



Undercover Deep

(mf, police, nc)

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Beth was really excited to be requested for the under-cover operation at the Emerald club. Up till now her only excursions into this kind of roll was dressing up as a hooker on

vice duties. Jameson had asked for her specifically.

"I asked for you on this job for two reasons only," he told her, "Your looks, and the fact that you're a blond."

He continued, "We've raided the club several times but Maxwell has always managed to destroy the evidence. We need you on the inside before we try again."

Beth could feel her pulse quickening. "I won't let you down sir."

"You damn well better not girl, there's a lot riding on this!"

They sat in a car opposite the club watching the clientele coming and going.

"Maxwell has a penchant for blondes and with your looks you shouldn't have to much trouble getting him interested. We want you to get him to take you up to his apartment on the top floor."

"How am I supposed to do that, Sir?"

"For Christ sake woman what do you think a guy's going to take you up to his apartment for flower arranging?"

A worried look had fallen over her face; she hadn't contemplated the position she was putting herself in.

"Look there's no need to get stressed," said Jameson. "Once up in the apartment all you have to do is open that blind so we know your in place, then you can string him along as much as you like we'll be up pretty soon after that."

Ten minutes later Beth was sitting at the bar in the emerald club ordering a drink.

"You had better make it a large one," she said to the bar keep. She thought, 'I'm going to need something to loosen me up or I'm going to botch this. If I can pull this off I could be looking at moving away from street patrols.'

Looking about her she spotted Maxwell at the other end of the bar with one of his minders, so taking her drink she sauntered down the bar and positioned herself on a barstool opposite.

She was wearing her short sexy black number, the one that always got John hot under the collar. Crossing her perfectly shaped legs, which made it ride up even higher she lit up a cigarette.

Maxwell was looking her up and down now so she gave him the warmest smile she could. Next thing she knew he was standing at her side, clicking his fingers at the barkeep who brought her another drink.

"Hi my names Richard Maxwell," he said. "I'm pretty sure I would have noticed if you had been here before."

Having made contact Beth used her body language and her wiles to flirt with Maxwell giving him an obvious come on. They moved over to his booth in the corner where she continued to entice him. They were sitting close now so she placed her hand on his leg hoping to force the situation.

Maxwell started to kiss her neck -- now running his hand up and down her side. Suddenly his hand slid between her legs.

Panic! What was she going to do, if she pushed him away the whole operation could be blown. She tried to hold him off by restricting his access but his fingers were already rubbing at her gusset. Her mind was racing, how was she going to get herself out of this situation. Trying to keep her composure she said, "Look lover it's too public here, haven't you got anywhere more private?"

"Come on I've got an apartment upstairs," he said taking her hand and walking her to his private lift. He nodded to his minder who followed them to the lift.

"I'm going up for cocktails," he said winking, "see to it I'm not disturbed."

As soon as the doors shut he pulled her to him and kissed her roughly. She had no option but to allow him this concession or the gig would be up.

His tongue forced its way into her mouth seeking out hers. Trying to fake enthusiasm she kissed him back allowing their tongues to entwine. His hands around her slid down to grip her ass making sure to ride her dress up so he had direct contact with her panties. She lost her shoes in his enthusiasm.

For the second time panic erupted. His fingers were tracing the furrow between her cheeks starting to force her panties into the crack. She prayed for the lift to hurry to its destination, his probing fingers started to make contact with her lips through her panties.

The resounding ding of the elevator echoed in her ears.

'My god' she thought, 'that was close.'

She tried to make conversation as they entered the apartment, she was looking around for the blind.

"Didn't you say something about a cocktail," she said trying to keep her voice calm.

"While I make the cocktails I want to watch you strip," he said suggestively.

She was in over her head now and she knew it. Realization that she could not talk her way round this one was fast dawning on her. She'd worked out that the blind she needed to open must be in the bedroom.

"Why don't I go and slip into your bed and wait for you?" she suggested hopefully.

"Come on you've been dying to get me up here all night," he said, "let's see what you've got."

No more excuses, she couldn't get out of it. She wondered if she could make a dash for the blind but she knew that everything she had achieved would be gone. Her chance of promotion, maybe even her career. Remembering Jameson's words. "Don't you dare blow this operation, we've been working on this for a long time."

Slowly she unzipped the back of her dress and allowed it to drop to the floor. Her perfectly proportioned body now on view. Stepping out of her dress she stood there in just her black lacy bra and knickers aware that they accentuated her blond shoulder length hair.

She was the complete package. Only her husband had seen her like this and now this crime boss was getting the privilege.

"Keep going," he said about to witness more of what her husband possessed. Taking hold of the front of her bra she unclipped it and nervously drew it apart allowing her pert breasts to spring free. They were a sight for sore eyes. Only about a 36b but the shape many a model would die for, topped by large strawberry shaped nipples.

"Very impressive," he said adding the finishing touches to their drinks.

"And the rest?" he said now leaning on the small bar, watching with great interest.

'Oh my god,' she thought, 'he's going to see, he's going to see.'

Hands quivering she pulled the waistband of her panties over the white flesh of her bum and released them allowing them to fall. She felt like everything was in slow motion. It seemed to take forever for them to reach the floor, but inevitably they did, and her secret was out.

From puberty she had found the growth of pubic hair was sparse and irritating so she had depilated very early on. Never by shaving though, always using wax. Hence there was not a hair between her legs. Not even stubble, just smooth unbroken skin. Exposed was the symmetry of her lips, leading up to the easily noticeable hood that enclosed her hard little bud.

He could see it all.

"Wow!" he breathed in a low voice.

Moving towards her he passed her drink over. As she freed his hand from the glass he deftly slid it over her left breast brushing his palm across the nipple which reacted by hardening.

She made a sharp intake of breath to this and realizing the hand could end up moving lower Quickly asked, "Can we go to your bedroom now?"

"Come on then," he replied leading the way.

She needed to allow herself time to open the blind once in the room or else he would be all over her. She had to think fast there were no more clothes to hide behind, if he got started on her now his fingers would soon seek out her privates.

"It's your turn to strip now," she said. Not one of her best ideas but it was all she could come up with at short notice. As he started to remove his clothes Beth sauntered over to the window trying not to feel selfconscious about her nakedness. Feigning curiosity she opened the blind to take a look outside.

'I hope Jameson can't tell my condition from here,' she thought.

Turning back to the room she was shocked by the sight that beheld her. 'Oh my god he's massive!'

Maxwell stood before her naked, his cock standing proudly erect in front of him.

'It must be nearly four inches longer than John's and the girth. That thing would split me in two.'

A giant purple domed helmet openly visible topped it. She could tell that he had been circumcised. It sent a shiver down her spine.

Having opened the blind, her panic was slightly reduced.

'Come on Jameson,' she thought, 'I can't hold him off for much longer.'

Maxwell was next to her now, drawing her close. Fighting off the urge to push him away Beth tried to delay his advances by concentrating on her drink. But Maxwell wasn't having any of this, and he dipped his head down, took her nipple in his mouth and started to suck on it.

The sudden shock made Beth jump spilling her drink down herself. Taking advantage of this he slid down her, licking the drink from her body.

"What about another drink?" she said trying to divert him from his advances.

"Later," he replied. The he scooped her up in his ample arms and laid her down on the bed. The swift movement caught her off guard. Before she could react he was on top of her -- his mouth descending to hers.

Too late she tried to shut her legs only to find his knee already between them.

'Oh god, come on Jameson, you've gotta get here soon.' she prayed.

She could feel herself starting to shake with fear. 'How did I let myself get in this situation.'

Trying to fool herself that she could still control the situation until help arrived, she responded to the kiss again, allowing his tongue to fence with hers.

She could feel his mammoth weapon digging into her leg.

'Jameson where the hell are you.'

His mouth again descended to her breasts taking each nipple in turn between his teeth and nipping it, bringing a yelp from her lips. She felt his hand on her thigh moving upwards.

'God no this can't be happening!' she tried to get her legs shut but there was no way to do it. His fingers slid along her smooth groove right up to her clit in on quick movement.

"Ah..."

She turned her head away trying to hide her shame, unable to stop his ministrations. Her body letting her down -- her mind started to respond to the stimulation. She felt her moisture begin, her clitoris hardening.

The finger slid lower and easily dipped into her honey pot.

"Ohh..." she whimpered. Inwardly she was screaming.

'Jameson you bastard where are you?'

He climbed over her getting into position -- his enormous end at the mouth of her pussy. She could feel it nudging up to her opening.

'Please god no, where is he, where is he?' she screamed silently.

The bulbous head edged her lips open attempting to accept it.

"Oh no, oh no, I can't, I can't, I'm sorry John, I'm sorry!"

Her knees held his waist in an attempt to restrict his movements, but the humid night was her undoing. Her fear had caused her to sweat, also his exertions had made him hot. Her knees could find no grip.

His helmet spread her lips wide but still he hadn't entered her yet. Beth looked across the room through the open door praying to hear her rescuers, but no one came.

Her body was responding in fear and a strange arousal, her own juices were lubricating his erection. She could feel her lips slowly giving, gradually encompassing the head, and she felt like she was being split apart.

"Ahh..." erupted from her as he pushed forward.

"Ahh." another push.

Tears welled up in her eyes.

Suddenly her entrance stretched the required amount to take him in.

"Ahhh..." she screamed.

The head of his cock passed the restriction and ploughed deep into her, filling her to the core. All the breath rushed out of her, she tried to gasp for air but could not seem to draw any in. Tears were streaming down her face. He drew back and thumped into her again.

"NOOOO!"

Her knees were still trying to hold back his movements but she was fighting a losing battle. Her pussy was slowly becoming accustomed to his size and after another thrust the pain was subsiding.

Now she was faced with a worse dilemma, one she had not envisaged arising. Deep within her she felt the first stirrings of something that frightened her even more than what this man was doing to her.

'This can't be happening, he can't be doing this to me.'

His large appendage had started the train moving, a steam train chugging down the tracks, and there was only one destination.

Another thrust and she could feel her strength being sapped like sand through an hourglass. The feelings he was causing in her were building up now and there was nobody coming in to stop them.

Her legs felt like lead and she was struggling to resist his thrusts. Looking down she could see her pussy lips stretched taut around the girth of his cock.

Again it plunged into her pulling down on the hood around her distended clit. The sensations she was feeling increased, her mind was fighting to resist these

sensations but her body was responding to them. The more she fought against them the stronger they became and the weaker her resistance. Finally her strength was gone, mind filled with confusion, she could hold out no longer. Her legs fell open allowing him total freedom to ride her as hard as he liked.

Without the previous restrictions he developed a slow steady rhythm plunging into her.

She became aware of the sound it made.

"Thock -- Thock -- Thock -- Thock."

Along with this she heard another sound.

"Ah... Ah... Ah... Ah..."

It suddenly dawned on her that she was making the sound herself, uncontrolled and synchronized with his thrusts. She could not believe that he was going to have what only John had ever experienced with her. Her most private thing, something more private than her nakedness, than the penetration of her body. He was going to possess her orgasm. The shudders, the screams, the point where she would be exposed right down to her soul.

He was going to have it all.

Sensing her arousal he raised the stakes by increasing his pace.

"Thock -- Thock -- Thock -- Thock -- Thock -- Thock -- Thock -- Thock."

Her tone was more audible as the sensations became much stronger.

"Ahhhh---Ahhhh--Ahhhh--Ahhhh--Ahhhh---Ahhhh---Ahhhh--- Ahhhh..."

The sensations were so strong now, that her body reacted to them automatically. Her legs drew back, hips arching to meet his thrusts. The point where John usually emptied into her long since passed.

"Too much, Too much, I can't, I can't..."

The steam locomotive was in sight now hammering down the tracks at her.

Aware she was close to coming, Maxwell pulled her legs up so her knees were around her ears and started ramming into her to take things to their ultimate conclusion.

"ThockaThockaThockaThockaThockaThockaThockaThockaThockaThocka.

Then the steam locomotive hit her.

"AAAAHHHHHH..."

Her scream rattled her to the bone, her soul well and truly exposed. This orgasm was stronger than anything she had ever experienced. Her mind totally overtaken by the experience -- could no longer deny her pleasure.

"YES... YES... YES... YES... YES! FUCK ME, FUCK ME, FUCK ME, PLEASE FUCK ME!"

Still he did not come. His cock continued to slam into her, her pussy lathered up with her juices making crude squelching noises.

Her legs released him and flopped out wide and her hands found their way to his butt dragging herself onto him. Her orgasm reaching new heights, she could feel her pussy afire with sensation. They were so strong it was like being in pain. Unable to handle the extreme sensations her mind slipped into a delirium.

"Mummy... mummy..."

His cock exploded into her. Pulse after pulse of semen gushed into her and finding no space slurped out of the sides and ran down over her inner thighs.

She had a blurred vision of his softening cock plopping out of her and became aware of it moving towards her face. Coming into focus she saw it, covered in a thick mixture of their excretions all down the shaft and understood his objective.

There was not a glimmer of resistance left in her so his softening head squeezed into her mouth without struggle, giving her a taste of her juices and his come.

"Suck it," he commanded, which she did without thinking.

He massaged his cock back and forth finishing his come off into her mouth, grunting as his last jets shot into her mouth. She drew on his cock compliantly taking in the salty fluid that changed to lumpy jelly with its last jerk.

His cock much softer now slid down the back of her throat making her clean the slime from it, forcing her to gag before pulling it from her mouth.

Beth fell back onto the bed, falling into a deep sleep exhausted from the shock.

Much later she woke alone. Her pussy felt puffy and stretched, still open as if it was missing a large plug.

Dragging herself up she staggered back into the other room where Maxwell sat in a silk dressing gown drawing on a slim cigar.

"Well officer must you be back on duty so soon?"

The words cut into her like a knife.

"He knew," she thought, "he knew all along!"

"What?" She said.

"I'm afraid Lieutenant Jameson couldn't join our little party."

"What's happened to him?"

"Oh he headed back to your station as soon as you came in here."

"I don't understand?" she uttered her voice beginning to break.

"He's had large gambling debts with me for a long time."

"You shit, I'll get you, I'll see you put down!"

"For what, I haven't broken any laws."

"I'll get you done for rape, you bastard there's enough evidence here!"

"But Beth my dear, you went with me of your own free will."

"I think they will believe me rather than you."

"No Beth they will believe this," and with that he picked up a remote control pointing it at his television, it burst into life. To her horror she saw the bedroom she had just left. A fast whirl from a video and the picture sped backwards in time. With another press of the remote she saw herself on the screen, underneath him her legs in the air, his monstrous cock pummeling her.

"YES... YES... YES... YES... YES... FUCK ME... FUCK ME... FUCK ME... PLEASE FUCK ME!"

The scenario played out as tears filled eyes -- watched herself come like never before, she saw the penis offered up to her mouth, she saw her suck on it as he crudely masturbated into her mouth. She watched as she swallowed his come and cleaned his cock for him.

"If you would still like to accuse me of rape I am sure your fellow officers would really enjoy this evidence, I'm willing to bet it would find its way round the whole division."

She couldn't take anymore; she grabbed her dress and fled to the lift, her panties and bra left on the floor where she had dropped them. Luckily her shoes were still in the lift where she had originally lost them.

The lift doors opened at the ground floor before she had been able to get her dress on. The minder at the lift door became the second stranger that night to see her naked. He saw her hairless pussy now puffy and red, and smiled knowingly. She struggled into the dress in front of him unable to hide her shame as she did so.

"Mr. Maxwell wants you back here next Thursday," the minder told her.

"Never!" she bellowed at him trying to get her shoe on.

"He said you'd say that, he also said that you would be back."

Beth ran for the door his words echoing in her ears.

The thought of blackmail worried her, but the thought that her body would force her back for more of his cock worried her more.

Could John ever fill the void she now felt between her legs. Could he make her scream in ecstasy like she had just done? Would she ever have let him push his slime-covered cock in her mouth like had just happened? She ran into the humidity of the night sobbing in despair.

Thursday would soon find her out...

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