



## STILETTO By ARGUS

Copyright resides with author

### Chapter One

I was sitting back in my chair, long black stiletto heels propped on the windowsill when Mrs. Shapiro opened the door - without knocking - and treated me to one of her sour looks of disapproval.

I once read in a college text how executives got paid for thinking. The book had sternly advised that just because an executive didn't seem to be doing anything didn't mean they weren't making productive use of their time.

I'm not an executive, unfortunately, but I figured the theory was valid. And even if not I could make an argument for it.

After all, the only people at Florenzi, Carruthers and Miller who had their own offices were the partners and the senior lawyers. The rest were stuck out in the open office, or if they were lucky, in between those divider things, living out their lives in little square boxes.

I'd come to possess my own small office after convincing Florenzi that the "confidential" information I was gathering, and the methods I used to gather it ought to have the protection of solid walls. So in my mind, if no one else, that made me a sort of honorary big shot type person.

Mrs. Shapiro didn't like that at all. In her orderly world there were the senior lawyers she fawned over, the junior lawyers she ignored, and the "girls" she ruled over. I fit in nowhere. She didn't like my attitude, didn't like my clothes, and really didn't like my independence.

She didn't like me either, to be truthful.

I'd been treated to every one of the many variations of her sour looks over my first few weeks here, and after four years was pretty much immune. I don't even actively dislike her any more. She's a pest, but a minor one. Into each life a little Shapiro must fall.

"Something I can do for you, Mrs. Shapiro?" I asked sweetly, hardly turning my head from studying the impressively phallic buildings of the Financial District.

I made a small bet with myself and let my heels slip a few inches apart on the window sill.

"Mister Florenzi would like to see you in his office now," she said sternly.

"About time. It's nearly four."

"Perhaps you've forgotten you work for him and not the other way around, Miss Romano," she said stiffly.

I eased my heels a little further apart.

"I hope you know that half the perverts in the city can see right up your skirt like that!" she snapped.

I smiled at the predictability of life.

"I'm hoping for it," I said cheerily.

The door slammed behind me.

I let my heels drop to the floor then stood up, picked up the file and tape, then paused to check myself in the mirror. Mrs. Shapiro would disagree but I figured I was presentable enough.

I locked the door behind me and headed up the hall to Florenzi's room, yawning a little. It had been a late night, and I don't mean partying.

Partying I can take. Sitting in an old van watching a door for eight hours is something else again. Mrs. Shapiro would never credit how much energy you could lose doing absolutely nothing.

Actually, hall is a misnomer. Florenzi et al took up the whole floor. The middle of the floor held the library, kitchen, some consultation rooms, supply room, photocopy machines, etc. The actual offices circled the outside of the building, hogging the windows. Between them were the serfs; the law clerks, researchers and secretaries, desks shoved together with little discernable pattern except an aisle to pass through them.

I walked through masses of primly dressed young women hurrying to finish off letters and reports so they could head home, ignoring the leers from a few of the younger lawyers along the way.

I arrived at Mrs. Shapiro's small "office", behind the dividers blocking free access to Florenzi's office. She looked me up and down with disapproval, but picked up the phone to tell Florenzi I was there.

My first day at work she'd sternly informed me of the dress code. It had been designed back when Methuselah was in kindergarten, and nobody, including Mrs. Shapiro, had seen any reason to change it. It called for subdued colors, long skirts, nothing tight, nothing revealing, nothing - well, you get the idea.

I'd just quit The Job then, the NYPD, and had actually, for the first time in my life, wanted to look and behave like a normal person. I was on my best behaviour, and had gone along with her, even putting up with her overbearing attitude and snide little comments.

That hadn't lasted long. My patience never does. Turned out the rules were for legal secretaries, receptionists and law clerks. Nobody had thought of female lawyers back then, I suppose. Not that it mattered, since Florenzi didn't have any now either.

But since my particular position hadn't been defined I'd decided I wasn't covered. Sure it was a technicality, but hell, if you couldn't use technicalities with lawyers who could you use them with?

I wore a nice suede mini dress to work one day. It was a lovely shade of blue and went well with my black hair. It wasn't even that short you'd expect it to send someone into apoplexy over - if you didn't know Mrs. Shapiro.

I'd argued that with all the time I spent on surveillance I had to sometimes adapt the way I looked to blend in. I don't think Florenzi really bought it so

much as liked to look at my legs. But he'd backed me up. I wasn't in the rules so I could wear what I wanted "within reason".

Mrs. Shapiro and I had been at war ever since, and so far I'd won most of the big ones.

At the moment I was wearing a dark blue silk blouse and a black leather miniskirt with very high stiletto heels. Mrs. Florenzi had gone ballistic the first time I'd worn the skirt, but I'd convinced Florenzi it gave me a kind of rakish look that would reassure clients about how streetwise I was.

I like leather - a lot. It's not like it's a fetish or anything (well, some of it is). I just think I look good in it. I like the feel of it against me, like how it keeps out the cold and rain, and like how it lasts. I've got leather and suede jackets, coats, shirts, skirts, pants, and everything else in every color of the rainbow.

I don't actually have a lot of minis. Truthfully they can be a pain since they draw attention I often don't want. I wear them now and then to remind Mrs. Shapiro - and everyone else - that I can, and because I have great legs and, well, I guess I like to show them off. Plus, the skirt is useful for distracting men, at times, like my boss.

Bunch of stiff in this place, really, from top to bottom. There's a few that are okay, but most of the men are moneygrubbing, backstabbing jerks, and most of the women are either stodgy old prudes or flittery young things trying desperately to hook a husband.

"He'll see you now, Miss Romano," Shapiro said, managing to make my name sound like an insult.

"Thanks, honey," I said, going through before she had time for an outraged reply.

Florenzi stared at my legs, like he always did. He was a tough, savvy guy, but I had long since discovered his weakness for legs. Don't get me wrong, he loved all parts of the female body, but legs were his weakness. He was sitting behind a huge greenish marble desk. Across from him was a round faced balding man of middle years in a blue pinstriped suit.

I hate pinstripes.

"This is Ms. Romano," Florenzi said. "Our investigator. She used to be a detective with the New York Police Department."

He'd neglected to introduce the man but I knew who he was, of course.

"Mr. Torrieri," I said, holding out my hand.

He pulled his eyes off my legs and shook as if surprised I'd offered. His grip was soft, weak and sweaty.

"Ms. Romano has some good news for you," Florenzi said jovially.

"For what you're charging me I should hope so," Torrieri said in Italian.

"You get what you pay for, my friend," Florenzi replied with a broad smile.

Florenzi had made a lot of money sucking up to the Italian community over the past forty years. He was fourth generation American and had had to go to school to learn Italian after law school. They hadn't taught marketing in law schools back then but Florenzi was a natural. He wasn't a great lawyer but he was a hell of a salesman.

Torrieri owned a shipping company, which was why Florenzi had involved himself in this minor case involving one of Torrieri's helicopters.

The helicopter, one of a fleet he ran, had made a forced landing on the helipad at the World Trade Center. Ten of the passengers were suing, claiming a variety of back and neck injuries were worth about forty million dollars in total.

I had a formal written report, but I'd learned the clients loved TV, especially those like Torrieri who, despite being quite shrewd, weren't all that sophisticated.

"I've spent the last couple of weeks watching these people suing you, Mr. Torrieri," I said in Italian. "I think you'll appreciate what I've discovered."

I opened the cabinet across from them and popped the tape into the VCR, then turned on the TV and moved to stand behind them as they turned to the screen. I opened the file and laid a picture on the desk between them.

"Michael Mullaly, back injury keeps him in constant pain." I picked up the statement Mullaly had made and started to read from it. "Since the accident I have been in near constant pain which my doctors have been unable to significantly control. I cannot concentrate on my work and have had to take many days off, using up all my sick leave. I spend most of my time at home laying in my bed with cold compresses against my back in an effort to ease the pain..."

On the TV Mullaly was playing football with some friends. He jumped up to catch a pass, then dodged in and out among tacklers before being brought down heavily. He got up, laughing and high fived another of the men.

And so it went. Nancy Shaver who could hardly move her neck was watching tennis, clearly having no difficulty moving her head from side to side. She then went swimming. Peter Fernandez had a bad back much like Mullaly's but was working on his roof, bending and stopping, hammering and pulling. Paul Schiffler's spinal cord injury hadn't stopped him from playing handball, nor lifting in a big screen TV left in front of his door.

"You're lucky the idiot delivery guys left that out front," Florenzi said with a snort.

"I paid them a hundred bucks to. It's in my expense claims."

He laughed, as did Torrieri, who was in a much better mood now than he had been when he came in.

And then came the piece de resistance, and Torrieri frowned at the sight of Jason Dunning sitting at a table with a tall, bone-thin man. Dunning was the helicopter pilot.

"This is Jason Dunning, the pilot who was flying the helicopter," I said.

"What's he doing here?" Torrieri said in surprise.

"You know that guy?"

He leaned forward and shook his head slowly.

"The name Peter Worcowski ring a bell?"

"The sonovabitch lawyer suing me?"

"Yup."

"What was Dunning doing talking to him?"

"Just wait."

The next scene had Worcowski talking with Shaver in her doorway. Then there was one of Worcowski talking with Fernandez. The camera panned over the building, then back to the door.

Several shots later Torrieri was impatiently shaking his head.

"I don't get it," he snapped.

"These people suing you are supposed to be lawyers, architects and business executives, people with big earning power who can afford to ride helicopters.

They're not. Most of them are unemployed. My guess is Worcowski paid for their tickets. He's Dunning's brother in law, by the way."

"Figlio di Puttana!"

Florenzi beamed approvingly.

"What's the insurance company been saying? Settle for a half million apiece? Worcowski would scoop half that. Not a bad little scheme."

Torrieri got over his outrage quickly and jumped up to give me a delighted hug.

"How much do you pay this little girl, Riccardo?" he demanded.

"Too much."

"Not enough! You give her a big bonus for this!"

"Of course, Pietro. Of course."

We saw him off, all smiles, then I held out my hand expectantly. Florenzi shook it.

"No bonus...Riccardo?" I asked sarcastically.

"Don't get snotty, you," he said, his eyes dropping to my legs.

He took my hand as he moved back to his desk and sat down, then pulled me onto his lap and let his right hand stroke my inner thigh.

"You have such soft skin," he said with a sigh.

"Is that why you hired me, Riccardo?" I teased.

His hand slid up beneath my skirt and I obligingly eased my legs wider.

"I hired you because you're good at your job," he said, his fingers reaching the outline of my thong, stroking along the narrow indentation of my slit through the soft silk.

"And?" I asked sweetly.

"Because you're Italian, of course."

He looked down the front of my shirt as his finger traced the line of my sex.

"And because you like my legs."

"And because you have a mouth like a vacuum cleaner, you little slut," he said with a grin.

"I don't think Mrs. Shapiro would like to hear you say that," I said mockingly.

"Spread your legs."

I eased my legs wider and he squeezed my sex gently, then tugged down on my thong. I lifted my buttocks so it could slip out, and he pulled them down my legs and over my boots. I had my hair removed by laser from ankle to belly years ago, and I was completely hairless as he palmed my sex and let his fingers rub along my slit.

I could feel him harden under my ass while his finger pushed against my entrance and slipped inside. He was older than my father, but he had incredibly talented hands, and I shuddered weakly as his long, agile finger probed deep inside me and his thumb began to rub at my clit.

"Dirty old man," I sighed.

"Hot little slut," he replied.

He leaned in and chewed at the nape of my neck.

"What about my bonus?" I groaned.

"I'll give you a bonus," he growled.

He pushed a second finger inside me and began to pump them in and out. His thumb never stopped rubbing at my clit, which had quickly swelled with heat, and was growing more and more tender with each passing second.

"Open your shirt. Show me your tits!" he said, panting for breath.

I undid my buttons as his left hand slid through my silky hair and pulled my head back. I pulled the shirt open then undid the clip between my bra cups. Florenzi yanked my head back hard to make my back arch, and I let out a soft, guttural cry of pain. My hips were working against his fingers, grinding against them as the heat inside me built up rapidly.

I felt him licking at my stiff nipples as I stared, my head upside down, at the cabinet next to his wall. I was breathing in short, sharp little gasps and pants as he closed his mouth around the centre of one breast and then bit in, his teeth closing harder and harder against the soft, warm flesh, his tongue whipping back and forth against the rigid little button of my nipple as the

pain mounted.

He pushed a third finger inside me, then a fourth, pumping them steadily, thrusting hard, jamming them into me and twisting his hand from side to side. His thumb was a blur against my clit as I forced my lips tightly together to hide the moan of pain. His teeth closed even harder around the centre of my breast so that the flesh throbbed and hurt. He was sucking now, sucking with his whole mouth as his tongue worked on my nipple and his teeth clamped tighter and tighter.

He was pulling harder on my hair, so that my head was forced even further down, and my hips lifted to compensate. His fingers were stabbing into my sex and I was gasping and panting and moaning deep in my throat.

His teeth released and I moaned in relief, but they then bit into my other nipple so I had to let out a soft cry of pain. They bit again, and again, gently compared to how hard he had bitten my other breast. Then he opened his mouth wide once more and bit into my breast as his tongue whipped across my other nipple.

I came, the world spinning around me as the rush of sensory pleasure went into overload and I became a helpless, spastic mass of animal reflexes dancing to the tune of his fingers and mouth. My hips bucked violently, grinding and twisting from side to side as I made gurgling, moaning sounds through my tightly closed lips.

He dumped me off his lap, and I rolled and hit the heavily cushioned floor with a dazed look in my eyes. He thrust his chair back and I felt his hands on my hips, yanking them up and spreading my legs. I groaned dazedly, trying to push myself up as he forced my leather skirt up over my buttocks. Then he entered me, hard, the way he always down, ramming himself in to the hilt in a single thrust that made me cry out.

I've to get him to do thing soft - occasionally, when the heat isn't on us, but he ignores me. He mounted me like a dog riding its bitch, and with just about as much finesse, slamming himself into my overheated pussy to the balls in a single stroke, then immediately starting to pump. He jammed his hips against me, jerking up on my hips, going into immediate overdrive as I grunted and moaned in front of him.

I pushed my chest up off the rug but he pushed me down again, then grabbed my hair and yanked it back and down, his fist against the back of my neck as he held me in position. His other hand reached beneath and filled itself with my breast, squeezing it hard, kneading it painfully as his hips rammed into my ass and his cock pistoned in and out of me. His initial penetration had hurt, even though I was wet and ready, but my pussy was starting to enjoy the ride now and I felt the surge of heat rising within me.

My cheek was flat against the pricey Persian rug as my backside was hit again and again by the heavy impact of his suited hips, and I grunted softly, loving the way some men simply took me, riding me like a whore, using me for their pleasure. I loved being overwhelmed by male power. Florenzi wasn't physically strong, but he was a wealthy and powerful man, and that had its own appeal.

He twisted his fingers in my hair, pulling it back again. My chin was on the rug again, because while he was pulling back he was pulling down, his knuckles jamming into the back of my neck. I knew the image I presented, ass high, chest down, and that aroused me, as well. I was a helpless recipient of his male sexual excitement. It was degrading, and a dark side of my mind loved degradation, loved being used.

My body shook to the hard blows of his hips, and his cock sawed furiously in and out between the soft lips of my sex, plunging through the moist pink tissue of my pussy with every stroke, burrowing down the centre of my belly, the centre of my soul, forcing the elastic flesh aside like a knife cutting through me.

My position was completely submissive, which appealed to a powerful man like Florenzi, and it also left me completely open to the deepest possible penetration. Florenzi had a nice sized cock, and I loved being deeply penetrated. This position also let his cock ride over my G-spot with every stroke, and my eyes were starting to roll as that squishy sensation started to overcome me and I felt myself melting.

My breaths were sharp, short little gasps now, with every stroke of his cock, and I moaned low in my throat as another orgasm built up atop me. I reached back between my legs and let my finger rub at my clit, and that did it. I exploded, gurgling madly as I rode through the thundering waves of sensual rapture, my body jarred violently by every blow of his hips against my now sore bottom.

I didn't sense him moving faster. He just - stopped, all of a sudden, spent. I knew he had come inside me, knew that my spasming pussy had sucked down the thick creamy results of his excitement, and felt a woman's sense of accomplishment at that even as he moved back. I heard the sound of tissues being yanked from a box, then his zipper drawn up, and the grunt as he got to his feet.

I stayed where I was for a moment, ass raised high, then let myself roll onto my side. Eyes closed, I slid a hand down to my pussy and squeezed it as my heartbeat began to ease.

"You'll get your bonus," he said a little breathlessly. "And another job, too."

I rolled onto my back as he sat down heavily. "A problem that is not strictly work related."

I sat up with a groan and ran a hand through my hair. It felt messy. It probably had that "just been fucked" look. Luckily Florenzi's office had a private bathroom.

"I want you to try to seduce a boy who's going out with my daughter," he said.

I was pulling my bra together, and looked up at that. "What are you, kidding me?"

"It's no joke. This miserable little pissant has convinced my daughter Francesca that she's in love with him, and I don't trust him at all. He never wants to meet her family and I know nothing about him. I want you to run a check on him. Find out everything you can about his background and his family. And then I want you to seduce him."

"Why?"

"To show my daughter he is disloyal, of course."

I snorted as I stood up. "You have a mistress you keep in her own apartment, and then there's me - you cheat on your wife all the time."

"That's me. And I don't cheat on her with just anyone. Glenda is a lovely woman, and so is Irene. They just have different - talents."

"Yeah, Glenda can raise kids and not embarrass you. Irene has a knockout body and fucks like a rabbit."

"I respect Glenda and I love her. I would do nothing to hurt her. I want to make sure this young man is respectful to Francesca."

"What's his name?" I asked, tucking my blouse back into my skirt.

"Khalil," he said in disgust.

"That's an Arab name," I said in surprise.

He glowered at me.

## Chapter Two

Mrs. Shapiro glared daggers at me as I passed but I ignored her. I knew the thought of me fucking her boss hadn't even entered her mind. Mr. Florenzi was a saint, or as much of a saint as the Jews ever had. Shapiro would never believe for an instant he would do anything so disgusting, especially with a girl of my dubious morality.

Much of the rest of the office had already cleared out as I passed through it. I usually like to be the first one out the door. Mrs. Shapiro has a straight line of sight to the elevators and makes sure nobody but the senior lawyers leave before four, so it bugs everyone when I breeze past at two or three.

I don't like to make it sound as though I enjoy getting on people's nerves. I guess, though, that I often do act quite the bitch around these people. I don't blame them for getting ticked off at me. Nobody likes people who flout the rules they can't.

My parents came off the boat - literally - with me in their arms. I was a year old at the time. They're strict Italians from Tuscany, and they raised me to be a good, polite Catholic girl.

Or at least, tried to. Five brothers and growing up in the Bronx almost guaranteed I'd be something of a tomboy. That changed a little when I hit puberty. But then came the most pivotal event of my life. I missed the bus to school and a next door neighbor offered to drive me. I was fifteen. He was thirty-three, and had a Harley Davidson.

Nothing happened, of course, but try to tell that to all the shocked, admiring girls who saw him drop me off near the gym door. For the first time in my life people thought of me as a "bad" girl, and I found I loved it. I never even tried to deny he was my boyfriend.

From then on I gloried in being the baddest girl at school, putting on an act which became progressively more real as I began to hang around with, naturally enough, the baddest of the boys.

I don't claim to have gotten through high school a virgin, but I never really was the slut a lot of the straighter laced kids thought I was. I kind of liked the looks I got, though, the kind of reverential way boys treated me. Hey, I might have been a slut in their eyes, but I was a "cool" slut. I even carried a switchblade in the pocket of my leather jacket.

I'd begun my flirtation with leather about then simply because it helped create the image I had wanted. I probably hang on to it as much from memories of then as practical reasons.

Plus, hey, I look hot in it.

I grabbed my coat, soft black nappa leather, but quite conservative in its length and cut, stuffed the reports into my desk, then left, sticking my tongue out at Mrs. Shapiro just before I stepped into the elevator.

My tires squealed as I pulled out of the garage, headed for my fitness club. A taxi cut me off and I cursed him as I swerved to the side. I drive a Saturn with a modified engine. Why? Because it's very anonymous, and because the plastic panels are easy to replace. I tend to accumulate a lot of little scratches and dents otherwise.

It's not a cheap car, though. The seats are leather and I have all the little extras except the sun roof - which I've never much liked. Sun in my face was not conducive to good driving. I could have afforded better. Shapiro paid well, but not outrageously so. If he did the office would be bound to find out. No, my real pay comes in the form of bonuses for work well-done, some of it detective work, some of it the spread-your-legs kind.

I'm not ashamed of that. I have a hot body in more ways than one. I love sex, hot, nasty, sometimes rough, wicked wild animal sex. Not that I was opposed to slow and tender - with someone I cared for, but I really got off on the kinky side, on doing what I wasn't supposed to. I'd always been that way, the bad girl. I liked sex with Florenzi, so why shouldn't I get paid as well?

I parked in a spot someone leaving for the day had just vacated, then hurried inside with my gym bag. I was hardly the only one. Plenty of people were stopping by for an after-work workout. The locker room was crowded, but they were all headed back outside to exercise. I headed the other way, up a short flight of curving stairs to the hot tub.

The hot tub occupied a small round room at the top of the stairs. It was about fifteen feet across with signs warning against nudity plastered all over. On the far side a staircase led down to the mens locker room - hence the signs.

I slipped into the water slowly, gasping at the heat, then sat back with a sigh of relief, letting the hot water work on sore muscles.

After two weeks of surveillance, sitting in cramped cars and vans watching and waiting, always with the camera ready to catch something, this was the least I owed myself.

I cheered myself with how pleased Florenzi had been. That meant I was indispensable for at least another month.

He'd originally hired me when I was in law school. I'd started taking classes while on the force. Then, after a final run-in with an anally retentive captain

that had ended with his bowling ball going through his window and then through the window of a parked blue and white below I'd decided to try law school full time.

Don't get me wrong, I'd loved a lot about being a cop. I loved the action, the constant sense that something interesting was around every corner. What I'd hated was the paperwork, the macho attitude of too many of the guys, and the bureaucracy, the rule makers, the dweebs like that captain.

I wasn't the bad girl I had been in high school but my attitude was still hopelessly rebellious towards those I considered idiots.

That included most everyone over the rank of sergeant, and most of the civilians I had to deal with on a daily basis. It also included most of the people at law school - which was why I never did finish, and most of the people at work, which is why my existence there isn't entirely assured, and why sexually pleasing Florenzi was a good idea even on top of the bonus money.

I'd convinced Florenzi he needed an in-house investigator, but I didn't exactly fit in with their image there. Florenzi is a sexist, for one thing, so there are no female lawyers at the firm. I tend to get irritated fairly quickly when in close contact with a lot of the lawyers too - and hiding my feelings isn't a strong point.

And there aren't a lot of positions out there for a girl who's been tossed out of high school - twice, left the force just ahead of being kicked out, then dropped out of law school.

I swished my legs around in the water, feeling the heat penetrating deep, imagining I could feel my muscles loosening up.

Florenzi probably had one of these in his home, the lucky bastard. If I'd continued at law school...

But I hadn't. Couldn't. The only thing that really interested me was criminal law, and I couldn't stand most of the soft headed idiots who were my classmates. The thought of working around them for the rest of my life hadn't given me much enthusiasm.

Here's the thing: I'm blue collar to the core. And after five years on the job with the NYPD it's almost impossible not to look at these guys as clowns and mutts. How many of them have looked at decapitated hookers in rooms painted with blood? How many of them have had to tell parents their kids are dead? How many have ran down dark alleys chasing dealers and pimps or wrestled with drunks among the tables of a bar?

I don't care if you come from Westchester or Harlem. A couple of years on

the job and your life attitude changes permanently.

Not that I'd exactly had a good attitude to begin with.

Unfortunately, a couple of years in law school tends to have an effect too, especially if you've got a photographic memory and devour books like a sponge. A lot of the guys I grew up with now seem a little...crude maybe, and simple in the way they look at things.

I heard voices approaching the stairs on the mens' side and looked up at the clock resentfully. It was only a quarter to five. You'd think they could exercise for a little while longer.

I got up and slipped down the stairs, not being in any kind of mood for verbal jousting with guys.

You can't NOT talk to someone in a hot tub. It's the opposite of elevators. And too many guys think fitness clubs are there for them to scope the women. While there are times I appreciate the attention tonight wasn't one of them. This was my first free night with no surveillance and I was looking to party hearty.

My apartment is basically a gift from Florenzi - another bonus, if you will. One of the companies the law firm has controlling interest in owns the building. With New York's bizarre rent controls being the way they were the place had rented for three hundred a month when I'd found it. The previous tenant had been there for decades, of course, and the way rent control works it should have gone up to something approaching market price when she left - died. That would probably be about four thousand a month.

But someone had "forgot" to change the rent, after a word in their ear from Florenzi. The great part is that it was now impossible for them to do so. I'd been here a year. I was the tenant of record, they were limited to the same small inflation increases they'd been able to give the previous tenant - forever. It was on the thirty ninth floor in midtown Manhattan, had a huge living room cherrywood floors and a mirrored wall making it seem even larger, a big, enclosed balcony, a gigantic bedroom, and a terrific view of central park and the high-rises around it.

I showered and changed quickly, then headed out to party at Nero's.

Nero's was a nightclub of sorts. You had to take out a membership, and it tried to imitate a Roman setting, all very decadent in every way. It was dark, the music was loud, and the lights and smoke generators made it hard to see a lot beyond your own table. I dressed in a very short, tight, shimmery silver dress completely open on both sides but for thin silver chains holding the front and back together.

It came with a lone ranger style silver mask which was de rigeur at Nero's, where people could hope to lose their inhibitions without losing their reputations. Max was one of the regulars. I'd met him there a year earlier. I didn't know his last name and he didn't know mine. He was about forty, tall, with a solidly built body, a big cock and a love of pills that gave him a lot of staying power.

Was he married? Maybe with kids? I didn't know and didn't ask. This was recreation, not romance, unwinding, not life planning. He was wearing leather pants and a leather vest that left his arms and shoulders bare. He took me into his arms as soon as we saw each other, and his hands slid quickly down onto my butt and squeezed comfortably as our tongues slid together.

He bought me a drink, and we danced. Our bodies moved together, my breasts pillowing out against his chest repeatedly, his hands caressing my back or bottom, sliding up under the short skirt to rub my bare buttocks. A lot of people were doing the same around us, but that was part of the excitement. I was a bit of an exhibitionist, and knowing others were watching his hands on my bare ass was a kinky thrill.

I had no underwear on, not even a G-string, and when his fingers slipped up under the skirt they found my sex ready and hot, and I felt a series of powerful spasms running up through my belly as he stroked his work-roughened fingers along my bare slit. He teased me, he taunted me, he aroused me with his lips and his fingers and his body. I ran my hands up and down his powerful arms, squeezing and caressing his biceps, and ground my pelvis into him to feel his bulge against my sex.

We sat and necked, and talked and petted, and drank, and danced again and again as the night wore on.

Then he danced me to the wall and pushed me up against it, then pinned my wrists together above my head, smiling at me below his mask. His other hand went under my skirt, and I moaned as he began to masturbate me. Again, it was a wild, kinky thrill quite apart from the feeling of his talented fingers against my body. There were people moving around us, some dancing, some walking, and eyes slid over us as he stood back at arms length, his hand under my skirt, moving in a way which made it quite obvious what he was doing.

I was embarrassed, face red, but the embarrassment wasn't able to hold off the incredible sense of excitement and wild sexual thrill rippling through my body. I couldn't meet the eyes of anyone around us but I could sense them in my peripheral vision, shifting my eyes away in embarrassment even while I hot, nasty thrill of shock struck me in the gut every time someone new moved past.

The wall had a low, six inch wide ledge at chest height for people to place their drinks as they chatted. It meant my back was arched as Max pressed my wrists firmly against the wall above my head and held it, and my hardening nipples pushed out very obviously against my dress as my chest began to rise and fall with my quickening breaths.

Max had his whole hand under my skirt, and I felt his fingers penetrate me. I was feeling wilder and wilder, because he had never been quite this blatant for quite this long, not out in the relative open as we were. Sure it was dark, and the lights were flashing the noise was incredible, and we were hip deep in all that fake fog shit, but we weren't invisible. I felt like an absolute slut - but in a good way, if you catch my meaning.

His thumb was stroking across my clit in urgent little movements as his fingers pumped inside me, and I was getting too hot to care about my dignity or pride, making soft little gasping, moaning sounds as my buttocks ground against the wall behind me.

His body was against me, suddenly, crushing me against the wall, his lips on mine, his tongue thrusting into my mouth. His fingers were still thrusting up into me in an almost painful way as our tongues slid wetly together. He eased his hand out from between my legs and my hips gave a bucking motion as if to reach his fingers again. His hand caressed my bare hip, then unclipped one of the chains there.

He'd already undone the lower chains. Now his hand slid up to my waist and undid the chain there, then up higher, unclipping the chain at the side of my chest. My eyes flicked from side to side, my vision a little blurry, my eyes wild, the alcohol fogging my brain a bit. He undid the chains on the left side, and my dress became little more than two towels held together by the chains over my shoulders.

His hand slid between my legs again and I shuddered as I felt his fingers push up inside me. He leaned in, kissing and chewing and biting softly at the nape of my neck, across my throat. His body pressed against me again, his powerful chest squeezing my breasts between us as his mouth pressed against mine and he tried to devour me.

Then he eased back, and I felt my dress sliding down my body front and back. He had undone the final chains, and I let out a stunned gasp, my eyes going wide as my hands jerked in his grasp, trying to grab at the dress.

"Max! No!"

But my words were drowned out by the pounding music, and then Max's mouth was pressed against mine again as he held me in place. I was completely naked, and shocked into immobility. A lifetime of ingrained habit

made my mind squirm in embarrassment and caused my skin to flash red. But a ballooning shockwave of raw, carnal heat did much to lessen my reaction.

People walked past, danced around us. Men and women let their eyes wander over us, not at all hiding their interest. Nudity and open sex were not the norm here, but not terribly unusual either. There was always some exhibitionist or other wanting to test their limits. I'd just never thought of myself as one of them. The mask suddenly felt ten times its size, and I felt a strange degree of comfort behind it.

Still, my mind was fluttering wildly, like a hummingbird in a cage, swirling and twirling in shock and indecision, not knowing how to cope, what to think, how to react as my blood pressure shot up and hot sensual need surged through my veins and raced over my body.

My nipples were indecently swollen, fat and long and hard, pulsing, stinging with every sensation, with need and want and desperate for any touch.

But my embarrassment was still causing my mind to squirm, and making me try to hide my reaction, my heat, my need and lust and want.

And then, suddenly, there were two more men there flanking him, and I recognized them. Tommy and Dave. I knew them both. I'd had sex with them both. Tommy was an account executive with a Madison avenue advertising company, tall, lithe, and almost too pretty to be a man. Dave was a corporate marketer, all slick talk and smooth moves. They pressed their shoulders to the wall on either side of me and then took my wrists from Max, spreading them further apart, and letting Max use both hands on me.

I whimpered, frightened, anxious, embarrassed, uncertain. But I was wildly aroused. I loved to be dominated, loved to be used, and that was what was happening. I had no say in what was happening, and people were watching all around. Tommy and Dave each held my arm with one hand, and let their other hands cup, knead and caress my breasts. Tommy was plucking at my nipple, pinching and tugging it. Dave was rolling my other nipple between his thumb and forefinger.

And Max slid slowly down my body, his tongue twisting and turning over my skin, his mouth biting lightly but firmly at my belly as though he was going to - eat me.

I was literally trembling with excitement at this point, even while I was quaking in my stiletto heeled boots in anxiety, worried about what they would do, how far they would go.

Max chewed at my belly, licked at my abdomen, and left little bites on my

flesh as he slid his hands down my hips and spread my legs apart.

More people were watching. You were supposed to pretend not to notice such things, it was uncool to stare. But the sight must have been especially exciting, for men and couples were dancing closer, finding reasons to stand near, their eyes hidden behind their masks as they watched the three men paw and fondle me.

Tommy pressed my arm along the ledge and then leaned on it with his elbow. That left his hand free to grab my hair and force my head back so he could bite at the nape of my neck. Dave did the same a moment later, and I felt his fingers in my hair twisting my head towards him and away from Tommy. His mouth met mine, his tongue thrusting through my lips as Tommy took the centre of my right breast into his mouth and began to suck.

Max pushed his face into my groin and took my pussy into his mouth. I could feel the heat of his mouth against my entire sex as his tongue slid along my slit and his teeth closed on my flesh. I moaned as he squeezed my buttocks, and my hips gave a sharp, helpless jerk against him as Tommy pulled on my hair to turn back towards him, and pressed his own mouth against mine.

Dave licked my left nipple, then sucked it into his mouth, pulling my areola with it, and then a good chunk of the center of my breast. He closed his teeth, gnawing on my flesh as he sucked, and Max pulled my legs wider and began to tongue my clit.

I was on a wild thrill-ride out of control. I babbled and gasped and moaned and yelped and stuttered, but I don't think I was capable of coherent thought, much less speech, and when Max really started to work on my pussy with his expert tongue what passed for my mind just twirled off into oblivion. I started bucking and rutting against him, my hips bouncing, my body overloaded with sexual signals and stimulation. I couldn't control myself, and they all knew it.

And then Max slid up my body to loom over me, and I felt his cock against my pussy. He had opened the front of his leather pants, and now squatted and thrust himself at my dripping pussy. I reeled drunkenly as the other two spread my legs and lifted me, and then Max's big cock slid right up into my pussy as half the club watched.

I let out a confused cry of pleasure and shock, then melted against him as his big hands picked up my ass and lifted me into his arms. My own arms were released, and my hands slid over his shoulders as he drove himself balls-deep into my spasming pussy. A small, continuous orgasm was setting my body into a churning maelstrom. I closed my legs around him and started to ride him like a bitch in heat as his hands held me easily up against him. I worked my legs frantically, riding up and down, up and down, gasping and moaning as my mind was swept away by a feverish hunger.

All those eyes, all those people watching. The sex seldom got this open, this hot. The masks were not that much protection, after all. And most of the men were as reluctant as the women to perform publicly.

I was still embarrassed, but it was an incredible, intense rush that I was being fucked right there in front of everyone. I had done some slutty things in my life, but this was shaping up to be the highlight - or lowlight, depending on how you saw things.

His cock felt enormous inside me, and my pussy squeezed continuously down on it as I sought to ride myself up and down every inch of its length. The front of my body was riding up and down against him at the same time. My breasts were rubbing up and down against his leather vest, my thighs squeezing and tightening and sliding against his leather hips and belt, my belly rubbing against the soft skin showing between the sides of his vest.

I was - wild. I was fucking wild. I was becoming nearly feverish with hunger. Having thrown all caution to the winds I felt myself revelling in the show we were putting on in front of these strangers, wanting to act even more slutty, even more wild. I was out of control.

And there was a fucking spotlight on us!

I was aware of it, excited by it, embarrassed by it, but that was all just distraction as I rode up and down and ground myself against Max's big prick. I'd never done anything like this and my mind was blown away by it all. People were standing all around watching, and, naked but for my high heels, I was riding Max as I gasped and moaned and panted noisily.

And came.

The spiralling wall of pleasure hammered into me with such force I cried out in shocked delight, my mind reeling from the pressure and force of the orgasmic release. It tossed my mind around like a rag doll and I gurgled and shuddered as Max rode me up and down on his big pole of flesh and my pussy flared white hot around him.

And then I was fucking finished. I mean I was drained. I lay in his arms like a sack of potatoes, my eyes half closed, groaning low in my throat. He turned, carrying me to a nearby table, and put my bottom on the edge, then let me lay back. It wasn't a big table, round, and cold against my warm skin as I lay back across it. My head and shoulders fell over the opposite side at first, and I felt gloriously splayed out before everyone's eyes until Max lifted my legs up and pulled my bottom back to the edge.

My head slid back up onto the table then, but I was still just laying there as he

began to pump into me. I was more embarrassed now that the raw, fiery heat had subsided, but I was still finding it kinky and thrilling as he ran his cock in and out of me and his leather-clad hips slapped against my buttocks.

His big hands almost encircled my hips as he slid them down off my legs and began to jerk me up to meet his thrusts, half lifting my bottom off the table as my entire body shuddered to the blows of his thrusting body.

As the languor of my orgasm passed my excitement began to rise again. I wanted more cock. I wanted to be even wilder, to be even sluttier. I wondered where Tommy and Dave were, wanting to feel their hands on my body again. We were kind of pushing the limits even for Nero's though, so it was probably wise they kept back. Then again, neither of them had Max's moxy. I was surprised they'd been willing to go as far as they had in public. Pulling out their cocks in the spotlight was probably asking for too much.

Max didn't care about anything, though. Max had no shame. None.

### Chapter Three

Max drove. I was in the back seat, bracketed by Tommy and Dave. My dress was barely hanging from my body, and I was squirming and writhing as their hands pawed and groped and caressed me. They both used my hair to pull and twist my head towards them as their hands fought for possession of my body under my brief dress.

No one spoke except me, and all I did was gasp and moan and whimper as their hands turned my mind to mush. They had my dress off, then, and my legs spread wide, my back arched as they finger fucked me and pinched and sucked on both my nipples at once.

They half carried me into the house from the garage, my rubbery legs stumbling weakly as they led me down to Max's play room. Dave and Tommy were a little wide-eyed when they got there and I realized they'd never been there before, and weren't quite into the kink as deeply as Max. Then again, not many were.

I had been there, but it seemed to change every time, as if he brought out and prepared what he intended to do that night before he brought home his date.

What was set out in the middle of the floor was a kind of padded metal bar supported by two legs angling out in different directions. Max bent me over the bar and kneed my legs apart, and under his directions Tommy and Dave strapped my legs to the legs of the frame at ankle, knee and thigh, spreading

me open.

Max strapped my wrists to the sides of the metal bar on either side of my hips, then bent me over and pulled up a pair of nipple clips attached by lines to rings on the floor. He snapped one around my right nipple and I yelped in pain, trying to pull back. Of course that just pulled my nipple against the clips even harder and I cried out again even as he pinched my other nipple and attached the clip to that.

"Fuck! Shit! That hurts!" I cried.

"Good," Max said.

I was bent over at a ninety degree angle, legs spread, unable to straighten because of the pull on my nipples.

Tommy moved in front of me and grabbed my hair, gently easing my head up and rubbing his naked cock against my face.

"Not like that. She likes it rough," Max said.

He eased Tommy aside, and thrust his fingers into my hair, then roughly yanked it up, a sneer on his face. "Suck my balls, you slut," he said, rubbing his cock against my face.

I moaned and obeyed, licking at his balls, taking them into my mouth as he twisted his fingers in my hair. He released my hair and Tommy grabbed it again, rougher this time, thrusting his cock into my mouth. I closed my lips and sucked, moaning.

Max moved behind me and I yelped as I felt a sharp slap to my bottom. Then, a moment later, I felt a slick and slippery finger probe at my anus, and slide inside. He pumped his finger in and out several times, lubricating me. Then drew it back and pushed what felt like a massive butt-plug into my anal opening. I groaned around Tommy's cock as I felt my sphincter being stretched further and further. I wanted to pull my mouth free, and demand how fucking wide the thing was, but Tommy held my hair in a tight fist as he ran his cock back and forth through my lips.

Finally my anus began to ease closed as the widest part of the butt plug slipped inside me, and the remainder narrowed quickly. It left me with a fat, thick ball inside my anus, but the opening almost closed around a narrow base, the plug pressing against the outside. A moment later I felt a vibrator rubbing up and down against my clit, then was penetrated, the cock-like device sliding deep into my quivering belly and receiving a final sharp spank to jam it tight.

Then came the first stinging blow across my buttocks. From the feel, sharp, but light pain, it was a narrow crop of some kind. I grunted around Tommy's cock as he pumped it in and out.

The second blow came, and the third, harder now, still stinging, but a light stinging. The blows rose up and down across my bare bottom, warming my skin and making it feel tender and sensitive. A dozen blows, then a dozen more, all measured, all making me jerk and moan, my nipples pulling weakly against the clips holding them down.

My breasts felt heavy below me, two heavy weights dragging me downwards, yet they throbbed and pulsed with heat, and the skin felt raw, crackling with energy. The nipples burned and stung as my body jerked me against the clips repeatedly. They kept pulling, jerking, stretching, aching, and at the same time there was a sensation of intense, sharp pleasure, a kind of pleasure pain, if you can understand me, as I kept tugging against the clips.

Tommy moved aside, though he hadn't come, and Dave thrust his cock into my mouth as the blows continued.

"Now let's try this," I heard Max say.

The next blow was slightly heavier, and spread out, wider. It stung much more, and I cried out, the sound muffled by Dave's cock. It had to be a strap, a slapper. It would be about a foot long and three or four inches wide. I felt the new blow and my body jerked violently, pulling at my nipples. The strap would do little harm but God it stung!

I could feel my buttocks growing warm, then hot, throbbing as the strap cracked down across my bottom again and again and again. Each blow sent a shockwave of stinging pain through my system, a blastwave that rolled my mind over and over as I tried to suck on Dave's cock.

He pulled his cock out and I cried out at another blow. He directed his balls against my mouth, twisting my hair to guide my lips there, and again I cried out, jerking to another crack across my bottom. Max was striking harder now, or using a heavier slapper. The pain was shocking coming from such a harmless device, razor sharp so that I cried out in helpless pain, my skin burning, flaring wildly, becoming more and more sensitive.

The repeated shocks to my system were dazing me, and my eyes were tearing up as I whimpered and moaned in pain mixed with overheated pleasure. My wrists were jerking and pulling against the straps binding them to no avail, and my nipples were on fire as my body jerked and twisted to the pain. I was starting to lose myself, which was the most intense and wonderful rush I got from these kinds of kinky games. I was losing who I was, and everything was washing away but the here and now, but the sensations rolling through my

body.

Tommy replaced Dave, and I sucked on his balls, then his cock as the strap continued to lash my burning hot bottom. Tommy drove himself down my throat, and I hardly noticed as another blow lashed my bottom. He pushed his cock into me until his balls were pressed against my saliva soaked chin and my nose was jammed into his pubic bone, and held me there as another blow, then another struck my buttocks.

He pulled back, only to pump in and out, in and out, in and out. I was too dazed to gag very strongly, my body and mind distracted by the strap cracking into my buttocks and the constant tugging at my nipples as my body jerked and shook. The blows stopped finally, and I whimpered around Tommy's cock as I felt fingers at my sex. The vibrator pulled out and then a cock slid into me, hard, fast and deep. With my legs spread wide I could do nothing but grunt as whoever it was - probably Dave, rammed himself into me to the hilt then began to ride me, pumping violently, slapping at my bottom. Another hand grabbed at my hair, lifting my head back, but my mouth was full of cock so I couldn't even cry out.

The slapper began to crack down against my breasts then, the sides of them, making them sting and quiver and wobble below me. A hand groped my other breast, squeezing roughly, pinching at the areola which was at the base of my straining nipple. The hands in my hair pulled up too much and I screamed around the cock in my throat as my nipples both stretched down sharply.

Tommy pulled out of my throat and I gasped weakly, gulping in air as Dave pulled out of my pussy. The two moved around and changed places, and Dave slid his cock into my open mouth so I could taste my own juices on his cock. Tommy thrust himself down my pussy and began to stroke hard and fast as Dave let me lick his cock.

Max was moving from side to side, using the strap against the sides of my breasts, making them sting and ache.

Tommy was hammering himself against me from behind, his cock plunging deep with every stroke, his hips slamming against my upraised bottom with bruising force. My pussy began to burn now, his cock like a triphammer jarring my insides and making my whole lower body shudder and vibrate with energy.

He came with a groan, just as I was starting to reach my peak, and I fell back with a moan of dazed disappointment as he softened and withdrew. But then Dave pulled out of my mouth and drove himself into my pussy as Max finally gripped my hair and made me lick his balls and cock. By the time he forced the head of his cock into my throat Dave was hammering against me as

violently as Tommy had, and my body was once again spiralling upwards towards an orgasm.

With my body and mind in the condition they were it would be the first of many. I ripped through the wall of pain and pleasure and the orgasm soared, screaming through my nervous system as I jerked and shuddered to the violence of its passing. My mind was blanked, my body trembling and shuddering as the pleasure tore through me.

The orgasm drained me, but my body was still at a fever pitch, and it took only minutes to blow a second time as Dave continued to hammer himself into me and both of them continued to roughly slap and knead and squeeze my breasts.

And then there was only Max, the other two contenting themselves by fondling my breasts as Max moved behind me, rammed his big prick into my sodden pussy, and began to pound his hips against my sore buttocks with bruising force. He reached forward and grasped my hair, yanking my head back again and again as he drove his hips forward, grunting and gasping and moaning.

I came again, my whole body shaking violently from the rough ride he was giving me, my eyes rolling, vision blurring. My belly ached from the force of the climax that tore through me, and I felt myself growing light-headed from lack of oxygen.

I wore another leather skirt to work. Pants were out of the question. My ass still stung. I wore a looser, longer leather skirt the next day, with silk panties against my sore skin. There were no marks on my buttocks, but they were still somewhat pink, looking and feeling a bit raw. I had decided not to wear a bra, but while my breasts are very firm all breasts move when you do, well, unless you're flat chested. And the feel of my nipples moving against my silk shirt was too much. It made them feel like they were rubbing against sandpaper - except in a way which both hurt and aroused me. Weird. I didn't want my breasts squeezed by a bra, though, so I settled on putting a pair of small round bandaids over my nipples.

I wore boots with five inch heels and a forest green blouse with a black and jade choker. My hair felt a little sore, or rather, my scalp did, so I hadn't curled it. It hung more or less straight and silky down around my face and shoulders. With my ankle length leather duster open, I walked through the lobby of Florenzi's building and I didn't look like a woman who had had her brains screwed out the previous night.

I got into the elevator, pressed my button, and moved to the side as more people, all men in suits, crowded on after me. The doors closed, and the old clunky elevator started up.

There is a certain feeling to being the only woman in an enclosed space surrounded by men, and probably the reverse, I suppose. But when you're a woman, and you look like me, it's somewhat different. It's an unspoken sense of being watched, being examined, being wanted, being lusted after. Politely, calmly, even casually. But it's there. It's a sensation I often experience, a knowledge they all wanted to jump me, tear my clothes off and do to me what the guys had done to me the previous night.

I'm well used to it. Depending on my mood I barely notice, or sometimes feel a little turned-on. What woman wouldn't let her ego flourish a little under such attention, especially when it's not rude or obvious? There were a dozen men in the little box with me, some of them quite attractive, most of them fairly well-off, perhaps even powerful. None were staring at me, but I could see eyes moving over me in my peripheral vision.

This was one of those mornings when I was more aware of such attention than usual, because the aches in my body were a constant remind of the hard, raw sex I'd had only hours earlier, and in some ways, those aches, the sensitivity of certain parts of my body were keeping my mind on sex.

Max had taken me somewhat deeper into the bondage and sex kink than I'd been before. Three men at once was a wild, exultant free-for all, but three on one with me tied up was - something else again, something dark, kinky and wild, thrilling but scary. It left me feeling strange, partly embarrassed at myself, partly confused at why I got off on being treated like that, and partly - wanting more.

And then there was public sex at the club. I cringed to think about it, wondering if I'd ever bring myself to go back to Nero's. If I did I was going to have to watch how much I drank, and what I drank. And I was going to have to talk with Max and set a few rules. Jesus! I could still hardly believe I'd let them fuck me in front of all those people - with a fucking spotlight on us! Agh! If my parents ever found out...!

The doors opened and closed and people moved around me, getting off, a few more getting on. They were still all men, though. There were a lot more men working here than women, but it was still odd. I got off finally, feeling their eyes on me as I ignored Shapiro and went up the aisle towards my office. The men I passed noticed me more than the women, and I smiled and nodded, or let my hand wave lazily in acknowledgement as they greeted me.

I let myself into my office and hug up my coat, then sat down, gingerly, behind my desk and turned on the computer.

The Internet has revolutionized the job of the private detective. Today's PI spends a lot more time on-line than he does going around door to door. I can

access all kinds of information about people on the Internet quite legally. I can get their address and what kind of car they drive as well as their insurance history. I can find out their credit rating - which will tell me who they bank and do business with. I can find out if they have a criminal record. With a very little and slightly less legal investigation I can find out how much they still owe on whatever property they have insured or borrowed for, what they paid in taxes, their immigration status, and a whole lot more.

Francesca Florenzi was an Italian American Princess of the first order, going to the best schools, never hearing a harsh word spoken, heavily sheltered from life's realities, always getting her way. She was something of a spoiled brat, in my opinion, and unlikely to amount to anything. Then again, she didn't need to amount to anything. She was rich, and would marry into wealth, and never have to worry about who paid her bills. She would socialize, order her maids around, and perhaps do some kind of charity work to show what a nice person she was.

She was a slim, tiny thing, barely over five feet, and her northern Italy heritage - and a little dye - gave her honey blonde hair. She had good, solid Italian breasts, though, and I told myself she'd probably look like a fireplug by the time she was forty.

Khalil Elfassi was a Moroccan national who had immigrated to the United States nine years earlier. He was twenty seven, which was slightly old for the nineteen year old Francesca, but not something to really remark upon. He was a darker skinned Arab, which I doubted Florenzi would much like, but tall and handsome. His family sold rugs, which sounded like a modest enough undertaking until you understood they had hundreds of people moving from city to city setting up temporary "super sales" in auditoriums and arenas.

The Elfassi's had a shitload of money; hundreds of millions. His father, Najib, was from all accounts a hard working, hard driving businessman with no tolerance for failure or laziness. He imported rugs from the middle east and Indian subcontinent by the thousands and employed what looked like his entire extended family in one way or another, except, interestingly, Khalil. I could find no indication Khalil was involved in the family business, or any business, for that matter.

He drove a very nice Porsche and lived in an apartment in Manhattan owned by his father. That apartment, however, really wasn't much better than mine. It was comfortable, in other words, even for someone who was reasonably well-off, but it was hardly suitable to a scion of a wealthy family.

Khalil had numerous speeding, traffic and parking tickets, all of which were dutifully paid for by the family's attorneys. Interestingly, they all stopped eight months ago. He'd been getting a few almost every week until then, and had been close to losing his licence. Had daddy taken the Porsche away and given

him subway tokens? Unlikely. A very little work with the computer plotted the locations of the tickets and gave me a map of his usual movements. Unsurprisingly they centered around the party areas of Manhattan and the upper east side.

My prize possession was back door entry into the computer which controlled the print jobs - which meant printing the bills - at American Express. AE was the favourite card of the rich because you could put damn near anything on it if you had the money, and Khalil had one he used a lot. There is nothing quite so helpful in understanding who a person is than information on their purchasing patterns.

Khalil was not a good Muslim boy. He spent a lot of money at bars, too much at restaurants not to be consuming alcohol, and more than enough at strip clubs to get his Mullah's robes in a twist if he were found out. The amount he spent indicated he was either an alcoholic with a wooden leg, or liked to treat his friends a lot. I was betting the latter. People who didn't have to work for their money tended to be very generous.

His bills were consistent, month after month; high end mens clothes stores, high end jewellery stores, high end lingerie stores, where he bought enough to be a cross-dresser, bars and clubs, and gas and repairs for the Porsche.

I got Francesca's credit card bills and compared. There was only one commonality: Club Belmar, on Frederick Douglas Boulevard. Francesca lived on Central Park West. If you drove far enough north and entered Harlem Central Park West became Frederick Douglas Boulevard. The further north you drove the worse the neighbourhood. Club Belmar wasn't so far north it shocked me but it certainly raised my eyebrows.

It was in the kind of neighbourhood, and Club Belmar was the kind of bar jaded rich kids might go to show how cool they were and play tourist among the slightly seedy and dangerous seeming locals. It didn't surprise me Francesca had been there - much, but it did surprise me she had returned as regularly as she did. Come to think of it it was odd to find Khalil there too.

And certainly worth a visit.

Also worth looking into were Khalil's neighbors, and more importantly, his maid service. Maids were among my favourite people, always willing to chat enviously or derisively about those they cleaned for - for a price.

I drove up to the west side, my nipples still sore, and examined his building. It was an old brownstone, not particularly notable. The doorman was a Black man, which was also excellent. A big, bluff, red nosed Irish type might have been pretty reliable to spill anything nasty he knew on an Arab, but Blacks with lousy jobs didn't much appreciate immigrants doing better than them

either.

He was a big guy with an ingratiating smile for what looked to him like a rich lady coming to call. He opened the door, and seemed surprised when I didn't go on.

"Hi," I said, nodding at the doorway. "Nice building."

"Beautiful building, Miss," he said jovially.

"Lot of nice people live here? I'm considering buying a place."

"Oh yeah. We got lots of nice folk here," he said.

"What about bad apples?"

"Oh our tenants association is pretty careful about who they let in, Ma'am. You can talk to Mrs Henderson about that if you want. I can give you her number."

"I was looking for the kind of information tenants associations often don't want to give out," I said, "you know, the kind that makes them look like they're not so great an investment."

"Well ahm, I couldn't help you with that, ma'am," he said doubtfully.

"I heard a guy I know lives here," I said, letting him see a fifty in my closed hand."

He looked at it, then did a casual look around.

"Who you want to know about?" he asked with a sharkish grin.

"Some Arab guy named Khalil Elfassi," I said. "Nineteenth floor."

His face took on a sneer before I finished the name.

"Yeah, I know him," he said. "A real asshole."

I nodded to continue and he looked around again. "Fuckin Arab treats everyone like shit. Doesn't even know you exist, you know. The kind of guy passes right buy you like you're a part of the furniture. Always gets him lots of hot looking young girls."

"Lots of different girls? No one special?"

"He got this black girl, oohoo, she's hot, tall, thin, very African, you know, but

just as arrogant as him with her nose in the air. I see them up there a lot with little white girls, if you get the picture," he said with a smirk.

"How little?"

"Oh I don't mean kids, but young, and they usually come stumbling in like they're on something, y'know."

I showed him a second fifty. "How about other friends?"

He turned to open the door and greet an elderly woman, then waited before turning back to me. "Sometimes some Arab guys," he said. "They don't speak English where I can hear. I don't know who they is. They go up, stay a long time, then go away. They don't look like much, though."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean they don't look like money. Elfassi, he got money. You can tell by the clothes. These guys don't look like much, and some people here don't like them, don't like to ride in the same elevator, you know, maybe thinking they're muggers or something. Been complaints."

"Elfassi still drives a Black Porsche?"

"Yeah. Funny thing is, he changed his licence plates."

I raised my eyebrows. "He had these vanity plates that said Khalil. Now they just ordinary numbers and letters. Just happened a few months back."

"Interesting," I said, handing him the money.

## Chapter Four

"Why don't you come over?"

I felt a few butterflies twirl in my belly.

"And what will we do, Max?" I asked.

"Can't you guess?" His voice was silken.

"I'm still sore from last night."

He chuckled throatily. "But Dave and Tommy are coming over. I bet we can

find some fun games to play."

The butterflies in my stomach swirled much faster and multiplied.

"I don't think so," I said. "I don't think I'm ready for another night like last night."

"You mean for incredible climaxes?"

I flushed a little and slowed as the car came to a red light.

"Among other things."

"I have a new toy. It's very - large."

"Your toys are always large," I said.

"Would you have it any other way, my dear?"

"Maybe in a few days, when I'm... "

"Now," he said. "Tonight. I go out of town tomorrow, and when I get back Tommy has a high end business deal coming into play. Now, my sweet, sexy little fox, so you have something to remember during the quiet weeks to follow"

"Okay." I spoke the words softly, hesitantly, and my stomach cramped when I closed the phone.

Was I crazy?! I was going to go over to his place and fuck him and Tommy and Dave again!? Shit! Was I becoming a fucking nympho?

Maybe.

He lived in Gramarcy, and I headed over there with a feeling of trepidation and anxiety, like I was heading into a Lion's den. At the same time I could feel my nipples throbbing, could feel my arousal building in anticipation of wild, kinky sexual thrills. What would Max have in store for me this time?

But this time I was stone cold sober. So I kept bitching at myself, kept telling myself I was nuts, that what I really wanted was a quiet night in front of the TV on my comfortable sofa.

Max met me at the door, hugged me, and took my coat. We went in and I found Tommy and Dave sitting on the sofa. Max came up behind me. His arms slipped around me and his hands squeezed my breasts fully and firmly as the other two looked on. I felt my stomach churn, but then he drew back

and propped himself against a corner table.

"Strip," he said with a grin.

"You don't want to try to seduce me?" I asked jokingly, nervous, a little shy, embarrassed.

"Strip," he said softly.

"What are we going to do?" I asked nervously.

"Take off your clothes," he said.

The other two just looked at me, and I felt my chest getting tighter. I had already removed the bandaids over my nipples, not wanting to look goofy, and now I unbuttoned my blouse, then undid my skirt and let it slide down.

I had no underwear, so in a moment I wore only the black, high heeled boots. Tommy licked his lips, Dave's eyes flitted up and down. Max looked on silently. I felt - the center of attention, like I had been last night. But I was sober now and I felt more embarrassed, more inhibited, more squeamish.

"You can take off the boots, too," Max said. "We want you completely naked."

Inhaling a little shakily, I did, stripping them off and standing before them nude, feeling self conscious, trying to think of a joke to crack. Tommy and Dave rose, then and approached suddenly. I backed up and found Max had moved to stand behind me again. I was tall for a woman but they were all taller, and hemmed me in, silent, staring.

Dave slid his hand in between my thighs, palming my sex, and Tommy cupped my breast, lifting and squeezing it as Max kneaded my buttocks.

"I fucking love how soft your pussy is," Dave said softly.

"I love your tits," Tommy said.

I felt my heart pounding as Max bent and kissed me on the nape of the neck, my head turning from side to side, eyes flitting from one to the other.

"I - ."

"Don't talk," Max said. "Until you can sing."

He grasped my hair and pulled my head back, firmly but gently, and his other hand brought a ball gag around in front of me, pressing it against my mouth.

I opened my jaw uncertainly, and he pushed it forward, forcing my jaw wider. I felt my mouth strain, and moaned around the spongy latex as he pushed it in, as it filled my mouth. My jaw closed a little behind it so it was not painful, but I was effectively gagged, and felt the side straps pull in around the side of my cheeks as he drew them beneath my hair and buckled them together behind my head.

Then he took my arm, and Tommy took my other arm, and they led me down the hall and into the "play room". My pulse was racing, and my skin seemed to crackle with sexual electricity as they led me into the room. It seemed empty, almost, but then I was led up to a low table on which sat a number of leather restraints.

I did nothing to resist as they buckled thick, padded leather restraints around my wrists and ankles, and slid a collar around my throat. None of them talked to me, or to each other. The whole thing seemed weird, dark, unholy, and slightly menacing.

They raised my arms, and then the pressure of Max's shoe against my ankle forced my legs to open, then wider, then wider still, surprising me. Dave and Tommy attached black play rope to my ankle restraints and fed them out straight to either side, then through rings on a pair of posts flanking me, and then to a small crank bolted to the floor in front of me. My arms were drawn out, not up, but out to my sides, about level with my hips, and the ropes were attached, tightly locking my arms out to either side.

Max grinned and moved back, and Tommy pressed his booted foot against the inside of my right ankle. A moment later Dave bent and turned the crank, and I felt the pull on my ankles forcing my legs wider still. The tendons in my inner thighs and groin ached a little, but I shifted my feet further apart as he turned the crank to lock my ankles farther open.

Max returned, and I inhaled as I saw the size of the dildo he held. It was a nasty one! It was thick as a beer can, pointed, black, and well over a foot long. He wagged his tongue at me, then dropped to his knees in front of me. My legs jerked as I flinched back, as if instinctively trying to keep my pussy away from the thing. But Max wasn't looking at my pussy. Instead he was placing the thing on the floor beneath me, twisting, doing something. When he straightened it was locked in place somehow, pointed straight up at my pussy.

But it was certainly not any threat to touch me, not from down there, for Gods sakes, unless...

With my legs as wide open as they were I was at least a seven or eight inches lower than my usual height. I was also finding it more difficult to support myself. My legs weren't braced right beneath me, but spread well apart to either side so that I felt an outward pressure on my legs. Did they really think

I was going to spread my legs out so far I'd sink onto this fucking dildo?! Christ! I'd have to do the splits! I hadn't done that since the dance classes my mother had forced me into as a teenager!

I stared at them, trying to communicate that with my eyes

Dave dropped to his knees in front of me and let his thumbs press my sex lips apart, then began to mouth and tongue me. Tommy began to fondle my breasts, stroking and kneading them, lightly pinching and tweaking my sore nipples. The floor as polished, and my bare feet slipped a bit further apart.

I felt Max's finger against my anus, circling and stroking. It was wet and slick, covered in something. I moaned into the gag as I felt him slowly penetrate me, felt his finger slide up through the soft folds of my anus until he was in me to the knuckle. His finger pumped slowly in and out as I moaned into the gag and let my head roll back. Dave was doing amazing things to my pussy, his tongue whipping across my clit as my hips rolled weakly, and the sex heat was rolling up through my body.

Max pushed a second finger up my ass, and Tommy bent and turned the crank. The pull on my ankles forced my feet slightly farther to the sides, and I moaned at the tightness in my groin.

I did aerobics, and a variety of exercises for the martial arts. I was pretty limber compared to most women. I'd had my ankles pinned back behind my ears any number of times, too. But I hadn't done the splits in forever.

I moaned as he returned to my breasts, sucking on the nipples, now, kneading and gently squeezing my breasts, his tongue lapping and his teeth nibbling. Tommy's tongue was driving me into convulsions, my hips jerking and grinding as he slid two fingers up into my pussy. And now Max inserted what felt like a thick dildo into my ass, sliding it in and out, pushing it deeper with every few strokes.

I came, screaming into the gag, my head thrown back, my hips bucking and churning against Tommy's mouth as the orgasm washed over me. I grunted and moaned in dazed, feverish pleasure, wantonly grinding my hips into his face and mouth as Max tried to drive the dildo even deeper into my ass and Dave bit down lightly around my nipples.

I slumped weakly, moaning, and Dave turned the little crank again, forcing my feet even wider apart. I groaned in pain, but Tommy produced a vibrator now, and began to use that in tandem with his tongue. The aching tightness and strain in my groin began to ease in the face of the sensations he was raising in my pussy.

Max worked the dildo deeper, almost all the way, and began to stroke it in

and out. My legs spread wider, and they were so far apart they had their own momentum now. I could feel the constant pull as they sought to slip further apart and fold me on the floor. Another orgasm approached, then flooded through me, sweeping my mind into a churning froth of sensory delight.

Max jammed the dildo all the way into my ass, and I felt cramps in my belly. He and Dave uncranked the ropes and let me pull my legs together again, and I groaned in relief as they massaged my inner thighs. Dave changed places with Tommy, who buried the vibrator inside me as he began to lick at my clit.

Tommy disappeared and returned with a small flog. It had a handle just big enough for his hand, and a dozen thin black laces - hardly leather, more like plastic or something else light. He grinned at me and brought it down across my right breast. It didn't hurt, not at all. But he started whipping the thing, almost in a circle, swishing it down onto my breast again and again and again.

And the repeated blows started to sting - a little. He switched to my other breast, doing the same, then back to the first. My nipples throbbed.

Max began to turn the crank again, pulling my legs wide. He pulled them wide, pretty fast, until they were almost as wide as they had already been. Then he resumed pumping the dildo in my ass, thrusting up hard, deep, making me rise on my toes and gasp. Dave was sucking on my clit now, with the vibrator purring inside me, and I was moaning and rolling my head from side to side.

It was all so deliciously kinky!

My legs slipped further apart, then still further, and the aching in my inner thighs began to burn and bite. I was well over a foot lower now, and my hands were thus raised above my hips, but still in no position to support me as the ropes held them out to either side.

Max seized my hair and pulled it back sharply, forcing my back to arch, then thrust the dildo up into my ass with hard, deep strokes as Tommy whipped my breasts and nipples.

I was their little sexual playtoy, and it was making my insides burn with lust and heat.

My feet slipped further apart on the floor. I was sweaty now, and my feet were no exception. Max went to tighten the crank and keep me from pulling my feet together. My pussy wasn't more than two feet off the floor now, and my hands had raised to about chest height, but the big black cock under me still seemed to be impossibly far away.

My thighs burned and strained and ached, and I came again, crying out, my ass really pounded by the hard dildo in Max's fist, Dave sucking on my clit with painful force.

Again they let me pull my legs together, though my thighs still ached. Max and Dave changed places, and Max showed his special flare for oral sex as Tommy pumped the dildo in my ass, twisting it from side to side, changing angles and directions. Dave picked up another little flogger, but this one had longer laces. He moved behind me and I gasped as I felt them slashed across my back.

They were lightweight, and the pain was minimal. But it did sting slightly. And it did something to my head as he swung it again, and then again, and then again, making me grunt and gasps as the sweat trickled down my body.

My legs slipped apart, farther, and farther. They turned the crank, and I groaned, my head rolling weakly from side to side. I slipped down further and further, my legs aching. My wrists rose up, up to shoulder height now. The vibrator was pulled out of my dripping pussy, and Max began to play it teasingly across my clit, causing my hips to jerk and grind helplessly.

My legs slipped further apart and I felt something else against my pussy, something hard and remorseless, something solid and unyielding. I looked down, panting, drooling around the gag, and saw that my pussy was touching the fat black cock. Oh Jesus! Oh shit! Oh God! I groaned as the pressure against my soft, hairless pussy grew heavier, as my sweating feet slipped a little further apart on the polished floor and lowered me little by little by little.

The pressure ached now, the hard, round, helmet headed latex cock jamming into the mouth of my sex. I could feel the strain against my pussy opening, could feel my sex lips and my opening spreading - spreading - spreading ever so slowly apart under the continued pressure.

My legs hurt. They felt rubbery and weak, the muscles all played out. I whimpered and moaned, my head jerking spastically as the fat helmet headed dildo slowly forced my sex far enough apart and slid inside me.

God it felt good! It felt so incredibly fucking good! The pain didn't matter compared to the delicious, wonderful sensation of that enormous cock penetrating me and sliding into my pussy.

Dave was whipping the flog down across my bare back again and again, and it was stinging more now, making me flinch and jerk and whine and moan as he moved up and down between my shoulders and buttocks. Tommy was kneeling next to me sucking on my nipples, pinching and tugging and biting them, and at the same time pumping the dildo in my ass.

I jerked and shook, my upper torso twisting wildly from side to side as Dave whipped me, my pussy throbbing around the dildo as I slowly sank lower and lower.

It was necessary to be really limber to kick people in the head, especially tall people. But I never would have imagined my legs could spread as wide as they did as easily as they did. And with them spread so wide there was little I could do to support myself. I pulled against the ropes holding my wrists, which were now at head height, but I could only do that for so long. The thickness of the dildo in my pussy was also supporting me to some extent, but my lubrication was letting it slowly push deeper, dropping me lower onto the fat latex cock.

An orgasm was rising inside me. I was sweltering with the heat, sweating like a pig, exhausted and overwrought, gasping and moaning through the gag. I felt the pain rise, the pleasure soar, and I began to lose myself again, gasping and jerking to their fingers and tongues, to the flog lashing my back and the vibrator rolling across my clit, to the plucking and twisting of my nipples, the pulling of my hair, and that huge dildo sliding slowly, remorselessly up into my quivering belly.

I came, screaming into the gag, jerking and twisting and flailing against the ropes. My pussy spasmed around the dildo and I slid lower suddenly, steadily, as if my muscles had given out, given way. My wrists rose as my pussy sank, and my legs slid further apart with a sharp, Painful sliding motion until with a shuddering cry of pain I felt myself flat on the floor, legs straight out to either side, pussy burning and throbbing with pain around the monster cock jammed up inside me.

My eyes bulged, and an incredible, intense rush of endorphins and scalding sexual pleasure twirled and swirled within my body and mind. It hurt. It hurt, and the pleasure was frothing rush of ecstasy. I was feverish, wild, wanton, caring nothing for anything but the pleasure. I was in another world, with my straining sex lips now pressed against the floor under me, jerking and quivering and shaking like an epileptic, gurgling and moaning and crying out in animal bliss.

Rapture.

It enfolded me, surrounded me, pressed down around my body and mind like a hot, crackling blanket of energy and pleasure and just shook me to the core of my being for endless, endless seconds. Black dots danced before my eyes, and I swayed and reeled, jerking and quivering and shaking in dazed sexual release until I almost passed out.

It slowly, slowly receded, leaving me dazed, exhausted, drained, hanging there, arms up and apart, legs split out to either side, chest heaving, head hanging down.

Max buried his fingers in my thick hair and yanked my head back hard so that my back arched sharply. He pulled me back so hard I felt unbalanced, and would have fallen over backwards except that my arms were holding me up and I was all but impaled on the mighty black cock.

"You're our little sex toy now, Stephanie," he said, running his hand over my breasts and chest. "We can do anything we want to you. We can keep you here forever, and force you to please us any way we want."

He undid the buckle holding my gag in place, then slowly worked it out of my mouth. I gasped and coughed as saliva dribbled over my lip, my jaw slack. He yanked back again on my head and I cried out.

He released my hair and I gasped and groaned as my head swung forward. Then Dave was in front of me grabbing my hair in two fists, his knuckles jammed against my temples as he thrust his now naked cock into my open mouth. I gurgled in surprise, then closed my lips around it as he began to thrust slowly in and out.

"Yeah! Suck me," he panted. "Suck my cock!"

His cock was long but thin, and slid in and out, almost to the point of gagging me. Then Tommy was beside him, and he released my hair on one side so that Tommy could wrap my hair around his fingers too. Dave pulled his cock out and Tommy thrust his into my mouth, pumping it in and out a dozen times. He pulled out and they jerked my head to the side so that Dave could drive his prick into my mouth and then, slide it down into my throat.

He used my hair like a handle, jerking my face in and out as he fucked my throat, then pulled back, letting Tommy take my hair. Tommy twisted my head towards him and he stuffed his own cock into my mouth and, like Dave, drove it down my throat. He let his hips move in and out as he pulled me onto his cock with every thrust.

They traded off, thrusting quickly, pumping three or four times each, then making me swallow the other cock. Then Max moved in, and now it was three of them, their cocks rubbing against my cheeks and face and forehead. I would suck one, then the other, then the third, while the other two rubbed over my forehead and cheeks and the side of my head.

I gurgled and gasped and panted for breath as they traded off, as they took turns stuffing one cock then the other then the other down my throat and jamming my face into their groins.

"I'm ready," someone said.

I hardly heard it. My head was being yanked this way and that, and I was gasping and gurgling and coughing and gagging weakly as they thrust their cocks down my throat, the saliva drooling across my lower lip and down my chest as they used my throat roughly and quickly. Their cocks made a wet sucking, slurping sound each time they thrust in and pulled out.

"Hold on. Pull out. Let her go," Max's voice said.

The hands came free of my hair and for a moment there was nothing in my mouth. My head started to come forward weakly when Max's leather clad hand cracked across the side of my cheek. I cried out in pain, my head flung up and back. Then another crack, quickly, across my other cheek sent my head rocking to the other side.

I think Tommy and Dave were a little shocked, and I heard one say "Hey, man!"

But the slaps came quickly, maybe six, seven of them, to one side of my face, then the other, back and forth, back and forth, rocking my head from side to side, delivering sharp, concussion like pain that stung and shocked and dazed me.

Then my hair was seized and a cock rammed down my throat. Now my hair was bunched up deliberately at the top of my head, and my head was yanked back and forth very quickly as his hips - it was Max - thrust in and out to drive his cock sharply up and down in my throat.

"Now," I heard.

The other two had been fistfucking their cocks. Now they pumped their fists more rapidly, and first Max, then Dave, and finally Tommy spurted their juice over my face at more or less the same time.

Wild.

The guys were laughing a little as my head fell forward and I blinked my eyes dazedly at the floor. Max appeared, kneeling before me, a big vibrator in his hand. He clicked it on and began to roll it up and down over my clit. I groaned and my hips tried to work, to drive me forward. The sensations were almost painfully intense as he let the round-nosed little silver vibrator roll around and around my clit, then back and forth across it.

I came with an explosive release of pressure, my head flying up and back so that I almost broke my neck. He ground the nose of the vibrator down against my swollen clit, jamming it against the floor, and the sensation was almost too intense to stand. I writhed and twisted and thrashed madly, unseeingly, my body wracked by convulsions.

## Chapter Five

I was sore. In more ways than one. I was pissed. I could hardly fucking walk when those idiots were done with me, and had to be helped to my car. I went home and tried to massage my inner thighs, to work my legs in and out, despite the pain, to do the kinds of exercises I'd learned in various martial arts classes. I stayed up late doing that, trying to ease what I knew was going to follow the next day.

It helped, I guess. At least I wasn't crippled the next day. But I was in no condition to move around either. I had to stay home on the sofa. The problem was, though, that constant aching in my groin was fucking with my mind, and communicating the wrong signals. I was horny all day, and wound up masturbating repeatedly. That might have helped, though. Maybe the muscle spasms were good for my stretched tendons and muscles.

But I had a laptop, so I sat on my sofa with my legs mostly apart and tied into the office computer to continue working on the assignment Florenzi had sort of handed me. I say 'sort of' because all he'd told me to do was seduce his daughter's boyfriend, but I figured what he really meant was that I should find out who Khalil was and whether he was screwing around with or his precious daughter - and preferably find some reason why she should send him packing.

So far I wasn't doing too badly. He was a playboy, and a pretty worthless one at that. His family seemed pretty clean, so far as I could tell, but Khalil had flunked out of college despite a sizeable endowment given by his father. And as far as I could tell he'd never held any kind of job. At least he'd never filed any taxes. If I could find that he had worked I'd give him to the IRS and let them play with him.

I was still limping the following day when I drove over to Columbia and poked around. I spread some money around but couldn't find the reason why he had left, apparently very suddenly. I went back to his apartment and talked to the doorman again. The bribe was heftier this time, but he told me Khalil was away and turned his back so I could go inside. I went up to his apartment and slipped the lock easily.

The best place to find out personal things about a man is his bedroom. I headed straight there. The maid must have come recently. Everything was spic and span. I sat on the bed and slid open the night table drawer, then blinked in surprise and reached across to the top bedpost, then down. No, my eyes hadn't deceived me. There was an adjustable leather restraint screwed to the back of the post at mattress level. I rolled sideways and found another on the other post. Kinky, and a man after my own heart.

But I doubted daddy Florenzi would much like the idea of little Francesca spreadeagled on his bed with her wrists tied.

I found ecstasy pills in the bedside table, various dildos and vibrators, a pair of handcuffs, and a knife. The other table had a couple of books in Arabic, Tylenol, and a used hypodermic. No telling what was in it.

I searched his dressers and closet. He had a variety of string bikini underwear, along with thongs and colourful G-strings. His clothes were all first rate, expensive and tailored. He had ten thousand in cash in an envelope taped the back of one drawer, and nine millimetre handgun stuck beside it. Well, a lot of people had guns and a lot of people kept cash, but again, it seemed suspicious to me, and I wondered what Khalil was into besides screwing lots of girls.

The walk-in closet had more clothes, suits, jackets, dress pants, some spiffy hats, overcoats, lots of shoes and boots, and in one corner, a box full of panties, thongs and G-strings in various colours and styles ranging from black leather to old fashioned grannie panties. I was betting Khalil hadn't worn them. They were probably souvenirs. I'd heard of guys so self absorbed they did that, but never expected to run into one. I wondered if any were Francesca's.

As I was leaving I noticed that the wall on the right side, just before the door pushed out a couple of feet. There was no reason for it unless there was some kind of post or beam behind the drywall, and knocking on it told me it was hollow. I moved aside some clothes and found it latched in the back. Swinging it open revealed several DVD player/recorders and a series of wires leading into the wall. On a shelf underneath were dozens of DVDs with Arabic lettering.

I went out into the bedroom, looking for the cameras, but if they were there, and I was betting they were, they were hidden well. There was a small monitor among the DVDs, and a switch box. It didn't take long to figure out how to play back what had most recently been recorded.

Very kinky, very sexy, in fact. I've never been a fan of porn videos. The actors and actresses, if you want to call them that, are all so plastic and phoney. There's no story, no dialogue. Even the sex looks boring and routine. But sex with real people was considerably more interesting.

Khalil had a great body, slim but well-muscled, and a tight ass. I didn't have time to really watch him in action. Mostly I fast forwarded. But I did slow to watch here and there as he mounted some hot, big-busted brunette and gave it to her. From the angle of the shot the camera was directly over the bed. I switched to the next DVD and it had the same girl from a different angle, this

time to the left. All the DVDs had the same girl, probably last night's special. I wondered if he was going to edit them together somehow.

I glanced through the DVDs on the shelf below. I couldn't read Arabic, but there was one on top of the others. I pulled it up and slid it into the DVD. This was interesting. It wasn't Francesca. It was a black haired woman, perhaps a Latina, with long legs spreadeagled on the bed. A very, very black Black woman was riding her face, grinding her hips slowly. The camera shot moved around them so I figured Khalil was out in the open filming with a camcorder. There was no sign of him in the shot. The girl's body writhed a little but you couldn't see much of her face for obvious reasons. At least at first. When the Black girl finished and slid off she lay there, dazed looking, eyes glassy. I wondered if she'd been into the ecstasy or something else. Now that I could see her she looked more Arabic than Latin.

I set the DVD to the beginning. The monitor came alive with a scene of her sitting on the edge of the bed, nude, embracing the black woman, their lips crushed together. The Black woman was kneading her breast, and as the camera watched, she lay back and rolled atop the Arab woman. The Arab was very beautiful, but it was hard to catch more the fleeting glimpses of her face. Then they were prone on the bed, the Black woman's legs scissored between the others, their pussies grinding together.

Again the camera moved up and down, but avoided anything but a passing glimpse of the Arab woman's face, at least at first. I saw the Black woman licking her nipples, sucking and biting on her breasts, massaging them, reaching down to stroke her clit, and then sliding her face downward, kissing her way down until she was between her legs performing oral sex.

The Arab girl began to respond to this, and her hips began to move as she moaned low words in, I assumed, Arabic. The camera finally panned up towards her face for more than a second. Her head was drawn back, back arched, fingers digging into the covers beneath. Her mouth was open as she gasped for breath, her eyes nearly closed with the intensity of the pleasure she was feeling.

Hot scene, I thought, very real.

But it was not Francesca. I slipped other DVDs into the machine, and saw a procession of women and girls having sex, often with the Black woman, and sometimes with a black man. It was odd but Khalil was rarely in the picture. Blackmail fare? The scenes were often much the same. As with the first, there were only glimpses of the other girl's face at first. In almost every instance the first long, steady look at the face came while she was in the throes of deep sexual passion.

If you weren't a cynic like me and didn't look through a number of them

you'd not have noted this, but being who I am I suspected drugs involved somewhere. If they were doped up the camera didn't show it. A doped up woman having an orgasm looks pretty much the same as a woman who's stone cold sober, though.

I needed to find one of these women to find out.

Club Belmar was a strip club. That was certainly a surprise. I could see Francesca spending time at a seedy club as a kind of rebellious "look how cool I am" experiment, but a strip club? I went inside. It was dark. All these places are. The bouncer asked me if I was meeting anyone. I said I might be looking for a job. He flashed big white teeth and told me he'd love to audition me.

I sat down in a dark corner. It was mid-day, and not terribly busy, but there were still a lot of men there, and there was a dancer up on the little stage. The 'champaign rooms' were of to my right, and after my eyes adjusted to the relative darkness I could see a procession of lithe young things leading mostly middle aged men through the doors.

Most of the clientele was white, which was a bit odd given the location. Then again a few blocks over, once you got past Amsterdam Avenue you got the university crowd. I have good eyes, and I scanned the faces of the girls I could see, and the dancer going through her thing on stage. She wasn't very good, nor putting much effort into it. And I wondered what men saw in such things that they'd lay out good money for such a boring performance.

So why had Francesca come here more than once?

And then I recognized her. No, not Francesca, but one of the women who had been shown on the DVD. She was young, barely out of her teens, if that. She had curly dark hair and big breasts partly stuffed into a tiny white bustier as she trolled the crowd looking for lap dancers. Her skirt was short, her legs long. She looked Mediterranean, possibly Italian, possibly Jewish, though. It was hard to tell in the dim light.

I kept an eye on her, on the stage, and on the champaign room entrance, and after a while it occurred to me that there wasn't as much traffic as there should have been. I puzzled on that for a bit, then realized it wasn't the lack of traffic, it was the time between entering and exiting. Lap dances took one song. Of course, some men would hang around for two or three but... I spent more time watching the men going in and waiting for them to come out.

There were too many taking too long. Especially for this time of day when they weren't likely to be drunk enough to let their wallets be emptied. Maybe some of the girls were selling more than lap dances.

I waited for the curly haired girl to pass and signalled her. She hesitated, which was a bit odd, then put on a not very convincing smile.

"What's your name?" I asked, smiling lazily.

"Uhm, Trixie," she said.

"I think I'd like a dance, Trixie."

Again she hesitated. In my experience, and I have a lot of it, strippers loved to give dances to other women. Women were safer, less likely to be nasty to them, less likely to give them trouble. And it wasn't like the place was that busy.

"I've never uhm, given a dance to a woman before," she said anxiously.

I wondered if she was a college student earning extra cash.

"Then this will be good practice for you," I said, standing up.

She backed up a bit, looked nervously around, then led me into the champaign rooms.

Some champaign rooms were relatively open, without anything hiding the dancers from their patrons. This one wasn't. There were curtained alcoves, and the curtains almost touched the floor. She led me into one and closed the curtains. The music was a little lower here, but the curtains must have been thick, because I couldn't hear anyone else as she started to dance. Again she seemed nervous, and I wondered why.

She went through the routine, though, and was soon naked, straddling me, grinding herself into my lap. I let my hands rest on her hips. She made no protest. I stroked her a little as she danced, and her eyes looked more anxious. But again she made no complaint.

"How long have you been doing this?" I asked.

"Not long," she said.

I let my hands slide a little further around and stroke across her tight little bottom, and again she made no protest, though she looked like she wanted to. She let her upper body twist and roll, her head doing the same as my fingers kneaded her bottom. I put down another ten and she looked like she wished I hadn't.

"You don't like girls?" I asked.

"Oh no no!" she said hurriedly. "Of course I do!"

I let my hands caress her back, a little turned on, though still puzzled. I mean, I'm not seriously into girls but I've had a few experiments which turned out quite exciting. I let her dance, and my hands on her back pulled her torso a little closer to me so her breasts rubbed against my face.

"You have lovely breasts," I said.

"Th-thanks," she gulped.

I ran a hand up her belly and squeezed one lightly, and she flinched a little.

It is nonsense that most women are into their own gender. Most want nothing sexually to do with other women. But a strip club worker should not have such delicate sensibilities, even one who hadn't been on the job for long. There was something seriously strange about Trixie.

I fondled her breast, then licked it a little as she ground herself against me, and let one of my hands ease slowly down her belly until my finger rested just above her clit. Like the other dancers she was shaved, and her eyes seemed vaguely haunted as she continued to grind herself to the music. I felt a bit of sadistic excitement at taunting her, wondering why I did. I'd always been a bottom, not a top. Then again, if you get turned on by abuse you get turned on by other people being abused. Was I abusing her?

I let my thumb slide over her clit and rub her and she trembled, her eyes refusing to meet me. She didn't seem to be getting off on it. I wondered just how far she'd go.

"Suppose someone wants a little more than just a dance?" I said.

"I-I don't... I mean, we uhm.... you're n-not allowed to - to do - stuff.. I mean..."

I slid a finger down into her slit, and searched for her pussy hole. She squirmed but didn't pull back.

"How much do you charge for oral sex?" I asked.

"I-I don't... I don't do women," she gulped frantically.

"Maybe I should mention that to your boss," I said.

She looked suddenly frightened, and then seemed to sag and give up.

"It's supposed to be fifty dollars for a man," she said, her voice barely audible.

"And what if I was a man and wanted to stick my nasty old cock up your tight little pussy?" I asked, dipping my finger into her hole.

She squirmed uncomfortably. "I-I... don't know," she gulped.

"Sure you do."

She stared at me with sudden fear. "Are you a cop?!"

I grinned and eased the finger a little deeper. "No, honey. I'm not a cop. If I was I wouldn't be doing this, now would I?"

She started to ease back and I slid my finger deeper, and kind of hooked it within her pussy to tug her back.

"It's a hundred dollars," she gulped.

"What's your real name?" I asked, sliding a second finger in, feeling a kind of rush at the power over her.

"I-I'm not supposed to say," she gulped.

I put my other arm around her to hold her in place.

"Would it surprise you to know I've seen a video of you and a black woman in bed together having sex?"

Her eyes went wide and she looked at me in shock, embarrassment and fear.

"You can't have!"

I tightened my grip as she tried to slide off my lap.

"Keep your voice down," I said.

"Please don't tell anyone!"

"Okay. Tell me about the video."

Her eyes teared up. "I-I don't know! I think I was drunk! I didn't know he was taking a video!"

"And then he showed it to you."

She sniffled, no longer grinding, just sitting there looking miserable.

"So then what?"

"He said he'd show it to my family if I didn't work here," she said. "He said if I just worked here for a few hours a week he'd make sure nobody saw the video."

"So you're prostituting yourself to keep from being embarrassed," I said in disbelief.

"You don't know my father! He'd disown me! He'd stop paying for my university and throw me out of the house! I wouldn't even be able to see my family again!"

"You're Jewish."

"Orthodox," she said miserably. "My whole family would think I was - contaminated if they knew I had had sex with a woman, a black women, especially, and also a black man."

She shuddered.

"Even if you were drugged?"

"I can't prove I was drugged," she said miserably. "Claude made me watch the video. He kept showing me how it looked and how I couldn't prove anything and how they would think I was just lying anyway. He was right. It looks like I was... enjoying myself. I don't even remember it. I must have been really drunk or... or something."

I pulled a picture of Khalil out of my pocket. "Is this Claude?"

She nodded and I put the picture back..

"Had you ever had sex with a woman before?"

"No! I'm straight!" she gasped, then flinched, her eyes flicking downwards to where I had two fingers buried to the knuckles in her pussy.

"He said I had to buy the video back and this was the way I could make enough money without going to my parents."

"How much does he want?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," she said dully. "I can make about a thousand dollars here in a night. Fifty nights and I'll be free."

"If he keeps his side of the bargain. Are there other girls here like you?"

"I-I don't know. It's not something we talk about. I mean, I'm only here for a few hours a week and I have to be - working then."

She dropped her eyes.

I took out a picture of Francesca. "Ever seen her?"

She made a face and nodded. "She's Claude's little pet."

"She dances here?" I asked doubtfully.

"She loves it," she snorted. "You can tell that some girls get off on it, a few. She's one of them. She's always with Claude when he's here, rubbing herself against him like a little kitten. She says she's going to marry him if you can believe it."

I slipped my fingers out of her a bit regretfully and let her stand up.

"Okay," I said.

I paid her off and left the club, wondering how much I should tell Florenzi.

The Saturn was where I'd left it. I unlocked it and got inside. It was probably the tinted windows which kept me from seeing the black woman sitting in the rear until it was too late. By then the door was closed and I had a very large gun stuck into the back of my neck.

"Did you enjoy your visit?" she asked in a softly accented purr.

"I've seen better clubs," I said.

"Put your hands on the wheel."

I obeyed, and she slid a long black arm around the seat and let her hand roam - roam very casually across my chest, then into the holster under my left arm. She pulled the gun free as she jammed her own into my throat a little deeper. It was a large calibre revolver with a long barrel, perhaps a Smith and Wesson. It could have been a forty five or a forty four. Either would blow my head off if she squeezed the trigger.

"Where is your wallet?" she demanded.

She took it and pressed the gun even more painfully into my throat in case I decided to try and twist free. "A private detective," she said, as if amused. "Start the car, private detective."

I drove south towards the looming apartment blocks where Khalil lived.

"Who are you working for?" she asked.

"A big company, and they already have reports of everything I've learned," I said.

"And what have you learned, little baby?" she asked tauntingly.

"Not everything," I said. "But I'll get there."

"Or you'll get somewhere else instead."

She guided me into an underground garage, then through a pair of sliding doors into a small private parking area. Only the wealthiest New Yorkers had these for their penthouse suites, not wanting to ride up with the common rich folk.

She had both guns, mine and hers trained one me as she eased out the door behind me, and motioned me to follow. I did, wary, looking for an opportunity. None came as she motioned me to the elevator and had me call it. We rode up on opposite sides of the elevator, with her eyes never leaving me, and both guns trained on my stomach.

Upstairs was the kind of apartment you saw on television. It was huge, with antique furniture, immense glass walls, marble floors, Persian rugs and original paintings. She led me only a few feet into the wide, round marbled lobby before turning.

"Take off your clothes."

"I might look at strippers but I'm not one," I said.

"Take off your clothes," she said humourlessly.

She had very cold eyes.

I exhaled slowly, then slipped the leather duster off my back and let it fall to the floor. I hesitated, then eased out of my boots. I was nervous, anxious, and kept looking around to see who else might be here. Stripping in front of guys I knew was one thing, but doing it in front of a stranger at gunpoint was something else again. And the fact she was almost obviously a lesbian lent it a sexual menace it would not otherwise have held.

I undid my shirt and slipped it off. I still wasn't wearing a bra, but at least I didn't have the stupid bandaid on today. She stared at my breasts and let a little smirk lift the corners of her mouth. I thought fleetingly of my sense of

sexual power over the Jewish girl at the strip club and wondered if this was payback.

I slid my leather skirt off, then hooked my thumbs into the strings of my thong and pulled it down, stepping out of it gingerly before straightening.

You feel very weak when naked, very helpless, especially when looking at a pair of guns.

"What's your name?" I asked.

She smiled. "You may call me Miss."

"Turn around and put your hands against the wall," she said.

"You want to frisk me?" I asked sarcastically. "I think you can see I'm not carrying any weapons."

"Do as you are told," she growled.

I turned and put my hands against the wall. Again, I felt helpless. She moved in behind me, and her booted foot kicked my ankles apart.

"Lean in more. Push your little bottom out," she barked.

She forced me to assume the classic police position, but since I was naked it certainly wasn't to search for weapons.

I flinched when I felt her hand slide back and forth over my pussy.

"Who are you working for?" she asked softly.

"I forget."

She chuckled and I felt something else against my bare little sex, something cool and metallic stroking, caressing. Then it pushed into me and I gasped.

"Do not move!"

I felt it pushing up into my pussy, hard, cold and metal, and I knew it was the long-barrelled gun. Then the chamber and trigger guard was pressed against the opening to my sex and she grasped my hair, yanking my head back.

"Do you think this is a game?" she snapped. "Do you think you play with people?"

She drew the gun barrel back suddenly, then thrust it in hard. I cried out as

the wheel and trigger guard struck the mouth of my sex.

"Maybe I fuck you with this," she said in a sneering, accented voice. "Maybe I fuck you with this and come inside you. You like this? You want my come inside you?"

She pumped the gun slowly in and out, grinding the main body of it against the entrance to my sex every time she pushed it in, twisting the barrel painfully from side to side within my pussy. "You will tell me everything you know," she said.

"I-I don't know anything," I gasped.

She thrust the barrel in and then twisted it, angling the front of the barrel up sharply so it dug into my soft flesh and made me cry out in pain.

"You will tell me everything you do."

She pulled the gun free and then rammed her knee up between my legs. The blow threw me against the wall and I cried out in pain, falling to my knees. Her fist yanked back so hard on my hair I was lifted up and thrown back onto the floor. She rounded on me and slammed her booted foot into my pussy - hard. I cried out in pain, but by then she had whirled and kicked me in the ribs with enough force to set me rolling over and over on the marble floor.

"When Claude comes he will be less gentle with you," she said.

She didn't approach, but stood back as I lay groaning, clutching my aching ribs and panting for breath.

"Get onto your hands and knees," she ordered, raising the gun.

I obeyed, still watching for any opportunity.

"Turn and crawl," she said, motioning me down a corridor.

Flushing, panting, I crawled on all fours while she followed well back, the gun trained very steadily on my back. We crawled into a large bedroom with a huge wooden bed - a waterbed, and she ordered me to get in and spreadeagle myself on my back. When I had she pulled a strap from one corner and slipped it around my wrist, locking it tight with velcro strips. She moved around the bed and did the same to my other wrist, giving me no opportunity to jump her.

Then it was my legs, spread wider still and strapped in place. Now she relaxed, smirking. I turned my head from side to side, wondering if there were cameras here as well, and the black woman put down the gun and began to

undress.

## Chapter Six

I tested the straps, casually flexing my arm and leg muscles, pulling and straining at them to see how much give they had. Almost none. And they felt quite strong as the black woman stripped off the last of her clothes and, a look of anticipation on her face, climbed into bed with me.

She was well-muscled, with very close-cropped hair. Her features were very African, with full lips and long, thick nose. She was quite attractive, though, except for the dark, hungry eyes which slid over my helpless body.

It's difficult to explain how I felt. Frustrated, angry, frightened to a degree, and embarrassed. It was a different kind of embarrassment than I'd have had with a man, but no less intense. I wanted to beat the living shit out of her, and was reasonably convinced I could if given a chance, but she'd given me no chance. Now she sat beside me on the bed, and laid her hand on my belly.

I did my best to look casual and even contemptuous as she caressed my belly and let her hand slide higher.

"Such soft skin," she said. "Such a lovely body."

Her hand slid up over my breasts, stroking them heavily, rubbing and squeezing them. Then she dug her nails into one of my nipples and pinched - hard. I cried out in pain, twisting and straining against the straps as she jammed her nails into opposite sides of my nipple and ground them together. I cursed her and tried to throw my body from one side to the other, but there was virtually nothing I could do.

"So sad," she said with a smile. "You can do nothing."

She climbed fully into the bed and slid her naked body over mine. Her breasts were small but firm, and she slid them slowly up my body. I wondered if she expected me to act like a closeted little Jewish girl. How would a perfectly straight woman react to this, I wondered? Not well, I bet. It would be unnerving and disgusting. With me it was really nothing but the prelude to possible pain.

She kissed my nipple, the one she had just dug her nails into, and took it into her mouth, sucking gently, rhythmically. Her hands caressed my breasts, kneading them as her eyes flicked up to me, perhaps assessing my level of discomfort. Then she lifted her body, sliding higher. I had anticipated it, and

was not surprised when she straddled my head and I found myself looking up at her bare pussy, up along her belly to her breasts, and her head staring down at me.

And then the gun was in her hand again as she yanked on my hair. She jammed the barrel into my mouth and I almost choked on it.

"You are going to be a good girl, aren't you," she said, bending low. "You are going to be a good, obedient little girl so that I don't have to hurt you."

She pulled the gun out and placed it beside her, then slid her pussy forward over my mouth.

"Pleasure me," she said.

And to make sure I did she grasped my hair in two fists and yanked it painfully, twisting her fingers as I cried out, smiling down at me as she manoeuvred her pussy down onto my mouth.

Another woman might have been more shocked, more disgusted, more anxious, even horrified. I was lucky in who I was and what I was, and that Max and his cronies had, to some extent, sort of inoculated me against this sort of thing. So while it was unpleasant and even painful it wasn't nearly as shocking as she probably thought it was.

I still had no choice, though, but to thrust my tongue up into her pussy and lick. She was hot, and wet, and clearly enjoying herself as she ground her sex down against my face. I made a conscious decision not to appear too knowledgeable, licking awkwardly at her pussy and clit as she rubbed herself heavily up and down across my mouth and against my nose.

Her knees were spread wide, and she let most of her weight down on my face, grinding her pussy back and forth, back and forth, sighing above me as I licked desperately, gasping and moaning as she pulled on my hair.

She rode my face for long minutes, grinding herself against me, sometimes making it difficult to even breathe as she sat fully on my face, then she picked up the pace abruptly, gasping and moaning as she rubbed her pussy against my mouth. It was as much masturbation for her as oral sex. And then she came, and she was a squirter. I'd heard of such women but never known one, at least not one who admitted it. Her pussy spasmed again and again and again and her sex juices gushed out over my face, soaking my mouth and nose and then simply covering me as she ground herself up and down against my entire face.

She sat on my face for long seconds, then eased back and off me. She climbed out of bed without a word, padded across the big room, and opened a large

armoire. I lay there, face wet, gasping, chest heaving.

She returned carrying a leather case and sat straddling my body again, this time over my belly and hips. She opened the case and I felt a surge of adrenalin and fear at the pointy needles inside.

She took out a three inch needle and leaned over me, holding it to my eye. I tried to turn aside and close my eye and she chuckled deep in her throat. Instead she seized my ear, twisting my head to one side, and thrust the needle through my earlobe.

It hurt.

I mean, I'd gotten my ears pierced. But that didn't mean it didn't hurt. And she did not do it quickly. She pressed the needle against the earlobe and slowly twisted it in through the cartilage in order to maximize the pain.

"You will talk to me," she said as she leaned back and picked up another needle. "You will tell me everything I wish to hear. You will start with who hired you."

They could find out who I worked for easily enough, I thought to myself a trifle panicky, but I kept my mouth shut. She seized my ear again. I tried to pull loose and she slid higher, pinning my head down with one arm, almost jamming her elbow into my cheek. Then she pierced the same ear again, higher, then a third time at the tip.

She drew back, chuckling, sliding her bottom downwards off my heaving chest.

My ear hurt.

"Who do you work for?" she asked, holding another needle.

She let the sharp point of the needle slide down my chest now, and then squeezed my breast in her hand and dug the needle into the soft tissue. I cried out at the stinging pain, twisting from side to side, but she sat easily atop my belly and twisted the needle deeper and deeper before releasing it. She picked up another needle, smiling.

"You will tell me sooner or later. Why not sooner?"

She pinched her fingers against the base of my areola, then slowly worked the needle into my nipple as I squirmed and clenched my teeth and then gasped in pain. She worked the needle all the way through from side to side, then pulled the needle out, twisted my nipple and pierced it again from top to bottom.

Again she did it slowly, clearly enjoying herself, and beads of pain sweat were starting to trickle down my chest and forehead. She held her black fingers tightly in my flesh and looked down at my nipple, then turned it and pressed it straight down into the centre of the nipple, thrusting sharply so that I screamed and arched my back violently.

Rather than piercing the nipple she was stabbing it, driving the needle straight through it into my breast. It was a three inch needle and she twisted and pushed as I screamed and twisted, forcing it deeper into the soft flesh of my breast. Then she released it and it stood upright, quivering, half its length buried in my flesh.

"You will save yourself much pain if you talk quickly," she said.

I should have, but I didn't, and she pierced my other nipple from side to side, then up and down, then held the sharp tip of the needle against the centre of my nipple, waited for me to talk, and then thrust straight down through the nipple and into the breast beneath.

She licked at the sides of my wounded nipples and areolas, then picked up another needle.

"Come baby. Talk to me," she whispered.

She plunged the needle into my breast and I cried out, twisting helplessly. She eased it out and then bent, licking at the small spot of blood which appeared, her tongue long, fat, sliding lazily across my skin, across the throbbing point of pain where the blood emerged. She thrust the needle into my other breast and pulled that free as I again twisted and bucked violently, cursing her. Again she bent forward, her tongue licking lazily at the dot of blood.

Again, and again and again she thrust the needle into my breasts, then licked slowly and lovingly at the blood which oozed out of the small holes.

She got up and went back the armoire, then seemed to be strapping something on. I turned my head and saw that she was putting on a strap-on, but what kind of strap on. It looked something like a rhino horn, a black one, and as she walked back to me I saw the sides were rough and carved.

"F-fucking bitch," I panted.

She only smiled, then positioned the rhino horn at the entrance to my sex. My legs were spread wide, and she sank the thing into me slowly, clearly enjoying my pain as the hard, rough surface scraped through my sensitive sex lips and then along the silken walls of my pussy tunnel. She drove it deep and I could not suppress a gasp of pain. It felt like it was tearing up the walls of

my pussy.

"Nasty little white girl," she purred, working her hips, rolling and twisting them slowly and lovingly as she worked the hard, cruel toy deeper. "Do you like my big cock, white girl?"

"I hope someone makes you eat it!" I gasped.

She thrust her hips forward and I let out a cry of pain as it stabbed deep into my belly. It was not a device for pleasure, but for pain. As she began to work it in and out the rough carvings on the sides scraped and clawed and scratched at my pussy walls and sex lips, and the faster she thrust the more it hurt.

She laid her body down atop me, not seeming to care when her own small breasts pressed down hard against the ends of the needles protruding from my nipples. She twisted her fingers in my hair and crushed my lips with hers, thrusting her tongue through my mouth. I bit it, and she laughed and bit my lip, then again, then kissed me again, her hips working harder, faster, her bottom rising and falling as she raped me with the thick, black cock.

"You will beg Claude to fuck you like this," she gasped breathlessly. "But you will not enjoy it now!"

She jammed the rhino horn deep again and again, her entire lower body rising and falling now as she pistoned the thing inside me. I felt a hot, raw ache inside, as though she had scraped away the surface of my skin. I thought I must surely be bleeding inside, but when she eased back onto her heels I saw no blood.

"Such a pretty little toy," she said. "So much fun for me."

She twisted the rhino horn off the straps and thrust it home in my pussy, then slid off me and took off the straps. She went back to the armoire, returning with a large case. This one had a kind of machine, an electrical box. She plugged it into the wall behind the bed, then took out a pair of wires attached to thin alligator clips. She attached the clips to the needles protruding from my nipples rather than the needles themselves.

I was soaked in sweat by now, and panting weakly. When the electricity shot into my nipples, into my breasts, I convulsed, my back arching violently, legs and arms spasming and pulling against the straps holding me down.

And I talked. I told her I worked for Florenzi's law firm. Why not? She could easily have found out. And it was no great stretch for them to realize it must be because of his daughter, so I told her that too, after another shock had me gasping for breath, my mind a little dazed.

The electricity burned into me. But the shock was like something else again, a raw, powerful, shattering force that ripped through my nervous system, through my muscle and flesh and bone and sent my mind flailing and screaming under the howl of its power. It dazed me. And she loved it. She played with me, sending shock after shock into my body, into my breasts, into my brain until I was dazed, moaning, insensible.

I don't even know what I told her, what I babbled. Enough, apparently. She made me drink something, a clear liquid. I didn't know what it was. I didn't care. Then she put away her nasty little device and slowly drew the needles out of my nipples.

She licked and sucked lovingly at my nipples and the blood which beaded there, moaning in apparent pleasure. Then she worked her way slowly down my body. My mind was dazed, frazzled, and instead of recovering seemed to be getting even more foggy. She licked a slow, lazy trail down my belly and in between my legs, then pulled the rhino horn out of me and began to lick the sides of my sex.

She spread my lips apart, gently licking and kissing and sucking at the inner lips, her tongue pushing astonishingly deep inside me, twisting and caressing me, working up around my clit.

My mind was sinking into a deeper fog as she mouthed my clit. I knew what she was doing, but didn't really care. What she was doing was feeling - kind of nice, though. After all the pain the pleasure seemed twice as good, and my body was soon writhing, twisting slowly, weakly, my hips working up against her as she licked and sucked at my clit.

My arms and legs were free at this point. I didn't realize it, but then I didn't realize they had been tied either. My mind was too foggy, too dazed. And when she kissed me I kissed back, my hands going around her, caressing her back and bottom as we kissed. My breasts ached, but she licked and sucked on them gently, comfortingly, and as our pussies ground together I felt myself building up to shattering orgasm.

When I woke up I was still in the bed. My arms were tied above me to the headboard, and I was still naked. My nipples still hurt, but didn't seem to be bleeding. I gazed around blearily, hearing sounds.

There was a large TV set sitting next to the bed. I was on it. It was like the videos I had seen in Khalil's apartment, only I was the star. There were no pictures of me screaming in pain, no shots of needles in my breasts. I wasn't even tied up. Instead I writhed in the throes of passion as the black woman and I kissed and ground our bodies together.

I watched myself come.

And then there was more. Another person entered the picture. It was Francesca. There she was in bed with me, our bodies writhing together; hers more than mine. I didn't seem to be moving all that much, but her movements caused my body to move.

There were exceptions. I watched her strapped, spreadeagled to the bed, looking fearful.

"Let me go, Stephanie!" she cried, staring at the camera. "This is disgusting! This is sick!"

Then there was a shot of me straddling her face. I was leaning forward, clutching the headboard for support, my head hanging low. There was no shot of my face, but I was definitely grinding my pussy against her mouth. I guess I was worked up by then, though I hardly remembered it. And her little tongue was licking and lapping for all it was worth so that my hips ground instinctively down against her.

It didn't take a genius to figure out what the videos were intended for.

And then she walked into the room, not the black woman, but Francesca. I knew her a little. She was, as I said, a spoiled, arrogant little Italian American Princess used to being given any little thing that struck her fancy. Now she looked down at me, smirking in a superior fashion. She was wearing a tight little black skirt and a halter. Her body underneath was pale and slim.

"Are you enjoying the show, Stephanie?" she purred.

I stared up at her, not knowing what to say.

"I bet my father would be angry if he saw this," she said, sitting on the edge of the bed. "I bet he'd make sure you were punished."

She let her hand move slowly over my body, caressing my belly, then running it up across my breasts.

"I bet he'd do anything he could to destroy you for attacking his innocent little daughter," she said.

Then she drew back and put her hands to her face and burst into tears. "Oh daddy," she sobbed, "I didn't want to, but she made me! It was disgusting! She said she was punishing you, daddy! I feel so dirty!"

She dropped her hands and there were real tears in her eyes. Then she

laughed.

"I took acting classes. Pretty good, huh?"

She let her hand move roughly over my breasts, kneading them, pinching the aching nipples.

"Why?" I asked, my voice hoarse.

She shrugged. "Why not?"

"Khalil is... is - ."

"Khalil is fun," she said with a tinge of anger. "Khalil treats me like a woman, like a hot, sexually alive woman. He loves me. He's shown me how much fun you can have in this world. My parents would have me all dressed up like a little girl at her first communion all the time, dainty and pristine and virginal until I'm married. Then I'm supposed to spurt out bratty, dirty little children to make them happy."

Her words got angrier as she continued, more self righteous as well. "Fuck them! I have fun with Khalil! I'm alive! I do things that my parents would never dream of having done!"

"He's just - using you," I said weakly.

"And I use him! So what?"

She stood up, and her hands went to her skirt, quickly unzipping it, and dropping it to the floor. I was not surprised she was shaven as she climbed into bed and straddled me, then settled over my face.

"You're a lesbian now?" I said weakly.

"Khalil has shown me that I can take pleasure wherever I want," she said. "Selina showed me just how hot sex with women can be, especially women like you, losers who have to do what they're told."

She dropped her pussy over my face and then gripped my hair. "Eat me," she demanded imperiously.

I had little choice but to obey, pushing my tongue up into the damp folds of her sex and tonguing her as she rode my face. My jaw ached and the muscles behind my tongue were sore, but whenever I softened my licking her fingers would twist my hair or simply twist my nose or close my nostrils. It was either perform or suffocate.

"Yeah," she said breathlessly. "Little bitch! You're our little bitch now, aren't you, Stephanie!? You're my bitch!"

She twisted my hair sadistically and laughed at my cry of pain, grinding her sopping pussy up and down against my mouth. "Eat me, bitch," she sneered. "Lick my clit!"

And I did, eating her to two orgasms, which barely seemed to sate her. Then a male voice halted her continuous grinding motions.

"Are you enjoying our little guest, Francesca?" it asked mildly.

Francesca stopped and laughed, turning her head. "Claude!" she cried.

She jumped out of bed and ran to him, folding her arms around him and pressing her small, firm breasts against his chest. He stroked her back and gave her buttocks a squeeze as he looked at me.

"Did Selina tell you she works for my father?" Francesca said with a snort of disdain.

"Yes, she did. That is going to pose some problems," he said.

"She can't say anything," Francesca said. "If my father sees that tape she's finished. He won't just fire her, he'll ruin her. You can make her dance just like the others."

"Just like you, little flower," he said with a smile, his fingers closing more tightly against her bare buttocks.

She giggled and pressed herself against him again. "I'm the best!" she said.

"You are a very talented dancer," he said. "Now go and see Selina. I bought you something new to wear."

Francesca squealed in delight and ran out of the room. Khalil walked over to the bed and sat down beside me.

"Miss Romano," he said. "You present a problem."

"And you're handling it by blackmailing me," I said angrily.

He nodded, but his hand made an uncertain motion. "We'll see. I think we need more than that little video of you and the lawyer's daughter to ensure your silence. You're going to make a few more videos for us. You're going to make videos which would destroy you if they ever got out. That will help us even more."

He ran his hand over my breasts, not unlike the way Francesca had recently done.

"The alternative is that we kill you. You will disappear, and that will be that. I think we are being much more humane this way. All you'll have to do is tell the lawyer that I'm a wonderful man. You can even tell him I'm looking into converting to Catholicism if it will make him happy."

"Not a very good Muslim, are you?"

His expression hardened. "I have no intention of converting to your infidel religion," he said. "And what I do with infidels hardly matters to God. God said that we can kill infidels as we choose. They are unimportant."

"He didn't say you could turn them into sex slaves."

He smiled, though the smile didn't reach his eyes. "You do not presume to tell me of God's will," he said. "You are an infidel whore of no more importance than a dog. If you threaten me I will kill you just as easily. Do you understand?"

He tightened his long, elegant fingers, squeezing my soft breast painfully, and I nodded jerkily.

He stood up and left the room, and I tried to sit up, turning my head up towards the headboard, trying to see how my wrists were bound and how to get them free. But he returned in minutes, accompanied by several men. I flushed red as they gathered around my bed, a half dozen men, most of them Black, all staring at my nude body laid out on the bed before them.

"If you cooperate then this can be done quickly and with a minimum of pain," Khalil said. "If you do not cooperate it will be done anyway, but with much more pain to you."

Two of the men had camcorders. Another had a still camera. One of the men, a large, powerful black man was stripping off his clothes. Another, almost as big, reached to the headboard and removed the straps from my wrists. I sat up quickly, drawing my knees up, looking around anxiously, embarrassment and fear swirling in my mind, trying to see a way past them.

But there was none.

"You are going to do exactly as you are told," Khalil told me, those dead dark eyes fixed on me. "Or you will experience more pain than you can imagine."

He had a long, thin tube, like a narrow baseball bat in his hand. He raised it

now to show it to me and I saw the narrow electrodes on the end. They sparkled as he pressed a button, and I drew back in fear. Electrical shock was not something I ever wanted to experience again.

"Will you cooperate?" he asked menacingly.

Like I had a fucking choice!

I nodded jerkily.

"Lay back in the bed, then and pose for Hasan."

I felt humiliated, with all those strange men around me, but I had no real choice, and reluctantly slid down onto my back, trying to keep my legs together, my arm across my breasts. It was a waste of effort, of course. I was soon being given orders to pose, to spread my legs, to arch my back, to fondle and caress my body as the digital camera flashed again and again. I rolled over, raised my bottom, spread my legs, inserted fingers into myself to spread my sex open for close-ups.

I was then given a vibrator, and the guys with the camcorders started to tape me as well. I had to pretend to masturbate. I had to use the vibrator on myself as they looked on. I had to use it as a dildo, pumping it in and out of my aching pussy, and feign pleasure. I groaned and moaned and gasped and tried to twist my face into a mask of pleasure and heat.

And then came the first big Black man, climbing into bed with me. I sucked his cock as the video cameras whirled. I lay back and he drove the fat, slippery prick into my belly, riding me powerfully, my legs up on his shoulders. There was no sign of force, no sign of coercion, and whenever my face looked less than happy they stopped and Khalil threatened me with the cattle prod, or the "actor" I was with slapped my face or twisted my hair.

I was taken orally, vaginally, and anally, first by the one Black man, then by two, then three. I straddled one, taking him into my pussy, leaning forward to suck another as the third drove his cock up my ass. It hurt, but I had to groan in pleasure as they raped me. Then I was with the Black woman, Selina, Francesca had called her, and we writhed together and tongued each other's mouths and pussies.

The Blacks all had accents, and I discovered they were all Senegalese, Muslims, and illegal immigrants. Not that any of them looked reluctant as they used me, as they videotaped me and took pictures.

After a while I began to loose myself to the sex. I don't mean I became thrilled with it, but it lost its humiliation and shame, and even began to seem a little pleasurable, a little kinky. This was, after all, the reality of the sexual

games Max had played with me. I had long gotten off on the fantasy of myself as a sexual prisoner, so now that the real thing was filling my life it could not help but begin to turn me on, once the hard edge of the fear and shame had worn away.

The men had been chosen for their powerful physiques and big cocks, so riding a big black cock, sucking another, while a third thrust into my ass was, well, it was a turn-on. I didn't climax, but I was really starting to get aroused, despite myself.

## Chapter Seven

After the videos were shot they let me eat and shower. My body was bruised and strained and sore, and I felt more than a little nauseous from the drug Selina had fed me. Not to mention what had just been done to me. I nibbled at some bread and had some milk. That was all I could keep down.

Khalil came into the room, smiling thinly.

"Are done now? Can I go?" I asked.

His smile grew colder. "You will go when I tell you," he barked. "No, there is still more to be done to tie you to us. And Francesca and Selina will teach you what you must learn.

What I had to learn was stripping. Selina had a schoolgirl routine, complete with Catholic schoolgirl outfit. She stripped while I watched, heart thumping, eyes flitting nervously around. Then Selina did a kind of Arab belly dancer thing, moving sleekly across the stage, menacing yet beautiful all at once. I was never much of a dancer, but my protests cut no water, and when the enthusiasm I put into my dancing didn't markedly improve I was bent over a table and Khalil thrust the cattle prod right up my pussy and turned it on.

The shock ripped up my spinal column like an explosion, and I screamed and thrashed weakly as the men held me down, wearing rubber gloves to keep the shock from transferring to them. When I recovered I danced with less inhibitions, caring about little but avoiding the cattle prod's touch.

Then it was down to Club Belmar, to perform for the customers. Khalil told me that he wanted proof in my past, that once I had stripped there my word would be useless to anyone. Whether it was the media or the police, I would be known as a "stripper" and whatever I said would be discarded and largely ignored. Protesting got me another touch of the cattle prod.

I was nervous, frightened, embarrassed, and my mind fluttered wildly, trying to see a way out, and not finding one. The Club was as dark and grotty as I remembered, but now the big Black men at the doors, by the stage, at the bar, took on a new and menacing air. The music pounded so loudly that I only now realized that anything I shouted from the stage would largely go unheard.

And did I dare try to call for help anyway? Those videos they had taken - what if they got out? Khalil had promised that he would ensure every member of my family and every friend I had, especially the male friends, would get a copy of the video tape they were making. Would I be able to look anyone in the face again? Every time I thought of someone I knew, my mother, my father, cousins, friends, whenever I thought of one or another of them staring at that tape I cringed and the bottom dropped out of my stomach.

And that was how I, who had once been a cop, became a stripper.

I pranced out on stage, heart in my throat, dressed like little red riding hood, complete with hood. And if my eyes were wide and my face pale I don't think anyone noticed or cared. I danced awkwardly to the music and removed articles of clothes. Every time I stripped something off my heart gave a little lurch and my embarrassment rose a notch. Far too soon I was down to a lacy little white bra and matching thong.

I was - dazed - in a way. My mind was fried by all the thoughts and sensations, the shock, the embarrassment, the fear, the pounding music, the unbelievable nature of what was happening, that I was on a stage in a strip club wearing nothing but my lingerie. And then, soon, not even that. I thought my heart would explode when I finally had to remove my bra. But I did it, and could hardly breathe as I turned and twisted, displaying my breasts, showing myself off.

And then came the thong, and the last scrap of cover I had. And I was nude, turning, posing, twisting, spreading my legs, bending, twisting around the bar, utterly shocked, my skin prickling like it was alive as rows and rows of eyes stared at me, watched me.

But as deeply embarrassed and shocked as I was, there was a dark, nasty little sense of heat and excitement too, an exhibitionist's pride and arousal as I flaunted my nude body before them all. When I ground my pussy against the bar I actually felt a shiver of heat and excitement role through my belly.

Through the whole thing I was a fraction of an inch away from bursting into tears, though, from breaking down in hysterics. I was numb, twirling and posing, caressing my body, going through the motions.

And then came the rest.

I had to give lap dances. And Khalil had told me that at least some of my "customers" would be ringers, friends of his who would tell him exactly what I said and did.

In the dark hall of the champaign rooms I stripped before a young, well-dressed black man, straddling his lap and grinding myself against him. I could feel him getting hard underneath me as his hands caressed my buttocks, then moved slowly up my flanks. Soon he was kneading my breasts, putting more money on the table as I ground myself against him through a second dance.

"I want a suck," he said, laying the money on the table.

I felt a pang of shock in my belly, but knew of no way to do anything but obey.

I slid backwards off his lap, legs apart on the floor, straight, bending at the waste, doing as Francesca and Selina had shown me, rubbing my face against his groin, then opening his zipper and taking his hard phallus out. I licked it, took it into my mouth, and sucked him until he came.

I didn't know if he'd been one of the ringers Khalil had spoken about. I only knew I had to get dressed and take the money out front, give it to one of Khalil's men, then go and take another customer.

The next customer was a middle aged white man with an expressionless face and glasses. He just groped me, pawed me, pinched my nipples, and then left after two songs. The next was a young, preppy looking guy with blonde hair. He watched me excitedly as I danced and stripped, and then immediately began to grope and fondle me as I straddled him and ground myself against his groin.

He squeezed my buttocks hard, jamming me against him, and ate at my breasts, sucking and licking and chewing painfully, until I pushed his head back. His face became ugly.

"I'm paying for it, bitch. I can do what I want!" he growled.

He reached into his pocket and slapped a pair of fifties on the table.

"I want to feel your cunt wrapped around my prick," he said. "Now!"

He must be a ringer, I thought dazedly, fighting back my initial desire to beat him unconscious. Surely men didn't talk like this in real life? I mean, not to women who could tell them to go fuck themselves. Or was it generally known

that the girls at Club Belmar would do whatever they were told without complaint?

I took him out of his pants and straddled him. I hated his sneering, contemptuous face as I rubbed him against the mouth of my sex, and slowly sank down over him. He wasn't that big, and I slid easily down to the base, grinding myself against him as he resumed sucking and licking at my nipples. I began to ride him quickly, wanting to finish him off, disgusted and furious at having to put up with this kind of treatment from a little weasel like this.

He slapped at my ass, he pinched and bit at my nipples, and he pulled my hair.

"Yeah. Ride it, slut. Ride my cock, you fucking whore!" he gasped.

The weird thing was that once again, even as disgusted and angry as I was, I was getting turned on. I wasn't a whore! But somewhere deep down inside the thought of being a whore was a huge turn-on. I was a stripper and a prostitute! That was so fucking impossible that I was dazed by the thought, and as shamed as I was I was also aroused by it.

My bare feet were cold against the somewhat dirty tiled floor under us. My fingers were white as they dug into the back of the cheap plastic chair he was sitting in. I was riding up and down on his cock, up and down, up and down. He was licking and mouthing my nipples and breasts as I rode up and down, now and then rubbing his hands over them, now and then fingering my clit, which despite my dislike of him had an affect.

He slid his hand onto my ass and I felt his finger pressing against my anal opening. My disgust and resentment rose, but I didn't say anything, even as his finger worked its way up into my ass.

But then he bit my nipple. Hard. My nipples were both sore and swollen from being stuck with pins, from being abused constantly. He took the nipple between his teeth and bit down so hard you could almost hear the crunch over the music. My reaction was instinctive, automatic. I slapped the heels of my hands together hard. With his head in between - his ears, to be more exact.

The screams drew a lot of attention. It drew such quick attention I knew they had been waiting for something. The curtain yanked aside and two of Khalil's bouncers were there, grabbing me. With them was a middle aged white man in a cheap suit. I was in pain, holding my breast, and too wild to think at first. I was babbling about how he bit my nipple, stupidly trying to explain.

They dragged me quickly into a back room, and dragged him out back. He was still screaming when the door closed behind him. I think I popped his ear

drums. At least, that had been what I was trying for. I understand it's painful.

I was handcuffed and thrown into a chair. The white guy was there with me, holding a note book.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

I just sort of looked at him.

He was wearing a badge, and I realized he was a cop.

"I-I - ."

"I asked for your name."

I didn't want to say. I was shocked again. What was going on?!

"We'll find out when we print you," he said. "You're under arrest for assault causing bodily harm. I think you busted that poor guy's eardrums."

"H-he bit me!" I gulped.

"Risk of the job, baby," he said.

Did I want to tell him my name, that I was an ex cop? Did I want to tell him what was going on? Was he legit or did he work for Khalil? Probably the latter to be there so quickly. Sure enough he put the notebook away and stepped closer, then reached out for me as he undid his zipper. He brought his cock out and drew my head forward.

"You're not going to bite me, are you, baby? Cause if you do I'll beat your fucking teeth out."

He pushed his cock into my mouth and I gurgled weakly as it slid across my tongue and almost choked me.

"Come on, bitch. Suck," he said. "That's it. I heard you used to be a cop. Ain't that a fuckin joke?"

He had his fingers in my hair as he pumped himself into my mouth, jerking my face forward to meet his thrusts. He backed up, dragging me off the chair by the hair, forcing me to my knees as he stood in front of him, my wrists feeling the cold metal of the handcuffs tight around them as he thrust hard and popped the head down my throat. I gurgled and gagged as he forced my face in against his trousers, burying every last inch in my throat.

"Nice," he groaned. "That's the only fucking thing policewomen are good for anyway."

He raped my throat, taking his time, pumping in and out in hard, deep strokes, easing up when he thought he was going to come, extending his enjoyment until he finally came in my face.

They had it nicely set up, and I don't think I realized until then just how organized Khalil was. One of the girls put makeup on my face as they gave me "my clothes" to wear. Then, hands cuffed, I was led out to an unmarked police car, wearing a plastic miniskirt and an almost see-through halter. He drove me to the Twenty-Fourth Precinct. Even when I'd been a cop it had been notorious for its corruption.

In intake I was fingerprinted and had my picture taken, then led in a back room to be strip searched. The strip searching was no more professional than the one Selina had given me. The room was old, with industrial lime green paint peeling off the wall. The two women there were flabby, fat, smirking bitches in their forties, each holding a night stick.

"Strip, honey," one said.

One was thin, with very short hair. The other had that kind of short, industrial beehive look, hair tangled into an ugly, outdated perm, her breasts hanging onto her belly. I stripped off my whore clothes, feeling ashamed again as they eyed my body.

"Bend over and spread `em," the beehive ordered.

I knew it would be pointless to protest. I did as she ordered, grasping the edge of the scarred old wooden table and bending over, spreading my legs.

A rough hand seized my hair and thrust me forward hard so my belly hit the edge of the table, and a moment later my cheek was jammed against the hard, scarred wood.

"Spread your legs," she barked.

I obeyed.

"Raise your ass, bitch. Higher. I want your legs straight and your ass in the air. Now!"

I obeyed again, gasping in pain pushing my bottom up and out nakedly.

"Nice shave job," one said, palming my pussy and rubbing her heavy hand over it.

The plastic gloves came out, and with a hand gripping my hair jamming my face into the table I felt the fingers parting the lips of my sex, then thrusting inside. They weren't gentle, and they twisted and turned inside me, pushing deeper, and then deeper still. The knuckles were jamming against the mouth of my sex as I gasped in pain.

"Come on, baby, if that was a big cock you'd be really enjoying this," one said.

There were three fingers inside me, twisting and turning, jamming further in, and when I jerked in pain a hard slap to my bottom made me yelp at the stinging pain.

"Keep your ass still or you'll see how much you like my nightstick up your twat," one snarled.

The door opened and closed behind me, and I gasped at a male voice, but the fingers tightened in my hair, holding my face pressed hard against the rough wood.

"Maybe she'd like something else instead," the voice said with a leer.

"Not unless you got the money for her," one of the women said with a snicker.

"I bet you'll give me a discount," he said.

There were softer words exchanged, then a distinctly male hand ran over my bottom and a moment later I felt a cock slide inside me. I moaned weakly as hands slid up my sides and under me to cup and fondle my breasts. Then the hips started slapping against my raised bottom.

"I bet we could make a lot of money off this little honey," one of the women said.

"I'm sure someone is," the other replied.

"Give it to her, Rupert," the first one said with a laugh.

A second man came after him, then a third, then a fourth, each of them thrusting rapidly into me as the women looked on, snickering and commenting on their staying power and abilities, not to mention their equipment.

When the men were done they took turns sitting and spreading their legs while I knelt and performed oral sex on them. While I ate one the other used her nightstick on my pussy, thumping it deep, twisting it painfully whenever the other said I needed "encouragement".

I don't think any of them except the cop who arrested me knew who I was, other than a cheap, powerless whore who had been brought in for attacking a customer. They were just having their jollies with an attractive prostitute, enjoying one of the perks of the job for sleazy cops.

When they were done I was shown into a small, dirty office with the guy who had arrested me, a sergeant O'Reilly. He showed me my "record". My mug shot was clipped to the inside, along with my fingerprints. The forms of my "most recent" arrested were there on top, showing how I had attacked a customer as I was working as a prostitute at the Belmar strip club.

Behind the form was a sheaf of others taken from "previous arrests" for prostitution and possession of narcotics.

"You know how it works, Romano," O'Reilly said. "You are officially a prostitute, stripper and druggie. This backs it up. Now the only reason this is not going into the general files is because you're also being put down as a CI (Confidential Informant), so that this is kept locked up. If you get out of line it goes into the general files. You tell me how much respect you're going to get from anyone after that, especially with your little video performances."

"You're a scummy excuse for a cop," I said contemptuously.

He only smiled.

I was allowed to take a cab home. After an hour in the shower, where I scrubbed painfully at my sore, bruised, scratched body, I lay back on the sofa, mentally and physically exhausted, but feeling so - free. I was out of their clutches for now, alone, comfortable, not being actively threatened. I could lay on my sofa in my comfortable apartment and pretend my world hadn't been turned upside down.

But I knew better, and the threat hung over me, a silent, ever-present menace of what they could do to me if I refused to go along. And just in case I was at all uncertain they left a DVD on the coffee table. I didn't want to look at it, but I did, hoping to find something, anything, which would back up my story of being forced to perform for the cameras.

There was nothing there. It looked like I'd been having fun, enjoying myself, really getting off on my little gang bang with the Senegalese men, and Selena. And enjoying myself even more with Florenzi's helpless, whimpering daughter. Even if I could have convinced him I was doing it against my will I knew he would never forgive me, would never want to look at me again.

Maybe I could keep the apartment, but I wasn't betting there wasn't some sleazy lawyer trick behind my getting it which would let him yank it back. If

he really thought I'd sexually abused his daughter, though, he'd stop at nothing to get back at me. And with my "record" for prostitution and drugs he'd have me locked up in a second, and no one would pay the slightest attention.

I was fucked, in more ways than one.

I still knew people on the job, but I hadn't exactly been the most popular cop among my colleagues, and hadn't stayed a cop that long. The people I knew would run from something like this. There was even video of me stripping in the club! I hadn't seen the camera, but Khalil had thought of everything.

I paced back and forth long into the night, thinking, considering, planning. And it all came to nothing.

## Chapter Eight

I returned to work, and told Florenzi I had found nothing bad about Khalil. I told him he came from a terrific merchant family and that he wasn't much of a Muslim, didn't really believe in it, and in fact was considering converting to Catholicism. I also told him he had shown no interest in my seductive talent. He wasn't exactly happy but I could take grumbling from him. What I couldn't take was his reaction if I told him his daughter was a whore and an extortionist and an accomplice to rape.

And on the following Friday I left early and went to Club Belmar, where I stripped for the club and then did lap dances and prostituted myself in the back rooms. When it was over I fled into the night, full of rage and fury, my mind again whirling with plans, more violent plans now, more outraged plans, and gratitude that I didn't have to go back for two weeks.

The following Monday Shapiro told me a cop was there to see me. I felt my stomach quiver and roil at once, especially when she gave me his name. O'Reilly came in, smirking, trailing a short, thin man, not an Arab, but dark of skin. He was Spanish.

"Meet Mr. Dominick," he said as they approached my desk.

"Mr. Dominick," I said warily.

He smirked at me, and my alarm grew.

"I have a message for you from Claude," O'Reilly said. "He said that you were to obey Mr. Dominick as you would him."

"Come out from behind the desk," Dominick ordered in thickly accented Spanish.

I stared at the door, heart pounding, then rose and moved around to stand warily in front of the desk. I was wearing a longer skirt, and licked my lips anxiously as the men looked at me.

"Strip," Dominick ordered.

I drew in a shaky breath. "I work here. I can't - ."

"You work here on our sufferance," Dominick said coldly. "Strip now."

I looked at O'Reilly, who smiled and went to the door, locking it.

Resigned, I unbuttoned my blouse and took it off, flinging it onto the desk angrily. I unzipped my skirt and slid it down, throwing it onto my chair, then pulled off my boots and removed my lingerie. I stood before him sullenly, defiant.

"You seem to forget something, whore," Dominick said. "You are of no value to us. There is no reason why we should not release the information on you. We have nothing to gain. Do you understand? Do not try our tolerance."

"I - I did what you told me," I said.

"I do not like defiance," he snarled. "You will remember your place - puta! Get on your knees."

My legs wobbled. I sank to my knees, felt the rough carpet against my bare skin, and looked up at them as they sneered and smirked to see me kneeling. O'Reilly leaned against the door watching. The Spanish man came forward and slapped my face, throwing me back against the desk. I rubbed my stinging cheek and stared up at him in anger and fear.

"Remember that you belong to us," he snarled. "Remember that we can destroy you! Remember that I hold your life in my hand, bitch!"

"Wh-what do you want?" I asked shakily.

"Your obedience."

I nodded wearily.

He looked me up and down, then smiled and moved back.

"Get on all fours. I want you to crawl before us."

I felt a hardness in my chest, a surge of fury and rebellion. This - this pathetic, vicious, brutal little bastard! I could kill him with my bare hands! I could kill O'Reilly too! He looked fat and slovenly. I could - ."

"Now, slut!"

"I'm not crawling before you, you - ! I'm not a fucking animal!" I snarled.

He gripped my hair and flung me down onto the rug. When I tried to rise his foot came down on my back between my shoulder blades and I cried out as I was slammed into the carpet and my breasts were crushed beneath me.

"You do not argue, bitch," he hissed.

"Claude said to tell you that if I thought you'd be easier to handle then I should go ahead and release your records," O'Reilly said from the door. "Your PI licence will be revoked, and you'll be fired. The videos will be sent out except the one with you and your boss's daughter. That'll be saved for something else. You really want to go through that because you've got too much pride to crawl on the floor? You know he'll make you crawl later, one way or another."

The Spanish man eased up with his foot and I pushed myself up but - stayed on all fours, trembling, white faced.

"Crawl, bitch," Dominick said with a sneer.

I wanted to kill him. But I raised a hand and then - I put it down in front of me. I crawled across the room while the two men looked at me, and then crawled back, head down, fighting against tears of rage. I didn't look up. I stared at the carpet below me as I crawled slowly from one side of the room to the other. Dominick held out a polished Italian shoe as I crawled to him.

"Lick it," he said with relish.

I felt broken. My head sank and I licked at it numbly, my tongue sliding back and forth over the gleaming leather.

"Do her," Dominick said.

"Don't you want to do her?" O'Reilly asked.

"This is better. Do her. I know you want to. Do her while she licks my shoes. Do her."

O'Reilly pushed himself away from the door and walked over behind me, then sank to his knees. I heard his zipper go down.

"Lick, bitch," Dominick growled.

I licked his shoes, gasping, grunting as O'Reilly thrust himself into me. I licked up the side of one shoe, across the top, and down the other side as O'Reilly's hips slapped against my upraised bottom and his cock thrust deep into my pussy with hard, steady strokes. I licked the shoe when Dominick held it out to me, and licked the bottom of both shoes as my body shook to the repeated blows of O'Reilly's hips and belly.

When he was done he grunted with effort as he got back to his feet and closed his zipper. Dominick dragged me to my feet and pushed me belly-down across the desk. Then he stuffed a handkerchief in my mouth.

"Now hold still, and I will teach you what obstinacy brings," he said.

He drew the belt out of his trousers and my fingers dug into the palms of my hands as I held still. The belt was thin, and made a hissing sound as it swung through the air, doubled up in his beautifully manicured fingers. It cracked across my buttocks with painful force, driving my thighs and knees forward hard against the edge of the desk as I cried out helplessly into the makeshift gag.

My office was in a corner with the supply room on one side and a stairwell on the other. That was why none of the big shot lawyers had wanted it. I'd have to make a lot of noise in here to be heard out at the closets desks.

The belt slashed across my bottom again and again I cried out, tears filling my eyes now at the shockwave of stinging pain lanced through my body. Another blow slashed across my buttocks and again I cried out, sobbing in pain. He was not being gentle. He was not leading up to anything. He was cutting the belt across my bottom with savage force that ripped cries of pain from my mouth as my breasts pillowed out against the desk.

"Now reach back and pull your buttocks apart, slut," Dominick ordered. "Now!"

I obeyed, my fingers trembling. He moved closer, and then spat onto my bottom, onto my anal opening. A moment later I felt his cock rubbing against the little wad of spit, rubbing against my wrinkled little opening, then pushing into me. I moaned as he forced his cock deeper, grunting with effort, ignoring my discomfort. He grasped at my hair, yanking my head back as his hips lunged forward. His cock was thick and hard and it stabbed violently up into my belly as he laughed and jammed his knuckles against my head.

He sodomised me there against the desk, hammering his hips into me, pounding his cock cruelly into my ass, using me, degrading me, telling me what a piece of filth I was and how I would have to obey him from now on or else.

Then he gave me an address and a time, and told me we would get better acquainted there. He and O'Reilly left, and I locked the door and slid down to the floor at its base, trembling, moaning weakly, sore, shamed, filled with fury - and fear.

There comes a point where nothing matters any more, where you break and decide that you just can't stand it any more. I was very near to that point. Other women might have given in and just accepted their fate. I was not other women. I was not used to being pushed around, being degraded - at least, against my will. I was not used to being treated like shit by foreign greaseballs!

I was not yet ready to break, but I was very close.

I went to the address Dominick gave me. My bottom had welts on it and my insides still hurt from his rough sodomy. He lived in a large townhouse in Gramercy, and let me into the door himself, a smirk on his greasy little face.

"Come in and take off your clothes," he said. "You and I are going to reach an understanding."

I stripped, but not completely. I had deliberately worn tall, black stiletto heeled boots, and I stripped down to them and put my hand on my hip challengingly. He smiled.

He sat down in an antique chair, his tie loosened, and picked up a crystal glass of something.

"Dance for me, slut."

"There's no music," I said.

"Dance," he growled.

The room had a twenty foot high ceiling and a marble floor. Tall roman pillars flanked the door, and a fireplace on the other wall was tall enough to walk into without bending.

I danced for him, naked, sliding my hands up and down on my naked body, caressing my soft skin, lifting and squeezing my breasts, turning and rolling

my hips as he sat there and stared at me. As I danced a kind of peace came over me, a sense of tranquillity. I had made up my mind. I was going to rebel. I was going to punish them. I didn't yet know how, but I knew it would come soon. This was about to end.

I felt myself loosening up, the tension draining out of me as I rolled my hips and let my body undulate in time to unseen, unheard music. He stared at me and I stared back challengingly. I could handle this miserable little bastard. I could crush his scrawny neck. Maybe I would do it tonight, once I had a few things planned.

I danced closer to him, my hands high above me, taunting him, teasing him.

I folded in half when he buried his fist in my stomach, and collapsed onto the marble floor, gasping and retching. He seized my wrist and yanked my arm back, then wrapped a leather restraint around it. I was in the fetal position, face red, gasping, the air knocked out of me, my lungs refusing to work. He calmly added a restraint to my other wrist, then picked up a wide metal bar and locked my wrists to either end.

He gripped the centre of the bar and dragged me backwards on the floor on my back, just a little way, to where he could hook a chain to the centre of the bar. I hardly noticed. When you can't breath everything else seems unimportant, and I was nearly faint from lack of air, my lungs only just beginning to function again. I felt the pull on my wrists, felt myself dragged a little ways, and then my arms lifting upwards, lifting me into a sitting position.

The pull continued, and my legs moved sluggishly as the restraints squeezed in painfully around my wrists, but the chain lifted me up fully before my legs could really support me. I was on my knees, but held mainly by the wrists. Then I was lifted up to my feet, again mostly pulled by the wrists.

And then my feet left the floor and I moaned in pain as the leather crushed in painfully around my wrists. All my weight dangled from my wrists and I was still gasping for breath.

He lifted my ankles wide, pulling them open and shackling them in place. Then he went to the wall, where there was a small button, and pushed it. I heard a low, machine noise, and the chain pulled, stretching me out. I felt the joints in my bones crack and pop, and felt a growing tension in my spine, in my arms and legs. I was so tightly spread, so tautly held I couldn't move anything other than my head.

But at least I could breath again.

There was a thin knife in my right boot. Fat lot of good it was going to do me like this. I stared at him, this arrogant little weasel of a man, and I felt a wave

of hatred. I think I would have killed him right then and there if I hadn't been tightly bound.

He started with a cat O' nine tails. I recognized it as the real version of the things Max had used on me. The difference was that the tails were a lot heavier on this one, as I was about to discover.

He positioned himself behind me and shook out the whip.

"I am going to make you sing," he said. "You will scream for me, little bird. You will scream and scream and scream until you cannot scream any more."

"Please I - ."

The whip cut across my back; nine thin leather laces as wide as my little finger, hammering into me, slashing at my skin with shocking pain. I couldn't not cry out, loudly. I might not want to reward him, not give him what he wanted, but the cry of pain was unavoidable. As was the next, and the next. He started on my back, going up and down, up and down, until it burned and screamed with pain.

Then he moved downwards to my ass. The thin laces found their way along the underside of my buttocks, curling in to snap and bite at my anal opening and the insides of my thighs. He moved slowly around me and aimed at my breasts, and my cries rose in tone and desperation as the laces cut into the soft, sensitive flesh like a rain of bee stings. I writhed and thrashed and screamed as red lines of pain began to criss-cross my chest, then ease down against my belly and abdomen.

I cursed him, and I begged him, and then I cried, in pain and fury and frustration and misery - but mostly in pain.

He took a step to the side and slashed the whip downwards, sending the laces curling diagonally down across my abdomen to snap at my bare sex. Again I howled and screamed, jerking and flailing helplessly as the cat clawed at my flesh. The long, thin leather laces snapped and bit into my flesh again and again and again. He would stand in one position, send the whip slashing out at me, at one part of my body, my breasts, or belly or back, then he would shift to another position and aim at something else.

And then I thought he was finally done. Gasping, soaked in sweat, my skin burning with pain from dozens and dozens of blows, I watched him toss the cat onto a low table. Then he reached for another whip, a long, curled whip eight or more feet long and thick as my thumb.

I whimpered and moaned as he shook it out and let it trail behind him as he walked around behind me. The single whip was as thick around as all nine of

the thin laces on the Cat, and I panted, gulping in air, hyperventilating as I anticipated the pain it would deal out.

My imagination wasn't up to the task. The whip cut across my back, heavy, powerful, painful, thumping into my soft flesh with bruising force, at the same time, cutting into my skin like a hot iron, laying a trail of agony across my shoulders.

I screamed at the top of my voice, a high pitched, animal shriek as the fire burned deep into my skin. I writhed and thrashed and sobbed in my helplessness, legs and arms well apart, body hanging in mid-air, completely vulnerable, unable to do a single thing to

The next blow. It came, hammering into me, cutting across the small of my back and hurling my belly forward so that my back arched. I screamed again, my throat aching. Another blow sliced into my flesh, and another, and another. Now the whip began to curl around my body, snapping at my ribs, and breasts, at my belly and abdomen. And finally at my groin, slicing down across both hips, dipping and darting, slashing and burning.

I hung there barely conscious, dripping sweat, moaning. My body was jerking rhythmically, and I knew, after a fashion, that he was pressed against me, that he was sodomising me, that his cock was thrusting up through my flesh with hard, deep motions that should have hurt. But the pain was wrapped around my body and mind and I couldn't think of anything else, even if I hadn't been too exhausted to try.

I woke in a closet, my wrists locked behind my back. Every inch of skin between my shoulders and my upper thighs was on fire. I could see very little. The only light came from a crack beneath the door. Still, it was light enough to see the empty pole overhead, and to get some idea of the welts criss-crossing my body.

I was gagged, my jaw forced apart by a ball-gag. I couldn't imagine why he had left me ungagged while I was screaming and then chose to gag me afterwards, but then insane people were rarely predictable.

I lay there suffering for some time before the door opened. I blinked up at him in the increased light, taking in the state of my body, which was interlaced with more welts and marks than I had even imagined.

"So. Awake again," he said. "Time for us to get to know each other even better."

He reached in and gripped my hair, dragging me out of the closet. I scrambled to my knees, then my feet and he flung me across the room. I

stumbled and nearly fell, but caught myself as he came out after me, smirking.

"By the way," he said. "I found a knife in your boot. Did you really think you were going to use that on me? For that, you'll be punished again. But much more severely this time."

He gripped my hair again as he moved his body in behind me, yanking my head up and back. I slammed my boot down onto his foot.. To be more precise, I slammed the sharp stiletto heel of my boot down into his foot. His scream was very pleasant.

He was on the floor as I turned around, clutching his foot, his face a mask of pain. I felt a fog around my mind as I drew my foot back and then slammed it into his face as hard as I could.

Not the toe, the heel.

You really don't need to know what stiletto heels on an angry woman will do to a man laying prone on the floor. Especially one in a robe which has flown open with nothing on beneath.

Afterwards I had the problem of how to get out of the leather restraints. That wasn't easy. But I was able to slip my bound wrists under my buttocks. With them in front of me I found a screwdriver and used it to pull open the buckles and eventually get them off. I searched the house, raiding the medicine cabinet first.

Afterwards, well, Dominick apparently liked to look flashy. He had a lot of jewellery for a man, including over a dozen jewelled watches which were worth thousands apiece, and lots of gold chains and rings. I bagged it all, then bagged Dominick, as well. I put him in the trunk of my car, cleaned up the place, and then dumped him in the Hudson River with a portable TV to weigh him down.

It was morning by the time I reached my place. I grabbed some things I wanted to keep, then cleared out my bank account - the one in my name anyway. I pawned the jewellery with a guy I knew, parked the Saturn, and got a loaner; basically a stolen car with phony plates and registration.

I had plenty of phoney ID. It wasn't hard to get hold of, and there were all kinds of uses for it in my line of business. I checked into a motel, cut my hair and dyed it blonde. The blonde worked fine with my pale skin, and adding a pair of dark glasses made me seem like a different person.

I had long had an illegal tap into the NYPD's database, and I knew where O'Reilly lived. He worked the late shift, so I was betting he would be asleep. He was. He had a nice little bungalow in Queens. I didn't even have to use

the ball gag to keep down the screams. Oh I didn't use anything so fanciful as whips. Just a lighter. Guess where.

He didn't know much about Khalil except that he was going by the name Claude DeJean now, and pretending to be an Algerian. I guess he had found phoney ID as convenient as I now was. Khalil, as far as he knew, ran a string of strippers and prostitutes. He gave him protection, and occasional help with recalcitrant girls like me, and in return Khalil let him use his girls and paid off his gambling debts.

I hardly had to burn him at all. His unit was still in reasonable condition so that with some of the GHB - the date rape drug - I found in his house he had a gay old time with several acquaintances from the lower levels of the New York gay community in need of money. I left them to take the videos for me, knowing they'd be creative and artistic, and went to find Khalil.

With his full name - the phoney one - I easily found his apartment. He owned a four million dollar house in Chelsea. No doubt paid for with the money from the girls he had blackmailed. It cost me two hundred bucks to pay a guy to disable the alarm, but once inside I found a lot of money laying around, along with a room set up like a TV studio - with a king sized bed as the stage.

I had brought a couple of cans of gasoline, but before torching the place I snooped into every drawer I could find out of habit. I found several thick packets of twenties, and a lot of odd receipts. They were receipts from farm supply stores, hardware stores and chemical supply wholesalers. I couldn't see how any of it would be useful to an aspiring pimp.

I also found a rent receipt for what looked like a commercial property in the warehouse district. I wondered what the high living Khalil would possibly want with that.

I gathered all the DVDs, CDs, electronics and clothes I could find - and he had closets full of expensive tailor made silk shirts, trousers and suits, and piled them up in the middle of the floor by the antique chairs and sofa, then poured gas on them. I left a trail to the door, set it, and took off.

Next stop was the warehouse district, and a decrepit looking garage which looked like it was ready to fall down with the first solid breeze that wafted past the big warehouse next door. The door was locked and the garage door down. I took a tire iron, hopped a rusty chain link fence and went around back. The door there was locked, too, but it had a window with most of the caulking worn away. I was able to scrape the rest out with a knife and pry it free, then reach in and undo the lock.

I stepped into a narrow corridor with peeling, yellowing linoleum that hadn't been washed in ages and unpainted concrete walls. Loud Arabic music was

playing not very far away. There was one bare bulb overhead to light the way as I eased up the four foot hall and around the corner. There I found a little office with an ancient desk and a modern laptop, and past that and around another corner, the open garage held a rusty white van, a large panel truck and a shiny black Mercedes.

There were two Arab guys at the open back of the truck. Khalil and Selina were over by the van, looking down at a large crate sitting behind it. One of the men by the truck turned and headed towards me. I ducked back into the office. The only place to hide was behind the door. The guy, dumpy looking, with a big belly and a long beard, came into the office right past me and leaned over the desk to look at the computer.

I pushed the door closed and slammed the tire iron down on his head. He folded against the desk and chair and then collapsed to the floor. Holding my breath, I opened the door and eased out, straining my senses to see if anyone had heard anything. I risked peeking into the garage, but no one seemed to be upset. I ducked back into the office and pushed and dragged the guy along the floor until he was at least hidden by the desk.

Then I waited. Sure enough, it wasn't long before a voice called out over the music and chanting. Then the voice came again. The voice, sounding irritated, came closer. The other man came into the room and glared at the desk, not noticing the door closing behind him until it was too late.

I eased out into the hall again. And literally ran into Selina coming back. We were both surprised, but I was a lot more hyper and alert than her, and before she could do more than squawk I brought the tire iron down across her forehead twice, then sprinted past her collapsing form into the garage.

Khalil turned with a look of annoyance on his face. The look shifted to shock, then anger. He shouted at me, some kind of insult, but it was in Arabic. He ran for the Mercedes and I threw the tire iron at him as I reached for my gun. It hit him between the shoulders and sent him stumbling into the back of the car. When he turned around he was looking at the gun.

"Filthy slut!" he screamed.

"Hey, Khalil. How they hanging?" I asked.

"You will pay for this, bitch!"

I kicked him in the balls - hard. He grabbed at himself and collapsed to his knees. I kicked him in the face then and sent him slamming back against the side of the Mercedes.

"Khalil, I've got some issues," I said. "You and me have to talk."

"Y-You will pay," he gasped. "I have already told O'Reilly to h-have you arrested."

"I don't think O'Reilly is going to be doing much moving around for a while."

"Y-You are a prostitute and whore," he panted. "No one will believe you!"

I hit him in the head a couple of times with the gun and he stopped talking. I tied him up and looked around the garage. The Mercedes had that cattle prod thing in the rear. That looked to have oodles of fun potential. There was also a briefcase with a truly amazing amount of cash in the form of fifty dollar bundles. I walked over to the van and examined the crate. It was about six feet long, very coffinish, really, if you take my meaning.

I used the claw hammer next to it to pry up the top, and guess who was inside? It was the lovely Francesca, gagged, blindfolded, naked, and so tightly strapped she couldn't have so much as wiggled her pretty little nose. The address on the shipping label said the crate was headed for Morocco, so I guess Khalil had either tired of her or had decided not to take chances with her father's involvement.

I was tempted to leave her in the crate and help ship it off, but I had bigger fish to fry. I pulled off her blindfold and waved down at her, then went to check up on the sleeping beauties I'd left scattered around. Only Selina was stirring. I tied her up, then dragged her back into the garage and left her on the floor while I looked at the panel truck.

There was a lot of shit in the back, barrels of stuff wired together into a box with a timer. I wasn't a genius but hey, I knew a bomb when I saw one. Was Khalil turning terrorist or was he out to blow up some rug merchant competitor of his family?

I could find out, but I knew guys who could do it much faster. I called them and gave the address.

## Chapter Nine

The lights were flashing as I swayed across the stage. The noise was hammering at my bare chest in waves, setting up reverberations within my body. I danced on the balls of my bare feet, leapt at the stainless steel bar and swung myself around it. Then I gripped it between my thighs, grinding myself against it. My breasts were pressed around the bar by my arms elbows as I held the bar in front of my face.

I ground myself up and down, then licked saucily at it while the men looked on and hooted approval. I leapt up, catching the bar far overhead and holding tight with my arms and thighs, then I pushed my upper body back and let myself swing down and back until I was clinging upside down to the bar, my hands almost at floor level. I kind of rolled and ground my hips in time to the music, then swung my top half down and back so I was, in effect, bent over, legs spread, giving everyone a good look.

I straightened, panting, heart pounding, feeling a thrill of sexual heat rippling through my belly, through my chest. My skin felt raw and alive, tingling with excitement and heat. I sashayed across the stage, blew them a kiss, and gathered my things before scooting back stage.

No, it wasn't Club Belmar. Kastros was an upscale club with a much more upscale clientele than Belmar. That meant a lot more money and better treatment.

I went backstage to the dressing room and put on my "working" clothes again while I waited for Phil to bring me back the requests for lap dances. They would be lap dances, too. No screwing at Kastros. This was a respectable club.

I didn't have to be here, of course, and that made all the difference from Club Belmar. I was here for two reasons; money and thrill. That public sex at Nero's had been a wild rush. And dancing at Club Belmar had torn away the forbidding nature of stripping in front of a crowd of men. Without the fear, fury and embarrassment, it was honestly a rush to be on stage, naked, prancing around in front of all those lusting eyes.

And Club Belmar had also demonstrated just how much money could be made stripping if you could get over the initial embarrassment and shame.

I wondered if they were still in business now that Khalil was dead.

Khalil had gotten tired of being the disrespected n\*\*\*\*r do well son everyone sneered at. He was going to make a name for himself, going to make it rich, and going to earn respect. Setting off a truck bomb next to a Jewish school would be his way of showing his family that he was a great man capable of great things. He would be the terror of the infidel west, or at least, New York.

That had been the plan, anyway. The guys from Joey's steam-bath had gotten it out of him with the creative use of the cattle prod. Then they'd taken some nice videos with him and them. Then they'd put Khalil back into his van and I'd driven him to Harlem and parked the truck next to the Twenty-Fourth Precinct house before setting the timer.

One of the guys had done a dandy broken-English Arab accent when he called in a warning, so no one was hurt. The building was totalled, though, as was the record O'Reilly had created for me, which had been sitting in his desk. Khalil had become famous, as he had hoped, as "the gay bomber". The only known radical Islamic homosexual terrorist who had committed suicide with his truck bomb. His videos are all over the Internet.

Why had the guys helped? Well, for a briefcase full of cash. And, of course, they didn't much like religious wackos, terrorists, or corrupt cops who raped nice girls like me.

And they got to keep the cattle prod.

So far none of the videos of me have surfaced, but admittedly I'll be less embarrassed now than I would have been before. The same wouldn't be said for dear little Francesca, whose videos I have, and who, after promising to be a good girl and wearing out her tongue on my pussy has gone back to being daddy's little girl. It was just easier that way. As for Selina, she went into the box in place of Francesca. I hope she likes life in a Moroccan brothel.

Phil grinned and brought me the requests, and I checked my hair and headed out into the club. I only worked here one night a week, but I was pulling in a thousand bucks for a four hour shift. Combined with my salary from Florenzi I was doing very nicely indeed.

And Max was back in town, with new toys. I'd be heading his way after work. I was sure he'd punish me for being such a bad girl.

End