

## Bad Dream

Trevor was in a bar in Dayton, Florida when she walked in. She was tall, confident looking, with shoulder length blonde hair. She wore a leather jacket and jeans, and had a badge. Her name was Poppie Needsnoman and she was a sergeant in the Dayton Police Dept. She was a homicide detective. This was the world of "Silk Stockings".

Trevor watched her and her male partner move to the bar and talk to the bartender. They showed him a picture and he shook his head, then they left. He got up and followed. He liked the blonde's ass. They got into a sedan and he watched it drive off. He had no intention of following them now. He knew where the police station was, and knew when the shifts changed. He went to his hotel and prepared to take the female cop.

He watched the rear of the station from a distance, using a night scope. She came out, said good bye to some people and got into her car. He waited, and followed the car as she drove home. He hadn't fucked a cop in a long time before and wanted to rape Poppie Needsnoman. The good thing about her though, was that her movements were pretty predictable. He knew just when she'd get off and when she'd go to work. Poppie was a beautiful lady. She had blue eyes and a set of big tits that he wanted to get his hands on. He could use his mind control powers on her but he wanted to enjoy her the old fashioned way by raping and degrading her.

Trevor toyed with the idea of sneaking into the police station and getting her there somehow, but the risk was too great. He'd get her at home. She lived in an apartment just inside the city limits, a nice, peaceful, quiet neighborhood.

She was divorced and lived alone. That would make things that much easier for him. She'd be much more likely to cooperate if he threatened her with violence. He would never seriously harm Poppie but she didn't know that.

Trevor broke into the apartment building late one night, after only a few days of study. Her pattern was so inflexible that he'd known she would go to bed at precisely ten, as she had. It was midnight when he slid into the building basement through a window.

He crept into her apartment, and went to her bedroom. He stopped at the bedroom door. He waited for ten minutes so his eyes would be adjusted to the dark, so now he could see fairly well as he slowly pushed the woman's door open. The sound of her deep, even breathing came clearly to him. He snuck in, crouching by the door, then closed it behind him. He took a small triangular door block from his jacket and slid it beneath the door, pushing it in hard. The last thing he wanted was for her to wake up and see him.

Trevor crawled over to the bed. The blonde cop was asleep on her side, her cheek pressed into the pillow. His next movement had to be carefully done. Poppie was likely to fight if she could, unlike most women, and also unlike most women, she probably had a pretty good knowledge of unarmed combat. His superior weight and strength would still overcome her, of course but he didn't want any noise to wake up her neighbors.

His hands encased in soft leather gloves, he rose and very gently slid into the bed on his knees. Then, with a fast movement, he clamped his left hand over her mouth and shoved her over onto her belly, bringing his heavy weight down on her back and clamping his knees and thighs into her arms, pinning them to her sides.

Poppie struggled wildly, muffled yells and screams coming through his hand as her body writhed and thrashed beneath him. Trevor rode her like a wild, bucking bronco, waiting for her to settle down or exhaust herself. It took less than a minute for her to realize the situation was hopeless.

"Much better," he said softly. "You and me are going to reach an understanding, aren't we?" Poppie made a muffled sound that he took for a yes. "Now don't do anything stupid copper," Trevor warned her. He took a ball gag from his jacket and slid it in beside his hand. "You're going to take this in your mouth when I slide my hand back. Understand?" Slowly, he shifted his hand over, the ball gag instantly replacing it against her lips. "Open your mouth," he ordered.

Poppie did so and he slid the ball gag into her mouth, then pulled the straps around her head and snapped them tight behind it. "Good girl." he said. Trevor shifted backwards a little, grabbing her wrists and pulling them up behind her back. He held them there with one hand as he snapped a pair of handcuffs over them. He raised himself and rolled her over, then sat back down on her hips.

Poppie stared up at him in rage and fear as he smiled back down. "Now that didn't hurt, did it, baby? Let me tell you what's going to happen. I'm going to fuck the living shit out of you, and you're going to like it. Understand?" An angry muffled snarl came through the gag and he smiled even more broadly.

"Now, now, now. We don't want to wake up the neighbors, do we?" he grinned. Trevor's hands slid onto her breasts and he began to caress them. He watched her face with considerable satisfaction as she stared up at him in hatred. His thumbs and fingers pinched her nipples and kneaded her breast flesh. He rolled her nipples between his fingertips and pulled them up hard.

He shifted his way down further, so he was kneeling between her legs, which he had forced wide apart. He licked and sucked on her nipples, then began biting them, his teeth digging into the soft tender meat as the woman winced in pain. He shifted his mouth downward, then began to lick her pussy, prying her cunt lips apart as his tongue delved deep within her. He rose up like a mountain and then got out of bed. He calmly, tauntingly, stripped before her angry, fearful eyes.

When his giant erect cock sprang free he laughed in appreciation as her eyes widened. "Yeah, baby. That's all for you." He grabbed her hair and pulled her out of bed, turning on the light to see her better. "HMMMMM MMmmm. Nice body for a cop." he remarked to her. He forced Poppie down on her knees before him and rubbed his hardened organ over her face, then left her there as he moved to her dresser. He flipped through her purse, examining her gun, then her badge.

"Well, Poppie. Say, what do they call you, Pop?" he asked "It doesn't really matter. I'll call you Poppie." Trevor told her. He opened the closet and looked inside, pulling out her old uniform, then her Sam Browne belt, with it's handcuff case, ammo pouch, holster and nightstick holder. He removed

the nightstick and turned, moving his eyes up and down as he licked his lips and leered at her.

Poppie jumped to her feet and ran to the closed bedroom door. She tried to press her back against it and turn the knob with her cuffed hands. Trevor padded over slowly as she attempted to yank the door open. She was frantically trying to yank the door open as he stepped over to her. Trevor held the long, thick nightstick like a dagger, and as she struggled to pull the door inward, he thrust up into her crotch with it, shoving his other hand against her chest to pin her to the closed door. She screamed, the sound muffled, as the end of the nightstick rammed into her cunt pad.

He twisted it hard and forced it up between her pussy lips, then, as Poppie jerked and shuddered and howled into her gag, he jammed it up into her cunt. Inch after inch of hard, brown polished wood was jammed up into her cunt tunnel, until the whimpering, grunting woman was forced to her toes by the pressure against her guts. "Bet you've used this on your pussy before. Haven't you, slut?" he hissed.

Trevor began to tear the nightstick in and out of her agonized pussy, punching the end into her cervix with angry forceful strokes. Poppie wept and moaned and shuddered helplessly. He gripped her hair finally and pulled her away from the door. He forced her across the room, the nightstick still buried in her fuck tunnel, then shoved her against a dresser and pulled out a chair from the nearby vanity.

He sat down as Poppie slumped against the wall and stared at him in terror. The nightstick slowly slid down out of her cunt and dropped to the floor with a soft thump. "What you're gonna do, cop girl, is come over here and drop your cunt down on my prick here. You're gonna do all the work for me, and if it ain't good enough I'll get some friends in to help. Understand?" he warned.

Trevor smiled nastily and held his cock up for her. "Let's go, slut!" he snapped. Poppie huffed forward, her body shaking, then widened her legs and straddled the chair. He held his cock upright as she lowered her ass gently down. His hand gripped her hair, forcing her face against his. He held it in place, his eyes locked onto hers as she sank down onto his cock.

Poppie gave a startled gasp and jerked up briefly when she felt his cocktip against her slit, but then slowly eased back down. She tried to close her eyes as his cock pushed up into her but he snarled at her to open them. Trevor stared into her eyes as she sank down, as his thick fuck pole slid up into her belly.

She shuddered and groaned with barely three fourths of it inside her, and tried to rise again. He sniggered and slid a hand onto her ass, jerking her forward and down as he thrust up. She screamed into her gag as his cock thrust up into her guts and her ass cheeks flattened against his thighs.

Trevor gave her little time to recover, and soon she was humping up and down, sliding her pussy up and down his thick organ, grinding her hips into him and pressing her soft melons against his face. He pumped a load of steamy cock milk into her pussy, then ordered her to rise, turn around, and lower herself again.

Poppie complied with a moan, and this time he pressed his cock against her asshole. She struggled briefly, but he pulled her down by the hair, forcing her to impale herself on his long steel hard prong. He bounced her up and down on his thighs, his hands squeezing her tits as his cock slid up and down in her asshole, then sprayed another load of sticky cum into her anus.

Trevor took a number of pictures of her, posing her in various, obscene ways. After a while he felt confident enough in her acceptance of what was happening to remove her gag. She had already been raped and sodomized so he figured she wouldn't do anything at this point.

He was right. Poppie was sullen, angry, but weary and resigned. She sucked his cock and hardly even tried to fight him as he forced it down her throat. He didn't cum there, wanting to save it and his hard-on. Trevor gave her a dildo and made Poppie fuck herself as he took pictures. She never lost her sullen look, though, which spoiled things a little. He made her put on her uniform then strip slowly as he video taped her. It took a number of angry threats before she put enough life into the performance to satisfy him.

After she'd stripped Poppie fucked herself with the nightstick, first in the cunt, then in the asshole, writhing and moaning as he filmed it. She had paused when he'd given her the stick, as if considering her chances. Apparently she decided that, even with the stick, her chances against a man his size were zilch.

Trevor cuffed her hands behind her back and put her on the floor, on her back, then forced her feet up behind her head like he had done to other girls before. Poppie stared out from between her legs with fury and rage, but could do little about her demeaning, degrading position.

Her ass and cunt stuck out lewdly as he pawed them and knelt, chuckling, over her. He stood up and lifted her by the ankles, using them like a handle and carrying her across the room like a piece of luggage. He lifted her onto the dresser, then took out her badge and stuck it into her ass.

Trevor stuck a dildo up her ass, forced her nightstick up her cunt, and then left her like that. Before he left the house he used his powers and erased the night from her mind. He wanted to return and enjoy Poppies' delights at a later date. When he left, she was back in her bed sound asleep.

## About the Author

Alex, the writer, and Ally his wife are the principles of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally .They began after a successful battle with breast cancer. Alex and Ally had lengthily discussions about their future. They knew from life's experience that it could all end tomorrow. Together, they set plans to accomplish numerous goals. In addition to the obvious, live each day to it's fullest, and grab all the gusto you can, they set a number of activities that they had to experience. There were people and places to see all over the world and experiences they'd not even mentioned before. One of the non-mentionable was the concept of multiple partner sex. They talked about it non-stop every day for over a year before stumbling into their first encounter with a long time family friend. That accidental encounter taught them that consensual sex was nothing more than a sport. Multiple partner sex was totally fun and with absolutely no guilt. In addition to be the most pleasurable sensation on earth, it was free ! The recollections of their real

encounters make up the series of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally. It all began with a friend, And if you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?"

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