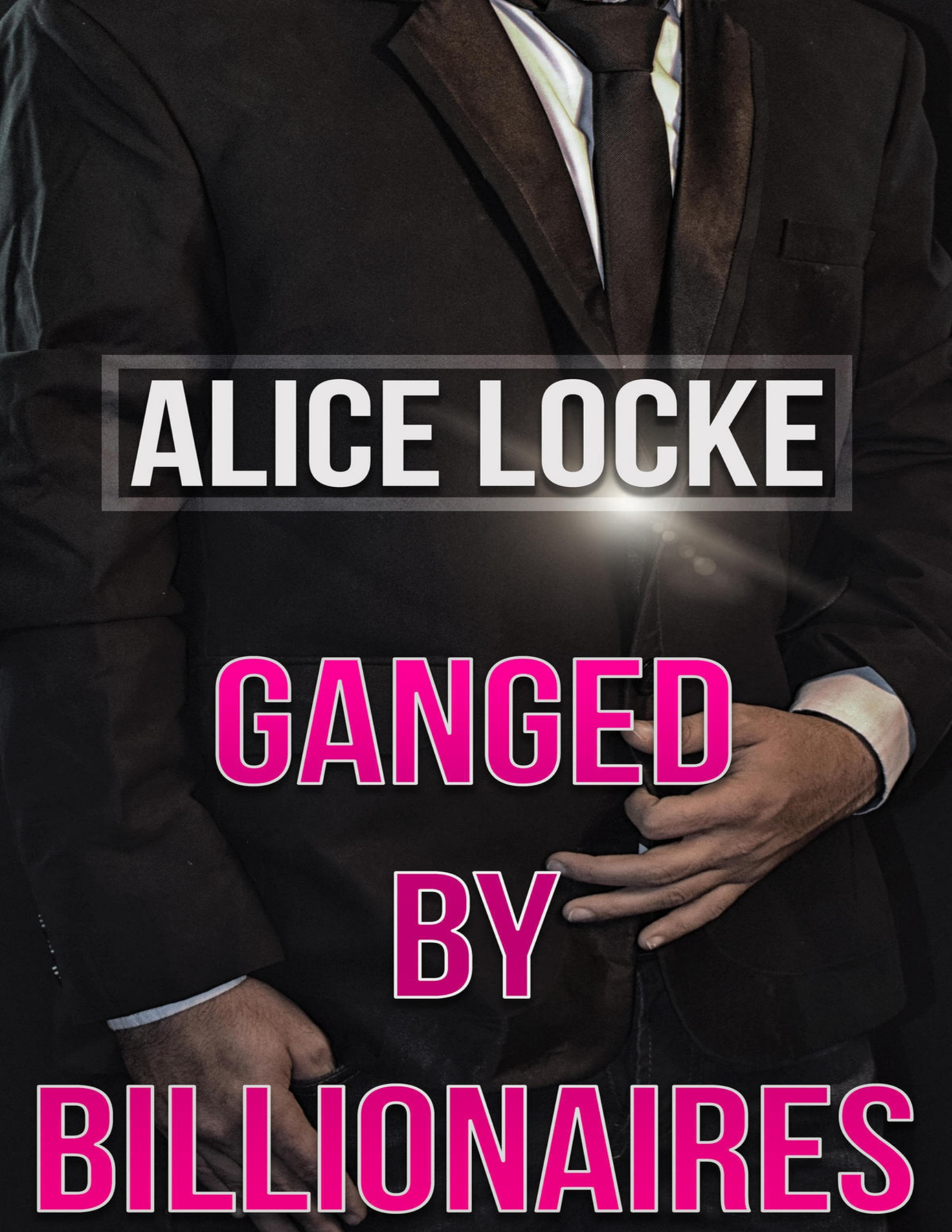




ALICE LOCKE

GANGED

BY

BILLIONAIRES

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This book is for sale to **adult audiences only**. It contains sexually explicit scenes and language which may be considered offensive. All sexually active characters in this work are eighteen (18) years of age or older.

Chapter One

High Stakes

"It'll be over soon. It'll be over soon. Just a few more minutes and he'll be done."

Chloe kept mentally repeating that mantra in an effort to distance herself from the balding man who hired her. She didn't like being an escort, but after being rejected by most of the establishments she applied to, she didn't have many choices left. Sure, she could work at a fast food joint, but as an escort, she easily made four times what they pay for flipping burgers - working significantly less.

She didn't particularly enjoy her job; granted it was easy money, though it could get demoralizing.

Most of her clients weren't interested in her personality, they just wanted to have sex with a hot girl and forget about her once they were done. They rarely cared about her pleasure, but she became good at faking her reactions.

Her housemate Kari introduced her to the ways of *somewhat* legal prostitution. After one of Chloe's bourbon-fueled rants, culminating with Chloe expressing the envious thoughts she had about her, Kari took matters into her own hands.

She called the agency she worked for, asking if they'd have an opening for a short, red haired girl who desperately needed money to get through college.

Kari sent them a picture, so that they could see who she was talking about - it wasn't Chloe's most flattering depiction, but her slim, curvy figure and fiery red hair were clearly visible.

Chloe objected at first. "I'll find a way, and mind you, that way will not have me taking dick for money", she declared, sounding slightly tipsy.

"Mhmmh, well.", Kari replied, "It's all up to you. They said they want to have an interview tomorrow at 11". She finished her drink as Chloe sighed in resignation.

The man's grunts brought her back to reality, her job done for the day.

It was easy to get lost in her thoughts as her clients used her; the man put his clothes back on and after pointing at the envelope with her money, said his goodbyes and left her on the hotel bed.

"At least he was quick.", she thought while heading to the bathroom to take a quick shower before going home.

The cold water rinsed the sweat off of her body, as well as her client's cologne.

She'd been in the "field" for a couple years now, and so far her clients had been normal. Granted, she could always deny her services if she felt something was off about the client.

Stepping out of the bathroom, Chloe threw her *nouveau-skank* outfit - a very, very short dress her client wanted her to wear - in her suitcase, changed into something that wouldn't get her arrested for public indecency and made her way out of the hotel.

She'd gotten used to the stares, too. It was next to impossible to mask her profession when the meeting spot was a hotel, even when either she or her client arrived at different times. Everybody could tell, but deep down she knew they didn't really care.

The cab ride home felt short as Chloe spaced out browsing the internet on her phone. She paid the driver and climbed the flights of stairs to reach her apartment.

Kari was laying on the couch watching reruns of some Spanish drama. "Hey, how'd it go?" she asked Chloe when she reached the living room.

"Same old stuff, just this time it was shorter than usual", Chloe replied.

"God bless old men", Kari lazily replied "and their wallets".

"Yeah, guess so." Chloe sat on the armchair, turning her head towards the television.

"Oh, by the way" Kari turned her head around to face her "The agency called saying you have a new contract waiting for approval".

"Why did they call you and not me directly?" Chloe replied, a puzzled look on her face.

"No idea but you might as well check it out, they said it's a time-sensitive thing"

Chloe opened her laptop and went to the agency's website, navigating to her pending contracts to see what the big deal was.

"The model will meet with the clients at the Gilford Hotel. A reservation will be made in your name after accepting the contract. The model is required to wear a white dress and heels, preferably black. Compensation starts at four thousand dollars."

The contract bore the "verified client" check mark, meaning the agency had repeatedly dealt with whoever issued it before, and knew they were clean and reputable.

Chloe kept reading the sentences over and over again. She never received a contract with that big of a payout, and the message said it'd would *start* at four thousands.

The contract didn't say anything else - and usually, clients have to state whether or not they're into anything the models might not be comfortable with.

"Kari, come read this." Chloe turned the laptop towards her friend. "What? Another one of those guys that want you to shit on his face?" She mocked, stifling a laugh.

"Just read the fucking thing, will you?" Chloe replied in exasperation as she rolled her eyes.

"Alright, alright. Let's see."

Kari studied the contract for a bit before looking up at Chloe with the most serious look on her face Chloe had ever seen.

"Girl, you just hit the jackpot." She sternly declared.

"I mean su-" Chloe tried to reply but Kari interrupted her. "For four thousand dollars I'd already be running there. Plus it's at the Gilford, that place is crawling with rich people" Kari sounded excited, yet her face remained serious throughout.

"You may have to deal with a couple of people instead of just one client but trust me, I've been there and it's not that bad.", she calmly added.

"Alright, fuck it. I'm doing it." Chloe clicked on the green button, accepting the contract.

The rest of the day went somewhat normally.

Chloe spent a great deal of time making sure she looked her best for

the clients; she didn't have a white dress, but Kari saved the day by lending her an old strapless cocktail dress she bought years ago, but hardly ever wore since.

"How do I look?" Chloe asked with a hint of shyness.

Kari took a long hard look at her. The dress fit her perfectly, hugging her curves yet leaving plenty to the imagination. Her flowy red hair swaying as she turned around to let her friend take a better look.

"You're stunning, dear" Kari was usually the one to criticize Chloe's outfits, so her compliment meant the world to her.

Chloe's phone rang in the other room, and she rushed to answer. Room 750 had been reserved for her, the agency informed her, and she was to be there in thirty minutes.

The cab was waiting for her as she exited the apartment complex, and after promising Kari to be safe and have some fun, Chloe was off to the Gilford.

Chapter Two

The Meeting

The Gilford was perhaps the most opulent building in the city. A doorman ushered her inside and as soon as she crossed the threshold, a porter approached her to carry her small suitcase. Chloe smiled at him, and followed the young man as he lead her to the reception.

She looked around, taking in the sights the hotel had to offer - from marble columns lining the entrance leading up to the reception to the many paintings lining the walls. The place oozed wealth, and did so quite shamelessly.

The rotund man behind the desk welcomed her warmly before she even had a chance to speak.

"Good evening sir. There should be a reservation in my name if I'm not mistaken. Renàrd, Chloe?" A tinge of embarrassment slipping through the cracks of her voice.

She'd never been in such a lavish place after all.

"Oh yes, yes." The man nodded. "Have a wonderful stay, miss Renàard" He added as he handed her the keys to her room.

The porter lead her to the elevator and stepped in it with her, pressing the button to the seventh floor. The ride was admittedly quite awkward, and her apprehension mixed with anticipation created a cocktail that Chloe found very hard to swallow.

A man in a black suit was standing in front of her room. The porter placed Chloe's suitcase on the floor and hurried off back to the elevator before she could even thank him.

The man spoke with a low voice. "Are you from the agency?" he asked, his eyes burning into hers.

She nodded and meekly replied with a yes. His presence was intimidating, but Chloe managed to fight back the urge to flee.

"They're already inside. Have fun." He moved to the side, allowing her to open the door.

The room fit well with the vibe of the hotel, but it was easily twice as big as the apartment she shared with Kari. From the wooden floor to the antique furniture and the works of art lining the walls, Chloe almost began to feel like a princess before reality kicked in again as she remembered why she was there. She could hear faint voices coming from another room, getting close to her and braced herself, preparing for the worst. Most of her clients were older men - but money is ageless.

Three men made their entrance, casually chatting and laughing among themselves. Chloe was relieved to see they were young, or at least younger than her usual clients. They looked fairly normal from what Chloe could tell. They two white men were roughly the same height, slightly muscular; one of them had a goatee, the other clean shaven. The other gentlemen, which appeared to be of African descent stood a few inches shorter than his companions, but compensated with his muscular build. At first glance they didn't seem the kind of guys one would find at a high-end establishment like the Gilford, but upon closer inspection Chloe noticed their clothes bore the insignias of a few famous Italian designer, and the watches they wore were worth more than a year of her apartment's rent. "You must be Chloe! Nice to meet you!" The African American man piped up, "I'm Marcus, and these.." he pointed at his friends "are Johnathan and Walter". They both smiled as Marcus introduced them, and Chloe replied in kind.

The group moved to the living room, and Johnathan started pouring glasses of champagne. "Do you drink, Chloe?" he asked her as he was about to pour one more. "Yes sir, though mostly on the week-ends" She usually never drank on the job, but she found herself in dire need of some liquid courage. "Oh don't call me sir, please. Not yet at least". The trio laughed, and Chloe gave a nervous chuckle. She had a vague idea of what these men could be into but her experience with the agency taught her to never guess. They sat and talked for some time, Chloe slowly relaxing as she got to

know the men. They turned out to be old college buddies who made it big in the IT world, and were celebrating a recent acquisition.

Their eyes never left Chloe. She wasn't used to being on the spotlight, especially when three pairs of hungry eyes were devouring her.

"Gentlemen, shall we move this to a more suitable place?" She didn't want to sound too explicit, but they got the message.

The trio stood up and motioned her to follow them to the bedroom nearby.

Chapter Three

The Game

The mood shifted as they got to the bedroom, from lighthearted fun to a more professional setting.

"Here's how this is going to work, Chloe." Walter spoke as he began undoing his tie, "Each one of us has different tastes and desires, and your ability to meet our needs will directly affect the amount of money you'll walk out with."

"Is there anything you're not comfortable with, no matter how much we'd be willing to pay?" Marcus inquired. Their demeanor implying it wasn't their first time doing this.

"No bodily waste or blood, anything else goes. I'm all yours". The alcohol was definitely playing a part in Chloe's new found courage, yet those are the rules she set when she first joined the agency - and never broke them.

"Fairly reasonable." Johnathan declared. "Still, you are free to use the safeword '*Red*' when you want to stop, and '*Yellow*' if you want us to slow down. Understood?" Walter instructed as the trio sat on the massive bed.

Chloe nodded as she made a mental note. She wasn't sure what the three gentlemen wanted from her, but if it warranted a safeword she it was imperative she didn't forget it.

"And furthermore," Marcus added, "You are to refer to us as *Sir* or *Master*. Is that clear?" His tone shifted, as to imply that it was time for Chloe to get to work.

"Yes, sir" She replied meekly. She'd done something like this before but it was her first time with multiple clients, especially of this caliber.

The three gentleman stood up and walked over to her, surrounding her. She could feel her heart beat faster, both with anticipation and fear. Marcus unzipped her dress and Walter peeled it off of her slim body, pushing it down to her waist. One more tug and the dress hit the floor.

There she stood, in a white lace lingerie, surrounded by three men who held enough money and power to outright buy a small country. She felt the damp spot on the underwear grow, while her clients hungrily began to explore her body. Delicate touches mixed with rougher ones, from her neck down to her breasts and further down towards her smooth legs and what lay between them. One of the gentlemen unclasped her bra and Chloe graciously took it off, throwing it next to her dress. Her client's hungry hands soon found their way on her bare, plump breasts and hardened nipples. Goosebumps rose on her skin, Chloe was starting to enjoy the treatment, getting as far as to let out a faint moan.

Walter and Marcus began undoing their belts while moving back towards the bed, sitting on its edge and letting their pants hit the ground. Chloe could clearly see their erections straining against the fabric of their Armani boxers.

Johnathan had been busy opening the large trunk located near one of the drawers. Chloe couldn't see its contents yet, and decided not to glance or acknowledge it unless her clients mentioned it. Marcus ordered her to sit on the armchair in front of the bed and as she did so, she let out a confident "As you wish, master".

Johnathan approached Chloe and handed her a few items. A rabbit vibrator, a weirdly shaped anal plug, a black fabric band which Chloe assumed would be a blindfold and a pair of handcuffs.

"Take off your panties and put these in. The blindfold at the end. I'll take care of the handcuffs. Is that clear?" Johnathan spoke slowly and deliberately, all the while maintaining his stern tone.

"Yes sir." Chloe didn't want to sound too excited, but the anticipation was killing her.

She stood up and turned around, her back to the trio. In one swift motion she bent over and took her panties off, kicking them to the side as they reached the ground.

Her arousal was slowly spreading, so much so that the men noticed a clear string connecting her panties to her shaven mound as she removed them.

Working for the agency led her to further develop her skills as a seductress, and she knew that giving her clients a full view of what

they paid for was one of the most powerful moves she had in her arsenal.

The plug was not going to slide in without lubricating it first. Dragging it over her slit seemed to do the trick; her muscles gave in to the intruding object, welcoming it in a tight embrace as a groan escaped her lips.

Sitting on the couch facing her clients, Chloe slowly spread her smooth legs, exposing her shaven mound to the men's hungry gaze. The next order of business was inserting the rabbit vibrator which, despite being bigger than what Chloe was used to, still fit comfortably, filling her entirely as she let out a faint moan.

As soon as she put on the blindfold, Johnathan took her hands into his and pulled them behind her, cuffing them together and securing the chain under the exposed metal framing of the couch.

Chloe sat there in silence, waiting for instructions. She couldn't see what her clients were doing, but as a sweet aroma filled the room she realized they lit up cigars. *"Fitting"*, she thought.

Marcus broke the silence, clearing his throat. "You will cum when and if we say so, and do your best to keep the toys where they are."

The toys roared to life, seemingly at the highest setting, giving her no time to reply. Chloe's words turned to moans, their volume directly correlated to the strength of the vibrations she felt.

Her breathing shallow, chest rising and falling rapidly as the waves of pleasure crashed one after the other. The initial shock wore off, Chloe's toned body slowly getting accustomed to its buzzing intruders. Yet her clients knew how the game worked and watched her cry out, squirming, as they raised the sliders on both the devices. Panting and moaning, her grip on the vibrator was gradually becoming weaker. If she tightened her muscles the vibrations felt stronger, but if she didn't it was going to slip out eventually.

The whole situation was extremely arousing for her - being tied up was one of her fantasies, after all. She could feel the orgasm building up, rapidly approaching.

The men noticed and immediately shut off the devices, while Chloe took in a deep breath and tried to relax.

Her rest period was short lived; she felt the toys buzz back to life,

stronger than before. Her moans soon filled the room again, coupled with the low buzzing noises of her delightful torture devices.

Time went on, Chloe lost track of it eventually. The process never changed, as soon as they saw she was getting close they would turn off the toys - the frustration set in; she desperately needed to cum, but every time she begged her masters, they refused.

She was their plaything for the day, a living doll meant for depraved games and nothing more.

Even with the blindfold on she could feel their eyes on her body - admiring every inch of her pale skin and flushed face, contorted in a mask of pleasure and pain.

Both of the toys were set to their highest setting after her umpteenth rest period. Chloe cried out in pleasure as the vibrations rocked her tiny body like an earthquake - she couldn't hold on any longer, even her clients knew it.

Johnathan's voice broke the silence. "You've been a good girl, Chloe. Now cum for us.". She thanked them profusely but as she stopped resisting the pleasure, her words turned into incoherent cries. Her body spasming and quivering while waves upon waves of pleasure washed over her, the explosive orgasm rocking her body to the core.

The men were kind enough to let her ride the aftershocks and allow her to catch her breath before continuing the games. Besides, she was reduced to a panting mess and they quite enjoyed seeing her writhe and moan.

Chloe heard her clients get up and walk over to her. One of them unlocked the handcuffs freeing her sore arms, and lowered the toys' settings.

"Get on your knees." Marcus' stern voice was the first thing she heard, and between panting she meekly replied with a "As you wish, master" before doing as instructed.

A hand found its place on Chloe's head, guiding her forward. Her lips touched one of her client's cock, though she couldn't tell who it belonged to. Her hands moved upwards to try and find the other two men's rods, but to no avail.

They helped her by placing her hands on their erected manhoods, which she grabbed and began to slowly stroke as she took the one in

front of her in her mouth.

Her tongue darted around the man's tip, circling it as she gently sucked on it, her hands busy in rhythmic movements. Judging by the occasional grunts, her clients were enjoying her work.

Focusing on pleasing the three men wasn't the easiest thing for Chloe, considering the toys she was ordered to play with were still inside of her - and kneeling made it worse, as the increased tightness doubled the toys' effectiveness.

Like a bee buzzing from flower to flower, Chloe's attention shifted from one man to another, ensuring she had tasted all three of them. Her technique stayed the same - light teasing followed by taking the entire throbbing rod into her throat before backing up and gently massaging her client's ballsack. She'd found that no man could resist long under this treatment.

That also applied to the three men that hired her. The veiny member in her mouth retracted, as she heard Walter ordering her to stand up and remove the blindfold.

She complied, and as she regained her sight, the lights in the room felt like daggers on her sensitive eyes. The vibrator slipped out and fell to the ground, still buzzing; Marcus turned it off remotely and proceeded to lay down on the bed.

Her legs weren't steady because of the orgasm, but Walter helped her get to the bed.

There was no need for orders anymore, Chloe knew what was coming next. She got on her hands and knees, on top of Marcus, as Johnathan positioned himself behind her, taking the still vibrating plug out. A groan escaped Chloe's lips - without the toys she felt hollow, though that was going to change very soon.

Chloe guided Marcus' manhood, positioning it in front of her entrance after rubbing it along her slit - she was still sensitive, every touch sending jolts of pleasure through her body.

As for Johnathan, he had the easiest target. He could clearly see the space left out by the plug, which he proceeded to fill with his thick cock after spitting on it, sinking into Chloe to the base.

Marcus pushed past Chloe's opening, feeling her warm, wet prison envelop every inch of his manhood.

There was no need for condom, the agency had a mandatory slew of tests before clients were allowed to issue contracts; the models, on the other hand, had to always be on birth control. Models could still request their clients to use protection if they wanted, but Chloe figured it was best to have them decide. The two men began to move in unison; Walter joined them, and took up the last spot in Chloe's young body - her mouth. She'd never been used like this - She found herself enjoying it, especially when she felt Marcus' hands play with her breasts as Johnathan slapped her ass, leaving a red hand print on it. Their pace picked up gradually. Her tight walls hugging their large cocks, stretching her to accommodate their size. Another orgasm was building up, while the men slowly increased they speed and force. Their vigorous thrusts had Chloe's body quaking, shocked once more by a massive orgasm. Her muscles twitching and spasming around the men's shafts, holding them tight inside her moist holes. She collapsed on Marcus, exhausted. Yet her clients weren't done; Johnathan and Walter switched places - Walter's cock, coated in saliva, slid effortlessly into Chloe while she took Johnathan deep into her throat,

The trio was relentless in their pounding, and while Chloe knew she could use the safewords at any given time, she never felt the need to. Compared to her previous clients, these men seemed to actually care about her. As the room filled with grunts and moans, Chloe felt the hard cocks inside of her begin to throb. Johnathan was the first to cum, holding her head still while he unleashed his load deep down her throat. Walter followed soon after, sinking his manhood into her up to the hilt, gripping her ass tight as cum erupted from his engorged cock. Marcus was the only one left. The other two men pulled back and sat on the couch, exhausted, and watched as Chloe sat up to ride Marcus like an unbroken stallion. Rising and letting her body drop, his cock never leaving its tight prison, they moved in complete synchronization, possessed by carnal desires. She felt him twitch and as Chloe felt the first spurt of cum coat her

insides she picked up her pace even more. Semen flooded her and she slammed herself on him, crying out in pleasure as Marcus grunted like a beast.

Chloe collapsed on him, both of them spent yet satisfied.

Chapter Four

Aftermath

After all ways said and done, it was time for Chloe to collect her pay and head back home.

Each one of them took a turn in the shower to wash off the sweat and assorted bodily fluids. Chloe went last, after all they were paying for everything.

Marcus opened a briefcase and mumbled to himself, while Johnathan and Walter were busy discussing the taste of the various brands of cigars they tried that day.

"Contract said four thousand.." Marcus seemed busy thinking, so Chloe decided it would be best to sit and wait for him to call her.

"Four.. Plus three... and oh, wait..." He flipped through bank notes, counting and adding them to a stack that Chloe hoped was going to be hers.

"Alright! Chloe, baby come here please." His voice sounded happy, the stern tone he had before no longer being there.

He turned around as he approached her, a big envelope bursting with cash in his hands.

"Ten thousand, total. Four for the contract, three for not cumming on the couch and three more because you took our loads like a champ. Count them if you want.", Marcus declared with a big grin on his face, his white teeth contrasting with his dark skin.

Chloe's mouth dropped as she heard the number, but tried to stay professional and trusted him. She thanked them profusely, and headed for the door.

She stopped mid way and turned around. "I hope you had fun and hey, if you want to do this again, I'm just a few clicks away!" She spoke excitedly, flashing them a smile.

Johnathan piped up "Oh don't worry, you haven't seen the last of us just yet!" and chuckled to himself, Walter nodding in agreement.

They said their goodbyes, and Chloe went on her way. Her body was sore, but the money made it more than worth it. The cab ride was a blur, she was too busy texting Kari all the details of the encounter and clutching the envelope tight. Chloe kept staring at it, and upon closer inspection she found a note tucked in between the cash. Her heart dropped as she read it - A phone number, bearing the name "Marcus" next to it.

She deposited the money in her bank account then took the short walk home, knowing she didn't have to worry about money for a long while.

And who knows, maybe next time she could bring Kari along.