ankles.

Caitlyn giggled and kicked the shorts away, then stood up straight and swung her hips from side to side, flexing her glute muscles as she did. She felt her ass cheeks tighten up and loosen as she flexed. Much of her free time was spent in the gym, and she dedicated a lot of time to booty building, especially with squats, and liked to think that her butt was much better than Felicia's.

“Jealous ladies?” Caitlyn giggled.

“Mmmrrrrpph!” One of them replied, it sounded like Felicia.

Caitlyn laughed again and reached behind her back and found the clasp for her bra. Her fingers worked along the clasp and in a moment it was undone. The black bra fell away and she hung it on the cell bars in front of her. She still kept her back to the prisoners, and reached down and gripped either strap of her panties.

“Get ready ladies!” She laughed and bent over, sliding down her thong as she went. Caitlyn could feel the thin, frilly fabric slid out from between her butt cheeks and down along her thighs. Once they were off, she kicked the panties away towards her discarded shorts.

Now completely naked, she stood up straight and flexed, feeling the muscles in her back and shoulders tighten.

“Check it out ladies!” She smiled, flexing both arms, showing off the thick, rippling muscles.

“Mrrrummmpph...” Both prisoners muttered into their gags.

She kept her back to them still and squatted down, grabbing the tiny black bikini bottoms. Caitlyn stepped into the bottoms and slid them up along her legs. The bikini bottoms slid up along her legs and she felt the tiny thong insert itself comfortably between her rock solid butt cheeks. It was a black thong string bikini, held together with two knots along her hips.

Once her bottoms were on, she squatted down again and grabbed her bikini top. She stood back up and slid it over her head and down. It covered her large breasts, but displayed plenty of gratuitous

cleavage. Caitlyn adjusted it and then tied the bikini top at the back of her neck, making sure to double knot it.

Once she was confident the bikini top was secure, she spun around, holding one arm up in the air and placing her other hand on her hip in a classic modeling pose.

“Ta-da! What do you think?” She smiled.

Both women stared in confusion, not quite sure what they had just witnessed. What was meant to be a fashion show turned into a strange strip tease.

“Come on ladies! What do you think?” She relaxed the pose and turned around, showing them her thonged behind.

“How does it make my butt look?” She turned to face them, only to see them both exchanging a look.

“Murrmmph! Urrgggmm! Urrmm!” Janet said.

“What?” Caitlyn asked.

“Urrmmph! Mugggg! Glllummm!” She said.

In the other cell, Felicia nodded, her eyes lighting up.



“Ummm! Fffffmmmmph! Gffffmmmp!” She grumbled.

Caitlyn's brow furrowed.

“I'm sorry, I don't understand?”

Janet rolled her eyes.

“Mllummmph! Ulllugg! Glllooommmph!” Her lips worked around her gag as she talked.

Caitlyn placed both hands on her hips and stared at the two women.

“If I take out the gags, will you tell me what you think?”

“Ummm hmm! Umm hmmm!” Both women nodded. Caitlyn bit her lip and looked at them.

“Okay, but you can't tell Eva, and as soon as you say your piece, the gags go back.”

“Ummm hmmm!” Both nodded again.

“Okay, I'm going to take them out.” She said and moved towards their cells. Both women pressed against the bars and jutted their chins out, all too eager to be un-gagged.

Somewhere in the distance, a door opened. Caitlyn froze. Both Janet and Felicia's eyes widened and they turned in the direction of the sound.

Nothing. Everything was quiet again. Caitlyn waited and listened.

“Mmmmp! Ummmp!” Felicia pressed against the bars, jutting her chin out again, eager to be un-gagged.

But Caitlyn waited and listened. It was definitely a door, but she didn't hear anything else.

“Gina?” She called.

No reply.

“Eva? Randy?” Were they back from their mission already?

Silence was the only thing that answered. Caitlyn turned to her prisoners and held up a finger.

“One second.” She said and started moving away from them. Both women pressed against the bars of their cells.

“Mlllep! Mmmmeey!”

“Ummmp! Glllummp!”

“Mmlllleep! Mllleep mmmmeey!”

Caitlyn moved towards the metal door leading out into the main station and couldn't help but feel a little exposed in her tiny black thong bikini, and once again wished she had a gun.

*It's probably nothing, someone probably tried the door and found it locked.*

But she knew that wasn't the case. It was clearly a door opening, but she had locked the front door? What about the rear door? As far as she knew, that door was always locked.

“Mmmmp! Ummmp!” The prisoners continued to moan into their gags, but Caitlyn ignored them. She knew it wasn't her imagination, they clearly heard the sound too, and hoped that it would be potential rescue. To think that she had almost un-gagged them! It was stupid, if anyone found them then she, Gina, and Eva were in big trouble!

She slipped out of the metal door and into the main bullpen, glancing at the main entrance. The door was closed still. Once outside of the holding cells, she pulled the metal door shut behind her.

And then she felt the cold steel of a pistol pressed against the side of her head.

“Oh boy, “ A male voice chuckled. “Where do they find you girls?”

Caitlyn froze, feeling the gun barrel press against the skin just behind her ear.

“Hands up hot stuff!” The man ordered and she complied, raising her arms up and keeping her head down.

“Move out, come on!” He shouted and she stepped forward. She stepped forward and raised her head, trying to look tough.

*Come on Cait, you're a cop! Act like one!*

But who is this guy? And how ballsy was he to storm a police station like this.

As she raised her head, she looked around and saw two men clad in black wearing ski masks pressed against the wall behind the door to the holding cells, they would have been perfectly hidden when she swung the door open. She turned to the other side to see two more masked men, plus whoever it was that held the gun to her head.

“What are you doing here? Who are you?” She asked, gritting her teeth, realizing this was the first time since they abducted Felicia that she had to act like a cop.

“Taking back what's ours. I'm curious though, what exactly are you doing here?” The man asked.

“This is a police station, and I'm a deputy! You'll be in so much deep shit if you hurt me!” She shouted, feeling her blood boil as she talked. Good, keep acting tough.

“Turn around.” The man ordered, and Caitlyn stayed put.

“I said,” She felt the gun press hard into her skin. “Turn around.”

Caitlyn nodded and slowly started to spin around. As she did, she noticed the man take a few steps back, all the while keeping the gun trained on her. She finished her turn, hands still up, and finally got a good look at the man. He was tall, well built, clad all in black but didn't have a mask. His black hair was perfectly spiked.

“Oh boy, you girls always find a way to surprise me. Don't any of you wear any clothes?”

“I thought I was alone.” She shrugged.

“What a little number you have on.” He whistled, running his eyes along her body, his gaze resting right on her cleavage.

“Hey!” She shouted, feeling her face turn red.

“Turn around again, I want to get a look at that tush of yours.” He waved the gun.

“No way!” She blurted. Did he break in just to leer at her.

He steadied the gun and aimed right at her.

“I said turn around.” He pulled back the hammer.

Caitlyn sighed and spun around, baring her thonged behind to the man.

“Oh yeah... I'll tell you, I thought Felicia had a nice tush, but damn! You definitely work out

girl!” He laughed again.

“You're gonna be in so much trouble when this is over!” She sighed.

“You know, Sheriff Fetters said the same thing to me, right before I made her strip and packed her in a box. How would you like if I made you strip?” He asked.

Caitlyn felt her jaw tighten.

“What are you doing dressed like that? What were you doing back there?” He asked.

“Private!” She said. The last thing she needed was him and his goons going back and seeing Felicia and Janet tied up.

“Okay, turn back around.” He ordered, and she complied. She spun back around to see that the man was still leering at her.

“Well, my name is Jack, you are?” He asked.

“Trouble.” She half smiled. Maybe if she kept him talking, Gina and company would come back and scare them off.

“Really,” Jack laughed. “Well, “Trouble”, my boys and I are hear to pick something up, and then we'll be on our way. If you cooperate then we'll be real nice to you.”

“I bet.” She said.

Jack motioned to one of his men.

“See that she's kept quiet.” Caitlyn looked over and saw one of the masked men making his way over to her, a red and white checkered handkerchief in his hands.

“We always come prepared, in case any cute, bikini clad ladies get in our way.”

“What are you doing?” She asked, noticing another man walking up to her other side, a length of rope in his hands.

“We like to work in silence, now open wide.” Jack smiled.

Then the man with the handkerchief was next to her. He pressed the cloth up against her mouth, instinctively causing her to open up.

“Ulllmmm! Mmmmuumm!” She cried out, feeling the hanky pulled hard between her gaping jaw. A moment later, she could feel the goon knotting it at the back of her head.

Caitlyn looked over and saw the other man with the rope getting closer. Once he had her hands bound, she would be at their mercy, helpless. Her eyes raced around the station, looking for a way out. Where were Gina and the others?

Then she realized that Jack was the only one of them that was armed. The rest of these goons

were just hear as extra hands, and none of them seemed all that physically imposing. She realized that she could probably take them.

*Do I risk it? Do I risk fighting them when Jack has his gun?*

If she created enough confusion, maybe it would be hard for him to aim. It was probably her best shot.

Then the radio at dispatch squawked. All eyes turned to the desk and a moment later she heard Randy's voice come through.

“Dispatch this is Deputy Randy! Come in Dispatch!” His voice was hurried, panicked.

Caitlyn looked over to see that all of them had frozen, all waiting to hear the next call.

The radio squawked again.

“Caitlyn! Are you there! Caitlyn! It's Randy! I think Gina and Eva are in trouble!”

At that, Jack chuckled and took a few steps towards her.

“Oh boy, that doesn't sound too good. Seems like you girls just can't stay out of trouble.”

Caitlyn looked over and saw the man with the rope stepping behind her.



“Too bad that you'll be all tied up.” Jack reached out to stroke her cheek.

Caitlyn grabbed his arm and twisted it. Jack cried out as she threw him back. The man with the rope lunged at her and she dived out of the way, sticking out a foot and tripping him. He went spiraling into a desk.

Another goon came at her and she decked him right in the face. The goon cried out and stumbled back.

Then they all descended on her.

She grabbed one by the collar and sent him spinning into another. One launched a punch at her and she grabbed his arm and twisted it behind his back.

“Hmmm mmoo ummm mmmlllikkk mmmhhhat!” She shouted, forgetting that she was still gagged. Caitlyn slammed the man into a desk and spun around to face her next attacker.

Something cold and hard slammed into the side of her head. Her vision erupted into stars and she felt her legs turn to jelly under her weight. She stumbled forward, grabbing onto the edge of a desk, blinking away the twinkling white lights that clouded her vision. Caitlyn's head throbbed and everything sounded like it was underwater.

One goon grabbed one of her muscular arms while another grabbed the one she using to steady herself on the desk. Her arms flailed behind her, feeling just as useless and rubbery as her legs. She could feel herself being pulled up and her head lolled to the side.

She blinked again, her vision clearing. Jack stood in front of her, his mouth moving but no words coming out. Caitlyn shook her, trying to clear the cobwebs, and felt herself sag forward, the only thing keeping her up was the men holding her arms.

“Awww...” She heard Jack say, and the rest faded into mumbles. Once again, she lifted her head, the last of the stars clearing, and looked into Jack's eyes. He held his gun with the butt out.

“Very nice, I like it when a girl puts up a fight.” He chuckled.

Caitlyn shook her head again, feeling the strength return to her legs. He must have hit her with the gun!

Then she felt her arms twisted behind her. She cried out into her gag as she felt her wrists crossed and rope being tied around them.

“Ullllmmmp!” She bit down hard into the gag as the knot was tightened around her wrists.

“I will say, you put up more of a fight than the others, I'll give you that.” Jack said, and patted her on the butt cheek.

“Ullmm!” She recoiled from him. What a snake!

The radio squawked again.

“Caitlyn! Are you there! Cait!” Randy seemed desperate, scared.

“Ummm! Mmmmph!” She cried out, somehow willing him to hear her.

“That's not going to work,” Jack said, grabbing her cheeks and twisting her head to face him.

“Now that we've got you, you're going to lead us to the evidence lock up.”

“Ulllmmm!” She recoiled and pulled against her bindings. Tied tight!

“Once we get what we came for, we'll go our separate ways, and all you'll have to show for it is a little bump on the head.”

“Grrrrmmm” she growled and glared him. Jack still smirked at her, then raised his weapon, leveling the barrel of the gun right at her chest.

“Now, lead on!” He said with another smile, and Caitlyn felt herself shoved forward by the goons. She stumbled forward a few steps, then stopped and steadied herself. Looking behind, she could see all of the goons waiting, Jack in the lead, gun still pointed at her.

“Come on, times a wasting.”

“Hummmph!” She huffed and turned around. She had no choice but to play along.

*I hope Gina and Eva are okay!*

Whatever they were going through, it couldn't be any worse than this, could it?

She stepped forward, leading the procession towards a door at the far end of the station. The footsteps of the goons followed close behind.

“You see, a month ago, Sheriff Fetters took some of our guns. Our boss isn't too happy about that, so we're here to take them back. “ Jack said, following close behind.

Caitlyn stopped at a door and turned to face him.

“Hmmm mmmmeee” She cocked her head towards the door, unable to open it due to her bound hands. Jack got the hint and stepped past her, gripping the handle and turning it. The door swung open, revealing a darkened staircase leading down. His hand fumbled against the wall until he found a switch, flicking it on and illuminating the entire stairwell in fluorescent light.

Jack smiled and took a step back.

“Ladies first.” He said, training the gun on Caitlyn again. She rolled her eyes and headed down the stairs.

“Mmm kkkmmm...” She grumbled, leading them down.

The stairs brought them down to a long hallway. Doors lined it on either side but she lead them straight. At the very end of the hall was a blue metal door with EVIDENCE stamped on it.

“I think we can take it from here.” Jack stepped in front of her, and she felt two of the goons hook their hands around her bound arms.

“Mmmrrrrmm! Mmmlllettt mmoool!” She tugged against them.

“Don't worry, we just don't want you to stray away.” Jack smiled and headed towards the door. She felt the goon's grips tighten and she was ushered along after him.

*What are they going to do with me?* She wondered. She had heard about Jack from Gina, and he didn't seem to mess around, and he had been responsible for tying up Felicia and putting her in that crate as well. So what was his plan for her?

Jack grabbed the handle of the door to Evidence Lockup and Caitlyn held her breath. She knew it was locked, Gina always made sure to double check.

The door opened with a click. Caitlyn's eyes widened. Jack looked back and saw her facial expression and chuckled.

“Oops, looks like someone “forgot” to lock it. Just like someone “forgot” to lock the back door today too.” He laughed again and stepped inside, then the goons pushed Caitlyn along towards the door as well.

Someone left the Evidence door unlocked for him! And the back door! Someone was working for Ace!

Jack flicked on the light inside the massive store room and Caitlyn was shoved inside. Evidence Lockup was a huge room, taking up most of the basement, and shelves lined the walls up and down the room. Metal lockers sat on a wall next to the door, and several large, wooden crates sat in the very center of the room.

The guns.

Jack stuck his gun in his pants and clapped his hands with glee when he saw the crates.

“Ah, here we are boys!” He exclaimed, and then turned to look at Caitlyn. He smiled and then made his way over to the metal lockers on the wall. He opened a middle one and motioned inside.

“Make yourself comfy lady!” He said, motioning to inside the locker like a chauffeur would. Caitlyn felt herself being dragged towards the large metal box.

“Mmmoo! Mmmoo! Mmmmpph! Ummph!” She planted her feet and tried to shoulder her captors, but they deftly moved out of the way of her blows.

“Mllpp! Urrgggle!” She heaved back against them as they tightened their grips.

*I'm not going in there!*

“Hey!” She looked up to see Jack had his gun leveled at her again.

“In the locker. Now!” He ordered.

Caitlyn froze and glared at him, her breath coming out in huffs through the gag.

“I said in!” He motioned inside with the gun.

Caitlyn stepped forward and felt herself grabbed by the arms and shoved forward. She stumbled forward a few steps and found herself inside the cramped, cold metal tomb.

She spun around, glaring at Jack, who stood smiling, one hand holding the gun, the other on the door.

“Be a good girl, and thanks for all the help!” He said, and slammed the door shut.

Caitlyn was plunged into darkness. Outside, she could hear the men scuttling around.

“Hurry up, get the boxes up and out!” Jack ordered.

Caitlyn kicked the door. The metal clanged loudly but it didn't budge. She kicked again. No change.

Footsteps outside, men grunting as they moved something heavy past her.

She spun around and ran her bound hands along the door. There was no inside latch. Caitlyn pressed her back against the door, feeling the cold metal against her bare ass cheeks.

*Come on!*

“Grrmmm!” She grunted and strained against the door, pressing her full weight against it.

The door held.

“Mmmrrmmph!” She cried and pressed against it again. The metal heaved a bit under her weight, but the door held tight.

“Urrrggg!” She bit into the gag and kicked the door again. Another loud clang, but the door still held.

*I'm trapped!*

The door was securely shut, and she was stuck in her, at least until someone came to the station.

But would they hear her? The gag prevented her from calling out, so she would have to make a lot of racket in order to draw attention, and when would anyone be back? Gina and Eva were supposed to come back after their mission, but Randy said they were in trouble, so if things were bad then...

*Then I might be stuck here all night!*

Trapped, in a cold metal coffin, until someone came into the station in the morning. What if she had to go to the bathroom?



Outside, men moved back and forth. She could hear them moving crates up the stairs and then coming back down for more. The one time Gina had given her guard duty, and she had fucked up royally.

*At least they didn't look inside the holding cells.*

God only knew what Jack and his men would do if they looked inside the cells and found Felicia and Janet tied up. Caitlyn had successfully distracted them from that at least.

More footsteps and grunting as a crate was lifted. She listened as the footsteps made their way outside of evidence lockup.

And then the door closed, and she was alone.

They were done, that was the last crate. Caitlyn pressed against the side of the locker and listened as footsteps went down the hall and up stairs. They were done, they got what they came for.

And she was still trapped.

She heard the footsteps above her, then a door open. A moment later the door closed and everything was silent again.

Now what, she waits? That was all she could do. What if they didn't hear her, even if she did make a lot of noise, what then?

*Trapped! Trapped down her for the rest of my life!*

She had an image of someone opening the locker years from now and seeing a skeleton, clad in a bikini, with its hands tied behind its back and a red hanky pulled between its teeth.

She kicked the door again to no avail.

A door opened above her. Caitlyn's eyes lit up and she turned to look above her.

Footsteps. Several people were walking around up there. She strained to listen. There was a male voice, and several female voices.

“Caitlyn!” Someone called, though she could only hear it faintly from inside the locker. It was Gina!

“Mllleellp! Mllleellp!” Caitlyn screamed into her gag.

“Caitlyn!” Gina called again.

“Mmmmeenna! Mmeeenaa!” Caitlyn kicked the metal locker door.

She heard footsteps go in different directions above her.

“Caitlyn!” An accented female voice called out.

“Mmmmmph! Mmmmm!” Caitlyn called and once again kicked the door.

“Cait!” Randy called above her.

“Mmmmmph!” She pressed her back flat against the rear of the locker and sent a volley of kicks into the door.

“Urrrgggle! Mmmuuugh! Ummmph!” She screamed into her gag as she stamped her feet into the medal door, like a child throwing a temper tantrum.

Everything went quiet upstairs. Caitlyn stopped and listened, breathing hard into her gag.

Footsteps were coming down the stairs.

“Mmmmp! Ummm! Mmmm!” Caitlyn resumed kicking the door.

“Do you hear that?” She heard Randy ask.

“Mllleellp! Mllleellp! Mmmellp mmmeee!” She sent a volley of kicks into the door.

A moment later she heard the Evidence Lock Up door open.

“I think it was coming from in here.” She heard Gina say.

*Yes!*

“Mmmeeena! Mmmm! Mmmllleep! Mmlleellpp mmmeee!” She sent another round of kicks into the door.

Footsteps hurried over towards her and a moment later the locker door opened up, flooding her cramped prison with bright light.

Gina, Eva, and Randy stared in at her. Gina and Eva were both wearing tiny, show girl type thong bikinis.

Randy gawked at her, eyes wide with alarm and shock.

“It's uh... been quite a night.” He stuttered, his eyes drifting right to her cleavage.

“Grrr...” she grumbled.

## 22.

Given the events of the previous night, the last thing Gina wanted to do was a photoshoot. Part of her wanted to stay at home, in bed, rethinking all of the choices that lead her to this moment, another part of her wanted to kick down doors and make arrests. She thought of “The King” and that smug look on his face. Images filled her head of her fists smashing against his face before slapping the cuffs on him.

But no, here she was, clad in a white robe, riding a horse along a small trail to a spot in the middle of nowhere.

“Couldn't the photographer have picked somewhere closer?” Gina sighed.

“He said it's a great spot with a great view.” Caitlyn said from the lead. Like Gina, Caitlyn sat on her horse clad in a white robe. Eva took up the rear, dressed identically. Black gym bags hung from each girl's horse, no doubt filled with various skimpy bikinis.

*They better have a privacy screen or something to change behind.* Gina thought, rolling her eyes. She didn't want to get naked in the middle of nowhere with some photographer she didn't know.

Once again, she found herself hoping that this photo session would be quick so that they could get back to police work, but there was another part of her that wanted to enjoy it. She knew that she needed a distraction from the past few days, and maybe this would be it.

Though it was doubtful. Once again, she wondered why she was going to a photoshoot with so much else going on in the town. It was Caitlyn and Eva who pushed for it, even after the events of last night.

“I was just bound and gagged and forced into a locker, I need this!” Caitlyn pleaded with her the previous night. Caitlyn was still clad in a tiny black thong bikini, and Gina and Eva were still in their stolen show girl outfits.

“Si!” Eva agreed.

Gina glared at them both and sighed.

“After everything that's just happened, you seriously want to do a photoshoot?”

“We need this!” Caitlyn said with a whine.

Eventually, Gina gave in, but on the condition that they do non-stop police work as soon as they were done.

Once again, Gina found herself playing over the previous night in her head. It had been a disaster, an epic disaster. She and Eva had been captured and packed into a van to be shuttled off to their doom. While in the van, Eva had gotten extremely turned on at the sight of Gina bound and gagged (and being gagged herself) and had molested the helpless Sheriff. Gina couldn't shake the look on Randy's face when he opened the back of the van to see Gina, bound, gagged, and completely exposed, bent over Eva's knee. Randy quickly untied the women and Gina filled him in on what

happened, leaving out... parts.

“Well, we may have another problem.” Randy added.

Apparently he had seen Gina and Eva being pushed into the back of the van and immediately called Caitlyn for back up, but there was no response from headquarters. Randy followed the van for some time, calling for back up the entire time but getting only static from the station. Eventually, he took matters into his own hands and pulled the van over, though the driver ran off.

When Gina heard that Caitlyn wasn't responding, she immediately assumed the worst: had Felicia and Janet escaped? Gina played the scenario over and over in her head as they drove back to the station: They would arrive and check the cells, only to find Caitlyn inside and Felicia and Janet gone. Then what?

Gina had already decided that she was going to let Felicia and Janet go and accept the consequences, but that would be on her own terms, and in time. Her first order of business was to relieve Eva of guard duty. She could only imagine what Eva had put those women through for the past month.

They arrived back at the station and found Caitlyn bound and gagged and stuffed into a locker in the evidence room, and several crates of guns missing. Gina thought that Randy was going to have a heart attack at seeing all three of them in such skimpy attire, and she sent him home for the night, thanking him for his service and promising him a commendation when this was all done. All three of the women talked, and Caitlyn revealed her story to them, and what chilled Gina was the part where Jack hinted that one of her officers had intentionally left the back door unlocked for him and his men.

*One of my cops is dirty!* Her blood boiled at the thought. The only ones she could trust now were Eva and Caitlyn, and she didn't trust Eva all that much anymore.

As they rode the trail, Gina turned around to look at Eva, who was humming to herself while taking in the early morning sun. What scared Gina most about all this was that Eva was acting perfectly normal, like nothing had ever happened. This Latina's finger had been inserted up Gina's ass the night before and now Eva was acting like it was business as usual. Gina could barely bring herself to talk to Eva, let alone look at her.

*Once this is over, I may relieve her of her duties.* Gina thought, turning back around.

The photographer had given them a place to park, a small lot next to the trail, and said in his email that he had left three horses for them, along with directions on how to get to the spot, and here they were.

*He couldn't have just picked a beach spot?* Gina wondered for what seemed like the thousandth time.

Once they were done, they were changing into their uniforms and heading to the casino, where Gina would arrest The King. After that, there would be long hours of interrogation, and she would milk him for all he knew. She would find Jessica, and the mole in their department, and then go after Ace. Once that was all done, she would free Felicia. Gina figured that she at least owed it to Jessica to find her before she let Felicia go, an event that would no doubt lead to Gina's arrest.



Her arrest. It was a strange thought, but she had made peace with it. She would do her best to convince Felicia to only testify against her, maybe Eva, but she wanted Caitlyn left out of it. Caitlyn was naïve, and Gina had taken advantage of that, and that girl didn't deserve to go to jail. At first she contemplated leaving Eva out of it, but after last night she realized that Eva needed to atone for her sins as well.

“I think this is it just ahead!” Caitlyn called from the front. Gina nodded and rode up next to her.

The trail opened up into wide field. The grass grew at least knee high, and several professional lights were set up around the area. Gina's eyes scanned the field but saw no sign of the photographer.

“I guess this is it.” Gina nodded and brought her horse to a halt. The field was surrounded by thick, over grown trees. Her eyes scanned the woods around them but she didn't see any sign of movement.

“Where is he?” Caitlyn wondered.

“I don't know.” Gina said. She didn't like this, not one bit.

She pressed her horse forward and saw a white piece of paper taped to one of the lights. Once again, she brought her horse to a halt and dismounted. Caitlyn and Eva followed suit. Gina grabbed her bag off of her horse and walked through the tall grass towards the light. The sun was high in the sky above her and she could feel herself starting to sweat under the robe.

*Good thing that I'm wearing very little underneath.* She thought as she grabbed the paper from

the light. It was a note.

Girls,

I had to run back down to the car to get some equipment.

Make yourselves comfy while you wait :)

Gina frowned as she looked the note over and handed it to Caitlyn.

“Great,” Gina sighed. “More time being wasted.”

“Oh come on Gina, try to relax.” Caitlyn said, handing the note to Eva.

“I’m sorry if I think we have better things to do.” Gina growled.

“I know but...” Caitlyn pouted, eyes wide, searching for a retort.

“Oh stop it,” Eva said, crumpling the note. “Both of you live a little!” Eva smiled and started to untie her robe. The white garment fell open, revealing that Eva wore a tiny, chocolate colored bikini underneath. The Latina turned around and let the robe fall away, exposing the tiny thong running between her ass cheeks.

Caitlyn turned away from Eva and shrugged, then undid her robe. The garment fell away to show that Caitlyn wore a grey thong leotard. The tiny leotard thinned out around the front, exposing gratuitous side boob as well.

Gina sighed and took off her robe as well. The Sheriff wore a tan thong bikini, with a fringe along the cups of her bra, giving it an old west look. She had a red bandana tied around her neck to complete the sexy cowgirl look that she was going for.

Gina set her robe down and looked at the other two scantily clad deputies. Here they were, standing in the woods, three buxom women in tiny swimsuits.

“Now what?” Gina asked.

“I guess we wait.” Caitlyn shrugged.

“We don't want to keep you ladies waiting long!” A female voice called from the tree line. All three police women spun around to see a beautiful, thin, blonde haired woman strolling out of the woods, a gun leveled at them.

Shelly!

Gina gritted her teeth and noticed more movement in the trees. A moment later, Lisa, Shelly's large breasted friend, emerged from the woods, a gun leveled at them as well. Something rustled in the leaves behind them and Gina spun around to see Tanya emerging, a weapon drawn too.

Gina's eyes widened and she spun back around to face Shelly.

“What is this?” Caitlyn asked from behind Gina.

“It's what I call a set up.” Shelly smiled.

“Hands up ladies.” Lisa called from next to Shelly.

Gina didn't raise her hands, but just glared at Shelly.

“There was no photographer, you just wanted to get us out here and unarmed.” She accused.

Shelly smiled.

“We needed you girls vulnerable, and I must say, the bikinis you chose were even skimpier than I imagined.” The woman said with a smirk.

Tanya came out from behind and joined Tanya and Lisa, all three had guns leveled at the police women.

“Hey now, let's talk this out!” Caitlyn pleaded.

“This is not the time for talk,” Shelly said, still smiling. “Now, let's get them tied up.”

Gina noticed that Lisa had a bag with her, and she opened it and took out several lengths of rope and several clothes, no doubt gags. The large breasted woman distributed the ropes and gags amongst her companions.

“Now, nobody move. We're going to tie you all up nice and tight.” Shelly strode towards Gina,

rope in hand. Gina glared at her and then shifted her gaze to Tanya.

“How did you get involved in all of this?” Gina asked, eyes narrowing.

Tanya tightened her grip on her gun.

“I know about you, and your girls here. You're corrupt! Working for Ace!”

Gina's eyes widened. Shelly was playing Tanya.

“I don't know what they told you, but it isn't true.” Gina replied.

“Hey!” Someone called, and Gina looked over to see Lisa binding Caitlyn's arms behind her back. As Gina watched, she felt Shelly pull her hands behind her back and cross her wrists.

Eva meanwhile, stood back, hands up, and watched with amusement. Gina turned her gaze back to Tanya.

“Tanya, please listen, they're lying to you.”

“Shut up!” Tanya cried, and Gina could see that her hand holding the gun was shaking.

“Ow-Ulllmmm!” Caitlyn's cry was cut off and Gina looked over to see Lisa pulling a thick white cloth tight between the bodybuilder's lips and knotting it at the back of her head.

Gina felt rope wrapping around her own wrists.

“Listen, I have reason to believe that Shelly and Lisa are involved with a disappearance. Please listen to me and we can work together!” Gina implored the buxom, red headed reporter.

“That's it!” Tanya strode forward and ripped the red handkerchief away from Gina's neck.

“Tanya wait, just hear me out! I'm-Ullmmmm!” Gina's pleads were cut off by Tanya pressing the cloth across her open mouth and tying it at the back of her neck.

“That's it! I don't have to listen to anymore of your lies! You and your girl's are a disgrace to this town!”

“Ullmmm!” Gina grunted, feeling the gag tighten as Tanya finished the knot. Shelly finished tying her hands and both women stepped around to look over the now bound and gagged Sheriff.

“There, that's better.” Shelly smiled.

“And it was nice that she even came complete with her own gag.” Tanya smiled as well.

“Grrmmmlll...” Gina mumbled. She looked over to see Caitlyn, bound and gagged, look over and give her a wide eyed, terrified look. Gina did her best to give the bodybuilder a look of apology.

“Oooohhh...” Somebody cooed, and Gina looked down to see Lisa tying Eva's hands behind her back.

“I think this one likes it!” Lisa cried.

“Ooohhh yeah...” Eva had her eyes closed and head tilted up in ecstasy. Lisa finished tying the Latina's hands and quickly threw a black cloth over her head and pulled it back between Eva's lips.

“Ooohhmmm... mmmm...” Eva moaned as Lisa tied the gag.

“Well, we'll see if we can sway her.” Shelly smiled and looked over her hostages. The Sheriff and all three of her deputies stood before her, bound and gagged in their swim wear.

“Let's get them mounted up!” Shelly called.

Gina felt Tanya grab her arm and usher her forward. She looked forward to see Shelly moving Caitlyn along and Lisa dragging Eva. All three of them were being lead towards the horses.

*So they isolate us, kidnap us, then what?* Gina wondered.

Tanya stopped her next to her horse. The reporter stepped forward and held out a stirrup.

“Step!” She ordered. Gina glared at her, then obeyed. The Sheriff lifted one of her shapely legs and placed it in the stirrup. Looking over, she saw Shelly level her gun at Caitlyn and Eva while Lisa made her way down to Tanya and Gina.

“Let's get this girl up!” Lisa cried, and took a position on the other side of the horse.

Tanya grabbed Gina from behind, both of her hands digging into Gina's exposed buttocks, and pushed. Meanwhile, Lisa grabbed Gina from the other side and pulled. Tanya's hands pressed deep into Gina's backside, causing the Sheriff to bite hard into her gag.

“Don't struggle, or I'll get rough!” Lisa chuckled as she pulled. In a minute, both women had Gina hoisted up and sitting on the saddle of her horse.

Then they moved down to Caitlyn, who was now mewling into her gag.

“Mmmm.. ummm..” She whined as they stepped towards her.

“Let's go, up!” Lisa ordered.

Caitlyn shook her head.

“Ummm mmm!”

“Now!” Lisa grabbed her and shoved her towards the horse.

Caitlyn proved to be much feistier than Gina, and struggled the whole time as Lisa and Tanya tried to force her up on her mount.

“Mmmm! Ummmp!” Caitlyn moaned.



“Get up there or I'll cut those breast implants out!” Lisa threatened.

“Mmmmp!”

At one point, Caitlyn was hanging off the side of the horse and Lisa was on one side, pressing both hands onto one of the bodybuilder's ass cheeks, while Tanya was on the other side, her hands on the other ass cheek. Both pushed and strained, their grunts mixing in with Caitlyn's muffled cries, but eventually they got Caitlyn upright in the saddle.

“And don't you think about moving!” Lisa ordered as she and Tanya moved onto Eva.

Eva was much more cooperative, and slid into her saddle easily. Now here they were, bound and gagged and mounted on their horses. A minute later, Lisa emerged from the woods, leading out three horses.

“Time to go for a ride ladies.” Shelly exclaimed and mounted up on her horse. The blonde woman rode hers forward and grabbed the reins to Gina's horse.

“We're taking the lead.” She said as Gina glared at her.

“Oh, don't look so sad Sheriff.” Shelly laughed and nudged her horse forward, leading Gina's along with her.

*Where are they taking us?* Gina wondered. They were leading them back down the path they came up. She twisted her head to see Lisa leading Eva's horse and Tanya leading Caitlyn's horse. Were

they going to kill them? Or take them to a more secure location? If that was the case, what did they plan to do with them?

Gina's questions were soon answered when an hour later, they found themselves being lead right through the center of town.

It was a weekday, businesses were starting to open, and people were coming out and about. Men, women, and children all stopped and stared at the beautiful, swimsuit clad bound and gagged women being lead through the town.

“Mmmlllellp! Mmllllellp! Mllllsse!” Caitlyn pleaded at the gawking faces as they passed through town. No one helped though, all they did was stare.

Gina, kept her eyes forward and head held high. As they trotted down the street, she could feel the eyes on her.

*Humiliation, public humiliation. That's what this is!* What was their end game though? Would they let them free after? That didn't seem to make sense.

But they continued to move on, and Caitlyn continued to mumble into her gag.

“Mmmmmph! Ummmmph!” She cried at everyone who stared.

Soon, Gina realized where they were being taken.

The police station!

They stopped just outside the station, and Shelly dismounted, followed by Tanya and Lisa.

“End of the line ladies.” Shelly said and started helping Gina down off her horse.

Gina's gaze shifted between Shelly and the station. Why bring them here?

Gina stepped down off her horse and noticed Caitlyn and Eva being helped off of their mounts. Then Shelly grabbed Gina by the arm and lead her towards the main entrance. Inside the station, Gina could see Deputy Cringe starring wide eyed as they approached.

The doors opened and a moment later they were inside the station. Deputy Cringe stood up, her mouth agape.

“What in the...” She stopped, staring at the bound and gagged Sheriff and Deputies.

“Ulllmmmp! Mmmllleellp!” Caitlyn pleaded at Alice. All three hostages stood with their captors by the main desk.

“Hey! What's going on here!” Gina heard a voice call, and she turned her head to see Randy hurrying forward. Frank sat at his desk, a donut halfway in his mouth, his eyes bugged out.

“Mmmmmrannnddy!” Caitlyn sighed with relief.

Randy hurried forward, his hand drifting to his weapon.

“Sheriff! What's going on here!” He demanded.

“Ah, Deputy Randy, good to see you.” Shelly dragged Gina forward.

“What's... what's the meaning of this!” He stuttered, his eyes drifting straight to Gina's cleavage.

Some things never change.

“These women are corrupt, and have been in the employ of the crime lord known as Ace.”

Shelly exclaimed.

“Mwwwamm?” Gina's eyes widened and she glared at Shelly.

“What?” Randy asked.

“It's true.” Tanya stepped forward, an envelope in hand. Gina spun and glared at her.

“Mummmph?” Gina asked. What were they getting at?

Tanya handed the envelope over to Randy.

“These here are photos showing your Sheriff accepting a bribe from a man known to be associated with Ace and his organization. Seen there with them is Jessica Lannon, who has been

missing ever since.”

“Ummm hmm! Ummm hmm!” Gina shook her head. Were they trying to implicate her in Jessica's disappearance.

Randy opened the envelope and looked at the photos.

“We also believe that Gina may be responsible for the disappearance of your previous Sheriff, Felicia Fetters, along with Janet Rossi.”

“Mrrrummph!” Gina shook her head, even though that part was true. Meanwhile, Caitlyn had returned to mewling into her gag.

“Ummmmm... Mmmmmm!”

Randy flipped through the photos, his eyes wide. After a moment, he lowered them and glared at Gina.

“It was you...” He said weakly.

“Ummm mmmm!” She shook her head. How could he believe this?

Then he held up a photo, it showed Gina and Jessica, from that day in the junkyard. It showed Jack holding out a stack of bills and Gina taking it.

How did they get that?

“Mmmmm! Mmmmmoooo!” Gina shook her head again, eyes wide and pleading.

“Randy, there is widespread corruption in this police department, we didn't know who to trust so we took the matter into our own hands.” Shelly said, with a hint of apology in her voice.

“Mrrrrmph! Urrggg!” Gina tried to pull away but Shelly tightened her grip on her arm.

“What... what do we do?” Randy asked.

“We keep this quiet, I'll interrogate the woman and find out what they know, but I fear that Jessica, Felicia, and Janet may be lost for good.” Shelly said.

“Ummmmph! Mmmm!” Gina tried to pull away, but Shelly's grip was like a vice. She was small but strong.

“We should keep them here, and under our supervision, until we know how deep this goes.” Shelly said, and Randy nodded.

“But... we need a Sheriff...” He said, eyes flicking between the bound deputies.

“I think you can handle that,” Shelly smiled and ran a hand down Randy's arm. “A strong capable man like you can handle this town.” Randy's eyes widened as she stroked his arm.

“Mmmmp! Mmmoo!” Gina pulled again. Shelly sighed and rolled her eyes.

“Now, let's stash these traitors away.” She exclaimed.

“The Sheriff keeps the keys to the holding cells, I don't know where it is.” Randy shrugged.

Lisa stepped forward, a key ring in her hand.

“She had it in her bag.” The well endowed woman smiled, spinning the keys on her finger.

If they were going to put them in the holding cells, that meant they were going to find Felicia and Janet!

“Mmmoo! Ulllllggg!” Gina shook her head.

“Yes, time to lock you up!” Shelly cried and dragged Gina forward.

So this was their plan, to publicly discredit them and then lock them up! That meant that Shelly would essentially control the police force!

They reached the holding cells and Lisa unlocked it. The metal door swung open.

“Tanya, Lisa and I can handle this. Why don't you stay out here and explain to the deputies what happened.” Shelly said.

“Sure.” Tanya nodded and stepped back.

Lisa swung the door wide and Shelly took a position behind her three captives.

“Inside!” She waved her gun.

“Ummm hmm!” Gina shook her head. Shelly sighed and pushed Gina forward.

“Inside, now!” She screamed.

“Ummmmph!” Caitlyn jumped and stumbled forward, into the cells. Eva followed.

Shelly ushered all three in and then Lisa followed, slamming the metal door behind her.

“Mmmpph! Mmmph!” A muffled voice called from further down the cell block. Shelly cocked her head and listened.

“What is that?” She exchanged a look with Lisa, who shrugged.

“Mmmmmph!” Another muffled voice called.

Gina's eyes widened. Shelly looked at the Sheriff and smiled.

“Oh Sheriff, you have been naughty!” She laughed and moved down the cell block.



“Let's go! Move!” Lisa waved her gun and all three captives moved along.

“Mmllellp! Mlllellp!” A voice called from one of the cells.

Shelly stopped, her eyes wide in surprise and delight as she looked into the cells containing the bound, gagged, and underwear clad Felicia and Janet. Both women pressed against the bars of their cells and mumbled incoherently into their gags.

“Mmmmllellp! Mmmmlph!”

“Ummmph! Mmmmph!”

Then Felicia and Janet turned their heads to see Gina and her cronies, also bound and gagged. Gina met Felicia's eyes and saw the former Sheriff's eyes light up with what looked like victory.

This was it, this was the end.

“My, my, my. So this is what happened to Sheriff Fetters and Janet.”

Felicia turned her gaze back to Shelly and nodded.

“Ummm hmm! Umm hmm!”

Shelly smiled and turned Gina.

“When I said that you were responsible for her disappearance, I was only saying it to get Tanya on my side, but this is precious.” She exclaimed.

“Mlllellp mmmmee! Mllleellp mmee!” Felicia grumbled. Shelly turned back to face her.

“Sadly, Miss Fetters and Miss Rossi, you two will have to stay here for a little longer.” Shelly said.

Both Felicia and Janet took a step back, eyes wide.

“Mmmm?” Janet cocked her head.

“You see, I have too many plans in the works, and can't afford to have you running around mucking them up. Gina and her friends will keep you company in the cells until I can get rid of you all. Permanently.”

“Ummmph! Mmmmph!” Felicia ran forward, pressing herself against the bars of her cell, her eyes wide with fury as she glared at Shelly.

Shelly just laughed and stepped back.

“Now, let's lock these ladies up.” She grabbed Gina and pushed her towards the cell next to Felicia. Lisa swung the door open and Shelly shoved the bikini clad Sheriff inside.

“This is poetic isn't it?” Shelly laughed and slammed the cell door. Gina spun around to see

Caitlyn being shoved into the cell across from her. Eva was placed in the cell next to Caitlyn. Once all three women were locked up, Lisa stood next to Shelly in the center of the cell block.

“That's right ladies, you're locked up and guess who's your guard?” Lisa asked, stalking up and down.

“MurrGGLE..”

“UrrmmmpH..”

“Me!” Lisa raised her arms up above her head. “And we're going to have so much fun together!”

“MMMMMPH! UMMMMPH!”

“GLLLUBBBB!”

“MLLLEELLPL!”

Shelly and Lisa took one last look at their hostages and smiled.

“Now, we'll return later. Until then, get used to your new homes.” Shelly giggled and turned towards the door, followed by Lisa.

Gina watched them. Soon they were at the heavy metal door. It swung up, letting into large shaft

of light, and then the women stepped through and slammed it behind them.

That was it. Here they were.

“Urrrrmmm” Gina sighed and pressed her head against the bars.

“Ommmm... Ummmm” Someone sighed from across the block. Gina looked up to see Eva sitting on her cot in her cell, eyes closed, back arched. She was running her bound hands along her thonged ass cheeks.

“Oohhhmm...” She mumbled and grabbed the back of her thong and pulled it up.

Gina shook her head and turned away from the Latina, not wanting to know what was going on. She turned to face Felicia in the cell next to her. Felicia glared. Suddenly Gina had an idea.

She stepped towards the bars that separated her cell from Felicia's and pressed her back against it, feeling the cold steel of the bars against her bare buttocks. Gina held out her bound hands between the bars and shook them up and down.

“Hmmmlllp mmeee... mmmmunnn mieee mmeee...” She said into her gag, shaking her bound hands.

“Ummm hmmm!” Felicia shook her head.

“Hlllummmpp mmmme!” Gina shook her hands.

“Mmmooo!” Felicia shook her head and stalked over to her cot and sat down, glaring at Gina. Gina spun around and gave Felicia a pleading look.

“Mmmlllleass?” Gina's eyes were wide. If only she wasn't gagged, then she could talk with Felicia, reason with her, explain that she was going to let her go.

But Felicia only stared, her eyes filled with fury. She turned away from Gina and laid down on her cot, baring her bound hands and thonged ass towards the Sheriff.

“Mmmmmfff!” Gina spat and turned away.

In the cell across from her, Eva had pulled her thong tight. The small garment rode far up her ass, and had caused it to bunch up in the front. Gina watched, fascinated as the swimsuit rode up between the fold of the Latina's vagina.

Is she masturbating?

Indeed she was.

“Oohmmm!” Eva cooed, pulling on the back of her thong, causing the front to ride up and down along her clit. Gina looked over to see Caitlyn starring at her in wide eyed horror.

“Ummmm.... mmmmm...” Eva sighed, pulling the thong up high and gyrating her hips back and forth. Gina could only watch as the garment dug deep into her vagina, moisture collecting around it as

it rode along the Latina's wet crotch.

*Well, at least one of us is having fun.* Gina thought and sat on her cot.

## **End of Volume 2**

**Gina, Felicia, Shelly, Eva, Caitlyn, Lisa, and Tanya will return...**