

# Handling Emil

Veronica  
Divine

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The phone rang once.

I groaned, stirring from dreams as deep as the blue eyes I had been dreaming about.

The phone rang twice.

I sat up and gave the phone two middle fingers.

The phone rang again.

“FUCK!” I shouted, lunging myself across the silk sheets to pick the damned thing up.

I didn’t say hello. I said, “Whoever this is, if this isn’t an important call, I’m going to drive to your house and slam this phone down RIGHT on your fucking ball sack.” I paused, blinking, and then added, “And if this is a woman, I’m going to surgically graft a pair to your body somehow to make that possible.”

I heard breathing on the other end. I had scared someone. I rolled my eyes.

“Speak,” I encouraged.

“Ms. Savich,” a quavering male voice finally piped up. “We need you. It seems there has been a situation.”

I rolled my eyes. “Who is she?” I asked.

After the weasel little campaign manager had gotten his story out, I jumped up, grabbing one of my specially tailored t-shirts, a thong, and some shorts. It was a bright, hot day so I added a pair of mirrored sunglasses to the ensemble and some sandals, finishing it all off by tying my dark hair into a simple pony tail. I

paused to look at my reflection and shook my head.

My God I'm a hot bitch.

I shifted the throttle hard as my silver Corvette hit 120, eyes barely flicking as I passed yet another car. A cop hit his sirens and was on me. I stopped quick and glared over my sunglasses as the bastard swaggered up.

"Is there a problem, officer?" I asked sweetly, pursing my lips a little as I batted my green eyes at him.

"You might say that ma'am. I clocked you doing four times the speed limit there."

"I'll bet you did. Guess I must have a pretty good reason, huh?"

"Look ma'am, I don't want to ..."

I cut him off. "I'm Sonia Savich. You get on your little walkie-talkie and speak to the Chief of police. He's been briefed. Then, when you're done cussing yourself out for being such an idiot, you can give me escort. Assuming you can keep up. Bye."

I hit the gas again, shifting the stick through several positions as I picked up speed.

The first part of my mission was going to be simple. I just had to get inside. I got out of the car and walked quickly, braless breasts threatening to break my tight top with each bounce. My humongous udders got stares from the crowd that was gathering, mostly reporters, many of whom snapped pictures as I breezed between them, dolling out middle fingers to each and every one of the perverts as I moved.

Finally I reached the two big cops at the door, keeping the reporters out.

"Sorry miss. No one gets in. Official orders," one said, putting a hand up as he and his partner shamelessly used their eyes to devour my tits in their top.

"I'm Sonia Savich. I'm here to address the problem."

The two seemed a little shocked; they had clearly been briefed to wait for me, but one looked to the other slyly as he blurted out, "Look miss, we can't let every double-D cup who claims to be Sonia Savitch in here just because she says she is. For all we

know, those are implants.”

“Double S cups,” I chided. I breathed heavy sigh, wishing as I often do that I were super strong, or some kind of martial arts badass instead of being good at what I’m actually good at. I couldn’t hope to overpower these two fuckwits. After this incident was done, I’d make sure they were forced to eat their badges, starting from their asses and working up.

“I will flash you my ... credentials, if you agree to let me in,” I spat, bobbling my humongous mammores in my palms to entice them.

“Good enough for me!” said the one on the left. I had already lifted my shirt to let them bask in the splendor and glory of my behemoth bombs when the other one spoke up, fighting to keep his eyes in his head.

“Not good enough for me. You could be any busy bitch. I heard Sonia Savitch could get any man off in one minute. Get me off like that and I’ll let you through.”

Greedy Bastard! I thought, mulling it over. The one on the left whispered to his friend as I did, “You fuck! You just want her to see what a big one you’re packing!”

The other sneered back, “Sure do. So what? Jealous?”

“Hell yes,” muttered the first, hanging his head.

Now I chimed in. “You got your information wrong. I can’t do it in a minute.” He looked disappointed, but seemed to take delight as he started to chastise me. “I knew it, you’re not the real Soni-”

I cut him off, taking off my sunglasses so that my bright green eyes could capture his, showing all the seriousness and smolder they could as I spoke.

“I can do it in fifteen seconds.”

“WH--!” he started, but I was already on my knees.

It was on:

1: My hand glides down the front of his pants, a single motion skillfully unbuttoning his fly and pulling the zipper down before it has begun to tug those pants down.

2: I smirk at the dick that flops out. His buddy is right, he is a big boy, but even though I'm looking at six inches dead soft, I don't look impressed. And truthfully I'm not. I'm used to much bigger.

3: With a skillful motion that can only come with the kind of training some put in to athleticism, I seize and wag his cock, smacking both my own cheeks with it and pressing the head to my pursed lips in a staccato of motion.

4: I slurp him in, dick already getting semi hard as my tongue glides around his head and my hands find his hefty, yet forgettable nuts bulging in their hairy sack.

5: Skillfully shaping my mouth around his girth, I spit, tagging his nuts with a gobbet of drool that I just as quickly plunge forward to met, his semi-hard cock burrowing into my cheek as my tongue reclaims the saliva dripping from his dangling sack.

6: As he hardens I let him easy enter my throat, his eleven inches or so threatening to harm a normal girl. But I am not normal.

7: My throat clamps to his head, making a perfect vacuum seal without even needing my lips. My isolated throat control is so great that I can ripple it over his cock in hundreds of specific points, an act that is only magnified as I start to bob my head, threatening to pull his cock with me every time I go back.

8: I make his balls my bitches, soft delicate hands moving to massage and mash them against my drool-covered chin, tongue flicking out past the throated cock to lash away at them.

9: For the next second I power-swallow, letting my throat muscles ripple on the whole length of him rapidly, nasty glucking noises audible to all.

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