



## **POLITICALLY INCORRECT TALE 1: STALKED**

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## Warning:

The following material contains graphic sexual content meant for mature readers. POLITICALLY INCORRECT - TALE 1: STALKED has been rated NC-17, erotic, by two individual reviewers. We strongly suggest storing this electronic book in a place where young readers not meant to view it are unlikely to happen upon it. That said, enjoy...

## Chapter 1

Somewhere in Rural America

Present day

She had never been so frightened in her entire life. She knew she was going to die. Her captor would kill her for certain. Or fuck her then kill her. Or torture her, fuck her, then kill her...

Any way you sliced it, she realized she was as good as dead.

Regina Rose shivered from behind the blindfold she wore—the only thing save the gag in her mouth she was presently wearing. Her cornflower blue sundress and modest white cotton panties had been ripped from her body long ago. She wasn't certain at what point her shoes had been snatched from her feet, but in the grand scheme of things, she supposed her shoes shouldn't much matter.

For hours she had been tied up like this—sitting on a chair, her hands cuffed behind her back forcing her breasts forward, the chill in the dank, dark cellar she was being kept in making her light pink nipples stiffen and ache. Her ankles were cuffed too, each one chained to the furthest point on either side of the chair so that her thighs were kept spread wide open, exposing her labia and clitoris to...

She didn't know to whom. Ice-cold fear trickled down her spine as she wondered for the hundredth time just who her captor was.

A fan, she knew. A man who claimed to be her most devoted fan, in fact.

*Oh God,* she thought, hysteria rising as her breasts began to heave. *I've been kidnapped by a goddamn psychopath.*

All Regina had ever wanted to do was be a singer. For as long as she could remember, songs had been running through her brain. Hell, she'd written her first song at the age of six. It had been dumb as hell, crooning on and on about lollipops and ice-

cream, but still it had been a song. *Gumdrop Mountain*, she had called it. The board game Candy Land had inspired it.

The older she grew, the more intricate and captivating her songs became. And the more other people—any people—wanted to hear her sing them. She had been a shy, naïve fifteen when she'd written her first chart-topping song. That one had been about her first infatuation, Adam, and about how Adam had broken her heart when he'd fallen in love with that slutty Betty Olsen down the road instead of her.

Good ol' Adam Bennett. He might not have given her the time of day, but her first crush had unintentionally made her a rock star. From there Regina had been signed to a major label. A week later she was famous and a millionaire to boot. Betty Olsen, she thought smugly, was still in that two-bit town in Arkansas, probably popping out her twelfth kid from her twelfth common law husband.

But Regina, well, Regina was living the life of luxury. She was rich and she was famous and she was beautiful and she was...

She stilled, reality—the reality she'd been doing her damndest to forget—slowly returning. She was a naked captive held hostage in the cold cellar of a psychopath, she thought, panic returning with reality. *Oh damn*, she told herself, her nipples growing impossibly stiffer from the numbing chill, *I've got to get loose...*

Desperate and terrified, Regina rattled the handcuffs securing her to the cold metal chair. She opened her mouth to scream, only then remembering she'd been gagged. *Help me!* she mentally wailed. *Somebody please help me!*

The sound of a nearby door creaking open made her still once again. Her heart began slamming in her chest as the bone-chilling sound of not one—but two!—sets of footfalls steadily made their way down some steps and toward where she sat. She recalled her legs being hoisted wide apart and thrashed on the chair, hoping to no avail to close them. *This isn't happening*, Regina thought, her large breasts heaving up and down with her labored breathing. *Dear God in heaven, tell me this isn't happening...*

"I don't believe it," a deep, masculine voice murmured. "It's really her."

The second man had an excited grin in his voice. "Regina Fuckin' Rose!"

"Holy shit."

"Holy shit is right. Just look at those big titties. And her cunt..."

"She shaves it bald," the first man murmured in a thick voice.

Regina swallowed past the lump of terror in her throat. She simply couldn't believe this was happening. She began to thrash again as the hysteria built, but realized even as she did so she would never get loose. The only thing the thrashing did was make her breasts jiggle up and down. That in turn only made her already stiff nipples ache more. And no doubt gained her captors' undivided attentions.

The overly excitable man, the one with the grin of accomplishment in his voice, she was certain he was the man who had kidnapped her. The same man who had claimed to be her most loyal and devoted fan. The same man who had prattled on at length about how a woman like her probably thought she was too good for him, but he'd show her yet.

She thrashed about harder, her heart pounding in her chest, her breasts jiggling like mad, trying in vain to get loose. *Please, God*, she prayed, the hysteria so acute she thought for one brief moment she might have gone insane, *please help me!*

"Don't get yourself all worked up," the first man said in that low whisper of a voice peculiar to him.

She felt a set of large, callused fingers run over her shaved mons and between her legs. She immediately stilled, her body stiffening, when his thumb found her clit.

"We might let you live," he murmured, his thumb rubbing her clit in slow, methodic circles, "if you give us what we're wanting without a fight."

Regina cried from behind the blindfold, the only sound coming out due to the gag that of a small, guttural groan. She sounded like the chained pet she felt like, she hysterically thought, her entire body shivering. Yesterday she had been happy and content being the famous, beloved Regina Rose. Today she would have given anything to be the slutty, ordinary Betty Olsen.

"Is the camera on?" the first man asked in his low voice.

There was something eerily familiar about that voice, Regina thought. Something causing a spark of déjà vu to knot in her belly.

"It is now," the excited man answered. "Jesus, my dick is hard! Nobody is going to believe this, Adam. Nobody."

*Adam*, Regina silently gasped. She did know that voice. Her breathing grew impossibly more labored as the reality of the situation struck her:

Adam Bennett. Her first crush. The man who had unwittingly made her a star. He had conspired to kidnap her. And now he was conspiring to rape her...

And quite possibly kill her.

"That's why we've got the camera on, idiot," Adam muttered before swiping his long, warm tongue down her slit. "Mmmm," he murmured as his tongue swirled around her clit and then around her tight hole. "Damn she tastes as good as I knew she would, Johnny."

Johnny Bennett—Adam's younger brother. Adam's younger, but equally handsome and well-built brother. Both men stood about six feet tall. Both men sported silky jet-black hair and brown eyes. Both men had always worked as bricklayers, their muscles heavy and defined from the strenuous family trade.

Holy. Shit. She was a dead woman.

Regina shivered from behind the gag. She could feel herself growing moist as Adam continued licking up and down her slit and didn't care for the feeling in the slightest. Adam and Johnny Bennett! This just wasn't happening! For years she had wanted Adam—she had prayed to God every night back in Arkansas that one day he would notice her—but sweet lord above she had never wanted him like this.

"You asked and you received. Happy birthday, big bro."

Regina's nostrils flared. *Happy birthday?* If she hadn't been gagged her jaw would have dropped open. Her rape and murder was to be a fucking birthday present? She couldn't believe this, simply could not believe it. This had to be a joke. Certainly they would stop before raping her and tell her it was all a joke?

She knew them, for goodness sake. She could identify them to the authorities. What's more, if they took her like this she most definitely *would* identify them to the authorities. Assuming, she thought, the dumbfoundedness deserting her in favor of another round of panic, they let her out of this cold, damp cellar alive...

She began to thrash again, the iron handcuffs making loud clanging sounds against the cold metal chair. Her breasts jiggled harder, her labia slammed smack dab into Adam's awaiting mouth.

*Oh God!* Regina mentally screamed, as Johnny's hands came around the back of the chair and cupped her large breasts. She cried from behind the gag when he began massaging her stiff nipples, rolling them around between thumbs and forefingers. *There is no way they will ever let me leave here alive, she told herself. No fucking way.*

Rational thought deserted her. Terror reigned supreme. Her heart began slamming so hard in her chest she felt as though she might pass out.

Deep down inside, Regina knew they'd either keep her forever or kill her outright. At the moment she didn't know which scenario to hope for.

Regina Rose. Yesterday's Queen of Pop. Today's Slave of Madness.

*Somebody help me!*



## Chapter 2

Regina groaned from behind the gag as the man she knew in her heart was Adam Bennett slurped her clit into his mouth and sucked it vigorously. "Goddamn," she heard Johnny Bennett mutter from behind her in a thick, aroused voice as he stretched out her nipples, "This bitch has got some fine-ass tits."

Under ordinary circumstances being called a bitch would have caused her to slap a man's face. Under these horrific, terrifying circumstances, all she could do was be grateful they hadn't yet injured her. Johnny tweaked her stiff nipples and pulled them firmly, while Adam sucked hard on her clit. She tried to shake off the arousal the brothers were forcing her body to feel, but couldn't. She'd never had an orgasm before in her life, but her body was feeling so strange that...

Well, she knew something was about to happen. She knew it and she hated them both for making her feel it. *Bastards*, she inwardly seethed, as her belly clenched in a funny way. Somehow, she vowed, somehow she would break free and she would make them both pay for this.

If they didn't kill her first.

Her first captor — Adam — began sucking on her pussy in earnest. She could hear the slurping sounds his mouth was making as he suctioned hard from her hole and clit. Her belly knotted in that funny way again. The feel of her large nipples being tugged at and pulled on made the knot in her stomach coil impossibly tighter.

*Oh lord*, Regina thought, her mind in agony. *I'm coming. I know I'm coming.*

She didn't want to have her first orgasm like this, not by force. Her heart-rate went over the top. Her breasts heaved like crazy as hysteria overwhelmed her. She felt like crying, but perversely, the tears simply would not fall. A woman's first orgasm should

never be like this. She had dreamed of being loved and cherished, of being wined, dined and romanced...

Regina groaned from behind the gag as the coil in her belly broke loose and she came so hard she felt dizzy. Blood rushed to her face, heating it. Blood rushed to her nipples, making them stab out even further. She wanted to gasp for air, but the gag prevented her from doing so.

Humiliation overwhelmed her senses. She had come for her kidnappers. *Noooo!*

She heard Johnny make an appreciative sound in the back of his throat before latching his mouth around one of her aching, swollen nipples and sucking on it. "Mmmm," Adam murmured as he lapped up the juice her pussy had made from its tight, tiny hole. "You taste as good as I knew you would," he rasped as if to himself.

*This isn't happening!* Regina mentally wailed for what felt the thousandth time. *This is not fucking happening! You're supposed to be my hero, Adam! You're supposed to be my hero, not the villain!*

She wanted to scream. She needed to scream. Her breathing was labored. Her mind was splintered. She felt as though she might pass out from the adrenaline overflow her body continually bombarded her with. *She just needed to fucking scream.*

The handcuffs securing her ankles to the chair were removed. The handcuffs securing her hands to the chair were unclasped long enough to reclamp them together above her head. Finally – finally! – the gag was ripped from her mouth. Regina opened her mouth and screamed long and loud as the brothers pulled her up from the chair and dragged her down onto the cold earthen ground, her slight naked body between their two huge, muscular ones.

"Help me!" Regina wailed, the shrieking sound high-pitched enough to curdle milk. "Somebody help me! Somebody please – "

A stinging backhand across the face made her see stars. The pain was jarring, numbing, made her feel momentarily disoriented. *Oh God, this wasn't happening.*

"Stop it," Adam hissed from above her. "I'll gag you again if you make another sound."

*No, Adam, no!* Regina thought in cold, icy panic. *You cannot be like this. You were always my hero. God fucking damn you!*

Johnny secured the handcuffs that held her hands together above her head to a large iron spike jutting out of the ground. At least she was pretty sure it was Johnny. She was still blindfolded so it was difficult to judge who was doing what. All Regina knew was she wanted the nightmare to end.

"Please don't hurt me," Regina begged, half crying and half whimpering. She felt ready to lose her mind. "I'll do anything you say," she gasped between quiet sobs, "if you promise not to kill me."

Silence. Long and frightening.

Finally, at long last, the blindfold was slowly removed. Regina squinted, her terrified blue eyes straining to readjust from total blackness to what felt like painfully intense light. It took her eyes a long moment to focus, but when they did she found herself gasping.

She had known in her heart Adam and Johnny Bennett were her kidnappers. She just hadn't wanted to believe it, still didn't want to believe it. But there was no sense in denying it any longer. Her heart-rate went into overdrive when her wild-eyed gaze clashed first with Johnny and then with Adam.

She swallowed hard, the knot in her throat feeling tight and watermelon big. "Please," Regina pleaded, her large breasts heaving with her labored breathing, "please don't do this."

She saw a flicker of something—guilt perhaps?—permeate Adam's features for a fraction of a second. But then he schooled them into the mask of steel he'd worn since she'd been a kid, and clenched his jaw unforgivingly.

*Why did it have to be like this?* Regina thought with as much grief as hysteria. *Why? Why? Why?* She had loved Adam when she was fifteen—and if she were honest, long before that. She would have given anything to be with him. But she didn't want him like this—never like this.

And oh, he was as handsome as ever. Perhaps even more so than what he'd once been. In the few years it had been since last she'd seen him, his bricklayer of a body had gotten impossibly more cut with muscular definition. He was tanner. His hair even seemed darker than the shiny inky black it had always been. He'd developed a couple of grim laugh lines around the eyes, but otherwise he hadn't aged much in the past three years.

"You got away from me once," Adam murmured in a thick voice, his heavy lidded brown gaze raking over her naked body. "It won't happen twice."

## Chapter 3

Regina Rose was an eighteen-year-old virgin who'd been famous since the age of fifteen. She hadn't had time in those three short years to date much, let alone get in a relationship serious enough to warrant giving her virginity up.

A surge of power combined with lust overtook Adam as he sat back and simply stared at the gorgeous, naked, helpless woman splayed out before him. *Regina Rose*, he thought, his jaw clenching. He'd wanted her since she was fifteen. She'd been too young back then to do the things he'd wanted to do to her—like pop that sweet little cherry—but she was old enough to take him now. She was only eighteen to his thirty-five, but eighteen was very legal. Of course, stealing Regina's sweet little cherry wasn't exactly legal, but he'd wanted it for so long that he no longer cared.

And oh yes, he thought, as he buried his stubbled face between her legs once again and his tongue found her tight little hole, his Regina was still as pure as the driven snow. An egotistical rock star she might be now, but she was still tight, hot, and completely untried. He couldn't wait to change that. His body tensed and his cock dripped pre-cum at the very thought of changing that...

Adam had always been the type of man to go after what he wanted until he got it. He never thought he'd go so far as to resort to kidnapping and rape to accomplish a goal, but then there was nothing he wouldn't have done to possess Regina. No matter what happened after it was over, he knew it would be worth it. He'd be looking into her eyes as he thrust deep inside her juicy cunt and popped that sweet little cherry. Anything was worth that.

He saw his younger brother stand up to undress, his cock that was almost as big as Adam's springing free. Truth be told, Adam didn't like to share—especially not Regina—but a deal was a deal and he'd see his end of the bargain through. Johnny

would get to have his fun too for helping to kidnap the princess from her secluded palace. When it was over his brother would never touch Regina again, but tonight the rules would be a bit different.

Adam realized he was a possessive, dominating man. He was more jealous than he didn't know what and hated sharing anything, let alone the eighteen-year-old virgin laying spread-eagle before him. But for tonight, and only tonight, he would have to let that jealousy go. It wouldn't be easy, but he could do it.

Besides, he reminded himself as he drew Regina's tiny, swollen clit into the warmth of his mouth and sucked on it, it was worth it. Johnny had helped him steal away the sweet little cherry he'd dreamt of owning for three solid years. He thrust his tongue into her tight, hot, virgin cunt and damn near passed out from the excitement. He could feel her cherry there and wanted it bad.

Adam was the type who took what he wanted, but he could hardly be called stupid. The worry that the police might find Regina was in the back of his mind, keeping his senses extra alert and vigilant, but no way would they find her before he sank his cock nine inches deep into her tight, sexy pussy. By then Adam would have had his one wish come true so nothing else mattered. Not prison, not anything.

Adam's nostrils flared as he breathed in the scent of her arousal. She probably thought she was too good for him now. Her rock star to his blue collared laborer. But at this moment in time the Arkansas bricklayer wielded total and complete power over the transplanted LA singer—the very situation he'd masturbated to while fantasizing over for the past three years.

Regina Rose and her sweet cherry were the best birthday presents a man could ever ask for. He intended on savoring both.

\* \* \* \* \*

Regina's terrified blue gaze widened when she saw Johnny Bennett grab his thick cock by the base and walk towards her. His brown eyes so much like his brother's were

heavy lidded with arousal. His well-cut, muscled body that was all but identical to his brother's looked corded and tense, as though he couldn't wait to sink his cock into her.

*Oh no, Regina thought, her breathing growing labored again. Here it comes. I saved my virginity for a special man and now I'll be losing it to two rapists.*

"Please," Regina pleaded in vain, "please don't do this." She forced a shaky smile to her lips. Her breathing was so heavy she felt as though she might faint. "I promise I won't tell anyone if you let me go. I promise!"

"Shhh," Johnny whispered as he came down to his knees beside her face. "Open your mouth like a good girl and don't speak." His jaw clenched. "If you don't cooperate, you'll be gagged again. Only next time I'll make sure it hurts." He ran his long callused fingers through her silky, waist length blonde hair, fanning it out behind her head. The gesture was almost reverent and at complete odds with his otherwise frightening behavior.

Terrified, panicked, and not knowing what else to do, Regina opened her mouth like a baby bird waiting to be fed. Her heart slammed inside of her chest as Johnny poked at the entrance to her mouth with his cock. A wet, salty taste filled her taste buds and she rightly assumed that was what male ejaculate must taste like.

"Open wide," Johnny murmured, his voice thick. "Take all of me in, baby."

She opened wider. Cold, unadulterated fear lanced through her. Her breasts began to heave, causing Adam to palm one. He massaged one of her stiff nipples with his left hand while his right hand continued to play with her clit. She hated him for making her feel arousal while Johnny was forcing his cock between her lips, but there it was.

Johnny groaned as he sank his rock-hard manhood all the way into her mouth, his left knee now straddling her face while his right leg bent up, giving him room to move back and forth from the side of her. Regina instinctively choked, having never had a cock in her mouth before, let alone in her throat. She must have unthinkingly clamped down a little bit, for he hissed and grabbed her roughly by the hair.

"If you hurt me, I hurt you," Johnny growled. "Now relax and take my cock all the way in."

He meant what he'd said, Regina knew. She supposed she should have felt hysterical, but oddly enough, giving her a task to concentrate on somehow made her heart-rate come down a little. Not much, but a little. She opened her full lips up wide, accepting Johnny's next stroke without choking this time. He hissed with delight in the back of his throat.

"That's a good little girl," he rasped, his stomach muscles tensing as he slowly sank his cock in and out of her mouth. He held her head in place with his hands and slowly rotated his hips to continuously feed her cock. "Mmm, you feel good. So damn good." His voice sounded like rapture, nirvana. "Now moan for me so I know you like it."

Regina stilled. Her blue eyes widened. He wanted her to moan, pretending she liked it? Sweet lord, she refused to do that. If the brothers were going to rape her, she'd be damned if she'd pretend to want it.

The pressure Adam had been applying to her clit and nipple intensified. She moaned from around Johnny's cock. Johnny sank it in deeply, his breath catching as he began to fuck her face in faster strokes.

"Shit, yeah," Johnny growled, his hips pistoning back and forth from where he sat above her. He fucked her face harder, his breathing growing increasingly labored with every plunge he made into her mouth and throat.

Adam buried his face between Regina's legs once again. He sucked on her clit vigorously, making her moan loudly from around Johnny's cock. Johnny pumped her face faster, every muscle in his body coiling as he prepared to come.

"Drink me, baby," Johnny growled as he sank his cock between her lips. "Drink me all up."

He came on a groan, the masculine sound reverberating throughout the dimly lit, isolated cellar. Regina's eyes widened from around his cock as it jerked in her mouth and shot out a load of warm, salty cum. It was a straight shot down her throat, so she swallowed most of it without tasting.

"Lick it all up," Johnny murmured as Adam's clit sucking intensified. The coil in her belly tightened again. "Clean out the little hole."



She did as she'd been instructed, sucking vigorously at the tiny hole in the head of his cock while the coil in her belly broke loose. Regina moaned from around Johnny's cock as she came, extracting all of his juice like a baby nursing a bottle.

"That's a good girl," Johnny panted as he plucked his cock from between her full lips with a popping sound. He moved to the right of her and collapsed, his mouth finding one of her tits and latching onto the nipple there.

Her overwhelmed, skittish gaze found Adam's. He looked angry, she thought, her heartbeat going back into overdrive. She could tell he hadn't liked watching his brother fuck her mouth. So why had he let him do it?

Regina watched in fear as Adam stood up and undressed. His chest was wide and chiseled, a sprinkling of black hair covering it and tapering down into a thin line below his navel before disappearing into his faded blue jeans. Her breathing grew labored as his jeans were thrust down next, revealing a cock that was even longer and thicker than Johnny's. It stabbed up from a nest of curly black hair, looking big, frightening, and very eager.

*Sweet lord*, Regina thought, her eyes bulging from rekindled hysteria. She doubted she could handle a cock that big between her thighs. She implicitly understood Adam planned to steal her virginity, but for the life of her she couldn't figure out how he would stuff that huge cock into her tight, untried hole without killing her.

"Please," Regina pleaded once more, desperation tinting her voice. "I've never been with a man before! Adam, please don't do this. Please!"

He stilled. Intense brown eyes met frightened blue ones.

"I've been planning this moment for three years, Regina Rose," Adam murmured. "You best lay back and enjoy it."

## Chapter 4

Adam saw Regina's breathing grow shaky and sporadic as he settled himself between her thighs. Johnny's head was buried between her breasts, his mouth continually latching onto one plump nipple and sucking on it before going back to the other one and doing the same.

He supposed he should have felt guilty for taking her virginity like this, and maybe he did just a little bit. The guilt, however, could not compete with the rush of lust and power surging through his very blood. He wanted Regina's cherry more than he wanted to breathe. He was about thirty seconds away from having it.

Damn if his heart didn't turn over just looking at her wide frightened blue eyes and voluptuous, helpless body. Her sexy blonde hair fanned out behind her in the way he'd often envisioned seeing it. The scent of her last orgasm still permeated his nostrils, making him breathe in deeply as he guided his long, thick cock to the opening of her tiny shaved cunt. She tensed up when he nestled the head against her teeny little hole, her breathing heavy with fear of the unknown.

Goddamn, he was already wanting to come.

"P-Please, Adam," Regina whispered, her voice trembling. "Please don't do this. I wanted my first time to be special."

His nostrils flared. With jealousy. With possessiveness. With determination.

"This is special," Adam said thickly, his cock poised at her tight pussy hole. His jaw steeled. "I'm taking what should have been mine long ago."

Teeth gritting, his gaze clashed with hers. Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead. On a groan he sank into her cunt, seating himself to the hilt.

"Shit," Adam rasped, ignoring her cry of pain. Oh Christ, he'd never felt anything so tight and hot and sticky. He moaned when he felt her cherry pop, the feeling of power and domination it gave him beyond anything. "Goddamn your cunt feels good, baby," he said thickly.

Regina gasped, a tear trickling down her cheek. "It hurts," she said in a small, little girl's voice.

He'd popped her cherry. Christ—he'd actually popped *the* Regina Rose's little cherry. The need to come was urgent, but he forced it away. He wanted to savor this moment, to fuck her cunt a long, gluttonous time.

Adam bent his neck and licked the tear away. That accomplished, he grabbed her by the hips and came up to his knees. He rotated his hips slowly, his dark eyes narrowing in lust as he watched his big, hard cock sink into her hot, juicy pussy. It was the most arousing sight on God's green earth.

"It'll start feeling good," he rasped. "Just lay back and enjoy it, baby."

Johnny's tongue coiled around one of Regina's nipples like a snake. She moaned just a little bit, relaxing more and more. Adam's teeth gritted at the exquisitely tight feel of her small, barely broken-in cunt. Shit it was so tight. He wanted this moment to last forever.

"How's it feeling?" Adam asked in a low, aroused voice as he slowly sank in and out of her hot pussy. He could hear her cunt suctioning him back in, making him impossibly harder. "Does my baby girl like being fucked with a big dick now?"

She was given no time to answer. Johnny came up to his knees and shoved his cock back into Regina's awaiting mouth. She closed her eyes and sucked on it, moaning every time Adam sank into her again.

Oh yes, she liked it. Regina Rose was his hot little slut. From virgin to fuck-toy in the blink of an eye.

Adam's fingers sank into the flesh of her hips as he picked up the pace of their fucking. He sank it into her fully on a groan, taking her faster and deeper, harder and branding.

*Christ*, he thought, his jaw clenching hotly, he was going to spurt soon. He didn't want to spurt. He felt like a virgin himself, the way a boy feels when he sinks into his first cunt. Like he wanted to claim it all night long, sucking it and fucking it, and doing whatever he wanted to do to it. Of course, he reminded himself, he *could* do those things all night long. Maybe longer than that. He had covered Johnny's tracks well. It would take the cops a while to find Regina, star or no star.

Regina groaned from around Johnny's cock, her huge tits jiggling with each of Adam's penetrating thrusts. His nostrils flared as he fucked her, his cock pounding in and out of her with barely controlled violence.

"You're so tight, baby," Adam ground out, his face squinting as if in pain. He clutched her hips more roughly and banged her cunt like crazy. "I'm coming in my gorgeous slut's pussy," he growled, sinking his cock into her tight, juicy hole over and over, again and again. "Here I come..."

The brothers groaned at the same time, one of them spurting hot seed into Regina's cunt while the other one shot a load into her mouth. She drank Johnny up while Adam continued to fuck her, a loud groan ripping from the depths of his throat as her pussy milked his cock of seed.

A few seconds later, Adam collapsed on top of Regina, barely able to breathe, let alone stand. He buried his face between her huge breasts and sucked on each nipple like a poor kid with no candy money who'd found two lollipops. Shit. He was more content than he'd ever thought possible.

It had all been worth it, Adam realized. The years of planning. The months of stalking. The agony every time he saw her out, dating some little pansy guy. The worry over whether or not he'd get arrested before his plan was executed.

None of it mattered anymore. Not a bit. Because Regina Rose's sweet little cherry belonged irrevocably to Adam Bennett.

## Chapter 5

The brothers fucked Regina twice more before taking their leave of her. First, Adam fucked her cunt while Johnny watched and tweaked her nipples, then they switched places, blindfolded her, and Johnny fucked her pussy while Adam played with her tits. After that last sex session they left, stalking off to only who knows where.

They left her naked, blindfolded, and gagged down in the chilly cellar for what felt like hours. She was still on the ground, her cuffed hands secured to an iron post above her head. A couple of critters scampered by now and again, scaring her something awful...

Scaring her to the point that Regina was actually hoping the brothers would come back.

She hated admitting it to herself—she really did—but sex with Adam and Johnny had felt pretty good once Adam had sunk in all the way and something inside her had popped. After that she'd been able to take their huge cocks without too much trouble. She was a little bit sore, but nothing unmanageable.

She would have to keep reminding herself of that. Maybe if she was good and did her best to please the brothers, she desperately told herself, maybe they would let her live. Perhaps they'd even let her leave...one day.

There were so many things Regina still wanted out of life. Her singing aspirations had been realized, that much was true, but what about falling in love and getting married? What about bearing her husband's children and family barbeques on the Fourth of July? She sighed. It just couldn't end like this. All Regina had ever really wanted was to be loved. She had fooled herself into thinking fame could replace that. There was no substitute for the real thing.

It was probably another hour before the sound of footfalls again made their way into the creepy cellar. By the time the brothers returned, Regina had talked herself into doing whatever they wanted, saying whatever they wanted, and thinking whatever they wanted – all with a smile of welcome on her face.

She would get through this ordeal yet, she adamantly reminded herself. She would be set free one day and life would return to normal. Something inside told her nothing would ever be the same again, but she refused to listen to that voice right now. As soon as the gag was removed from her mouth, she smiled, spread her legs wide, and asked to be fucked again.

"Please, oh please," Regina breathed out. "I'd give anything to feel your big cock inside of me again, Adam." She could feel him still, though she couldn't see him.

"Is that a fact?" he purred, coming down on top of her and burying his face between her big breasts. He seemed to love sucking on her nipples, nipples that were kept stiff by the merciless chill of the cellar.

"Yes," she whispered. She reared her hips up to tempt him with her pussy. She wanted to make him happy. If he was happy, maybe he'd let her leave this awful, frightening place. "Maybe Johnny will want to fuck me again too."

The blindfold was ripped from her eyes. She blinked, her gaze adjusting then finally focusing on the pissed-off male lying between her spread thighs. Adam had never looked more possessive of her than he looked in this moment. She found herself feeling more frightened than ever before.

"There will be no more Johnny," Adam ground out, his nostrils flaring. Reaching up over her head, he unhooked the handcuffs from the pole in the ground before releasing them from her wrists. That accomplished, he grabbed Regina by the back of the head and stared broodingly down into her face. "I've seen to that. Now turn over, get up on all fours, and offer me my cunt."

Her blue eyes went wide, wondering as she was what Adam had meant when he declared he'd seen to Johnny. Sweet lord above, if he'd do away with his own brother

she was as good as dead! Her breasts began heaving in time with her labored breathing, but she did as she was told and rolled over onto her belly.

"Offer me my hot slut's tight cunt," Adam ordered. "*Now.*"

Regina immediately went on all fours, ass up, face down. She used her newly freed hands to spread apart her clean-shaven pussy lips. "Please fuck your hot slut's tight cunt," she whispered in a small little voice. She wiggled her ass for effect.

It didn't take Adam but a moment to get into the spirit of things. With a growl, he sank into his prisoner, making her gasp. He grabbed her big tits and held on as he started to ride her, moaning as he plunged his cock into her tight pussy over and over again.

"My cunt feels hot and sweet, baby," Adam gritted between thrusts. "Throw that pussy back at me."

Regina immediately obeyed, her hips slamming back as hard as they could, meeting him thrust for thrust. Catering to the bricklayer's every whim was a far cry from the pampered, spoiled life of stardom she was used to living, but all thoughts of that life now seemed distant, almost as though they'd never been.

She moaned long and loud as he fucked her, her tits jiggling in his palms with every thrust. "Fuck me harder," she begged, throwing her hips back at him. "*Please fuck me harder.*"

He gave her what she wanted, banging her like the obsessed lover he was until that coil in her belly she now recognized as building climax sprang loose and she groaned as a powerful orgasm ripped through her belly.

"Goddamn, my little slut is one hot bitch," Adam gritted out, pulling his cock from her tight, juicy cunt. He poised the head of his cock at her other virgin hole before smacking her on the ass until she yelped. "Now I want to know how your ass feels, baby," he groaned out as he slid the head in. Regina gasped. "Tell me how much you like my big dick in your little tiny asshole."

Adam sank his huge cock all the way into her ass, causing Regina to loudly moan. Now she'd been taken in every way there was for a man to take a woman. There was nothing virgin about Regina Rose any longer.

She threw her hips back at him, making him growl as he fucked her up the ass. "I love your cock in my ass," Regina moaned. "Fuck me harder, Adam. Please fuck me harder!"

She felt his body tense up, heard his breathing hitch, and knew he was about to come. She threw a coy smile over her shoulder as she watched his intense face scrunch up and his orgasm break loose. Adam's masculine bellow of satisfaction could probably be heard a mile off, she thought, no longer wanting the police to find her.

Regina Rose was Adam Bennett's hot little slut. She loved it.



## Epilogue

"I think," Adam growled, as he stood up and held out his hand to Regina, "that a woman who'd never had a cock up her ass before would have cried a little or something."

Regina grinned, then stuck her tongue out at her husband of twenty years. Okay so she wasn't eighteen, she was forty. And so she wasn't a rock star, she was a schoolteacher. But who knows what could have happened if she'd ran off to LA all those years back instead of marrying the handsome, loving bricklayer standing before her. And for that matter, who cared either.

Regina Rose Bennett didn't care. All she had ever wanted in life was Adam Bennett. He was her every fantasy, her every dream, and thank God, her daily reality. Her smile turned soft.

"Thanks for a —" she cleared her throat — "memorable fortieth birthday present. I've been having that *eighteen-year-old-virgin-is-kidnapped-and-forced-to-submit-to-two-fine-as-all-hell-alpha-men* fantasy since my early twenties."

Adam grunted. "You're welcome," he muttered into her hair as he pulled her close and hugged her tightly. "You fulfilled my *two-women-at-once* fantasy with yourself and that prostitute in Amsterdam on my 40<sup>th</sup> birthday. Now you've had yours fulfilled with a male prostitute in Paris and me. I'd say we're done with the fantasies now," he growled in the possessive broach-no-argument voice she had always found so comforting.

Regina's head came up. She frowned, though her eyes danced with amusement. "I really had to work hard to make myself believe that prostitute and his French accent was your brother, though. I asked for tall, dark, and handsome. You brought me short, blond, and questionably good-looking. Sweet lord, Adam, I about had heart failure

when you ripped the blindfold off and I saw Toulouse Lautrec ready to mount me. I'm probably half a foot taller!"

Another grunt. And a small smile. "And in Amsterdam I asked for a redhead built like a brick shithouse. You brought me Medusa's twin sister." He frowned. "The only similarity she had to a brick shithouse was the way she smelled after she accidentally passed gas when she bent over to put her clothes back on."

Regina had to grin at that. At least her guy had been decent enough looking. "Yeah, well, there is that." Her blonde eyebrows slowly drew together.

"What?" Adam asked a bit warily. He nervously avoided her gaze.

Regina's eyes narrowed. "The blindfold..." She frowned. "That was *you* fucking me, wasn't it? You didn't let Shorty screw me?"

Adam's nostrils flared. "Hell no, I didn't," he growled. "Sucking him off was more than enough." His hand slashed definitively through the air. "I tried, Regina, I really did, but I couldn't see it through, okay?"

She pretended to pout. It lasted maybe a second before her face broke into a grin. "That's okay. Remember when you were blindfolded and Medusa's twin sister was riding you?"

Adam's face broke into a sly smile. "That was you, baby?" he murmured.

"Uh-huh."

"Brat."

She laughed as she reached for her cotton sundress and pulled it back on. "I guess we're two of a kind," she said as she stepped into her leather sandals.

"We always have been," Adam replied, his tone growing serious. He drew his wife back into his arms and stared down into her eyes. "I love you, Regina Rose. Not a day goes by I don't thank God I have you and the kids."

Regina's gaze was warm and welcoming—just like always. "Me too. I love you so much, Adam." She took a deep breath and smiled. "Come on, honey. Let's go home."

He winked. "Vive la Arkansas."

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