

Meet Cheery

Something felt off.

A shiver down my spine, a feeling of wrongness, a silent dread. The streets around me were silent, motionless. I turned my head left and right, trying to figure out what was making me feel so uneasy. But nothing. It was like the city was frozen in time – not a single hint of movement all around.

A chill breeze swept over me, made me shudder.

I was just overreacting. With all I'd learned, it wasn't surprising that paranoia had taken root. It was natural.

Just keep walking. Get home and-

Strong arms wrapped around me from behind, one hand clamping a damp cloth over my nose and mouth while the other held me in place.

I tried to scream, to resist. But, no matter how much I struggled, the man's hold on me remained firm. Slowly, terrifyingly, my vision began to darken. In the panic of the moment, I thought I was dying. I fought as hard as I could, tried to get free. But, within just a few seconds, the world went black.

I woke up in a dark place. A room with no windows, only a single glowing lightbulb overhead. My arms and legs were tied to a wooden chair in the middle of the room, bound in place.

It took my mind a few seconds to snap out of my daze.

A basement. I was tied up in someone's basement.

When I tried opening my mouth to scream for help, nothing happened. Duck-tape sealed my lips shut.

Heart racing, a terror unlike anything I'd ever felt before boiling up inside me, I tried to pull myself free of the rope bindings. I tried to fight the knots off my body, struggled and squirmed. All to no avail.

I was trapped.

"Feisty one, ain't she?" A man's voice spoke behind me, amused.

I flinched, tried - and failed - to turn my head around to get a look at my captor. The bindings held my head in place, trapped like a rat in a cage.

"You're awake," a second man's voice said, this one much softer and colder than the first. "Good. Looks like we won't be needing splash your face with a water, then."

"But don't worry," the first man's voice chuckled. "There are plenty of other ways we can get you wet, missy."

I tried to speak. But, thanks to the gag, no words came.

"Right then," the first man said. "Lets get on with it then. I've got places to be and bitches to fuck."

The second man sighed.

What the hell was going on? Where was I? Who were these men?

The Company. It *had* to be.

But *how*? How did they know?

"Lets start with introductions, shall we?" The second man's voice spoke. "You may call me Vaughn. My unsophisticated acquaintance here goes by Buddy. And you, my dear, are Sheryl, are you not?"

The two men circled around from behind me, one on the left, the other on the right. A straight-backed skinny man in a neat, professional business suit. And a bulkier guy whose suit was missing a tie, several buttons undone, with a more relaxed and carefree posture.

"I'm gonna take that gag off," the relaxed man said. "But, just so you know, Vaughn here really isn't a fan of loud noises, are you Vaughn?"

The neat mean shook his head.

"So, if you scream, you'll hurt his poor ears. And, if you hurt him, I'll have to hurt you. Got it?"

Slowly, eyes wide, I nodded my head.

"Good," Buddy smiled.

He walked towards me, leaned down and undid the bindings around my mouth. The saliva-coated rag that'd been preventing me from speaking dropped onto my lap. The temptation to scream was overwhelming but, somehow, I managed to hold back. Instead, I flicked my gaze between the two men.

"You've got the wrong person," I gasped, tears coming easily to my eyes. "My name is Sally! Not Sheryl. Please! You've got the wrong-"

Buddy planted his hands on my knees, leaned down so that we were eye-level with each other.

"What part of 'places to be and bitches to fuck' did you not understand? Cut the shit, Sheryl. We know who you are."

"Indeed we do," the other man – Vaughn – said. "We already know all there is to know about you, ma'am. Where you live, who your parents are, what you had for breakfast this morning, your dreams and aspirations. Everything."

"So," Buddy grinned. "You can make this easy for us, or you can make it fun. But you *will* tell us the truth by the end of it. And if that means we have to do it the fun way, well," he shrugged, eyes roaming up and down my body, "I can think of worse ways to spend an evening. Who'd have thought today's project would be such a hottie, eh Vaughn?"

Good looks, despite common conceptions, were not always a good thing. Sure, I could get dates any time I wanted, and I was never hurting for choice when it came to potential lovers. And having a pretty face with big ol' blue eyes definitely made certain aspects of my job much easier. But, at the same time, being a 'hottie' could lead to situations like this. Being tied up in a basement with two weirdos.

"My name's not Sheryl!" I pleaded. "Please, you've got the wrong person. I swear! It's not me! I-"

Buddy stared hard into my eyes, not believing a word of what I was saying.

"I-"

Behind him, Vaughn looked bored and unamused.

"I'm-"

Oh well, it was worth a try, at least. But it didn't look like these assholes were going to fall for it. They obviously knew who I was, there was no getting around that.

I sighed, stopped my fake crying, sat back in my chair and smirked at my captors.

"You're with the Company," I said. Not a question, a statement of fact.

"That we are," Buddy nodded his head. "And you've been looking into our organisation quite a bit, haven't you Sheryl?"

The cat was out of the bag. Might as well get right into the meat of things. No-doubt, these two thought they could make me disappear like their Company had done to so many others. But I was not some harmless victim. Time to show cards.

"I am a private investigator," I said, voice crystal clear. "Working on unravelling the mysterious disappearances and illegal activities surrounding your *criminal* organisation. I've documented over three dozen unsolved criminal cases that I've linked to your Company, dating right back to its founding by Professor Moriarty and the disappearance of one of his colleagues. Not to mention the 'vanishing' of the entire Delroy family. How do you people even sleep at night?"

"Good question," Buddy said with a shrug. "I find spunking inside a beautiful woman every night helps me get to sleep pretty easily. Would you like a demonstration sometime?"

"You're monsters," I spat. "You ruin countless lives every day, and you like to think you're untouchable. But you're not. I have evidence and allies, and if anything happens to me, my contacts will leak everything I've found to news agencies across the country. Your Company is *done for*."

Buddy looked over his shoulder to his associate.

"What, you didn't think I'd be prepared? That I wasn't aware you'd try to make me 'disappear' too? If I don't report in every few hours, my contacts leak *everything*."

Buddy chuckled; nodded his head to Vaughn, who pulled out a phone.

The neat man walked forward, showed me his phone's screen and played a video he'd loaded up.

Irene – one of my contacts – being fucked from behind by Albert, Irene's boss. An illicit affair that didn't match either of their personalities. The man pounded Irene relentlessly, a smug grin on his face.

"W- why are you showing me this?"

"For all that you might think you know about us," Vaughn said, holding his phone in front of my face. "You are lacking one critical piece of information."

"People think we're killers," Buddy smiled. "That all the people we make disappear are dead in a ditch somewhere. But no, the truth is we're far more practical and fun than that. We don't kill problematic people, we *change* them. Give them new identities, new lives, new loyalties. We alter their minds, make sure they won't cause any more problems for us."

It was impossible. There was no way...

In the video, Albert spanked Irene, told her to look into the camera.

"Them them your name," the man said, voice digitally distorted. "Tell the world who you are, slut."

"Jenny," Irene moaned, tits bouncing beneath her. "My name is Jenny and I'm a whore! Oh *god*, don't stop! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Vaughn turned his phone off.

"You're not going to disappear, Sheryl," Vaughn told her, slipping his phone into one of his suit's pockets. "We're simply going to make you someone new. You'll tell us everything you know about us, give us the names of all your contacts. When all is said and done, you'll become another of the Company's many call girls."

"And," Buddy chimed in, grinning, "who knows, maybe I'll show you *exactly* how I like to sleep at night."

It could be real. It had to be a lie. There was no way-

But it made sense. Mind control. It glued together so many loose ends I'd encountered during my investigation.

For all the missing people, not a single body had ever been found. And the stories I'd heard about the prostitution rings and fiercely loyal Company workers. And how the Company always managed to win over the people it needed to.

It...

"Please," I said, eyes widening as terror gripped my heart. "I won't tell anyone. I'll work for you, I'll help you. Just don't-"

"It's too late for that, my dear," Vaughn said with a shake of his head. "Your hostility towards the Company can not be overlooked. Goodbye, Sheryl Holmes. When next you wake up, it'll be as a better, happier woman."

I sat on Buddy's lap, kissing his neck as he fondled my body.

"Hurry up and put it in, baby," I cooed, "I need you inside me."

The man chuckled, grabbed my ass and squeezed.

"That's not how a good slut asks for cock, Cherry. Try again, only this time, remember your place."

I gasped, shut my eyes and enjoyed the sensation of his hands on me. The feel of his warm fingers digging into my flesh.

"Please Buddy," I moaned into his ear, "please fuck me silly."

"Much better," my client laughed. "Gotta say, I like this you much better than the last one. She was way too self-righteous. Too uptight. A girl's gotta know when to let loose and just enjoy herself, ain't that right?"

"Yes baby," I said, grinding myself on his huge bulge. "I'm so loose baby, please fuck me. I'll do anything you want me to."

"Well," Buddy chuckled, "when you make an offer like that-"

His phone beeped.

"Fuck," Buddy grumbled. "Can't even get a few minutes off to test the merchandise. What's the world coming to?"

He didn't move his hands from my ass, kept kneading it and dry-humping me with his massive bulge.

"Be a doll and check my phone, would you? Pin number is eight, zero, zero, eight. Just read the message out loud."

As soon as he asked me to, I obliged. My hands reached into his pants pocket, only stopping to rub his cock for a second or two, and pulled out his phone. I typed in the pin number, opened the message and read it.

"It's from an unlisted number," I said, smiling as Buddy's fingers moved from my ass to my crotch. "It says; I must thank you Ian Telfer – or Buddy as you call yourself these days – for the information you have unwittingly provided me. Not only have you confirmed several of my suspicions regarding the Company, but you have also revealed your organisation's fundamental weakness to me. A shame I had to sacrifice Sheryl in order to gain this information, but that is the game we play, is it not? I'll be seeing you soon, Mister Telfer."

Buddy's hands froze.

"It's signed with a 'S'. Just the letter, no name."

Without warning, Buddy snatched the phone from my grasp, read the message himself – eyes narrowed at the screen.

"Who's Sheryl?" I found myself asking with a playful smile. "Is she your *girlfriend*? I bet she's not as cute as me."

"She's a pain in my ass," Buddy muttered, tossing his phone aside, eyes on the ceiling above us. "Shit."

He looked upset. Or at least annoyed. I pursed my lips, thought of how best to make him happy. It was, after all, my job to please my clients.

Smiling, I climbed off Buddy's lap and sank to the floor in front of him.

Tugging down his trousers, I couldn't help but grin.

Yes, I knew *exactly* what'd cheer Buddy up.