

The Making and Breaking of A White Whore

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Chapter One

Nicola's Misadventure

"C'mon bitch."

Nikki winced as the man pawed and squeezed her breast.

"Get your hands off me," she yelled, twisting away in revulsion. She was suddenly aware of the nauseous smell of boiled cabbage that pervaded the seedy hotel. She inhaled deeply, watching a large, heavy house-fly that buzzed about the shabby room before landing on the ochre wallpaper beside a blot-shaped damp patch. She stepped back from the bed and edged towards the door, hands outstretched, palms facing him, saying, "It's a mistake."

The man snarled as he brushed her hands aside and suddenly smacked her face, hard, with the flat of his hand. Nikki fell back against the wall. Eyes wild, shocked, she scrambled away before he could hit her again, her short red skirt rising high on her thighs revealing the lacy tops of the nude-coloured stockings and, above that, her white thighs and a glimpse of the triangle of black silk at her groin. The side of her face stung and burned. She had thought that she fully understood the dangers facing every prostitute. Now, faced with an angry and violent punter, a new awareness dawned. It was a sordid and terrifying life played out in depressing, drab hotel rooms, working under the shadow of cunning pimps. She had overplayed her hand.

"Get your clothes off."

Nikki rubbed her cheek before ineffectually tugging down the hem of her skirt. She looked again to the door, gauging her chances of escape. It was too far away and the man was probably too fast and too strong. She should never have attempted the deceit in the first place, she realised. "Look, we can talk about this," she said, brushing a hand through her long blonde hair.

The fellow snorted and reached forward to grasp the thin material of her white blouse, tearing it open. Nikki gasped and cringed back. "You were hawking your arse in the bar," he reminded her, grasping her flimsy bra to roughly jerk it up high on her chest. Her right breast was half exposed, bisected by the taut, elasticised material that distorted the honey-coloured halo of the nipple. "Time to deliver," he said grimly, reaching forward again.

Nikki grimaced in pain as she felt his fingers viciously squeezing the bared breast, pushing the bra further aside. She was hardly aware of herself kicking out with strength borne of fear and revulsion, burying the sole of her foot in the man's groin.

He bellowed in pain and anger and his hands clutched his genitals. Nikki hastily readjusted her bra, forcing the abused flesh back into the cup. She looked around in desperation as his outraged roars of anger echoed around the room. Her blouse was torn beyond repair and it hung open.

The door was suddenly flung open and a huge, ebony-skinned man peered into the room.

Sonny Douce – Black Pimp

Sonny Douce liked to describe himself as big, mean black son of a bitch. His language was peppered with Americanisms such as that, because he loved the USA so much. Even now, he referred to his 'hoes', and he termed his hoes' earnings as 'scratch', just like the black pimps in the large American cities.

He stared evenly at Nikki. She gulped. Nikki Hardy had seen the notorious Sonny in the district as she went about her daily life as a young mother, but only from a distance. He was a massive, hulking figure, very black, and his once muscular body was running to fat, even if his flash suit was cut to conceal it. Nikki thought him to be in his fifties, although it was hard to tell.

Sonny glanced at the fellow rolling on the floor and then looked back to Nikki. "Who the hell are you?" he asked her.

"I'm just leaving."

Nikki moved towards the door but Sonny caught her wrist in his huge hand, pulling her back and effortlessly restraining her. She could smell the subtle fragrance of expensive eau de cologne as her head struck against his huge chest and the perfume seemed particularly incongruous in the malodour of the

shabby hotel building.

"This bitch kicked the shit out of me," the punter spluttered, still clutching his genitals. "She said she's a new girl working for you. Came on strong and brought me here, and then she suddenly refused to do the business. The bitch ought to be given a lesson."

The black man straightened and pushed Nikki back without releasing her wrist. He eyed her from head to toe. She flinched as he gazed at her torn blouse. He reached to grip her face with his free hand, his large thumb stroking her cheek. The banana-like fingers played over her lips, pressing and smudging them to momentarily distort her features. "Little chicken," he said, as if to himself, moving her head to the side, appraising her profile.

"I'd really like to go now," Nikki said determinedly, her jaw working against the firm grip of his fingers.

"My name is Sonny Douce. Does that mean anything to you?" Sonny leaned forward and stooped down, forcing her to look directly into his face and she could feel and smell his warm breath on her upper lip. He released her face with a gentle push while still maintaining his grip on her wrist. She tugged vainly in his grasp and then involuntarily rubbed her cheek and wiped her mouth with her other hand, still feeling the imprint of his fingers there. Sonny remained silent for some time, apparently considering the implications. He looked around the room. Seeing her shoulder bag on the floor, he dragged her towards it, stooped to pick up the bag, and emptied its contents on the bed. Still grasping her wrist tightly, he picked up her wallet, flicking it open, studying the photograph on her driving licence, holding it at arms length to compare it against her face. "Well, Nicola Hardy..." He took the driving licence and put it into the breast pocket of his jacket.

Nikki tossed her head, causing her long blonde hair to swish. She was glad that the address on the licence was an old one. Then she watched, her heart pounding, as he sorted through her personal effects. Sonny toyed with her mobile telephone, randomly pressing buttons with his large thumb. "What's your security pin for this thing, Nikki?" he said, holding out the handset and inviting her to key in the number. Nikki thought about lying but decided against it and, as he held the handset, she keyed in the correct code. He nodded approvingly and then keyed in more numbers before placing the receiver to his ear, all the time watching her with his large unblinking deep brown eyes. She knew that he was listening to her stored messages.

"Emily wants you to give her call," he announced after a few seconds. Then his smile widened again, like the mask of a shark, and he said, "Ah now, this is very interesting - there's your mother, I'd say... she wants to know where you are. Nobody knows you're here, Nikki?"

Nikki shrugged and affected nonchalance. Sonny lowered the phone and switched it off with an exaggerated twist of his wrist before raising it high, held between forefinger and thumb. He dropped the phone receiver to the floor with a clatter and the battery separated from the unit. Then he flashed a very white grin, and she saw that one of his teeth had a large gold filling.

"So you're one of my new whores, uh?" he asked, but Nikki made no reply. "Funny, I don't recall seeing you before."

"It's a mistake."

"Well, it's not a great start, I'll grant you that."

"It's a huge mistake," she said again, glancing at the punter who was still clutching his balls.

"What's going to be done?" the punter demanded. "I deserve something."

Sonny Douce turned to the man, his manner suddenly business-like. "Sure. Wait for me downstairs and I'll make sure you're looked after."

The man picked up his jacket and left with a last malevolent glare at Nikki. She looked away with a toss of her head. Sonny smiled as the door closed. "Well, Nikki Hardy, welcome to my parlour," he said flashing his gleaming grin.

"I'll scream."

"Scream? Who's going to interfere? Let's look at the facts, just for the fun of it."

"Fun?"

"Yeah, fun. Let's examine the facts. You came here of your own free will, announcing yourself as one of the whores. You solicited for business in the bar, one of our bars, on our territory. You are posing as one of our sluts, picking up our punters. These are indisputable facts, Nikki."

“Yes, but, Mr Douce—“

“Hey, all my whores call me Sonny..”

“Alright... Sonny,” Nikki said, and she immediately realised from his smile that she’d fallen into his trap and tacitly included herself with the Douce working girls.

“Maybe I should just have you disappear?” Sonny smiled darkly as he made a theatrical gesture, drawing his thumb across his throat.

“I’m just a girl trying to earn some extra money,” she said desperately.

“Yeah? A fucking amateur? Well, thank you, God.” She gulped but did not reply. “An amateur girl, working on my patch... Well, you know what that means, Nikki? It means you’re fair game. You automatically become one of my girls.”

“No. Look, I’d like to go. I have to go home.””

Sonny shrugged, briefly flashing his gold-studded smile. “I’ll fuck you first and then decide what to do with you.”

Chapter Two

Nicola is stripped for inspection

Sonny looked round at the shabby decor of the room, as if seeing it for the first time, saying, "This is gross! Isn't this gross? We must do something about this place. Anyway, this will have to do for now. Strip!" Nicola was utterly shocked. Her mouth began to form words of protest but, turning, eyes wild, she saw Sonny's warning look as he put a large, banana-like forefinger finger to her lips. "Take off your top," he murmured. "Undo that rag."

Defeated, almost disbelieving her own meek compliance, she unknotted and removed the torn garment and dropped it onto the floor beside her shoes. She glanced and saw that her breasts were presented uplifted and spilling from the skimpy black bra. She bit her lips in sudden shame.

"Get it off, girl," Sonny said, glancing at the bra.

"Please..." she said.

"Goddamit! Get your tits out. Do you want me to be angry?"

Realising there was no alternative, Nikki immediately reached behind her back and unclipped the bra, feeling her breasts fall loose. She shrugged the straps from her shoulders and allowed the garment to fall to the floor. Sonny eyed the girl. He idly wondered where he might put his \$ brand on her. He liked all things American. Hell, he had lived in the good old US of A for a couple of years as a young man, pimping with the best of them in Detroit, until the immigration authorities got wise and deported him back to Jamaica. Before they threw him out of the country, he served some time in prison, and the black pimps there had taught him a lot. That was back in the 1980s, and things had moved on some since then. Sonny had emigrated to UK. It had been very much his second best option, but he made a niche for himself there. Using tricks of the trade he'd learned from 'bad-ass' experts in the States, Sonny had quickly established himself as a pimp to be reckoned with. He was a young and slim dude then, with a flashing smile, and sharply pointed, steel-capped shoes which he never hesitated to bury up the ass of any whore who needed correction. This one would be no different. She would do as she was told... sooner or later.

"Nices titties," Sonny commented. "Big enough but firm, with those tiny honey-coloured teats. Nice."

Nikki flushed hotly.

Sonny casually tore the waste band of her skirt, ripping the garment from her with a single sharp tug that almost pulled her sideways. "Now the panties."

"No."

"Nikki!"

Her hands flew to her sides, pulling the thong downwards until it dropped around her ankles. Sonny stooped behind her and lifted her left foot, bending her leg back at the knee and causing her to reach forward with her hands against the wall for balance. He collected the black scrap from her ankle.

"That's a good girl," he said, not releasing her foot and bending her left leg awkwardly. She gave a small startled yelp as she felt a finger of his other hand suddenly press between her buttocks, against the dark bud of her anus. "Up, on your toes," he said, increasing the upward pressure of his finger until it threatened to breach her sphincter, automatically making her obey, straining to somehow balance on the very tips of the toes of her right foot. He removed his threatening finger only when satisfied with her posture, by which time the tautened muscles in her right calf were aching in protest.

Nicola stood awkwardly thus, raised on one foot, steadying hands reaching forward to the wall, clad merely in hold-up stockings. She shuddered, glancing down with a start as he ran his palm over the sole. Then, almost gently and reverently, Sonny lifted her left shoe, sniffed it slightly and, she thought, brushed it with his lips, before carefully fitting it to her foot and placing it firmly on the ground. He then repeated the performance with her other foot and stood behind her, and she saw him gazing at her in the mirror. She gazed back, as if mesmerised, like a rabbit caught in bright headlights or a mouse locked in the hypnotic gaze of a snake, and it seemed as if her mind was tricked out of rational thought by the bizarre events. She watched him raise his hands to place them behind his head for a moment; then he gestured to her in a lifting motion with upraised palms. Unsure of his requirement, Nikki hesitantly raised her arms,

watching for his approval. She saw Sonny nodding with a slight smile as she placed her hands behind her head.

“Push out your tits and suck in your gut,” Sonny said, slapping her soft belly lightly.

She obeyed instinctively, defeated now, caught in the scene, watching her body in the mirror, seeing that her upraised hands lifted the line of her breasts. She stood thus and coolly appraised her own body, her journalistic, story-telling mind automatically forming words to describe it. Strangely, only then, as she objectively viewed the situation, was she angry with herself, as if suddenly aware that she had subserviently, voluntarily cooperated in her own humiliation. However, her logical mind could not formulate any alternative other than to cooperate, and her treacherous primitive mind, her instinct, did not seem to even contemplate any resistance. So, angry as she was, Nicola stood submissively before him, hands atop her head, her breasts unnaturally thrust forward and belly sucked in.

“Now stay like that.”

Chapter Three

Nicola instructed by Sonny

“Maintain your position and look up at the ceiling. Raise your chin high, look directly above you.”

Nikki, stripped naked for inspection, numbly obeyed. She could feel her shoulder muscles bunch as her arms were forced back, straining her neck, and her breasts pushed unnaturally high on her rib cage.

“Very good,” the black pimp said. “You *are* learning fast. Now stay like that until I give you permission to move, and listen to me. This is my trade. I know every crease, every fold, every curve of my white whore’s bodies: birthmarks, scars, blemishes, shape, size... I get to know you all. I’ll soon know everything about you, Nikki.”

Nikki shuddered inwardly. He was right behind her. His large, surprisingly cold hand reached around to cup her left breast. Nicola struggled momentarily against him, but she settled and allowed him to hold her closely to his body, his hand under her breast, fingers toying with the yielding flesh. She was surprised at the hard, almost painful protuberance of her nipple.

“There’s a price to pay for failed adventure, Nikki. You wanted to see what it’s like being a whore. OK, so you get your wish. Do you really think I’d pass up a chance like this? This is what you wanted, anyway, isn’t it? It’s the little slut in you, trying to get out. Well, as from this minute, there’s no need to pretend. This is it, girl: no choice. You are now one of my white whores.”

Sonny was now reaching forward to her vulva, brushing the pubic hair aside, stroking along the slit until he found moisture there, pinching the outer lips until they plumped out, and then probing at the upper juncture, easing back the clitoral hood, and teasing the hardened little bud there. Nikki gasped and squirmed, grunting in protest, as much as her out-thrust tongue would allow. Yet, she knew that, despite herself, despite hating her own treacherous body, despite fighting the overwhelming urges that unaccountably stirred within her, she was responding to his touch. Sonny was incredibly skilled, she realised - demonically so, it seemed to her at that moment - and he elicited instinctive and unstoppable responses from her body in a practised manner that outdid any man who had previously touched her in that way. Sonny Douce, the legendary black pimp, was renowned for it, of course. ‘There is no shame in responding,’ she thought through the haze that was rising around her consciousness and reasoning.

Nikki yelped as Sonny suddenly dug his fingers into her cunt and simultaneously grasped her breast hard, using these defining zones of her womanhood to spin her round to face him. Then, still holding her by her cunt, his thumb on her pubic bone and fingers pressing forward, he released her breast and reached up to grasp a substantial hank of her long blonde hair. Without warning, using both his grip on her vagina and the tangle of her hair wrapped around his fist, he began to shake her to and fro, violently, like a rag doll. She found herself screeching, arms flailing now, stumbling back and forth on her high heels, trying to keep her feet, one hand reaching out in an attempt to steady her while the other grasped vainly at his fist atop her head. This went on for what seemed almost a minute, although it was probably considerably less.

“Welcome to my stable, Nikki,” Sonny said, finally steadying her and but not releasing his grip. “This is a very mild taster of my disciplinary methods. All of my whores do as they’re told, instantly, without question.” He shook her again. “Is that clear?”

Tears suddenly streamed down her cheeks and then heard herself screech as he shook her again.

“Is that clear?”

“Yes,” she yelped.

“Good,” Sonny said, releasing her and sitting on the solitary chair in the room. “Now, let’s do some stocktaking.”

Nicola fucked by Sonny

Thoroughly chastened, fear overwhelming her anger and resentment, she obediently approached to stand within a foot of his chair when he beckoned her towards him. Sonny’s eyes were now at the level of her pubic thatch. Remembering his words, she imagined him studying every dimple and pucker, the

brown birthmark beneath the fair thatch, the slight chicken-pox scar beneath her left breast. She stared determinedly above his head.

“Turn and bend.”

“Please...”

“Place your hands behind your head again. Turn sideways on, and bend at the waist.”

Nicola did as she was told. She knew that he was assessing the hang of her pendent breasts, which suddenly seemed heavy, like udders, beneath her. Anger flared in her mind. And then fear. Was she really going to find herself working as a whore? It wasn't possible, surely? His hand cradled her right breast. She gasped.

“Steady, little slut,” he said soothingly, as if talking to a fretful horse, as he held the pendent flesh in the palm of his hand. “Stay, now. Stay like that.”

She was incredulous at her own placidity, even as she obeyed, allowing his words to calm her. Sonny's hand, hefting her breast, as if weighing it, was very black against the white flesh that spilled between his splayed fingers. Then his other hand was on her buttock, stroking, running over the back of her thigh, fingers curling to feel the soft flesh between her legs above the lacy stocking tops. Nikki squirmed a little against his hands but otherwise maintained her position. The nipple of the cradled breast was now throbbing, pinched hard within the entrapping, squeezing fingers.

Nevertheless, Nikki maintained the position, even when his hands left her... bent at the waist, hands clasped behind her head. He shuffled the chair back and stood up, moving behind her. She jerked forward, startled, when he stroked her sex, but remained still as he gently parted the nether lips, probing, feeling the shame-inducing wetness there. Nikki found herself breathing deeply, resisting the instinctive urge to move on his intimate touch.

Then he was standing in front of her, one hand on her bowed head while the other slowly, deliberately, lowered the zip of his trousers. His erect penis was presented inches from Nikki's face. She gasped. Nikki had never even seen a cock as big as that before. “No,” she said, clamping her mouth shut and shaking her head.

Nikki felt her hair grasped again and she received another painful shaking, renewing the pain in her scalp, keeping her bent double. He dragged her head towards the stiff member, battering her lips against the large, purple glans. She reluctantly opened her mouth, wide, as widely as she could, until her jaw felt as though it was breaking, and then managed to take the cock head into her mouth. She heard him exhale loudly. He still grasped her hair, manipulating her movements, pulling her onto him, making her gag on the hard flesh. She sank to her knees, and began to apply herself to the task, her head bobbing up and down, and her hands clasping at his buttocks. Her pace quickened and she could feel his tightening muscles and hear the quickening pace of his breathing. He pumped his cock back and forth in her mouth, making her gag, filling her completely, and she felt as if her throat was bulging dangerously. Nikki sensed that he was nearing a climax and she sucked harder at the cock, her hand rolling the sac of his balls, desperate to bring the ordeal to a speedy conclusion. Suddenly, she felt a hard blow to her head and she reeled way, stunned, falling to her side.

“Bitch,” Sonny laughed. “Thought you could turn a quick and easy trick, uh? No way, baby. Old Sonny is way too experienced to fall for that. This is going to be a real value for money fuck, believe me. Get on all fours, Nikki.”

“Please, I□”

“Get on your hands and knees. Turn round. Arse raised, tits and head on the floor.” Nikki was made to fold herself tightly, pressing her knees forward until her breasts were compressed against her thighs, the flesh bulging slightly to each side of her body. She shuddered, knowing the way that her sex was exposed to him. Then she squealed in surprise as a finger smoothly slid entered her anus, and then another, stretching her, and then a third, causing her to yelp in pain as he stretched her intolerably. Jud did not desist, however. She groaned, her cheek rubbing against the pile of the carpet, as she felt him manipulating and contorting his fingers insider her.

His hand stroked along the sodden inner lips of her cunt. Then, his fingers were extracted from her anus, and she found the hard, impossibly large head of his cock pressing against her sex lips. For a ludicrous moment, she was grateful that he had not tried to take her anally. He pushed forward and she spread her thighs to take the monster, the head entering and stretching her before he paused. His hands

her were on her thighs, pulling her back onto him as he thrust violently forward. She screeched this time, as his huge cock rammed forward, impaling her on a wide stake of flesh. The force of his fucking drove her forward bodily on carpet, still folded tightly, her toes and fingers digging into the pile. He was thrust harder into her to the hilt, and she could feel his hairy pelvis grinning against her buttocks, and his balls slapping wildly against her thighs with each thrust. Her cunt, stretched and completely filled, had never before been penetrated by anything so huge. The fleshy inner leaves were tightly wrapped around his cock and they were dragged back and forth with each pistoning thrust. He rammed into her again and she cried out once more. She felt his hands gripping her thighs as he began to piston smoothly back and forth, easing her along, his big cock moving rhythmically inside her, not battering but coaxing and cajoling. She had no choice but to go with him, to be ridden, rocking smoothly, lost now. The friction and stretching had ceased to induce pain and it had been replaced with rising tide of pleasure, making her lunge forward. However, Sonny was in charge. He was taking her, and he dictated the pace. So she obeyed his body, rolling along with him, sometimes at a canter, sometimes in a wild gallop, but always under his control. The huge, rampant cock had become her Master, she realised. Her objective mind tried to take over, tried to deny and suppress her own sensations, but the urge rose like an irresistible tide. Again she found herself trying to lead him along, grinding her bottom in counter to the smooth rhythm of his thrusts, attempting to speed him forward. Sonny resisted her demands for a while, giving sufficient time to establish his dominance and mastery. Then, when he chose the moment, his prick began to pound into her, his pelvis hammering against her as he drove forward. Nikki was amazed and lost in the feel of his cock as it pistoned back and forth, driving her to a final surge, of hitherto unknown animal lust, released by her very lack of choice and freedom. The sound of blood rushed in her ears, her heart pounded, she could vaguely hear her own moans, and the guttural grunts of the man who was riding her. She was fast approaching a devastating orgasm and knew that the heat was about to thoroughly, completely overwhelm her. Her feminine soul, she knew at that moment through a red haze, resided in her stretched cunt, ready to grasp and embrace the slamming thrust of the alien massive cock.

Then the orgasm exploded within her, flooding over her senses, through her very being, all-engulfing and shattering. She could not conceal it and her whole body was wracked by minor convulsions as the sheath of her cunt clamped and spasmed tightly about his cock. He pistoned backwards and forward harder, ever faster, and she heard herself moaning gutturally. Then, incredibly, as had never happened to her before, she found herself almost screaming ecstatically as the orgasm flooded her senses in a raging maelstrom. Nikki fucked wildly, her folded body bucking and writhing, writhing back onto him, and even as the multi-coloured flood began to subside she was only vaguely aware of his roar as he climaxed, as he came inside her.

Her fucking had been hard run. Sonny eased off, pumping less fiercely now, even stroking her arched back. He shuddered and thrust fully into her but she could feel the pressure in her cunt easing as his cock lost its fierce tumescence. When he withdrew, her sore flesh felt the tension as the now-flaccid member withdrew from her pussy, Nikki slumped forward and lay prone on the floor. She remained like that for some time, used and utterly spent, only vaguely aware of what was going on in the room.

“Yeah, well, you fuck well enough, Nikki.”

Chapter Four

Introduce Nicola Hardy

The next day, Nikki Hardy pushed the baby-buggy along the blue-brick pavement of the row of shabby terraced houses, keeping a wary eye out for Sonny Douce's well-known black Lexus car. Her misadventure as an amateur hooker, just trying to earn some extra money to ease her desperate financial problems, had turned out to be a disaster. Fortunately, the notorious black pimp Sonny Douce didn't know too much about her or where she lived, and she was glad that she'd been careful in not carrying anything that could identify her. He still had her driving licence, but the address had needed changing anyway. As it happened, Nikki lived right there in the run-down area where most of Sonny's girls worked. He had thoroughly fucked and humiliated her, of course. There had been no way out of that, but he had eventually let her go. Her mind was still reeling from it. Everything she'd ever heard about his sexual prowess had proven to be right. Still, she had no intention of becoming one of his whores,

She walked on past the builders' yard, and saw a young woman with bright red dyed hair standing together on the opposite corner, smoking a cigarette, wearing an incredibly short skirt and knee-length boots, already looking for business at 9 o'clock in the morning. .

The girl waved. "Hi, Nikki. Flash Gordon is looking for you."

Nikki looked behind her to make sure the road was clear, and she then crossed over. "What did he say?" she asked, looking at the blue bruise on Sandra's translucent white cheek.

"Just that you owe him money."

"Has Sonny hit you again?"

"No," Sandra said, fingering her heavily freckled cheek. "You want to watch out for that Flash though. He's a mean bastard."

Nikki bit her lip. Flash Gordon was a local drug-pusher. "The stuff was for Jason," she said. Jason, her erstwhile partner, had asked her to get some coke and cannabis for him, and she'd persuaded Flash to let her have it on the slate. In truth, Nikki had had a few snorts herself, and smoked a good bit of the hash, but it was mainly for Jason. She certainly wouldn't have bought it on tick just for her own use. However, true to form, Jason hadn't paid for the illegal stash and now he was in prison again for a few months for petty larceny, so there was no hope of getting any money from him. Flash still wanted paying, and he wasn't known for gentle reminders either.

"Can you pay?"

"Sandy, I had a problem with Sonny yesterday. I'd made up my mind to go on the game for a bit, just as an amateur, doing some moonlighting." Jack started to grizzle in his baby-walker, and she leaned over to push a dummy into his mouth. She said: "I've been thinking about doing it for some time. I just wanted to turn the odd trick... to sort out some of my money worries. . But I ran into Sonny. He fucked me and I gave him some false contact info. I'm not going to work for Sonny or any other pimp, Sandy, so I need to work somewhere else now."

Sandra was a good-hearted young woman, about the same age as Nikki but already an experienced and hardened whore. Nikki smiled slightly. Sandra had already told her that Sonny had been heavy on her lately, accusing her of laziness and skelping her arse with a leather belt. That's why, for a short time at least, Sandra was to be found working her butt off at all hours of the day.

A car cruised past and slowed down as it passed them. The driver craned his head to look across, and Sandra gave an optimistic wave. "No offence, Nikki... That guy will probably come back, and a kid in a pram might put him off."

"Okay," Nikki said with a wry smile as the car turned at the next junction. "Tell Flash I'm trying to get his money. I'll talk to you more when I come back, if you're not busy."

Nikki walked on. She often talked with the working girls in the area. Their racy stories fascinated her. The working girls even seemed to like the life, and they usually defended their boy friends (in reality, their pimps). As a matter of fact, Sandra's mother had been a whore too, and she'd also worked for Sonny. By extension, that meant that both mother and daughter were frequently fucked by the hulking Jamaican who, as it happened, had also comprehensively fucked Nikki on the previous evening. Sandra had said that her mother had made a lot of money for Sonny in Northern Ireland during the times

of the Troubles, when there was a large demand for whores to service the needs of the British soldiers. That Irish heyday had passed, of course, and now Sonny pressed his girls of Sandra's generation for other ways to make his ill-gotten gains. The London Olympic Games were being eagerly anticipated, but in the meantime the girls had to work harder. Sandra had said that Sonny sometimes sent her to other cities - Leeds or Nottingham - to work the streets and seedy bars. Glancing back over her shoulder, Nikki saw that the car had returned, cutting back round the maze of backstreets, and it had stopped beside Sandra, who was stooped against the passenger door, leaning in through its lowered window.

Chapter Five

Nicola's Mother

“Of course I’ll take care of Jack for as long as you like. He’ll be alright with me, Michelle and Max, you can be sure of that.”

Actually, Jack already spent almost as much time with Nicola’s mother as he did with Nicola. Her mother looked after him while Nicola worked at the supermarket, and when that was difficult, Nicola’s sister Michelle stood in as a baby sitter. Little Jack had clothes and toys at the house in the leafy middle-class suburban area, almost a world removed from the seedy inner-city sink area that was supposed to be his home.

“I’ll get things sorted as soon as I can,” Nicola promised. “I’ll be away for a while. I’m planing to do some work in Leeds.”

“Can you get a job for me too?” Michelle asked.

Michelle was a bright and perky young teenager, with a burgeoning body under the sixth form school uniform she often wore. She was due to leave the school in the next few weeks, having passed her 18th birthday, but the prospect of University didn’t seem to appeal to her. So job hunting was very much on her mind.

“I don’t think so,” Nicola said with a smile. “It’s not really what you’d call a career.”

“I don’t know why you can’t come back and live here yourself too,” Nicola’s mother said. “Max would like that, and you know how he loves little Jack.”

Nicola bit her lip, perhaps to stifle her own words. Max, her stepfather, would certainly like it! She often wondered whether Michelle was subjected to the same abuse, but there was nothing to indicate that. However, Nicola would never go back to live in that house, not while Max still lived there. Moreover, Nicola knew in her heart that her mother knew the real reason for that, but chose not to acknowledge it. After all, Max’s abuse of Nicola had gone on for years, night after night, so it would have been nigh impossible to miss. Nowadays, a little older and a lot wiser, Nicola tried to only go to her family house when she knew Max wouldn’t be there, and she certainly never visited when he was there alone. And when Max did happen to be there with her mother, Nicola could always feel his hungry eyes upon her, seemingly stripping her naked, and she could imagine his hands on her again...

“No thanks, mum,” she said. “I’m planning to do some work in Leeds. Could you lend me some money to buy work clothes?”

Her mother sighed and reached of her purse.

Chapter Six

Nikki asks for advice from Sandra

Having left little Jack with her mother, Nikki caught a bus back home. However, instead of going straight back there, she first diverted to the red light area. Sandra was still there, back on the corner of the street.

"I need some help and advice," she told the red haired prostitute. "Can we get a coffee somewhere?"

"Yeah, come back to my place. I need a break anyway. I've been freezing my tits off on this draughty corner, but Sonny expects me to be there and I never know when he might drive by to check."

They went back to Sandra's room, in a large old Victorian house with five stories. A heavily made-up woman opened the door to them and, seeing Sandra, she nodded a small greeting. "This is my mum, Mary," Sandra said, introducing the woman. "She was on the batter too, but now she mostly looks after this place for Sonny. Nikki is a friend of mine, mum."

Mary eyed Nikki appraisingly. "Nice," she said.

Sandra's second-floor flat was a large, airy place with high ceilings. It was well-decorated and had modern, good quality furniture. To Nikki, it was all surprisingly tidy. The place was certainly better than her own austere and ill-repaired home. "Mum cleans up after each john," Sandra explained. "It's part of her job and she does it for the girls in the other flats in the house too. I don't know what Sonny pays her, but I do know that he still fucks her every now and then."

As Sandra made mugs of instant coffee, Nikki explained her plan. She intended to work as an amateur hooker and wanted to know how. Sandra wasn't too surprised. In fact, she gave every appearance of having expected it.

"I could speak to Sonny for you," she said. "I think the flat in the attic is empty since the French girl left. I'd get some brownie points for introducing you."

"God, no, sorry," Nikki responded, sipping her coffee. "I'm going to work somewhere far away from here, where I won't be recognised. You mentioned Leeds, or maybe Nottingham? Can you tell me the best places to go?"

"I'm not too sure. Every patch is controlled by some mean bastard. It's best if I ask Sonny to arrange it for you, if you're serious."

"No involving Sonny!" Nikki said firmly. "Just tell me the places to go."

"I only hope you know what you're doing. Still, it's up to you. I'll give you the number of my mobile phone, in case you get in trouble. Not sure what I could do for you, though."

"Oh, and I need you to help me to get some suitable clothes too."

"Most of us get our gear from Rosemary," Sandra said. "I'll warn you though, it costs a bit to look cheap."

Chapter Seven

Nicola buys work clothes

Rosemary ran a strange kind of shop. It was more a converted warehouse, with lots of white paint and bare wood. Nikki self-consciously emerged from the dressing room, tottering on high spikes, tugging ineffectually at the hem of a miniscule tight black skirt trying to make it stretch further down. "Yeah, that's better," Sandra said approvingly, eying the ensemble. The elasticated material of the skirt moulded to the contours of Nikki's bottom and the hem rose high on her thighs as she walked, despite her efforts. The top was deeply-revealing and cropped above the waist, showing an expanse of her belly.

"That just won't do," Rosemary said to Sandra, as if scolding her. "It's the bra. She needs something with better engineering. Here..."

The curiously austere woman tossed a black bra to Nikki, who caught and examined the skimpy wired garment. Nikki looked at Sandra, flicking her head to remove stray blonde tresses from before her eyes. With an inner sigh, Nikki turned her back and quickly hoisted the top off. She removed her utilitarian white bra and quickly clipped the smaller lacy black garment about her waist, spinning it round and then pulling it upwards to adjust the cups over her large breasts. The white orbs overflowed from the under-wired fabric. She saw with dismay that although the bra was skimpily cut, its platform-like design presenting her breasts invitingly with her tiny nipples just protruding above the black lace. When the red top was back in place, the upper swell of her uplifted breasts was brazenly presented. She turned hesitantly to present herself and Sandra winked.

Nikki glanced in the full-length mirror. "No, I don't think..."

"She'll do" Rosemary said critically. "But she needs big hair! And her make-up needs to be bolder...more red."

The strange, prim woman was thorough and efficient as she rearranged Nikki's long, blonde hair into a high bouffant, lacquering it liberally with choking mists of hair spray. She then swiftly applied a lurid red gloss to Nikki's full, plump lips.

"She'll need stockings," Rosemary said, delving in a drawer and producing a packet.

"Stockings? No, really..."

"Hold-ups. A thong, too," the woman said, placing a tiny black triangle of silk into Nikki's hands.

"Rosemary knows the business," Sandra said. "Put them on."

Nikki glowered but turned and marched to the changing room. She removed her tights and knickers, pausing to spread her pubic hair for a glimpse of the large black birthmark there. It was still there, of course. She shuddered and then pulled on the sheer stockings, which were particularly tight on her thighs...reassuringly so, in fact. They were long, with the tops almost touching her crotch and, she had to admit, they very flattering to her legs. She pulled on the thong, pulling the slender strings so that it nestled between the cheeks of her arse. It made her feel curiously naked under the short skirt. She returned to confront Rosemary and Sandra. However, when looking in the full-length mirror and seeing the slut displayed there, she gasped.

"Yes, good," Rosemary said, taking a couple of quick photographs on a small compact camera. "Do I send the bill to Sonny?"

"No, I'll pay now," Nikki said.

"Yes, send it to Sonny, Rosemary," Sandra said. "Tell him they're for me."

Rosemary stuffed Nikki's old clothes into a paper carrier bag and handed it to Sandra. When they left, Nikki clipped along on the uncomfortably high heels, realising that they forcibly changed her posture, pushing out her bottom, slightly arching her back, and thrusting her bosom forward. The winter air chilled her.

Someone whistled and Sandra giggled. She said: "We might get a trick together,"

Nikki was uncomfortably aware that men stared as they passed. Or maybe it was her imagination? Certainly, her style of dress was in keeping with the seedy neighbourhood and she appeared little different from any of the other young whores there, all of whom shivered in skimpy, revealing outfits.

Sandra led Nikki to a shabby, crowded bar, pushing her way through the throng as she scanned the room. Spotting a blousy looking woman with henna-dyed hair, she waved and then reached back to grab

Nikki's wrist, pulling her forward. A hand groped Nikki's bottom as she passed, and she turned to see a leering man wink at her.

"Hi, Jenny," Sandra said to the red-haired woman. "This is Nikki."

"This her?" the woman said, eying Nikki critically.

"Yep. She's okay, uh? She doesn't want to work in this town, though. Sonny is after her."

Jenny shrugged and placed a cigarette between thin lips. Nikki saw with surprise that, on closer examination, the 'woman' was, in fact, a man; she could see stubble on his chin pushing through the thick pancake of make-up. He was probably younger than Nikki. "Turn around," Jenny said, ostentatiously lighting his cigarette with a golden lighter and blowing a cloud of smoke to envelope her. "Let me look at you."

"Pardon?"

"Shit!" Jenny said, turning to leave.

Sandra grabbed the transvestite's upper arm. "Hold on, Jenny, she's new."

"Let go of my arm, you fucking whore."

"Yeah, sorry," Sandra said releasing the man's arm. "Look, she wants to learn. Show her the ropes, uh?" Then, to Nikki, she said, "Turn round, for Chrissake. Jenny will find a place for you to go."

Seething inwardly, Nikki turned awkwardly and found herself blushing when she again faced Jenny. She flinched as he glared at her.

"What does she do?"

"The usual... straight sex in different positions, blow job without condom, cum in face, cum on body, 69 position."

"What?" Nikkia asked, aghast.

"Do you have a picture?"

"Yeah, Rosemary took a couple," Sandra said. "She'd pass them on to you."

"Okay, I'll get her started in Leeds on Friday," Jenny said. "I've got a couple of bookings up there and need a girl. Can she cope with that?"

"Yeah, sure," Sandra said airily.

"I can fix up a couple more tricks for you there next Friday then," he told Nikki. "It'll cost you twenty quid a time. I'll send the details to Sandy."

"Pay the man eighty pounds," Sandra said.

Nikki hesitated, but she then opened her purse and counted out the banknotes which she had borrowed from her mother to pay for clothes. Jenny took the money and stuffed it into his bra. "Don't let me down!" he said. "If you do, I'll turn you over to Sonny myself."

"What was that all about?" Nikki asked Sandra as they walked from the bar.

"Jenny? He's an agent for a few amateur girls, getting them bookings. You're lucky he's taken you on."

"He's a pimp?"

"More of an agent. You just pay him for each gig"

Chapter Eight

Sonny and Sandra

Sonny Douce parked his gleaming black Lexus outside the door of a shabby terraced house in the mean side street. He got out of the car and glared at the three young kids who were watching with some interest, sitting on the low stone wall that fronted the four-feet wide front garden of the house.

“Hey, mister, you want us to watch your car and make sure it don’t get damaged?”

Sonny growled: “Let me tell you, boy. If there’s so much as a finger mark on this automobile when I return, I’m coming after your ass. Understand?”

The boys sidled from the wall and crept away. Sonny grunted. He walked up to the terraced house, glancing at the peeling paintwork on the door. There was a \$ sign, painted crudely in green on the bricks beside the door; it was his personal brand, and he always marked his property with it, including his girls. He looked at the peeling window frames and sighed. Sonny owned half a dozen such houses, but property maintenance had never been his strong point. One thing was certain, the bitches he installed in his places were never likely to do any house-painting.

He pushed the door open and walked into the hall. A blowzy white woman came rushing out of a side room to meet him; she was perhaps in her mid-forties, although it was hard to tell with her thick cake of make-up... whatever her age, she was too old to be wearing the tight short skirt that exposed chunky thighs running to fat. Whenever Sonny saw Mary, it reminded him of his own age. He was getting old... too old for this game, maybe. That thought scared him. A pimp was only as good as the respect he dragged from his hoes.

Mary wound her arms around his neck, draping herself on his huge form. She said: “Daddy! You are still alive! Wherever have you been? You know I worry about you when you go without a word. You’re my man and I’m your woman. Why don’t you tell me when you are going away? Do you still love me?”

Sonny glowered. After all these years, the bitch was still trying to con him with all that shit about love. It came naturally to every whore... always trying to use emotional blackmail, as if he was her damned boy friend. With Mary, though, it was always worse. They had been... close. She was his very first whore, recruited on the very first day when he arrived in the Midlands town, all those years ago. In those days, Mary had been a pretty and slim teenager, and naturally blonde. Once he’d kicked her into shape, she’d become an ace earner. He used to send her out to Northern Ireland to work near the Army barracks, and she always came back loaded with scratch. Now though, Mary was getting past it, even though she still turned a few tricks. But she was always trying that ‘love con’ on him, and he couldn’t let it pass. ‘Zero tolerance’ was his motto, and he never let the bitches get away with anything, ever.

Sonny glowered and pushed Mary from him, and then he punched her hard on the side of her head. She yelped and sprawled back in the hall, falling arse over tip, legs splayed to display skimpy black knickers covering her crotch. Her head bounced on the red quarry tiles of the hall floor. Mary moaned and turned to her hands and knees, and Sonny finished off by putting his foot up her arse, making her fall flat onto her belly. He rubbed his knuckle with the palm of his other hand, and then stepped back, looking down at the stricken woman.

“What did I do to deserve that?” Mary gasped, trying to get her breath.

“Bitch, never ever try to keep tabs on me. And how many times do I have to tell you about that love bullshit? We ain’t playing Mister and Missus here, Mary. For the last time, I’m a pimp and you’re one of my whores... nothing more! Where’s Sandra?”

“She’s upstairs in her room, Sonny.”

“With a john?”

“She’s resting. Sandy’s been working her butt off for you.”

“Well, she ain’t out in the street, I see that! Go and fetch the lazy bitch.”

“Yes, Daddy. Anything you say. You know you don’t have to beat your best girl like that. And don’t be hard on my Sandy...”

As Mary painfully climbed to her feet, Sonny went into the side room and sat down on the settee. The place was better inside than it appeared from the street. He paid for good furniture, after all, and

Mary kept it clean, he had to give her that. Hell, it was her main job nowadays. The torch had moved to a new generation. Mary's own daughter, Sandra, was now doing the business for him. There were a dozen other girls for the same age, spread across his various houses. Luckily, it was easier now to bring girls from Europe, with no problems with Work Permits; a couple of whores in the house were Germans, on loan from a friend in Hamburg, while a Polish girl was hustling her arse from another of his places. Still, a pimp's success depended on him acquiring new girls, fresh stock, and that was his business that day.

Sandra came diffidently into the room, followed by her mother. "Hello, Sonny," she said carefully.

"What the fuck have you been doin' to cross me, bitch?"

"What? I've not been doing anything but work. There's a stash of scratch in the safe place. Mum will tell you-"

Sonny growled and reached into the breast pocket of his jacket, taking out a plastic driving licence and skimming it at Sandra. "Who's that slut, then? A friend of yours, ain't she?"

The plastic card hit Sandra's chest and dropped to the carpeted floor. She stooped and picked it up with shaky fingers, looking at the photograph. "It's not exactly a friend, Sonny," she said. "It's someone I know."

"Get your fucking clothes off!"

Sandra gulped but she immediately undid the belt of her dressing gown and shrugged it from her shoulders. She wore a baggy tee shirt underneath, and didn't hesitate to pull it over her head, leaving her naked.

"What's this about, Sonny?" Mary asked, glancing with concern at her quaking, naked daughter. "You high or something?"

"Fucking high? Are you questioning me again, bitch? You, strip your clothes off too. Best to deal with whores when they're buck naked."

"Fuck, Daddy, you know I hate doing this with Sandra in the room," Mary said, but she was already hastily pulling off her blouse, and kicking off her shoes.

"Just do it!" he snarled, sitting on the settee and watching as Mary pushed down her tight skirt and then removed her black bra and knickers. Then, when mother and daughter were both standing stark naked in front of him, he spread both of his legs straight out, the pointed steel-tipped toes of his shoes pointing upwards. He said: "Right, both of you, get your pussies onto my shoes."

"Sonny!" Mary protested.

Sandra, though, immediately straddled his left foot with her feet, and then she squatted down, lowering her shaved pussy lips onto the polished black leather, her hands clasping the calf of his leg to keep herself steady. She wriggled a bit, insinuating the tip of the shoe into her cunt, like a dog humping a leg.. Sonny nodded and then looked at Mary, his finger pointing to his right foot. "Are you going to get your pussy onto this boot, Mary, or do I have to push the toe up your ass instead?"

Mary sighed and did as he ordered, kneeling so that her knee was hard against Sandra's foot. Then she lowered herself, reaching between her legs to position the steel shoe tip between the lips of her cunt before sinking down to impale herself. To satisfy himself that they were suitably seated, he twisting his feet a little, pushing upwards.

Sonny then turned to Sandra and said, "Right, now we can talk as you frig yourself off on my foot, Sandy. Who's the bitch in the picture, Sandy?"

"Her name is Nikki," Sandy said, beginning to move her arse up and down in her crouched position.

"I fucking know that. I've seen you speaking to her on the street. You think I drive round with my eyes closed, butch? Did you know this Nikki was whoring her pussy on my patch?"

"No, no... I didn't know that Sonny."

"I think you're lying. Wrap your arms around my leg. I want to see you wank yourself off on my shoe, just like the dog that you are. Fuck yourself on my boot." He waited as she moved her hops and body and built up a rhythm. Then he went on: "Sandy, I've been casing these streets long enough to know everything that happens here, even if people don't see me. I watch you bitches, to make sure no skinny-arsed little jerk tries to steal you from me. You're my little dog, Sandy, and you belong to me. You got my mark, ain't ya?"

"Yes, Daddy, I've got your tattoo on my ankle," she said, beginning to breathe heavily as she moved

her arse and clutched his leg even tighter.

“That’s right. You two are my top girls. It’s just us three against the rest. I need you to work harder, and you too Mary... you can still hump your ass. As soon as I get enough to quit, then we’ll all go off somewhere and live in luxury. But I want to know what else is happening on them streets. You see a new girl out there, then you pull her into me. You tell her how great I am, how I’m the best damned pimp in the country. How good I am to you girls.”

“Yes, Daddy,” Sandra panted. “I told her that.”

“And you always give me the rundown on any likely looking bitch. Understand?”

Sandra writhed on his shoe, mindless of her mother kneeling impaled on Sonny’s other foot. The black leather was becoming slick with her juices as her cunt ground against the top of his shoe. She groaned and clasped his leg. “Please! Yes! Yes! I understand, Sonny. I’ll tell her.”

With her eyes clenched tightly shut, Sandra saw bolts of lightning snake in her head, and her bare toes dug into the carpet, getting more purchase as she ground her cunt against the invading tip of his shoe. An orgasm shuddered through her body and she sighed deeply. It was rare that she managed to achieve an orgasm nowadays, but Sonny never failed. She eased off his shoe and then knelt to lick the juice off his shoe.

“Mary, you too. Wank yourself on my shoe!”

“Damn, Daddy, that’s just perverse,” Mary breathed, but she was already rotating her hips in her kneeling position.

“Now, while your mummy gets off on my shoe, Sandy, tell me everything you know about this Nikki slut.”

So it was that Sandra told the black pimp about Nikki: young mother, husband in gaol, massive money worries, aiming to turn some tricks as an amateur. Then she told him about Nikki’s intention of going to Leeds to turn some tricks there. All of the time, Mary was writing on Sonny’s boot, moaning and grunting.

“I’m going to get you marked again, Sandra, just to remind you of who you belong to” Sonny said. “I’ll organise a trip to the Beast.”

Sandra, still licking the shoe leather, shuddered inwardly, thinking about the tattooist known as the Beast. However, as she licked, she merely said, “Yes, Sonny, anything you want.”

Just then Mary’s low moan announced her orgasm.

“You can lick the other shoe too, Sandy,” Sonny said, extricating his foot from between Mary’s legs.

Chapter Nine

Sonny meets Judson

Judson Maye was one of the up and coming generation of young black pimps that Sonny Douce secretly feared. Judson had been making something of a name for himself in Leeds over the past year or so, and word had filtered on the hoe-vine down to Sonny's patch in the Midlands. Judson Maye was sharp, pretty and deadly with the ladies, that's what they said. Up to that time, Sonny hadn't deigned to pay a visit to his younger rival, but on this occasion he had made a special effort to drive his 'Legsus' up the M1 to Leeds (he always referred to his Lexus car as his 'Legsus').

"The great Sonny Douce," Judson said, his nerves ill-concealed as a blowsy blonde-haired woman showed the hulking, older man into the big salon of his cat-house. "Come on in. What's up, dude?"

Sonny greeted the younger man with a shake of the hand. He said: "So you are Judson Maye. Nothing is up, nothing at all. I was just passing, my man, and thought to pay you a call. Been hearing good things about you."

Sonny glanced around at the three young women who sat in the large room. Two of them wore skimpy underclothing, like strippers waiting for their next turn, and the other was completely nude beneath a very diaphanous short black nightie. The girls eyed him with undisguised interest.

Judson relaxed a bit. He had been plainly concerned, knowing Sonny's vicious reputation. "I thought I'd maybe mistakenly taken in one of your sluts. You ought to know, Sonny, I wouldn't ever do that to you. I'd put my foot in her ass and send her right on back."

"You're cool, Judson, I'm not here on any gorilla mission. Besides, my bitches are all marked with my personal dollar sign," he said, showing the large gold ring on his finger, fashioned with the \$ symbol.

"Hell, I ain't got no reason to steal a bitch, Sonny. The sluts are falling over themselves to volunteer for my stable. Them white bitches just love me and can't get enough of my cock. Ain't that right, ladies?"

The brassy blonde merely smiled, but the other three chimed their confirmation. The girl in the black baby doll number gave a 'woot woot'.

Sonny looked from one girl to the next, and he then reached to the grab the filmy black material of the nightie, pulling the girl towards him and hoisting the garment high above her head, completely baring her body. Her eyes were wide in fear, peering at Sonny through the transparent material as if it were a veil.

"What your name?"

"Lynda."

"These bitches love you, huh, Judson?" Sonny said, reaching with his other hand to twist Linda's right nipple. "You believe that? Let me tell you, any sucker who thinks a whore's in love with him shouldn't be allowed out on his own. Every whore you get will try sooner or later to wreck your stable, and before you know it, it's you who's bare-assed and without any whores. You need to keep them humping hard and turning trick after trick after trick, bringing in them dollars. My advice to you, Judson, is to keep your black cock out of your whore's white pussies."

"Owww..." Linda whimpered, as Sonny twisted harder on the nipple, distending the flesh and twisting it until the girl whimpered and bent her knees slightly.

"You gotta be kidding me, sah?"

"No, no kidding at all. Pimping ain't got no room for love games. Take this little white bitch Linda with the nice titties..." He distended the flesh of the girl's breast even further, making her yelp, and then he said, "Stick the bitch, by all means, but only in return for a bundle of cash. A white whore is nothing but a trick to a smart pimp. A pimp ain't nothing but a smart fucker who plays the whore at her own game. Always get your money from her up front. She always work in feather bed comfort like this place?"

"Yes, she'll work on the streets later. I've got some girls in a couple of clubs, too."

"Never keep 'em comfortable, Make 'em hump their arses when you say, how any times you say. Understand?"

Judson laughed nervously. He wasn't too sure if the older man was joshing him, but he wasn't about

to complain about the treatment being meted out to his bitch's tit. "Thanks for the advice," he said.

"I like you. I wrote the book, boy, believe me, and this is how it is. It's how I keep that damned Legsus car, out there. I might just have a good thing for you. A bitch I've been grooming is intending to come up here to do some freelance work on to your patch. I've spent money on her, but she ain't got my mark tattooed on her ass yet. I still regard her as mine, Judson."

Sonny let go of the girl's night dress but he reached to grasp her other nipple before the fabric fell back. He pulled both breasts unnaturally high, forcing the girl up onto her toes. "

"As I say, I'll send her back if I grab her."

"All in good time, Judson. We can help each other here. Her name is Nikki. Now, let me tell you where and when she's going to be showing up..."

Sonny released Linda and she pouted and went to stand behind Judson. The older pimp went on to tell the Judson almost everything about Nikki that he had learned from Sandra. It was arranged that Judson would be ready and waiting to intercept the girl and capture her.

"You have the loan of Nikki for a while, huh? I want her back eventually, but it will be better if you break her in. In the meantime, in return, I'll borrow little Linda with the cute titties."

Linda let out an involuntary yelp, and clutched at Judson. "I can't do that, Jud," she said.

"Shut up," Judson said quietly. "Go and get dressed, and go with Sonny."

Chapter Ten

Nikki in Leeds

The Root and Branch Public House was the venue that Jenny the transvestite had arranged in Leeds. Nikki was due to entertain her first client there at 8pm, in an apartment above the pub, rented by the hour. Her heart was pounding. She felt no more confident on this occasion than she had been in her previous abortive whoring mission in the seedy hotel in Nottingham.

When she found the back street pub, she went into tap room and, as instructed, asked for George. A wheezing middle-aged man came to see her. "You'll be the bint from Nottingham," he said, handing her a key from his pocket. "Go round the back. The room is above the pub, at the top of the fire escape..."

Nikki awkwardly negotiated the spiral steel staircase, teetering on her high heels. At the top of the steps there was a glazed door and a light was burning brightly behind it. She tried the door handle and it opened without need for the key. As she entered, she was surprised to find a black man lounging back on the bed, fully clothed, his ankles crossed to display pointed shiny black shoes, smiling broadly at her.

"Oh, hello," she said. "Are you waiting for me?"

"Are you Nikki?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm waiting for you. I am Judson Maye."

"Judson Maye," Nikki repeated slowly, her eyes glancing back towards the door.

"Aii," he said, swinging his long legs from the bed. "Don't try to make a run for it, girl. I've been expecting you. Strip off those clothes. Let me see what Sonny sent me."

"Sonny?" she said, placing a palm flat over her heart. "My arrangement was with a man named Jenny..."

"Strip naked!"

Nikki pulled off her coat. She hesitated for a few seconds and then shrugged and began to remove the rest of her clothes. Judson eyed Nikki as she stripped. No matter how many new whores he stripped, this part always excited him. The sight of Nikki's naked body made him catch his breath for a second but he swiftly regained his composure. He reached forward to slowly lift her blonde hair to expose her slender white neck. "I was told you are nice piece of punanni," he said. "Now I shall see... I must examine you. Open your mouth."

Nikki looked at him, dumbfounded. This was almost a replication of the scene with Sonny Deuce in the hotel. Did all these people act the same? Slowly, though, she opened her mouth slightly, her eyes watching him warily. She shuffled slightly, standing awkwardly. "Keep still!" he said suddenly, and his hand suddenly closed around her face, with the finger and thumb pressing hard on either side in the hinge of her jaw, forcing her to open her mouth widely. She grunted at the pain, and her eyes were wild as he thrust a finger into her mouth and raised her tongue, ran the finger pad over her teeth, and then pushed his fingers deep into the back of her throat. She choked and squirmed, her hand encircling his black wrist.

"Don't gag! And don't bite my fingers, if you value your pretty teeth." She struggled to regain her composure until he withdrew his finger from her mouth. He then traced its tip, dampened with her saliva, up over her cheek bone, casually pulling at the flesh a little to pull down lower her eye rim and allow him to see the whites of her eyes. "Look up at the ceiling, and keep looking there until I tell you otherwise. Do not look at me!"

Satisfied, his fingertips trailed down her neck and traced idly across her shoulder, from one side to the other. Nikki whimpered as he took hold of her arm and turned her to the side, viewing the fall of her breasts and the position of the strongly thrusting hard nipples against the soft swell of white flesh. "Keep looking up at the ceiling!"

Judson caught his breath again as he turned Nikki to face him again he lifted the breasts on the backs of his hands, and the hands next slide to the sides so the full breasts fall and gently bounce. He then cupped her breasts and firmly pressed them together, rubbing the nipples against each other, before pushing the fleshy orbs far apart until the nipples grazed the fine downy hair of her arm. "Cup your breasts and lift them!" Nikki inhaled deeply, but she did so, lifting her breast to him like ripe fruits. "Higher..." She obeyed, and he traced a line beneath her tits, where a scar might have been had they been

fitted with implants. He then stroked the underside of the breasts as she continued to hold the flesh high. He tapped the very tip of each nipple, murmuring, "Hard cherries, each with a stone."

Judson then suddenly lowered his head and pressed his ear to Nikki's left breast. "A strong heartbeat," he said, gently removing her hands from her breasts and watching as the soft orbs fell. He then presses the palms of his hands against her breasts and rotates them very slowly against her nipples, barely touching her. Nikki swallowed hard, a nervous smile on her lips. However, he then abruptly smacked her breasts with both hands simultaneously, ensuring the whipping finger ends sting the flesh. She squealed, but he smacked her face with the flat of his hand.

"Now, turn round!! Spread your legs. Do as I say."

Nikki, the palm of her hand on her stinging cheek, found herself instinctively obeying. She squealed again when he reached round and cruelly pinched the underbelly of the girl's breast. "Let that be a warning. In future, I will not tell you twice. Now, spread your legs wider, and bend over and grasp your ankles." Again, inhaling deeply, Nikki did as she was told, perfectly, without protest. He said, "Good, now I shall explore the parts that are most important to me... the things that you will use for my profit."

He touched his black fore finger on the small of her back and then traced a line downwards, finding the point of her spine and tickling in a lazy circle. Then, very slowly, with brush-like strokes, softly back-brushing the skin hairs after each forward caress, he continued downwards until it nestled in the split between the pure white globes of her buttocks, advancing along the groove of her bottom very gradually. She gave a small start when his fingertip swirled round and round against the fleshy rim of her anus, whispering it back and forth across the tender spot as if a tongue tip. She mewled slightly when he pressed against the tight fleshy swirling pool of muscle. "No, please..." she said, looking back.

Judson gave a low, throaty chuckle and pressed his finger against the mouth of her arse, but then he withdrew his finger and waited, poised, before brushing his hand between her legs and closing his fingers round the flesh lips of her cunt. "Hot! Burning hot!" he said.

Judson held Nikki's cunt in his palm, his fingers round her puffy lips, with the second finger pressing between them until it found the tight engorged clitoris that nestled uneasily there. "Hmmm, a rose bud, firm and swollen."

He eased his finger back, and she mewled again, and then he touched the clit again, a slight friction, exactly at the tip, before pressing together the cunt lips and moulding the puffy flesh around the nubbin. Nikki groaned as he alternately squeezed and relaxed his fingers on her cunt lips with steady rhythmic pulses. "Oh, I shall love to break you," he said.

He rubbed his fingers up and down the closed lips of her sex, as if milking a cow. She grunted and rotated her bottom slightly against the motion of his hand. Then though, quite suddenly, he ceased his tender manipulations and suddenly smacked her smartly across the white globe of her arse, leaving a red print of his fingers there. She yelped and made to straighten but his other hand was laying on her back, not exerting any real pressure, just enough to keep her bent forward. "Grasp them ankles again, Nikki, and don't let go this time," he said, and yet, even as she did obeyed him, Judson reached over to grasp her hair and pulled her head back, making her lift her chin. He kept his other hand on her back but tugged on her hair until her neck was craned like a taut bow. When satisfied, he removed his hand from her back and slid it under her arse, fitting his thumb into the well of her anus as he pushed his palm between her legs again and insinuated two fingers into her cunt. Ignoring her mewling little squeaks, he pushed his thumb very slowly into her bottom, gaining full entry in the tight hole until he could mould the rest of his large palm against her pussy. Nikki squirmed as his thumb and two fingers seemed to press on either side of the wall of flesh between the two channels inside her.

"Not there," she gasped, her head still yanked back with his hand in her hair. "I don't do anal."

"You'll do whatever I say, girl," he said, wriggling his thumb inside her arse. His voice was suddenly sharp as he snapped: "I said, don't let go of your ankles."

"I'm not letting go..."

Judson smiled grimly when he heard her low sigh as he slowly withdrew his thumb from her anus and then eased it forward again. He repeated this a few times until he could feel her hips rolling with his moves, and only then did he withdraw the thumb completely. She groaned. He unzipped his pants and freed his cock, which was already primed and erect, with a sheen of pre-cum glistening at its tip. Releasing his grip on her hair he took a condom from his pocket, tore the foil with his teeth, and then

rolled the rubber onto his shaft. He reached for the KY jelly on the bedside cabinet and squeezed a glob onto the end of his cock, and then he smeared his fingers over it before rubbing the gel around her anus. Without ceremony, he nudged the cock glans between the cheeks of her arse. Nikki gave a whine of protest as the head of the cock pressed against her anus and he reached to cup her left breast, and she could feel the slick gel on his hand. His other hand was on her hip, pulling her onto his cock as she remained bent double, her hands grasping her ankles, legs spread but straight and her arse high. She gave a grunt of shock when her sphincter gave way to his cock and allowed him to push inside her. Her knuckles around her ankles were almost white as he thrust deeply inside her.

"Always up the arse when welcoming a new whore," Judson said, "or when I fuck you for punishment."

Nikki gasped as his cock drove deeper. She whimpered. He forced himself inside her until his balls dangled against her flesh. Then, as he fucked her in that forbidden way, his hand mangled her breast.

"Hey, you started without me," a man's voice said.

Judson looked over his shoulder and saw another black man entering the room. He grinned when Nikki gave a small protesting yelp, startled by the man's voice.

"Yeah," Judson said. "Where've you been, man? Come and get your cock in her mouth. While I fuck her arse."

Nikki howled in protest, but the large cock was fully, painfully embedded up her arse. She was vaguely aware of the other man who came to stand beside her. Glancing to the side, through the curtain of her hair as she remained bent over, she saw that he hadn't bothered to remove his trousers, but instead he had released his cock, holding it in his hand, wanking it to an erection.

"How is she, Jud?"

"Tight little hole," Judson replied, smacking the cheek of her arse and manouevering her round. "Let's make a bridge with her."

Nikki yelped when a hand grasped her hair again, this time the hand of the newcomer, yanking her head up. She had to release the grip on her ankles as the hand roughly pulled her head to present her mouth directly against the semi-erect penis. Judson's hand was now on both of her tits, mashing them to her chest in an iron grip. She remained bent, but with her hands on her knees for support as Judson relentlessly fucked her arse. The other man pushed the head of his cock against her lips and she found herself opening her mouth, taking the cock in, beginning to suck, and yet the man slapped her face and snarled a command. "First, you lick it till it gets stiff," he said. Withdrawing her mouth from the already impressive cock, Nikki began to ply the shaft with licks by the tip of her tongue, the way Jason used to like it, tentative and soft, and then, as the cock grew to firm erection, she applied long, slow, rasping strokes, curling her tongue around the glistening, exposed glans. Judson, his hips steady for a moment, kept her pinioned and impaled on his cock in her tight channel, and he released her breasts and placed his hands on her hips, pulling her firmly back. However, the other man immediately reached under Nikki's torso to grasp her tits. Then, unexpectedly, acting in unison, the two men lifted her, by her breasts and her hips, making her feet leave the floor, making her squeal in alarm. The younger man, not releasing his painful grip on her tits, took a pace back, and the strong Judson kept an iron-grip on her hips, his fingers digging into her soft belly flesh. Nikki, arms flailing, found herself stretched between the two of them, face downwards, three feet above the floor, her arse still impaled by Scar-face's cock. One of her groping hands found the edge of the bed, which gave some support, and she desperately hooked her other hand into the belt around the waist of the younger man.

"Now," Judson rasped. "You suck his cock deep. Don't bite him. You bite, and we pull out your teeth. Lock your ankles behind my back. Understand?"

Nikki took the now fully-erect cock into her mouth as far as she could. Then she clasped her legs around Scar-face's hips and hooked her ankles together, desperately trying to get some purchase. She thus found her body forming a bridge, suspended by her hips and tits, anchored by a rampant cock up her arse and another in her mouth. As she sucked hard on the cock, she heard them laugh together, as if in self-congratulation. When the younger man thrust deeply into Nikki's throat, it took her by surprise, and she hadn't the air to last for long, but he withdrew for some seconds, jerking her body to adjust his position, and then rammed his cock into her throat again, filling the channel. There was no synchronisation in their fucking. Their cocks maintained different rhythms at either end of her. The two

men treated her body like a rag doll, stretching and pulling her this way and that, yanking her breasts until she thought the flesh might rip. Her tits were stretched under her arms by her weight, and only her grasp the edge of the cot with her right hand, and her left hand gripping the younger man's leather belt, enabled her to relieve the pressure. Worse, as she squirmed between them, with her cock-pegged arse almost bearing the full weight of her body, she feared that the unnatural pressure in her rear would tear the tender channel. Nikki had no option but to cling onto the man's trouser belt while sucking his cock, and desperately clasp her legs around Judson's hips. All she could do was suck and fuck, her body bucking and tossing wildly between them, like an unstable suspension bridge in a storm. Fortunately, the very lack of stability meant that the cock in her mouth only stayed bedded in her throat for brief seconds, albeit painfully, and Nikki quickly learned to pace her breathing with his thrusts, and she concentrated in not sinking her teeth into hard shaft. After some time, Judson began to pummel her arse more frenetically and he grunted a sharp command to his younger comrade. Abruptly, both withdrew their cocks from her mouth and anus, and they simultaneously released their hands from her tits and hips. She floundered, face-down, for a second, supported by her legs locked around Judson's waist, and by her tenuous grip on the leather belt... Judson reached to roughly pull her legs away, and she fell to the floor, managing to break her fall with her hands. As she lay on the ground between them, panting, she was aware that they were wanking their cocks, directly above her, and within seconds hot, thick wads of creamy-viscous cum splattered on her prone body. Then they stepped back and left her thus, her body covered in streaks of cum, as they left the room chattering casually, clearly happy with their work. She remained there on the floor, her body racked with the occasional sob as she gasped for air.

"She'll do mighty fine," Judson said.

"Where did you find this one?"

"Sonny Douce sent her up from Nottingham."

The other man gave a low whistle. "Sonny Douce? You know him?"

"He came looking for me, man," Judson said with a laugh, "offering this white whore. Cool, huh?"

"I arranged to work here through someone called Jenny the Transvestite," Nikki said, brushing hair from her face.

"That's what you think, girl," Judson said with a broad smile, and he reached to grasp Nikki by the arm, pulling her to her feet and pushing her to the small shower cubicle in the corner of the room. "Get that jizm washed from your body. I'll take you home."

Chapter Eleven

Nikki taken to Judson's brothel

Judson Maye owned a very flash car.

"Excuse me, Jud," Nikki said, as Judson started the engine. "Where are you taking me? I thought you were taking me home. I live in Nottingham."

Judson raised his eyebrows as he glanced at her in his rear view driving mirror. The diamond in his front tooth glittered in the night lights of the city.

"And you travelled to Leeds to work?" the other man said.

Nikki was quiet. She looked out of the window as the car drove through the streets of the unfamiliar city. She saw a street sign: Water Lane.

"Well, this is your new home now," Judson said over his shoulder.

"I can't do that. I've got, a baby..."

"You should have thought about that before coming to work on my patch, honey buns. Lots of my girls have their babies here with them. Don't worry, we'll drive down there tomorrow and pick up your kid."

Nikki bit her lip. The car eventually stopped at a large Victorian terraced house. Judson held her by the hand, and the other man was on the opposite as they led her up the steps that led to the front door.

"Is this her?" asked the woman who opened the door, eying Nikki.

"Yeah, this is Nikki. Meet Angie, girl."

Angie smiled, perhaps encouragingly, but Nikki looked away. Judson led Nikki to a large drawing room, where three young women were sitting, surrounding yet another black man. This man was old, with snow white hair and there was a gummy smile on his ebony face. The women all wore transparent peignoirs, with only skimpy underwear beneath, and Nikki was shocked to see that one of the women was casually stroking the old man's cock as he sat on the settee beside her. Of even greater shock was the immense size of that gnarled and veined black cock. The women looked up as Judson and his friend entered.

"Hi, Gramps, you got my message, I see."

"Always happy to oblige, son," the old man said.

"My grandfather is going to fuck you, Nikki," Judson said with a smile. "He fucks all my new whores."

"No!" she said with a gasp. "I won't do it."

"No?" Judson said, as if flabbergasted. "Just so you know, Nikki, I don't tolerate bad behaviour from my whores. These ladies will testify to that. Still, I shall now give you a sample of what to expect when you're naughty."

Nikki gave a strangled gasp but before she could react Judson dragged her to a large desk on the far side of the salon. "What are you doing?" she yelled, squirming as Judson effortlessly bent her over, her breasts pressing against the green tooled leather of the desk top. Her wrists were forced painfully up her back with one hand, and he flipped up her skirt with the other, baring her arse. She screeched as his large palm beat down upon her bottom, once, twice, three times, hard and fast. There was a pause and, in wild terror, she tried to twist aside and break free. Her feet scrambled for purchase on the lush pile of the carpet but Judson easily held her with one huge hand. She then screamed in shock as a fiery stripe lanced from her upper thighs, swiftly followed by another burning slash across her buttocks, and she realised that Judson was now lashing her with a leather strap or belt. Her screams and abject pleas filled the room but the beating continued until her bottom felt as if it were on fire, with lash laid upon lash. When Judson at last paused, she lay prone, sobbing convulsively both wrists clasped behind her back, her upper body upon the desk, legs sprawled akimbo.

"No, please, no. No more, please."

He allowed her to straighten, and she was sobbing uncontrollably and her hand was on her tender bottom. The three other women hadn't said a word, seeming to sink within themselves as the huge man had thrashed Nikki.

"That's just by way of hello, Nikki," Judson said, grabbing her by the upper arm and pushing her,

stumbling, towards the old man.

Nikki made to service first customer

“Time to go to work again. Offer to give Gramps a blow job.”

Nikki looked at Judson in horror. The white-haired old man gave a wide, gummy grin, and he held his massive cock in his hand, wagging it towards her. Nikki clamped her lips tightly shut and shook her head in mute defiance. Then she saw that Judson hold his hand outstretched, and Angie placed a piece of flat, shaped, polished wood in his palm. He bent Nikki forward again and raised her skirt, and then slapped the wood down onto her already tormented buttocks. The renewed, searing pain astonished her and she started to scream again, the sound deep in her throat. She screamed and danced frantically as he continued to paddle her relentlessly, held, running on the spot as if to escape. The pain took over, assumed a life of its own, gaining hegemony over her body.

“We can do this all night, Nikki,” he said. “Crawl over there and offer to suck Gramps’ off.”

“Do as Jud says,” Angie urged.

Nikki slumped, falling to her knees, she crawled towards the punter, and Judson drove her forward with slaps of the paddle on her thighs and bottom. Her eyes were blurred by floods of tears as she knelt before old man. “May I suck your cock, Gramps?” she asked.

The oldster gave a high-pitched cackle of glee as she closed her mouth round the large purple-black bulb of his cock glans.

“This white whore’s ready for you, Gramps,” Judson said. “It’s my treat. Take her to one of the private rooms and use her as you want.”

Nikki’s hair was cruelly yanked from behind by Judson, jerking her mouth from the cock, and she struggled up from her knees, scrambling to stand. She was hauled along the passage, and up a flight of stairs to the first floor. There was a corridor with four doors, two on either side. Angie stopped beside one of the doors, opened it, and thrust her in with such force that she sprawled on the red carpet. “Let her know it’s happening, Gramps.”

“Aii son, these new white bitches are always a raw at first. I’ll break her in for you.”

Then the door shut, and Nikki was left alone with the old man. He was taking his time, removing his clothing and smiling slightly down at her as she lay huddled on the floor. She saw that he was running to fat, with a large paunch and fat buttocks, and his body was covered in a thick matt of springy white hair. His huge cock, though, was wide and sturdily erect, with a slight kink in the banana-bent shaft. When he gestured towards the bed and kicked her flank, Nikki climbed awkwardly to her feet and went to lie on the bed face up on the bed, arching her back slightly to avoid lying on her sore buttocks. He reached for a condom from the box on the bedside table, and swiftly rolled it onto his erect cock with practised ease. He reached for the tube of KY jelly that lay beside the condoms. Then he grasped her ankle to twist her onto her belly, pulling her back until her legs draped over the edge of the bed. To her horror, she felt him spread her buttocks and squirt cold jelly around her anus.

“No, please! Not again... I’ve already been fucked there tonight. What’s the matter with you people?”

However, undeterred, the old man merely cackled with glee as he guided the head of his huge cock against the sore rose of her arse. She screeched in protest, but he ignored that, roughly spreading her burning buttocks. She buried her mouth in the bedding, biting on the wadding, her knuckles grasping the fabric until they were white. She squirmed and struggled as he determinedly pushed his cock forward but there was no denying him. The tightly-clenched ring of muscle resisted for a brief second but the cock glans forced past and then he was pressing forward, working his way insistently and gaining surprisingly easy entry. Nikki screeched into mattress and her feet beat a frantic tattoo on the carpet.

She was already sore there from the previous plundering by Judson. It hurt dreadfully. Old Gramps was grunting and pushing, and he breathed heavily with the exertion, and Nikki groaned in pain. Then he gave a cruel thrust and she threw her head back in with an agonised yell as the cock sank within her. She gritted her teeth and the next lunge wrought another anguished moan from her throat. Again he thrust forward once more, bludgeoning in the cock deep into her tortured passage. She knew that the gnarled oldster was intent upon hurting her with his huge cock. It was as if he was wreaking his revenge for a

lifetime's of drudgery. The flab of his hips was now nestling against her bottom, and she was impaled to the hilt of his massive member. The grizzled old man then began to work his great cock back and forth, fucking her arse, without pause or pity for her piteous moans and pleas. Presently, after only a short time, although it seemed like an eternity, he began to piston his hips, slapping against her, and she rolled in a tide of pain and torment, until he went rigid against her and jerked spasmodically. Nikki lay slumped on her belly, giving a small cry as he withdrew his softening cock from her anus.

As she lay sobbing abjectly on the bed, her anus aching mightily, she heard the old man shuffling about behind her, presumably getting dressed. Then the door was opened and shut, and he was gone. She wept quietly and deeply into the pillow, relieved that her ordeal was over. Her buttocks and thighs were still terribly sore and, looking down and twisting as best she might, she saw that the flesh there was patched with cherry red.

Nikki taken to her room

Within minutes of the man leaving, Angie returned to the room, carrying a folded bed sheet. She paid no heed to the sobbing Nikki and merely pulled her to her feet. Nikki stood pathetically, naked, watching as the woman stripped the soiled sheets from the bed to reveal a plastic sheet over the mattress.

"You can't stay in here because we need it for the girls. Help me put this clean sheet on the bed." Numbly, Nikki assisted the woman, pulling the fitted sheet over the corners of the mattress. Angie picked up the soiled sheet and tucked it under her arm. "Come on, then. I'll show you your room."

Nikki followed wearily, her anus sore and feeling as though it might be bleeding. They went up two flights of stairs, and the red stair carpet was very warm and lush beneath her bare feet.

As they climbed the stairs, Nikki said, "I can't stay here. It's out of the question."

"Aw, don't mind Jud none. Nor Gramps, neither. He's always hard with white girls at first. He don't mean nothing by it."

At the top, Angie rounded a corner and halted at a door, which she pushed open. The walls were painted buttermilk white, and the furniture was custom-fitted. 'Better than the cheap Nottingham hotel', Nikki thought as she entered, glancing at her image in the mirrors which seemed to feature on every wall.

"Get some rest," Angie ordered, pushing Nikki onto the double bed.

"Rest?"

"Sleep, you stupid cunt, you're almost out on your feet," Angie said, not unkindly. "Fucking and humping takes it out of a new girl, and there'll be more for you before the night's out."

"More?"

"Yeah, Jud will rustle up a posse of young studs to make sure you're kept busy on your first night."

Nikki groaned, "Oh my God!"

"You'll soon get used to it. They all do," Angie said with a smile. Then, however, as if in recompense for her soft tone, she reached forward and tugged at Nikki's pubic hair. "Shave this off. Completely, smooth, mind! That's how Jud likes it. He's bound to check tomorrow before he sends you out onto the streets."

Angie left the room and the lock clicked metallically. Amidst the horror of it all, she suddenly felt utterly fatigued but she forced herself to try to clear her mind and formulate some plan of action. It seemed to her that the only option was to do whatever was necessary to survive with a minimum of pain until she could escape. Another punishment session was more than she could contemplate. She looked down at her pubic thatch, deciding that it must be removed before she even dared to sleep.

Chapter Twelve

Induction as a whore

Nikki was half-asleep when she heard the door open.

"There she is, boys," Angie said. Nikki twisted round and saw three black youths approaching the foot of the bed. Angie closed the door, she called: "Have fun!"

One of the men, tall and well built with a shaven skull, leaned over and pulled her from the bed. She fell to the floor and watched, pushing dishevelled hair from her face, as slowly opened his tight trousers and flopped out a long limp cock. He grinned down at her, taking hold of his cock and waving it at her. She shook her head wildly. The youth laughed and looked at the others, spreading his hands as if in bewilderment. He then cuffed her ear with astonishing force, and she fell to her side on the carpet, head ringing. Then his hand was in her hair, entwining it in his fingers, and he pulled her upright on her knees. His other hand pushed the head of his cock against her lips.

Nikki took the massive purple cock glans into her mouth. She sucked on his rubbery cock, pressing her tongue up underneath it, pushing it against the roof of her mouth. It began to stiffen almost immediately.

"Yeah, baby!" he crooned, pushing his hips forward.

"She good?"

"I've had worse." His hands in her blonde hair now, pulling her head forward onto his cock as it rapidly swelled in her mouth and making her gag. 'Suck, slut, suck!' he ordered, manoeuvring her head back and forth.

Nikki, her mouth full, looked to the side, and saw that the other two youths were stripping off their clothes, and their cocks were already erect.

"You sucked many black cocks before, uh, baby?" the man was asking, almost crooning. "Yeah, that's it, suck. Let me teach you how, white bitch! Twist your tongue around there. Take it deeper." Desperately Nikki tried to obey, gagging and struggling to breathe as it filled her mouth. "Good, baby," he said, his thumbs roughly caressing her cheeks as he pulled her onto him, and she was almost grateful for his words. But she gagged involuntarily on hearing him add, "When I come, you swallow, baby. Swallow every drop, you hear? You're going to get a liking for black guys' jism. And we'll make sure you get enough of it."

"The white slut is sucking good," one of the others said. "Save some for me."

The other youths were naked now and their cocks were rampant.

Nikki retched as the cock head touched her throat. The youth ignored her squirming and held her head to him with one hand, while roughly groping her tits with the other. Nikki felt the cock pulse in her mouth, and a gush of cum filled her mouth, hitting the back of her throat, trickling down her gullet. She retched again and tried to twist her head way, but he held her firmly.

"Swallow it, baby! Don't waste it!" she heard him grunt as the cock pulsed in her mouth.

She gulped the cum down as best she could. However, when he pulled his large organ clear of her mouth, the viscous fluid spilled down her chin.

Suddenly, as she recovered, her hair was roughly grabbed from behind. The slick, wet head of his cock was on the small of her back as he whispered in her ear. "It's our job to teach you your place around here," he growled. "You'll do just as we say, uh, white bitch?"

He yanked on her hair again and she cried out.

"Do you hear me, slut?"

"Yes," she whimpered.

"Say, 'yes, sir'" he demanded in a husky whisper as his teeth raked over her ear.

He yanked viciously at her hair again.

"Yes sir!"

"Say it again! I like having snooty white bitches call me sir."

"Yes, sir!" Nikki sobbed. "Yes, sir."

"We've got plenty of other lessons for you, little white whore. When we've done, girl, you'll never be satisfied with a white cock again. But first, you have to learn how to please a black cock."

Nikki squirmed as he rubbed his cock glans head against her pussy and she groaned as the head of his cock pushed past her sex lips from behind. She struggled but he kept her in place by cruelly forcing her arm high up back. Then he rammed forward and she was utterly surprised to realise that her pussy flesh was sodden and heated. She collapsed forward under his weight, her struggles ceasing, emitting an involuntarily grunt in response to each thrust. He matched her moans with an animal-like grunt when he buried his cock in her belly and ground his hips against her sore, soft buttocks. He was licking and sucking and chewing at her ear and at the back of her neck, like a rutting animal. "There you go, little white whore," he growled. "This is prime black cock. You got black cocks coming to you every day, in one way or another."

He began to piston back and forth in a slower, more measured manner, easing his cock in and out of her sodden cunt as he licked and chewed along her neck. He then eased his chest from her back, pushing his body up on outstretched arms, and levering his cock into her to the very hilt. Then his hands were under her hips, pulling her up onto hands and knees, still deeply impaled on the hot, thick shaft. Her head and tits hung, blonde hair dangling in a mist around her eyes. She flinched and moaned in pain as he slapped her sore arse with each thrust, spanking her as he fucked

Yet, even as he took her so cruelly, Nikki knew that she was completely under his control, his to command, his to use as he saw fit. He began to pump more rapidly again, pounding his hips against her, his balls slapping against her thighs, twisting slightly this way and that to gain different angles, making her feel his cock with every crevice and ridge of her clinging vaginal flash. She knew that he was making her take his cock with hard, cruel thrusts that would show her once and for all what she was, and what she must do for the Judson's customers. Her hips jerked forward as he rutted into her, and she suddenly found that she was weeping softly, even as she groaned and grunted each time his hips slammed against her.

Relentlessly, his cock ground in and out of her pussy as he raped her, and abject misery gave way to a sense of futility and utter helplessness. Then, quite suddenly he pulled out from her, ripping his cock free, and she shrieked as he yanked on her hair, dragging her round on her knees and rubbing the head of his penis over her face as wanked the shaft. He reached orgasm within seconds, before she realised that it was imminent, and his thick, milky seminal fluid spurted over her face, splattering over her cheeks and forehead as she pulled away in revulsion, dripping from her. She stared at the member in dazed shock. The youth laughed and smeared the glans of his cock round her features, coating her face with the slick of semen.

Then he laughed, standing. As she slumped, head hanging in defeat, he reached to take a thick hank of her blonde hair and used it to wipe his penis. Then the soul of his foot was on her side, pushing rather than kicking, and she fell to her side on the carpet.

Someone else kicked her ankles apart and she twisted onto her back. . Resistance was gone now, and she looked up to see that the remaining youth was standing between her splayed legs. He was a lithe and slim, yet well-muscled young fellow with a small black moustache and goatee beard. His penis was long and yet somewhat thin, compared with the other two. Nikki was astonished that she could find herself objectively comparing such things as she lay there, waiting to be ravished once more. Even so, she was trembling with fear when he lowered himself upon her. He rubbed the cock up and down her sodden pussy lips, and her hips bucked to meet it.

"Hey, slut, what're you doing?" the man asked with a laugh, gazing down into her eyes. "You ain't here to enjoy it. You're here to learn your job as a whore. Now then, let's have some co-operation, baby. Use that cunt round my cock. Understand?"

Nikki looked up, uncomprehending as he continued to rub his cock against her pussy lips.

"Understand?" he yelled, suddenly ramming the cock into her

"No," she howled, bucking her hips up again.

"No what?"

"No, I don't understand! Oh, my God!"

"Squeeze my cock with your pussy. Are you stupid?" He slapped her face with the flat of his hand, back and forth, with astonishing rapidity. "Squeeze that cunt around my cock."

He suddenly thrust his cock into her again, filling her to the hilt.

"Yes, yes, I understand, I understand! Oh God!"

Tossing her head to the side, grimacing in concentration, Nikki tightened her vaginal muscles around the invading penis. She squeezed the alien member as hard as she could, feeling herself clamping to him, wishing that she could crush the invading flesh, but only succeeding in eliciting a slow, satisfied moan of approval.

"Hey, this bitch has a strong pussy," she heard the man say. Then he was urging her, "Relax now, and then squeeze me hard again. Squeeze..." and he slapped her face again.

She contracted her vaginal muscles again, feeling ashamed as she grunted with the effort, clamping her vaginal muscles onto the cock. Then, when commanded, she relaxed and softened her tunnel. Again she squeezed against him, repeating the exercise until her cunt ached.

"That's good, baby," he said encouragingly, and she hated herself for complying in her degradation. Yet, even as she thought this, Nikki gasped. Despite herself, and despite the great humiliation, the sensation was intensely pleasurable, she realised in dismay. The youth, smiling down at her and intensely showing white teeth, began to thrust his manhood in and out now. She gave a small cry and then began to respond to the steady thrusts, giving out low moans. Then he ceased his movement, the cock buried deeply with her.

'Now start squeezing again,' he ordered.

Nikki groaned, forcing her hips to remain still and desperately trying grip to his cock with her vaginal walls.

"Good girl. Now relax... that's it, stay nice and cool... Now grip tight again ... let go ... tighten again, more slowly, make me feel it, girl. Yeah, babeee... more now, more..." He slapped her face again and jerked his cock savagely. "Squeeze tighter, bitch. Yeah, now ease off ... Again.... Keep on doing it, baby, do it yourself, make me glad. Yes! Hmmm hmmm."

Nikki gasped as she continued to caress his manhood with the flesh of her cunt. And she was horrified to realise that she was becoming intolerably aroused. Her hips were moving under him with each contraction of her pussy. The man laughed but squeezed her breast roughly and contemptuously. "You like that, uh? Well, just stay off the heat there for a while and lie still for a while. No...no more muscles for a while."

Nikki obeyed, ordered to stillness, with the penis maddeningly hard and throbbing inside her, feeling almost at the very centre of her being. Suddenly, inexplicably, she wanted to buck beneath him, to rake her tunnel up and down, to reverse the ravishment and recover her personal power. Her nipple was throbbing beneath his hand and her breathing was laboured, intermingled with small whimpering sounds betraying her lust. The man laughed again and pinched her nipple and then he lowered his hand between their bodies, reaching down to the tight bud of her clitoris. She went rigid, knowing that, if he touched it for long, she would explode into unstoppable orgasm. She couldn't prevent it. This lithe man, little more than a youth, was truly training her to fuck like a whore. The pad of his finger found the hard button of her clitoris and her body leapt beneath him, impaling her fully with her own sudden action. Then she felt his cock jerk in spasm and he began to ride her like a stallion, keeping his finger on her nubbin, not moving the digit itself, but allowing his bucking movement to manipulate and press the tip against her. She knew that she was rocking with him, humping, and that her legs were now wrapped round his back, arching up to take him. His body stiffened into rigidity for a couple of seconds. Humping and moaning gutturally, Nikki squeezed tightly on the pumping cock as it ejaculated semen into her. Then he was pistoning back and forth again, and she could feel cum oozing slickly out of her pussy.

"Okay, white whore, you can come," he said with a laugh, still thrusting in and out of her cunt.

"Yes," Nikki heard herself gasp. "Yes, sir."

Coloured lights seemed to be flashing in her head. Other than that, there was only the heat in her belly, rising from her loins, in a flood, seeping over her like and unquenchable fire. She felt her cunt spasm convulsively about the man's cock and then, before she could even think about it, she was suddenly wracked with a mighty crisis as a fearsome orgasm took her.

"Oh God! Oh God. Yes, yes, yes," she cried, bucking and twisting under the black man, and she screwed her eyes shut to block out the vision of him grinning down at her.

"Good girl," she heard him say and the cock was cruelly withdrawn, even amidst the wracking spasms of the orgasm. "Now time to repeat the lesson on my buddy."

What? She had already been abused by all three men. She started to protest but almost before he had

left her other two were dragging her to the bed by her ankles and the carpet was roughly grazing her shoulders. They roughly dragged her onto the bed. The big man, who had already forced her to suck his cock, was naked now. Furthermore, his huge cock was stiff and massively erect once more. He pushed her back and dropped atop her, his bulk and sheer weight holding her down. His thumbs roughly pressed on her nipples and he bent to suck and nibble them. Nikki was submissive now. The raging orgasm had drained her, but it had also left her with an intense feeling of shame and even guilt. She lay there, glassy-eyed, gazing at the ceiling, feeling him maul her breasts and chew her nipples, only letting out a small mewling sound when he forced his cock into her. She could not fight any longer and she felt the huge cock filling her sodden female flesh. The man ravished her lips, clamping his mouth over hers, tongue thrusting, as he pumped the cock inside her. She remained limp and stared up as if he weren't there.

"Fucking bitch," he gasped, battering into her. "Move your ass like the whore you are!"

She felt his hands under buttocks, lifting, pulling her onto him. Then he slipped his arms beneath her knees and forced her legs up, bending her double with ankles beside her ears as he pounded his cock against her upturned buttocks. She could merely groan breathlessly beneath his assault. The huge cock was tearing her, she feared, although it was reaming into her with surprising ease. Then, inexplicably, she felt her own heat rising again, even as she hated the violation. She found her arms reaching round her bent legs to scrabble at his back as yet another orgasm ripped through her. The large man bounced frenziedly upon her, driving the cock inside her, again and again, until his mighty roar announced his ejaculation. He let out a long sigh as he knelt back on his heels, his hands massaging her naked flesh.

"Yeah, you'll be fucking like a whore before you know it," he said.

Nikki lay there like a sodden rag doll, drowned in their cum and in her own juices. Her blonde was lank with sweat and her body ached. She closed her eyes and threw her arm over her face, not even able to cry any more. The men were getting dressed, she knew. When they left her, closing the door, she did not move.

After a few minutes she heard the door open again. Looking up she saw that it was Angie, ushering another man into the room. Nikki gasped.

"Please, no more," she whimpered.

Angie laughed cruelly. "Why, girl, your night is only just beginning," she said. "I've got a lot more johns queuing up for the new little whore. You're going to be well and truly broken-in before morning comes, believe me."

Chapter Thirteen

Nikki is set to work in the brothel

It was still dark when Angie roughly roused Nikki. She was startled when the black woman tore the single sheet from her body, saying, "Time to get up, girl."

"What time is it?" she asked numbly.

"Nearly five o'clock. You have work to do."

Nikki moaned, the soreness in her body and gradual awareness of her situation suddenly dawning. "Work, at five o'clock in the morning?"

"It's five in the afternoon. You slept all day, girl. A little bit of serious humping surely wore you out."

It had not been a mere bad dream! The night had been an endless procession of strange men, all taking her body in any way they chose, using every orifice, regardless of her pleadings. She had fucked and sucked throughout the hours of darkness, everything merging into one, until she did not protest or object any longer, but merely surrendered to the degradation.

"God, I need to sleep," Nikki said, reaching for the sheet and wrapping it around her as she turned over on the bed.

Angie snatched the sheet back and leaned forward to cruelly pinch the soft flesh on the lower side of Nikki's right breast, causing her to squeal in pain. "You have to get up and get showered, Nikki, ready for work, or Judson will warm both of our arses. And yours is still red as it is!"

Work! Nikki groaned. "Work? What's he going to do to me?"

"Do? He aint going to do a damn thing other than make you a whore. Now, go and shower."

Nikki eased herself from the bed, aware of the rank odour upon her. She stretched and yawned, moving her legs gingerly. Her anus was somewhat sore but, to her surprise, it was not unduly painful.

"Your snatch is better now. Smooth and soft like a baby."

"Oh God, my baby! I need to ring my mother."

"Jud will take you to get your kid, when he's good and ready. First, though, you gonna work."

"I have to get in touch with my mother. She was expecting me this morning. She'll ring the police."

Angie thought on that for a few seconds. Then she said, "Okay, I'll talk to Jud for you. He'll arrange something. He's going to take you to collect your baby, ain't he? Well, maybe a phone call might be good first."

"I have to ring her," Nikki said again.

"Yeah, well, do your hair nice, uh? Be good and I'll get you a phone call to your mother. You'll be good?"

"Yes, I suppose I have no choice," Nikki sighed in resignation. Moving towards the bathroom, she stopped and turned to look at Angie. Nikki was about to make a comment but Angie's hands-on-hips, challenging posture, made her think better of it. Instead her shoulders slumped and she went meekly into the bathroom, closed the door and turned on the shower. Before stepping under the spray, she lifted the lid of the water closet and sat down. Within seconds the door opened and Angie stepped in, causing Nikki to flinch in embarrassment.

"I've put your clothes on the bed," Angie said, unconcerned as she glanced down at her. "Don't take too long getting ready. Help yourself to the make-up and stuff on the dresser. I'll be back for you in ten minutes."

The black woman then left the room, leaving the door open.

When Nikki returned to the bedroom, she found a matching set of black lingerie laid out on the bed: a negligee, half-bra, garter belt, and thong, and black stockings. She held up the black negligee, and the utterly diaphanous garment wafted lightly in the air as she looked at the label. She gasped. Expensive! She picked up the bra, a black net concoction with black lace trimming. The gear was top quality, and undeniably sexy. Judson Maye certainly didn't stint on the gear he provided for his girls. When she put on the demi-cup bra, she found that its admittedly gorgeous design was such that the exquisite lace top trim sat just beneath her nipples, and the covering provided by the thong was miniscule at the front and non-existent at the back. She added the garter belt and stockings, feeling both appalled and excited, all at

the same time. It was lingerie to die for, and certainly better than she could ever afford, but not something she wanted to parade around in. All around her, strategically placed mirrors reflected her image from different angles. Her breasts were lifted and presented rather than concealed, and the pricy underwear gave her a sexy and provocative image that she hardly recognised. A pair of black high-heeled shoes had been placed at the foot of the bed, and Nikki was just putting these on when Angie returned with Judson.

"Let's take a look at you," he said.

"It's lovely underwear," Nikki said, standing and presenting herself awkwardly in front of him. "Who do these clothes belong to?"

"They're yours, Nikki," Judson said. "There's more where that came from. I like to look after my girls. You can pay me back later. Yeah, you're looking good. Did you shave your pussy?"

"Yes."

"Show me."

Nikki blushed hotly but reached to pull aside the lace triangle at her crotch, revealing her naked pubes. She said, "I have to make a telephone call to my mother. She'll be getting worried."

Judson reached to run his fingers over the lips of her pussy and then stepped back. "Yeah, Angie said about the phone. Well, I'll tell you, I'm not too worried about your ma, Nikki, not unless she's ready to line up for me as a whore. Is your mammy a white whore too, Nikki?"

"No, of course not," she said tartly, re-arranging the thong for whatever modesty it afforded. "But she'll probably be ringing the hospitals and the police if I don't get in touch. She's not used to my not coming home at night."

Judson laughed, and the diamond in his front tooth sparkled. "Yeah, well, she'd better get used to it from now on. I'll see her tomorrow and explain personally."

"God, no!" Nikki exclaimed, imagining her prim mother's reaction at being confronted by the flamboyant black pimp.

"Yes, I will. In between times, though, I'll tell you what I'll do, Nikki. When you've turned four tricks with no complaints, you'll get to borrow your phone back for a few minutes and you can make your call."

"Four tricks!"

"It's your first real day at work, Nikki. You gotta earn us all some money. By the end of today you'll have £600 for your trouble. Where'd you ever get that in a supermarket unless you rob the till?" Judson grinned and lightly smacked her bottom as he turned to leave the room, saying: "Get your pretty white ass down in the salon in five minutes."

"Four tricks! I can't do it."

The black woman then paused, in some thought, and said, "Then don't do it. This is the ditch you're about to jump over. If you really don't want to be a real working girl you could dig in and say 'no more!'."

"What?" Nikki asked.

"There are times when you have to make your mind up, and the things you do set out what happens along the path. Up to now, what's happened to you here has been a kind of dark adventure. You might still be able to walk out, go home to that shit life you have in Nottingham, and make out nothing has happened."

"Will Judson allow me to that?"

Angie shrugged. "Judson ain't going to like it, and he'll probably beat the shit out of you and give you a good fucking. But hell, he ain't no Russian. He don't want unwilling girls causing him trouble."

Nikki was still thinking about the prospect of £600 for a single days work, and the way it might help her to resolve some problems at home. She could maybe sort out the rest of the problems later.

Five minutes later, Angie led Nikki into the large ground floor room: the room that Judson grandly called his 'salon'. The other three were already sitting there, all similarly dressed in provocative underwear and classy gowns, which was obviously the preferred style of the house.

"This is Michelle, Candy and Tracey," Angie said, introducing the girls. "Girls, say hi to Nikki."

The other three greeted Nikki, casually inspecting her. "Welcome to the madhouse," one said. "Is this your first time here?"

“Yes. I’m not sure what to do.” Nikki sat on the low leather settee and crossed her long, bare leg.

“All you have to do is to smile and be nice when the clients arrive. Some will be booked to see one or the other of us, others will just choose when they get here. You take them up to your room, and make sure to get the money before they start. £100 for a straight fuck, £150 for anal. Always insist on a condom.”

“Oh, and if the police arrive, by any chance,” Angie said, “then remember to stick out that this place is just a private massage parlour. It’s not likely to happen though; Judson takes care of that.”

Turning Tricks

It wasn’t long before the first clients arrived. Two Asian men entered the room and immediately Michelle and Tracey rose to their feet and greeted them warmly. One of the men glanced at Nikki, as he was ushered out of the room.

“They’re regulars,” Candy said, returning her attention to her Bella magazine. “They always go for the same girls.”

The next man to arrive, some ten minutes later, was shown into the salon by Angie. He was a large black man, and Angie led him straight to Nikki. She said: “This is the girl Judson was talking about, Amos. Nice punnani, uh? And new.” Then, to Nikki, she ordered: “Stand up, Nikki. Show Amos...”

Nikki rose to her feet and stood awkwardly as he reached to separate the sides of her negligee, glancing down at her body. Then, without any warning or finesse, he reached to thrust his hand past her thong and up between her legs.

"Oh!" Nikki moaned when the big man got his finger in her pussy.

“She’s got a room upstairs,” Angie said. “Take the show up there, Nikki. Give Amos a good time.”

Nikki turned to the black woman, hesitating. She had choices here: difficult options, but choices all the same. Again she thought about her actions. It had started as some kind of vaguely exciting adventure. Now though, she realised that each time she made a personal decision to engage in the sordid trade, she slid further into the mire. However, after a few moments, she reached to take the man’s hand from her pussy, and turned and led him towards the door, saying: “Let’s go to the room, Amos.”

She led him up the flights of stairs to the uppermost floor. As soon as she got into the room, he pushed her to her knees and unzipped his jeans, pushing out his cock. Nikki took the man’s cock in her mouth. He was big. She had to fully widen her jaws to accommodate the girth of the man. “Fuckin’ good cocksucker,” he said as she began to work her tongue on the shaft. She bobbed her head up and down, cupping his black balls with her hand, hoping to finish it quickly, but after a few minutes, he pushed her back with his hands on either side of her head. Then, using his grip on her head, he lifted her bodily to her feet, before he pushed her so that she sprawled back on the bed, with her legs splayed.

“Get ready for some hard cock in your cunt.”

“Hold on, the money first! £100 for a straight fuck” Nikki said assertively, gesturing to the box on the bedside table. “And a condom!”

To her surprise, the man obediently went to collect a condom, and he then returned and stuffed a small wad of bank notes into her thong. Nikki experienced a small frisson of power for the first time since she had embarked on this misadventure. As he rolled the condom onto his cock, Nikki removed the money and hastily pulled down the thong and kicked it from her ankle, and then raised herself slightly to unclip the bra; that seemed a fair exchange in the transaction. She kept on the negligee, spread out around her. The man still wore all of his clothing, and his erect cock stuck out from his trousers as he leaned over her, as if preparing to do push-ups on the bed end. He used his hips to position his cock-head at the entrance to her pussy and pushed nearly half-way inside her in one smooth move. Nikki lay back as the big man used his massive cock as if it were a weapon, making sure that she felt it. She rode with his assault, making the appropriate noises, but it did nothing for her. For the next fifteen minutes the man pounded his cock in and out of her pussy, and she made out she was enjoying it..

“Get on your knees on the bed, cunt,” he demanded. “I’m going to fuck you like the bitch you are.”

She did as he asked, and he flung the negligee up over her hips, baring her arse. He thrust his cock deep in her pussy and started fucking in frenzy. It was different from her rigorous sessions with the blacks thugs during the previous night; despite their demands and their insults, they had actually paid a lot of

regard to exciting her. It dawned on her that this was not even remotely love-making. It was raw animal sex: just pure unadulterated fucking. That's what he was paying for. The fucking continued without even slowing down. The man humped her hard until he groaned loudly and gave several short, jabbing thrusts to announce his climax. Eventually, he shot his load into the condom and rolled from her, conceding, "You're worth the price. You're a good fuck!"

Nikki gulped. In turning this trick, She had crossed a significant boundary on her journey to becoming a whore. She still held the rolled banknotes, clutched in her right hand!

She showered and douched and headed back to the salon, seeing Angie waiting at the foot of the stairs, looking up at her. She shyly brushed a hand through her dark chestnut hair. "Alright?" Angie asked.

"Yes."

Angie held out her hand for the money and Nikki reluctantly placed the bank notes in the woman's dark hand. "You gave it all to me? That's all there is?"

"Yes, of course."

Angie counted out the money and stuffed it into her ample cleavage. She said, "I know what you're thinking, but Judson will give you your wages later, after expenses and such are deducted. Now, there's another gentleman waiting to see you in the salon."

Nikki nodded and went to the salon, where a middle-aged white man was sitting. He smiled when she entered with Angie, and Nikki mustered a smile in return. "Hello, I'm Nikki," she said.

"Lovely," the man said, rising to his feet and licking his lips.

Nikki took him to the room and lay back as he fucked her. She turned a quick trick, and he was returning down the stairs in less than twenty minutes. "How was she?" Angie asked as he passed.

"Great," he said. "I'll be back next week to see her again."

It was just approaching 8 o'clock, when Nikki returned to the salon having completed her fourth fuck. She gave the money to Angie, and then held out her own hand. "May I have my phone?"

Angie nodded and went to her small room at the side of the salon. She had a desk and computer in there, almost like an office. The woman took a key and opened the top desk drawer, taking out the mobile phone that Judson had taken from Nikki's bag. She glanced at it doubtfully. "Not sure if the battery has any life left," she said, passing it to Nikki.

The phone had been turned off. When Nikki switched it on, she saw that the battery still held half of its charge; there were half a dozen SMS messages waiting, all from her mother except one from Sandra. Angie was fishing the money from her cleavage and putting it into a small wall-safe as Nikki quickly fired off a text message to Sandra. There wasn't time to say much, and she didn't even know the exact address of the house, so she simply wrote: 'Help, in trouble with Judson Maye.'

"What are you doing?" Angie asked.

"Just checking my messages. My mother is beside herself."

Nikki then rang her mother. She was apologetic, saying she'd been unexpectedly delayed and would return the next day, but she had to listen to a rant about irresponsibility. When she rang off and immediately turned off the phone, fearing a tell tale return text message from Sandra. Angie took the phone back, locking it in her desk drawer again.

"Before you get back to work, I need some pictures," she said, reaching for a camera. "We'll take them in one of the rooms upstairs."

"What?"

"For your advertising. I'll put you on the internet escort pages, and pass some piccies to the taxi drivers."

Nikki blinked. It was all going faster than she had envisaged. She just hoped that Sandra would be able to make head or tail of her text message and do something about it.

In the bedroom, Angie arranged Nikki on a bed and took a couple of pictures of her dressed in the negligee and underwear. The bra was then dispensed with, and later the G String thong too, with the transparent negligee merely used as a kind of tease. It was hardly professional photography, without any prepared lighting or props, and Angie only took half a dozen shots. Less than ten minutes later, Angie was loading the pictures onto her computer in the downstairs side room. She then quickly arranged them onto a template and turned the screen so that Nikki could view it.

Nikki gasped. The web page showed four of the pictures, and in three of them she was totally naked but for the gown, and in one of the shots her shaven cunt was other was openly displayed by her widely-splayed legs. "They're already on the internet?" she asked in dismay.

"Yes, I've just uploaded the page."

"Can't you obscure my face and my pussy?"

"No use being shy in this game. They're nice pictures. They should bring in some business."

As it was, business was brisk enough: Nikki entertained eight more clients on her first night as a whore. One of the men, however, had found her details of the internet, and he was pleased to show her the web page on his iPod phone. The explicit photos did nothing to conceal her identity, nor even her first name; she was advertised as 'Nikki, Elite and Passionate Escort'

Chapter Fourteen

Nikki goes home to her mother

Nikki slept in the next day. She was roused at noon and ordered to shower.

“Judson is taking you to collect your rug rat,” Angie said. “I’ll give you something suitable to wear.”

Angie’s idea of ‘something suitable’ turned out to be the briefest pair of red hot pants, a pair of thigh-high fake snake-skin high-heeled boots, a very low-cut top, and a short red plastic raincoat that didn’t reach to the upper cuff of the boots. Nikki gazed at her reflection with dismay. She looked like a cheap hooker! She could only imagine what her mother would say to see her dressed in such a way. Tottering on the uncommonly high heels, she went to meet Judson, who was sitting in the salon. He rose from the chair and reached into his pocket, producing a large wedge of banknotes and counting off £600, which he then gave to Nikki. “There you go,” he said. “I told you, you can earn good here. Now we’ll go and collect your baby bastard.”

His flash BMW car was waiting outside, parked on double yellow lines, as usual. It was raining steadily and Judson carried a large umbrella, holding it over her head as he opened the passenger door in a gentlemanly fashion, and waited until Nikki had settled before passing in front and going to the driver’s side. As he did so, a police car passed with a hoot of its horn, and Judson gave a cheery wave to the two officers as he folded his umbrella. “Friends of mine,” he said proudly, tossing the brolly onto the rear seat of the car. “I got friends in all kinds of places, Nikki, even Babylon bwoys. It’s what keeps us safe.”

He fiddled with the car’s satellite navigation unit. “Where does your mammy live?” She told him the road and house number, and he keyed it into the ‘sat-nav’. “Hmmm, one hour and thirty minutes... Not too bad,” he said, looking at the small screen. “We’ll be back in good time for you to start work tonight.”

Nikki sank within herself as the car edged smoothly into the Leeds city traffic. Judson took a circuitous route, round the back streets of the area, and it was evident that he was checking on the girls who were standing on the corners. Suddenly, he stopped the car and got out to speak to one of the girls, a brassy blonde who wore a skirt that was nearly as short as Nikki’s hot pants. Nikki watched as Judson reached into his pocket and counted some notes from his wedge before stuffing it into her bra. The girl wound her arms round his neck and gave him a long, passionate kiss. “Sally’s in trouble,” Jud said, when he returned to the car. “I’ve just given her the money for an abortion. I look after my girls, see? Mind you, I whopped her arse for not taking the pill last week. You are taking the pill, Nikki?”

“Yes, of course. I’m married.”

“You’re married? Where’s your man?”

“He’s inside,” Nikki said. “Nothing serious... He’ll be out in a few months.”

“No shit,” Jud said. The car was heading towards the M1 Motorway now, and he put his foot down, and the sudden acceleration pressed Nikki back into the seat. “That’s why you took to peddling your pussy, because your man’s banged up?”

“That’s one way of putting it,” she said, sinking into deep thought again.

The motorway south was busy, as usual, with a lot of major road works to slow things down, as usual. Judson played the radio at a thumping loud level, and was content to hum along, his banana-like fingers tapping the beat on the steering wheel. Meanwhile, Nikki thought over her options. Eventually, when she spoke, she had to shout over the music: “Look, Judson, I won’t be doing this any more. Just take me home, then I’ll get changed, and I’ll pick up my son later. I’m not coming back to Leeds.”

He glowered at her and didn’t respond for long seconds. Then he turned down the radio via the control button on the steering wheel. He was suddenly morose and threatening.

“Are you crazy?” he asked quietly, and menace dripped from his gravelly tones. “This is the army, girl: you sign up as a soldier and there’s no way out. You not coming back to Leeds? You go where I tell you, including Leeds. You know how lucky you are, girl? I gave you a good start.”

“I just can’t do it, Jud.”

“You did it last night well enough, and got well-paid for taking a few hard cocks in that tight wet pussy. Do you know how much them girls on the streets are getting, peddling their punash in all weathers? They’d work all damned day and still be lucky if they make half that money you made last

night. I have to spank your arse, uh?

"I still won't do it again."

"Is that so," he said, glaring at her, his small eyes like dark beads.

The road works near Sheffield loomed and cars up ahead began to show red brake lights. It didn't lighten his mood any when he was forced to slow to a crawl, and then stop completely in long lines of traffic. "Fuck!" he said, slamming the palms of his hands on the steering wheel in exasperation. "Fuckery raas clot!"

"I'm sorry."

"You sorry? Ha!" he said. He was silent, brooding for a full minute, and then said: "Why you want you change them clothes before you see your mammy? I paid good money for them clothes you're wearing."

"Why? Because I don't want my mother to see me dressed like a hooker."

"Damn!" he said, slamming his fists on the steering wheel with such force that it made it shudder and the horn blared. The driver of a Ford Focus car in front stuck his arm out of his open window and raised two fingers, and Judson responded by lowering his own window and hurling a loud stream of patois abuse which, while not easily understood, readily conveyed his frightening anger. When the traffic moved forward a couple score of yards a few minutes later, the Focus driver snatched the opportunity to switch lanes and steadfastly refused to look in Judson's direction when the BMW pulled up alongside.

"You don't like the clothes I paid for, so you take them off," he said, staring at the tail gate of a huge lorry in front.

"What?"

"Strip off the fucking clothes, Nikki!" he snarled, turning to fix her with a manic stare.

"You want me to undress here, in this car, right now?"

"Right here, right now! Strip off them clothes. You want I tear them off you?"

Nikki swallowed. She removed the red plastic raincoat and offered it to him. He sighed irritably and gestured over his shoulder with a jerk of his thumb; she reached back and placed the coat on the rear seat. After a moment's hesitation, she stooped to pull off the right boot, struggling in the confined space of the car seats. When both boots were off, she threw these onto the back seat too. She then sat and looked out of the window. Suddenly, though, the first and second fingers of his left hand whipped down painfully high on her right thigh. She yelped and her hand instinctively covered the stinging red mark on her thigh.

"Take off the fucking clothes!" he said, leaning across to snarl the words into her face.

She cowered back. The traffic had started to move slowly forward, and to get some clear road ahead, Judson suddenly veered across in front of the Ford Focus, making it brake hard but without any protest from its driver. Judson looked in his rear view mirror and raised a single finger. Then he glared at Nikki again, his small eyes blazing. Reluctantly, she unfastened the waist button of the tight hot pants and raised her bottom from the seat to slide them over her hips, pulling them off her feet and tossing them onto the back seat.

"No more now, Jud... please" she said.

"Fuckery... Everything!"

Nikki removed the top and held it pressed to her chest. Judson held out his left hand, demanding the garment, and when she gave it to him he tossed it carelessly over his shoulder to the rear seat. Nikki sank down in the seat, crossing her arms over her breasts. The black-lace demi-bra scarcely covered her nipples. Judson reached across, despite driving at speed again, and he casually yanked the bra up over her breasts. "Take it off," he said, pulling into the central lane of the motorway. "And the G-string too."

She groaned but obeyed his demand, reaching behind to unclip the bra and leaning forward, crossing her arms over her tits as the cups fell away. Then, with one hand still covering her breasts, she reached to unclip the string of the thong, pulling it clear and letting it fall to the floor about her right ankle. She sank as low as she could in the seat of the car, turned towards the driving seat, huddled in the hug of her own arms, presenting just her bent naked back to the window.

Judson drove on in silence for a few miles and he then indicated to leave the motorway as they approached Junction 31. He turned up the A616 and the satellite navigation system immediately began to issue directions to stop and turn back. "Fucking quiet, woman," he murmured to the sat-nav voice. After

a while the device reoriented and calculated new directions to the destination, but Judson was heading for the moors.

“Where are you taking me?” Nikki asked, terrified.

“Fucking quiet, woman!”

He drove on for some time until they were out in the middle of wild open countryside, turning from the main road down down a country lane. After a few hundred yards, he said: “You still say you’re not working for me any more?”

“I won’t work as a prostitute.”

Judson smiled grimly and stopped the car, leaving the engine running. “Get out me car!” he said.

Nikki looked at him in horror. He leaned over and opened the passenger door, pushing it wide. The chill immediately hit her bare flesh. She looked out at the rain-lashed countryside surrounding them. The sides of the road were puddled with muddy water and wind lashed across the moor. Everywhere seemed deserted, although the sound of traffic could be heard from the main road

“I can’t get out, not like this, naked... It’s miles from anywhere.”

“Get out me car, woman.”

“No, you black bastard!” she said, hurling herself at him, finger nails clawing at his face. “You can’t treat me like this.”

Judson grabbed her hand and placed his hand on her throat, squeezing slightly to emphasise the grip, still holding her wrist high. He shook her by the throat, and she looked at him with fear in her eyes as he kept his hold under jaw. All fight gone, she allowed her arm to relax, and he nodded and released his hold on her wrist. Then, maintaining his grip on her throat, he used his free hand to nip her right nipple tightly between his finger and thumb, plucking and tugging it to distend the dark areola “You’re going to regret calling me a black bastard,” he said coldly, twisting the nipple. “I may be a bastard but the colour of my skin ain’t got nothing to do with it. Now, you’ve got your choice, Nikki: if you’re going to work for me, shut the damned car door and keep some heat in this here vehicle; if you ain’t going to work for me, you get out now, as naked as the day you were fucking born, and walk home. So, which is it going to be?”

She looked for long seconds into his cold eyes, and she grimaced as he continued to twist her nipple. Then, defiantly, she said, “I’ll get out.”

He continued to hold her by the throat. Then he reached to grab her bag, fished out her mobile phone and tossed it on the back seat. He then pulled out the the small roll of notes he had given her that morning, counted off £300 and pushed the notes between her thighs nuzzling against her pussy. He pocketing the remaining notes, saying: “That’s to cover my expenses.”

“I earned over a grand for you,” she said resentfully, clutching the money in her right hand..

“I’ll sell you the boots.”

“For how much?”

“£100, cheap at half the price.”

Nikki hesitated, and then gave him two £50 notes. He reached to take the right boot from the rear seat. She took it and pulled it on, raising he knee high, wriggling her leg into the tight leather, and hitching the cuff high around her thigh. She then turned to reach for the left boot. Judson grabbed her hand. “£100 for each boot,” he said, palm outstretched.

Nikki glared, but she slapped two more £50 notes into his hand. He nodded, and she reached for the other boot, pulling it on. She then glanced at the remaining clothing. “Can I buy that too?” she asked.

“Sure. The coat costs £100.”

“I’ll buy the other clothes instead.”

“Sure. The pants and vest will cost you £200, and another £200 for the underwear.”

“I’ve only got £100 left,” she said.

“That’s a shame. Do you want the coat or not?”

Nikki sighed, handing the two remaining bank notes to Judson. She said: “You bastard.”

“A black bastard!” he growled, reaching for the plastic coat and thrusting it into her lap. “Now, get out of my car, woman.”

As she got out of the car and pulled on the semi-transparent plastic raincoat, she said: “You won’t get away with this. I’ll report you...”

“Just remember that I know where to find your mother and your baby,” Judson replied, tapping the satellite navigation unit.

Hitchhiking

The BMW drove away in a cloud of spray, leaving Nikki shivering by the side of the road. She glanced around. She could see no houses or farms, and she hadn't any idea where the next town or village might be. The noise of passing traffic on the nearby main road could clearly be heard. The raincoat, her only garment, hardly provided decent coverage; she could see that just by glancing down, for the shadowy haloes of her nipples were clearly visible through the plastic. With a sigh, Nikki headed towards the road. However, as she rounded a bend in the country lane, she saw Judson's distinctive BMW car parked up ahead at mouth of the lane, near its junction with the main road. So he hadn't abandoned her! Perhaps not such a bastard, after all? He hooted his car horn as she walked past, and she turned as he lowered the window.

“You going to be sensible and work for me, Nikki?” he asked.

She tossed her head angrily. Her hopes dashed, she determinedly walked on to the main road. Heavy goods vehicles were thundering past with headlights blazing, throwing up spumes of spray. She screwed her eyes against the rain and held out her arm with thumb upraised in the time honoured hitchhikers sign. Behind her, the horn of Judson's car sounded again, but she pointedly ignored it and continued to try to thumb down a vehicle. Within a few seconds a large lorry pulled up a few yards up the road. As she ran towards it the passenger door swung open and the driver leaned from his seat to look down at her.

“Where are you going?” the driver asked in a heavy foreign accent.

“Nottingham? You know a place called Nottingham?”

“Yes, I go past Nottingham. You want to come with me?”

Judson pipped his car horn loudly again, once, twice, three times, and Nikki turned and raised two fingers in his direction.

“Thanks,” Nikki said to the truck driver, smiling gratefully and reaching to grasp the side of the ladder leading up to the cab. She had to raise her knee high to get her foot onto the first rung, conscious that she revealed a lot of thigh in the process. He offered his hand and hauled her up into the cab with a strong hand. “Wow, it's high above the road,” she said.

“You mean to say you've never been in a truck cab before?” he asked with a small, disbelieving laugh.

“No,” she said, settling into the passenger seat and slamming the door. “Are you Polish?”

“My name is Ali, and I am Turkish,” he said, glancing anxiously across into the near side driving mirror as he eased the huge vehicle forward. “You've argued with your boy friend?”

“Yes, you could say that. I'm Nikki.”

The driver glanced across at her appraisingly. She was conscious that the raincoat came high on her bare thigh, sitting above the tops of her boots, and it was semi-transparent anyway. She crossed one arm across her chest and the other over her lap. He drove in silence for some time, heading towards the M1 Motorway, but kept an unusually watchful eye on his rear view mirror. As he pulled onto the motorway, he said: “Your boy friend... He is a black man in a BMW car? He's following.”

“He's not my boy friend,” she said again, looking down at the road, some six feet above the cars that were storming past in the spray, and the windscreen seemed almost cinematic in its scope. “Does it bother you that he's following?”

“No. It doesn't bother me.” The driver glanced across at her and his swarthy face cracked in a smile and he put his foot down on the accelerator. “Ercan,” he called, reaching back to thump his fist against the bulkhead behind him. “Wake up! We've got a guest... a lovely lady.”

A sleepy, gruff male voice responded from the sleeping cabin, and the driver answered in a stream of Turkish.

“There are two of you!” Nikki said in surprise, looking over her shoulder and seeing a figure moving under the blanket in the small sleeping cabin up behind her head.

“Of course. I drive while he sleeps, then I sleep while he drives... It's how it is. Your boy friend will

not be a problem to us. We have travelled from Ankara, and now we return empty. We stop only to eat...”

The man in the cabin pushed his head out and looked down at Nikki. He laughed and rubbed his hands, reaching down to grasp a hank of her lank dark hair. She yelped and raised her bottom from the seat to ease the pain on her scalp. Ali, the driver, chuckled and said something else in Turkish, bringing a gruff retort from the man who held Nikki by her hair. Ali reverted to English and laughed: “I have told him that your black boy friend is following in his big car, and he says fuck your boy friend. You go in the bunk with Ercan. I drive while he fucks, then he drives while I fuck!”

“No!” Such was the man’s relentless tug on her hair that she had to twist round to kneel on the seat, reaching to grasp his hand above her head and try to ease the pressure. He took advantage of this by grabbing one of her wrists with his other hand and abruptly yanking her up into the sleeping cabin. She sprawled on the mattress, smelling the stench of stale male sweat there. His other hand tore the plastic raincoat open, and it draped aside, revealing her naked, except for the thigh-high boots. He still had her hair wrapped round his hand, and his free hand reached into his pocket for a small hand gun.

“Now, you don’t do anything stupid!” he said, putting the muzzle of the gun to her temple

“Please, no!” she said, terrified. “I’ll do anything you want. Put the gun away.”

He laughed and lowered the gun, putting on the bunk as he fumbled to undo the flies of his pants and flopped out his cock. He then yanked her hair again and pulled her head down. “Now, truck stop whore, you suck my cock” he said .

“No, you’ve got it wrong—”

He slapped her hard and yanked her head back and forth by her hair, shaking her like a rag doll. She screeched as he scalp felt as though it was on fire. His fingers remained entwined in her hair, and he pulled her head onto his circumcised fat cock, which was becoming erect before her eyes.

She opened her mouth to protest again but he immediately took advantage and pushed the bulbous cock glans between her lips. Without any option, as the huge vehicle continued to thunder along the motorway, Nikki took him into her mouth. She closed her eyes at the familiar velvet-silk feel of the soft skin on the hard shaft, along with a salty taste and a yeasty sourness she preferred not to think about.

“Suck my cock, you fucking truckstop whore. You suck my cock, or I fuck your mouth.”

He yanked again on her hair, pulling her head forward again, and he thrust his cock all the way to the back of her throat. Her eyes were bulging in mute horror as she smelled his overpowering musk and tasted bile rising in her throat, her attempted protests gagged by his cock. Undeterred by her distress, he pushed deeper until she fully swallowed his cock, and her face was buried in the profusion of wiry black hair that covered his belly. The sound of the persistent percussion of the engine and the heavy thrumming rhythm of tyres on the road seemed to rise to a cacophony in her ears as she fought for breath. He held the position, blocking her air-way until she thought her chest would burst. There were other noises too, grunting and gurgling noises, and her hand was repeatedly slapping against the wall of the small sleeping cabin. Then, just as she thought herself about to black out, he withdrew from her throat and paused with his cock in her mouth.

“Suck me, truck stop whore!” he said again.

She did as he demanded, tentatively and reluctantly at first, but then with more application, as she didn’t want him to so savagely fuck her throat again. Her head began to bob up and down on his cock. The cock became as hard as iron in her mouth, and she increased the tempo of her strokes along with his growing excitement. Her jaw began to ache with her efforts to keep her tongue working snagging his velvet skin with her teeth. She dared not hurt him in any way. The man’s rhythm showed no sign of abating as she sucked, and his thrusts outpaced her bobbing head, causing the cock head to plumb her mouth deeply with each stroke. She had no choice but to keep to her task until, quite suddenly, he gave out a mighty gasp and thrust his cock down her throat, even deeper than before. She could feel the spasms of his climax and wads of thick cum pumped into her throat. When he was finished with her, he pushed her head roughly away from his cock, as if she was of no further interest, causing her neck to jolt against the hold he still had on her hair. Cum spilled from her mouth but he pushed the heel of his free hand under chin, forcing her to close her mouth, and stretched the forefinger and thumb of the same hand to clamp her nostrils shut, and he tipped her head back until she was looking up at the white moulded roof of the cabin. She was forced to gulp the cum down. When he was satisfied that she had swallowed every

last drop, he let go of her head.

“Truck stop whore!” she sneered.

“No, that’s not true,” she said, falling onto her hands and knees and gasping for air.

The man picked up his pistol and used its butt to hammer on the cabin side. He called out to the driver in Turkish, and Ali replied with a throaty chuckle. Immediately the truck began to reduce speed, and a car horn sounded in protest amidst the hubbub of traffic noises on the busy motorway. Ali pulled the vehicle onto the hard shoulder and slowed to a stop. He then crawled from his seat, and waited as the other man, Ercan, Nikki’s abuser, climbed from the sleeping cabin and squeezed past.

“My friend Ercan says you are a good cocksucker,” Ali said, pulling himself up into the sleeping cabin.. He reached to open a small white refrigeration cabinet that was built into the cabin, opened its door and took out a can of Coke. He passed this to Nikki, saying, “Here, you drink this. Coke for cock.”

The lorry began to move forward again. Nikki, still on her hands and knees, accepted the can, pulled back the ring-pull and gratefully swilled the liquid into her mouth and throat. She then wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. “I am not a truck stop whore,” she said, looking up at Ali through the lank strands of dark hair that hung in front of her face.

“Whores, randy ladies, protesting maidens... your cunts all look the same when you’re turned upside down,” Ali said with a shrug, removing his steel-capped boots

She groaned as she saw him completely remove his trousers, revealing hairy, swarthy-skinned legs. He kept his socks on and crawled behind her, pushing up the plastic raincoat high up her back to expose her arse. Nikki moaned and stiffened when he forced his hand between her thighs from the rear, grasping the split pouch of her sex. “All the same!” he said.

She dropped the Coke can onto the mattress and it spilled its dark contents as he thrust two stiff fingers into her cunt, thrusting them back and forth in the wet flesh. This went on for some time, and she fought the urge to move her hips in rhythm with his frigging thrusts. Then though, he removed his fingers and trailed her slick juices over the tops of her thighs. When he reached round to cup her face with his hand he smeared her fragrant juices around her lips and under her nose.

“Lick me clean.”

Nikki groaned inwardly, but she took the dirt-engrained fingers into her mouth and licked them clean. Then, roughly, he pushed down between her shoulders, ramming her face down into the mattress. She could smell the rank odour of unwashed males, and this was now mingling with her own pungent female sexual scent. There was little time to think of this, as his fingers were dipping back into her cunt, but this time to coat his fingers with her slick juices again and swirling them around her anus. He then also spit onto the tight entrance and Nikki realised what he meant to do. She tried to twist aside, but his strong hand pressed down between her shoulders, keeping her chest pressed against the mattress with her arse vulnerably high. His hard fingers rubbed the saliva between her buttocks. His hand dipped to her sex again, and he rubbed more of her hot juices onto the tight, pulsing bud of her anus

“This is how we like to take truck stop whores,” he said as his cock glans nuzzled between the cheeks of her arse and pressed against the tight ring of muscle.

“How many more times do I have to tell you? I’m not a fucking truck stop whore!” she screeched.

He laughed, and he steadily increased the pressure of his cock. Nikki knew that it was useless, and painful, to try resist his invasion. She tried to relax her muscles, allowing his cock to slide through the lubrication he had applied. It still hurt like hell, despite the practice that orifice had been subjected to in recent days. When his cock was half-embedded inside her, he sighed contentedly and reached round to stroke her clitoris before finally thrusting all the way inside her. After that, she knelt panting, able only to move her hips as he thrust back and forth. Ali seemed to fuck her arse for a long time, but eventually he spurted his cum up her arse and then withdrew, painfully dragging against her tender flesh. When he was done, she remained kneeling, head hanging.

“Very nice,” Ali said. “You will like it in Turkey.”

“What?” Nikki looked up in astonishment. “I can’t go to Turkey. I have a child...”

Ali laughed and shouted something to his friend, who laughed uproariously. He then turned to Nikki again, and said: “We will make a profit on our trip to Britain. There are many people in Turkey who will pay good money for a white whore like you.”

Nikki collapsed onto the mattress, weeping piteously. Ali put his trousers back on and reached for

the discarded can of Coke, which was leaking onto the mattress. He raised the can to his lips and took a swallow as he crawled from the sleeping cabin and settled into the passenger seat, again speaking in Turkish to Ercan as the truck thundered along

Nikki remained fearfully in the bunk, wrapping a blanket over her raincoat. She dreaded the implications of her ride with the Turks and wondered if they indeed meant to smuggle her out of the country. If they did that, then who was to know where she might have gone? Her fears only deepened when the truck passed the turn-off to Nottingham. "Excuse me," she called. "I have to get out here... my baby."

Both of the men merely laughed, and the huge vehicle swung into the middle lane and picked up speed as if to emphasise the fact that they had no intention of stopping. She began to cry softly to herself. After a few more miles, Ercan again slowed to a halt on the hard shoulder and swapped places with Ali, his co-driver. He then climbed up into the bunk.

"We fuck!" he said. "Take off the coat."

"No!"

He hit her with a savage backhander, and his knuckles split her lower lip against her teeth, causing it to bleed. Defeated, she removed the plastic raincoat and pushed it to the end of the bunk. He grabbed her and pulled her to lie alongside him, fumbling for his cock and pressing pushing its head between the lips of her pussy. She felt it slide easily into the sodden tunnel of flesh and resigned herself to his plundering thrusts. It was a quick and functional fucking, and he went to sleep as soon as he'd shot his load, and began to snore with his head against her shoulder, a rough hand cupping her breast, and his cock still in her pussy. She remained like that for mile after mile, afraid to move an inch. After an hour or so, even though Ercan was still sound asleep, she felt his cock stir to life inside her. The swaying movement of the lorry on the road moved her body against the stiffening organ. An unwelcome yet strangely pervasive warmth suffused her belly.

Ali called out in Turkish from the driving seat, rapping his fist against the cabin bulkhead as the truck turned up the slip road of a motorway services area. Then, in English, he said: "We eat! Leicester Forest East Services..."

Ercan awoke with a slight groan. Even as he did so, he began to move his cock inside Nikki, and she had no choice but to cling to him as he fucked her again. It was short and peremptory, and his orgasm came before the truck slowed to a halt in the trucking car park. Then he rolled away from her and swung his legs from the bunk.

"We'll find some work for you here, truck stop whore," he told Nikki. "Many drivers..."

"First, we eat," Ali said.

Nikki's heart rose somewhat. Maybe in the Services she would be able to get away? However, her hopes were dashed almost immediately when Ercan roughly pulled her from the sleeping bunk. She screeched and struggled, jamming her legs against the side of the cab and scrambling to reach the raincoat to cover her nudity.

"We'll lock you in the trailer," Ali explained. "You'll be safe there."

She pulled on the coat and meekly cooperated when Ercan leapt from the cab and then raised his arms to lower her to the ground. Then she waited, her arm securely in Ercan's grip, as Ali opened the rear doors. Ercan then motioned her forward and placed his large hands at her waist and lifted her bodily to sit her bottom on the bed of the truck's trailer.

"You stay there," Ercan said unnecessarily, hooking his arm behind her booted legs and swivelling her round as Ali closed the doors again.

She groaned. It was pitch black in the trailer with the doors shut. Without even attempting to climb to her feet, Nikki merely hugged her arms around her shins and rested her chin on her knees. After a few minutes, though, she mustered the courage to shout and bang her hand on the side of the wagon. However, rather than the thin panels she had expected, the trailer was made of heavy steel plate with insulation that muffled her cries. After that, she merely waited, alone and desperate, in the darkness, until the door was flung open. There were three men standing there with Ali and Ercan.

"There she is," Ali said. "You want to fuck her? Very cheap."

"How much," one of the men asked, reaching to part her raincoat and look at her naked body.

"How are you going to pay? Euros? Dollars? British pounds? You fuck her for fifty euros, and a

blow job for only twenty.”

Nikki listened appalled as they blithely sold her services. One of the men, seemingly an Eastern European, nodded and reached into his pocket for a twenty Euro note, which he was about to give to Ali when Ercan snatched it from him.

“You must use the cabin of our truck,” Ercan said, stuffing the note in his pocket. “No stealing our fucking truck stop whore.”

“Who else?” Ali asked. “Remember, boys, you’re a long way from your wives.”

One of the remaining two men shook his head and turned away, but the other paid Ali twenty Euros. Ercan reached to grab Nikki’s arm and pull her from the truck. “She’s a good cocksucker,” he said as he dragged her to the cab. “Fuck her arse for seventy euros...”

Then, though, Ercan’s words trailed away, for he found himself confronted by half a dozen large black men who had moved from the front of the truck. Turning, he saw another three blacks behind him. Nikki saw Judson standing in front of the posse.

“We don’t want any trouble,” Ali said, moving carefully to the side, his eyes darting this way and that.

“What do you want?” Ercan demanded belligerently, his grip tightening on Nikki’s arm..

Judson eyed Ercan evenly. He then spoke directly to Nikki. “Do you want to stay with these gentlemen?” he asked.

“No! They raped me and now—”

“You want to come back and work for me then?” he interrupted impatiently.

Both of the truck drivers who had paid for Nikki’s use suddenly turned and ran from the scene. Nikki watched them go, and she hesitated before answering Judson, conscious of Ercan’s tight grip on her arm. “He’s got a gun,” she told Judson.

“I have a gun,” Ercan confirmed, his hand going to his pocket.

“For your sake, I hope it’s a very small gun and that its barrel is nice and smooth... it’ll be less painful when I stuff it up your arse.”

The other black men laughed, and one danced and snapped his fingers gleefully at Judson’s joke. Ali spoke urgently to Ercan in Turkish, but he responded argumentatively, shaking Nikki by her arm as he spoke.

“Perhaps we can be reasonable and do business together?” Ali suggested to Judson. “We could sell the whore to you. We were going to sell her in Turkey, anyway.”

Again, Ercan angrily stammered and stuttered a stream of staccato Turkish. He reached to pull the front of her raincoat aside to display her naked body. “This is what you will be missing, black man,” Ercan spat, reaching to cup Nikki’s right breast and proffering it up like a melon. “The truck stop whore belongs to us.”

“How much will you pay?” Ali asked equably.

Judson ignored Ali’s question and his beady eyes fixed on Nikki. “If you want to go to Turkey with them, it’s up to you, girl,” he said.

“No!” she said sharply, twisting away from Ercan’s hand, and then pulling raincoat across her body.

“You’re going to work for me instead?”

“Yes,” she said, defeated.

“Let her go,” Judson told Ercan, his voice quiet but full of menace.

Ercan was about to reply, but one of the black men behind him had crept up and he now grabbed the Turk with a sturdy arm about his throat, and his other hand went up between the trucker’s legs and grabbed his bollocks, squeezing hard. Ercan howled in shock. He immediately released his hold on Nikki’s arm and tried to struggle as the man who held him reached into his pocket for the pistol and tossed it aside under the wagon. As the other blacks moved forward on the balls of their feet, Ali stepped back, his palm upraised, indicating his unwillingness to fight. Ercan was dragged backwards by the arm on his throat, and his legs splayed as he tried to get some balance.

“Thank you, boys,” Judson said to his helpers. “That’s one I owe you.”

“We should beat the shit out of these two?” one asked.

Before Judson could answer, Nikki snapped her booted right foot hard into Ercan’s crotch, so temptingly presented by his splay-legged stance. He gasped and tried to clutch at his balls, but Nikki

stood back and took a short run to kick him again. The black men chortled gleefully.

"I need somewhere to clean the filth of these animals from her," Judson said.

"Come back to my place," one of the blacks offered.

"Excellent. Then, any of you who wishes can fuck her. Nikki will be only too happy to oblige Won't you, girl?"

Nikki glowered, but made no reply. Meekly, she walked with Judson to his Mercedes car, surrounded by the swaggering black men. She tottered along on the high-heels of her thigh-high boots, her naked body scarcely concealed by the semi-transparent raincoat, and she was acutely aware that some truckers were peeking out of their cabs from behind drawn curtains. She knew that, as far as they could see, it was just some thug-like pimps arguing over a cheap and slutty truck stop whore. Moreover, she realised that that was exactly what she had unwittingly become.

Gang bang

Judson's BMW followed a convoy of four other cars from the Motorway Services area and onto the M1 motorway.

"How did you know where I was?" she asked, huddled down in the front passenger seat.

"I followed you. I knew you were in trouble as soon as you climbed into a Turkish lorry. I had to call ahead to some friends for reinforcements and then wait until the lorry stopped somewhere. I went to a lot of trouble for you, girl."

"Thank you."

"You'll get the chance to show your appreciation, you can be damned sure of that."

They turned north and went up a couple of junctions before turning off again. Then they headed into a small town, through some seedy backstreets and finally stopped in the grounds of a large detached house that had seen better days. Nikki was ushered into the house, where a number of girls were sitting about, smoking and chatting.

"Morag," one of the black men said, snapping his fingers, "this is Nikki. Get her cleaned up."

A small dark haired woman in tight jeans got to her feet. "Aye, come wi' me, sweet nips," she said warmly in a Scots accent. "Ye look as though ye can use a nice long soak in a tub."

"Not such a long soak, Morag. She's got some serious humping to do," the man said.

Nikki grimaced but she followed the woman up a couple of flights of stairs to a spacious and surprisingly well-appointed bedroom. She looked around at the nice décor and furnishing, noting the large corner bath, a king size double bed and a modern massage table. Morag went over to run the bath, pouring copious amounts of bath salts into the water. "It won't take you long to strip off your clothes anyway," she said, glancing over her shoulder.

Nikki sat in the chair and took the boots off with some difficulty. She then removed the raincoat and stood naked with her arms crossed over her breasts as she waited for the bath to fill.

Morag eyed her appraisingly and she chuckled. "Still shy, uh? We don't see that too often here. Are you going to work for Leon?"

"No," Nikki said, not having the first idea who Leon was.

Morag waited for more information but, when none was offered, she shrugged and gathered up the boots and raincoat and left the room. After a few minutes, when the water was at a reasonable level, Nikki turned off the taps and stepped into the large tub. She was lying back, luxuriating in the muscle-soothing warmth of the soapy water, when the door opened and Morag returned, carrying a glass of red wine and a large hand-rolled cigarette. "Here you go, sweet nips," she said, handing the glass to Nikki. Morag sat on the roll of the bath, sucked hard on the cigarette, inhaled deeply, and then offered it to Nikki's lips, saying: "A good red and a fatty made wi' top skunk... guaranteed to make ye feel better."

Nikki smiled and leaned forward to suck on the strong spliff, and she then took a sip of the wine. Her lower lip was swollen from where the Turkish man had hit her; as she sucked on the spliff and sipped the wine, it served to remind her of how her life had changed so dramatically. Less than an hour before, she was being made to suck cocks and fuck in a huge articulated lorry, and was about to be taken to Istanbul as a sex slave with no hope in sight, and yet she was now luxuriating in a scented bath, smoking top shit weed and sipping fine red wine. She found herself thinking that there might be advantages in working for

the likes of Judson, and Leon, whoever he might be, after all. It was a seductive thought.

“So what's the story?” Morag asked.

“I was kidnapped by a couple of Turkish lorry drivers and they were taking me off to Istanbul. They were making me turn tricks in a Services lorry park.”

“Fuck! That’s heavy shit. A bit of fucking here will seem like a walk in the park after that. Where do ye live?”

They chatted for some time, and as Nikki continued to smoke the spliff her mood quickly became mellow and she relaxed, feeling happy and generally laid back. She began to giggle a little at Morag’s curious Glaswegian accent and little jokes. She didn’t even blink when Judson entered the bathroom with five of the men. One of them stepped forward, and Nikki held her wine glass and smiled up at him, not attempting to cover her breasts.

“A little tease, uh?” His voice had a deep, brown timbre.

“No!”

“No wonder the fucking Turks grabbed you. You say she’s hot, Jud?”

“Yeah, she’s got a tight, hot pussy, man.”

The men were all getting undressed, stripping naked, and their cocks were a sight for her to behold. A couple of them were rolling condoms onto their already erect black shafts. All of this jolted Nikki back to reality. She sank down into the water, covering her breasts. The huge man didn’t move, but still continued to look down at her. He leaned down and dipped his hand into the water to tweak her nipple. She twisted away from his hand, irritated. However, the other men moved around the tub, crowding round her, and she gazed up from one to the next, her gaze transfixed by their cocks, despite herself.

The huge man’s baritone voice said: “Stand up, slut, show us what you’ve got.”

Morag reached for the wine glass, nodded encouragement to Nikki, and then rose and stepped away from the tub. Nikki hesitated for a moment, but she then dropped the butt of the spliff into the water and rose to her feet. She stood facing the men, a defiant look on her face. One of them reached out and cupped her right breast, his thumb tracing over her nipple. “Nice,” he said. “Very round and perky.”

She squirmed when one of the others reached for her left breast, plucking at her nipple, which was hard under his grip. “A bitch in heat,” the man said, pinching the erect nipple.

“Like I said,” Judson said. “She loves black cock, no matter how she says different.”

The men laughed.

Another two men walked into the room. “We hear there’s a party,” one said.

“Yeah, get stripped off, man. Come and grab some action. This little lady is going to pull a train.”

“Let’s move it,” the huge man said, grabbing Nikki round the waist and lifting her from the bath.

He strode across the room, with Nikki tucked under his arm, her kicking and yelping. He dropped her face down onto the massage table, and although the tips of her toes touched the floor, most of her weight was supported by the edge of the table. The man slapped her wet arse hard, so hard that the sound echoed round the room, and she squealed in shock, and the other men, gathered in a horseshoe shape around her, laughed and made derisory comments.

“Get a load of her ass, man... Holy fuck!!”

“It’s going red now, and better for it. Smack the other side.”

She tried to kick out, flailing her legs without much direction, but the heel of her right foot came up to strike a lucky blow in the groin of one of the men. The others whooped with delight as the man clutched his crotch and hopped about. “This bitch likes kicking men’s balls,” he cussed. “First the fucking Turk, and now me.”

The man reached for her foot, grasping it firmly, and he whipped his fingers down hard across the soft sole. She screamed in astonishment, never having imagined that such pain could be so casually inflicted on that part of her body. They laughed, and someone grabbed her wrists, stretching her arms in front of her. Two others grabbed a leg each, right behind her knees, pulling her legs apart. She squirmed, but her bare pussy was fully exposed, and the petals of her inner lips showed through, bright pink and glistening. The small puckered brown well of her anus was revealed too.

“Nice!” one of the men said.

“Go to it, George. First dibs to you...”

The huge man dropped his pants and stepped between her splayed thighs. He grinned and produced a

condom, unrolling it over his cock. "No saying what diseases those Turkish bastards were carrying," he said.

Nikki squirmed as the head of the huge cock pushed into the crease of her arse, and then he rubbed it up and down the slit of her cunt.

"Fuck the little tease, George!"

Nikki tried to wriggle away, but George didn't fuck about: he impaled her to the hilt in one smooth thrust, first time, and she gasped at the sheer size of him.

"She's tight, man," George said, gripping Nikki's hips and thrusting hard again. "Leave go of her legs, boys, and let her kick. I like it when they kick."

The two men released her legs and moved out of range of her desperately flailing feet. George tackled his pleasure with gusto, and each mighty thrust jerked Nikki painfully against the edge of the massage table. She scrambled with her toes for some purchase on the floor, raising her hips to his cock to remove the pressure on her belly. George continued to ram back and forth, pounding her in a steady rhythm, until he pulled back, tore off the condom, and shot a load of cum onto her back.

"She's yours, BD," George said as he stepped away, and another of the men immediately took his place.

This man worked quickly, too. Nikki felt another cock thrust inside her: same hole and same method: just one straightforward thrust, right inside her cunt. She tensed and then relaxed. She was becoming a connoisseur of black cocks in her limited career as a white whore. This cock, wasn't too big and it caused her no particular concern. "Oh, my God!" the man exclaimed theatrically, wriggling his hips and looking up to the ceiling. The other black men laughed, and two of them gleefully exchanged 'high-fives'. BD paused, grinning widely and rolling his eyes. His huge cock was only half inserted into Nikki's cunt; his huge hand was wrapped round the other half. He pulled his hips back until the very tip of his cock was at the entrance of her pussy. Then gradually, very gradually, he eased his cock back into her, and it went in, and in, and in... soon Nikki was squealing and kicking her heels.

"She's feeling it, BD!"

"Give her the full length, man."

BD laughed as his hips rested against Nikki's arse, and he reached to squeeze her buttocks with both hands. He said, "It's all the way there, guys."

He then fucked her hard and each time he thrust right into her, she squealed. Then a blinding orgasm ripped through her, making her scream and buck, bringing cries of delight from the watching men. Finally, after some frantic fucking, BD pulled his massive cock out of her, ripped off the condom, and added his cum to the mess on her back. Some of it spurted into her hair. She didn't move when BD withdrew.

"Well, done, Big Dick," someone called, and there was ripple of applause from the others. "Big Dick rules okay!"

"Turn her over!" someone rasped.

The speaker was a slim, lithe young black with a handsome face and a goatee beard. Nikki's ankles were grabbed and twisted, and the man holding her wrists yanked her further onto the massage table. She lay there, breathing heavily, looking up at the men surrounding her, her mouth half-open, her hair in a tangle.

"You go now, Blue Boy," someone said.

The guy who was holding her wrists yanked her back again, until her head lolled off the edge of the table. His cock was already out and he wiped it across her face.

"No, no, no, please don't..."

"She means 'yes, yes, yes,' Blue."

The hands left her wrists and went to her tits, mashing the soft flesh until it spilled from his black fingers. He used his hips to position his cock over her lips, and she followed it with her mouth, opening wide to seek it and take it in. Even as she did this, a head burrowed against her thighs, and a tongue began to lap at her cunt. She moaned, wriggled her hips, and began to suck hungrily on the cock.

"Fuck, that's good," the man in her head said, pressing down hard on her tits and pushing his cock forward into her throat.

Nikki gurgled but with her lolling head back the cock easily slid into her throat. The man, Blue,

began to stroke her distended throat with his hand, squeezing it around his cock, and all the time, the other guy at her pussy licked and slurped and wreaked all kinds of pleasures inside her. Eventually, Blue pulled his cock back for a few precious moments, allowing Nikki to breathe, but her pussy danced under the tongue that was wreaking exquisite tumults of pleasure inside her. She wasn't dismayed when Blue eased his cock back fully into her throat. Then the man licking her cunt pulled back, but only to push his cock into her sodden cunt. The others gathered around the table were urging the two men on, and Nikki was lost in the heat of the moment. Her ankles were grabbed again. Her cunt sucked and clenched around the cock that invaded it. It all seemed to be a world of cocks and carnal pleasure!

"Yeah, she's hot, Jud," a man said.

"Told you so. Got myself a hot and juicy little cunt"

"No, please... stop." Her pleas were half-hearted, at best, and she continued to squirm on the cock.

"This is just the beginning, white slut. Keep those legs spread wide."

"I'm next, baby. When I fuck you, you stay fucked."

She rocked with the dual thrusts into her cunt and throat, but their taunts were loud and vivid in her ears, perhaps because of the effects of the spliff

Another voice said: "Gonna fuck you until you see God, girl."

The watching blacks were chanting now. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" in time with every thrust. She rolled and fucked, matching their chant, repeatedly saying 'No! No! No!'t. Really, though, it seemed that she was pleading with them not to further expose her darkest desires. It was not that her body was being taken: her very soul was being consumed, and the pattern of her life was changing course as she lay on that table. The cock plundering her throat spurted cum, and Nikki spluttered and almost choked. Simultaneously, the man in her cunt pulled out, ripped the condom from his cock, and splattered spunk all over belly. "Bukake!" he roared, massaging the slick, viscous fluid over her skin and round her clitoris.

Another man stepped forward, his black cock ready, its purple glans glistening. "Pull her legs back over her head," he said.

Nikki found herself doubled over, with her bottom raised from the table and her ankles beside her ears. Her rutted pussy glistened baby pink as it gaped wide open. She closed her eyes, her head moving from side to side.

"Hey, look at me as I fuck you, white bitch," the man at her arse-end demanded. "Know that it is Leon the Man who takes you to heaven, girl. I'm the man. This is my place."

She opened her eyes and looked at him, over her tits and her pussy, between her splayed thighs... She squirmed when he pushed two fingers into her sodden cunt.

"Fuck! You're red hot, white girl," Leon said, his eyes not leaving hers.

He pushed the head of his cock between the lips of her well-used cunt. He eased forward slowly, relishing the moment, his tongue flickering out like a snake to lick the very tip of her nose. Then he eased back.

"Just fuck me," Nikki heard herself say.

"Yeah, just fuck the bitch!"

Leon smiled grimly, but he didn't push his cock home as he stared into her eyes. Her hips were already forced high by the position of her legs, spread and doubled back. His cock glans hovered at the mouth of her cunt, disregarding her eager pussy lips as she raised her hips up against it. He lowered his head and lapped at her turgid right nipple.

"Look at me, Nikki," Leon insisted, and she gazed at him, her eyes wide and unblinking. "Good girl. Now, fuck me!" She didn't move, but maintained the eye contact, staring straight back into his brown eyes, all the time acutely conscious that only the tip of his cock was lodged inside her cunt. His voice was persuasive, almost hypnotic: "Just fuck me, Nikki. It's okay. Go for it!"

She rotated her hips slightly, and he rewarded her by pushing his cock a little further inside her. Her mouth moved, as if to form words, but no sound came. There was a bated silence in the room now, and the others watched avidly. She could almost hear their breathing.

"Are you ready, baby?" Leon asked, and her eyes widened as his cock slid further into her cunt. "Are you ready to fuck me, Nikki?"

She let out a long, satisfied hiss of a sigh, and murmured: "Oh, myyyy God!"

"Fuck me, Nikki!" he urged, suddenly pounding her with steady strokes, every faster, ever deeper.

“You going to fuck me?”

Leon slammed his hips forward onto the cradle of her bucking hips, and her body, already held doubled over, rolled back higher to present her pussy as she grunted and rose to meet his thrusts. “God! Oh, my God!!”

“You see God yet? What you saying, Nikki?”

“Fuck me! Fuck me hard...”

He slammed into her again, making sure that the base of his cock ground hard against her clitoris. He said, “No, Nikki. You gotta fuck me.”

She responded. He remained steady as she raised her hips and began to move her cunt against his cock. “Let go of her legs so she can go to work,” Leon said.

The hands released her ankles, but she remained in the doubled position, keeping her spread wide, and hoisting her arse up even higher from the table. She rotated her pussy on the organ, and he gradually pushed it forward, burying himself inside her, and still she moved against him, alternately squeezing and releasing the shaft with her cunt flesh, remembering the lessons the other black guys had taught her just a few evenings back.

“Yeah, yeah, show me., Nikki,” he said, licking at her neck.

She found herself getting transported to another zone, and suddenly realised that it wasn’t only trucks, boats and planes that could take a woman on the journey into whoredom; the true vehicle of enslavement was fuelled by her own darkest needs. Her arse was moving hard and fast now, moving her cunt back and forth on his cock. Each time her hot, moist flesh fully gloved the shaft to its very base, she clenched her muscles tightly around it, making him moan. He remained still, keeping his body a few inches above hers, supported only on toes and strong arms, as if paused while doing a press-up. Her ankles rested on his shoulders, keeping her pinned double while she fucked him. Bent over as she was, with her cunt presented high, she was able to glance down at Leon’s thick black cock as it stretched the mouth of her pussy.

“Oh, my God!” she murmured again.

“Time for some acrobatics, Nikki,” Leon said, suddenly burying himself to the hilt inside her. Then, he placed his strong arms around her body and leaned back, lifting her with him, still fully impaled, until he was standing upright, holding her against him with her ankles pressed against his shoulders.

She groaned and wound her arms around his neck, scratching and squealing like a delirious puppy, utterly beside herself. The men cheered as Leon carried her around the room, jerking his hips hard with his every step. Nikki threw back her head and a throaty gurgle emerged as a massive orgasm hit her body. He laughed and carried her to the bed, and he turned with his back towards it before throwing himself backwards, landing hard on the mattress with Nikki on top, his cock still up her cunt. Her bent legs acted like suspension springs, and she bounced up and down on his cock before she settled, screeching and groaning her pleasure.

“Fuck me, Nikki!”

“Yeah, man. Make her do it!”

“Give it him good, white girl.”

Nikki only vaguely heard the shouts of the onlookers. She adjusted her legs so that she was astraddle his loins, and then started to hump vigorously up and down, her breasts bouncing wildly. She rode him hard, relishing his hard cock as it slammed into her cunt. Then he pulled her down, mashing her breasts against his chest. She gave a start when she felt a cool, slick finger between her buttocks, greasing the rim of her anus.

“No!” she said, still sore from the fucking she her arse had received in the moving truck.

“Yeah, we all want some.”

The man beneath her bucked his hips, driving his cock high inside her, and right at that moment the finger up pushed into the tight little hole. She moaned, squirming her hips against both the cock in her cunt and the finger up her arse.

“Please, no...”

“Hush your mouth!” Leon ordered. “A white bitch’s mouth is for other things.”

The man behind her straddled her arse, nuzzling his cock against her lubed anus. Then other hands eagerly pulled her buttock apart, stretching her painfully, holding them as the pressure on her anus

relentlessly increased. Then the muscle gave way and the cock head was inside her anus, and she let out a long muffled groan. Leon was rigid, holding himself stiff as a board, keeping his cock buried in her pussy as the man behind pushed on into her anal canal. Then he was busy, moving the cock back and forth in her arse, much gentler than the brutal Turk had been, but keeping a steady rhythm, all the same. He pushed in deep, and then went still for long seconds, before pulling out, tearing off the condom and depositing another payload of cum onto her back. She screeched as another mighty orgasm rolled over her dope-enhanced senses, causing colours to flash and swirl in her brain, and almost making her pass out. She clamped her cunt around the cock that nestled inside it.

Someone grasped her right wrist and placed her hand on his cock as he stood beside the bed. She closed her fingers around the stiff shaft. Then, someone on the opposite side of the bed took her left wrist, and she found herself lying with arms outstretched, wanking two cocks.

"Now me," Judson said, climbing on the bed and lowering himself onto her, his cock pushing into her arse. "I told you that you're a whore, Nikki."

Nikki grunted as Judson's large cock breached her anus. "No, no, they're making me do this," managed to gasp as she continued to wank the two men on either side of her. "God, that hurts!"

Judson laughed and drove his cock hard into her. She screamed, but he carried on regardless. As he hammered into her arse, Leon began to move his cock to the same tempo, and she felt as though the two shafts would meet and greet each other inside her, tearing aside the flimsy wall of flesh. Her face contorted with a mixture of pain and ecstasy. She alternately cried, "Yes!" and "No!", and "Fuck me!", and "No, please!" None of it made much sense.

"This baby don't know what she wants," someone laughed, and Nikki knew that that was true. She wanted them to stop, but was terribly afraid that they would.

The men chanted: "Fuck her! Fuck her! Fuck her!"

"Oh, my God! My God! Oh, God!" she groaned in unison with their chant.

The cock in Nikki's right hand suddenly spurted cum in long trails, splattering her back and the side of her left tit. At the same time, Judson increased his beat and his cock spasmed inside her anal canal, pumping his load. Within seconds, the other cock wanked out, and a flood of creamy white cum shot out, hitting both Angela and the man beneath her full in the face.

"Fuck, man, that's disgusting!"

Judson pulled his cock from Nikki and eased back, and the guy beneath he rolled her from him, leaving her sprawled on the bed, scarcely moving.

"You ain't done yet, white girl," one of the men said, hoisting her to her knees.

Two men climb to kneel on the bed, their cocks erect. One of them pushed his cock against her lips, and she opened her mouth to take it in. The other nudged his cock against her face, over her forehead, across her cheeks. She breaks off from sucking one, and then goes to it on the other, and carries on like this for some time, swapping back and forth. Then, as she was taking one of the cocks, the other pushed in too, and she found her mouth stretched to the utter limit, with two black cocks nestled together inside, side by side. Her eyes bulged wide and she flapped her hands frantically. The men ignored her. First one, and then the other pumped cum into her mouth. She spluttered on the two large cocks and swallowed desperately, unable to do anything other. Eventually they eased their cocks out of her mouth and she slumped on the bed.

"You fucking bastards!" she gasped, her cum-drenched body repeatedly convulsing as she lay in a huddle on the bed.

"Are you okay, girl?" Leon asked.

"Yes, I'm okay. I'm fine. I'm fine. Fuck! You fucking bastards!"

The man they called LD (short of Long Dong) reached to grab her, dragging her from the bed and draping her face down over the back of the easy chair. His legendary cock was hugely erect again. Without any ceremony, he thrust it hard into her pussy, and she grunted like a rutting sow as he ploughed the sodden furrow.

"You're right, Jud," Leon said. "She's a ready-made white whore you got there."

Chapter Fifteen

Judson meets Michelle

Dressed once again in the hot pants and low cut top, with the thigh-high stiletto-heeled boots, and the transparent raincoat, Nikki sat in Judson's car, parked ostentatiously outside her mother's semi-detached house.

"I'll go in and explain what's happening," Nikki said. "You wait here."

"You think I'm your boy? Your chauffeur? No, I want to meet your mother. I might be able to make her a whore too."

"Don't be ridiculous!" Nikki spat. "Anyway, it'll be better if you just wait here. I'll tell her that I can't take Jack back yet because of unexpected work commitments, which seems to be true."

Judson grinned, the diamond sparkling on his front tooth. "We'd give the boy good care while you work your ass off," he said.

"No!" she said, opening the car door. "I won't subject my child to that kind of upbringing. He's better off here with my mother."

Nikki left the car and teetered up the garden path on the high spiked heels. However, to her dismay, Judson got out of the car too, ignoring her request to wait. He walked a few feet behind her up, and by then it was too late to argue, because Nikki's younger sister had already opened the front door. "Nicola," she said, her eyes sweeping over the unfamiliar clothes.

"Hi, Michelle. This is Judson, my boss."

Judson stepped forward and his eyes widened as he looked at Michelle. "Who is this lovely young lady?" he asked, smiling hugely.

"It's Michelle, my younger sister."

"You are very beautiful, Michelle. Nikki has been keeping you a secret."

Michelle smiled uncertainly. She was dressed in tight jeans and a small crop top, displaying the bare, taut tanned six-pack of her stomach. Judson grinned and stepped aside, ushering Nikki in front of him as they entered the little house. The living room was littered with toys, and Max, Nicola's step-father, sat on the settee reading a tabloid newspaper. He looked up in surprise when the big black man entered.

"Judson Maye," Jud introduced himself, offering his huge hand. "I'm Nikki's manager."

"I'm Maxwell Hardy," Max said, rising to his feet to accept the handshake and glancing at Nikki. "Her manager, you say? What is it you do, exactly, Judson?"

"I'm in entertainment and leisure."

Max nodded, his eyes looking hungrily over Nikki's body. "Is that what young women are wearing these days then?" he asked her, licking his lips.

"It's a kind of uniform," Judson said.

Nikki glowered at Judson and then glanced round. "Where is Jack then?" she asked.

"He's out with mum in Nottingham," Michelle said. "She won't be back for a couple of hours yet."

"Damn!" Judson said, his eyes hardly ever leaving Michelle. "We got badly delayed already today, and now Nikki has to get back for work. My business is very busy in the evenings."

"That's a shame," Max said, eying Nikki. "You should have got here earlier."

"I was unexpectedly delayed, as Judson said," Nikki replied coolly. Then turning to Michelle, she said: "Look, tell mum that I'm really sorry I couldn't wait, but that I'd like her to look after Jack for a couple of weeks longer. I'll be in touch later. I've got to dash."

"Gosh, you must be busy at work," Michelle said with a smile.

Judson reached into his pocket and pulled out his thick wedge of banknotes. He counted off £200 and passed them to Max. "Nikki asked me to give you this out of her earnings, towards her son's keep."

"Yes," Max said, taking the money, "of course it's alright for him to stay. Don't give it another thought. Nice to have met you, Judson."

Judson flashed his friendliest smile and reached into his pocket, producing a post card and a pen. He signed the card with a flourish before handing it to Max, saying, "This, Max, gives free entrance and entertainment at one of my clubs in Leeds... on the house. Feel free to visit there, any time. Just hand in the card at the door."

Max looked at the card, with it's silhouette of a naked lap dancer against a pole. "A club, you say. Is this where you work, Nikki?"

"No, don't be silly," Nikki snapped.

"Nikki has a job looking after my private staff, among other things," Judson said, delving into another pocket and finding a small business card.

"We have to go," Nikki said, as Max stashed the post card and the money into his back pocket.

Judson reached for Michelle's hand and raised her knuckles to his lips in a courtly gesture before placing the business card into her palm. He said: "That's my very private business card, Michelle. Just get in touch with me if you ever need a job. Any sister of Nikki's is a friend of mine."

When they were back in Judson's car, Nikki reacted angrily. "Don't you even think of trying to turn Michelle into a whore," she said as he started the engine.

"Relax. I offered her a job, nothing more."

"I can imagine what kind of job! And why did you give that damned free lap dance ticket to my stepfather?"

"I was just trying to be friendly to your family. He seems a nice guy."

"That nice guy is the creep who repeatedly raped and abused me from when I was thirteen years old!"

"If I had a thousand pounds for every time a white whore told me that same story, I'd be a fucking millionaire," he said, shaking his head sadly as he moved the car into the traffic. Then, after a few seconds thought, he added: "I am a fucking millionaire, come to think of it."

Chapter Sixteen

Nikki adjusts to whoring

Life began to take a sort of routine, though, with late sleep-ins, leisurely early afternoon, and then working in Judson's 'salon' until the small hours of the morning. This, Nikki knew, was different from the girls who were working the streets, many of whom had to be out peddling sex at eight o'clock in the morning. Suddenly, too, Judson seemed to view her differently from the other girls. On a couple of occasions he had stepped in to reprimand other girls who had made jealous remarks about her. He began to take Nikki to his own bed when her shifts had finished, and when he did that he was gentle and considerate, like a boy friend. Judson gave her presents too: ear rings which he claimed were real diamonds, and a designer evening dress, which she couldn't imagine ever having a need to wear. He also gave her a new mobile phone, indicating his new-found trust in her. The phone, though, was more a utilitarian gadget, used for maintaining communications between the key players in his business: it was pre-loaded with the phone numbers of Judson's other working girls, and the numbers of a couple of solicitors too (in case of arrest); Judson explained at length how to use the 'hoe-network' to alert others to danger or opportunities. So, as ever, there was method in his solicitude. Still, his sudden show of warmth and his air of proprietary protection began to have an affect on Nikki, and she found herself trying to please him.

So for the next few days, Nikki buckled down and worked without complaint in the brothel in the Leeds red light district. Whether a favoured slut or not, like the other six or seven girls, she wore the same cheap stripper working gear that Judson provided - usually skimpy underwear, and little else - and waited in the salon for the punters to arrive. Arrive they did. Judson had a well-established business, and Nikki, in demand as a fresh face, found herself getting fucked ten or more times a day. Angela, the senior girl there, kept a watchful eye on things and stepped in if a punter threatened problems, but the girls were always mindful that Angela would also report any of their own misdemeanours to Judson. Then, as Nikki, discovered, Judson would react quickly, usually tanning the offending girl's arse before subjecting her to a brutal punishment fucking.

Then, though, as the days passed, as Nikki came to feel more secure and confident of Judson's affections, she increasingly tried to find ways to get out of turning tricks. She used the phone to speak to Sandra, her friend in Nottingham, who was an experienced hooker for a pimp there. Sandra suggested that she feign an illness, a 'woman's complaint', and claim that she was too weak to work. Nikki did this so convincingly that Judson was at first very concerned, and then totally bemused by it all. As a few more days passed, he lost patience with her, angrily storming out and leaving her in her 'sick bed', saying he was going to toss her out and have done with her. That, of course, was just the outcome she wanted.

However, she hadn't bargained on Sandra telling all of this to her own pimp, the brooding Sonny. Nikki had not yet realised that a hardened hoe shares everything with her pimp.

Chapter Seventeen

Sonny visits Judson

The two black pimps sat in the salon of Judson's Maye's house in Leeds. There was an uneasy air between them, and the three girls who had been in the room crept out when Judson gave them a small wave of his hand.

Sonny smiled as Judson looked at him suspiciously. "I hear you got one of my whores, boy," he said.

"Which you speaking of, man?"

"A white bitch called Nikki. One of my girls tells me she's had a message from her, saying you got her banged up here."

Judson looked at the older man defensively. He knew of Sonny's reputation but hadn't met him before. Hell, the man was a legend in the pimping business. He certainly wasn't someone Judson wanted to mess with. "I do have a girl called Nikki, but she aint never said that she belongs to you," he said carefully. "She came up here working my patch, and I just put her into my stable. Hell, I've even taken her back to Nottingham to meet her mother. You ain't going to go gorilla on me, are you, Sonny?"

Sonny gave a small shrug. He looked round the room. Eventually, he said, "Nice operation you got here, Judson. I've been hearing good things about you. I'll straighten with you, man, this white bitch Nikki ain't ever actually worked for me. I fucked her and had my eye on her, is all. Technically, though, she's mine. No big thing, Judson. You keep her for a while."

Suddenly the air of tension dissolved. Judson laughed and poured two tumblers of white rum. "You're as good as your reputation," he said. "Truth is, Sonny, I was going to throw her back anyway. Can't get her to work. I've beat the shit out of her, kept her hungry, all kinds of things, but still she won't do the business. Hell, I don't put her down here in the salon any more because she puts off the punters, moping about and threatening to puke. When I send her out to the streets, she comes back with hardly a bean. Says she's too sick to work."

Sonny took a deep slug of the rum. He leaned forward with his forearms on his knees as he looked at Judson. "How many bitches are you running here?"

"I've got about a dozen here, and the same again out in the clubs."

"And you're going to lose one of them because she's feigning sick? Are you crazy? Do that, boy, and they'll all be trying it. Before you know it, you'll have no whores to scratch your ass. To keep white whores working, you have to earn their respect. This world is full of losers who had whores but couldn't pimp 'em. You black like me, and you got the hate to pimp. Now tell me about this white bitch, what she been doing? Give me a full rundown."

Judson explained the problems he'd been experiencing with Nikki in some detail. He told him of the trip to Nottingham to meet her mother, the problems on the motorway, he mentioned meeting her stepfather and younger sister, and then he told how she'd suddenly adopted a kind of passive resistance, refusing to do anything, no matter what he tried.

"Look boy," Sonny said, "listen to me and remember what I'm going to tell you. I'm a great pimp, maybe the best in Britain, so take heed of my words. Thousands of niggers in this country want to be pimps, and most of them haven't the first clue. They start out with a bitch working for a few weeks, months, even, but then she just lights off with someone else who knows the game. You already done better than that, just to get as far as you have, but you're looking to lose it if you let this bitch beat you."

Judson listened avidly to the words of wisdom from the older man. He nodded vigorously, and hastily poured more rum into Sonny's glass.

"This Nikki bitch is too young to be really sick, like she says. She's taking the piss out of you, man. Bullshitting. A whore will only hump for her pimp as long as he keeps control, and that means pulling her back in line when she tries it on, every time, never fail. So you put your foot up her arse past the third lace hole and get her back earning."

"Foot up her ass...I've done that," Judson said. "It worked at first, but not any more."

"Then it seems your feet and fists aren't making her move any more. She's got hardened to it. So what you need to do is lay a wire coat hanger on her. You straighten that damned hanger out, double it

over, and twist it to make a whip, and you lash her arse and thighs with it. That'll either get her working, or she'll fuck off, man. After that, if she works, as I think she will, this is what you do, Judson. No more spliffs or ganja for her... it makes whores lazy. And don't let her work in the comfort of this damned house. Anything she does here is just dressed as being forced, as if she ain't doing it of her own accord. You got to make her do it to please you. Turn her onto the streets and make her hump her ass there. If she runs, then she's no loss, and you ain't lost face with your other bitches. Besides, I know where she lives, and she won't stray far from her kid. You following all this, Judson?"

"I sure am, Sonny," Judson said.

"Aii, well, when she's back in line, then you can give her back to me. I'll swap her for some bitch of equal value. I'll look after you. In the meantime, you make some quality scratch out of her pussy."

Chapter Eighteen

Nikki is whipped with a coathanger

As soon as Sonny had left, Judson went to the room where Nikki was lying in bed. He glanced round the room, looking at the general mess. "You ever clean this place?" he demanded.

"I'm sick," she said.

He glanced at the waste bin. There was a MacDonalds carton there and a styrene coffee mug. The other girls were secretly looking after her, bringing her food. Sonny was right, this white bitch was making him a laughing stock, and it had to be stopped. "You're fit enough to eat this junk," he said, stooping to grab the carton and hurl it onto the bed.

"I think I'll be strong enough to visit my son tomorrow," she said. "If that's alright with you."

Judson savagely ripped the duvet from the bed. She cringed back in sudden fear, her dressing gown riding up to her thighs. "No, it's not fucking alright with me. You'll be working on the streets tomorrow, earning your keep. Either that or you're dead. And if you're dead, I'll ship your corpse back to your mother in a black bin bag. Now take that gown off and lie on your front."

He marched over to the wardrobe and took a wire coat hanger from the rack. Just as Sonny had advised, he unwound it and then straightened out the wire before doubling it over. Nikki lay on the bed, transfixed. She hadn't offered to move. His eyes flared as he twisted the wire into a tight spiral, and he then reached for a chiffon scarf and wound it round and round to form a handle at one end..

"I told you to take off that gown and lie on your belly," he snarled.

When she didn't move, he reached down and yanked her over, and he then tore the gown with such force that it ripped down the length, baring her back and arse. He raised his hand and then brought the coat hanger down with swish across the back of her thighs. Her high-pitched scream was weirdly ethereal, and it shocked him. "Ooooooh-.whhhhheeee!"

He knew her scream would be heard all over the house, and that pleased him. It would be a lesson to the other sluts, and the word would surely go round. Nikki lay flat on her belly, her head buried in the pillow. Her clenched fists beat the mattress. He slashed the air once more, and she let out another wailing scream that subsided into a kind of gasped and grunt chant of astonishment: "On no! Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!"

Her strange and garbled sounds merged into a continuous wailing warble that rose and fell as he continued to lash her with the wire whip. Purple welts striped her white skin. She kicked her legs frantically, and her small clenched wrists continued to beat a tattoo against the mattress. When he stopped and turned her onto her back, she was gabbling incoherently, and her feet scrambled against the mattress as if she was trying to run away. Her breasts heaved with massive sobs, and her eyes rolled in her head.

"What do you say now, Nikki?" he shouted, loud enough for the other girls to hear. "You going to work. Or do I have to whip you more? You going to be my hoe?"

"You don't have to whip me, Judson," she whispered in a voice made husky by screaming "I'll be your hoe. I promise. Anything you say."

Judson nodded and went to the door, opening it and shouting: "Angie. Get your white ass up here. Run a bath for my baby. And bring some happy pills."

Nikki was sobbing fit to burst and heaving air in great spasms when he returned to stand beside the bed. He tossed the coat hanger whip aside and said gently, "See what you made me do to my beautiful baby? You know I don't want to lose my temper with my best girl, but I'll have to kill her if she don't buck up and become the class hoe she was born to be."

Judson scooped her up from the bed and carried her to the bathroom, where a pale faced Angela was running water into the tub. Angela stepped back as the black man lowered Nikki into the water.

"You can soak there for a while, but I want you out on the streets within the hour. Angie will work with you for a couple of hours, but you stay there until I say come in."

"Shit, Judson," Angela protested. "You're sending me out to work the streets again?"

"You have a problem with that?"

Angela bit her lip and looked away, shaking some pills from a bottle. "No, Jud, I've no problem with

it,” she said quietly, handing two of the pills to Nikki and swallowing two herself.

Judson smiled smugly and then went down to sit in the salon. The tumblers of rum were still where he and Sonny had left them, half-full. He picked one of them up and tossed its contents down his throat.

Half an hour later, Angela and Nikki came down the stairs together. Judson looked up and saw that both ready for the streets. He went to the door of the salon and nodded. “You look good,” he said to Nikki.

“Thank you.”

It was true. She had a surprising glow to her face and her eyes were bright. She wore a cowl-necked top and a short mini-skirt, with her thigh-high ‘fuck-me’ boots. She turned up her face to offer Judson a kiss, and instead he leaned down and sucked her bottom lip hard into his mouth. She was flushed and excited when he released her. Angela looked with knowing smile as she walked with her to the front door.

“Nikki, I expect £500 when you come in. Don’t you dare come back here until you’ve earned me some good money. You hear?”

Nikki turned and said quietly, “Don’t worry, Jud, I won’t.”

He went to the door and watched as the two women clipped down the street on their high heels. Nikki had a definite spring in her step. The pills and the whipping had combined to breathe new life into her. He shook his head in bemusement. They were strange creatures, these white whores!

Chapter Nineteen

Nikki shoots a porn flic

Judson was in a good mood as he drove his BMW down the motorway, with his radio blaring out a heavy beat that vibrated against Nikki's ribs. She sat there silently, her stomach aflutter, wondering what was in store for her.

He drove past the turn-off to her home town and eventually left the motorway a few junctions later. Nikki recognised the area. It was the same town where the blacks had taken Nikki after they had rescued her from the Turkish truckers. However, this time Judson drove to a suburb where the buildings were newer and more affluent than those in the town centre. He pulled up in the car park of a large supermarket on the outskirts, and Nikki got out of the car, looking around at the shoppers going about their normal business, unloading heavily-laden shopping trolleys into their cars. In better times, that was what she should be doing.

"Come, woman," Judson said.

He led Nikki up a flight of steps by the side of the building, to a gymnasium which seemed to take the entire floor above the supermarket. The place was closed (perhaps it had never ever opened, because it seemed very new). The entrance door locks released with a click after Judson spoke tersely into the intercom. As he led Nikki into the empty foyer, a young black guy came to meet them.

"Judson, my man!"

"Winston, how are you doing? Is everything ready?"

"Aii. The film crew is here, and the set is organised."

"Film crew?" Nikki asked, startled.

"This bitch the one you promised? Nice pussy."

He led them down a long corridor, through a changing room lined with metal lockers, and then into a large gymnasium. The place was almost bare, except for a couple of film sets in the far corner.

"What film?" Nikki persisted.

"Just a little home movie."

"No!" she said, pulling back.

"She ain't never done this shit before, Jud?"

Judson grabbed Nikki by the arm and urged her forward. "She's done enough fucking," he said. "What's the difference?"

There were about half a dozen black people there, setting up lighting and positioning cameras. A couple of white women were there too, just standing around. A white man was striding about the sets, consulting a clipboard, giving instructions, and checking a hand held light-meter. He turned as they entered, looking Nikki up and down, and saying: "Is this my star?"

A slight dark-haired woman in tight jeans walked over, and Nikki recognised Morag from that fateful day at Leon's house, after her rescue from the Turkish truckers. "Hello again, sweet nips," Morag said.

"I can't do this."

"Aw, you'll be fine," Morag said, taking Nikki by the arm and leading her back towards the changing room. "It's just the same as any work, except more boring. Like one long jerk off, stopping and starting, waiting for the stud to get hard again, squirting fake cum... You know the kind of thing."

What kind of thing? All Nikki knew was that things were going from bad to worse: it seemed that she had no more say in her actions than a pet dog. So, Judson had decided to rent her out to make a porn film, and she had no say in the matter. She had descended so far into the slough now, that whatever Judson said, went! That much was clear.

In the changing room, Nikki stripped off her jeans and shirt and waited while Angela found an outfit for her to wear. The Scots woman returned with a shorted grey pleated skirt, a white blouse, and a striped neck tie. Nikki took the garments and realised that it was a school uniform similar to the one her younger sister Michelle still wore. There was a set of underwear too: black and lacy, with black stockings and a suspender belt.

Nikki sighed and stripped off her own bra and pants and put on the skimpy lingerie. "I don't think schoolgirls would wear this kind of thing," she said, sitting on a bench to roll on the black stockings.

"They do in these films," Morag grinned, handing a fat spliff to Nikki, and also shaking a couple of pills from a small bottle into the palm of her hand. "A few sucks on that skunk will get ye in the mood, and take these wee pills too."

Nikki accepted the large hand-rolled cigarette, but looked apprehensively towards the pills. "I'll pass on those," she said.

"Don't be silly, hen. They'll make you relax."

"We're nearly ready for her," the clip-board carrying white man said, entering the changing room and glancing at Nikki as she sat in her underwear. "Forget the outer clothing for a while... we'll shoot out of sequence and do the intro later. That way, I'll get a hot fucking scene in the can while everybody is still fresh."

"What am I supposed to do?" Nikki said, drawing on the spliff and inhaling deeply.

The man seemed puzzled for a moment, but he took a single page from his clipboard and handed it to Nikki. He said, "This is the plot, if you can call it that."

She glanced at the paper, which only had a bout a dozen lines of text on it. "There are no lines I have to know?" she said

"Just do what comes naturally. All I want to hear from you is a lot of screams and moans when you get fucked by a big black cock!"

Nikki blinked and immediately took the two pills from Angela, tossing them into her mouth and gulping them down.

The man turned away and Angela produced some make-up and a hairbrush, quickly arranging Nikki's hair. "Ye can do this, sweet nips," she said, brushing the long blonde tresses.

"Well, look who it is," a deep baritone male voice said.

Nikki looked up and immediately recognised the huge man everyone knew as Big Dick. "You!" she said.

"Yeah, it's me! You look surprised, girl. Judson didn't tell you that I'm your co-star? Me and my big dick! I can't wait to get it inside your tight sweet pink pussy again, girl."

"Oh my God!" Nikki said, remembering her previous encounters with the huge black cock. "Judson didn't even tell me about the film."

"Big Dick is well-known in these wee porn flics," Morag said. "He's got a great following."

"Yeah, you're getting a big chance here, girl. With my big black cock, your innocent white looks and sweet pussy this flic will make a lot of dough on the internet."

As Big Dick was speaking, he stripped off his track suit, and his unnaturally large appendage dangled like a black snake between his thighs. Nikki found herself inadvertently licking her lips as she gazed at his cock. She took a deep, deep drag on the spliff as Morag gave her a leather school satchel, from which a long wooden rule was protruding. "That's your prop," Morag said with a shrug.

"You just have to squeal the way you did when you pulled the train for us a couple of weeks back, and I can make you do that," Big Dick said.

Nikki gulped. She had no doubt that Big Dick could indeed make her screech. He put on a silk gown, looking for all the world like a heavy-weight boxer preparing for a fight. Then he held out his hand to Nikki. "No time like the present," he said.

Nikki, with the school satchel incongruously slung on her shoulder, allowed Big Dick to lead her by the hand out into the gymnasium area. She padded along in her stockinged feet, feeling very small beside him as they walked past the spotlights and cameras and onto the set. It had been made to look like a small medical cubicle with a single bed and a stainless steel bench.

"I'm the medical orderly, and you're the patient," Big Dick said with a smile, removing his robe and leaving himself utterly naked, grasping his huge limp cock and waving it towards the Scots woman. "Just get this hard, Morag."

Morag grinned and pushed past. "Sure thing, big man," she said, folding to her knees.

"We'll get started as soon as it's up," Big Dick said to the director, stroking Morag's hair as she went to work sucking his cock.. "It won't take long, because I'm as horny as hell. I just gotta get my cock into little Nikki again! Get that sound system working, man, cos she's gonna squeal like a pig when I stick it up her!"

Nikki gulped, watching Morag expertly encouraging an erection that was so massive that she had to

use both hands just to hold the hard shaft. The director handed a stethoscope to Big Dick; it was apparently his only 'prop' for the scene. When the giant black man stepped back from Angela, his cock was standing proud. "Okay, people, let's give this bitch some wood," he said, plugging the stethoscope into his ears, and pressing the end against Nikki's chest.

Nikki looked bemused as the cameras rolled. Big Dick, stark naked, was pressing the stethoscope against her breast, while his other hand was stroking his cock.

"That off the bra," the director called. She hesitated but complied, dropping the satchel and reaching behind her to unclip the bra, allowing her breasts to fall free. "Tell her to get onto the bed, BD."

Big Dick merely gestured and mouthed the words, without any sound emerging from his lips. Nikki climbed onto the high examination bed, and she cooperated by raising her arse when her co-star removed her thong. She then allowed him to pull her down the bed until her arse was resting on the bottom edge, and he lifted each leg and placed it in the cradle of the medical stirrups, spreading her thighs wide, tying them there with leather straps. She was aware that one of the men with a hand-held camera had drawn close in, tightly focussing his lens on her gaping pussy. To her further dismay, Big Dick thrust the end of the stethoscope up her cunt and made a great show of listening intently as he manipulated her clitoris with his forefinger. She squirmed, feeling familiar warmth rising at the strange exposure. After a few seconds, he withdrew the stethoscope pad from her pussy and then reached to offer it to her lips, demanding that she lick it clean. She did so reluctantly.

"Okay, go for the strappado," the director called.

Big Dick smiled and then reached to take the long wooden rule from the leather satchel. He wafted this theatrically a couple of times, and then brought it down hard on the exposed sole of Nikki's right foot. She screeched, astonished by the pain, and Big Dick chuckled with delight, similarly striking the sole of her left foot. He worked quickly, his hand a blur, and soon Nikki was screeching loudly, her body writhing ineffectually, and she begged him to stop. She had never imagined that such pain could derive from a light beating. Eventually, when she felt that her feet were on fire, he desisted and looked down at her.

"Now her pussy, BD."

"No, please..."

However, Big Dick expertly brought the wooden rule down flat onto Nikki's pussy, so vulnerably exposed by her position in the stirrups.. Nikki's tear-streaked face gaped in horror. The rule became a blur as it beat the tender flesh, and she squealed loudly.

"Please ..please... I can't take any more. Please let me go!"

"Now aint that a turn-on, hearing the beautiful young 'star' cry and plead?" Big Dick asked with laugh.

"Please. I won't do it. Please!"

"Okay, Big Dick, go for the fuck!"

"Ass or pussy?"

"Pussy first... we'll do the anal stuff later."

Big Dick was rough with her. He used his massive cock like a weapon to bludgeon her and, as he had forecast, she screamed and groaned and fought him all the way. Her cries echoed round the bare gymnasium as he fucked her. Her high-pitched screams certainly made it seem realistic that Big Dick's thick black cock was being forced into her against her will. However, before long, Nikki was crying out over and over again for Big Dick to keep fucking her, and she squealed like a stuck pig when her first orgasm hit.

"Oh, yes!.God, yes...fuck me...fuck me, fuck me. Oh, God, I...I'm cummingggg!"

"She's got a big future in this business," the director said as she thrashed about on the bed, with her legs still splayed high in the stirrups, arching up to Big Dick and wrapping her arms around his broad black shoulders. "Okay, she's well-fucked, BD, lift yourself off her slowly. Give me a good close-up of that long black cock sliding out of her widely-stretched hole."

Then the cameraman came in closer to capture Big Dick's cum seeping out of Nikki's pussy. They got a bonus shot when Nikki instinctively squeezed her cunt muscles and gave the camera the perfect shot of a thick flood of creamy viscous jism pouring out.

"All right, that's a wrap for the first scene!" the director called. "Well done, BD."

“God, what a fuck! Who’s got a spliff?” Big Dick said..

Nikki barely stirred as Morag unbuckled the straps that held her legs in the stirrups. She had been fucked out of her mind. She was hardly aware of Angela helping her from the bed, draping a robe over her shoulders and leading her back to the changing room. “You were great, sweet nips,” Angela assured her.

Recuperating in the locker room, as her sanity returned, Nikki found it hard to believe how she had responded, in full view of an entire camera crew, crying out and begging for Big Dick to keep fucking her with his monster cock. Her orgasm had been like a devastating tsunami, washing back and forth over her. Someone brought plates of food, telling her she needed to eat and keep up her strength for the rest of the day, and Morag produced a bottle of gin along with two more pills to pop, and yet more ganja.

An hour later, the second scene commenced as Nikki knelt on the floor of the ‘medical room’, her small white hands wrapped around the throbbing black cock, unable to encircle the thick monster, her pink lips brushing against the leaking glans.

“Take it in, Nikki, as deep as you can.”

The crew watched in mild surprise as Big Dick’s cock began to disappear between Nikki’s lush pink lips, as she slowly gobbled it up, inch after inch. They were experienced hands, and had shot many such porn flics, but even they were amazed that she could take the giant cock so deeply. Big Dick began to fuck her mouth, hands holding tightly onto her hair as he eased back and forth, stopping on demand to give the director time to reposition his cameras, and then recommencing as though nothing had happened. Eventually, though, Big Dick began groaning, jamming himself deep into her throat as he groaned “Ohhhh, baby ...eat it...eat all my nigger jism!”

“Good stuff, BD,” the director yelled. “Pull out slowly, but let her breathe.”

When the long, long cock was withdrawn, the cameras zoomed in on Nikki’s face as she put on a dream performance, holding her belly and leaning over, gagging and puking. The camera caught her retching out the slimy cum, and a thick string of jism hung from her pink lips.

The third scene had Nikki bent over the medical bed, and she screamed blue murder when Big Dick pushed his cock up her arse. The pain was incredible, but the drugs and the alcohol had combined to make her a different person, and she found an incredible pleasure in his brutal anal fucking. Her fists beat on the bed as he eased his cock tight into her, and the director clapped his hands with delight.

“Alright, people, that’s another wrap. We just need the bukakke shots now. You can all contribute to that. Call the boys in, Big Dick.”

Big Dick mimed a wave to some imaginary outside, beyond the frame of the camera. Suddenly, Nikki found herself surrounded by half a dozen black men; She cowered on her knees as they all wanked their cocks and spurted fountains of cum over her. She cringed and twisted as the white, viscous fluids covered her hair and face, over her back, her shoulders and breasts, and even her thighs.

“That will be a big hit,” Angela told Nikki later as they both showered in the communal locker room.

Big Dick, showering next to them, laughed. “I don’t care if it’s a hit or not. I got my rocks off, and that’s all that matters to me.”

Nikki smiled. His massive cock had left her sore in every orifice, but she wasn’t unhappy, perhaps because of the pills she had taken. Standing back from the spray of the showers, Judson was taking money from the director: Nikki’s fee for her performance.

“I’ll be glad to use her again,” the director said.

“Yeah, well, it depends if she’s available. I’ve got another one that’s just as good coming though.”

Chapter Twenty

Nikki taken to the club

Judson walked into the salon and he glanced round at the three girls who sat there waiting for business.

“That damned gown suits you fine,” he told Nikki. “It shows off your great tits.”

Nikki’s negligee was so see-through that it was virtually useless, other than as a tease. Beneath it, she only wore a miniscule thong, black hold-up stockings, and stiletto-heeled shoes, just as Judson had decreed. Another night dressed for work! Life was taking on a regular routine, since her acceptance of the situation after the whipping with the coat hanger.

“What if the police raid us?” Nikki asked, looking down at her bare breasts, clearly visible beneath the transparent fabric. “I can hardly say I’m working as a masseuse, dressed like this.”

Angela, sitting in the corner, and the only woman wearing a dress, laughed. “Jud makes sure we don’t get raided,” she said. “We’ve only been raided once, and even then Jud got advance notice and put a party on, with loads of ordinary students shipped in for the occasion. Hell, he even picked up another hoe from among them. Jud never misses an opportunity.”

Judson preened himself and poured a tumbler of rum. He took a swig and then said to Nikki, “Much as it pains me, I want you to go and get dressed, Nikki. Keep the same shoes on. I need you to work somewhere else tonight.”

“Working indoors?”

“Yeah, a club... a couple of the lazy bitches there are ill.”

Nikki looked at him suspiciously, but she knew better than to protest. In any event, one workplace was pretty much like the other, she thought. If it was indeed indoors, then it was preferable to being made to walk the streets again. She rose to her feet and walked up to Judson, taking the tumbler of rum from his hands and draining it with a deep gulp. “What shall I wear?” she asked, handing the empty tumbler back to him.

“Just get decent. You’ll get changed when you get there.”

Nikki put on some jeans and a tee-shirt, topped with a coat. She sat in Judson’s BMW with some trepidation, particularly when he did a slow tour of Holbeck area of the city, stopping three times when he saw girls standing, touting. On each occasion he got out and talked to the girls, and Nikki watched as the whore’s fished into their pockets or bras and handed him some money. She knew well that part of his work was doing regular rounds of his patch to remove the takings from the girls, not because they were likely to steal it, but because they might have it stolen from them. It was dangerous for the working girls to carry too much money. Whenever Nikki was made to work the streets, she was never comfortable having too much of a wedge stuffed into her bra, and always glad when Judson arrived to relieve her of it.

When he finally headed out of town, she asked, “Where are we going?”

“To one of my select venues.”

The ‘select venue’ turned out to be a seedy club in the back streets of the next town. It had once been a pub, judging from the design of the exterior, but all the windows were blacked out, and there was a sign showing a Vargas-style cartoon of a naked girl sitting in an outsize champagne glass. The club’s name, ‘Charlie’s’ was written in large orange script across every blackened window.

He led her past a hulking black doorman, who merely nodded and then turned to look back at the street. Charlie’s was at once garish and dimly lit: colourful neon and strobes punctuating trendy gloom. The room was crowded and the thudding insistent bass of techno music seemed to shake Nikki’s vitals. A young, flashily-dressed black man approached Judson. “Glad, you’ve come, man,” he said. “The place is fucking heaving. This your new bitch?”

Nikki looked around the room, her eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom. It was on two tiers, with one a couple of feet above the other, and there were rows of tables facing a small dance floor. On a dais on the other side, surrounded by standing onlookers, three nearly-nude girls danced desultorily around steel poles. Nikki saw that scandalously-clad waitresses were threading in and out of the throng, carrying trays of drinks; the girl’s dresses, albeit scanty, seemed respectable enough when viewed from the front, with a short black and white apron in the style of a French maid, but when they turned round,

seen from the rear, their bodies appeared utterly nude but for black stockings and the large white bow of the apron tied at the small of their back with the ends trailing over their bare arses.

"This is one of my star hoes," Judson said absently, looking around as if he owned the place. Turning to Nikki, he leaned to shout in her ear. "This is Jacko. Do as he tells you, and treat him as if he is me!"

Jacko poked her in the ribs and asked her, "Ever worked in a night club before?"

"No."

"A bar?"

"No."

"Shit!"

"She's here for fucking, Jacko," Judson said. "I'll collect her later. I have to go and do other stuff."

With that, Judson turned and left the Club. Jacko sighed and grabbed Nikki's wrist, leading through the throng to a room at the back. Here there were a couple of other women sitting smoking. Nikki saw that both of the women wore identical black garter belts, thongs, bras and stockings. There was a distinct smell of cannabis smoke in the room. "What the fuck are you doing here, you lazy bitches?" he demanded.

"We're resting," one of them said morosely. "What the fuck does it look like?"

Jacko glared and then pushed Nikki forward. "What's your name?" he asked her.

"Nikki."

"I want all of your arses on the poles in ten minutes. Clear?" There was silence, and he raised his voice, stepping forward to bark into the face of the girl who had spoken. "Am I fucking clear, Jodie?"

"Yeah, you're clear, Jacko," she said resentfully, looking down. Jodie waited until the young black man turned and left the room, and then she added, "Bastard!"

The other woman smiled and rose to her feet, reaching into a drawer and sorting out some black garments. "I'm Katie. Get stripped off, Nikki luv," she said. "That Jacko's a mean little shit if he get's upset. What size bra?"

"Thirty-six C," Nikki answered, slipping her coat off and eying the small bundle of black lace held in the woman's hand. "We don't wear the pervy French Maid aprons?"

"They're just for the waitresses, luv, and they are straight, more or less," Katie said, sorting through a tangle of bras in the drawer. "Us working girls get to wear the sexy stuff...always knickers and suspenders...it's the hoes' uniform at Charlie's. I don't think we've got a 36C... you'll have to make do with a 34. It don't matter much, you don't keep it on for long. In fact, take it off as soon as you get to the pole."

"Pole? I can't dance at a pole!"

"There ain't much dancing. We'll all go up together. Follow my lead. Just wriggle your arse around the pole, flash your tits and pout a bit. They'll tip you, so get as money as you can, and when they've tipped enough, take off your knickers and show them your fanny. It's only advertising. When you get off the stage, you just go to the bar and wait for the punters who'll be queuing up for us."

Nikki gulped but she dressed in the black lingerie, looking down in dismay as her breasts flowed over from the too-small black lacy bra. "The waitresses don't turn tricks?" she asked.

"Most of them do at one time or other, I reckon. It's up to them though."

"We house hookers don't get any choice about fucking," Jodie said, drawing on her cigarette. "Neither will the waitresses get much choice, before they know it."

Katie smiled and said: "Jodie was a waitress. She got too greedy with her freelancing, and Jud enlisted her into the army. Like us, she's one of the house hookers now. It's no difference, really, it just means that she don't get to keep as much money, but there are more fucks, so it evens itself out. She's never stopped bitching about it, though."

"I was a barmaid!"

"A bare-arsed barmaid. What does that tell you?" Katie said with a laugh, rolling her eyes. She handed a red frilly garter to Nikki, adding, "Wear that on your thigh, luv. It's where the punters push the money. Jacko or one of the guys will take the cash as you come off the stage."

At that point, Jacko returned. "Come on, time to move, ladies," he said, clapping his hands and looking appraisingly at Nikki.

The three women stepped forward, with Nikki at the rear. Jacko placed his hand firmly in between her shoulder blades and propelled her forward, and she entered the room almost running, teetering on the high spiked heels and falling into the arms of a fellow who was wandering towards the door. The man laughed as he steadied her and then went on his way, giving her bottom a sharp, good-natured smack as he passed. Nikki yelped at the unexpected smarting slap.

"This way, Nikki," Katie shouted over the music, taking Nikki by the hand and leading her towards the pole-dancing dais, threading in and out of tables occupied by customers, mostly men, but some attended by women in the same state of near nudity as herself. Some women were completely naked, in fact, their g-string thongs discarded as they danced lasciviously at the tables, cavorting to the music beat, and the customers ogled their bodies. So, as far as Nikki could tell, people in the large room did not pay her any attention whatsoever. To them, it seemed, she was just one more near-nude whore. As the three new dancers reached the dais, the three nude women stopped cavorting there, stooped to pick up their discarded garments, and stepped down. As they moved from the stage, they pulled the banknotes from their garters and handed them to Jacko on their way back towards the bar.

"Three more beautiful ladies," a voice boomed over the microphone. "It's Jodie, Katie, and new to Charlie's, the lovely Nikki."

As the two other girls each walked to one of the poles, they reached behind their backs to unclip the bras, allowing them to flutter to the floor. Reluctantly, Nikki did the same, standing bare breasted beside the pole. She looked at Katie, who was already parading around the pole, pulling a strand of her long dark hair across her face, affecting a smouldering look at the watching men. Jodie, despite her morose reticence beforehand, threw herself into the dance with more gusto, swinging round the pole. Nikki took her first tentative steps and then was surprised when someone reach up and stuffed a bank note into her garter. She glanced down and saw a £10 note, folded lengthways, protruding from the frilled red satin. Smiling in the direction of the punter, she began to move in time with the music, using the pole as a support rather than anything else. It seemed to be sufficient, for soon her garter was bulging with banknotes. What happened to this money? She looked across to Katie, who smiled her encouragement. After a few minutes, Katie slithered from her black knickers, revealing a shaven pussy with a tiger's face tattooed across it. Gulping Nikki followed suit, discarding her own thong to leave herself nude but for the belt, stockings and shoes. Irrationally, the noise and clamour seemed to give her some anonymity. The onlookers seemed to be a mass of silhouetted figures moving against the bright strobe lights in the otherwise dim club. Then though, to her dismay, as if suddenly highlighted by a searchlight, she recognised a face! Her heart skipped a beat and she almost stopped dancing. The image came and went, lost momentarily as the beam of light swept across the crowd, but then it was briefly illuminated again, leering up at her as she danced naked. It was unmistakable. Max, her stepfather!

Why was Max here, so far from home? She watched as the beam flashed past again, and he was most certainly there, smiling hugely, as he leered up at her. Someone reached to push another note into her garter, reminding her to move with the music. Her mind was in turmoil as she continued to dance naked at the pole, and she wondered how she was going to deal with this. The dance shift went on for 30 minutes, before another three girls in lacy black underwear walked towards the pole. She followed Katie and Jodie from the dais, and by this time each of them had a small wedge of damp banknotes stuffed behind their garters. A young, gold-bedecked black man was on hand to take the money, and Katie then led Nikki to towards the bar.

"What happens now?"

"There'll likely be some john's waiting," Katie said. "The boys take the money and line them up. There are some rooms up the stairs. If there's more than one, finish with him as fast as you can, take a shower, and then come back down again to collect the next. There's rarely more than two, and if you work it right, you get a rest before you're due back on the poles again."

The barman was a young black guy with a small goatee beard. "Two for you, Jodie, two for Katie, and three for Nikki," he said.

"Three?"

"Yeah, they like a new pussy - I coulda got you five. Table three first, Jodie. Table 8 for you, Katie. And there's a guy at number 30 for you, girl. I'll take you over to him, just cos you're new. Don't expect me to do it all the time, though."

“Give me chance for a drink, for Chrissakes, Westie,” Katie said, signalling to the barman.

“No alcohol,” he warned. “You’re working.”

The young man, Westie, then led Nikki across the room. She walked with trepidation, her heart pounding, her eyes fixed on the youngster’s snake hips as he walked ahead. He took her to a table on the second tier. Her stepfather Max grinned widely as she approached. “You’re certainly a sight for sore eyes, Nicola,” he said, candidly gazing at her naked body.

Nikki blushed at his frank gaze. Then she turned to Westie, saying, “I won’t do this.”

“You’ll fucking do as you’re told,” the youngster growled. “This dude is one of Judson’s special guest.”

Judson’s special guest! It all made sense to her now. Judson had shipped her into the club that night solely to service Max, by special request. “It’s my stepfather, for fuck’s sake,” she hissed to Westie. “He fucked me from when I was thirteen years old.”

“Then once more won’t hurt any, will it.”

“Nice dance, Nikki,” Max said, his eyes lingering on her tits. “I can’t wait to get it together with you again. It’s all on the house, too. Nice guy, that Judson.”

Nikki glowered at the youth and then back at her stepfather. “Nobody can make me do this, Max,” she said, crossing her arms over her breasts. “It’s disgusting.”

Max smiled even wider, and he then reached into his jacket pocket and fished out a plastic DVD case with a lurid cover. It was a copy of her porn flic. “Look at this, Nicola. It’s very graphic, you taking that monster black cock in every hole... You’re a fine one to moralise. Your mother hasn’t seen it yet, or the rest of your family. The shock would kill probably your grandmother, of course...if I ever have to show it to them.”

“Even you wouldn’t be such a bastard.”

“It’s my family duty to let them know what kind of a life you’re leading. What’s it to be?”

“Get your ass up those stairs, and start humping,” Westie said with a snarl. “You got two more johns waiting. Don’t dare cause a fucking scene out here.”

She hesitated for a moment and then said, “We’ll talk about this in private, Max.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Westie rasped, pulling towards the door at the rear of the room, followed by Max.

Once out in the corridor at the rear of the club, when the door was closed, Westie suddenly pinned Nikki against the wall, and he slapped her face back and forth. “Don’t you ever do that to me again. I ain’t going to get sassed by a white whore in the club in front of the punters.” He then turned to Max, and said, “You still want to fuck this bitch?”

“Yes.”

“Then take her before I fucking kill her... the room directly at the top of the stairs. I’ll be waiting right here. Just holler and let me know if she causes you any trouble, and I’ll come and whup her ass.”

With that, Westie turned Nikki towards the stairs and gave her a hard push in the back, propelling her forward in a stumbling run on her high heeled shoes. She was conscious of Max following closely behind her as she climbed the stairs, and she imagined his eyes burning on her cleft as she moved. The door at the top of the stairs was ajar. With trepidation, she walked into the room, looking round. It was a reasonably well-appointed place, if on the small side, very brightly lit, with a large double bed, and a massive mirror that seemed to take up almost one entire wall. She turned as Max closed the door.

“You are a sick fuck, Max!” she said.

“You are a black man’s whore, Nicola,” he said with a shrug, lowering the zip of his trousers and flopping out his dick. “Now come and suck this little feller to attention, just like the old days.”

“No!”

He shrugged and reached to open the door, preparing to shout. Then though, he stopped, and said: “Do you really want me to call for that black pimp?”

“No,” she said with a sigh, moving towards him and sinking to her knees. As she opened her lips to take his cock into her mouth, she said: “This is the last time, Max!”

“That’s my girl!” Judson May murmured as he stood behind the two-way mirror and focussed an

SLR camera on Nikki when she knelt and took the man's cock into her mouth. After taking a couple of quick shots, he turned to the other black man behind the mirror room, who was training the lens of a small video camera on the pair in the room. Judson whispered, "Make sure we get this good, Jacko. You know who that mother-fucker is? It's her step-daddy, that's who! I want both their faces clearly visible."

Jacko nodded and concentrated on filming the action in the room. In the meantime, though, just to be sure, Judson continued to take more stills. He had carefully schemed to contrive this scene, and he wasn't about to miss the opportunity now.

"Why do you want this shit, man?" Jacko asked, gazing at the screen of the camera.

"I plan to use it as a lever to get that white whore's little sister too," he said happily.

Chapter Twenty-One

Michelle

Nikki was by no means certain that the evil Max wouldn't reveal all to her family. Thereafter, she found it hard to face her mother. In fact, the next time she visited the house to see her son, she deliberately chose a time when she knew that neither her mother nor her stepfather would be there. Michelle had assured her that the pair was going away for the weekend together.

"I hope Jack's not proving too much of a handful for you," Nikki said, watching wistfully as her infant son played in the corner. "I'd like to get back more often, but I've been busy working."

"He's no trouble. I enjoy it. And, besides, Max..." Michelle was about to say something more, but she seemed to think better of it.

"Max?"

"Yes, well, he's more easy to get along with when little Jack's here. Max doesn't like to have him left alone. He's funny that way."

Nikki looked evenly at her younger sister, and she immediately recognised the signs. She spoke carefully, choosing her words... "Max likes to...to be friendly with you?"

Michelle smiled wanly and looked away. When she looked back a tear had escaped and was trickling down her fresh face. "Well, you know..." she said. "He's a very friendly man. He's nice to me."

"He's nice!" Nikki said, her mind playing with the words.

"Yes."

"Does he do things with you, Michelle?" There was a silence, and when Michelle failed to answer, Nikki pressed: "Does he fuck you?"

That was it! The dam seemed to breach and floods of tears and emotion burst out. Michelle threw her arms around Nikki and hugged her tightly, sobbing. "It's my fault," she said. "I- I let him do it. I like it."

"Does mum know what's going on?"

Michelle shook her head but her words contradicted the gesture. "I don't... Well, I think so. She never speaks about it. I always make up my mind to say no, never again, but when he comes for me the next time, I always let him do what he wants. It's my fault, Nikki."

Nikki swallowed hard, and she reached into her bag for a tissue, dabbing the tears from her sister's face. "How long has this been going on?" she asked.

"He started touching me when I was fourteen or fifteen... He's been making love to me for a couple of years now."

"It's not 'making love', sis. It's abuse, that's what it is. This is history repeating itself. He did the same thing to me. You have to get away from here, Michelle, before he totally screws you up, just like me. He's an evil bastard."

"No, he's nice."

"Get away from him! Leave home. Go to a university. Anywhere..."

Chapter Twenty-Two

Over the next few weeks life took on a regular routine of fucking and sucking, in all manner of circumstances. After initially making her walk the streets of Leeds for night after night, day after day, Judson had relented somewhat and allowed her to work in his salon more often again. She applied herself with a gusto, not wishing to be sent back to freeze her arse off on dangerous street corners. Only later did she find that this work was the result of the booking and enquiries that resulted from the internet and, in particular, from her porn movie. She had been forced to watch this crude film a number of times, and was tired of seeing her pussy, anus and mouth stretched wide by Big Dick's big dick. The punters, however, never seemed to tire of seeing it, and they frequently requested that it be shown as they fucked her in her room at the cat-house. She was inured to it, of course, beyond shame, and merely grateful that it allowed her to hump and earn in comfortable, relatively safe surroundings. However, she was unprepared for the day when she was sent to do an 'out-call' to a very posh hotel in the City Centre. Judson obviously placed great store in this event, because he sent her to an expensive hairdresser for a funky styling job on her blonde locks.

"Don't fuck up, this is a very pricey job, Nikki." Judson warned as he watched her shaking out the very expensive designer evening dress he had given her a few weeks previously.

"No underwear?" she asked, standing in only a pair of hold-up stockings.

"Just the dress. That's what he wants. He's paying a thousand pounds for this one night."

"A thousand!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "What do I have to do for that?"

"Do? Do any damned thing he wants for this kind of money. No limits. Understand?"

"What if he's some nutter? I don't like this, Jud," she said, stepping into the dress. Even as she spoke, she knew that this was irrational, because it was a damned sight more dangerous working the streets than being in a posh 5 star hote. "He might beat me up, whip me, anything..."

Judson sighed. He turned and reached for a pair of fake gold, large hooped ear-rings, handing them to her. "I'll know where you are," he pointed out. "If he does anything bad to you, I'll cut his fucking balls off. Besides, guys who pay this kind of money don't want the publicity. It's why they do it."

"He asked that I wear these ear rings?" she asked, staring doubtfully at them in her hand.

"No. I like them. They give you a bit of class."

Nikki the escort

Judson took Nikki by the arm and escorted her into the luxurious hotel lobby. He paused to glance around. Nikki was acutely aware that the beautiful gown, her sole garment, revealed an expanse of her breasts and torso. She looked nervously at the reception desk. The peach, blue and red furnishings and the glittering crystal chandeliers gave the lobby a sense of elegance and opulence.

"Can I help you, sir?" The speaker was a very young black youth, dressed in a maroon uniform.

"No, thank you, my man," Judson replied, and when he smiled the diamond in his front tooth sparkled in the light from the chandelier directly above.

Nikki saw the doubt in the youth's eyes, and he appeared to be unsure whether or not to challenge Judson further. Nikki felt uneasy. Surely a hotel such as this would be vigilant against incoming prostitutes? However, after some moment's indecision, the youngster shrugged and stood aside, allowing them to enter a waiting lift. On the seventh floor, the Judson ushered Nikki along the corridor, with its luxurious deep-pile blue carpet. There were no numbers on the doors here, merely names. Judson stopped at a door marked, "Wellington". He rapped his knuckles on the solid door and waited, smiling reassuringly to Nikki. As they waited Judson mouthed silent words: 'One thousand pounds!' After a long minute, the door opened. Nikki suppressed a gasp. The man who stood there was tall, good looking, perhaps in his late twenties... a sportsman well-known from TV screens and the pages of newspapers, and not always the back pages, at that. Nikki recognised him instantly and she cast a wild glance at Judson as the man's eyes swept over her from head to toe. Why would he need to buy the services of a whore?

If Judson also recognised the man, he gave no outward sign of it. He merely indicated Nikki and said to the man: "This is the woman you ordered, I believe."

"Yes, she's the very one," the man replied with a smile. He stepped back and said to Nikki, "Don't stand there, come in, love."

"I'll come back for her tomorrow morning," Judson said, stepping back. "Any complaints and you let me know."

Nikki entered and the door shut behind her. She looked around. It wasn't merely a bedroom, but rather a large and opulent suite with several doors leading off the main reception room.

"You're lovely," the man said, "even lovelier than in your movie."

"Thank you." Nikki glanced around the green and gold drawing room of the hotel suite. Everything about it bespoke wealth and privilege. She felt totally out of her depth.

"That's a beautiful dress," he said. "Take it off."

"Sure. Where is the bathroom?"

"It's in there," he said with a smile as he indicated a door. "I'll pour us a drink while you get yourself ready."

She smiled with a confidence she didn't feel and went to the marbled bathroom, where she stood there staring at her reflection in the large mirror. Her hair was beautifully done, piled up, with small artful wisps escaping. The dress was gorgeous, plunging deeply to expose a wide slash of flesh to her belly, and the only jarring note came from the vulgar gold hoop ear rings Judson had insisted on her wearing.

"Chilled champagne is ready," she heard the man call.

As if galvanised by his call, Nikki quickly slipped the dress from her shoulders, allowing it to fall to the floor around her ankles. She fixed a smile on her face, squared her shoulders, thrust out her breasts, and went out to the waiting patron. He had stripped down to his boxer shorts and was standing beside a table, pouring champagne into two fluted glasses. He turned to watch her approach with an admiring smile. Nikki stood before him, completely naked, and she accepted the proffered champagne flute.. She glanced at his muscular, athletic body, with the rippling, taut six-pack belly, and experienced a familiar warm glow in her belly. For his part, his cool eyes swept over her naked flesh and she gave a sexy smile. "Do you like what you see?"

"Very nice," he said.

She was somewhat unnerved to see a shiny pair of handcuffs, the inner surface lined with red velvet, lying on the table next to the ice-bucket. Nevertheless, she sipped the bubbly liquid, resisting a temptation to sneeze, and remaining pliant as he stroked her breasts and idly traced around the darkened nipple with his forefinger. She lowered her lashes and leaned slightly away from his touch when he placed his palm under her breast, raised the soft orb, and then allowed it to fall, if testing its resilience. Then, as he sipped the champagne, his hand stroked down the curve of her slim waist and over the flair of hip.

"Ah, so the cunt has arrived?" a female voice said.

Nikki gave a start, and gasped as she looked up to see a beautiful young woman standing framed in the far door of the suite.

"Ah, that's my wife," the sportsman said by way of explanation.

"Your wife?" Nikki said, crossing one arm over her breasts in alarm.

"This is Nikki," the man told his wife, his hand stroking Nikki's pussy. Nikki slowly lowered her arm, sipped her champagne, and managed to smile a fixed smile as he parted her sex lips and stroked down the length of her quim, the pad of his forefinger returning to tease her clitoris, palpating the little, pea-like bud. He pushed his finger up her cunt, and she was surprised to realise that her pussy flesh was wet and slick. "Her cunt is certainly very tight - it's sucking on my finger," he said.

He continued to work his fingers inside Nikki's pussy, fanning the embers that were already glowing fiercely inside her. Then another of his fingers pierced her anus. She gave a yelp and rose up on her toes, doubly-penetrated, her sex literally held in the palm of his hand. "Her arse is tight too," the man told his wife.

"You'll enjoy her then," his wife said with a smile. "What about her tongue?"

"You both want to...?"

"Yes. Does that bother you?"

Nikki thought about the £1000 fee. "No," she said. "It's fine."

"We shall have a lovely time together," the woman said. "Would you like some coke?"

“To drink?”

“To snort.”

“No,” Nikki said, squirming on the man’s fingers.

The woman approached and took the glass from Nikki's trembling hand. She leaned forward and licked Nikki's neck in long, kittenish strokes. Nikki gave a small yelp when the underbelly of her right breast was cruelly pinched by the woman's sharp fingernails.

“Cuff her,” the man said, his thumb pressing on Nikki's clitoris.

Nikki was utterly compliant and placed her hands behind her back, allowing the woman to clip the velvet-lined steel cuffs around her wrists. “Kneel down, little cunt,” the woman said, fishing into her husband’s shorts and pulling out his already erect cock. “Have you ever sucked one of these?”

Nikki sank to her knees, looking at the large penis with its bulbous red-purple cock glans, but she didn’t answer. The woman chuckled, wanking her partner’s cock and rubbing the glistening tip across Nikki's lips. The fingers of the woman’s other hand were entwined in Nikki's hair, holding her head steady. “Come on, open wide.”

Nikki opened her mouth and the cock immediately slid in. She gave a small grunt as her lips closed around the shaft, and she felt the man jerk slightly. Nikki usually sucked cock expertly enough, for she’d had enough practice in recent weeks, but her head was being moved back and forth by the woman’s hand, slowly at first, and then with more gusto, until Nikki was squawking each time the cock hit the back of her throat. The pain caused as the cock rasped against her tonsils was enough to make her squeal like a stuck pig. At the same time, Master had her face cupped in both of his hands, pulling her onto his cock as he began to fuck her mouth. She tried not to gag. The woman released her hold on Nikki's hair, and she was now also on her knees, directly behind Nikki. Nikki felt firm naked breasts pressed against her back, the skin silk-like and with buds like hard little stones, and the soft folds of Mistress's cunt squirmed against Nikki's hands, pinioned behind her.

“I need to ease off for a while,” the man said, panting, and suddenly pulling his cock from Nikki's mouth, trailing a string of saliva and pre-cum down her chin.

The woman reached round to grasp and fondle Nikki's breasts and scrape the already-turgid nipples. “Do you want him to fuck you, little cunt?” she whispered.

“Yes,” Nikki heard herself dutifully reply, in reality just wanting to get the hell out of there.

The man stood back, sipping champagne, his cock jutting rampant. Meanwhile, the woman urged Nikki to her feet, removed the handcuffs, and led her to a low rectangular, glass-topped coffee table, in the centre of the room. “Lie across the table, little cunt.”

Nikki found herself draped with her torso stretched back on the cold, polished glass surface, her head on one corner and her arse perched on the other, legs splayed widely, and her feet flat on the floor. She inhaled sharply, smelling female musk as the woman straddled her head with her legs and carefully lowered her cunt onto Nikki's face. Nikki squirmed. She had never had sex with another woman. Nevertheless, realising that there was little choice, she tentatively flicked out her tongue and dabbed at the soft, puffy sex lips. She could smell the strong musk of female arousal as her nose nuzzled against the wet furrow of flesh. Then, to her surprise, the woman leaned forward, supporting herself with her hands on either side of the table-top, her bare tits pressing against Nikki's belly, and she began to lick at Nikki's pussy with long, rasping strokes. Nikki heard herself moan into the gag of cunt flesh on her face. The woman dabbed the tip of her tongue on Nikki's clitoris, sending out exquisite little shock waves, and Nikki groaned and bucked her hips. The sensation both shocked and delighted her. She had never had a woman lick her cunt before, and this one was a skilled muff-diver, for she soon had her victim tumbling over the brink of a deliciously rolling orgasm. Nikki found herself grasping at the woman’s hips, pressing her own tongue into the silky divide of flesh, lapping and slurping on the juices.

“Her pussy is quite delightful,” Nikki heard the man say as she squealed and shuddered under his wife’s devilish tongue. She could feel his body against inner her thighs and he had obviously knelt between her splayed legs. The woman pulled back slightly, although her hot, wet cunt still ground against Nikki's tongue. Then Nikki felt the wet head of Master's cock glans nudge between the lips of her sex. She gave out a guttural grunt as it slid easily into her, up to the hilt, his balls dangling against her arse. Moreover, even as he thrust back and forth inside her, his wife was licking assiduously at the engorge little shaft of clitoral flesh that throbbed at the apex of Nikki's cunt. This ménage a trois

continued for some time, accompanied by male and female grunts and moans, and the caramel-like aroma of raw carnal rutting permeated the suite. Then, almost as if in response to some hidden conductor, all three of them simultaneously reached a shuddering climax, and Nikki wrapped her legs tightly around Master's hard, toned body.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Nikki back at the Club

The next time that Judson delivered Nikki to Charlie's, it was comparatively late in the evening. Before Nikki agreed to go, she made him promise that her step-father Max wouldn't be there, even threatening to cut herself... He laughed and assured her that nothing like that would happen again. Still, it was with some reticence that she entered the Club. Westie, the young, super-slick black man, who seemed more vicious than any other pimp Nikki had yet met, was standing at the door talking to the hulking bouncer. He greeted Judson like a brother but treated Nikki with disdain.

"Red tonight," Westie told Nikki. "Go and get changed. You'll be on in five minutes."

Judson patted Nikki's arse paternally as he nodded to send her on her way, and she hurried across the crowded club area towards the changing rooms at the back. Glancing round, she saw that the night was already in full swing, with the music thumping, tray-bearing waitresses wending their way through the groping punters, and most of the tables occupied.. The girls who were dancing at the poles were already nude, with wads of banknotes stuffed in their garters, so Nikki knew that they would be finishing their stint soon and be heading off up to the bedrooms with paying customers.

"Hey, look who it is," Katie said, as Nikki entered the changing room. "They sent you back, huh?"

"Yes, I'm back," Nikki said wearily, removing her coat. "You've got some red tatt for me to wear?"

Katie, already wearing skimpy red lace knickers and bra, grinned and reached into a cardboard box on the table, tossing a bundle of lingerie to Nikki. "Sort yourself something from that lot. No suspender belt... the hold-ups are on the chair," she said. "It's just us two on this shift. Jodie seems to have...left. So there will be plenty of work after the dancing."

"Jodie left?"

"Best not to ask too many questions. She was always complaining, though. My guess is they moved her on. You know how it is."

Nikki quickly stripped off her clothes. No, she didn't know how it was, and Katie's words, spoken so blithely, came as a shock to her. She pulled on a pair of red knickers and was still sorting through the tangle of bras when Westie walked into the room.

"You not ready, bitch? I told you...five minutes."

She glared but didn't answer him, selecting a bra and clipping it around her waist before pulling it round and pulling the diaphanous net cups over her breasts. She then reached for a packet of stockings from among a small stack on the chair seat and sat to roll them up high over her legs, feeling the lacy bands grip tightly on her thighs. Then she stood and stooped to pick up a stiletto-heeled shoe, but she gave a yelp when Westie spitefully snapped his fingers over her arse, one of his favourite tricks; he was very good at it, and it stung like hell.

"Leave the kid alone, she's doing her best, Westie," Katie said, as Nikki glowered and hopped to pull on the shoe.

"Did I ask you to comment, bitch? You talk to me when I say so. Is that clear?"

"Yes, it's clear, Westie," Katie said morosely, looking down.

"You've got one minute! Then you get your butts on them poles."

When Westie had left the room, slamming the door on his way out, Nikki said: "He's a pig. We shouldn't put up with that."

"I keep my head down," Katie said simply. "I've got a couple of kids in school here, and don't want to have to move them again if they sell me on."

Nikki, shocked, was about to say something, but Katie was already marching out of the changing room, so she hastily followed. As she entered the club room, the smoke-laden air was warm on her newly-exposed skin. The nude danders were quitting the dais, walking towards the bar, smiling to the men who waited there.

"It's lovely Katie! And delicious Nikki!" the compere announced as the two women made their way to the dais.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Nikkie discovers Michelle at the Club

A young waitress walked across Nikki's path, balancing a tray that was heavily-laden with drinks. The girl, clad in the club's scanty French Maid style outfit, appeared totally naked from the rear, although her front was more or less covered when she turned to flash an apologetic smile to Nikki. "I'm sorry," she said, but her smile froze in shock as she spoke.

"Michelle!" Nikki gasped, seeing her sister. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm working as a barmaid," Michelle said, glancing at Nikki's underwear-clad body. "What about you?"

Nikki was lost for words. She stood there as if shell-shocked for long seconds.

"The delicious Nikki will be here soon, I promise," the compere crooned over the speakers as the music started again.

"What about university?" Nikki asked Michelle.

"I'm just doing this to earn some extra money to eke out my student loan."

Westie appeared and snarled at Nikki. "Get your arse on that stage, bitch, you've been already been introduced." Then, to Michelle, he added, "And you, you slut, get on with your work."

Michelle, chastened, immediately turned to walk away, but Westie snapped his fingers across her bare arse as she moved. Michelle squealed and gave a small leap forward at the stinging flick, slopping some of the drinks on the tray, but she hurried away and climbed the steps to the upper tier of the club room. Nikki winced, knowing how painful those snapped fingers were on soft butt flesh. Her mind was in turmoil as she tried to make some sense of what was happening.

"The poles, bitch!"

Nikki turned and made her way to the dais and removed her red bra as she walked to a pole.

"Ah, at last, here is beautiful Nikki!" the compere cried above the music. "Look at those tits, guys... well worth the wait."

Nikki was distracted as she moved to the music, as she turned over the implications of seeing her younger sister in the Club. She recalled Judson having given Michelle his card and offering her a job... this must be what he had in mind, tarding in a knocking shop under the guise of a barmaid. She only vaguely noticed the money being stuffed into her garter, and as she danced she kept straining to see Michelle moving back and forth, serving drinks to the tables. She wondered if her younger sister knew the true nature of the place. But then, how could she not? She remembered Katie's words to Jodie: '...a bare-arsed barmaid. What does that tell you?' Had Michelle already begun to turn tricks? Nikki had no idea how long Michelle had worked there, but she knew that barmaids weren't retained for more than a few days if they were unwilling to play a little; there was more than enough slutty housewives who were willing to earn a few extra bob while retaining their 'respectability' by working as so-called barmaids. Suddenly, Nikki was aware of a hand gripping like steel around her ankle. She looked down to see Westie glaring up at her. "The punters have paid to see some pussy," he said. "Get those drawers off."

With a sigh, remembering her job, Nikki pushed the lacy knickers down over her hips. She shimmied and squatted down as she removed them from around her feet, spreading her knees wide on either side of Westie's head and flaunting her pussy right in his face. "I want to see Judson," she hissed. "It's urgent."

"There are four guys queuing to fuck you. That's urgent. You can see Judson tomorrow, if he wants to talk to you," he said, and she could feel his breath on her cunt lips.

When her stint at the pole had finished, Nikki stepped naked from the dais but instead of going straight to the bar, she loitered until Michelle passed on the way to a table, and caught her by the arm. "We need to speak, sis," Nikki said.

"I don't think you're in any position to dispense motherly advice," Michelle replied archly, glancing at Nikki's nude body and turning away.

Nikki swallowed hard in humiliation. However, Westie was approaching with a menacing look, and she had no wish for another painful snap of his fingertips across her arse. So she headed to the bar to receive her first customer. Westie was right: there were four men on the list. The first one was a brash

individual with an orange fake tan and leather jacket to match, who insisted on buying her drink 'to get her in the mood' before they went up to a room. Nikki knew this was a waste of time and money, because the barman only ever dispensed coloured water to the girls, but she had to humour the man. Michelle returned twice to collect trays of drinks.. Nikki watched as Michelle walked away, noting her sister's trim and shapely body, so brazenly revealed from the rear, with only the large white bow of her apron tied in the small of her back. When Nikki eventually took her punter up to the one of the rooms, he first had her suck his cock and then fucked her so energetically that she didn't return to the bar for more than half an hour, and all in all, she had wasted almost an hour on him. Westie wasn't pleased by that, and he immediately sent her back with the second punter, a middle-aged Scotsman whose breath smelled of tobacco and whisky. By the time that trick had been turned, Michelle was nowhere to be seen, so there was no more to be said to her that night.

Nikki confronts Judson

"That's it! "You leave my sister alone!" Nikki screamed at Judson, launching herself at him and beating his broad chest with her small clenched fists. "That's enough, you black bastard!"

"I'm a black what?" Judson breathed, as if shocked. Then, his temper snapped and he pushed Nikki away to give him some room to smacked her hard with the flat of his hand across her face, sending her reeling. He followed this up by kicking the pointed toe of his shoe up her arse, making her squeal.

Nikki crawled on hands and knees, unkempt blonde hair hanging. "I've had enough," she sobbed. "I'm not going to work for you any more."

Judson stepped back, recovering his composure as he looked down at her, and he then pushed her with the flat of his foot, making her sprawl onto her side on the floor.

"What your slut of a sister does is no concern of yours, bitch," he said, straightening the lapels of his expensive jacket. "You know what? Your sweet sister Michelle loves black cock just like you. She's got a tighter and sweeter pussy, too. She'll be taking your place at the house. You want to go home? Fine! You can go back home tomorrow. This 'black bastard' as you call me has finished with you. I've turned you into a white whore. My job is done!"

Nikki had no idea of what he was talking about. However, the very next day, she was allowed to leave Judson's cat-house in Leeds, without seeing him again.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Boot polish

With a wedge of money in her purse, Nikki returned to Nottingham, and for the next week or so, she resumed a normal, uneventful life in her small, shabby terraced home. However, reality soon came visiting in an unpleasant and unexpected way.

The rap on the door interrupted Nikki's evening television viewing. It was just before 10 o'clock and she was planning for an early night. She sighed and went to answer the door, and was astonished and dismayed to see Sonny Douce standing there, with two black youths, and Sandra. It was raining, and Sandra carried a large umbrella, holding it over the men's heads.

"We've come visiting, girl," Sonny said, pushing past into the house. "I'm checking on my property."

The two youths followed the hulking black man into the house without a word. Sandra folded the umbrella and gave a small apologetic shrug to Nikki, and they both hurried after the men. Sonny walked into Nikki's sparsely-furnished living room and looked round disdainfully. He glanced and rolled his eyes at the two young black men who flanked him. Nikki glanced nervously at Sandra, who merely shook her head slightly, as if in warning. Sonny looked down at the small, sturdy coffee table that was still littered with the detritus of a snack: an open jar of strawberry jam, a plastic container of butter, and a small plate.

"Is this the best you can do, girl?" Sonny asked, using his foot to push the coffee table aside.

One of the younger men immediately sat on the settee, lounging back and putting his feet up on the coffee table. The other man grinned and sat down beside him.

Nikki looked round at the clutter of baby toys in the corner, and then she looked at the shabby furniture. As if it explained anything, she said: "My partner isn't around at the moment."

"So I hear. In gaol again. Where's your kid?"

"He's still with my mother."

Sonny nodded and then his large ebony face cracked in a grin to the younger men, his minders. That smile was very white and studded with a gold filling. For some reason, it reminded Nikki of the diamond stud in Judson May's front tooth. In many ways, these black pimps seemed to be just the same. Sonny stooped to dip his finger into the open jam jar on the table, and he sniffed it before holding it in front of Nikki's lips. Her eyes flashed as she looked into his face.

"Suck it, girl," Sonny said. "Suck my finger clean."

Nikki hesitated, and she glanced at Sandra again. Sandra's mouth twisted in a tight-lipped grimace of resignation, and she looked away. After a further moment of indecision, Nikki opened her lips and took the finger into her mouth. The strawberry jam was sweet on her tongue, and she sucked it in one stroke and made to pull back. However, he had his hand on her head, and he kept her mouth on the thick digit, thrusting it deeper into her mouth. Her eyes were wide, but she sucked again, her tongue against the thick knuckle.

"Better," he said, releasing her hair.

Nikki did as she was ordered. For some reason, this harsh treatment was making her belly flutter.

"Suck harder, bitch," one of the younger men called.

She sucked so hard on the finger that she imagined feeling the bones beneath the flesh. As she did so, Sonny was reaching into the pocket of his overcoat, and he then dropped two small items onto the table with a clatter, breaking the plate. Her mouth still clamped on his finger, she glanced down and saw that he had placed two large tins of black shoe polish next to the jar of jam. She glanced back to his face enquiringly, her eyes wide. He smiled, keeping his beady eyes on hers. His other hand was casually unbuttoning her shirt, and she made a protesting noise, gagged and muffled by his finger. He continued to unbutton the shirt and then pulled it free from her jeans until it draped open. The bra she wore fastened at the front, and it was a simple task for him to flip the catch open, releasing her breasts. As she continued to suck on his finger, he reached to undo the waist button of her jeans and then he yanked so that the zip unfastened.

"Take her jeans off," Sonny ordered. Sandra immediately stepped forward and pulled the jeans over

Nikki's thighs, pushing them down to her ankles. Nikki clenched her buttocks, aware that the tiny thong she wore completely bared her arse. However, Sandra was kneeling and scrambling at her feet, pulling off her shoes, and then lifting one foot at a time to pull the jeans free.

"Now her shirt and bra."

One of the men rose from the settee and pulled the denim shirt from Nikki's shoulders. Nikki stood meekly, as if transfixed, sucking on the finger, as the garment was removed, followed by the bra.

"The panties too. I want her nude."

The younger man laughed and his finger delved into the crack of her arse, finding the string of her thong and twanging it before yanking hard and tearing the tiny garment free. Nikki groaned. In a matter of seconds, she had been stripped naked. Sonny removed his finger from her mouth, and he then glanced down at her naked body. She crossed her hands over her breasts.

"Stand on the table," he said.

"What?"

"Stand on the fucking table!"

One of the youth's roughly grasped her upper arm and almost lifted her from her feet. Frightened, she obeyed, climbing onto the low table, stepping over the lounging feet of the other youth. She had to spread her legs to place one foot on either side of man's feet, and the clutter of jar of jam, the butter carton, the broken plate, and the two tins of shoe polish. Sonny nodded. "Put your hands on top of your head," he said.

Nikki gulped but she did as she was told. Sonny reached into his pocket and pulled out a bundle of white latex, tossing them onto settee beside the youth who lounged there, leering up at her naked body. Sonny reached to stroke the flesh of her inner forearm, just above the wrist. "Gonna get you tattooed, Nikki."

"No," Nikki said. "I won't..."

"Where shall I put my mark, uh?" he said. His words paused as his fingers traced over various parts of her body, and she cringed back. "On your hand? Or maybe on your forearm? Perhaps your belly or a target tat in the small of your back... that's popular. Or maybe one of your thighs like a good old slave brand?"

"I won't have a tattoo," Nikki said, twisting away from her hand.

"You gonna get a tattoo, so where would you want me to put it? May be on your pussy?"

"No!" Nikki thought desperately about Katie, the house hooker at Charlie's, who had a the tiger's head tattooed right across her cunt so that the lips of her pussy formed part of its mouth

"How would you like that?"

"No, please..."

"Or maybe I'll have them draw it my dollar sign right here on the cheek of your ass... Or on your tits would be a good place. Maybe on the side of your neck... You prefer my name written there where everyone can see it, Nikki?"

"Please, I won't have a disgusting tattoo."

"Get them rubber gloves on," Sonny said to the two men, his mood suddenly darkening. He then glanced at Sandra, and said, "You too, bitch. This slut thinks your tattoo is disgusting."

Nikki watched apprehensively as the three of them each took a pair of latex gloves and snapped them onto their hands. She stammered, asking, "What's all this about, Sonny?" she asked. "Why are you harassing me?"

"I'll tell you what it's about, white slut, it's about you calling Judson a black bastard," Sonny said, stooping to pick up the tins of boot polish. He removed the lid from one and handed it to the nearest youth. He then took the lid from the other and gave it to Sandra. He said, "Right, all three of you, I want her blacked up. Don't miss an inch. I don't want to see a glimmer of white skin showing... tits, ass, pussy, anywhere."

Nikki gasped in protest. However she stood like a statue as one of the young men gleefully dipped his gloved fingers into the tin of black shoe polish, and he then daubed it across her belly, rubbing it in, and then repeating the action to leave a black hand print on her left breast. He laughed in delight. The other youth was busy behind her, and she could feel the slick greasy polish on the globes of her bottom.

"That's not good enough. Get it right down into the crack of her arse and down to her pussy," he told

the youth. Then, to Nikki, he said: "Bend over and spread your butt cheeks."

She was about to protest but Sandra, massaging the polish into her thighs, gave her flesh a warning squeeze. With a sigh of defeat, Nikki did as Sonny had commanded. She lowered her hands from her head and bent forward, reaching back to put a hand on each of her buttocks and pulling them apart. She closed her eyes as the youth laved the polish into the divide, swirling his fingers round her anus, and the over the fleshy bulge of her sex. She gave a small squeal when she felt a finger jab up her anus. Meanwhile, the man in front of her was cupping both of her breasts, kneading and squeezing, spreading the black polish over the soft white flesh. She began to cry softly, tears dripping from her face. However, Sonny was relentless. He supervised Sandra and the two youths, pointing out areas of her body where he wanted more black polish applying, even on the soles of her feet. Soon, Nikki's entire body was black, from her neck down to the tips of her toes, and the youth in front of her was assiduously rubbing the slick grease into the folds and crevices of her pussy, making a big play with her jutting clitoris.

Sonny picked Nikki's discarded shirt and effortlessly tore it into strips, and he tossed the rags to the men. "Buff her and polish her up," he said.

Nikki stood motionless, in utter shock, as the men fell to rubbing every inch of her body with the rags, polishing briskly, working the black dye into the pores of her skin. She breathed in small sobs, biting her lip. Presently, Sonny was satisfied.

"Get off the table, girl. Sandra, black her face and neck."

"Please, no more, Sonny," Nikki begged, stepping from the table.

"Are you going to co-operate about wearing my tattoo?"

"Yes, Sonny," Nikki said, her shoulders slumping in defeat.

"Good. Black her face."

Sandra hesitated.

"You going to argue with me, Sandra?"

"No, Daddy," Sandra said, hastily applying the shoe polish to Nikki's face, and brushing the tears aside with her fingers.

Sandra stood back when she was finished, and she took off the latex gloves. Nikki, a portrait in black, stood dejectedly, still weeping.

"We gonna fuck her now, Sonny?" one of the youths asked, pulling the filthy latex gloves from his hands.

"Are you crazy? You wanna get black shoe polish all over you? You're black enough, Winston."

The other youth laughed and slapped his thigh, then suddenly remembered that he was still wearing greasy-black gloves. He glanced at the mark on his trousers and growled. "Fuck, look at that!" he said, sharply slapping Nikki's bottom.

Sonny stepped up and glared into Nikki's eyes. "Get your coat," he said. "We're going to the Havana Club."

"No, please..."

"I said we're going to the Havana. You gotta walk there, cos you ain't getting in my car with that black shit all over you. You can either walk the streets wearing a coat or do it bare-arsed naked, but you going..."

Sandra hurried to the hall and collected the transparent plastic raincoat. When she returned she put it around Nikki's shoulders, saying sympathetically, "Wear this, hun, it won't matter if it gets spoiled."

Chapter Twenty-Six

Nikki paraded at the Havana Club

The Havana Club stood at the bottom of a hill, right on the edge of the rough area of the Nottingham, where things were beginning to look more prosperous, at the tee-junction with a busy main road. The club sign, attached high on the wall, was large and garish: blue, green and yellow neon tubing, fashioned like a palm tree on a beach, and the word 'Havana' flashed on and off. The Havana, an old rambling mansion of a place, was surrounded by a tall brick wall. The grounds of the club were mostly turned over into tarmac-covered car parking space, and a couple of large black bounders always stood by the door, sometimes more. Quite often, a few white girls were to be seen there too, standing outside in their skimpy outfits, joking with the bouncers, and smoking cigarettes or spliffs. All of this was visible from the upper decks of buses heading out of the city centre to the dreary suburban housing estates, and the passengers invariably looked down at the place as they passed, for it had that indefinable exotic air of sleazy, dangerous seediness that seemed to appeal to many who led safe, mundane lives.

It was dark and raining, and the lights were shining off the wet black road, the night that Nikki was escorted down the hill by the two black youths and Sandra, the whore. This was just as well, for her raincoat was less conspicuous, and less transparent, and there were few people walking the streets. Sandra carried Nikki's large umbrella, but the youths mainly huddled under that and Nikki was left unsheltered. As she clipped along on the white high-heels they had made her wear, she wondered if the heavy rain would wash the black polish from her skin, but glancing down at her legs she saw that the water merely gathered in droplets on the greasy surface, and then trickled down in rivulets. When the small group turned into Havana's grounds, she saw the two bounders huddled morosely under the porch. She could hear the pounding music from inside. Nikki glanced up and saw the driving rain highlighted by the flashing neon sign; she had never actually been inside the Havana, but she knew that Sandra often worked there, so she had no doubts about the kind of place it was.

"Where you been, man?" one of them asked Winston. "Sonny is waiting for you."

"Sonny rode in the fucking car," Winston said belligerently. "It's alright for him. He made us walk the bitch."

"Take the hoe through, Winston. Sonny has a prime spot set out for her."

Nikki swallowed. A prime spot? She didn't like the sound of that, but the events of the night were already well beyond her worst nightmares. She allowed herself to be led inside, and it was immediately like entering some dark drugs den, or at least as she had imagined a drugs den to be. Everything was dark, very dark, but the darkness was continually punctured by flashing, multi-coloured strobe lights, the beams sweeping across the room, and she could make out the shapes of people dancing. The place seemed to be very full, and that surprised her, seeing as how few cars had been in the car park. Each time a light illuminated any of the men there, he was invariably black, and each time it lit a woman, then she was white. Were all of the women prostitutes, she wondered?

"Where the fuck you been, Winston?" Sonny demanded, looming out of the darkness, his white teeth gleaming like the disembodied smile of a Cheshire Cat.

"It fucking raining out there," Winston protested. "And this slut is slow on them heels."

Sonny merely growled and grabbed Nikki by the arm, pulling her through the cavorting dancer to a small stage. As he yanked her onto the dais, he called to the man who sat at a large illuminated console. "Give me some light," he said.

Within a couple of seconds a bright arc light illuminated the stage. Nikki blinked into the stark, bright light. Sonny clapped his hands, and the music died.

"This is Nikki, one of my hoes. She thinks all us brothers are black bastards," Sonny announced, pulling Nikki's raincoat from her shoulders and revealing her naked, grotesquely black-dyed flesh under the harsh light. "This is what happens to sluts with them racist views."

There was a ripple of applause and some delighted shouts from the gloom beyond the arc light. Nikki cowered back, but Sonny held her hand high and turned her round to better display her blackened body. "Now, if she knows what's good for her, she gonna dance for you all night, right here, just as she is. And if she's good, I might just let her wash that shit off tomorrow. If she's bad, then I'll have her blacked up

again, and the day after, and the day after, until she pays some respect.”

“Respect!” a male voice called, amidst the applause.

“Woot!”

“An’ when she scrubbed nice and white-assed again, I’ll be taking bookings for her tight little pussy. Just ask for Nikki!”

With that, the music started again, the arc light faded, and one single up-light illuminated Nikki. She tried to clear the ghost of the light from her vision.

“Dance, girl,” Sonny said.

Nikki hesitated.

“Best to dance, hun,” said Sandra, standing to the side and holding the raincoat. “It’s only for one night, after all.”

With a sigh, Nikki began to move to the insistent beat of the music. She continued to dance that way, naked, illuminated on the dais, until 3am in the morning, with only one can Coke for refreshment. At the end of the evening, Sandra was nowhere to be seen - presumably working some john or other. She sighed and grabbed the raincoat and hurried off into the dark night, trudging wearily up the hill towards her home.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Scrubbing and tattooing

The next day, Sandra and her mother Mary arrived at Nikki's home just after 9 o'clock. Nikki answered the door, looking like a hag from hell. Her hair was greasy and unkempt, and although she had tried to wash it off with limited success, black boot polish still stained and streaked her skin, creating a kind of zebra pattern.

"Oh, my God!" Mary said, pushing into the house, carrying a plastic shopping bag full of items. "I'd forgot what it looked like when Sonny does that to a woman."

"He's done it before?" Sandra asked, closing the door and pushing Nikki on ahead.

"Yes, he did it to me once. It took me a week to get it all off. Best get her in the bath and see what we can do to clean her up before her appointment. Sonny's will be coming for her before eleven."

Nikki allowed herself to be ushered to the small bathroom, built into the ground floor extension of the little terraced house. Mary immediately took off her coat, rolled up her sleeves and stooped over the bath to turn on the taps.

"What appointment?" she asked, as Mary added copious quantities of washing-up liquid to the splashing water. "Why is Sonny coming here again?"

"Your tattoo, silly," Sandra said. "Sonny told you about it."

"No! I told him, no."

Mary laughed, looking over her shoulder as she swirled her hand around the water in the bath tub. "Best not tell him no, Nikki. He gets mean when you do that."

"But I hate tattoos."

"Don't be silly, dear. We've all got one," Mary said, hiking her dress up over her backside, revealing an expanse of white flesh above her stockings and the bulging cheek of her bottom, where the word 'I Love Sonny' was clearly tattooed across a heart, but with the S shown as a dollar sign. She reached back to smack the quivering white flesh, saying: "See? That was done when I was sweet for Sonny and first started working for him. And Sandra went and got three tattoos for him. Show her, Sandy."

Sandra lifted her left foot and placed it on the rolled edge of the bath tub. A green dollar sign was tattooed on her ankle, entwined with a red rose. "That's one of them," she said, lowering her foot. She opened the top buttons of her blouse and pulled it aside. "And this is really one tattoo, not two... I keep telling mum that, but she doesn't listen," she said, pushing her bra lower, revealing a tattoo on her left breast that said 'White', and then another on her right one that said, '\$lut'.

"My God!" Nikki breathed. She had seen the tattoo on Sandra's ankle before, of course, but had no idea that the other degrading marks had been placed on her.

"The dollar sign is Sonny's symbol," Mary said, pulling her own dress back into place. "He always marks his girls that way, and you'll be no different. Sonny spent some time in the States, bless him, until they deported him, and he's still nostalgic for it. Get your nightie off, dear, and jump into this bath while it's nice and hot."

"I won't be tattooed," Nikki said, pulling off the baggy tee-shirt that she used for a night dress.

"Look dear," Mary said, not unkindly, as Nikki stepped into the foaming water, "you'd better make your mind up... like it or not, you're going to get tattooed, one way or another. If you cooperate, who knows, you might even be able to choose what kind of tat you get and where you get it."

"The rose and dollar on the ankle is nice," Sandra said. "I'd choose that. The one across my tits was a punishment tat, after I'd upset Sonny. He does that kind of thing. So best not make him mad, or there's no saying what he'll do to you. Tracy's got a tattoo on her neck, right at the side. She hates it."

Mary was rummaging into the plastic bag, producing a bundle of sponge pan scourers, usually reserved for washing dishes, and various bottles of detergent and cleaning products. She read the label of one of the containers and wrinkled her nose in doubt. "Not too sure about this heavy bleach," she said. "It might burn. Let's start with washing up liquid first, and see if that works."

She tore the cellophane wrapper from the pack of scouring pads, and squirted the washing-up liquid onto the sponge of one of them. When she began to rub Nikki's skin, though, Mary used the rough side

of, causing her skin to tingle. In the meantime, Sandra began to lavishly apply cold cream onto Nikki's face.

An hour and a half later, when Nikki eventually stepped from the bath tub, most of the black dye had been scrubbed off, and her skin was pink with the abrasion.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Tattooist

“Best wear a loose frock that you can lift up,” Sandra advised as Nikki searched for something to wear. “Otherwise, you might end up stripping everything off.”

Mary sighed in exasperation, and she said: “For God’s sake hurry and get dressed. If Sonny arrives before you’re ready, he’ll very likely take you to the tattoo parlour as you are.”

That was enough to galvanise Nikki into action. It was a good thing, too, for the deep sound of a car horn sounded, just as she was finishing. Sandra and Mary, one on each of her arms, as if afraid she might bolt, led her to the black Lexus car that waited with its engine running in the grimy little street. Sonny was alone in the car for once, and he waved for Nikki to sit in the front passenger seat.

“Did you get that black shit off you like I said?” he asked, as if it had been her fault that it got there in the first place.

Nikki didn’t answer but merely glowered with deep resentment as Mary and Sandra climbed into the rear seats.

“I got most of it off, Sonny,” Mary said. “There are still some marks round her tender bits, but they’ll wear off in time.”

Sonny eased the car forward and it glided through the side streets. He took a circuitous route to the tattoo parlour, driving round the back streets and slowing down each time he passed a working girl waiting for incoming punters, checking her out, and waving. The tattooist had a shop in a run-down but colourful ethnic quarter of the town, flanked by an Indian take-away and an Afro-Caribbean hairdressing salon. The tattoo parlour added to the cheerful seediness, with its opaque red glass window emblazoned with a lurid picture of a cartoon animal leaping out of a yellow ‘kepow’ splash. Sonny strolled across the pavement, ‘high-fiving’ a passing black man, and waiting for Nikki before he pushed the shop door open and nudged her inside.

“My man, Beast,” Sonny said to the skinny, grey-haired, grey-stubbled man who sat behind a table, reading a paperback novel. “I’ve brought you my latest acquisition for suitable marking.”

“Yeah, I’ve been expecting you, Sonny.” The man put his book down and glanced appraisingly at Nikki.

“The usual fee, Beast?”

The man called Beast looked anything but a beast, although he did have a strange unworldly appearance. His long grey hair was pulled back in a straggly pony-tail, fastened with an elastic band. His face was unmarked by ink, except for a single faded red star, right in the middle of his forehead, an inch or so above the bridge of his nose. However, every other inch of visible skin seemed to be covered by tattoos: his neck, chest, arms... He wore a white singlet, exposing and emphasising the skinniness of his much-tattooed arms. He took a sheet of paper from a stack on the table, and again glanced at Nikki, his eyes sweeping from head to foot, and he said, “Yes, the usual fee, I suppose, depending on what you want done.”

Sonny smiled and turned to Nikki, reaching down to lift the hem of her dress high. “Plenty of blank white canvas to work on,” he said.

“I’ve got a nice tat on my ankle,” Sandra offered, pushing her foot forward to display it. “That would be nice for Nikki too.”

“Oh, I thought about a couple of dollar signs, one curling round each nipple,” Sonny said.

“No!”

“Or a dollar emerging from her pussy?”

“Please, Sonny...”

Sonny raised the hem of her dress higher, exposing her left buttock, and he looked down at it with some thought. “Where would you like Beast to put the mark.”

“On my ankle,” Nikki said, and on hearing Sonny’s low chuckle she immediately realised that he had tricked her into volunteering for the tattoo.

“Your ankle. Not on your tits?”

“No, not on my tits.”

After long seconds, he said, "You're going to have to give me a good reason to allow your request? You going to behave yourself in future, Nikki?."

"Yes," she whispered.

"What did you say? I didn't quite hear you."

"I said, yes, I'll behave," she said, louder this time.

He nodded and released the hem of her dress. "Very well. Ask Beast to put the mark on your ankle, and ask him nicely."

"Would you tattoo my ankle, please," Nikki asked the pony-tailed man.

Beast nodded and placed the form and a ball-point pen on the table, saying, "Sign the consent form. Name, address, date of birth... Have you got any proof of age?"

"For fuck's sake," Sonny sighed. "You want me to take my business somewhere else, Beast?"

"I have to check. I ain't risking tattooing no minors."

"I've got a new driving licence," Nikki said quickly, reaching for her bag, anxious not to give Sonny a reason to trail her off to another tattooist in a worse mood. She gave the licence to Beast and then hurriedly filled-in the consent form. "Is that all I need to do?"

Beast nodded. "This way, he said, leading her to the back room.

It was a painful session, with the needle working just above the ankle bone without much flesh padding, but Beast proved a very adept and quick worker. As Sonny and the two women looked on, the skinny-limbed man applied the indelible design, and Nikki cried softly to herself. Beast then stood back, laid down his needle gun, and snapped off his latex gloves, gesturing to Sonny. "All finished," he said.

Sonny peered at the result and nodded. "Good job, my man. If she don't behave, she'll be back later for bigger mark," he said, turning and leaving. "She'll pay your fee."

Sandra and Mary followed Sonny, and Sandra paused at the door to give a small wave. Beast applied a piece of gauze over the marked area, and he then wrapped a bandage round her ankle.

"I don't have any money to pay you," Nikki said, wiping her eyes.

Beast seemed surprised by that, but he shrugged and walked to lock the door. "Me and Sonny have an arrangement," he said, unbuckling his belt and dropping his jeans and shorts to reveal a long cock that had a blue tattoo of barbed wire around it's shaft. "I can tell him he has to pay cash, of course, but it's probably best for you not to give him a reason to bring you back here. Are you brand new to this life?"

Nikki glanced at his cock, and suddenly realised how he had acquired his Beast nickname. She thought of the awful tattoos on Sandra's breasts as he stood in front of her, holding the flaccid cock. She sighed, and said, "No, I'm not new to it."

She slid from the chair and onto her knees to take the penis into her mouth. When he was fully erect, Beast pulled back and gave her a condom. "Do you know how to fit one of these with your mouth?" he asked.

"No," Nikki said.

"Good time to learn. You pinch the tip between your lower lip and the gums below your front teeth. With your tongue press the reservoir tip against the tip of my dick to get all the air out. Push downward in one stroke, using your lips to push the condom on. Be careful not to bite..."

With a gulp, Nikki did as she was instructed. She surprised herself when it went on incredible easily, and she managed to take him deeply so that the condom was fully fitted. Once she had accomplished this, Beast wasted not time. He merely turned her round onto her hands and knees, flipped her dress up, yanked her thong aside, and thrust his big cock into her pussy. He rammed away for no more than three minutes before grunting his orgasm.

"You want to be careful with old Sonny," he said as he got dressed. "He uses tattoos as a punishment. He's brought girls here for all kinds of things to be drawn on their bodies."

"You always do what he says?" she asked, climbing to her feet.

"The girls always ask, just like you did, and they always sign my consent forms. I got no choice, just like you." He paused to rummage on a shelf and then gave her a small cake of wrapped soap and a tube of salve. "Take the bandage off in about an hour. If the gauze sticks to skin, wet the area with Luke warm water. Once the tat is exposed, wash it carefully in warm water, using only your fingers to rub on the soap. That will get rid of all the surface blood. Pat it dry with a clean paper towel and put a thin layer of Tattoo Goo on it. Do that three times a day and it'll be healed in no time."

“Thank you.”

“Don’t pick or peel the skin away, let it fall off naturally. No direct sunlight, sun beds, swimming or bath tub for two weeks. Come back if it gets infected. Now fuck off. Hookers are bad for my business image.”

Nikki cried softly as she walked all the way home, feeling herself to be a marked whore, quite literally.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

Nikki is sold

The black Lexus car drew up alongside Nicola as she walked down the street. There was a slight hiss as the passenger window slid smoothly down. Sonny, his ebony features seeming to fade into the interior, leaned over. "Get in me car, woman."

The Jamaican patois was thick and contrived, as usual.

"What?"

"Someone wants to see you."

"Who?"

"I'm telling, not asking," he said, the ominous threat dragging on his voice. "Get in me Legsus."

Nicola gulped. She looked round in desperation, but knew there would be little help to be found there. Sonny virtually controlled that part of the neighbourhood. Finally, reluctantly, she opened the door and climbed into the car. "I have to go to see my mother and collect my son," she said weakly.

"Fasten your seatbelt."

She obeyed, wriggling uncomfortably in the seat. He turned the music up to a thudding bass beat and drove the car slowly past a couple of his girls who stood on a street corner, making sure they had seen him before gathering speed.

"Where are you taking me?"

"To a gym. You have to work out."

"What? I'm hardly dressed for that."

"No."

He drove on through the back streets, out of the town and towards the motorway where he headed north. He turned off the motorway at a junction some way short of Leeds, and drove towards a small town. He pulled up in the car park of a supermarket on the outskirts. Sonny led her towards the supermarket entrance, but instead of going into the shop they went up a flight of steps on the side of the building. The gymnasium seemed to take the entire floor above the supermarket. It was closed (perhaps the place had never ever opened, because it seemed very new). When Sonny rapped on the glazed double doors, a young black man came and opened up. "Him a mean fucker and him growing tired of waiting, man," he said anxiously.

"It's cool, Winston. Relax. Him gonna like this punaani."

Sonny thrust Nicola on ahead, past the untended reception desk and into a changing room lined with rows of wooden benches and metal lockers. "Get undressed," he said. "Move you raas-clot."

"What shall I wear?"

"You don't need clothes." When she blinked and hesitated, he added: "You want I get Winston to strip you down, girl?" Nicola gulped but hurriedly took off her coat and kicked off her shoes. She removed her frock and dropped it onto the wooden bench seat, leaving her standing in black bra and knickers. Sonny eyed her for long seconds, waiting, before shaking his head. "Winston," he shouted.

"Yo?" the younger man answered, walking into the changing room.

"Undress the lady."

"No," Nicola said, as the younger man started forward.

However, it was too late. Winston unbuckled and whipped off his leather belt in one easy movement, and he kept it moving in a blur, flicking it back and forth across her belly, thighs and breasts. She squealed in pain and darted away, fleeing down the aisle between the lockers with the agile Winston in hot pursuit, continually belabouring her with the belt.

"Alright, I'll take them off," she screeched, reaching behind for the clip of the bra as she tried to run away from the stinging belt. She flung the bra aside as she darted round the row of lockers, only to find Sonny blocking her way. When she turned back in panic, the flat of the belt slapped across her bared breasts, making her dart blindly through an adjacent door to escape. However, Nicola dashed into the large main area of the gym, running wildly, dodging in and out of the exercise equipment, yelping each time the belt caught her as Winston kept after her in close pursuit. She was aware that there were other men there too, and she circled around them, herded by the stinging strap that kept her running. Yet her

mind had absorbed the scene. All of the men were black, and their undoubted leader was a small, extravagantly dressed, bespectacled man, wearing a lot of gold jewellery, and ostentatiously sporting an expensive astrakhan coat over a sharp suit, and a pair of brown and beige correspondent shoes. The other two appeared more like bodyguards or henchmen.

“Master Garvey, sah,” Sonny said, moving forward with his hand outstretched, smiling broadly as the near-naked Nicola was chased around the gymnasium.

“You’re late, Sonny.”

“I had to wait for the pussy getting a tattoo,” Sonny said, gesturing towards the squealing, scampering Nicola. “That is Nikki, nearly-new peanut butter. See them nice firm titties, hardly bouncing?”

“Nice pussy,” the astrakhan-clad man agreed, gazing at her as she ran desperately to evade the stinging leather.

“Aiii, she fine punaani, Mr Garvey,” Sonny agreed. He called out: “Winston, stop that now.”

When Winston stopped chasing Nicola he was barely breathing heavily. However, Nicola was gasping hard, and she stooped over and grasped nearby wall bars for support. Yet the belt curled out to catch her thighs again, making her start. “Get them panties off, white girl,” Winston hissed.

“Alright. Alright! Just stop fucking hitting me,” Nicola gasped, hurriedly pushing the knickers down over her thighs and stepping out of them.

When she was naked, Sonny snapped his fingers. “Come here, Nikki. Show yourself to Master Garvey.”

She gulped and moved to stand beside the sinister looking man. Her pert breasts rose and fell quickly with her heavy breathing. Sonny reached to smack Nicola’s bottom sharply, whipping the flesh with his fingertips and making her squeal again. “Move your backside quick next time, girl.”

“Why the bandage on her ankle, Sonny?”

“I told you, sah. She’s just been tattooed this morning.”

Mr Garvey nodded and beckoned Nikki with his forefinger. Sonny pushed her forward. She stepped towards the man nervously but Mr Garvey continued to beckon until she stood so close to him that his coat tickled against her bare belly and she could smell his after-shave. His forefinger remained pointed upwards, but then, to her horror, he lowered his hand and pushed the finger between her thighs, probing the lips and thrusting up into her cunt.

“Squeeze,” he said, blinking at her through his thick spectacles. It was an unnecessary order, because her pussy flesh clamped instinctively around the invading finger. “Nice. Nice and tight,” he said.

“Aiii, fine punaani,” Sonny said again.

“I will buy her from you,” Mr Garvey said. “She will fit in well.”

“Nah, I just want a lease arrangement, Master Garvey. It’d be good for her to work away from home for some time, but I want her back. I’ve just had my mark put on her leg, after all.”

“Alright, alright,” Garvey said reasonably, manoeuvring his hand in such a way that his small finger insinuated into Nikki’s anus, making her squirm, doubly pierced. “How would it be if I buy her, but give you first option when I sell her on. Shall we say in six months time? How is that for you, Sonny?”

Sonny considered the matter for a few seconds. Then a broad white smile, highlighted in gold, broke out on his ebony features. “Aii, Master Garvey,” he said, offering his hand. “You’ve bought yourself a new white whore.”

Nicola gasped, wriggling slightly on Mr Garvey’s finger. It hadn’t even occurred to her that she was being offered for sale. She wasn’t Sonny’s property to sell, after all. But she realised that it was true: she was a white whore and she had been sold!

THE END