

Burping Frog Publishing

Dark Desire

Germany
Gibson

Chapter 1

The town was dying. It was no secret, everyone sensed its approaching demise. Torrance could see it in their frightened eyes. The place was bleeding out, like a man with a gut shot. It just took a while before death embraced its victim.

The allure of Mexico was the bullet. Cheap labor and higher profits lured the biggest employer south. Its previous home was now nothing but a silent steel shell, its windows smashed by an angry populace that felt betrayed. Its loss had a damaging ripple effect. Many small businesses failed. Jobs had grown scarce.

There was a panic in the air. Desperate citizens scrambled for a way out, hoping for a fresh start. But that took money, and with the local economy plummeting, hard cash was a commodity difficult to come by. But Torrance wasn't scared. Hell, he wasn't even nervous. In these, the worst of times, there was always someone that managed to find a silver lining. And this time, that someone was him.

Fifteen miles away business was booming at the twenty-four hour truck stop Torrance owned along the interstate leading into and out of Mexico. It was nothing new or fancy, and simply offered travelers the usual amenities. Cheap fuel was only a draw to get them to stop. He made most of his profit from the convenience store and restaurant inside.

His old man opened the joint up years earlier. After Torrance finished high school he was ready for adventure and to get as far away from small-town life as possible. After ten years and more

than a couple of brushes with the law, he grew tired of the military. He drifted from one end of the country to the other, looking for something to do with his lonely life. A dozen years later he found his way back home.

By this time the old man was tired and ready to turn the keys over to him. It wasn't long before Torrance made his mark. The first thing he did was run off those old, tired waitresses. Then he brought in some fresh blood. His father was loyal to the workers, and was at odds with Torrance over the change.

But once the truckers got a look at the eighteen and nineteen year-old cuties in the mandatory short skirts and tight tops, word spread and business grew even more. And when the girls realized how good the tips could be, they learned to flirt and work the crowd of regulars for every penny they could squeeze out of the horny men.

Torrance was sitting at a booth. He watched the gleeful truckers sneaking their hands up the backs of skirts, copping quick feels. The girls would act shocked and playfully slap at them. It was all a game, and after a time the men got even bolder, grabbing at their tempting, perky boobs as well.

Watching the scene unfold had gotten him quite aroused. Torrance's cock was awake, restless, and stirring. This was when he noticed Liz.

Liz was a recent addition. He did it as a favor, but liked having the red-haired eighteen year-old around just the same. After firing her mother the family was financially devastated. His father interceded and demanded that Torrance at least hire the youngest daughter. Against his better judgment Torrance begrudgingly conceded. It turned out better than he ever could have hoped for.

She had a cute face and a gorgeous body. And most of it was visible thanks to his strict dress code. Liz elected not to wear a bra and her naturally firm, perky breasts jiggled temptingly beneath the blouse, all but visible. Torrance's gaze was drawn to her long, shapely legs and tight ass as she worked her assigned tables.

While refilling coffee at a booth where four men were sitting,

one of them grabbed her. She giggled as her body fell onto his lap, straddling one leg facing away from him. Torrance saw a hand grasping a boob and lightly squeezing on it several times. Another snuck under the front of her skirt and appeared to fondle her pussy for a few moments. Liz playfully scolded the men after getting back up. They were all laughing.

When she stopped by and refilled his coffee, Torrance grasped her free hand by the wrist. The cute redhead looked down and smiled warmly at her new boss. She sensed that he wanted something, but had no idea what that might be.

“Can I help you?” Liz asked.

“Do you like working here?” he inquired.

Her smile widened. The girl looked so pretty with her full upturned lips and her light blue eyes sparkling like they were. When the possibility that she may have done something wrong surfaced in her mind, Liz gasped and looked shocked. Tears moistened her eyes as she imagined herself losing the one job she’d been extremely lucky to land in the first place.

“Yes, I love it here,” the frightened teen responded in a choked voice.

He stood up and motioned for her to join him. Liz reluctantly sat down on the bench seat and scooted in. Torrance joined the young waitress, pinning her between his body and the wall. Her lithe form nervously quivered. Torrance smiled warmly. He loved how scared the young ones got when faced with an uncertain future that he was in full control of.

Torrance’s right arm reached around her back and clutched Liz’s right upper arm. His left shifted across his body and grabbed her left upper arm. He squeezed her body under the pretense of providing a supportive hug. As he did, the back of his fingers rubbed against the outer portions of her small but upright swells. He felt the warmth of them through the thin top. His hands moved up and down, simultaneously caressing her slender arms and the firm mounds.

He glanced down and confirmed that both nipples were hard. The swollen tips eagerly pressed against the tight fabric that

covered them. Through the thin blouse he could quite clearly distinguish the size, shape, and light pink color of the alluring peaks.

Her head turned, facing him. Liz appeared desperate. "Please, if I've done anything wrong ..."

Torrance smiled. He had the girl exactly where he wanted her. When she saw him smiling her tensed body relaxed slightly, but she remained guarded and suspicious of his motives.

"Relax, you're doing fine," he assured her. "How much are you taking home, anyway?"

Liz shifted uncomfortably on the padded bench seat. She was aware of his fingers insistently rubbing on the outside curvature of her breasts and wondered if he was doing it intentionally. Her flared nipples and puffy areolas excitedly throbbed. She found that the tingling warmth it stirred in her lower belly was quite distracting and made it difficult to concentrate.

"Enough," she responded evasively.

The hand on her right arm let go. It lifted up and dangled over her right shoulder. The tips of several fingers lightly brushed over the enlarged nipple. The action triggered arousing jolts of excitement. Liz's pulse and breathing quickened.

Now she knew that the boss was toying with her. The answers to his questions only served as reminders to Liz of what she'd be losing if she refused to cooperate. She'd hoped the other girls had only been kidding about him; now she realized how serious the rumors actually were.

Liz was jittery, acting like a cornered animal. Her eyes nervously darted around the room for help that would not be forthcoming. When her gaze connected with the other waitresses the girls quickly looked away.

"They know," she quietly muttered to herself as her blue eyes moistened. Liz felt her heart rapidly sinking. Her body began shaking uncontrollably.

The dangling fingers cupped the warm swell and tenderly squeezed on the soft, perky mound. His thumb prodded the pulsating nub. As hard as she fought to hold back the tears, a

single one cascaded down her right cheek.

Torrance watched as it traveled over the smooth skin and fell from the bottom of her jaw. His eyes were drawn to its seemingly random direction of travel, influenced by forces that his eyes could not see. A grin formed on his lips as it suddenly occurred to him how closely life imitated the simplest of all things.

“Please ... I have customers to serve,” Liz reminded him in a final desperate attempt to gain her freedom.

His left hand released the other arm and was placed on her bare upper thigh. It lightly caressed the smooth skin before easing between her legs.

She frantically lifted her gaze to his eyes. “No!”

Her body quaked as he separated her legs. His hand disappeared under the skirt. Fingertips traced along the outline of her pussy lips through Liz’s panties. She began moaning so softly that the tiny gasps were barely perceptible.

Her hands reached down and tightly grasped Torrance’s right wrist. He guessed her initial thought was to push him away, but when her mind considered the possible repercussions, she stopped short of denying her body to him. Finding herself in an ambiguous position Liz instead pulled his hand forward and pressed the palm against her aroused sex. The teen gasped and tensed when his entire hand embraced her awakened young cunt.

Torrance could feel the wet heat emanating through the fabric of her panties. His fingers shifted up to the elastic waistband and then pressed underneath. His fingers sifted through the soft curls of pubic hair. After sinking lower he contacted her bare pussy. The teen’s hips subconsciously made slight thrusting motions, eagerly grinding her sex upon the probing fingers. Juice leaked from her aroused center, coating the outer folds with wetness.

“I can’t ... we shouldn’t ... oh, no, no ...” She started to frantically whisper a list of reasons why she shouldn’t be doing this with him, but her reeling mind couldn’t grasp the elusive thoughts that floated around in her brain like darting fish in a bowl.

He grinned as he pushed a middle finger into her hot slit. The fingers around his wrist instantly tightened. Liz’s young body

stiffened as her hips desperately pumped harder. The girl was really wet now. Torrance could detect the unmistakable aroma of a woman in heat. His cock was fully awake. It anxiously throbbed in his pants. Torrance was eager to nail his precious employee.

“Come on, we’re going to my office,” he whispered into her ear.

Her head nodded in refusal. “No, no, I can’t ... I’m waiting on tables ... my shift doesn’t end for another three hours ... please, don’t make me do this!”

The look of fear in her tear-moistened eyes only served to amplify his delight. Torrance’s excitement fed off his position of dominance.

Torrance stood up. “Pick another girl to cover for you. Be sure and tell her to keep those tips separate, because they belong to you. Don’t keep me waiting.”

He sat at his cluttered desk and waited for her to knock. She kept him waiting long enough to get him started thinking what he’d do if she didn’t show. The girls were usually scared their first time, so he gave Liz a little more leeway than he would have some of the others that had visited the office before. Knowing how girls that age were, the others were probably giving Liz some last-minute advice.

The knock finally came. As the door opened Liz’s pretty face nervously peeked inside. Torrance gestured the girl forward. Her gait was reluctant. Each step was tentative and uncertain. He waved again, reassuring her with a warm smile. Her demeanor was cautious as the distance between them closed. He grasped both of her hands and gently guided her onto his lap. She faced him with her legs straddling his thighs.

“You know you want this, right?”

Liz fearfully bit down on her lower lip. Her moist, pale blue eyes looked into his. There was a brief delay before she finally acknowledged his question. Her head moved up and down twice. They both knew it was a lie.

“Of course you do, we both do,” Torrance falsely claimed in a calm tone. “Is this your first time with a man?”

Most of the other waitresses were in their early twenties when they were hired on at the restaurant. By that age many of them had already been sexually active. There were two exceptions. He had really enjoyed opening them up to the pleasures of sexual intercourse.

He was curious about Liz's answer, although he was fairly certain what it would be. She initially seemed shy and lacking in confidence, but the job seemed to have made a positive impact on her evolving personality.

As soon as he asked, her eyes dropped down. Torrance wondered what was going on in that mind of hers. What was she thinking? Her gaze lifted, returned to his eyes, and she nodded up and down. His excitement peaked knowing that he'd discovered another virgin. Deflowering this one would be especially joyful.

"You look uncomfortable in that tight blouse. Take it off."

After a period of hesitation both hands lifted. Soft, trembling fingers nervously reached for the top button. Her head turned to the right as she worked the plastic disk free from its home. Liz gasped as she felt the blouse loosen slightly.

His hand grasped her chin, gently rotating her face forward. "You have amazing eyes. Let me look at them while you do that."

Her hands lowered to the next button. The task was becoming harder, not easier. Her heart raced as the tips of her long digits worked the button free. The top sagged more. The two sides pulled further apart, widening the aperture. Torrance glanced down and gazed at the inside halves of her perky swells. The nipple shafts were still covered, but he detected the slightest hint of her puffy pink areolas. It was an inspiring sight.

She hated him for making her do this. Liz also despised her body for how it was reacting. The nipples were hard and eagerly throbbed, wanting to be touched. Juice was flowing between her legs. The smell of her aroused sex was in the air, betraying her unwilling readiness.

"Please, don't make me," she pleaded. A single tear rolled down her left cheek.

"You said you wanted to," he reminded the lovely, frightened

girl. "You're doing it yourself. I'm not making you do anything, am I?"

She rolled her eyes upward as she struggled to find the courage to speak her mind. "We both know I'll get fired, right? Isn't that what happens to girls that don't play along with you?"

"I would never fire you for not doing this," Torrance quickly pointed out.

Liz shook her head in disbelief and half-smiled. Yeah, the bastard wouldn't say she was being fired for not fucking him. There were enough other excuses that could be claimed for doing that. He was so transparent. Liz knew this would happen. The writing was on the wall from the first day she started. The other girls had warned her it was only a matter of time.

"Well? Do you want to, or not?" he pressed her.

"Yeah, sure, why not," she finally blurted out as she was overwhelmed with a sense of dread and reluctant acceptance. "I'm gonna lose it to somebody, right? Why not to you?"

"There you go, I like that attitude I'm seeing, young lady." He spoke the words in an encouraging voice.

"I bet you do, you bastard," Liz whispered as her emotions continued to build.

He eyed her suspiciously. "What did you just say?"

"I said I hope you like my tits," she responded as the last two buttons were quickly popped apart and her quivering hands angrily pulled the blouse wide open. "Is this what you want?"

Torrance leaned very close to her face. His warm breath rushed over her smooth cheeks, smelling of stale coffee. He stared into those uncertain eyes. Her brief emotional outburst was just a brief transitory act of defiance. He saw the soul of a frightened angel helplessly quivering inside that incredible body. Once intimidated, her entire form began trembling uncontrollably.

He gloated. His hands gently cupped her warm face, tilting it to his left. His rotated right as he kissed that succulent mouth. Torrance's tongue pushed against her closed lips. After a few seconds Liz's mouth opened wide. His wet tendril eagerly filled her small mouth. He explored the sweet, warm cavern and intermit-

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