

# **CONVICT'S CAPTIVE**

# **THE STREETS OF LOREDO**

## **BOOK FIVE**

**By**  
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## CHAPTER ONE

Special Agent Linda Kramer, her FBI training still fully at work, was listening carefully to the men behind her. She recognized the voices easily. The spicy tenor was her owner, Sr. Morales. She had come to know his voice well over the past few months. She had heard it virtually every day since she had become his property. Its sound made a chill go down her spine since she associated it with the vile, cruel abuse she had been receiving at his hands, or if not at his hands, at his direction or with his consent.

The other voice she knew too. It was that man, Ike, the leader of the Alamogordo Rogues. The memory of the royal fucking he had given her when she was a prisoner at the Rogues' hideout in New Mexico was still very fresh in her mind. He had been cruel and insistent and demanding and brutal.

It was a horrid experience, something that her FBI training had left her totally unprepared for. For, to her eternal dismay, she had found that her pussy had responded to his assault like it had never responded before in her life. She had screamed with pleasure as she came again and again as his cock ravaged her canal. He had bound her into cruel immobility and had debauched her through three or four orgasms. She thought it was four, but there was hardly any space between three and four so she really didn't know if she should count them as one or two. The inability to move virtually a muscle in her body while wave after wave of disabling convulsions emanated from her quim had pushed her to the outer limits of sanity.

He had ravaged her rear passage, a travail that she had never expected to have to endure. But even that had produced a radiation of passion inducing sensations that flowed all through her. And he had used her mouth like a cunt, kneeling over her and plunging his cock down her throat. When he came, he jetted his copious spume all over her face.

A shudder went through her body at the thought that he might use her again. Her belly turned sour. Sr. Morales was bad enough. And she had to fuck his men too. But none of them fucked like Ike and she never wanted to go through that again.

Although the two men were maybe, at most, 30 or 40 feet away from her, she couldn't see them. She couldn't see anything except for

what her peripheral vision could pull in since she couldn't move her head, only her eyes. It was where she spent many hours of her days, when Sr. Morales was not using her, or when he hadn't loaned her out to one of his friends.

She was in the spacious receiving room of Sr. Morales' luxurious hacienda. It was just opposite the main entrance to the house. She was mounted on her knees to a steel frame that held her virtually motionless. Her knees were spread and strapped in. Her hands were bound and tied off to the base of the frame by straps that held her arms straight out behind her. Her back was up against an adjustable padded frame that pressed into her and forced her plentiful breasts out, proffering them to passersby. The ring in the back of the golden metal collar that she wore was locked into a little slot that kept her stretched out tall on her knees. A padded metal framework extended out to either side of her face, just at the jaw line. It was adjustable and every day, when she was placed in it, the jaws of the device were screwed tight against her cheeks. There was only so much play in it as she could slide her face left and right maybe an inch or two each way.

They adorned her with a well-polished, brown leather gag with a long, thick prong that kept her jaws separated and her tongue sickeningly depressed. On the front shield there was burned in and then painted and varnished, like a brand, the coat of arms of the Casa de Morales. Its traditional historic Spanish counterpart had been adapted for local use. At its top, set against a background of curving, flowing, grey and slate blue flourishes, was a silver Conquistador's helmet facing right. Beneath that was a shield. The top of the shield was divided into four quadrants. The upper right and lower left contained the colors of the Mexican flag, green, white and red set horizontally. In the opposite quadrants, instead of the traditional green trees, were silver mailed fists set on a yellow background. Beneath the shield was a blood red banner with the words *muerte a enemigos* inscriptive, black letters, "death to enemies".

The Morales' adopted coat of arms could be seen everywhere on the Morales' estate. It was on the elegant dinnerware used for formal parties. It was mounted over the main doorway to the house. Sr. Morales wore a large, diamond studded signet ring with the coat of arms in the middle. A large, 10' by 30' flag flew on a flagpole outside the house with the coat of arms mounted on a field of yellow. It was on virtually everything that he owned. And, to Linda's dismay, it had been tattooed onto her lower belly, just above her crevasse.

That would not have been too bad, if that was all there was, since, once she won her freedom, it would be usually out of sight. Linda had not yet given up on the idea of freedom. In fact, it was something she was holding onto with all of her being, as slim as that possibility seemed. No, there was more.

On her chest, extending over her sizable breasts were engraved two large, old fashioned revolvers pointed in opposite directions diagonally, up towards her shoulders. Their handles abutted each other just at the point of her cleavage. They were finely etched and very detailed, down to the gun sights on the end of the barrels and reddish brown wooden grips. Underneath the barrels and extending onto the tops of her breasts, covering her lower chest, were jumbles of dark green cocoa leaves. Between the pistols, above them, was a large, dark red rose, its petals in full bloom, sharp, pointed, bloody thorns on its stem, which distended down between her breasts down just below her sternum. Written in scriptive black on a three part banner over the large rose were the words, "*Esclava de la Casa de Morales*", Slave of the House of Morales. Underneath the jumbled together cocoa leaves, running up over the tops of her breasts, arching over her nipples, were the words, in 2" script, "*Mi Deber Es*" on her right breast and, on her left, "*Su Placer*". My duty is your pleasure.

Now that would be hard to hide in a bathing suit, never mind what some future lover might think of it.

Sr. Morales was very proud of the work done by his resident artist and always showed her off to new visitors. He had given the artist *carte blanche* with the rest of her body and he had, so far, filled up both her arms with colorful eagles and jaguars, rattlesnakes and other strange, mythical animals and weird hieroglyphic-like Aztec icons all amidst verdant lines of multicolored leafy growth. He had started work on her legs and had traced out, but not yet filled in, the faces and bodies of two luxuriant, naked women, one on the inside of each thigh, facing each other. Linda had seen the drawing the wiry, phlegmatic, tubercular old man was working off. The women had long, full tresses, the one on the left with hair as black as coal, and on the right with fiery red locks that would make any Irishwoman proud. Their lips were pursed and all of their anatomical parts were displayed. Their hands were in their pussies. The way the design was laid out, when the artistry was completed, the women would give each other a passionate kiss just under her pudenda every time she put her thighs together.

That was another one that would be hard to disguise at the beach.

He had already completed her back, although she had never seen it and didn't know what was there. All she knew was that the men were always very impressed with it and often laughed when it was shown to them.

But it was what he had done to her face that, naturally, bothered her the most. He had shaved back her beautiful blond tresses about six inches. Starting narrow and pointed at her chin with a small gap between them, two curving swaths of blood red ink covered her cheeks, running just above her jaw line, up and over her eyes. They met at a thin point just above her nose, forming the outline of a large heart. Her eyebrows had been shaved off the better to accommodate it. In the middle of her cheeks, extending in the middle of her upper lip, the swath of red jutted out on each side to a graceful point forming an incomplete outline of her mouth.

Extending past what used to be her hair line, he had tattooed two thick curving lines of dark blue emanating from just above her ears and meeting like a sharp widow's peak in the middle of her forehead. A permanent dye had been used to outline her eyes, kohl-like, making them seem dark and brooding, and her lips had been injected with Botox and then etched with a bright red ink that left them permanently gleaming and sensual. Below each eye in bright blue the man had drawn a large teardrop. Just enough of her silky, light golden hair had been preserved so that it could be pulled behind her head into a thick, two foot long braid, a convenient handhold when Sr. Morales was fucking her mouth.

All in all, she was a grotesque mess and with every little pin prick of the tattoo needle her hopes of restoration to a normal life ebbed away. She had resisted of course, twisted and turned and screeched and wailed, in the beginning, each time she was strapped into the tattoo artist's frame. But he made short work of that, having worked on quite a number of Sr. Morales' sluts. Once she had been strapped in, he slipped a lubricated torpedo like metal prong into her crevasse. It was connected to a wire that led to a switch by his foot. Whenever Linda had gotten the notion to struggle and frustrate his intents, all he had to do was to tap on the switch with his toe and the torpedo would send an excruciating pulse of electricity into her cavern, making her jump and howl with pain. She quickly learned to lay still and let him have his way with her.

When he was done with her for the day, he would free her from the frame, order her to her knees and collect her oral obeisance, making

her work him slow and easy for a half hour or more before he let himself discharge within her.

An increasingly debilitating despondency grew within her. Nonetheless, with the slim hope that she would find freedom and that some scrap of conversation, some unguarded statement, might disclose some secret that would help her bring this whole evil empire down, she kept her ears sharp and, to the extent possible, her mind alert.

The big guy was doing most of the talking. Their conversation seemed a little heated. Like most men prone to conspiracy, their tone was low. Every once in a while she discerned a word or phrase. "Slut" was one of them. "Fucking FBI" was another. There were several phrases in Spanish that she didn't know. They were talking about some deal they were thinking of making with someone big, someone powerful and they were trying to decide what their price would be.

They just seemed to be getting to the heart of the matter when one of the ubiquitous, dark brown skinned serving girls came by. She, like the others, was young and attractive. Like the others, she had long, thick, loose black hair that framed a smooth, well featured face.

She was wearing the uniform of the house, a low cut bright red pullover blouse that revealed her well sized breasts down to the tops of her areolas, and a long, loose black skirt that gathered at her waist and ran down to her ankles. It was split in half in the front and the back so it could be moved aside to grant access to the treasures that were hidden within, just as the bodice of the stretchy top could be pulled down to reveal, *in toto*, the girl's naked breasts. The girls were often ordered to present themselves with their breasts exposed in this way when in other than polite company. Her face was skillfully painted, her eyes darkly accented, her lips decorated to match her blouse. Her fingernails, while kept uniformly short to prevent scratching and clawing when she was used or being tied to a whipping post, were painted as well, as were the nails on her toes. She wore no shoes.

Every three hours or so during the day, without fail, wherever she was, unless in actual use, *Señora* Imelda, the monster-like, brutish ruler of all domestic affairs in the household, would send out one of the young, pretty maids to find her. Her task, to which Linda, who they now called Lupe, was ordered upon pain of harsh punishment to submit, was to bring the colorfully decorated slave girl to orgasm, so that she could have a constant reminder of her now primary function and to keep her attuned to the need to be ever sexually ready and available.

It was an ordeal to which Lupe was loath to endure. Rather, as one might think, than satiate her natural sexual drive, one tempered by the continuous rude use she was prone to, the practice had the effect of magnifying her sexual needs to the point where, by now, they were ever laying just beneath the surface. An hour or two would pass, and Linda, cum Lupe, would sense a gnawing feeling emerging from her loins.

If she were mounted, as she was now, and was most days between 9 o'clock till noon and between 4 and 7 in the early evening, a kind of hunger would develop within her and she would unconsciously pull and strain at her bindings. If caged in one of the various confinements around the house, she would find herself rubbing her thighs together or laying back with her legs spread, thrusting her pussy into the air.

She could never touch it herself, you see. That was strictly forbidden and produced the cruelest retributions if discovered. But, luckily for her, her hands were rarely, if ever, free, and so the yearning she would feel to slip her fingers between her lubricating folds, to worry the itchy little nubbin at their apex, would be forestalled from producing anything more than a deep, needy sigh or groan.

The girl stopped in front of her. It was the one they called Inez. There was no way of telling whether it was her original name or not. She almost never got to talk to the girls, or to anyone for that matter. Sra. Imelda had punished her very hard for trying to talk several times when she had first become a slave here. She had broken her of the habit very quickly.

Inez seemed to delight in this special duty. Linda/Lupe felt a chill go through her as she realized what she was in for. Couldn't she wait just a few more minutes? She wanted to hear what the men were saying. It was important, it really was! "Goaway! Go away!" she thought. "Please go away!"

Linda/Lupe peered at the girl with distressed eyes. Being played with like some kind of animal that needed treatment every few hours deeply disturbed her. And she needed to be thinking about more than just sex half the time. She needed to keep her wits about her. The girl stepped closer to her. "Mmmmmmmmm!" Lupe moaned. "Please don't do it! Please!" she thought.

The girl had a sardonic smile on her face. Some of the girls acted on her with reluctance and sympathy, performing their duties nonetheless. But Inez got enjoyment out of tormenting someone who was a level or two below her in the hierarchy of the hacienda. Lupe

existed these days on a level only just slightly higher than an animal. The maids, although as much slaves as she was, they all wore black leather collars and bracelets and all had the family crest emblazoned on their bellies, were still considered primarily human. They were there to work and clean and serve the meals, but those were only subsidiary duties. They also, and primarily, for if it were otherwise why recruit only these lovely and docile young women to the job, served as whores for Sr. Morales' men.

It often drove Sra. Imelda to distraction because, after all, she had a household to run, but any of the Master's men could come by at any time and waylay one of the maids from her household duties, taking her there and then, on the spot, or leading her upstairs to one of the bedrooms where he could abuse and torment her for hours. Or she could be summoned over to the brothel Sr. Morales maintained for his friends and guests, and be gone for the rest of the day, or even the week. Some of the girls never came back, having been converted into now full time whores, or even sold off to one of the generals or other wealthy and powerful men who frequented it.

As a result, there were often new 18 or 19 year old peasant girls, weepy and sullen things torn from their homes in whatever small village they had grown up in. Sra. Imelda treated them liberally with the whip until they lost their sorrowful mien and devolved into the accepting, though morose, attitude that their sister maids all seemed to have. The first time these recently virginal young women were ordered to make Lupe "dance" as they liked to call it, Sra. Imelda would stand over them, riding crop in hand and give them instruction. It usually only took a few blows of the crop to encourage the girls to enthusiasm for their duty. Within the week, they would be like pros at it.

Some of the girls seemed to grow to enjoy this task, cooing and whispering sweet sounding Spanish phrases in her ear, laughing and giggling when she roared out her passions as she came. Sometimes they came in pairs, giggling and teasing each other, combining their efforts. Every once in a while, Sra. Imelda would toss one of the girls naked into her cage together with a vibrating strap-on and order her to fuck her. Some of the girls didn't seem to mind and carried out that task with an enthusiasm Linda/Lupe regretted.

Of course, Linda/Lupe had early on realized that they were putting something in her food. She had never been so easily brought to climax nor had the soul twisting urges that she had been having. The first time she had been ordered to her knees, her arms bound behind her, to eat



from the large metal doggie dish they had for her, Lupe had refused. What followed was three days of utter and relentless torment. They had a little corrugated steel hot box in the back of the hacienda and she was thrown into it. During the late afternoons, after the sun had been beating down on it all day, the temperature often got above 120 degrees.

Every few hours, Sra. Imelda would have her dragged out and beaten. They would force feed her some kind of mush, a ring gag in her mouth and a tube passed down to her belly, and then bind her up and throw her back in. After the three days, she was brought back to the kitchen and the doggie bowl was again placed down before her. Sobbing dolefully, she ate everything in it and then, while Sra. Imelda stood over her, licked it clean.

So by the time she finally figured out that they were putting something in her food to accelerate her passions, any thought that she would refuse to eat had long ago passed her mind. She never wanted to go back to that little room again.

Inez had come to within inches of her now. She pressed her young body up against Lupe's, mashing their breasts together. She leaned over and, while stroking her shoulders with her soft hands, gave her little kisses that climbed above the shield to her gag, over her forehead and down again. She breathed deeply into her ears, her hot breath making Lupe shudder. And then she whispered to her in a hoarse voice, "*Voy a hacerte venir, Lupe, como la puta que eres.*" I'm going to make you come, Lupe, like the whore that you are.

The girl lifted her breasts gently and began to massage them. She paid particular attention to the nipples, tweaking and pulling on them. When she leaned down and took one of her nipples in her mouth, Lupe released a sigh. She stiffened her body and tried, futilely to shake her chest to fling the tantalizing lips from her teat. She could only move slightly in either direction. She had tried this many times, all unsuccessful, of course, but it seemed, somewhat, to assuage her shame and humiliation at the involuntary passion that the insistent lips produced.

As Inez suckled her left teat, her right hand caressed and massaged her right breast. Her left hand slid softly up and down her side, gliding over her hip, running up and down her torso, over her thigh. When she shifted her lips to her right teat, the hands shifted duty. It didn't take long for Lupe to issue an unhappy groan of incipient lust. The pretty

young girl leaned back, her hands squeezing and massaging Lupe's breasts and give her a lugubrious smile.

"¿Te gusta?" she asked her. "¿Te gusta puta de la chingada?" "You like it, you fucking slut?"

These sessions always brought on the girl's passions too and today was no exception. With a look of abandon in her eyes, Inez pulled down the front of her top until her breasts popped out. They were firm and ripe, like two overfilled balloons. She pressed them against Lupe's chest, mingling their mammaries, while encircling her torso with her arms. "Mmmmmmmmmmm," she hummed. "¡Me gusta, Lupe! ¡Me haces sentir tan caliente!" "You make me so hot!"

She released her and bent her head down against to suckle her breasts. This time, her delicate hand floated down over Lupe's belly, grazing the skin provocatively, skidding over the bold tattoo, and captured her quim.

Lupe released an anguished sounding sigh as the heat of the girl's hand enflamed her purse. She closed her eyes, the better to savor the sensation. Something had taken over her and the idea of following the conspiratorial conversation behind her just slipped from her mind.

Inez worked her breasts and her quim energetically. From time to time, she would press their breasts together again and whisper bold, impassioned statements in her ear. Lupe was getting hotter and hotter, writhing in her bonds, her thighs twitching.

And then she heard a voice, a man's voice. She knew that voice. It was no longer behind her, but was right in front of her. Her eyes flashed open. Ike and Sr. Morales were standing in front of her, leering at her. Inez had heard the voice too and she had pulled back to see its source, rising to her feet. When she saw Sr. Morales there and the tall, broad shouldered gringo, she flushed with embarrassment. Her breasts were still hanging over her blouse. Her nipples were taut with her passion and her chest and cheeks were flush. When she saw Sr. Morales, as according to house custom, she hung her head down, casting her gaze at his fine leather boots, plucked out the sides of her skirt and curtsied gracefully. "Saludos, maestro. ¿En que puedo servile?" she asked him deferentially. Greetings, master, how may I serve you?

Sr. Morales gave her a princely nod in response and returned his attention to the *gringa*.

"Hello, little FBI lady," Ike said in his deep, rasping voice to Lupe. "Remember me?"

All the fear she had experienced when she had first detected his voice behind her came rushing back. A chill went through her and her belly soured. And the fact that he should see her like this, all mounted and hot, chagrined her. Her body tried to twist and turn in her confinements, but to no avail.

“Cat got your tongue?” Ike asked, grinning. He was a big as she remembered him and his face was as cruel and hard looking as she had recalled as well. He had stony features, like they were etched into rock and his black eyes were as dead as a shark’s.

Ike turned to Sr. Morales. “I like what you’ve done with her. She’s such a hot slut! You should have seen her when I fucked her back home. She was as wild as a hog at feeding time.”

“*Si*,” Sr. Morales replied. “My men tell me the same thing. Someone, somewhere taught her her skills very well. You can fuck her if you want.”

“Maybe later,” Ike responded. He looked at Inez. “But we interrupted something here.” Inez’s bare breasts were swaying and trembling with her nervousness. “What’s going on?” he asked the girl. “¿*Que pasa?*”

The girl looked up at him and then at Sr. Morales. She hadn’t understood the English, but the Spanish was perfectly clear. She gave her explanation to Sr. Morales *en Español*. He translated for the mammoth sized biker.

Ike laughed. “Sounds like a good idea to me,” he said. “So, tell her to get back to work. I wanna see this cunt come.”

Sr. Morales passed on Ike’s ‘request’ to the girl. She curtsied, released a soft whine and then knelt down in front of Lupe once more.

While the two callous men watched, Inez kissed and suckled at Lupe’s teats while her free hand caressed her belly, her thighs, her hips, and then returned to her purse. Lupe’s pussy was drenched with her juices and Inez slipped two fingers inside her, drawing them back and forth, while she worried her plump, hard love bud with her thumb.

It didn’t take long for Linda’s lusts to arise again. She was desperate to fight them off, more desperate than usual because of the men’s hungry eyes feasting upon her. She closed her eyes to block them out, but she could still feel their eyes scouring her flesh. She had a vision of herself, the gag covering her mouth with its bright shield denoting her ownership, all the grotesque and lugubrious designs etched onto her body and her face, her bare breasts, her hairless mons, the Morales crest again that covered her lower belly, made a permanent

part of her. She cringed in self-pity. And then, as inevitably happened, the rising need for completion took hold of her. She forgot about her callous observers and her whole being concentrated on Inez's efforts to excite her.

That excitement flowed from her cleft upwards into her belly and then branched out all over her body. She tried to press her pussy against the hand that was agitating it, but that effort was stillborn. Due to being stretched out as high as she could go on her knees and her chest pressed forwards so prominently there was no play left for her to shift her hips. That fact seemed, to the amusement of the observers, to frustrate her and her moans turned into a little muted growls of resentment.

Through her excited fog she heard Ike's rough voice as he said something to Sr. Morales and them both laugh. She opened her eyes and saw theirs boring into her. "No! No! No! No!" she thought madly. "Not like this! Not like this!" She strained and pulled at her bonds now, desiring somehow, some way, to end the torment of her body.

Little Inez felt Lupe try and shift and turn and, sensing the fruition of her efforts, redoubled them. There was something exciting about driving the lustful *gringa* to passion in front of the men and she yearned to drop one of her hands to her itchy puss to give it a little scratch, but she operated under the same ukase as the *gringa* slut about self-pleasure, a rule she violated whenever she thought she could get away with it. She had been caught several times and was badly thrashed on each occasion. There was no way she would risk it with the master right there looking at her.

Linda/Lupe gave out a great moan of mixed pleasure and chagrin as she felt the wave building up inside her crevasse begin to crest. The little hand that was tormenting her was maddening. If only she could grab it and still it, if only for a few seconds! "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" she yelled inside her mind. She closed her eyes gain, jamming them shut. "Go away! Go away! Go away!" she tried to tell the burgeoning sensations in her puss.

And then it struck her. Her pussy commenced a series of sharp contractions. Each one delivered to her a wave of excruciating pleasure. She moaned and groaned and her whole body shivered. "I'm a slut, a whore, a slattern, a stupid, fucking cunt!" she thought madly as the unwanted and yet unrestrainable sensations poured through her. "Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm!" she moaned.

And then her pussy's spasms began to wind down. Inez, mercifully, as she sometimes did, did not push her to another climax. She continued to manipulate her pussy gently and give soft kisses to her teats though, until she had coaxed out from her every last, little shudder of passion.

Inez pulled herself back and then turned on her knees to the master, giving him a little bow signifying her completion of her duty. Lupe/Linda, her breath still coming deep and strong, her heart's rapid beats still pounding in her chest, slowly opened her eyes. They filled with tears as she saw the amused, smiling faces of the men. With the teardrops stenciled below her eyes she seemed, like some grotesque clown, always steeped in sorrow, but real ones now floated down her cheeks. She had a picture of herself in her mind, grotesque, obscene, debased. She had to escape these men somehow or she would eventually lose her mind, she knew that. But she was almost always chained to something. How would she ever do it?

And then she saw the lustful gleam in Ike's eyes. "No! No!" she thought. "Not him! Not him!" She heard him speak to Sr. Morales.

"Very nice!" he said. "Very impressive! It seems she finally found her true calling. She thought that she was an FBI agent when all the time there was inside her a whore waiting to get out."

Sr. Morales agreed. "She can do this eight or nine times a day," he said. "She's relentless in her cravings."

"Do you fuck her often?" Ike asked.

"I don't fuck her that often. I normally limit myself to the use of her mouth, but *mi amigos* tell me that her pussy grips them like a fist when she comes. Would you like to take her upstairs for a little *siesta*?"

For a few tortuous moments, Ike contemplated this. Lupe shuddered in fear. "No, don't! Please don't!" she thought desperately.

"Nawwww," Ike replied. "Not now. Maybe tonight. But this little strumpet here, now that's another issue."

"*Levantate!*" Sr. Morales barked to Inez. She had heard the men talking. She knew the English word for '*chingare*', to fuck. And she knew that the big man's attentions had been drawn to her. She rose unhappily to her feet. She was fucked repeatedly by Sr. Morales' men. There were a couple of them who had selected her as their favorite so that she seemed to be on her back on a mattress upstairs with her legs raised almost every night, sometimes all night, or once or twice a day, at least, or ordered to her knees wherever the men might find her and

either fucked right there in the middle of the living room, the entranceway, in the halls, the kitchen, wherever she happened to be, or fucked in the mouth rudely and without compunction.

She had learned to tolerate it, even achieve pleasure from it, in the nine months she had been a prisoner here. But this man, this *Norte Americano*, he seemed something different entirely. She didn't want to be fucked by him, not for all the *tamales* in Zacatecas, the city nearest to her native village, the one the hooded men had come from when they had kidnapped her and her two older sisters right in front of their whole family. God knows where they had gone!

She looked up at him forlornly, regretting that she had exposed her breasts and suffering the man's salacious gaze upon them. He was wearing a faded denim shirt and black dungarees with metal studs on them and heavy black boots. A quick glance downwards showed her his already stiffened tool outlined in his tight pants. It looked so big! And his hands! ¡*Mi Dios!* Like a bear's paws!

"*Sea mi huésped,*" Sr. Morales said graciously. "*Es poreso que ella está aquí.*" Be my guest. That's what she's here for.

"*Muy agradecido,*" Ike replied. He took hold of the ring in the girl's collar and pulled her to him. She gave out a little cry and he gave her a heavy slap. "Cut the shit, cumbucket!" he snarled. Inez released a woeful sob.

"Please don't hesitate to give her the whip," Sr. Morales said, shaking his head. "She needs to know her place."

"Don't worry about that," Ike replied. "And, *por favor*, think about what we were talking about."

"*Ciertamente,*" Sr. Morales returned.

Ike turned to head for the stairs that led upstairs to the bedrooms. He had shifted his grip to the hair at the back of Inez's head and had her bent over. She was trying to suppress her squeals of pain and unhappiness. His long, determined strides forced her to scurry after him. She didn't know much English, but she knew the word for 'whip'. A deep, dreadful chill had formed in her stomach and she had already started to cry.

"Nice show, FBI lady," Ike said to Linda/Lupe before he left. "I'll be here for a few days. I'm gonna make sure you and me have some mattress time before I go. So keep thinking about that."

Lupe felt a wave of coldness pass through her. Her stomach flipped over. And then, towing the unhappy Inez behind him, he passed out of her sight.

That left Sr. Morales. He had a look on his face that she had come to recognize. He stepped forward and loosened and then removed the gag she had been wearing. He unfastened the back of her collar from the mounting stand and twirled the dial that controlled the device that held her jaws fast, loosening her face. He pulled down his fly and rooted out his cock. He stepped forward and presented it to her. Suppressing a sob, and remembering Ike's threat, she leaned her head forward and gobbled it up. Sr. Morales' hand circled around the braid behind her head and he began to thrust. She obediently formed a narrow, soft, luscious tunnel in her mouth to accommodate him. "Oh, god help me! Please! Please! Please!" she thought.

## CHAPTER TWO

Stitch and Jack were sitting out on the front porch of his cottage drinking Mexican long necks and passing a joint back and forth. Stitch had come down with Ike. They had come down on the flight which had brought the latest load of beautiful, sorrowful *gringas* they had sold to the Morales people and a suitcase full of Rogues' cash in exchange for the heroin and cocaine that had been moved north.

"Ya can't beat it, Jack," Stitch said as he hissed out a long held breath filled with the pungent product of the burning taper. "You've really got it dicked down here."

Jack took hold of the joint and inhaled a big hit. He held it tight in his lungs for about 5 seconds and then released it with a big sigh.

"Yeah, I guess I do," he agreed, wheezing. "It sure beats all that concrete and steel I was living with." Stitch was dressed in a faded brown and yellow Led Zeppelin t-shirt, faded and raggedy blue jeans and heavy black boots. Jack's get up was equally casual, a dark blue t-shirt advertising the local *corrida* he had gone to a few weeks ago and his standard black jeans. On his feet were the fancy brown boots he had bought when he first came down to Mexico. He had grown back his fearsome black beard and his hair was rough and unkempt. Stitch's was long and stringy, dirty blond and down to his shoulders. Unlike Jack, who was broad and ferociously heavy set, Stitch was more like the Henry Fonda build, lean and tough, like when he played Wyatt Earp in *My Darling Clementine*.

"I'd say," Stitch answered back. He took a full glug of *cerveza* and swallowed it. "Whatever happened to the Chavez broad?" he asked. "Is she still around?"

"Nah," Jack said. He took another hit of the joint and passed it back to Stitch. They were sitting on straw backed, brown stained, oaken rocking chairs and each of them had a foot up on the three foot high wall that divided the veranda from the stony, weed filled ground outside, Stitch his left, and Jack his right. The sun was just about fallen beyond the horizon off to the west and the day was finally starting to cool. Sweat rings hung below the men's armpits and moisture glistened on their faces. There was nothing like getting fucked up on beer and weed on a broiling day like this one as long as you had a nice shaded porch to lounge on.



“So what happened to her?” Stitch asked. “Did hubby pay up? I heard that Sr. Morales was asking for a cool million.”

Jack closed his eyes for a moment before answering. This weed was like nothing in his day. It was powerful and went right to your head. It made everything seem slow and fuzzy. Jack had been spending quite a number of his evenings here altering his consciousness. Usually, though, he drank tequila right out of the bottle, a brownish version in clear liter bottles from some local distillery. It had quite a punch, which was why Jack liked it.

“Poor Darla,” Jack thought. It had been fun to keep her around for a couple of months. He had kept her head shaved and made her wear the black leather helmet he had found in her bedside table. She had become a ravenous fuck. He sometimes fucked her three or four times a day. She would fuck him back as if fucking was going out of style, coming again and again. He liked to have her kneel between his thighs, his tumescent cock in her mouth as he petted her leather covered head while he watched TV or sat out on the porch. Or he would watch as she and one of the young Mexican whores from the onsite Morales bordello intermingled lustfully on the rug in his postage stamp sized living room or in his bed. He found he could, with some effort, stuff them both into the little cage in his room and always did when he was done with them before he went to sleep.

On those nights he deigned, strictly for political reasons, so that their enmity would not be too out in the open, to attend one of Lorenzo Morales’ fuck fests, he would bring Darla along, hooded and bound, to contribute to the festivities. He almost always saw the now dog-like girl he had kidnapped so many months ago fucking and barking up a storm. Lorenzo would send her around the horn giving out blowjobs to his guests. Jack always politely declined. The look of hatred the blond again girl gave him as she obediently raised her bound up doggie paws and begged, her tongue lolling out of her mouth and issuing little supplicative whines, sent a chill through him. He always left early, leaving Darla behind so that she could be used without compunction or deference to him as his property. She would be brought back in the morning cum stained and red striped. He, in turn, would grab one of the young maids Lorenzo kept around his hacienda and bring her down to his cottage where he would abuse her unmercifully, the hate filled, dog-like face of his former captive looming in his mind.

At night, he often let his housekeeper, Juanita, have her. She was a merry, 240 lb. mountain of a woman, as mean as a cougar, who ruled

his little domain like a ferocious barbarian queen. He often heard Darla scream and sob as the woman abused her. Juanita was in charge of all aspects of Darla's life and she usually kept the former trophy wife busy scrubbing floors, beating rugs, washing the walls free of the ubiquitous dust, cleaning the bathroom, doing the dishes, making the beds, polishing the bars of the cages or the leather whips they kept around the house or some other household chore. When not in use or at some task Juanita had assigned her, she spent her time in a cage, there was one in every room of the house, two in the living room, or hogtied, her eye and mouth apertures zipped closed, in the middle of the living room as they waited for Jack to get home. Juanita always made sure she gave the unhappy *gringa* a good whipping at least twice a day.

Like the Ramirez woman, the Morales boys had made some pretty raunchy DVD's of her to encourage her old man to come up with the loot. It was the only times Jack allowed her hood to be off so that good old Gerry Chavez could get a good look at her face while she blew cock after cock, was fucked royally to and fro or whipped, standing with her arms help up above her or on the floor with her thighs spread so that they could do her coosh. The Morales boys wore hoods to conceal their identities and they would make poor bald headed Darla beg and howl for Gerry to come and rescue her.

Jack had figured something was wrong when he had not heard anything about the ransom negotiations. It turned out that Gerry, her 67 year old multi-millionaire husband who had come up the hard way in the built-in pool business, was happy to be rid of her. She was a few months shy of becoming eligible for a cool two million according to their preup. Gerry had known full well that she had been bopping Sal the condo king and had been getting ready to file for divorce on her anyway. Like most men, he thought nothing of his own dalliances, and there were many, but would not tolerate hers.

Jack had scored about \$60,000 in cash and jewels from the house when he snatched her. They had forced her to cough up the password to her and Gerry's joint online account on the first night of her captivity, before Gerry had a chance to change it, and that had produced another \$45,000. Jack's cut was 50%, the rest going to Ike and Sr. Morales. He had been due 30% of the ransom and had been counting an another hundred grand or so out of the deal. But Gerry had made it clear there would be no ransom. He did, though, forward another 100 large to guarantee that poor Darla never set foot on American soil again. What the Morales gang did with her, he said, was

otherwise of no concern to him. Sr. Morales announced this to Jack as he showed him the receipt showing that another \$30,000 had been added to Jack's offshore account.

Word had been sent for him to bring the suffering woman up to the big house one afternoon. He arrived at Sr. Morales' hacienda at a little after four, when *siesta* was just winding down. He towed the hooded and bound woman through the luxurious atrium, taking note of the gagged and tattooed FBI lady mounted there, and out to the cool, glassed in and air conditioned veranda on the shaded north side of the house. Sr. Morales was sitting in one of the comfortable wicker chairs, sipping a cool highball, together with an elegant, handsome woman.

She had black hair that was tied into a loose ponytail with a sheer, delicate, white silken kerchief at the back of her head and was wearing a bright white, fashionable, sleeveless blouse and a flowing, stylish black and red skirt that went over her knees. The vee of her blouse revealed the nascence of two prominent, well rounded breasts. She looked about 35 or 37. She was attractive, but there was a coolness to her, a hardness that bespoke one comfortable with exercising power and receiving deference.

She was drinking a highball too, a gin and tonic with a bright green lime floating in it. Off to her left, standing and watching the proceedings, was a hard looking blond haired man, possibly in his late 40's, wearing a silvery grey, well-tailored suit. He had muscle written all over him.

Sr. Morales introduced him to the woman. Her name was Esmeralda Garcia, or at least that was the name she went by. It seemed that she ran a specialty house way down South called La Papaya, and often bought female product off of the Morales people. Two of the American girls that had come down on the last Rogues' trip, a blond and a brunette, both big breasted and appealing, were kneeling on the cool stone floor, naked, gagged and bound, whimpering and crying. One of Sr. Morales' men was in the process of applying soft, black cotton hoods over their heads. Conversation came to a halt while everyone watched the unhappy girls' faces disappear.

"So Jack, I've heard so much about you," Esmeralda then said. Her voice was smooth and refined and her English was only slightly accented. "You seem to be a one man crime wave wherever you go."

"I do what I have to," Jack said. The woman's elegant legs were crossed and she was wearing fine leather, high heeled boots. There was a large gold, jewel encrusted ring on her right hand. Jack wondered

what it would be like to fuck her. From the glint in her eye he surmised that she might be thinking the same thing.

It was then that Sr. Morales gave Jack the bad news. Darla, as soon as she heard it, broke out in a long, agonized wail and collapsed to the floor. Jack felt a pang of sorrow for her. He had come to like her over the past weeks. The woman, Esmeralda, just issued a small, sanguine smile. It seemed that Jack's loss was to be the woman's gain.

Esmeralda turned to Sr. Morales. "The DVD's you showed me do not do her justice," she said. "Her skin is wonderfully delicate. It takes the whip very well."

Juanita had been particularly brutal with her that morning as she had dropped a plate while doing the breakfast dishes. She was covered in red stripes.

"Esmeralda has agreed to take the woman off of our hands," Sr. Morales said.

"Yes, I have a client, a very good client, who will take great satisfaction from her," Esmeralda interjected. "You don't have to worry, you'll never see her again."

Darla was issuing forlorn howls which, despite the muffling of her gag, were quite significant.

"I'd like to see her face," Esmeralda said, taking a delicate sip from her drink and then placing it down on the glass table between the chairs.

"*Ciertamente*," Sr. Morales replied. "Sr. Blackjack, will you do the honors?" he asked graciously.

"*Por su puesto*," Jack answered. He had been boning up on his Spanish over the last several months. He now communicated with Juanita solely *enEspañol*. "But I may need a little help standing her up."

Esmeralda gave a little nod to the man in the silvery grey suit. He stepped over to near Jack. Their eyes met for a second, acknowledging their mutual entitlement to respect, and they each took hold of one of Darla's bound arms and brought her to her feet. Her knees were still weak and there was no way she was going to stand on her own. Esmeralda's man slipped an arm underneath her bound ones and, taking hold of her wrists with the other, jammed his arm upwards, forcing the woman to stand up straight and causing a whine of distress to be released.

Jack unlocked the hood from the back of her head, drew it off of her and slipped her gag from her mouth. Darla's eyes were wide with dismay. Her lips were trembling. Sweat gleamed off of her bald head.

"Oh, god, please don't do this!" she screamed. "Please! Please! Please! I have some money! I can get money! Please don't sell me! Please! Please!" she wailed.

Esmeralda seemed amused. "Very nice," she said to Sr. Morales. "Her look of anguish is exquisite!" To her man she said, "Bring her here so I can feel her breasts and pussy."

The man manhandled Darla until she was a foot or so away from Esmeralda's knees. He then leaned her way over so that her ample pulchritude swayed away from her body. Esmeralda had uncrossed her legs and leaned forwards. She took hold of Darla's swaying mammaries with both of her hands. "Very nice," she said admiringly. "My friend will have much fun with these. They're nice and firm. He likes to use a very heavy riding crop and these will bruise beautifully." She released Darla's breasts. "Let me see her cunt," she instructed her aide.

Darla was whining and blubbering. She had peered dolefully into Esmeralda's face, hoping to see there some semblance of sympathy. Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

The man pulled Darla back up, bent her back and thrust his knee against her bottom. He kicked her feet apart. Esmeralda placed her graceful hand on Darla's hairless quim, stroking it. "Nice and plump," she commented. Darla was sobbing heavily.

She spread her love lips with her thumb and forefinger, leaned over and peered at the delicate interior. "Very fleshy," she said with the air of a connoisseur. She flitted her finger at Darla's love button until it stood up. "Very nicely sized," she observed. "But, unfortunately, it will have to come off. Sr. Espinoza does not allow his women any pleasure."

At this, Darla howled. "Please don't do this! Please! Please! Please! I'm begging you! Pleeeeeeease!"

Esmeralda ignored her outburst like someone who had heard it many times. She squeezed Darla's pussy lips together. "These will ring nicely," she said. "Sr. Espinosa allows me to use his women for my other customers, as long as they last, which is never very long I am afraid, a year or so at the most, but he likes to reserve their pussies for himself. It will look pretty all locked up with leather and steel." Esmeralda released Darla's quim and sat back. "All in all, a very nice

creature,” she said to Sr. Morales. “I will be happy to dispose of her for you.”

“*Con mis complementos*,” Sr. Morales replied. “I know that my son had other plans for her, but this is much better, *mas utilitarios*, more utilitarian. I hate to see valuable pussy go to waste.”

“*Como yo*,” Esmeralda affirmed. As do I.

She gave a little nod to her man. He pulled the woefully unhappy Darla over to where the two *Norteamericanas* knelt. He pushed her to her knees. One of Sr. Morales’s men handed him a gag. He took hold of Darla’s cheeks and shoved it into her mouth with a practiced movement. Darla had been begging dolefully, “Noooooooooooo! Pleeeeeeeeeeeease! Pleeeeeeeeeeeease! Pleeeeeeeeee....” Her plea was cut off in midstream. She gurgled and began to sob. She gave Jack a pitiful, plaintive look. A moment later a black hood went over her head.

“Would you like to stay for dinner?” Sr. Morales asked Esmeralda. “We have the best steak in Mexico.”

Esmeralda looked up at Jack. “Noooooooooooo,” she drawled slowly. “I’m afraid I have to get back to Tuxtepec tonight. I have a big party on forel *Juez Supremo* of our district, the head judge, who has just been reappointed. He’s invited many of *sus mas poderosos amigos*, his powerful friends. It will be all hands on deck and these two new workers will come in very handy.” She gave a little nod to the two American girls. “Their initiation and branding will be a great treat. And I will be calling Sr. Espinosa as soon as we leave. He will want to meet Sra. Chavez right away.”

Darla released heavy sob. The whines of the American girls increased.

“*Es mi pérdida, señora*,” Sr. Morales replied. “Next time when you come, please plan to spend more time with us. I’m sure we can arrange something *muy agradable para usted*.”

Esmeralda looked at Jack. “It would be agreeable to be able to get to know Sr. Blackjack better,” she stated, giving Jack a sly, offhand look.

She did come up a few weeks later to collect two pretty German girls Sr. Morales’ people had snatched from a tourist hotel in Monterrey. They fucked like demons for three days.

The three sold women were brought to their feet and manacles were put on them, connecting their bare ankles. Esmeralda said her gracious good-byes to Sr. Morales and Jack, gave a nod to her man and

left. The three naked, sobbing females were led out behind them, shuffling along as best they could.

No, Mrs. Chavez was history. It was tough luck for her, but that was the way the ball bounces.

“Nah,” Jack answered. “That was a bust. Her old man had grown tired of her and was just as happy to see her gone. She’s way off down south now in some whorehouse.”

The joint was just about at its end. Stitch took a long toke, holding it in between his thumb and forefinger and then popped it in his mouth.

“Too bad,” Stitch said. “She gave great head.”

“Yeah,” Jack agreed.

They sat there in silence for a long while. Their view encompassed the westernmost portions of the Morales compound. There were a few small cottages like Jack’s, a large barn and a long stretch of sparse grass where Sr. Morales’ horses grazed. Jack had taken some lessons from one of the *caballeros* and he often took one of them out for a spell. It was one way to get a good idea of the expanse of the Morales estate. Jack figured he travelled about 10 miles before he had to turn around, his way barred by a tall chain link fence topped with rabidly sharp barbed wire.

Several of Lorenzo’s men passed by on their way up to the bordello which sat up on the hill near the father and son’s *haciendas*. Jack had gotten to know them fairly well from Lorenzo’s parties and he gave them a barely friendly nod. They gave him the same, their faces adorned with false smiles.

About a half hour later, Jack’s housemistress came walking down the gravel road. They could see her from a distance near the top of the hill. She was wearing a bright orange and red dress that circumnavigated her vast belly and flowed down to her ankles. She had jet black hair tied into a bun, a broad face and toughened, muscular arms.

Behind her, dragged along by two six foot long leashes Juanita held tightly in her right hand, were two slender, naked women. Their arms were fixed behind their backs and they were gagged. Jack and Stitch watched with interest, sipping at their beers, as they traversed the two hundred yards or so that separated Jack’s cottage from the main buildings. As the marching trio got closer, it could be discerned that the women were young, with attractive bodies, sweet hips and firm, pleasing breasts. Their black hair was pulled behind their heads in long ponytails.

Juanita brought her prisoners to the front step of the veranda and stopped. She dropped the leashes and grabbed the women by their ponytails and presented them to Jack and Stitch.

*“Aquí están sus putas la noche, señores,”* she said, smiling broadly. *“Están bien entrenadas y son muy recomendadas.”*

Jack gazed out at them. Their whores for the night. Their eyes conveyed their unhappiness. One was taller than the other by a few inches and had bigger breasts that were shimmering as they recorded the young woman's fear. Her hips were voluptuous. The other was thinner. Her breasts were firm and ripe like two small melons. She had half dollar sized areolas that centered around long, pointy nipples. She was shivering too. Apparently, tales were told at the bordello of the depredations of *“el gringo de pelo negro”*, the black haired bastard who lived down the road. Jack didn't recognize them as whores he had used before. He figured they must be new. Their tattoos, Sr. Morales' ignoble crest, was still reddish in places, indicating their fairly recent provenance. The girls were new, but according to Juanita, already well trained and well recommended. Well he would see.

*“Gracias, Juanita. Llévalas a la casa y dales un buen azote, a good whipping, por favor. Vamos a joder las después de la cena.”* Jack said. We'll fuck them after dinner.

Juanita's eyes lit up, as they always did when Jack told her to give his whores a good whipping. The girls released unhappy whines and their eyes brimmed with tears almost at once. They would soon learn that everything they had heard about service at *la casa del gringo de pelo negro* was just about true. And, as Jack said, when they fucked them after dinner, they had better show some enthusiasm for it or they would get more.

Juanita smiled at Jack and gave him a nod of deference. She then pulled the two frightened young whores into the house. A few minutes later, he heard one of the girls' screeching supplications for mercy through the opened window behind him. Juanita always whipped his women with their gags out so she could hear them scream. The fat housekeeper spat out something harsh and cruel sounding to the girl. It was followed up a second later with a loud, 'crack!' as leather met skin, followed by a piteous wail.

It was then that Jack remembered that he had seen the girls once before. It was about two weeks ago. He had been lolling on the veranda to his cottage, as he was tonight, when one of Lorenzo's boys came down and told him that Lorenzo was going out on a mission and



that Sr. Morales, the father, had suggested that Jack go along. A suggestion from Sr. Morales, and he didn't make many, was more akin to a command and so Jack brought his bottle of tequila into the house and told Juanita to microwave him a couple burritos so he didn't have to go out with an empty stomach. Juanita had brought down one of the Anglo girls the Rogues had delivered a few weeks back and she was ensconced in a cage in the kitchen, gagged, bound and hooded.

*"Tengo que salir,"* he told Juanita. I have to go out. *"Voy a llegar muy tarde. Encadena le di mi cama cuando termines con ella."*

*"Si, Sr. Blackjack,"* Juanita said, smiling gleefully. Jack knew that by telling the fat charwoman he would be out until late he was practically giving her license to have her way with the girl while he was away. But he knew that whatever she did with the girl, she would be primed and ready and chained up on his bed, as per his instructions, when he came back.

Jack wolfed down the spicy burritos, washed them down with an ice cold long neck and changed into a decent shirt. He strapped on his shoulder holster and checked his Glock to make sure the clip was full. He put another clip in his pants pocket. After donning a loose, denim Jacket, he walked up to Lorenzo's mansion. It was a little after 8 p. m. and already dark. He walked into the front door. One of Lorenzo's maids was there to greet him and he was directed back to the Master's playroom. The doggie girl, his former captive, was not chained up in her usual place, making him wonder where she was. She was not in any of the cages in the playroom either or serving one of Lorenzo's men. It was just as well. It always gave him a little ache when he saw her.

Lorenzo was there, he had one of the maids face down and naked across his lap and his hand was buried between her spread legs. His top henchman, Manuel, El Burro, as they called him was sitting to his left on the couch sucking on a large joint which he held in his right hand, while he held a long necked *cerveza* in his left. Three of Lorenzo's other men were there too, drinking beers and watching some noisy cop show on the big screen TV. A fourth had another one of the maids on the floor, on her back, her knees and legs pushed up, and was rogering her enthusiastically. She was giving out loud squeals, her arms wrapped tightly around the man's broad back. A third maid knelt dolefully in one of the cages. While the other two girls' dresses were splayed across the floor, she was still wearing hers although the bodice had been pulled down and her youthful, plump breasts were out. Her

hands were bound behind her and she was gagged. Jack guessed that she was in reserve for later.

Lorenzo greeted him noisily and invited him to take a seat. "We're watching this movie," he explained, "and then we're having *una aventura*, an adventure. We're going to have lots of fun."

Jack just nodded in response and sat down on one of the couches that were set against the walls, as far away from the others as he could. One of the men offered Jack a beer, but he declined, thinking that he might need to have all his wits about him later. He also nixed a hit off of the joint.

He didn't mind watching the movie. It gave him a chance to bone up on his language skills. The plot seemed to be about these kidnapped girls who were seemingly always on the verge of being violated by their kidnappers. They were wearing skimpy dresses that their tits were practically falling out of. The cops were cool enough dudes, but the bad guys were played like goons. In real life, Jack knew, it was usually the other way around.

It took about an hour for the movie to be over. The girl on the floor, when the first guy was done with her, was rolled to her belly by another and then brought up to her knees so he could fuck her from behind. The naked young girl, still dutifully impassioned, moaned and groaned, her forehead and hands on the floor in front of her, while he fucked her, and issued loud, strained yelps when she came. When that guy was done, El Burro took his place behind her. He pulled out his impressive, rampant crank and, after wetting it a bit in the girl's sloshy cunt, to her dismay, brought it to bear on her smaller entrance. The poor girl screamed and cried out while he penetrated her and then, once he was fully seated, sobbed and moaned the whole time as he had his way. They had to turn the sound on the movie up to drown her out. Manuel gave the girl no quarter, pounding furiously away at her bung hole for the longest time.

In the meantime, Lorenzo tired of his game with the girl on his lap, teasing her, bringing her just to the edge of climax again and again and then using an ice cube to bring her back down while she squirmed and squealed. He pushed her to the floor and told her to get on her knees and suck him off. He used her head brutally for about 10 minutes and then gave out loud, gruff groans as he came.

The movie ended with the good guys and the scantily clad ladies reunited and the bad guys all shot up and mangled. The maids were bound and gagged and thrust into the remaining cages. Lorenzo

insisted they all do a shot of tequila before they went. Jack agreed to participate rather than piss the mercurial gangster off.

Lorenzo and his boys were dressed well in tight slacks and colorful sports shirts. They all had pistols strapped to their shoulders, like Jack did, and they all now donned well-tailored sports Jackets to hide them.

When they went outside, there were two shiny, black Lincolns waiting there as well as a good sized delivery van. Lorenzo and El Burro got into the back of the first car and his other men got into the back of the second. There were already two men in the front seat and Jack didn't want to sit all squashed in with the others so he took a look at the van. There was a heavysset, big bellied Mexican sitting in the driver's seat wearing a sparkly purple shirt and tight black pants. His face was broad and lethargic looking and he sported a thick, black moustache. His stringy hair was down to his shoulders. Jack figured he was maybe 35 or 37 years old. Old enough to have earned his stripes with Lorenzo. He too had a pistol in a shoulder harness. It was black and looked like a Beretta automatic.

"¡Aya, Sr. Blackjack!" he said merrily. "Get right een! We goin' to a party!"

The passenger seat was empty so Jack nodded and stepped into the van. He looked into the back. The floor was covered with a commercial carpet. Along each side, affixed to the walls, were several sets of manacles.

The drive took about two hours. The night was overcast and moonless and the roads were lit only by the headlamps of the vehicles. They passed through several small villages, zooming through them like a dictator's motorcade. Finally, up ahead, Jack saw the glowing lights of what looked like a small town. The fat driver had chattered a lot when they first started out, but Jack's nonresponsiveness eventually shut him up. About halfway through he had produced a fat joint. Jack decided, 'What the fuck,' and they passed it back and forth as they drove along. The Mexican had a flask of whiskey and they drank from that too.

Unlike the villages they had passed through, the limos coasted around the outskirts of the town slowly. It was a bustling little berg with street lights and cabarets. Many of the buildings were more than one story. Traffic was light but steady. The sidewalks were full of merry looking people.

Jack figured it was about midnight. They passed a small nightclub with a bright neon sign spelling out its name in pink, blue and red

script, “*La Iguana*”, and blinking bright yellowish lights that ran along the canopy that led to the door and around the door itself.

The limousines and the van pulled around the corner from the club and parked in the back. Jack’s driver had a wide, shit eating grin on his face as he slid out of his seat. Jack got out too. Lorenzo and his men were already out of the limos and had been joined by four men who had apparently been there waiting. They produced two Kalashnikovs from a large duffle bag. The assemblage of now 14 brutish looking men was conspicuous. But no one seemed to mind. Lorenzo had a quick conference with his *compadres*, speaking too fast for Jack to understand. Then he turned to Jack.

“Hey, *gringo!*” he spat out snidely. “Let’s you and me go in for a little drink, eh?”

All the men were looking at him and they all had the same shit eating grin as the fat man. Jack knew that to refuse would be an insult so he shrugged his agreement and followed Lorenzo around the corner.

Standing at the doorway to the club were two, beefy, mean looking guys, one, older with a crew cut and bulging muscles, the other with longish dyed blond hair and a mite smaller. They were dressed in black suits and, from the lumps under their arms, were clearly packing heat. They eyed Jack and Lorenzo suspiciously as they walked in, but only for a moment as they were distracted by two pretty miniskirted girls who wanted to talk to them.

They walked through the double glass doors and into the club. The door opened to a foyer. The music hit Jack right away. There was a live band playing an intense dance number. Pretty young girls were scooting around here and there laughing and giggling with one another. The young men were all dressed stylishly, with sharp pointed creases on their pants, seductively opened colorful silk shirts and shiny dress boots.

The foyer emptied into the club itself. It was about 100’ wide and twice as long. It was dark with flashing, colored lights everywhere. Thirty or so small, round tables sitting on 5’ high colonnades, with merry, lustful looking youths milling around them, were crammed around a huge, sunken dance floor where a large crowd of beautiful, youthful people were writhing wildly. Scantly clad waitresses wormed their way through the tables holding their drink trays high above their heads. Along the back wall was a long bar populated by mostly handsome young men eying the dance floor down below them wistfully. Here and there a clump of female beauties crowded around a

group of them, drinking exotic looking cocktails and trying to chatter above the noise.

Lorenzo led Jack down along the bar to its end. He leaned over the bar and shouted out his order for two *Dos Equis* and two double shots of top shelf tequila.

When they were served, Lorenzo lifted his tumbler of tequila and proffered a toast to Jack. Jack lifted his uncertainly and the glasses clinked together. Lorenzo leaned over and shouted into Jack's ear over the din, "*¡Que coño!*" To pussy!

Jack gave a little nod and they both shot their liquids back. When they put their glasses back on the bar, Lorenzo ordered two more.

Jack silently watched the crowd. There were dozens of pretty girls dodging around, dancing, flirting, with dozens of young men eating up the sight of them. The ratio was about 3 to 2 in favor of boys. The band was enthusiastic and noisy, emitting a deep base beat surrounded by a catchy, rhythmic tune. The room was smoky and hot. Jack tapped out a Marlboro from his pack and lit it up. Lorenzo smoked a Mexican brand, Montana Reds, and followed suit. Some of the circulating girls looked them up and down, checking them out, but mostly they were ignored.

Singly, or in pairs, Lorenzo's men were infiltrating the bar. They would give Lorenzo a little nod and spread out to the edges of the crowd. A few people noticed them and, sensing that something not so good was up, hustled out of the club.

One of Lorenzo's men approached a waitress. Jack saw him flash a long, broad, silvery blade at the girl. Her eyes widened in terror. She nodded and led him into a narrow corridor off to the left of the bar. Another one of Lorenzo's goons followed him.

About thirty seconds later, the lights in the bar were turned up bright. The band stopped playing and everybody in the bar ceased whatever they were doing and looked around nervously. It was the signal for Lorenzo's men to make their move.

Almost as one, they pulled their heaters from their holsters and unloaded shots into the ceiling. The room was filled with the loud explosions. Lorenzo's men started shouting and yelling. Screams arose from all around and the crowd started surging to the door. Over the din of the crowd, Jack could hear the muffled patter of the automatic weapons being fired outside.

Lorenzo gave Jack a poke in the ribs and pulled him towards the crowd by his arm. Jack drew his pistol and dutifully unloaded a few

shots. Lorenzo's men were urging the crowd out, shouting and firing their weapons, but, at the same time, were yanking out from it, seemingly randomly, some of the panicked young girls, like heifers being cut out of a herd. Three of the men were in charge of rounding them up, brandishing their pistols at the frightened girls, forcing them to place their hands on their head and herding them into a corner. A few of the boys, seeing their girlfriends being separated, tried to protest, but Lorenzo's men, crueler and bigger than the nattily attired boys, smashed their pistols into their faces and pushed them out with the others.

It seemed a mass confusion, but Lorenzo's men knew what they were doing. It was as if they had practiced it or, rather, had done it before many times. The girls continued to scream and wail and Lorenzo's men continued to shout and fire their weapons.

After about three minutes, the bar was empty but for Lorenzo's men and a crowd of thirty or so frightened, panicked young women. They were crying and shivering, their hands obediently in place on top of their heads, while Lorenzo's men watched over them. One of the girls broke loose and tried to run to the door, but one of Lorenzo's men, the driver Jack had traveled with, caught her by the hair and dragged her back while she screamed and struggled. When he got her back to the assembly of pulchritude, he gave her a mighty punch in the face. The girl went down like a bowling pin and all the other girls screeched and edged away from her as if she had caught the plague. Another of Lorenzo's men gave her several fierce kicks with his boot. After that, the other girls stayed right where they were.

The place seemed strangely quiet. Lorenzo's men had stopped shouting and the only sound was the sobbing and whining of the female prisoners. The colored flashing lights were still going at it, illuminating the residual smoke from the discharged weapons, rendering the bar a surrealistic aspect, like some kind of low budget art film. One of Lorenzo's men went into the ladies room and emerged a few moments later, two sobbing, unhappy young ladies in tow. They were herded over to the corner with the others.

The men who had gone in the back had brought out three of the quite attractive, miniskirted waitresses, who had apparently all run back there when the shit broke out, all frantically unhappy, and a very frightened, roly-poly, pudge-faced man. He was wearing a pair of tight, light blue polyester pants with a stretch waist, shiny, pointy, black shoes and an open silk shirt that revealed a very hairy chest. The

waitresses were herded over to the other women who were then all ordered to drop to their knees. One or two who hesitated were given sharp slaps and thrown to the floor.

It seemed like almost all of Lorenzo's men were back in the room. Jack didn't see the two men with the grease guns and assumed that they were outside guarding the door and preventing the crowd from any unruly behavior. Every once in a while you could hear the remote puck, puck, puck of a burst of automatic fire. The two bouncers had been dragged in and forced to kneel in the middle of the dance floor. The roly-poly guy, who Jack assumed was the manager or the owner, was brought over to join them.

Lorenzo turned to Jack. "Now you see what happens to pigs who don't pay up!" he snorted.

He approached the fat man and clobbered him with the flat side of his pistol. The man went down like a bag of potatoes. Lorenzo's men screamed and hollered at him, kicking him brutally, until he was back on his knees. A line of blood was flowing from the top of his head down the side of his face. His rubbery lips were shaking and his eyes were darting frantically around the room. Jack watched as Lorenzo subjected the man to a fevered lecture in Spanish about the duties of scum like him to pay protection. Or at least that was what Jack assumed he was saying since the words were flying past too fast for him to catch them. The fat man blubbered and whined back, his face drawn into a piteous masque of terror.

The bouncers were kneeling, dark, morose looks on their faces. Their Jackets had been pulled down their arms halfway down their backs which effectively restricted the use of their hands. Their shoulder holsters were empty.

Lorenzo struck the fat man a few more times with his pistol while continuing to unload a stream of almost maniacal invective at him. Each time the man fell to the floor Lorenzo's men would kick him viciously until he rose to his knees again. Like a miserably sad Greek chorus, the young girls were giving out loud, piteous sobs and whines.

Finally, Lorenzo backed away from him. He went behind one of the kneeling bouncers, the bigger, older one, and, without hesitation, placed his pistol at the back of the man's head and fired a shot. A blast of blood and brains cometed from the man's forehead and he lurched forward and did a header on the floor. The girls all screeched. The other bouncer wet his pants and the owner started crying and wailing beseechingly to Lorenzo.

Lorenzo grabbed him by the front of the shirt and made a demand of him. The fat man nodded enthusiastically. Two of Lorenzo's men followed him into the back room. While they were back there, Lorenzo toyed with the other bouncer. He circled around him, slapping his head lightly with the barrel of his pistol here and there. The young man was sobbing. A vast pool of blood had emerged from the head of the dead man. The girls were weeping and wailing pathetically.

Lorenzo placed his pistol behind the man's head. He leaned over and whispered something into his ear. The man was shaking and blubbering. Lorenzo came back to his full height, backed away so that his arm was fully extended and fired. It sounded like a cannon had gone off in the small room. Lorenzo had shifted the barrel of the pistol at the last second and the bullet went flying into the wall, knocking out a big chunk of light green painted concrete block. The young bouncer released an anguished wail and fell to the floor. The bullet had blown away a good part of his right ear and there was blood flowing all over the place. The boy just crawled into a ball and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

Lorenzo was laughing heartily. It doubled him over, he thought it was so funny. His men seemed amused too. Jack turned away in disgust. He went back behind the bar to pour himself another glass of tequila. There, sitting on the floor, pressed up against the cooler, making her body into as small an object as she could, was a crying, terrified, young waitress. Her eyeliner was smeared down her face. She had long black hair and beautiful, fit legs covered by sheer, darkish hued stockings. Her face broke out in misery when she saw Jack. Her seemingly heavy breasts were squished together by her raised knees and her arms were wrapped about her shins. Even though her face was scrunched up and distorted, Jack could tell she was pretty. He gave her a quick look and then turned away. He poured himself a heavy dram and placed the bottle and a dozen or so glasses on the bar. He shot the tequila back and lit another smoke.

Lorenzo's men had returned with the manager. He was carrying a large bank bag stuffed with cash. They had found another waitress hiding in the back, a little wisp of a girl with blond hair down to her waist and teacup sized breasts. One of the men had a fierce grip around her arm, pulling her into the room and she was bawling. Like the other waitresses, she wore a very short, black skirt and a white pullover, sleeveless blouse with a low scooped neckline. She had golden earrings in the shapes of small stars dangling from her ears.



Lorenzo was more pleased to see the waitress than the cash. He motioned for the fat man to get back on his knees and waived the waitress over. She was shaking with terror. “*¡Ven y únete a la fiesta!*” he said to the girl merrily. Come and join the party.

She was brought to a spot a few feet away from him. He seemed about 2 feet taller than her. She looked at him, tears running down her face. “*¡Por favor, no me hagas daño!*” she squeaked out. Please don’t hurt me!

Lorenzo’s hand, the empty one, shot out like a bolt of lightning and he gave the girl a vicious slap across the face. “*¡Cierra la boca, puta estúpida!*” he screamed at her. Shut the fuck up! The force of his blow sent the girl sprawling. She smashed into an empty table, sending half full and empty glasses shattering musically on the floor, and collapsed, screeching and whining. The other girls, who had turned mostly silent in the desperate hope that they would be forgotten, joined her in expressing their terrified dismay.

Lorenzo gave an order to one of his men who went over and grabbed the sobbing waitress. He pulled her to her feet and dragged her back to her original position. “*¡Quien te crees que eres estúpida pedazo de mierda!*” Who do you think you are you stupid shit! Lorenzo shouted at her. He placed his pistol against the center of her forehead. She whined and her face scrunched up in terror. “*¡Quítate la ropa, maldita perra!*” he screamed. He was truly enraged, as if the girl had committed some capital crime. Spittle was foaming at the corners of his mouth and the veins were standing out on the side of his head.

The girl obeyed immediately. Sobbing, she crossed her arms and reached for her waist. She pulled her white blouse up her torso, stopping at her chin until Lorenzo moved the pistol back a notch, and then dragged it over her head. She was wearing a frilly white bra that strained to push up her dainty breasts. As Lorenzo restored the gun to her forehead, she, sobbing, reached behind her and unclasped the garment and quickly pulled it down her arms. Her barely puerile, bared breasts came to sharp points, their tips covered with the darkish hue of her wide areolas and rigid teats, like the tops of some muddy hillocks. Her skin was dark. She had a trim, boyish waist.

The girl hesitated before taking the next step. Lorenzo responded by pulling back the hammer of the pistol. The girl gave a little jump at the sound of its click. She quickly reached behind her and lowered the zipper to her skirt. It only took a light touch at her waist to make it fall to her ankles. She was wearing frilly, cotton panties to match her bra.

She hooked her thumbs in the waistband and pulled them down, stepping out of them and her skirt at the same time. On her dainty feet was a pair of very workmanlike, thick heeled, red high heels. For a second the panties caught on the heel of one, but with a gasp and a sob, she was able to pull it free and she dropped it on the floor.

*“¡Mano sobre tu cabeza, cerda!”* Lorenzo shouted.

The girl put her trembling hands on her head. It caused her already tiny breasts to flatten and almost disappear. Tears were rolling down her face.

Now that he had the girl naked and at his mercy, Lorenzo seemed to calm down. He eased back the hammer of the pistol and pulled it from her forehead. “Hey, *gringo*,” Lorenzo shouted. “You want to fuck this piece of shit?” he called to Jack.

*“Tal vez mañana,”* Jack responded flatly. Maybe tomorrow.

Lorenzo laughed. His men laughed with him. “It’d be like fucking a little boy!” he retorted. He repeated this in Spanish to his *compradres* and they all expressed their merriment. He turned back to the girl.

*“¿Lo toma por el culo?”* he asked her. Do you take it up the ass?

She released a pitiful whine. *“¡Nuncaseñor, por favor no haga esto!”* She replied. Never, sir, please don’t do that!

“I think I’ll fuck her in the ass tonight,” Lorenzo announced merrily in English. “I want to see how much she’ll scream. Then I’ll give her to *nuestros vaqueros*, our cowboys. They’ll brand her like *un pequeño becerro*, a little calf, and keep her in the barn. My father doesn’t like them fucking little boys so this will be the next, best thing. *“¡Afeitada su pelo y cose encima de su coño!”* We’ll shave off her hair and sew up her cunt!

The men all laughed. The girl released a wail. She had understood enough to get the picture of what Lorenzo wanted to do to her.

*“¿Le gustaría un gran anillo de oro en la nariz?”* Lorenzo asked the girl. *“¿Y una gran camana alrededor de su cuello que vaya clang, clang, clang cuando joden?”*

The girl’s knees went weak and she almost fell to the floor. Jack realized that the mental image of a big ole golden ring in her nose and a cowbell around her neck, clanging every time she moved, was rushing through her brain.

*“Por favor no haga eso señor, se lo suplico!”* the girl whined piteously.

Lorenzo's hand flashed out again. "*¡Cállate la boca!*" he screamed. The girl went stumbling off to the side again and fell to the floor. She broke out into loud, piteous sobs.

"*¡Poneren mi coche! ¡Quiero jugar con ella en el camino a casa!*" Lorenzo spat out to his men. Two of them jumped at the girl. One of the others had a roll of silvery duct tape and once her arms were drawn behind her, he bound them together. He saved another piece to paste across her downturned mouth. Jack watched as they dragged the girl to the bar's back exit where the cars were. She was going to have a tortuous ride back to the hacienda in Lorenzo's limo. Well, it was no business of his.

Lorenzo turned to the remaining girls who were still kneeling obediently and had their hands on their heads. There were an awful lot of them, Jack thought. More than they had room for.

"*¡Levantante y muéstrame tus tetas!*" Lorenzo shouted at them.

The girls all released piteous wails. As a group, they hesitated, as if testing whether Lorenzo really wanted them to stand and show him their tits. No one wanted to be first. Lorenzo's face turned red. He went up to the girl nearest him, a young, plain, but nice looking girl in a short, glittery dress with a rainbow of colors on it. He grabbed her by the hair and dragged her from the crowd. He put the pistol to her head and pulled back the hammer.

"*¡Levantante y muéstrame tus tetas!*" he shouted again. "*¡O les volare el cerebro!*"

Threatening to blow out the girl's brains did the trick. Crying and sobbing, the girls all stood up and started to expose their breasts. Some of them only had to draw the straps of their engaging, revealing dresses down their shoulders and their braless mammaries broke into view. For some, it required stretching their arms behind their backs and struggling with a zipper or a series of buttons. Only then could their bodices be lowered and their *tetas* leap out. Some were wearing blouses with buttons down the front and others one that pulled over their heads. These latter were the unhappiest of the bunch since they had to completely remove their garment, making them seem somehow more naked than the rest.

Lorenzo ordered the girls to put their hands back on their heads. He and the guards pulled bras and blouses from some of the girls' hands and tossed them on the floor. The girls were all sobbing and trembling.

Lorenzo went through the small crowd of girls picking out this one and that. He took his time, evaluating not only their mammaries, but their faces as well. Some he grabbed at the sides to test their body fat. Others he had pull up their skirts and pull down their underwear to show him their pussies.

As each unhappy, wailing girl was selected, two of Lorenzo's men, after pasting a swatch of duct tape across their lips, escorted them forcibly out the back door. Jack did some simple math. There were ten manacles in the truck he had come in, five on each side, and room for two girls in each trunk, maybe three if they were small and you really jammed them in. Maybe another one in the back seat for blow jobs on the way home, like the unfortunate soon to be cowgirl. That was 17 girls, not counting the little blond girl. That meant that about 15 or so of the girls would not face a fate worse than death. A strange and cruel lottery indeed.

Lorenzo selected all the waitresses, six of them in all, since they had been apparently hired for their comeliness to begin with. The rest had escaped. After ten girls had been selected, presumably affixed to the manacles in the van, Lorenzo's men began to bind the girls' hands behind them with the duct tape before they were escorted out to be jammed into the trunks.

One of the girls had peed her pants. When Lorenzo discovered this, he hauled her out of the crowd and showed her to his men. She was a shapely girl, with thick brown hair. Her plentiful breasts wobbled and swayed as he brought her around. She was sobbing heavily. Lorenzo, his fist buried in her thick, shoulder length hair, ordered her to remove her now soaked panties. When she had them off, he grabbed them from her hand and stuffed them in her mouth. One of his men slapped a wide swatch of duct tape over her lips. The girl's face was doleful and pale, with tears streaming from her eyes. They bound her hands behind her and dragged her out to the waiting limos.

Lorenzo seemed to be leaning more to the big breasted girls, but a few of the thinner, taller, model types with dainty, mere handful sized breasts, although not as small as the little blond girl's, were picked out too. The girls had mostly brown or black hair, long and short and all lengths in between, but there were a few blondes and a couple of redheads. Lorenzo made the blond girls pull up their skirts and pull down their panties to see if they were natural. The ones that were he decided to take. The others he gave vicious slaps to, knocking them to the floor, cursing them for being "*¡Putas estupidas!*" although there

was one big breasted one that he took anyway. One of the blond girls was shaved down there. Lorenzo took her, in the hopes, Jack guessed, that she would prove out later.

Lorenzo almost forgot about the girl who had tried to escape. She was still lying on the floor, curled up into a ball and weeping. The fat man Jack had come with pulled her to her feet by her hair and pushed her towards Lorenzo. She had straight black hair that passed just down below her shoulders and a pretty face, with large, stylishly decorated, almond shaped, brown eyes and a well-painted, ruby red mouth. A large bruise had already appeared on her upper right cheek. Her lips were trembling and her eyes were tear-filled. She was wearing a blood red miniskirt and a rust colored, strapless halter.

At first, Lorenzo was disinclined, but the fat man was insistent, citing, undoubtedly her spirit. To emphasize her delectability, the fat man, to the girl's dismay, inserted his flabby hand between her breasts and pulled down her halter, causing her mammaries to spring out. They were delectably shaped, and wonderfully firm, like two slightly overfilled, round balloons. The fat man joined the sobbing and whining girl's hands behind her back, pulling on them and forcing her back into an arch. Her breasts jutted out like two lonely, one eyed gerbils looking for a home. This turned the trick. Lorenzo, smiling, nodded, and the sobbing girl was hustled away.

Jack was wrong about the number. Apparently you could fit four girls in the trunk of a Lincoln if you really scrunched them in. Jack decided he would write the manufacturer and complement the company for such foresight.

There were ten girls left when Lorenzo called Jack over. Jack had poured out shots for them *muchachos* and left the bottle there so they wouldn't have an excuse to go behind the bar. He gave the frightened waitress behind it a glance before he left. She was shivering with fear.

He approached the huddled, unhappy girls. "It's your turn, *gringo*," Lorenzo said to Jack. "Pick out a couple good ones. Or do you just prefer old bags like that Chavez pig?" he taunted.

Jack looked around at Lorenzo's men who were looking back at him expectantly. He was getting a little tired of being razzed by Lorenzo, but this was neither the time nor the place. He had shot off four rounds from his Glock which meant he had only five left. Not enough firepower to settle Lorenzo's crew.

He stepped up to the girls. A few were staring at him, their eyes spread wide with terror. A couple had their eyes and faces averted as if

by hiding them they would avoid being selected. It didn't work because Jack made it a point to take his time. Any girl that would not look him in the face he grabbed her chin and forced her to look up. One of the girls gave him a hard time and he had to slap her twice to get her to cooperate.

He stepped back and swept his eyes over the bare breasted, frightened girls one more time. All of a sudden, the face of that girl, Carol, or Karen, no, Carly, came into his mind. He recalled the look on her face when he first told her to strip. It had been beautiful, a choice moment. A pang went through his heart. He looked at Lorenzo. She belonged to that motherfucker now. That knowledge had been eating at him for months now, but he had been suppressing it. Although he would be dead an instant later, he thought, he could take out his pistol right now and put a bullet through Lorenzo's brainpan before anybody had time to react.

"Maybe that's what I should do," he thought. But what would happen to the girl? Now, if she were in the room, he could do them both before Lorenzo's *badistas* reacted. That would be okay. But the thought of her belonging to someone else, anybody else, fucking and sucking everyone in the world but him was too much to bear. He had to get her back somehow.

He would drive her out to the desert on the back of his hog and bury her in some sweet, tree filled arroyo where there would be flowers every spring and a cool shadow on her grave most of the day. He wouldn't make the mistake he made last time, back in Texas when he had pulled out by that lake and fucked her first. No, that had been what had weakened his resolve. And he already knew a spot already. He had driven past it several times, recording it in his mind. Yes, he had to get her back by hook or by crook. And in order to do that he had to live. When she was sleeping in the dust, safely away from all who would violate her, despoil her, use her, then he would be relieved from the torment that seemed to be ever present in him, boiling just below the surface.

"Come on, *gringo*," Lorenzo spat out. "Or would you rather we should get some little boys in here for you to choose from?"

Jack gave him a death look. Even though surrounded by his *muchachos*, Jack could see Lorenzo pull back in fear. "That's right, asshole," Jack thought. "If I wanted, your brains would be splattered against the wall before your mind realized what happened. Or I could snap your neck. What'll it be, fucknut?"

Lorenzo seemed to retreat a step, although he had not moved at all, just maybe leaned back in anticipation of a retreat. Jack looked away. He looked at the girls. What difference did it make which ones he chose? He pointed to the two on the far right. "Those two," he announced.

The girls emitted forlorn screams. The one on the end bolted towards the front door. The other, smaller and seemingly younger, bolted a second later. They were both caught easily. They were dragged back to the center of the room where they were silenced with duct tape and had their hands bound behind them while they sobbed and wailed. As they were escorted out the back door, they gave Jack piteous looks.

And that was where he had seen the girls before. It was the same two girls. Maybe someone had told Conchita that he had selected them, or someone up at the bordello thought that he should have the pleasure of sampling the girls he had earmarked for slavery. Who knew?

He remembered the rest of that night. Lorenzo had issued an intense warning to the bar owner and finished off the other bouncer with a slug behind the ear for emphasis. There were eight miserable girls left. Lorenzo made them strip the rest of the way and, after binding their hands behind them, they were herded out the front door to everyone's amusement.

On the way out Lorenzo ordered one of his men to empty the registers behind the bar. Jack looked on with dismay as the wailing and sobbing young girl who had been hiding there was dragged out, stripped and led out the back. Lorenzo gave him a dirty look, knowing that Jack had failed to disclose her. They hogtied her and threw her on the floor of the van where Jack had to listen to her cry and sob for the next two hours. Well, he thought, that's the way the cookie crumbles. He tried to look her up at the bordello later, but she had been sold and shipped out almost as soon as she arrived.

The girls in the van, naked breasted, their hands all shackled above their heads, their ankles crossed and taped off, sobbed and whined and cried the whole way back. Some of them tried to form words through their taped mouths, perhaps appeals to their Catholic god for assistance or some saint. Who was the saint of kidnapped, naked breasted girls, Jack wondered. He blotted out their misery as best he could, which was, after all, not hard. He had heard similar sounds of unhappiness many times before. He drank from the driver's pint and they smoked another monster joint as they put the darkened miles behind them.

When they got back to the hacienda, the girls were all herded into the basement of the building that housed the bordello. They had thirty or so cages down there. They were big enough for a girl to stand up in, if so ordered, and long and wide enough to let the girls lie down on a dingy, old mattress if they wanted, or to be fucked on if it served a master's pleasure. Each one had a small porta-potty and a slot for sliding in platefuls of their gruelish repasts, so that a girl, theoretically, could be left inside virtually as long as one wanted. They were given showers every couple of days or so by use of a cold water hose so that they didn't get too rank.

There were punishment cages too, as small as a footlocker, where resisting girls would be kept all scrunched up until they saw the error of their ways. The cages could be sealed off in the walls for extra harshness, where all light and sound would be excluded. They had forgotten a girl once. They had remembered her a week later. By then she was so deranged that there was no choice but to put her down. Lorenzo took her for one of his *Cinco de Mayo* barbeques.

Jack hadn't gone in. Lorenzo's men would be fucking and drinking and carousing well into the morning and through most of the next day. Partying with that crew didn't interest him. He went back, instead, to his cottage where the Anglo girl was waiting for him all trussed up on his bed as per orders. He savagely abused her, thinking all the while of that bastard Lorenzo and his little, blond haired fuck doggie.



### CHAPTER THREE

The screams and sobs of the two girls that Juanita had brought down for them had subsided for some time now. The sun had escaped away in the west and only a faint glow redolent of daylight remained. Jack and Stitch had sat silent for a long time. There was nothing really to talk about. There was nothing out there in the real world that had any meaning for them. It was only the day's pleasure that mattered.

Stitch was thinking about a tall, lanky red headed girl they had caught a few weeks ago that he had left behind at the hideout. Fine breasts, long, elegant legs, a very able mouth. She would still be there when he got back, but probably not for long. Ike had sent her picture to some guys who ran a high class bordello near Las Vegas and they had expressed an interest in her. They had a lockdown place about a mile outside the city limits where anything goes. They went through girls pretty quickly, burying the used up ones way out in the desert. They paid top price for the right kind of pussy, classy and long legged, like the redhead. The profit margins were so high that it didn't matter if the girls only lasted a year or two.

Jack's mind was where it usually was, on the girl he had kidnapped. His thoughts kept returning to their little holiday up in the Ozarks waiting for the snow to let up. That had been just about as perfect a day he had ever spent. He realized that he shouldn't be doing it. It was like picking at a scab. He just couldn't resist it.

Juanita came out. She was wearing a broad, white apron around her waist. Dark green and red and brown stains were smeared into it. "*La comida está lista, señores,*" she said merrily.

Stitch and Jack both gave her a nod, lowered their feet from the wall in front of them and rose to go inside.

The cottage didn't have a separate dining room so Jack always ate in the kitchen. It was the longest room in the house with a big, black gas stove at one end and a large, round, Formica covered table at the other. The floor was reddish, stone tile, the walls were painted white. The sink and cabinets for dishes and pots and pans and such was up against the exterior wall. The cages where the girls were often kept were along the wall opposite, tucked under a set of shelves. The two girls that Juanita had brought down for them were in them, all scrunched up and unhappy looking. Jack could see the fresh red stripes

the girls wore from Juanita's 'good afternoon' whipping. The cages were about 3' x 3' with black iron bars about 4" apart. The doors had little windows on them that could be lowered so that they could be fed. But Juanita wasn't feeding them yet. Slave girls got to eat only after the masters had been served.

The table was covered with a plastic tablecloth with orange, red and black swirls all over it. Two places had been set, one against the outer wall, which was where Jack sat, and another against the front wall opposite the large window. Jack didn't like to sit with his back to the window or to the door, just to be on the cautious side. He figured Stitch could sit with his back to the window because there wasn't anybody harboring a burning dislike of him here. If Lorenzo ever sent his boys to do him, Jack preferred getting it right up front, rather than from a shotgun blast from the back.

Dinner consisted of a spicy chicken, tomato and rice dish. Juanita had placed four long necked bottle of beer on the table so that the gringos could readily assuage the vivacity of the meal. There was a pile of freshly baked rolls, a large wedge of butter and a cold salad with diced green tomatoes, onions and white vinegar.

Jack and Stitch took their places and wordlessly commenced consuming their repast. Juanita lowered the windows to the girls' cages and placed bowls of her concoction on racks that she hung onto the front of the cages. At her command, the saddened girls stuck their heads out from the cages and dutifully placed their faces in the bowls. "*¡Come todo esto o te azotare!*" she told them sharply. Eat it all or you'll get the whip!

Jack relished the fire that built up in his mouth as he shoveled forkfuls of the chicken and rice down his pie hole. He finished off the first of his two beers about half way through. Whenever the heat got too much for him, he ate a piece of buttered up roll and then took a long swig of beer.

The spiciness of the dish did not seem to bother the girls. They ate slowly but steadily, casting fearful looks at the men, their eyes teary, their visages forlorn. They were still eating when Jack and Stitch finished. The men shoved their bowls aside and lit smokes, while they measured the comeliness of their prisoners and dwelled on the thought of how they were going to use them in the very near future.

The girl on the right, the taller, bigger breasted of the two, finished first. She licked the bowl clean and then knelt back, her eyes cast beseechingly at Juanita for approval. The smaller girl was taking

longer, trying to delay, no doubt, the ordeal that was to come. Juanita came up to the girl and gave her a vicious slap across the face, barking a churlish command. The girl released a great sob, leaned her face over and started gobbling up the remnants of her meal.

Jack was mulling over which of the two he wanted to fuck. The bigger girl was more voluptuous and the idea of mauling and abusing her mammaries had much appeal. On the other hand, the smaller girl seemed to be considerably more put out by her circumstances and would undoubtedly utter pleasing and piteous whines and sobs of dismay as she was being used. Jack's hand drifted to his cock as he ruminated on this thought and gave the already tumescent appendage a pleasure giving squeeze.

This was Jack's house and as master thereof he clearly had the right and authority to determine which of the girls he would avail himself of, but hospitality demanded that he give Stitch the first choice. Juanita brought over two cups of steaming coffee which the men drank as they watched the housemistress clean up the girl's faces with a wet rag from the sink, give them both good, long drinks of tap water, and then push their heads back into the cages.

As the men sipped their coffees and gobbled down the large portions of almost sickly sweet flan Juanita had produced, she brought the girls out of their cages, released their hands from behind their backs and clipped leashes to the backs of their collars. Giving the leashes hard yanks, she led the sullen girls on their hands and knees out the front door of the cottage and brought them out to the weedy, rocky, sere patch of so called lawn in front of it where, at her command, the girls squatted and peed. Jack could see the display out the kitchen window and he watched as the heavy set woman wiped their pussies with the same greasy rag with which she had wiped their faces.

When she brought the girls back into the cottage, Juanita dragged them into the kitchen where she had them kneel up, their hands joined behind their heads, elbows out, in front of the table where Jack and Stitch sat. She released the leashes, letting them dangle down the girls' backs, gave both of the girls a little tussle of their hair and issued a great smile for the benefit of the men. "*A ustedes placer,*" she announced merrily, at your pleasures, sirs, and then turned to initiate her clean up chores.

Jack and Stitch perused the girls' charms as they finished off their coffees and smoked another cigarette. The girls' watery, reddened eyes were mostly downcast, but every once in a while flitted up at their

prospective abusers fearfully and then back down again, squeezing out tiny little tears that would run from the corners of their eyes and down their cheeks.

“So,” Jack asked Stitch finally, “which one do you want?”

“I guess I’ll take the one with the big *tetas*,” Stitch replied. “If you don’t mind.”

“No problem,” Jack answered.

Stitch tossed back his coffee and stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray. He raised his lanky form, shoving his chair back with a squeak, and rounded the table. The girls looked up at him dolefully. When he took hold of the taller girl’s leash and began to lead her on her hands and knees from the room, the smaller one looked at Jack and began to sob. It seemed that Jack, with his bulky, muscled frame, his wild, unkempt jet black hair and beard, and his fierce blue eyes, was the greater of two evils. Clearly the girl believed that she had gotten the short end of the stick.

The thought made Jack smile. Juanita came over to clear the table and Jack asked her for another cup of coffee. She smiled and acknowledged his request and brought over another steaming cup.

Jack kept his eyes on the trembling, unhappy girl while he drank. He was enjoying prolonging her agony and savoring her distress. The girl had kind of slumped down in her dismay. Jack gave her a sharp command. “*¡Levant las gorillas, sobresalentus tetas y follando el coño!*”

Obediently, and with a miserable whine, the girl straightened herself up on her knees and arched her back, pushing her apple sized breasts out as far as they would go. Tears covered both of her cheeks and her lips were quivering. Her pointy little nipples were stiffened from fear.

“*¡Abre tu boca, puta!*” he ordered.

The girl quickly opened her mouth, her lips forming a petite circle in what, in Jack’s mind, was a perfect accommodation for his cock. “*Extende tus piernas y juega con tu coño,*” he repeated.

The prospect of playing with her pussy before this beast-like, black haired devil seemed to pierce the girl to the core. She began to sob again as she dutifully spread her knees wider apart. But she just couldn’t seem to bring her hand down to her crux. Jack watched as her right arm made a couple of twitches, as if she was making an effort to comply, but some unseen, hideous force was preventing it.

“*¿Quieres que saque el látigo?*” Jack demanded loudly.

“*¡No, señor, no! Es propiedad de Dios, no!*” the girl exclaimed woefully. The prospect of a whip in Jack’s hand cast a ravaging dourness over her tear stained face. But her plea for pity was useless as it washed up against Jack’s implacable indifference, no, not indifference, his relish of it.

“*¡Entonces ponte a trabajar, coño, repidamente! ¡Quiero ver como tu gatito se hace agradable y pulposo!*” Jack spat out. Get to work and make your pussy good and wet!

The girl grimaced. Her right arm twitched a couple of times, and then her right hand descended from behind her head and centered on her plump, hairless quim. It slid up and down it a couple of times, as if taking its measure, and then her fingers slipped between the smooth, graceful lips, rose to the top and went to work to transform her sex into a dutifully mushy mess.

Jack sipped his coffee and smoked another cigarette as he watched the attractive young girl play with her puss. She closed her eyes, but Jack ordered her to open them and look at him. She knelt there, her left hand behind her head, her saddened eyes reddened and watery, her mouth opened into a pretty little circle, as she twiggled her clit earnestly.

It wasn’t long before the girl’s chest began to exhibit a faint, pinkish glow; her breasts seemed to puff out and harden and her face began to slacken. Her *café au lait* colored skin began to exhibit a sheen of perspiration. Jack’s cock stirred at the sight and he began to yearn to put it to work on the girl’s flesh. But not yet. Her defeat and humiliation was not yet complete.

As if reluctant to cross the bridge which separated the land of slave like compulsion from the land of passionate obsession, the girl’s efforts began to slow. Juanita was still cleaning up from dinner. Jack called her over.

“*¡Dale a esta unos latigazos! ¡Parece que necesita el estímulo para realizar sus deberes!*”

“*¡Felizmente, señor!*” Juanita replied merrily. She wiped her hands dry on her apron and then took down the dog whip from its mount on the wall.

“*¡Ah, no, señor! ¡Por favor no me azote, se le pido!*” the girl screeched piteously. She redoubled her strokes to her quim, but it was too late.

“*¡Ponga su cabezas obresu, coño estúpido!*” Juanita spat out at the girl.

Wracked with sobs, the pitiful creature bent over and exposed her posterior to the vengeful housemistress. Any girl brought into the house was, at least theoretically, if not actually, under Juanita's supervision, and any defalcation in her duties reflected, naturally, upon her.

The girl's plump bottom swayed this way and that as if she could somehow frustrate her mistress' design, or, perhaps, and more likely, that her terrified anticipation of her punishment had propelled her into a subconscious zone where her actions were governed by primordial fears. Juanita reared back her mighty arm, the long, thin steel whip extended to its fullest. When she brought it forward it made a "zipping" sound as it divided the air.

The girl released a forlorn howl as the vicious object scoured her flesh. Juanita reared back again and again, each time delivering another caustic blow to the girl's proffered rear end and each time producing a howl of earsplitting dimension from her.

"*Suficiente!*" Jack called out. Dutifully, Juanita stepped back and gave him a proud nod of her head.

"*¡Levántate y haz tu deber o te pondremos algunas más!*" Jack ordered the girl.

The girl rose obediently, her face awash with tears, and fearful of further correction as Jack had threatened, began once more to energetically agitate her *gato*.

Jack instructed Juanita to bring him the carafe of brandy and a glass. While the girl unhappily, but faithfully, frigged her youthful, hairless puss, Jack poured himself several fingers worth and lit another *cigarrillo*.

This time, as her efforts bore fruition, her nostrils flaring, her lips trembling, when she came to the bridge between obedience and desire, the girl hesitated only briefly and then dashed across it, tossing her self-respect and decency over the side where they tumbled into the roaring water below and disappeared.

The girl's two longest fingers of her right hand were concentrating at the upper crux of her divide and jiggling at her clit with undisguised fury. Her shoulders had become hunched and her face wracked with passion. Her forlorn eyes stared at Jack beseechingly as if hoping beyond hope for some reprieve from her impending degradation. Jack just returned her look, remorseless and implacable.

The rush of the brandy complimented the rise in Jack's blood as he watched the girl near crisis. Tears were streaming from her eyes. Her

chest and face had reddened. Her breasts were taut and her nipples were hardened into rigid protuberances. She was starting to moan. She released a long, miserable whine. She gritted her teeth as if in preparation for some anguish producing blow. Her eyes flashed up at the ceiling and her head rolled back, exposing her long, sensuous neck and raising her breasts tantalizingly.

And then her lips parted once again and she shouted, “Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!” her voice high and plaintive. Her body shook and jerked as if in reception of a series of fierce electrical jolts. Juanita had taken up a position just behind and to the right of the girl. Her face was beaming with deserved satisfaction at the results her discipline had garnered. The girl was moaning and gasping as her body seemed to vibrate from the concussive contractions of her self-ravaged purse.

Jack waited until her convulsions waned. When she brought her head back level again and resumed her upright stance, her right hand still obediently, if desultorily, fingering her now pleasantly squishy quim, he tossed back the remnants of his brandy and stood up. The girl’s eyes widened with fear and her body cringed.

“*¡Manos y rodillas!*” he ordered.

The girl quickly fell to her hands and knees. He took hold of the leash that was still attached to the back of her collar and gave it a harsh tug.

“*¡Ven con migo!*” he ordered. The girl released a muffled sob and followed him as he led her from the kitchen.

They passed through the small living room and headed towards the bedrooms. When they passed the guest room, a pleading young woman’s voice could be heard faintly through the closed door. Then there was a loud, feminine screech and the sound of sobbing. Jack paid it no attention, but the girl he was towing took notice of it and released another piteous sob.

Jack’s bedroom was large and contained heavy furniture, a large, long dresser with a mirror down its length and a tall armoire. They were made from dark stained oak. The bed was wide and long, with large, spindled head and foot boards. He had his own bathroom, tiled in red and tan with Aztec-like designs. A cage sat next to the bed against the wall on the right side. A long chain was affixed to one of the spindles in the footboard of the bed and a shorter one from the center of the headboard. The covers, a light blue cotton sheet and a matching light blanket, had been pulled down to the foot of the bed. There were three, large, fluffy pillows.

Jack ordered the girl to get up on the bed and lie on her back. He crawled up over her and, taking her wrists in hand, attached them to the chain leading from the headboard. The girl looked up at him dolefully. He stepped back and spat out at her, “*¡Extiende las piernas y eleva las rodillas!*” Dutifully, her lips turned down into a frown, she spread her knees apart and raised them, exposing her glistening, distended slit.

Jack took a moment to take in her considerable charms. Her bare breasts were jutted upwards, stretched out by her upraised arms. Her slender thighs beckoned him. Her sparkly crevasse made his cock stir. She had closed her eyes and pressed her lips together tightly in dismay. Gruffly, Jack ordered her to open them both. She parted her quivering lips and opened her watery eyes. Jack told her in Spanish to, “make an ‘o’,” and she reformed her lips sadly into a cock ready circle.

Jack tore himself away from the lascivious display and went into the bathroom. He peed into the bowl, closing the lid without flushing. Water was at a premium here. He washed his hands and took a look at himself in the mirror over the sink. He cringed a little at what he saw. It was no wonder why the girl was so afraid of him. A fierce boogey man looked back.

He thought for a moment of when he had shaved and trimmed himself that second day on the run back in Wisconsin. He realized that he had kind of let himself go to pot since then. He remembered the girl and her delicate blonde hair that he had cut and dyed red and remembered that she was no more than two hundred or so yards away from him and at that moment probably being abused by that scumbag Lorenzo or one of his crew. His face cringed into a snarl for a moment. A plan! He had to have a plan! Somehow he had to reclaim her! His hands curled into fists. If Lorenzo were there at that moment he would beat him into a bloody mess! But it wouldn’t happen tonight. “A plan!” he thought again. “I’ve got to have a plan!”

A faint feminine whine from the next room reminded him that he had business at hand. He turned from the bathroom, shutting the light, and stepped back into the bedroom. The girl turned her head to look at him, her lips still formed into a perfect circle, tear drops running from her eyes. She would have to do for tonight.

When he began to disrobe, the girl released a sob and her body squirmed on the bed. He climbed up from the foot and positioned himself on his knees between her widespread thighs. The girl’s eyes were pinned on him, tears flowing down from the corners and her body



was shimmering with fear. It was such a delightful view that Jack hesitated for a moment to fully partake and revel in it.

Back in the Wisconsin days, up at their headquarters in Wausau, he often had girls like this, some foolish hitchhiker who had been picked up by one of the boys, enticed by the thrill of riding on the back of his powerful, noisy, cut back hog, some runaway farm girl that had been conned into visiting their little den of iniquity by one of the member's slave like girlfriends who had been ordered out on the prowl. Or some girl who had done a little too much coke at some roughneck bar, a special dose that they used that was laced with just a enough horse to make her woozy to the point of near unconsciousness. Jack always got first dibs, and once he was done with her, often after three or four painful and fear filled days, she would be passed around the house for a couple of weeks before being sold off to one of the Hispanic gangs from Chicago, St. Louis or Denver, or maybe to one of the Chinese Tongs that ran out of Frisco for eventual export to Hong Kong, Shanghai or Macao.

Jack gave his rigid meat a couple of pulls. His thick wand had a mind of its own and Jack could feel its frantic yearning to get hot and wet. But not yet. While his cock had a mind of its own, he always remained its master and he wanted to enjoy the girl's dour dismay for a bit longer.

He reached out his meaty hands and ran then slowly down her outstretched thighs from her bent knees, slowly, slowly, slowly down to her crux. Her thighs trembled as he stroked them, his touch gentle and soft, up and down, up and down several times. They were hot and damp from perspiration and very, very soft. At the bottom of each trip, he let his thick fingers just kind of dribble across the girl's hairless, plump pudenda at which the girl's hips would squirm and she would release a little, half suppressed whimper.

Leaning over, he took hold of the girl's legs just below her knees, on her upper shin, encompassing her dainty limbs easily and pressed his lips against her flesh, kissing and licking slowly, sloppily, all the way down each shimmering thigh in its turn. He reveled in the smell of her flesh, clean and fresh and still redolent of the flowery perfume they made the girls adorn themselves with up at the whorehouse. He made the circuit one, twice, thrice and then a fourth time, each time avoiding contact with her crux, as if emphasizing its vulnerability to his depredations. Finally, he pushed her knees wide apart, as far apart as

they would go, lowered his lips to her purse and gave it a long, slow lick from bottom to top.

The girl issued a sob. She pressed down her rear against the mattress in an instinctive but futile attempt to draw her cunt away from him. But Jack had a firm grip on her and she was going nowhere. He drew his tongue up and down the already slushy gap again and again, slowly and firmly, each time penetrating deeper into her puss. The girl was issuing little trilling sounds, and now, rather than making an attempt to pull away, her hips were involuntarily rising to meet his strokes. When he seized her distended and rigid love button with his lips, giving it a long, hard suckle, the girl released an anguished sounding moan.

He played with her pussy for a long time. Her moisture oozed out of it, giving off a heady, musky smell that reverberated all throughout Jack's body down to the very tip of his needy cock. When he tickled her clit with the tip of his tongue, flicking at it *rápidamente*, she released a long, continuous, desperate sounding whine. Her hips were rotating and thrusting at him now and he drove her to the brink of apotheosis several times, each time denying her ultimate succor. He thrust his rigid tongue deep into her cavern, curling it just enough to irritate its roof. At this, a low, deep moan arose from the girl's chest and she arched her back and tried desperately to draw her knees together.

Finally, he determined to grant her mercy. Not for her sake, of course, but merely so he could move onto the next stage. He wanted her pussy loose and flushed and flowered when he penetrated her. By the time his cock sank within her, her puss would be so sensitized that a whiff of air would send her over the top.

He subsumed her clit in his mouth, sucking on it hard while his tongue pushed and poked and pressed against it. He kept going and going and going. Her moans had become cries and she was babbling out frantic, piteous sounding phrases, too quickly for Jack to understand them. Then a deep rumble arose from her innards. Her squirming body held itself perfectly still, her back arched, her fingers splayed, her thighs trembled. She cried out, her shout filling the room and her body commenced a series of hard shudders and convulsions. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" she cried out. "¡Mi Dios! ¡Mi Dios! ¡Mi Dios! ¡Mi Dios!" she shouted at the top of her voice. "¡Oh! ¡Oh! ¡Oh! ¡Oh!" she called out. Oh, maestro! ¡Párese! ¡Por favor, párese! ¡Oh! ¡Oh! ¡Oh! ¡Oh!"

But Jack declined to relent. He pushed her on and on and on until finally, the girl uttered a loud screech and burst into piteous, heartfelt sobs. He slowly let her wind down. Her body shuddered with fierce aftershocks while she moaned and groaned and cried. When he lifted his head, he took a moment to revel in his handiwork. The girl's face was flushed red, her body covered with sweat. Her visage was forlorn and defeated. She had, no doubt, struggled to resist his blandishments, but her feeble efforts had been easily vanquished. He ran his hands over her body, capturing and caressing her breasts, drifting his hands down her belly and up and down her slender thighs. Her lips were quivering and her eyes reddened with her tears. She was ready now. More than ready.

Jack shuffled himself toward her on his knees. He took hold of his cock with his right hand and slipped its meaty head one, twice, three times along her mushy gash. Knowing what he intended, fearing the ecstatic torment that she knew portended, her face cringed into a masque of misery. "*Por favor, maestro,*" she whispered piteously. "*¡No lo hagas, por favor!*"

Jack released his cock, reared back his right hand and gave the girl's face a mighty smack. Her head jerked to the side and she released a piteous wail.

"Shut the fuck up!" Jack shouted at her in English. Her face returned a piteous, miserated, doleful look, all cringed and distorted, her eyes brimming with tears.

His right hand returned to its duty. He rubbed his cock's head slowly up and down her crevasse again, three times. Then he poised himself at the entrance. He leaned over her, his elbows on the bed, his forearms lying flat, his chest pressed against her breasts. And then slowly, slowly, slowly slipped his hips forward, sinking his tool deep within her.

Her cunt was hot and velvety. She released a half whine half moan. His hips pressed her thighs apart, but her feet were now flat upon the mattress and she dug her heels deep into it and her body shuddered.

His strokes were long and slow. Her tunnel was clamped hard against his meat, some degrees hotter than the rest of her, but the outside was distended and flush. She released unhappy little whines each time his manhood traversed her canal. He was leaning over her, his face inches away from hers, and she stared up at him anxiously, piteously. Her mouth, obediently, was still formed into the little "O" that he had prescribed. He closed his own mouth over it and slipped his

tongue inside. She moaned unhappily, but did not resist as he began to scour the interior of her cavity, forcing her tongue into a little dance as she tried to avoid contact.

He went on and on. In the old days he used to fuck sometimes for hours without coming. He didn't have the patience for that these days. But he still had good control of himself and wanted this thing to last as long as possible.

You could tell that the girl was attempting to deaden her body's response, but, not long after his attentions had begun, her hips started to grind back at him every time he descended to her depths. Her breathing was becoming heavy and a low moan was issuing continuously from deep within her chest. Finally, as if her defenders had been smashed and routed, she released a long, piteous whine right back into his mouth and her back arched. She had raised her knees and her feet were stroking down the back of his tenuously, as if unsure as whether to use them to pull him deeper inside herself, or to flail and beat at him in desperate protest at her abuse.

Her tongue had ceased its dance of avoidance and now intertwined with his feverishly. She was thrusting her hips up and down as if to accentuate each of his. Suddenly, her body stiffened and a deep rumble arose from her throat. Her heels dug in tight against the back of his thighs.

"Mmmmmmmmmmpf! Mmmmmmmmmmmph! Mmmmmmmmmmpf! Mmmmmmmmmmpf!" she exclaimed. Jack could feel her pussy's walls issuing fierce contraction after contraction. She growled and her body shook and her tongue's movements took on a desperate aspect. "Mmmmmmmmmmpf! Mmmmmmmmmmpf! Mmmmmmmmmmpf!" she continued, each ejaculation of muffled sound seeming more desperate and anguished than its predecessor.

She then gave a great sigh and her body went loose. Jack released her mouth and slowed his motions to a desultory pace. She was breathing in heavily from her mouth and she seemed to take solace that her ordeal was done.

But it was not done. Jack ceased his movements momentarily, his cock drawn just to the edge of her round entrance, the head just inside. She looked at him. Their eyes met for a second or two. And then Jack began again.

The girl's face cringed and her mouth downturned into a piteous frown. You could tell that she yearned to beg Jack for surcease, if only

for a little while, but clearly remembered what had happened the last time she spoke.

Jack plunged his cock deeply inside her, reveling in the heat and the softness and the wetness. His physical enjoyment of the act itself, the almost excruciating pulses of pleasure the gentle friction of her walls was sending him, was well matched by the psychic reward of forcing the girl into unwanted pleasure. He knew that her mind was totally riveted on what he was doing to her and that the sense of powerlessness she felt was certainly burrowing itself deep into her brain, altering forever her sense of herself and disposing of any kernel of belief or hope that she any longer had any ownership interest in the very same flesh he was pummeling.

He went on and on. The girl cried and screeched and tried to writhe her body underneath him. Her legs flailed about and she pounded at him with her heels. “Ahhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh!” she called out as her pussy began to throb and convulse once more. It only served to heighten Jack’s passion and need. Power over the transaction was passing from his head to his cock. He struggled to keep it, his mind struggling to push back his moment of eruption. His thrusts became powerful and hard and quick. The girl was screeching. Her heels were dug into the sides of his thighs as if trying desperately to push him off. She turned her head away from him and scrunched her eyes closed and began releasing a hideous wail. Resting his elbows on the bed, Jack grabbed the hair on the top of her head and turned her face back to his. His other hand clamped itself over her mouth, suppressing her screams.

“*¡Abre tus ojos, puta!*” Jack yelled at her.

Her closed eyes flipped open. They stared back at him, wide and bulging, as if perceiving above her a demonish beast intent on dragging her down to the infernal realm, a thought not too far off from the truth.

Jack just fucked and fucked and fucked, holding on tightly to her head, immobilizing it and stifling the moans and screeches emanating from her throat. Suddenly her body convulsed as if an electric prod had been shoved up inside her and her screeches morphed into deep, guttural, staccato groans. Her eyes rolled back. She was snorting through her nose. The girl had been thrust into a feverish St. Vitus’ dance and all rationality, all connection with the outer world was broken and no volitional thought possible.

It was all too much for Jack’s mental abilities to overcome. His cock began to jerk and throb. Jack pounded his hips even harder, releasing mighty groans of pleasure. It was as if some fiendish force

was transmuting through him. The entire universe was reduced to the pleasure jolting his body and the exquisite, nerve wrenching ecstasy his cock was bringing him.

Eventually, his cock's eruptions slowed. He released the girl's head and mouth and lowered himself down on her, his head leaning over her left shoulder. His heart was pounding and his breath was ragged. His mind swam back to consciousness. He ground his motions slowly to a halt, relishing the aftershocks the girl's slushy, tired cunt was giving him.

After a few moments, his motions stopped completely. His mind was re-experiencing the pleasures that he had just felt, instilling them deeply into his memory, filing them away for future reminiscence. This is what life is about, he thought. This is what makes the world go round. Was there a man alive who would not thrill to experience the things he experienced, to live the life he was living? And just 6 months ago he was wasting away behind concrete and steel, condemned to the use of punks' asses and mouths. Not a tit in sight but for the beefy mounds under the uniforms of the beefy female guards and but for the bobbing jugs of the warden's youthful, short skirted, long legged secretary as she walked documents through the facility, no doubt enjoying the sensation of three thousand pairs of hungry eyes feeding upon her.

He rose from the girl's body. The girl's face was at rest, her eyes closed, her lips slightly pursed. He tapped her on the cheek. "*¡Haz la 'O'!*" he told her sharply.

Her eyes popped open and her mouth quickly formed into the desired shape. A look of forlorn distress crossed her visage. Jack got up off the bed. His cock still tingled from its exertions and he gave it a couple of tugs as he stepped to the bureau across from the bed. It was slimy and rubbery. He opened the bottom drawer and removed two objects.

The girl's eyes were pinned to him as he stepped back to the bed. When she saw what he had in his hand, her "O" shaped mouth took on a distinct frownish aspect. The thick, cock-like prong of the gag slipped easily into her open mouth, pushing the "O" she had made wider. Jack pushed it until the leather shield from which the prong emanated was flush against her face and the prong buried deep in her cavity.

"*¡Levanta tu cabeza!*" he ordered. She obediently lifted her head, tears forming in her eyes. Jack pulled the straps to the gag behind her,

fastened them together and pulled them tight until the girl issued a piteous whine. Then he fastened them off. He leaned up and took a look at her. The shield of the gag cupped her chin and pulled her mouth closed firmly on the prong that pierced it. Her eyes seemed to beg him not to leave her this way. But that was the point, wasn't it. She would be forced to acknowledge his power over her every moment, even while he stepped away.

Jack picked up the other object, which he had dropped on the bed. It was a heavy, black, soft cotton hood. He quickly pulled it over her head, making her face disappear, and gathered it tightly around her neck with the pull strings. He pushed the slider on the strings tight against her throat so that the hood would stay as he left it.

He stepped back again. The girl was crying and her black shrouded head was shifting back and forth in distress. “*¡Levanta las rodillas y las piernas!*” he spat out at her. Jack's voice had the tone of a fierce beast in it. It was from where he garnished much of his power. It had an immediate effect on the girl. She raised her knees and spread her legs, stretching them widely as she had been ordered. With the black hooded head and the outstretched bound arms, the girl made a delectable sight. He could see his thick, white, copious cum dribbling from her crevasse. It was quite a picture.

“*¡No muevas ni un músculo o te dare con el latigo!*” he warned her. The threat of the whip if she moved made the girl stiffen. She knew it was no idle threat. “*¡Abre mas las piernas!*” he spat out. The girl stretched her legs even wider apart. Her thighs were pulled taut with the strain and her hips rose, elevating her cunt. Now that was better. “*¡Buena chica!*” he told her. “*¡Mantente como eres! En un rato volveré y te jodere más,*” he said to her. Stay like you are. I'll be back in a while and we'll fuck some more.

The girl issued a muffled whine and her black shrouded head shook side to side.

Jack grabbed his pack of cigarettes and a lighter and moved out of the room. He left the door open. Naked, he walked through the living room and into the kitchen. Juanita was sitting at the table drinking a cup of tea. “Brandy,” was all Jack said. Juanita looked him up and down appreciably. He always had the impression that if showed any interest, the obese mama would enjoy a tumble in the sack with him. “I might do it someday,” he thought as she quickly got up from her chair and scurried to get the bottle and a snifter. When she came back, she

handed them to him gracefully, her mouth in a wide grin. "*Gracias*," he said softly.

He was used to being naked in front of the housemistress. She had seen him fuck a couple dozen of the whores from the hacienda and certainly Mrs. Chavez many times while she had been their guest. Jack thought of her much like a co-conspirator. And he had nothing to hide from her.

He went back through the living room, glancing in on the girl as he passed to make sure she hadn't moved, and then went out to the porch. The almost full moon was bright, the sky cloudless, and the semi-arid scene that his porch looked out on was well lit. He sat in one of the rockers, poured himself a snifter of cognac and took a hefty swig. It burned as it went down magnificently. He put the snifter down on the floor next to him and lit a smoke, drawing the soothing tobacco smoke in deeply. Then he leaned back and started to gently rock.

It had been a great fuck. The girl made a perfect victim. His cock stirred at the memory of her wails of distress and her screams of self damning pleasure. If she hadn't thought of herself as a whore before, she would now. And she would understand that her pussy controlled her, not the other way around.

He decided that he would keep her around for a few days. Her and the other one. He would try her out tomorrow and let Juanita have the skinnier one for a while. Juanita deserved it, and the girl needed to learn more about subservience. Juanita was a great teacher on that subject.

But as much as he enjoyed the girl, his thoughts always went back to the blond, dog like creature at Lorenzo's. It would be great to have her here as his permanent guest. He would leave her dog-like. It suited her. And he would lend her to Juanita from time to time and let her whip her in front of him.

Jack squeezed his cock and a wince of pleasure went through him. And then his moment of reverie turned to despair. Lorenzo would never let him have her. Their mutual hatred was too deep. And even if he got her, he would never risk losing her again, to be forced to think of other men fucking her, using her mouth, her ass, her cunt, bringing her to pleasure. No, his initial plan was the best: a long ride out into the desert, a quick bullet and then a hole in the ground. He would end his obsession forever. And it was best that he not fuck her or use her in anyway. He might be tempted to keep her. No, this stage of his life, the



only time he had been enthralled by a bitch since he was 15 years old and new to pussy, had to come to an end.

He tossed his cigarette butt into the cuspidor Juanita had put out there for that purpose and reached down for his brandy. He took another pull and let the glass rest in his hands. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes. The gentle rocking was soothing.

The only way that Lorenzo would ever let him have the girl was if the transfer of ownership involved some radical humiliation for him. That was the key. Jack knew that Lorenzo feared him. He had certainly shown that back in the bar the other day. And in front of his men, too. Lorenzo needed to gain face with his men and the only way to do that was to be able to eliminate Jack as a threat, show that he was the stronger of the two. And both Jack and Lorenzo knew that the old man was watching. He had purposely cast Jack against Lorenzo to test him. If he lacked the moxie to face up to Jack he would never be able to master the gang. He would be eaten alive. The old man was at an age where his legacy would be uppermost in his mind. Lorenzo was a distant second.

Jack let his mind drift away from his problem for a little while. The night in the desert was far from quiet. Chirps and screeches and growls emerged from it like a symphony. You had to be quiet and virtually still to hear it. Jack listened to the sounds, not constant, but intermittent, as if some coded message was being conveyed. The moon was way up in front of him and his naked body was bathed in its light.

And then he received a brainstorm. There was one way that Lorenzo could show that he was the superior man. That was if Jack paid obeisance to him and begged for the girl's return. He would offer him all the money he possessed, about \$250,000. That was ten times what he had been paid for her. Word would get out and Lorenzo would come off as the clear victor. "Yes, that's the ticket," Jack thought.

\$250,000 for the girl. It would be worth it for the peace of mind he would gain. The money itself meant nothing to him. It was more a measure of his successful depredations of the normal realm, a signifier of his revenge against the straight world that had locked him up like a beast for 15 years and tried to steal his soul. And there was plenty more out there. There were plenty of middle aged rich ladies with millionaire husbands ready to fork over a mountain of cash for their return. Mr. Chavez' decision to leave his wife to her well-deserved fate notwithstanding.

Sure, it was risky. Every minute he spent on the other side was a minute spent in full hazard that some cop would see him and put two and two together. There was no way he would let them take him alive. That was without question. He was never going back to prison. But, let's face it, the thrill of evading capture was half the fun.

Jack sat there self-satisfiedly for more than an hour. He refilled his snifter twice and went through a number of cigarettes. It was nice to feel that he had a plan, hopefully a solution to his problem. And then his mind drifted back to his houseguest lying posed in wait for him. He felt a surge of strength go through him. It was as if he had been revitalized by the vision of the end of his months of torment. He took hold of his cock and gave it a few strokes, his mind's eye on the vision of the poor little Mexican girl on his bed, her proffered, awaiting cunt. He pulled his cock until it was just short of hard. His cock and balls felt energized. If the girl thought she had been badly used before, just wait until he was done with her this time.

He left the empty snifter and the bottle on the floor next to the rocker. Juanita would retrieve them. He walked silently back into the darkened house and crept up to the doorway to his bedroom. The girl hadn't moved an inch. Her shrouded head was swaying back and forth slowly as if she were trying to hypnotize herself, or lull herself into some safe harbor of comfort.

He tossed his pack of smokes and lighter on the dresser. The slight noise they made caused the girl to jump. He came close to the bed and he heard her whine.

*"¡Acu esta te en tu vientre!"* he snapped at her. She stiffened and whined, but flipped over on her belly as she had been told.

*"¡Ponte en tus codos y rodillas!"* he ordered. She rose to her elbows and knees.

*"¡Abre tus piernas!"* he told her. She spread her legs.

*"Ancho! Mas ancho!"* he barked.

With a forlorn, muffled whine, the girl obeyed and spread her legs even wider.

*"Bien,"* said Jack. The girl was a perfect vision. Her black, shrouded head was in a way symbolic of her interchangeability with any other of a thousand whores out there. Her bound wrists, tethered to the headboard, were emblematic of her enslavement. Her back was arched and her rear end was elevated. Her spread legs made her now at rest pussy lips prominent, a thin, soft line between them with just a small wrinkly tuft of her inner lips peeking out.

He ran his hand over the proffered organ. The girl's hips shuddered at his touch. He pressed his finger between the gap of her outer lips. She was dry and unready for him. Well, he would take care of that.

He stepped over to his nightstand and picked up a tube of lubricating gel. He climbed up on the bed behind the girl and centered himself between her outstretched thighs. Squirting a dab of gel on his fingers, he reached down to the girl's pussy and gently applied it to her slit until it was slick and then into her now narrow hole. He knew he could get her wet if he just exercised some patience, but his lust was too needy to wait. Besides, but she might run out of juices before he was done with her and he didn't want to ruin his enjoyment of her for the next few days.

As he intruded his thick fingers into her canal, the girl made a little chirping noise and swayed her hips. Jack made sure it was well lubricated and he could thrust two of his thick fingers in and out of her with little effort. The girl's body shuddered. Then he put another dollop on his fingers and turned his attention to her nether entrance. Again he lubricated it, outside and in. When he pushed his two fingers inside her, she released a plaintive moan mingled with a piteous sob. Yes, he was going to fuck her there too. She had no say in the matter, no matter how it pained, revolted or dismayed her.

Once his two fingers could traverse her rear hole with ease, he tossed the lubricating gel aside and wiped his fingers on the sheet. All this handling of her, coupled with the girl's obvious distress, had finished off the job of making him hard. He addressed his cock to her pussy's entrance. The girl whined and she shifted her hips from side to side in dismay, murmuring some sorrowful prayer or other behind her gag. Jack reached back and gave her three fierce slaps on her rear cheeks with his right hand. She howled and screamed at each one.

*“¡Mantante y te vas a arrepentir, coño estúpido!”* he roared. The girl brought her motions to a halt. She commenced to sob. Jack re-poised his steely cock at the entrance to her womb, placed his hands firmly on her hips, holding her still, and slid right in. The girl moaned unhappily, and he went to work.

## CHAPTER FOUR

At the same time as Jack was fucking the little Mexican girl, Carly, now known only as Zorrita, the salacious bitch, was on her knees before her master servicing his mighty crank. She had been at now it for 20 minutes or more. Lorenzo liked it when she kept him just at the edge of completion. He controlled her efforts with his right hand ensconced in her just long enough whitish blond hair. When she got him too close he would tighten his grip, pulling at her hair fiercely and give her a not quite vicious but still brain shaking slap with his left hand.

Carly would cease her ministrations, open her mouth just wide enough so that she wasn't producing any friction on his long, thick wand of meat, and wait for his order to resume, which usually came in the form of an insulting epithet and a rude jerking of her head.

Until then, she would kneel there, absolutely still, revolted, as she nearly always was, by the presence of her most voracious abuser's organ, an invasive and foul creature. It was so thick that, in order not to risk initiating his orgasm, she had to keep her mouth as wide as could be. Even then it would lie on her tongue and poke against the back of her throat. It was hot and soft and hard all at once. It tasted salty and greasy and musty, as if its surface was exuding some of the inner evil of the man's cruel soul.

And then, once the insulting epithet was uttered and her brain shaken, she would go back to work, making her mouth narrow again so that the beast was fully encompassed, and resume suckling and licking in a simulacrum of devout earnestness. The grip on her hair would relax and Lorenzo would go back to laughing and joking with his *compadres*, inhaling massive joints and throwing back tumbler after tumbler of golden colored tequila.

The TV was almost always on. At this moment the men, and there were four of Lorenzo's faithful minions there, were watching their favorite variety show. It was hosted by a bald fat man who was constantly making lurid faces at the barely dressed chorus girls or the big bosomed, young, provocatively attired, blonde hostess. The music was always loud and cheap sounding and the man was always cracking ludicrous sounding jokes, mostly at the expense of women's anatomy, sexual proclivities, their inelegance or their mental acuity.

Not that Carly had learned much Spanish in the 6 or 8 months she had been a prisoner here (she really couldn't tell how long she had been here since she had long ago lost count of the days and the weather never seemed to change). No one really talked to her anymore. Mostly, all she got were one or two word orders to present herself, spread her legs or her lips and stuff like that. She didn't even understand all the names that Lorenzo kept calling her, but always assumed, correctly as it was, that they were degrading and meant to humiliate and shame her.

She had gotten used to her dog-like appearance. Every morning she would be brought out from her little cage at the foot of Lorenzo's bed and taken upstairs and cleaned and allowed to rest, chained and bound of course, for an hour or so on a real bed. Sometimes Vincenzo, Lorenzo's stern and exacting major domo, would fuck her there. Then either he or one of the maids that had been trained to do it would bind up her lower legs to her thighs, slip on the confining paw-like mittens, make up her face and administer her doggy ears and nose again. Even then, alone with one of the pretty, young, subservient maids, she didn't get a chance to practice her Spanish since all the time when she was not under supervision from one of the staff or one of the masters, she was kept gagged with a thick, cock-like prong in her mouth.

And the maids had been specifically ordered not to talk to her other than the one or two word commands necessary to secure her cooperation. In all respects she was treated by them like a real dog, except when, because they seemed to enjoy taunting and humiliating someone further down the food chain than them, one or two of the maids would torment her breasts and pussy until she performed for them, releasing muffled barks at the point of climax as she was trained to do, making the maids laugh and squeal.

She didn't really mind it though. At least the maids didn't beat her. And she got them back when the men made her genuflect their pleasant little hairless pussies in front of a group of them for their amusement. She always drew out their lusts as long as she could, making the young girl squirm and whine, begging again and again, "*¡Ohhhhhhh! ¡Por favor! ¡Porfavor! ¡Hágame venir! ¡Hágame venir! ¡Por favor!*" And only then would she let them come.

Lorenzo gave her head a fierce shake and uttered, churlishly, "*¡Vuelve a tu trabajo, zorra!*" Back to work, cunt! She immediately closed her mouth around the familiar tool and resumed her faux loving attentions to it.

Slowly, she ran her pursed lips up and down, squiggling her tongue along its underside. She pressed her lips on the tip, pushed the sheath of skin back and tickled the sensitive head with the tip of her tongue, making her master release a pleased sigh. She varied her strokes, long and short, fast and slow. She ran her lips up and down the outside. She suckled the end. She did everything she could think of.

She was never allowed to use her paw like hands. There were rough pads on the bottoms tough enough not to wear out with all her doggie walking. So she rested them on his thighs, careful not to give him a scratch, a sin that would produce a viscous blow across her face from his heavy, open hand.

She had been back at her task a minute or so when someone, one of the men, sidled up in back of her. His hand ran along her proffered back side and then along the insides of her always wide-spread thighs. When she heard him ask Lorenzo, “¿*Con permiso, Jefe?*”, she knew who it was. It was one of the newer guys; they called him Julio. His voice was high and almost puerile, from a throat not yet scarred by years of tobacco, marijuana and cheap booze. He had been too timid to use her yet, but it seemed that he had gotten over his qualms.

Lorenzo issued a grunt of approval. “*Gracias, mi Jefe,*” Julio responded.

His hand went from her thigh to her vulva. She was already wet and he slipped two fingers right in. She couldn't help it. Although she hated herself for it, the more the men humiliated her, shamed her, abused her, the hotter she seemed to get. Sucking Lorenzo's prick, being treated so rudely and roughly, in front of these men and the two maids locked up in the cages along the wall on either side of the TV, had brought a fierce need upon her.

It was that man's fault, that man they called Blackjack. He had done it to her. She could have spent a lifetime not knowing this side of her if he hadn't brought it out. Late at night, crushed into the little cage at the end of Lorenzo's bed, restless and forlorn amidst the darkness, she would curse him with all of her soul. He had done this to her. He had brought out the demons in her and then callously sold her to these fiends.

Often, at the height of passion, just before she erupted into her prescribed yelps of ecstasy, and she came often during the day, not every time someone fucked her, but often enough, sometimes more than 7 or 8 times a day, her mind would recall that day they spent snowbound in the cabin where he had used her so ruthlessly, making

her come again and again. And, she had to admit, sometimes, rarely, but often enough to later make her miserable with shame, she would celebrate the liberation of her passions that the man had brought her. She had never come like that before and even now when Lorenzo fucked her on his bed or one of the maids tickled her to completion, or when the Diana-like Angelika, the mistress of the household, fucked her with her thick vibrating dildo in her bed, or mouthed her to completion, momentarily, in her enforced joy, she would yearn for him again, to use her, own her, fuck her. And then it would pass and she would, once her violent orgasm had wound down, be filled with remorse.

She saw him just about once a week when he came up to one of Lorenzo's parties. When she went up to him and did her little doggie begging for him to use her, as was her duty towards all the guests, she could see the look of contempt in his eyes and it would wound her deeply. She would respond with a surge of hatred for him, hatred she would later regret since, often, in her fantasies, they were together again in that mountain cabin and he was making slavish use of her.

She knew it would never happen. Lorenzo was too enamored of her to ever release her. And Angelika had foretold her fate, a lighted sacrifice, a Monterrey barbeque, as Angelika had called it, the fate of all her doggy predecessors. It was why she served Lorenzo so devoutly and obeyed all the proscriptions imposed on her with vigor and enthusiasm. If she faltered in her doggy duties even one iota, she knew what she was facing. At night, alone in her cage, she would cry and cry and cry, terrorized by the prospect of her certain future. For no matter how vigorous she was in her canine concupiscence, one day Lorenzo would tire of her and she would go up in flames.

Julio flicked at her love bud playfully. A shudder went through her and she issued a whine tinged sigh. It was soft and barely noticeable, about as much expression of protest that was tolerated. It seemed that her clit was connected to a little spot in the back of her brain, a very specific spot, which vibrated and seemed to glow within her whenever it was agitated. And the more stimulation it received, the more agitated the spot would get and the greater its vibrous emanations. The vibrations spread through her body, descending through her chest to the tips of her breasts, down her torso and through her thighs and lower legs right down to her toes. Or, in this case, up to her toes, which were wrapped in flesh colored gauze and sticking up behind her.

The trick was not to let it disturb her ministrations to her lord's prick. He had given her a hefty slap earlier when she had released a little cough of discomfort as his manhood poked into her throat. If she lost her rhythm, or faltered in her devotions, there's no telling what violence would be sparked from him.

Once, a few weeks into her canine life, she had tried to push away from him when he was fucking her throat. She was virtually out of air and had begun to feel faint. He drew out his prick and gave her a slap that shook her teeth. Then he dragged her up to his room, mounted her on the whipping stand and belabored her with a thick cane made from hickory wood. He smashed into her ribs, her arms, her thighs, her bottom, her breasts, and, after raising her legs in the air and spreading them apart, one vicious blow to her pussy.

She had screamed and sobbed and begged for mercy, to, of course, no avail. The only consequence was that Vincenzo had, the next morning, reinstalled the vicious brank he had made her wear that first day as a punishment for the utterance of actual words. And he made her sit on the roof of the little punishment hut he kept up in the attic, on which she had often seen one or another of the young maids ensconced and crying bitter tears of agony.

She knew he would make her do it someday and had trembled each time she passed it on the way to the showers. The 'vee' of its apex pressed cruelly against her already wounded vagina. She sobbed and blubbered the entire time he kept her there, about 3 hours, struggling futilely for a position that would not bring her anguish. But her ankles were chained to the sides of the little hut and her feet had nothing to push up on. Her hands were bound behind her and tied off to the rafter above. She could not slide off the "vee" of the rooftop in either direction or raise herself up. It was a close run thing whether the pain in her mouth from the sharp steel pins of the infernal brank or the slightly rounded wood that mashed into her gap was more excruciating. She just moaned and sobbed and cried out to the universe, begging for them both to end.

When he finally let her down, he took her to her little room and, after forcing oral obeisance from her, a very painful exercise due to the wounds in her mouth, bound her hand and foot, gagged and hooded her and chained her in place on her lumpy mattress, where she spent the rest of the day, virtually immobile. Her pussy and mouth, her muscles and bones, all throbbed with residual pain all through the day, and she



spent most of the time uttering soft sobs and moans of misery and despair.

After restoring her dog-like mien, he brought her down to the kitchen after sundown where the kindly cooks looked upon her black and blue body aghast. They shooed her from the kitchen and cooed over and comforted her, feeding her a thin gruel so she would not have to chew and a nice bowl of ice cream. After dinner, after her walk outside, they all took turns in caressing and petting her, making her come three times before they were done.

She was locked in her cage when one of the maids came to get her and bring her to Lorenzo's playroom. Without much comment, her lord and master took up where he had left off the night before, and made her suck him for 25 agonizingly painful minutes before spilling down her throat. This time she remained utterly still despite her desperate need for air, realizing that it was better that she die a painless death than face his fury once more.

The hand of the newly recruited *tipomalo* behind her abandoned her clit and slipped what seemed like two of his fingers into her already dilated tube. He ran them back and forth a few times, making her squirm. Then the fingers departed. She felt him snuggle up behind her, the rough fabric of his jeans rubbing up against the insides of her thighs. There was a moment's pause as, she assumed, he lowered his fly and removed his undoubtedly already stiffened wand, and then the sensation of its head butting up against her divide. He maneuvered it with his hand until he found her hole and placed the head of the beast inside her. A second later his hands were on her hips and he slowly, slowly, slowly entered her.

Zorrita released an impassioned sigh as she felt herself filled. The couch on which Lorenzo was ensconced was low slung and the angle at which she was servicing his prick brought her head just a little lower than her hips. Her legs, as per dictated protocol, were widespread. All in all, she was just about in the perfect position for fucking.

The motions of the young man behind her increased their pace almost immediately. She knew it was doubtful he would last long this way. But if she angled her hips just right, curved her spine and raised them just a little, his motions would drag his stem directly across her sensitized clit and maybe, just maybe, she could get off.

Immediately, her passions began to rise. Later, she would curse herself for it, but while in the heat of her degradation, all thoughts of resistance fled her.

They called her Zorrita, the salacious bitch. She had fought that off too, at first. "I'm Carly! Carly! Carly!" she protested to herself every time they called or referred to her in that name. But it was not long before she had conceded its aptness. In fact, it was getting harder and harder to think of herself as human. Nobody spoke to her as if she was human. Nobody treated her as if she was human. Except when Lorenzo had her standing at the whipping stand in his room, her paws confined above her, she was always on her hands and knees. And anytime she showed any aspect of humanity, like that time when she had begged Lorenzo to stop beating her with his club, she suffered terrible retribution. A few times Angelika had caught her crying out in the foyer to the hacienda where she was chained for hours every day. Each time, she had brought her back to her room and belabored her unmercifully.

So she had trained her brain to respond in dog-like fashion. She whined and barked. She shook her hips in joy when it was feeding time, or when one of the kitchen ladies proffered her a treat. Angelika always carried a few biscuits in her pocket and she would hold one out to her, just above her head and make little kissing sounds. Zorrita would raise herself as high on her knees as she could, raise her torso, balancing herself precariously, and hold her paws bent at the wrists in front of her, making little begging sounds, her mouth open in anticipation and her tongue lolling outside her lips. Angelika would laugh, give it to her, and then rub her head playfully while she gobbled the treat down.

Still, there was a deep pit of darkness in her soul. At night, when Lorenzo locked her in her little brass cage at the foot of his bed, or while bound on her pallet up in the attic, hooded and gagged, a thick cloud of despair and self-pity would engulf her. She would prefer to die if she could do so quickly and painlessly. Sometimes, when Lorenzo had her kneel on the floor next to his chair at dinnertime, where he would toss her scraps that she gobbled up with doggie-like voraciousness, she would eye the knives they used on the table, especially the long, razor sharp one they used to cut up roasts. If only she could get her hands on it! She would plunge it into her throat, slicing herself from ear to ear, before anyone could do anything about it.

But even this fantasy was impossible. She had no hands, or hands that were usable, that is. They were always wrapped up in the black leather doggie paws. And if she had ever made an attempt at grabbing

a knife, and failed, she couldn't even dare think about what would happen next.

And the fire, the fire, the fire, always loomed over her. Hardly a day went by when she didn't think of it. She couldn't imagine what it would be like to be engulfed in flames. She thought of the women in history who had suffered it, women burnt as witches because they were different, or mad, or strong, women burnt as heretics, like Joan of Arc. Women under the power of and judged by men, cold, cruel, sadistic men.

She imagined herself uttering prayers to the almighty to spare her from pain, to make her death quick, to snatch up her soul at the moment the flames, insidious, relentless, devouring, licked at her toes. But what had he done for her so far? Had he saved her from one iota of shame and degradation, spared her from one whipping, assuaged her masters' cruelty and callousness by a single degree? No, he had not. So why would she think that he would do anything for her once the men had piled the charcoal and wood around her as she stood there tied to the stake. And the gas spilled on it. And the match being lit that would initiate the conflagration. And Lorenzo's grinning, leering face. And the moment when a terror greater than ever anyone could ever imagine would seize her, a terror that would pervade every cell in her body, a terror that would driver her mindless. At that moment, where would God be?

She tried not to think of it. Which is another reason she threw herself whole-heartedly into her new role in life. Dogs had no conception of the future. And as long as she could keep her brain dog-like, neither did she. And as long as her fires could still be stoked, as long as she could derive depraved pleasure from her abasement, all those bad thoughts could be kept at bay.

But Julio was going too fast. Although each rapid stroke sent a pulse of pleasure through her, she knew he would be done long before she would be able to attain apotheosis. His hands gripped her hips fiercely. She could hear him groaning behind her. She tried to concentrate on that little point of pleasure in her brain, but she dared not lose her focus on the rigid, hot member in her mouth. After all, pain avoidance was the first priority at all times. Coming, as voraciously delightful as it could be, was always second fiddle.

Faster and harder he went. He was smashing up against her rear, making her body jolt and for a second or two she lost her concentration on her master's tool. Lorenzo uttered a loud growl of unhappiness,

yanked her head free of his prong and gave her a mighty slap. Her head jolted and her teeth were rocked. Involuntarily, she released a loud squeal, which made Lorenzo angrier. He shook her head and yelled, “*¡Mira lo que haces, estúpida zorra!*” Watch what you’re doing, you stupid cunt!

Julio had halted his motions and the whole room looked around. But only for a second, for what Lorenzo did to his “*joda perrita*”, his fuckdoggie, didn’t matter much. Lorenzo forced her head down again. Zorrita dutifully spread her lips and allowed the rigid stem to pierce her oral cavity. He pushed her down hard until his cock breeched her throat. Desperately, she fought off the urge to cough and gag.

Julio’s motionless prong was still buried deep within her. He was obviously waiting permission to resume. He received it immediately.

“*Jode laduro, Julio,*” Lorenzo told him. “*¡Asies como le gusta!*” Fuck her hard, Julio, that’s the way she likes it!

Julio’s movements resumed again with even greater enthusiasm. Her body jerked every time he slammed his cock home, forcing the cock in her throat even deeper. Her need for air was becoming acute, but Lorenzo’s hand was unrelenting. Suddenly, Julio, his lusts accelerated by his *jefe*’s callousness and cruelty, called out and his pounding became more violent. He grunted and groaned as he pumped his youthful jism into Carly’s belly. She moaned with dismay as yet another strange, cruel man soiled her innards with his spume.

How many had there been? She had lost count months ago. But for each one, her despair at her degradation sank just a little bit lower as she imagined the foul substance oozing into her pussy’s pores where it would be subsumed into her cells, a further degradation of her being, to accompany the seemingly dozens and dozens of degradations that had proceeded it. She imagined her flesh now as consisting of a goulash of the DNA of all of her users and oppressors, permanent and indelible wounds to her being.

Julio gave a great shout and ceased his movements. He laid his torso on her back. She could feel his chest heaving. She was getting dizzy and her consciousness was begging to fade. She didn’t care. She would welcome death this way, an apropos and ironic end to her days. “Let me go! Let me go! Let me just slide away!” she thought as she resisted her instinctual urge to fight for air. But it was not to be. Lorenzo, laughing and amused at Julio’s youthful demonstration of irrepressible male urges, yanked her head up suddenly.

Zorrita took a frantic deep breath of air. She didn't want to. If she could have, she would have stopped breathing completely and forever. But the god that would not relent her torments would not shorten them either.

Lorenzo laughed and called for a triple shot of tequila. One of the men handed it to him. They were all joking and mocking Julio and his coital impetuosity.

*“¡Una recompense por la perrita joder!”* A reward for the fuck doggie! Lorenzo announced as he held the glass high. Shouts of *“Arriba!”* and high pitched cackles of celebration rang out in the room. Lorenzo took hold of Zorrita's chin with his right hand, pulling her mouth open, and tilted her head back. *“¡Bebe, coño, hay más porvenir!”* he told her. Drink up cunt, there's more to come!

He poured the tequila into her mouth, not too fast, but in a regulated, steady stream so she could swallow it all. Zorrita took it greedily. Anything to dull her mind, to stop the racing thoughts that pounded against the wall of doggishness she had built up, eroding it, bringing her only more misery. She had gotten skilled at swallowing the tart, powerful substance; Lorenzo insisted that she absorb copious quantities almost every night. That and coke on the ever present, powerful dope that they smoked.

Occasionally, he would lay out some lines of 'coca' for her, lift her little doggie nose and insist she snarf it up. At first, she had been horrified at the prospect of being turned into a drug addled whore, but it felt so good, made her mind and body feel so electrified, and so efficiently pushed aside all dismal thoughts, that now she relished it.

Her head was swooning by the time all of the 110 proof tequila was down her throat. It burned but made her body feel deliciously warm. Lorenzo released her jaw and gave her a couple of heavy taps on her cheek with his palm. *“¡Esta es una buena perrita!”* he told her. *“¡Ahora de vueltaa mi gallo!”* That's the good doggie! Now back to my cock!

The alcohol was already swilling around her brain as she leaned back down and surrounded her master's cock with her lips. She almost always got hot when she sucked cocks, it was something she couldn't help ever since her civilized restraints had been torn away that day and night she had spent with Blackjack in the mountains of Arkansas. The rush of exhilaration the alcohol brought her made it worse, or better, depending on your point of view. She tightened her lips around the pole and pushed her head down slowly, relishing the feel of the hot

meat as it traversed them, as it scoured her tongue and as it pressed up against the back of her mouth. Her moan was matched by Lorenzo's groan of appreciation and he refastened his grip on the narrow band of wispy blond hair that ran down the center of her head.

She felt Julio slide out. Her pussy burned with need. As Julio crept away, another male presence loomed up behind her. It released a deep baritone string of words and the rest of the men in the room laughed and called out their encouragement.

There was no doubt as to who it was. Manuel, Lorenzo's second in command. Zorrita suppressed a sob. She knew what she was in for.

While Lorenzo's cock was long and fat, Manuel's protuberance was prodigious. And he was a skilled, patient coxman. The maids always became very upset when it was their turn to service him. They never failed to squeal and whine when he used their nether holes, his preferred path to pleasure.

But that was not the entrance Manuel had in mind now, she realized. He was going to show the young buck how it was done and she knew she would be in for a fierce ride.

Manuel's hand slipped between her thighs and took possession of her quim. His hand, unlike Julio's more adolescent-like appendage, was large and rough. It had a man's heaviness, a hand confident in taking possession of the things that it wanted, sure of enforcing its will. He gave her love lips a harsh squeeze which caused a burp of dismay to emerge from her other end. Lorenzo allowed it to pass and he said something to his prime henchman which made them both laugh.

The hand abandoned her love lips, ran over her buttocks and down her outer thigh. She heard a zipper being lowered and, a moment later, felt Manuel's manhood beg entrance to her chasm. A wave of unhappiness passed through her intertwined with a deep surge of lust. When he slid forward, it felt like someone had shoved their forearm up into her. Her tunnel stretched to accommodate him. She moaned and gripped her bound up fingers even tighter into her hands.

When Manuel began his motions, a chill went through her body, emanating from her crevasse and then outwards up through her belly and down her thighs. She couldn't help but cease her motions on her master's prick. She gripped it tightly with her mouth as if to anchor herself in place, lest she dissolve into nothingness. Lorenzo groaned appreciatively, but after a second or two gave her head a fierce shake and spat out some cruel sounding words. It took all of her effort to

divert her mind from the thick shaft that was slowly, slowly, slowly plowing her innards and to refocus of the appendage in her mouth.

She continued to suckle and slurp and nibble at Lorenzo's cock while Manuel's heavy prong continued to send reverberations throughout her body. He was not called *El Burro* for nothing. The shaft had a prodigious length and he drew it almost all the way out of her each time he pulled back, leaving just the head in her chamber, and then slowly edged it forward. The traverse of his log took several very long seconds on each stroke, back and forth, and drew across her needy clit each way, causing a trilling sensation that made her shiver. That spot in her brain glowed like a radiating star, its energy fed by the agitation to her fully engorged nib.

Manuel's hands began to wander her body, up and down her back, down along her thighs, over her buttocks. He was a tall, broad shouldered man, as big as Lorenzo but without the paunch that her master's dissolute life was growing there. His arms were long and he easily reached under her chest and took hold of her dangling breasts, squeezing them tightly, pulling on her taut nipples, pinching them until she squealed.

Her creativity on her master's crank had flagged due to her distraction, but she maintained just enough consciousness to sustain a soft, narrow tunnel for its passage as she continued to move her head up and down. It was a strange sensation, one she had remarked on before many times, to be sucking on a cock while another one was plundering her sex. It was as if the cock was in two places at once, like some phantom subatomic particle: in her mouth, and subject to her impassioned ministrations, and in her cunt, alive and with a mind of its own. At such times she tried to match the tempo and rhythm of the object scouring her innards with her efforts to bring pleasure to the owner of the one in her mouth. Just now, she was dragging her lips slowly along Lorenzo's shaft, reaching the tip or the bottom at the same time *El Burro's* cock paused at its apogee or perigee.

All else in the room had faded into muteness as the totality of her senses concentrated on the sensations her body was experiencing. She moaned and groaned and even whined, her passions aflame, her loins demanding completion. Manuel's motions began to increase in tempo and the trilling became correspondingly more intense. She increased the speed of her oral strokes to Lorenzo's cock. Manuel went faster and faster and she reacted accordingly. Her need was growing larger and larger. It felt like a huge conglomeration of energy had built up in

her lower belly, confined only by a thin veil of taut, stretching tissue as it pulsed and throbbed, expanding like a mass of leavened dough.

“Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!” she called out in her mind. “Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!” she yearned to call out. “Do it! Do it! Do it!” she urged as Manuel’s thrusts came on fast and hard.

The bundle in her belly was pressing on its confines harder and harder. That spot in her brain was transmitting a fierce stream of ecstasy all through her. Suddenly, Lorenzo pulled her head up and bent her neck back. His cock popped out of her mouth. For a second she cringed as she prepared herself for another vicious crack of his hand. But instead, he had another tumbler of tequila ready for her.

“¡Bebe, Zorrita! ¡Bebe un poco mas, perrita!” Lorenzo commanded. Drink up, little doggie!

She swallowed the golden liquid as fast as he poured it. Her head was swimming and her pussy was burning like a blast furnace cooking pig iron. Manuel kept thrusting and thrusting.

“¡Ahora venga, Zorrita! ¡Ven como el perrita eres! ¡Ven para el que te domina!” he yelled. Come now! Come for your master, little doggie!

Zorrita began to emit a dog-like howl. “Ooooooooouuuuuuuwwww! Ooooooooooooooooouuuuuuuwwww! Ooooooooooooooooouuuuuwwww!” Manuel grabbed her breasts and gave them a mighty squeeze. The balloon in her belly was near to burst. The radiating pleasure from her loins and her head collided, sending reverberations all through her.

“Ooooooooouuuuuuuwwww!” she went,  
“Ooooooooouuuuuuuwwww!” and then the balloon burst. Pleasure as  
hot as running magma erupted from her cunt and flowed all through  
her veins. “Yarp!” she yelled. “Yarp! Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!” Her doggie  
ears flowed and jerked on the sides of her head. Her dog like snout was  
pointed upwards, her throat stretched. The mad pulses of pleasure  
continued on and on as Manuel continued to thrust madly at her.

And then, suddenly, he slipped out. A vast chasm opened inside her. His hands pressed down on her hips. He pressed the head of his cock against her little star. He thrust his slime covered prick inside her. She just had time to screech in pain as Lorenzo pushed her head down, forcing her mouth down on his prick.

There was no tenderness or patience in Manuel's efforts now. Without ado he pushed and pulled his prick across the rim of her entrance, plunging again and again deep into her bowels. Lorenzo had



hold of her hair at the top of her head and he was thrusting her head up and down maniacally, ramming himself again and again at the back of her throat.

She whined and cried and screeched even as she strove to encompass Lorenzo's ravaging prick, clamping her lips down on it, narrowing her mouth to give him her wetness and softness. Manuel reached his hand down around her hip and took hold of her puss. He placed his fingers on her clit and began to rub at it furiously. A bolt of lightning like pleasure shot through her, blasting away all of the pain and discomfort. It took only a few seconds for the pressure to build up inside her once again. Her blood was running lava-like through her veins. She was crying and blubbing and sucking and howling all at once. Manuel released a loud groan, yelled and then began a repetitive series of angry grunts that exploded throughout the room. Lorenzo's grip on her hair became tighter and his forced movements of her head became faster and harder. He too groaned and she felt the hot viscosity of his spume flood her mouth. It was all she needed.

"Yarmmmm! Yarmmmm! Yarmmmm! Yarmmmm!" she yelled through her cock filled mouth as the fierce, repeated contractions of her empty quim jolted her again and again. She choked and sputtered as Lorenzo's cream filled her cavity but dutifully kept her lips tight upon his crank. She had mastered the art of sucking and swallowing and yarping all at the same time, and not a single drop escaped her lips, a sin which would have merited immediate and harsh punishment.

Slowly, the men wound down. Manuel exited her body first, slipping his prick from her now not quite so dainty hole and issuing a cackle of celebration. He topped it off with a mighty, celebratory slap to her buttocks causing Zorrita to whine in dismay. Lorenzo kept her head down, letting himself soften inside her. Only when his cock had become contracted and rubbery did he lift her head by her hair, causing the detumescent snake to pop free.

"*Qué buena perrita!*" he told her in a gleeful voice as he rubbed her little strip of hair on her head. What a good little doggie!

Carly received the appellation with relative pleasure knowing both that she had pleased her master and had not earned any discipline, and that, at least for now, her ordeal was over. Lorenzo demanded that the tumbler he had been using be refilled again with tequila and, when that command was obeyed, he poured it down her receptive throat.

He tapped her face not so gently with his large right hand and reached for her gag, which was lying next to him on the sofa. She

didn't have to be told to open her mouth, and he slid the thick, leather, cock-like prong between her lips, stopping only when the leather shield was against her face. He reached behind her and joined the straps behind her head. He smiled broadly and then told her, "*A tu jaula.*"

She knew what the words meant. She quickly dropped off of her master's lap and turned and rushed to the cage she usually inhabited when there was no immediate need for her. The door was open and she turned and maneuvered herself into the small space backwards. When she was all scrunched up, one of the men closed the door, locking her in.

Lorenzo made an announcement to his men and they all responded cheerily. The TV was shut off and the men filed out. The party was moving over to the whorehouse, for now. Later, Lorenzo would return to his bedroom where she would be chained and waiting for him. If he were in a good mood, he would fuck her on his bed and then lock her in her little golden hued cage at its foot for the night. If not, or if he needed to boost his libido, or if he was just in that kind of mood, he would whip her first, brutally.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Lorenzo and his men filed drunkenly out of the front door of the mansion. The whorehouse was some 200 yards away set off by itself from the haciendas. It was about 10 p. m. and its lights were blazing brightly. The music and shouts and laughs of reveling men could be heard all the way down the macadam covered trail. They were the *crème de la crème* of Monterrey society and it was only here that they could really let things hang all the way out, far from the nosey prying of reporters and federal police from the capital. Nothing needed to be feared from the local constabulary; the Chief of Police was one of the revelers. It was just that the federal police fed at a wholly independent trough of corruption and didn't mind inconveniencing one of the Monterrey *hoi polloi*. For that is all it would really be. Cash or favors would change hands, reports would disappear, retractions and apologies would be issued. And if any of the local reporters insisted on beating the dog to death by following up on the story, there was plenty of empty semi-arid land around to make a deep hole for him or her.

Word had come down from the bordello that help was needed to satisfy this Saturday night's demand for pussy. Three of the maids who worked Lorenzo's hacienda had been waiting by the front door, gagged, stripped naked and with their hands bound behind them. They were under the strict supervising eyes of Vincenzo, Lorenzo's major domo, and leashes were already conveniently hanging from the rings in the front of their collars.

Lorenzo's men were dragging the unhappy young girls behind them. Most of the girls were dismayed at having to spend the night at the bordello. Things often got quite out of control there and it was not uncommon for them to be returned to Lorenzo's hacienda the next morning with their bodies marred by angry red stripes from a vicious lashing, or black and blue from the application of a stiff, heavy cane.

Sometimes they did not come back at all, and spent weeks and months as prisoners there until sold off to one of the many houses of delight in the city or beyond, or made the private property of a wealthy businessman or ranchero who might keep them in bondage without fear of escape or discovery. Rumors were among the girls that there was a special house way in the south that girls were sent to where the men could do anything they wanted to you and where life was short and cheap. But it was only a rumor and most of them didn't believe it.

After all, they were all beautiful, valuable girls. Who would want to do something like that to them?

And wasn't it better to become the property of a handsome, virile ranchero, or a suave, good looking oligarch than being a whore for any man who decided to put a cock in you? Some of the girls thought so and were eager to be chosen for brothel duty for that reason. But what they didn't know was that cruelty and viciousness did not reside with the uncouth and ugly alone. There was one handsome, young fellow, in his early forties or so, the paragon of kindness and decorum while at the bordello, but who, after he had decided on the sweet young thing who most triggered his lust, would buy her and bring her back to his retreat up in the mountains where there was no one to hear her screams and plenty of places to bury a body that had been tortured beyond recognition.

He usually kept them alive for five or six months or so, sometimes more if they were especially delightful in their agonies, and then would return for a few days or so to fish out another. By that time, turnover at the bordello being so high, most of the girls who had been used by him or, for other reasons, might remember him, were gone and there was always two or three of the pretty, young girls who made special efforts to please him.

Lorenzo and his men entered through the rear entrance of the bordello which opened into the cavernous basement where the cells were for the girls being held for sale or pending assignment. They were greeted by a burly security guard who okayed each of them as they entered and who cast salacious looks at the naked girls as they shuffled behind. Inside, there were two more guards whose job it was to maintain order among the female prisoners and to cull one or more out for duty upstairs if called to do so.

Dolores, the 45 year old rotund, always gay madam of the bordello, preferred to use the girls from the mansion when there was overflow since they were already pretty much broken into submitting to strange men and catering to their salacious desires. But sometimes the call went out for fresh meat and one or two girls were brought up from downstairs, girls who had been captives for only a day or so and who still harbored hopes of delivery from their nightmare. When whipped, they released delicious cries and screams, and begged woefully for surcease of their ordeals. And they cried dolefully while being used, tears that were a sure aphrodisiac for the callous men who gathered nightly there.

One of the guards took hold of the leashes of the three distraught maids who Lorenzo and his men had brought up and led them to a heavy steel door. There was a combination lock near the handle and the guard quickly punched in some numbers. The lock sprang open and the maids were towed through the doorway and up the stairs, stumbling along as best they could, mashed together in the narrow corridor. The door slammed shut behind them.

You could hear the heavy, dull throb of the base notes of the music upstairs through the ceiling of the basement, and it cast a kind of ominous pall over the 15 or so unhappy young women who were gazing out of their steel screened cells at the obviously randy and uncouth men who had entered. Lorenzo and his men were here every night that there was not business elsewhere and many of the girls had been the subject of their prior depredations or had witnessed them. A few girls were new, having been brought in that afternoon shackled and gagged in a van from Mexico City.

One of the cartels ran a busy clearing house there in an old warehouse on the outskirts of the city. They only dealt wholesale, and girls from all over Mexico were peddled there. Add to them the loveliest of the steady stream of migrants voyaging through the country desperate for a chance to cross the border into the *Estados Unidos*. Tens of thousands of migrants passed through every year, from Guatemala, San Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras and even so far south as Peru and Colombia. It was a simple thing to cull out the comeliest among them. There was ample room out in the desert for any companions who complained. And since they were, as refugees, non-persons anyway, there would be no squawk about their disappearance like there was sometimes when they picked up a girl who was the daughter of some senator, oligarch or policeman.

The 25 cells ran around the room, which was as wide and long as the building itself. One of the guards marched hurriedly around knocking loudly on the cell doors with a heavy baton and shouting, "*Levántense! Levántense zorras y muéstrense!*" Stand up you cunts and show yourselves!

Cringing in fear, the imprisoned, naked females dispiritedly rose from their cots and presented themselves unhappily to the doorways. The cells were constructed of steel chain links that went all the way up to the 10' high ceilings and the girls could be readily seen from anywhere inside, but it was customary for the girls to present themselves when there was going to be a selection. Three of Lorenzo's

men began to circle the circumference of the room, examining each girl as they went by, trying to determine which ones would be the subject of their attentions tonight.

The girls all wore leather collars and bracelets on their ankles and wrists and bright red plastic high heels strapped and locked onto their feet. Their ankles were kept confined by an 18' long chain, just long enough so that they could move, but certainly not run. Their hands were customarily kept chained in front of them by a chain that ran through the ring in the front of their collars. They were kept gagged so that there would be no communication between them and any girls who had come in on the same van or who were delivered in the same group were always kept separated by two cages or more so that their sense of isolation would be increased.

As the men went by, the girls lifted their elbows so that the men could get a good look at their breasts. Julio, the newest member of Lorenzo's inner circle, had developed an affinity for one of the girls over the last few days and he chose her first thing. She was a diminutive creature, with tiny teacup sized breasts and large, doleful eyes, eyes that teared up as she saw him approach the door to her cage and signal to the guard that he had made his selection. The guard unlocked the cage and swung the door open. He handed Julio a small key which would unlock the girl's limbs and her gag, and then shut the door behind Julio as he entered, locking it again. Julio immediately unlocked one of the girl's ankles and told her to mount the bed on her knees, to spread her legs and place her forehead down on her meager pillow. As the naked and bound girl scurried unhappily to obey him, he began to shuck off his clothes, eager to duplicate the feat of Manuel a little while ago and profiting by his example.

As the other two passed down the lines of girls, Lorenzo and Manuel casually strode over to the center of the room. The center of the room was covered with a large, round, soft carpet of dark reds and bright yellows. There was a set of fine, dark brown leather couches, some matching ottomans with rings set at various convenient places over which a girl could be fucked or otherwise abused, some easy chairs and a long wet bar. In the precise center was a whipping stand, a circle of bright red vinyl covered flooring with a set of chains dangling from the ceiling. The whips were kept in a large mahogany trunk set a bit away from it.

Sitting on one of the couches and one of the matching easy chairs were two uniformed representatives of the Monterrey State Police,

Captain Estaban Rodriguez and Sergeant Roberto Gonzalez. Both were smoking fine Havana cigars that were complimentary to guests and had in their hands, or on a small side table next to them, alcoholic beverages. Captain Rodriguez, a tall, very well built, trim man, with short, black curly hair, a modest but assertive nose, thin, authoritarian lips and steel blue eyes, was sitting on the couch. He had a very thin, well-trimmed, black moustache. He was holding in his right hand a light, thin Camporillo, the smoke wafting elegantly up into the air beside him. On the table next to him was a large snifter of Napoleon brandy, 24 years old, his favorite and stocked here especially for him.

Spread over his lap was a slender, long legged girl with long, straight brown hair and very fair skin. Her head was pointed to his left and his left hand, the one holding the slim cigar, was resting on her downturned head. His other hand, his right, was set between the girl's widespread, gracious thighs and buried in her quim. Her elegant hands, with long, red tipped fingers, were bound behind her.

The girl was clearly distressed, as her muted moans and sweat drenched body revealed. Every once in a while, Captain Rodriguez would cease his skilled manipulation of her erogenous zone, lift his snifter of cognac to his thin lips and take an ample sip. He would release a satisfied sigh as he swallowed, his eyes wincing slightly at the pleasant burn in his throat, set the glass back down, and then resume his hand's attention to the girl's loose and mushy, steaming organ.

While his hands' attentions were thus engaged, his visual attention was fixated on a compelling tableau before him. One of the new girls was locked into the special cage that had been designed for the guests' amusement. Its thin black steel bars were assembled to resemble the outline of a crouching four legged beast. The black haired girl was ensconced inside, resting on her hands and knees, fixated in a precise position with barely an inch or so of play. Her legs were widespread and the cage had an opening which approximated her nether holes to allow access. Twin holes in the bottom of the cage over which her torso was draped, allowed her ample breasts to swing free. At her neck, the cage was slanted upwards, forcing her to hold her head high. A leather ring gag held her mouth open and the cage had a matching opening so that she could be used this way should it please her admirers.

The girl was quite distressed. An apparatus had been rolled up under her slit and a thick, vibrating prong was piercing it. The prong

was being moved in and out by the machine at an agonizingly slow rate, keeping the girl aroused, but denying her fruition. Her body, too, was gleaming with sweat and her little whines and other noises of distress were quite audible and amusing.

A wire ran from the end of the prong, along the floor, up the front of one of the easy chairs and to a device, a small box, held in the large, hairy hand of Sgt. Gonzales. Sgt. Gonzalez was a good candidate for a 'before' picture for a diet program. Besides tormenting women, his chief avocation was eating and his round belly evidenced this. But don't let that fool you. Sgt. Gonzales was as strong as a horse, with wide shoulders and formidable biceps. His hands were hairy and large and were capable of smashing facial bones when used as a battering device during interrogations, or a vice like grip which could easily reach around a throat. At the party they threw him at the jail when he was promoted to top sergeant four years ago, he had them drag out some unfortunate wretch and, on a bet, had everyone watch as he strangled the struggling man to death with one hand. Afterwards, they hung him to a crossbar on a cell with a sheet and took a picture of him dangling there so as evidence of the foolish man's suicide. He had had only a week or so left on his sentence.

Sgt. Gonzalez had hardly a neck, just rings of fat. His nose was bulbous and broad on his face. He sported a finely waxed, bushy Poncho Villa moustache. His brown hair was cut short almost to the point of baldness. His hats were especially made to accommodate his huge, pumpkin-like head. Unlike Captain Rodriguez's sky blue uniform, which was well creased and pressed, tailored especially for his trim physique, Sgt. Gonzalez's uniform was wrinkled and dirty, a broad khaki canvas spread about his slovenly flesh. He was drinking straight tequila in a lowball glass which he was holding in his left hand. The fat cigar he had selected, an Imperial, was crushed between his broad, pinkish lips, the end held there securely by his golden teeth (he had had all of the front ones replaced). The thick smoke curled around his head and body making him seem like some ghoul who had erupted from the fires of hell.

The sergeant's face was alight with glee, his lips spread in a salacious grin as he worked the little control box, seemingly child sized in his hand. One button controlled the speed of the plunging prong and, after letting the girl burn with arousal, he would press the button, ratcheting the speed up gradually, until it was thrusting in and out at a frantic speed. The girl's whines and moans would grow louder and



more piteous until her shuddering body could tolerate no more, teetering on the edge of climax. At just that point, just when the girl's eyes rolled back and she gurgled through her ring gagged mouth, "Gllllllaaaaauuuuuggg! Gllllllaaaaaaaauuuuuuuggg! Gllllllllaaaaaaaauuuuuuuggg!" he would push the other button which caused the prong to issue a vicious electrical charge. The girl's 'gllaaaaauugs' would turn to a long, drawn out screech, "Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeoooooooooooooooouuuuuuu!" lasting as long as the sergeant kept his thumb down, her body shaking and quivering, her deliciously large, brown eyes bulging. When he released the button, the girl's body would relax and she would issue loud and piteous sobs.

Sergeant Gonzalez was not wholly without sympathy. After her howling ceased, he would still the plunging prong for a few minutes and allow the girl to recover her equilibrium. Then, when he had considered her to have rested long enough, and after several deep pulls on his tequila, and at a nod from Captain Rodriguez, he would start the prong again at an agonizingly slow pace, at which event the girl would release a loud, low, despairing moan and try to utter through her ring gagged mouth, piteously, "*¡No mas! ¡No mas! ¡Por favor, no mas!*" and break out into sobs again. It sounded more like, "...oooooh.... ahhhhhh!...ooooo ...ahhhhhh!...err eh ouuuuuurr, ...ooooh ...ahhhhhh!"

Situate beneath the dangling chain of the whipping stand was a woman. She was dressed in a pale yellow blouse with wide lapels that buttoned up the front to just below the commencement of her cleavage. Her fashionably tight black skirt covered her hips and thighs down to a few inches above her knees. She was wearing sheer, dark stockings and black pumps with 4" heels. Around her neck was a golden chain holding a golden pendant shaped like a tear drop. Her hair was black and tied back into a long pony tail.

Her facial features could not be seen since she was wearing a black hood over her head, gathered about her neck. Her hands were held up above her by the chain connected to leather bracelets which had been fastened around her wrists. She was full breasted, her mounds, despite her posture, thrusting out generously. Her figure was voluptuous with round hips and yet her legs were appropriately thin. You couldn't see the thick gag that had been thrust into her mouth or the sheath-like leather that covered the lower portion of her face, but, if you stood close, you could hear her muffled occasional moans and whines.

When Captain Rodriguez and Sgt. Gonzales saw Lorenzo, they rose to their feet. The girl on the captain's lap tumbled to the floor. Sgt. Gonzalez took a moment more time as he had to kind of shuffle his fat body forward, press on the arms of the chairs and make a mighty thrust with his legs.

*"Buenos tardes, Señor Morales,"* the captain said briskly. *"As always, it is my pleasure to see you,"* he said in Spanish. They shook hands. *"You know, of course, Sgt. Gonzalez."*

*"Si,"* Lorenzo answered. *"To the tune of 20,000 pesos a month."*

The men all laughed.

*"We have been enjoying your hospitality and have brought you a present in exchange."* He nodded to the dangling woman.

*"Ahhhhhhh,"* Lorenzo replied. *"Señorita Ibarritz, the nosey reporter, I presume."*

*"As you say,"* the captain replied. *"Compliments of Sgt. Gonzalez."*

Lorenzo stepped forward and shook the sergeant's hand. *"Muchas gracias,"* he said. *"She has been a thorn in our side for much too long."*

*"My apologies for my neglect, Señor Morales,"* Gonzalez replied. His voice was deep and gravelly. *"But it seems she had a protector in the capital which made her untouchable until now. The gift you made to him persuaded him that Señorita Ibarritz was no longer an affordable expense."* The men all laughed again.

Gonzalez had left the prong buzzing and thrusting into the caged woman's purse. She issued a prolonged moan and all the men looked at her. Her eyes were desperate,

*"Mi perdón,"* Gonzalez said. He stepped over to the easy chair where he had left the control box. He picked it up and looked at the girl. She looked back, wide eyed.

*"¡No! ¡No! Por favor! ¡Porrrrrrr favorrrrrrrrr!"* she tried to shout. It came out, *"...oh!...oh...ohr ...ahohr!...ohrrrrrrr ...ahohrrrrrrrrr!"*

Gonzalez smiled and depressed the button. She screamed and her body jolted as best it could in her confinement. The sergeant kept the button depressed for a full 10 seconds. The girl's body shuddered and she screeched into the room, *"Eeeeeeeeeeeeeiaaaaaaahoooooooouuuuuu!"*

The men all laughed again.

*"I'll have to get one of these down at the jail,"* Gonzalez joked. *"We'll stick it up the ass of some troublesome campesino and watch him howl!"* He reset the plunger for a glacial pace and tossed the controller back down on the chair.

One of the guards inquired of Lorenzo and Manuel whether they wanted a drink. They both ordered tequila and shortly the guard brought them two lowball glasses filled with the copper colored liquor.

Lorenzo raised his glass. “*¡Salud!*” he proffered. The policemen retrieved their glasses and signaled back, “*¡Salud!*” They all tossed back significant slugs. They put their glasses down. The girl who had been on the captain’s lap was on her knees, thighs spread and looking up at the men fretfully as if trying to discern who would be her next tormentor. Lorenzo noticed her and leaned down and took hold of a breast by its fear stiffened nipple. “*¡Salud, muchacha!*” he said merrily as he shook the breast, making it wobble and shiver. The naked, gagged and bound girl looked up at him dolefully. The men all laughed again.

“*And now let’s see what you have brought me,*” Lorenzo said. The men all stepped over to the whipping stand, which was set about 25’ away from the sofas and chairs. Gonzalez stepped over to the woman and, with a dramatic flair, whipped the hood off of her head.

“*Señor Morales, may I present to you, Sra. Inez Ibarritz, formerly the star reporter for the Monterrey Daily Express?*” he rasped. “*Sra. Ibarritz, I present to you your new owner, Señor Lorenzo Morales. But of course you are practically acquaintances already. You have written so much about him.*”

Sra. Ibarritz’s eyes flashed widely and she squirmed in her bonds. Her hands were drawn just high enough so that only the toes of her shiny black pumps touched the floor. She released a muffled sound from behind her gag, not discernible as an actual word, but more of a notation of fear.

“*Es un placer conocerte al fin Sra. Ibarritz,*” Lorenzo intoned menacingly. It’s my pleasure to meet you at last.

“*You have been one troublesome coño,*” he told her. “*What idea got into your stupid little head that you could say all those lies about me? Well, maybe not lies, but, perhaps, exaggerations. Eh?*”

The woman’s eyes cringed and began to water. Her hands twisted and turned in her bonds. Her body swayed and she did a little hop on her shoes. A whine escaped her gag.

Lorenzo stepped up right in front of her. “*Well, you are going to pay for your audaciousness señorita. Before we’re done with you you will beg a thousand times for forgiveness. But for your crimes there is no forgiveness. Only punishment. There is a special place we send whores like you. But first we will have our fun. Mis compradres and I*

*thank you for keeping your body so delectable. It will serve to facilitate your degradation. So I think it's time we saw more of you. You don't mind if I strip you naked, do you?"*

The *señorita* squirmed and squealed, pulling at her bonds. Her eyes darted frantically around the small circle of men.

*"I think that means no,"* Lorenzo announced to the other men. They laughed.

Lorenzo turned back to the woman. He reached his hands into the divide at the top of her silky, yellow blouse. He gave the sides a fierce yank and the blouse opened up, shooting little white buttons everywhere.

Underneath, the woman wore a lacy, white bra. It held her large mounds in tightly. *"¡Muy bonita!"* Lorenzo announced. *"It seems that you have dressed up especially for us tonight,"* he taunted.

*"She was on her way to see her lover,"* Sgt. Gonzalez informed him. *"We have some videos we took when she was under surveillance. They fuck like beasts. I'll have them sent over for your enjoyment."*

*"Gracias,"* Lorenzo replied. *"It will be amusing to have her sucking my cock while I watch them. And the lover, what have you done with him?"*

*"He is in the jail as we speak, learning the facts of life. He's a nobody, a lawyer. We'll make sure he makes no trouble. We picked up one of his pretty little nieces, a student at the university and a troublemaker in her own right. She'll spend some time with me and my men and then we'll let her go. I think the boyfriend will get the right idea."*

*"And her editor? He could make trouble."*

*"Don't worry about him,"* Captain Rodriguez assured Lorenzo. *"We have his wife. She's been charged with drug possession. She'll be released on bail after a day or two, not too worse for wear. He'll get the idea. As long as the drug charge is pending, we can pick her up again anytime we want."*

*"Good,"* Lorenzo replied. He turned his attention back to the nosy reporter. *"Give me your pig sticker,"* he told Manuel, who was standing at his side eyeing salaciously their captive.

Manuel pulled his blade from his pants pocket and handed it to his superior. Lorenzo pushed the button on the end and a gleaming, 6" blade popped out. Sra. Ibarritz' eyes focused on it intently and when Lorenzo advanced on her she attempted to back away from him by pressing on the floor with the tips of her shiny pumps. Of course it did

no good and a moment later Lorenzo had placed the tip of the blade in the crotch of her brassiere between her globe like breasts. A little flick of his wrists and the brassiere parted. It fell immediately away, letting her breasts fall and blossom out.

Lorenzo gave a little whistle. “*¡Que delicioso!*” he exclaimed. He placed his hands under them and lifted them, letting them shiver and wriggle in his palms. “*Gracias, señorita, for bringing these delicious tetas to us. Be assured, we will make good use of them,*”

He stood aside to give the other men a good view. They seconded his delight. Sra. Ibarritz released a pathetic sounding whine.

Lorenzo stepped up to the gracious bulbs and seized them again. This time he squeezed them harshly. His fingers and thumbs indented deeply into them. The woman squealed and tried to twist away, but Lorenzo had her breasts held fast. He slid his hands back to her nipples and gave them both fierce twists. The girl screeched and did a little jump. This was found quite amusing by the men.

“*But let’s get a good look at the rest of you señorita,*” Lorenzo told her. “*You are way too overdressed for our little party. You enjoy parties, don’t you? Tonight we are having a little party and you are the guest of honor.*”

He took the blade and sliced through the sleeves of the blouse all the way to the collar, pulling it away and letting it drift to the floor. The skirt had a golden belt and he loosened it. The zipper was on the side and he pulled it down until the waist was loose. He turned to his accomplices. “*Are you ready, amigos?*” he queried. They all made noises of assent. Sra. Ibarritz’ supplicative eyes darted between them. Tiny streams of tears were flowing down from them at the corners. She made a unhappy sounding noise.

Lorenzo turned back to her and, grabbing the waistband of her skirt at her hips, gave it a tug and then drew it down her thighs, past her knees and to her feet. He pulled it carefully over her shiny black shoes. “*Olé!*” he exclaimed, waving the garment like a toreador’s cape and then tossing it aside.

A silky white triangle covered her loins. The firm mound of her plump pudenda could easily be discerned. Her sheer black stockings were topped around her thighs by a wide band of exquisite lace. The woman’s belly was flat and taut. There was a tattoo of a little red rose by her right hip. She was crying now with alacrity. Her body was thicker than a young girl’s, just a little wider around the hips and a certain heaviness to her thighs. She appeared maybe 29 or 30, but

certainly not much older than that. Lorenzo took the pick sticker and slid it under the waistband of her obviously expensive thong and snipped it open. Holding onto it, he snipped it again on the other side of the triangle. The woman pushed her thighs together, but she didn't have much leverage, standing on the tips of her shiny, black pumps. Lorenzo easily slid the garment between her closed thighs and off.

Her pudenda were lusciously plump. The hair of her loins had been trimmed back to form a little outline, a half inch of trimmed, bristly black hair on either side. No matter how hard she squeezed her thighs together, her outer labia peeked out. Giving off an unhappy, frustrated squeal, she moved her hips back so that her thighs could close over her sex.

*"We'll have none of that, señorita!"* Lorenzo remonstrated. *"That pussy doesn't belong to you anymore and you have no right to try and hide it from us."* He turned to one of the guards who had joined their little circle. *"Get me a spreader bar,"* he ordered.

The man jumped over to the trunk that contained the implements of discipline, opened it and removed a small steel bar with cuffs at either end. The bar was of two pieces, one telescoping into the other. The guard brought it over to the unhappy, dangling woman. He pushed a button on the bar and drew it open to about 3' in length.

*"A little wider, I think,"* Lorenzo told him.

The guard pushed the button again and drew the bar open two more clicks. He got down into a crouch to apply one end of the bar to the woman's right ankle, but, seeing his intent, she pulled it away and jammed her feet together. Lorenzo nodded at the other guard who had returned from his mission upstairs. He crouched down to give assistance when the woman kicked at him viciously with her left foot, giving out an enraged, muffled scream.

The guard deflected the blow easily and took hold of her left ankle. The woman released a screech of frustration and desperately tried to pull it away. Meanwhile, the first guard clamped the manacle at one end of the bar around her right ankle, which was planted on the floor. The girl screamed and screeched again, and tried to twist and turn her body in a frantic effort to forestall the completion of the men's task. But it was of no avail. The second guard brought her left foot down and spread it sufficient distance from the right to accommodate the other end of the bar. The girl howled and contorted her body as if in a convulsive fit, her beautiful breasts dancing and swaying, yanking desperately at her foot. When the manacle went over and around her

left ankle, she issued a forlorn moan of despair. After hooking the spreader with a small chain to the floor, the men stood up and backed away.

Her widespread feet were now lifted fully in the air. Her thighs were spread wide. Her cheeks were awash with her tears. Her eyes were forlorn and piteous. She tried to mumble some small, high pitched plea for mercy, or forbearance, or perhaps a belated apology for her transgressions, but it was not discernible as an actual string of verbiage and was ignored.

*“Now that’s better,”* Lorenzo observed. *“Now we can get down to business.”* He stepped closer to her. He ran his hands down the sides of her torso and over her hips. *“Dulce, mi querida,”* he said. Sweet, my dear. He stepped closer, put his left hand at the small of her back and ran his right over her taut belly. *“Mmmmmm, muy bueno,”* he murmured. The girl twisted and turned her head, her eyes clamped shut, a long, high pitched whine escaping her gag. Lorenzo lowered his hand. He captured her pudenda. The girl stiffened and whined. She looked at him piteously. Lorenzo smiled, grinning widely, flashing his yellow stained teeth at her.

He stroked her puss lightly, up and down, up and down. The men all maneuvered themselves to get a better view. Lorenzo slipped his two longest fingers up and down the line of her divide. *“Ohhhhhhhhhh, yes,”* he hissed. *“What a pretty coño. You’re going to make a very good whore, muchacha.”*

He pressed his two fingers harder against the line between her plump labia, splitting them. The girl made a sound like, *“Ooooooooouuuuueeeeeeeeeieeee!”* and tried to twist her hips. This amused the men, who all gave a little chuckle. Lorenzo kept stroking and stroking until the girl’s natural defenses caused her to lubricate. He continued until he could easily slip-slide his fingers the length of her gash. He spread a little of the viscous flow over the apex of her slit and began to rub it. The girl closed her eyes and released a hissing sound, and jerked her hips several times to try and shake him loose. Lorenzo pulled his hand away until only the tip of one finger was flitting at her now stiffened nubbin. The girl went, *“Mmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!”* and swung and contorted her hips, but Lorenzo just wrapped his left hand around her back and held her still.

She whined and sobbed as he continued to tickle her clit. She shook her body several times and even tried to smash her head against her tormentor’s, but her upraised arm got in the way.

Finally, Lorenzo stepped back. *“So, what do you think, amigos? Should we make her a whore or should we just fuck the shit out of her and then bury her out in the desert?”* he asked.

*“I think it’s too early to tell,”* Sgt. Gonzalez rasped. *“Let’s see her come first and then give her a turn with the whip. Then we’ll know for sure.”*

The men all agreed. Lorenzo turned and snapped his fingers at the girl who had been on Captain Rodriguez’s lap. *“Come here, cunt,”* he snarled at her. She flashed her terror filled eyes at him and, too frightened to stand, walked over quickly to him on her knees. Lorenzo reached behind her and unclasped her gag, pulling it from her mouth. *“You’ve got 5 minutes to make her come,”* he snapped at her. *“Or you’ll take her place at the whip!”*

Her eyes tear-filled, the slender girl nodded her understanding. She kneeled herself over to where the *señorita* was dangling and angled her head at her loins, sloughing her shoulders slightly, curving her back. Her long, light brown ponytail hung down her back and her bound hands clenched and unclenched rapidly. She moved her face forward, pursing her lips, pressing them against Sra. Ibarritz’s pudenda. Then her tongue darted out, tentative, at first. Then she stiffened it and plunged it between the *señorita*’s divide, drawing out a forlorn moan from her victim.

The men all settled down on the couches and easy chairs, all conveniently faced to give them a good view. The girl in the cage was moaning lowly as the faux penis had maintained a steady, incessant traverse of her inner flesh. Sgt. Gonzalez took hold of the control box as he sat down and pushed the button, making the plunger speed up. The girl released an unhappy moan and her body gave a little jerk.

The girl addressing her oral attentions to Sra. Ibarritz’ loins had been a prisoner for a little more than a week. Her slender torso still bore red lined traces of her initial discipline. And her demure tush, which could be seen pressed into the heels of the red high heeled shoes that all the prisoners were forced to wear, showed several fresh, dark red welts. She had been picked up during a sweep of the nightclub district in Monterrey together with two of her friends, who were still standing at the doors to their cages, elbows up, displaying their naked breasts, as were all the other captives, observing the little drama before them. Her father was the owner of a very high class department store in the city and there had been several phone calls between him and



Manuel, who handled such things, negotiating a 'finder's fee' for her recovery, without any admission that she was actually in their hands.

Manuel had gotten the frantic man up to the equivalent of about \$125,000 and they would probably release her in a few days. But first they would have their fun with her, and before she was returned to her family she would be adorned with a tattoo of the Moreno crest on her lower belly to remind her that while she was no longer a prisoner, she would remain the property of the House of Moreno and be subject to recall to lascivious duties at their whim. For now, she would remain at liberty, always at their beck and call, it was always nice to have available pussy in the city to take to restaurants or parties, until such time as it was seen fit to gift her over to one of their friends as his mistress, or sell her to one of the wealthy Arabian men who were always in pursuit of fine stock to bring back with them to the Gulf. Or she could flee and have her whole family massacred.

Her friends, not so lucky as to be from wealthy families, had been earmarked for delivery to the Rogues in a week or so for service as slaves in brothels in the United States, along with three Guatemalan girls delivered today from Mexico City and two peasant girls from the South delivered last week, one of whom was the pretty, diminutive girl Julio was still busy fucking.

Sra. Ibarritz was doing her best to avoid the anxious, pressing tongue and lips of her gemaucher. She was twisting and turning her hips as best she could. The girl was insistent though and she was busily flicking her tongue against the woman's now sensitized clit, or borrowing her stiffened tongue deep into her crevasse. All the men watched with great interest. Hands crept to their loins to squeeze their hardened cocks. Sgt. Gonzalez, overcome with lust, and too impatient to wait for the end, had risen and addressed himself to the mouth of the girl in the cage. His fat cock had pierced the ring gag and he was thrusting himself as best he could, giving consideration to his big belly, against the back of the girl's throat, his head nodded back and his eyes reduced to slits. The girl gurgled and whined and sobbed as the plunger in her belly picked up speed.

It had been several minutes. The thin girl was working Sra. Ibarritz' puss as fervently as she could. It was plain that she was gaining results. The former investigative reporter was moaning and whining. She had ceased the frantic maneuvering of her hips and hung there now still, absorbing the other girl's salacious attentions. Her

chest had broken out red and her teats had stiffened. Her body was gleaming with sweat and her eyelids had taken to fluttering.

Only Lorenzo was distracted from the compelling tableau. Ever since the raid on the nightclub several weeks ago, he had had a gnawing in his brain. He had done his best to ignore it, but it kept coming back to him, more virulent each time. It was that moment in the bar when Blackjack had made a motion towards him in response to his taunts. He had flinched only slightly, but he was sure all his men had seen it. Nobody had mentioned it, but he imagined that he could see it in their eyes every day since.

“That fucking *Norteamericano!*” he thought even now. “I knew he was trouble. I can’t let this thing go on. I’ve got to do something to even the score. No! Not even it! To come out ahead! Way ahead!”

He could have the man killed, of course. That was easy. He would just send a few of his men down to the gringo’s *casa* some night and blow him to hell. But there were two things wrong with that. First was Sr. Morales, Sr., who would take it amiss that he had slaughtered a moneymaker. And the second was that merely having him killed would be insufficient to eliminate the stain on his character that had arisen from that momentary hitch back at the nightclub. No, it had to be something greater than that. And it had to be soon.

He gazed at his watch. Over four minutes had passed. He focused again on his victims. “That girl better make her come in the next 30 seconds or I’ll have her skinned alive, ransom or no ransom,” he thought. “*Get busy, coño!*” he snarled at the girl. “*You’ve got 30 seconds!*”

The girl released a whine and redoubled her efforts. She had Sra. Ibarritz’ clit between her lips, sucking on it fervently, while her tongue flitted on it over and over again. Sra. Ibarritz was moaning and releasing little staccato whines. Her body was trembling so hard you would have thought she had been tossed out into the wintry snow. Twice she had tried to raise her knees and push her assailant away using the bar between her ankles, but the bar was fastened tightly to the floor and resisted her efforts.

All of a sudden, her whines began to get longer and deeper. She shook her head and clamped her eyes closed. She issued a growl of resistance, as if she could frighten her lusts away. She yelled out, “...orrahor! ...orrahoor! ...urrese! ...orrahoor! ...orrahoor!” Please stop, please!

The thin girl ignored her, of course. Then the dangling reporter gave her body a fierce shake. "...oooooooooo!" she yelled behind her gag. Her body began to shiver convulsively. Her eyes rolled back and she shouted "...ugggggggggh!...ugggggggggggh!... ugggggggggggh!... ugggggggggggh!", her pitch getting higher with each oral ejaculation. She tried again to push the girl away with the spreader bar, but it was much too late for that.

"...ugggggggggggh!...ugggggggggggh!...ugggggggggggh!" she cried out loudly. The men all gave a big cheer, all except the sergeant, who was absorbed in his own business with the girl in the cage. Coincidentally, or perhaps spurred on by Sra. Ibarritz' shouts of lust, he gave a great groan and then yelled "Arrrrrgh! Arrrrrgh! Arrrrrgh! Arrrrrgh!" At the same time, he pressed a button down on the control box. The caged girl screamed, "...eeeeeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiooooooooouuuuuuu!" and her body convulsed and jerked. He continued to growl and thrust at her throat while she screamed and screamed and screamed.

Then, they were finished. Sra. Ibarritz's moans subsided. Sgt. Gonzalez's grunts of satisfaction tailed off, and the caged girl's screams devolved into piteous sobs.

But Lorenzo's lusts were just getting off the mark. He turned to El Burro. "*Now teach her a good lesson,*" he spat out.

Manuel was more than ready for the next stage of the former reporter's education. He rose immediately from his chair and went to the trunk that held their implements of pain. He rooted around for a moment and pulled out what he had been looking for. It was a flogger with stiff, vinegar soaked 18" long flails. The flails were knotted on the ends. He moved over to Sra. Ibarritz and pushed away the girl who had been servicing her. Captain Rodriguez signaled to Lorenzo his interest in her and Lorenzo shrugged his indifference. The captain ordered her over to him on her knees, drew his rigid prick from his pants and then, taking hold of her ponytail behind her head, pushed her mouth down upon it. The girl gave a squeal. "*Do a good job, whore, or I'll whip you myself!*" he spat out at her. She gave another whine and went right to work.

Manuel gave Sra. Ibarritz one of his trademark looks. An evil, sardonic glare that been the terror of hordes of female subservants and the last visage seen in this world by many a victim. "*Now señorita,*" he growled as he planted himself before her trembling, weeping form, "*I want to hear you screaming nice and loud. I want you to roar out your*

*soul. Get all that foolishness about being a human being out of your head. Scream until you have drained every ounce of self-respect and pride out of your body. Let's get all this silliness about who you were and all of those stupid things that were important to you out of the way now. Later, it'll go much easier on you, lo prometo. "*

The former reporter released a loud, piteous howl behind her gag. Her body trembled and her legs pulled frantically on their bindings as if, if freed, they could somehow assuage the horror that was about to be unleashed. Her eyes were bulged out and spread wide and tears were already cascading down her face.

Manuel gave the whip a little shake, causing its strands to swing and dance against each other. And then, without warning, he pounced.

"Ayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!" the young woman screamed as the tendrils of the whip scoured her breasts. Her body quaked and jolted. Her breasts swayed as if they had been brought to life by the blow. Manuel let her settle for a moment, a twinkle of amused delight in his dark black eyes. He stepped around her. Her eyes followed him as if hypnotized. Just as he reached the outside of her vision and she had jerked her head spasmodically to see him on the other side, Manuel let the whip fly once more, this time landing a blow across her, till now, pale, brown tinted derrière.

Sra. Ibarritz screamed again. Her voice was high pitched, desperate, piteous and vibrated throughout the room despite her gag.

"Ayeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeie! Ayeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeie! Ayeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeie!"

"*That's the good girl!*" Manuel laughed. "*Get it all out!*"

He walked around to her front again. The girl's body was jerking and spasming. Her desperate eyes were pinned to him. Sounds like muffled pleas were emerging from her throat. Manuel reared back his arms, the long, knotted leather thongs swaying and dangling behind him. "*Ready for another, coño?*" he asked tauntingly.

The girl shook her head desperately between her upraised arms. "...orrrrrrrrrr ....uh-ooooooooooooooooor!" she screamed "...o!...o! ...orrrrrrrrrr ...uh-orrrrrrrrrrrrrr!"

The fiendish tassels flicked forward at high speed and struck the girl across her thighs. The girl barely had time to release a scream when the flail jetted forward again and laid bright red, angry lines across her belly. And again a second later across her breasts, and then behind her across her rear, her back thighs, her back. One! Two! Three!

“Ayeeeeeeeeie! Ayeeeeeeeeeeeeie! Ayeeeeeeeeeeeeie!” the girl screamed, louder and louder. Manuel stopped for a moment. A tiny bead of sweat had been released at his hairline and had trickled down the side of his face. His eyes were filled with signs of delight more appropriate to a joy filled event rather than a whipping. The girl screamed and screamed and screamed. The bar which held her legs spread and fastened to the floor rattled and clanked as her legs jolted and shook.

Manuel approached her. “*How are you doing, chica?*” he asked. “*Did you give up all those thoughts of freedom and liberty and being a person yet? Do you need more?*”

“*j...i! ...i! j...orrrr .... uh-orrrrrrrr! j...o ...assssss! j...o ...assssss! j. . . orrrrr ...uh-orrrrrr!*” the former reporter snorted through her gag.

“*Oh, I think you do, señorita! I think you do! You don’t sound desperate at all! This isn’t a tea party you know! You’ve got to give some real feeling!*”

He stepped back away from her and let the flails swing idly for a moment. The girl issued miserable, mangled pleas, screaming at the top of her lungs. Manuel smiled. “*Now you’re getting the hang of it,*” he said, grinning.

He let the flails fly. Across her thighs, her belly and breasts, in rapid succession. Around behind her, on her back and thighs and bottom and then around the front again, giving each blow all the force his arm could bear, leaping slightly on his toes as he let each blow fly. Sra. Ibarritz screamed and screamed and screamed. Her body was flushed bright red. It jumped and quaked and swayed and pulled frantically at its confines.

Manuel came to rest in front of her again. Her chest was heaving and her body gleaming with sweat. She was releasing hoarse sounding moans and her piteous eyes scoured her tormentor.

“*Had enough?*” Manuel asked merrily.

The girl nodded her head desperately. She struggled to form words, but all she could release was a deep, mournful moaning sound.

“*Maybe so,*” Manuel observed. “*We’ll have to see. We’ll have a little experiment. Okay?*” he asked the girl wryly. “*I’ll let you down and you can suck my cock. I’ll decide if you’re a full-fledged whore yet. If not, back up you’ll go. Fair enough?*” he asked.

The girl was sobbing heavily. Her eyes suddenly flicked with hope. She nodded her head desperately. Manuel laughed. “*Okay!*” he said. He nodded to the two guards who rushed to release the reporter from

her bonds. They quickly had the nude, red tinged woman on her knees on the floor with her hands fastened behind her. Manuel approached her. The other men were watching with lustful appreciation.

Lorenzo was thinking about what other nasty things he would do to the girl before she was sold to some gang maybe in Guatemala or El Salvador. It was best to get nosy reporters like her out of the country, if you weren't going to just drop her in a hole somewhere, that is. He would have to give it some thought. They didn't need the money, but there was international good will to be thought of.

The girl was slouched down and sobbing silently. Her head was hung and she was avoiding looking at her oppressor.

Manuel gave her head a solid thwack with the handle of the whip.

*"Eh, coño, look at me!"* he growled. *"You're not making a very good start. You can't be a good whore if you don't look your customer in the eye! Maybe you're not ready yet, eh?"*

The girl issued a piteous squeal at the blow and then snapped her head back quickly, looking up at Manuel. Her eyes were tearful.

*"Okay, now raise yourself up; you can't suck my cock all bent over like that!"* He put the handle of the whip under her chin and forced her up until her back was straight. *"And now spread your knees! Further! Wider!"*

She obeyed, fearfully.

*"That's more like it,"* Manuel stated. He leaned over the girl and released the gag from behind her head. He tossed it aside.

*"Now make a nice 'O',"* he instructed her. *"Nice and wide now. Bueno. Bueno. And now wiggle your tongue. Stick it out and wiggle it."*

The girl, her lips spread wide, darted her tongue out of her mouth and made it wriggle in the air. She was shaking and it was clear to see that she was only an inch away from breaking down and bawling her eyes out, an eventuality which would certainly have resulted in her being strung up for more lessons. Only that certainty held her fast in position.

Manuel turned to the other men. *"Señores, tell me, por favor, does that look like the mouth of a whore?"*

The men all grunted their agreement. All except the captain, who was nearing an apotheosis of his own as the thin girl continued to felate him.

Manuel turned back to the girl. *"I think so too,"* he said, grinning. *"Maybe she's a natural,"* he proffered. *"If so, this is her lucky day."*

He put the handle of the whip under the girl's chin again, tilting her head back.

*"Tell me, coño, is this your lucky day?"*

The girl released a piteous sob. Her eyes darted around the room as she continued to wriggle her tongue. The question was beyond ridiculous. It was perverse. How could she say no and not incur the vicious man's wrath? She would be back on her feet in a split second. And the whip would come again, and it would burn, burn, burn! She looked up at Manuel to see if he really wanted an answer. He was looking back at her expectantly. Apparently he did. And he wanted it now.

*"...ee, ...eh-or!"* she shouted through her distended mouth, too afraid to use her tongue for anything but wriggling.

Manuel laughed. *"You should thank me, coño,"* he demanded. *"I just did you the biggest favor of your life! You've finally reached your destiny. Now you'll be able to suck and fuck and fuck and suck all that you want. The whole day through! Let me hear you say it, say, 'Gracias a señor por hace muena puta'."*

The girl, her tongue wagging and squiggling, her lips spread in a generous circle, tears welling up in her eyes, replied almost at once, *"...ah-iah, a ...eh-or ...or ...a-erme ...ooh-ah ...u-ah."*

Manuel laughed, as did the other men. The captain, however, was grunting and groaning, his eyes narrowed to slits as he came in the skinny girl's mouth. His hand was gripped tightly in her hair and he was machining her head onto his prick.

The girl's eyes shifted to the captain for a moment and then back to her oppressor.

*"Okay, now like they say, 'the proof is in the pudding,'"* Manuel said. Maintaining his grip on the whip in his left hand, he lowered his fly with his right and fished out his cock. It sprang out like a tuber falling off a shelf and gave a little bounce. It was already mostly hard. The girl eyed its girth and length and released a little whine.

*"Now, I don't want you to be nervous, coño,"* Manuel told her. *"If you don't get it right I'll give you another chance after you do a little more dancing for me. I'm sure you'll make the grade before we're through with you tonight."*

The girl's face frowned. She released a little gurgle. Manuel stepped up to her. He raised his cock to her mouth. *"Okay, now,"* he said. *"No more fooling around. Let's get down to brass tacks. Nice and*

*slow now. Convince me that you love my prick and that it's the best thing since mother's milk."*

Fighting off a sob, the shapely, well-endowed young woman bent her head down slightly. Tentatively, she surrounded the tip of Manuel's ample crank with her lips. And then slowly, slowly, slowly, pressed her head forward until she had encompassed as much as she could. Her lips were only halfway down the stem. She released a little piteous groan from her throat and went to work.

Manuel let his right hand rest on the girl's head as she slowly, slowly, slowly raised and lowered her lips along Manuel's instrument. Her cheeks puffed out from the effort and you could see the working of her jaw as she belabored the hard, soft, invasive flesh with her tongue. She had clearly had practice. She pulled her head back until just the tip of his sword was in her mouth and then nibbled there, pushing back the foreskin and delicately laving her tongue on the tender skin within. She pushed her head down as far as she could go, further and further until she began to gag, and then back again.

Manuel was emitting a pleased sounding hum, releasing a long sigh when the girl buried his cock's head at the edge of her throat, and when she tickled the tip again and again.

After a while, Lorenzo began to lose patience. They had been at it for a good ten minutes or so, the girl slurping and whining, coughing and choking, Manuel grunting and hissing. "*Come on, you fucking burro!*" Lorenzo exclaimed impatiently. "*We've got things to do. Fill her belly with cum and let's go!*"

Manuel did not like to be called *El Burro*. A flicker of anger shot across his brain. But he did not respond to his, for now, master. He would file the insult away with all the others. Instead, he grabbed the girl's hair tightly in his hand and began to thrust her mouth rapidly upon his cock.

The girl sputtered and whined and sobbed, but Manuel just kept brutally forcing her head back and forth. He drove himself hard into her throat with each downward plunge making the girl gag. He could feel his culmination rising in him. He bent his knees slightly as a chilly quivering went through him, and he closed his eyes to slits. His ears drew in the sounds of the girl's unhappiness and it accelerated his lust, like some sinful symphony.

"...ullllll!...ullllll!...ullllll!...ullllll!" the girl sounded, each ejaculation of dismay, high pitched and piteous. Suddenly, Manuel growled. He roared. He grunted. He forced her head down firmly on



his cock, burying the thick, fleshy monster deeply into the girl's throat. "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" he exclaimed as his throbbing and pulsing cock sent fierce jabs of pleasure through him. His thick cream was jettisoned directly down the girl's esophagus as she whined and gagged and struggled fiercely, but futilely to raise her head. After almost a full minute, as Manuel's grunts subsided and the girl's body shook and jerked in desperate protest, he jerked her head roughly from his cock. The girl immediately spread her lips as wide as they would go and she drew in a heavy, wheezy gust of air. Within a second, her mouth was pressed down again. "*Finish me off, zorra!*" Manuel growled fiercely. "*Finish me off like the whore that you are!*"

The former crusading, investigative reporter obediently closed her delectable, broad and plump lips around Manuel's crank as her tormentor eased her head up and down so as to enjoy the aftershocks of his climax. Gradually, he slowed to a stop and pulled his now semi-hard tool from her lips.

"*¡Buena trabajo, puta!*" he exclaimed. "*¡Tu es una natural! You're going to have so much fun!*"

"*Okay! Okay!*" Lorenzo called out as he rose from the sofa. The captain had the thin girl over his lap and was playing with her pussy again. The fat sergeant was sitting in the easy chair, quaffing down a big mug of *cerveza*. The girl in the cage, locked on all fours was whining slightly. The sergeant had begun the buzzing in her loins again with the little device in his hand. Lorenzo's other men, who had finished, for now, with the whores in the cells, were standing about at the bar sipping on \$100 a bottle tequila. The guards were staring at the silently sobbing girl expectantly.

Manuel turned to them as he zipped up his fly. "*Have your fun, muchachos, but don't fuck her. I want to be her first. Just chain her on a bed when you're done and replace her gag. We've got business tonight, but we'll be back.*"

Lorenzo looked at his erstwhile minion. He and Manuel were close, having grown up on the streets together, fucked their first whores and done their first robberies together and their first murders. Normally, Manuel gave him, despite their familiarity, the deference he was due. But something seemed to have changed. It was probably that moment of fear he had exhibited when the *negro hijo de puta con pelos*, the black haired motherfucker, had come at him. A surge of rage rose in Lorenzo's belly. He had to do something about the gringo or soon he would be a second class citizen. He normally had the first go

at any of the girls, especially the pretty ones like the stupid reporter. Now Manuel had decided all on his own that he would get first dibs. Yes, something had to be done. And quickly. He had to show his men who was boss!

One of the guards, the fat one, had the girl by the hair at the back of her head while he was fishing out his cock with the other hand. The girl was looking up at him mournfully.

“*Come on,*” Lorenzo snarled. “*We’ve got work in the city.*” The men at the bar shot down their tequilas. Manuel rose himself up to a sort of lazy attention. Lorenzo gave him a disdainful look. “*Vamonos,*” he said, and he led them out the door.

## CHAPTER SIX

It was the middle of the afternoon, about 3 p. m. Jack was dressed in pair of new, stylish, store bought blue jeans and a grayish green polo shirt with the colorful logo of Paramount Florists over his left breast. He was sporting a fresh, new haircut and had trimmed his beard to a fashionable goatee. His golden brown snakeskin boots had been brightly shined. In his arms was a four foot long, wide and deep white box containing a very large bouquet of long stemmed flowers, roses, peonies, and carnations, all in maximum bloom and bursting with dazzling greens, yellows, blues and reds, and buried deep in a plethora of translucent, white tissue paper.

He approached the front door of the elegant mansion calmly and pleasantly. The well-used, but presentable, white panel truck with the logo of Paramount Florists, 3015 Buddy Holly Ave., Lubbock, Texas on the doors sat in the semi-circular gravel driveway. The driveway was rather full. Two spanking new Mercedes sport cars, one a deep navy blue and the other a bright red, both convertibles, a somewhat older four door beige Lexis, and a dark green, classic Jaguar, very well kept, a '68 or '69, from Jack's guess, all sat parked in the little semi-circle, two wheels on the gravel and two on the well-kept, freshly trimmed lawn.

The mansion was painted bright white with Kelly green trimmings. The front porch consisted of three wide, red brick steps and a slate tiled landing. There was a tall, three foot round faux Grecian column on each side, leading up to a curved portico about 30' up. The front door was at least 5' wide and 8' tall and was dark polished oak. In its middle was a large black, wrought iron lion's head, about 5' up from the bottom. There was a black doorbell on the right side set in a shiny brass frame. Jack approached the door, took a deep breath, and rang the bell.

It was answered rather quickly. The door swung open slowly to the inside and a black coiffured head peaked around it. Shakira was the housemaid. She had dark brown skin and curly, permed, black hair. About 45, she had just begun to molt into stoutness and the bodice of her black maid's uniform was somewhat stretched, causing the big, round, white buttons that descended down the front to strain at their

holes. The uniform was stretched at the hips as well, causing the knee length garment to ride up on her thighs.

The woman had a stern visage, a large, boney nose and terse lips. Her lashes were long and curled and heavily mascared. On her left hand was a large, shiny white diamond, a bauble she had insisted on before marrying Earl, a local used car dealer, her 4<sup>th</sup> husband. Earl made quite a bundle off of his lot, selling mostly late model Buicks and Fords he bought second hand from Hertz, but Shakira, having been around the horn 3 times already, insisted on keeping her housemaid job so that she would always have cash of her own.

Shakira gave Jack a doubtful look. She had been working for Mrs. Crawford for 8 years now and she was very proprietary about who she let in the house. Shakira had no illusions about white people, but she had a bit of a sweet spot for Mrs. Crawford who had always treated her politely, gave a nice cash bonus every year at Christmas, two weeks salary, and had found and actually paid for a lawyer for her son Randall when he had been charged with possession of cocaine at a frat party at UT in Austin. Randall's charges, to Shakira's relief, had been dismissed.

To Shakira, Jack didn't look like a delivery boy. She recognized the type right away. Her second husband, Donald, or Big Don, as his friends and associates called him, was now doing 25 up at Bakersfield for armed robbery and kidnapping. Big Don hung out with a number of dudes just like Jack, something Jack couldn't disguise with his well-clipped hair and beard and his preppy outfit. If nothing else, the boots gave him away. "Ain't no flower delivery boy wearin boots like that," she thought immediately.

"What you want?" Shakira insisted in a loud, high pitched drawl.

"Flowers for Mrs. Eleanor Crawford," Jack replied in as smooth and honeyed a voice as he could muster.

"We ain't ordered no flowers!" Shakira insisted.

Jack gave her a big smile. "I don't know who ordered them, ma'm," he crooned. "But this is 22 Huntington Way, isn't it?"

"You know it is!" Shakira barked back.

"And this is the residence of Mrs. Eleanor Crawford?"

"It is, but I'm tellin you, we ain't ordered no flowers!"

"There's a note inside," Jack proffered. "Maybe if you open it, you'll feel different."

Shakira gave Jack a heavy look. She looked at the truck. She was familiar with Paramount Flowers, the biggest flower shop in downtown

Lubbock, and it sure did look like one of their trucks. She looked back at Jack. She looked him up and down. The door was about 8" open, narrow enough so that if Jack made a wrong move it would be closed and locked again in an instant. There was a big, red panic button in the kitchen by the fridge which would bring Lubbock's finest on the double. And anyway, any move that resulted in Shakira yelling and screaming her head off would be, to say the least, counterproductive. So Jack just smiled and smiled and smiled.

"Gimme that card!" Shakira insisted. Jack reached into the box and pulled out a small, white envelope, toy sized, and proffered it to the suspicious maid with his right hand, while clutching the box of flowers to his chest with his left. She tentatively reached out her hand, keeping most of her body inside the door. It crawled open another 4" or so. Shakira's right arm extended about a foot or so past the door jamb. Leaning forward, she reached for the envelope. Jack drew it an almost imperceptibly distance further away from her. She reached out just a little bit further.

Then, like a shot, Jack's right arm darted out. The envelope fluttered to the ground. He seized Shakira's wrist and yanked her from the house. She was about to scream when he slammed her up against the side. In the instant that she smashed, stunned, against the clapboards, he reached into his back pocket and produced his 7" switchblade. It popped open as he was moving it forward and it ended up snug against the frantic maid's throat.

"Another sound and your blood will be all over this porch," Jack snarled.

Shakira stared at Jack, wide eyed. Her hands flew up as if to defend herself, but halted midway to Jack's arm, putting discretion before valor. "Okay, okay," she blurted out.

She had dealt with men like this before and knew there was nothing she could do to make things better, only worse. Whatever the man had come for, he would get. And the quieter and more cooperative she was the less chance there would be of her being hurt.

As if on a signal, two men, dressed like Jack, jumped out of the back door of the van. It was Rocker and Chaz from the club. Both were carrying, in Chaz's right and in Rocker's left hands, black 9 millimeter Glocks. In their other hands were large green, canvas tote bags with 'Wagner's Gym' stenciled in black on the sides.

Chaz, 6'2", broad shouldered, with greyish hair shaved close to his head, stood guard at Jack's left shoulder, nervously looking down the

drive, while Rocker, tall and lean, his long black hair tied back into a ponytail, moving to Jack's right, shoved his Glock into the waistband of his jeans and dropped the bag. Its top was unzipped and it only took a second for him to find what he was looking for. He pulled out a pair of shiny, police issue handcuffs and dangled them in Shakira's face.

"Turn around honey," he crooned. Shakira gave Jack a look. She knew who was in charge. Jack nodded and pulled the knife away from her neck. Slowly, swallowing a sob of fear, the heavyset woman turned to her right until she was facing the wall. Rocker took hold of her right arm and clicked the steel wring around her wrist. She was holding her left hand away, knowing full well that in an instant she would be helpless. Rocker gave her head a solid push, battering her forehead against the wall and causing her to issue a mild shriek.

"Don't be stupid, auntie," Rocker spat out. "We're not here for you."

Shakira brought her left hand behind her and Rocker grabbed it. He clicked the empty circle on the cuffs around her wrist. He stepped back.

Jack closed the knife against his leg. "Okay," Jack rasped, "turn around and face me."

Shakira wheeled around slowly. She looked Jack directly in the face. "You no good, no account piece of trash!" she hissed. "You best be outta here! We got cameras and all all over this place. The man be on you in a minute!"

Jack laughed. "I don't think the cameras are working today," he said. "We took care of them last night. Now, you be quiet and mind your manners. We're goin' inside and I don't want to hear a peep out of you. Got it?"

Shakira gave him an angry but resigned look. Jack took hold of her left arm and spun her towards the door. When she was turned, he released her arm and grabbed a hunk of her hair at the back of her head and propelled her forward. The three men followed quietly her into the foyer.

"Shakira!" a pleasant woman's voice called out. It was faint and clearly a couple of rooms away. "Who was at the door?"

The maid looked at Jack. He nodded.

"Just some trash with some flowers, ma'm," she hollered back.

"Flowers?" the silky voice came again. "Who sent flowers?"

Shakira was gritting her teeth. She remained silent.

“Shakira! Who sent flowers? Bring them in!” the voice came again.

“Let’s go,” Jack hissed.

Shakira edged herself forward, Jack right behind. Rocker and Chaz hung back.

They went down a short hallway. To the right was a well-appointed dining room, a long, elegant dark maple table with eight matching chairs, a tall, broad china closet, a long, heavy sideboard with a large cut glass vase upon it filled with fresh flowers. On the center of the table, under a large, sparkly chandelier, was a large glass sculpted bull, its head up and waiving its pointed horns.

To the left was a luxurious living room with matching brown leather couches and several easy chairs. The rug was light brown and thick. There was a large stone fireplace against one wall. A large Western print sat on another, showing a desperate cowboy on his horse fleeing a trio of devilish looking Comanches. Jack had seen a print of it once, in a magazine. It looked like an original Remington.

On the other side of the living room was a set of glass panels with a pair of doors in the middle of them. The doors were open and you could see through them to the large, enclosed patio beyond. There was a svelte looking woman sitting on a wooden folding chair leaning back and looking into the living room. She smiled when she saw Shakira gliding towards her, but gave a little frown when she saw Jack behind her. They halted at the doorway to the Florida room to the point where Jack could see all the way in. The patio was a step down and he and Shakira towered over the room’s occupants.

Ellie Crawford was considered one of the beauties of the country club set in town. She was just 37, had almost white blond hair that she kept shoulder length. Tuesday afternoons, every Tuesday afternoon, she had a few of the other girls from the club over for cards and drinks. The number varied, she liked to keep the numbers low, but there were two regulars. Ellie was sitting at a round card table. She was wearing a lime green, sleeveless blouse open, in front, down to midway between her ample breasts and a pair of sharply creased off-white slacks. On her feet were a pair of bright red high heels.

Around the table sat four other attractive and elegantly casually dressed women. Marcie Brewster, a regular, who sat to her right, had been her friend for years. She was a saucy looking, thin, of course, black haired woman 2 years Ellie’s senior. She was wearing a blood red, light cotton dress with spaghetti straps that showed off her pale

shoulders and dipped down to her pert breasts. She and her husband came from money, unlike Ellie and her mate, who was a parvenu. Marcie's husband owned three factories, two in Mexico where parts were manufactured, and one about 10 miles outside Lubbock, where they were assembled, at minimum wage, giving Doug, her husband, short for Douglas, the right to stamp "Made in USA" on the packages.

To Marcie's right sat Linda Brewster, the other regular. She had long dirty blond hair that streamed down her back. Her features were somewhat plain, but she had beautiful blue eyes and carried herself elegantly. She was wearing a turquoise blouse with little white flowers printed on it and a short, flouncy, dark blue skirt. She was recently married to her attorney husband, her second, his first, who had a large personal injury firm downtown.

To Ellie's left was Consuela Fuentes, just 40. Connie was the most voluptuous of the group with wavy black hair that fell below her shoulders. She was wearing a brown and black print dress with a deep 'vee' neck. Her shoulders were broader than the others' but she carried it well. Underneath her knee length skirt she had sturdy but graceful dancer's thighs. Her face was shiny and appealing, with plump, red painted lips a longish and broad, but elegant nose, and fiery brown eyes.

On Connie's left, to Linda's right, was Fujiko Tanaka. This was 23 year old Fuji's first Tuesday at Ellie's. Her much older husband was a neurosurgeon at Lubbock Regional Hospital. She was about 5'3" tall, shortest of the group. She was wearing a demure, but elegant green and yellow dress. She looked confused and bashful. Her coal black hair was short and she wore only a modicum of makeup. She was beautiful, like the rest, or she wouldn't have been invited, of course. It wasn't her idea to come. Her husband, Matsumito, who liked to be called Mike around the club, was a social climber and always after Fujiko to mix with the sharp, witty, not exactly snobbish, but quite exclusive Caucasian wives.

The game this week was Texas hold'em. Each woman had a pair of face down cards in front of them. There were five face up cards in the middle, a trey, an eight, a ten and two Jacks. Each woman had a pile of chips, poor Fujiko's being the smallest. Marcie seemed to be the big winner so far, with Ellie not far behind. There were several small bowls of corn chips and nuts around the green felted table and each woman had a drink in the cup holder in front of them to their right. Marcie and Ellie were partial to scotch on the rocks. On a small table



to the side was a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black and a large silver, lidded ice bucket. There was a small pitcher of margaritas for Connie and another ice bucket containing frosty bottles of Dos Equis, for Linda. Linda, who liked to drink right out of the bottle, used a big, round pilsner glass on Tuesdays in deference to Ellie. She had a beveled old fashion glass next to her which she filled from time to time with Jim Beam, neat.

Another ice bucket contained a dark green bottle of Schwartz Kat Riesling, for Fujiko. She had had two glasses and was feeling way beyond her limit, just as she felt miles in over her head in the card game.

The room was about 20' wide and 30' long. The card table was set at one end, where the room communicated with the living room. On the other end were several wooden patio chairs and lounges with colorful cushions set facing each other and little glass side tables and a circular woven rug in the middle.

All the women looked up at Shakira and Jack. They were all wide eyed and surprised to see him. Everyone was silent for a few moments as if they were holding still for a photograph. Then Ellie spoke.

"Who the hell are you?" she demanded sharply.

"Me?" Jack queried sardonically. "Why I'm your worst nightmare! That's who I am!"

He released Shakira's hair and shoved her into the room. He delved into the box of overflowing flowers. He let it fall to the floor and stepped forward. Out of it he pulled a sawed off, 12 gauge pump action shotgun. He quickly pumped a shell into the chamber and then, holding the gun with both hands, let loose a thunderous blast into the ceiling. Smoke and plaster and dust shot around the room. The women all shrieked and made to get up and run. Jack quickly pumped another shell into the chamber and pointed the gun at the table.

"Nobody move!" he shouted. "Or the next one will be right in your tits!"

Chaz and Rocker, having heard the blast, came running in from the hallway where they had waited for the signal. They flowed past Jack, down the step, and into the Florida room, creeping around the table.

The women were all wide eyed and terrified. Fuji was sobbing. Ellie, seeing the men flood the room, looked up at Jack.

"What do you want?" she asked tremulously. "There's no money in the house."

“Shut the fuck up,” Jack snarled, pointing the shotgun at her. Rocker and Chaz had their pistols pointed at the table.

“Now you’re all going to listen to me and do exactly as I say!” Jack shouted. “Anyone who gives us a hard time is going to be hurt very bad! I want everyone to put your forehead on the table and put your hands on the back of your necks. Do it now!”

The women all obeyed. Five feminine heads went down, ten jewel enlaid hands sat on their necks. Marcie started sniveling. Linda, before she placed her head down, picked up her old fashioned glass and shot back the Jim Beam.

Jack gave the nod to the boys. They put their pistols in their belts and reached into their bags. They went around the table and, one by one, took the women’s hands off of their necks and locked them behind their backs.

It was Marcie who spoke out. The telltale clicks of the handcuffs had driven her anxiety as did the little squeaks the women made as their wrists were fastened behind them.

She lifted her head slightly from the table and whined in an almost whisper, “Please don’t do this, please!”

Rocker had just finished with Linda, to her right. Jack nodded at him. He swiftly took hold of the hair on back of Marcie’s head and lifted her until she was sitting straight. Then, turning her head towards him with his left hand, he reared back with his right and gave her a mighty slap across the face. Marcie shrieked. “Shut the fuck up!” Rocker yelled, his face two inches from hers.

Marcie began to sob. He pushed her face down forcefully on the table and swiftly locked her hands behind her.

Fujiko, hearing the slap and the yell, began sobbing more heavily. Her hands were already bound by Chaz. Chaz finished Connie, her graceful brown fingers, which sported bright red polish, a very large diamond and a bright red ruby, fluttered wildly. Rocker finished binding Ellie.

The men went back to their bags. Jack motioned Shakira to sit down in one of the padded patio chairs further into the room. She sat down sulkily.

Next were the gags. They were simple harnesses with large, round plugs. Rocker did Marcie first, since she was the trouble maker. He pulled her hair until she was sitting straight again and pointed the plug at her mouth. Marcie saw it and her face turned anguished. She

clamped her lips closed and shook her head, staring wildly at the device.

“This is going in one way or another, cunt,” Rocker snarled. He grabbed her hair tighter and shook her head. “How would you like it with no teeth, eh?”

Marcie’s face cringed, her mouth downturned and then opened slightly. Rocker jammed the plug home, forcing her jaw apart. She made a choking sound as it struck the back of her throat. Her lips were split widely, as if she were trying to bite a bobbing apple. Rocker proceeded to strap the harness over her head, pulling on it tightly so as to embed the plug as far as it would go.

Marcie gave out a muffled whine and Rocker slammed her head back down on the table.

Linda gave him no trouble, although there were tears flowing down her face. While Chaz was doing Connie, spreading her luscious lips to the extreme, Rocker moved behind Fujiko. There was just enough hair for him to grab and lift her head. Her lips were trembling and her face awash with tears. She immediately began to utter a string of forlorn pleas in Japanese. He looked up at Jack and laughed. “Do you think she gives blow jobs in Japanese too?” he asked gleefully.

Fujiko’s whole body was shaking. Rocker crouched down next to her and rubbed her head. “Come on, little Japanese lady. I don’t want to hurt you. Be a good little geisha girl and open your mouth. ”

Chaz had come over. He wrapped his left arm around her neck from behind and placed his bear sized right hand on her jaw. He didn’t have to press down hard. Her mouth opened. Rocker slid in the prong. She had a small mouth and the plug spread her jaw apart to its very extreme. She shrieked and wailed as it was forced home. Chaz moved aside and Rocker tightened the straps behind her head. For mercy’s sake he left it a little loose. When done, he gently pushed her head down until her forehead was again resting on the green felt table.

The men went back to the canvas bags. They each pulled out a little pile of black bags that had Borgstrum’s Jewelers printed on them in white. One by one they applied the hoods to the women’s heads. Each one released a muffled, distraught whine when her sight was taken from her. As each one was done, the head was pushed back down on the table.

Jack lifted the shotgun and removed the shell from the chamber, putting it in his pocket. The women were all way past any serious resistance. No need to risk the thing going off accidentally. Rocker and

Chaz were back at the carry bags. They produced several folded up, dark green, rubberized sheets. They put them down on one of the patio chairs.

Chaz looked at Jack. "Which one first?" he asked.

"How about little miss pain in the ass," Jack returned gruffly. Chaz and Roker both smiled. They went to either side of Marcie and took hold of her arms.

"Get up loudmouth," Roker said. They dragged her over to the circular rug. It was the first time the boys got a look at Marcie's long, graceful legs. Chaz couldn't resist running his hand up the back of her thigh. "Nice," he hissed.

"Get on your knees, dipshit," Roker told her. Marcie whined, but lowered herself slowly to the floor with the men's assistance. "Now get on your belly," Roker ordered.

Marcie released another high pitched whine but complied nonetheless. While Roker unstrapped her high heeled Italian sandals, Chaz went back to the bags. He pulled out a thick, inch wide leather thong. Roker crisscrossed the now sobbing woman's ankles and Chaz tied them off swiftly and efficiently. Together they picked up one of the rubberized sheets and spread it out on the floor next to the comely, unhappy, red dressed woman. There was a heavy zipper down the middle and Chaz opened it, creating a nice wide gap. They went back to the woman, Chaz to her feet, Roker at the other end taking hold of her upper arms and they lifted her, one, two, three and laid her inside the body bag. Roker tucked in her head as Chaz did her feet. It must have occurred to Marcie what was happening because she released a torrent of noise and started to squiggle and twist her body. It was too late though. Chaz drew the zipper up halfway towards Marcie's head and Roker closed it the rest of the way.

The other women, not knowing, exactly that is, what was happening started to whine and moan. Linda raised her hooded head and Jack gave it a solid whack with the barrel of the Remington. "Get your head down, cumstain," he roared at her. Linda howled, but placed her forehead back down on the table.

There were convenient handles on each end of the body bag and Chaz and Roker took hold of them. They lifted the squirming, struggling Marcie from the floor and brought her towards the door. Shakira stared at the bag with horror as it passed. "See you in a couple of minutes," Roker quipped to Jack as they went by him. Jack

watched them carry the bag through the living room and make a right hand turn at the hallway.

While he was waiting for them to come back, he circled the table. All the women were sniffing and whining. He took the bottle of Jim Beam from the cart and poured two ounces of it into Linda's old fashion glass. He took a little sip, savored the taste, and then shot the rest back, releasing a deep grunt of satisfaction.

Rocker and Chaz did all the women. Linda gave them some trouble, refusing to lie still while they tied off her ankles. Chaz, a look of disdain on his face, reared back his polar bear fist and struck her violently on her upper thigh. Linda released a violent howl. He waited a second while she sobbed and then did it again to the other leg with his other fist. Linda howled and groaned. She laid perfectly still now as they tied off her ankles, sobbing woefully, and gave them no trouble as they lifted her into the body bag and zipped it up.

They left poor Fujiko until last. She had not wanted to marry Matsumito, who was a friend of her father's. Her father had insisted and they had been married two years ago in the suburb of Tokyo where she lived with her family. To her father, not so much for her mother, it was a great match, and Matsumito gave him a very valuable 13<sup>th</sup> century porcelain figurine as a present, together with a very favorable 'loan'. Matsumito brought her back to Lubbock where he had a thriving practice. Her English was not very good and she was still terrified as she drove the large Lexis he had bought her. He had not wanted children right away because he said it would ruin her figure. Just last week he had told her that he had made arrangements with a plastic surgeon he was friends with to give her breast implants so she would look more like the American women. He fucked her roughly, and, thankfully, briefly, every night, slobbering over her teacup sized breasts, and made her blow him every morning before breakfast, nude, kneeling, while he sat on the edge of their massive, canopied, king sized bed.

Her halting English had made her mostly an outcast at the club. She didn't play cards, except for today, she didn't play golf, she didn't like to dress in the tiny little bikini Matsumito had bought for her and she couldn't gossip since no one confided in her. She could hardly order food in the clubhouse and didn't like any of the food anyway. Her life was a continuous stream of misery. She had begged Matsumito to let her go home to Japan to visit her mother, but he always refused

angrily. The last time she raised the issue, Matsumito gave her a mighty slap and locked her in a closet for the night.

It was clear that Fujiko would offer no resistance. She had been quietly whining for a while. When Rocker and Chaz took hold of her arms, she burst into heartrending sobs again. She was limp as they brought her over to the rug and collapsed into a heap when they told her to get on her knees. Chaz tied her ankles tightly just the same after flipping off the pastel blue pumps she had worn. They picked up her light, unresisting body easily and placed it in the bag almost reverently. Then they zipped the bag closed.

Jack turned to Shakira. She looked at him warily. "I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt," he said. "Be sure to tell the cops that it was three black guys who did it with Detroit accents. You'll live longer. "

Chaz came over with two leather thongs. He handed one to Rocker and they tied Shakira's ankles to the feet of the chair. Rocker pulled a roll of duct tape from his bag and tore off a strip. Shakira looked at him hatefully. "Don't you put that on me, you sick bastard," she spat at him. The three men laughed.

"Okay," Jack said, chuckling. "But not a peep out of you. Mr. Crawford will be home around seven tonight. You just make sure that you're sitting right where we left you when he does. We know where you and Earl live and Earl spends a lot of time all alone late at night at his car lot. You know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean!" Shakira barked back angrily. "You fuck with my Earl and you better start lookin' out for me!"

The men laughed again. "Okay, okay," Jack replied.

He gave the nod to Rocker and Chaz and they took hold of the handles on Fujiko's bag. He let them pass him at the doorway and then he closed and locked it. He followed them down the hall to the front door. Rocker was in the lead and, after he opened the door, he gave a brief look out. The bushes which surrounded the property blocked all sight from the road except for the little patch where the driveway met it. Seeing no one, they carried the bag to the back of the white florist's van. Rocker opened the door and pushed the head of the bag as far in as he could go. There were four other bags on the floor lying side by side already and Fujiko's bag went on top of the gap between Linda and Ellie. Each bag had a little mesh panel at the head to let in air. Rocker went to the side door, slid it open and while Chaz lifted on the other end, dragged Fujiko's bag the rest of the way in.

Rocker and Chaz stepped to the front doors and peeled off the magnetic signs that said 'Paramount Florists', leaving behind in black lettering, 'Rawlings Construction, Sante Fe, NM'. They threw the old signs inside. They removed the Texas plates to reveal the New Mexico plates beneath them.

Rocker, being leaner and more flexible than Chaz, got in the back and sat down in the small space between the women's feet and the door. Jack slammed the windowless doors shut. He was holding the two canvas bags the men had brought with them and the shotgun and the Jim Beam was in one of them. He got in the passenger seat and placed the bag with the shotgun in it at his feet, open. The other he tossed into the back onto the mass of squirming, moaning women.

Chaz got into the driver's seat and fired up the engine. Jack lit a smoke. Chaz wheeled the car around the circle and brought it to the edge of the driveway. He looked right and then left. He let a silver, late model Sonata pass. Then he turned out into the road heading west.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five hours later, the van rolled bumpily down the dirt trail towards the Rogue's Alamogordo, New Mexico hideout cum clubhouse. When they passed the little structure that disguised the entrance, Rocker jumped out and using a rake kept there for that purpose, scraped away the dusty tire tracks.

A small reception committee was there including Stitch, the erstwhile concierge of the facility, the diminutive, irascible, Billy Boots, meaner and more spiteful per pound than all the others, Killer, a heavy set bulk of a man whose nickname spoke for itself, Mouse, the major domo and aide decamp to Ike, the chapter's leader, and a couple others. There was general backslapping and merriment when the back door to the van was opened and the sight of the five olive green vinyl bags were revealed. The men formed a little caravan as they slipped the lusciously filled body bags out and, one man at each end, loped them towards the two storied ranchero styled building. The women inside squirmed and whined as they were transported, evoking more merriment from the men. Up the front porch steps they went, through the open door and into the cavernous room that had once been the main area of the Prohibition era road house and casino.

The bags were laid side by side in the center of the room. From the outside they were identical, but all the men knew that inside would be

a nicely variegated array of pleasant flesh. They were all anxious to peruse them.

Stitch stood over the five cocoon like confines. He looked at Jack. "I'll bet they're all smelly and pissy from five hours in them things," he noted. "Best to open 'em up downstairs in the cellar and give 'em all a good washing. Maybe a drink of water or two. "

Jack nodded.

Stitch gave the word and the men picked up the body bags again and headed in a line for the stairs to the basement. Jack followed them down. They were brought to the dungeon-like room where they stored the females awaiting transport to Mexico and laid down on the hard tile floor. Stitch, Jack, Rocker and Chaz remained while the rest of the men went back upstairs.

One by one, they released their prisoners from their bags and tossed the bags into a corner for later washing. Stitch had been right. They were smelly and pissy. They whined and cried as they were lifted from their confines and laid back down on the hard tile. There were 3' wide by 4' high cages lining two of the walls. Unhappy, bound, naked young women filled four of them. They were all watching the proceedings with great interest as they had spent most of their sojourn as Rogues' guests locked up there with the lights extinguished. Now, at least, there was something to look at, as horrifying and disconcerting as it may be.

Stitch, being the most experienced at this sort of thing, instructed that the women's ankles be loosened and that they be stood on their feet. They were wobbly and shaky, but they all managed it. The fronts of their dresses and slacks bore the stains of urination, a fact which they could not be blamed for but which almost certainly caused them no end of unhappiness. Stitch ordered their hoods removed.

As each one was brought back to the world of light, her eyes darted around the ominous surroundings and then at the steely, determined men in front of them. Jack and the others they had seen before, but Stitch, grey haired, bearded and lanky in a mean as a rattlesnake kind of way, was new to them. Their eyes all brimmed with tears as they calculated the danger they were in and tried to surmise, not only the men's immediate intent, but also their ultimate aims. Seeing the unhappy young women in the cages behind them and to their right was not in the least comforting.

"Okay ladies," Stitch announced. "In a second or two my friends here are going to release your hands from behind you. You're all going



to strip down and we're going to give you a nice little shower. You are all going to be nice and cooperative. You're all in deep shit, but we can easily make the shit deeper any time that we want. No one knows where you are and there ain't goin' to be anybody rushing along to rescue you. For now, it's none of your business why we've made you our guests. You'll learn that soon enough. All you need to know is that it's in your best interests to obey every little order or suggestion we give you. Just so you know, those whips you see mounted on the wall behind me are not for decoration. And just so you know what you're in for, I'm going to give you a little demonstration. ”

Stitch had brought in from the hall the zapper that they kept mounted there and now he picked it up. He had set the charger before placing it down in the corner, and it was all ready to go. He stepped forward towards the line of unhappy, well dressed women and passed in front of them slowly, tapping the zapper in his hand. Something naturally made him come back to the saucy eyed, black haired Marcie. She stared at him with her frantic, hazel eyes through the straps of the leather harness over her head. When Stitch lifted the edge of her blood red skirt with the edge of the prod, she began to shiver and a mournful whine emerged from her throat. Stitch did not leave her in suspense very long, or give her time to try and twist away. The tip of the zapper darted forward quickly towards her crux and a loud, ‘zap!’ echoed through the room. Marci shrieked and she dropped as if someone had slipped her spine from her back. All the other women shrieked and cried out, staring with horror at Marcie sobbing on the floor.

Stitch screamed out, “Quiet! Shut the fuck up!”

The women, all except Marcie, who was sobbing woefully, snapped to attention and reduced their shrieks to small, almost indiscernible whines. Stitch gave them, all a harsh glance and then prodded Marci with the edge of the zapper. “Hey, cumstain!” he barked out as he jammed the zapper fiercely into her ribs. “You want another?”

Marcie moaned, “Nnnnnnnnnnnnn...eeeeeeeeeee!”

“Then get up, fuckbucket! Now!”

Marcie quickly struggled to her feet with great difficulty. Tears were cascading from her eyes. Stitch walked down the line of women and asked them, one by one, “You goin’ to be a good girl?” Each one, starting with blond haired Linda, who was on the left end, nodded furiously. Then Connie, her lovely eyes blazing. Then pale haired

Ellie, then Marcie, who nodded her head the most emphatically and then the quietly sobbing, sad eyed Fujiko.

Stitch stood back. "Okay, everybody turn around," he ordered. The women all quickly turned their backs on the men.

"When your wrists are freed, I want you to put your hands on your heads. Unless you want a little jolt from my friend here," he said.

Rocker had the key to the handcuffs and he walked down the line removing them from the women. Each one quickly, and obediently, placed her hands on her head in turn. When he was done and had stepped away, Stitch ordered them to turn around again.

"Okay, I want you all to strip. Undies and all. Now!" he added for emphasis.

Crying and whining, the women started to disrobe. Ellie unbuttoned her mauve slacks and pulled them down over her knees, her ankles and free from her feet. Chaz advanced and took them from her. By then Connie had pulled her dress over her head, which was gracefully accepted by Rocker and tossed aside. Linda was down to her underthings, and she reached behind her and freed up her pleasant, pale white orbs, which shook loose and bobbed enticingly. Marcie was the quickest and pulled her feet through her maroon thong and tossed it aside, revealing a well-trimmed, black line of hair along the sides of her outer labia.

Fujiko was the one who was stalled. She had managed to lower the zipper on the back of her modest, pretty, blue and green dress and pull the straps from her shoulders down past her arms, but she was unable to proceed any further and just let her hands hang at her sides while she stared at the floor and sobbed. Her teacup sized breasts were covered by a sheer, white bra. It served as more of a mesh-like covering than anything else since her mammaries were devoid of any real need of support. The tiny, pinkish areolas could be discerned easily.

Stitch raised the baton and made a move towards her, anxious to enforce his decree, when Jack took hold of his arm and held him back. "Just a minute," he murmured and then advanced on the diminutive Japanese woman. He placed his hand on her chin and lifted it. He looked her in the eyes. They were brimming with tears.

"Put your hands on your head," Jack said to her softly. She looked at him sadly, raised her arms, haltingly at first, but then placed them on her short, black mop. Her body was shivering.

Jack leaned over and pulled her dress off of her hips down to the floor. Without asking her, he lifted one naked foot and the other and

then swept the garment to the side. She was wearing a lacy pair of white bikini panties. Jack placed his fingers in the waistband and eased them down over her hips and over her feet. He tossed them to where the dress lay on the floor. All that was left was her shroud-like bra. Jack, pressing his body close to hers, reached behind her and expertly unhooked it. He pulled it down over her shoulders and Fujiko obediently lowered her arms so that it could be pulled off and join its mates.

Jack stepped back. It wouldn't have been exactly right to say that she was little girl-like, although she did approximate the height and body size of a young Caucasian girl. The pleasant, delicate curve to her hips and the roundness of her diminutive breasts denominated her relative maturity as did the nicely trimmed black bush, cut short, but still widely covering the sides of her pudenda and extending upwards to a few inches below her waist line. Her areolas were, as previously noted, slightly larger than quarters, but her nipples were prominent and stiff. She gazed at Jack sadly through the straps that went up in between her eyes and darted around the sides of her head. You could see that her mouth was fully distended and, if you discounted the end of the large plug that was in her mouth, you might think that she was about to release the loudest and most energetic scream she could muster.

The women were all naked now and their hands had been reinstalled, without the necessity of instruction, back onto their heads. Connie's heavy orbs hung beautifully, with wide, dark areolas and thick plug-like nipples. Her bush was untrimmed and spread wildly from her crux over her lower belly. Linda's breasts were nicely formed, appropriate for her svelte body, but in no way disappointing. Her hair had been completely trimmed and she wore in her right labia a golden ring. Marcie's breasts were a bit larger than small, roundish and full, each one an ample handful. She had a 2" wide blue star tattooed on her belly just up and to the right of the crux of her thigh and her hip.

Ellie's breasts were round and firm, very adequate. She had a tattoo too, across her lower belly, just below her bikini line. It said, in blue script, "*Home of the Brave!*" Rucker had to creep up close to read it and when he read it out to the others, there was a general laugh.

On the other side of the room there was a shower spigot and a drain in the floor. A large cabinet nearby held a plastic container of liquid soap, a large sponge and a bottle of shampoo. Starting with Linda, the still gagged women were dragged over to the shower. First,

they were made to squat over the drain and release whatever water they had left, which they did obediently, after being reminded of the holy hell they would suffer if they peed inappropriately later on. The spigot was detachable and Rocker proceeded to wet down each of their bodies, from their shoulders to their knees setting the stage for Chaz, who roughly soaped them up with the sponge, taking appropriate time to wash their love lips thoroughly and the crack between their rear orbs. Connie's breasts swayed and bobbed deliciously while Chaz soaped them up and he was unable to resist giving them both a big squeeze, which made Connie moan in protest. He gave her a little cuff to the head and told her to, "Shut the fuck up!"

The women whined and sniffled as they were being washed, all except Fujiko who remained mute, but quietly sobbing. When they were all standing back in place in front of the line of cages, their hands on their heads, their pretty eyes all staring out expectantly. Stitch told them to turn around once again. Chaz had removed from a heavy hutch a large canvas bag. He and Rocker went down the line of shivering women. Rocker would take down their left wrist first. Chaz would hand him a black bracelet and he would snap it over the woman's wrist. Then came the right, and when both wrists were braceleted, he joined them together.

After that, another bag was removed and Rocker and Chaz went down the line applying bracelets to the women's ankles and connecting them with 18" of chain. Then came the collars. The women were all trying to stifle their sounds of dismay. As the collar went around their necks, they issued little whimpers of complaint which the men ignored.

While they had their backs turned, Rocker and Chaz went down the line and removed the head harnesses and gags from the women. After, they were ordered to turn around and face the men again, Stitch went down the line and proffered to each woman a bottle of Gatorade, which he made them lean their heads back and drink until empty. Rocker and Chaz followed him. They made each woman turn around again and administered from behind another gag and head harness from another canvas bag. This disquieted the women significantly as it was applied, for they were ring gags that spread their lips widely, leaving an appropriately sized hole in the middle. Even if they had never heard of ring gags before which, except maybe for poor Fujiko, was doubtful, the nice cock sized aperture in each one could leave little doubt about why they had been applied.

When Rocker went to insert the wide ring gag in Fujiko's tiny mouth, he had difficulty in getting it in. Fuji's lips were spread as wide as they might go, but the gag just refused to go past her tiny teeth. The poor girl whined and wailed as her jaws were spread to the brink of their snapping point.

Rocker ceased his attempt and turned to the other men and shrugged his shoulders. Jack waived him aside. He went over to the hutch where they kept their gear and rummaged around in the top drawer. He found what he was looking for. It was a round ball of tightly wrapped leather. He came over to Fujiko. He told her to open her mouth as wide as possible. Tears flowing down her face, her body shaking, she complied. Jack pressed the leather ball against her mouth. It was a tight fit, but it popped right in past her teeth. He tapped her almost kindly against the side of her face. Fujiko broke out into a momentary look of gratitude but then immediately snapped back into a grimace of worry and fear.

Stitch ordered the women to all turn towards their right in the direction of the door. Chains were brought out, each one about 4' in length, and attached, first from the rear of Linda's collar to the front of Connie's and then all down the line, forming the women into a little coffle.

"I'm going to stay here and water down the cunts," Stitch said. "Bring our new guests on upstairs so they guys can get a good look at them and the fun can begin."

Chaz took hold of the ring in the front of Linda's collar and gave it a heavy tug. Lovely, lanky Linda stumbled forward and the chain between her and Connie grew taut. Stitch gave Connie a whack on the butt with the zapper and urged her forward. As Linda tearfully began shuffling to the door, Connie followed as did each woman in turn as the chain to her collar tugged her forward. Rocker unlocked the door, swinging it open and Chaz marched the small column through it. Rocker and Jack brought up the rear, relocking the heavy steel door to the little chamber as it closed, leaving Stitch and the four naked, young, caged prisoners inside.

The dismal parade snaked its way through the basement and slowly up the stairs as, due to the chains, the women had to pause before taking each step. As Chaz emerged into the main floor, a general murmur of approval greeted him. He marched the line of pulchritudinous prisoners to the center of the room and underneath a long heavy beam that jutted out from the 15' high ceiling.

The room hadn't changed much since the last time Jack had been there. There were the old movie posters celebrating various biker and general bad boy movies. There was the James Gang poster showing the band on their hogs in faux biker regalia and a new one, a poster of the movie 'Badlands' with a very young Martin Sheehan, the one where he took a barely pubescent Sissy Spacek marauding through the upper Midwest. Jack couldn't help take note of the parallels with his own adventures.

Six or so of the biker gang were hanging out. Twangy country music was emitting from a CD player and the obligatory keg of beer sat in a dark green plastic garbage can in the corner. The three cages were just where they had always been. Two were empty and the third occupied by a naked, bound and hooded young thing whose long chestnut hair emerged from the edges of the hood. One of the guys had brought his girlfriend, a fortyish, heavysset, somewhat ravaged woman wearing a black Waylon Jennings t-shirt and cut off, denim short shorts which revealed much more than all the other males had an interest in. She and her boyfriend were sitting on one of the couches sharing a joint with a bottle of Hiram Walker whiskey and a small assembly of shot glasses on a coffee table in front of them.

One of the girls whose cage was temporarily empty was standing, naked, between two of the ratty, leather easy chairs with her hands behind her back. Her mouth was free and downturned at the sides in a most attractive sadness. Her legs were spread and a clue to her recent activities could be found in the wet sheen that could be discerned on the inside of her right upper thigh and the puffiness of her love lips. Her short, curly hair was black. She looked maybe 20 or so. Her pussy had been shaved, leaving behind only a little tuft of short black hair above her slit. She had nice sized breasts that hung nicely and turned up and slightly outward at the ends. She wore the same black leather collar and bracelets with which the new guests had been adorned.

The members and the girlfriend formed an excited little semi-circle around the women. Chaz and Rocker loosened and removed the coffle chains. Chaz ordered them to turn to their right so that they were facing the small crowd. The women eyed the leering, appreciative assembly with unfeigned horror. Tears brimmed in a number of eyes and little whines could be heard escaping from behind their round, made for piercing gags.

One of the men came forward and made to take hold of Connie's very ample, tawny pulchritude, but Chaz waved him back. "No

touchee!,” he snapped. “Not until the party starts. Besides, we got first dibs. ”

The biker, a tall, heavysset fellow with several days’ growth of beard, a long, dirty blond ponytail and dressed in tattered denims gave a cooperative smile and backed off. The biker girl, she was known as Easy Lil and was known to happily exchange a blow job for a line of coke or a joint, crept forwards nonetheless. “I wanna see what’s written on the blond one’s twat!” she exclaimed. Chaz gave her a nod and she crouched down in front of Ellie and peered at the scriptive writing there.

“Home of the Brave!” she exclaimed merrily. “That’s a good one! Maybe we should add a line under it, “Open for Business!” Everyone laughed.

Chaz had grabbed a thin, leather encased dog whip from the array of punishment and confinement devices mounted on a peg board on the wall. The women were sagging before the crowd, as if leaning over round shouldered could obscure their naked plenitudes. Chaz let fly with the whip. It whizzed through the air and struck pale haired Elaine across the breasts. She howled and bent over, casting him a miserable look.

“Stand up straight!” Chaz bellowed. “Legs apart! This ain’t no fashion show!”

Trembling, the five women straightened themselves, looking warily and tearfully at Chaz. “Eyes straight ahead!” he ordered them. They all snapped their heads forward.

Chaz let the small crowd enjoy the display for another minute or so. The women, although not in the spring of life, were all well-kept and, for the most part, poor, youthful Fujiko being the exception, perhaps just a hair past the apogee of their desirability. There was, in fact, a special appeal in knowing that they were all undoubtedly well experienced and still in the zone of life where their passion was well above what would be their life average.

“Okay, now turn around!” Chaz snapped. They all dutifully shuffled around, their feet spread to the maximum extent allowed by the confining chains on their ankles. When their posteriors were all pleasantly displayed, Chaz ordered them to bend over. The women obediently bent themselves at the waist, tottering on their naked toes. Chaz let fly with the whip again, this time catching Marcie across the bottom. She squealed and snapped her body upwards. Chaz flayed at her bottom again, this time with more force. Marcie screeched.

“Lean over you stupid cunt!” Chaz yelled. Marcie bent herself again with alacrity as she released a woeful sob. “More! Lean over more! As far as you can go!”

The women bent themselves so that their torsos were more or less parallel with the floor. The breasts of the women with more ample plenitude swung free and swayed and bobbed. Fujiko and Linda’s breasts, each woman at opposite ends of the line, merely bulged slightly, like oversized drops of water about to drip from their chests.

Chaz let the members peruse the proffered rear mounds and the revealed, vulnerable slits that lived between their legs for a few minutes. Rocker, smiling broadly, went down the line of mostly pale globes, running his hand over them one by one, commenting as he went, “Nice! Nice!” and when he came to Connie, “Very nice!”

When the members had been given adequate opportunity to regale in the display, Chaz barked out another order.

“Okay, ladies, on your knees!”

Slowly and unsteadily, all the women edged themselves to their knees. When they were all settled, Chaz ordered them to lie on their bellies. There was no way they could accomplish that gracefully, and each one twisted and turned to minimize the impact of the fall, but each one nonetheless landed with a little bump on their breasts.

In their distress, the women probably didn’t notice it, or if they had, had been too distracted by the trauma of being displayed naked and bound to the gallery, but overhead of each one of them was a pulley affixed to the beam. Attached to each pulley was an iron bar about 3’ wide. A heavy rope was wound around each bar. Chaz was just tall enough to reach the first one, just above the reclining Linda.

Rocker detached the chain connecting Linda’s ankles and cast it aside. He kicked her feet apart wider. Chaz gave a tug on the rope and the iron bar descended. He let it drop down until it landed on the back of Linda’s svelte ankles. Rocker crouched down and, spreading Linda’s feet wider apart still, connected each end of the bar to an ankle bracelet. He stood up, gave Chaz a nod and Chaz gave the rope a huge heave.

Linda’s feet ascended about 3 feet off the floor. She released a forlorn whine. Chaz gave another heave and her ankles rose another 3 feet, pulling her torso back and dragging her breasts on the scratchy rug. She gave out another loud squeal and began to whine loudly. Chaz gave the rope another heave and Linda’s head rose up off of the rug. She was now upside down, facing the gang. Her lithe body swung back



and forth. Her eyes were spread as wide as saucers and she had a distinctly unhappy visage. Chaz gave the rope another pull, not as hard as the others, but enough to raise Linda's head even further. Holding the rope taut, he looked at Rocker, who was standing in front of the distraught woman.

"A little bit more," Rocker said to him, looking down at the dangling woman. Chaz gave the rope another pull. "A little more," Rocker continued. Chaz nudged the woman higher. Rocker stepped forward and aligned his loins with Linda's distended mouth. "Just right!" he announced. Chaz gave the rope a little tug to the side, locking it in place and then wrapped the end around Linda's right ankle.

Linda's body swayed as she contorted it, sobbing and wailing. Her long, straw blond hair hung down below her. Rocker placed his hand in the crotch of her spread thighs and gave her hairless pudenda a little rub. "Comfy, honey?" he asked caustically. Linda's body shook and she twisted her legs, making her torso turn. Rocker took hold of her hips and straightened her out. He then crouched down in front of her. He tapped her cheek roughly as Linda stared wide eyed at him. "No sense twisting and turning, honey," he told her. "We're going to have our fun whether you like it or not. My advice is just relax and enjoy it." He laughed.

The other women realized now what fate had in store for them and there was a general cacophony of whines and sobs as Rocker and Chaz went down the line and elevated them into assault position. Ellie gave them the most trouble, whining and squirming and pulling back her legs as her ankles were unchained. Rocker just laughed and easily imprisoned first one ankle and then the other and she was lifted in quick order up into the air.

Jack had been watching, with some amusement, as the women were lifted into position, but when it came to doing Fujiko, who was sobbing and wailing the hardest, he placed his hand on Rocker's arm and urged him away. Rocker looked at Jack for a second, then shrugged his shoulders and returned to the other women.

One of the members handed Jack a mug full of beer and proffered him a tok off a joint. Jack looked at the joint for a second, and then thinking, "Why not?" took a heavy pull. The member, whose name Jack either didn't know or had forgotten, gave him a sly smile and then slipped back into the crowd.

Rocker was having fun giving the women little pushes on their behinds and making them swing to and fro. Chaz had been given his own mug of draft, and took his turn on another joint that was being passed around the room. It was pretty dark outside and all the shades were pulled down. One of the men plopped himself into an easy chair and called the black haired girl over to him. At his direction she went over to the large table which held a wide variety of booze bottles and poured out three fingers worth of Old Grand Dad into a tumbler and then brought it back to him. He took it in his hand and said something to the girl that Jack couldn't hear but made her frown. She got on her knees before him, between his outstretched knees, opened his scuffed up jeans and drew out his already half hardened cock. She looked up at the man, short but well-built with a bushy short, black beard around his chin, and grimaced. Her hand was on his cock, pulling it to stiffness. Then she lowered her head and placed it in her mouth. The man gave a heavy sigh, leaned back in the chair and smiled, revealing two golden front teeth. He took a sip of the Grand Dad, placed his heavily tattooed arms on the arms of the chair, closed his eyes and sighed again. The girl had returned her wrists to behind her back and began to work his rod slowly and with great attention.

The sight of it gave Jack's cock a little twinge. Rocker had given up playing swingsy with the women and was lodged in front of Marcie. His hand was twiddling her black trimmed crease and the woman was making little frantic noises. Jack took a long pull from his beer. He went over to the booze table and poured himself three ounces of the Grand Dad. He shot it back in one gulp and then washed it down with the remnants of his mug. The joint had gone right to his head and he was feeling pleasantly woozy, a state he spent much time reveling in lately. The music had changed to a heavier rock beat, some new band that Jack didn't know shit about, but just sounded like some guys with hoarse throats screaming into the mike. The fat biker girl was doing some kind of insane contortions, her heavy tits flouncing and bouncing. Three more biker guys came in. Behind them were two thin and attractive young women. One was tall with long black hair and pert little breasts pointing out from her burnt orange, spaghetti strapped top. The other was blond with heavier breasts, shorter, maybe about 5'5. She was wearing a sparkly gold sleeveless pullover top. Both women were adorned with artful makeup, mascara lined eyes, heavy, dark lip liner, lightly rouged and powdered. They were wearing very

short, black micro skirts, way up their thighs and had chains on the ankles. Their hands were locked behind them.

One of the new bikers, a smooth looking guy with well-trimmed brown hair and a golden earring, motioned the two women forward and, without comment proceeded to unlock their ankles and bracelets. The women needed no instructions. Casting unhappy looks around the room, they disrobed quickly, handing their garments to the good looking guy. Their clefts were hairless and sported golden medallions on their right lower lips with a large scriptive 'R' inlaid in black onyx. On their lower bellies was tattooed the same 'R' in bright red, surrounded by bright blue flourishes and underneath a pair of crossed, pointy tipped black daggers.

Jack knew that the women were residents at one of the whorehouses run by the gang, probably from one of their upper class places in Phoenix, Sante Fe or Albuquerque. Behind the group another 2 men came in. This time one of them was towing a slender, very young girl behind him. She was attired in a black miniskirt like the others together with a green and gold backless halter that tied off behind her neck and accentuated her heavy breasts. She was fitted with a gag and head harness and was sporting a leather collar and wrist and ankle bracelets. The man who was towing her, via a chain connected to a ring on the outside of the gag, was kind of dumpy with long, black thinning hair, a heavy, grey speckled moustache. He had on a sleeveless, light blue denim shirt, buttoned low to expose his hairy chest, with the group's logo on the back and dark blue blue jeans. There were tattoos up and down his arms. He yanked the girl into the center of the room and removed her confinements. She said something to him in a low, plaintive voice. He snarled and gave her a heavy slap with his right hand, knocking her off balance on her red high heels.

She sobbed and quickly began to disrobe. She was ringed and marked like the other women. It took Jack a second, but once the gag had been removed he had recognized her. She was the daughter of the maid who had been blackmailed into helping out when he had kidnapped the Chavez broad, wife of Gerry Chavez, the pool king. The girl had been taken as a hostage, swept up off the streets of her college campus and maintained since then as security for the maid's silence. They allowed her to call home from time to time, in short, carefully guarded conversations, just to let the maid know she was still alive. The girl had just been too luscious to give up once seized and was now a captive resident in one of the Rogue's bordellos. Jack watched her

shuck her clothes tearfully with some interest. He hadn't had a chance to fuck her when she was here last and made a note to see if she could be held over a couple of days after the party.

It was looking like the party was going to be a humdinger. While Jack was shooting back another tumbler full of Grand Dad, more bikers came in, a couple with their scraggly looking girlfriends. Rocker had edged up to Marci and had his rigid cock out. Marcie was hoo-hooing and whining and shaking her head to and fro as she saw the fleshy prong come nearer her rounded off opening. Rocker, one hand holding his not insignificant cock, took hold of the hair at the back of Marcie's head and held it still. He edged the tip of his cock into the leather ring that held the unhappy woman's mouth frozen and open in place.

Marcie screeched and wailed. Rocker looked over at Jack and gave him a broad smile. Then he eased his pole forward until it was buried deeply into Marcie's orifice. Her whines and hoots were suddenly reduced to a kind of glugging noise as Rocker hit the back of her throat. He let himself reside there for a moment or two and then started rocking his hips backwards and forwards, keeping time with Marcie's unhappy, gurgling head. When he had achieved the tempo desired, he leaned forward and placed his lips and tongue on the proffered cleft opposite him and went to work.

Chaz had been working on Connie, playing with her dangling breasts, smooching her nipples and running his hands up and down her elegant torso. Now he was ready too to commence the real fun and he slipped himself into the Hispanic woman's mouth unceremoniously and, when he found the narrowness near the entrance to her throat, eased his head back and sighed, his right hand buried in her black hair shrouded sex.

Meanwhile, Fujiko was laying belly down on the floor, her eyes jammed shut and her jaws clamped fiercely around the leather ball that filled her mouth. Her face was turned to the left and Jack saw her open her eyes briefly, seeming to search through the room. When they lit upon him, she gave him a beseeching, plaintive look and then jammed her eyes closed again and turned her head the other way.

Seeing that the fun had begun, two men sidled up to Linda and Ellie and entered them, while the women squealed and gurgled, and buried their mouths in their quims. Standing nearby, his usual spiteful look on his face, was Billy Boots. He was tapping a dog whip on his thigh just waiting for his chance to go to work on one of the women, or

maybe all of them. Jack decided he had seen enough. He didn't like crowds and the place was filling up quickly. Each biker, in turn, made it a point to sidle up to him and give him greetings. It was clear that he still had celebrity status.

He shot back his drink, refused a proffered joint, and stepped over to where Fujiko lay. He reached down and took hold of the ring in the back of her collar and gave it a tug. "Up!" was all he said. Fujiko, as if she had been awaiting an order that would exempt her from the fate of the other women, quickly and unsteadily came to her feet. Jack shifted his grip to the front of her collar and began to pull her towards the stairs that led to the bedrooms. As he neared them, a gagged and braceleted, naked blond haired girl emerged from the kitchen carrying a large tray with condiments and plates and cutlery. Close behind her was a short rotund fellow dressed in a white t-shirt and jeans, a well stained apron pulled tautly around his waist. The girl took the tray to a stand near a long, empty, wooden table and began to unload its contents. The chef, seeing Jack, wiped his hands on the apron and approached him.

"Name's Bob," he said as he extended his hand.

Jack took it. "Pleasure," he replied.

"I've got about 100 pounds of grade 'A' t-bones out back and I'll be grilling 'em up in a minute. Want me to save you one?"

"Sure," Jack replied.

"It's an honor, man," Bob proffered. "It kind of makes me feel warm and fuzzy knowing that you're out there wreaking havoc."

"Thanks," Jack said lowly. He was used to this and started to shuffle away. Bob looked over at the girl. She had placed a large pile of very sharp steak knives on the table and was eyeing them.

"Go ahead," Bob called out to her. "Pick one up and see what happens, you stupid cunt!"

The girl drew her hand away as if it had caught fire.

"Get back in the fucking kitchen before I teach you a lesson you won't forget!" Bob barked at her. She gave Bob a doleful look and quickly, or as quickly as she could with her ankles chained together, scooted back through the door to the kitchen. She had fresh, violently red stripes on her derriere where, it seemed, someone had already taught her a thing or two. Bob looked at Jack and smiled. "See you later," he said.

Jack turned back to the stairs and began to lead the wide eyed, trembling Japanese girl after him.



## CHAPTER SEVEN

Jack was leaning back on the headboard of the low slung bed, drawing in a heavy toke of the joint he had found nicely rolled on the little table next to it. It was Stitch's room, but Stitch always let Jack have it when he stayed and had set out four tightly rolled joints, a little silver ladies' compact filled with white dust, a 3" long silver straw and a flask of Grand Dad. Jack was naked, his legs spread widely and his other hand, his left, was stroking his semi-hard joint lazily. Fujiko was standing on her tippy toes in the corner opposite the bed, her nose buried into the crease. She had been there for the last 40 minutes or so and was issuing pleasant sounding little whines as the strain was becoming a little more than she could bear. Her hands were now attached to the sides of a 3" wide leather belt he had strapped tightly around her waist.

He hadn't fucked her yet. There was no hurry. He had gone into the bathroom, relieved his bladder and returned to the room, disrobed, and plopped down on the king sized bed. Stitch's stuff was all around the room, some rodeo posters, some old fashioned, lead toy soldiers that he liked to collect on the dresser, WWI guys holding heavy Springfield rifles at port and brass flying saucer type helmets on their heads. His clothes had all been put away and the room was neat as a pin. Stitch was in charge of the young lovelies the gang kept around as play things and he always made sure that they kept the bedrooms upstairs spic and span.

He was thinking, as he seemed always to be, about that girl, Carly, again. He knew he was cursed by her, bamboozled, bewitched, or whatever you wanted to call it, but his scheme to regain possession of her was now well in the works.

Three weeks ago he had bit the bullet and one afternoon gone up to Lorenzo's hacienda to speak to him about her. When he entered the large, well-appointed hacienda, the girl had been at her post in the expansive foyer, on her hands and knees and connected to the floor by a long chain that went to the back of her collar. She was, as she always was, in her dog costume, her ankles confined to the back of her thighs and the long doggie ears and black snout affixed to her head. Two well-dressed men had come in just before him and the girl was kneeling up, her paw covered hands bent up in begging position and she was yarping up a storm, her tongue lolling out of her mouth. She

saw him behind the men and cast him a hateful look with her eyebrowless, darkly made up eyes.

Her gaze immediately returned to the two men however. They were laughing and joking with each other as if this was the funniest thing in the world. One of the men, the older of the two, wearing a nicely tailored business suit with neat salt and pepper hair, tall and broad shouldered, placed his hand in her short blond hair and gave her head a little rub. "*What a good little doggie,*" he said in Spanish, barely able to hold in his mirth.

The younger man, dressed in a stylish sports shirt, designer jeans and shiny, black vaquero boots with silver tips, was already removing his cock from its environs. "*Ven aqui un poco perrita y lameme,*" he said merrily. The girl dropped like a stone to all fours, waddled to the man and then raised herself again. She flashed a death look at Jack for just a second, and then scooped up the man's flaccid member with her lips and went to work.

Jack's hands curled into fists. Every time he saw one of the others enter his former hostage's body a knot formed in his belly. He imagined being at that little spot he had picked out for her in the desert, slicing her delicate throat and then tossing her lifeless body into the hole he would have prepared. His agony would be at an end, forever. In his fantasies he always imagined himself visiting the spot from time to time, pretty wild flowers growing on her grave, the tall lush tree rising high above it, the small brook gurgling nearby. He would pay some local *peones* to keep the grave well-tended and some local *mamacitas* to say prayers over it every Sunday.

He shook his head as if he could jar his anger and self-hatred loose. He walked past the men briskly and down the hall to where Lorenzo's office was located.

There were always two or three of his men lolling about the hallway outside it, lounging in the 18<sup>th</sup> century, ornate, padded wooden chairs, drinking and smoking. There was a small couch there and a couple of finely upholstered hassocks upon which, on occasion, there would be one of the men abusing one of the pretty maids that flitted around the house for that primary purpose, although they also served to keep the hacienda clean and neat. One of the girls was there now, crouching on her knees on one of the hassocks while a long haired, dark skinned man dressed in an off white, embroidered peasant's shirt and black jeans plowed her from behind. The two other men, dressed in loose sport shirts and jeans, long haired rough looking fellows,



drank from long necked bottles of *cerveza* and laughed and joked about the wheezing, impassioned girl. She had long black hair that covered her face as she leaned over. The bodice to her dress had been pulled down and her ample, naked breasts were pressed against her thighs.

The two men who were not fucking looked up at Jack. "What the fuck do you want?" one of them asked him brusquely in heavily accented English.

*"Estoy aquí para ver a el Señor,"* Jack replied.

*"Y ¿qué te hace pensar que el te quiere ver, gringo?"* the man shot back. Both men were wearing large Bowie type knives on their belts and firearms strapped on their hips.

*"Tengo una cita,"* Jack answered. I have an appointment.

The two men gave Jack disdainful looks and then looked at each other to see which one of them would disturb the boss on behalf of this asshole. Neither wanted to be the messenger if he was lying. Finally, the one who had remained silent picked up a phone that was sitting on the nearby table and punched in an extension. He spoke obsequiously into the phone. Jack heard a sharp rebuke on the other end and the man answered, *"Si, si,"* and then hung up.

*"Un momentito,"* he told Jack.

Meanwhile the man plowing the girl was going to town. He was groaning and moaning and pumping madly at her sluice. She was whining and panting, her little hands clamped into little fists by her side, her long red skirt with a frilly white lace border pulled up over her back, revealing her delicious, naked rear haunches.

Jack stood there and waited. There were a couple of free chairs, but no one had invited him to sit in one, so he didn't. After a bit, maybe five minutes or so, the man fucking the maid let out a loud roar and then a series of violent grunts as he slammed his hips into the girl's rear globes. The girl called out too, releasing half suppressed cries of high pitched yelps as if she were trying to hold in the proof of her own climax.

The man slowed his efforts, his hands gripping the girl's hips tightly, gave out a final, pleased sigh and then withdrew, giving the girl a fierce slap on the ass that made her bleat. He stepped back and said something in Spanish too fast for Jack to catch. All three of the men laughed.

The girl, emitting a small whine, made to get up off of the hassock, using her hands to slide down the back of her skirt when the man who

had spoken to Jack barked out a stark command. The girl froze in place and, looking over, displayed a pleasantly made up face cringed into dismay. The tall man stepped over to a small refrigerator and took out a beer while the other man lowered his zipper and gave his already hardened cock a few tugs. He came over to the girl, flipped her skirt back up and aimed his tool at her mushy, slime covered, hairless crevasse. Placing one hand square on her back, he guided his crank into place, hesitated for one moment, and then slid himself right in. The girl released a high pitched, barely audible whine and the man went to work.

The tall man lit a cigarette and gave Jack a challenging look. Jack was generally disliked by Lorenzo's men, reflecting the son of the *patrón's* hatred of him. The girl was squealing now as her new assailant rogered her diligently, pausing from time to time to give her ass a fierce slap or two or three.

The telephone buzzed. The man who had spoken on it before picked it up. He said, "*Si, si,*" and hung up. "*¡Entra!*" he spat at Jack.

Jack addressed himself to the wide and tall, dark stained, oaken door, turned the handle and pushed it open. The room was large and dimly lit. Lorenzo sat behind a large ornately carved, mahogany desk. He was wearing a loose, beige, silk shirt and was smoking a cigar. A bottle of tequila stood on the desk with a few shot glasses strewn around it. The room was smoky. On Jack's right was a dark brown leather couch. Manuel, Lorenzo's second in command was sitting on it. Next to him, on her knees was a sobbing, naked young woman. Her arms and head were spread out on the couch. She had curly, short black hair that looked like it might have been permed. Her face was turned away from Manuel and she looked up at Jack beseechingly. Her clothes were strewn around the room, what looked like a pretty green and red dress, a pair of tiny panties and a delicate, lacy bra. She was still wearing a pair of lime green high heels and beige, self-supporting stockings. Her pale backside was glowing a bright pink. *El Burro* still had the leather flogger he had just used on her in his hand and he was drifting its tendrils playfully over her naked back.

Lorenzo blew a heavy cloud of bluish grey smoke across his desk. Behind him, mounted on the wall was the Morales crest painted on a large shield with a pair of crossed cavalry sabers underneath it. To Jack's left was a small cage, empty for now, and another couch. On it sat a stylish looking young man, maybe 24 or so, dressed in tight black pants, shiny black shoes and an open blue and white silk shirt. He wore

a pencil thin black moustache and long side burns. He was smoking a long filter cigarette, flicking it nervously into a large yellow ashtray on a long, glass coffee table in front of him. On the table was a tumbler full of dark colored liquor and a bottle of 25 year old brandy.

“Okay, *Negro*, what brings you up here this afternoon?” Lorenzo asked Jack regally. “It’s not often you grace us with your presence. Did you run out of cunt down in your little house down there?”

Jack tried to withhold his ire. Lorenzo always treated him contemptuously, but Jack knew that he inspired fear in the man. He looked at *El Burro*, who was looking back at him with a self-satisfied curiosity. He looked over at the kid, who gave him a lugubrious grin.

“I want to talk to you about the girl,” Jack said quietly.

Lorenzo laughed. “Girl? What girl? We’ve got a hundred girls roaming around here somewhere. You want to talk about this girl? She’s brand new. I’ll let you fuck her first if you want.”

The girl issued a forlorn wail. Manuel barked something loud and lowered the flail forcefully across her back. It made a vicious slapping sound and the girl wailed even louder.

“*Cierra la cogida puta estúpida!*” he yelled at her. He struck her three more times hard, causing the girl to issue piteous screams. He grabbed her by her hair, raised her head and shook it viciously. “*Silencio, estúpida!*” he yelled again. “*O te quitare la piel justo al lado de ustedes!*”

The prospect of having her skin flailed off of her body didn’t seem to calm the girl, but she did clasp her lips tightly together and scrunched up her woeful face. Her screams devolved into a mild, high pitched whine, which satisfied Lorenzo’s second in command. He pushed her face back down on the couch.

“No,” Jack replied calmly. “You know the one I’m talking about.”

Lorenzo sensed that his moment of triumph had arrived. He knew that Jack burned for the girl; everybody knew it. But the girl was his property, to do with as he saw fit. It was of supreme satisfaction that the notorious Blackjack had come crawling to him at last.

“No, I don’t think I do,” Lorenzo said, smiling. “You’ve fucked so many of them. I was not aware that one of them had struck your fancy. But if you point her out, I’m sure we can work a deal. They’re all whores and usually it’s just a matter of dollars and cents.”

Jack had put off this moment for weeks in anticipation of Lorenzo’s gloating over him. Not too many men had ever gloated over him and led happy lives thereafter. He resisted the urge to form his

heavy hands into fists. A ball of rage was forming inside him. As far as he was concerned, Lorenzo was a useless punk, living off of the glory of his father who was, at least in his day, a real man. Even now, he commanded respect. But Lorenzo, he was a slimy dog who deserved to have his throat slit from ear to ear.

"You know the girl," Jack said steadily. "The girl I sold to your father."

Lorenzo leaned back in his black leather chair and took a deep drag off of his cigar. "Hmmm, let me see. A girl you sold my father? I don't remember such a girl. Are you sure you're not mistaken? Hey, Manuel, do you remember such a girl? Maybe we sold her south, no?"

Jack looked at Manuel. He was grinning too. "I think I remember such a girl," he said snidely. "But I haven't seen her around lately. A redhead, I think. A puny, ugly thing. But that was many months ago. "

"You see, *Negro*," Lorenzo said, "I don't think we have such a girl. But you can go down to the whorehouse and pick out any one you want. "

Jack paused. He could leap over the desk and snap Lorenzo's neck before Manuel even made a move. But that wouldn't get him what he wanted. He would still have to deal with Manuel who was, as opposed to Lorenzo, a man to be reckoned with, and the three *companeros* outside the door. No, he had known that he would have to eat shit when he come up here and he resigned himself to swallowing it with a little dignity.

"You know who I mean," Jack said lowly, grit in his voice. "The girl out front. In the foyer. "

Lorenzo issued a great belly laugh. "You mean *la perrita*? Our little doggie? She's not for sale, amigo. She is, in fact, not a girl anymore anyway. She is a doggie, *una perrita*. Who would want ever to sell a beloved pet? She brightens up all of our parties. I fuck her every night before I go to bed, and give her a good whipping too, when I'm in the mood. I couldn't sell her! It would be like selling a member of the family. Why don't you take this new whore instead? She's fresh, straight off the streets." He looked at the kid. "What's her name again?"

The kid grinned. "Lillyanna," he replied nervously as if he thought that Lorenzo might be cheating him out of his fee.

"Lillyanna, a pretty name," Lorenzo said. He took another toke of his cigar and blew the smoke across the desk. "She's pretty. And of course you can call her anything you want. You can make her into your

very own *perrita*. I'm sure she'll bark and howl just like the other one. Maybe better, eh? My compliments. On the house."

Jack just stood there. Experience had told him that egoists like Lorenzo could never keep their mouths shut and eventually would talk themselves into a blind alley.

"While we're talking about her, why don't we bring her in," Lorenzo continued. "I'll show you why we all love her so much." He picked up the fancy brass handset of the phone on his desk and punched in a couple of numbers. A moment later he said, "*Trae a la perrita para que podamos jugar con ella*," he spat into the phone.

He placed the receiver down and smiled. Then he looked at the fellow on the couch opposite Manuel. "Let's finish our business," he said brusquely. "*Tedoy \$3500 porella y es mi superior*," he said. And then in English, "She's a little heavy in the bottom and I think I'll need to put a bag over her head when I fuck her. "

Manuel laughed. The girl whined. From what Jack had seen, she wasn't all that bad looking and she had a very good figure. Her bottom was a little fleshy, but, hey, some guys liked it like that. Especially Manuel, whose propensities were well known. But with all the sluts the Morales people picked up here and there for practically nothing, \$3500 was a very good price.

The young man smiled obsequiously. "*¿Tal vez un pocomás? ¿\$4000, talvez?*" His voice did not exude confidence.

Lorenzo looked at Manuel quizzically, as if asking for advice. Manuel shrugged his shoulders. "*Dijo que ella tenia una hermana. ¿Tiene major a pariencis que esta?*" he asked the boy.

His face lit up. "*Muy hermosa y sus tetas son muy grandes!*"

Yes the sister was better looking and had great tits.

"*¿Que edad?*"

"*18 esta semana! Con la piel como la leche!*"

Skin like milk. She sounded nice. Lillyanna gave out a squeal. "*Por favor! Deje a mi hermanita! Voy a hacer lo que quieras!*" she squealed. She tried to get up from the couch, but Manuel merely grabbed her by the hair again and pushed her down.

"*¡Manten la boca cerrada, puta! ¡Tienes una azotiza que vieneya! ¡No lo hagas peor!*" he shouted at her. She released a loud, muffled wail.

"*¡Cállate tu puta!*" Lorenzo barked. He reached behind him into a chest behind his desk and took something out. He tossed it to Manuel. "*¡Aquí, esta puesto en ella!*"

It was a large penis gag attached to a leather shield. Manuel caught it with his free hand and pulled the girl's head up straight with the other. To the kid he said, "*¡Tráeme es satanga ahí y ayudame parra arriba!*"

The kid looked over to the desk where there was a leather thong laying all wound up. He had, for a moment, what looked like second thoughts about the whole thing. Lorenzo and Manuel had probably frightened the girl into disrobing, but now he was being asked to take a hand in the proceedings. Jack wondered what he had told the girl to get her to come here and what she had thought when she saw the *perrita* in the front hall. Some lie for sure that the girl would regret for the rest of her life that had she failed to see through.

"*¡Vamos! ¡Salta!*" Manuel called out. The boy, startled, quickly snatched the leather thong off of the desk and hurried over. Manuel grabbed the girl's arms above the wrists and crossed them. She started wailing and calling out frantically in Spanish, begging Paulo not to do this, to let her go. To save her. Paulo crouched down behind her and, hesitating at first, then wrapped the thong around the girl's crossed wrists and pulled the thong tight.

"*¡Vamos! ¡Vamos! Envuélve lo alrededor unas cuantas veces y amarrolo firmente!*" Manuel ordered loudly. The boy obeyed, wrapping the thong this way and that way around the girl's frantic, struggling wrists. The girl was writhing her body to and fro, screaming, begging to be saved. Finally the boy tied a knot, pulling it tight, and then another knot on top of that one.

Manuel released her arms and then pulled her head up again. He nodded to the gag on the couch next to him. "*Puesto que en ella y prisa, gilipollas!*" he told the boy.

The boy picked up the gag. It was thick and long. He nodded to Manuel. *El Burro* held fast to the hair on the top of the girl's head and circled his other hand around her chin, squeezing her cheeks. The girl was blubbering and whining and begging Paulo with her eyes for mercy. Manuel had the girl's mouth open just a tot, squeezing hard, making her howl. Paulo cautiously placed the thick prong at her lips. The girl tried to shake her head to frustrate the men's efforts, but Manuel held her fast. The boy looked to Manuel for guidance. Manuel looked at him, exasperated. "*¡Adelante! Metelo ahí mero!*" he told him. Go ahead! Jam it right in!

The boy pressed the tip of the prong at the limited opening and hesitated. The girl screeched. He pressed the prong forward, timidly at

first, and then harder and harder. Finally, frustrated, he placed his right hand behind her head, leaned forward with all his weight and practically punched it in. The girl's lips and jaw spread wide to receive it and she released a loud gurgle as it struck the back of her throat. Paolo worked himself behind her quickly and fastened the straps. When he was finished, he leaned back and beamed with pride.

The girl's noises were much reduced. The shield covered all of her face below her nose. Her eyes were wide and tears were flowing down her cheeks. Manuel released her head and tested the placement of the gag. "*Esta muy floja,*" he commented. It's too loose.

He twisted the girl's naked shoulders until her back was to him. He loosened the belt of the gag and then pulled on it hard. The girl gave a kind of croaking sound. He fastened the belt closed and spun her back facing him. Her eyes were wider still and had a fierce desperation in them. Manuel tested the gag again. "*Bien,*" he said. The girl kept making a choking sound and her saucer-like eyes flitted around the room for assistance from anybody. Somebody. All the men looked at her blankly.

Just then the door opened. The tall, dark skinned man from outside walked in. He was leading the girl by a leash to her collar. She followed in on all fours. She looked nervously around the room. She saw Jack. Saw the new girl gagged and bound. Saw the boy who had retreated to the other sofa and picked up his glass. And then she saw Lorenzo behind his desk and seemed to shudder.

Lorenzo got up from behind his desk and came around the front. He told the man to get Eduardo from the outer room. The man handed Lorenzo the leash and went outside. A moment later he and the other man came back in. It was the shorter, heavier set man.

"*Toma a esta puta a la casa de putas. Y nadie puede de tener sexo con ella hasta que llegueyo!*" Lorenzo told Eduardo. The girl would be taken to the basement of the whorehouse and placed into one of the cages. No one would fuck her until Lorenzo got there. Of course, he hadn't said anything about blow jobs and Jack was certain she would do a little entertaining first.

There was a rack of whips and chains and other instruments of confinement on a rack on the wall. Eduardo went there and retrieved a shiny, steel choker collar and a leash. When he went to drape the collar over the girl's head, she tried to wag her head back and forth to avoid it, but it slipped over and fell around her neck with ease. He attached the leash while Manuel held her head in place and pulled on it hard,

causing the choke chain to close around her delicate, pale white throat. He gave it a yank and pulled it harder and harder and harder until the squealing girl struggled to her feet, her naked breasts swaying back and forth. He smiled, gave her a friendly tap on the face and then pulled her from the room. She followed clumsily on her pretty, lime green high heels. Guess who was going to get the first blow job?

“¿*La hermana?*” Lorenzo asked the boy.

“*Le traeremos mañana,*” the boy responded. He would bring her tomorrow.

That seemed to satisfy Lorenzo and he told the boy to get out. “*Les pagaremos mañana acuando traigan a la hermana,*” he told him. The boy looked at Lorenzo doubtfully. Jack was sure that he would prefer to be paid today, but what could you do?

The boy edged to the door nervously, bowing his head to Lorenzo and Manuel and then scooted through it. Lorenzo and Manuel laughed.

That left them, Jack, the *perrita* and the tall dark skinned man in the room. Lorenzo, leaning his rear on the front of his desk smiled and said. “Here is my little doggie. See how bright and cheerful she is? How could I ever part with her?”

At the appellation cheerful, Carly took the hint and beamed up a forced but broad smile at him. She didn’t know what was going on here, but caution was always the watchword with Lorenzo. And what was this about parting with her? Lorenzo didn’t give her much time to think on it.

“¿*Presente!*” he ordered sharply. Carly sank back on her legs, the closest thing she could do to kneeling, placed her paw ended arms behind her back, stiffened her spine and pressed out her breasts.

“See how obedient she is?” Lorenzo beamed. And to *la perrita*, “¿*Suplica!*”

Carly, or Zorrita, the little fox, as she was known around the hacienda, drew forward her arms, placed them in front of her with her wrists bent, lolled her tongue and began to whimper. Lorenzo laughed. “Isn’t she cute?” he said, watching her. “*Ahora, ¡habla!*” he commanded.

Zorrita quickly brought in her tongue and commenced to bark, “Yarp! Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!” When done, she immediately resumed her begging pose.

Jack gritted his teeth. He stared at her so hard, he could have bored holes in her. She looked more doglike than woman. Her ears were expertly applied, as was her little black nose. She was wearing the



opaque cream colored stretchy garment covered with large deep brown spots all over her. The leotard was cut out strategically to reveal her swaying breasts, nipples highlighted in deep red, and her pudenda, whose lips were similarly outlined. Her hair was just enough of a pale yellow, wavy, unkempt mop to get a good handhold on. She wore a wide, black leather collar with brass rings at fore and aft and a bright red 'Z' embossed on it and tight leather, ringed bracelets on her wrists. Her lips were painted red with a stroke so wide that she appeared almost clown-like. Her eyebrowless eyes were colored with a circle of deep purple eyeliner that extended over her lids and under her eyes. A long, thick, tail extended from the back of the leotard just above the hole for her rear entrance. Inside was a stiff but flexible wire that made the tail curve up at the end.

*"¡Muestrame tu boca!"* Lorenzo ordered.

Zorrita lowered her arms, placing them again behind her back, leaned forward and made a nice sized 'O' with her lips and looked invitingly up at her owner, making him smile broadly.

Zorrita understood that all of this was of a purpose to humiliate her former captor. She had seen how he resentfully stared at her when she serviced Lorenzo's men at his parties. She had seen the 'if looks could kill' glances he had thrown at Lorenzo. But why today? Why now? What was happening? Was she going to be beaten? That was the most important question of all. The rest, being treated in all ways like an animal, being humiliated and abused and forced into the most scurrilous acts with numberless men, being under the domination of Angelika, the dark souled mistress of the house, or Vincenzo, the major domo, who abused her daily, all that she could tolerate. But a beating from Lorenzo, a man who knew no bounds and, since he owned her, could lacerate her into a pulp if he so desired, that was something else. And she knew she had to devote all her energy and vitality to pleasing him or, as Angelika had warned her, she was destined to be the centerpiece in a Monterrey flambé. She was so attuned to Lorenzo's words and his whims that she almost anticipated them, although to move too early, of her own volition, was a seriously punishable event.

Lorenzo extended his hand and placed his two longest fingers into the circle formed by her lips. He circled the inside of her lips with them and then drove them deep inside.

*"¡Chupa!"* he commanded.

She closed her mouth around the thick digits and began to suck them as if they were the most delicious things in the world. She looked up at him beseechingly and moved her head back and forth, suckling on the ends, driving the fingers into her throat. Lorenzo looked up at Jack. "See how good she is?" he said. "How could I ever give up a good little pet like this? I would miss her terribly."

He slid his fingers from her mouth. "*¡Muéstrame tu coño!*" he ordered. Immediately, as if dropped like a stone, Zorrita fell upon her back, raised her bound thighs and spread them with her paws. She arched her back so that her *coño* was pointed straight up at her master. On the way there, she cast a quick glance at Jack and saw the revulsion in his eyes. Although she hated him with all her heart, his reaction always cut her to the quick. As she spread her thighs, revealing her painted, hairless quim, she lolled her tongue, as Vincenzo had taught her at the tip of a whip, and began to pant heavily, as if in anticipation and need of her master's member. Lorenzo and Manuel, who had fucked her often, both laughed.

Lorenzo looked at Jack. "So you see, I must reject your overture. She is too valuable. And my men love to play with her, not to mention my guests."

"Everything has a price," Jack retorted. "Even a beloved pet. Name a price and I'll meet it."

Lorenzo looked deeply at him, the man who had humiliated him in front of his *compadres*. He wanted Jack's humiliation to go deep, as deep as a knife. And in front of his men too. That was the important part. "Okay, okay," Lorenzo said. "I'll concede your point. This is my price, one million dollars, and not a penny less."

Jack stared back. Without a moment's hesitation, he said, "Okay. I agree."

Lorenzo smiled. He knew Jack didn't have a million dollars. It would be a miracle for him to come up with it.

"I'll be generous," he replied. "My birthday is in a little over two months from now. I'll give you until then. If not, the deal's off. For good!" he snarled.

"Understood," Jack returned.

He looked at the girl. She was still panting lasciviously and her sex was still invitingly displayed. She looked at him. Something crossed her face. Was it fear? Was it hope? It was only there for a moment and then her attention returned to where it belonged.

Lorenzo was so excited, he was trembling. He went behind the desk and poured himself a shot and downed it quickly. “*¡Bastante!*” he shouted angrily. “Go back to that little house and fuck that big fat maid who works there. If I don’t see my money in 8 weeks, then say goodbye to la perrita forever!”

And to the guard who had brought her in he said, “*Llevala a la sala de diversion y pon todo listo para mi! Ella ha sido perezosa y necesita una paliza*”

Zorrita knew what a *paliza* was, and a fierce coldness swept through her. The guard would bring her to the playroom and lock her up there, where Lorenzo would whip her later. She started to whine. Lazy! He was calling her lazy! What more could she do? How much more energetically could she do it? But then she realized that it had nothing to do with her at all, but was for the benefit of her former captor, to rile him, to humiliate him. And it was all the more reason for her to hate him, to have brought this injustice down upon her.

The guard stooped and reattached the leash to the ring behind her collar and gave it a fierce yank. “*¡Levantante tu estúpida perra puta y ven con migo!*” he growled.

Zorrita jumped to her hands and knees and, issuing a deep sob, let herself be led away, her tail wagging involuntarily. Jack followed her with his eyes until she cleared the door. Lorenzo barked at him, “What are you doing here! Our business is through, *muchacho!*”

Jack felt the urge to leap at the man. He was only a couple of feet away from him. But he didn’t. He smiled and gave a slight nod of his head. “*Como bien dices, junior,*” he said snidely. Junior was his pet name for him, emphasizing his subservience to his *padre, el senior*. Lorenzo hated it.

“Get the fuck out!” he screamed. Jack turned and left the room. When he went through the door, he saw the two businessmen who had been abusing *el perritain* the front hall sitting patiently on chairs, waiting their turn to see Lorenzo. He gave them a cold look and walked on down the hall.

Now, two weeks later, Jack was halfway home. It had taken little trouble to put the thing together. They had had their eye on Ellie all along and found out about the weekly poker game from a waitress at the club, a girlfriend of a Rogues member. He had about \$250,000 saved. His share of five ransoms should be at least \$250,000 apiece, assuming a \$500,000 ransom, the going rate. Of course, that number might be edged down if their husbands could convince Sr. Morales’

agent that that was all they could raise. But he only needed to average \$150,000 a piece to make his nut.

He took another toke on the joint. Fujiko's whines were getting a little louder and her legs were shaking from the strain of being on her tip toes. He had saved her from the abuse her friends were suffering downstairs, that that didn't mean that he wasn't going to fuck her. Her ass looked really nice all lifted up like that and she had such a narrow waist that her hips stood out nicely. He pulled his prick lazily a couple more times and dumped the remnants of the joint in the ashtray by the bed. He took a long draft of Grand Dad and put the glass down.

"All right," he said roughly. "Come over her and lie down on the bed."

The girl lowered her heels as soon as he spoke. He could hear her start to sob again. She made as if to turn towards him and the bed a couple of times, but did not move.

"I'll give you to 3, mama-san," Jack shot out. "And then I'll whip you until you scream! Get the fuck over here!"

The slight woman quickly turned and, her head bowed in shame, shuffled over to the bed. She hesitated for a moment then sat down on its edge. Slowly, she lowered herself until she was lying on her back. Her legs were tightly pressed together and she jammed her eyes shut. Annoyed, Jack grabbed her by her left arm and leg and dragged her to the center of the bed. He affixed a chain from the headboard to the back of her collar and then scooted himself down to the foot. He released the chain connecting her ankles and let it drop to the floor with a loud, 'clank!' He knelt at her feet, taking in her cute little body. He took hold of her ankles and pulled them apart. "Open your eyes!" he commanded. "And raise your knees!"

The girl opened her tear filled eyes and slowly raised her knees until they were high off of the bed, revealing her nicely trimmed slice. She was trembling. Jack crawled closer and put his hands on the inside of her pale, slender thighs. He pushed them out wider and then ran his hands up and down them, relishing the smooth, warm skin. The girl whined. Jack looked at her hard. "Shut the fuck up!" he growled. "If you whine again, I'll whip you! Got it?" The girl's mouth was still stuffed with the leather ball, her lips spread wide apart, and she had just been told in no uncertain terms to be quiet, so she nodded her head fervently.

"Okay," Jack murmured. He continued caressing the insides of her thighs, running his hands up to the very edge of her crevasse and down

to her knees. He then moved forward between her thighs and ran a heavy, rough hand over her belly, down to her crux and up again several times. When he touched her belly she shuddered and her belly flinched. No mind. He came even closer and ran both his hands up her torso, over her teacup sized, pert little breasts, over her shoulders, down her arms and back again. She was a dainty little prize, indeed. And he could sense that she might be driven to psychosis if handled too roughly.

He took hold of her breasts, caressing them lightly. Her nipples had stiffened, whether from fear or as a reaction to her handling, it was not clear. He looked her in the face as he massaged her breasts lightly, pulling at her teats, cupping them, letting his hands wander over them. There were little rivulets of tears flowing down her face. Her head was propped up by a pillow and she could see what he was doing, her eyes flitting back and forth from her chest to his face. Jack gave her what he hoped was a warm smile, something hard to do with his brutal face. Then he leaned forward and took her teats in his mouth, first one, then the other, suckling on them gently, running his tongue around her areolas, teasing the tips with his tongue. His suckling became stronger and stronger, until the girl issued a little moan. He raised his head and looked at her.

She looked back at him half perplexed. Matsumito had never suckled her breasts like that, no one had. Matsumito was her first and only. He usually slobbered over them as he fumbled his cock at her not quite ready entrance and, once he had jammed himself in, abandoned them completely. She had not been prepared for the tingle that her assailant's lips had sent to her lower parts. She knew she was being used against her will. How could she not know that? But it was supposed to be horrid and brutal. This huge man, the one who had shown her little kindnesses, this rough, demonish man, gruff and big and evil, had surprisingly delicate hands. His lips were soft and pleasing. His mouth was deliciously hot on her teats. She knew that she should take no pleasure from what the man was doing, had never even really thought of sex being pleasurable, but there it was, a little tingle that had surprised her and that she half wanted to feel again.

The man gave her a half smile. Then he kissed her nipples again, suckling on them briefly, sending follow up twinges to her loins, and then lowered his head, running his lips over her belly, lower and lower, softly, delicately. When he reached her belly button, a very neat innie, he swirled his tongue around its inside giving her a strange sensation.

This wasn't right! This was wrong! "Please stop! Please stop!" she wanted to yell at him. "Let me go! Please! Please!" She wanted to lower her raised thighs, but he was between them, blocking them. She wanted to use her hands to try and push him away, a futile gesture to be sure given his size and malicious intent, but at least it would be something. She wriggled her wrists in the confinements by her sides, but could not move them.

His lips flitted over the leather belt she wore around her waist and began to kiss her lower belly. He was dangerously close to her secret place. She could feel his heat. His hands had returned to her breasts and he was massaging them, pulling at them, tweaking her teats. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes. "Please don't do this!" she thought desperately. "I'm not supposed to feel this way! Why do I feel this way?"

There was an aching that had sprung up down below that she was familiar with. Some nights, even before she was married, even as a teen, she had experienced it, but she had always fought it off. Only low women gave in to things like that. Her family was Christian, a thing not wholly unknown in Japan, and she had always been taught that things like that were wrong. Once or twice she had given in and touched herself, but had broken off long before anything serious happened and she had turned to her side, her knees jammed together, praying for sleep.

She had never felt it when Matsumito had fucked her. He was too brutal and quick for any delicate feelings to evolve. But she felt it now and she was trying with all her strength to pray it away.

The man's head dipped lower. She felt his rough beard on her inner thighs. She began to panic. He was going to put his mouth there! When she was a teenager, about 16, one of her friends at school had given her a book. Fujiko was a little bit of an outcast and was considered quite a prude, so it must have been a big joke to her friend. But she was morbidly curious as to what the book contained. It had a lurid cover of a man and woman kissing madly. She brought it home and put it under her futon so her mother wouldn't find it.

It was only after a week or so that she brought herself to read it, although she had thought about it every day. There was no real plot, just mostly the woman and the man fucking. She found it hard to believe the ecstasies the couple allegedly experienced. But it was compelling and made that feeling down below grow and grow. She could only read a little bit each night. On the fourth night, the man had

put his face between the woman's legs and done something there. The woman screeched and screamed with pleasure. It was all so fantastic and, to be honest about it, not actually disgusting, but certainly off-putting, that she had stopped reading right there and the next day, on her way to school, thrown the book into a trashcan on the street. A week later the girlfriend asked for the book back and was really pissed when she found out what Fuji had done with it.

And now the man was going to do it to her! She squirmed her hips and tried to close her legs. She whined, even though she knew she wasn't supposed to. She dug her heels in the bed and tried to push off.

The man withdrew his head. He had a cruel scowl on his face. Faster than she would have thought possible, so fast that she hadn't even realized he was doing it until he was done, he flipped her to her belly. Suddenly, there was a rabid burning pain on her right rear cheek. He had slapped her, hard! She shrieked. He hit her again and again and again. She shrieked and wailed. Her backside felt like it had caught fire! Matsumito had struck her, but never as hard as this. Quickly, she was back on her back again. The man pushed her thighs apart again rudely and forced her knees up. He gave her the meanest look she had ever received. Whatever he was going to do, she decided that she would let him do it. Sobbing, she let her knees rest to the sides and turned her head away.

The hands were on her again. They roamed her thighs, her belly, her breasts just like before, as if the man had to start his ritual all over. At first, she resisted. But the delicate touch of his rough hands was so soothing. His lips on her teats so tantalizing, that soon that ache had started all over again. When his lips descended her belly again, she bit hard down on the leather ball in her mouth, twisted her bound hands, closed her eyes, dug her heels in the bed, but kept her hips perfectly still.

She shuddered when the man's rough, hot tongue flitted up the length of her gash. It was almost like a butterfly had brushed its wings across it. Then the tongue came again, firmer this time, all the way from the bottom to the very top. And again. And again. And again. Each time was deeper and firmer. Her pussy began to tingle and little waves of a rough edged warmth began to flow upwards from her secret place through her belly.

The tongue went on and on. It was wider now, and harder, and deeper and quicker. She felt the tongue play with her little hole and she fought of the urge to scream and plead for forbearance. She could feel

her own slickness now, a thing that had happened in that book, but had never happened to her. She found that she had to draw a deep breath. And then another and another. Her hips squirmed, but now for an entirely different reason. It was almost unconscious as the tendrils of awful, delightful feelings crept down her thighs and up her belly.

And then, when his tongue reached the top, it went further this time. It scraped slowly and lightly over the very apex, where her little button was, the button that she had hardly ever touched. It was like he had thrust a wire into it with a mild, but very real electric charge. And then he did it again. And again. And again. The tongue twirled around, it pressed down on it, it flicked it lightly. His mouth was hot upon it. She was biting the ball in her mouth hard and trying to suppress the sound that was building up in her belly. It crept up higher and higher and higher. When it reached her throat, suddenly, it blossomed violently.

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!” she moaned. “Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!” Oh please stop! Please stop! Please stop! she thought madly, when she had any thoughts at all. The feeling was delicious in an evil, terrible way. His tongue was flitting rapidly over it now and her little button was developing a frightful energy that was passing all through her, up her chest and out over her arms, down her legs, up to her very brain.

Then he stopped, for one, long, terrible instant. A moment later, his hot lips had engulfed her now electrified bud and subsumed it. He began a long, agonizing suckle on it and then was when she lost her mind.

She moaned. She groaned. She twisted her hips, she gripped her hands into fists. She pressed her heels down on the bed. She shook her head. He was driving her wild. He would forgo her button for a while, licking her slice, thrusting his rigid tongue deep into her hole. The madness would subside, but remain simmering and sending waves of pleasure through her. He caressed her thighs, her belly, her breasts. And then he would come back and the insanity would begin again.

And then she felt it building, building, building. There was a heaviness in her loins as a vibrato tremor coursed through them. He was slowly, slowly, slowly teasing her little bud, just touching it with the very tip of his tongue. She moaned and arched her back. “Oh, stop! Oh, stop! Oh, stop! Oh, stop!” she begged madly. It was all so very, very wrong! But another voice, a voice she had never heard before, sultry and impassioned, dark and demanding rose from somewhere



deep inside her. “Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!” it went. It started drowning out the other. She felt like her little button was the center of the earth and the whole universe was swirling around it. There was a terrible, terrible exquisite ache all around her organ, like the building up of a terrible force. And then he subsumed her button again with his lips and began suckling like mad. She gave out an anguished moan, arched her back, screamed, and then her pussy began to churn and convulse and throb with an intensity so strong that she thought her body might shake apart. It went on and on and on. It went on way past tolerance and she screamed and screamed and twisted and strained.

And then it passed. Her pussy was burning. The man eased his ministrations, licking her sluice lightly, rubbing her thighs. Several aftershocks came that made her shudder. And then he stopped.

She lay there as if she had been stricken by a deadly disease. All of her body tingled, but she could not move a muscle. The book had been a lie after all. What the girl in the book had felt was nothing like this had been. It didn't even come close. She could only think that it had been written by a man. This was much, much, much more intense! She finally opened her eyes. The man was looking at her with satisfaction. He was rubbing her belly and thighs softly. Then his hand descended to her crux and she felt his thumb delve between her outer lips and slip easily up and down and into her hole. Her pussy felt like it had blossomed into a flower. Then he edged closer. She looked down and saw him with his huge cock in his hand. She was too startled and dismayed to react when he slipped its tip once or twice the length of her sex. And then, a second later, it pressed at the entrance and slid right in.

A thrill went through her and she moaned. So that's what it was supposed to feel like, she thought. It was the sweetest, most wonderful feeling she had ever felt. It gave her a fullness that seemed to satisfy some secret law of nature hidden from her all these years. The man held himself still, fully encased in her sheath. He reached for her face and drew the leather ball from her mouth. He descended his head, placed his lips upon hers and his tongue entered her mouth. And at the second that the maddening heat applied itself to her tongue, he began his motions and her mind went far, far away, leaving behind only a raw consciousness of pleasure.

He worked her and worked her and worked her. He altered his pace, giving her long, luxurious thrusts that seemed to take forever and

made her squirm and moan, and then faster, faster and faster, short, almost brutal stokes that made her heart race like mad. When she felt herself coming again, her mind returned for a single instant and tried with all its might to push it back, but it was futile and she screamed into the man's mouth, writhed her body, arched her back, thrust her hips back madly against his.

He brought her to another orgasm and kept going. When the third one was building she realized that she just would not be able to stand it. That it was too much. That another bout with ecstasy would send her spinning off to another universe, lost forever to planet Earth. She tried to stop him. She wriggled her hips. She murmured negatively into his demanding mouth. She dug her heels into the bed and tried to push him off. The cock just kept going and going and going, each thrust sending terrible, wonderful waves of sensation through her. She twisted and turned her bound hands hoping vainly that somehow she could take hold of it and stop it.

Her verbal protestations became so loud that the man suddenly raised his head. He grabbed her by the hair and bent her neck back. She felt something pressing against her lips and the big leather ball, the one that spread her lips so widely, popped in. She whined and cried. He merely dropped his head over her shoulder and kept thrusting, thrusting away. He was going at her madly now, thrusting and thrusting and thrusting, causing her hips to bounce off of the bed. The cock felt like a fierce, vicious, wild animal intent on devouring her and its thrusts were driving her mad. It felt so wrong that she couldn't stop it, will it to end, expel it somehow, close herself up and reject it. Every cell in her body screamed in terrible delight. She bit down on her gag with all her might. And then he groaned. Loud. And then louder and then his grunts turned into a fearsome growl. Her mind seemed to roll over and her pussy exploded. The world disappeared again and she thought she would never recover it. It felt like he was going to pound a hole clear through her.

And then, he gave a final, extended, deep growl and collapsed. She could feel his heavy chest heaving against her. Her heart was pounding away. He was still stroking her slowly and several terrible shudders went through her as her pussy reverberated. And then he stopped.

Her mind was spinning. The man had done a terrible thing to her. But she knew that she had experienced something she would chase all her life. It would eat and gnaw at her, call her slut, slattern, whore. And he had spilled himself inside her. He seed was deep, deep within her. It

was washing over her insides, seeping into her pores. Her body would absorb it, convert it into tissue. It would be part of her forevermore. Even though it might be reduced to the tiniest, immeasurable trace, it would always be there. She released a forlorn sob and closed her eyes.

Jack rose from the supine woman. She had been good, better than he had imagined. As he got to the foot of the bed, he took hold of her listless legs and drew them together, connecting her ankle bracelets to each other. He took a short rope from the top drawer of the dresser and tied one end around the joinder. Then he pulled on it hard, scooting her body down the bed until the chain to the back of her collar was taut. She looked up at him piteously. He tied the rope off to a ring in the base of the bed frame.

He slowly and a bit unsteadily eased himself to the bathroom where he rinsed his face and took a piss. When he came back, the girl was crying and looking up at him dolefully. He reached into the dresser drawer again and removed a soft, black hood. When the girl saw it, she whined and struggled. She was saying something through the ball in her mouth, something desperate. Jack ignored her. He lowered the hood over her head and tied it off around her throat.

He dressed quickly while the Japanese lady sobbed. It was too bad, but she would have to get used to it, as long as she was his guest anyway. He stepped firmly into his boots and opened the door. He was famished. He slammed the door closed after him and turned the lock.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

It was a little after 2 o'clock in the afternoon. There was hardly a cloud in the sky. The sun, like some celestial creature bent on revenge, was beating down hard on the Mexican earth. The four men manning the fortified gate to the Morales compound sat in little wooden beach chairs underneath large, pink and white striped beach umbrellas, two men to each side of the tarmac. There was a little glass enclosed gatehouse there, but it was not air conditioned and the heat inside was stifling.

The men were dressed in black blue jeans and boots and black baseball caps with a florid red '*M*' on them. They were wearing black t-shirts that had "SEGURIDAD" printed on them in big white block letters. They weren't allowed to drink any liquor while on duty, but that didn't stop them from sneaking a little toke of weed here and there just to deal with the boredom. A small radio blared out tinny sounding *corridos* honoring notorious bad men, and women, some alive and some dead, some of whom the men had actually known. There were large coolers filled with ice and sodas for their comfort and a half hour ago one of the maids from Sr. Morales' hacienda had brought out a big pot of frijoles and a plate with fresh, soft tortillas. The men had emptied the pot with relish and now they sat in the little, wooden beach chairs slowly nodding off, their AR-15's propped between their knees.

There was not much action at the gate at such an hour. Anyone with any brains was holed up some place nice and cool rather than driving along the hot dusty roads that led up to the ranch. There was always the chance, of course, that some members of a rival gang could drive by and hose them all, but to do it at the height of the siesta would be very bad form.

An unseen, dark red, late model Ford Lumina with Texas rental plates did actually appear on the road. It was driving slowly and stopped at the entrance to the driveway as if unsure to proceed. A gray haired man sat at the wheel. He looked down the asphalt skirt that led to the entrance and saw the sleeping men, their weapons, and the large, locked down steel gate. Above the gate was a large crest, which he identified immediately, and beyond that, drooping as limply as if it was a hanged man, a large flag that he also recognized. He was at the right place.

He edged the car slowly across the apron that led to the gate. He didn't want to startle the sleeping guards out of fear that they might leap to their feet and start shooting. So he let the Lumina roll to a stop. He checked his watch. He was about 20 minutes early. He lit a smoke, opened the car window a crack to let out the smoke and sat back, the air conditioned air rushing through the vents as fast and as hard as if it was on a stampede.

There was a security camera at the top of the gate. At its other end, inside the basement of Sr. Morales' hacienda, a young, dark skinned man wearing black jeans, cheap, brown cowboy boots and a rhinestone buttoned denim shirt was leaning way back in his chair, his eyes closed and giving out heavy sighs. Between his knees was a dainty black haired girl, her face pointed down in his lap. Her stretchy red blouse was off and her hands were behind her back. Her long, black skirt was hiked up in the back to her waist and she showed the room a very delicate and impassioned derriere. Another man was sitting across from her on a steel, padded chair, his legs spread wide, waiting his turn. He was picking his teeth with a silver toothpick he had bought in Monterrey a few weeks back. He too was dressed in black jeans and cheap cowboy boots, and sported a blue and yellow striped pullover sports shirt.

The tray which the maid had brought down to the basement with her was on the desk and loaded with several covered plates, napkins and plastic utensils. Diego, the man with the toothpick, had eaten his and was trying to remove pieces of chicken that had gotten jammed between his teeth. Estefan's was still sitting there getting cold while his cock was getting hot.

Diego had just managed to pry out a nice piece of chicken from between his right rear molars when he glanced up at the monitor. There was the dark red car sitting by the gate, with no one around it. "*¡Madre de Dios!*" he shouted. Estefan sprung to attention. He looked wide eyed at the screen and uttered a loud curse of his own. He pushed the maid off of his cock and grabbed the phone on the desk that led to the phone in the guardhouse outside. Next to his phone was a little red button that he had never had to push and he stared at it now feverishly as the phone in the guard booth just rang and rang and rang.

Something was begging Tito's brain for attention. They called him that, the giant, as a joke since he was only about 5'5" tall. He had been dreaming about fucking this beautiful red headed girl on a large, luxurious bed. He was just about to enter her, she laying back, smiling

a smile a mile across, reaching up for him with graceful, dainty, soft hands, when the phone in the room started ringing. Now what would you do? If it was real, you'd ignore it, right? And if it was a dream, you would know that as soon as you picked up that phone the dream would be over and the beautiful red headed girl would disappear forever. So he tried to ignore it.

Suddenly, the girl got angry. She pushed him off and gave him a vicious slap across the face. "*Answer the pinche phone, you fucking dickhead!*" she screamed in Spanish. Tito sprang awake. It was a telephone all right. It was ringing in the guard house right behind him. And there, as if it had appeared out of thin air, was a large, dark red car. He grabbed his AR-15 and leapt to his feet. He swung it up and pointed it at the gray haired man in the driver's seat. "*¡Alto!*" he screamed.

This, of course, awoke all of his companions. They all leapt to their feet, swung their guns into firing position and adopted furious poses. "*¡Alto! ¡Alto! ¡Alto!*" they all screamed.

Chief Agent Jason Holmes calmly took another drag on his cigarette. Mary, his wife, was always after him to quit, but so far no go. He looked at the men. A team of boy scouts could have killed them all and been on their way to the hacienda with a thermonuclear device by now, he thought, or leading a marauding horde of insurance salesmen who would spread rapidly all throughout the Morales Estate boring everyone to death.

He pushed the button which lowered the driver's side window until the window was fully opened. He winced at the blast of hot air. He looked at Tito, who looked like he was going to explode. "I am fucking '*alto*'," he said wryly.

Of the four men, only Alonzo spoke any English. He was on the other side of the car. He carefully, keeping his rifle pointed at the windscreen, crossed in front of the car and approached the window, stopping about 10 feet away from it and nudging little Tito aside.

"What you want, *gringo*?" he shouted.

Jason stared at him. He could tell the guy that he was assistant director of the northwest district of the FBI, but that might not comfort the fellow. Besides, he was here purely unofficially. No one on either side of the fence was to know of the nature of his visit except for the ones who had to know.

He was not afraid of the trigger happy guards. Things had been so dismal for him since Special Agent Linda Kramer had disappeared

while on special assignment almost a year ago that he barely cared whether he lived or died. That and the fact that despite the most intensive manhunt the FBI could mount on such short notice, under his authority and supervision, Blackjack Jackson had slipped over the Mexican border with his captive, Carly Walker. Of course, if he were murdered here, not officially on duty, Mary would be denied the full widow's pension payable on the death of agents in the course of employment. That would be disappointing.

Nonetheless, he couldn't bring himself to get excited. He flicked the butt of his cigarette out the window. It flew past the head of his interlocutor, making him flinch. "I have an appointment," he said, deadpan.

*"¿Una cita? ¿Con quien tienes una cita puta?"* the man shouted.

Jason looked at him disdainfully. "Speak English, Pancho," he replied drolly. The telephone was still ringing off the hook. "Why don't you answer the fucking phone?" he asked.

The guard looked behind him as if he had just noticed the virulent ringing in the background. He quickly looked back at Jason as if he was anticipating some trick. Seeing Jason's emotionless face, he turned to Tito. *"Ve a contestar el teléfono, burro stupido!"* he yelled at him.

Tito looked at him sheepishly. Why was he getting yelled at? He was the one who had sprung awake and sounded the alarm. This jackass, Flavio, thought too much of himself ever since he had been promoted. But he knew all about Flavio, a real asshole, even though he was his cousin. He stood there, trying to think of something pithy he could say back, but his mind drew a blank. Flavio gave him another look.

*"Hey, asshole!"* he said in Spanish, *"Get your puny little dick out of your ass and go answer the motherfucking phone!"*

Tito looked at the other guards. They were looking back at him, smirking. One day he would show them all, he thought unhappily. He turned and dashed off to the booth. Jason saw him through the glass pick up the phone and place the receiver to his ear. He engaged in a long, excited conversation. Flavio kept on looking intently at Jason while every once in a while casting a sideways look at the booth. After about 2 minutes, Tito came ambling out. He was holding his AR-15 lazily by its handle. He looked at Flavio sheepishly.

*"¿Cuáles su nombre?"* he asked.

Flavio looked at Jason suspiciously. "What is your *nombre*?" he repeated.

“Oscar de la Renta,” Jason snapped back.

Flavio couldn’t quite get a handle on what Jason had said. He stared at him for about 15 seconds. Tito looked at him impatiently. “*¿Cuáles su nombre?*”

“*Oscar, algo. Oscar el diente, creo.*” Flavio answered hesitatingly. Oscar something, Oscar the tooth, I think.

“*Oscar el diente? ¿Qué clase de nombre es eso?*” What kind of name is that?

“*No importa, te chaqueta! Les digo por teléfono!*” Never mind, you jerkoff. Tell them over the phone.

Tito went back to the guard booth. Jason saw him pick up the phone again. There was about 40 seconds of conversation. Tito ended by cringing his face into anger and slamming down the phone.

“*They say we’re all jerkoffs and to let the guy in,*” Tito told his *compradres*. They all looked at each other. If word got out that they had been asleep at their posts, there would be hell to pay.

“*Abre la puerta!*” Flavio called out angrily.

Tito ran into the guard booth and pushed a button. The eight foot high steel chain gate, topped with a giant ‘V’ of barbed wire, shook violently and started sliding open. Tito ran back out of the booth.

“*They said I’m to go with him,*” he told Flavio.

“*Okay! Okay!*” Flavio replied. “*But we’ve got to search the car first.*”

“*They said never mind about that,*” Tito told him.

Flavio didn’t like that. He would have liked nothing more than to have the asshole of a *gringo* to stand in the burning sun for half an hour or more while they took their time checking every little thing in the car and then giving him a rude, forceful patdown, maybe making him strip to his skivvies. But he was to be denied this pleasure.

Flavio still had his AR-15 pointed at the gringo, but now he lowered it in disgust. He turned and nodded to Tito who rushed around to the passenger side and tried to open the door. It was locked. He thought of bashing in the window with the stock of his rifle, but then thought that maybe this guy was somebody important and he would get into trouble. He had recently been assigned to gate duty and didn’t want to lose what was considered a plum job. His prior assignment had been to walk the perimeter of the ranch all day long, around and around, rain or brutally hot shine, for eight hours a day. That had been a pain in the ass.



Jason looked at Tito. He wondered, idly, whether the shrimp had been given orders to shoot him. He doubted it, but there was always a chance. Poor Mary would be terribly upset, and his colleagues would be shocked that he had been down to visit the Morales cartel in the first place. He would be branded a dirty traitor, maybe even lose his pension. He had been told by his superiors that they would not acknowledge the nature of his mission if anything bad happened.

“Well, if they’re going to shoot me, they’re going to shoot me,” he thought. He reached down with his left hand and popped open the door lock. When Tito heard the ‘clunk’ of the lock turning, he grinned broadly and opened the door. He sidled himself into the front seat holding the AR-15 across his lap. The business end was pointed at Jason.

Jason gently put his hand on the barrel and eased it away from him. “Do you mind?” he asked Tito. Tito seemed to understand what he was saying and shifted the rifle so that it was between his knees, the barrel pointed up. Jason then turned back to Flavio.

“What’s the deal, Pancho?” he asked.

“My name no Pancho!” Flavio said indignantly.

“Okay, Jose,” Jason replied. “Let’s get this show on the road, okay? What’s the deal?”

Flavio got madder but decided to let it go. Maybe the boss would decide that this *pinche gringo* would take a one way ride out into the desert and maybe he could get the chance to go along. Then he’d show him who was Pancho, or Jose, or whatever name he wanted to call him.

“He go with you. Show you where to go. You fuck up you in big trouble.” Flavio warned him.

“Okay. Okay,” Jason replied. He put the car into gear. “Have a nice day,” he said. He stepped lightly on the gas and the car eased forward. As it passed through the gate, the three leftover guards stared at it sullenly. The phone in the guard booth started ringing. Flavio went in, hit the button that would close the gate and picked up the receiver. It was the guy from the control room.

“*Sr. Carrera wants to see you right away!*” the voice barked out at him. “*And he’s as pissed as a rattlesnake!*”

Sr. Carrera was the head of security. Flavio suddenly saw himself shoveling out the stables for the next five years, or worse.

“*Mierda!*” he spat out and slammed the phone back down.

It only took a minute or so to run the Lumina down the dusty, paved track and up to the hacienda. Tito was grinning at him the whole

time. They stopped at the portico covered entrance and a young man dressed smartly in a white tunic emerged immediately from the house and came around to the driver's side of the car. Jason still had the window down and the young man politely said, "*Señor de la Renta*, please let me assist you." He opened the door and waved Jason out. Jason eased himself from behind the seat and emerged from the car.

He was dressed in tan khakis and a red, brown and white, plaid, short sleeved shirt over a crisp, white t-shirt, with brown loafers and white socks. His hair was mostly gray, thinning and he had a day's growth of beard. He had left his cell phone at the motel in Tapaluca as he had been instructed.

The young man got into the Lumina, closed the door and drove it away. Tito, giving Jason a little nod, stepped away and headed back towards the gate. The door to the hacienda opened again and another young man, dressed as the first, beckoned him to enter. He walked up the four red tile steps to the entrance and passed through the 8' high, heavy oaken door.

The door opened into a wide and cavernous reception area, like you would see at a fancy hotel. There were couches and easy chairs, low, glass covered coffee tables, a heavy, beautiful red, brown and black woven rug. The windows were arched, cathedral style. A wide, shiny set of maple stairs curved up to the second floor. A large crystal chandelier hung down over everything. The walls were beige stucco. As soon as he entered, Jason was met with an envelope of pleasing, cool, fresh smelling air. It felt wonderful.

Directly across from the entrance was a woman. She was naked and bound in place on her knees. She was covered with wild looking tattoos and had the Morales crest tattooed on her belly above her hairless slit. She was big breasted and a mite heavy in the hips, but otherwise quite appealing, if you went for tattooed ladies, that is. There was a black bag over her head. If Jason needed a reminder of the Morales cartel's cruelty and viciousness, well here it was. He shuddered at what the poor woman's life might be like. Well, he wasn't here to solve all the problems of the world, but just maybe one or two. This poor girl's problems were not one of them.

The steward urged him further inside the hacienda. Jason followed him through the reception area, past the stairs and off to the left. They went down a short corridor and entered a large, sunny room with a polished, flagstone floor and windows all around. The room jutted out from the side of the building and there was glass on all three sides,

giving the visitor an expansive view of the estate. There were comfortable, informal, cushioned chairs, little glass tables next to them, beautiful, fresh flowers in elegant, tall vases throughout the room. The steward led Jason to one of the chairs that faced back towards the house and invited him to sit. Jason followed his suggestion and planted himself in the comfortable chair.

“Can I get you a refreshment?” the steward asked him in polite, slightly accented English.

“Yeah, a coke or something,” Jason replied. “Or maybe an iced tea. Lemon and no sugar. ”

“As you please, *señor*,” the young man said. He nodded politely and retreated.

Jason looked around. It wasn't exactly what he had expected. He had anticipated a gaudy, *nouveau riche* palace all trimmed with gold leaf and grotesque statuary. But this place was elegant, a place you might find somewhere in the finer sections of any southwest American city. Along the wall that the room shared with the house was a giant mural. It recorded some battle or other, crowds of armed peasants on foot and horseback storming a line of uniformed soldiers behind a barricade, guns blazing, swords flashing, cannons exploding, all beneath a brilliant, blue sky studded with fluffy cumulous clouds.

A minute or so later, a pretty young girl, dressed in a long, flowing black skirt and a maroon stretchy, short sleeved top glided barefoot into the room carrying his drink, several empty glasses and a large glass pitcher on a silver tray. Her hair was black and long. Jason noticed right away the ringed, black leather collar she wore around her neck and the bracelets on her wrists. She didn't look him directly in the eyes, and didn't speak, but just lowered the tray in front of him and bent her knees. Jason lifted the large, frosted glass from the tray and told the girl, “Thanks.” She gave a very slight curtsy, turned, placed the tray on one of the small coffee tables and glided quickly away, as if afraid that he might demand some further service from her.

Jason took a long sip from the glass. The tea was excellent. The empty glasses were encouraging, because it meant that shortly he might have company. The glass pitcher was filled with brown tinted liquid and ice. A little dish of cut lemons had been placed on the table as well.

He placed the glass down on the small table next to him. He saw a glass ashtray and concluded that it was okay to smoke. He had a nearly complete pack of L&M's in his shirt pocket and he removed a white

tube from it. On the table was a heavy, silver lighter. He picked it up, lit his smoke, took a deep toke and leaned back.

He had finished his glass of tea and taken the liberty to pour himself another when Sr. Morales entered the room. He was dressed in off white slacks and a paisley silk shirt. He was about 5'10" tall, with an elegantly trimmed beard and neatly trimmed black hair. He was smiling graciously. Behind him was a tall, mountain of a man, dressed in a black and red t-shirt and well-worn blue jeans with metal studs down the sides. His hair was close cropped, dirty blond. His face was rugged and impetuous. Jason recognized him right away from his mug shots. It was Ike Monterro, the leader of the Alamogordo Rogues.

Behind the men the maid he had seen earlier was scuttling along. She was carrying a larger tray. On it was a large blue and white china platter filled with bright and cheerful fruit. There were plump, light green and purple grapes, chunks of bright orange melons, sliced peaches and some other fruit he didn't recognize. Alongside the large platter were similar, smaller plates, a small pile of white, linen napkins and small silver forks.

"*Buenas tardes,*" Sr. Morales said, smiling. He approached Jason and put out his hand. Now, normally, Jason would not deign to shake the hand of a drug dealer, slaver and murderer, but, under the circumstances, he swallowed his ire, stood up and shook Sr. Morales' hand. Ike, thankfully, didn't proffer his.

Sr. Morales sat in a chair opposite Jason. Ike took a chair a might to the side. He had a scowl on his face and his bulk made the chair seem like a toy. The maid placed the tray on a low coffee table near them and gave Sr. Morales a nervous look. Morales said something quickly and sternly to her in Spanish. She curtsied gracefully. She picked up a small plate and with one of the forks placed some of the fruit upon it. Then, again with a little, cute curtsy, handed the plate, a napkin and the fork to Jason. She did the same for Sr. Morales and was about to fill a plate for Ike, but he waved her away with a grunt.

She poured both Ike and Señor Morales a glass of iced tea and then started to scurry from the room. Morales said something sharp to her. She stopped, evinced a little frown and then drifted backwards until her back was against the wall. She crossed her hands behind her back and lowered her gaze to the floor. One of the stewards, the same one who had guided him to the room, came in and stood attentive by the entrance.

"Eat!" Morales said to Jason. "All picked fresh!"

Jason didn't want to eat, but preferred to get down to business right away. He knew though that he would have to go through the formalities and besides, the fruit looked good. He forked himself up a large piece of melon and placed it in his mouth.

"You had a nice trip?" Morales asked politely. His English was almost perfect.

"It was okay," Jason answered.

"Your accommodations were comfortable?"

"They were fine," Jason returned.

"I am glad," Morales said. "I would have invited you to stay here at my hacienda, but I feared that you would not feel at home. You're welcome to stay the night in any case and enjoy my amenities. We have the best chef in all of Mexico and I would happily extend to you all of our hospitality." He gave a little nod at the pretty, little maid. Jason understood right away what he meant. The girl was pretty and she looked compliant. It was almost tempting, but at 62 he was too old to start doing anything foolish. Besides, it wouldn't be right.

"Thanks, but no," Jason returned. He plopped a huge purple grape into his mouth. It was juicy and delicious. Morales had taken a plate of fruit himself and was eating it daintily. Ike just sat there and scowled.

They continued their small talk for a while. Morales offered him a tour on horseback of the ranch and Jason declined. He asked him about the health of his family. He talked about his gardens. He asked him if he was pleased with his chosen career and Jason, a little uncomfortably, said yes. Morales complained about the hazards and tensions of business, the interference of government, the disloyalty and inefficiency of employees. He asked about Jason's children. At first, Jason was hesitant to answer, but he figured that the Morales people knew everything there was to know about him anyway, and so he talked about his daughter taking her masters at the University of Chicago and his son who was struggling but had started to get on his feet with a roofing business in Illinois. Morales replied that children sometimes were a trial and so he understood Jason's disappointment. His wife was well, yes? And Mrs. Morales? Well she was fine too.

Jason placed his empty plate on the table next to him. Morales did the same. He lit a gold tipped cigarette. Ike just sat and stared.

"Well, let's get down to business," Morales said softly. "You have come a long way and I'm sure you would like to have our matters settled."

"Yes, I do," Jason replied.

“Our friend, Blackjack is causing you quite a headache, I hear,” Morales said.

“You know he is,” Jason answered.

“He is a real *hermano* and a good earner,” Morales said. “I almost regard him as a son.”

“You know we want him,” Jason said. “This latest thing is outrageous! Five women! In the middle of the day! It’s too much!”

“Now, now, Sr. Holmes, you have your business interests and I have mine. We’re not here to cast aspersions on each other. Your people expressed interest in an arrangement and I am all ears. But you have to consider my view on things. Your people came here many years ago and took what they wanted, our oil, our gold, our women. Now sometimes, a little bit, we return the favor.”

Jason’s blood came close to boiling. His hands closed into fists. He had spent a lifetime putting guys like this in prison and now one was talking to him as if he was a schoolboy.

“It’s true that my people want to come to an arrangement. You have three things that we want very dearly and we are willing to reach an understanding, an accommodation, but shit like that has got to stop!”

Morales took a long toke of his cigarette and then put it out leisurely in the ashtray next to him. He looked back at Jason. “Take a good look around you, Sr. Holmes,” he said sternly. “All this takes money. And I support a thousand people who depend on me for their living, and ten thousand who depend on them. I am a businessman. Instead of raping the earth and consuming half the world’s resources, my country is poor and we must find our wealth where we can. We will not be able to reach an accommodation, as you say, unless this is understood. It is true that our people inundate your land with poison, we harvest goods and profit where we can, but your country’s power and dominance has made beggars of most of Mexico. Our people understand that and they tolerate us and our little hobbies because they know that we are striking back at the giant to the north. ”

“All right, all right,” Jason replied. “I don’t need a lecture. I wouldn’t be here if we weren’t willing to make a deal. Here it is. We will offer you, and Mr. Montana’s people free reign within certain limits for the next two years. We can talk about the details. But we want Agent Kramer back. We want Blackjack Jackson and we want Carly Walker. That’s non-negotiable!”

“Listen, motherfucker,” Ike blurted out. “You’re not here to dictate to us! We’re going to tell you how it is! You want to go to war? We could blow out every agent you have in the whole Southwest overnight. We know who all your people are. We have friends too, in very high places. How do you think we’ve gone on so long! And we’re not looking for crumbs, things we could have anyways. You don’t even know where we live!”

Jason responded in kind. “Listen you black hearted bastard! We could roll you up overnight if we wanted. It’s true we haven’t found your little hideaway, but I’m sure if the Army and border patrol made a real effort we could. We know of your houses in Phoenix and Tucson and other places and could close them up anytime. We know who you’re paying off too. We know a lot more than you think. And it would please me very much to see you and your scum bucket buddies in prison haircuts and uniforms doing lifetime career criminal bids!”

“You mother fucking douche!” Ike screamed. “I’ll put you and your little wife and your kids first on the mother fucking list! I’ll.... ”

Morales raised his hand. Ike, who had moved to the edge of his seat as if to spring at Jason, sat back. Jason bit his tongue.

“My impetuous friend is right, Mr. Holmes. Although I would not have put it so bluntly, there is much we could do to respond to any over energetic encroachment on our enterprises and those of our friends. We are holding all the bargaining chips. It would be the height of ungraciousness for us to harm you while our guest, but it is a long, treacherous ride back to the American border and who know what could happen. ”

“And I wonder what a cruise missile would do to this place,” Jason retorted. And then he took hold of himself. “Okay. You tell me what you want and then we’ll see. But first I want proof that Agent Kramer is still alive. If she’s dead, there will be no deal and we will be at war, as Mr. Montero here suggested.”

“That is easily done,” Morales said, smiling.

He clapped his hands and the steward hurried towards him. He said something quickly to him in Spanish and the man scurried out of the room. “Would you like some more fruit, Sr. Holmes?” Morales asked politely. “Some more tea?”

Jason leaned back. “No, thank you,” he said. He looked at Ike. He knew that he was a soulless, black hearted bastard, but he had to do business with him if he wanted to make a deal with the Morales people. And, yes, frankly, there were people at the top protecting him.

He said he knew who they were, but that was just a bluff. He and others in the Bureau had their ideas, but no proof. And every time they proposed an all-out investigation of them, a full court press, the proposals came back rejected.

Jason lit another smoke. He needed it to calm himself down. He took a sip of the remnants of his tea. "Maybe I will have another glass," he said as calmly as he could to Morales.

Morales nodded serenely and clapped his hands. The girl came rushing towards them. He gave her a curt order and she immediately took hold of the pitcher and carefully poured Jason a new glassful. He expressed his thanks. She looked at him forlornly, put down the pitcher and scurried back to her spot.

A second later, the steward came back. He was wheeling ahead of him the woman he had seen when he had entered the reception room. It only took him a second to put two and two together. He stared at her in horror as the steward brought her closer. When she was about 10' away from him, he whipped off the black bag that had been over her head.

What he saw was astounding. Her face was grotesquely tattooed, like some kind of Borneo tribeswoman. Her mouth was stifled with a thick gag that covered her lower face with a leather shield. She was almost unrecognizable, but he knew it was her. He had imagined her suffering unbearable tortures, but this was beyond anything he had conceived. He looked at Morales. "You fucking bastard!" he spat out. "You motherfucking bastard!"

"Please, Sr. Holmes, we are not here to insult one another. We had no conception that your people would ever make the offer we are considering. And, by the rules of conquest, once she fell into our hands, a spy, if you will recall, she became our property to do with as we wished. After all, it is a rule of war that spies must meet their doom. But what use would that have been to us? She was lucky to have some usefulness or she wouldn't be here to be rescued by you today. I can't tell you what my son Lorenzo wanted to do with her."

Special Agent Linda Kramer, aka 'Lupe', strained at her bonds as if she had swallowed something explosive. Her eyes widened as if someone had jolted her with electricity. She moaned and whined and tears, real tears, not the tattooed bright blue ones, commenced to roll down her cheeks. She was filled with virulent, cross-checking emotions. Asst. Director Holmes was right in front of her! He was the one who had sent her on her undercover job. Was he here to save her?



She was filled with volcanic hope that it would be true! But for him to see her like this! She cringed inside with shame. How could she ever go back to the world looking like this? What would her life be like? Could she ever be a normal person again? Her career at the FBI would be finished, wouldn't it?

Jason just stared. He knew that he shouldn't. But her naked body was so compelling. The fiendish designs made her seem like some type of wild animal. And the wide blue and red stripes on her face coming to little points on her forehead, the darkly shadowed eyes, the cut back of her hair, made her seem almost alien. Someone from a demented, grade 'B', 60's sci-fi flick. What had they done to her? What had he done to her? He had known that the assignment was dangerous, and he would never have let her go on it, but it was her idea and she begged him to do it. When she disappeared, he spent many a sleepless night praying for her safe return, but also that, if she was dead, that her death was swift and painless. But this? Not this! He had never imagined this!

Morales waved the steward away. He backed up the stand on which Lupe was mounted and rolled her out of the room. Jason was too stunned to object or to say anything at all. Morales let it sink in. He lit another gold tipped cigarette. And then he spoke.

"Now, our counterproposal. You can have the whore. She has been amusing, but I can see that there is no deal if we do not give her up. I'll miss her, I am sure. Number two, you can have Blackjack Jackson. It will be like losing a son, as I have said, but even sons sometimes must be sacrificed. But we must have our price. For five years our people will have carte blanche for our operations. We will limit our harvesting of pretty little Anglo girls to 250 a year. You will leave the Rogues' businesses to prosper. We, in turn, will keep hands off any FBI agent or their families. From time to time we will give up some people and some product for publicity's sake, but it will be understood that out people and property will be returned to us after a brief, but understandable detention. We will assist, to a degree, with information as to the operations of our competitors and those terrorist groups that you are so concerned with, a bonus you have not even asked for, when we come across them, but if it ever comes back to us that they have learned of our little compact, the whole deal will be off. ¿Entiendes?"

Jason swallowed hard. He had the juice to make this happen. The loss of an agent and the failure to apprehend Blackjack Jackson had been so demoralizing to the Bureau that he had been told to make the deal, no matter what cost. He was past retirement age with 40 years on

the job. He would get the full boat. What happened as the Rogues and the Morales people wracked their reign of terror across the country would not be his problem.

“Five years is a long time,” he said sternly. “I can offer you three. And the kidnappings have to stop. If they continue, sooner or later enough people with enough influence will make life unbearable for anyone who is protecting you, including us. And the girl. I need the girl.”

Morales took a drag of his cigarette. He blew the smoke into the room. Ike was about to say something, but Morales reached out a hand and stopped him. “Five years is our offer, Sr. Holmes. And the kidnappings will stop. But the girl, I’m afraid I can’t help you there. Forget about her. She has no real value to you. Once you have Blackjack, you can make up any story that you want.”

Jason knew that Morales had him over the barrel. The Director had made it quite clear. They wanted Blackjack above all things. Five years was a long time. But, let’s face it, if the Morales people and the Rogues were wiped off of the face of the earth, within six months other organizations would have filled their places. 250 young, innocent girls a year was a high price to pay, but more than that died in traffic accidents every year, or o.d.’d on drugs, or ran off to become whores all on their own volition. And the info on other organizations and the cooperation on terrorist groups would be invaluable.

“Okay,” Jason said, finally. “It’s a deal.”

Morales smiled and put out his cigarette. “I must insist on one more thing,” he said. “I want you to remain our liaison. No one else. There will be no writing of our little agreement, and so I want someone I can deal with, *mano-a-mano*, not some wet behind the ears pip squeak they send us.”

Jason saw his retirement go up in smoke. But maybe not. A little voice deep inside him saw how a go-between might prosper. A special consultant maybe to the FBI, at a very nice per diem. Perhaps, from time to time, some gratuities from the Morales people for his services. They would be able to get that pool that Mary had always wanted. Maybe some trips. A decent car. But his mind closed upon those thoughts almost immediately. A little bit stuck out, though, like the tail of a mouse caught in a door.

“I can’t speak for the DEA,” he told them. “With them you are on your own.”

Morales and Ike smiled. "Let us worry about the DEA," Ike said. "You just keep your end of the deal."

Jason did not respond. It was as he had thought. Well, what other people did was no concern of his. "I want to take Agent Kramer with me right away," he said.

"Of course," Morales replied. "They are preparing her now, as we speak."

Jason smiled inwardly. They knew all along he would accept their terms.

"And the five women who Blackjack kidnapped, what about them?" he demanded.

"They are not part of our transaction, having been acquired beforehand. But discussions are underway and, for the most part, you can be assured that they will be returned none too much worse for wear."

Jason knew that there was no sense arguing.

"Please stay and have dinner with us, Sr. Holmes," Morales proffered politely. "It would be our honor."

"No thanks," Jason replied. "I want to get on the road."

"As you wish," Morales said. He stood and reached out his hand. Holmes, reluctantly, did the same. They shook. Ike stood. His hands remained at his sides. That was okay as far as Jason was concerned. Morales turned to the steward. "*Por favor, muestra a nuestra invitado hasta la puerta,*" he instructed him.

The steward nodded and gave Jason a friendly nod. Jason hesitated for a moment. He felt dirty, like he had blackened his soul. He turned to Morales. "When do we get Jackson?" he demanded.

"Soon, very soon," Morales replied. "We will let you know."

That would have to do, Jason thought. With a nod, he walked away toward the steward.

They passed down the little hallway and into the reception room. There, at the door, he saw Agent Kramer standing there. Her hands were bound behind her and she was gagged, but she was dressed in one of those long, black skirts and stretchy maroon tops. They seemed too small for her. A steward, the one who had let him in, was standing by her. A leash ran from her collar to his hand.

When he approached, the steward handed him the leash and a small key. He motioned towards the door. Agent Kramer was crying and shaking. He gave the leash a gentle tug and led her through the door to the outside. The heat hit him like a blow from a sledgehammer.

His car was by the door. It was running and the young man who had taken it was standing by it with the passenger door opened. Assistant Deputy Holmes released the leash from the woman's collar and then used the key to unlock her leather bracelets. He undid her gag and slid it from her lips, throwing it to the ground in disgust. She looked at him dolefully.

"It's okay, Linda, get in. Please," he said softly.

With a sob, she slid her grotesquely decorated body into the passenger seat and the young man closed the door. He rushed around the other side and opened the driver's door for Jason. He got in, wondering whether the man expected a tip. He didn't and closed the door.

The car was cool. Agent Kramer was sobbing. He gently took her seat belt and locked it in place. He did his own and put the car into gear. He knew the way to the gate and was there quickly. The gate slid open at once. The guards waved to him as he left. He was sure that he saw smirks on their faces.

There was silence in the car all the way to the motel. They would head to the States in the morning. Linda refused to have a room all to herself and so Jason reluctantly let her sleep in his room, in the second double bed. She sobbed all night.

In the morning, Jason alerted his office by telephone to have an ambulance waiting for them when they crossed the border at Laredo. They went out to the car to begin the trek home. He had gotten some coffee and doughnuts from the restaurant, but Linda refused them and just curled up against the door. He didn't have the heart to demand she put on her seat belt.

Before he got in, he noted a small black valise in the back seat. He went back and opened it. Inside were many bundles of crisp one hundred dollar bills. About \$10,000, he estimated. He scowled for a moment and thought. Then he took the valise and opened the trunk. He placed it inside his suitcase which he had put in there earlier. He shrugged his shoulders, closed the trunk and got in the car. All the way back, he thought about how nice it was going to be to have a pool.

## CHAPTER NINE

Jack was sitting in the easy chair in his little bungalow drinking a glass of Grand Dad. Sitting on the floor next to him was a medium sized, brown, imitation leather suitcase. In the suitcase was \$1,000,000, in neat \$10,000 bundles. The job with the five women from Lubbock had turned out all right. His share, after the ransoms had been paid had been \$825,000. This was more than enough to put him over the top. And it was two weeks early, two weeks before Lorenzo's birthday.

It was Consuela Fuentes who had produced the most money. Her husband, Miguel, owned a string of discount stores across Texas. They brought in a huge chunk of change, much of it in cash. He had family in Mexico who were well aware of the character and nature of the Morales people. When Miguel saw Connie's video, being used brutally by a host of hooded men, he coughed up the \$750,000 that the negotiator had asked for right away.

Ironically, Ellie, the tall, thin hostess of the card party, went last. Her husband, Hank, was a very successful securities dealer. He was short in a number of positions and stalled and stalled and stalled, to Ellie's great dismay, while waiting for the right moment to get out. It never came, but the second video they sent him, the one with her blubbering and pleading and begging to be saved, after a very skillful whipping by one of Sr. Morales' men, an old hand at it, as it appeared, and a round of general entertainment with some of the *rancheros*, convinced him to take a bath and cough up the cash, \$385,000.

Ellie was the last one ransomed, but not the last one left. Matsumito, Fujiko's husband, could not come up with anything near reasonable. It seems that he had poured all his money into an oil lease joint venture. The contract did not allow withdrawals of the cash and he could only sell his shares to another one of the investors. Unfortunately, none of the wells had produced yet and, in fact, the organizer of the investment had just been indicted for securities fraud in another investment package he had put together earlier. Word was that the U. S. Attorney's Office was interested in looking into the venture Matsumito had invested in, and it was unlikely that anyone was ever going ever see a penny.

Poor Fujiko. It was just her luck. Jack had tried to assuage the cruelest aspects of her captivity, but had not been entirely successful. That night at the Rogues' hideout, after he had eaten his steak in the kitchen, he had watched the festivities for a while. As far as the kidnapped women were concerned, it seemed that Marcie got most of the customers. Her saucy look was just too much of a come on. Ike arrived at about 2 in the morning with two little, unhappy college girls in tow. They were stripped and passed around for a while before Stitch could get them downstairs.

Ike took a few moments to examine the upside down women. He gave Jack a scowl when the Rogues he had come in with went up to him with high fives and congratulations on his catch. Jack felt uncomfortable as it was with the Rogues' accolades, but it made him more so to see that it aggravated Ike.

Ike looked back at the women. Having made his choice, he untied the rope that led to the pulley that held Connie aloft and gave it a sudden tug. She came tumbling down onto the floor with a loud thud, wailing and moaning. He unlocked her feet from the contraption and pulled her to her feet by the ring in the back of her collar. Then, after giving her a couple of slaps to get her to stop wailing, he took her by the hair and dragged her up to his room. You didn't need a field guide to get an idea of what depredations she suffered throughout the night. She was sullen and sobbing and well-marked up when he brought her down in the morning.

Jack had just come downstairs too, with poor little Fuji in tow. While Stitch took Consuela downstairs to join her mates, he brought Fuji into the kitchen so that she could be fed. He had fucked her twice more during the night, to which she had responded surprisingly passionately, never even issuing a whine of protest, and made her blow him this morning. To his surprise, she was well adept at that service and needed little encouragement. She even had a little trick where she pushed him down her throat as far as he could go and she commenced a kind of warbling, giving his cock the delight of her throat's vibration. Jack wondered who had taught her that.

Jack ate his breakfast of bacon and eggs while Fujiko devoured a big bowl of oatmeal on the floor with her hands fixed behind her back. Ike was there as well as a couple of the other guys, nursing hangovers. Jack had just got up to clean off Fujiko's face and take her back upstairs when Ike intervened.

“She’s not your private property, is she, Jack?” he asked sardonically, putting especial emphasis on his name.

Jack was holding onto a leash that led to Fujiko’s collar. She had been regagged with the leather ball and her eyes were darting around the room as if she were trying to discern where all the evil, callous men had come from. Jack replied that no, she wasn’t his special property and that, if Ike wanted her, he could have her. Ike smiled. “Yeah, I want her,” he said. “Leave her here. I’ll take her upstairs when I’ve finished eating.”

Jack fastened the leash off to a ring on the wall and left. Fujiko, naturally, began to sob and wail.

The Morales people came that night to claim the five hostages and the other young women the Rogues had captured, exchanging them for 12 young, Mexican beauties and some cash. The cash didn’t exchange hands but was deducted from the invoice for the cocaine and heroin that was delivered. Jack watched the Morales boys manhandle the little Japanese woman with a little sadness. One of them gave her a vicious wallop when she wouldn’t stop sobbing. It didn’t stop her though and he promised her more from where that came from when they arrived in Mexico.

Three days later he had made his way back to the ranch. The first thing he did was go up to the whorehouse where the ladies were being stored pending their redemption. All the women were standing at the front of their cages and a pair of European guys, German or maybe Dutch, it was hard to tell from their accents, were making a selection for a whorehouse they were establishing on the island of Tortuga, just off the coast of Haiti. They had four girls they had picked bound and hooded and kneeling naked in the center of the vast room and were looking over a fifth, a young blond haired girl who was sobbing loudly and begging to be let go, to their great annoyance, which they satiated by giving her some ferocious slaps. This made things worse, but they picked her anyway, largely because of her pretty face, her perfectly formed, round breasts and generous and appealing rear globes. They would teach her to remain silent later on.

The women Jack had kidnapped were standing at attention as well just inside the door to their little cells, although it had been made clear that they were not for sale. Each of the women, gagged and naked, with her hands bound in front and chained to her collar, elbows up to expose her breasts, gave Jack a dismal look of recognition as he passed. When he came to poor Fujiko’s cell, one of the guards was just

emerging, tucking his shirt into his pants. She was standing there, shaking and crying. There was a sheen on her inner thighs and her now hairless vulva was puffed and pinkish.

Jack collected a leash from one of the guards and hooked it to her collar. He took her down to his cottage where he had his tall, merry, rotund maid, Juanita, clean her up and feed her. That night he used her thoroughly. When he slid himself into her tight little rear hole, she did her best to suppress her wails and moans. When he was done with her and about to place her in the cage by his bedside for the night, her hands already locked behind her, she surprised him by dropping to her knees and pressing her forehead to the floor, murmuring something quickly in Japanese. Then she said, in a low, desperate, barely audible voice, in broken English, "Please, master, no send Fuji back. Fuji serve master very, very good. You see. Please!"

Jack, annoyed that she had spoken, retrieved a gag from his dresser and roughly stuffed her little mouth with it. He gave her five strokes of a pony whip on her backside and legs while she howled and screamed, reminding her that, "Cunts like you are not allowed to talk!" He hooded her and shoved her into the cage. The next morning, after letting her pee, while sitting on his bed, her on her knees before him, he collected another one of her superb blow jobs and then turned her over to Juanita.

He did keep her as much as he could. Juanita put her to work cleaning up the house. She appeared to have a little crush on the diminutive Asian lady, rarely whipped her, and frequently in the afternoons, when Jack was returning from a horse ride out along the perimeter of the fenced in ranch, or from a bike ride that he liked to take in the neighboring mountains, she would have the girl on her expansive lap, her hands bound behind her, kissing and fondling her. When she saw Jack, the *mamacita* would make Fujiko spread her legs even wider and proudly make her come, causing little Fuji to grunt and moan and shout out presumably shamed but celebratory ejaculations in Japanese. As often as not, this would be enough to spark Jack's passions and they would spend the rest of the afternoon in his bedroom fucking.

Jack let Juanita have her on the nights he was in the mood for something new and strange, and, in the morning, she always seemed to act with exaggerated sweetness to him, giving him snarky little smirks while Fujiko looked out at him appealingly from her cage in the kitchen.



Fujiko seemed to accommodate herself to the routine in the cottage and took the opportunity to smile at Jack and bow to him whenever she was able. She never did utter another word except, on occasion, while Jack was fucking her, at her point of crisis, she would scream out something loud in Japanese. She was always accommodating and ready for him and her oral skills seemed to become more imaginative as time went on. The only bump in the road was when they came for her to make her second video tape for her husband's benefit. They brought her back that night, striped and unhappy. When he went to bed that night, after Juanita had cleaned her up, he had intended to leave her alone and put her directly in her cage so she could recuperate, but, when he led her into his room, she hopped right up onto the bed, laid back and spread her legs expectantly, smiling as gracefully as she could under the circumstances. That was all he needed.

She was kneeling now in front of him. She was bound and proudly erect, her knees spread and jutting out her elf sized breasts. She was gagged, he had finally found one that fit more humanely, and could not smile, but her eyes were gleaming expectantly and she was examining him carefully, to ascertain his desires. It was a real problem for Jack. She was pleasing and desirable, but the word had come down that Matsumito had blown his last chance at redeeming her and that some other disposition of her would need to be made. Sr. Morales had reminded him gently that while he was free to have her exclusive use in the meantime, she was more than technically his property and he was free to do with her as he wished.

But that was a problem for later. Today was the day that he would regain possession of the girl. He had come down from Sr. Morales' hacienda this morning with the cash he had earned plus enough from the money he had saved up to make the cool million he needed. He had sent the rest to Stitch for safekeeping. It wasn't that he didn't trust Sr. Morales. It was just that he didn't trust Lorenzo and Sr. Morales kept dropping hints that he was thinking of getting out of the game. Jack knew that Lorenzo would cheat him if he could. He knew that he could trust Stitch with his life.

He was smoking a little cigar. It was pleasant to think that the girl would soon be in his possession and that his obsession with her would be over at last. The place where he was going to bury her was a little more than an hour's ride and he had left instructions to the dirt poor farmer who owned the land to have the grave ready. The girl's pretty, yellow dress he had captured her in was cleaned and pressed and

folded up neatly on his bed. He would strip her of all her dog-like features, have Juanita bathe and dress her, and then take her on her final ride. He anticipated no trouble from her. She was so inured to obedience by now that the thought of running away or giving him a problem would not even cross her mind.

He took a long toke of the cigar. The idea of fucking her first was tempting, but he knew better than that. That was what had messed him up that time by the lake in Texas. No, he would not lay a lascivious hand on her. His mind ran naturally though to her sweet body, her ardent mouth, her velvety quim. What a time they had had up in the Ozarks! If only that time could have lasted forever. Or if he had left her with her throat slit in the bathtub. That, then, would have been his last memory of her.

Instead his mind kept going to the vision of her in her doggie outfit, barking and yapping, and availing herself to every passerby. And the image of Lorenzo fucking her, entering her body, possessing her, using her, abusing her was enough to draw a rabid ire from deep within him. He clenched his fists even now at the thought of it. But he would have the last licks, so to speak. Lorenzo might have gained credibility with his men when he had told Jack he would sell her for a million dollars, but once they found out that he had bought her only to put her down, to assuage his pride, they would think differently and it would be Lorenzo who would look like a fool.

He checked the time. It was a quarter to 4. There would be just enough time to collect the girl, get her ready and take her out to her final resting place. The thought of the sun setting on her freshly filled in grave, her forever resting there peaceably, did something to ease his mind.

His appointment with Lorenzo was for 4. He put the cigar out in the ashtray next to his chair and got up. Juanita knew something was up, probably knew everything through the servants' grapevine. She looked at him, concern in her eyes. He told her to put Fujiko in the cage in her room and keep her hooded. He did not want to take the chance of the present and the past mixing.

He picked up the suitcase. He watched Juanita escort Fujiko off to her room.

It only took a few minutes to walk the distance between Jack's little home and Lorenzo's expansive hacienda. On the way, he passed a few of Lorenzo's men, who gave him knowing looks. When he walked in the front door, the girl was nowhere to be seen. Instead, one of the

maids, a pretty, slightly chubby little thing, was kneeling there naked and chained in her place. She looked at Jack disconsolately and presented her body to him, her knees spread and arching her back to present her breasts to him.

“¿Como puedo servirle a usted, maestro?” she said, forcing a smile.

Jack waived her off and proceeded down the hallway to Lorenzo’s office. Three men, like last time, were sitting around in the anteroom. Not the same three, but others. They looked at Jack and smirked at him. They eyed the suitcase salaciously, knowing, apparently, what it contained. One of them picked up the telephone and buzzed the inner office. Jack heard Lorenzo’s tinny voice. The man expressed assent and put the receiver down. He nodded his head towards the door and said, “Okay, *gringo*, you can go een.”

Jack placed his hand on the handle, turned it, and pushed the heavy door open. The room, as before, was faintly lit and it took him a moment to adjust his eyes. Three of Lorenzo’s men were sitting on the couch to the left and two, including Manuel, were sitting on the right. The girl was kneeling in front of Lorenzo’s desk, her tongue lolling, her paws in begging position, issuing little whines. Lorenzo was sitting behind his desk. There was the usual bottle of tequila and some glasses. The men to Jack’s left were smoking a joint and the odor was pungent. Jack knew the men were all there to witness his humiliation, but he also knew that he would have the last laugh.

Lorenzo waited for him to speak. He was standing next to the girl. She cast a nervous, sideways look at him and then went back to begging.

“I have your money,” Jack said calmly. “All of it.”

Lorenzo smiled. He picked up a pack of Montanas and lit one, blowing smoke at Jack. He looked at the girl. “*Cierre la cogida para arriba tu estúpido perrita!*” he snarled at her. And to one of the men he barked out, “*Amordazan y ponerla en la jaula!*”

The man, smirking, took hold of the girl’s collar and gave it a hard yank. She uttered a yelp of surprise, but did not resist as he dragged her over to the cage. One of the other men tossed him a gag and he stuffed it into her mouth. He fixed her hands behind her, opened the cage door and shoved her in with his foot. She whimpered and turned around to face the room. There was just enough room for her to crouch down on her knees.

Carly had been thinking of this moment for weeks. Ever since the man had come and agreed to buy her, she had thought of nothing else. A million dollars! Where would he get a million dollars? And what would he do with her when he had her? He had given her a demonish look that day, like he had been giving her every time she had seen him since she had been made into a doggie. Would he keep her as a doggie? Would he beat her and mistreat her? Would, maybe, oh maybe, he set her free? That was, she knew, the least of all the possibilities. And then there was the other. He had been prepared to kill her several times in their trip from Wisconsin to the Rogues' hideout. Would he kill her now?

A man obsessed was capable of anything. And he was clearly obsessed with her. She shivered when she thought of it. But then, it made a kind of sense. She could never go back to her old life. How would she ever deal with what she had been through? And wasn't it better to be strangled, or have her throat slit, or receive a bullet in the back of her head than to be burnt to death for Lorenzo's amusement?

She had been assiduous in her duties since that day several weeks ago, fearful that any minor lapse in obedience or alacrity would train wreck the whole thing. Lorenzo treated her more brutally than usual and Vincenzo, the major domo, and Angelika, the mistress of the house, used her more often and more vigorously, as if they knew she would soon be gone. Even the maids and the kitchen staff knew something was up and they teased and played with her seemingly every chance that they got, kissing and petting her afterwards as if she were a real dog. She endured it as best she could, and came whenever she could, and barked and yelped and behaved as obsequiously doglike as she could.

She wanted desperately for it to be true. If she stayed a doggie, it was just a matter of time before she was burnt at the stake. In the man's hands, something terrible might happen to her, but it wouldn't be that. And maybe, just maybe, she could reach an accommodation with him.

One part of her hated him for what he had done to her. But another part, despite all the negativity she could muster against him, yearned for him. He had awoken a dreadful demon in her. Her lusts had gone off the scale. It was something that had probably saved her many a beating and from an early exit. But being fucked by Lorenzo and his mangy crew was nothing like it had been with the man. He had touched her inner soul, twisted it and branded it.

The thought of having her knees pressed against his hips, her legs entwined with his thighs, him sliding his thick crank into her fiery, wanton cunt made her mad with lust. And to savor his cock between her lips, to hear him moan, to feel his hand on her head, guiding her to his pleasure, to receive his viscous discharge, to be filled with it, to be blessed with it, it was enthralling just to think of it. And she would serve him, bow her head to him, obey him in every way, endure his confinements, his disdain, and, even his whip. She would endure all those things to be in his possession again. To be his slave, his property. And if it was only for a night, if afterwards he slit her throat from ear to ear, and let her youthful blood be soaked up by the desert sand, well, let it be so!

That is what the other part of her thought. And now here he was. In the suitcase was undoubtedly a million dollars. What she had been fearing and wanting all these weeks with delirious intensity was about to come into fruition. She stared out from her cage, her body humming with an electrical charge.

"I didn't think you could do it, *Negro*," Lorenzo said sardonically. "It's a lot of money for a piece of pussy."

"That's my business," Jack fired back. "Here's the money. Now I want the girl!"

"Don't be in such a hurry, *Negro*," Lorenzo replied. "You're in Mexico, don't forget. Here we do business with politeness and at our own pace. You Yankees are always demanding this and demanding that. It gets so tiresome. Have a drink. Relax. We have all afternoon."

"I don't have all afternoon," Jack answered him. "Let's cut out all the bullshit!"

Lorenzo laughed. "That's just what I mean," he said haughtily. He turned to his men and said something very fast in Spanish that Jack couldn't catch. All the men laughed.

He imagined leaping over the desk and putting his knife in Lorenzo's heart. He might just be able to do it before they cut him down in a hail of bullets. Maybe it would be worth it. He put the bag down on the floor. "Okay," he said. "I'll have a drink."

Lorenzo smiled. He poured out a tumbler of tequila and placed it across the desk, near to where Jack stood. He poured one for himself. Then he invited all his men to partake and he poured them each a glass while they crowded around the desk to receive them. Lorenzo raised his glass. "*¡Aquí es coño!*" he toasted merrily. To pussy!

All the men joined in. “*A coño!*” they all said in unison. They shot their glasses down and placed them back on the desk. They retreated to their seats. Jack still had not drank his. To not drink would be a terrible insult. He paused and thought about it. Then he lifted his glass. “*A coño,*” he said softly and shot back his drink. He placed the empty glass down on the desk.

“You know, *Negro,*” Lorenzo drawled, “your eagerness to possess *la perrita* really got me thinking. Is she more valuable than I thought? How much does she really mean to me? Why would a man like you want to pay so much money for her? Money that was unheard of when you could buy a whore any time for a thousand times less. It really got me to thinking. And so each time I used her over the last few weeks, her value to me seemed to increase. Each blow job was more exquisite. Each time she screamed as I beat her was more savory.

“I let all my men have a turn with her and they all agreed that she was a lusty, whorish bitch. They complemented me on her ownership. It made me feel so special to have her fate at my command. ”

“Listen, *hijito*, we had a deal!” Jack spat out. He was boiling with rage.

“No! You listen, *Negro!*” Lorenzo stood up and shouted. “You listen to me! You are nothing here! You fuck our women, drink our liquor, smoke our dope! You may be big in America, but here you are shit! *¡Mierda!* Killing you would be like stepping on a cockroach! No one would complain! Your friends, your *amigos* back in *el Norte*, would do nothing! They make too much money from us! You are nothing to them but maybe a song to be sung of past greatness. But you are not great here! You live at our whim, and if we didn’t protect you, the *Federales* would pick you up in a minute and hand you over to the FBI or dump you in the desert so the lizards can eat your bones. So don’t yell at me, *gringo!* I say what goes here! Not you!”

Jack’s hands were balled into tight fists. He was just one iota from losing his sense of self preservation and twisting Lorenzo’s neck. But something held him back. The girl! The girl! There was nothing more important than the girl!

There was absolute silence in the room. He knew that Lorenzo wanted his humiliation to be complete. These men would tell the other men and they would tell everyone else, and word would get back to Alamogordo.

Lorenzo sat back down in his chair and poured himself another drink. He shot it back quickly and poured another. Jack could see his

hand shake as he lifted the glass. "You cocksucker!" he thought. "You cowardly cocksucker!" It was just enough for Jack to notice it. It probably escaped the notice of the others, who were smiling and admiring *el jefe* for his humiliation of the gringo. He looked at Manuel, who stared back at him coldly. He had noticed it, Jack thought. Nothing escapes him.

"And so I have been thinking, *Negro*," Lorenzo continued, calmer now. "Maybe I don't want to sell *mi perrita*. My birthday is coming up and we're going to have a big party. I need some special entertainment. Maybe my men would like the thrill of seeing a million dollars go up in smoke. I can just see her as the flames are licking at her and she is screaming and pleading for her miserable life. *Me da gran placer pensar en ello*. It gives me great pleasure to think about it."

"We had a deal!" Jack shouted.

"Yes, we had a deal," Lorenzo replied calmly. "But I have cancelled the deal. The girl will make a great *barbacoa de Monterrey*. Everyone will enjoy it. You can come too. And when it's over, you can kiss my ass!" he hissed.

Jack knew that if he spoke he would boil over and strike out in rage. He knew he had to be silent. If prison had taught him nothing, it was self-control. There was two weeks before Lorenzo's birthday. Anything could happen. Would Lorenzo let a million dollars go up in smoke? No, it was more likely that he would burn the girl and then kill him and just take the money. He was a greedy, slimy bastard.

"Now get out of here," Lorenzo said with finality. "I'm bored with you. Go back to your hovel and fuck your little Japanese whore. Enjoy her while you can. I have plans for her too."

Jack paused for a moment. He looked over at the girl. Her eyes were pleading with terror. Tears were flowing down them. She was shaking and her chest was heaving.

He looked back at Lorenzo and then at his grinning men. "The worm will turn," he thought to himself. He leaned down and recovered the suitcase. He turned and walked to the door. As he stepped through it, he could hear a cacophony of laughter break out, the loudest being Lorenzo.

He walked down to his cottage. He was burning with rage. When he got there, Juanita was waiting. She looked at the suitcase and at Jack and she knew what had happened. She started to say something, but Jack interrupted her. "Go get me the girl," he snarled. "And get me my ponywhip!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later, Jack was sitting on the porch of his little *haciendita*, his booted foot up against the wall, smoking a cigarillo and drinking coffee. Next to him, on the tile floor, was the suitcase he had brought with him to pay the blood price for the girl. On the night he returned from Lorenzo's hacienda, he had gotten stinking drunk and whipped and abused the Japanese girl unmercifully. In the morning, when Juanita had seen her striped and bruised body, she had released a string of vitriolic invectives against him. Juanita had bashfully begged his pardon later that day and he had forgiven her.

Since then, he hadn't touched a drop. He had made it clear by his gentle handling of her that next day that there would be no repetition of his outbreak of violence. Fujiko had broken into sobs and, in a clear breach of protocol, had begged to serve him, and she administered an almost loving oral obeisance to him while he sat in his leather easy chair in the cottage's living room. He had not told her yet about the fact that her husband had not been able to come up with the money to redeem her. He was concerned about what Sr. Morales had in mind for her and, at all costs, wanted to be sure that Lorenzo had no say in her fate.

He had spent most of his time travelling the dusty roads surrounding the estate on his Harley, roaring through the local villages, rampaging through the long, straight desert roads between them at upwards of 110 miles an hour. He had, months ago, rented a little run down cabin up in the nearby mountains, and he spent a lot of time there trying not to think, just sitting out on the little, ramshackle porch staring intently into the distance.

No one had dissed him as intently as Lorenzo had since he was 15 years old and lived to brag about it. And then there was the girl. Sure, once she was dead, she'd be dead, and he would no longer have to brood about her being owned body and soul by his enemy. But there was something wrong about not being the agent of her destruction himself, to be able to exercise the ultimate control and mark of ownership of her.

And then there was the fact that Lorenzo planned to burn her alive, his *barbacoa de Monterrey*. The vision of her screaming her lungs out as the flame consumed her flesh and being did not comport well with his core conception of her. She had captivated him, poisoned his soul,



driven him almost mad with yearning, but none of that was really her fault. She was who she was. The very reason he pined for her, her docile sweetness, the ravenous lust he had induced in her, her beauty, her softness, her self-effacing obedience, all merited a better fate. Even though he had planned to end her life, and thereby end her hold on him, there would have been no pain involved. A single, low caliber bullet in the back of her head. It probably wouldn't even emerge from the other side, but would, rather, bounce around inside her skull until her brain was turned to pudding. The end would be painless and instantaneous. Her beauty would not be marred. It would look like she had gone to sleep as she was lowered gracefully into her grave beneath the beautiful juniper tree he had found for her, attired in the cute, little yellow dress he had captured her in.

But if Lorenzo burned her to death, all that would be left would be ashes and bone. He would discard them like offal. There would be no place to mark her passing. There would be no shrine for the *mamacitas* to pray at, no flowers to water. It just wasn't right.

He knew when he walked out of Lorenzo's office that he would die rather than let her burn. He would come to Lorenzo's party and drive his Bowie knife deep into his chest and liberate her. They would roar away on his Harley, her to her destiny, him to his. But it was, he realized, mostly a fantasy. Lorenzo would be protected by all of his men. The moment Jack pulled out his knife, a dozen pistols would be trained on him and, hospitality or no hospitality, Lorenzo would order his immediate demise. He would be dead and the girl would burn anyway.

Even so, there was no choice. He would rather go down in a hail of bullets than live with the dishonor.

He had set up a communication system with Stitch up at the Rogue's hideout. He had purchased a prepaid cell phone with international calling. Stitch had done the same. It wasn't so they could chit chat, but for important use. He had called Stitch the day after his encounter with Lorenzo. Stitch had agreed to come down.

Just then, he emerged from the interior of the cottage. He was hitching up his pants and a cigarette was dangling from his lips. Jack looked at him. "Well?" he asked.

"As advertised, my man," Stitch said merrily. "As advertised. That little broad sure likes to fuck. And she sucked me for about 20 minutes. I thought my balls were going to explode."

"Good," Jack replied. "Have a seat."

Stitch dropped his slim form into the wicker rocker next to Jack. Juanita came rushing out of the house with a tray containing two bottles of beer, a quart of brown tequila and two shot glasses with some lemons. She set it down on the ledge in front of the men, smiled broadly, and then chugged her ample form back into the cottage. Since Stitch was done with little Fujiko, she would need now to be washed and fed. And Juanita did love so much bathing the doll like girl, and every other opportunity to caress her porcelain skin.

Stitch picked up a beer and took a long drink. He poured himself a shot of tequila, tossed it back and bit heavily into a lemon wedge. "Rrrrrrrrrrrr, that's good," he said.

Jack just nodded at him. The men sat there in silence for a while. Jack had told Stitch of his plans and they both knew that there was a very good chance that this would be the last time they would see each other. There would be no maudlin demonstrations or professions of amity, but rather the quiet acknowledgement of two hard men who respected each other and shared a set of world values.

They sat there for a while. They smoked. Stitch drank some more. They watched the *ranchero* workers walk back and forth in front of the cottage as they meandered to their various tasks. They watched Lorenzo's men as they walked to and fro, each time giving Jack knowing looks. Juanita came out with a tray of food after a while, but the men waved it off.

Finally, Stitch spoke.

"I guess you know that even if you get away with it, every cocksucker with a pistol all over Mexico will be gunning for you."

"I know. That's where you come in. I plan to cross at Laredo. I've got some i.d. that'll get me through. You'll have all the cash. I figure if I can catch a freighter from Long Beach, I'll be able to make my way to Thailand or someplace like that. I'll set down roots and spend the rest of my days drinking rice wine and fucking little Asian girls. Maybe somebody there will be looking for an enforcer or something. "

"I've got the name of a guy in Manila who can set you up anywhere in Southeast Asia. You might like the Philippines. They speak a lot of English there. "

"Yeah," Jack replied curtly.

"Of course, this is all assuming Lorenzo doesn't feed you to his dogs."

"Yeah, there's that too," Jack answered.

"If that happens, what should I do with the money?"

Jack looked at him. "Keep it," he said.

"I don't need it," Stitch protested.

"Then give it away."

"Okay. Okay," Stitch agreed.

"Or burn it."

"Okay," Stitch answered. He laughed.

They sat some more. Stitch pulled out a long, fat joint, but Jack declined. After a while, Stitch looked at his watch. "Time to go, amigo," he said. He reached for the tequila bottle and poured 2 shots. He picked one up. "To good times," he said, grinning.

Jack picked up the other. He knew he needed all his wits about him, but he would make an exception for Stitch. He picked up the other glass and clinked it against Stitch's. "To good times," he agreed.

They downed the liquor. Stitch got up and they shook hands. "*Via con Dios*," Stitch said. "See you in a few days." He picked up the small brown suitcase and left.

Now it was all a waiting game. He rode his bike. He moped around the house. He fucked Fujiko. He took a ride one day up to the border at Laredo just to check out the security at the crossing. The i.d. he had was good enough to pass a cursory glance, but not full inspection. Luckily, you didn't need a passport, just proof of identity. The driver's license that had been forged stated that his name was Bill Russell from San Antonio. His picture was on it with his hair neat and combed and his beard trimmed to a little goatee. The guy who took the picture even got him to grin.

He rode one of the horses from the Morales stable. Every time he went back there he made note of the little waitress from the raid they had pulled. True to his word, Lorenzo had had her fitted with a large, brass nose ring and hung a big cow bell around her neck. They painted her pure white skin dark brown every day and fit her with cow ears and a big cow's nose. Like they did with the girl, they tied her ankles to her thighs and made her go around on all fours. Her hands were encased in little plastic hooves. Her hair had been died black and cut back to a little tuft on the top of her head. She looked just like a little calf. They had even sewn into her skin somehow a long, brown tail with a tuft of hair on its end. There was a large, ugly looking '*M*' branded into her backside.

Like the girl, she had been instructed to issue loud moos through the ring gag they installed in her mouth every time someone passed the muddy pen where they kept her confined during the day. Often he

would come by and one of the vaqueros would be behind her, his cock jammed into her tiny rear hole and fucking her like mad while she squealed and moaned, or leaning against the fence while he pumped her distended mouth up and down on his crank. As Lorenzo had threatened, they had sewn up her pussy. Her breasts were small to begin with, but they wrapped gauze tightly around her chest and fed her testosterone to flatten them even more so the cowboys could pretend they were fucking a boy. They fed her from a trough which she shared with a large sow and its piglets and she would have to fight for her sustenance, or wait until the 500 lb. sow was done

At night, they brought her into the barn where the men usually partied until the early morning.

Naturally, as Jack passed, she would look at him with forlorn, miserable eyes. It was one more tribute to Lorenzo's cruelty. It was true that she did look cute as her chest heaved in an effort to produce loud enough bovine ejaculations so that they could be clearly heard. But there really were some limits. At least his girl was inside the house and not slopping around in the mud all day. The woman, Esmeralda, had told him of a pig woman she had had at one time that had been taken away from her. He wondered whether he could interest her in a cow girl. Working in a whorehouse, even one like Esmeralda's, where there were no limits on the customers' desires, even as a calf, would have to be better than this.

And it was with Esmeralda that he worked out a plan for poor Fujiko two days after Stitch left. Esmeralda came up every few weeks to obtain product. She wholesaled girls out to much of the city of Tuxtepec, in southern Mexico, and to the owners of the plantations and ranches in the area. She had come up and, in the morning, made a selection of girls at the whorehouse. When done, she had lunch with Jack in his cottage, as she had done 2 or 3 times before. They ate a delicious spread put out by a glowing Juanita, and then absented themselves to his bedroom where they fucked for the rest of the afternoon.

Esmeralda never fucked any of her clients at her specialty house, nor any of the wealthy nabobs in the area. She was too conscious of her need to be aloof. She used her girls regularly, often selecting a favorite for a few weeks or so, especially with one of the new girls. But no cock, which was, when it came down to it, her preference. So she let herself go wild with Jack, a superb representative of his sex and as lustful as she was. She didn't deny him anything, except she declined

to be tied up or to be whipped. And she rode him as hard as he rode her.

That afternoon, a little after 5 o'clock, they had concluded their final bout of the day. She had picked out five girls, three nice black skinned girls from Chicago who had been on vacation in the Baja when they were taken, black skinned American girls being very popular with her clientele, a pretty young, blond Danish girl who had gotten too drunk at a party in Acapulco, and an elegant, lanky, long legged, brown skinned, upper class Mexican girl from the capital who had been plucked off the streets one night by Lorenzo's boys. They were all bound and hooded in their cages in the whorehouse basement. She was scheduled to be back in Tuxtepec before 9 and it was a 3 hour flight.

Jack hadn't had to tell Esmeralda about the girl and what Lorenzo had done. She had known. And, she was not surprised when he told her that he would be getting his revenge and that this would be the last time he saw her. He told her about Fujiko, who had spent most of the day caged in the living room. She had agreed to take a look at her.

Poor Fujiko had watched them come and go all afternoon. She wondered who the beautiful black haired woman was. She was slim of form, but not so slim that she didn't carry herself with a good degree of authority. It was the first 'normal' woman she had seen since being kidnapped, other than the big woman who had been taking care of her, and there was nothing at all normal about her. Almost all the other women had been captives like her. Why did this woman have the freedom to come and go as she liked, to pose before her cage, her hands on her hips, with a certain dangerous seeming aloofness, perusing her nakedness?

She had clearly gone into the bedroom to fuck her master, as she thought of him. She had heard the big Mexican woman call him *El Negro* to one of the other Mexican women who had stopped by to gossip with her one day. She looked normal until the big woman let her take her back to her bedroom and play with her for a couple of hours, making her come several times with her agile mouth and then enforcing her reciprocation. The plump, pleasant little woman kissed her, smiled at her, and gave her a loving pat on the face before easing her gag back into her mouth, fastening her hands behind her back and locking her in a cage.

Mostly the big woman just called him *señor*. But Fujiko liked "*El Negro*" better. He was dark and black haired and, as far as she could

tell, black hearted as well. He was very rough with her, slapping her fiercely when she was slow to obey him, or made too much noise sobbing and moaning as he pierced her rear end, something she had still not gotten used to, and had never thought that anyone would really do, even though there had been a part about it in the story she had read as a teenager. She could see how you could get to like it, once your little circle stopped splitting and cracking every time you were entered. Afterwards, it produced a strange tingling that flowed to her crevasse, and the feeling of being brutally used there without the tiniest deference to her wants or needs had turned out to be especially thrilling.

Thrilling. That was how she would describe her life at the mercy of *El Negro*. That first time he had fucked her, he had opened up a totally unknown world to her. After he had left her tied up in his bed, and after she had stopped sobbing because of being hooded and all, she had had to fight off a shameful sliver of desire that he come back and do it again. And he had. And it had made her feel just the same: more alive than she had ever felt in her life.

She, in return, gave him the best oral blessing she could manage. Matsumito had taught her well. At first, when he had told her to put her mouth on his prick, on their wedding night, she had recoiled in distress. He insisted and pleaded and canoodled her until she had finally condescended to put her lips on it and give it a little kiss. He had responded with a loud moan that made her frightened. Afterwards, he shoved her to her back and did her like he always did thereafter, push, push, push with his cock until her channel began to defensively lubricate, and then shoving himself in the rest of the way hard. He pumped maybe ten times at the most, stiffened, moaned and then came to rest.

It was when they got to the United States, and his huge mansion in the hill country 35 miles north of Lubbock, that it had really started. On the night they arrived, when she had nervously gotten into bed with him, he started kissing and fumbling at her almost maniacally. He tore off her beautiful new nightgown that her mother had gotten for her just for this occasion. He thrust his hand rudely at her sex, pawing it and scratching it. And then, he had taken hold of the hair on the back of her head, laid back, and pointed her face at his crotch. He demanded what he called, 'suckisucki'. She was crying woefully by this time and she refused. He lifted her head and gave her two vicious slaps and then pointed her head down again. She flailed and struggled, pushing

against him with her dainty hands, calling out in Japanese, “Please! Please! No! No!”

Exasperated, he pushed her down on the bed face first. He gathered up the remnants of her nightgown with one hand, the other pushing her face hard into the mattress,. He forced her hands together and tied them off. Then he pulled her up, laid back against the headboard again, and pushed her face once more onto his loins.

“Suckisucki!” he roared. He threatened to beat her until she was black and blue, threatened to throw her into a closet and keep her there all tied up, a thing he did later anyway, until she agreed to put his cock in her mouth. And then he threatened the worst thing of all. He threatened to send her back to her parents. She couldn’t imagine the shame of being sent away by her husband. Her family would be ashamed. Her father would have to give back the gifts. All the neighbors and family would know. No man would ever want her again. She couldn’t think of anything worse happening.

So, tearfully, she opened her mouth. Matsumito pushed her face down hard on his cock, jamming it against the back of her throat. She coughed and gagged. He held her there for over 2 minutes, telling her that she needed to get used to it. She cried and coughed and gagged. She strained at her bound wrists behind her. Finally, he pulled her off. He gave her two solid slaps and told her sternly that she was to listen to him very carefully. He told her that she was going to do it again. This time, she would close her mouth around his ‘cocku’, as he called it, and make her mouth soft. She needed to press her lips hard against the stem. He was going to pull her head up and down and she was going to suck at him, not too soft, but not too hard either. Just enough. And then he was going to come in her mouth and she was going to swallow every drop.

She did what he said. She closed her mouth around the rigid tube of hot meat. He guided her head up and down while she suckled. At first, it was too soft and he had to tell her to do it harder. Then he brought her head back so that his prick was at the tip of her lips and he told her to slobber over it and lick it. Then he pushed her face down again and pistoned her head up and down, up and down. It was so revolting to be filled with the rigid, yet soft mass, that she felt like she was going to throw up. Her body felt chilled and forlorn. She imagined night after night after night of having to do this. Maybe she would wait until he left for work the next morning and she would slit her wrists.

He moaned and groaned. His motions of her head became faster and faster. His groans came louder. He started thrusting his hips up at her, making his cock go deeper and deeper. Finally, he let out a loud roar and suddenly her mouth filled up with spume. The cock jerked and pulsed. Her mouth was filled with slime. She tried to swallow, not because he told her to, but out of necessity, but she just started coughing and hacking and the slimy emission dribbled out of her mouth and all over Matsumito's stomach and balls.

The pushing and pulling of her head slowed. She was able to take several snorting breaths. He stopped and released a long, deep moan.

When he discovered that she had let his cum dribble all over him, he became enraged again and slapped her hard. He told her to never, never, never do that again unless she wanted to be beaten. He made her lick it all off, even his hairy balls, which disgusted her.

Afterwards, he had a smoke and drank a half glass of 25 year old scotch whiskey. She was quietly sobbing and trying to get the taste of his ejaculations out of her mouth. When he had finished his cigarette, and drunk his scotch, he made her kneel on the bed, her face on her pillow. He spread her legs and fingered her coosh until it was starting to lubricate. He snuggled up behind her and forced his way in. She cried out. He ignored it and, after maybe 20 strokes, he stiffened and groaned again.

When he was done with her, he shoved her aside. He went right to sleep and left her tied up all night.

The lessons began the next night. She hadn't killed herself, even though she had gotten the sharpest knife from the kitchen utensil drawer and brought it up to their bedroom. An American maid came in about 10 a. m. and she didn't want the foreigner to find her all bloody and lifeless. And then there was the sadness it would cause her family. So she forgot about it.

"Make your mouth tighter!" he would yell at her. "Go faster! "Go slower!" "Suckle the end!" "Kiss my balls!" "Swirl your tongue!" "Do better or I'll beat you!" he would scream. And often, if he thought she was not doing her best, he would slap her around and twice locked her in a closet all tied up and left her there all night. He taught her to take it down her throat and leave it there for longer and longer times. He taught her the little yodeling trick. And, rather than get beaten, and, perhaps out of duty, a theme which had been thoroughly impressed upon her all her life, she started to come up with things of her own, a little tickle with her tongue here, a long hard suckle, short, fierce



strokes, laving her tongue over the end and up and down the sides, cupping his balls in her mouth. The morning ritual started soon after the first time. He would sit on the end of the bed and make her get naked and announce, 'suckisucki'. She would fall to her knees and dutifully perform.

She had never gotten over her revulsion at it. She washed her mouth out and gargled as soon as Matsumito left for work. Sometimes at night, he made her suck him, but usually it was just in the mornings. At night, he would fuck her briefly, come and then fall asleep.

But the first time she had put *El Negro's* cock in her mouth, it had been a totally different thing. Matsumito was short and dumpy and, frankly, smelled odd. But this man was powerful. His cock jutted out like a narwhale's horn. He smelled like the jungle, wild and earthy. When he filled her mouth with his mass, she almost fainted away. Her pussy, which he had just got done churning rabidly, began to burn. Delirious, she gave the solid, mighty shaft her most devout adoration. And rather than recoil at the thought of his manly essence jetting into her mouth and belly, she yearned for it with all her heart. When he came, she sucked it down hungrily.

Later that night, when her passions had cooled, she castigated herself for her sluttishness, her lowness. She could never explain what had come over her to anyone. She knew she didn't fully understand it. She was the man's prisoner. He had taken her against her will. He was treating her as if she was something he owned, or a beast from whom he demanded the utmost servility and the most despicable services. Even now, as he snored heavily beside him, her hands remained bound to the belt around her hips. Her feet were joined and tied off to the bottom of the bed, and her neck was chained to the headboard. He had stretched her body tautly and she had virtually no ability to move, except her head from side to side as she lay face up on the bed.

All night, she slept fitfully, ashamed, afraid. She promised herself that she would do only what the man demanded, as little as possible, even though he might beat her to a bloody pulp or jolt her with that wand they had used on Marcie down in the basement. But when she felt him awaken in the morning, and after he had dragged her to the bathroom to pee, he made her get back on the bed and chained her to the headboard once again. Then he fucked her, and again her lusts ran off of the charts. When she had come twice, screaming her pleasure into the room through the ball that he kept in her mouth, he suddenly pulled from her, unlocked her neck and snatched the ball from between

her lips. He leaned back on the headboard, his thick, slime covered cock jutting out like the prong of a god. He pressed her head down, she opened her mouth and subsumed him.

It was a mystical experience. She could not think or feel anything but his massiveness, his heat, his strength. She kept him on the brink as long as she could, until he grabbed the hair on the back of her head and started pumping wildly, uttering great and savage groans. Her body shook passionately as she gratefully drank down his discharge.

After, he had brought her back downstairs and fed her. He had handed her over to that other man, as big and as powerful and as disdainful of her rights as a human being as he had been. But the second man had been cruel. He had whipped her and bound her up. He used her savagely. Unlike the other man, there seemed to be no real enjoyment in it, just a drive to demonstrate his power and mastery. She had come multiple times for him as well, despite her revulsion at him, as if *El Negro* had opened a door to her psyche which could not now be closed.

The trip to Mexico had been horrific. She had not seen *El Negro* again. When the plane took off with her so cruelly bound inside a miniscule cage, she sobbed and sobbed and sobbed and thought that the worse thing in the world had happened to her. And then, in that big room with all the cages, she had been treated like an animal. The men seemed to be singling her out for abuse based upon the novelty of fucking a Japanese woman.

When the big man came to her cage, several nights after her arrival, her knees buckled as soon as she saw him. Her whole being thrilled when he removed her from the cage and walked her at the end of a leash to his little cottage. And it had been the same. What no one else could bring her, he could. She engaged every ounce in her being towards pleasing him. That night, when she feared that he would send her back to the room with the cages, she had broken silence, even though she had already been taught at the end of whip not to. "Please keep me master! Please! Please! You can do anything you want to me!" she prayed lowly in Japanese. And then in English, "Please, master, no send Fuji back. Fuji serve master very, very good. You see. Please!"

He had whipped her. But he had kept her. That was the important thing. And since then, weeks and weeks it seemed, she had served him as dutifully as she could. The big Mexican woman treated her sweetly, if firmly. Fujiko had never had a woman touch her body in that way,

and neither had she done the reverse. But she let the woman do what she wanted, obeyed her to the letter, mouthed her heavy, musky sex into orgasm at her demand, and suffered the same. She only whipped her a little, an obligatory session with the flogger every morning, to start off the day right, which left her breasts, belly and thighs a bright pink, and made her, despite her willingness to endure it as the price of remaining *El Negro's* slave, sob and cry and beg inwardly for cessation. And then only occasionally during the day if she faltered at one of her duties, washing and sweeping the floor, cleaning the kitchen, polishing everything, and so on.

*El Negro* only whipped her once in a while, usually for his pleasure, and she endured it for the same reason. She would do anything to serve him, suffer anything, endure anything. Even that night a week or so ago when he had come back to the cottage furiously angry, and beat her unmercifully, she was willing to accept it and endure it because of all the rest.

She had gone mad. She knew it. Everything she had learned in her life had been turned upside down. When in her cage, she yearned for his presence. When he was present, she yearned for his cock. When she had his cock, she yearned with all her strength to please him and reveled in the bodily pleasures that he brought her.

She had cried all night after that night of hell. Not because she hated him, although, while it was happening, she hated being beaten like nothing in the world. But because she felt that this night had been different than all the others. She feared that a barrier had arisen between them now and that now he would send her away, send away her unworthiness which had caused him to beat her. And in the morning, when he had, after his fashion, apologized, which was not really an apology at all but more a concession that he had perhaps gone a little too far, she was overwhelmed with gratitude that he would allow her to forgive him. And she did forgive him with all her heart and then begged to please him and did please him with her tongue and her lips and her mind, pleased him as he innately deserved.

But today he was with this woman. They had gone into his room after lunch, which the big Mexican woman had fed to Fujiko, as usual, in a shiny steel bowl on the floor. She had been placed in the cage in the living room, gagged and bound, and had listened through the door at their moans and screams of delight. She was angry at the woman, and wished that she could beat her, wished that maybe he would beat her, and that she would go away and never come again.

She frightened her when, after maybe 2:30 or 3, or thereabouts, she came out of the room naked and strolled nonchalantly to the kitchen. She brought back a plate of sweets that the big Mexican woman had made. She stopped at her cage and looked at her. Fujiko stared fearfully back. Her body was not young, but it was shapely and full of life. Her form showed a slight chunkiness of age, very slight, in the hips, but no real fat. She had heavy breasts with large, dark areolas, that sagged slightly in the corners, but curled up nicely at the ends. She had a thick, black thatch between her legs, which she kept wide apart as if she was setting herself in place for an assault. It was slick with sweat and juices, as if she had been fucking all day, which she had. Her pinkish love lips peaked out from behind the jet black hair, still engorged and dilated.

She saw now a cruelty in the woman she had not espied before. She had a strong nature; she was clearly used to command. And her gaze was like an x-ray going right through her, analyzing her every pore, every nook and cranny of her mind, of her being, weighing her, evaluating her.

She only looked at her for a moment or so, but when she went back into the bedroom and closed the door, Fujiko realized that she had something to fear from her.

An hour or so later, she came out again. This time she was dressed. She was wearing a tight blue and silver colored skirt that fell gracefully just above her knees, and a white silk blouse with small green stripes. She had what looked like emerald post earrings and a golden necklace. She had remade her face, a touch of blush, bright red lipstick and starkly made up eyes. She had a stylish, little yellow purse in one hand. *El Negro* had put on a loose pair of blue and black checkered, soft cotton boxers.

They came over to her cage. The woman's eyes were piercing. *El Negro* unlocked the cage and ordered her out. She was frightened. Something was going to happen, she just knew it.

The woman put her purse down on top of the cage.

"She's beautiful, Jack," she said. "Let me get a good look at her." She took hold of Fujiko's arm and brought her to the center of the room. She ran her hands over her slender hips, down her calves. She cupped and squeezed her little breasts. She made her bend over and ran her soft hand over her rear globes. She ran her hand over her belly and then made her spread her legs so that she could examine her sex. She

crouched down and actually pulled her dainty love lips aside and peered deeply into her puss. "Very nice," she said.

She had started to cry. She looked at *El Negro* helplessly. Maybe she just wanted to fuck her, she thought hopefully. She had fucked *El Negro*'s skinny friend the other day and she had given him her best. She felt proud that her master felt free to loan her to his friend. As far as she was concerned, he could do anything with her that he wanted as long as he did not send her back to the room with the cages or make her go back to Matsumito.

The woman reached behind her head and removed her gag. *El Negro* had found one that fit her well, not stretching her jaw to the breaking point, but filling up her oral cavity. It was shaped like a cock and although it had taken some time to get used to, she learned to appreciate it during the long hours she spent caged, yearning for her master's return and attention. She would close her eyes and suck on it, pretending that he had entered her.

Once the gag was removed and handed off to her master, the lady took hold of her jaw and twisted her head left and right. "Very pretty," the woman murmured. She took note of her tears running down over her cheeks and wiped them away with her thumbs. "Very sweet," she said. She pulled on her chin and then made her open her mouth to inspect her teeth. She murmured something approving sounding.

Fujiko realized that the woman was not measuring her up for a fuck. No, something very, very bad was happening. She looked at the man. He was looking at her almost sorrowfully. The woman tapped her cheek. "No, look at me," she said sternly.

She took hold of the hair behind Fujiko's head and tilted her head back. She pressed their lips together and her tongue slipped into the young girl's mouth. Fujiko did not resist, but she issued a little whimper. Afraid to disappoint her master's lover, she engaged the hot tongue as it scoured her mouth.

Her temperature began to rise. Her taut belly flinched when the woman's hand slipped lightly across it, and she whined again as she felt it work its way south until it covered her mons. The hand lightly stroked her. Again. Again. Again. A trilling went through her and she squirmed her hips. The big Mexican woman had stroked her in front of the man many times, but this was different. She was a member of their peculiar family and she was used to her touch. This woman was a stranger and, what's more, clearly had more than bringing her to enjoyment on her mind.

The hand became more daring. A finger slipped along her crevasse, one, two three times. She could feel her own slickness and regretted it. The tongue in her mouth was insistent and energetic and was driving her lusts higher and higher. She felt a finger on her little bud, the bud that *El Negro* had made come so much alive. It ran over it lightly. And then firmer. And then firmer. And then it commenced a very delicate circling of it. The finger slipped from time to time down to her slit where it gathered her moisture, bringing it up over her button, making it slick and slippery.

“No! Stop! Stop! Stop!” she thought unhappily. The finger had a familiarity with her sex that bespoke its experience with a hundred sexes before hers. It was delicate, hard, delicate, hard, fast, slow, fast again. She felt that feeling building up down below. She shook her hips to try and dislodge the hand, but it remained at its post, agitating, agitating, agitating her defenseless mons.

She released a long, anguished moan as the feeling grew larger and larger. If only she had her hands, she would have grabbed her assailant’s appendage and tore it away, but they were bound firmly behind her. She went to close her thighs, but the hand just buried itself deeper between them. She gave out another moan, muffled by the mouth of her tormentor. Suddenly, their mouths broke apart. The hand accelerated its ministrations. She looked the woman in her face; she was grinning and looking back hard, conscious of and enjoying her mastery of her. Suddenly the feeling down there became so intense that she had to draw in a deep breath. Her mouth opened of its own accord and she started panting heavily.

“Come on, slut, come on!” the woman said to her. “Give it to me! Give it to me! Let me have it now! Let me have it!”

At that, her pussy erupted. She groaned and her knees collapsed. Only the woman’s grip on her hair prevented her from falling. She groaned and ejaculated at each powerful contraction of her purse, “Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!”

The hand slowed. Her contractions wound down. She felt so ashamed! The woman had called her a slut, and that’s what she was! To behave so badly in front of her master was mortifying! She started to cry.

The woman laughed. “Very nice, *puta! ¡Muy bueno!*” And to Jack she said, “Yes, I’ll take her. She’s just lovely. ”

She had handed the gag off to the man and he gave it back to her. The woman pushed it at her mouth. "Open up, *mi pequeña flor*," she said.

Fujiko looked at the man. "She can't mean it! She can't mean it!" she thought madly. She started to sob. As she opened her mouth to beg her master not to send her away, the woman pushed hard on the gag and it sank home hard, jamming against her lips. Quickly, as if she had done it a thousand times, the woman slipped behind her and buckled the straps of the gag together. She pulled on it hard, harder than her master ever had, and it sank deeper into her mouth, past the edge of her throat. She gagged and coughed and whined and sobbed.

The woman tapped her on the face with her palm. "There, there, little flower," she said. "It's not as bad as all that. You're very special and we're going to have a very nice time together. After you learn a bit more discipline, however. Jack here has been a little soft on you. But I'll have you in shape in no time."

"No! No! No!" she thought. Her world came tumbling down. She swooned. The woman took hold of the ring on the outside of her gag, tilted her head back and held her up. She laughed again.

"Oh, Jack, she's a delight!" she exclaimed.

"All I ask is that you not sell her off to some deranged asshole," the man replied.

"Oh, don't worry," the woman said. "She'll spend some time with me first. She's so cute I could eat her up. Then there's a very nice *señor* I know who would enjoy her to no end. He's not often cruel, but he does demand strict discipline. She won't be able to be coy or shy around him!"

"That's sounds fine," the man said. "I'm sure it's better than whatever Lorenzo had planned for her."

Fujiko felt a terrible coldness sweep through her. This was not the end that she wanted. And it was not even the end. There were horrible, cruel travails in front of her. She hadn't wanted to go to that card party! It was all Matsumito's idea. She hadn't wanted to marry Matsumito. That had been her father's idea. She had never done anything in her life that she wanted to do. And now this! What would become of her? What would the lady do? She sensed a very deep vein of cruelty in her, a malignity, a core of evil. Her lips were squashed tight against the shield of her gag, causing her great discomfort. The lady had done that intentionally. And this was just the beginning!

*El Negro* went back into the bedroom and emerged with a leash and a hood. Fujiko was still dangling from the ring in her gag. The woman released her. "Now don't give me a hard time, little flower, or I'll beat you to within an inch of your life. We're going for a little walk and I want all your cooperation," she said menacingly. Fuji looked at the man. He handed the leash to the woman. He took the hood and spread its opening.

"Oh, no! Please don't!" she screamed inside. In a moment, darkness enveloped her. The hood was pulled taut around her throat. She felt the leash being attached to her collar.

"Good bye Jack, and good luck with everything," she heard the woman say. There was the sound of a kiss. Then a tug on her leash. She sobbed and stumbled forwards. The leash remained taut and kept her in motion. "Step lively, now," the woman said musically. "I'm in a hurry."

In a second, she was out the door.

Jack stepped out on the porch and watched the poor, diminutive, naked Japanese lady be led away. He was getting soft, he realized. Why should he care about a piece of fluff? The strong were meant to rule and the weak were meant to serve, weren't they? When the pair of women disappeared at the top of the hill, he went back inside the house. Juanita was sitting in the living room bawling. Jack decided that he needed a drink after all. He clapped his hands and issued a stern order to the big woman. She nodded unhappily, got up and dashed into the kitchen.

He went into the bedroom and retrieved his smokes and a lighter. He went out to the porch and sat in his wicker rocker. Juanita delivered a tray with a half-filled bottle of tequila on it, a small glass, a dish of freshly cut lemons and three dew laden bottles of beer. She placed them on the shelf in front of him and dashed back inside the house. Jack poured himself an ounce and a half of tequila and shot it back. "Fuck it!" he growled as he poured another.



## CHAPTER TEN

From the moment that she learned that she was to be burned in two weeks, an icy pit formed in Carly's stomach. What Angelika had told her about was going to become true. When the man had left, Lorenzo passed around the bottle and everyone had a great laugh. There was a cd player and Lorenzo turned it on and way up, blasting the noisy, aggressive sounds around the room. The men knew most of the words and they started to sing along. He ordered her out of her cage and the men passed her around. The moment she finished bringing off one of the men with her mouth, she would be slapped and ordered to service another. Some of them fucked her, right there on the floor. She couldn't help herself not get excited and when one of them made her come, shouting out, "Yarp! Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!" when she came as she had been taught, there was general celebration around the room and another round of shots.

Manuel made her kneel with her head to the floor and used her rear entrance. She was used to this service, but he was so big that she screeched and cried out nonetheless. But eventually he had her moaning and grunting with deviant pleasure. He waited until she was beginning to come to release his own climax, and the two of them grunted and groaned and thrust madly at each other.

When Manuel was done with her, Lorenzo came from behind his desk and leaned against it. He was standing right where he had been when he had humiliated the man. He released his cock and ordered her to suck him. Obediently, she encompassed his rubbery tool and addressed it.

All the while, she could not get out of her head that this was the man who was going to burn her to death. His salty hardness, scrolling over her obedient lips, delving deep into her cavity, was like a demon's prong, an amassment of pure evil. Her stomach turned and turned and tears fell down her face. All the other men were watching and calling out encouragement. Her doggy ears flapped back and forth as she moved her head. Her dog-like front paws rested on the fiendish man's thighs.

Twice, he pulled her head off of his prick and slapped her for going too fast. She was desperate to get it over with, but he wanted it as he always did, nice and slow and long. She obeyed him, even

though a voice deep in her head was screaming at the top of its lungs. She nibbled the end, took it deep in her throat, gave it long, slow strokes, gave it short and fast ones. His hand, as usual, was resting in her blond tufts, holding on tight, ready to yank her head up in an instant should she falter in any way.

He told her when he was ready to come, and she accelerated her efforts accordingly, careful to keep her lips taut against the skin and ready to subsume every drop of his ejaculate. He gave a loud shout when his cock began to throb and pulse in her mouth. She opened her throat and let his viscous cream slide down it. She fought off the deep, morose sobs of despair that were welling up inside her. And when he finished, he pulled her head back, looked her deep into her eyes and said something in Spanish that she did not understand. All the men laughed.

He barked a command and one of the men tossed him the gag she had been wearing. Frowning, she opened her mouth when he proffered it to her. He slammed the thick prong in violently, making her yelp, and then pushed her head down while he fastened it tightly in the back. Her hands were bound back behind her and she was shoved back into her cage. Lorenzo made a loud announcement, which the men all seemed to approve of, and they all left. The last one out turned off the light, plunging the windowless room into complete darkness.

Carly broke into deep, deep, soul wrenching sobs.

That night, in the kitchen, the atmosphere was morose. Word had clearly spread quickly throughout the hacienda. The usually jolly cooks were solicitous of her, petting her and stroking her and calling her, "*Pobre perrita pequeño.*" Poor little fuck doggie!

She refused to eat when they put her mush in front of her. One of the cooks, the fat little one who liked to play with her the most, was just taking it away when Vincenzo came in. Carly had feared seeing him most of all, other than Lorenzo, of course. Vincenzo was the one with the most authority over her after Lorenzo and he always took it as a personal affront when she failed to perform at 110%.

He ordered the cook to place the silver doggie bowl back down in front of her. Carly's collar was affixed to the chain that led back into her cage. She was on her hands and knees. She looked up at Lorenzo forlornly, as if to ask, "Have you no mercy?"

Her instruments of discipline were always kept hanging on hooks right by her cage. Vincenzo said nothing, but stepped over to the wall and took hold of the zapper. She saw him click it on with horror. It

took about 5 seconds to warm up. She quickly put her little paws on either side of the bowl and buried her mouth in it, sobbing and bawling. She took in a mouthful and started to chew, looking over her shoulder, hoping that she had forestalled the major domo's cruel intent. The look in his eyes told her that she hadn't. The prod darted forward quickly between her legs from behind. She barely had time to register the pressure on her hairless mons when a fierce jolt shot through her purse. She released a fierce howl and food went spraying across the room. Her whole body flinched and she collapsed to the floor.

"Please!" she wanted to scream. "*¡Por favor! ¡No me dano! ¡Me comere! Me comere!*" I'll eat! I'll eat! But she knew instinctively that that would only bring down a horrible retribution.

Vincenzo made it clear that he was nipping right in the bud any idea that she could mope around and avoid her duties. He poked the zapper into her ribs and pulled the trigger again. It made a loud cracking sound and another blast of rabid electricity was injected into her body. She screamed again and, in her panic, tried to scramble away from him. She rolled and crawled to the limit of her chain. Vincenzo pursued her and zapped her again. She screamed again and turned and tried to make it to the illusory safety of her cage. She darted in, but Lorenzo merely stepped up and placed the business end of the prod against her rump and gave her another jolt.

"Aieeeeeeeeeeeeeee!" she screamed. The words that would communicate her renewed commitment to compliance and her sorrow at being disobedient were stalled in her throat and she was holding them back with all of her might. She curled into a little ball. "Crack!" the zapper spoke again, sending a flow of vicious current all through her.

Then Vincenzo paused. He hadn't even broken out into a sweat. Carly/Zorrita was sobbing madly, her whole body heaving. A soul eating misery seized her. Why? Why? Why? Why has this all happened? Have they no mercy?"

Vincenzo banged the prong on the bars of the cage. "*¡Comer, puta cachondaperra!*" he yelled. Eat, you fucking slutty dog!

Carly jumped to obey. She dashed out of her cage and brought her face to the bowl. She placed her paws astride it and sank her lips into the brownish mush. Sobbing, she wolfed it down as fast as she could. "I'm a coward! A coward! A coward!" she screamed to herself. She would do anything to avoid the pain, perform any humiliating or scurrilous act. She wanted to be brave, to live her last few days in

dignity. To show them that she was not a dog, but a human. A human being! But she couldn't. She knew that up to the moment they strapped her to some pole amidst a huge pile of dry kindling, she would continue to do everything they said, fulfill the role that had been meted out to her. She wasn't a human being. She was some kind of strange animal, not dog, not human. A demonic emeshment of both species' worst elements. At its best, both species were noble and brave and proud. But at their worst, they were craven and cowardly and piteous. And that was what she was, craven, cowardly, piteous!

The cold, hard butler towered over her while she ate. She looked up at him tearfully as she chewed, or, rather, mashed up the mush-like substance before she swallowed it. When she was done, she carefully licked the bowl completely clean and then sat up, placing her doggy hands behind her, spreading her thighs and jutting out her breasts. Dog-like, she let her tongue dangle from her open mouth and she released several mild, high pitched whines, shaking her head to make her doggie ears flap and sway.

He stared back at her imperiously, with more than a hint of disgust on his face. He spoke in Spanish to the short, fat cook who had brought her her bowl, *"Bring her three more bowls and make sure she eats every drop. Then give her five strokes of the whip. And I want to see five bright red stripes on her or you'll get them instead!"*

*"¡Si! ¡Si! ¡Si, señor!"* the cook said excitedly.

Vincenzo placed the zapper back on the wall, turned and walked away. Carly didn't really understand all what he had said, but she knew that it involved five strokes of the whip. She bit her lip and withheld a sob when the cook laid another bowl of mush in front of her. Her belly was full, but she went to work on it right away. And then when that was gone there was another. And then another.

By the time she had finished the last bowl her stomach felt like it was about to burst. She felt nauseous and bloated. The food was spicy and she had tried not to drink too much water, but it had been necessary to drink some. She knelt up into presentation position and sadly looked up at the cook. She was looking sadly back. She leaned forward and tousled Carly's tuft of unruly blond hair with her hand and then kissed her on the forehead. *"PobreZorritapoco,"* she said sadly. Poor little Zorrita.

She picked up the bowl and retreated into the cooking area, dropping the silvery bowl into the sink. She came back to Carly and took down the long, leather encased, thin steel whip from the wall.

“*Lo siento, Zorrita,*” she said unhappily. “*Poner le cabezahaciaabajo y levantartu cola.*”

Zorritateared up immediately. She had heard this order before many times and she knew exactly what it meant. She pivoted slowly and put her forehead to the floor, raising her behind. She withheld her sobs. Five strokes she could take if they weren’t too hard.

The fat little cook stood there for a second or two. She had never whipped the *perrita*, didn’t believe in beating defenseless animals. It was funny how Carly’s transformation into a doggie had been so complete that not even the cooks, who all adored her and spoiled her with delicious little tidbits, thought of her as actually human. Maybe, somewhere in their heads they suspected that she had been once, but that was all blown away like dust in a windstorm. What was revealed afterwards was what had been lying under her human-like veneer all the time, *la perrita pequeña joder*, the little fuck doggie.

Luiza, that was the short, little fat cook’s name, often issued fierce strokes to the maids when they were disobedient or sloppy, or when they were sent back into the kitchen from the dining room to beg tearfully for five strokes on the breasts or their behind, as Lorenzo or one of the other men had instructed, too busy or lazy to carry it out themselves. Afterwards, the maids had to return to the dining room to show off their marks to the men’s satisfaction. If not satisfied, they would sometimes send the tearful girl back for more. In any case, that was often the last they saw of that maid for the night as her tearful, piteous demeanor invited more abuse.

But to whip a defenseless doggie, that was something else! She had seen Vincenzo and Angelika whip her viciously from time to time, and stood by and said nothing, her heart breaking inside. She always comforted her afterwards, rewarding her with a nice bowl of ice cream, or giving her a mighty orgasm with her hand.

Luiza turned to the other two cooks tearfully. “*¡No puedo haciero! ¡No ejusto!*” she told them. I can’t do it! It’s not right!

The other two cooks looked back at her. The first one, a tall but thin, gray haired wisp of a woman, Magdalena, was crying too. She loved the little Zorrita perhaps the most of all. She shook her head and bit her lip. “No! I can’t do it!” she seemed to be saying. “Don’t ask me!”

The third cook, tall and big shouldered, a tad younger than the others, gave Luiza an exasperated look. Carmella had grown up on a hard scrabble farm. Her poor mother had had thirteen children over the

years, of which she was the youngest, ten of whom survived. Her father had been a drunken bastard who ran the household like a concentration camp and doled out beatings as casually as one might swat a fly. He had sold off each of her six sisters to whoremasters as they turned sixteen. Carmella had decided not to await her turn and ran away with a musician from Escucion when she was fifteen. He had left her behind one night in a *pension* in Pescalares. The mistress of the house, to whom the musician owed three weeks rent, made her strip and looked her over. She was big boned even then, bigger, since she hadn't had her last growth spurt yet. "No," the mistress of the house said, "*you'll never make it as a whore. Tomorrow you start work in the kitchen!*"

Life for Carmella had been hard, but tolerable. She didn't have a mean streak, but you better not fuck with her. She had nothing against Zorrita, but, after all, she was only a dog and Luiza was her friend. She believed Vincenzo when he had threatened to give her the strokes instead. She wiped her hands on a dishtowel and hung it over the handle to the stove. She strode over to Luiza. "*Give me that!*" she said roughly. She snatched the whip out of Luiza's hand.

"*Not too hard?*" Luiza whined hopefully.

Carmella gave her a hard look. "*Go back to work!*" she sneered.

Luiza scurried tearfully back to the stove. She stood next to Magdalena and took her hand. Carmella eyed her target. "*Poor little Zorrita!*" she thought. And then she let loose.

The blow landed across Zorrita's upturned buttocks. The little doggie released a forlorn wail that echoed loudly throughout the kitchen. One of the maids had come in from the dining room and she shook and quailed at the sound. A glass on the edge of her tray teeter tottered and then fell to the floor, shattering. Everyone looked at her. There would be a punishment for that later.

Carmella looked back to her sobbing target. She let loose the second blow. It landed somewhat above the first, but not exactly parallel, and crossed it at the right end. Zorrita howled again. Luiza and Magdalena were crying. The maid quailed. She quickly darted across the kitchen and put the tray down on the counter near the dishwasher.

Then, quickly and serially, with only a heartbeat or two between them, she administered the final three. When she was done, the poor *perrita* was howling and sobbing with all her might. It touched even Carmella's hardened soul. Disgusted with herself, for after all that she

had received some enjoyment from it, she hung the switch up on the wall and went back to her work.

Luiza came forward. Five, bright, angry red lines had blossomed distinctly on the poor *perrita's* rear end. The terrified maid ran off to get the broom and dustpan for the broken glass. She knew she was due for a stroke or two, but hoped like hell that it would not be administered by Carmella, who seemed to like her work. Luiza bent down next to the sobbing pet and stroked her head gently, issuing little calming coos and ahhs. When Zorrita had calmed, she ordered her to present herself. When she was kneeling up, her paws behind her back, breasts presented prettily, she patted her on the head and promised her that she would get her something nice.

There had been plump, fresh strawberries for dinner tonight. Luiza cut some up and placed them in a bowl. She whipped up some heavy cream with sugar and covered the strawberries halves with it. She brought the bowl back proudly to where Zorrita knelt stiffly by her cage and placed it on the little rubber mat where they fed the little doggie. “¡Comer!” she said excitedly.

Carly looked down at the bowl. Her rear was still burning where she had been struck. Normally, she would have jumped at the chance to have a wonderful dessert. Many a night the dessert that the fat lady laid out for her had been the highlight of her day. It was a mercy to be able to feel that someone in this dreadful place had kind feelings for her. But now, she had no appetite for the sweets. Vincenzo had made clear that her next two weeks would be filled with vicious retributions if she did not continue her obedient dog-like ways. There would be no tolerance for her mourning her fate. Her life would peter out as she had lived it these past months, servile, obsequious, obedient.

She looked up at the fat cook. “If you care for me, why won’t you let me go?” she thought to herself. But she knew the reason why. Aside from fear of reprisal from Lorenzo, a reprisal that would be swift, excruciating and deadly, there was the plain fact that the cook did not see her as human. Or if she did, since there was no disputing that beneath the makeup and the costume and the dog-like mannerisms enforced on her, there was a human part deep underneath, the dog part of her had evolved into preeminence. She had performed her role so well that the human part was now camouflaged. She looked somewhat like a dog, but more importantly, she acted like a dog in almost every way. She begged for her food. She barked. She cringed and whined when disciplined. She went to the bathroom outside. She ate from a

doggie bowl. She was not allowed to run free, but was escorted everywhere on a leash. And day after day she had performed a guard dog-like function in the hacienda's vestibule, barking and greeting all the visitors, whining and begging for attention.

And, most importantly, every last soul who lived in, worked in or visited the hacienda treated her like a dog. What was the expression? Sixty million Frenchmen can't be wrong? If everybody thought she was a dog, then, ipso facto, she must be one.

Could she break the spell? Could she shatter the prism through which all the household perceived her?" "I'm not a dog!" she could protest. She could beg and plead for freedom. She could curse Lorenzo and all his minions. She could announce, "I am Carly! Carly! Not Zorrita! Not your *pequeña perrita*! I am a human being! A human being!"

But she knew that the reaction she would harvest would not be an acknowledgment of her humanity. There would be bedlam, as if a real dog had suddenly started to speak. She would be scolded and beaten and muzzled. Word would spread like wildfire through the mansion and within minutes Lorenzo or Angelika would appear. She would be dragged away, maybe outside to a barn or a stable, and she would suffer the most vicious punishments that they could imagine. A talking dog? What effrontery! What gall! What impudence! No, such a thing would need to be squelched firmly and immediately! The whole world might turn upside down! Next, pigs would fly and water would run uphill. The sun would turn dark and the dead would rise.

No, it was impossible. She could not speak. Dogs don't speak, even ones that look a little bit like a woman. The fat woman was looking back at her sadly and quizzically. Doesn't the little doggie want her treat? Doesn't the little doggie love me anymore? Is there something wrong with her? Does she need to be beaten again?

Carly wanted with all her heart to reject the peace offering, to preserve some dignity. But wasn't it more important to preserve an ally? Someone who cared for her, even though she had been led by some group psychosis to see her as a beast. A lovable beast, to be sure, but a beast nonetheless. Yes, the voice inside her spoke. Yes it was.

She broke the gaze of the cook and quickly got down on all fours. She doggie walked to the overflowing bowl of goodness, lowered her snoutish face and delved in. She plucked a plump strawberry half from the whiteish surroundings and bit into it. It was juicy and ripe and oh so delicious. She closed her eyes and let the wonderful taste suffuse



through her. She took another bite, this time slurping up with it the wondrous whipped cream. It was sweet and tart and sent wonderful tendrils of delight all over her body. She took another bite, chomping into the strawberry half and letting its juices flow over her tongue and palate. She looked up at the cook and smiled. A wide grin broke out on the chubby woman's face. The world had been restored to order. Things were as they should be. The doggie was happy and had already forgotten about the earlier unpleasantness.

Carly licked up every last speck from the bowl. Luiza was busy stirring a pot and so the middle one came over, Magdalena, and wiped her face. She brushed her hand playfully in her wispy hair and then returned to her duties. Carly curled up as best she could on the soft blanket the cooks had put there for her and closed her eyes, relishing the pleasant feeling in her belly. With all the food she had eaten and now the rich dessert, she soon dropped off. She was awoken by a mighty smashing sound. Her eyes darted open and she looked up. It was Vincenzo. He had swung his whippy stick against the side of her cage.

She immediately snapped into presentation position. Vincenzo towered over her like a demonic god. “*¡Muéstrameculo!*” he barked. Carly quickly reversed herself, placed her forehead to the floor and raised her behind. Vincenzo perused the five angry stripes laden there. “*Bueno,*” he said to no one. And then, “*¡Obténentujuala!*” he snapped.

Carly dashed into the confines of her cage. She quickly turned and assumed presentation position. Vincenzo swung the door closed and locked it. He said something to the cooks and then sat down at the large kitchen table. One of the maids hurriedly set two places. Magdalena brought over a pitcher of *sangria* and some glasses. The big cook, Carmella, brought over a covered bowl and a serving spoon. Vincenzo poured himself a glass of wine and took a big gulp. A moment later, Angelika walked in.

She was dressed, as usual, in a tight black skirt, black high heels and a white blouse. She gave Carly a disdainful look and then sat at the table at a spot catty cornered from Vincenzo. He leaned over and they exchanged a light kiss. While Angelika poured herself a glass of wine, Vincenzo ladled out the veal stew for both of them. A maid came over with a basket full of bread and a plate of butter and then scurried away.

Carly watched them eat. She was required to remain at attention while they were in the room so that she couldn't curl up and wallow in self-pity like she wanted to. She gazed at them with steely hatred. And

fear. Deep, deep fear. Who would be the one to lead her to the fiery plinth, she thought. Would they laugh and crack jokes and smile and touch each other like lovers as they were doing now? Would they relish her screams of agony as the flames crept up her legs and consumed her skin? What kind of people were these? Was there no one among them who would rebel against Lorenzo's perverted, demonic whims?

The dark couple finished their meal. Vincenzo got up and kissed Angelika's hand, muttering some endearment. She smiled graciously. After he left, she rose to her feet. She sauntered over to Carly's cage. "*Que pasa, caramio?*" she asked almost sweetly. Carly knew, of course, she couldn't answer. Instinct, and experience, told her that the slim, vibrant woman would expect some reply, so she broke her position, raised her paw-like hands into begging position and barked, "Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!"

Angelika laughed. "Such a sweet little doggie, *una dulce perrita pequeña,*" she said, smiling. She turned to the cooks. "*Do we have something nice for the little doggie?*" she asked.

"*¡Si! ¡Si!*" the heavysset cook, Luiza, answered. She rushed into the pantry and emerged with a small handful of the little dog biscuits they liked to feed her. Luiza made them especially for her, nice sugary cookies shaped like little doggie bones. Angelika leaned over and unlocked the cage and opened the door.

"*¡Afuera!*" she ordered sharply. Carly scrambled to emerge from the cage. When she was out, she resumed her position, her paws up, her tongue lollygagging out of her mouth. Luiza handed the cookies to Angelika. She put two into the pocket of her dress, not a good sign as far as Carly was concerned, and held the other one out to her tantalizingly, dangling it over her head.

"*¡Suplicar!*" she snapped.

Carly lolled her tongue out and whimpered feverishly, as if possession of the cookie was the highest form of pleasure you could imagine. She eyed the cookie lovingly and then gave Angelika the most forlorn, hopeful look she could contrive.

"*¡Hablar!*" she commanded.

"Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!" Zorrita obediently barked back.

"*¡Buena perrita!*" Angelika pronounced. She lowered the cookie to the little doggie's eye level. It was a little game she played. The doggie wasn't permitted to take the delight until she gave the word. But she

had to strain and whine and shiver nervously, as if tantalized beyond all endurance.

She did so, issuing little high pitched whelps, lolling her tongue, begging obsequiously with her eyes. But she held her position, her little paws raised, pushed up on her knees as tall as she could go.

Angelika let her go on for a few more seconds, her face displaying a sardonic amusement, and then she relented.

“¡Comer!” she spat out.

Zorrita snatched the cookie from her hand with her teeth and then fell to the floor. She gobbled the cookie up with dog-like ferocity. It was sweet, with a touch of anise in it, made with coarse, whole wheat flour and colored a sour yellow. It was not a cookie a child, or any human would want to eat, but for a sweet, little doggie, *una dulce perrita pequeña*, it was perfect.

It was difficult to hold the cookie, slightly larger than her mouth, still with her paws, but Zorrita attacked it as if it were manna. When she had wolfed the bulk of it down, she licked all of the crumbs up off the floor.

All the while, Carly’s heart was aching with deep, forlorn humiliation and distress. She couldn’t stop the tears from coming to her eyes, but she knew she had to act the doggie in all other respects. If she showed any glimpse of the humanity underneath, she knew she would be subject to the most violent retribution. When all the crumbs were lapped up, she sprang back up into begging position. “Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!” she called out.

Angelika laughed again. “No,” she said, “*las otras son para másadelante*, for later, *despues de que me has mestradolo que una perrita pequeña bueno estas*.” When you’ve showed me what a good little doggie you are.

“¡Presentar!” she barked.

Zorrita snapped into position, her naked breasts thrust forward, her back arched, her paws behind her back. Angelika went to the wall and retrieved her leash. She fastened it onto the obedient little doggie’s collar and gave it a sharp pull.

“*Vamos!*” she commanded. Zorrita dropped to all fours and padded after her as quickly as she could as she left the room.

They passed down the hallway, past the dining room, past the atrium where she spent much of her days, down the little corridor to Angelika’s bedroom. She knew, of course, that that was where they were going. Angelika had had that glint in her eye, a glint of ravenous

desire, ravenous yet cool, since Angelika was all about control, if nothing else.

They strode into Angelika's blue themed bedroom. She led Zorrita to the center of the room, ordered her to present and released the leash from her collar. She hung the leash over the back of one of the French empire chairs and, without ceremony, started to undress. She kicked off her shiny black high heeled shoes and then slid out of her white silk blouse, draping it on the same chair. She shimmied out of her tight black skirt and placed that on the chair as well. She was wearing an elegant black lace brassiere and panty set. Her smooth skin was a light coffee color. She was shapely and slim, her breasts heavy and firm, seemingly poised to break out of their skimpy confines. Her shiny black hair was sleek and long, down between her shoulder blades in a ponytail, which she now reached behind her head and undid. She shook her head lightly, causing her long tresses to spring loose and fall over her shoulders.

She gave Zorrita a little smile and then sat down on the elegantly covered, broad bed. She was wearing sheer black self-supporting stockings. She slid them down her thighs one by one and tossed them aside onto the floor. She stood and, reaching behind her, released the hooks to her bra and the dainty garment joined her stockings. Hooking her thumbs in the gusset of her black bikini panties, she pulled them down to her knees, stepped gracefully from them and tossed them away with a flick of her wrist.

Zorrita looked up at her nervously. It was Angelika's habit to inflict any punishment on her that had not yet been meted out before she sported with her, and always made herself naked first. She stood about 10' away from her, her legs spread, her hands on her hips. Her firm breasts dipped a mite, but didn't sag. Her bush was trimmed but not shaven, leaving a soft, wiry carpet over and around her mons. Her lips were painted a deep red, as were her finger and toe nails, her eyes shaded lightly in blue, her eyebrows short and darkened, but not penciled. Her nose was somewhat boney, but elegant nonetheless on her long, regal face. No woman alive, had she been gifted Angelika's form and features, would pine for any other.

Her outward beauty stood in sharp contrast to the evil and darkness in her soul. She ruled the maids with an iron fist. Carly had almost daily seen one or more of them, sometimes several, lined up on their knees, their foreheads to the floor, their naked rear ends raised, awaiting Angelika's attentions. Angelika, when she arrived, she always

made them wait in fear and trepidation, would scour their tender rears with fierce strokes of a thin riding crop, hammering them with such force that she would give a little hop with each blow. The girls would scream and howl and sob, sob, sob.

The little exercise was performed in the atrium where Carly would be chained, and always a little before midday. The sharp ‘crack!’ of the blows and the agonized screeches of the victims would resound in the marble lined entrance hall, echoing throughout the hacienda. The girls would remain as they were for an hour or more, until relieved, their long skirts flipped up onto their backs, their hindquarters exposed, so that Lorenzo’s guests as they entered would get a chance to admire them and take them upstairs for a round fucking if that was their want, or, if they wanted, they could fuck them right there, just as they were.

She had her favorites, of course, and Zorrita was not the only female to follow her svelte, shifting hips down the long corridor to her bedroom. Sometimes guests came to her for recommendations and she would send out for the girl she believed would most satisfy his or her need. Several of Lorenzo’s regular guests were known for their crueller proclivities and to these she would consign the ones who were at that moment the least in her favor.

The new maids, usually young peasant girls barely over the age of eighteen, would spend their first several weeks with her learning in the harshest way the importance of obedience and, of course, the art of cunnilingus. Lorenzo was in charge of teaching them to give loving, enthusiastic blow jobs.

Zorrita shivered as she looked the cruel woman in the eyes. They were fiery and challenging, piercing, but seemed, at their center dead as a shark’s, as if no soul shone out from behind them. She scoured her memory to try and recall any defalcations she had committed during the day. Perhaps she had not been quick enough to alert to the entrance of a guest, not snapping quickly enough to attention and releasing enthusiastic barks. Or perhaps she had not been persuasive enough in begging the guest to lower his fly and give her access to his crank. Or not energetic enough in doling out her services. Or had not turned quickly enough to spread her knees and wag her rear, exposing her inviting, shaven cleft. Or it could be a hundred different things, or merely not seeming doggie enough. And then, later, she would have to pass through Vincenzo’s gauntlet, sometimes being punished twice in the same day for the same infraction.

And of course, if Angelika had no particular bone to pick with her, she could invent one on the spot if she was just in the mood to hear the little doggie screech and wail.

*“Ha sido en buen perrita pequena hoy endio?”* she asked tauntingly. Have you been a good little doggie today?

Zorrita couldn't speak words, but there was a protocol for communication. One bark meant yes, two meant no. The doggie released an enthusiastic, “Yarp!”

Angelika laughed. “That's not what I hear,” she replied, amused. “Master Vincenzo told me how he had you punished. You were a very bad little doggie. Show me where you were whipped.”

Zorrita quickly spun around and displayed her naked rump, her head down, her knees spread.

*“¡Que bien!”* Angelika exclaimed. *“¡Muy bien a rayas!”* Very nice stripes.

Zorrita felt Angelika kneel down behind her. She felt her cool hands slide over her still tender flesh, lightly, midway between an exploration and a caress. *“Tiene un maravilloso culo, Zorrita, suave y Redondo y solo significó para golpes,”* she said softly. Yes, a beautiful, soft, round ass that deserved blows.

Her caresses became firmer as she circled her rear mounds lovingly. Then her hands slipped up and over her back, down across her hips and up and down her thighs. She leaned up against her, drawing their bodies' heat together and slid her hands up her sides. *“¡En los codos!”* she snapped suddenly. Zorrita rose up on her elbows. Angelika's hands swiftly snuck around her sides and seized hold of her dangling breasts. Her chest was now up over the little doggie's back and she could feel her mounds press against her, feel her inhale and release a deep breath.

“Ah, but your breasts,” she said in English, “maybe we should stripe them too. *Un par que empareja*, a matched pair. They're so soft and springy and bouncy, I love to see them *bailar al latigo*, dance to the whip. *Como yo azotarte a tustetas, Zorrita, talvez hasta que sangran?*” Would you like me to whip your tits until they bleed?

Though Zorrita's knowledge of Spanish was elementary, she knew what *azotarte* meant and the word *tetas*. And, no she didn't want to have her breasts whipped! Not today! Not tomorrow! Not ever, ever again! “Yarp! Yarp!” she barked desperately.

She shivered with fear, and with something else. She knew why she was here. Soon, very soon, Angelika would place her lips on her,

would caress her crevasse, would make her squirm and moan with pleasure. Her body anticipated it, virtually yearned for it. And the meaner Angelika treated her, the more callous and cruel her demeanor, god help her, the hotter her body got. Angelika seemed to know this and knew that to really get her in the mood she needed to treat her in the most despicable manner. She squeezed her breasts, pulled at her nipples, twisted them sharply, painfully, and then gave them the sweetest caress.

“No? You don’t want to be whipped? Well, we’ll see how well you suck my pussy. You better be good, *o es la latigo para que tus de seguro!*” Or it’s the whip for you for sure!

Angelika leaned back, her hands slid up along Zorrita’s sides and over her ass once more. One hand, her left, pleased itself over her soft, wounded skin, while the other, the right, snuck in between her outstretched thighs, lingered a minute along the graceful curves of her mound, lightly, lightly caressing it, and then its fingers pushed between the outer folds and slipped right into her slippery canal.

“*¡O tu esta moje, tus poco puta!*” she exclaimed. “What a slut you are! A wanton, little *guarra!* But that’s why we like you so much. Zorrita. You’re a dirty, slutty little whore, *la perrita pequena joder*, the little fuck doggie! It’s too bad Lorenzo’s going to burn you all up. I’ll miss you, really, I will. So we’ll make sure we fuck every day until that happens. Okay?”

Zorrita’s head was bent low. Angelika was thrusting two fingers back and forth, deep in her canal, brushing each time over her little, engorged nubbin. “Yes! Yes!” she thought as the fires smoldered within her, the sense of pleasure suffusing her body and mind. “Let’s fuck every day, all day, every chance we get! It’s all I have left! Make me hot! Make me come! Fuck me like the dirty whore I am!”

“Yarp!” Zorrita exclaimed loudly. And then, a pause, and again, “Yarp!” a pause again and “Yarp!”

Angelika laughed. She slid her hand free of the little doggie’s coosh and gave her a sharp slap on her rear. “That’s the spirit, Zorrita! Now stay where you are while I turn down the bed.”

Angelika’s bed was simple, just a light stained maple headboard, with convenient bright steel rings embedded in it, on an 8” high platform. It was broad and long and covered with a light blue satiny sheet. At the headboard were several large, fluffy pillow encased in white linen. Angelika went to the head of the bed and, with a grand, sweeping gesture, pulled the billowing top sheet to the foot. She

stepped gracefully over to the bedroom door and dimmed the lights. The full moon outside cast a soft glow through the sliding glass door directly onto the bed, giving the pastel blue bottom sheet a luminous glow.

Carly cast a look at herself in the tall, clear mirror that was mounted on the doors to Angelika's closet. She could only see herself faintly, but the outline of her doggie ears stood out clearly as did the black doggie nose on her face. Her purple shaded eyes appeared as deeply shadowed craters. The moonlight created a glow around her and she could just make out her dangling breasts.

"You're a doggie," she told herself. A *perrita pequeña joder*, a fuckdoggie. There seemed little chance, or no chance at all, that anyone would acknowledge her personhood between now and when she would be lit up like a doggie *flambé*. Only an act of rebellion would reassert her humanity. But she was too beaten down to attempt it. Why cause needless hardship when such a terrible, unavoidable end was in sight? What would she prove? Vincenzo, or Lorenzo, or Angelika, or all three, would impose the harshest discipline on her if she attempted it. She would scream and sob and screech and wail, and then she would resume her canine obedience. She hadn't the steely core necessary to make them beat her to death. Or to maintain a rebellion beyond the first stroke of the whip. No, she was a doggie now and would die a doggie. That's just the way it was.

"*Vamos, perrita, levantarse de la cama!*" Angelika snapped.

Zorrita wasted no time. She rose to her paws and scooted over to the bed. She looked briefly up at her mistress and then pulled herself up on the mattress.

"*En tu vientre, putita,*" she commanded.

Zorrita obediently laid on her belly. Without comment, Angelika released the vestigial portion of her legs from her thighs, pulling her legs down slowly and rubbing the muscles to prevent cramping. Zorrita issued a sigh of relief as the tension went out of her muscles. She felt Angelika pull from her feet the mauve wrappings that disguised them. Then she ordered her to her hands and knees and drew down the brown and black spotted leotard that's she wore over her torso and was dressed in daily, pulling it over and off her arms, down her torso, over her thighs and off of her legs. It was measured to her perfectly and had appropriate openings for her delicate parts, her breasts, her vulva and her rear and covered her up to her neck, just to the edge of her brown



leather collar. Large, irregular matching spots were added daily to her rear and even her face, to complete her canine appearance.

When she was naked, Angelika ordered her to her back. Carly turned and laid back, spreading her legs and raising her knees. Angelika looked down at her hungrily. "*Muy benito*," she muttered.

She went to the bottom drawer of her dresser and removed a 2" wide leather belt. She crept down onto the bed, snaked it around her victim's back and buckled it tightly in place just below her belly button. There were rings on the side and Angelika clipped the rings on the doggie's wrists to it.

She was kneeling between Carly's widespread thighs. She lowered herself slowly, leaning forward, until their bodies met, belly to belly, breasts to breasts. She spread her knees, until their cooshes lay pressed together. Leering into Zorrita's ghost like eyes, she moved her hips slightly, so that the finely mowed black carpet on her lower belly scraped across Zorrita's mound.

The heat of her assailant's body, its softness, the pressure of their mingled breasts, the tingling along her mound as Angelika rubbed it, sent a wave of lust through her. Angelika was peering deep into her eyes. The moonlight was just behind her and to her right, and it created a halo around her head and half darkened her face. Perspiration had emerged at the points of their bodies' contact and she could feel their skins sliding against one another as Angelika rotated her hips.

Her hands were down on the bed on either side of Zorrita's head. She brought her face close, until only a few millimeters separated their lips. She could taste her mistress' breath and sense its heat. Their lips matched and a surge of desire rose though her. Angelika's tongue entered her mouth and slowly, delicately made a dance around her own. Her hips were moving slightly up and down, scraping her stiffened love button. Carly moaned and Angelika moaned back.

She squeezed her knees against Angelika's hips. Her hands strained in their bonds, unfree to fulfill her desire to clench the assaultive torso of her mistress against her. Every time that Angelika's mound slid across her clit, she raised her hips, desperately seeking the abrasion that was sending wild currents of thrilling sensations throughout her.

Angelika broke their kiss and whispered something that her doggie lover didn't understand although the hoarseness of her voice and the sensual sound of the words conveyed their gist readily. Then she began to slide her body downwards. Her breasts, which had been mingling

with and tantalizing her captive's scraped across her belly. Her mouth seized first one teat, and then the other, suckling hard, generating a tremor of passion that electrified her breasts and descended down her backbone, through her pelvis and directly into her yearning chamber.

Then she went lower. Her lips and tongue traversed her belly. Her hands strolled lightly down her confined arms and jumped, at their doglegged turns toward her waist, directly to her hips.

The mouth went lower now, across the tender skin of her lower belly. Carly knew their destination. Her mistress had supped there many times before. And her skilled devotions to her crux was always such that she would howl and wail and issue excited yelps of pleasure, as she had been taught at the end of a whip. Carly, or Zorrita, or whatever she could be called, did not deceive herself that her implacable mistress, her cruel, demanding, self-concerned mistress was anxious to demonstrate any concerns for her slave's pleasures or satisfactions. She had no compulsion to generate gratitude in her victim for the pleasures she brought her, had no need to approximate equity in their mutual satisfactions.

No, this was about desire, and power, and mastery and ownership. It was the thrill of possessing that delicate organ, the taste of its sweaty flesh, its discharge, and the aromas of arousal. It was about her victim's surrender to her manipulations, manual and oral. It was about drawing out her subject's moans and sighs and other vocalizations of enforced pleasure. And the incontrovertible satisfaction, even more than satisfaction, glee, ironic, corrupt, demonic, if you will, fulfillment that inured to her as she absorbed her victim's humiliation, shame, sorrow and helplessness, feeding on it, and driving her perverted lusts to virtually god-like extremes.

The hot mouth captured Carly's tingling nubbin, subsuming it, sucking on it hungrily. A freshet of terrible pleasure rushed from there directly to her brain. She groaned loudly. She raised her hips to meet it. Her hands closed into fists and her toes curled as her feet pressed hard against the bed. Angelika's tongue swirled over the little nubbin of flesh.

Carly, some part of her, some very, very small part, a part that had been whittled down, eroded, striated over the seeming eons she had been a slave, open and obedient to one and all, an erosion and dissipation that commenced its unholy work that night, so many months ago, when her captor had first ordered her to strip in front of him, uttered a dismal protest from somewhere deep inside her as her

flesh responded to the unwanted caresses. And though the part that screamed this hopeless protest was small, forlorn, abused, denigrated, its voice was still strong and loud and heartfelt. And, ironically, as it mixed and mingled with the leavening, surging strength of her bodily desires, it created an exquisite, electrified anguished tension inside her that seemed to curl around her backbone and neck and brain like a ferocious python, and drove her to a frightful, vibrant, excruciating apogee of awareness, experience, consciousness that nothing in her prior life had ever prepared her for or presaged.

She was there now. Angelika's mouth slid down and her tongue buried itself between her love lips. It tickled the entrance to her chamber, swirling around the entrance and then plunged in deeply, scouring the sides and ceiling. The hands were scouring her thighs, her belly, even her breasts, as if they were devilish outriders to the satanic forces that lapped at her inner self.

And then back to her clit, the tongue first lapping at it as if gathering its fruits, and then trilling it, flitting *rapidement* across it lightly, then firmly, then lightly again. Zorrita squirmed and whined and moaned and even screeched. The urge to call out was building within her like a suppurating boil, its sources foul and venomous and diseased. But she was not allowed words, even to call to her maker in urgent ejaculations, whether seeking divine relief from her travail or in grateful celebration for the millions of little nerve endings that were transmitting uncoded messages of exquisitvity, not to mention that mysterious animal-like portion of her brain that received them. There was only one form of verbal expression licensed to her, and she used it now, releasing frantic, high pitched yarps into the void. "Yarp! Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!" she yelled. These canine-like ejaculations seemed to spur her tormentor on, and her mouth commenced an all-out attack on her sex.

That voice, that spark of humanity and decency and self-worth, winked out like the flame on a birthday cake, leaving only a mere, minute wisp of grayish smoke to demark and render piquant her torment. And then her pussy sprang alive. The first convulsion felt like she had been kicked there, it was so deep and hard and body shaking. And then it was followed by a parade of mates, hard clenches of her tunnel, that sent missiles bearing intolerable blasts of mind numbing pleasure all throughout her.

She gasped for breath, her hands pulled desperately at their confinements, her heart throbbed within her chest. She dug her heels

into the bed, she ground her hips against the face that was tormenting her. She tried to push back, to withdraw her fevered coosh from her mistress's ravages, but her hands just circled her thighs, and locked them in place as the tongue and lips went on and on and on. Her pussy exploded again. She yearned to beg for forbearance, even as every cell in her body rejoiced. That python that circled her spine and neck and brain squeezed tightly, creating a mind scorching tension, whose center point seemed to rise right out of her head and breakout into a fearsome, dazzling brilliance above her.

And then, as if her hunger had been sated, Angelika relented her assault. She raised her head from Zorrita's loins, a twisted smile on her face. As Carly tried to catch her breath, she rubbed her hands over her still trembling thighs, up over her belly and to her breasts, seizing them and squeezing them. "*Tu tienes un coño delicioso, perrita,*" she hissed. "But now it's my turn," she said.

She leaned back and drew Zorrita's legs together and then climbed up her body until, placing her knees on either side of the doggie's head, she lowered her black trimmed coosh to her lips. "*Inicio agradable y lento, perrita, tenemos un montón de tiempo,*" she instructed her. Start off nice and slow, we have plenty of time.

Carly inhaled the pungent aroma of her mistress's arousal. It was familiar to her. As the mushy organ met her face, she craned her neck back, released her tongue and began to lick.

Angelika hissed with delight. Leaning on the headboard, her thighs spread wide, she maneuvered her slice over and around her doggie's lips. Zorrita had been beaten often for a lack of enthusiasm in her worship to her mistress's coosh, at least early on, but now was expert in delivering an energetic gemauch. The smell had initially revolted her, but now was familiar and strangely delicious. As the pussy glided this way and that, now stopping to mash itself against her lips and nose, now sliding up and down to allow her tongue to lather the delicate flesh within its folds, to presenting her hardened button for suckling, Angelika moaned and hissed and whispered hoarse ejaculations of pleasure.

"*¡Más rápido! ¡Más difícil! ¡Más lento! ¡Más suave! ¡Hacer eso! ¡Sí! ¡Sí! ¡Seguir haciendo eso!*" she exclaimed. Faster! Harder! Slower! Softer! Do that! Yes! Yes! Keep doing that!

Carly could tell that her excitement was growing. But she was, if nothing else, all about control, and every once in a while she would pull her loins up from the *perrita's* slimy face, breathing deeply,

sometimes moaning, and then return them some moments later when her crisis was sufficiently forestalled. Carly's jaw and tongue began to ache. At moments, when Angelika pressed her whole loins down hard, covering her mouth and nose, grinding hard against them, Zorrita had to hold her breath and wait patiently, if anxiously for her to arise again.

Suddenly, after a long while, Angelika released a loud moan. She quickly spun herself around, again forcing her slit against Zorrita's face, rubbing it up and down frantically.

*"¡Oh Dios! ¡Oh Dios! ¡Oh Dios! ¡Está bien! ¡Está bien! ¡Está bien! Más difícil! Más difícil! Más rápido! Más rápido!"* she called out frantically. And then, *"¡Separó las piernas!"* she ordered.

Zorrita knew what was coming. They had done it many times before. But she spread her legs obediently, raised her knees and proffered her poor little coosh to her evil goddess.

"Harder! Suck me harder! Lick me! Suck me! Oh, you fucking cunt! You fucking cunt!" she cried out in English. Suddenly, her hand came down and struck Zorrita's coosh a vicious blow. Zorrita screamed into her mistress's slick channel. She struck her again and again and again. Zorrita cried out at each blow. Her thighs trembled, her hands closed but, as best she could, she continued her adoration of Angelika's cunt. *"¡Más difícil! ¡Más rápido! ¡Más difícil! ¡Oh, tu coño! ¡Tu coño! ¡Tu coño!"* she screamed again. Harder! Faster! Harder! Oh, you cunt! You cunt! You cunt!

Suddenly, she lowered her head and seized Zorrita's nubbin with her lips. As if on fire, she sucked and licked and mushed the organ ferociously. To her woeful dismay, Carly was immediately carried away by a wave of lust. Her mind fogged by need, she redoubled her efforts to satisfy her possessor, raised her hips, and pressed hard against the mouth that was consuming her. Angelika's hands had encircled her thighs and was gripping them tightly as she released maniacal ejaculations of passion.

And then, as suddenly as the fit had seized her, Angelika's excitement waned. She continued, softly, slowly, gently, her oral ministrations to Zorrita's sex, cooing, "Mmmmmmm! Ohhhhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhh!" Her hips eased their grind against her captive's mouth. She leaned back up, rotating her pelvis slowly, as if to draw out the last remnants of her delight from the upturned face, its lips and tongue. She drew her hands up and down the length of the *perrita's* widespread thighs, reveling in their softness, their docility, and the mild tremors that still emanated from them.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, Zorrita,” she sighed, “*tu esta una perra bien entrenada.*” You’re a well-trained bitch. “I’m going to miss you, *perrita.* That’s for sure.” She paused for a moment as if in contemplation of this disquieting thought. And then, giving Zorrita’s conch several comforting pats, she said, “Oh, well, I’ll survive somehow.”

She lifted her leg and slid off of Zorrita’s body. Leaving the pet where she was, she strolled into the bathroom. Carly could hear her release of water into the toilet, and then the washing of her hands and face at the sink. The mind numbing passions Angelika had produced in her had passed and the thoughts of her dismal future returned. Angelika would miss her. Was that supposed to give her solace? The woman’s concerns for her own pleasures, superseding any slight bit of pity she might have for her, sent a horrifying chill through her, making all too real the horrors of her upcoming ordeal.

She closed her eyes and began to cry. Her knees were still widespread, as her mistress had left them. Her paw-like hands strained at their confinements at her waist. She had the urge to jump from the bed and run screaming from the room, but, even if her hands had been free, she had no means to engage in the simple human task of turning the handle on the door. Nor did she have the courage to fling herself pell-mell against the glass of the sliding door that led to the gardens outside. In her closet, Angelika maintained a fierce electrical prod that she had used on her more than once, and its production would be sufficient to reduce Zorrita into a lump of quaking, sorrowful jelly.

Angelika emerged from the bathroom. The glass door was behind her and the moonlight created a halo around her darkened form. She was patting at her face with a towel. When done, she tossed it aside, as just one more thing for the maid to take care of. She crossed the room and stepped to the large mirrored closet opposite the bed, flipped on a row of small, dimmed high hats, slid open a door and drew out her black silk robe. It was hand painted with luxurious, colorful, fully bloomed orchids running on a diagonal from her left shoulder, across her belly and down towards her right foot. She slipped on a pair of black leather high heeled slippers and then, cinching the belt of the robe around her graceful waist, ordered Zorrita off of the bed and onto the floor.

The *perrita* slid off of the bed on command and knelt on the floor next to the bed. Angelika freed her paws, removed the confining leather belt and ordered her to all fours.

Angelika quickly, and without comment restored her habiliments, first the sheer body stocking that she wore, making sure that her heavy breasts fell easily through the cutouts made for them and aligning the bottom so that her sex and rear aperture were left free. She lifted her hind legs one by one, rewrapped them in the mauve gauze meant to camouflage them, and affixed them to her thighs, restoring her to a four legged beast.

All the while, Zorrita gazed sadly into the mirror opposite, staring at her dog-like face. Her floppy ears swayed and jumped as she adjusted her body to facilitate her readornments. Her blackened nose, long and snoutish, still slick with her mistress's juices, shined in the light. Her darkened eyes were made more bestial by her somber mien.

Once she had restored her to full canine status Angelika picked up her dress from the floor, reached into its pocket and tossed it aside again. In her hand were two of the cookies which Luiza had brought her back in the kitchen.

"Since you've been a very good little doggie, Zorrita, you can have two more treats," she said. She held one out.

"¡Arriba! ¡Arriba! ¡Ruego!" she commanded sharply. Beg!

Swallowing a deep revulsion and sorrow, Zorrita sprang immediately up, resting herself on her bound legs and proffered her little black leather covered paws curled under her chin. She lolled her tongue, pinned her eyes dog-like to the proffered treat and issued a forlorn whine.

"¡Hable! ¡Hable!" Angelika commanded.

"Yarp! Yarp!" Zorrita obediently barked.

A broad, sardonic grin spread across Angelika's face. She lowered the cookie with one hand and let the *perrita*, her eyes gleaming with tears, gently take it with her lips.

Zorrita dropped back to all fours, masticating the treat roughly. She cursed herself for the pleasure the rough textured but sweet treat gave her.

When she was done with the first, making sure that she licked up any crumbs from the rug, Angelika made her rear up again and bark for her treat again. For a second, Carly considered disobedience, maybe thrusting her snout forward and giving Angelika a very dog-like bite on the leg. But she remembered the electric prong in the closet and the prior beatings she had received. She rose up, begged, barked on command, and then seized the cookie and then gnashed it to pieces, all the while looking up dolefully at her evil mistress.

When she had lapped up the crumbs which had fallen to the floor, Angelika leaned forwards and tousled her tuft of almost white, unruly, unregulated hair. "*Es en bien perrita pequeña,*" she remarked sweetly. What a good little doggie.

She affixed the leash to her collar and gave it a little tug as she stepped toward the door. "*Vámenos,*" she said.



## CHAPTER ELEVEN

They headed for the kitchen. On the way, Angelika stopped one of the maids and told her to go and straighten up her room. She told her that when she was done, she should wait for her there.

The kitchen was darkened when they arrived, but for a low light over the kitchen table. Luiza was sitting there drinking a cup of coffee. She stood when they entered the room.

*“Take the doggie for a walk and put her in her cage until Vincenzo comes for her,”* she told the cook.

Luiza made a little curtsy. *“Si, señora,”* she replied.

Angelika handed the leash off to the cook, made a quick turn and exited the room. Luiza gave Zorrita a friendly smile and tousled her fluff of hair. *“Buena perrita,”* she murmured offhandedly. She poured back her cup of coffee and then gave the leash a little tug.

She took her out the back door, stopping first to wash out her coffee cup and place it in the dish rack. She pulled a couple of sheets of paper towel from a roll and then took Zorrita down the hall, past the storeroom and the employees’ bathroom, pushed the door open and led her outside. The night was clear, and the blazing moon made everything bright. She led her charge down the path outside the door and up onto the scraggly lawn behind the hacienda.

Zorrita followed her mournfully. It was a ritual she experienced several times a day, but one she had never gotten used to. Off on the right was the employees’ parking lot and she often saw cars and trucks pulling in and out. It made her want to dash away, maybe somehow jump up onto the bed of one of the rattletrap pickups leaving the lot and make her escape. But, whether it was one of the cooks or one of the pretty, young maids who took her outside, they always held tightly to her leash. They all knew the horror that would be visited upon them if they let her escape, or the beating they would receive if they were seen chasing after her in the parking lot like some Keystone Cop.

On the other hand, it was nice to be outside, especially at night. She could almost pretend that this was just a normal, everyday part of a normal life. She could almost blot out the leash pulling on her collar, the captor who led her, or the fact that she was hobbling along as best she could on her hands and knees.

Luiza took her to a spot about 100 yards off from the house. It was darker here and the nearby outbuildings, the barn, the security barracks, the other, larger buildings that neighbored Lorenzo's little palace were just blurred outlines. They had passed a pair of security men, who stopped them so that they could play with her breasts and pet her head, and a couple of field workers who just glanced at her and then hurried along.

She turned her back on Luiza, spread her knees and tilted her head up to look at the moon. "Please, please help me," she asked the universe as her liquid flowed beneath her, mixing with the sparse grass. When she was done, she turned her doggy head and looked at Luiza. The old lady smiled, took the paper towel from the pocket of her shirtwaist dress, leaned down behind her and wiped her coosh. She balled up the towel, placed it back in her pocket, gave Zorrita another friendly pat on the head and then gave the leash a little yank. Zorrita followed her back to the house.

Once back in the kitchen, she led her over to her cage, removed the leash and hung it on the wall. After connecting the chain to her collar, she stepped over to the tall, industrial style cooler and removed a container of heavy cream. She poured some into a bowl, mixed in some sugar, gave it a few sharp stirs and licked the spoon. She brought the bowl over to where Zorrita knelt, watching her, and placed it down in front of her. She petted her again, murmured, "*Comer,*" and then stepped back to the counter area where she picked up the carton of cream, returned it to the cooler, washed and rinsed the spoon and then came back to where Zorrita was eagerly lapping up the pleasing mixture.

Carly relished each tongue full. It was rich and sweet and delicious. When Luiza came back, she looked up at her, managed a wry half smile and then returned to the delight. She often debated within herself the moral guilt of Luiza and the other cooks. They performed essential functions in an institution of sexual slavery and, as had just happened, facilitated her reduction to bestial status.

On the other hand, like tonight, they were mostly kind to her, even sweet. Their sweetness was tempered by the fact that they liked to play with her, often manipulating her to orgasm for their amusement. Not that she minded that much since everybody else seemed to have a piece of her, so why not them. She never felt like they did it with an intent to humiliate or shame her, but rather that it was partly just for the fun of it

and partly as an expression of their affection for her. And she did seem to enjoy it as she released powerful, excited yelps as she came.

Did their sweetness and sympathy cancel out their complicity in her enslavement and the enslavement of all the pretty, young maids who passed in and out of the hacienda? If they refused to fulfill their duties they themselves might face terrible disciplines or at least discharge, or both. And if they were discharged, or quit in protest, wouldn't they just be replaced by others, others who might not mind so much belaboring a young woman's body with a whip? Who might not give her little treats like sweetened cream, or bake her cookies, or pet her and smile at her, giving her relief, albeit temporary, from her oppression?

Zorrita had finally decided that the day in her imaginary future when she swept through the mansion with the terrible sword of vengeance, cutting the balls off of all of the men who had abused her, saving heinous tortures for Vincenzo, Angelika and especially Lorenzo, she would spare the cooks. She lapped up the last drop of sweetened cream, gazed up at Luiza appreciatively and gave her a wan smile.

Luiza patted her on the head, picked up the bowl, washed it and placed it in the rack to dry. She came back to Zorrita. It was time to put her in her cage. All during the course of the day, maids or cooks, or one of Lorenzo's henchmen, or Angelika and Lorenzo themselves, were constantly around her and ready to enforce the iron clad rules that enforced her doggishness. But, each night, if Lorenzo had not called her to serve in his little playroom, like tonight, she would spend several hours locked into her cage waiting to be brought up to his bedroom for the night. There would be no one to notice if she murmured some words to herself, practiced, lest she forget entirely, what it meant to express herself in language. And no one around to ensure that she did not violate the prohibition against touching herself, her breasts, her vulva, in an effort to achieve self-actualized pleasure or merely to reclaim some part of those organs to herself.

Thus it was mandatory that before Luiza or Carmella or Magdalena placed her in her cage that she be properly gagged and confined. Businesslike, Luiza connected the bracelets on Zorrita's wrists to the ring on the front of her collar with a small chain. She then took possession of the gag that hung ever-ready on a hook on the wall and proffered it to Zorrita's mouth. Zorrita had received more than one beating for refusing it and so dutifully spread her lips. The thick prong

spread wide her teeth and reached to the back of her throat. The leather shield at its base covered her lips and confined her chin, pulling her mouth closed upon its intruder. Luiza stepped behind her and fastened it tightly behind her head, sinking it deeper in her mouth and placing pressure on her lips and teeth. Luiza might have been sweet and kind but was of the firm belief that any job worth doing was worth doing well and if the *perrita's* mouth had to be confined there was no sense going about it half assed. Besides, either Vincenzo or Lorenzo would be the one eventually taking the instrument off and if they saw that she had been less than maximally efficient there might be repercussions.

Zorrita gave out a little cough as the edge of the long, thick, round prong edged its way against the back of her mouth. She couldn't help her eyes tearing up each night as her demeaning and cruel gag was administered. She turned her dog-like head to watch Luiza as she passed back in front of her, eyeing her dolefully. Luiza just gave her a little grandmotherly smile, kissed her on the forehead and snapped "*¡En la jaula!*"

She shuffled over to the cage and half rolled in. Even before she could turn and face the front, Luiza had slapped the door closed and set the lock. Without further comment or ado, she stepped over to the counter area and shut off the light she had turned on when she had prepared the doggie's cream treat. She removed her stained, white apron and tossed it into a barrel. There was a little closet there from which she retrieved her purse and exchanged her work shoes for sandals. She pulled a brightly flowered kerchief from her oversized straw purse and put it over her hair, knotting it tightly under her chin. She proceeded down the hall, doused the dim hall light, unlocked the outer door with the key she kept on the belt around her waist, and walked her short, portly figure out, slamming the door shut tightly behind her. There was the sound of the deadbolt being snapped back into place and then silence.

She was all alone. The only sound was the dull humming of the large cooler. The only light was the dimmed bulb over the kitchen table some 15' or more off to her left. Over at the stove you could see the blue pilot lights glowing. She was kneeling on a 2" thick cotton pallet, her thighs resting on the backs of her shins. The cage was not cramped, but just big enough for her to kneel inside it and raise herself to presentation position if need be. The back of her collar was connected to the chain that was fastened to the back of her cage. She took a deep breath through her nose and gently shook her head, leaning

her neck backwards, as if she could shake the stifling wad of leather from her mouth.

Each night, when she was locked into her cage in the kitchen and whoever had been taking care of her, last to leave, Luiza, Magdalena or Carmella, had gone, it took her some moments to settle into the fact that she was alone. No one, for the moment, was watching her. For a little while she could let her dog-like mien slough off of her and recover some portion of her humanity. They were smart to gag her, for if her mouth had been free she would be muttering fiendish curses and mantras, swearing to wreak havoc upon her oppressors, or pleading to the heavens for salvation, or just whispering again and again, over and over, "I'm Carly! I'm Carly! I'm Carly! I'm not a dog! I'm not a dog! I'm not a dog!"

Instead, she bit down firmly on her gag and let the misery of her predicament, misery that she fought almost every other moment of the day to keep at bay lest she falter in her canine impressions, flow through her like a meandering river, from her brain, down her neck, across her breasts, around and through her belly, down her thighs and down to her toes. Every nook and cranny of her physical being was scoured and soured. She had lost count of the days since her enslavement. She just knew that it had been months and months. Throughout her day, she was usually impelled to strict obedience and enthusiastic service by a fiery core inside her that wanted to live, that believed that someday she would be free, that believed that if she just avoided disabling punishments, and pleased her rulers, she could somehow lull them into complacency and could escape.

Where she would go and how she would find her way back to the US she had never worked out. Naked and outfitted as a dog, she would have to crawl along for hundreds if not thousands of miles hiding herself from eyes that would easily discern that she had escaped from somewhere. Once they captured her and looked at the brass tag on her collar, they would know from where and how to return her for the reward.

She looked out into the darkened kitchen. The table where the humans ate was bathed in a soft, brown-yellowish hue. The light from the table eroded quickly as it gained distance from it and the red-brown ceramic tiled floor in front of her cage was almost completely dark. The light glinted slightly off of the steel counter and, if she turned her head to the right, off of the smooth steel surface of the cooler. The hall that led to the door that, if she could just possibly somehow get

through it, might lead to freedom was completely dark. She could not make out the swinging door that led to the dining room where Lorenzo and his *compadres* ate dinner almost nightly and abused the maids who were detailed to serve them. From time to time she was led out there at Lorenzo's request and ordered to beg and bark as she was tossed scraps from the table, or to wrestle with and gnaw at some bone that had been half consumed, to the amusement of the men.

To the left was the door to the hallway that led to the rest of the house, to the atrium where she served most of her days, to Lorenzo's playroom, Angelika's bedroom, to the wide, curving marble stairs that led up to the bedrooms. There was a door there too, in the atrium. Wide and heavy, it swung open frequently during the day. If she had somehow been able to free herself from the chain that bound her to the base of the balustrade, she could have easily dashed through it, although how she would avoid the guards that always lounged outside of it she had not figured out.

The next person she would likely see would be Vincenzo. His coming would be signaled by the eruption of a line of light beneath the door that led to the rest of the house. Once in a while, some of the maids would sneak down the back stairs and raid the cooler, giggling while they scarfed down ice cream or pie. They would come over to her cage and tease her, urging her to bark, which she sometimes did from behind her gag just to make them laugh. Some of the maids were cruel, calling her an ugly, slutty bitch, but most were just playful and oblivious to her dismay. A couple of them were saddened by seeing her caged like that, all bound and gagged, calling her a poor, little *perrita*. But none of them seemed unconvinced that she was some sort of less than human beast, and, if not fully a dog, mostly so.

Once or twice the girls had been caught robbing the fridge and brutally beaten right there in front of her and then taken off bound and gagged by Vincenzo or Angelika for more serious discipline. It didn't stop them though and Carly supposed that they reveled in their opportunity for even such a small rebellion at their fates and celebrating that, for at least that night, so far, no one had dragged them off for callous use. When they were done, they would clean up as best they could, turnoff the light and run back up the stairs. Carly figured that the cooks were not fooled, but said nothing, colluding in this minor alleviation of their plight. But dropping a plate or spilling a drink, that was another story.

Time passed slowly. She tried to relax, to sleep. But it was impossible. Her night wasn't over. Soon Vincenzo would come through the door and bring her upstairs where she would await her nightly abuse from her owner, Lorenzo. He didn't whip her every night, but just often enough so that it always loomed as a threat. He was almost always rough with her though, mocking her and degrading her. He was always drunk and high and would laugh and cackle as he made her crawl around the room barking and yelping. And when he finally had her crawl up into his bed, he fucked her roughly, slapping her or punching her about the body if he was displeased with her responsiveness.

And now, being alone in the semidarkness, the thoughts of her dismal fate, only weeks away, kept creeping into her mind like a fog rolling in from a fetid swamp. The terror of it made her shiver. How long would she have to suffer? Would she pass out? How would she bear it? How could such a depraved thing be allowed to happen? She tried not to cry and sob, but she couldn't help it. She was all alone, with nothing to distract her. All around her was a huge house filled with people, some masters, some servants, but all who would live past the time of her demise. They would thank the stars that they were not her, perhaps experience a moment or two of empathy for her fate, but would then move on as the next, new *perrita* took her place.

And then, after two hours or so of isolated misery, the light finally flashed under the hallway door. The sound of heavy steps followed it. The door swung open. She sprang to presentation position. A thin black form advanced on her. It was Vincenzo.

He didn't make any comment to her as he looked down on her, paused to make sure that she was properly rigid and extended. When satisfied at her obedience, he unlocked the cage and ordered her out.

She shuffled out clumsily as best she could and then raised herself stiffly on her knees again, her black leather covered paws hanging from her neck. He quickly released them from the chain and ordered her on all fours, “*¡Manos y rodillas!*”

The leash was attached to the back of her collar. He gave it a hard yank and she followed him to the back stairway. She climbed the narrow, winding stairway slowly and with difficulty. They got to the second floor landing and Vincenzo pushed open the door. It opened to the sumptuous hallway, with its thick red rug, elegant cream colored walls. Lorenzo's room was on the other end and Vincenzo marched her there, passing the gilt framed paintings on the walls, the dark stained,

shiny half tables and hutches on which sat expensive looking vases filled with colorful flowers.

They passed all the other doorways, each one representing a bedroom for the use of Lorenzo's henchmen or his guests. Zorrita had spent time in all of them, brought up from her perch in the anteroom for purposes of pleasure. As they passed the curving marble staircase that led up from the anteroom, one of Lorenzo's men, a scruffy, broad shouldered man with a heavy gut, was just cresting it. One of the maids was with him. He had his right hand firmly ensconced in her hair and he had her bent over as he hauled her up the stairs. He stopped and exchanged a pleasantry with Vincenzo and then marched the unhappy girl down the hall.

Lorenzo's room was at the end. It had a large carved oak door with bright brass fittings. Vincenzo pushed it open and gestured with his head for Zorrita to enter. He came in right behind her and pushed the door closed.

The room was large. There was heavy, dark stained furniture around the room. Three large windows ran down one side. Lorenzo's expansive, four masted bed stood in the middle, made up neatly and covered with a thin, light brown spread decorated with brightly colored Aztec designs. Over the headboard was a painting of a massive bull pawing the sand of a corrida, picadors' lances rising from its shoulders and back. Swirls of translucent red rose up around it, presaging the blood that was about to be so cruelly spilled.

Vincenzo pulled her to the back of the room, past the bed, and past the whipping stand where she would soon be mounted. He had her mount a bidet in the bathroom and relieve herself and then pulled her back into the room.

He stopped her before the whipping stand and told her to present herself. She rose up, placed her arms behind her and thrust out her breasts. He removed her gag and tossed it aside. Vincenzo towered over her. He was tall and thin, but exuded strength and force nonetheless. As usual, he was dressed in black pants and a black vest over a ruffled white shirt. His face was boney and stark and his hair short and black, peppered with grey. On his right hip dangled a short leather quirt with four vinegar soaked, knotted tassels. He had used it often enough on Zorrita that she couldn't help her eyes darting towards it nervously.



But tonight, it seemed, there was to be no discipline. His boney hands went directly to his zipper which he lowered. He reached in and produced his long, rubbery cock.

It was a nightly ritual. Every night when he brought her up to Lorenzo's room, he demanded a servicing from her before he mounted her on the stand. Dutifully, Zorrita bent her head, subsumed the end of his still flaccid tool in her mouth and went to work on it.

As she worked the meat into hardness, Carly tried to decide, as she often did, who she hated more, Vincenzo or Lorenzo. Lorenzo was more brutal, and often senselessly so. But his brutality was negligent and haphazard. And sometimes he was away for days at a time. Vincenzo, however, was seemingly always present. He was prone to turning the corner wherever she was and whatever she was doing. Sometimes, if she were kneeling still in the foyer, watching the outside door, preparing herself to launch into yelps as soon as someone came through, she would experience a creepy, sickening feeling. When she turned her head Vincenzo would be standing there watching her. Sometimes he advanced on her, removing the quirt from his belt and belabored her for not sitting up stiffly enough, or the dourness of her expression. Or her lack of adequate enthusiasm for a guest who had passed through moments before. Sometimes he just turned away and walked off.

Every morning he took her up to the showers on the third floor and bathed her, intimately covering all of her body with his cold hands, sometimes coolly fingering her to pleasure, sometimes, but not always, taking oral pleasure from her. His gaze was penetrating, full of steel. And while Lorenzo was full of emotion, be it anger or amusement, Vincenzo was implacable, enigmatic, stony. Lorenzo was satisfied to treat her like a beast, callous and, beyond his enjoyment, indifferent to her suffering. Vincenzo delivered suffering coldly, with razor sharp intent to strike at the pitiful remnant of a human being that hid deep down in her consciousness, to inculcate into it a continuous, rabid fear and to drive out of it all traces of self-worth.

A sourness leaked out into her stomach as she serviced him. His cock stiffened quickly in her mouth, growing thicker and heavier. She had sucked a hundred cocks since her enslavement. Maybe more. She usually tried to lose herself in the task, to roll up her humiliation and shame like a rug and concentrate solely on the need to deliver her services with energy and skill. Sucking Lorenzo's cock was always tinged with fear since his moods were so mercurial. At any moment he

could yank her mouth off of his tool and bestow a barrage of blows on her. But when Vincenzo's cock was in her mouth, when she was gazing up at him, as he had instructed her always to do, his cold, ruthless eyes staring back, she was reminded always of her sickening obsequiousness, her servility, her reduction to a beast with no more rights than a cat or a mouse. Sourness and shame would radiate out from the rude member filling her oral void and spread to every cell of her body. It was an evil, malicious, diseased thing, and she had it in her mouth with no power to reject it. Her mouth was a space owned by others and she had no right or ability to deny them foul entrance into it.

She serviced the now stiffened wand with loving-like attention even as misery and self-pity welled up inside her. "There was a time that I wasn't a slave," she thought unhappily. "But there won't ever be again." How cruel life had been to condemn her to this fate, this house, this room and to have this foul appendage in her mouth. Its heat, its saltiness, its remorseless rigidity, its undeniable and irrefutable presence sickened her. It seemed like all the evil and cruelty and misery in the world was emanating from it.

She worked the wand expertly and anyone who would have been watching her would have thought that sucking Vincenzo's cock was the be all and end all of her existence. She brushed her tightened lips down its length, she swirled her tongue around its head. She nibbled at it, brought it deep into her being, she moaned, she slurped, she went fast and slow, long and short. She did everything she could think of, all the while thinking, "Come! Come! Come! Get it over! Get it over!"

But Vincenzo, as usual, was in no hurry. He stared down at her relentlessly, his hands lightly on her head. Sometimes he would moan and his eyes would flutter, but his eyes would always return to hers, checking on her obedience. Only he would control when he came and he would decide when he had a surfeit of her humiliation and shame and degradation.

It was always clear when the decision had been made. His hands would tighten their grip on her head, stilling her, his hips would begin to thrust. And she would be transformed from an energetic, pleasure giving animal to the mere receptacle of his lust.

That happened now, and Carly's soul was uplifted that her ordeal would soon be at an end. He thrust rapidly and hard, long strokes that impelled against the back of her throat and bruised her lips. She kept her mouth soft and small, making a wet, hot channel for his passion. She gripped his staff tightly with her lips. Her hands twisted and curled

within her stiff leather mittens as best they could. He began to grunt, seemingly louder and rougher with each thrust. Her brain recoiled with renewed misery as she prepared to receive his vile discharge. And then he shouted and his prick began to throb and pulse within her mouth. She fought off a soul wrenching whine as she swallowed his thick, jetting stream. More foulness to coat her insides, to corrode her depths, to merge with her cells and indelibly and permanently mark her as debased.

He slowed, finally. He thrust his hardness deep inside her, breeching her throat, and held himself there while his tool softened. Then he withdrew himself, released her head and restored his now slippery and slimy crank to its home.

After restoring his meat, he ordered her back to all fours. He unwrapped her feet and legs and released her ankles from her thighs, lowering her lower legs slowly. This process was always laden with pain as her muscles stretched out for the first time in hours and hours. She was glad that it was always done slowly so that she could take the pain in little bunches, but she knew it was not for her benefit that this was done. A too quick restoration of her lower limbs to normality could result in a tearing of her muscles, perhaps putting her out of service, and that could not be countenanced.

When both her feet were on the floor, Vincenzo removed her dogskin-like body stocking and tossed it aside. He then ordered her to her feet.

Carly raised herself unsteadily. He ordered her to turn around and he fastened her rawhide colored wrist bracelets together behind her back. Grabbing her left arm, he spun her in a quarter turn so that her back was to the wall and then, placing his hand on her chest, pushed her backwards until she was directly beneath the chain that led to the ceiling. He pulled it down and connected the end to the joinder of her wrists. The chain led through a ring in the ceiling to the wall behind her and through another ring so that it ran along the wall to its terminus. Stepping to the wall behind her, he pulled on the chain again, causing her wrists to rise up behind her so that her hands were lifted up the middle of her back, about 6" from her waist. This caused her, in order to minimize the strain on her shoulders, to lean slightly forward, about 15 degrees from perpendicular. Her heavy breasts swung delectably free of her chest. He fastened the chain off so that it was nice and taut.

He came around before her, cupped her hanging breasts and hefted them, squeezing them softly with his boney hands. He looked at her almost wistfully, as if he were sadly contemplating the prospect of her upcoming demise and the loss of his ability to play with them. It was only for a few seconds, though. He released them, letting them fall free and sway. He picked up her gag from the floor and presented it to her mouth. She obediently spread her lips and teeth and accepted it as he jammed it home. He came behind her and tightened the straps so that the thick prong was seated deep in her mouth. He came around again and stood before her. His lips curled into a sardonic smile. He raised his right hand and gave her left cheek a few soft taps. "*Buena perrita pequeña,*" he told her. Good little doggie.

He picked up her body stocking and leg wrappings from the floor, gave her another wry look and exited the room, closing the heavy wooden door behind him. On the way out, he shut off the light.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Among all the fear laden, humiliating parts of her day, this was always the worst. Alone in the darkness, the room as silent as death, she knew that in an hour, maybe two, maybe more, Lorenzo would stroll into the room and another round of abuse would begin. He would be drunk, although how drunk was always a question. If he was too drunk, he might slap her around a little bit, mock her and deride her, and then give her a short, sloppy fuck on his bed before locking her into her cage. Occasionally, he would be so drunk that he would cast a besotted gaze at her, plop down on his bed and pass out, leaving her to stand desolate and forlorn through the whole of the long night.

But Lorenzo, although he spent most of his day consuming alcohol and cocaine and weed, when he wasn't out in the world and actually at work on one of his nefarious schemes, had an iron-like constitution and he was usually in more or less full possession of his faculties when he walked through the door. He would eye her lasciviously, strip, tossing his clothes indiscriminately around the room and then approach her, his rubbery cock in his hand, his clouded, evil mind debating on how best he was to use his half human pet tonight.

The waiting made her stomach sour. She would try not to think about it, but it was impossible not to. The darkened room gave her little to fill her senses with and all she could do was think, think, think. Many nights, like tonight, the moonlight would shine in the large window opposite her and to her left, just past the foot of the bed. Tonight it was at its brightest and she could make out the long heavy dresser against the wall, the large, gilded framed mirror above it, her shiny brass cage at the foot of the bed. The moonlight glinted off of the mirror and reflected onto the bed and into the rest of the room. She could see, dimly, the painting of the bull, snorting angrily, swirled in blood-like red. If she turned to her right, she could see the outlines of the various whips mounted conveniently on the wall.

But on other nights, the moon would, due to its phase, or the presence of a rare cloud cover, fail to deliver its soft, soul easing rays to the room and she would stand there in desolate darkness surrounded by a gloom as black as Lorenzo's evil heart.

She thought that the way she was mounted every night, her hands up behind her, was especially cruel. It wasn't the pain in her shoulders

or the crick in her bent back that she minded so much, although that was disconcerting enough. It was that, standing there human-like for one of the few times during the day, her body seemed almost free. She could move her feet. She could turn from side to side. She could even bend her knees, if she could stand the strain. At times her relative freedom created the foolish illusion that if she could just mount sufficient resolve she could just step away, stroll over to the door and walk down the hall like any other human being. Or she could go to the window, open it, and drop herself to the ground outside so she could make her escape. Or maybe just sit down and rest her tired legs.

But she wasn't free. The slightest step forward increased the wrench in her shoulders. If she bent her knees to ease the strain on her thighs, her hands would pull up. And if she tried to straighten up, to ease the ache in her lower back, the same thing would occur. Sometimes she tried to stand on her toes for a while so that she could straighten a bit, but she could only stand that for a minute or so.

So the only thing that she could really do was dangle there and wait. The tension between seeming free and not being free tormented her. Her breasts swayed every time she moved reminding her of their defenselessness and their availability for Lorenzo's evil play when he eventually appeared. Her lower half, beyond the reach of her imprisoned hands, seemed especially vulnerable and exposed, despite the fact that her parts there had been available for use and play by everyone else in the world but her throughout the day. But they were Lorenzo's playthings now and his alone, and he would torment and abuse them soon, as sure as God made little apples.

She closed her eyes and breathed deeply through her nose in an attempt to calm herself. She had made it through many more than a hundred nights it seemed and somehow she would make it through this one. Lorenzo would abuse her, harm her, torment her, but he wouldn't disable her, although on nights he belabored her with his thick, heavy, hickory cane, the next day she would be bruised and sore and every movement she made would cause her soul deadening pain. But he had never abused her so much so as to put her out of action, except that once when she had foolishly dared to speak.

But tonight, when she closed her eyes and tried to think of other things, only one thought crept into her head. In two weeks she would be burned at the stake. She would suffer pain so excruciating that that it would drive her mad, pain more intense than that which perhaps only a tiny minority of people in the world had ever experienced. The

thoughts of her dismal future were so terrifying, so disconcerting that she would become overcome with frantic panic. She shook her head and moaned. She bit down hard on her mouth filling gag, bent her knees until the pain became too much to bear, shuffled her feet and raised and lower them, one at a time, in a little ritual-like dance. She turned her face to the wall, swayed her body, jammed closed her eyes and cried and cried and cried. And rather than dread her upcoming session of abuse, began to yearn for it so that her mind would be filled with something else other than her ravenous fear and sorrow.

As the saying goes, be careful what you wish for. After a long while, she heard the door handle turn and saw the door fly open. Dressed in his flamboyant silk shirt, his standard black blue jeans and his hand tooled, snake skin boots, he crossed the lintel and stepped into the room, flicking on the bright, overhead light. She felt a ragged blade of ice pierce her belly as she beheld him. Unconsciously, she backed away as far as her chains allowed. Her leather mitten covered hands twisted in their confines. She swallowed a moan of misery.

“Ahhhhh, *muchacha*,” Lorenzo intoned as he stepped toward her. “Are you ready for a little play tonight? Eh?”

When he was opposite her, no more than two feet away, he grabbed her nipples and gave them mighty twists, causing her to release a high pitched whine. She was too afraid to look at his face, and she darted her eyes this way and that as if she could make him disappear if only she didn’t set eyes on him. He released her teats, reared back his bear-like right hand and gave her face a resounding slap. She screamed from behind her gag and her body pitched off to her right causing her arms to lift high on her back and inducing a mighty strain on her shoulders that made her release an anguished whine.

He grabbed her by the tuft of almost white hair on her head and yanked her back to a standing position. “You look at me when I’m talking to you, *tu perra inmuda*!” You filthy bitch!

Tears were already streaming down her cheeks and she forced herself to turn her eyes to his demonic, evil ravaged face.

“*Es major*,” he said more calmly now. That’s better.

He turned her head this way and that, peering deeply into it, making her doggy ears sway back and forth. “What a *perrita bonito*,” he commented. “So pretty and so stupid. All this time and I still have to teach you manners. Well, we’ll see about that. ”

He gave her head a fierce shake and then released her hair. He turned and strode toward the bathroom. She could hear him noisily empty himself and the toilet flush. He returned a moment later and began to strip.

He was heavily built and his chest was covered by thick, matted black hair. His black hair was dirty and scraggly and long, down below his ears. He stood about 6' tall in his bare feet. And although he was broad shouldered and muscular, he wore a heavy paunch, the product of his sybaritic life.

The black hair descended his belly to his loins and down his thighs. His skin was dark brown and there was a broad, angry scar across his belly where he had once been slashed with a knife. His broad, lascivious grin as he approached her revealed one gold tooth, an incisor on the left hand side. His thickening cock was in his right hand and he was giving it desultory strokes.

When he reached her, he hefted her heavy breasts in his hands, squeezing them softly. "*El perrita tiene bastante poco chachorros,*" he said tauntingly. Pretty little puppies. "Maybe I'll make them dance tonight, eh? Would you like me to get out the flogger and flail them until they're nice and red? Or maybe the dog whip, and I'll give them bright red stripes. And maybe your thighs and your belly. Would you like that?"

Carly knew better than to answer, but she couldn't help the fearful whine that escaped her gag. She knew that his whole purpose was to instill in her a rabid fear, and it was working. For his tone might be sardonic and jesting, but the threats were very real.

He squeezed her breasts harder and then, leaning over, took her right teat in his mouth. He suckled it softly, flitting his lecherous tongue over and around it. He held her right breast still with his left hand while his right coursed down over her belly and down to her crux. His hand was hot and heavy and rough and brought fear with it as it sank to her vulva. She spread her legs instantly lest he conceive that she had the thought of denying him her treasure. His hand captured it and he squeezed it threateningly, just enough to cause a discomforting pressure on her outer lips. It would have taken only a little harder of a squeeze to cause her agony.

His mouth was hot and his tongue insistent. He released her love lips and ran a thick finger along her fissure, back and forth, back and forth. It caused a tingling down there that she wanted to deny but knew



not to. His sucking on her right teat became harder, almost painful, and a twinge erupted in her canal.

He shifted hands and breasts, commencing, as on her right teat, soft, hot slurping while he held her left breast firmly in place and gave it a not quite gentle squeeze. His left hand found her crux and a finger traced its mate's path along her divide, this time finding her lubrication beginning to flow.

The service of her slice, the mastication of her teat, produced an unwanted aching in her loins. The thick finger rubbed back and forth along her crevasse, pausing at the top to caress her now hardened button and cover it with her slickness. Lorenzo was a craven beast, a brute, a despoiler, callous and cruel, but he knew how to channel his depravity into delicate and knowing kisses and caresses. He wanted his women hot when he fucked them; that was the number one priority. But he also wanted to prove his mastery of them, his ownership of them. He wanted them to perform like well-trained beasts, like the doggie that will roll over on command and twitch its legs and shudder and shake when you rubbed its belly.

Some men had mastery over horses, whispering and caressing them to calm them and sooth them into obedience. Lorenzo liked to think that he had that same mastery over women. Of course, the women he dealt with knew that unrestrained and vicious violence lurked not very deeply behind his caresses and more than a few learned to their dismay the consequences of disdaining them. It usually only took a session or two to convince them to put aside their now useless pride, all they had learned from their mothers about the value and importance of their chastity. A voice inside them, a desperate voice, a voice that had emerged from deep within them, a voice that spring from their rabid fear of violence and pain, shouted desperately, "Succumb! Succumb! Succumb!" And a companion voice, one usually suppressed by the dictates of self-respect, morality and civilization, proclaimed, "Enjoy! Enjoy! Enjoy!"

Those voices had spring up in Carly long ago, at the moment that that man, that black hearted man who had kidnapped her, had first laid his hands on her. The demon, she thought of it. It was a demon he had awakened and who now ruled her. And though his lips revolted her, although the touch of his hands sickened her, although his odor, his heat, his gravelly voice, everything about him repelled her, when he brought himself close, when he stroked her clit as he was doing now, when he suckled her teats or thrust his foul tongue into her mouth,

when he laid his hands on her and possessed her, claimed her, the demon awoke and voraciously consumed all of her dignity, her pride, her righteousness, leaving only in its place craven lust and desire. It was if, like a dragon of yore, it unleashed a fiery breath that reduced her resistance to cinders and ignited a tinderbox inside her that had laid there waiting all along.

She moaned. Her knees weakened. Her body sagged. A bright burning erupted in her loins, sending out tendrils of flame all throughout her body. His finger had found lodgment in her narrow, elastic cavern and was thrusting itself in and out while his thumb worried her clit. He had given off suckling on her teat and was now watching her face with devilish earnestness as his other hand mauled and squeezed and massaged her breasts. The hand on her puss was transmitting a surging current through it and in it and all around it. The thumb on her nubbin, lightly flicking, then firmly rubbing and then roughly twicking, was producing agonizing need within her, a need that was growing, growing, growing.

“Go away! Stop! Stop! Oh, for god’s sake, stop!” her mind screamed. “Just for a minute! A few seconds! A moment! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!”

But the demon inside her grew larger and more voracious with each caress. She stared her master in the face pleadingly. She swayed, she dipped, she rotated her hips, she drew them back, she pressed them forward, but the little animal that seemed to have locked its jaws upon her button gnawed on and on and on. She moaned again. And again. Louder now. The evil, exquisite pleasure and the immediacy of the need for relief grew stronger and stronger. He was smiling wryly, enjoying the trick he had taught his slave. She tried to keep her eyes pinned obediently to his face, but her vision began to blur and, as he thrust now three of his thick fingers into her ravine, her body released a woeful sigh and her eyes rolled back.

“Don’t stop! Don’t stop! Don’t stop!” her mind now screamed. She started pumping her hips at the evil hand, urging on the friction that was producing such wondrous, overwhelming delight. It was if the entire universe had shrunk down to a tiny, exquisite point inside her cunt and was awaiting only sufficient immanency to explode. “Now! Now! Now!” she screamed inside. “Do it now! Do it now! Do it now!”

Lorenzo had stepped back and their only point of contact now was the two thick fingers that were rubbing her button furiously. Her whole

body tightened. Her hands clenched. She stood on her tippy toes. A wail erupted from deep inside her throat.

And then he pulled away. Her heart was pounding. She had broken out in a drenching sweat. Her pussy burned with need. She bit down deeply on her gag. Her tear filled eyes implored him. Her hands twisted in their confines. It would only take a touch or two. If her hands were free, she could do it in a second. The pinnacle of her lust was razor thin and razor sharp. It was as if her loins were a thousand light years away and burning as brightly as the most brilliant star and at the same time so tantalizingly close and yet out of reach.

Lorenzo laughed. "Not yet, *mi carazón*," he said tauntingly. "You have to earn your pleasures here. And I've heard that you've been sulking around feeling sorry for yourself. It's true that you will burn in two weeks, but that doesn't relieve you of your duties. We can't have you moping all over the place. No, a punishment is in order, *un castigo*."

Lorenzo stepped over to Zorrita's right where his whips and other implements of punishment and pain were mounted. She watched as he took down the heavy, gnarly hickory stick he liked to use. She bit down on her gag and swallowed a moan of terror. Lorenzo stepped back. He slipped the heavy, glossily polished cane between her thighs and up against her sex. He rubbed it back and forth a few times, while he looked her straight in the face.

"How many strokes do you need, *mi perrita pequeño*? How much pain do you have to feel to learn your lesson, eh?"

She shivered with fear and released a high pitched whine. She had already been punished! It wasn't fair! But she knew that her upcoming was not so much about punishment as much as a pretext for Lorenzo's abuse of her. Not that he needed much, or any at all. She wanted to cry out, "None! None! I don't need any! I'll be good! I'll be good!", but she could not speak and knew full well that any sound that emerged from behind her gag that approximated human language would rain destruction upon her. So she remained silent, resorting to her miserable, tear filled eyes to convey her supplication.

He was rubbing the cane back and forth and she could feel it traverse her slickness. She closed her eyes for a second, in misery and self-pity, to block out momentarily the vision of Lorenzo's evil visage. In that instant, he yanked the rod free of her crevasse, swung it back and then brought it forward with his mighty right hand.

It struck her across the side of her left thigh. Her eyes sprang open. It was as if a bullet had struck her there. The pain permeated all the way down to her bone. Her knee collapsed and she issued a deep, loud, forlorn moan. She lost her balance and her hands pulled up, wrenching her shoulders. She screeched and tried to push her leg back up again, but it felt like it had become disabled. Moaning and sobbing, she managed to push herself back up with her right leg and then stabilize herself. She looked up at her oppressor. He was grinning ear to ear.

“*¿Te gusta? ¿Quieres otro?*” he asked her tauntingly. “Well, if you want another one or not, you’re going to get one. Or do you want to die tonight? I can arrange it, you know. I’ll have the boys light up the grill outside and we can roast you over a slow fire for the rest of the night while we laugh and drink tequila and smoke cigars. Would you like that? *¿Te gustaria?*”

He didn’t wait for an answer. He shifted quickly to his left, reared the cane back across his body and struck her right thigh a vicious blow. She moaned again and collapsed. Her arms were yanked high on her back. The blow sent an awful deadness through her body as the pain permeated her. She sobbed and sobbed and struggled to her feet again. She looked at Lorenzo. His thick, long cock was at maximum rigidity, pointing at her like a spear. His face had turned red as his relish at her pain brewed a fire inside him. He was grinning madly.

He went to step to his right, but then swirled around surprisingly and landed a mighty blow on her right upper arm. She moaned and sobbed. It felt like someone had struck it with a hatchet and severed it in two. And although the pain roared through her, she, sobbing woefully, just managed to keep her feet.

Lorenzo laughed. She knew that if he struck one arm, he would not be finished until he struck the other. Had he offered a bargain? If she spoke out, would he end her torments tonight? Was it better to die tonight roasting over an open flame, or to go through 2 more weeks of torment and pain and die in a fiendish conflagration? Despite her anguish, she did the quick calculation. No, Lorenzo’s offer was not real. He wouldn’t deprive his guests of the spectacle he had promised them, his Monterrey barbeque. No, even if she begged and pleaded with him to end it all tonight, no matter how barbarous her demise, he would just punish her all the more for speaking and turn her next few days into hell.

Besides, wasn’t it better to have 2 more weeks of life, as miserable as her life was? Didn’t life want to hang on as long as possible?

Something might happen, couldn't it? An earthquake could sunder the earth. A flood could wash everything away. A meteor might fall from the sky and demolish Lorenzo's hacienda with everybody in it. Or one of his rivals might find a way to put a bullet in him and that would be that. Or the cavalry could appear. Or a band of angels. Or she could die in her sleep. Anything might happen.

Lorenzo stood in front of her, his eyes drinking in her misery. It was as if he were contemplating his little proposal. Delayed gratification was not his strong suit. It wouldn't take much for him to decide that pleasure now was better than pleasure later. But then, as if those thoughts had poured out of his mercurial head, he lifted the hickory cane again rapidly, swung it back and then forward again. It crashed into Carly's left arm with a loud, 'thump'. The pain entered her bones and spread throughout her body, disabling her. She moaned loudly. Her knees weakened, but she was just able to remain on her feet. She sobbed and sobbed.

Lorenzo stood watching her, absorbing every last drop of her misery. His left hand was tapping the hickory cane on the floor while his right hand stroked his rigid cock. "You learn your lesson, *perrita*?" he asked her snidely.

She couldn't speak, but she could still communicate. She nodded her head wildly, shaking her doggie ears, and issued an affirming, "Yarp!"

This made Lorenzo's sneering grin even wider. "*Buena perrita pequeña*," he told her. Good little doggie.

"Now it's time to show me how much you love your master," he told her. He went to the wall and lowered the chain that had held her wrists high on her back. Her thighs and arms were still throbbing with pain, but it comforted her somewhat to be able to stand straight, to relieve the aching in her back and the strain on her aching shoulders.

"*¡De rodillas!*" he spat out at her.

She looked at him mournfully and fell to her knees. Again her wrists shot up her back painfully and she was forced to kneel leaning forward. This suited Lorenzo's purpose fine.

He stepped back to her and, tossing the cane on the floor, removed her gag. The gag went on the floor as well. He pushed his rampant manhood toward her mouth. "*¡Abre!*" he barked at her. She opened her mouth dutifully and he shoved himself inside.

He didn't have to give her the next order. She knew just what to do. She closed her mouth around the hot tube of flesh and began to

suckle it as feverishly as if were a gift from God. He matched her efforts with rude, forceful thrusts of his hips, his right hand resting on her head. "Oh, that's so good, *perrita*," he moaned. "*Ese n buen perrita pequeña*," he hissed. "Show your master you love him."

She worked the meat assiduously. Unlike Vincenzo, Lorenzo didn't care where she looked when she blew him and she kept her eyes clamped closed, trying, in some small way, to blot out where she was and what she was doing. She suckled and slurped and nibbled at the end when he drew his cock back. His thrusts were hard, but slow and rhythmic, and it was not difficult to keep pace.

Her mind kept returning to, what was it, one or two hours ago, she couldn't tell, when she was in almost the exact same spot and it had been Vincenzo's cock in her mouth. Her thoughts returned to its speculation as to who was worse. With her limbs still throbbing with pain, and more, much more abuse yet to come, it was not hard to decide that it was, in fact, Lorenzo who was the worst of the two. But maybe it was just a function of whose cock was in her mouth at the time. When Vincenzo invaded her oral space, it was him she hated with a virulent passion. When it was Lorenzo, it was him whom she directed her fevered fantasies of raging revenge.

If only there was some way to get her hands on a knife! She would stab him right in the balls and cut off his prick. Then she would stab him again and again in the chest so that his life's blood spurted out of every hole. And then she would watch him die, laughing and grinning madly. And then, when he was gone, she would save the last cut for herself, plunging the blade deep into her heart and finding peaceful blackness and go to a place where they couldn't hurt her any more.

But while a part of her mind reveled in her revenge fantasies, the other part, the animal part, the good little doggie part, devoted its full attention to the task at hand. She kept her lips tight around the thick, heavy wand of meat as it slid back and forth over her tongue and into the recesses of her mouth. She nibbled, she slurped, she washed her tongue around it, keeping her mouth small. It scraped along the top of her mouth again and again. It poked into her throat each time he slammed his hips against her face. "Come! Come! Come!" she kept urging.

He groaned. He called her names, "*¡Puta asquerosa! ¡Perra sucio! ¡Put a de coñofrente!*" Dirty whore! Filthy dog! Cunt faced bitch! Finally he took a mighty hold of her tuft of whitish hard, grabbing it tight and pulling hard at its roots and he began to pound! pound!

pound! his belly against her face. “Oh you cunt! You fucking dirty cunt! You fucking dirty, filthy fucking whore!” he screamed in English.

His spume filled her oral chamber in mighty spurts. She struggled to subsume it all as his spastic cock plunged in and out. “It’s over! It’s over! It’s over!” she thought gratefully even as she did her best to prolong his ecstasy. How many times had she sucked his cock? A hundred? Two hundred? On average at least once a day over her many months of captivity. Most days twice. And how many more times would she have to bear it? In two weeks, ten, twenty? But at least this one was over. His motions had slowed and his cock’s convulsions had diminished. She twisted her hands inside her black leather mittens and strained at her bound wrists behind her. He slipped from her mouth, causing a remnant of his come to dribble down on her chin. She straightened herself as best she could, her naked and defenseless breasts swaying, and peered up at him. What did he have in mind next?

He rattled off something in Spanish that she didn’t understand, patted her on the head and stepped away. Set on a side table was the customary bottle of golden colored tequila and some small, round, glass tumblers. He pulled the cork out of the bottle with his teeth, placed the opening next to his mouth, tilted the bottle back and took a heavy pull. When his lips and the bottle neck parted he issued a satisfied sigh, “Ahhhhhhhhh!”

He turned back to her. “Not bad, *perrita*, *no malo*. You learned your lesson well. Now it’s time for a little entertainment. You get to show me what a good doggie you’ve become.” He put down the bottle and approached her. He went behind her and unlocked her hands from the chain. “*¡Manos y rodillas!*” he ordered her crisply. Obediently, she placed her leather covered paws on the floor. She had been taught to straighten herself rigidly, raise her head and point her eyes straight ahead like some kind of pointer dog, and she did so now. She sensed him stepping away from her for a moment and then felt him attach the long leash he kept on the wall to her collar. He gave it a sharp yank. “*¡Marcha!*” he snapped at her as he tugged her towards the vast open space at the foot of his bed.

She struggled along on her hands and knees, her doggie ears flopping, her breasts swaying and jumping beneath her. Lorenzo had picked up the hickory cane from the floor. He stood in the middle of the room and let the chain out. Zorrita had been well trained in this exercise and she began to march around him in a big circle.

“*¡Marcha! ¡Marcha!*” he yelled at her. “*¡Rapido! ¡Mas rapido!*” he shouted. She speeded up her crawling, but it was not enough for the fiendish gangster. He swung the hickory cane in a wide arc and struck fiercely her across the buttocks. She groaned and collapsed to the floor. “*¡Levantante! ¡Levantante,coño sucio!*” he shouted. Get up! Get up, you filthy cunt!

Zorrita scrambled back to her hands and knees. She started moving around the circle dictated by the leash as fast as she could. This was not fast enough for Lorenzo who struck her again, shouting, “*¡Rapido! ¡Mas rapido!*”

She groaned and released a mighty sob but did not fall this time. She poured all her being into moving quickly about the room, holding her head high and her back strait. “*¡Es todo! ¡Es todo! ¡Buena perrita! ¡Buena!*” he shouted. He released a joyful laugh. “*¡Hablar! ¡Hablar!*” he barked at her.

“Yarp! Yarp!” she called out obediently. “Yarp! Yarp!”

Lorenzo practically doubled over. When he recovered, he called out, “*¡Halto!*”

Zorrita came to an immediate halt. She was out of breath and her chest was heaving. Lorenzo stepped over to her and released the chain from her collar, tossing it aside. He went over to the table and grabbed the tequila bottle, sucking down a long gulp. He returned to the circle, bottle in hand. “*¡Presentarse!*” he commanded.

She raised herself into presentation position, her breasts thrust out, her paws behind her back, her knees spread. He brought the bottle to her lips, shoving the opening into her mouth and tilting the bottle. “*¡Beber, perrita!*” he ordered.

The hot tequila flooded her mouth and she obediently gulped it down. It burned her throat and made her head swim. When she had swallowed more than an ounce, her throat sputtered and she gave out a violent cough, spraying tequila about the floor. Lorenzo pulled the bottle back for a second or two and then presented it to her again. This time he tilted the bottle at a shallower angle and the flow of liquor slowed. She swallowed it obediently, restraining her choking cough as best she could until he tilted the bottle back again. She coughed and sputtered again and bent over. Lorenzo swung the cane immediately, striking her harshly on her left side, crashing into her ribs. She groaned again and released an anguished wail.

“*¡Presentarse, estúpido coño!*” he raged at her. Sobbing, she snapped herself back into position.



“Okay, you’ve had your treat, now *marcha! Rapido! Rapido!*”

She dropped to all fours again and resumed rapidly crawling about the room. “*¡Hablar! Hablar!*” he shouted again. “Keep barking until I tell you to stop!”

“Yarp! Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!” she kept calling out as she crawled in the vast circle. The tequila had gone right to her head and she was dizzy and her mind befuddled. Lorenzo tossed the cane aside again and left the circle momentarily. He came back with the long, thin, steel dog whip. He swished it mightily through the air. “*¡Mucho major!*” he announced. Much better.

Zorrita cringed when she heard the swish of the whip, knowing full well that he would shortly give her a taste of it. She continued to crawl and bark, “Yarp! Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!” She heard the tell-tale swish of the whip and an instant later felt fire erupt on her behind. “Eeeeeeeeeeeeeee!” she shrieked unwillingly.

“*¡Mas fuerte! ¡Mas fuerte! ¡Mas rapido! ¡Mas rapido!*” he screamed at her as he gave her another cruel, vicious lash.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!” Zorrita screamed again. She picked up her pace as quickly as she possibly could and started screaming, “Yarp! Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!”

Lorenzo released a huge belly laugh and took another long pull of tequila. He struck her again and again, screaming at her to go faster to bark louder. Each time a line of fire broke out across her buttocks she would screech and do her best to obey. She knew that was not really about her going faster or barking louder, but that his exclamations were just another excuse to strike out at her. He kept drinking and laughing. He stopped her twice more and forced her to drink a full mouthful of tequila each time. Then he would erupt in a series of blows, across her breasts, her thighs, her back, and roar at her, “*¡Marcha, estupido perrita! ¡Marcha!*”

Finally, he called her to a halt and ordered her to present herself. Her lungs were heaving and her whole body was glistening with sweat. Her skin burned where he had struck her. He pulled a little stool into the middle of the circle and ordered her to face him. He had cast aside the dog whip and had picked up the hickory cane again.

“Okay, it’s time for you to show me some tricks,” he said jauntily. “*¡Hablar!*”

“Yarp! Yarp!” she barked loudly.

“*¡Vuelcase!*”

She rolled to her left and then up back in presentation position. He released a loud gaffaw.

*“¡Una mas!”* he shouted.

She rolled the other way and then up again.

*“¡Suplicar!”*

She rose up to her full height on her knees, folded her mittened hands in front of her chest, just below her jaw, lolled out her tongue and released miserable sounding whimpers. Lorenzo laughed again.

*“¡Hablar!”* he ordered her again.

“Yarp! Yarp!” she responded.

He kept her rolling over, begging and barking for a long time. It seemed he would never get tired of it, releasing loud gaffaws or belly laughs each time she complied with a demeaning order. There was a position where she played dead, rolling to her back, spreading her knees apart and curling her paws under her chin with her eyes closed. He made her show him her pussy, where she pointed her vulva at him, spread her knees wide and pushed up her hips. He took a blue rubber bone from his dresser drawer and tossed it across the room again and again and order her to retrieve it. Each time she would dutifully rush across the room, pick up the rubbery bone with her teeth and speed back again, dropping it at his feet and assuming the begging position and issuing a pleased sounding, “Yarp!”.

All the while he drank tequila and laughed. He made her drink some more several times. Finally, he made her rise up on her knees high, her knees spread, her paws behind her back. He brought the gnarly hickory cane between her thighs and began to rub her pussy with it. She trembled, expecting a blow, but he just kept rubbing and rubbing the fierce instrument along her divide until she began to respond. She was keeping herself up as high as she could go and her breasts were thrust out. She stared him in the face, hoping that he would telegraph a blow, if it were coming, so that she could prepare herself for it. He was stroking his stiffened cock and a kind of daze had come over him. Her head was swimming. Her muscles ached. She skin burned. And the rod kept rubbing and rubbing and rubbing. A raised knuckle on it pierced her outer lips and delved into her inner self. He angled the cane so that the knuckle rode over her clit. He wasn't pressing hard, just firmly enough to create a suitable friction.

A wave of lust went through her and she moaned. For a second, her body sagged and she closed her eyes, but she snapped back to

again instantly. Lorenzo issued a demonic chuckle. "Play time is over, *perrita*," he told her menacingly. "It's time to fuck."

He ordered her to crawl over to the bed and, after he pulled down the covers, to jump up onto it. She scooted herself over on her back to the center of the bed. He followed her. He took her wrists and affixed them to a chain that led to the headboard. Then he lay down to her left beside her. He ran his hard right hand over her breasts, squeezing them, owning them. He pinched her nipples hard, making her whimper. Then he ran his hand down her belly to her crux and seized it.

Her right leg was jammed up against his body, but she spread her left leg wide, rearing back her knee. He ran his thick fingers up and down her divide. She was already slick and he jammed a finger deep inside her, twirling it around, and then two, rubbing them back and forth and then over and around her rigid button. "*Lo que una perrita bonito*," he cooed at her. He then leaned over, his fingers running up and down her slice, and took her lips. He thrust his hot tongue inside her and swirled it around her own, filling her cavity, probing deeper and deeper. She couldn't suppress the moan that arose from her belly. Her hands twisted at their confinements and her right heel dragged across the bed, back and forth, back and forth, as lust overwhelmed her.

She hated what this cruel ogre could do to her. Hated everything about it. But her body didn't. "It's your reward," it told her. "Take it. Take it." She moaned again, cursed herself for her wantonness and kissed her master back with unfeigned fervor.

He crept over her right leg and positioned himself between her thighs. His hands, hot, heavy, rough, ran up from her hips to her breasts, squeezed and mauled them and then sank back again. He ran them over the inside of her widespread, raised thighs, scouring the tender skin. Then he broke their kiss, lowered his head and began working his tongue and lips towards her crevasse.

He kissed her chest, and then her breasts, suckling hard on each teat, squeezing them roughly. And then lower, across her belly, and then down and down and down, until his lips and tongue were poised over her hairless crevasse. And then he plunged into it.

Zorrita cried and moaned as he gemaunched her. He thrust his tongue deep inside, he lavered it over her inner and outer lips. He gave her interior long, hot laps with his tongue as his hands wandered her belly, her thighs, her breasts. She moaned and squirmed and sighed. She closed her eyes and bit her lip. It was so good! So good! So good!

Yet her inner self rebelled against it. “Don’t do this! Don’t do this! Don’t do this!” her mind screamed even as she raised her hips and rotated them to gain greater enjoyment from the tongue and lips that were consuming her. Her hands clasped into fists inside her mittens, her heels scoured the sheets. When he began to suckle on her love button, she released an anguished sounding moan. When the tongue began to flicker on it, back and forth, faster and faster, her foggy mind cringed and she released a woeful wail.

“Stop! Stop! Stop! Enough! Enough! Enough!” he mind shouted, while her pussy and every nerve ending in her body shouted, “Don’t stop! Don’t stop! Don’t stop! More! More! More!”

Lorenzo pulled his head back and sneered, “*Te gusta? Te gusta?*” You like? Even as his hand administered firm caresses to her messy puss.

He chortled and returned to his work.

Waves of untrammelled lust flowed out from her loins as Lorenzo excited her. He suckled, he lapped, he bit, he stroked, he plunged his tongue deep within her. And although intent on driving her wild with need, this was not for the purpose of pleasing her. No, it was, yet again, to assert his mastery over her, his ownership of her. It pleased and excited him to hear her whimper and moan, powerless to resist him. The more she moaned and struggled and whimpered, the hotter he became. And if he decided to push her over the edge, to ignite the explosive contractions and contortions that would demark her climax, it was only to ratify his status as her ultimate master, her lord, her god, who could make her do anything he wanted.

Zorrita felt the necessity building stronger and stronger within her. A forceful pressure was building, building, building in her loins, like the steam inside a pressure cooker atop a fiery hot stove. The pot was shaking and hissing and rumbling as the liquid inside it expanded into steam. And then, as Lorenzo gave her clit a long, hard suckle, his tongue flitting madly over it, the valve holding back the storm, the last tendrils of her revulsion at her lord’s caresses, gave way. Like steam hissing through a valve, the explosive passion flowed from her loins, up her belly, through her chest, up her neck and right into her brain. She screamed, “Yarp! Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!” as she had been taught. Her body convulsed. Her pussy pulsed and contracted again and again as Lorenzo, his arms gripped tightly around her fevered thighs, continued to maul her excited nubbin. “Yarp! Yarp!” she screamed as everything in the whole world blinked out of existence, leaving behind only her

raving, convulsive pussy and the fierce ecstasy producing stream pouring through her.

When Lorenzo raised his head, Zorrita released a long moan of relief. The room was spinning and her pussy was glowing. All her energy had been drawn from her and she lay there listlessly. She hardly noticed it when he raised himself over her. It took her a moment to realize that he was stroking his cock along the line between her outer labia. Her eyes popped open and Lorenzo's snarling visage was above her. Her mind barely had the time to whimper, "please don't," as his thick, hot cock pressed aside her still vibrating flesh and plunged slowly and steadily inside her.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," she moaned. Her mind cringed with revulsion as his violation of her tender flesh registered in it. He was looming over her, his overripe belly pressing against hers. He wasn't moving yet, satisfied to tower over her, revel in her distress and to let the moist heat of her chamber envelope him. He spread her thighs wide with his knees. His hands ran up over her arms and he laid his elbows on either side of her head, pressing his hairy, sweaty chest onto her breasts. He peered into her helpless, forlorn eyes for a moment, exhibiting a leering grin. And then slowly, slowly, slowly, he began his motions.

Zorrita issued a loan moan as his manhood excited her. He drew himself out along her channel slowly, slowly, slowly, and then gave her cunt a long, slow thrust back. He watched his pretty *perrita* as she bit her lip and frowned, tears filling her eyes. Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, long and slow, as of each centimeter of frictioning flesh delivered ecstatic pleasure to his cock.

She began to cry, even as her innards trilled with agonizing delight. Lorenzo laughed. He bent his head down, claimed her mouth and began to stroke her in earnest.

She moaned into his mouth as his tongue scoured hers. His swirling, hot, insistent oral appendage brewed up a mesmerizing heat that seemed to radiate from her lips and tongue through her face, over her head and into her brain. His motions were faster now, but not yet fast, just a steady, almost torpid scraping of her inner chamber that sent wave after wave of vibrating pleasure through her. Her heels dug deep into the mattress. She tried desperately to press her thighs together to somehow force him out. Her wrists twisted in her chains and her hands clasped tightly into fists.

All of her being revolted against the pleasures his motions were bringing her. But her brain was flooding with need and the tiny voice that struggled vainly to assert her inviolability, her integrity, her god given right to control her entrances and the voids within them, was sputtering and drowning like the crew of a sinking submarine. His body pressed her down heavily. His odor, sweat and booze and the aroma of her own sex on his face, permeated her senses. His tongue, insistent, brutal in its assertiveness, squirmed and danced inside her. His lips were pressed down hard on hers, and tolerated no evasion of his ministrations. And that thing, his rod, his meat, his steely hard, burning weapon, just kept relentlessly sawing back and forth, back and forth, driving her lusts higher and higher.

“Please, please, stop. Just for a minute. A few seconds. A few moments. Stop! Stop! Stop! Oh, god, I can’t stand it! I can’t stand it! Pleeeeeeeeeeeease! Pleeeeeeeeeeeease! Stop!” her mind called out desperately. “I’ll go mad! I’ll explode! I’ll dissolve! Just stop! Stop! Stop!”

As if he sensed her growing desperation and need, as if to demonstrate his disdain of her wants, her pleas, he began to pick up steam. Zorrita felt it at once and moaned deep into his mouth. Her hands yanked at her confines as if to free them. But by now she knew not whether, if they had been freed, she would be using them to pummel him, to scrape and tear at him until he bent to her will, or would feverishly embrace his bear-like body and pull him into her, facilitating her submission.

And then, like the snapping of a twig, something broke inside her and her pussy erupted once more into explosive ecstasy. She screamed into Lorenzo’s mouth. Her hips ground back feverishly at his. “Ohhhhhhhhhh! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!” her mind screamed. Her mind blanked as her body shook and tremored. All she knew was her pussy throbbing, throbbing, throbbing, shooting electrical shocks all through her.

And when it subsided, or almost subsided, since the throbbing never really stopped, she was horrified and terrified that her abuser had not yet come and that his cock was going on and on and on inside her.

Her pussy boiled over again. She screamed, too overwhelmed to remember that she was supposed to bark. Lorenzo’s motions were faster now. Harder and Harder. He was moaning and groaning into her mouth. He seemed to tighten around her. He lowered his hands to her knees, slid them underneath and lifted them up so that her pussy

yearned upwards. He abandoned her mouth and issued a long, loud, frightening growl. He was pumping straight down into her upraised cunt. She was coming and coming and coming and was trying desperately, futilely to stop.

“Yarp!” she screamed. “Yarp! Yarp! Yarp!” The pleasure her pussy was sending her was so agonizing she thought she might not survive. And then Lorenzo released a mighty yell. He jammed his hips down on hers as hard as he could. He pumped and pumped and pumped furiously. He groaned and groaned and shuddered and shook. And then, after pressing himself against her as hard as he could, plunging his cock within her as deep as it would go, he issued one last groan and collapsed.

His arms slipped out from under her thighs and his hands caressed her body from her hips to her distended arms. He released a low moan. She lowered her knees.

They lay there silently for a long time. She felt wrung out, exhausted. She cursed herself for her passion, her weakness, her submission to the evil man’s desires. Lorenzo’s head was lying to the left of hers and she could feel his chest rising and falling against her breasts. His cock, though softened, was still in her and she desperately wanted it out.

She tried to fight back the tears. It was over. At least it was over. She often thought about what her life would be like if by some strange twist of fate she ever became free. She thought of that now and how she would be shamed the rest of her life. She thought back on how she and her boyfriend Randy used to make love. At the time she thought of it as passionate and sweet. But Randy had never brought her to passion the way that Lorenzo did. Or how that black hearted man who had kidnapped her did. He never made her brain turn over and her body seem like it would vibrate itself into a pool of muck.

And if she were free, who would do that to her again? It seemed impossible. Would she be interested in fucking someone who didn’t humiliate her and beat her and then use her ruthlessly like a ravaging beast? No. It didn’t seem possible. She had crossed a bridge of no return. Each day that shore on the other side that she had come from, had stepped off of that moment she had stepped into her car and seen that black hearted man’s knife pointed straight at her, seemed further and further away. When she made the decision not to try and scramble from the car screaming and yelling, gambling that she could escape death, she had departed the land of reason and tenderness and love and

crossed over, like the shades of the former living over the river Styx, to a dark, dark land from which there was no return.

Lorenzo stirred. He rose up above her and smiled. "You're a great fuck, Zorrita," he said to her. "Too bad you have to burn."

He rose up off of her and stepped onto the floor. He stretched and cupped his balls. The bottle of tequila was back on top of the little table and he retrieved it, taking a long toke. He looked at it, saw it was almost empty, and finished it off. He tossed the empty bottle on to the floor. He turned back to the bed. He came over to her and released her bonds, ordering her to the floor. He scooped up her gag and presented it to her mouth. She opened her lips without hesitation. He jammed the thick leather prong it harshly, bruising her lips and then fastened it behind her head tightly, pushing the edge of the prong into the beginning of her throat.

She issued a gurgling cough, tears streaming down her face. "Too bad you have to burn." That was what he said and his words reverberated in her mind. Yes, too bad she had to burn. She looked up at him. She wanted to beg and plead with him, promise him all kinds of pleasures, obedience, submission. He could beat her every night, use her any way he wanted, call her any name. She would do tricks for him, roll over, play dead, fetch, anything. But please don't burn me, she thought miserably. "Please! Please! Please!"

But Lorenzo was oblivious to her distress. Lucky for her because he would probably have beaten her all over again and dictated some fiendish punishment for her tomorrow. He snapped his finger and said, "*Venga, perrita,*" as he stepped to the foot of the bed. She followed him and he made her present herself there as he went behind her and fastened her wrists together. He opened the door to the tiny brass cage at the foot of his bed and snapped his fingers. Obediently, sadly, she backed herself into it until her leather covered paws were touching the bars behind her. She sat back, pressing them into the bars, raised her knees and drew her feet into the cage. Lorenzo snapped it closed and locked it.

She heard him step back and walk to the bathroom. She heard the sound of him pissing again and the toilet flush. She could see him in the wide mirror over the long dresser opposite her. He turned on a large lamp on a side table next to the bed and walked over to the switch by the door, turning off the overhead. She watched him step back to the bed in the now dim light and transferred her view to the mirror once he had passed her. She saw him climb into the bed, pull up



the covers, fluff his large, comfortable pillow and then lean over and turn off the lamp.

The room was plunged into darkness. The moon had passed the house and its beams were no longer flowing in through the window, although you could see that it was somewhat bright outside. It took her eyes a few moments to adjust and then she could just make out the form of the dresser in front of her and the shape of the door to her left. The bars from the cage pressed down on all sides of her. Her toes pressed up against the door. Her bound hands caused her to lean forward. Her breasts were pressed up against her thighs. Night after night she spent in this cage, even on nights when Lorenzo was out of town. The foot of the master's bed was where a doggie should sleep, keeping guard even when he wasn't there. But if an assailant snuck in in the middle of the night, she wouldn't bark or make any sound at all, hoping that he would slit Lorenzo's throat.

It only took Lorenzo about a half a minute to begin to snore. Carly thought of his last words to her. "Too bad you have to burn." A shiver went through her and her belly turned sour. "Yes, too bad I have to burn," she thought miserably. She pressed her forehead against her upraised knees and started to silently sob.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Two weeks later, to the day, Zorrita was lying in a small room by the back of the hacienda hogtied and gagged. That morning, Vincenzo, instead of taking her up to the third floor to wash her and let her lie for an hour or two in the little cell they kept for her there, had marched her directly down the back stairs to the kitchen. It was a beehive of activity. If she needed any confirmation that this was the day of Lorenzo's birthday extravaganza, this was it. The cooks were hard at work at the stoves, the maids were running back and forth carrying things.

She had hardly slept that night. For some reason Lorenzo had been away and Vincenzo had taken her directly from her cage in the kitchen to her cage at the foot of Lorenzo's bed. He took his pleasure with her, locked her up, and turned out the light. There had been no moon and the room was as dark as death itself. It took her a long, long time to get to sleep, something she did fitfully at best most nights anyway. She cried and cried, naturally, miserated about her dismal fate, cursed Lorenzo, Vincenzo, that black haired man, Angelika, everybody who had come into contact with her, even the cooks and the maids, who had treated her somewhat sweetly. She cursed everyone who would be alive that time tomorrow and not have died horribly in a wall of flames.

The last two weeks had been agonizing. There was no way she could keep her upcoming travail out of her mind for more than a little while. Angelika, as she had promised, used her every day. There had been many guests passing in and out of the hacienda and most of them seemed to know about her upcoming fate since more than the usual number of them stopped to use her. A couple of them stroked her whitish clump of hair after fucking her there on the marble floor or discharging in her mouth murmuring, "*Probe perrita. Probe perrita pequeña.*" Poor little doggie. Hardly anyone took her up to a room on the second floor, perhaps not wanting to be alone with her in a situation where she might beg and plead with them to save her.

During this time, she poured herself intensely into her obligations. It was easier to block her mind from her awful fate while lost in the passion of the moment. And, if coming was her only joy, she wanted to

experience it as many times as possible, as feverishly as possible, before her demise.

She had spent two hours in Angelika's bed yesterday and she had brought her to climax several times. Despite her cruelty and oldness, she seemed to exhibit a degree of solicitude for her that she had not expected. She didn't beat her, and had not for several days, a record in itself. After their first bout, she cuddled her in her arms, calling her her, *dulce perrita pequeña*, "her sweet little doggie. When she was done with her she gave her a few chocolates to eat, making her beg for them as usual, and brought her back to the kitchen. Before she placed her in her cage, she gave her a little kiss on the forehead and said, "*Adios, mi carazón*. It's been lovely. "Then she turned on her heels and walked quickly away.

Lorenzo beat her severely several nights in a row after one night when she, overwhelmed with misery and fear, had managed to eke out in her tiniest, whiniest voice, "Please don't burn me, master. Please. "

He had launched a storm of abuse on her. The next morning Vincenzo had beaten her severely too up in the attic while tearful, horrified maids scurried back and forth getting ready for their day's work. Afterwards he installed that fiendish brank in her mouth again, steel points biting harshly into her tongue and the roof of her mouth, and he made her sit on the roof of the devilish little house up there that she had seen maids mounted on more than a few times. She sat there for several hours, the 'vee' of the wooden roof biting into her sex, unable to raise herself or move herself off of it.

From that day on she was forced to wear a ring gag all during the day to make sure that she did not say anything like that to any of the guests. It made it difficult to bark her greetings to them as they came in the door, her 'yarp, yarp, yarp' sounding more like 'yooooor, yooooor, yooooor'.

And now was the day. The day of days. It was fortunate, or not, depending on your point of view, that they had not given her anything to eat because her stomach had been violently nauseous all day and she would surely have thrown it up. Suffocating in her gag would have been a mercy and several times she tried to make herself vomit, but it had been no use.

Naturally, her upcoming fate had been in her mind all the time. And she cried and cried and cried, and when she lost the energy to cry, lay there in a veritable stupor. She did pray. Not that she thought that God had any power there. But she begged him to make it quick, to let

her pass out as soon as possible. To not let it hurt as much as her mind imagined it.

She heard people passing outside of her room all morning. She anguished over the thought that all around her was a house full of people getting ready for a vast celebration. People would come from miles around, family loyalists, customers of the family's nefarious activities, dignitaries from the nearby city, all of Lorenzo's henchmen and, she supposed, their girlfriends and wives. They would all enjoy a plentitudinous feast, drink themselves into near stupors, laugh and chatter and all congratulate Lorenzo on his birthday. And they would await with great anticipation the highlight of the day when Lorenzo's pitiful *perrita* would be lit up like some devilish bonfire and scream and scream and scream until her life blinked out.

Would some of them, at least, be horrified? Would some pray for her? Would any of them have the urge to call out "Stop! Stop! Stop!" and rush the rostrum where she would be mounted and try to douse the flames?

The room she was in was a storeroom and had frequent visitors to draw out supplies for the fiesta. Mostly it was one of the maids, sent off to get a can of this or a case of that. Several times it was one of the cooks. She would look up at them piteously, but they would look furtively away and try to ignore her presence. Except for Luiza who, after selecting a large can of something or other, gave her a tearful glance and then ran out sobbing.

Twice, Vincenzo came by. He released her from her hogtie and made her raise her rear and spread her legs so that she could pee. Afterwards he bound her up again and left without saying another word.

She lay there for many hours, crying, feeling sorry for herself, raging against the world, laying there listlessly and hopelessly. When the door opened and three men came in, she knew that her time had come.

They were rough with her. She had decided that she would not go quietly into the night and so she struggled and screamed and cursed the men from behind her gag. They paid her vocalizations no mind, but they struck her brutally several times around her body, cursing her in Spanish until finally, sobbing, she relented her resistance.

Her hogtie was released and they released her paws. Her brown leather wrist bracelets were removed and replaced by a pair of hand cuffs which they joined behind her back. She squealed and begged the

men to spare her, pleading, pleading, pleading from behind her gag in loud, muffled tones. They pushed her to the floor and she felt the leather bracelets around her ankles being removed. These were replaced by steel manacles that were connected by a short, 8" long chain. One of the men had brought a large pail with something in it and, as the men held her down to the floor, he took out a wide, heavy paint brush and began to brush a gel like substance all over her body. When the flames reached her they would fly up her body and turn her into a living torch. They made her kneel up and the man coated her face with it and, using his hands, worked a big glob of it into her tuft of whitish hair. And as to the handcuffs and manacles, if they bound her with her leather bracelets, they would burn up in the fire and she would fall down. The steel confinements would ensure that she remained standing, a wondrous, horrific display for all to see.

Their work done, the men left her kneeling while they took up perches around the small room on boxes. One of them had a flask, and while they joked and laughed, they passed it around. One of the men went to light up a smoke, but the other two men yelled at him, pointing to the bucket of oily smelling substance and he put his cigarette and lighter away.

She recognized the men. They were some of Lorenzo's hangers on and she had fucked or sucked or both all three of them at one time or another. That she had serviced them at one time or another didn't seem to make any difference to them.

Shortly after the men were finished, Vincenzo entered the room. It was a tight fit and one of the men had to step outside. Vincenzo stood over her for a moment or two, staring down at her as her tear filled eyes stared back up at him. He was carrying a little basket and when he had seen enough, he crouched down on one knee in front of her, putting the basket on the floor.

He ordered one of the men to release her gag. When it was unbuckled, he drew it from her mouth and dropped it onto the dusty wooden floor. Carly's lips trembled and she had the desperate urge to beg and plead for her life, but the fear he had instilled in her still ruled her and she remained wordless. He grabbed her cheeks and turned her face this way and that, causing her doggie ears to flap and sway. He took a tube of lip liner from the basket and, squeezing her cheeks tightly, applied it to her lips, making them bright red again. He next pulled out a compact with plum colored powder in it and he applied it under her eyes and over her eyelids all the way up to her eyebrows, or

where her eyebrows would have been if they hadn't shaved them off, as he did every day, giving her a strange, dog-like look. He covered her nose with the coal black cream that they used, making it dog-like and shiny once again.

He applied a dark reddish rouge to her cheeks and then leaned back to take in his work. Seemingly satisfied, he put the makeup back in the basket, picked up the gag from the floor and proffered it to her mouth. Tearfully, she locked her jaw and jammed her lips together, shaking her head. The two other men in the room leapt to Vincenzo's assistance and with their hands on her forehead and chin, forced her mouth open. She cried and struggled and screamed while they were doing it, but her screams were cut short when Vincenzo harshly shoved the business end of the gag into her mouth, jamming the thick leather prong against the back of her throat. One of the men buckled it tightly closed at the back of her head.

She bent over, sobbing, her hands behind her back and hardly noticed it when Vincenzo stood and said something to the men. The men quickly grabbed her by the arms and drew her to her feet. One of the men applied his shoulder to her midsection and lifted her off of the ground. He turned and followed the other men out of the room.

They went down the hall and through the kitchen. The place was a bee hive of activity, but it all came to a halt as the men marched through. She was able to look up and see the faces of the cooks and the maids, all staring at her with horror. But the men went by quickly and, as they took her out the back door, they all disappeared.

She squirmed and wriggled, but the man carrying her held her tight against his shoulder. They went along a walkway behind the hacienda. Carly could not see where they were going, but she could see the hacienda fading away as they walked. Occasionally a maid or two, dressed in their blood red pullover blouses and their long black skirts passed them going the other way. Carly noticed that when they had passed they quickly picked up their speed almost to a run to get away from the men as if there might be a chance that they might decide to drop their burden and burn them instead.

She looked at the scraggly green grass below her, the stand of lonely trees off in the distance, the bluish sky with white clouds dashing across it. All things that she was seeing for the last time. They passed a group of large, round tables with wooden folding chairs around them. They were covered with white tablecloths and Carly could see the maids setting them with silverware, sparkly glasses,

delicate china. There were bunches of colorful flowers in the center of each one.

She heard some music that sounded like a band tuning up. Then the man carrying her stepped up on something. A second later he put her down.

She was on a steel rostrum. It was about three feet wide and had holes in it, like a grate, each hole being an inch or so wide. She felt her back jammed up against something and she realized that it was a large, heavy, charred wooden stake, maybe 3' around. The man who had been carrying her held her in place, her naked feet on the grate while one of the other men fastened the chain between her ankles to something. When she looked down, she saw that there was a large, round concrete pit running around the stake. It was about 4' deep and wide and filled with large chunks of tree trunks that had been all cut up. They were piled on top of and amid a plethora of cut up branches and twigs and interwoven with busted up bales of straw. The wood was piled up so that it was only a foot or so below the steel mesh platform on which she stood.

She saw that they had crossed the pit on a wide wooden plank that had been laid across it. Her hands were released from behind her back. Panicking, she tried to swing her hands free to defend herself, but the men on either side of her took hold of them easily. Her hands were lifted upwards. She looked up and saw them being imprisoned in a set of manacles on the ends of chains that led from the back of the wooden column. Her wrists were locked into them. She pulled and yanked at the chains, screaming and yelling from behind her gag. She tried to catch the men in their eyes, to give them a pleading look so that they might have mercy on her, but they all avoided her gaze. One of the men swung back behind the column and she felt her wrists being lifted even higher until her arms were fully stretched out above and behind her and she was standing on her tippy toes. The men left.

Her first instinct, as would be anyone's, was to pull and yank at her confines as hard as she could in an attempt to free herself. She quickly found this to be totally useless. Then she looked beneath her feet and saw the wood piled under the grate and out to the edge of the concrete pit and shuddered. It looked dry and ready to burn. The straw and the twigs would serve as efficient kindling. Her terrorized mind wondered if the flames would come up and consume her, or would she broil to death as she stood there on the grate. The greasy substance they had

placed on her body smelled of kerosene. And she imagined herself turning into a pillar of flame.

She looked all around her. Way off to the left was a stage and a mariachi band tuning up, the men all dressed in loose, frilly white shirts and red pants. There were two black haired, beautiful looking women there in flowing red skirts and very fitted white blouses sitting by the side. Off to the right were a line of braziers with a large insulated cooler behind them which she assumed contained steaks. Off in the center, a bit past the last set of tables, there were four or five men dressed in white cook's clothes and it seemed that they were roasting a pig over a pit. There was what looked like forty cloth covered tables with ten wooden folding chairs at each one. In the middle of them was a large polished maple portable dance floor that had been put together in sections. Beyond the braziers on her right were a series of long tables with white table cloths on which sat steam trays and bottles of wine. What looked like a long bar sat just beyond the stage where the mariachi players were warming up and several bartenders were attending to their stock.

A chill went through her. "This can't be happening," she thought frantically. There was a mild wind up. Yellow, green and white plastic pennants were strung up around the tables on strings that led to poll to poll and they were flapping in the breeze noisily. The poles all had floodlights attached to them. When she tried to look behind her, toward the hacienda some 200 yards distant, she saw a semicircle of flags mounted on 25' high poles displaying the Morales crest.

She looked up at the sun. It was lowering in the west, probably about 5 o'clock. It was some time in the fall, she guessed and it would start to get dark fairly soon. She was sure that Lorenzo would want to light her up when the sun was down to create the biggest impression. And, he would wait until the end of the night, after all the guests had eaten and drunk themselves into festivity. Set off in the corners of the concrete fire pit were flood lights pointed up at her so that she would be well illuminated throughout the night. She was raised up about 6' above the tables and all the people would be able to get a good look at her while she burned.

She would have to stand here 5, maybe 6 hours. It wasn't fair. It wasn't right. It was horrible! Horrible! Horrible! She issued a loud scream through her gag, as loud as she could make it. Nobody even looked up, not the scurrying maids, not the cooks, not the workers who were still bringing out chairs, not the cooks, not the mariachi



band. Nobody. No one cared! No one cared! There was no force originating either on heaven or on earth that would save her. She hung her head and sobbed.

About 40 minutes after she had been mounted on the raised platform, several cooks approached the braziers to her right and lighted them up. The braziers must have been gas fired since they lit up right away. The men set large hunks of beef on spits atop the braziers and they started spinning slowly. The mariachi band had stopped tuning up and the members were wandering around. Several, including the two women she had seen, came up to the base of her pedestal and looked at her. They all had drinks in their hands.

She hadn't really thought about the fact that she was naked. She had been naked so long that it seemed her normal state. But it suddenly struck her with shame as the gaudily dressed men and women looked up at her. She groaned with unhappiness and squirmed in her bonds. She saw from their eyes her floppy ears, her blackened nose. Did they see a dog or a woman? She wanted to fade away, but of course that was impossible. Nothing could screen her from their view.

They whispered among themselves. The women seemed, if not horrified, at least disconcerted, while the men gawked salaciously. Maybe one of the women might call someone, the police or someone, who might come and save her. But Lorenzo had never seemed particularly concerned about who in the outside world had seen how she was treated, that she was a captive, all those men and women who had seen her locked in her chain at the front door to the hacienda. It was more probable that any public authority that had the obligation to preserve law and order were already in his pocket. In any case, after perusing her for a minute or so, the band members wandered away.

Several of the estate's security guards were wandering about checking things out. They were dressed in the black t-shirts with the estate logo on it, straw cowboy hats and pistols with western style holsters. Once in a while, one or two of them would come up to her and stare at her as if wondering what it would be like to fuck her. A couple of them laughed as they made what sounded like salacious comments to each other. And then they, too, wandered off.

Then people started filtering in. A few at first, and then more and more. Some were dressed in fancy Mexican *habile*, the women with draping, colorful skirts, the men like ageing toreadors, with gilt piping on their little jackets and up and down the seams of their pants. Others were dressed more casually, the women in short skirts and high heels,

the men in sports shirts. A few of the men wore formal business suits as if wanting to impress the others with their importance.

They wandered among the tables, looking, Carly imagined, for their names on little place cards. People greeted each other, the women giving each other little smooches and the men shaking hands. They started to accumulate in little groups. A line formed at the bar. Some of the maids came out bearing trays of *hors d'oeuvres*. The maids had been especially outfitted in fluffy little black skirts with white underskirts and lacy, black bustiers that held up but did not cover their flouncy, youthful breasts. They all had flowers worked into their hair of different colors, red, blue, yellow and orange. They mingled with the growing crowd, the women viewing them with moderated hostility, the men with obvious enjoyment.

The band had all assembled on the stage and broke out into a lively number, the two women members standing out in front of them and singing loudly into microphones. A youngish couple darted out onto the dance floor and started to dance, followed by a few others.

The sky to the west had started to redden as the sun began to sink. Some of the people drifted over to her little stand and stared at her. A couple of the women folded their hands over their faces and started to cry, but were quickly admonished by their mates and pulled away.

And so the party started. Carly stared out at the merry crowd despondently. Her shoulders ached from her arms being stretched out and her toes and feet were burning. She thought of all the horrors she had been through, the humiliations, the shame, and how she had turned doggie-like in the hopes of forever forestalling this day, had obsequiously devoted all her efforts to pleasing everyone who used her, barking like a madwoman, crawling on all fours, begging and whimpering on command, but all for naught. Should she have preserved her dignity and let them torture her until she died at the very beginning? It was easy now to think that that would have been better, but at the time this fate had seemed so remote and so improbable that living, breathing, experiencing precious life, and avoiding pain, had seemed preferable to utter darkness and oblivion.

She bit down on her gag, screamed from time to time, yanked at her chains, and sobbed and sobbed. She looked down at all the voluminous kindling below her, so innocuous now, but which would produce the flames that would engulf her. Her belly felt like it was full of snakes as it roiled and turned. She tried to put out of her mind the image of Lorenzo, for it would surely be Lorenzo, tossing a torch into

the pit to commence the conflagration, the crackling of the wood as it caught fire, the rising smoke soon followed by the rising heat. That the pain would start in her poor, defenseless feet and grow up her legs to her torso and beyond, and how she would scream, scream, scream her heart out praying for death. But she couldn't, and her body shook and sweated and her poor little mind burned and burned and burned.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack pulled his hog up to the entrance of Lorenzo's hacienda. Cars were still arriving for his party, sleek Mercedes, long, black Lincoln Continentals, some sports cars, a large, yellow, street quality Humvee. Young Mexican car jockeys were taking possession of them and driving them down to the large field by the barns for retrieval later. They had created a little reception area adjacent to the path that led around the building and to the back where the party was. A little across from it, next to a black security Jeep, was a little spot just perfect for parking his bike. He pulled into it, shut down the engine and got off. He used the lever at the bike's base to lift it onto the mounting bracket.

Two of Lorenzo's men, one he recognized, one he didn't, were sitting in the roofless Jeep and eying him warily. He knew he wasn't well liked by Lorenzo's boys, but, hey, what could you do?

He was dressed in a pair of black jeans and his heavy, black work boots. He had left the nice \$1,000 snakeskin ones behind at his little cottage. If things worked out as he planned, and, he had to admit, it would take a miracle for them to do, he would be doing a lot of riding tonight and the boots would get all fucked up anyway. He had, in fact, left just about everything behind and had in his physical possession not much more than he had arrived with. He had a few changes of underwear and socks in his saddlebags along with a bottle of tequila. In the opposite bag, on the right, he had placed, among a few other things, a .44 caliber Magnum and a box of rounds. Nobody was ever going to take him alive.

He had topped off his gas tank in the local village on his way back from his ride. He had left about noon and had ridden out to the little spot he had reserved for the girl to make sure that it was in readiness. A local farmer had dug the grave. He had left the shovel stuck in the pile of dirt so Jack could fill in the hole when he was done. The farmer's wife had promised to keep the grave well-tended and decorated with desert flowers and to say prayers over it every Sunday,

if not in perpetuity, then at least for a long time. The plot was actually on the farmer's land and Jack had paid him for it to make sure that it was never disturbed. It was true that the couple could just fuck him, take the money and do nothing, but he had made them swear on the graves of their parents that they would abide by his instructions and intimidated that he had ways of checking up on them.

He had sat under the large tree that shaded the spot, smoked a couple of joints and drank half of the bottle of tequila that was in his saddlebag, wondering how he had ever come to this point. He had never, never gotten this hung up on a woman his entire life. It was more than an obsession, it was like some kind of disease. The thought that she would die at Lorenzo's hands rather than his created a gnawing disturbance in his belly. Part of it, he had to admit, was that that fucking scumbucket would get the better of him. He had regretted, ever since that day when they had kidnapped all those girls from that nightclub, that he hadn't put a knife in his chest right then and there. He knew his days were numbered when Lorenzo had backed down from him in front of all of his men. As long as he was alive, his cowardice would nag him. He had to do something.

And so he had humiliated Jack when he had gone to purchase the girl. Maybe that was enough to assuage his wounded pride, but it hardly demonstrated the *mano-y-mano* courage that was necessary to run a large criminal enterprise like the Morales cartel.

Sr. Morales had intimidated as much to him. He had called him up to his hacienda a week ago. He had had intermittent contact with the elder Morales over the months he had been there and the old man had called him up a few times to discuss money that was due him from the jobs that he pulled, ideas about future jobs, or just to check him out and assert his lordship over him.

When he came in the front door, he saw that the FBI lady was gone. In her place was a very unhappy pale skinned girl, probably one of the *Norteamericanas* that the Rogues gang kept sending down. She had beautiful, sparkling blue eyes and large heavy breasts. The tattoo artist was still working on her and his designs were half completed, but she already wore the Morales crest on her belly and the inscription "*Esclava de la Casa de Morales*" etched in black letters across her upper chest. Her head was completely shaved and a large golden ring had been placed through her nose. She made some muffled, fruitless entreaties as he passed which he ignored.

The disappearance of the FBI lady was disconcerting. There was only one thing that it could mean: Sr. Morales had made a deal for her return. And if Sr. Morales was dealing with the FBI there was a good chance that he had been made part of the deal.

One of the stewards led him through the vast atrium and towards the back of the house. He had to hand it to the elderly gang leader, the house was elegantly decorated. There were beautiful paintings on the walls, finely polished, dark furniture, brilliant arrays of flowers almost everywhere you looked. The rugs were fine and deep and where there were no rugs, the floor had been laid with brightly polished wood. The walls were painted a yellowish cream color with dark maroon trim. Here and there pretty, young maids were at work, cleaning and polishing. The ceilings were high, making the rooms seem cavernous.

The steward walked him all the way to the back of the building. They went through an etched glass doorway and entered a vast greenhouse. The fragrance of the flowers was nearly overpowering. Sr. Morales was standing by a long wooden table clipping some roses and placing them in a fine blue and white vase. To Jack's surprise, standing next to him was Manuel, Lorenzo's right hand man.

It appeared that their conversation was just finishing. Sr. Morales gave him an avuncular pat on the back and issued a broad smile. Manuel gave Sr. Morales a bow of his head. Then they both turned towards Jack.

"Greetings, Blackjack," Sr. Morales said lightly. "You know, of course, Manuel."

"Of course," Jack returned.

"He was just leaving."

Manuel gave Jack a broad, almost mischievous smile. He left without saying a word.

Sr. Morales put down the flowers he was working on. "*Mi amigo*," he said, "it is time for us to have a little talk."

"*Mi tiempo es tuyo*," Jack answered.

"*Bueno*," Morales said. "We have been honored to have you as our guest, Sr. Blackjack," he went on. "You have been very profitable for us and I, for one, have enjoyed your company. My men all admire you, although there are some who say that you are too proud and lack respect."

"I have the greatest respect for you, *señor*," Jack interjected. "If I have done anything to offend you I am truly sorry."

"No," Morales replied. "You have shown me no ill respect, but as to my son, well, that is a different question."

"People get the respect they deserve, *padron*," Jack stated.

"*Es verdad*," Morales returned. "And I am sorry to say that in many ways my son has much to learn. But time goes on and waits for no man. My time is almost over and I must do what's best for my family, my men, those who have been loyal to me. I cannot have this division in my organization. You can understand, no?"

"I understand," Jack replied.

"So the time has come that you must leave us. For more reasons than one. But you are my guest and it would be shameful of me to take any act against you, or to permit such an act while you are here. There is a girl, I hear."

Jack remained silent for a moment. Of course the tale of his attempt to buy the girl would have reached Sr. Morales' ear. He felt shamed that his weakness was so well known.

"*Si, hay una mujer*," he admitted.

"Men like us must be cautious as to women, no?"

"*Si, es claro*."

"This woman belongs to my son, Lorenzo, and it does not please me to make him give her up. You understand, of course."

"Of course."

"It would cause many more problems than it would solve. And I understand that my son has very bad plans for this girl. You know of them, do you not?"

"I know."

"He has, unfortunately, a streak of cruelty in him, a devil that he must satisfy. As a father, it saddens me, but a son is a son."

"A son is a son," Jack conceded.

Sr. Morales patted him on the shoulder. "When this thing with the girl is over, you may leave. But not until then. You are like a son to me, but sometimes a son has to be sacrificed for the greater good. Lorenzo must have his day. I can do nothing less. If you leave before then, my men will hunt you down, wherever you go and that will be an end to you. You will attend my son's little party and then this thing will be finished and you may go with my good wishes. You have a considerable amount of money. You may go where you wish. But, for reasons you may guess at, I cannot do anything to help you. We have made our arrangements with the FBI and nothing may come between us, not even you. *¿Entiendes?*"

*“Entendio,”* Jack answered.

The next day, he went up to his little mountain retreat and gave the matter a considerable amount of thought. He had purchased a cell phone and he called Stitch up in New Mexico on the private number he had given him. Regardless of what Sr. Morales had said, there would be no place in Mexico that would be safe for him. There would be a bounty on his head and anywhere he went, as conspicuous as he was, someone would find him. But where would he go?

It was Stitch who had given him the idea. It seemed that the Rogues in San Diego had a little thing going where they shipped Anglo girls off to the Philippines in exchange for heroin. Every two weeks or so the girls would be loaded up on a container ship headed to Manila out of Long Beach. Jack could go there and, with all the money he had collected, live like a king. If he could cross the border and make it to Alamogordo, they could smuggle him to San Diego and he could take ship. The Philippines was, in many ways, as lawless a country as Mexico. And Filipino pussy was as plentiful and as cheap too. And they spoke English, mostly.

Crossing into the US was not high on Jack's list of things he wanted to do, but he didn't really have any alternative. He could go south and try to make it to Guatemala or someplace else down south, but he would have to travel many miles to get there. He could take a boat, but could he really trust anyone? A few miles out to sea and they might just slit his throat and throw him overboard, especially if they thought he was carrying a suitcase full of cash. And, on the other hand, it just might be that he would catch the FBI by surprise. Who would expect him to flee back into the States?

Stitch told him that he would clear it with Ike and get back to him later that night. The call came about 10 p. m. Ike had cleared it. Stitch would come down with the next planeload of girls, in two days, and he would bring back with him Jack's suitcase full of cash. He would cross at Laredo, about 120 miles north of the Morales ranch. Stitch would bring some phony i.d. Once across the border, the Rogues would pick him up and he would be taken to their Alamogordo hideout for a few days until he could be smuggled out to San Diego.

It seemed so simple. But it was a big risk. But then, he thought, who was he really fooling. He probably wouldn't survive the night of Lorenzo's party. He would do everything in his power to stop Lorenzo from burning the girl. Even if he had to kill her himself right there in front of everyone. And Lorenzo too.

He knew that the party would be under tight security. He would probably be gunned down at the first sign of trouble. But he would die like a man, at the time of his own choosing. If he let Lorenzo burn the girl without doing anything he wouldn't be able to live with himself. No man had ever challenged him and lived. He was not about to let that happen now.

And, he had to confess, there was something about the girl being lit up like a torch that didn't sit right with him. He couldn't get out of his mind her beauty, her submissiveness and her passion. Over and over again he had gone over that day they had spent in that cabin during the snowstorm. She had surrendered so completely to him. She had to die, that was clear. He wouldn't be able to rid himself of his obsession for her as long as she breathed. But she didn't deserve to burn. She deserved to die at the hands of someone who loved her, who cared for her. A simple twist of a knife, a last gasp for breath and then darkness. She would be at peace and so would he.

He crossed the tarmac towards Lorenzo's hacienda. A pathway led along the side towards the party. Men and women, in couples and in pairs were still straggling in. He followed a man and a woman dressed in fine party clothes along the pathway. About a hundred yards down was a checkpoint manned by four of Lorenzo's men dressed in black t-shirts and jeans, wearing straw cowboy hats. Lorenzo had outfitted them with old fashioned six shooters. The men were desultorily checking out the guests as they passed, casually frisking the men and examining the women's purses. When Jack stepped up they sprang to attention.

"*Hola, Sr. Blackjack,*" one of the said with a snarl.

Jack just gave him a nod. One of them stepped up to frisk him and then hesitated, as if cautious that Jack might do something. There was nowhere on him that he could hide a pistol, but his 8" Bowie knife was strapped to his belt. For a second or two there was a standoff. Then one of the guards said, the one who seemed to be in charge, "*Con respeto, Sr. Blackjack, debe entragar el chuchillo.*"

He hesitated. If he surrendered the knife he would have no weapon. He would have to strangle Lorenzo with his hands. Not that he would mind and, in fact, would probably get great enjoyment out of it, but it would take a little too much time and he would certainly be gunned down before the process was completed. But if he didn't give up the knife, the confrontation would begin right here and that would be the end of it. He could almost certainly cut the throats of two of



them in a flash, and maybe plunge the blade into the chest of the third, but the fourth would have time to draw and if not kill him, at least get off a shot, which would bring a dozen of Lorenzo's men running.

The men, sensing Jack's thoughts took half steps back from him. Two of them placed their hands on their pistols. Jack gave in to the inevitable. He would just have to think something else out.

He slowly let his right hand drift to the handle of the blade and released a smile. "*No hay problema,*" he said civilly. He cautiously drew the knife from the sheath and then proffered it, handle first, to the men. The one who seemed like the leader took it from him. The tension fled from the men. They all smiled.

"*Pasar un bien rato, Sr. Blackjack,*" one of them said.

Jack just gave them a nod and passed through. "Yeah, I'll have a good time," he thought.

It had just gotten past dusk and all the lights had been turned on. The band was going at it energetically and about 2 dozen or so people were dancing. The maids, dressed in their special costumes, were flitting about with trays of appetizers and pitchers of sangria and beer. A cloud of steam and smoke was rising up from the braziers on the far side of the forty or so tables and the smell of cooking steak wafted over him. The air was full of laughter and excited conversations. About  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the tables were full. He wound his way through the tables. As he passed, people stopped whatever they were doing and looked at him. Word had undoubtedly spread of his humiliation to come. It is not often that a man would reject a million dollars for a whore and then let his valuable property go up in smoke. It said a great deal, as it was designed to do, about the Morales family's wealth and power. And it said a lot about his lack of power as compared to them.

He looked up towards the hacienda and saw the girl mounted on the platform. Two bright spotlights shone on her from either side of the fire pit. Her doggy face was half hidden by the leather shield to her gage, but her canine ears and nose were clearly distinguishable. She was standing motionless, her arms bound above her and to the sides of the wooden pillar behind her. Her eyes seemed limpid, as if she had given in to despair. Her pale white skin, devoid of the doggie stocking she usually wore, was shiny as if it had been greased. He guessed that she probably couldn't see much from where she stood with the spotlights shining on her. Nonetheless, he restrained himself from coming up close to her. What difference it made as to whether she saw him or not he didn't know, but it wrenched his gut to see her there.

He looked around to where he could sit. All the tables seemed to have place cards and he couldn't see Lorenzo sitting him down with his genteel guests. A steward dressed in a white cook's Jacket with two rows of buttons that went up to the neck came up to him.

"*Sr. Blackjack,*" he said politely, "*tengo un lugar para ti aqui.*"

Jack nodded and followed the slender man to a table up near the front and off to the side. It was a small, round table set for just one. Across from it, was what appeared to be the head table set at an angle so that its occupants would have a view of both the array of guests to their right and the forlorn sacrifice to their left. An open space of about 40' long and 20' wide sat in front of the plinth and between Jack's table and, her presumed, Lorenzo's. It was a long distance for him to have to travel with just his dick in his hand, he thought. He sat down at his table facing Lorenzo's. Everyone would see him sitting there alone awaiting his upcoming humiliation. That was okay. The way it was set up, his denouement with Lorenzo would be witnessed by all, whatever way it turned out.

A pretty little maid, her bare breasts flouncing, came by with a tray of *hor d'oeuvres* and shyly offered them to him. Jack waived them away. A second maid came by a moment later with a pitcher of frothy beer and he declined that as well. A bottle of brown colored tequila was already on the table along with a 3 oz. rocks glass, a small bowl of lemons and a salt shaker. Jack looked at it for a few moments. He didn't want to have his senses clouded when the shit broke out but he didn't want to sit there with his thumb up his ass all night either. He cracked open the bottle, poured about 2 ounces of liquor into the glass and took a large sip. It felt good going down. There was a small cigar box on the table next to the tequila bottle and an unopened pack of Marlboros. It seemed that everything was being done to cement his status as an honored guest. He took a cigar out of the box, pressed its sides to confirm its freshness, bit off the tip, lit it, and then leaned back in his chair. He would bide his time.

Carly had, in fact, seen her abductor. The way the floodlights were positioned, from either side of her, she could see down the middle most of the tables and the celebrants. There was no mistaking his dark form. A pang of hope pierced her for a moment, but she quickly realized that it was fruitless. With so many of Lorenzo's security guards around, there was no way the man could interfere with Lorenzo's design. She watched him wind his way through the tables and then he disappeared off to her left where the glare of the spotlight hid him.

It was absolute dark now outside the artificial lights and she knew that her time was not too far off. At one point she saw Lorenzo. He was circulating among the tables, shaking hands and giving the women little pecks on the cheeks like some politician running for office. It was a bit of a surprise that he knew how to comport himself amidst polite company. When he had finished making the rounds, he came up to her plinth and stood there for a while just staring at her. She looked back at him dolefully. Was there a millionth of a chance that he would change his mind? If she gave him just the right piteous look, would it soften his heart? Her mind said no, but her heart wanted to avail itself of every possible chance of delivery from her fate so she gave him the most piteous look she possible could, a tough thing to do with half your face obscured by a leather shield.

Something crossed over the dastardly gangster's face for an instant. Was it pity? Remorse? Doubt? Something? But then he laughed. A hearty, chest heaving laugh. "You look so pretty, *perrita*," he said when he recovered his breath. "In a little while you'll be lit up like a Roman candle. It's too bad you won't be able to watch. It's an amazing thing. And don't worry. We'll take your gag out before we start so you can scream your little doggie heart out. The last one screeched so loud I thought she might break all the glasses." He laughed again. "*Te veo luego*," he said happily as he wandered off. See you later.

She squirmed and pulled on her bonds and cried and cried and cried. Why was Lorenzo so cruel? What devil lived inside him? How could the world let this happen to her? How was she going to be able to bear the pain? How long would she have to scream and scream and scream before darkness took her? How could this really be happening to her? What did she ever do in her life to deserve it? Of all the millions of people in the world why did it have to be her?

The band had taken a break and the noise of the merry crowd could be heard. The dancers had left the dance floor. The maids were collecting dirty dishes from the tables. All of a sudden the lights went down and a spotlight shined on the stage. A tall, elegant woman, with long black hair and a slinky dress was standing at the microphone with a guitar. The crowd quickly silenced and there was a round of applause. The woman took a few moments to do some last minute tuning on her guitar, strummed a chord and then spoke into the microphone.

"*¡Hola amigos!*" she shouted, "*¿Que noche tan maravillosa? ¿Si?*"

“¡Si! ¡Si!” shouted the crowd in return.

“¡Y feliz cumpleaños a nuestro generoso anfitrión, Señor Lorenzo Morales!”

This was greeted by a cacophony of hoots and howls. Lorenzo, who had been off to the side where Carly couldn't see him, stepped into the middle again and waved to the crowd, giving them a short bow. This brought on more cheers.

The woman strummed her guitar again. The crowd silenced. A moment later, she burst into song.

She had a wonderful noble, alto voice. Carly couldn't understand any of the words, but the songs sounded noble and true. There were lively ones, sounding like ballads, and slow, sad ones. She was a master of the guitar. Each time she finished a song the crowd erupted into applause. It was clear that the woman was well known, a celebrity. She seemed so good and pure and fine that Carly had a hard time understanding how she could possibly be here singing for that monster Lorenzo. Didn't she know what was going to happen? Didn't she know what kind of man he was? The kinds of things he did? How could so much goodness be present amidst so much badness? The woman broke into a song whose notes were so sad, her voice so piteous that even Carly had to feel some sadness for whoever the song was about.

And then she finished. She bowed to the crowd and it erupted into wild applause. She waved to them and scurried off of the stage.

The spotlight went dim but another spotlight went on a minute later shining down on a spot about 15' or so away from her plinth, in the center of the open space. A second later, Lorenzo sidled into it. A servant dressed in a waiter's uniform wheeled out a large cart with a tall, multilayered cake on it. There were candles lit all over it. Lorenzo had a microphone in his hand and made a little speech which was interrupted several times by applause. The waiter produced a long knife and Lorenzo, after blowing out all the candles, ceremoniously cut into the cake. There was another round of applause. He waved to the crowd and the cake was wheeled away. Lorenzo waved to the crowd and the spotlight went out. The lights around the tables went back up again. The band resumed their positions and resumed playing.

The maids scurried about delivering trays of cake to the celebrants. Some of the people got up and started dancing again. Carly had thought that when she saw Lorenzo in the middle of the spotlight with the microphone in his hand that her moment had come. Her stomach

heaved and she started sobbing maniacally. But then she saw the cake and realized that she had a temporary reprieve.

The band played for about another 40 minutes. Carly knew that her time was approaching when a heavysset man in worker's clothes stepped up onto the plinth. He was carrying two gallon sized jugs. He put one down and started pouring the contents of the other all around the fire pit. Carly recognized the smell right away as kerosene. A chill went through her and she began to mew and whine. When the one jug was empty, the man started emptying the second. He made especially sure to pour the kerosene in the area just below her feet and he splashed some on her feet and shins.

When he was done, he looked at her briefly. He was older, maybe in his sixties, heavysset, with a grayish growth of hair on his face. His eyes were sad. He quickly looked down and made the sign of the cross. "*Mi perdón, señorita,*" he mumbled gruffly. "*Y Dios mi perdone.*" May God forgive me.

He picked up the empty bottles and hustled away. A few moments later, one of Lorenzo's guards mounted the platform. He grinned when he came near her and took hold of her nipples and squeezed them until she moaned. He laughed. He reached behind her head and undid the gag. He slipped it from her mouth and then gave her a sloppy kiss. "*Pasar un bien rato, coño,*" he chortled. Have a good time. Then he stepped away.

Carly began to sob and quiver. She pulled at her bonds as hard as she could. She clamped her lips tightly together, trying hard not to break out into wasteful and piteous pleas for forbearance. She looked up at the dark sky overhead and prayed. The music ended. The spotlight in the front near her plinth went back on and all the other lights but for the two shining on her went out. There was a loud, insistent drum roll. Lorenzo appeared in the spotlight. A man next to him was carrying a lighted torch. It danced and weaved threateningly. Carly cowered and shook. "Please, no! Please, no! Please, no!" she thought madly. She wasn't Catholic, but some of her friends had been and she started to recite a prayer she had heard them say, but couldn't get past the first two words. "Hail Mary.... Hail Mary...Hail Mary..." she kept repeating.

Lorenzo called out to the crowd. There was absolute silence. A woman started to sob. Lorenzo's speech was angry and demonstrative. He seemed to be lashing out at his enemies and issuing dire warnings to all that opposed him. The torch kept dancing and flickering

ominously. Suddenly, Lorenzo took hold of the torch. He lifted it high. “¡Muerte a enemigos!” he screamed. He turned to her. She couldn’t help herself, she screamed, “Noooooooooooo! Pllllllllllleeeeeeeeeeease! Noooooooooooooooooo!”

Jack had been watching Lorenzo all night. He was still sipping at his 3 ozs. Of tequila and had allowed himself no more. Not a single one of the guests or one of Lorenzo’s men had come near him. He saw the lights go down and Lorenzo step into the spotlight. He saw the torch burning brightly. He was about to get up, when a waiter sidled by him with a tray with a dish on it covered by a bright red napkin. Jack waived him away, but the man dropped the tray and ran. As Jack looked back at Lorenzo, as he spouted his poison at the crowd, a glint caught the corner of his eye. He looked back at the tray. Sticking out from the napkin over the plate was something shiny. He quickly pulled back the napkin and there was his bowie knife. He looked around, startled. Across the way, just beyond where Lorenzo was standing, half in and half out of the light he saw Manuel. He was staring back at Jack.

And then it hit him. He recalled Sr. Morales’s words. Why had he insisted on him waiting until the birthday party? “You are like a son to me, but sometimes a son has to be sacrificed for the greater good.” That was what he had said. Manuel had just left and had given him that mysterious smile. The old man had set the whole thing up. It was to be *mano y mano* between him and Lorenzo. One of them would win. If Lorenzo, the girl would burn and he would have earned his right to lead the Morales family when the old man retired. If he won, Manuel was ready to assume that mantle. But Lorenzo was a coward. The old man must know how this would turn out. The only question was whether he would survive plunging a knife into Lorenzo’s chest.

Just as Lorenzo started to waive the brightly burning torch over his head, Jack stood up, grabbing the knife and took three fast, long steps toward him. That was all he needed. When Lorenzo turned back to the plinth, Jack was right in front of him.

“You!” Lorenzo shouted. “Get out of my way, you *culo negro*!” You black asshole.

“That’s the last time you’ll call me a name like that,” Jack snarled at him. The bowie knife was by his side. He was holding it behind his leg so Lorenzo wouldn’t see it.

“I’ll call you anything I want, *negrito*,” Lorenzo shouted back. “The girl is mine and tonight she burns!”

“I don’t think so,” Jack replied coolly.

“I’ll fuck you up!” Lorenzo shouted. He was wearing the same cowboy belt and six shooter that his guards were. The torch was burning overhead in his left hand. His right hand went to the handle on the *pistola*.

Jack brandished the knife. “Go ahead,” he snarled. “Draw. We’ll see who is faster.”

Lorenzo stared at the knife. He took half a step back. He looked around quickly. “*¡Le dispara! ¡Le dispara!*” he yelled frantically as he calculated the distance between him and the rogue biker. Shoot him! Shoot him!

No one moved. He looked at Manuel desperately. “*¡Le dispara, Manuel! ¡Le dispara!*”

Manuel stood stock still. Lorenzo looked back at Jack. Suddenly, he tossed the torch at him and went for the gun. It arced towards Jack. Jack stepped back, letting it fall in front of him and then dashed forward. Lorenzo had cleared the holster and a shot rang out. It whizzed past Jack’s ear and a half second later, he plunged the knife deep into Lorenzo’s chest.

He pulled it out, ready to strike again if necessary. Lorenzo’s knees buckled and the pistol dropped from his hand. He looked at Jack. “*¡Y negro hijo de puta!*” he whined. “*Tu me ha mas matado!*” You’ve killed me. He dropped to the ground.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

There was a screech in the crowd. Jack turned to look at Manuel who was grinning back at him. One of the guards had climbed the plinth and was releasing the girl from her chains. Jack was expecting a hail of bullets at any moment, but it didn't come. The guard, also grinning broadly, brought the girl to Jack. She was sobbing. Her hands and feet were free. Jack looked at Manuel. Manuel stepped up to him.

"You've got 2 minutes to get out of here," he said menacingly. "And if I catch you in Mexico when the sun goes down tomorrow, I'll kill you and the girl too. *Hasta luego, amigo*," he added.

Jack didn't need to be told twice. He jammed the bowie knife back in its sheath and grabbed the arm of the wailing, frantic girl. He took off like a shot, dragging her behind him. As they passed through the tables, the crowd cowered back and made way for them. He passed through the checkpoint and pulled the girl across the tarmac. She was still sobbing violently. He shook her by both her arms and, when that didn't work, gave her a fierce slap. She stopped sobbing and looked at him.

"Get on the bike!" he ordered her.

She looked at it, and then back at him, and then back at the bike. She looked back at him once more, staring hard into his eyes and then quickly jumped on the bike, crossing her naked leg over the seat. Jack got on in front of her, pushed the bike off of its stand and pedaled the crank. It roared into life. Gravel spewed this way and that as he spun out onto the tarmac and towards the main gate. It was open and waiting for him. He sailed through and zoomed south.

Carly hung onto him for dear life. A spring of joy had burst open within her. She laughed, she cried. She had begged for a miracle and one had happened. When she had seen that torch, had seen Lorenzo wave it over his head like some barbarian getting ready to torch Rome, she had experienced a terror which had blotted out everything in the world. And then to see the man challenge him! The man! Her man! What he wanted her for didn't matter. After all that had happened to her, he alone saw value in her. He had been willing to give up a million dollars for her. And now he was risking death itself. Even if he had failed, had been gunned down by Lorenzo's men like a dog, she would have gone to her own terrible death with a sense of redemption.



But he had won! How and why didn't matter. Perhaps Lorenzo's cruelties had become too much for even his *compadres*. Perhaps God had reached down and blinded all of his men, frozen them like statues. Perhaps this was all a dream concocted by a spoiled potato she had eaten that last night with Randi at dinner. Perhaps she would wake up even now, home in her own bed, sweaty and shaking from her nightmare.

But, feeling the man's hot body as she gripped it tightly from behind, she knew it was not a dream. The man was real. As real as a force of nature. As real as an earthquake or a tidal wave. They were speeding along incredibly fast as if fleeing the devil himself. "I'm alive! I'm alive!" she screamed to herself. The roar of the motorcycle, the streaming by of the wind, the vibration of the mighty machine between her legs melded with her mind numbing joy. "I'll never let him go!" she thought. "I'll do and be whatever he says."

The road was pretty much deserted with one or two cars passing them in the other direction. She tore the Velcro fastenings on her leather mittens off with her teeth and gleefully tossed them into the wind. They passed houses and huts and a few stores, all darkened as if the occupants had migrated away. About an hour after they left the hacienda, the man diverted them down a small road to the right. It was bumpy and narrow and he had to slow down to navigate it. There was barely any moon and there was complete darkness except for what was illuminated by their headlight.

The bike slowed to a crawl and then he directed it to their right, bouncing over an earthen berm. She saw that there was a fast flowing stream to their right. A large juniper tree towered over an open space. And there was something there, something that looked like some kind of excavation.

He stopped the machine and turned off the engine. The death of the engine resulted in almost complete silence but for the gurgling of the stream next to them. "Get off," she heard the man say.

She obeyed him without question. He got off after her and levered the bike onto its stand. The headlight was still on. Something was going to happen here, she sensed. Something final and unalterable. She stepped forward to the excavation which was illuminated by the light. She recognized what it was right away. It was a grave. There was a mound of dirt next to it with a primitive looking shovel jammed into it.

A calmness came over her. It made sense. He had tried to kill her before and failed. She was, she realized, a fierce obsession with him,

an object of uncontrollable desire. And he was a man who if he respected nothing, respected the control he had over himself and others. As long as she was alive, she would be the fly in the ointment, the mote in his eye. She would eat away at his psyche.

And for her? She had often wondered how she would live if she was ever freed. There had always been a black wall in her imagination between her life at the hacienda and any life afterwards. She saw now why that was so. It was a premonition of her fate, the only fate that made any sense. She couldn't see herself running into Randi's arms, seeking solace for her travails. She couldn't see her succumbing to her mother's sympathies. What mental health worker would ever be able to convince her that she was without sin in the way she had at times reveled in her abuse, taken pleasure there, fed the demon that the man had drawn out of her that night up in the mountains? Who would ever be able to put that demon back in its box?

The man had risked his life for her. And if not for her, then for the idea which she represented. He had saved her from an abysmal fate, pain and anguish beyond which anyone should have to ever tolerate, a death among the worst you could imagine. No, she was his now. He could do with her as he liked. And if she had to die, she preferred it be at his hands, hands that desired her more than anything in the world.

She turned to him. He had gotten off of the bike and was staring at her. Did he expect her to run away? To scream and beg? No. She would show him that she was better than that. That she understood why she had to die, that she was willing to die as his slave, his property. He had taken her by conquest, had plunged himself into her deepest depths, had more knowledge of her than anyone else in the world. She would not run. He had recovered for her her nobility, her humanity and she would not surrender it now.

"Take that shit off of your face," he growled at her.

She had forgotten that she was still adorned with the accouterments of her doggiehood. She quickly pulled off the floppy ears and the blackened nose and tossed them aside. He stepped back to the bike and opened the saddlebag. She saw him draw something out of it, something yellow. She knew right away what it was. It was the yellow dress she had been wearing when he had kidnapped her. He was restoring her to her former self in the only way that he could. He tossed it to her. "Put this on," he said.

She shook the yellow fabric out so that she could discern which end was which and then she pulled it over her head. She was thinner

than she was and the dress went over her hips easily. She took a moment to straighten it out so that it hung right on her body, seating her breasts in the bodice. There were 3 buttons on the back, but she didn't bother with them.

He looked at her for a moment. "Yes," she thought. "It's me. Carly. I'm the girl you stole and made forever yours."

His hand went to the Bowie knife strapped to his right hip. He was about to say something, but was hesitating. She sensed his confusion, the conflict of desire and need. He wanted her with all of his breath, and had no need more intense than to blot her out of his life forever. She stared back at him. She had nothing to say. She understood completely. "You decide," she thought. "You decide."

She sank to her knees in the dry dust, keeping her eyes fixed to his. She placed her arms behind her back and lowered her torso until her forehead was in the dirt. It was as he had taught her. A complete surrender, a complete submission. "Come on! Do it! It'll only take a moment. I'm ready. I'm yours."

Jack stared down at her. It would be a simple thing. If he crouched down and put his left hand on the back of her neck, he could cut her neck from ear to ear with his right. There would be a gasp and a sucking noise as her life's blood poured out into the Mexican dust. It would be over in less than a minute. It would be virtually painless. And then he would be done. He would be free. No one could have her and he could move on to whatever life brought him next. He would never let himself be captured by a fucking cunt again.

But why couldn't he move? Why had the girl done that? He had expected her to begin to cry and wail and had prepared himself to plunge the blade right into her heart. Or if she ran, to tackle her and cut her throat while she struggled. This exhibition of submissiveness disturbed him. It brought to mind all the satisfaction he had had subduing her and all the fantasies he had had of owning her, making her his permanent prisoner, using her how and when he wanted for his pleasure. There would never be anyone like her again.

"Shit!" he exploded inwards. "Why can't I do this? It would have been over by now. What's wrong with me?" He turned his head and spat. "Fuck this!" he said to himself angrily. "That's it! That's the formula, the paradigm. Hate her for all that she has done to you! Hate her for debasing herself in his presence at Lorenzo's hacienda! Despise her for her baseness, for the base creature she had become! Hate himself for the power that she had over him! Pay her back for all the

nights of anguish he had suffered thinking of her up at Lorenzo's fucking and sucking everybody but him! That was the formula. "She can't fool me now! Her surrender means nothing! Nothing!"

He crouched down on one knee. He drew the blade from its sheath with his right hand. He placed his left hand on the back of her neck. He slipped the blade under her chin. He felt it making contact with her skin. She released a little shudder and a faint squeal. "One! Two! Three!" he shouted to himself.

But the blade didn't move. It stayed motionless, pressed against her neck. Her hands were draped behind her, but had not tensed or flickered when he had seized her as if she were fully accepting of her fate. Why couldn't he do it?

And it was then that he understood. Killing her would not deaden his need for her. She had insinuated herself into his very cellular structure like some kind of virus. He would spend the rest of his life ruing his loss of her. He withdrew the knife from her neck and stood up. He would take her with him to the Philippines on the boat. He would find some remote place to live and keep her as his slave. She would serve him, wear his chains. The only way to cure a virus was to let it run its course. When he was tired of her, when she had lost her luster in his eyes, then he would kill her, burn her body and scatter her ashes to the wind.

But who was he kidding. He would probably never make it to the Philippines. He had to cross the border, cross Texas. He would be carrying over a million dollars in cash. When the men on the boat figured that out, they would probably toss him overboard despite their relationship to the Rogues. And when he felt them closing in, he would slash her throat to make sure that they wouldn't have her. On the other hand, there was a chance that it would work out. He had been lucky ever since he had busted out of prison back in Wisconsin. Maybe his luck would hold.

He put the knife back in its sheath. "Get up," he growled to the girl. She rose to her knees and then, awkwardly to her feet, keeping her hands crossed behind her. Her face was covered with tears and her lips were trembling. He went over to the bike and mounted it. He pushed it off of its mount and started it up. "Get on," he told her. She gave him a timid smile and obeyed.

They headed north. Two hours later they pulled up in front of the little cabin he had rented up in the mountains. They would spend the

rest of the night and cross the border tomorrow. He had it all worked out with Stitch and the Rogues would be waiting.

The cabin was a one room affair. There was a lumpy old mattress on a wrought iron bed frame. There was a wood stove, a primitive sink with an old fashioned hand pump for water. The floor was unpolished, greyish wood as were the walls. An oil lamp hung from the ceiling. He had stocked some canned goods and other basic amenities.

He parked the bike and they got off. He took the girl by the arm and dragged her up onto the porch and inside. It was pitch black. He flicked his lighter so he could see to light the overhead lantern. It cast a spooky light around the room.

He turned to the girl. She was standing there watching him. As soon as he turned, as if anticipating his order, she shucked the yellow dress off over her head, fell to her knees and, after crossing her hands behind her back, placed her forehead on the floor. One of the previous occupants had left a coil of rope behind. He retrieved it and cut off an adequate length. He went behind the girl and tied off her wrists. He went back outside and removed his spare clothing, his .45 magnum and the bottle of tequila from the saddlebags. He came back into the cabin, got an old tin cup out of a rickety old cabinet and poured himself 3 fingers worth. He sat down at the small wooden table by the window, turning the chair so that he could see the girl. He took a long pull at the tequila, lit a smoke and sat back.

Looking at the girl, all quiet and submissive, he felt comfortable with his decision. It was a gamble, but well worth the risk. If he had left her in that hole down by the river he would be all torn up right now. And instead he had a beautiful, obedient prisoner.

She was still wearing the black leather collar they had adorned her with, the one with the letter "Z" etched in it in red. Z for Zorrita. He knew that that was what they called her. He tried to decide whether to take it off, but decided against it. It looked so good on her and, besides, it might become useful later.

He stubbed out his cigarette on a pie tin he kept on the table. "Kneel up and show me your breasts," he told her. Obediently, she rose up, spreading her knees, held her backbone erect and thrust out her breasts. She looked at him frankly. He felt a stir in his loins. She was beautiful. And there was just something about her that seemed to fulfill him. If she had been his cellmate back in stir he never would have left.

“Come closer,” he ordered in a low tone. She shuffled forward on her knees until she was right in front of him, practically touching his knees. He leaned over and took hold of her breasts. He massaged them softly, feeling their heft, taking claim of them. No one else would ever play with them, not Stitch, not Ike, nobody. She was totally and unalterably his. Her eyes softened as he kneaded her mounds gently, her lids half closed. His cock was stiffening. “Why not,” he thought. “That’s what she’s here for.”

He leaned back and lowered his zipper. He drew out his tumescent instrument. She looked at it and then up at him. She seemed to stir with anticipation. “Okay,” he said. “Do your job.”

She kneed herself closer to him. She looked at his long, thick, rubbery manhood. She looked back up at him. Was that a smile that he saw?

Carly leaned forward and closed her lips over the end of the big man’s cock. She closed her eyes, reveling in the taste, the smell, the fullness she felt in her mouth. She had no illusions about what she was doing. Anyone normal out there in the world would say that she was under the power of a psychosis she had descended into as a result of her suffering. Maybe she was. But it was a psychosis which made every cell of her body sing. She closed her eyes and a feral desire swept through her. When she had felt the man’s knife blade at her throat, she had readied herself for the shock of its violence. But she had not been sorry. She knew that no one on the earth wanted her, needed her more than the man and that nobody ever would. It was with almost joy that she accepted death at his hands, never to grow old, never to have his desire fade, to be the avatar of his want and lust, to be so valued that he would risk his life for her, so precious that he would never want to share her, not merely her body, but even just the vision of her, with any living soul ever again.

And then he had paused. And then he had stood up and cursed. And then she knew that she would have the holy duty of serving him, the joy of being possessed by him, to be owned so completely that she would never have to make another decision in her life.

On the ride afterwards, she held onto him so tightly that she thought she might actually merge with him, to be subsumed inside him and she prayed and wished that it could possibly be true. But being here, on her knees, bound and controlled as she deserved to be, needed to be, to have his maleness hardening in her mouth, to hear him release

a soft sigh as a result of her obedient surrender to his will, was the next best thing.

She drew her head back and suckled on the bulbous head. She pressed her head forward, locking her lips against the shaft and slowly, slowly, slowly descended until the head was lodged against her throat. Again she did it. And again. And again. A brilliant song had erupted in her head, a song that had no words, and no tune, and no notes. It was an explosion of delight, an all-enveloping vibration, something undefinable, but yet sweet and pleasing and magical. To think that she should be here, serving her master's pleasures, her true master, and yet just yesterday she had been a forlorn prisoner spending her last hours on earth in sorrow and fear and terror. How could the world change so quickly? How could hell turn into heaven in just 24 hours?

She stroked and stroked, slowly, then fast, then slowly again. She wanted to share the song in her head with him and the only way she could do it was to bring him pleasure, to convey to his hot, rigid wand, and through it to him, the delights of the universe that were flowing through her.

Jack had his eyes closed too. And while there were no songs in his head, he was experiencing a satisfaction so intense that he thought he might dissolve. The heat of the girl's mouth, the energy of her devotion, sent a wave of pleasure through him more intense than he had ever experienced. It was as if everything in the universe had been put in the right place. All the molecules in the air around them were dancing in celebration of this moment. He sighed deeply when he felt her tongue laver over the head of his cock while she suckled on it. He moaned when she encompassed him fully, delivering mesmerizing warmth the length of his pole. He thrilled when she speeded up, sensing his inner energy gathering towards eruption. He went into a trance-like state when she slowed again. He would have been a fool to have deprived himself of this! And she was his! His! Unalterably his!

He would never give her up! Somehow they would make it. She would be both a goddess and a slave. A harlot and a saint. He would take care of her, of everything, of every need. She would have no need to talk or to think or to do anything but live and allow him to serve her. For he saw that he would be her servant too. He would worship at her shrine, treasure every follicle of her hair, every cell of her skin. She would be more precious than silver or gold or diamonds or anything else that could ever be.

He groaned deeply as she continued to deliver to him her adoration. She had given him everything, was willing to die at his command. A wave of delirious lust passed through him as he felt his completion draw nearer and nearer. It was like there was a powerful sea within him and the strokes of her lips, the energies of her tongue, even the sighs and moans and the squeals of her own pleasure, was causing it to build into one massive, terrible, all-encompassing wave that was building, building, building towards a mighty crest.

She was going fast now, faster and faster. She was moaning and humming and issuing little squeals of delight. It was coming! It was coming! His brain rolled over and his cock exploded into powerful ejaculations. He felt that all the sorrow, all the hurt, all the damage ever done to him, the anger, the rage, the hardness he had developed all these years was pouring out of him. She was consuming it hungrily, absorbing it, processing it away. He groaned again and again as his cock delivered jolt after jolt of hard, almost punishing ecstasy to him.

When it surceased, faded, faded, faded, until all he could feel were the echoes of it having been there, he released a long, wonderful sigh. She continued to caress his softening probe as the jolts wound down and then disappeared.

He sat there for a few moments just relishing the warm glow in his sex. The girl's actions had ceased, but she still held his manhood prisoner in her mouth and would until the end of time unless he told her otherwise. It was close to 3 in the morning. Tomorrow was going to be a big day, the day for the border crossing. He would need some rest. But he had hardly eaten that day and the girl he was sure not at all. So that needed to be taken care of. His hand was resting on her head. Her hair and body was still all greasy from the accelerant they had put on her and that would need fixing. As much as he wanted to prolong the excellent moment, it was time to take action.

He pushed the girl's head back gently. His cock plopped from her mouth and she looked up at him expectantly. "Get up," he told her a little more gruffly than he intended. But that was all right. If she thought that the fact that she had surrendered to him meant that life was going to be a picnic she had another thing coming. She had surrendered and when you surrendered you gave up all rights. So he would treat her like he always had, an only slightly human captive, one who needed and deserved harsh and firm discipline. She rose to her feet and he followed suit, tucking away his crank and zipping his pants.



He grabbed her by the arm and led her to the center of the room. He untied her hands from behind her and retied them in front. He took another length of rope, affixed it to her joined wrists, and then tossed the end over the rafter. He pulled on it until her hands were lofted upwards and then he tied the rope off.

The cabin was full of junk from prior possessors and he rooted around until he found what he was looking for. It was a four inch round dowel, about 4' long. While the girl watched him silently, he cut two notches in the ends and then attached lengths of rope to them. He went behind the girl and ordered her to spread her legs. She obeyed and he proceeded to tie off the ends of the dowel to her ankles. He went around in front of her. This was perfect. It had been a long time since he had had control over her and he was enjoying every minute of it.

There was one more thing. He seemed to remember seeing something that he could use right now. There were several dilapidated wooden cabinets along one wall and he went through them quickly until he found what he was looking for. It was a roll of silvery duct tape. He tore off an 8" strip and reapproached the girl. When she saw the tape, she tightened her lips and, for an instant, frowned. Then she looked up at him, her eyes soft and yielding. He smiled. Yes, life with him would be no bowl of cherries. But nobody in the world wanted her more than him and he would make sure that she lived life at a feverish pitch.

He draped the tape across her lips, pressing it down so that it would stick and leaned back. It was perfect. He caressed her cheek with his big right hand. He resisted the impulse to kiss her. That would be going too far. But he took hold of her breasts, gave them hard squeezes that made her moan and then dropped his right hand to her distended crux. He gave her hairless pussy several soft caresses. He manipulated her cunt until he could slip and slide his fingers along her lubricated sluice. He took some of her juices and spread them over her clit, rubbing it lightly. She closed her eyes and released a deep sigh. He smiled again. "Good girl!" he thought.

He stepped outside the cabin and gathered some wood and wood chips from the stock he had laid in. He brought them back into the little house and put a few of the smaller cuts of wood and the wood chips into the base of the wood burning stove. There was a box of big safety matches by the stove. He took a wooden stick from the box, lit it, and set fire to the woodchips. They broke into flame right away. He

watched as the bone dry cuts of wood caught and then tossed two bigger pieces on top of them. When satisfied that all was well, he slammed the steel door shut.

The girl was looking at him somewhat quizzically. He reached out and took hold of a nipple, shaking her breast playfully. "You're going to get a bath and then we're going to eat," he told her. It was probably close to the longest thing he had ever said to her that wasn't an order or a rebuke. He shook his head. He would have to watch himself or soon he would be treating her like a human being, which she clearly was not. She had known that she was surrendering all that when she did it. If she was totally and unalterably his, then she would be what he wanted her to be. Once they got to the Philippines he might make her a dog again, who knows. But she shouldn't ever, ever think of herself as human. She was at once something baser and lower and more elemental and yet much more higher, more rare, more valuable than a human girl. He would prove it to her, if she didn't already know it. He released her breast, smiled and patted her cheek once again.

He stepped over to the sink where the old fashioned pump was. He removed a large cast iron pot with a swing handle from a shelf nearby and pumped some water into it. He brought it over to the stove and set it down. The fire inside was raging beautifully now and it wouldn't take too long for the water to heat up. In the meantime, there was something he could do. He checked the knot on the girl's wrists, pulling it a little tighter and then stepped outside. He went to the saddlebags and retrieved the small cell phone he used to communicate with Stitch. He scrolled to his number and pressed a button. A few seconds later it began to ring.

"Stitch," a voice on the other end answered.

"It's me," he replied.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Stitch exclaimed. "I don't believe it! You must be the luckiest son of a bitch in the entire world!"

"I guess I must be," Jack answered.

"You fucking dog! And Lorenzo? Dead?"

"As a doornail."

"Well that's one good thing. How did it all happen? How the hell did you get away without being riddled with bullets?"

"It's a story I'll have to tell you later," Jack answered. "For now let's just say that all the stars lined up just right."

"Are you all set for tomorrow?"

"All set but for one little problem."

“What’s that?”

“I need an i.d. for the girl.”

“The girl? I thought that she’d be in a hole right now. Wasn’t that the whole idea?”

“Yeah, well it didn’t work out.”

“I should have known,” Stitch said.

“Can you help me out?”

“I’ll have to make a couple of calls. I can probably have something, although I don’t know how good it’ll be. Her picture is still up on the Internet so that’ll be a big help. Call me in the morning before you leave and I’ll tell you where to pick it up. What time you leaving?”

“I figure about noon. That’ll get me to the Laredo crossing about 1:30. It’ll be busy but not too busy.”

“We’ll be waiting on the other side. I’ve got a semi-trailer all set up with a little ramp. We’ll open the doors and you can ride right up. Next stop Alamogordo!”

“Sounds good to me. See you tomorrow.” He rang off and went back inside. The girl was, of course, right where he left her, which was the whole point after all. He went over to the pot and tested the water. It was just a little past hot. He took hold of the swing handle and took the pot off the stove and brought it back to the sink. He pumped a little cool water into it until it was just a shade cooler. He lifted up the pot and placed it by the girl’s feet. He had stocked some towels and washcloths and he took a washcloth and dropped it into the pot. From his saddlebag he had retrieved a bar of soap. He wrung out the washcloth until there was just a little water in it and then soaped it up. He went behind the girl and, beginning with the back of her neck, started to wash her.

He brought the hot cloth down her shoulder blades and all down her back. He ran it over her rear globes and the crack in between, taking especial effort to clean the convenient little hole there. He wrung the cloth out in the water again and applied more soap. He washed the back of her thighs and shins down to her feet. He dipped the cloth again in the water and soaped it up again. He went to her front. She looked at him softly. He did her arms then her chest and then her breasts. He lingered there, playing with them, mashing them this way and that. He rinsed out the cloth again and did her belly and her coosh. She had her eyes closed and her head tilted back. Then he did the front of her legs all the way down.

After wringing the cloth out again and soaping it up, he came to her face. There were still remnants of the gooey paste that they used to accouter her in her doggie regalia. He washed it off tenderly. He washed away all of the doggie makeup over and under her eyes. He cleared the goop off of her ears and the side of her head. He placed his hand in her pale blond hair. It was all greasy and dirty. He had no shampoo, but he wasn't going to leave her hair like that.

He took a tin cup and scooped out some warmish water from the pot. He stood behind her and slowly emptied it over her head, moving it around so that all her hair got wet. He used the bar of soap to lather up her hair and then poured two more cups of water over it, making sure that all the soap was out. He used a towel to dry her hair and her neck and shoulders where the water had flowed. The evening outside was cool, but the stove made the inside of the cabin very warm. So he didn't bother to dry off the rest of her. He didn't have a comb either and so he just matted her hair down with his hand. It was short enough that it wouldn't tangle too much, although tomorrow it would look kind of wild. He would stop at a *groceria* tomorrow on the way to the border and get a brush.

He poured the soapy water down the sink and replaced the pot. He came over behind her. He placed his hand on her back. She was warm and soft and he felt something like electricity coming from her. He had enjoyed washing her. It was like he had rediscovered every inch of her body and claimed it as his own. He leaned close and smelled her. She smelled good, like the soap he had used combined with a delicious earthiness. He crept closer until his front was against her back. He stood about a foot taller than her. She seemed almost child-like to him. He reached around and took hold of her breasts. No child he knew had breasts like this, he thought. He squeezed them softly. It felt so good to be possessing her, owning her. He pinched at her nipples until they were nice and stiff. Then he massaged her breasts again, slowly, softly, lovingly. Her body shifted and she released a languid sigh.

"That's it," he thought. "Let it flow through you." He snaked his bare arm under her breasts, lifting them, and his right hand drifted down her soft, undulating belly. She seemed to soften against him. His hand descended to her pudendum, covering it. She seemed to press herself against it. He stroked it lightly again and again. He ran his finger the length of her divide, up and down, up and down. He felt her take a deep breath and heard her sigh again. She had moistened and his finger was becoming slick with her juices. He stroked her, stroked her,



briefly to stroke her outer lips, her belly her thighs her breasts, and then to return, trilling, trilling, trilling on her ecstasy filled little button. She groaned. She strained at her bonds. She shook. She stretched and expanded her body as far as it would go. And then it came. Wave after wave of virtually excruciating contractions. She groaned, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" as it went on and on. "Oh god! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" she thought madly. "I'm yours! I'm yours! I'm yours! I'm yours!"

When she released a long, languid, deep moan, Jack slowed his efforts. He didn't stop fully until her shudderings surceased. His rigid cock was pressed up against the top of her rear. He wanted to fuck her so badly he felt almost overwhelmed with lust. His hand drifted up again across her belly. He released his grasp across her torso and he massaged her breasts softly. He brought his hand back and caught the aroma of her discharge. That was her he smelled and nobody else would ever have it again. He stepped back. He ran his hands over her shoulders and down her back. He had made the right decision.

His stomach reminded him that it was time to eat. He let the girl hang there while he had retrieved from a cabinet a large can of chili he had put away during one of his visits. He pulled another, smaller pot from the shelf, opened the can and poured in the chili. He placed the pot on the stove and tossed the empty can into a small garbage can by the sink. He took a large stainless steel tablespoon from a cabinet and stirred the muck. It would only take a few moments to heat.

There was just enough time for a smoke. He went to the table and retrieved a cigarette and lit it. The bottle of tequila was there and he took a deep swig of it. He went out to the porch. He stretched and stroked his cock for a second or two.

The night was cloudless and moonless. A vast canopy of stars was overhead. The nearest structure was an old adobe hut about a half mile away. He felt utterly at peace. This was what he had been searching for. It was too bad they couldn't just live here for a little while. He would wash her and clean her every day, fuck her until his balls ached, make her scream with pleasure. Keep her bound and tied and demonstrably his property all the time. He took a deep toke of his Marlboro. Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, he thought. Where had he heard that before? There would be a big risk crossing the border. He had his i.d. The girl would have hers. All he had to do was to get through and the rest would be practically a cinch. Tomorrow night they would be in Alamogordo and at the clubhouse. No one

would touch her, not even Ike. And then, in a day or two, Long Beach and freedom!

He went back inside. The chili was smoking steam. He gave it a big stir and tasted it. Not bad, but it needed to warm up a little more. He sat at the chair by the table. The tequila bottle was there and he poured himself another shot. The girl was facing him, all stretched out. He was tempted to give her a little whipping, but he decided that he didn't want to spoil the mood. When they got to the Rogue's hideout would be time enough. He would have to be careful to maintain the right amount of distance between them so he didn't get all maudlin and sloppy and a good whipping would just do the trick. There could never be any question of who was the master and who was the slave.

He waited a few moments, enjoying the sight of her stretched out, naked body. You could see that she was a little uncomfortable on her tip toes like that, but she wasn't complaining or whining or anything. He got up and tested the chili again. He stirred it, tasted it, and confirmed that it was just hot enough.

He set two metal pie plates on the table and dumped the chili into them, a little more in his than hers. He stepped over to the girl. He released her ankles and then her hands, which he reconfined behind her back. He ordered her to kneel. When she was in position, he brought over the plate with her portion on it and set it down in front of her. At the pump he filled a tin cup and a small bowl with water. He placed the bowl down on the floor next to the chili. She was looking up at him. He pulled the duct tape from her face slowly so as not to cause her any unnecessary pain. He went back to the table and set down his cup. He went back to the sink and retrieved a spoon. He went back to the table and sat down.

She was looking at him expectantly. She didn't dare touch the food without his permission. He waited a second or two and then said, "Eat."

He maneuvered the chair so that he could eat from his plate and maintain an eye on the girl. She was eating somewhat daintily, trying not to get her face covered with sauce, but was not having too much success. Every once in a while, she dipped her face into the bowl and lapped up some water. The chili didn't taste too bad, but was not like Juanita used to make. Maybe he would send for her when he got to the Philippines. She could take care of the girl and run his household. Or he could get her equivalent. He would need someone. It was definitely

a luxury problem and he would worry about it when he got there. There was a lot of distance between now and then.

He ate slowly and steadily and finished ahead of the girl. She was trying to lick the pan without moving it all around. While she was doing that he picked up her empty water bowl, refilled it and brought it back. The girl was still trying to lick up every last speck, a lesson they had probably taught her at the mansion. It was a good rule so he waited a minute or so until she finished. When she knelt up and looked at him, he nodded and picked up the pan. He examined it closely and saw that it was sparkly. Good. He didn't want to have to punish her tonight.

He gave the water bowl a little nudge with his booted toe. The girl looked down at it and back at him and then got the idea. She bent her head and started lapping it up. When she was finished, she rose to her knees again and looked at him. He picked up the bowl and brought it to the sink. He moistened the cloth he had used to bath her and brought it over and wiped her face. When she was clean, he stepped back and tapped a spot on the floor in front of her. Obediently, she shuffled herself forward a few inches, bent over, spreading her knees wide, and put her forehead on the spot.

He washed up, putting everything back where he had found it. When he was done, he ordered her over to the bed. He released her hands from behind her and tied them off to the ring in the front of her collar. He told her to lie down on her back. He ran a rope from the steel frame headboard to the ring in the back of her collar, securing her in place. He stripped and got into bed next to her.

She was looking up at him. A wave of emotion went through him. Lying on his side, to her left, he ran his left hand over her chest, down over her breasts, across her belly and down to her thighs. It was almost as if he were discovering her for the first time. When he brought his hand along her belly again, she raised her knees and spread her legs. His hand captured her hairless mons. He stroked it softly; he ran his fingers along her divide several times until he felt her moisture release. He leaned over and kissed her.

A river of passion flowed through him unlike anything he had ever experienced. When he penetrated her, his arms under her knees, pressing her legs back, he groaned as a suffusing delight ran through him. She sighed and moaned and kissed him back madly. He started out giving her long, slow strokes, but passion soon overwhelmed him. He broke their kiss and stared pumping madly. She cried out when she came and his cock exploded within her. When he was done, he laid



there a long time, reveling in the warmth of her body. He rose on his elbows and looked into her face. There was a placidness there. Her lips twitched as if she were about to say something to him. He placed his hand over her mouth lightly. Her body stiffened for a moment and then relaxed as her eyes showed acceptance. He kissed her lightly on her lips, rolled off and pulled the old, yellowish sheet and threadbare blanket up over them. He fell asleep nestled against her, with his arm draped across her belly.

Carly didn't fall asleep right away. Her pussy was still humming and mad thoughts kept running through her brain. She knew that she should be rebelling at his use of her, should be yearning to be set free, but his dominance over her, his assertion of mastery and ownership over her felt so right. What was going to happen tomorrow, she wondered. She had heard Manual give him 24 hours to leave the country and there was only one place they could go. Was he relishing one more night with her before he terminated her existence? Would he take her with him across the border?

She wanted the night to last forever. She could see across from her the beginnings of light easing in through the grimy window. Hold back the dawn. Wasn't that the expression? This night had been so magical, so wondrous that she yearned to blot out the sun when it climbed above the horizon. She turned to her side and nestled her back and rear up against him. His arm drew her in more tightly.

If he killed her in the morning, she could accept that. It would be a fitting ending to her ordeal. She had thought herself dead so many times that she had grown inured to the thought of it. And if not, when they crossed the border tomorrow, and she could not see how that would happen, the odds of him being arrested on the spot were almost insurmountable, would the magic she felt now dissipate like a morning fog in the midday sun? Would she feel different once she had left the strange and foreign surroundings of northern Mexico behind, when she travelled back to the world of Burger Kings and McDonalds and Exxon stations? Would normality smother her elation at being the dark man's slave, the rightness of it, the glow she experienced as he demonstrated his mastery over her?

She didn't want to go to sleep. She was bone tired, having gone through an emotional hurricane within the last 24 hours. She had been an instant away from a terrible death and then, miraculously, she had been spared. And then that moment with the knife. She could almost still feel it across her throat. The grave within which she would have

spent eternity was right behind her, yawning open, waiting to swallow her. And just now, when he had made love to her, she had experienced a soul wrenching exhilaration. Somehow, when he jetted his spume into her, amidst their comingled groans and cries of delight, she had felt cleansed of all the poisonous injections she had experienced. All that those evil and indifferent men had poured into her had been washed away, rendering her pure and unadulterated. Just as when she had swallowed his cum she had felt renewed, as if a god had released a magical elixir inside of her.

She felt his grip tighten around her belly. "Don't ever let me go!" she thought desperately. "Don't ever let me go!" And then she fell asleep.

When Jack awoke, he realized that it was already mid-morning. The girl was still fast asleep beside him. He resisted the urge to wake her and to partake of her delicious flesh once again. Today was the day of days and they needed to get ready.

He rose from the bed, careful not to disturb her and dressed quickly. He pumped some water into the old fashioned coffee pot, loaded it with coffee and placed it on the stove. He stepped outside to piss and get some wood. Back inside he stoked up a fire inside the stove. There was nothing in the cabin to eat besides cans of chili he had brought there, but there was a little café about a mile down the road where he could get a decent breakfast. He looked at the girl. He knew that he should bind her more thoroughly before he stepped out. He knew that she probably wouldn't run, even if she could get free, but he didn't want to take a chance.

She was lying on her side. He sat down on the edge of the bed and shook her shoulder. Her eyes popped open, in a panic. She stared hard at him. He stroked her tuft of pale blond hair until she had calmed. He released the rope that connected her collar to the bed and ordered her to get up.

She rose slowly and unsteadily. Holding her by the ring in the front of her black collar, he took her outside and made her squat until she had released her water and then brought her back inside where he wiped her and ordered her to her knees. He released her hands from the front of her collar and tied her hands behind her back. He then ordered her to her belly on the dusty floor, tied off her ankles and connected them to her wrists. She looked up at him nervously. He tore a strip of tape from the roll of duct tape, crouched and, holding her jaw up,

placed it over her mouth. He tapped her cheek. "I'll be back," he said softly.

It took him about 10 minutes to walk to the café. It was a beautiful day and he relished the heat of the morning sun on his face and body as he walked. It was a perfect day to mark the commencement of a new future. In four hours or so, they would be across the border and safe. It felt, in some ways, like the high point of his life. Everything that had ever happened, all that he had ever done, paled in significance. Life belonged to the daring and the strong and he was one of them.

There were several men dressed in rough work clothes inside the café when he got there, bent over their coffee and eggs. A pair of beat up old pickups was outside. One of the men was sitting alone, smoking a cigarette, and he gave Jack a dark look. He didn't believe that any of the Morales people knew where his cabin was, but the man's provocative gaze reminded him that the cartel's eyes were everywhere.

A young, pretty waitress greeted him from behind the counter. He ordered two plates of scrambled eggs, bacon and potatoes to go. She called out the order to a heavyset older man dressed in a grimy t-shirt and black jeans. He had an apron tied around his waist. He acknowledged the order with a grunt and dropped four eggs on the griddle. The girl smiled at him.

A few minutes later, his order was ready. The girl placed the covered paper plates into a bag and pushed them towards him on the counter. He handed her the money and told her to keep the change.

Carly turned her head and looked at the man when he reentered the cabin. She had lain there peaceably, if somewhat uncomfortably while she waited for him to return. She knew that she wouldn't have fled even if he hadn't tied her up so securely, but the fact that he had was, in a way, comforting. It was a sign that she was too precious to risk losing. And it confirmed her status with him. She knew that he thought of her as less than fully human, or, rather, that he humanity was of only secondary importance to him. She was, to him, a special kind of being, at once human and not. She was some special hybrid, a class above all of the many, many dozens of women he had undoubtedly used and abused over the years. And it was important that she be tied and silenced and rendered immobile and helpless when he was away from her. It was as if when apart from him she had no existence, that she was a creature only animated in his presence. And it was true. She had no desire for existence apart from him. And to be bound, even as cruelly as she was, meant that there was a part of him that was still

present, if only his will. And she wanted to succumb to his will above and beyond all things.

Where he had gone and what he was doing was no business of hers. She was glad that he had at least told her that he would be back, though she doubted very much that he would ever abandon her, at least alive, that is. And he didn't really have to gag her. She had nothing to say. Last night, after he had fucked her so resolutely, so fully, so passionately that she had had to scream and call out when she came, she had almost spoken to him. She had wanted to tell him that he meant everything to him, that she belonged to him utterly and forever and that he could do anything he wanted with her. But the words wouldn't come out, as if by speaking them she would be breaking the soul satisfying spell he had cast over her. She was glad that he had silenced her, placed his hand over her mouth. It was as if he knew what she wanted to say and that there was no need to speak it.

Even now, she was glad that he had enforced silence upon her. It had been months and months since she had been able to speak freely. Almost the last voluntary words she had spoken was to say goodbye to Randi that night she had been abducted. Little did she realize that she was saying goodbye to everything normal about her life, to personhood itself.

No, she was not a person anymore. Lorenzo and Vincenzo and Angelika and all the others had driven it from her. But it was as if that had been merely a training course for her life now. Back then, she had thrown herself intently into her life as a dog, begging and barking and wagging her butt. Now she had a new role, silent, obedient, a special creature who could only maintain her special status by her very silence, her obedience, her submission of her will. If the man had not taped her mouth shut, would she have spoken? She doubted it. Even if some stranger had come into the cabin and, seeing her so obscenely bound, had asked her a question, she would have remained absolutely silent. But it was better, much better, to have any temptation to form spoken words, to utter anything more than a cry of pain or delight, taken away. She wanted all choice removed from her. She wanted to be carried away as if on some raging stream, passed through eddies and vortexes, through bends and turns, over falls and along virtually still, peaceful pools. She had earned the right to abandon all choice. And she would do nothing that would ever cause that right to be taken away from her.

The man came in and set a large paper bag on the old wooden table. He stepped over quickly to the percolating coffee pot and, using

a cloth to protect his hand, removed it from the stove and set it upon the table. He opened the bag and removed two covered paper plates. He set one down before her, carefully removed the tape from her lips, and then came behind and loosened her ankles from her wrists and then from each other. She didn't need to be told. She raised herself to her knees, spread her legs and placed her forehead on the floor. He chuckled and gave her a sharp slap on her rear. "Good girl," he said.

Her head was pointed away from the table and she heard, rather than saw him pour himself a cup of steaming coffee. He pumped some water into a bowl and laid it down next to her breakfast. Yes, water for her, coffee for him. Coffee was for humans. Not for her.

He sat down at the table. "Up," he told her brusquely. And when she had risen to her knees, staring straight ahead, presenting to him her naked profile, she heard him say, "Eat." She looked down at the amalgamation of eggs and bacon and potatoes and dived right in.

He always got a kick at watching her eat. She would nuzzle her face in the plate, gobble up what she could and then half raise herself as she chewed. She always seemed to cast a sideways look at him as if to make sure he was watching her. He ate his eggs slowly, relishing every bite. It was so great to be alive. He thought of the many, many years he had been fed powdered eggs and half cooked potatoes as his prison breakfast. And that was on good days when they just didn't plop a serving spoon full of mush on his plastic tray. And coffee so watered down that it tasted more like bathwater than anything else.

He finished before her and lit a smoke. When she was done, she licked the plate clean and rose up on her knees and turned to face him, giving him a searching look. He figured it was maybe a little after 11. There was still some time before they had to leave. He smoked his cigarette and drank his coffee. This is how it would be. She on the floor and awaiting his command, him seated comfortably above her relishing the view of her naked, subservient body while he bided his time. When they got to Alamogordo, he would take her up to Stitch's room and fuck her blind. He would take her downstairs with him on a leash and show her off. When he was not using her, he would lock her into the cage Stitch kept in his closet to await his pleasure. And so she could listen while he fucked one or more of the Rogue's slave girls on the bed outside, reminding her that only obedience and subservience, total and complete, would earn her the reward of his cock. No one would touch her but him. Not Stitch, not Rocker or any of the other boys, and especially not Ike.

He realized that time was passing. He got up from the table, collected the empty paper plates, his and hers, and tossed them into the garbage bag. He poured himself another cup of coffee and then went outside and dumped the rest, tossing the grinds into the dirt. He went inside and washed the pot. He remembered that he had to call Stitch. He tapped the floor in front of the girl with his toe. She lowered herself until her forehead was on the floor, her bound hands resting on her back. The phone was in his pocket. He stepped outside, closed the door and took a few steps away from the cabin so the girl could not hear. He dialed Stitch's number.

"Stitch," a voice answered.

"It's me," he said.

"Hey, buddy, I've got bad news," Stitch announced.

His heart grew dark. "What is it?" he asked.

"Last night Ike came into the clubhouse and told us to stand down. That there would be no rescue. When I questioned him it came out that he and Sr. Morales had made a deal with the FBI and that you were part of it. Seems they'll be waiting for you when you cross at Laredo."

"Fuck!" Jack spat out. "That motherfucker! Wait until I get my hands on him!"

"No need to bother," Stitch informed him. "Even Mouse was pissed off that he had ratted out a fellow Rogue. We had a little meeting and Ike will be living out in the desert in a little hole from now on."

"That's good to hear, but it doesn't help me."

"Don't worry," Stitch continued. "We've got something all set up. FBI or no FBI, we'll get you across. Now here's what you do...."

He came back inside the cabin. The girl was right where he left her. Things looked a lot different than they had just a little while ago. He was back where he started. The girl was a complicating commodity. Everything that needed to be done would be so much simpler if she wasn't with him. But there was no way he was leaving without her. He ordered her to kneel up. She rose and looked at him. She seemed to sense that something was wrong. A tremor went through her and her breasts swayed gently and enticingly. Her mouth was turned into a little frown. He wanted her so much that it felt like something inside he was about to explode. He ordered her to stand.

Taking hold of her collar he pulled her over to the table. Roughly, he pushed her head down until her breasts and face were touching it. He slapped her ass viciously and told her to spread her legs. She

obeyed. Her hips were just a might higher than her torso and she was at just the right angle. He fished out his cock, stroking it to hardness. He delved his hand between her thighs and began to stroke her there, mauling and abusing her sex until she was wet and he could push two fingers deep inside of her. He addressed his cock to her hole and plunged himself in. The girl moaned. He moaned. And then he began to fuck her.

He took his time, reveling in the heat and the delicate friction of her crevasse. He held her bound hands with one hand while he rested his other on her rear mounds. He closed his eyes and dreamt of the future. Her naked and bound at his feet in some remote cabin deep in the mountains of the Philippines. Or fucking her on some ornate four poster bed. Or whipping her madly while she screamed and sobbed. Owning her, possessing her for months and years and on and on until he had worn her out, used her up, until she was nothing but a shell. And then burying her somewhere in the garden where he could visit her from time to time and remember what it had been like to be her master exclusive of all the world.

Something had happened. Carly knew it. She was as attuned to the moods of the man as if they had lived together for years and years. When he shoved her down on the table, swatted her with all his great might, and then entered her, she exulted. "Use me! Punish me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she called out in her mind. All of the world had disappeared and there was left only them, fucking and rutting like two animals in heat. He had started slow and almost agonizingly, but has quickly picked up steam. Lust swelled from her crux all through her. Years and years of this! She wanted years and years of this! Fuck me every day! Use me any way you wish! Just keep me! Hold me prisoner! Bind me! Chain me! Gag me! Just use me again and again and again!

His cock was scouring her channel, rubbing up against her clit. She could feel her climax building like rampaging water storming against a dam. She had a moment's thought of trying to hold herself back until he exploded within her, jetting his essence deep into her womb, but realized that she had no right to hold back on him. She let herself go and her pussy erupted into fierce, wrenching contractions around his meat. "Ohhhhhhhhh!" she called out. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" This seemed to redouble his ardor. She could hear him grunting and groaning as he slammed his thighs against hers, thrusting, thrusting, thrusting madly. Suddenly he

stopped. He drew himself from her. A second later, she felt him press down on her hips, lowering her and then his cock press against her little star. She yielded herself to him, relaxing all of her muscles. He pressed ahead, expanding her flesh, filling her. "Yes!" she exclaimed inwardly. "It's yours! It's yours! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Jack groaned as he sank into her bowels. A steamy warmth surrounded him. Her anus pressed hard against his cock. He grunted and groaned and thrust and thrust. The urge had come over him to claim her completely and ultimately, to show her that he would use her any way he wished. He pounded against her buttocks again and again. Her little, graceful hands had knotted themselves into fists and she released an anguished sounding grunt each time he thrust himself home. His need was growing exponentially. His balls were tight and there was a rabid immanency in his loins. All of his body celebrated the heat, the friction, the ownership, the dominance, the sounds of her helpless ejaculations as he fucked her. And his need rose like a huge wave about to break upon a beach. He snaked his hand around her hip and seized her sex. He placed his fingers on her clit and began rubbing hard, almost frantically. Her body shuddered and she screamed and shook. His cock exploded and pulse after pulse of supreme pleasure shot through him. It went on and on and he thrust harder and harder, groaning his ecstasy throughout the small cabin.

And then he was done. He gave a final, great groan and bent over on top of the supine girl. His heart was beating explosively. His body felt spent. His cock gave him several wondrous aftershocks.

The girl was still panting and shuddering under him. He eased himself out of her bowel and went to the sink to clean himself off. He put himself away. His cup of coffee was still on the table, undisturbed, and he retrieved it and lit a smoke. Was this the last time he was going to get to fuck her? Only time would tell. Stitch's plan, while it could succeed, seemed like some kind of Rube Goldberg idea. Everything would have to work out just right.

He pulled the wooden chair to where he could see the girl and sat down in it. His cum was oozing from her anus and her pussy was all puffy and reddish. She was standing there obedient and still. He knew that she would stay in place for as long as he wanted. He could probably go out and take a ride on his bike and when he came back she would still be just like this. He would tie her down first anyway, if only for the principle of the thing. Why tempt her with choice when he didn't have to. He finished his coffee and his smoke. He went to the



sink and wetted his butt until it was drenched and tossed it into the garbage bag. He rinsed out his cup and put it back on the shelf. It was time to go. He released the girl's wrists and told her to stand up and face him. He retrieved her pretty yellow dress and tossed it to her. She didn't need to be told, and adorned herself with it right away.

"I'm only going to say this once," he told her. "We're going for a ride and you have to do everything I say. Understand?"

She nodded at him eagerly.

"Follow me," he told her.

They went outside. He mounted his Roadster and pushed it off of its stand. He made sure it was not in gear and he thrust his foot against the starter and the bike roared into life. "Get on," he told her.

Once on a main road, Jack pulled into a gas station and filled up the tank. The girl stood by calmly and docilely as he held the nozzle over the opening. When the tank was full, he released the lever for the nozzle and then tapped it lightly on the opening to the tank to make sure that no drops of gas fell on his paint job. He closed the tank, started the bike up again and ordered her on. They pulled away.

It was just under an hour and a half to the border. The Mexican side was built up with honkey tonks, cafés, pawn shops and sleazy looking massage parlors. He stopped about 10 blocks from the border and pulled out his cell phone to check the time. It was a little after 12:15. Stitch had said to be ready at 12:30 on the dot.

They waited in the parking lot of a convenience store, sitting on the bike. He felt the girl's arms holding him tight. Her breasts were jammed up against him. He leaned back and removed a length of rope from his saddlebag. He tied one end around her right wrist and then, crossing her wrists in front of him, tied off the left. He was taking no chances of losing her.

The time snuck by slowly. He checked the phone again. 12:27. Three minutes to go. He started the engine. Some young Mexican kids had come over and were gawking at the powerful, gaudily painted machine and the legs bared to the upper thigh of the girl behind him. It didn't take a Rocket scientist to figure out that she wasn't wearing any underwear. Jack was smoking a Marlboro and one of the kids, the tallest and brawniest of the bunch asked him for one. Jack obliged. He lit it for him. The other kids stood back in a kind of awe at the bigger kid's audacity. Jack checked the phone again. 12:30. He gave a wave to the kids and pulled out behind a large rust colored pickup truck with Texas plates. It was carrying a long sheet of plywood in the back, one

end propped up against the rear window and the other end hanging off of the back over the lowered tail gate. Two men were in the cab.

He followed the pickup the 10 blocks to the border crossing. There were about 15 vehicles ahead of them when they pulled up. The Mexican guards were loafing about, some of them trying to look important. Just beyond the Mexican outpost was a large dark green and brown painted steel structure with "Welcome to the United States" emblazoned on top of it in big red letters. A dozen American flags fluttered in the stiff breeze around it. Only one lane of traffic was open. Slowly the vehicles crept forward. His mouth was dry and his palms were sweaty. The girl seemed to hug him tighter. Finally, the pickup pulled under the structure. Two border guards walked around the vehicle inspecting it while a 3<sup>rd</sup> questioned the driver and examined his and the other guy's credentials. Just ahead of the truck was a wooden barrier on a swing arm. In front of the truck was a line of metal teeth sticking up from the ground to discourage anyone from trying to force their way through. There were a number of other guards just standing around trying hard to seem like they were not looking at him. There were a couple of men in plain business suits and a woman in black slacks and a blue blazer kind of idling around. Stitch had been right. They were waiting for him.

The guard stepped back from the driver's window of the pickup and waved him on. The wooden barrier went up and the metal teeth dropped down. Everybody's eyes turned to him. It was the moment of truth.

Just then several large explosions erupted on the American side of the border as several cars on the street near the border station went up into flames. The passenger quickly opened the rear window of the pickup and gave the sheet of plywood a hard push. It slid along the bed of the truck and then tilted down over the tail gate until it reached the ground. At the same time as the pickup started rapidly pulling away from the crossing, Jack revved his motor and shot the bike forward. It rode up onto the plywood and up into the bed of the truck.

Smoke was billowing everywhere. The guards and the FBI guys and gal were dodging this way and that with their service weapons drawn. The pickup sped past them with Jack's bike on the back. The tires to the pickup squealed and the board fell away. Several shots rang out and Jack felt a bullet whizzing by his head. The pickup dashed from the border crossing and turned west.

In unison a dozen police sirens went off. They passed two Sheriff's cars which had been parked on either side of the road which pulled in after them. Jack could hear the engine of the pickup straining as it accelerated down the nearly empty street. Houses and stores and parked cars whisked by them. Jack struggled to turn the 400 lb. bike around inside the bed of the truck. When he finally got it turned around he saw that a long line of police cars were running after them, their sirens blazing, their emergency lights flashing. It was clear as day that the pickup would never outrun them. There was only one chance to get away.

He revved the engine again and the bike dashed off the end of the pickup. It bounced hard on the macadam, jolting both him and the girl and swerved crazily. The nearest Sheriff's car reflexively dodged to the right to avoid hitting them. Jack could see the startled officer staring at them as he slid by. By the time the second car had reached them, Jack had the bike under control. He gunned the engine again and sped past the second car going in the opposite direction. A block down he turned off into a side street.

The train of police vehicles followed him. He turned right and then left and the right again, taking the corners at high rates of speed. He saw a narrow alley and he sped into it. It was long and went on for several blocks. He didn't bother to slow down at the cross streets and just trusted to luck that they wouldn't be clobbered by a passing car.

They came upon a wide street, devoid of heavy traffic and he turned on to it. They were heading north now. He weaved his way among the light traffic ignoring stop signs and red lights. He looked in his rear mirror and saw no flashing lights. It seemed too good to be true. He sped on for about a mile when a thought occurred to him. He screeched the bike to a halt and looked overhead. Just as he thought, there was a helicopter overhead and it was following his every movement. He gunned the bike and headed out back on the road.

"What to do? What to do?" he thought excitedly. The girl was hugging him tighter than ever. He could go a long way on a tank of gas, but not all day and he would certainly run out before it was dark. If he could just find a place he could hide for a little while! He went about 3 more miles, speeding along as fast as he could, weaving around the other cars, riding up on the shoulder when he had to. He came to the bottom of a long hill and saw flashing police lights at the top. They had called in reinforcements who had gotten ahead of him. He made a sudden turn across traffic and headed down an old two lane

road. Quickly the built up highway area gave way to single family homes, wider and wider apart as he went on. The road got even smaller and there were now fields on either side of him. He was looking for a place where he could duck in and hide. But that was a forlorn hope since the copter would see wherever he was going.

After about 2 miles, the macadam turned into dirt. He could see cop cars coming up behind him. He passed a couple of run down farm houses. The land was as flat as a pancake as far as you could see. All of a sudden, the road gave out completely and he was running on uneven ground. Dirt and dust was flying up in his wake, a clear marker for all to see. His heart was pounding in his chest. There was a creek bed off to his left bordered by a 5' high barbed wire fence. It started curving to his right and he followed it. About  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile down, it made a sharp turn to his right and then ran straight almost all the way back that he had come. He turned and saw that he was facing the oncoming police cars that were maybe a half mile behind him. He crept the bike to the edge of the creek and saw that there was a 50' drop to the water. The creek was about 40' wide and full of boulders and rocks. It was too far to try and leap the stream and too far down to try and drop into it. The last thing he wanted was to get all busted up and have the cops get hold of him. And he would have to somehow bust through all that barbed wire or leap the fence. He was never going back to stir!

He wheeled the bike around again. The cop cars were pouring in and creating a big line across the open end of the cul de sac formed by the creek about 300' yards away from him. He stopped the bike. He was finished.

He sat there for a moment. The girl hugged him tightly. A wave of calm went through him. This was the end. He had had a pretty good run, better than he had expected and better than he deserved. He could see the police guys taking cover behind their cars with their long guns, positioning themselves for his run at them. The girl was still with him and they might not shoot as long as she was there.

The girl, the girl, the girl. Suddenly it made the world for him that she should live on, that she should not perish. He closed his eyes and relished the sensation of her warm body against him. If only you could stop your life at the moment of your own choosing and stay in that moment forever and ever. He would make it now, with the girl closely hugging him and he having played the string out all the way to the bitter end. It was ending the way that it had to. Fuck the Philippines

anyway. Some mobster would figure out that he had a million bucks and pop him for it. The girl they would sell to a derelict Manilla whorehouse, or they would slit her throat and drop her on some dung heap. It had all been a fantasy. The whole thing from his breakout to this morning when he had reveled in the girl's flesh for the last time.

A couple of plain unmarked cars had joined the long line of police vehicles. A man got out of the passenger side of one of them. He had a bullhorn in his hand. There was a squeal of feedback and then a loud, tinny, electrified voice.

"Jackson, this is Chief Jason Holmes of the FBI. We have you cut off and there's no place to go. If you surrender peaceably and release the girl unharmed, I'll see to it that you're decently treated."

That was all he had to say. Anything more would be begging and the FBI didn't beg. One of the police guys probably thought of himself as a sharpshooter and they would try and take him out with a single bullet, sparing the girl. They might miss and hit the girl anyway. He didn't want that. He wanted her to live, to live and remember him. To remember last night, and the day in the Arkansas mountains, and that moment beside the grave when she had pledged herself to him. As long as she lived, part of him would live in her as well. Someone would miss him, maybe mourn for him. And that was something that he had never, ever had before.

He untied her hands from around his waist. She hugged him even tighter. He pried her hands apart and ordered her to get off. She dismounted behind him. She was standing next to him, crying. She looked beautiful in her little yellow dress. Her short, almost white hair was as he had left it, wild and unruly.

What was her name? Karen, Christine, Charlotte, Carly. That was it! Carly. He had remembered it. It seemed to make all the difference now. Yet even now he could not bring himself to say it. He looked at her. From the depths of hell he would pine for her. Maybe that would be his punishment, to spend eternity aching and yearning for the sight of her face, the feel of her touch, the smell of her body, the sound of her voice. It would be apropos.

He looked at her for a moment and then he spoke. "I won't say I'm sorry," he said to her.

She looked at him sadly, tears streaming down her face. "No," was all she said.

“There’s about a million bucks that someone is holding for me,” he told her. “I told him that if anything happened to me that he should give it to you. That’s about all I can do.”

She looked at him, her lips trembling. She spoke.

“What am I going to do with a million dollars? What am I going to do with money?” she cried out. “I don’t want money! I don’t want anything! I want you!”

He shook his head and patted her on the cheek. It was the most she had ever said to him. “Look, up ahead,” he said, “that’s where I’m going. I’m never going back to prison. In a few moments I’ll be dead and you’ll be free.”

Her face cringed. She looked like she was about to release a sob, but then she tensed up, straightened herself. “I’m going with you,” she said steadfastly. She grabbed his arm and mounted the bike behind him. She crossed her arms around him and held him tight.

He waited a few moments. The voice rang out again, “Blackjack Jackson, this is your last chance! Release the girl and surrender peaceably and you won’t be killed!”

He reached back into the saddlebag and took hold of his .44 magnum. He clicked off the safety. He turned back to the girl. “Ready?” he asked.

A small voice answered, “Yes, I’m ready. Go! Go!”

He stuffed the pistol in his waistband behind his back between him and the girl. He revved the engine. He looked hard ahead. Like a mountain cat jumping off of a boulder, the bike sprang forward. It bounced and jerked over the rough pastureland. When he had the bike up at about 40 in 4th gear, he reached behind him and took hold of the pistol with his left hand. He knew he couldn’t shoot a damn with his left, but he had to keep the other hand on the gas. And anyway, it didn’t matter if he hit anything or not.

Chief Jason Holmes saw him coming. He saw him pull the pistol. He had thought something like this would happen, but he had hoped he would spare the girl. Maybe it was best after all that she had been through. Who knew.

He waited until the first two shots rang out. Jackson was about 150 yards away. One bullet whizzed over their heads but the other struck the windshield of a cop car which exploded into a thousand pieces. He saw Jackson level the gun again. He put the bullhorn to his lips. “Fire!” he yelled.

A dozen rifle shots rang out in near perfect unison. A cloud of gun smoke wafted up above the line of cars and, a second later, was whisked away by the wind.

The end.