

MOORE TALES

By Sharon Moore



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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POLICE WOMAN

By SHARON MOORE

I sat on a stool and downed another Grape Crusher. It tasted like high octane Hawaiian Punch. I felt tingly inside and out. The drink warmed my belly while the pantyhose I was wearing felt strangely warm around my legs. It was frightening to be sitting on a bar stool wearing a dress and make-up.

People I recognized walked past like I was a stranger.

It was the perfect setup.

When no one was looking I palmed a ten dollar bill laying on the bar. Quietly I got up and moved away.

A short-haired woman named Lisa in a denim work shirt stood with her back to me drinking a beer and trying to pick up a cute little blonde. Beside them on the bar sat an open pocketbook with a big fat purse in clear view.

David turned a shot glass upside down in front of me.

“The dyke with Monica over by the pool table just bought you a drink.”

“Thanks. Give me another shot,” I said.

“That's a girl, Monica?”

“Rusty?” David dipped a glass in the sink, his face clouding like the soap in the water. “Yeah, sort of.”

“She looks like one of the body builders on ESPN.”

“Stay away from her. She's dangerous.”

I looked up to see Rusty turn her back ignoring me.

“What a come on,” I muttered.

I downed the shot and snatched the purse all in one quick motion.

Stretching nonchalantly I slid off the stool and headed toward the door. It had been a profitable evening. With the cash I'd picked up I could take a taxi across town to the Moonlight and catch one more drink before last call.

Rusty stood by the exit. When I approached she flipped open a badge.

My heart thumped like a bass drum.

“Let me see inside your pocketbook,” Rusty demanded.

I swallowed nervously, fumbling with my bag.

"I've been watching you in the mirror. You're smooth. How many did you lift? Four? Five?"

"Six," I whispered handing her my stash. I looked around to see if anyone was watching.

"You realize you are in deep trouble?"

"Yes," I said weakly.

"Step outside," Rusty ordered.

"Where are we going?" There was a lump in my throat the size of an ice cube.

She ignored the question.

"What's your name?" she asked once we were in the parking lot. She began jotting notes on a pad.

"Sonny," I answered. "Sonny Horner." My heart fluttered like a wounded butterfly.

"You are a man, aren't you?"

"Yea," I whimpered, blushing.

The police woman eyed me up and down while lighting a cigarette. "Very nice legs. If you used the right shade of foundation you'd be a real knockout. Where did you get that dress?"

"JC Penny, " I answered, somewhat taken back by the sudden line of questioning.

"It's out of style. So are the flat shoes. You should be wearing a white dress, it's your color, and three inch heels. You're short and slender. They would look fabulous on you."

"Thank you, " I said taken back, not knowing what to say.

"Now, up against the car. Assume the position: hands against the fender, legs spread."

Kneeling behind me Rusty ran her hands up my calves -as if I might be concealing a weapon beneath my nylons.

I gulped as her hands continued up my garters and under my dress, squeezing my ass cheeks and feeling the front of my panties.

"Nothing dangerous here." Rusty chuckled and removed her hands from my skirt. Standing behind me she patted my back, slid her fingers up my belly and massaged my breasts.

"Cheap falsies," she noted and slapped my bottom soundly. "All right , you're clean. Turn around."

Blushing hotly I breathed deeply, filled with indignation. "You're not allowed to frisk someone like that! That's a violation of my rights... I... "

Rusty grinned with amusement. "You want to call a cop? Go ahead. No? Get in the car."

"Where are you taking me?"

Rusty opened the back door and grabbed my wrist. "Downtown. Now get in."

"Wait! Please don't arrest me!"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Look at the way I'm dressed. If you put me in a cell with other men I won't stand a chance! "

Rusty laughed. "Who knows, maybe you'll enjoy finding out what it's like to be a real woman."

Tears formed in my eyes, REAL tears. I dropped down to my knees and grasped Rusty's ankles.

"Please" I almost screamed. "I'm begging you. Don't do this to me! I'll do anything! ANYTHING!"

I lay in a heap at Rusty's feet bawling.

"Look at you," Rusty leered. "You're disgusting. You'd literally do anything I'd say. You're a sissy. Tell me you're a sissy. Say it."

"I'm a sissy," I cried.

"Get up!" Grabbing my arms she smashed me up against the car and cuffed my wrists behind my back. Opening the back door to an unmarked squad car she threw me across the back seat, face first.

I landed on my breasts with a bounce.

Rusty flipped up my skirt and tugged down my pink panties.

"What are you doing!?!?" I yelled at her in a panic.

The woman slapped my bare bottom sharply. "Lift your hips!" she commanded.

I did as told and she slipped my underwear down my legs and over my heels.

Rusty stood outside the car staring at me with a strange, hungry look in her eyes.

I lay helplessly with my wrists cuffed behind me, my skirt crumpled above my waist leaving my round, white derriere exposed.

Rusty picked up a billy club and poked the juncture between my thighs. "I envy the boys in the tank. They're going to have a good time tonight."

"You can't do this to me!" I shouted.

Rusty laughed to herself and slung the nightstick into her belt. She slammed the door shut and walked around to the drivers side of the car and got behind the wheel.

Now I was really scared.

"I'm begging you," I blubbered.

Leaning over the back of the seat she yanked on my hair and lifted my head so that we were eye to eye.

"Chew on this for a while." With her free hand Rusty stuffed my panties between my lips.

My eyes bulged as the silky material filled my mouth.

“You did say anything,” Rusty grinned.

Whistling merrily Rusty started the engine with a roar. My body jostled about on the seat as she drove across a pot-hole. Street lamps flickered by like strobe lights. Office buildings became a blur as moisture glazed my eyes.

Rusty turned on the radio and hummed to the Beach Boys. On the bench seat behind her I lay with my naked crotch flush against the sticky vinyl seat.

I blushed in the darkness. Incredible as it seemed, forces beyond my control were causing my manhood to awaken. Chewing on the wad in my mouth I tried to place my mind elsewhere. It was no use. The terror banging against my heart like a gong, coupled with my nude pelvis rubbing against the vinyl, had me painfully aroused.

When Rusty parked the car I expected to see City Hall loom overhead. Instead we were in a dark ally.

Rusty got out and opened my door. We were behind a strip of row houses. Somewhere a dog barked, a husband and a wife argued. Above us a shooting star flashed across the heavens.

“Home sweet home,” Rusty said dragging me to my feet. My skirt *dropped* across my bare lush, but landed on my erection like a towel draped across a waiter's arm. Rusty couldn't help but notice. She grunted with surprise.

“I see you enjoyed the ride,” she mused trying to smooth down my skirt. There was still an obvious tent in the front. “I'm going to have add charges for indecent exposure.”

Stupidly I tried to reply but could only mumble into my gag.

“Come inside.”

Grabbing me roughly by the arm she hustled me through a basement door. The shades were drawn. I stumbled against furniture and almost tripped over a rug. The woman shoved me up a flight of steps. In the darkness with my arms behind me I swayed like I was lost in a fun house.

When Rusty turned on the dining room light I saw unpacked boxes and a jumble of newspapers and mail on the table. A bench press sat in the middle of the living room with weights scattered across the floor.

“Keep going upstairs,” she ordered marching behind me.

Rusty guided me to her room. The bed was made, but the rest of the room looked like a college dormitory after finals week.

She lived like a tomboy. Sneakers and boots were piled up in a corner. A crumbled police uniform lay on the floor. The carpet needed vacuuming. A holster was slung over a bed post.

After giving me a shove Rusty purposely tripped me so I went sprawling face forward on the bed. Behind me she produced a key and uncuffed me.

I spit out the panties.

“Take off the dress,” Rusty ordered.

Sitting up I rubbed my wrists. I wanted to run like a rabbit for the door, but Rusty was undoubtedly faster.

The police woman stripped off her leather jacket. She was built like a bouncer in a strip joint. The first thing I noticed were her arms. She had a well defined set of biceps and a tattoo of a dove on her shoulder. She pulled off the shirt and peeled down her jeans over a set of thighs built like blocks of granite.

Nervously I crossed my birdlike legs.

Rusty kicked her pants across the room for dramatic effect. She stripped down to a pair of blue boxer shorts, the kind my Dad used to wear.

“Strip,” Rusty demanded. “Take off everything.”

She padded half naked into the bathroom. She lit a cigarette and stared at herself in the mirror.

Hastily I removed my flats and dress. I folded my bra neatly and placed it over a chair with my earrings, necklace and bracelets. Naked and shivering I dove under the sheets.

I was a slender 120 pounds. My ribs showed and my arms and legs were delicate as daisy stems.

I lay in bed watching her forearms bulge as she brushed her teeth, washed her face, and combed her hair. I broke out in a sweat. My heart shook like a pair of dice. Was she going to let me free in exchange for a night in the sack? Did she want me to make love to her? Didn't she realize I was gay?

Rusty approached the bed whisking back the covers. My hands instinctively moved to cover my chest and crotch.

“I didn't tell you to get under the blanket,” she frowned. “Get up and come into the bathroom. I want you to douche.”

“Douche?”

“Yes, and shower and shave.”

I'd thought I'd been humiliated already in the car, but that was nothing compared to what lay ahead.

In the bathroom Rusty shoved me into the tub and turned on the shower. When I was done she toweled me dry like I was a little kid.

“Stand on the mat,” she instructed.

Using an electric razor Rusty sheared the fair hair from my legs, chest, arms, underarms and crotch. She held my manhood between her thumb and fingers, moving it from side to side as she removed my pubic patch. When she was finished she sat on the toilet.

“On your knees,” she said.

Feeling feminine and foolish I did as ordered. Rusty shook white powder into her palm and spread it across my skin till I was as soft as a marshmallow.

“This will keep you from getting a rash, ” she explained. “Now lay over my lap.”

Awkwardly I draped my body across her thighs. With my head down and my bottom pointed toward the ceiling the blood rushing to my face was not strictly due to gravity.

Rusty spread my ass cheeks and dabbed a glob of Vaseline around my puckered hole like she was decorating a cake.

“It's cold,” I complained.

My back arched as she inserted a hard plastic nozzle as far as it would go. She squeezed a red bulb. When it was empty she withdrew the tip and ordered me to hold the water for a few minutes.

“If you let one drop fall on my floor I will spank you,” she said playfully slapping my buns.

I clenched my bowels tightly. As the minutes clicked by, once again my body became aroused, this time against Rusty's thigh.

“What do you think you're doing?” Rusty glared. She shoved me off her lap to the tile floor.

I yelped, but still managed to hold my water. Between my legs my erection stood like an escaped con caught under a search light.

“You're a pervert,” Rusty said looking away. She stood and lifted the lid of the toilet. “Sit down and finish your business. ”

I sat and expelled the solution, blushing at the sound and smell.

Rusty handed me the bulb. “You do it. Just use warm water until you're clean. I've got to get dressed.”

Embarrassed, I repeated the process until the water flowed clearly.

Rusty reentered the bathroom wearing black pants, black t-shirt and cowboy boots.

“Now to get you dressed.”

Much to my surprise there was a white dress, matching heels and fresh lingerie spread out neatly across the bed.

“Put it on, ” Rusty ordered.

Confused and yet eager, I pulled a nylon up a smooth leg. Rusty watched as I wiggled my toes, delighting to the cool rapture of wearing hose.

The police woman muttered something about “fags” and twirling me around fitted my garter belt about my waist.

“You do the snaps,” she said. After I quickly popped the catches Rusty handed me a tan g-string. “Use this to gaff, and then put these on.” She pointed out a pair of white mesh panties.

Turning aside modestly I tucked myself and pulled the thong up tightly between my ass cheeks. The panties were as see through as plastic wrap. With the flesh colored G-string underneath, my pelvis looked as smooth as a bald man's pate.

The matching bra was made of the same sheer white mesh. Muriel handed me two silicone mastectomy breast forms.

I looked at her quizzically.

“Last night when I was chasing a queen on South Street she dropped them.”

“They feel better than falsies,” I remarked as they warmed to my body.

Stepping into a pair of three inch white heels I admired my legs.

Rusty had better taste than I did.

“Can you walk in those pumps?” she asked.

“Of course,” I said taking a few steps, exaggerating the sway of my hips.

“Good, I like that. Now the dress.”

She held up a white long-sleeve nylon dress that looked about ten sizes too small. Wiggling it up my legs and over my hips it fit as tight as a body stocking.

“You've got a great ass for a guy,” Rusty said admiringly.

I pulled on a pair of dainty white lace gloves.

“That's everything?”

“Not quite. Now for your make-up,” she answered back.

Returning to the bathroom Rusty sat me on the sink and proceeded to paint my face. To start she rubbed foundation across my chin and cheeks with a pad and then held it in place with a light powder.

Working carefully she used a black liner and mascara on my eyes, and then ran the brush across my brows highlighting them. Mixing black and white eye shadow about my eyes she created an effect Elizabeth Taylor would have loved.

“I worked in a beauty parlor before I went to the Police Academy,” Rusty admitted.

She let me do the lipstick. I puckered my lips and admired my reflection. She was right, with the proper make-up I made a more than passable woman.

“I'm prettier than you are,” I said haughtily. “Certainly more feminine.”

Rusty snorted. “They say ugly guys make beautiful girls.”

As I watched in the mirror Rusty teased my long tresses and held them in place with liberal amounts of hair spray. The more Rusty worked the more bedazzled I became by my own reflection.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

Ignoring me Rusty took a jewelry box from a shelf and opened it like she was showing off the family jewels.

“I don't have pierced ears,” she said, “so I only have clip ons. A girlfriend left these here one night,” she said holding up a gaudy pair of oversized hoops. “Take what you want.”

I picked up the silver hoops. “Your friend is either a hooker, or Italian.”

“How would you know? You obviously don't know much about women.” She wrinkled her nose at me, the first girlish idiosyncrasy she'd displayed all night.

I put on the dangly earrings and selected a handful of silver bracelets for my right wrist. Rusty's rings were too big for my fingers, even with gloves.

Standing behind me Rusty draped a dainty opal necklace about my neck and fastened the catch.

She admired my reflection like an artist beaming at her work. "You're a doll."

"Thank you," I said demurely.

"Pick up your purse and let's go."

"Where?"

"Never mind. Remember, you agreed to do anything I said to avoid a bust, right?" As she spoke she buckled her holster over her shoulder and pulled on her black leather jacket.

"You're starting to scare me..."

"Just don't start bawling again. God, I hate that. Just do what I tell you and you won't get hurt."

"What!?! "

"All you've got to do is walk up and down the street," Rusty said grabbing my hand and leading me downstairs, "and shake your little booty."

* * * * *

Strutting around Rittenhouse Square in three inch heels and a tight dress made me feel like a freshman street walker cruising her first lamp post. It was 2:00 in the morning and all the drunks were being thrown out of the bars. Somewhere on 12th Street Rusty sat in an unmarked car.

A burly bearded man ambled by. "Want to get lucky?"

I kept on walking. If I avoided eye contact the bums left me alone. Three black punks with a boom box rattling the window panes sauntered by, one of them whistling.

"Nice legs baby doll," he catcalled.

After walking around the square a dozen times I headed for Rusty's Chevy. This was getting ridiculous.

The car was empty. I tried all four doors, but they were locked.

I gulped. My adrenaline surged like the night Joey Alabone spiked the punch bowl with acid.

Looking around I saw Rusty's leather jacket laying on the sidewalk at the corner of a brick apartment building. My knees shaking like maracas I walked slowly to the coat and picked it UP.

"Psst! Psst!"

In the black ally loomed a figure.

“Come here.”

Glad to have found Rusty I sighed and crept into the shadows. As soon as I did someone jumped me from behind. A hand covered my face with a wet rag. Before my eyes rolled upward into my head the last thing I saw as I hit the ground was the bound and gagged Rusty staring at me like she'd just seen my ghost.

* * * * *

When I came to I found myself on a soiled, mildewed mattress in a dimly lit basement. Lying perfectly still I opened my eyes. Between tangled bangs I saw Rusty hanging naked and spread-eagled, her wrists shackled to an overhead steel girder. Her ankles were six inches off the ground, legs spread wide and tied to grates in the floor.

Despite the desperation of our situation I could not help but feast my eyes on Rusty's body. She was as white as milk. Her arms and thighs were muscular from lifting weights. Her stomach looked as hard as a sea shell and her breasts pointed outward like two steel funnels. Her hair was cut short in a military style and her neck bulged like an angry football player. The hair on Rusty's crotch was just as red as the hair on her head. Considering the masculinity of Rusty's body, her bush was sparse, almost childlike. With her legs spread wide the tender lips were clearly visible.

I lay paralyzed like a cocooned moth helpless on a web, afraid my very breathing might alert the spider.

The man had his back to me. A spine tingling shiver traversed my body. In his hand was a wooden two-by-four.

“You shouldn't have done that,” he said wiping spittle from his face and glaring at Rusty. He moved around behind her nude form.

Rusty cursed the man foully, but there was no mistaking the apprehension in her eyes.

“You're going to wish you didn't do that,” he said again.

Our captor was a nerdy looking little wimp. He reminded me of the father in the movie, Honey I Shrunk the Kids.

The man placed a wooden box behind Rusty. Standing on it he put the board beneath one armpit and reached around to feel Rusty's nipples.

“If I want to play with your tits, I'm going to play with your tits. There's nothing you can do about it.”

“Someone will catch you,” Rusty spat. “You'll pay!” She jerked her neck, trying to smack the little nemish on the nose with a head butt.

The man adjusted his glasses and stayed far enough away to avoid her frantic lunges. His fingers pinched her breasts.

“You still don't get it, do you?” he said.

“Get lost!” Rusty screamed. Her eyes searched the bare ceiling for a miracle.

“I'm going to fuck you and you're going to like it.”

“Oh really?!” she swore hysterically. “Come on, give it to me! I can't wait!” Rusty thrashed around frantically.

The man was so intent on her neither realized I was conscious. Quietly I moved my hands and feet. I was untied.

The man jumped down from the box and took up a position five feet behind Rusty's unprotected white bottom. Her buns looked square and white as marble, glistening with sweat. The nemish hefted the board in his hand like a baseball bat.

“You'll learn to like it,” he shouted and swung his arm. He misjudged the distance and the wood fell ineffectively against her hip.

“You're really turning me on,” Rusty said wildly. “You're a real stud.”

The kidnaper clenched his jaw and fingered the wood.

“We'll see.”

The board whistled through the air and landed on Rusty's butt with a loud crack. The girl stiffened.

“I love it!” she grimaced.

CRACK!

“Give me more lover boy! ”

After ten solid blows Rusty was squirming uncontrollably. After twenty she was screaming at the top of her lungs as if hoping someone might hear her. No one did.

The nerd stuffed a dirty rag between her teeth.

Their little soiree gave me a chance to study the basement. It looked like a tool and die shop. There were three work benches, a few presses, and a lathe.

I found what I was looking for draped over a red tool box: Rusty's clothes. Lying on the top of the pile was her holster.

Rusty's tormentor massaged her ass cheeks. They were as purple as ripe plums. Rusty gritted her teeth and struggled to move away, jutting her hips forward obscenely.

The beating continued. I lost count of how many times the two-by-four landed. Finally the poor girl seemed to pass out. She hung limply, legs trembling.

He climbed back up on the box.

The girl whimpered as if in the midst of a bad dream, oblivious to the nightmare behind her.

“That's it,” the man soothed gently stroking Rusty's flanks. With his free hand he lowered his zipper. A surprisingly thick penis popped free like a jack-in-the-box.

“Here I come Mommy,” he whispered.

With his hands on her hips the man speared the helpless police woman between her outstretched legs.

She winced and gasped, slowly regaining consciousness. Behind her the villain humped her hole like a crazed satyr. Rusty spit out her gag and shrieked as she realized she was being raped. Her eyes bulged and she howled like a wolf to the moon.

“I knew you'd love it. Now let's see how you like it up the ass. ”

When her assailant withdrew Rusty slammed her hips backward hitting him in the crotch with her sore backside. The sudden force of the blow caught the man off guard. He yelled, at the same time slipping from the box and crashing to the floor.

He banged his head on the cement and lay motionless.

Rusty twisted her head around and cried out in triumph.

“Nice move,” I said getting up from the cot.

Rusty snapped around to face me. For the first time since I'd met the woman she looked ecstatic to see me.

“Quick!” she hissed. “Get me loose.”

“Not so fast,” I said skipping over to the tool box, my heels clip clopping.

“No, no!” Rusty pleaded.

I reached for the gun.

“What are you doing? He's out cold. Just get me down before he wakes up! ”

“We'll do it my way, thank you,” I nodded toward the girl. “Your plan didn't exactly win any awards.”

Rusty fumed and cursed.

I found a length of rope similar to what he had used to bind Rusty and tied the man's hands behind his back and his ankles to a drill press.

“Great! Now get me down!” Rusty ordered.

Relaxing for the first time now that Romeo was put to bed, I stood up and walked around to face Rusty.

“Not yet,” I said.

The girl's eyes widened. She was breathing like she'd just finished the decathlon. Her arms bulged, the muscles straining.

I put my hands on my hips and eyeballed her nude form.

Sweat dripped from her chin.

“Think carefully,” Rusty cautioned. “I am a police officer. You will be held accountable for anything you say or do.”

“Oh really?” I said twirling the gun. “What if I was to shoot you right now, shoot Rick Moranis, untie him and then go call the cops like the concerned citizen I am? No one would ever know the truth. No one.”

Her nipples stood out like pennies.

“Why would you want to do a thing like that?”

“Think back,” I said. “Consider how you treated me earlier this evening. Look at the way I'm dressed.”

“You look beautiful! You make a great looking girl.

“Yes, I do, don't I? And it will make the perfect disguise when I leave the building. No one will ever know my true identity .”

I cocked the gun.

“Wait!” Rusty screamed. “Let's talk this over!”

“There's nothing to discuss. Remember tonight in the parking lot outside the Gofar? Remember how you shoved me up against the car and frisked me? It's pay back time darling, with interest.”

Still pointing the gun at her I ran my free hand up her inner thighs. They were as slimy and jittery as a flopping fish. The police woman's eyes widened as I touched her gaping lips.

“You're all wet,” I said. “Do you enjoy bondage? Are you into S&M? I'll bet you are. If I let you down you'll claim lover boy raped you, but a month from now you'll be day dreaming about his big dick when you masturbate. Won't you?!”

I tugged on her pubic hair making her gasp. The helpless woman could say or do nothing.

“Who's laughing now?” I said.

“All right,” Rusty rasped. “I apologize. I'm sorry. I made a mistake. I learned something .”

The guy on the floor moaned loudly as he began to regain consciousness.

“Now let me down! Please!”

“No,” I said. “I'm going to let him finish raping you, and then I'm going to shoot you both. Then I'll call the police. How's that for an even better plan? That way our friend gets one last piece of ass before I wave him nighty night.”

“You're just as crazy as he is,” Rusty croaked. The stress from having been in bondage so long, the beating and my plan were finally taking their toll. Rusty sniffled back the tears, for the first time seeming like a woman.

“No one will ever know, ” I said quietly.

Rusty broke down, tears streaming down her face. “I'm sorry!” she blabbered. “What more do you want to hear? I'll do anything. ANYTHING! Just please let me down.”

I stepped closer and reaching up, wiped a tear from Rusty's chin. Beneath my dress I was strangely aroused. I had absolute power over her. My fingers itched to pinch her sweet nipples.

An insane urge told me to lower my panties and masturbate across her white thighs.

“Tell me you love me,” I whispered.

Rusty's eyes flickered. "I love you," she groaned.

Taking a razor from the work bench I slashed the ropes binding her to the floor.

The girl's eyes shut as I worked. She sobbed thankfully, her great chest shuddering with emotional relief. I climbed up onto the box and freed her hands.

When Rusty was finally loose she rubbed her wrists and snatched the gun from my hand.

"You're welcome," I said. "Look, I was only paying you back for what you did to me earlier. It was just a joke."

Rusty staggered over to her clothes and began dressing.

"I'm not going to forget," she sputtered angrily. "Oh no!"

Rusty stood in her boxer shorts. She grabbed me by the collar and pulled my nose close to hers. "Stop! That hurts!" I whined as she dug her fingers into my throat.

"You want to play games," she said wildly. "I'm going to let shit head fuck you! How do you like that!?"

I twisted free and staggered back.

"Get a grip," I said. "Look, you're a police woman. Do your duty."

"Shut up!!" She ripped a sleeve as she pulled on her shirt she was so angry.

"What will the newspapers say when I tell them shit head strung you up, beat your ass and raped you until I came to the rescue?"

Rusty pulled on her leather jacket, considering this.

"You didn't save me," she frowned. "I knocked the ass hole off the box."

"Yes, but I'm the one who tied him up and cut you down. Technically I did save you."

"All right, so we'll talk about it later," she grumbled.

"Don't say a word to the reporters. Let me handle everything. Besides, you don't want people to know you were out in drag, do you?"

