



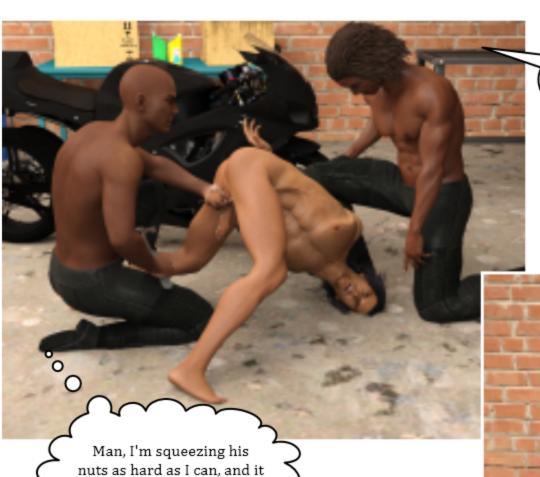


Rico suddenly grabbed a pair of pliers and twisted Terry's nipple, even as Don pinned the muscled young mechanic's arms behind his back and handcuffed him! The combo made Terry shiver, then shoot his load!

Guy has **arms** like fucking **iron**. I think he could snap those cuffs, but fuck, he's getting **off** on this...

Terry shivered and swallowed hard as Rico took the pliers and tortured his nipples and balls with them. He couldn't help himself, and he shot another load of cum all over his abs.



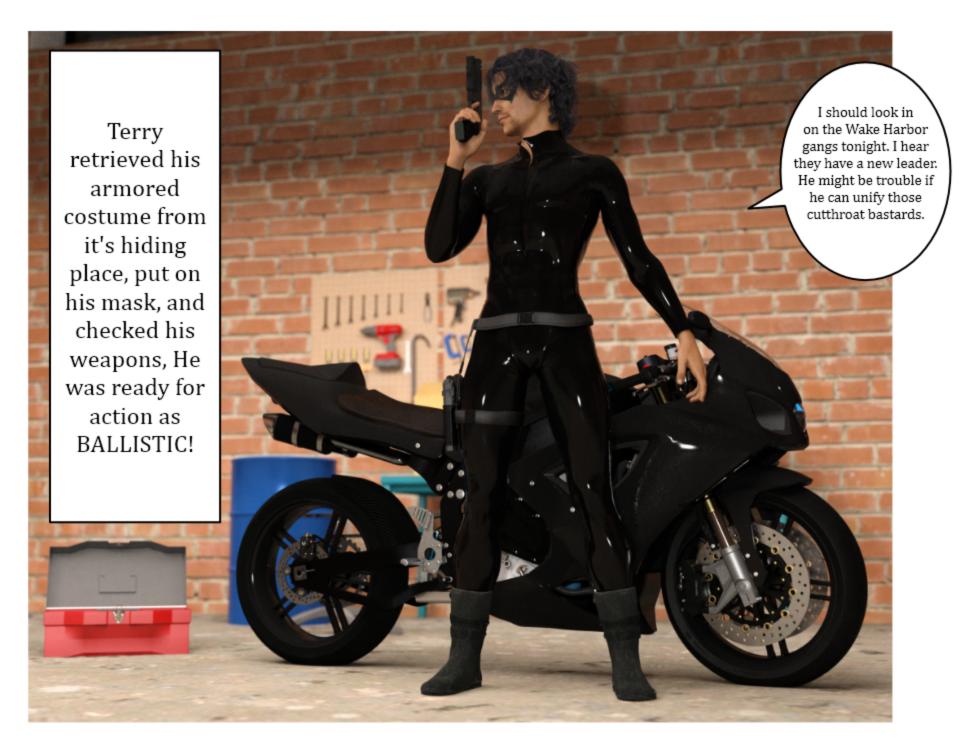


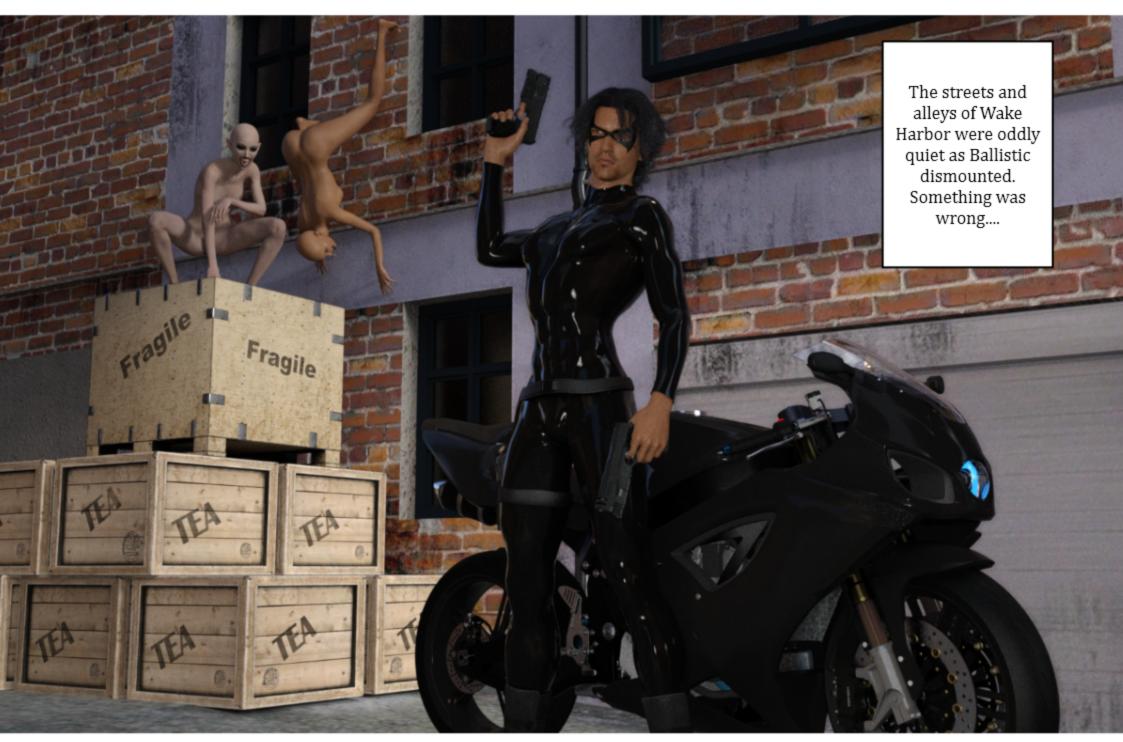
just makes his cock hard!

Better have our money next time, or we'll crush those balls into paste!

After the men left, Terry got cleaned up and found his pants. He cleaned his gun and sighed, then decided to go on patrol.









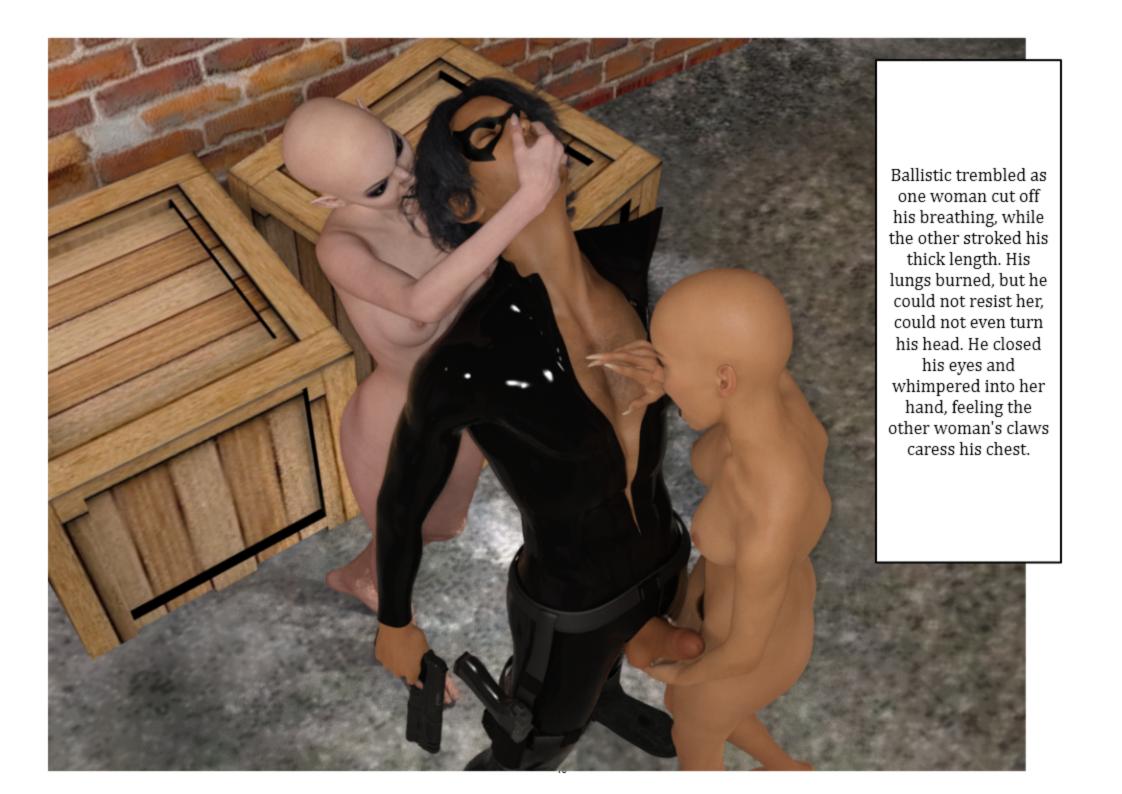




Ballistic staggered back as they both moved in close, and unzipped his costume. Then one slid her long fingers into his hidden seam and pulled his penis out into the air. He was so hard his cock hurt and throbbed, along with his nuts, eager for release. He'd never felt so horny!

> F-fangs? But... oh.. oh fuck I'm so hard... I can barely think....

One woman drew her claw down his face, brining the blood. The other dropped, her cool wet mouth caressing his thick erect cock... until he felt her fangs stroke over his pulsing glans.





They draped the unresisting young hero over his supercycle, and each bent to caress and kiss a part of him, cool tongues and lips kissing and lapping on his fevered, sweatsheened skin.

His cock is so magnificent. Warm, thick, and veined with pulsing life... I must taste him!



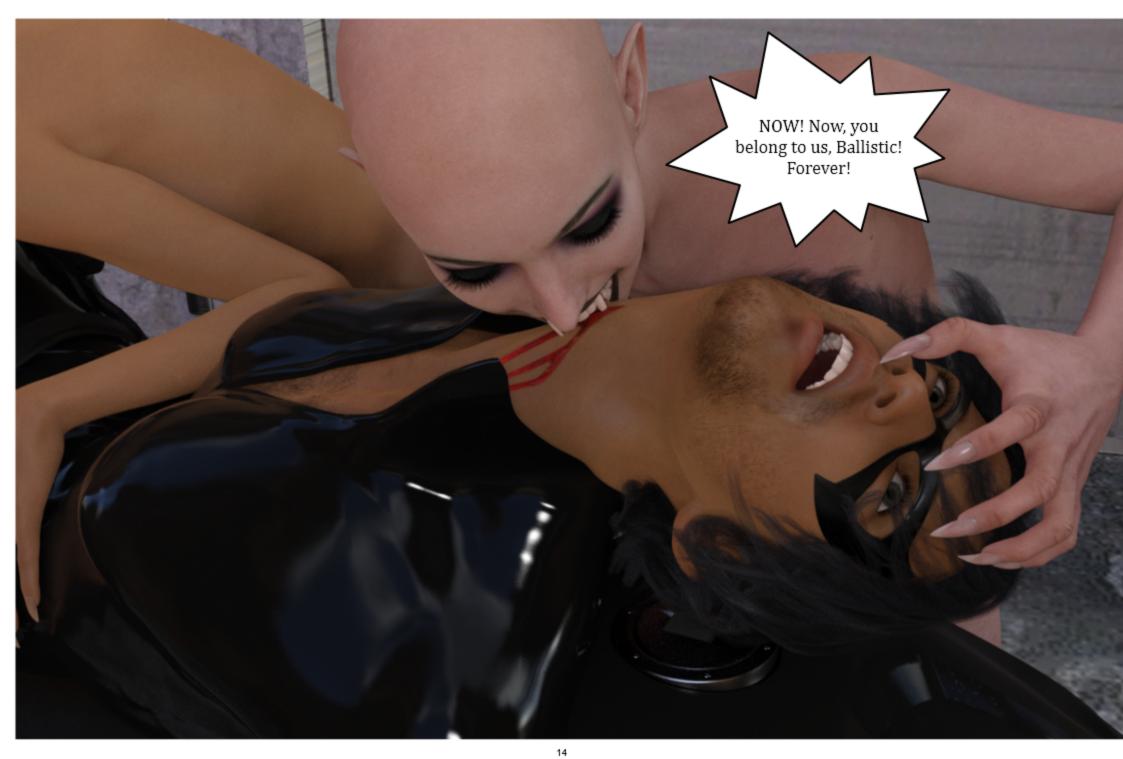


If you are lucky, we will keep you like this, always on the edge of death Helpless and weak, unable to resist our kiss!

My sister will drink deep from you, hero. As will I!

Ballistic screamed as
he felt the next
penetration, fangs
sliding deep into the
shaft of his erect cock.
Cool ivory needles
that this time
plunged deep into the
throbbing veins of his
masculinity!







Suddenly a figure pulled Ballistic off his cycle and away from the women. They followed, unconcerned, licking their lips. New prey was new prey, after all....

Boss wants to see you! Come with us!

Uuugghhh....

Ballistic is taken off to an uncertain fate but it certainly could not be worse than the doom that awaited him in the alley!



This is what I hate about Wake Point. All the damn vampires. Git back! Git!