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A photograph of a woman with long brown hair, wearing a bright green ribbed tank top over a white bra, and dark blue pants. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

Journey Into Slavery Part 2

Jack Allen

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Sandy pulled the minivan into one of the open parking spots outside of Cawley's Tavern and shut off the engine. She let out a deep breath. This whole thing felt like a crazy idea, but she wanted it to happen so badly.

She looked at her pack of cigarettes. She pulled one out, then put it back in and put the pack in the center console. She had been smoking too much lately, and she wasn't ready to let Helen know that she'd started smoking again.

Her hands clasped together and her fingers pulled at each other. She was anxious about meeting Helen tonight. Somehow, she had to convince her to join her in a three-way with Greg. She was hoping her sister would go for the idea, but she wasn't sure how she was going to talk to her about it.

She grabbed her purse and went into the bar. It was dark inside, and she stopped inside the door to wait for her eyes to adjust. It didn't take long to realize something wasn't right.

She looked around. Was she even in the right place? This didn't look like the place she used to go to all the time with Helen and their friends in high school to get drunk and dance with all those cute guys. There was almost no one there, except for a couple of guys playing pool, a few people at the bar, and a group at a table, watching a hockey game on television.

Sandy's nose wrinkled. This place had become a complete dump. She looked at her cell phone. Should she call Helen and tell her to meet her someplace else? She shook her head and put

her phone back in her purse. It was too late for that. She was already on her way.

She walked to the bar and sat. She felt creepy just being there, like the eyes of all the guys in the room were watching her. But when she looked around, none of them seemed to notice her.

She sat at the bar. The bartender came over.

“What can I get you?” he said, with a smile.

“Just a water, with lemon. Please,” Sandy said.

The bartender nodded and turned away.

“Wait. No. I changed my mind. Give me a whiskey and ginger ale, would you, please?” she said.

He nodded again, with that polite smile, and went off to the other end of the bar.

Sandy looked around the bar. It wasn't that bad, once she got used to it. There was only one other woman in the room in the room besides her, and she was sitting with the group of guys at the table in the middle of the bar, watching the hockey game. She hardly looked old enough to drink, much less hang out in a bar with a bunch of guys.

She might just be hanging out with them, or she might be one of the guys' girlfriends. It was hard to tell. Either way, if she really wanted, she could make herself a busy girl with each one of those guys.

Sandy felt a pang of jealousy in her stomach. She would like it if she could get busy with each of those guys herself.

The bartender put the whiskey and ginger ale on the bar in front of her. The glass was full all the way to the top, and filled with ice.

“There you go,” he said.

“Can I start a tab?” Sandy said.

“No need. It's on that guy,” the bartender said, and pointed behind her.

Sandy turned to look. One of the guys at the pool table waved. He was rugged and a little rough in his black t-shirt and jeans, but kind of cute.

Sandy waved and quickly turned back to the bar. Her heart

was racing, and she grinned. How long had it been since she flirted with a guy at a bar?

She sipped her whiskey and ginger ale. It was good, and strong. A little too strong. But she wasn't complaining. It had been a long day, and she needed a drink. Hell, it had been a long week.

"How's the drink?" someone behind her said.

She turned to look. It was the rugged, cute guy in the black t-shirt and jeans. She smiled.

"It's good. A little strong," she said.

"Yeah. I told my brother to put a little extra in it for you," he said.

She looked at the bartender, then at the rugged guy. It was hard to tell if they looked alike.

"You two are brothers?" she said.

"Yep. What are you doing here?"

"Just waiting for my sister," she said.

"You got a sister? Is she as fine as you?" he said, and grinned.

Sandy grinned, too, and her face burned. Sure, this guy was a little creepy, but she couldn't deny that she was having fun.

"I don't know. It's kind of hard to be as good looking as me," she said, and sipped her drink.

He leaned back and his eyes scanned all the way down her body. Sandy felt a shiver down her spine. She had noticed many times when guys she didn't know imagined fucking her. Why was it more creepy than usual with this guy?

The corner of his mouth turned up.

"You're right about that," he said.

He gave her a quick nod of his head and started back toward the pool table.

"So ... What's your name?" Sandy said.

He shook his head.

"Later. If you're lucky," he said, and walked back to the pool table.

Sandy turned back to the bar and picked up her whiskey and ginger ale. She felt that shiver down her spine again, part crepted

out, part ... turned on.

Then Helen sat down on the bar stool beside her.

“Who was that?” she said.

Sandy jumped.

“Where did you come from?” she said.

“Outside. That’s where I parked my car,” Helen said, and pointed toward the door.

Sandy just nodded. Her sister had that confident, self-assured presence that she always envied. That, plus, she was always so much prettier than her.

“Jesus. I can’t believe what a dump this place is. When did that happen? This place used to be so much fun,” Helen said.

“I know. I don’t know what happened.”

“So ... Who was that guy?” Helen said again.

Sandy shrugged.

“Just a cute guy who bought me a drink,” she said.

Helen looked over her shoulder at the two guys playing pool.

“Cute? That’s just kind of creepy, isn’t it? I mean, you’re married.”

Sandy took a drink.

“Being married to Greg means that both of us like to, you know ... have a little fun once in a while,” she said.

She squirmed in her bar stool and winced.

“What’s wrong?” Helen said.

She held up her hand to get the bartender’s attention. He was talking with the people at the other end of the bar. When he finally saw her, he stared in their direction.

“Greg fucked the hell out of my ass last night,” Sandy said.

“Give me a martini, please,” Helen said to the bartender.

He nodded and went off. When he was gone, she turned back to Sandy.

“He did what?”

Sandy chucked. She turned her glass slowly in its spot on the bar, where it left a ring of water. The memory of last night was still vivid in her mind.

“Greg used some handcuffs on me and, I got to tell ya, I really

enjoyed it.”

Helen’s eyes were wide, and her mouth hung open. The bartender brought her martini, and she took a big sip.

“Handcuffs? Where did he get handcuffs?” she said.

“I gave them to him,” Sandy said with a shrug.

“You guys really are having fun. When did you two get so kinky?”

“It just took a push to get it all started.”

“Who did the pushing, you or Greg?”

“I think it was Greg,” Sandy said.

“I knew that when you married him,” Helen said.

They were both quiet and sipped their drinks. Sandy was starting to feel a little dizzy. Helen looked over at the pool table.

“That guy is watching you,” she said.

Sandy turned to look, too.

“I haven’t decided if I want to encourage him or not.”

Helen sighed.

“I wish someone would use handcuffs on me once in a while. I could stand to get the hell pounded out of my ass,” she said.

“Have you and Pierce been having trouble?” Sandy said.

The group at the tables in the middle of the room cheered and shouted. Both Helen and Sandy looked that way. Something exciting must have happened in the game. Helen looked at Sandy and smiled.

“He’s so sweet and nice to me, except when he’s with his friends. Then he’s a complete jerk.”

“Jesus. I’m real sorry about that,” Sandy said.

“Yeah, well, what are you going to do? I wish I had a man more like your Greg,” Helen said, and poured the rest of her martini into her mouth.

“Sometimes I wish I had some help with Greg,” Sandy said.

“What do you mean you need help?”

“I kind of feel embarrassed about this. You see, Greg’s appetite for sex seems to grow all the time. I can’t keep up with him anymore,” Sandy said.

“You mean Greg is more man than you can handle?” Helen

said.

Sandy's head was shaking.

"I'm telling ya. He must be taking those energy pills or something," she said.

She glanced at her sister out of the corner of her eye to see if she was listening. Helen was staring at her like she was entranced by her words.

"Are you trying to tell me you want me to have sex with Greg?" Helen said.

"No. I'm not saying that," Sandy said.

She had finished her whiskey and ginger ale. She looked down the bar at the bartender. When he looked in her direction, she held up the empty glass.

"Then what are you saying?"

The bartender took Sandy's glass, put it in the sink behind the bar, and started to make another. Sandy looked at her sister.

"I'm saying I want you to have sex with Greg and me," she said.

Helen shook her head. She raised her martini to her lips and poured the rest of it into her mouth.

"You guys are into some kinky shit. What happened to the nice, quiet sister I always knew?"

"What are you talking about? I used to make out with girls all the time back in high school to get the boys turned on," Sandy said.

"Yeah. Because it's so difficult to get high school boys turned on," Helen said, and laughed.

The bartender put a fresh whiskey and ginger ale on the bar in front of Sandy.

"Thanks," Sandy said when he was walking away. She looked at Helen. "You want another one? It's on those guys," she said, and pointed to the guys at the pool table.

"No, thanks. I got to get home. Pierce and I are going to his parents for dinner," Helen said.

"Are you going to fuck him tonight when you get home?" Sandy said. She stirred the ice in her drink with her finger.

“Probably. Or, I might come over and jump in bed with Greg. I mean, if you’re done with him,” she said.

“I’ll save some for you,” Sandy said.

Helen got off her stool. She gave Sandy a kiss on her cheek.

“Save some of that for me, too,” she said.

She walked out. Sandy watched her go, and licked her lips. Her sister had a deliciously beautiful body. She couldn’t wait for a chance to get her in bed and get between her legs.

Sandy finished her drink, and giggled. It didn’t take that much to get her drunk. She wasn’t really drunk, just a little tipsy. That bartender made those drinks pretty strong. What she needed now was a cigarette.

She opened her purse, but the pack wasn’t there. She left it in the minivan. She giggled and looked around. Should she try to bum one from the guy at the pool table?

She picked up her purse and went out to the minivan. The pack of cigarettes was right where she left it, in the center console. She lit one up and breathed in deep. Her nerves were calmed immediately. What did she have to be so tense about?

Someone knocked on the passenger window. It was the rugged-looking guy in the black t-shirt. She could only stare at him. What was he doing there?

She rolled down the window.

“Hey. What’s going on?” she said.

“I came to see if I can get a cigarette,” he said, and smiled.

Sandy hesitated. Was that all he really wanted?

“Sure,” she said, and reached for the pack.

He opened the passenger door and climbed in. Sandy’s throat tightened. What was he doing?

He took the cigarette from her hand.

“Thanks,” he said.

He used her lighter to light it. Sandy’s heart was pounding. Was he going to rape her? Should she call the police?

“Th-Thanks for the drinks,” she said.

He just nodded and puffed on the cigarette. Sandy’s face was turned down, and she watched him out of the corner of her eye.

There was something that felt very dangerous about being alone in the car with this stranger. What if he tried to rape her, or ... or

...

He bit the cigarette between his teeth. His hand pulled down the zipper on the front of his jeans. Sandy's eyes bulged out of her head.

"What ... What are you doing?" she said in a low, breathless voice.

"I'm getting my dick out," he said.

Sandy blinked. Her throat was so tight she couldn't breathe.

"Wh-Why?" she said.

He hauled his penis out through the fly of his jeans. It was a good size, thick and hard. Sandy's mouth watered, despite the fact that it looked like she was going to get raped in her own minivan. He looked at her and smiled.

"So you can suck on it," he said.

Sandy stared at him with her mouth hanging open. His hand pumped up and down on his cock. Was this really happening?

But he wasn't forcing himself on her. He was just sitting there, rubbing his cock, like he was waiting for her to do something. She took a breath. She frowned a little. Why did she feel a little disappointed? She tossed the cigarette out the window. What the hell.

She leaned over toward the rugged guy. He leaned back. She took his cock from his hand, licked her lips and closed her mouth over the end of his cock.

"Oh yeah, baby. That's it. Right there," he said.

His hands gripped the arm of the seat on the left side and the door handle on the right side. Sandy bobbed her head up and down on his cock. It was a little tricky, being bent over the center console at that funny angle. She had his balls cupped in one hand and her drool leaked out of her mouth and ran down his shaft.

He put his hand on top of her head. Sandy moaned around his cock. She loved when guys did that, when she was giving them a blowjob, when they controlled the movement of her head.

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