

APRIL BOOK FOUR



MICHELLE SCOTT

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by

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Cast of Players

Kevin Black, AIA: Apprentice architect at Phillips and Waters Architects;

Wendi Yamens: Kevin's wife and college girlfriend;

Elizabeth Adams: ASLA, landscape architect at Phillips and Waters Architects;

Mr. Oliver Phillips, FAIA: Founder of Phillips and Waters Architects;

Peter Waters, AIA: Principle designer at Phillips and Waters Architects;

Helen Collins: the receptionist, secretary, and girl Friday at Phillips and Waters;

Noah Rashalem AIA: Illustrator and interior designer at Phillips and Waters;

Susan Marshall: A cosmetic laser technician;

Connie: A friend of Susan's;

Duke Martin: An out of town client;

Janet Martin: Duke's wife;

Robin Gardner: A home brewer; and **Jill Lovejoy:** An attorney

CHAPTER XXXVI

May

April felt better the next morning. As she bathed the marks left by the tears of the night before vanished and the pain in her heart lessened. Later, as she emptied her breasts, she thought about Duke.

It's good I know that I don't love him. A little girlish infatuation can't do any harm, and he's awful good in the sack. Now I know I want someone to love and it's not him. I wish Wendi would come back to me, but she won't, and besides she'd be coming back to Kevin. There's no going back; my breasts are permanent and I love them. Even for her, I couldn't dare to become male again.

She sighed, but how do I become free to love someone else. I don't know. Duke is pretty good medicine. While I liked it when Elizabeth did me, it was nothing to the feel of the real thing, all hot and pulsing. But Elizabeth was right, I'm a bottom, and I need a top.

I'll have to talk with Duke. If he doesn't want me to visit him in San Francisco, I don't want to. I'll go somewhere else, maybe Italy.

What if he's married? I 'll have to ask him about that. If he is, next Wednesday will be the last time. Having an affair with a man I don't love is one thing, having one with a married man is something nice girls don't do. And, in spite of being a slut, in some ways, I'm trying to be a nice girl.

Yes, if he is married, or even living with someone, it's got to end. But I guess after months of playing together, I can have one more night as a sort of good bye.

Elizabeth noticed that April seemed calmer the following week. The blonde kept up her schedule of marathon bike rides and coming to the office early. She observed what April ate for lunch one day and smiled. *Just what the doctor would recommend for a nursing mother.*

For April the week went quickly. She was excited at the prospect of seeing Duke, but less than eager to have the discussion she'd planned.

Wednesday when Duke came in for their weekly

meeting he was happy. His plans were made and ready. He was pleased that he thought he could keep April away from San Francisco, and him, forever. Duke was also looking forward to getting a last fuck from the blonde and dining on her milk, one more time.

All the previous week he'd hinted to Janet that he loved her breasts and wanted to know what her milk was like. At first his wife had been taken aback and called his interest 'infantile'. But he made love to her every day always taking care to stimulate her breasts and bring her to orgasm, and Tuesday night she giggled when he brought up the idea. She was also taking more of his manhood, and her protests about it being too big had softened. Duke was confident that in a month or two she'd be taking it all, as well as offering him her milk.

April greeted him with a big smile. Duke grinned as they went to the conference room. Elizabeth presented her landscape plan. After some discussion Duke approved it. Noah presented choices for interior furniture, April had selected the fabrics and colors). By five they all arose and congratulated each other. The design was done and they would apply for building permits the next day.

Duke was grinning from ear to ear as he thanked them all for doing a great job. *Damn! Not only did I get great sex, but the restaurant's is a sure money maker.*

Everyone drifted away and he suggested that April meet him in his car. She smiled and went to get her gear; her bike was at home.

Ten minutes later she joined him. She looked and saw that no one from the office was watching, she scooted over and kissed him.

"Duke, I have something I want to talk over tonight. I don't think we should let it go till morning when you're in a rush to make your plane."

"Anything you want, April, is it about your vacation?"

"Sort of, but there's more."

"Well, we can talk all you want, but first let's hit my hotel. I'm hungry and I've been wanting to get inside you since last week."

April smiled and said, "Sure."

As they drove she wondered if it was a good idea to have sex before the chat. *Oh well, she told herself. I was going to make it the last night, if he's married. I guess there's nothing wrong with having the sex first.*

The blonde was a little surprised. Normally they'd go somewhere and he'd nurse. Then out to dinner before going to his hotel.

While he'd waited for April, Duke called his room.

"Hello, Joe?"

"It's Duke; is everything set?"

"OK." Duke said and hung up. As he waited he had second thoughts. *What I'm doing is wrong, but it's the best way. I should have never bedded the bitch a second time. I wouldn't have had to deal with this relationship bullshit.*

As Duke pulled into the hotel parking lot April turned to him. "Duke, could we go somewhere for a bite first? I'm kind of hungry and once were in your room neither of us will want to leave."

The big man turned to the blonde and smiled as he parked. With his gray-flecked hair and strong features he was devastatingly handsome.

"April, I anticipated you. Room service should be delivering a big assortment of goodies to my room, right now. We'll have plenty to munch on, besides each other. The room temperature has also been turned up so we can be naked hedonists, making love on every piece of furniture in the suite."

April grinned and leaned over and kissed him, hard on the lips. When she pulled back she noticed he was already hard, and she giggled. "OK, so let's get inside and I'll solve that problem in your pants."

They walked in and took the elevator up to the top floor. It was a penthouse and Duke had never rented one before.

Stopping by the door he turned and kissing her on the forehead and leering at her. "I wanted tonight to be special. The suite is there best and it's soundproof. We can make all

the noise we want.”

April grinned, “Goody that means when you really get me going I can scream.”

“Yes, April. I can too, and no one will hear us.”

Duke opened the door and held it as April walked in. The suite was huge, and luxuries. They were in a wide hall that opened out onto a wall of windows and a broad terrace. The big man put his hand behind April and guided her forward. They entered the living room where four men greeted Duke; three were Caucasian and one was black, all were over six feet tall and heavily muscled.

“Duke, are we in the wrong room?” April asked.

The man grabbed her by the arms and pulled her coat down onto her shoulders pinning her. “April, I want you to meet the boys. We’ll call them A, B, C, and D. There here for a party, and my sweet little transsexual, you are the party. It’s your lucky day. Not only are you going to be fucked by my big cock, but each of these guys will do you too. I picked them because they’re all big.” He laughed and April tried to get away.

“Why? Why are you doing this?” She asked, tears running down her cheeks.

Duke looked at her, distain clearly written on his face. He slapped her hard across her face and she fell to the floor. She started to rise, so deep in shock that the pain had not yet registered. Then he kicked her in her left breast. April’s world went black and she collapsed, senseless.

April lived in pain; she felt people doing things to her, but was too dazed to know what. All she was sure of was the twin pains, the one in her chest and the second in her heart. As she became aware of the world again she knew she was crying. Reality suddenly exploded all around her and she realized she was naked. On her hands and knees on the floor. Someone was holding her hips and forcing an incredibly thick shaft into her. Below her two men lay, their heads on pillows and their mouths eagerly sucking her milk. She heard voices.

“Pity she’s not a real girl. If she were, all five of us could do her at the same time. One in her ass, another in her pussy, two on her plump tits and one fucking her mouth.” He

laughed and April heard Duke laughing with him.

“Don’t worry,” she heard Duke say. “By morning we’ll get all we want of her.”

“She’s coming around,” she heard the first man say.

Duke walked around in front of her. She realized a stranger was pushing his cock into her. April wanted to die; the idea that a stranger would do that, made her feel like garbage.

Duke grabbed her face and raised it, forcing her to look at him. “April, I’ll tell you how it’s going to be. I’ve decided, since you’re a whore, that on our last night together I’ll share you with some friends. That’s good for us all. I get one more night of great sex. You meet some other men that might let you fuck them so your office can get commissions. My buddies get to enjoy a sweet peace of ass.

“A bonus for you is although it’s our last night, I’ve seen to it that you’ll get fucked and sucked enough to last you for weeks.”

She looked up at him and mouthed the word, ‘Why?’ through her tears.

Duke laughed, “I don’t have any reason to fly to Portland every week now, and I sure as hell don’t want you chasing me to San Francisco, getting in my way and embarrassing me in front of my friends. This is a demonstration, April, of what will happen to you if I see in my town. But there’s a big difference. Here you will pull a train of five men. If I ever see you in San Francisco I’ll get you somewhere private and you’ll service a line of 20!” He laughed at her as he finished.

April was crying. She felt a cock pumping into her. Someone whooped and the man fucking her shifted to long deep thrusts.

Duke kneeled in front of her and opened his pants. He took out his cock, it was hard and dripped pre-cum. He leaned forward pressing it to April’s lips. “Suck me, April; do it well. If you bite I’ll knock out all your teeth and then make you do it again. I know what a great little cocksucker you are. Show my buddies here what they’re in for. Play along with us tonight, and in the morning you’ll be fine, go on your way, with a memory of great sex.”

April looked up in his face and saw he was serious. If she didn't play along they would hurt her, bad. If she did, she might get through the night with only bruises. She almost bit down; hoping that the men would kill her, but realized Duke was too smart to murder her. *He really will knock my teeth and fuck my bleeding mouth.*

April opened her mouth and began licking and sucking the man's shaft. After a minute Duke grabbed her hair and pulled her face up, she saw anger in his eyes, and cruelty. She knew it must have been before, invisible to her.

"I said do me good! Suck me like you mean it. You'll do that for me, and the others, or well beat you up until you do! No half measures, April. I know just how good you can be at giving head. Outdo yourself my queer cock hound. Do it or suffer!

Tears were flowing down April's cheeks, but she somehow managed to node. Duke let her hair go and she moved her mouth back to his cock. The man fucking her bottom made it hard but she managed to give Duke what he wanted. After a while the man behind her let out a whoop and she felt his shaft spasm inside of her. He leaned over her, breathing hard for a minute and then pulled back. As his cock left her bottom he slapped her right hip, hard. She screamed, but managed to not bite Duke.

April heard the man who was behind her speaking, "It's your turn now. I've got her ready, you should slide right in."

"All right!" She heard a voice say. Then she felt another set of hands on her hips and another cock pressing in. She felt her breasts go dry and the two men nursing beneath her climbed out and got in front of her. They had their pants off and their cocks in their hands. They were massaging them just enough to keep them ready. Then Duke groaned and April tasted his seed in her mouth.

He laughed and said, "Good job, April. That's my good little cocksucker.

"Who's next for her mouth?" He pulled back and another cock was forced between her lips before April finished swallowing Duke's seed.

It went on for hours. As soon as one cock came in her bottom another took its place. As soon as one of the men came

in her mouth another cock was forced between her lips. After a while April tasted the rank flavor of her anal track on the cocks.

She lost track of how many times they did her. At one point she fainted. She came to feeling a man fucking her bottom. Her anus had become a great pool of pain. Each thrust was agony. Her mouth was bruised and dry.

One of the men moved toward her head, his cock hard in his hand.

April gasped, "Please, some water," she begged.

"Sure, little queer, drink this!" He reached over and his hand came back with a bottle of whisky. Another man grabbed April's head and held her mouth open. The first man opened the bottle and poured it into April's mouth.

"Drink it bitch!" He threatened and the man holding her head added, "All of it. I don't want to see good booze dripping out the sides of your mouth."

Both men laughed and April tried to drink the burning liquid.

When the bottle was empty the man holding it tossed it aside and pressed his shaft into April's mouth. It hurt but she had no choice. She tried to lick and suck it in ways that would please. The pain in her bottom combines with that in her mouth and she wondered if she would live, April hoped she wouldn't. She felt the pain ebb as the alcohol started to move through her system. April realized she was drunk.

When the man's cock in her mouth came she was glade. His seaman soothed the burning. She felt the man behind her squeeze her bottom and then heard him yell as he came. When he pulled out he slapped both her hips hard. She hadn't felt his cock convulsing within her and knew her bottom was loose.

Then she heard Duke's laugh.

"Boys, you got it all wrong, wasting good whisky on April. She likes beer. Poor a bottle down her throat while I work my cock into her.

April felt his big hands grasp her hips and in one smooth shove he was all the way in. She cried out as his thickness filled her.

“April, that’s so nice, for a change. I just hated having to wait for you to slowly take me in when we fucked. This is what I want.”

Duke laughed again and one of the men grabbed her head and poured a bottle of beer down her throat. When the bottle was empty April was drunker. She heard Duke laughing as he fucked her. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head back. The sound of his thighs slapping into her bottom filled the room.

“Enjoy the fucking, bitch! When my cock slips out of your slimy hole, it will never be back.”

He used the blonde brutally. One of the other men started to shove his cock into April’s mouth, but Duke stopped him.

“Wait! I want her all to myself. When I’m done, you can do what you want. Pour another bottle of beer down her. I want her drunk when we leave.”

The men forced April to drink the beer. She felt herself getting woozy, and knew she was close to passing out. Tears ran down her cheeks as Duke used her. Her insides were fire, but the world around her was foggy and time had slowed. When Duke announced his orgasm with a scream, she barely noticed. She knew she was passed out. Her last thought was, *I hope I die.*