

# **RETURN TO KLITZMAN'S ISLE**

## **KLITZMAN'S PREDATORS – BOOK FOUR**

**By**

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## CHAPTER ONE

### BACK PALIBA WAY

You remember me, don't you? I'm the guy with the face only a mother could love, except with my mother even that wasn't so clear. You couldn't blame her too much though. With five snotty nosed kids and a husband who slapped you around just for practice, you wouldn't have too much emotional reserve left to coddle an ugly brute like me. The only time we ever had that was almost normal was when my father was locked up at Rahway State Prison for a three year stretch for burglarizing a Two Guys in Union City. He and two of his asshole friends were caught red handed loading color TV's into a van out back. My mother went on welfare and we had to move to a tenement building in Jersey City where the trash was collected about once a month and the landlord's idea of heat was a trickle of hot water every once in a while to the two radiators that worked in the whole dingy, shithole place.

My oldest brother, Jimmy, named after my asshole dad, moved out and joined the Army and that was the last we ever saw of him. My oldest sister, Eugenia, where they ever came up with that name I never found out, we called her Ginny, who was 16, started fucking this Puerto Rican guy from the neighborhood and he quickly had her on the game. The last time I heard about her was that she was working one of those ranches out in Nevada, but that was years ago.

I was the middle guy, just 12 when my pop got sent up. I had a younger sister named Rose who everybody called Rosie and a younger brother Dale, who everybody called Dusty because of his wild, dirty blond hair. Rosie was the only one of us who made it through high school. At 19, she married this guy from Elizabeth. They both became school teachers and moved out to Roxbury and had three kids and where I guess they are still living today. Dusty, like me, went bad when he was a little over 14 and was killed when he and his buddies were robbing a freight car in the Hoboken yards. A bull caught them at it and the kids all took off. Dusty probably didn't even see the locomotive that ran him over as he was scrambling over the tracks to get away.

For my mom, that was the straw that broke the camel's back. What life she had in her just kind of emptied out. We were back in Bayonne by then. My father got his job back at Frawley's gas station, pumping gas and

fixing tires, which was about the only thing mechanical he was capable of. Frawley knew my old man really well and he was especially careful counting up the receipts every hour or so. My mother caught cancer and was gone after about three months.

I was doing a stretch up at Annandale for assault and battery on a guy who owed our neighborhood shyster a wad of cash when my father was gunned down in a robbery one night at the gas station. Frawley had just taken custody of the cash my father had taken in and put it away in the safe. He was away picking up dinner when the three young hoods came in. As one of them confessed later, they had my pop on his knees by the safe demanding he open it. My pop didn't know the combination, there was no way that Frawley would have trusted him with that, and he begged and wailed for them not to kill him. The leader of the trio, a 17 year old kid called Deke Thompson from Kearny, got pissed off and let him have it. They made off with the \$37.00 my dad had in his pocket.

They let me go to the funeral, such as it was. Frawley paid for the viewing, one night at McGinty's Funeral Home, at which I understand there was sparse attendance. I only got to see him in his casket for a few moments at the funeral home before the mass at St. Vincent's which I wasn't allowed to attend. The guards took me directly to the cemetery where we waited for the casket to arrive.

It was only me, Rosie and her soon to be husband, Frawley and Father Michael at the gravesite, along with my two guards. I was 20. I have to say that I cried a little bit even though the old man was as mean as a rattlesnake, especially when he drank. I made parole a few months later, ran the streets for a while until my parole was up and then headed out to California dreaming of suntanned beach bunnies, oranges and Pacific sunsets. It was a few years later, when I was doing a stretch at Vacaville for a b&e of a drug store in Bakersfield, that I got hooked up with some guys who connected me with Tony Bianco. Tony recruited me and brought me back to Jersey where I started doing collections for him in Atlantic City.

I made my bones with Tony pretty quick, doing this guy one night down at an oceanfront motel in Margate. The guy had been caught clipping one of Tony's joints and had taken off with about \$3,500 from the night's proceeds. It was the dead of winter and almost nobody was around. Two of Tony's honchos took me to the motel where the guy and his girlfriend had been caught. They were kneeling in the middle of the room, washcloths stuffed into their mouths and their hands tied behind their backs. One of the guys, we called him the Butcher, handed me a .22 equipped with a

silencer and told me to do the job. The guy took it pretty good, kneeling there all hunched over, his eyes pressed closed and shaking. I did him first.

The girl though, she was wearing just a pair of red panties and a white t-shirt, wailed and sobbed and tried to get up and run away. Two of the other guys held her down so that I could get the .22 pressed up against the back of her head. I hesitated. My finger was on the trigger, but I just couldn't pull it. Was I noble for not wanting to kill a girl who probably had nothing to do with stealing the money? I would like to think that that was true, and maybe it was, at least partly anyway. In the end I was probably just squeamish.

The Butcher became impatient and snatched the roscoe out of my hand. In a second he had it lowered to her head. He caught her in mid scream. She just shuddered and went still. The Butcher put two more rounds in each of their skulls before we left.

After that, in addition to my local enforcer duties, Tony rented me out to outfits around the country to do wet jobs for them. Usually they were other mob guys who had fallen out of grace for one reason or another, but there were civilians too. There were about 20 or 25 in all, I didn't keep exact count.

The worst was one night when me and the Butcher were flown out to Minneapolis. We were given the address where the guys could be found, a remote farmhouse about 30 miles outside the city. We cut the lights of the car they had given us and approached the house on foot. There was a real party going on. We burst in and ordered everybody to the floor. We had brought a roll of duct tape and the Butcher had me bind them all up hands and feet while he covered them. I made sure that I covered their mouths so as to cut down on the bullshit. There were three guys and two girls. The guys had hijacked a load of coke belonging to a mobster out of Detroit. I don't know how they tracked them down, but they did.

We pounded away at one guy's face until he told us where the coke was. We found the two kilos they had stolen and about \$35,000 in cash. I did the three guys but told the Butcher that I wouldn't do the girls. To prove a point, I guess, he went and found some rope and tied the girls' ankles to their throats. He made me sit and watch as the girls strangled themselves, sitting on the couch drinking some Chivas Regal we found while the girls squealed and whined and struggled. It took about an hour. When they had gone all silent and still, he put a couple rounds in their skulls just to make sure. We returned the three ounces of blow to the guys who owned it and split the 35 yards.

When we got back to A.C., I gave my half away to the mission and went on a four day tear. I can still hear those poor girls' whines and shrieks in the back of my head from time to time. I'm sure I'll spend a few centuries in the hottest fire in hell for that job.

I have to say that Tony Bianco respected my aversion to murdering women. When a woman was involved he always sent the Butcher or one of the other guys along with me. So even though I had never actually killed a woman, I had had a hand in it more than once and stood by while someone else did it. It was never pretty.

Once, in Baltimore, I was doing a job on a guy who had gotten somebody pissed off. He lived in a big mansion outside of town. I had staked out the house for a few nights until I thought he was alone. I let myself in about 3:30 and snuck up to his bedroom. I opened the bedroom door and he was propped up against the headboard and some chick was sucking his dick. By then I was a pretty good shot. I put one between his eyes from about 20' away before the girl had the chance to take his crank out of her mouth. She started to scream and I just let her have it with my fist.

I dragged her limp body off of the bed and onto the floor. I hogtied her with a couple of the guy's silk ties. I stuffed her mouth with her panties. I sat in one of the chairs the guy had in his room and waited for her to come around. She groaned and came to consciousness and then stared up at me wide eyed. I crouched down and took the panties out of her mouth. I substituted the barrel of the .25 Beretta I had come to prefer.

I explained to her carefully what would happen to her if she ever gave my description to the police, how the guys I worked for had a very long reach and never forgot anything. That by all rights I should do her too, but I was giving her a break because I was a softie. She nodded her head fervently, issuing cute little whines the whole time. I removed the gun barrel and replaced it with my cock. I mean she was naked and all and had been blowing the other guy anyway. She did pretty good considering the circumstances. When she was done, I put the panties back in her mouth and left. When I read about it in the paper the next day it said that the cops were looking for 2 black guys.

Tony was really pissed when he learned that I had let the girl live and he sent another crew out after her. By that time, though, the girl had made dust and took off for parts unknown.

On the other hand, I didn't have any qualms about enforcing Tony's rule on any of the showgirls or other talent that worked for him, whether willingly or not. I figured that it was just the law of the street. Some people

got to be on top and others had to be on the bottom. The girls all had big money earners between their legs and letting them off the hook was like wasting a huge national resource. Sometimes I thought of my sister Ginny and whose thumb she might be under, but I would let it pass. She had left me behind to deal with Ma and the other kids so she could wear cheap jewelry and fuck that Puerto Rican guy, so fuck her.

So, as I've said many times before, I'm no saint. I may be friendly and affable sitting on a bar stool next to you nursing a gin gimlet, but you shouldn't let that fool you.

So why was I so hot and bothered about taking down Klitzman? Well there was Bederson and his threats, what would happen to me if I didn't go through with my snitching duties. A single word from him and Rukimo, Klitzman's bear sized major domo, would have me roasting over a slow fire. There was that. But something in me must have changed during those three years I did in Atlanta before Bederson and Mulittieri liberated me. I was facing a life bid without parole and that kind of thing kind of gets you thinking. At night the faces of the people I had zipped haunted me, and that girl in that motel in Margate, who didn't look over 21 or 22, and those two girls outside of Minneapolis, who were a little bit older, but really fine lookers.

But I think it was when I had seen a girl I had developed some affection for, beautiful, black haired Mary, sold to this scumbag Cambodian colonel that I had lost it. I got all hot and bothered seeing her all bound up and gagged with her leash in his hands and caused quite a ruckus. Klitzman had me thrown in his dungeon for a couple of weeks and then sent me off on this job in the Hindu Kush. Despite my best efforts, I came back with more slave girls, Pritha, a native of the Indian subcontinent who I had bought off of a scurvy madam somewhere deep in the mountains near the border of China and Pakistan, and spunky little Annie who had been serving as a whore in a Chinese village and who I exchanged for a horse. I had meant to set them free, and the other girls I had collected, but that was not to be. I brought back the beautiful dingus that Klitzman had sent me for, but I had sworn on the beautiful, heavenly lady of the statue that I would free her and all the other denizens of Klitzman's Isle if it was the last thing I did.

And then there was Carol. She had been gifted to me early on by Klitzman. When she had been turned over to me she had been a holy mess. Klitzman had abused her unmercifully for several weeks after she had first been captured. I carefully nursed her back to health, with Mary's help, who had been captured with her, and she and Mary had become devoted

acolytes. I knew that I didn't deserve their adoration, and that it was more a product of their desperate need to find an oasis in Klitzman's hell for females, but it substituted for real affection, and I accepted it and, in my rough way, became devoted to them. I rarely whipped them just for pleasure, which they accepted good naturedly, and usually pulled my punches, so to speak. Since they were still slave girls and subject to use by other, more brutal masters, I had to make sure that they remained disciplined and obedient, or they would suffer much worse at other people's hands.

She and Mary would vie for the right to pleasure me. In exchange, they got to stay at night in the bungalow Klitzman had assigned to me and I made sure that their other duties during the day were as light as I could make them. I got them assigned during the day to the underground dormitory where all the slave girls slept and made themselves up for their duties. They were able to avoid, mostly, being used by the regular guests, even though the guards, tall, ruthless, black as night natives, had the right to use them down there and occasionally they would be sent topside to help out when things were really busy.

I had no control over that. But each night they would be sent back to me and I would try to make sure that I had saved a portion of my lust for them, which was really hard given all the beautiful, naked, subservient women around. I mean, come on, I'm only human. My 'job' while on Klitzman's Isle was to run this fancy jazz club where I had maybe 20 or so lovely ladies under my command, girls who ran drinks and waited tables, and some who had been selected for their extra specialness to serve as B-girls. They would be dressed up in stylish finery and pretend to be regular girls who the guests could 'pick up' and, perhaps, assuage their consciences that they really weren't abusing enslaved women who were condemned to satisfy their every urge and desire, and I mean any.

Carol and Pritha and Annie were back at Klitzman's Isle, which I hadn't seen for several months. I had no way of knowing what deprivations they were being subject to while I was gone and that knowledge, especially for Carol, gnawed on me, Pritha and Annie already having been whores when they came into my possession. I burned at the thought that they were under Klitzman's control and being held hostage to my good behavior. Klitzman was the kind of guy who would dip them in acid just for the fun of it, or maybe just sell them off on a whim to some whoremonger deep in Africa, Asia or South America, or anywhere else where women could be held as slaves.

I can't say I got anywhere closer to bringing down Klitzman, that 300 lb., troll-like bastard, up to now. He had sent me slaving back to the good old US of A where I helped capture a couple dozen beautiful young women for service in his empire. Each time we collected one and stuck her gagged and bound in the basement of our safe house, I felt a little bit further from my redemption. Against orders, I had saved a Russian girl we had collected, Natasha, from execution, but I hadn't saved her from a life of slavery, and even her respite from her death sentence might only be temporary.

And I had killed one of our crew members, Florez. It was kind of an accident. When I stopped him from visiting superfluous torment on Natasha before we dumped her in Lake Watchamacallit, he took it unkind and came after me. I don't know what had come over me. Conscience, I guess, but maybe I just didn't want Natasha's demise to be any crueler than it had to be. Florez led me on a dance with his shiv, and would have cut me from my gullet to my balls, except that he accidentally stepped in a hole and I was able to pound the shit out of him. I dumped his semi-conscious body in the lake instead of Natasha's. So I had Florez to answer for too. And that gave Klitzman more than adequate reason to make my girls suffer.

What's worse, Draco, who was my immediate boss and who led our crew, ordered me to collect a girl suitable for sex slavery all on my own in penance for saving Natasha contrary to orders and doing Florez. He accused me of coasting and letting all the other people do the dirty work. It was true that I hadn't been specifically responsible for selecting any candidates for slavery. I don't know if that fact had any distinction to it except moving me from level 8.4 in hell to maybe 8.2, a little further away from the flames.

But it mattered to Draco and he sent me out on a Friday night to a juke joint to convince some poor girl to come out with me. I had just about given up hope when this woman sort of selected me. Her name was Audrey and she was celebrating her divorce from a real asshole and didn't want to spend the night alone. I tried to give her a hundred signals to stay away from me, but she was determined, convinced that I was another lost soul like her, which, when you think about it I was.

And here we come to the only thing that had happened in the eighteen or so months that I had been working for Klitzman that moved me any closer to my goal. I was on the way back to the safe house with Audrey bound up and drugged in the trunk when I was stopped by a couple of Georgia State Troopers who roused me from the car, had me handcuffed in one of their units and were about to pop the trunk to see what was inside



when Bederson and Mulittieri pulled up and scotched their moment of glory. Pulling strings, they got the troopers to let me go.

Bederson was a little pissed on having to show his hand and the hand of the unnamed Federal agency he worked for which, in his words, “was not confined strictly to judicial remedies.” He and his boys had been monitoring the safe house and knew all about what was going on. I asked them why they were going to let 11 innocent girls be hauled off to international sex slavery and he told me that there were national security reasons and that, in essence, the girls would be making honored sacrifices for their country. I wasn’t so sure about the moral equation that Bederson drew, but I had little choice but to go along.

In the process of restoring me to freedom, Bederson showed me pictures of four men suspected of being Klitzman’s agents, siphoning off critical national security information to him. He didn’t tell me their names, but he had code named them after the Three Stooges, Moe, Larry and Curley, and Curley’s less than popular replacement, Shep. I was told to keep my eye out for any one of them on Klitzman’s Isle and, when I spotted him, to somehow get the info back to him. How I was going to do that was unexplained other than the fact that Bederson described me as resourceful.

Oh, and he revealed to me my code name, Wonderdog. He laughed when he said it and denied having any responsibility for assigning it, but I didn’t believe him.

I watched them drive away with a young girl they had kidnapped in case I had failed at my mission. Now that they didn’t need her, rather than releasing her, they were going to turn her over to some gang or other as a way of cultivating good will. So I had tried to save Natasha but had only achieved a temporary respite for her, and in exchange caused two other innocent females to be kidnapped and enslaved. I wasn’t going forwards, I was going backwards.

And now all the girls we had recently collected were loaded up unconscious and in tubes into a cargo plane and them and me and Draco and Estelle, who had been the fourth member of our team until I made it three, were headed to Paliba, a small island in the eastern Caribbean not far from the coast of Guadeloupe. Little Natasha sat behind us, hooded and bound. There hadn’t been enough containers for her so we had to improvise. I don’t know why we decided to hood her. What was she going to do, tell someone how to navigate to Paliba? I doubted that she’d even ever get the chance to tell someone that she’d been there.

The island, nominally under French rule, was really under the sway of a guy I knew only as Diskare, who ruled it as Klitzman's surrogate. Diskare ran a little resort on the north end of the island along the same lines as Klitzman's Isle, except smaller. It was a gathering place for international criminals and other neer-do-wells. There was a fantastic beach with turquoise water, a very nice Jack Nicholas designed 18 hole golf course, great fishing, a vibrant night life down in the central city and of course all the abject whores you could want.

As the plane started circling to the airport, my stomach became queasy, and not just because of the loss in altitude. I had a lot to answer for and would receive Klitzman's judgment on my sins through Diskare. A favorite punishment was to drop a load of bloody chum into the waters off Reedman's Point and wait for the sharks to gather. And then, oops, you'd be overboard to serve as the sharks' main course. I had had a hand in it once out on Klitzman's Isle when a guy named Mariano had been sentenced by Rukimo to serve as shark food, and it wasn't pretty.

Draco, Estelle and I were sitting in a row of seats behind the pilot. We watched silently as the airport and runway appeared in front of us. For Draco it would be a vacation. He had become enamored of Natasha and I was sure that Diskare would let him have some more fun with her before he pronounced judgment on her future.

Estelle wouldn't be staying long. Stephanie, a cute little, virginal 18 year old girl she had picked up hitchhiking, was loaded in a tube behind us. Estelle had declared her pussy as being for female use only although she had allowed me to teach her a thing or two about blowjobs and devirginize her rear. Estelle was going to stay on Paliba just long enough to get her branded with Klitzman's distinctive 'k' and then move her on to a ladies only resort on a small island off the coast of Venezuela where she lived when she wasn't out slaving. Stephanie would be serving pussies galore for a few years and then, when she aged out, probably be dumped in some knocking shop in Caracas where she would switch to cocks.

We landed uneventfully and taxied to a far edge of the runway. A French official appeared as if from nowhere. He just signed the papers that the pilot presented to him and then waived us through along with our luggage. It was a good thing since all I had was a phony passport and an out of date Florida driver's license in the name of Harry Lime.

A truck pulled up to the plane and several black skinned men swarmed over it and started pulling the tubes out and loading them on the truck. Natasha was whisked away by someone, I'm not sure who. There was a limousine waiting for us. We got in, Estelle and Draco sitting facing the

driver and me sitting the other way. The limousine was spacious and had a little bar. I poured myself a gin on ice and slugged a good bit of it down. Draco and Estelle forswore.

It took about 40 minutes to get to the resort. The island was lush and beautiful. The road we were on skirted the sea and it was almost like being on vacation. Diskare's place was on the top of a premonitory and we climbed and climbed and climbed up the hill. When you're on an island as flat as Paliba, a goosebump can look like Mt. Everest.

None of us said anything. Not that we were big talkers anyway. Draco just stared out of the window. Estelle leaned back in her seat, her eyes closed, probably thinking about fucking the shit out of Stephanie. I just sat and prayed that when they did me they would do it quick, although I didn't think that that was a real possibility. You might say that I prayed, but if there is a god, he would have been pretty fed up with me by this time and not inclined to giving me a break. I guess that my only hope is that there is nothing out there in the beyond but space and rock. My sins would die with me.

We were stopped at the gate and everybody had to get out, including the driver. The coffee colored security guys patted us all down and rifled through the car. They took my shiv and my Beretta. They went through our luggage, all except the black case that Draco was carrying; he just flat out refused to turn it over. One of the guards called his superior and after about 20 minutes waiting in the hot sun, the call came back to say it was ok. I took the opportunity to have a smoke, a pleasure denied me since we had taken off in Georgia about five hours ago. We got back in the limo and drove up the rest of the driveway to the main building.

The building was built to be reminiscent of French houses along the Mediterranean. It was three stories with large, tall, barred windows and an orange slate roof. The shutters, tall and large as if designed for hurricane season, were painted black. The front of the building was about 200' feet wide and disguised the building's fuller, larger structure which was towards the back. Three broad white steps led up to a little landing on which stood two large white columns covered by a canopy that extended out over the stairs. The front door was wide and forebodingly reinforced with steel. A number pad sat to the right of the door along with a little box for swiping security cards. In the center of the door was a large, snarling, golden lion's head.

Another guard let us in. The main door opened to a small foyer. The floor was made up of colored flagstones covered by a maroon area rug. It had the same lion's head that was on the door woven into it in bright

yellow. The foyer opened to a wide, high ceilinged hallway. The walls were painted white and had large oil paintings mounted on them, mostly of beautiful, unattainable women in various states of dishabille. The floors were light polished wood with a maroon runner down the middle, the same maroon as the rug in the foyer. Just off to the left was a wide set of carpeted stairs with shiny, lightly stained oak banisters. The stairs led to a landing and then continued up the other way. There were tables and credenzas along the hall with brightly colored vases with brightly colored flowers in them. A set of small chandeliers went down the hallway and there were doors on either side.

Four figures were standing at the base of the stairs ready to greet us. One of them I knew. It was Carla, the head mistress of the house. She was tall and elegantly curvy. She had fine copper colored skin and solid breasts and long, straight, silky black hair. She was wearing a white silk shirt open to her seductive cleavage and black pants that hugged her hips and wrapped around her legs like they were a second skin. Around her neck was a gold chain holding a gold pendant consisting of a cursive 'k'. She wore little makeup, just bright red lipstick and light mascara under her salamander eyes. She was quite attractive, a very well kept late 30's or early 40's. As the saying goes, I wouldn't kick her out of bed, if I ever got the chance, the probability of which was almost certainly zero.

Carla went strictly the other way, which leads me to the second female figure who was standing to her left. It was a young woman, maybe 22 or 23. She was a few inches shorter than Carla, who stood at 5'10" in her bright red high heels. The girl's most obvious characteristic was that she was naked. She had long, graceful legs and pretty, conical breasts a mite bigger than tea cups. Her face was very pleasant with plucked but unadorned brown eyebrows, crystal blue eyes and a graceful nose and mouth. Her eyes were made up with powder blue shadow and dark mascara on her lashes and under her eyes. Her chestnut hair was straight and long. Her skin was a shade or two darker than white and she was wearing just a little blush. Her plumpish lips were painted a deep, dark red, which gave her a lascivious look, just inviting a cock to penetrate them. Her plump, denuded pudenda sported a golden ring from which hung a golden medallion. I couldn't read it from where I stood, but I knew from past experience that there would be a cursive 'k' etched into it on one side and a pair of crossed whips over her name on the other.

A leash ran from the front of a black leather collar to Carla's hand. The girl was sporting leather bracelets around her ankles with golden colored rings embedded in them and, I assumed because I could not see them,

around her wrists. The tips of her breasts had been rouged to match her lips and her love lips outlined in the same color. She stood with her feet about 2' apart. Her back was erect and her hands were behind her.

Standing to Carla's right were two busty young women dressed in bright white crocheted dresses that descended to just below their knees. The crochets were wide and their deep brown skin could be seen through them as if the dresses were just advertisements for what was underneath. The bodices of the dresses were shaped to surround their heavy breasts. The neck lines were wide and curved displaying their breasts to just above their nipples. They both had long straight black hair and deep brown eyes. The one to the far right, nearer to the stairs, was a little taller and just a tad heavier built, although still lusciously formed with wide hips and a narrow waist. Her face was roundish. Her nose was a trifle wide, but she had large, plump lips which made up for it.

The other girl's features were a bit more delicate. While the girl to her right had a saucy look about her, this girl seemed more demure. Her lips and nose were smaller and her face just a little bit narrower. Neither girl wore any makeup. They wore the same collar and bracelets as the naked girl. Their feet were bare.

Carla had a broad smile on her face. "Welcome to our little spa," she intoned. She had a deep, silky voice. We all put down our luggage and greeted her in return. She and Estelle seemed to be good friends and Estelle stepped up to her and gave her a big kiss on the lips. Draco just murmured something. I gave her a non-committal "Thanks."

"I'm sure that you all must be tired from your journey. Can I show you to your rooms so you can get some rest and freshen up?"

"First you have to introduce me to your friend," Estelle replied in her thick, gravelly voice. She was looking at the naked girl to Carla's left.

Carla turned to the girl. "Say hello to Mistress Estelle," she told the girl. The girl gave her a nervous glance then looked back at Estelle. Estelle was wearing a red and blue, short sleeved shirtwaist dress. Her thick arms were well displayed as well as her broad chest. There was nothing sweet or romantic looking about Estelle. She could have emerged directly from the shop floor of some steel mill. She was wearing low heeled black shoes and stood about as tall as Carla. Her salt and pepper hair was tied up in a bun. She seemed to have a permanent scowl on her face. She wore just a little makeup, an orangey brown lipstick on her thin lips and a bit of rouge.

"G-greetings, Mistress Estelle," the girl said in a small, subdued, slightly accented voice. French perhaps, I wondered. Dutch maybe? She dipped her knees into a little curtsy and bowed her head. She looked back

up at Estelle as if for approval and then back at Carla, a dark cloud passing across her face as if in fear. I hadn't notice it at first, but she had long, faint red lines running across her breasts and the front of her thighs. She had been whipped, probably within the last few days.

Estelle took her in with hungry eyes. "And what's your name, my little cunt?" she asked her.

"Mistress Carla has named me Tara, mistress," she answered uncertainly as if she was worried that she might not get it right.

"Tara will be very happy to serve your pleasures," Carla told Estelle. "She's very new and a bit nervous. She might need a few good strokes for encouragement."

"Not to worry," Estelle returned. "It'll be my pleasure to get her all warmed up."

Tara looked like she was about to burst into sobs. It was very compelling. I wondered whether Carla would allow me to take a ride with her or if she was, as Estelle put it, 'for feminine use only'.

Carla handed Estelle Tara's leash. Estelle pulled her close and gave her right breast a cruel twist. Tara squealed and tried to pull away, but Estelle held tight squeezing harder, making the girl moan and curl her shoulders. Her eyes started to brim with tears. Estelle released her. "Very lovely," she said, smiling.

"And to my right, gentlemen," Carla said to me and Draco, "are Adriana and Selena. They will take pleasure in delighting you."

The girls looked at us neutrally, but you could see that the 'taking pleasure' business was just a little short of truth. I didn't know which one I wanted more. The bigger girl had a bit of wildness to her, but the other girl seemed like she would be delightfully obsequious and servile, maybe just a little more reticent about her duties and unhappy to be a whore, which would make fucking her piquant. Draco had seniority though and I would let him have first choice.

"Okay, I'll take the big one," Draco growled impatiently. "What's her name again?"

"That's Adriana," Carla replied. "Her pussy is very lush and she cries out wildly when she comes."

"As long as it's hot and wet," Draco growled again. "Let's get upstairs. I gotta piss like a stallion."

Carla nodded. Two slender, slight, black servants appeared from nowhere and took our bags. Draco held on to his valise.

"Come this way," Carla said pleasantly.

Carla took the lead. Draco and I followed her, with Estelle towing Tara close behind. The two black haired girls followed obediently with the two white coated stewards after them. As we were climbing up, I kept my eyes on Carla's tight, shifting ass. It's funny, even with countless obsequious slave girls at your beck and call, you always seemed to want what you could not get. I wondered idly whether Diskare ever got to fuck her. He wasn't the kind of guy you would say no to. Some guys had all the luck.

Carla stopped at Draco's door first. It was on the left. She didn't have to unlock it. Privacy was not a big thing around here. You didn't have to worry about the slave girls. They were forbidden to touch any of the doors under threat of dire punishment, and if the place caught fire they would probably burn up in any room they had been left in.

Carla opened the door inwards and invited Draco in. Draco waited until Adriana sheepishly shuffled in followed by the steward who was carrying Draco's bag. "I gotta see Diskare right away," Draco told Carla. "I've got something for him." He was holding the valise tightly in his hand.

"I'll take you to him," Carla replied. She spat out an instruction to the steward and then turned back to Draco. "Michael will secure Adriana so that's she's ready for you when you come back." As we set off, I saw the steward issue a command to Adriana. She turned and presented her wrists to him behind her back.

Carla stepped across the hall and presented Estelle to the next room. The steward brought in her bag. Estelle gave Carla a nod of appreciation and hauled poor Tara in behind her. Tears were running down her face.

We went across the hall again and Carla indicated my room. The steward brought in my bag and left. Carla gave me a gracious smile. "Have fun, Harry," she said. I stepped aside and Selena entered the room ahead of me. I gave Carla a smile and followed her.

The room was about 20' by 20'. Its principal feature was a plush, queen sized, four postered bed. It was made up with crisp white sheets and a light, white woolen bedspread and fluffy pillows at the head. The head and footboards had the obligatory rings and chains embedded in them. The frame was of dark stained wood.

An armoire stood in one corner of the room near the foot of the bed and a large dresser on the other. A doorway between them led to a large bathroom which, from my prior experience, I knew contained a large sunken bathtub. A long credenza ran along the inside wall, to the right of the bed. On the other side was a small cage and a whipping stand. Two large side by side, barred windows surrounded by delicate white chintz

curtains let in a brilliant light. The walls were painted white. Above the bed was a large oil painting of cherubic women dressed in flimsy finery frolicking by a languid pond. A couple of satyr-like men were sitting on the ground admiring them and, to my mind, deciding which ones they wanted to fuck.

Selena stood there demurely awaiting my command. I didn't know how much English she had, so I just signaled her to get up on the bed. Without having to be told, she shucked off her white crocheted dress, dropping it on the floor, pulled the bedspread and top sheet to the foot of the bed and crawled onto it. She assumed an expectant kneeling pose and looked back at me. She was a lovely sight. Her breasts had wide areolas and thick nipples and hung invitingly. Her skin was tawny and delightfully smooth and fresh. Her long black hair was pulled behind her head. Her shoulders were soft and graceful. Her delicate hands were resting on her knees. They were tipped with a deep pink polish, as were her toes. She looked like she couldn't have been more than 19 or 20. Her pleasant face was almost child-like and her ethereal lips were turned up in an almost smile, telegraphing a ready inclination to serve my pleasures. I was sure that her seeming eagerness to perform her duties had been cruelly instilled, but the sweetness of her visage was natural.

Like Draco, I needed to take a whizz in the worst way. I left Selena kneeling on the bed and went into the bathroom. Like I said, it was large. The tub sat in the middle and the sink was off to the right side. The toilet was on the left. I stood over it, drew out my willywacker and let go. The flow made a heavy noise which echoed off of the tiled walls. It took a little while to finish. When the flow reduced to a little dribble, I gave it a few shakes and restored it to its lair.

I came back into the bedroom. Selena was kneeling right where I left her. Her eyes followed me closely as I stepped over to the bed. I was wearing the same windbreaker I had worn on the night I had captured Audrey, over a tan polo shirt. I drew off the windbreaker and tossed it onto a nearby chair. I drew the polo shirt over my head and placed it there too.

The girl examined me. I was certain that I was not a reassuring sight. I stood about 6'1" and my chest was broad, made broader by three years of yanking weights back in Atlanta. I had a modicum of black hair across my chest, just enough to appear manly and my belly was hard and flat. The bandage from where Florez had skewered me was draped over my left arm with just a little oozing blood showing on it. On my left side was an ugly round scar, a souvenir from a 9 millimeter which had passed through me



during a little friendly gunplay in Kansas City during a mission that Tony had sent me on.

I was picking up a suitcase full of funny money which Tony was going to spread around the casinos. You walked up to a window, bought a few thousand in chips and then walked to the other side of the room and cashed them in at another cage. The stuff Tony got was A-1 and could withstand both fluorescent light and that little thing the cashiers were trained to do with a yellow marker. The guys we used were out of towners with no records, some college kids looking for an easy buck, or working class guys or gals who were always short of cash. Some of them were older folks who found themselves deep in debt to some mobster or other and were given the opportunity to work a little of it off, or some senior citizens who were living off of Social Security and food stamps.

Anyway, there was a dispute about how much real stuff Tony was supposed to hand over for the funny money. I suspected Tony shorted them. He was a greedy dick. I knew better than to come back to Atlantic City without the scamola and things got heated. The other guy pulled first, not that that makes much difference. I turned sideways automatically to make a smaller target like I had seen in the movies and gave the other guy one right in the chest. His shot pierced my side as I was turning, passed right through me and hit the hotel wall. I heard somebody scream, in the next room.

I took the scamola and Tony's cash and hotfooted it out of there. I holed up in a hotsheet motel about 15 miles outside of the city and prayed for the bleeding to stop. I guess I was lucky, which I always seem to be, and it did after about eight hours. I knew that I couldn't use the airplane ticket back to Jersey since the friends of the guy I had iced would be looking for me. I had rented a car at the airport with this phony credit card, but I didn't want to drive it too much in case somebody had seen me flee the hotel and gave the plate to the cops.

I had brought an extra set of clothes and I changed into them. Under cover of darkness I drove the rental to a big shopping center, parked it and went around looking for an appropriate car. I had stopped at a hardware store and picked up what I needed to boost the door and the steering wheel. I found a plain looking silver Toyota Corolla, hotwired it, drove it back to the rental and picked up the two valises. I drove the Corolla to Chicago where Tony had some friends who set me up with a doctor and let me recover for a few days. By that time, Tony had straightened out the beef with the Kansas City boys. The Chicago guys acted as middlemen and I turned over the real stuff to them and took a flight home. Tony was real

happy with me for standing up for him although he was the one who fucked me by shorting the cash.

Anyway, I had this big scar on my side complements of Tony. The girl eyed it. There was no disguising what it was. Along with the obvious scar on the left side of my face, about which I'll tell you another time, and my already Frankensteinish mug, I figured that the girl was not too keen on having ended up with me instead of Draco who, while cold as shit, at least looked something like a normal human being.

I ignored her frightened glance and sat down on the bed to remove my prison issue boots. I chucked them aside along with the socks and drew my jeans down to my ankles and pulled them off. I stood and shucked my boxers and turned back to her. I could see that her lips were trembling. I was used to having that effect on girls, so I let it go. I crawled up on the bed and told her to lie down on her back. She must have understood me, or deciphered my hand gestures, because she instantly complied. Like a good whore, she spread her thighs and lifted her knees.

I crawled up to her. Her eyes followed me anxiously. I hadn't had such a delectable morsel available to me since I had left Paliba four months ago. I had gotten to fuck Natasha while we were holding her, but she was a little skinny and boney, although a very enthusiastic fuck. And, of course, Audrey, but that had been a one off while sitting in Draco's Lincoln and although Audrey was attractive, she wasn't as near a perfect specimen as Selena. If God gave you a little kit where you could come up with your own dream girl, you would come up with someone like her.

I slipped myself between her spread legs and loomed over her. Her pussy was invitingly displayed. Carla, or whoever made these decisions around here, had left a little trail of close cropped black pubic hair on either side of her mons and a little tuft above it. It was very compelling. I mean, I love the sight of a hairless cunt. For some reason, to me, it makes the girl look so much more defenseless and available. And for the girl, I guess, it made her feel more naked than naked could be and emphasized that she had no control over her body and no right to hide or veil any part of her.

But there was something about a crevasse bordered by hair that made the woman look more animalistic, like the creature of flesh and blood that had crawled out of the primeval forest a hundred thousand years ago. "Here I am," it said. "Can you handle me?"

I pressed myself down on the girl, achieving maximum contact between our skin. My cock was already hard and I laid it on her belly. Her hands were spread out on either side of her. I pulled the pillow out from

under her head and tossed it aside so that she was lying flat on her back. I took her hands and raised them above her, locked them together, and connected them to a chain leading from the headboard. I lowered my face to hers and brushed her lips with mine. I could smell her fecundity. She squirmed just a bit under me, her breasts pressed up against my chest, and she released a soft whine. I slipped my tongue past her lips and entered her mouth.

Warmth flowed through me as I pursued her tongue. The girl kissed me back, her lips hard against mine. I didn't know how long she had served at Diskare's little resort, but she was a well-trained whore. I kissed her for a long time and my lusts rose and rose. My Johnson was just begging for a warm, moist hole to bury itself in, but I was still, if only temporarily, in command, and I wanted to prolong my enjoyment.

I broke our kiss and started to slide down her. I stopped at her breasts. Lying on my left elbow, I took hold of her left breast with my right hand and gave it a squeeze. It was very suitably plump, soft and resilient. I lowered my lips to her other breast, took her nipple in my mouth and began a soft suckle. I lathered her teat and areola with my tongue, and then gave her teat a little nip which made the girl release a little squeal. I shifted hands and breasts, caressing, kneading, mushing her right breast, pulling at the nipple, giving it firm pinches while I sucked hard and long on her other. She squirmed a bit, her hips shifting under me and she released a long sigh. I rose and started drifting my tongue down her belly, squeezing her breasts with both hands, lathering my tongue on her delicious skin, kissing it, letting my lips slide along it. My cock was as stiff as a narwhal's horn and calling out for its satisfaction, but I was too enamored of drinking in the young girl's flesh to give in to it.

I drew myself back further and further, letting my tongue and lips explore her lower belly all the way down to the apex of her crux. I drifted my hands down her belly and then spread them along her distended thighs, taking in their warmth and softness. I looked up at the girl. Her brown eyes had gone soft and limpid and her lips were ajar. Her nipples were as stiff as darts and a pinkness had started to spread across her chest. A glimmer of perspiration had spread over her, making her skin look slick.

I looked down at her mons. Her outer lips had grown puffy and there was a glistening between them. I scrunched myself back some more, lowered my head, and dragged my flattened tongue the length of her crevasse, from the very bottom to the very top. The girl took in a deep breath. Her hips squirmed and her thighs quivered under my hands. A wave of lust passed through me.

I teased and stroked her quim for a long time. The aroma and taste made my head swim. The girl started moaning, sounds that reinforced my pleasure. I had always had a thing for sucking cunts. A lot of whores won't let you do it. It's too personal, and they are not there for their pleasure. It's just a business transaction after all. But the girls under Tony's rule didn't have much say in it and they would often cry in shame after I had driven them to repeated unwanted orgasms, especially the new ones.

I had befriended a number of older whores while I was in A.C. They didn't mind it at all and enjoyed someone looking out for their pleasure for once. They knew that the clock was running on them and treasured the chance at having some young, if brutish buck servicing them. Tony collected tributes from most of the pimps in town and they usually didn't mind me using their property once in a while. It helped keep the whores content, giving them something to look forward to and helped keep them in line too since they knew that I would be one of the guys hunting them down if they ever had a thought about taking a powder. None of these relationships, if you want to call them that, lasted too long though as the pimps were always trading girls around and I would find out that Grace or Shakira or Juanita had been sold to some outfit from Philly or New York or Miami.

Encouraged by the girl's moans, I began a gentle suckle on her nubbin while my hands roamed her belly and thighs. When I gave her clit a long, hard suck she issued a groan and lifted her hips. Then I really went to town, flitting my tongue rapidly over her bud, laving her slice swiftly again and again, burying my tongue in her little hole, teasing its edges, licking at the upper wall. She was breathing heavily and moaning and squirming. Her thighs were shuddering. I subsumed her button deep into my mouth, running my tongue over and around it again and again, flicking at it, rubbing at it. The girl gave a deep, loud groan, a few whines of seeming protest and then her whole body began to writhe and squirrel. She called out, "Oooooouuuuu! Oooooouuuuu! Oooooouuuuu! Oooooouuuuu! Oooooouuuuu!" Her hips bucked and jerked. I could hear her hands yanking at their chain.

I let her settle down a bit, kissing the outside of her pudendum, kissing her belly and thighs, running my hands up over her stomach and her breasts. She was releasing long, soft sighs of satisfaction. But then I got right back to work. She released a loud whine when I dragged my tongue up and down her slit once more. But she was quickly into the spirit of the thing as I serviced her, squirming and rotating her hips, thrusting her cunt up at me, moaning and groaning. When she came this time, her

ejaculations seemed almost the product of intolerable pain as she groaned, “Aurgh! Aurgh! Aurgh! Aurgh! Aurgh!”

My lusts were on high boil. My cock was yelling, “Come on! Now! Now! Bury me somewhere hot and soft! Now! Now!” I let the girl lagoon for a few moments. Her whole body was slick with sweat, shiny and alluring. I raised myself between her knees. She looked up at me, realizing that her ordeal was not yet over. Her face was anxious, as if worried that her mind could not tolerate another round of pleasure, but her eyes were hungry, animalistic, challenging me to bring her more.

I slid up and ran my cock up and down her slice several times, gathering her ooze, and then pushed the head against her hole. I looked her in the eyes. They were going, “No! Yes! No! Yes! No! Yes!” I paused a moment, ruminating on the dark, evil forces which gave me, if not the right, then the power to occupy the girl’s inner space, use her canal as a pleasure producing portal without her permission, her consent, against her will. And the same forces had torn her from her life, her family, her friends, her loved ones, her future life and brought her here to her back, legs spread, hands bound, preparing to receive what, if I stopped to give her the choice, she would even in her most impassioned state reject. Although her eyes were lustful, she wore that same mien that all the enslaved girls had, a taste of despondence, a glimmer of hatred, a shadow of self-pity, all things guaranteed to accelerate my lust. I could choose to halt myself right there, to forbear from one more depraved and heinous act, or give in to satisfy my corrupted hunger, give my conscienceless cock what it wanted.

Of course, I knew what the answer would be even before I asked the question. I mean, who wouldn’t? If I didn’t fuck the girl now, somebody in an hour or two would. If other men had rights over her, could demand the most obsequious surrender, why couldn’t I? And if nature didn’t intend for me to take what I wanted, when I wanted it, why did it make me so ruthless and callous? Why did it make the impulse to dominate so vibrant in me, make me want and need the nature and quality of the act I was about to perform? Why did some deep down kernel of my psyche crave the very look that the girl was giving me now? Don’t be so quick to condemn me. Look deep inside yourself. What would you have done?

My pause was only momentary, these thoughts flitting through my head like the waning emanations of a light that had begun flickering towards darkness long ago. I eased myself forward. I felt her flesh expanding to greet me. I felt the warmth of her tunnel encompass me. I released a long, deep sigh and a wave of pleasure passed through me. The

girl's eyes seemed to bulge and her face seemed to melt into a puddle of flesh. She released a long moan as I sank deeper and deeper. When I was fully seated, I lingered there a while, relishing my encasement, and then began a long, steady, slow series of strokes.

We both groaned and moaned as I fucked her. The gentle, tight abrasion of her hot inner flesh made my brain turn to mush. God knew what he was doing when he created genitalia. I sometimes imagined the little management conference he had with his designer angels, debating how they could ensure that this ungainly set of animals they were creating would procreate. First they would make a cock and a cunt a perfect fit. Then they would install delicately crafted nerve endings which would produce the most exciting of sensations. Then they set aside a portion of the brain that would crave those sensations again and again. But God was not satisfied. Something was missing. And then a nerd-like angel with acne and thick glasses way down at the end of the table raised his hand. Impatiently, God called on him. "Why don't we make it sinful?" he squeaked nervously.

A light sparked on. That was it. They would make humankind crave it, need it, and then make it forbidden, so that each act of coitus would contain this irresistible urge to violate a basic law, to thrill at the breaching of a boundary, to fill men and women's souls with the ecstatical pleasure that only such an act could produce. Adam and Eve didn't stand a chance. It was all a set-up. How to get these pesky and rude denizens of Eden out in the world to procreate and populate this round ball that God had made? Make it sinful and they would do it again and again and again.

And I knew I would do it again and again and again if given the chance. As I drew my cock backwards and forwards, wave after wave of enlivening pleasure went through me. The girl was fucking me back, squeezing my cock, slowly raising and lowering her cunt to meet me. I leaned down and took her mouth. Our tongues mingled, producing a surge of lust complimentary to the surges being produced by our loins. I wanted it to go on forever, but something inside me craved completion. My cock was screaming, "Make me dance! Make me throb! Make me thrill!" The girl's legs had intertwined with mine, pulling me deeper inside her. Her hands yanked and pulled at their confines. A surge of lust went through me so strong that my brain reeled. Part of me wanted to pull out or slow down so that I could calm myself and prolong my ecstasy, but my cock and the girl were having none of that. I groaned deep and long as I felt the immanency of my explosion. The girl erupted into shudders and shakes and moans and her pussy convulsed around me.

That was all I needed. My cock began to emit mighty throbs and jerks. I could feel my fluids pumping down it. I broke our kiss and released a series of loud, bestial grunts as I pounded my hips into hers again and again. If a bomb had gone off in the room, we would haven't noticed it, but would have kept fucking and fucking and fucking.

As my forces waned, I slowed my thrusts. My cock released several post orgasmic throbs. I could feel the girl still shuddering. Her face was dreamy and vague. I was pleased that I had thrown her a good fuck. It was the least I could do for her, who probably suffered through a series of wham, blam, thank you mams throughout the day. But I didn't want to get all sentimental. I withdrew my softening tool and slid off of her. She released a sigh when I left her and clamped her thighs together. I got up off the bed and poured myself a few fingers of gin. I slammed it down, relishing its fire. I put down the glass.

Suddenly I was very tired. We had flown through the night and I hadn't gotten much sleep. I went over to the windows and drew down the shades, reducing the room to a dim light. The girl was watching my every move. I made a motion for her to turn over and she rolled to her belly. I made her kneel up and brought up the covers, pulling them under her knees so that she was on top of them. I pulled back her feet until she was lying flat on her belly again, joined her ankles and then chained them off to the foot of the bed, stretching her out to her full length.

On her right rear buttock, up close to her hip, was the telltale reddish, cursive 'k' burned into her flesh, denoting her true master. At a word from him, she would be whisked off this tropical isle, flown four thousand miles and presented to him, naked and bound at his feet. And woe to her if she was. She would think of Paliba as a picnic.

I opened the drawer of the nightstand by the bed and took out what I knew from prior experience would be there. I went back to the girl, pulled her head up by her hair and slid the thick leather prong of the gag into her mouth. After I had buckled it tightly behind her, I draped the black bag over her head, gathered it around her neck and drew the cord tight.

It may not seem fair to do this to a creature that had just given me so much pleasure, but it was one of my primary rules not to sleep with an unbound slave girl in my bed. You never knew what they might do, like finding something in the room to drive into your eye or to cut off your balls. Besides, the door to my room was unlocked and I was sure that Carla would not take kindly to me allowing her to wander freely about the house. And the girl needed to be reminded that no matter how much pleasure I brought her, or she brought me, she was still a slave, no longer a real

person, but a mere simulacrum of one, useful and attractive, but with no rights of her own. And, besides, it gave me pleasure to see her like that.

I got into bed next to her. I turned on my side towards her and ran my hand down her graceful, smooth, inviting back, down over her soft buttocks, pressing my fingers into the  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch deep scarlet scar that denominated her as property, over her thighs and back again. Life was good.

I drew up my side of the covers and lay my head on the pillow. Within a minute I was off to an untroubled sleep.



## CHAPTER TWO

### AUDREY'S FATE IS SEALED

I was dreaming when the phone next to the bed went off. I was on a beautiful beach. The water was crystal blue, gently lapping. There was no one else around. I was watching a beautiful, white bird perform graceful gyres, looking for prey. I felt someone next to me. It was Carol. She was naked and wore the accouterments of her enslavement, the leather collar, the wrist and ankle bracelets. She was smiling. I leaned down to kiss her. As our lips met, the phone yanked me back to reality.

I groped for the receiver, desperate to stop its violent clanging. "Harry, wake up," I heard a voice demand. It was Carla.

"I'm awake! I'm awake!" I protested.

"Dinner in 20 minutes," she told me. "Get up, shower, shit and shave. There's some clothes in the armoire."

"Okay, okay," I answered her somewhat impatiently. "Twenty minutes. All right. I'll be there."

I placed the receiver back in its cradle. The room was dark. I snapped on the table lamp on the bed stand. It produced a soft but adequate light. I looked over at the girl. She was, of course, right where I had left her. I ran my hand over her back and over her ass. I wondered if I could fuck, shit, shower, shave and get dressed within 20 minutes. I decided that there wouldn't be time, at least not to fuck the way I liked to. I had learned on Klitzman's Isle to pace myself. You could come four, five or even six times a day if you learned how. Vitamins and exercise were helpful too, but I hadn't had much of either one lately.

I got up from the bed and went into the bathroom. I peed and got into the sunken tub. I could have had the slave girl wash me, but that would take too long. And I would want to at least cop a blowjob out of it. The bathtub also had a shower spigot on it. I turned it on and adjusted it until it was the right temperature. I stepped into the flow and let the water beat down on me.

As I washed myself I kept thinking about my dream. When would I get to see Carol again? What was she doing right now? It was early evening here so it was probably getting close to 10 or 11 p.m. off the coast of West Africa. Klitzman's resort would be jumping. The girls in my club would be busy running drinks, cozying up to guests or fucking and sucking downstairs. Outside, beautiful, comely slave girls would be scurrying to their destinations, bound and chained into coffles, naked and gagged, their

3" high bright red high heels clickity clacking on the macadam paths. Would some asshole have her in his room, abusing her, fucking her ass or her throat? Did some guy have her mounted on a whipping stand belaboring her with a steely dog whip while she screamed and cried? Was she even there anymore, or even alive? Would I ever see her again? Or would she be just a sad memory like Mary?

I had to push these thoughts out of my mind. I was powerless to do anything to assuage her captivity except to maybe survive so that I could return and take custody of her again. But would she still care for me? I had been away for a long time. I had, essentially, abandoned her to her fate. Would her adoration have been processed into hatred? Would her caring have been converted to indifference? I thought of her smiling face in the dream. I had known that I missed her, but I hadn't realized how much. I knew that I didn't deserve her affection, and in the remote event that I was able to free her, she would think back on me as one of the bastards who had abused her. It was a bit of a conundrum. The same act that would set Carol free would separate me from her forever.

I finished up my shower and dried myself. I took the obligatory shit and then shaved. As I handled the razor, I was reminded of why it was a good idea to keep slave girls all bound up. Who knew, maybe under that serene exterior, that obsequious demeanor, lurked a volcano ready to explode. Maybe Selena was waiting for her one chance to strike back at her oppressors, a real, telling blow, and she would readily exchange the consequences for an opportunity to get even.

As I shaved, I reminisced about my recent bout with her. All that would come to an end. When it came time to take Klitzman down, would I be able to pull the trigger? Would I leave all this behind and exchange it for the uncertain fate that Bederson had in mind for me? Back in prison or working some dumb ass fucking stupid job in Dubuque or Peoria? With my mug, the only sex I would ever get would be self-administered or a 30 second blowjob from a street whore when I was able to scrape up enough money to afford it.

I finished my shave and sprinkled some musky smelling aftershave on my face. I went out to the bedroom. Selena laid there obediently still and quiet. I opened up the armoire. There was everything I needed. I slipped on a pair of crisp white boxer shorts and then a pair of light blue slacks. They fit perfectly. I chose a white, collared polo shirt with wavy blue lines across it just below my sternum. There were soft white socks and a pair of white New Balance cross trainers. I sat on the bed and put them on.

I turned to Selena. Her nakedness and helplessness were compelling. I went to the end of the bed and released her ankles from the footboard and each other. I got on the bed next to her and made her kneel, her hooded head down, and spread her legs. I ran my hand all over her back and rear. It was delicious. She remained silent and still. I slid my hand between her thighs from behind and started to stroke her quim. She shuddered a bit when I first touched her, but didn't resist or protest. I had her wet quickly. I stroked and stroked and stroked. After a while, her pussy became all soft and mushy. She began to release muffled moans from behind her gag and her hips started to sway and rotate. She raised her black hooded head, and then, while issuing a long, unhappy whine, lowered it again. I could sense her urge to close her legs, to bring the unwanted torment of her crevasse to an end. It was not to be.

I kept rubbing and rubbing and rubbing, stroking and stroking and stroking. My cock had resumed hardness, but I had resolved not to give into the temptation to satisfy it. This was for the memory banks, for the pure pleasure of watching the girl squirm and moan under my touch. I began to fiddle with her nubbin and her moans and sighs became louder. I went on and on and on. She was panting and her hips were rotating. "Come on, Selena," I thought, "give it to me! Give it to me! Be a good girl and give it to me!"

Suddenly she emitted a loud groan and began to grunt behind her gag. She rode her hips back and forth, side to side to try and shake my tormenting hand but I kept at it. She shuddered and shook and moaned and panted. It was stupendous.

She released a long sigh and an anguished sounding whine. Her hips ceased their movements and her body seemed to sag. It had been a great show. I wanted to fuck her again later and wondered how talented her mouth was. I knew I would find out.

I withdrew my hand and gave her a friendly pat on the ass. I released her hands from the headboard and then drew them behind her back, locking her wrists together. I urged her up from the bed and brought her to the bathroom. I sat her on the toilet and let her pee. I wiped her and escorted her over to the cage on the other side of the bed. She knew the routine and when I pressed on her shoulders she lowered herself and felt her way in. I closed the door and locked it. She was sitting with her knees up against her chest. There were a few inches of clearance between her hooded head and the top of the cage. The cage was narrow and there was little room to move side to side.

I went over to my pants and pulled out my pack of Luckies and my lighter. I lit a smoke, poured myself a finger or two of gin and sat down on the bed. There was an ashtray on the nightstand and I flicked my ashes in it from time to time as I relished the nicotine and alcohol flowing through my body. I could hear the girl releasing the occasional muffled whine as I sat there. She really shouldn't be doing it, but I guessed that it couldn't be helped. It was kind of cute.

I smashed out my cigarette in the ashtray and got to my feet. I took a look at Selena. Someone would be by to feed her later, I knew. She would be watered and fed, allowed to pee again and then restored to her cage for my pleasure just as I left her.

I stepped out into the corridor and went down the stairs. One of the dark skinned, black haired girls was standing at the bottom as if in reserve for any lonely guest returning to his bedroom. She kept her eyes down demurely as I passed. I strolled down the elegant hallway. I passed several doors and then came to the one that I knew led to the dining room. One of the stewards was waiting there and he opened the door to let me in.

A long table was in the middle of the room covered by a fancy, white table cloth. The table was set with fine china and crystal wine glasses. Over the table was a large chandelier. The table was set for seven, with one place at the head. On the left was a long side table with a gilded mirror above it its whole length. Six bottles of red and white wine sat on it like soldiers on parade along with several silver serving trays. On the other side of the room was a long picture window surrounded by cream colored curtains. The walls were cream colored as well and there was a soft slightly darker rug covering the floor. The chairs around the table were dark maple with padded seats and backrests.

Up on the far side of the room, behind the head of the table, was what looked like a well-stocked bar. One of the stewards stood by it ready to serve.

There were four cages under the picture window. One of them contained a very young looking slender girl with very pale skin and straight, reddish orange hair that went down below her shoulders. Her knees were squashed up against her breasts so I couldn't see them. She looked unhappy, which was understandable. Her lower face was covered with a wide leather shield held on by straps that went over and around her head

There were four guys in the room, none of whom I recognized. Three of them were gruff looking, but none as foreboding as me. The fourth was thin and somewhat nerdy looking. They were all dressed in well-tailored

leisure clothes like me. They were engaged in conversation and all held drinks in their hands. The nerdy guy held a leash in his other hand. At the end of the leash was a tall, shapely girl with blond hair and plump but not oversized breasts, standing in tall, dark maroon high heels. She wore a shield gag identical to the girl in the cage. Her hair was pulled back into a pony tail. She had lively eyes, well made up, that conveyed fear and dismay. Her loins were shaven and displayed a little gold medallion. She wore a black leather, ringed collar and black leather bands around her ankles. Her hands were behind her and I assumed joined to each other.

They guys all turned to me. I gave them a noncommittal nod. They gave me a wary nod in return. I went over to the bar and got a Bombay gin over ice with a twist of lemon. I stood off to the side, keeping myself company. The nerdy guy broke off and brought his empty wine glass to the bar, the girl shuffling obediently behind him. The steward refilled his glass from a green bottle of what looked like German white wine. The guy took a deep sip and then wandered over to me.

“Name’s Sherm, short for Sherman,” he said pleasantly. He shifted his wine glass to his left hand which held the handle to the leash and proffered me his right. I didn’t care if his name was Shithole, but I knew I needed to be on my good behavior so I extended my right paw. His hand was soft and his grip was loose. I didn’t mind. I didn’t put much stock in a handshake. I had seen some pretty squeamy guys try to impress me with the strength of their grip. It was all for show. Anybody who was a real player didn’t feel the need to impress. They just shook and watched your eyes warily.

Sherm’s eyes were direct and easy going. But if he was here and willing to hold the leash of a delectable naked girl like that, he wasn’t as innocent as he appeared. He had short, dirty blond hair, a slight build and was about 5’7” tall.

“Harry,” I intoned in reply. Closer up the girl looked even more delectable. She had wide, pale areolas and long stiffened nipples. Her nose was graceful. There was a gold ring in her septum topped off with a large, sparkly diamond in its center. Not being able to see her whole face I couldn’t be sure about her age, but she looked to be over 25, maybe 28 or 29. She was above the age of the average recruit and so I figured that she had a special story.

I was right. Sherm felt an obligation to tell it to me either out of pride of ownership or to humiliate the girl.

Sherm gave the girl’s leash a little tug. “This here is Jasmine, or at least that’s her name now. Believe it or not, she’s my wife. That’s her

wedding ring in her nose. I run a Bitcoin exchange and a, let's say, dark web site. You can get anything you want there. Jasmine here was my right hand and ostensibly my partner. Low and behold about a month ago I discovered that she and a boyfriend were siphoning off revenue. I'm a suspicious guy and I always had a good eye kept on Jasmine here so I knew that she was fucking this guy for a long time. I just waited for them to make their move. I move a lot of product for some of Diskare's friends and I got in touch with him. They picked up Jasmine and Danny boy a week ago and flew them down here. Danny's downstairs in a cell and we're all going on a little boat ride tomorrow where Danny's going to be turned into shark food. I'm going to bring Jasmine along so she can watch."

I saw Jasmine's eyes water and cringe. Her body shook and she released a muffled whine. Sherm turned to her and gave her a vicious slap that made her screech. "Cut the shit, Jasmine," Sherm barked at her. "If you want you can join him."

He turned to me. "I haven't really made up my mind," he said to me calmly. "It might be fun to see her roiling in the water getting all torn apart. But Diskare told me that I could get a pretty good buck for her if I put her on the open market. Or I can leave her here for a while and come down and visit her from time to time."

He turned back to the girl now called Jasmine. "How would you like that, eh, Jasmine? You could fuck and suck me and I could give you a good beating every few weeks. We already got a good start. Show Harry your ass."

Jasmine gave him an unhappy look and then turned obediently. Her delicate buttocks were covered with angry red stripes. On her right buttock, up near her hip was a bright red, newly applied, branded 'k'. I bet it was sore as hell.

"You should have heard her yell and scream," Sherm told me. "I never knew that whipping a girl could be so much fun. Bend over and show Harry your cunt," he spat at the woman. Jasmine, already accustomed to blind obedience, bent over and spread her legs. She had a cute, plump little thing. Sherm invited me to feel it. Never one to miss an opportunity to manhandle a delicious looking pussy, I took him up on it and pressed my hand between her thighs. It was soft and cuddly. I had her wet pretty quick and kept going until I heard her give out a muffled moan.

Sherman laughed. "She's pretty hot, isn't she? It's why I married her in the first place, that and her excellent mouth. She gives an exquisite blowjob. Problem is that Danny boy's been getting all my blowjobs

recently. If you want to give her a try you better get it tonight in case I decide to put her overboard tomorrow.”

“No, thanks,” I told him. “I have my blowjob all lined up.”

“Too bad. Maybe tomorrow if I decide to keep her around.”

“Yeah,” I said non-committedly. “Maybe tomorrow.”

I tossed down my drink and waved the glass at Sherman. “Need a refill,” I told him.

“Sure, sure,” he replied.

I really just wanted to get away from the guy. It was pleasant looking at his newly enslaved wife, but I really didn’t want to talk to him. I was almost positive that he was having too much fun with her as his slave to dump her in the water. I didn’t know how long I was going to be staying, but I figured I would get a chance to test her mouth sooner or later. As luck would have it, Sherm left after a couple of days, leaving Jasmine behind. I fucked her three days running. On the fourth day I went looking for her but she had disappeared. It seems that Sherm had decided to sell her after all.

I collected another drink. I would have to watch myself since gin always went right to my head. When I had my refill I saw that Sherm had gone back to the other guys. One of them was feeling Jasmine’s tits. She didn’t look too happy.

The door opened and Draco came in followed closely by Estelle. They both gave me nods and headed over to the bar. Sherm looked over at them as if he wanted to give them his spiel, but Draco gave him a death look and he turned back to his buddies.

“Have a nice nap?” Estelle asked me. She had a glass of scotch over ice in her hand. Draco was drinking a glass of red wine.

“Fine,” I answered. “And yours?”

“Very, very nice,” Estelle replied. “I had to teach Tara a thing or two about following orders, but she was a very good student.”

“That’s swell,” I said.

Draco clearly had nothing to say. I doubted that he spent more than five minutes fucking his girl.

The door opened again and Diskare wandered in. He was about 5’8” tall, slim build, short, black curly hair. His face was slightly pointed with a sharp nose. His eyes were as cold as steel, greyish blue. He was wearing white shoes and white pants with a white polo shirt with red stripes going across it below the sternum. Here was the guy who was going to deliver to me the news about my fate. I guessed either Klitzman was mulling it over or Diskare wanted to play with me a little. He reached out his long, boney hand.

“Harry, Harry, Harry,” he said as I shook it. “You’ve been a naughty boy. What are we going to do with you, eh?”

“As you please, Mr. Diskare,” I replied.

He gave me a cold look and then turned to Estelle.

“Estelle, my sweet,” he addressed her. He leaned over and gave her a little peck on the cheek. I could think of a hundred words to describe Estelle, but sweet was not one of them.

Estelle received Diskare’s greeting in silence. He didn’t say anything to Draco, but just shook his hand and gave him a little nod. I was sure that they had already had a *tête-à-tête* regarding me when Draco delivered his valise.

Diskare turned to the other guests and gave them a nod. “Shall we eat?” he announced.

He gave a nod to the steward who hustled into the kitchen through a swinging door. I went to take a seat at the far end of the table from Diskare, who took his seat at the head, but he looked at me sternly and said, “No, Harry. I want you close to me so we can chat. Sit here.” He pointed to the chair to his right.

Sheepishly I advanced to my dictated place, pulled out the chair and sat down. Estelle sat down next to me and Draco sat opposite. The other men congregated about the other chairs. Sherm was still holding on to Jasmin’s leash.

“Put her in a cage,” Diskare told him. “We don’t want any sad faces around the dinner table.”

Sherman nodded and brought the woman over to the window where the cages were. He opened the one next to the distraught red haired girl and ordered Jasmine in. Jasmine released a muffled whine, but lowered herself immediately to the level of the entrance. It was a little difficult for her to maneuver herself into it with her arms bound behind her, but Sherman helped her out by pushing her in with his foot. She was all scrunched up in a kind of upside down ball when Sherman closed the door and locked it. I watched as she struggled to right herself. She ended up with her back pressed up against the rear of the cage and her heels drawn up to her buttocks, just like the other girl. The leash was still hanging from her collar.

Sherman came over to the table and sat in the last remaining one near the end. As if on a signal, a white coated steward came out of the kitchen leading one of the dark skinned girls who was carrying a tray of food. He went around, Diskare first, and set down a wide, elegant, gold rimmed plate in front of each of us. The girl followed him around holding out the



tray. When one was placed down in front of me I saw that it was a crab meat and shrimp concoction mixed with sautéed onions and celery in a reddish sauce. I waited until everyone was served and for Diskare to start and then took a nice forkful. It was spicy and tangy and tasted delicious. We had been living off of Estelle's meat and potato dishes for a long time and it was great to have something new. The wine was a dry white Italian vintage which went well with the food and of which I had a couple too many glasses. After that was finished and the plates cleared, they came out with the main dish, filet of grouper with wild rice and asparagus. I delved into it with relish.

Diskare kept up a polite conversation about nothing really. He commented on the brace of girls we had brought in with us, especially noting Stephanie and Audrey. He introduced me to the other guys as one of his 'inside' men, meaning someone who was good at close in combat. He had me tell them a little about life with Tony Bianco and, to my dismay, the story of how I had come to kidnap Audrey. Sherm was really interested in hearing about Atlantic City and the show girls who worked for Tony on the side. I told him where Tony's bar, the Cat's Meow, was and also that I didn't know who was running it these days. "Just say I sent ya," I told him. "They'll treat you good," although I wasn't sure that they would.

Estelle didn't have much to say, although she did regale them with how we had had to force feed Miss Connecticut back in the basement in Georgia and how she had howled and begged the second time we fed her in a futile attempt to let her eat the regular way. She talked about how she had picked up Stephanie and how the girl had sobbed and cried when she had learned that she had been kidnapped and what a good, energetic pussy licker she had become. She told them about how I had taught Stephanie how to suck a cock and taken her anal virginity. She left out the part where we had fucked afterwards.

Draco kept absolutely quiet and I watched him devour his food as if he was going to miss his train. The other guys told us a little about themselves, but not too much. Sherm relayed again how Jasmine, or whatever her name was originally, had betrayed him and how he was getting his revenge. He invited us all to come on the boat ride tomorrow. Nobody took him up on it.

Dessert was a delicious mango sherbet and excellent, fresh coffee. I had a couple of snifters of Remy Martin. Diskare broke out a cigar and I figured it was okay if I smoked a Lucky. Draco didn't look too happy about the tobacco smoke, but he was not in charge anymore.

Finally Diskare announced that he and me, Draco and Estelle had some business to take care of and the dinner party broke up. Sherm pulled his former life companion out of her cage and dragged her out of the room. One of the other guys took the redhead.

I had an inkling what the business was and when Diskare enlightened me I was right. "We have some pretty, young things all ready to be marked up downstairs," he said. "I'm sure that you will all want to join me."

A suggestion from Diskare was the same as an order and we all got up from the table. We followed him out into the hallway and then down a little bit. He coded us through a steel door and we went down some cement stairs. At the bottom, there was another steel door and he coded us through that one as well. We entered a long, narrow hallway. The walls were painted white and there was a brown commercial quality carpet on the floor. On each side were a series of doors that I knew led to the training areas and cells for the girls. The last door on the right was the one I was afraid of and what I would find inside of it. We got there and Diskare punched in the code for the lock. He stood back and waved us all in.

It was as I surmised. It was the same room I had been in several months before in which I had witnessed several young women receive the marks of their enslavement. The room was big, about 40' by 30', with the same white walls as outside. Standing in a row, side by side, were seven naked young women. Their hands were bound behind them by the rings in their black leather bracelets and they wore matching collars and ankle bracelets. They were gagged. The gags went behind their heads and had leather shields that covered their faces from their septums to just above their chins. A chain led from a ring embedded in the shield to a hook in the ceiling which was pulled tight so that the women were standing on the balls of their feet. Their ankles were connected to each other's.

Audrey was among them, third in line. Her eyes were wide open and bulging in apparent terror. The girls were issuing muffled whines and moans. Before them was a 3' high stanchion covered with leather straps. Behind them were three small braziers. Each brazier contained branding rods that were heating up. Two of the guards were standing by them making sure that they were heating properly. They were wearing black t-shirts and black canvas pants. Two more guards were sitting in lounge chairs on the other side of the room. They were all tall and meaty and wore leather quirts hanging from their belts. The guards who were sitting stood as we entered.

Diskare strolled down the line of terrified females. The first two were the blond and brunette we had purchased off of a pair of Georgia mountain

men while they and their boyfriends were out hiking the Appalachian Trail. You don't want to know what happened to the boyfriends. They were whining and crying and their eyes were darting back and forth as if they couldn't believe where they were and what was happening to them. Next was Audrey, who was casting tearful eyes at me while she tried to maintain her balance and assuage the upward pressure on her neck. On her right was the tall, lithe black waitress we had taken and who had given us such a hard time when we were loading her up in her tube. Her eyes were fiery and hostile. The kindergarten teacher was next. Her tear filled eyes were sad and forlorn. She had shimmering, heavy breasts. Someone had whipped them already as could be seen by the six or seven bright red stripes across them. Next in line was poor little Natasha, who looked like she was thinking about whether she had gone from the frying pan to the fire. And on the end, last but not least, was Stephanie. She was wearing her red, heart shaped chastity belt that Elaine had given her. I guess she didn't trust Diskare's guys not to fuck her. She was sobbing woefully.

While forcibly held in place, the line of women were in constant, subtle movement, a kind of shimmering vision, as if they were being observed through a veil of flowing water. I assumed that the other four women we had kidnaped had been flown directly to Klitzman's Isle. I was a little disappointed because I had wanted to fuck the fragile, blond Ms. Connecticut. But it was no hardship to have to be satisfied with the available selection, except for Stephanie, of course, who I knew that Elaine would not let anyone but her, except for maybe Carla, touch her with a ten foot pole.

Diskare walked slowly down the line of unhappy women. He slowed to caress an inviting pussy here, to caress or tweak a delectable breast here. As he sampled them, the women's eyes all turned to him pleadingly as if they could influence him to spare them their upcoming ordeal. The fiery braziers were behind them so it wasn't clear whether they knew precisely why they had been all lined up like this, but only a fool would fail to understand that something they wouldn't like was about to happen. When he reached the end, he came back down the line and stopped at Audrey. He took hold of her nipples and shook her breasts playfully, making the flesh bob and weave.

"A nice selection, Harry," he said to me. "A little long in the tooth, but I'm sure that we will find a use for her. I'm told that you fucked her already. How was she?"

Clearly Diskare was going to make the most of my discomfort at having been responsible for her enslavement. I remembered the way she

had taken control of our coitus, her tenderness, her loneliness. You would have to be really lonely and desperate to pick a guy like me, after all. I was, frankly, ashamed at what I had done and my cowardice. On the other hand, Audrey was a delectable morsel. Perhaps a shade thick here and there, but that was something easily corrected.

“Very tolerable,” I murmured in return. Audrey was looking at me. I was sure that she would have taken issue with my downplay of her sexual skills, which, at the time, I had found exquisite, but I was hoping not to get Diskare too interested in her. Maybe I could spare her something.

“Only tolerable?” Diskare returned, his eyes flashing his coldness at me. “We’ll have to see if we can get them turned up a notch or two. I’d hate to have to sell her off at a discount to some knocking shop somewhere. I don’t think that she would last very long. And she’s so pretty.”

He tapped his hand on her cheek roughly. It made her head jerk to the side a bit. She started sobbing. Her breasts jiggled quite appealingly. Diskare took hold of her nostrils and closed them. Audrey’s eyes lit up and she squeaked. “A little less noise, cunt,” Diskare growled at her. “Slaves like you are supposed to remain quiet,” he told her. “Understand?”

Audrey’s head nodded as vociferously as it could under the circumstances. She was emitting a low whine as her oxygen continued to grow short. Diskare released her nose and she took in a deep, labored breath. “That’s better,” he told her. Her eyes were glossy with tears, but she had stopped sobbing.

Diskare stepped back. “Okay then,” he addressed the women, “in a moment you will be given a mark that will complete your conversion into owned chattel. From here on in your sole purpose in life will be to give pleasure to your masters. You will be expected to be totally devoted to this purpose. Any lack of alacrity will result in the moist severe discipline. You will remain obedient in all things. And disobedience will be measured not only by your literal compliance with all directives given to you, but also in your devotion to their spirit. You will forget everything that you learned in your prior lives and any misconceptions as to your rights or entitlements. You will receive only that which is given to you. And you can discount any and all thoughts of rescue or liberation. You have been placed far away from the reaches of any law. And your lives are worthless except insofar as you please us. After tonight your training in your new lives will commence. Woe betides any one of you who lags in her malleability to our will. If you show yourself to be worthless as a whore, then you will have no worth at all and be dealt with accordingly.”

The women were staring at him wide eyed. I'm sure that something like what he was telling them had crossed their minds by now, but to hear it spelled out in such stark terms was, I was sure, disheartening to say the least.

He gave them a trademark Diskare smile, the same smile that a wolverine would give before it tore its fangs into you. He looked at the blond girl who was on the end of the line closest to the door.

"We'll start with this one," he told one of the guards.

The guard nodded to a companion and they sprung at the girl. She had very pale skin and plump but diminutive breasts. She was tall, taller than her brunette friend, with long, graceful legs. Her eyes were starry blue. She would make a good substitute for Ms. Connecticut I thought as I watched the black skinned guards release her from the overhead chain and her right ankle's connection to the brunette's left.

The girl had broken into sobs. There would be no punishment for it, as there might be later for a similar offense. It would be hard to suppress under the circumstances. And it added to the provocative nature of the whole procedure. What was the sense of reducing women to slavery if you couldn't enjoy the process? Their distress was part of the fun.

The two beefy guards pulled the unhappy girl over to the stanchion. She didn't struggle as she was laid over it. Her ankles were strapped in place, her legs together. A strap went about her thighs, pulling them close in to the frame and one around her waist. She was forced to lean way over and a chain was connected to the ring in her collar and pulled taut.

She was virtually immobile. Her sobs had become voracious. I looked at the line of women and could see that their apprehension had gone way up. "What was this mark that the man had spoken of? Why was the girl being tied down? What was going to happen? Are they going to do that to me?"

One of the guards handed Diskare a pair of insulated gloves, all shiny and silvery on the outside. He stepped over to the braziers and selected one of the branding irons, checking to see that its tip was nice and red. When he came in front of the line of women, they all looked at it bug eyed and their whines and moans became more fervent. He waved it in front of them like a totem, giving them one of his wolverine smiles.

Then he approached the blond girl on the stanchion. He went in front of her and showed it to her. She squealed in horror and began bucking and twisting in her confines. Sounds were emerging from her gagged mouth, undoubtedly desperate and panicked pleas for forbearance. But Diskare

had probably branded hundreds of young women like her and there was no chance that he would be dissuaded.

He came around to her back. He held the branding iron out towards her rear, directly above a point in the upper right quadrant of her right buttock, slightly to the side towards her hip. The iron was so close to the girl's skin that she surely felt the heat, as was indicated by the decibel rise in her muffled pleas and screams.

A second later, he pressed the iron forward. The girl's body stiffened. She went silent for a moment as if drawing in a deep breath through her nose, and then released a piteous wail. Diskare held the iron in place for a full five seconds. Smoke and the odor of burned flesh filled the room. At the count of five, he pulled the iron back. It left behind a deep, angry gouge in the girl's body shaped in a perfect, cursive, lower case '*k*'.

The girl's body collapsed. Her wails had transformed into forlorn, soul wrenching sobs. She was now marked as Klitzman's property and would wear his brand all her life, an indicator of her subservience. Any and all subsequent owners would be assured of her provenance and the inculcation into her of her duties of obedience and devoted service.

One of the tall, black guards came forward. He had a small bowl of antiseptic cream mixed with bright red dye in his hand. His other hand wore a rubber surgical glove. He took a large dollop of the tinted salve from the bowl and spread it on the wound. The process would be repeated until it healed and the result would be a bright red, angry scar.

Once the salve had been applied, another of the guards covered the wound with a square bandage. The girl was then freed from her perch and dragged over to the side of the room. She was forced to her knees and a black bag was placed over her head. She sagged, still weeping, until a guard poked her with an electric prod, which emitted a loud 'crack!' as it went off. The girl screamed through her gag and the guard churlishly ordered her to kneel up at attention. She obeyed immediately, rising to her full height on her knees, spreading them and thrusting out her breasts. She had almost certainly been taught this rudimentary posture already at the point of a whip, which probably explained the lashings across the kindergarten teacher's breasts as she was used as an example of what anything less than alacrity in obedience would produce.

The guards removed the next girl in the line, the chestnut haired companion to the blond. She didn't want to go to her doom without a struggle and she fought and squirmed and twisted to try and prevent herself from being mounted, wailing and moaning all the while. Her resistance was easily overcome, Diskare's guards were greatly experienced at this

kind of thing, extremely strong and ruthless to the nth degree. As a result of her lack of cooperation, Diskare ordered them to give her ten strokes of a steel switch on her buttocks. She screamed and howled as the blows were determinedly applied. Bright red stripes appeared wherever the switch landed. The guard was careful not to mar the skin where the brand would be set.

Diskare went to the braziers and picked up a second iron. He didn't bother waiving it around or taunting the other women with it. There was no need for that. They had seen with their own eyes what being 'marked' meant and the anguish that the procedure induced. They were all trembling and whining and swaying in their confinements. Their distress was stimulating and alluring. My cock had grown to its rock solid size.

The brown haired girl did her sobbing and wailing as the branding iron was applied to her rear. After being salved and bandaged, she was brought over to join her friend.

Audrey was next and despite the titillation that the scene so far had produced in me, I was not looking forward to this part. I still remembered her telling me that she was my friend, her gentleness, her sadness, her vulnerability. And I remembered her expert mouth around my crank and the fact that the service had been willingly, freely given, the first fully voluntary or unpurchased blowjob I had gotten in many, many years. Even those older whores back in A.C. I liked to fuck knew that they had little choice in the matter. I always left them with a little dough when we were done though since they were, after all, professionals, and it would have affronted them to not obtain a fee for their expert services.

Audrey was shaking uncontrollably. Tears were flooding her eyes. Her body collapsed when she was released from the hook above her and the guards had to hold her up. They dragged her over to the stanchion and fastened her down. She began to sob. It was heartbreaking. I knew that she didn't deserve this, as did none of the other girls, but I had never known them as free women or received an act of kindness from them. And I knew how sad her life had already been.

I waited for Diskare to pick up another branding iron, but when I looked at him I saw that he was removing the insulated gloves. He held them out to me. "You do the honors, Harry," he told me. "If it wasn't for you she wouldn't even be here."

I blanched. This was the last thing I wanted to do. Hadn't I done enough to her already? Wasn't my soul's notebook besmirched enough? Diskare looked at me sternly.

“You must complete the circle, Harry,” he said sharply. “You need to prove that you’re one of us. This cunt doesn’t mean anything. She’s just an animal that needs to be tamed. Don’t go squeamish on me. You’re either in or you’re out. And if you’re out, you will be way, way out. Redeem yourself, Harry. You’ve got a lot to answer for.”

I knew that he was speaking the truth, at least about my need to redeem myself, and what being way, way out meant. I wasn’t convinced about the animal part. I could never fully forget that slave girls were still people, people who felt sadness and pain and hopelessness and fear. I thought of Carol, who I pined for, and poor Mary, who I probably would never see again. Were they animals, beings without human souls? Did their branding truly convert them to chattel?

Slavery was as old as humanity itself. Was what Klitzman was doing, and what I was doing on his behalf and at his behest, any worse than the Ottoman hordes who had led off thousands of female residents of Constantinople off to slavery? Or the Romans who had enslaved hundreds of thousands of Gauls? Was it any worse than the millions of black men and women who had been transported to the new world to serve as embonded chattel? Was it any worse than what the senators and congressmen and governors and other ‘upright’ citizens had done in the American colonies. Did all those righteous slaveholders go off to heaven when they died? Slavery had been still legal in most Northern states all the way from the 1600’s to the 1840’s. Was slavery like some toxic virus that would remain with mankind for eternity, breaking out in virulence from time to time?

But I had little time for such soul searching speculation. I had a bleak choice. I would do the dastardly deed or I would probably be joining old Danny boy off of Reedman’s Point tomorrow, or something worse. It was Audrey or me. And if I did rebel, refuse to blot my soul any darker, would Audrey be spared? The clear answer was no. Her fate had been sealed the moment she said hello to me. Diskare would simply go forward with the procedure and deal with me later. So I would be condemning myself and not saving Audrey from anything.

As I looked at her plump, proffered rear, as I took in her muffled, forlorn sobs, I wondered if she would understand what I was going to do from my point of view. I had condemned myself the moment I shook Tony Bianco’s hand and sealed my fate that day I put a .22 into the head of that guy in that motel in Margate. A line ran directly from that moment to now. Where was Audrey that day long ago when her fate had been predetermined? She was probably in high school dreaming of the



wonderful things she would do in her life, not realizing that I had condemned her the moment I pulled that trigger.

I took the silvery gloves from Diskare and put them on. I went over to the braziers and picked up one of the branding irons, checking to make sure that the end was red. I stepped back to Audrey. I wanted to ask her forgiveness, but I knew that it wouldn't, couldn't ever be given. What I had done, what I was about to do was too dastardly for absolution.

I approached her cautiously. I didn't want to fuck it up. If she had to wear a brand, I at least wanted it to be neat and clean, not some mishmashed mess. And I wanted to make sure I got the proper, precise location. I have to admit that there was some professional pride in it. I didn't want to have to experience Diskare's criticism or mocking tones at my ineptness. And I was fighting off my reticence to even transact the deed. I think I deserve maybe just a little credit for that.

I brought the end of the iron close to her skin. I could see her backside twitching. Her wailing had gotten louder. I hesitated, just like I had hesitated back in that motel in Margate at doing the probably blameless girlfriend. I knew, though, that Diskare would not be as forgiving as Tony had been. Audrey started releasing violent, body shaking sobs. I realized that I was by my reticence merely prolonging her agony. I forced my hands to move forward. I placed the glowing edge of the iron against her skin. I could hear it start to crackle and a waft of smoke emerged. Audrey screamed. I pressed it down hard.

It was a long five seconds. Her wails cut me to my heart. I longed for the seconds to pass more quickly. One....Two....Three....Four....Five.

I pulled the iron away. A deep, angry, *k* shaped gouge was burned into her flesh. There was no going back now. I had to admit that the wound looked perfect and I took some pride in that. The guard stepped in front of me and slathered the bright red salve into the wound. The other guard slapped a bandage on it. I stepped back. Audrey was weeping disconsolately. Or the woman who had been Audrey. Because now she would answer to whatever name her future master ordained for her. Or no name at all. She could end up just being girl number 6 or 7 or 8 as she served in one of a series of dingy rooms down some narrow corridor in Kinshasa, or Bogotá or Manila, Shanghai or Dubai. One thing was sure, she would never see Georgia again.

"Good work," Diskare exclaimed as the guards drew Audrey off of the stanchion. I placed the expended branding iron in the bucket by the door and shed myself of the gloves. Diskare took them back eagerly. I looked over and saw that Audrey was kneeling down next to the other girls, her

head hooded. She had assumed the mandatory display pose. I have to say that she did look luscious. I wondered whether I would get another chance to fuck her. Maybe I would leave her hooded and gagged so that she maybe wouldn't know it was me or, if she did, would be unable to utter any remonstrance at me for my betrayal.

Diskare moved right on to the next girl, the tall, sultry black girl. Like the brunette, she fought and struggled not to be affixed to the stanchion. But unlike her predecessors, she didn't wail and cry, but released a loud, angry series of invectives from behind her gag. She screamed when the iron kissed her, I mean, who wouldn't, but she didn't sob and cry afterwards. She seemed to shake with rage as they took her down off the stanchion. The guards had some trouble getting her to her knees afterwards and to get her to kneel up properly, but a few zaps from the electric prod convinced her that obedience was smarter than valor. Some guy was going to have a lot of fun taming her. I wouldn't want to be the first guy to put his dick in her mouth.

The sad eyed kindergarten teacher was next. She didn't struggle as she was led to her doom. And she didn't sob or wail either. She, of course, howled when she was branded, but her howling quickly resolved into sobs. By the time she was led over to the other women and hooded, she was just quietly weeping.

Natasha was next. Diskare handed the insulated gloves to Draco. Natasha dug in her heels as she was dragged to the stanchion and she was making supplicative like sounds, probably in Russian. I was surprised as Draco paused before he acted. He was the most ruthless of all of us, but something had changed in him when I had brought Natasha back from Lake Watchamacallit. Natasha was still issuing frantic, muffled pleas. Draco seemed to shake himself. His eyes narrowed and he pushed the branding iron forward. Natasha stiffened and screamed. I wondered whether I had turned as pale as Draco did after I had branded Audrey. He quickly rid himself of the branding iron and gloves.

Stephanie was the last one left. Estelle took the gloves from Draco and glibly adorned herself with them. She strode over determinedly to the braziers and took out the next to last iron. By the time she turned back, the wailing, sobbing young girl had already been mounted. Estelle went up to her and leaned over and said something in her ear. The girl's wails escalated. Estelle smiled and patted her on her cheek. I never found out what Estelle said, but it certainly made the poor, young girl miserable.

Estelle came about to her rear. She paused for a second and then moved the branding iron forward. Stephanie screamed as her skin sizzled.

Estelle held the iron there for the proscribed five seconds and then withdrew it. An angry, smoking scar was the result. While Stephanie moaned and wailed, Estelle dropped the spent branding iron in the bucket and picked up the last one. I had been wondering why there was one more branding iron than girls and I was about to find out.

Estelle held the branding iron up with both hands. She went over to her left buttock. She paused for a second and then brought it forward. Stephanie screamed again. This time, she released a long stream of piss. Diskare laughed.

Estelle withdrew the branding iron and stepped back. There, on her left cheek was a large, scrolled ‘E’. ‘E’ for Estelle. The girl would wear the emblem of her enslaver forever. All Estelle’s lady friends on her Venezuelan isle would know, whenever they used her, who she belonged to and who to thank for her obedience and skills. And who to report her to if she defalcated in any of her duties.

Estelle plopped the used iron in the bucket and slipped off the asbestos gloves, handing them off to a guard. She donned a surgical glove on her right hand and applied the red tinged salve to both of the girl’s wounds. She applied the bandages as well. Stephanie’s wails and moans had subsided to sobs. Estelle unstrapped her from the stanchion and pulled her up off of it by the ring in the back of her collar. She placed a black bag over her unhappy head.

“Well, that’s it for tonight’s entertainment,” Diskare pronounced. He went over and attached a leash to the front of Audrey’s collar and pulled her to her feet. “I’ll just see how ‘tolerable’ her skills are, Harry,” he said to me. “I’m sure I’ll be able to get them turned up a notch or two. Pick one out for yourself. We’ve got to get these babies used to fucking right away.”

I was unhappy to see that Diskare was intent on tormenting Audrey through the night. She was swaying and her body was sagging as if she could barely withstand her fear. But I had a raging hard on and my blood was way up. I shoved my thoughts of concern for Audrey aside and thought of which one of the new slaves I would take. For me it was between the sad eyed kindergarten teacher and the blond girl that the Georgia mountain men had sold us. In the end I chose her since she reminded me the most of little Miss Connecticut who I had missed out on. I took a leash from a hook on the wall and approached her. I connected it to her collar and pulled her up off her knees. Draco had Natasha on her feet. The guards shortly had the other girls leashed and standing. The biggest, meanest looking guard had selected the unruly black girl. I would want to know that she had been good and tamed before I tried her out.

Diskare advanced to the door, unlocked it and let it swing open. He pulled the stumbling Audrey through. Draco followed with Natasha in tow and then Estelle and Stephanie. I came out after them. One of the guards accompanied us. Diskare stopped and handed me a key. The tag on it said '4'.

"Make sure she's all bound up nice when you're through with her, Harry," Diskare told me. "I suggest a good whipping first. It tends to get them in the right mood."

Of course, he was right. I gave the girl's leash a tug and pulled her down the hall.

### CHAPTER THREE

#### MARA SHOWS WHAT SHE'S LEARNED

By now I had spent approximately 3 weeks as a subhuman slave girl. My days were all much the same. I would wake up or be awoken next to Mama Ojugo in her big, comfortable bed. My arms would be bent back behind me and connected to the harness she adorned me with each night, high up on my back. I would have a few moments in which I wondered where I was and why I was all bound up, but it would quickly come back to me.

It wouldn't be until I actually had some interaction with Mama Ojugo that I would fall back into my new life's paradigm. If I had awoken first, I would stare up at the ceiling and morosely reminisce about when I had been an actual, free woman and not some subhuman sex crazed creature. Or I would think about Nicky and how he had betrayed me, maybe hoping, just a little bit, that someday soon he would come and save me. Or I would cross my legs and try to cover up my exposed sex with my thighs, knowing that within a short time Mama Ojugo would be taking possession of it again to give me the biggie goodie that would propel me into the day's subservience, and that I was powerless to prevent it.

Or if Mama Ojugo had awoken first, I would feel something hot and warm flowing over my body, something demanding and incessant and wake to find Mama Ojugo's smiling face looming over me, her hand wandering over me in an expression of her dominance and mastery.

On this morning I had woken first. The day before had been a particular difficult one. I had serviced twelve different masters, a couple of whom had been particularly brutal. I had somehow offended Mama Asabi and she had mounted me on the whipping stand in the room where I spent my mornings, afternoons and evenings entertaining, and given me a wild thrashing. I had screamed and yelled and asked for forgiveness and then she beat me for talking. Mama Ojugo gave me another biggie baddie later that night for the same offense.

I had been doing my best to avoid the biggie baddies and had sometimes gone whole days without receiving one. I concentrated on the four biggie wannas that the mamas had given me. The first was that I have the desire to be the bestest whore I could be. This, of course, involved dedicating myself, with a fanatic's devotion, to my mamas' and my masters' pleasures, opening myself up to them, enthusiastically serving them.

The second biggie wanna was that I “bey” my mamas and my masters in all things. I didn’t just have to obey them. I had to want to obey them, to make obedience the polestar of my existence.

The third biggie wanna, one of the two that the corpulent Mama Ntombo had given me, was that, as she put it, “de wanna dat de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie be getting de biggie goodie all de nows.” I had to yearn at all times for my use so that I could be brought to the height of sexual apotheosis as many times as possible every day. When one of the masters was fucking me, I needed to propel my lusts, revel in each stroke of my quim, eagerly seek out a raging completion of my passion. And then yearn for more, and more and more. When I displayed myself to my betters, I would do so eagerly, praying that he, or she, sought fit to invade me, to make use of me, to bring me the pleasure I craved.

And finally, the last biggie wanna that had been given me, the one I was least capable of accepting, and which I violated every day, was the wanna that, “all de befoe nows go bye bye.” I was to forget everything about my past, or at least want to. And, of course, this was good advice. For only if I gave up hope of rescue or restoration to my prior humanity could I concentrate on the other biggie wannas and fulfill my destiny.

I had come reluctantly to accept Mama Ojugo’s teaching that even as I crawled out of the cradle, even as I discovered the difference between a girl and a boy, even from my first sexual urgings, late at night, under the covers as my breasts began to bloom and my vulva sprouted soft, little blond hairs, as I realized that it felt good to stroke that private, private place, I was practicing to become the whore I was destined to be.

Somewhere some long time ago, she had taught me, someone had dropped a stone into a pond and the ripples had caused a stalk of grass to stir, which caused a bird to take flight, which caused a man or a woman to look up, which caused something else to happen, and all those things led inexorably to my whoredom and slavery. I couldn’t have avoided it even if I had known of it in advance. If I had run to the furthest corner of the earth, hid in the wildest jungle, the most hostile desert, the most forbidding mountain, in the deepest cave that had ever been created, somehow my subservient fate would have found me and, if not proffering my denuded sex to unknown men on this unknown island, I would be proffering it somewhere to someone, with no power to choose who used me or how or when. And since I was always meant to be a whorish slave, and I had become a ‘dirty, nasty, stupid caught girlie’ who had lost all her ‘befoe’ wannas, it was far better for me to follow the trail of the four biggie wannas I had been given wherever they took me.

And so every day I would be led to the training room where I would be made to eat the stew or porridge or mush that had been prepared for me on my knees while one of the mamas, Mama Ojugo, Mama Asabi, Mama Ntombo or Mama Louisa watched over me. The food had already put a couple of pounds on my rather slender frame and whatever they put in it had made my breasts grow an inch or two, besides making me as horny as a toad. Then I would be strapped in a fiendish chair like contraption and the juju would be administered to my delicate parts, my coosh, my nipples, even my tongue, and they would burn and burn and burn. Mama Ojugo had told me that the juju would make my pussy so sensitive that I would come if a breath of air wafted over it. I was coming to believe her since my cleft had become so tenderized that the minute someone put their hand or lips on it I would literally swoon with passion.

Then I would go through my exercises, marching around on my knees, run through my various positions. "Make de doggie," they would command and I would go on all fours. "Make de snakie," would mean that I should lie on my belly with my hands behind my back and my legs together. "Uppy, uppy," commanded me to rise as high as I could on my knees, spread my legs and thrust out my breasts. "Make de whippie," meant I was in dire trouble and about to receive a biggie baddie. I would kneel with my head to the floor and my hands behind my back, spread my legs and raise my rear, all the better to receive the blows that were coming. The mamas were always giving me 'the biggie learnin' about 'de do's and de no do's'.

Then I would be bathed and, more likely than not, given a biggie goodie and then have to give whatever mama was minding me the same. They would tell me that they loved me and ask me if I loved them. I always said yes, even when I wasn't so sure, like after I had been punished, or bound up in a cage for hours and hours and hours if there was no one who wanted to use me. And I was asked to confirm constantly who owned my pussy or my titties or my 'maut'. I would be told to, "Make de maut ready," and I would kneel and form my lips into a receptacle for a cock. "Make de pussy ready," meant, if I was lying on my back, that I was to spread my knees and up thrust my pudendum to ready it for penetration. If I was on my knees I would form something akin to the whipping position and get ready to receive a cock from behind.

And I would drink from the mama's breasts. I swore that somehow there was something in their milk that made me all swoony and delicious feeling. With all the fear and uncertainty about my avoidance of biggie baddies the aftermath of a good suckle was always blissful.

I would earn punishment by violating a rule, and it seemed that I learned a new one the hard way almost every day, or if the mama who was supervising me, watching over me while the masters used me, decided that I had failed to give my all, or not swaying my breasts adequately or swishing my rear mounds sufficiently when I walked on all fours like a doggie from place to place, or if I, heaven forbid, tried to suppress a moan or sigh of pleasure, something that I had been instructed belonged to the person that was using me and not to me since I owned nothing.

I would be brought to the green room and placed on the bed with my thighs spread and my pussy raised in the air to await the men who would use me that day. Sometimes there was one at a time, often two, sometimes more. I had to service them all. Nameless men who never spoke to me except to tell me to turn over or, “make de maut ready,” Some of them would beat me just for the fun of it, although that happened only irregularly and it was often the same men each time. So I knew what I was in for when I saw them come through the mysterious door that led to some other part of the building I had never been and my heart would start to pound wildly and my body break out into sweat. I would know that no matter how devotedly I serviced them, they would not be distracted from their pleasures.

After each session, whether it be one master or three, I would be taken to the little water closet and refreshed for the benefit of the next user. There would be an afternoon break, which, after eating lunch on my knees in the training room, I would spend an hour or so resting in a cage, having been given a soporific to put me to sleep, or in the evenings after I ate my dinner.

Every night, when everything was done, I would be led to Mama Ojugo’s bedroom and await her in one of her little cages, all scrunched up, gagged and bound. Mama Ojugo would come by and, after leisurely consuming a cup of herbal tea while she read or listened to some music with her earbuds, would take me out, let me pee and take me to bed. She would harness me, locking my arms high up behind me. We would exchange biggie goodies. Then she would feed me from her breasts and we would go to sleep.

This morning I was thinking about Nicky in violation of the biggie wanna about forgetting the before nows. I had been so passionately in love with him, accepted his dominance, his strength, his seeming wild desire for me. It had been a whirlwind of lust and need, something I hadn’t experienced in years and years. When, after about 10 weeks Nicky had asked me to surrender to him completely in all things, I had readily agreed.



I was so afraid of losing him that I would have consented to anything he proposed.

We went out to dinner one night with some of his friends, or so called friends. One was a shortish, heavysset guy who seemed all business. The other was a big, strong, fiendish looking guy who couldn't keep his eyes off of my breasts. Nicky had made me repeat my promise to him in front of them and then asked me to allow the men to take possession of me, that he would join me later. He said that I was to be transformed for him into an adoring servant. The men stripped me and bound me in their limousine. Nicky kissed me goodbye just before the men pushed a thick gag into my mouth and draped a black bag over my head. I hadn't seen Nicky since.

Had it all been a lie? Was Nicky just a Judas goat leading me into slavery? Did he have any real desire for me above that which he might have for his other women? I had sensed there were others, but I hadn't cared as long as he came back to me each time. Did he lead other women here, maybe receiving a nice commission on each one? Would I ever see him again? And when I did, would I see him in my capacity of a subhuman slave or as a lover?

I heard Mama Ojugo stir. A chill went through me. I could maintain a sense of my old self momentarily in the mornings if I woke up first, but it would last only as long as it took for Mama Ojugo to put her hands on me and ask me if I loved her. She had stripped away all of my resistance, all my will. I was powerless before her. It was like a fog would descend over my brain and I would become the dirty, stupid, nasty little girlie that she constantly reminded me that I was. I would have no 'me', no 'I'. No will other than hers for me. I had been stripped of everything and had only what she and the other mamas gave me, and the only thing they had given me was the biggie wannas.

I closed my eyes and suppressed a whine. I had only a minute or so, or less, to continue to be me, the old me, the one who had loved Nicky and had control of her life. The one with an apartment and a job and friends and relatives and dreams and hope. Soon I would be, instead, the little girlie who had let herself be caught and who had lost everything, whose pussy and mouth and rear and tits belonged to the masters.

I shuddered when I felt Mama Ojugo's heavy hand drift across my belly. It rose and seized a breast, squeezing it gently. Her head was close to mine. Her body leaned against me, distributing its heat. I could feel her breath in my ear. And then I heard her strong, dark, mesmerizing voice as she whispered softly, "Wakie, wakie, little girlie. It am bein anudder day.

De dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am being gettin de biggie goodie. Wakie wakie, now, little girlie. Gib Mama Ojugo de lookies.”

I had no choice. I opened my eyes and gave her the ‘lookie’ in the face. She smiled. She wasn’t jet black like Mama Asabi, or coffee au lait like Mama Louisa. Her skin was a dark brown, almost like mahogany. Her face was broad with a heavy, broad nose and thick, wide lips. Her eyes were deep and varied from loving and soft, to ice, ice cold. Now they were soft and warm and inviting. I hadn’t done anything to piss her off yet.

“Gib she mama de kissie kissie,” she told me sweetly. She leaned her face over mine and married our lips. I opened my mouth to receive her although I knew that by doing so I would be losing myself, be somehow drawn inside her, have my soul stolen away once again.

He tongue, broad and hot, slipped over my lips and entered. My mind swirled as her tongue asserted itself within me, engaging my tongue, washing over my upper palate, sinking deep inside. The hand that had been gently squeezing my breast descended my belly and slipped between my thighs. I obediently spread my right leg open as wide as I could to give her access as I had been taught. Nothing should come between my pussy and a master’s or mistress’s hand if they desired contact. The hand slid over my hairless pudenda, cupping it, squeezing it, stroking it. I felt a wave of lust pass through me. Mama Ojugo slid a thick finger along my divide, up and down, up and down, up and down until I felt it slide along with ease, facilitated by my arousal.

I felt a moan building inside me. Now that Mama Ojugo had started me off on the road to passion, my body desired nothing less than full engagement with her. And my mind, my animal mind, began to yearn for the pleasure I knew that she would bring me. But still inside there was a part of me shamed by my easy surrender to her will, knew that what was happening was wrong, that I should resist it, that I should assert my personhood, my will, my self-integrity. That moan was a betrayal of that small part of me which shouted out its resistance. “Don’t surrender! Don’t! Don’t! Fight! Fight! Never give in!” it said desperately.

But when Mama Ojugo began slipping and sliding her finger over my little button, it was as if she had snuffed out a dying ember. That part of me that had counseled resistance blinked out and I released a deep, anguished sounding moan into my mama’s mouth.

She broke our kiss and I drew in a deep, labored breath.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm, what a good little girlie,” she intoned. “She am bein gibbin she mama de moanin dat am bein belongin to her. Gib mama de moanin. Let mama hear de dirty, nasty little girlie gibbin de

moanin. Let de goodie goodies flow all through the dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie and gib she mama de moanin.”

I knew that I couldn’t force the sounds that my mama wanted to hear. Faking them would be a biggie baddie. Fortunately for me I didn’t have to. She had thrust two thick fingers inside me and she was worrying my clit with her thumb. She was fucking me with her hand and the lust was wafting through me.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!” I moaned. “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

“Dat’s de good girlie! Dat’s de good girlie!” Mama announced. “Who am bein lubbin she mama? Who am bein lubbin she mama now?”

Her voice passed through my head like a signal beacon. The words seemed to jumble around for a few moments, mixing themselves up, colliding with each other. It was like a little man inside had to take hold of each one, examine it and put it in its proper order. When they were all assembled correctly, he read it out to me. “Who am bein lubbin she mama?” he said. He looked up at me for a response. I dug deep in my brain, as the tendrils of passion snaked their way through my consciousness making the responding words hard to find. I forced my brain to work hard and the words popped into the little man’s chamber one by one in random order. He straightened them out and examined them. He had a little microphone there. He spoke into it. My mouth opened and the words came out in my voice not his.

“De dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein lubbin she mama!” I gasped.

“Ohhhhhhhh, dat am bein gibbin she mama de biggie goodie,” Mama Ojugo returned immediately. She gave my nubbin a little pinch that made me gasp. She leaned over and took my left teat in her mouth and swirled her tongue around it again and again and then suckled it hard. I moaned again, louder this time.

“An who am bein lubbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie, huh?” she asked as she raised her head. Her lips were right by my left ear and her hot breath surged through my mind.

The little man appeared stunned. The words were falling all around him and he was having trouble managing them. “Wake up! Wake up!” I shouted inside. “What did she say? What did she say?”

Straining, he pulled himself together. He clomped the words down in front of them in order and read them to me drunkenly. I knew the answer to this question. I looked around my mind desperately for the words. They flited around like they had a mind of their own, playing hide and seek. I

had to seize each one and thrust it down the little shoot that led to the little man. They plopped down in front of them. He put them in order and leaned once more to the microphone.

“She mama!” I moaned, overcome with lust. “She mama am bein lubbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie!”

“Dat’s right” Mama Ojugo spat out at me. “And now Mama Ojugo am bein gibbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girly de biggie goodie fer sure.”

Her hand left my puss. She lifted herself and turned herself around. Her massive, muscular body loomed over me. She slid a leg over my body. She knelt on either side of me. She lowered her head. When she took my little nubbin in her mouth I released a long, loud groan.

She slavered all over my cunt. At one point she lowered her hairy mass to my face and slid her crevasse along it, smearing it with her juices. I thrust out my tongue to attend to it. She pushed her button against my lips and I licked and suckled on it as she did to mine. I moaned and writhed and dug my heels into the bed, thrusting my legs out widely. When my orgasm came, my whole body shuddered as my cavern convulsed and pulsed and vibrated. Mama Ojugo now was moaning into my crevasse and digging her clit hard into my mouth. She had hold of my ankles and was pressing my legs down hard.

I felt another orgasm rising. I moaned and squealed and shuddered. Mama Ojugo lifted her head from my loins. “Gibe she mama de suckie!” she shouted. “Gib she mama de biggie goodie! Gib it! Gib it!” I suckled on her clit hard torturing it with my tongue. Suddenly she groaned loudly and her body shook.

“Dat’s it! Dat’s it! Dat’s it” she roared as she pressed her pussy down harder. She lowered her face again and seized my love bud with her lips. I groaned into her cavern, my voice muffled by her flesh. I shook as my lusts grew and grew and grew. Mama Ojugo was rubbing her pussy hard on my face, shouting, “Gib mama anudder! Gib mama anudder!” I suckled and licked as energetically as I could. Her face was to my puss again and her groans seemed to echo down my chamber. My pussy erupted into fierce contractions as Mama kept hold of my ankles almost desperately and shook and groaned and serviced me in return.

Her oral efforts slowed even as she rubbed her cunt along my face again and again, eking out each contraction that her puss would give her. I was breathing deeply. My body was limp and still, but my heart was still racing. Mama lifted her mons from my face and turned, climbing off of me. She spread herself down by my side, pressing her big, hot body into me.

“Ohhhhhh, dat’s de good little girlie,” she crooned to me. “She am bein gibbin she mama de biggie goodie.” She brought her hand to my face, turned it and gave me a big, sloppy kiss, twirling her tongue around in my mouth, seizing a breast and squeezing it hard.

She came back up and snaked her arm under my neck. She turned me towards her. “Here’s de biggie goodie for de good little girlie,” she told me softly as she presented the nipple of her right breast to my mouth. I wanted it, I didn’t want it. I craved it, I detested it. I thought it was the most wonderful thing in the world, it shamed me beyond all tolerance. But I was a good little girlie. Denying my mama’s teat would be a biggie baddie of immense magnitude. And added to that, I knew how it would make me feel once her warm discharge began to soothe my throat and belly.

I circled my lips around her teat and began to suckle. It took a moment, but shortly semi-sweet, warm, delicious liquid began suffusing my mouth from her full, massive tit. I suckled and suckled and suckled as warm pleasure flooded me. Mama Ojugo’s hand found my quim and began to stroke it. I lifted my knee to give her access. Her caresses were soft and comforting, not urgent and demanding like before. It seemed natural and logical that she would pleasure me at both ends of my body at once. The warmth flowing from my pussy, as tired and slovenly as it was, reverberated with the warmth entering my belly.

I finished her right breast and she proffered me her left. I seized her nipple and went to work. Her fingers were lazily caressing my love bud and a tingling was passing through my loins. I felt a comforting, welcome wave of arousal pass through me. My pussy began to glow and then a series of soft, tender contractions commenced. It was like I was being tossed upon gentle waves, each one sending a comforting, untranslatable thought to my head. The flow from her left breast subsided. She drew my lips gently off of her teat. I lay back, my eyes closed and lay back as if in some warm, comforting pool. Her hand brought me several more soothing contractions and then withdrew.

Mama Ojugo leaned down to my ear. “Who am bein lubbin she mama?” she asked me softly. The words flowed by like toy boats on a meandering stream.

“De dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein lubbin she mama,” I whispered back.

“An who am bein lubbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie?” she asked.

“She mama am bein lubbin de dirty, nasty stupid little girlie,” I replied.

“Dat’s right,” she replied sweetly.

She leaned over and kissed me on the forehead. “Okay, now she am bein gettin de uppy uppy. Mama Ojugo am bein gottin dem busy busies.”

She ordered me to turn over. I was barely able to comply. When I was on my belly she released my arms from the harness and gently brought them down. I groaned as my joints moved for the first time in many hours. She had me rise to my hands and knees and she unstrapped and removed the harness from my body. She gave each breast a firm squeeze as she did.

She shifted herself off of the bed and ordered me off of it as well. I crept off and went to my hands and knees. She affixed a leash and led me into the bathroom. She sat on the gleaming white porcelain throne while I hovered over the little steel lined depression I was allowed to use. She finished peeing, wiped herself and rose and then gave the toilet a flush. She gave me a wipe, made the water swirl around the steel bowl, and then led me back into the bedroom.

Our routine was set. She had me rise to my knees and fastened my black leather braceleted hands to the ring in the front of my collar. She went to the nightstand on her side of the bed and removed the thick leather prong I would wear. She presented it to me and I spread my lips widely. She buckled it behind me tightly, shoving the thick, round protuberance to the edge of my throat, making me release a little cough. A leather shield covered my mouth completely and there was a cup that went around my chin that drew my mouth tightly closed around the gag.

She brought out the leather straps that were attached to the cock like prongs she would fill me with. She tapped the floor in front of me with her toe and I obediently put my forehead to that spot, spreading my legs and raising my behind. The prong for my pussy went in easily in spite of its thickness. The prong for my rear entrance went in with a little more difficulty, but it had been stretched often enough that it slid in without abrasion or pain. She tightened the belt around my waist, which pulled the prongs deeper inside me.

On her command, I knee walked over to the three little cages that sat against the wall near her bed and she opened the door to the one on the far left. She ordered me to turn and back my way in. As I did, my shoulders brushed against the steel sides. The top of my head scraped along the top. When I was leaning back against the rear, I obediently drew my feet in as close to my buttocks as I could get them. She closed the cage door, pushing it up against my toes and knees.

My breasts were pushed up against my thighs. Mama Ojugo reached into the cage between the bars and attached a short chain to a ring on the outside of my gag. She fixed the other end to a bar on the cage. My head

would be held up straight, my neck leaning forwards. I was as closely confined as anyone could get. Mama Ojugo tapped the top of the cage and murmured, "Good little girlie."

I sat there while she showered and dressed. She paid as little attention to me as if I had been a mere ornament. I was just a thing that had been put away. When she was dressed in a colorful sheath that covered her from her mighty, broad shoulders to her knees, she slipped on a pair of low heeled, black shoes. She hooked a whippy stick to her belt. She looked around as if making sure that everything was in order. Her eyes flitted over me without pausing. She turned and left.

Have you ever spent time in a cage? Try it sometime. The whole unattainable world is visible around you and yet you are held in one place by a seeming unbreakable force field. Would you like to go rest on that bed for a little while? No. Can I go in the bathroom and pee or have a glass of water? No. Can I get up for just a little while and stretch my limbs, arch my back, bend my knees? No. No. No. The very first thing that arises in your head is the question of when someone is going to come by and let you out. The next thing is about how unfair it is that you should be so rudely confined and other people get to walk around and do whatever they want. And then, and this is the insidious part, you begin to wonder if maybe you belong in a cage, that somehow you deserve it, either from something bad that you did or maybe just because your status as an inferior creature calls for it.

That's how I felt, anyway. I was a dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie, wasn't I? I had lost all my rights, including the right not to be caged. Of course a mistress or a master would want me to stay just where they left me so that I wouldn't have the opportunity of exercising any act of self will, like walking around or lounging on the bed, or maybe reading one of the books Mama Ojugo had in her bookcase, which she read from to herself every night while I awaited her pleasure.

And then there was anger, sure, but anger that can't be displayed or communicated or acted out on just eats you up instead. When you come down to it, unless you can do one of those things it's useless. And sorrow. It was a cruel, cruel thing to do to me. How could they be so mean? Why, of all the women in the world was I being treated this way? It wasn't fair!

And then the time would drag on. There was nothing to look at other than things you had already seen a dozen times before. They hadn't changed since the last time I had been caged. Maybe the sheets on the bed were rumpled in a slightly different way. Maybe the clothes that Mama Ojugo had tossed off the night before were lying in a different place today.

There were no windows and so the light was always the same. Everything else was in the exact same place as it had been the day before, even the empty teacup from last night.

So I had to sit and wait. I thought of how Mama Ojugo had brought me right back to where she wanted me, how her voice penetrated me and drowned out any voice of protest or disputation of her right to use me just as she pleased. How instantaneously I was filled with acknowledgement of my dirtiness, my nastiness, my stupidity. I was lucky that my mama loved me in spite of all those things. I needed to give her de beys to show her how much I appreciated it, yearned for it, needed it. And pray and pray and pray that it would never be withdrawn.

From time to time I couldn't resist the urge to squirm to try and achieve a more comfortable position. But there was no room to move. I couldn't even nod my head or turn it from side to side. And I was filled, filled, filled. All of my useful orifices were possessed by cock-like objects which my mama had deigned that I should wear. And she could do it because they were not my holes. Those holes belonged to others, anyone who wanted them but me. It was almost as if having my orifices stuffed was the more natural state, an equilibrium that I should long for, that the men who used me, thrust their cocks in my mouth, my cunt, my ass, were doing me a favor, and that when my orifices were not being stuffed I was somehow lessened, incomplete, empty.

Eventually, the door opened and one of the mamas, today it was Mama Ntombo, let one of the dark haired maids in to clean up. At least this was something to watch. Something was happening that could distract me from my evil thoughts. The girl would vacuum and clean and dust and then the mama who had brought her would come back and, if not satisfied, give the girl some whacks on her naked behind right then and there. Then they would leave and I would be alone again.

About a half hour after the maid left with Mama Ntombo, after receiving some whacks for displeasing her, Mama Asabi came to get me. She was the harshest of all the mamas and I hated being in her custody. She removed me from my cage, relieved me of my pussy and rear impalements and took me to the training room. There, under her watchful eye I was given breakfast, which always included a big bowl of the juju juice and then mounted on the chair where I had to bear the administration of the burning salve to my erogenous parts. When done, Mama Asabi had me prance around the room on all fours, shaking my rear, making my breasts swing and shake, keeping my back ramrod straight. She was always very critical and I was given the benefit of her whippy stick many times.



Part of the routine was for me to demonstrate that my pussy muscles were getting stronger. Mama Ntombo had initiated a test of my pussy's strength. She slid a greased tube up my channel and told me I had to hold it in place for ten seconds. For each second after the cylinder fell to the floor up to ten I would get a stroke of her whippy stick. I had performed this test every day. I had been squeezing my pussy at virtually every chance that I got and I had felt the muscles getting stronger. On this day I held it all the way up to five seconds before it clanged to the floor. As Mama Asabi gave me five fierce strokes with her whippy stick on my buttocks, I consoled myself tearfully that I was making progress.

After my exercise and test, she washed me and made me come with her hand. Then she sat in a chair with the hem of her colorful sheath dress pulled up to her waist and had me service her. When I was done, she had me empty out her heavy, coal black breasts, something that I hardly minded at this point since it always left me pleasantly woozy.

Next, my gag restored, we were off to the makeup room, as I thought about it. I would be left in a cage, although one somewhat larger than the tiny ones in Mama Ojugo's room, and await the arrival of Sista Chantalisa. She was a spunky, butternut toned girl, polite and friendly, always stylishly dressed, although not above giving me a whack or two when I was slow to obey. Every day she administered my makeup, made me pretty for the masters. She often caressed me and kissed me and kept promising me that we would have the friendlies and share a biggie goodie together. Twice over the last 3 weeks she had been unable to resist commanding me to my knees in front of her and serving her under her silky, colorful skirt. Unlike the mamas, who all smelt earthy and fecund, Chantalisa's loins emitted a more spicy aroma, like she had rubbed cinnamon over her mons, and her pussy tasted lighter, kind of bittersweet.

When she had done with me, my eyes outlined, my lips colored, eyeshade, blush and foundation administered to me, she placed me back in the cage to await the arrival of a mama to take me to the green room where I would service cocks all day. Sometimes they came almost right away and sometimes I had to wait there for a long time. There was a painting there of a beautiful young girl sitting in a fancy chair, her hands joined together in her lap around a small bouquet of flowers. She wore a beautiful, flowing blue dress. The straps were pulled down her arms to her elbows and her dainty breasts were exposed. There were black leather bracelets on her wrists and they were connected by a light silver chain. The girl was innocent and fragile looking, but you just knew that her innocence and

fragility would not last for long. Her eyes conveyed sorrow while the rest of her face was impassive, accepting.

Behind her, off to the right, some distance away, seemingly obscured by fog, stood three large men grouped around each other and framed by a doorway. Their backs were to the girl. It looked like they were wearing fancy black dinner jackets. A bright light was emanating from the other room. You knew that it wouldn't be long before their attention was drawn to the girl, that she was there to serve their and perhaps others' pleasure.

I loved that painting. I experienced strong empathy for the girl. Her face was so realistic in the painting that I had decided that it was a painting of an actual, real girl. What had they done with her when her portrait was finished? What had she suffered? Did they whip and beat her as they did me? There was no way to tell when the painting had been made. I wondered how old the girl was now, where she was serving. Or had the masters sucked all the beauty and life out of her leaving only a husk behind. And had she, like Mama Ojugo had threatened me, been cut up in little pieces and turned into biggie goodies for the sharks out at sea?

On this day I waited a long time for Sista Chantalisa to arrive, seemingly longer than usual. It was the only room I had been in over the three weeks that had a window, albeit a barred one. There were white chintz curtains which flowed back and forth with the breeze. I couldn't see much, just a bit of open, blue sky, but it was still a reminder that there was a whole world outside there. It was hard to remember the fourth biggie wanna as I stared at the blue expanse. I had walked under that sky once as a free woman. Would I ever again? It was difficult to forget the before nows when there was a reminder of them right in front of me. I tried not to cry, but was not always successful and when the mama came to get me my eyes would sometimes be red and watery. That would earn me a biggie baddie right then and there after I was dragged out of the cage.

Sista Chantalisa finally showed up and swooped into the room. She hurried me out of the cage and had me perched up on the ottoman near the dressing table, knees spread, breasts thrust out, my hands behind me. She smiled and tweaked my breasts, looking like she knew something that I did not. She hummed a little gay song as she made up my face, eyes outlined in black, a pale blue shade on my eyelids. She painted my lips bright red along with my nipples and the inner edges of my outer labia. She examined my toe and fingernails and applied a little touch up candy red polish to them. She sprayed me with the light floral perfume she had been using on me.

She was dressed in one of her colorful, flowing skirts and a bright pink top that was buttoned below her ample cleavage exposing the tops and sides of her heavy breasts. She had large, shiny gold coins dangling from her ears. Her lips were painted a shade of pink a mite darker than her blouse. Her long, kinky light brown hair was pulled behind her in a ponytail. Her eyelashes were mascared and curled, making her blue eyes seem starry, but she wore no eyeliner and had not darkened her wide eyebrows. Her smile was contagious and made it almost pleasant to be dolled up, even though I knew it was solely for the benefit and enjoyment of the masters.

She hadn't said much to me other than to order me "uppy" on the ottoman. Now she sat back on the stool she used and admired me. "She am bein a pretty little girlie," she said sweetly. "She am bein getting the biggie goodie fer sure." She leaned over and hefted my breasts. She applied her lips to my teats and suckled them long and luxuriously until I issued a low moan. She raised her head when she heard it. "She am being a good little girlie," she said smiling. "She am bein gibbin de Sista Chantalisa de moanies. Dat am bein gibbin de Sista Chantalisa de biggie goodie. De little girlie am bein gibbin de biggie moanies in de comin nows fer sure."

She dropped her hand to my slice and stroked it. It was already lubricated and I drew in a deep sigh when she rubbed my moisture over my little button. "Am she bein liken de touchie touchie?" she asked me as she drew her fingers up and down my divide and dipped them briefly into my yearning cavern.

"Yes, she am bein liken de touchie touchie, Sista" I responded, my voice deep and tremulous.

"Dats de good little girlie," she replied.

"Sista Chantalisa am bein gotten de biggie goodie fer de pretty little girlie," she advised me happily. She thrust her fingers deeply inside me and I groaned. "Am de pretty little girlie am bein gibbin de biggie wanna fer de biggie goodie?" she asked.

I always had to be careful when answering questions from any of the mistresses. The wanna questions were the most dangerous. I was only permitted four wannas and if I confessed to any other it was a biggie baddie. But the wanna for the biggie goodie was one of the permitted ones. But I had to be careful about them too. All kinds of things were biggie goodies. Getting my mouth stuffed with a cock could be a biggie goodie. So could sloshing my lips and tongue around one of the mistress's hairy, fecund twats. But whatever it was, it was a wanna that had been given to me and I was on safe ground.

Sista Chantalisa's manipulation of my crux had grown more intense and it was a bit difficult for me to concentrate on getting the words just right. Any mistake in syntax was a biggie baddie.

"Yes," I replied huskily, "de pretty little girlie am being gibbin de biggie wanna fer de biggie goodie, Sista."

"Okay den," she told me.

She withdrew her hand and dug deeply into a pocket on her colorful, swirly skirt. She pulled out a large, shiny brass disc. It looked about 2" across and had a little clip on one end. She held it out and showed it to me. Across the disk, etched in bright red, in thick, flowing italic letters, was the word, "**ZUZU**".

I looked at it. Zuzu. What did it mean? I got my answer shortly.

"Sista Chantalisa am being gibbin de pretty little girlie de biggie goodie dat she am bein callin Zuzu. De mastas am bein sayin, 'I wanna am bein gibbin de Zuzu de fuckin.' Or dey bein sayin, 'Zuzu bring me dem titties dat am bein belongin to de mastas.' Or dey am bein sayin, 'Zuzu, make de maut ready an gibbin me de suckie suckie.' Dat de biggie goodie."

I looked up at her. My eyes watered immediately. I knew that they had taken my name, even though I had had drummed through my mind a hundred times in the early morning hours while I waited for Mama Ojugo to waken, "My name is Mara! My name is Mara! My name is Mara! I'm not a dirty, stupid naughty little girlie! I'm Mara!" But now would I be able to say that? The disk was going to be placed on the ring at the front of my collar. It was obvious. I would be tagged by it. If I wore the name Zuzu and everybody called me Zuzu, wouldn't that be my name now? But I was wrong about that too as I had been about so many things.

I felt a tear flow down my cheek from my right eye. Sista Chantalisa gave me a stern look. "De stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie no am bein gibbin de boo hoos!" she warned me. She might be sweet, but she carried a whippy stick on the belt to her skirt and she had used it on me a few times.

Her face cringed up in anger. "De stupid, dirty, nasty little girlie am no bein habbin de sayin bout what she am bein callin! De dirty, stupid, nasty little girlie no habbin de wanna bout what she am bein callin! Make de whippie!"

A sour gulf opened in my belly. I fell immediately to the floor, turned, placed my forehead on the rug, my hands behind my back and spread my knees. I started to cry right away. A few seconds after I had assumed the position I heard the tell-tale whirring of the whippy stick and it struck me across the buttocks. I cried out as the pain flowed through me. She gave me

another and another and another, each seemingly worse than the last. I screeched and wailed. After the fifth blow, Sista Chantalisa let me sob a little while. Then she ordered me, “Uppy uppy.”

I quickly crawled back up onto the ottoman and assumed the attention position. Tears were running down my face. Every day I tried my best to avoid the biggie baddie. It wasn’t just the pain, although that was definitely a factor, it was the shame and humiliation of being corrected like I was the most incorrigible child. No child in the worst orphanage would be treated like I was, but there you are. And, I have to confess that I was so far gone that I craved the approval of the mama’s, and Sista Chantalisa too. Especially her, who was so pretty and sweet and lighthearted. Except when I broke the rules.

She looked at me sternly as I trembled there before her, sorrow filling my veins. Suddenly, she smiled. “Poor little girlie,” she said to me sweetly. “It am bein hard gettin the biggie learning bout dem do’s and dem don’t do’s. De little girlie am bein a stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie, an de biggie learnin am bein hard fer she dirty, nasty, stupid little noggin.” She leaned forward and patted my cheek softly. “She am being losin de boo hoos iffen she no am bein wanna gettin de biggie baddie in de soon again now,” she told me. Her eyes had softened and her face had resumed its sweetness. “Unnerstan?” she asked me.

“She unnerstan, Sista,” I eked out.

She took a tissue from the table and wiped the tears away from my eyes. She looked carefully to make sure that I hadn’t messed up my makeup.

“So,” she asked me, “do de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein habbin de wanna bout what she am bein callin?”

A pit opened up inside me. Of course, she was right. I had no right to any opinion about what they called me. I had no right to anything.

“De dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie no am bein habbin de wanna bout what she am bein callin, Sista,” I replied sadly.

“Dat’s right,” she confirmed. “An iffen de mamas and de sista and de mastas am bein wanna callin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie Zuzu, what am bein de business de dirty, nasty stupid little girlie bout dat?”

“It no am bein de business de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie bout de wanna de mamas, de sistas an de mastas am bein callin de dirty, nasty stupid little girlie Zuzu, Sista,” I answered.

She held up the disk again for me to see. “Sista Chantalisa am bein gibbin de dirty nasty, stupid little girlie de biggie wanna bout what she am

bein callin. Sista Chantalisa am bein gibbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie de biggie wanna dat she am bein callin Zuzu. Unnerstan?"

"She unnerstan, Sista," I told her.

"What de biggie wanna dat de dirty, nasty stupid little girlie am bein habbin bout de callin?" she asked.

"De dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein habbin de biggie wanna dat she am bein callin Zuzu, Sista," I replied sadly.

She beamed at me. "Dat's de biggie goodie," she said happily.

She took a small pair of pliers from the drawer to the makeup table and told me to lean forward. She brought the disk to my neck and she attached the tab on the disk to the ring on my collar and then, with some effort, squeezed it shut.

She leaned back, admiring it. She flicked at it with her fingers playfully. "Dat am bein de biggie goodie fer sure," she said. She put the pliers down and picked up a mirror from the table. She held it up so I could see myself. There, hanging brazenly from my collar in bright red was my new appellation. Part of me was happy that I had at last been given a name since I had lost my old one when I became a dirty, nasty, stupid little caught girlie. But even that wry pleasure was misplaced as I now learned.

"Now de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein gotten de callin Zuzu, but dat no am bein de name de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie. Dirty, nasty, stupid little caught girlies no am bein habbin no names. Names am bein fer de people an caught little girlies no am bein de people. Dirty, nasty, stupid little caught girlies no am bein habbin nuttin. Unnerstan?"

A wave of sadness went through me. Of course she was right. I had no right to own anything. I couldn't even own a name. And if I doubted it, I had the bright red scar on my upper right buttock to prove it. The scrolling 'k'.

"Zuzu no am bein a name fer de dirty, nasty stupid little girlie. Zuzu am bein what de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein gettin de callin. But Zuzu no am bein she name. In de next now, maybe de mamas am bein wanna gibbin de dirty, nasty stupid little girlie some udder callin, like Trixie or Taffy or Sparkle. An iffen de mamas am bein gibbin de dirty, nasty stupid little girlie some udder callin, den de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein habbin de biggie wanna fer dat callin. Unnerstan?"

"She unnerstan, Sista," I answered cautiously.

"So am Zuzu am bein de name de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie?"

"No, Sista, Zuzu no am bein de name de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie."

“An am de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlye habbin de biggie wanna bout de callin?”

“Yes, Sista, de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlye am bein habbin de biggie wanna bout de callin.”

“Why dat?”

Why? That was always the most difficult question. All kinds of treacherous shoals surrounded it. But I believed I had it.

“De dirty, nasty, stupid little girlye am bein habbin de biggie wanna bout de callin cause de sista am bein gibbin she de biggie wanna bout de callin, Sista,” I ventured timidly.

A broad grin broke out across Sista Chantalisa’s face. “Dat’s right!” she exclaimed.

She fondled my breasts again, giving them gentle squeezes. She then stood and barked out, “Make de doggie!”

I slipped down off of the ottoman and got on all fours, my back straight, my thighs spread, my head up and looking straight forward.

“Good girlye,” Sista Chantalisa said.

I expected her to order me back into the cage, but I was wrong. She took down the leash that was hanging from a hook on the wall and affixed it to the front of my collar. She stepped to the door and gave it a little tug. She played quickly with the number pad on the lock and it sprang open. She swung open the door and gave my leash a tug. I followed her out into the hall.

Something new was about to happen, I just knew it. And something new was almost always bad. Across the hall was the room in which I had spent the last three weeks serving the mastas morning, noon and night. But that was not where we were going. And we didn’t turn toward the left where Mama Ojugo’s bedroom and the door to the training room were. Instead, we turned to the right.

At the end of the hall was a heavy wooden door with a large steel lock. I had often wondered what was on the other side of it, but had not spent too much time on the issue since curiosity was not a favored attribute in dirty, stupid, nasty little girlyes. But I realized that I was about to find out as Sista Chantalisa drew me toward it. Again her fingers danced like lightning across the numeral pad and the lock clicked open. She drew the door open and escorted me through.

It opened into an elegant, wide hallway. There was a thick maroon rug on the floor. The walls were painted white and there were little half tables with flowers on them running down it on either side. Glittery chandeliers ran down the center of the ceiling. There were doors on either side about

30' apart. Each one of them bore the same locks that I had become familiar with.

Sista Chantalisa pulled me to the right and I followed her dutifully. She was looking forward as we went and I knew that she couldn't see me, but nonetheless I performed the grotesque walk that Mama Ojugo had taught me. I ground my hips as I went along, swaying my rear from side to side. I thrust my breasts out as far as I could, and made sure that they swayed and jiggled. I kept my head erect and made sure my knees and hands were spread wide apart. There was no telling when someone might come out of one of the forbidding looking doors or when Sista Chantalisa might look back at me. I didn't want to risk earning another biggie baddie. Although the pain had subsided, I could still feel the sensation of Sista Chantalisa's whippy stick on my bare behind as if it had happened a mere moment ago.

We stopped at a door on the right side of the hallway. Like the others, it was heavy oak. There was a brass name plate on it with bold black letters that said "PRIVATE". On the right side was an intercom with a buzzer button. Sista Chantalisa pressed the buzzer and a tinny woman's voice emerged, saying, "Yes?"

Sista Chantalisa announced herself in her sweet singsong voice. A second later there was a buzzing at the door lock. Sista Chantalisa turned the shiny brass doorknob and pushed the door open. She stepped past it and to the side and ushered me in.

The room was dimly lit by a tall, ornate floor lamp in the corner of the room. Its glass shade was hand painted with pink and blue flowers surrounded by twirling green vines. There was a beige leather couch along the inside wall with a pair of matching ottomans in front of it. Two comfortably padded easy chairs faced it with a small table between them. The walls were painted a dark green and there was several prints of lush, tropical landscapes hung on them. Opposite the door, centered in the far side of the room, was a large, dark mahogany desk. It looked hand carved with rococo type designs. On the desk was a small banker's lamp with a green glass shade. It was on and cast a delicate light on the desk. A telephone sat off to the side. Papers were neatly piled on the desk. There was a cream colored china coffee cup off to the left sitting on a matching saucer. A brown leather pen holder contained a variety of writing implements. The rug was soft and thick. It was a shade or two lighter green than the walls and had woven into it red and yellow floral designs.

I took all this in with a quick glance. I knew that I had been brought here for a reason and my powers of observation were heightened by my apprehension. What heightened my apprehension further was the person



who sat behind the desk in a heavy, black leather chair. I recognized her at once. It was Carla, the woman who had taken charge of me on my first day on the island and who had left me to the mercies of Mama Ojugo after a night of torment. Her jet black hair was affixed behind her head in a tight bun. She was wearing heavy gold looped earrings which set off her copper skin. Her face was as stern and foreboding as I remembered it, elegant and regal. She was wearing a light brown floral print dress with panels that covered her ample, loose breasts and connected behind her neck.

My apprehension was heightened by the view of a slender, naked young woman in the corner of the room off to the left of Mistress Carla's desk. Her hands were bound behind her back and she wore bracelets and a collar similar to mine. A thick, heavy gag obscured the lower portion of her face. A taut chain led from a ring in the middle up to the ceiling, forcing the girl to stand on her tippy toes. Her skin was pale and she was covered by fading, light pink stripes. She seemed very distressed, as if she had been suspended this way for a long time. Her frantic looking eyes darted sideways at me and then resignedly pointed back up to the ceiling. She emitted a very faint whine, performed a little dance on her toes and then she stilled.

Sista Chantalisa led me to the side of the desk where Mistress Carla could get a full look at me and then gave my leash a harsh yank, ordering, "Uppy uppy!" I automatically rose to my knees, spreading them apart, arched my back and thrust out my breasts, crossing my wrists behind my back. I trembled at being brought back into Mistress Carla's power again. All of what had happened to me since I had last seen her rushed through my brain. When I had first encountered her I was a frightened, captured woman desperate to find some way out of what I had gotten myself into. Now I was a nasty, stupid, dirty little girlie who had lost all of her rights and wannas except for the few that my mamas had given me. I had been branded and trained to be the bestest whore I could be, to bey de mastas and de mamas, to crave the biggie goodies that the mastas and the mamas deigned to give to me. Gazing up at her piercing eyes I knew that at that moment I was breeching the fourth biggie wanna, remembering when I was not yet a slave, had not descended into beasthood, had pride and self-integrity and personhood. I could think of "I" and "my" and "mine" and had the right to determine who had the use of my body.

I sensed that Mistress Carla knew what was pouring through my brain and I tremored at the thought of earning a biggie baddie from her. I felt my breasts quivering and felt the sweat of fear emanating all over my body.

Mistress Carla drank me in with her cold eyes. I could almost feel them creeping over my naked flesh. After a few moments she spoke.

“What a pretty little girlie,” she announced. “Come, bring Mistress Carla dem titties.”

My stomach soured as I realized how complete my transformation had become. The last time I had seen Mistress Carla, she had demeaned and abused me, but at least she spoke to me as if I was a normal woman. Now I had changed in her eyes. Something was happening that portended ill for my future. Some line had been crossed, some demarcation had been made.

I shuffled towards Mistress Carla on my knees, careful to keep my breasts outstretched and my hands behind my back. I made sure my breasts swayed and tremored invitingly as I had been taught.

Mistress Carla had swung her chair so that she was facing me. I wriggled myself until my breasts were almost touching her bare knees. Her legs were spread, pulling her short, silken dress taut. A dark shadow lurked within the gap that was presented to me which I knew led up to a hungry, demanding sex which I had serviced one before. And, I knew that if so ordered, I would service it again, this time with an alacrity and devotion which had hither before been unknown to me.

Mistress Carla leaned over, her proud, heavy breasts shifting within the panels that covered them. She was smiling. The smile denoted no kindness or empathy, or even merriment. It was cold as a shark’s grin, the satisfaction of a beast before it devoured you.

Her hands took hold of my breasts. They were surprisingly warm and soft for such a cold, hard creature. She gave them both a squeeze, sending an unwanted shiver of pleasure through me. She hefted them from underneath, weighing and jiggling them, she ran her hands over them and around them as if covering them with a dark spell. She seized my nipples and pinched and twisted them, slowly increasing the pressure until finally I could no longer suppress an unhappy moan of both pleasure and pain.

“Such pretty titties,” she pronounced almost sweetly. She stared harshly into my eyes while gripping my breasts tightly in her hands. “Who am dem titties am bein belongin to?” she demanded of me.

I responded almost automatically, my voice faint and quivering. “Dem titties am bein belongin to de mastas, Mistress,” I replied.

“An what am bein belongin to de stupid, dirty, nasty little girlie?” she continued, pulling and tugging at my mammaries.

This was a trick question. My first thought of response was that, as Mama Ojugo had taught me, I had lost everything when I became a stupid, dirty, nasty caught little girlie. I owned nothing, not even the demeaning

appellation Sista Chantalisa had bestowed upon me. But then I realized that that was not necessarily true. I had been given de biggie wannas. But having been given them, did I own them? Or had they been, rather, been applied to me, like an ingredient you would add to a recipe or an elixir, something which became embodied in it, embedded in it, forever changing and modifying it? Was Mistress Carla in the process of giving me the biggie learnin'? My mind swirled. The heavy kneading Mistress Carla was giving my breasts was causing a fog to envelop my mind. I was panicked and confused and I hesitated to answer.

Then, like a flash I understood that my latter supposition regarding the nature of the biggie wannas was true. They were like the label that Sista Chantalisa had appended to me, they were of me, in me, not like some pieces of property which I could discard once they were unwanted.

I could see the impatience in Mistress Carla's eyes. At first, my voice would not respond to my instruction to it to communicate, but I was finally able to eke out, "Dere no am bein nothin dat am bein belongin to de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie, Mistress."

"Dat de good little girlie," Mistress Carla pronounced as if I had won some kindergarten prize, maybe a lollypop or a golden star upon my homework.

"De stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie no am bein habbin nothin. De mamas am bein habbin gibbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie de biggie wannas, but de biggie wannas no am bein belongin to de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie. De am bein for de usin of de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie. Widdout de biggie wannas, de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie an am habbin no usin. And what am bein happenin to de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie if she am bein habbin no usin?"

The answer to this question was crystal clear to me as it had been explained many times. "Iffin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie no am bein habbin no usin, den de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein gibbin de choppy choppy and am bein fed to dem sharkies, Mistress," I answered trepidatiously.

"Dat's right," Mistress Carla responded darkly. "An am de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein habbin de biggie wanna dat she am bein de bestest whore in de whole world?"

Her hands had slid down my breasts to my nipples and she was shaking my breasts as if she were desirous of mixing their contents.

"Yes, she am bein habbin de biggie wanna dat she am being de bestest whore in de whole world, Mistress," I answered dutifully.

“Dat’s good,” she announced. She shifted her hips forward in her chair and she lifted the skirt of her dress to her waist. She spread her legs, revealing her black fur lined crevasse and her sleek copper thighs. Sickness swirled around inside me. My body had broken out into a sheen of sweat. I became conscious of the fact of Sista Chantalisa standing over me, the leash leading to my collar still in her hand. I was not under the delusion that Sista Chantalisa didn’t know the purpose of her decorating me so prettily each day. But her sweetness to me and her sisterly banter had given me the foolish notion that there was something good and pure about her, that she was the closest to a normal person I had encountered since I had been enslaved. To perform a sexual act in front of her seemed almost sacrilegious, a further act of demeanment just when I had thought I had reached the nadir.

“Give Mistress Carla de licky licky,” I heard the copper skinned, regal woman intone. I knew that I had no alternative but to obey, but resistance rose within me nonetheless. I was not a slave to be ordered to perform vile acts at the whim of cruel masters and mistresses. I was a 21<sup>st</sup> century woman, free, independent, self-respected. I didn’t have to do this!

But then, like a flash, visions of the whips and the chains, the locked doors, the cages, the confinements, all the cruel treatment I had endured flashed through my mind. And I knew that I was powerless to resist. Awful, awful things awaited me if I rebelled. I thought of the poor young girl who was standing on her tippy toes in the corner, her skin all striped and red. How long would Mistress Carla have me standing here awaiting her ‘corrections’, my legs and toes stretched, my vision forced upwards toward the chain that confined me?

I thought immediately of the fourth biggie wanna, that I forget all the before nows, that I give them up as irretrievably lost, as if they had never existed. I realized that it had been given to me for just such situations as this. “Dig deep, dig deep,” my mind screamed. Find de biggie wanna, use de biggie wanna, let the biggie wanna permeate she soul.” That woman I had been had fizzled away like a drop of water burnt away by the sun. It wasn’t that she was in the past, it was more like she had never existed. The mamas had reached back into history and erased her.

All this ripped through my mind in an instant. It would be noticed only as a flicker across my face, a manifestation observed by my mistress as the process of the biggie wannas shifting into gear. I leaned my head forward, the fecundity of her sex overwhelming me. I thrust my tongue out of my mouth, flattened it and gave Mistress Carla’s gash a long, heavy stroke

from bottom to top. Her slice had already begun to water, no doubt in mere anticipation of my ministrations.

I lapped at her divide several times, slowly and surely and then dragged my tongue all around her offering from her perineum to the hood of her love button. I wriggled my tongue gently against her nubbin and then, extending it and making it firm, I delved between her expanding outer labia, and then all over and around her inner and then darted it inside her little hole, teasing it around the edges, plunging it deep so that my nose was pressed up against her clit.

I could hear Mistress Carla sigh as I worked her. Her hands were on my head, not guiding me or pressing me down, but just as expression of her mastery, guarding against any rebellion or faltering of efforts. Her pussy had begun to gush and I could feel her pungent liquids spreading over my lips, cheeks and chin. I felt Sista Chantalisa's eyes boring into me from behind. I had licked her to completion several times, but that had never felt like this, whore-like, slatternly, depraved. Mistress Carla's question, and my ready, fervent answer came back to me. I had to be the bestest whore I could be, otherwise I was useless, and useless dirty, stupid, nasty little girlies were turned into shark chum.

I continued to work fervently, as if my life depended upon it. Mistress Carla had begun to issue soft little moans. Her hips began a gentle rotation and her thighs brushed up softly against my ears. I worked and worked and worked. I flitted my tongue against her hardened nubbin; I suckled it and licked it. I thrust my tongue deep in her aperture, swirling it around. Her breathing began to become deeper and her thighs were fluttering. Her hands buried themselves in my hair, grasping tight to clumps, straining them at their roots. "Ohhhhhhhhh!" she moaned deeply. "Ohhhhhhhhhhh! Gib she mistress de suckie suckie!" she ordered. "Gib me de suckie suckie!"

I clamped my mouth around her button and began sucking on it in earnest. I pushed and poked at her button, flicking at it, circling it, licking it hard. She gave a deep, almost anguished grunt and her thighs pressed hard on my imprisoned head. Her hands jammed it down as if she was trying to stuff me into her chasm. "Urrrrrrrrrgh! Urrrrrrrrrrgh! Urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh! Urrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh!" she exclaimed loudly. "Oh yes! Yes! Stupid, nasty, dirty little cunt, suck me hard! Harder! Harder!" she shouted. Her whole torso was tensed and she had arched her back against her chair.

Then, like air escaping gradually from a balloon, her tenseness abated. Her grunts subsided into moans, her grip and pressure on my head relented. I continued slowly and softly licking and rubbing my pointed

tongue over her pudenda, causing her body to record several post climactic shocks. I waited until I felt her hands lift my head away from her to stop.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### IN WHICH HARRY SPENDS SOME TIME ENJOYING HIMSELF

I led the thin, small breasted, blond haired girl down the hallway from the marking room. I could hear her sobbing behind me. Now, some guys might get pissed off at this. The girl really had no business making any noise at all. Some guys would turn around and give her a solid whack across her hooded face and yell at her to “Shut the fuck up!” But I wasn’t like that. I had some sympathy for the girl. It was a pretty rough thing to be kidnapped and brought to god knew where, chained and gagged and having a red hot branding iron pressed into your flesh. But I had to do something. After all, I was obligated to give her some instruction in her new life and if she went around bawling all the time she would end up being a very, very sorry girl.

I brought us to a halt and turned to the girl. I reached up and pressed my hand against her face, searching for her nose. When I found it I clamped it shut.

The girl stiffened immediately. With the gag in her mouth, her nose was her only source of oxygen. She started issuing high pitched, muted little whines. She tried to shake off my hand by twisting and turning her head, but I had a solid grasp.

“Easy, easy,” I commanded her in a soft but stern voice. “Settle down, settle down. I can hold on here all day long and I won’t let go until you calm down and listen to me.”

She silenced her whines and stopped struggling even though her body was trembling, making her teacup sized breasts give out little quivers. When I was sure that she was going to remain silent I leaned over and spoke softly into her ear. “Slaves are to remain absolutely and utterly quiet at all times. No blubbering or sobbing, no whines or moans of unhappiness. From now on, no one is going to give a fuck about how you feel or what you think. You’re just a pretty little animal designed to give pleasure. The sooner you learn these lessons the better. The only times you are allowed to make a sound is when you are asked a question, which will be hardly ever, or when you are fucked or when you’re whipped. Then you can make all the noise you want. But other than that, you are to remain as silent as a stone. Got that?”

She shook her head up and down frantically, her oxygen running short. I released her nose and she took a deep breath within her hood. I took hold

of her left nipple and pinched it lightly, giving her breast a shake. “Good girl,” I rewarded her.

I recommenced our little stroll down the hallway. I came to a door which had a plaque on it that matched the key fob which Diskare had given me. It was a large, shiny steel door. There was a little panel in the middle of the upper half that you could use to look into the room without opening it. I turned the key in the lock and pushed the door open, dragging the girl behind me.

The room was small, about 12’ by 20’, a little bigger than a prison cell. In one corner was a steel sink embedded in the wall and a steel toilet with a built in, immobile seat. On the left hand side was a thick futon with rings embedded in the floor at the four corners and at the head and foot. It was covered with a light blue bottom sheet, but no top. A rather flattened pillow was at one end.

On the other side of the room was a small cage which looked too small to put a human being in, but I assumed it was functional, otherwise it would not be here. The walls were made up of cinderblock painted white. The floor was covered with light brown vinyl tiles. On the wall over the futon, just opposite the cage, was the word ‘OBEY’ in big, stark black, block letters. There were two fluorescent lights overhead. An adjustable chain dangled from the middle of the cinderblock ceiling. Hung on the wall, looming over the cage, were mounted three whips, one a flogger with 18” long tassels with knotted ends, a 3’ long leather encased, dog whip and a 18” long black-green rubber truncheon with a convenient built in grip. Over the bed, just above the ominous writing was a single sconce.

I turned and locked the door, hanging the key fob on a conveniently placed hook. The door made an ominous, prison-like sound as it closed. The light switches were to the left of the door. I flicked on the light from the sconce and turned off the overheads, which had seemed too harsh and made the girl’s pale skin appear blanched. The sconce produced a bright but softer light that illuminated the room and gave everything a kind of fuzzy glow. I released the leash from the girl’s collar and hung it on the wall near the door. I shuffled the girl towards the middle of the room. I pulled down the chain so that it was about 2’ above the girl’s head. I released her locked wrists from behind her back, attached them to the chain and then pulled the chain taut so that her hands were raised above her but did not strain her arms and so she could keep her feet flat on the floor.

I stepped back. There was little doubt that the girl had heard Diskare’s instructions to give her a good beating first thing. She was trembling and her skin was sparkly with sweat. Her hooded head was uplifted as if trying



to detect my movements. I stood there silent and still, taking in her charms. She was thin, but not so thin as to be skinny. All of the hair had been removed below her neck. Her breasts were rounded, a little bigger than oranges with small, light pink areolas and long, plump, stiffened nipples. You could see the hint of a light blue vein on her right breast. On her left was a tiny, almost imperceptible mole. Her belly was flat and her thighs tapered nicely as if toned from consistent workouts. She was emitting a muted, high pitched whine which I ignored.

Here I was again, with a delectable, helpless girl at my mercy. I knew what was almost certainly going through her mind: shock, fear, disbelief. Was there really a world where young women could be kidnapped, whisked away to some place strange and distant and be enslaved? Was the fearsome looking man who she had seen in the branding room really standing there before her about to administer a cruel, heinous beating? Was there no one to rescue her? Could she somehow escape? If her hood and gag were removed could she deliver just the right kind of piteous supplication to sway the man from whipping her, from abusing her, and maybe, even, helping her get away?

Yes, there was a world where pretty young women like her could be enslaved. Yes, there was a brutal looking man standing before her and yes, he was, in fact, going to whip her. And no, no amount of supplication would deter him.

I moved away from her and prepared myself for action. I slid off my shoes and disrobed. I knew that the upcoming event would stoke my passions into a rage and I didn't want to have to take time out to rip my clothes off. I hung them on a hook presumably there for just such a purpose and turned back to the girl. My mind rapidly went through the justifications for my upcoming torture of a defenseless and innocent young woman. One, if I didn't give her a proper whipping Diskare would almost certainly take note. I was in trouble enough with him already. I had never lost the feeling that Klitzman and Rukimo, his mountain sized African major domo back on his island had their suspicions about me. I always seemed to be being tested. And if they were suspicious, certainly their suspicions would have been communicated to Diskare. By failing to tip little Natasha over the edge of that cliff into a watery grave I had demonstrated a lack of resolve inconsistent with my reputation. If I was in fact playing for the good guys it was just the kind of thing that I might do. So, if I failed to do a thorough job of tormenting this girl I would be risking my life and losing any chance of saving Carol or Mary or Pritha.

And then there was the fact that if I didn't do it somebody else would. It was as certain as the fact that God made little apples. Every slave girl was given a good beating as an orientation into her new life. And whoever did do it would certainly be a person more callous and depraved than me, although that wasn't saying much.

These were both good reasons for doing what I was about to do, but there was another, darker reason lurking behind them. While I had my reservations, there was a part of me that wanted to do it, craved doing it. My cock was growing tumescent at the very thought of it. I reached down and gave it a little tug. I looked at the girl's body and I imagined it twisting and turning in frantic distress as I belabored it. My brain was already recording the cries and sobs and screeches soon to come.

Hey, I'm not saying that if things had been different I might not just walk away and forget the whole thing. I wasn't a sicko after all. But since I had to do it, couldn't I enjoy it?

I stepped over to the wall and took down the flogger. It was heavy in my hand. The flails were stiff and hard. They would hurt a lot.

The girl must have discerned that the time had come since her almost imperceptible whines now increased in volume. I recalled the day we had picked up her and her friend at those mountain guys' hideout. Being their prisoner had certainly been no picnic and I think that the two girls were actually relieved that someone had come to get them. But then they didn't know what was in store for them. I knew that the brunette, who was a bit stockier and more well-endowed, was probably doing her own dance to a whip at that very moment. The blond girl had been somewhat stoical about her fate, tearful but silent, hostile but cooperative. The brunette always seemed to be sobbing up a storm, struggling when we sat her down to feed her, writhing and contorting when we put her back to bed. Estelle finally got permission from Draco to give her a few strokes with the cane we kept for such occasions. She changed her tune after that. And hearing her wailing and the unmistakable sound of the cane slapping flesh seemed to have a good effect on all the other girls too.

I let the flails dangle free for a moment. I slowly and silently walked around the girl trying to decide where I should begin. Her skin was so pure and pale. In a few moments it would be otherwise. It was almost a shame, really, and I began to feel a little bit guilty. I paused for a moment and tried to consider how big a blot this would leave on my heavenly copybook. It would join all the others. And then I thought, "Fuck it!" reared my right arm back and gave her the first blow.

She released a scream through her gag as the flails struck her dainty breasts leaving a bright trail of pink behind them. She started sobbing again and her feet did a little dance. After waiting a moment or two, standing off to her right, I swung the flogger again and ripped the flails across her thighs. She screamed again and her hooded head waved back and forth. I could hear her trying to mouth words, undoubtedly words of supplication. Her feet danced again and she drew her right leg up and across the left as if to protect herself. I merely edged myself to her rear and gave her a sharp blow across her buttocks. She sobbed and screeched and danced again, this time turning so that her front was presented.

I stepped a little along and quickly gave her three in succession, one across her boney back, again across her buttocks and then across the back of her thighs.

You don't want to get into a too predictable rhythm when you're administering a whipping whether for fun or for disciplinary purposes. The girl will try and prepare herself to withstand the blows, tensing herself, gritting her teeth, steeling her mind. The point is to show her that she's not in control, that some superior force, some arbitrary, malign force has her at its mercy. The world has spun off of its axis and nothing can be depended on. A set of well-timed strokes shows her that her tormentor is implacable, relentless, methodical. And just when she has, in her desperation, adjusted herself to the tempo, what follows is a series of rapid, rabid strokes that cause her to lose whatever equanimity she has been able to preserve and erupt into viral terror. Evil is random, arbitrary and vicious.

I let her absorb what she had received for a few moments. She was sobbing and twisting, emitting loud murmurs that had been intended as words. Just when she was settling down I reared the flogger again and gave her one across her belly, paused, and then another across her breasts. I did her thighs again in front, then in back and then across her back once more, at ten second intervals. She sobbed and screamed and danced. I paused for a whole minute and then gave her three blows in rapid succession across her breasts, then her rear and then her thighs.

I paused again. She was as doleful as a woman could be. Her muffled moans resounded throughout the room. Her body was covered with the evidence of her thrashing, long pink lines merging and diverting. I shifted the flogger to my left hand and stroked my rock hard cock with my right. You have to be careful at times like these. My purpose, at least my main one, was instructional. After a while the experience for the girl passes to a point of mindless terror where the educational nature of the experience becomes wasted. And you don't want the girl to think that she's

experienced the worst that she ever will. You have to leave something to the imagination as to what it would be like for the lesson to go on and on and on. She had to have some terror in reserve, so to speak, or she might lose her fear of the lash, believing that she could take whatever was doled out. A girl like that would lose her fear of the consequences of disobedience or lackluster performance of her principal duties.

And you had to be careful of your own passions. The experience of whipping a helpless female, at least for me, sets your lusts on high risking a loss of control that could permanently damage her. As I stoked my rigid member I knew that I had reached that point where my rational mind was ebbing away and my raw, animalistic nature was emerging. Unlike Diskare, who I had seen coldly and calculatingly whip a girl for a whole hour, my passions were more easily raised.

And, of course, there is the matter of experiencing some sympathy for the girl's plight, especially when she had not done anything wrong. I may have had a prehistoric animal inside me, but I was not a monster.

It was time to take a little of the edge off. I mounted the flogger back on the wall and lowered the chain that held the girl's arms aloft. "Get on your knees," I growled at her. She was still sobbing and whining, but my words had their effect. She sunk down to her knees. I prodded at them with my foot until she had spread them sufficiently for my liking. I then adjusted the chain so that her hands were pulled up a foot or so above her head, forcing her elbows out and out of the way.

I loosened the hood and pulled it off of her head. She stared up at me with her sparkly blue, red tinged eyes. Her face was tear stained. I released the gag from behind her head and pulled it out. Her mouth immediately went into a piteous frown. Her sobs had reduced to blubbers and her chest was heaving, shimmering her pretty breasts. Her nipples were stiffened and pointy. Her body was covered by a sheen of sweat.

I moved towards her and held out my cock. "You've sucked a cock before?" I asked her gruffly. Unhappiness made a wave across her face and she nodded her head uncertainly. "Then you better do a good job or we'll start all over again," I told her. I butted the head of my cock against her trembling lips. She emitted a piteous whine and spread them. I pushed my cock past and into her mouth.

She gurgled for a moment or two, tears floating down her face gracefully. I gave her an attention getting pat on the face and told her, "Come on, get on with it!" She closed her mouth around my crank, making a nice tunnel and started to move her head back and forth.

I leaned my head back and absorbed the pleasurable flow from her moist warmth. There's no feeling like it really. She brought her head back and forth slowly as if gauging my preference. I placed my right hand in her hair and took a nice grip. My hips began to rock to match her efforts as the pleasure wafted through me.

As I felt my lusts rising I pulled her head back a bit and told her to suckle on my helmet. She knowledgably pursed her lips around it and swirled her tongue under it along the corolla. She was making little whining noises which were cute but which future users might find irritating. I pulled her head off of my crank and gave her a solid slap across the face. She squealed and stared up at me with terrified eyes, her lips trembling. "Let's try this again," I said sternly, "but this time without all the noise!"

She nodded her head as best she could with her hair gripped by my hand and then leaned herself forward once again. I have to say that my little love tap did her some good as her mouth became more energetic and her tongue more nimble.

I let her go on for a while. Why not? I had all the time in the world and pleasure was running through me like a surging tide. It was especially exciting to be receiving delight from a female you had just made dance to a whip. As my lusts grew, I guided her to a quicker pace. A wonderful tingling was sparkling through my balls and my knees became weak. I matched her thrust for thrust, twice stopping to sink my cock into her mouth as far as it would go, popping it into her throat and making her cough and gag. I held it there for as long as I thought the girl would tolerate, my member encased in hot wetness along its whole length. Then I resumed my near urgent thrusting, forcing the girl to keep up with me.

I waited and waited and waited, holding myself back as long as I could. Finally my need for completion overtook my languishing in the pleasures of her mouth and I let go. My cock began to throb and spurt as jagged bursts of pleasure tore through me. I released a loud groan and tightened my grip on the girl's hair, making her squeal. She kept her mouth pursed tightly against my throbbing pole nonetheless.

I kept thrusting after my orgasm had passed, enjoying the suffusing warmth. Once it had softened I slid it from between her lips and gave it a little rub.

The girl looked up at me anxiously. She had done a pretty good job, especially after my encouragement. Fear flickered across her face. She had finished the demanded task successfully, but she was still on her knees, her

hands bound above her, and in the power of a ruthless, sadistic man. Still a prisoner god knew where, still with a still burning brand on her ass.

My cum had bubbled over her lips. I told her to lick them and gather it all in. Her cute little tongue darted out and made a circle around her mouth. She looked at me sadly. A little dollop had gathered on her chin. I plucked it up with my finger and made her lick it off. You could see that she was trying to stifle her sobs. She was not being entirely successful as her chest heaved and her body shook.

I stepped back and told her to stand. I fastened her hands up above her again. I still had her gag in my left hand and I presented it to her mouth. She reluctantly received it and I jammed it all the way home, tightening the belt behind her head. When she saw me picking up the hood she couldn't suppress a whine. I just smiled at her and administered it, tightening it around her neck. There were rings on the floor with little chains on them about 4' apart and directly under the overhead chain. I kicked at her feet until her legs were spread and then hooked the chains to her ankle bracelets.

The bag expanded and contracted rapidly as I went back to the wall. I took down the dog whip and slashed it through the air. The girl heard its 'swoosh!' and her whining became louder and longer. I ignored it and reared back my right arm.

Now it probably doesn't seem fair that I would continue to abuse her after she had so obediently and dutifully serviced my prick. But Diskare would expect to see some pretty dramatic welts on her when he saw her next. And it was important that her first whipping be complete and thorough. It was important for her training in that it would inculcate a fanatic devotion to obedience. Later, in a way, she might be secretly grateful that she had learned the proper lesson so early, forestalling who knew how many beatings. And she needed to know that just because she had satisfactorily completed her duties, that did not entitle her to any reward or forbearance from discipline or abuse. She would perform her duties energetically and devotedly because it would become part of her nature, as a horse will gallop when given the proper stimulus, or when water boils when enough heat is administered.

I let the dog whip fly. It landed across her belly. This time she released a wailing scream rather than a screech. It would feel like someone had dragged a hot iron across her. I paused and then lashed her outer right thigh. She could no longer twist and turn and my blow landed exactly where intended. I turned to the left and did the other thigh. Dark red wounds arose where I stuck her. She continued to wail and scream as I

patiently covered her rear, her back, her thighs and her belly repeatedly with dark red stripes. She was tugging frantically at her bonds, her body jerking and thrashing, her head bobbing and weaving all while she screamed and wailed and sobbed. I paused at her front. She seemed to sense what was next. I had, so far, spared her breasts. The pink on them had faded somewhat, but you could still clearly see that she had been whipped. I slid to her right and turned. She released a long wail and tried to twist her torso away. I took a half step to my right and let go, swinging the leather encased steel in a wide arc. It landed across the tops of her breasts, raising an immediate welt that spread across their daintiness. I did it again and again, landing a blow on the underside and one directly across her nipples. She wailed and sobbed and contorted.

Part of the fun in whipping a big breasted girl was watching her mammaries sway and jolt and jump. It was almost as if they had a life of their own and were doing their best to dodge the blows. But there was a special delight in whipping small breasts too. Their cuteness bespoke an innocence and purity that was pleasurable to defile. And they bore their marks most wonderfully, standing up straight and tall as if proud of them.

I admired the marks on the girl's breasts as she wailed and howled. I was not done with her yet. I stepped back a bit and swung the whip hard between her legs. I struck the upper portion of her right inner thigh, a very tender spot. She stiffened and howled. I sidestepped a bit and did her left. Then back to her right. And then her left and then her right. I struck them each three times in total. The girl writhed and whined and sobbed.

I paused again. She had to know what was coming. It was the only part of her untrammelled. I watched as she tried to pull her striped thighs together. I could hear her begging beneath her hood, sounds that emerged in the form of prehistoric growls. Suddenly, she peed. A stream of urine looped out from her urethra and puddled on the floor. I waited until she was done. Her whole body was trembling. I reared back, and with an uppercut swing, sliced the whip along her pudenda. She screamed and shook and sobbed. I waited a moment and did it again. She hopped and writhed and yanked desperately at her bonds. I gave her a third.

I stepped back as she wailed and wailed and wailed. I felt a little sorry for her. But there was really no other way for her to learn. I would be doing her a disfavor if I didn't give her the full treatment. Spare the rod and spoil the child. Isn't that what they say? In any case, it was over.

I placed the whip back on the wall while she continued to whine and moan. I went to the sink and retrieved a bunch of paper towels and cleaned up her mess. I didn't want to punish her for it, but it was a big no-no. As

amusing as it was to see, it always left a big mess for someone to clean up. I swirled the paper towels on the floor until I had dried up all she had released and dropped the towels in a waste basket by the sink and then washed my hands. I came back to her and leaned over near her ear. "The next time you piss during a whipping I'll beat you with the cane," I told her sternly. She emitted a miserable whine in response.

My cock had grown hard again, as was its wont during a whipping, and I needed some relief. I went to release her wrists from the chain but told her first, "If you fall, we'll start all over again." This seemed to do the trick. When I released her wrists she swayed dramatically, but she kept her balance. I told her to turn around and I locked her wrists behind her back. I guided her over to the futon and told her to get down on it on her knees. I turned her towards the head and told her to put her forehead down on the mattress and spread her knees.

I crept up on the futon behind her. I ran my hands along the outside of her thighs and she quivered. There could be little doubt of my intent. Her hips swayed involuntarily as if trying to ward me off. I nestled myself up closer to her and then told her to spread her knees wider. She gave her knees little hops obediently until she was spread nicely.

I ran my hands along the back of her thighs and up over her proffered rear. Her skin was smooth and hot. I ran them down along her sides and reached under, pressing my belly up against her haunches. I took hold of her cute, little breasts and gave them both a firm squeeze denoting ownership. I tugged at her nipples and then ran my hands on a reverse course, down her belly, along her sides, down her thighs and up again. My cock was jutting like a ship's bowsprit. I leaned back a bit and slipped my right hand between her thighs and took possession of her smooth, hairless sex. I gave her outer lips a squeeze and then ran my hand over and around it. She shuddered and released a muted whine. I slipped the two longest fingers of my hand up and down her slit several times, looking for her moisture.

I didn't expect her to be ravenously eager for a fuck, but I knew that her pussy would water defensively when stroked, unless she was colder than a dead mackerel, in which case she would be shark food fairly quickly. Fortunately for her, her gash quickly lubricated and I was able to slide my fingers up and down her inner self with ease.

I toyed with her cunt for a while. I rubbed at her little button lightly until I felt that it had hardened. I slid my fingers into her chasm, burying them deeply and then gave them several thrusts. I caressed her outer labia again, stroking softly and lightly and then up and down her inner thighs. I



leaned over and snuck my hand under her belly again, caressing it and then raising my hand until it found her breasts. I kneaded and massaged them, squeezed them and pinched at her nipples. I thought I heard a little moan. My hand retreated once more the way it came and I ran it over her pudenda a few times before slipping them into her tunnel.

Her breathing was becoming heavy and my fingers moved within her easily. I leaned back and took hold of my cock. I slid its head along her crevasse several times. I was eager to find her warmth and so I lodged it in her hole. Her hips moved slightly, as if her body had tremored, and I slipped out. I took hold of her labial lips with my hand and squeezed them firmly together. "Easy girl," I told her. The message was received and when I re-introduced the head of my cock to her orifice she remained still.

I slowly, slowly, slowly entered her. Her pussy was not yet entirely loose and so I eased myself forward patiently. I slid my cock back and forth, back and forth, each time penetrating her a little more deeply. When I was fully seated I released a deep sigh of pleasure and uttered, "Good girl!"

I sawed at her slowly, slowly, slowly. The sensation of the hot, soft friction was mesmerizing. I had my hands on the outside of her hips and I was rocking her gently in time with my thrusts. I looked down at the girl. Her black hooded head was pressed down on the futon, her long, blond hair emerging from the bottom. I saw that her bound hands had been tightened into little fists. Her knuckles were turning white. I stopped my motions and leaned back, my cock slipping from its perch. I gave her right buttock, one, two, three, mighty slaps. She screeched and wailed. I reached under her and pinched her labia again, this time squeezing hard. "Quiet!" I bellowed. "Quiet!"

I kept up the pressure until her sounds had reduced. Her thighs were quivering and her breath had gotten hard. "Unclasp your hands!" I ordered sharply. She opened them instantly. "Don't ever, ever, ever do that again!" I commanded. "Keep your hands loose. You have no right to tense yourself up when you're being used. Give in to it like it was the greatest thing in the world. You'll save yourself a lot of problems."

I released her pussy lips. Her body relaxed. It must have taken a supreme act of will. It was good, though. It was for her own benefit. She would probably be fucked thousands of times before Klitzman was through with her and thousands more after that depending on where she went, what happened to her. There was no sense fighting it. She could never win. Although it wouldn't save her from all abuse, the better she was at fucking the better off her life would be.

I leaned forward again and refound her entrance. My cock slid easily home and I resumed my pleasure.

I went on and on and on. I slowly increased my tempo until I was rutting at her like a bull in heat, and then slowly, slowly, slowly wound down. I gave her short, staccato thrusts and long deep ones. I ran my hands along her thighs and her rear globes again and again. She started moaning and her hips began a subtle rotation. Her hands were confined palm to palm and I watched as her fingers fluttered and she resisted the temptation to close them again. Her fingers intertwined and then flared out and contracted several times as if she was recording her growing, unwanted lust. When they had prepared her for her branding they had lacquered her nails in deep red and they flitted tantalizingly.

I felt my need growing. My thrust became longer and harder. I was waiting for her. It might be the only orgasm she had for months as most of her users would be unconcerned with her pleasure. She began to moan in earnest. I heard myself grunting. She released a squeal and her body tensed. Her hands joined into fists again as if she was trying to stave off disaster and then released almost immediately as she recalled the lesson I had given her. I heard her release a loud, long groan and I felt her pussy contract and squeeze me hard. It was all I could take. I let myself go. My cock jerked and throbbed and I thrust and thrust and thrust madly. The girl was releasing deep, anguished sounding grunts. I groaned and groaned and thrust and thrust until, finally, my powerful orgasm began to wane.

Her hips were still rotating and I felt her pussy contract and release a few more times. I felt good that I had given her some pleasure after all she had been through, even though she probably despised herself for it. I continued to thrust back and forth slowly as long as I could until my cock softened and shrunk. I let it slip from her and patted her on the ass and said, "Good girl."

I slowly raised myself from the futon. I went to the sink. There were some paper cups in a holder there and I poured myself a couple of cups full of water. I looked at the girl. She had remained in place, her hooded head down on the futon, her hips raised, her knees spread. She was quietly sobbing. I thought of whether I should give her something to drink, but I decided against it. It was better that she remained hooded and sightless for a while so that her lessons could sink in. Somebody would come by eventually and take care of her.

I quickly dressed. I went over to the futon and told the girl to lie on her belly. I tried to remember her name. It was Cathy or Carol or Christie or something like that. It didn't matter. They would give her another one.

Leaning over, I joined her ankle bracelets together. There was a small chain hanging on the wall for just such purposes and I raised her legs and connected it to her ankle rings. I pushed her ankles down until they were inches away from her wrists and I attached the other end of the chain to her wrist confinements. She would be bound like this many, many times in her upcoming days. Just like she would be whipped many, many times, for pleasure or for punishment. Hundreds and hundreds of men would probably fuck her. But she would never forget what we had done together here today. That she would remember forever.

I went to the door and unlocked it. I took a look back at the girl. She was enticing all bound and hooded, her pale body covered with red marks. I promised myself I would see her again. I went through the door and shut it behind me.

\* \* \* \* \*

I spent the next couple of weeks just relaxing and enjoying the amenities of Diskare's resort. Estelle came by and said farewell towing a very tearful Stephanie behind her outfitted in her pretty, bright red, heart shaped chastity belt. She graciously allowed me one last session of oral delight from the unhappy young girl, probably the last cock she would know for many years. There was a well-stocked gym in the basement level and I took advantage of it. Since I had begun my escapades as a slaver my fitness had fallen off. Back at Klitzman's I had worked out every day, topping it off with a five mile run every morning. Diskare's compound was not so large so I used the treadmill. The mansion sat on the edge of a cliff and when you walked out of the basement level there were some wooden steps that led down to a very nice beach. I took some sun there and frolicked in the turquoise colored water.

I tried to keep the drinking down to the minimum, but that was a little difficult with so much time on my hands. There was always a card game or two going on in one of the many lounges and I did a little gambling, drawing on the nice accumulation I had accrued in Klitzman's accounts. I was not a card shark and I'm sure I had some tells that the better players picked up on, but I mostly evened out, maybe losing a few thousand here and there. I didn't really mind the losses since I thought of my account as play money that I would never get the chance to really get to use.

I saw Draco around a few times, mostly coming and going. He didn't have much to say and I wondered where he had stashed Natasha.

I usually dined with Diskare in the evenings accompanied by whichever gangsters or nay doers he had favored that night. I couldn't help think about the adage from the Godfather movie about keeping your enemies close as I wondered when I would get my comeuppance for my misdeeds. I tried to keep that out of my mind and just enjoy myself.

I went down to the cells and used the blond girl a few more times. Every time she saw me a look of worried horror crossed her face, but she was dutifully obedient and passionate nonetheless. Every time I saw her she had fresh marks on her as her training was continued. Someone had used the heavy cane on her and she had deep purple bruises on her ribs, rear and thighs. Despite the availability of numerous potential partners, you always seemed to pick out favorites and I had developed a liking for her. Her mouth was energetic and knowledgeable and she used her cunt well. I made her get on top of me a couple of times and do all the work. She dutifully encased me and fucked me slowly and skillfully, finishing me off with wild abandon when she sensed I was ready. She seemed to really enjoy it when I mouthed her pussy, writhing and screeching with pleasure through her gag when she came.

The girls down in the training cells were mostly being trained for sale and Diskare liked to show them off up in the lounge areas so that someone might take a liking to them and buy them. He had the blond girl brought up a few times and perform on a rug in the middle of the room with the brunette she had been captured with. The first time the girls silently and tearfully greeted each other and then went to work. They must have been coupled a few times downstairs as part of their training since they both knew just what to do and proceeded without undue reticence, kissing and fondling each other, rubbing their pussies together and mouthing each other to stunning orgasms. Afterwards they were passed around, servicing the small ensemble that had gathered to witness the show. I always passed, preferring not to do my fucking in front of a crowd. I did enjoy a blowjob now and then in one or other of the lounges when other guests were present, but no one seemed to pay it any special attention.

I tried out the other girls who we had brought to Diskare's resort, the brunette, the kindergarten teacher and even the unruly black girl. The brunette, who had had a couple of extra pounds on her, had been slimmed down a bit. Her blowjobs were a little noisy and sloppy, but she responded passionately when I used her rear entrance. Some girls were like that. In their before lives they had probably never even thought of trying it, but quickly learned that it would be part of their repertoire from here on in. Her derriere was plump and cushy and receiving a cock there seemed to

make something click in her and turn on her juices. Her bum was so enticing that I have to confess I flogged her there each time before I penetrated her, not too harshly, but just enough to get it pleasantly red tinged. I don't know if it was the whipping or the fucking that turned her on, but like I said, some girls were like that.

I only fucked the tall, Dianna-like black girl once. I waited about a week so that she would be properly tamed first. Her black skin was wonderful and smooth and exotic. She responded well to my cock and fucked me back energetically. She didn't cry or seemed dejected like most of the other girls, but rather carried a simmering demeanor of resentment. When I stood over her and had her service me on her knees, her angry eyes kept flitting up at me like she was considering crunching her jaws closed and separating me from my cock. It felt a little dangerous to slide my cock between her lips which added more than a little thrill to it.

The gangster whom she had insulted and who turned us on to her showed up and he abused her unmercifully, giving her a doleful beating up in Diskare's entertainment room one night after dinner. A bunch of us sat around and watched as the guy really went to town in an effort, I guess, to regain his so called honor after she had insulted him. He fucked her after he was done and made her blow him and then passed her around the small crowd. I passed, like I said, but when I took one of the coffee colored Brazilian girls up to my room that night I gave her a fucking that I was sure it would take her a long time to forget.

Fucking the former kindergarten teacher we had kidnapped was something special. She was passionate and obedient and performed with a graceful sadness that made the experience almost dreamlike. She was usually tucked into the tiny cage in her cell when I came in. I couldn't bring myself to run roughshod on her and only whipped her once, a few strokes with the dog whip across her pale, ample, bouncy breasts and full, but graceful thighs. She took it well, her eyes filling up with delectable tears but hardly uttering a sound. Whipping her seemed superfluous as she was seemingly already adjusted to her slavery as if it was something she had expected all her life. She gave me slow, mesmerizing blowjobs, humming in a soulful way the entire time. She took my cock down her throat with a delightful resignation with nary a cough or gurgle like she was accepting it as her due. Her elegant dolefulness seemed to make her somewhat popular as more than once one or two of Diskare's deep black, muscular guards were standing outside of her door when I was finished with her as if they had been awaiting their turn. She was bought by a Bolivian tin miner who brought her upstairs before they left to show her

off and had her fucked for over an hour by three of Diskare's guards in the entertainment room. Afterwards, he beat her brutally, which I considered especially cruel and unnecessary.

The Brazilian girls seemed ubiquitous, fluttering around, cleaning, vacuuming and dusting and acting as serving wenches and getting used and abused by the guests. I tried out a number of them, but the one I had fucked on my first day, Selena, remained my favorite, and I took her as my nighttime companion often, if she was available. I liked to think that the little light that seemed to go on in her eyes when I selected her meant that she had developed a preference for me too, as I always gave her several virulent orgasms.

Carla was a constant presence as she supervised all the slave girls and the white jacketed stewards and made sure that everything was running properly. More than once I witnessed her preemptively order one of the Brazilian girls to her knees, forehead on the floor and to drag her white, wool, crochet dress up to her waist. She would proceed to give the tearful girl six or seven blows with the leather quirt that she carried on her belt. She usually had a favorite, delicate, young thing, which she towed around on a leash. Currently it was the girl Tara whom I had met when I first arrived. The girl always seemed to have some kind of marks on her. She would kneel at Carla's side as she sat with us in one of the comfortable easy chairs in the lounges and stuff her into one of the cages in the dining room when we had dinner. She often had the girl perform a solo act for our amusement, stroking her own quim leisurely at first, and then excitedly until she came, using her other hand to toy with her breasts. Carla never used her in our presence but often had her perform with one of the Brazilian girls or with one of the trainees from downstairs. Once, she had one of the beefy guards fuck her for our amusement, using her every which way, but she never made her available to us.

There were other girls down in the training cells brought there by other crews or occasionally dropped off by boyfriends looking to make a few extra bucks or make their bones with Diskare, or girls left there by gangster types who had grown tired of them and were worried that the girl knew too much about their activities to just cut loose. Diskare would have those girls kept around for a while so that the gangster type could have the kind of fun with her that he might have been too reticent to have back in the world, or watch her being played with by a crew of Diskare's black, native guards before giving her the final kiss off.

I used these girls too. You might think of me as oversexed, but I was used to it from back on Klitzman's Isle. I would usually knock one off with

the girl I had kept overnight first thing before breakfast and then go down to the cells mid-morning for a more substantial bout and maybe some fun with a whip, depending on the girl. I usually worked out after lunch and then took a swim and then visited the cells again in the afternoon. After dinner I would watch whatever entertainment Diskare or Carla or one of the other guests had arranged and either get a blowjob from one of the Brazilian girls, or whoever was floating around, or go back down to the cells again. Sometimes Diskare invited me down to watch some new girls get branded and I would pick one out to begin her training. It was an especial treat to be the girl's first master and break her in and they varied from screeching, sobbing types who needed extra attention with the whip to docile girls who had already succumbed to their fate, and everything in between. I would play cards late and then pick one of the Brazilian girls for my night mate or one of the girls from downstairs that the guards had brought up who had reached the later stages of her training.

One of the girls downstairs who I felt especially sorry for was a petite, young little redhead. She stood no more than 5' tall, maybe a little less and was, not plump, but well-rounded, with firm, heavy breasts that stood up high. She seemed too young to have qualified for Klitzman's brand, but Diskare assured me, after I watched her being adorned with Klitzman's mark, that she was 19. I broke her in that night but she kept sobbing and sobbing and sobbing. I finally gave up with the whip and held her in my arms and let her cry her head off. I fucked her slowly and gently afterwards, which she seemed almost grateful for. She seemed to be rather new around a cock, although she was not a virgin and I gave her a little cocksucking lesson that probably saved her a lot of problems later. She was only around for about a week.

She was bought by a kindly seeming French Canadian couple who had an exclusive lock down resort about 300 miles north of Montreal, way off in the woods that you could only access by plane. Diskare had her displayed to them one afternoon in one of the lounges while I was there. The woman had short black hair and had a stern but elegant visage. She looked to be about 45 or so and was adorned with expensive jewelry. She wore a mid-thigh length black dress that advertised svelte, desirable legs, with spaghetti straps that held in small, rounded breasts, and low heeled black sandals. She had the small redheaded girl sit on her left thigh while she played with her and manipulated her to orgasm. Her tenderness in handling the girl belied her stern exterior and she kept whispering cute little French phrases to her as she kissed and suckled at her breasts and played with her conch.

After the red headed girl released a wondrous, hearty orgasm, the man, a short haired lumberjack sized guy with a brutal face to match mine, had her suck him off on her knees with her arms joined behind her back. Watching, I was kind of proud of the girl's progress and that I had set her off in the right way. After the guy came, grunting with his hand buried deep in her long, red hair, he gave her a nice pat on the cheek and stroked her hair several times, giving her a smile inconsistent with his rough exterior and kissed her on the lips before reinstalling her gag. They agreed to Diskare's price at once and the frightened, tear filled girl was bundled off by the troll-like black guard who had brought her up from downstairs to be prepared for shipment in the morning. The couple invited me to spend some time with them way up north when I ever got the chance, extolling the beautiful scenery, the pristine lake that their facility sat on, and the quality of their well-trained, obedient, beauteous girls.

Afterwards, they picked out Selena who was on duty there that afternoon and took her up to their bedroom for the night, much to my chagrin.



## CHAPTER FIVE

### MARA GETS A BIG BIGGIE LEARNIN

I looked up at Mistress Carla, hoping beyond hope that I had satisfied her well. It appeared that I had since she smiled at me while she pushed down her skirt, covering up her mushy pussy. She leaned over and patted me on the head, saying, "What a good little girlie."

Sista Chantalisa took a wipe from a small dispenser on Mistress Carla's desk and carefully cleaned my face, patting around my lips so as not to disturb my lipstick. I knelt there, erect, my hands behind me, my head lifted, my breasts displayed, anxious for whatever was going to happen next.

"Take Zuzu out to the red room so she can get to work," Mistress Carla said to Sista, swinging herself back towards her desk in her black leather chair. I was startled to hear normal English spoken in my presence. It actually took me a moment to digest it as I was expecting the sing song, childish patter I had become trained in. But then it made sense. You don't talk to your dog the same way you talk to human beings. And I was no longer a human being. I wasn't quite a dog, but I was somewhere in between. People didn't fuck their dogs, at least most people, but I was now a fuck toy, so I must retain some almost human qualities. I was like a member of some dimwitted, inferior race who was being kept around for entertainment purposes. I'd bet that in prehistoric times Homo Sapiens kept captured Neanderthal women as drudges and sex slaves in much the same way.

Sista Chantalisa gave my leash a tug and told me, "Make de doggie." I fell to all fours and faced her, my body alert and rigid like some pointer dog. "Come on now," she said. "De dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein getting the biggie goodie fer sure."

She took me out into the hallway and we turned to the right. We passed doors on both sides and a coffee colored, barefoot young girl in a white crochet dress who was busy dusting the furniture. She turned to Sista Chantalisa as we passed and gave her a deep curtsy, her head bowed. I was ashamed that the girl would see me this way, naked and on all fours, shaking my ass and my breasts as I went along.

We reached a door and Sista Chantalisa pushed it open, leading me in. As Mistress Carla had described it, the large room was themed in red. The walls were painted a muted, almost purplish red. The soft rug was light

red, close to pink. There were six or seven rose colored, leather easy chairs amongst the room along with two matching couches. There were elegant reddish orange, floor length chintz curtains on either side of a long bank of French doors that led to a veranda outside. You could see that it was a sunny day. The sky was aqua blue and a few bulbous, cottony clouds were drifting along. The strong sunlight accentuated all of the colors.

Two well-dressed men were sitting in easy chairs. One was blond with shoulder length hair, fair skin and crystal blue eyes. The other was darker complected, Hispanic, I presumed, with short, jet black hair and several days of growth on his face. The dark skinned man was reading a thick book and smoking a cigarette. The blond man was staring out at the lovely view and had slim, stylish headphones on that led to a CD player sitting on a glass coffee table next to him. They both had drinks and seemed relaxed. Several rose colored ottomans were strewn about the room with ominous rings in their sides.

A demure, coffee colored girl with long, thick black hair was standing off to one side. Her hands were behind her back and she was wearing a white, wool crochet dress like the girl in the hall. The crochets were wide enough to see her smooth skin underneath and long, thick nipples were emerging through the gaps. She looked at us quickly as we entered and then quickly reoriented her eyes downwards as if having been told to mind her own business. She wore the same leather collar and bracelets as I did. A small, slender dark skinned man wearing a white jacket was standing on the left behind a small serving bar with a mirror and a cavalcade of bottles and glasses on glass shelves behind him.

What disconcerted me most were the two naked young women kneeling on small black padded platforms near the bar. They were accoutered like me and were kneeling up rigidly, their knees spread and their hands behind their backs. One was a voluptuous girl with curly blond hair. She had pleasant features with broad, pouty lips. The other was Asian and more diminutive with small pointy breasts and a delicate frame. Her black hair was long and streamed down her back. They both had little girl, hairless pudenda and their faces were adorned with carefully applied makeup highlighting their nervous eyes and reddening their lips. The blond girl had faded red lines across her heavy, rounded breasts. Both girls' eyes darted at me briefly and then returned to their frontwards stare.

Sista Chantalisa led me into the room. The Hispanic man took notice of me right away, his eyes boring into me. The blond haired man did not react to my presence until Sista Chantalisa drew me before him. The men's chairs sat close to each other, about 10' apart and were diagonal to each

other. Sista Chantalisa gave my leash a yank and she said, “Uppa, uppa,” in her sweet, singsong voice. I immediately arose into presentation position before the men. The blond man saw me, took off his headphones and punched a button on the CD player.

“Good morning, gentlemen,” Sista Chantalisa greeted the men. “May I present our newest addition to our amenities. She is called Zuzu and she is anxious to serve your pleasures.”

“Say de greety greety to de mastas,” she instructed me, “and give dem de bowy bowy.”

Bowy bowy was a new word to me, but I deciphered the meaning easily. “Greety, greety, mastas,” I said uneasily in a barely perceptible voice. I lowered my head respectfully, bending at the waist and letting my bare breasts swing free from my body. I held myself there for as long as I thought decorum demanded and then brought myself up again, thrusting my breasts out for the men’s visual pleasure.

“She am bein a dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie, ain’t she?” she said for my benefit.

She was standing off to my right side and I glanced up at her to make sure that it had been a question intended for me. Seeing her expectant eyes, I responded. “Yes, Sista,” I replied tremulously. “She am bein a dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie.” A well of sorrow rose up in me as I degraded myself before the two handsome, fit men.

“Don am bein gibbin me de talkie, talkie, gib de mastas de talkie talkie what she am bein,” she said to me sharply.

I turned to the men, who were drinking me in with their hungry eyes. “She am bein a dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie, mastas,” I informed them sadly. The men laughed.

“And what am being the firstest biggie wanna dat de mamas am bein habbin gibbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie?” She asked me. “Gib de talkie talkie to de mastas.”

I looked at the men, tears brimming in my eyes. “De firstest biggie wanna dat de mamas am bein habbin gibbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein dat she be de bestest whore in de whole world, mastas,” I was barely able to eke out.

Sista Chantalisa gave my leash a harsh yank. “She no am bein gibbin de mastas de softie softie talkie talkie!” she remonstrated. “Ain’t de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein habbin de goodie goodie bout dat dere biggie wanna?” she demanded.

I knew I was teetering on the borderline of getting a biggie baddie. I recalled the recent blows she had given me. And I knew that if I was

deficient that Mama Ojugo would certainly give me another biggie baddie at the end of the day.

A cold shiver went through my body. It was clearly Sista Chantalisa's intent to force me into self-degradation in front of the mastas. Both for my benefit and theirs. She was showing me off as a well-trained slave and reinforcing my learnin bout de biggie wannas. I was to throw myself unreservedly into my new role.

"Yes, Sista," I replied ashamedly. "De dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein habbin de goodie goodie bout dat dere biggie wanna," I told her with much more affirmation than I felt. I could not help being conscious of the two women kneeling behind me and I was somehow more ashamed of what they thought of me than the men. "See how easily I fit into my new life," I seemed to be saying to them. I'm a dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie with no self-respect. I grovel at the feet of the mastas on command. I'm a whore and a slave and all de befoe nows have been taken away from me. I had let them slip away, proving that being a dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie was my natural state.

"So gib de mastas de biggie talkie talkie bout dat dere biggie wanna she am bein habbin!" she instructed me curtly.

I looked back at the men. "She am bein habbin de biggie wanna dat she am bein de bestest whore in de whole world, mastas," I barked at them as convincingly as I could. The men laughed again.

"She am bein a pretty little girlie," the Hispanic man said for my benefit. "Bring me dem titties dat am bein belongin to de mastas," he ordered churlishly.

My face cringed for an instant, but I shuffled myself over between the man's spread knees and presented my breasts to him. He reached down and grabbed them, giving their heaviness firm squeezes. "She am bein habbin pretty little titties," he said as he mauled them. They were not little titties at all, but I knew that his description of them was just another way to belittle me. Pretty little girlies am bein habbin pretty little titties. It was part of the never ending effort to infantilize me. And it was working. I felt like a defenseless little girlie with a little girlie's naked mons and a little girlie's patter.

He weighed my breasts in his hands, mauled and kneaded them. He took hold of my nipples and shook them, making them undulate. "Who am dese dere titties am bein belongin to?" he asked me wryly.

Shame rushed through me. "Dese dere titties am bein belongin to de mastas, masta," I replied immediately.

“Dat’s right,” the man affirmed. “And what am dese dere titties am bein fer?”

I remembered this formulation. Mama Ojugo and the other mamas had asked me that question repeatedly.

“Dese dere titties am bein fer de playin fer de mastas, masta,” I answered unhappily.

“Dats’s right,” the man told me. He looked up at Sista Chantalisa who was lurking over me, measuring my obedience and my readiness for my new role. “She am bein a good little girlie,” he told her, more for my benefit than for hers.

“I’m sure that she’ll give you the biggie goodie with all the proper devotion,” she told him.

The blond man hadn’t said anything up until now. “Bring me dem dere titties, Zuzu,” he interjected. I was nervous. The Hispanic man still had hold of my breasts. His hands were hot and strong and I feared pulling away from him. He released them and nodded as if giving me permission to obey. I turned and shuffled over somewhat clumsily to the other man. I made sure that my breasts swayed and jerked as I moved as I had been taught.

I arrived between his knees and he took his turn at mauling my breasts. All this handling had engendered a churning in my belly and the initiation of a warmth in my sex. It was clear that I would be soon giving the biggie goodie to one or both of these men and the mamas’ training and all the juju I had been given was producing the expected and demanded reaction in me. Not just the handling of my breasts, but the shame and humiliation I was experiencing. I had been taught to relish my debasement. It was connected irremediably to my psyche and produced a yearning for abuse. I had been given de biggie wanna about wanting de biggie goodie all de nows. That gnawing need was emerging in me.

He fondled and manhandled my breasts. I felt Sista Chantalisa’s eyes boring into my back. She had never seen me this way, although she clearly had full knowledge of my utilities. But our relationship, if you want to call it that, had had its sweet moments and had been private, almost a secret between her and me. I felt a sort of betrayal of that as she proffered me to the men. The unfairness and injustice of what had been done to me arose in my brain, making a sort of sickness flow through my body.

The blond haired man spoke to me. His voice was softer and higher in tenor than the other man’s whose voice had bordered on gruff. But there was still the steely insistence the other man had. The steely insistence that all the voices directed at me possessed.

“Do de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein gettin de goodie goodie bout dat dere touchie touchie of dem dere titties?” he inquired demandingly.

There was only one proper response. “Yes, de dirty, nasty little girlie am bein getting de goodie goodie bout de touchie touchie of dem dere titties, masta,” I replied as obsequiously as I could.

“Dem de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie should am bein showing de mastas bout dem goodie goodies. She should am bein gibbin de mastas de smiley smiley bout de touchie touchie dem dere titties. Ain’t that so?”

My face had been no doubt displaying my misery and shame at my handling. I understood immediately what a biggie baddie this was. If I had the biggie wanna about being the best whore in the world, and the biggie wanna about getting used as a whore every chance that I could, having the men give me the opportunity to bring those biggie wannas into fruition should give untrammelled joy. A kind of double whammy. Otherwise I wasn’t getting the biggie learning about the biggie wannas and that was not good at all.

“Yes, masta, dat’s so,” I answered tremulously.

He gave my breasts a heavy shake. “What’s so?” he demanded.

“It am bein so dat de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie should am bein gibbin de mastas de smiley smiley bout de touchie touchie dem dere titties, masta,” I replied.

He looked at me expectantly. For an instant a terrible biggie baddie swept through my mind. I immediately forced my face into as an authentic simulacrum of a smile as I could. My flesh had grown cold and a sourness swept through me.

“Dat’s de good little girlie,” he told me, smiling back. He released my breasts. “Show de mastas dat dere pussy dat am being belongin to dem,” he instructed me.

I immediately twirled and fell to my elbows, my forehead on the soft rug. I spread my knees and arched my back, displaying myself. I could see his pleased, depraved glance at my vulnerable sex as if my cunt had eyes of its own. He reached down and I felt his hand slide across my mons possessively. I shuddered at the touch. His hand had a suffusing warmth that spread from my crux into my belly and down my thighs. He slid two thick fingers along my gash bringing me an unwanted tingling.

I had obediently watered for him, as befit my training. Mama Ojugo had told me that the juju that was administered to my pussy twice a day would make my sex shiver as the least breeze wafted over it and it had become true. I felt a weakness flow through me, a weakness prefatory to

surrender. My mind instinctively emitted the biggie wanna about the biggie goodie. I felt my body soften and my pussy burn as he stroked it again and again. He toyed with my already stiffened nubbin and then easily slid his two fingers into me, sliding back and forth, back and forth until I moaned.

Both men laughed again. "Dat's de good little girlie," the blond man told me as he continued to thrust in and out. I was chagrined at my sluttiness and conscious of all the contemptuous female eyes upon me. I had my own eyes closed and my shame was tempered by the tendrils of pleasure that were wandering through me.

The hand withdrew and gave me a solid pat on the rear. "Good little girlie," the man repeated. "Now turn round and make de maut ready," he commanded.

A gulf widened in my belly. The moment had come for me to prove my ultimate whorishness. I did not dare hesitate and so I swung myself around again back into presentation position and my mouth made the little proffering circle that was required. The man lowered his zipper and fished out a long, rubbery cock. I trembled at its sight.

"Come here and gib de masta de suckie suckie," he said softly. I edged myself closer to him, Sista Chantalisa's chain pulling slightly on my neck. I leaned over, my wrists crossed behind my back. I placed my lips on his reddish crank and then subsumed him into my mouth.

I had had dozens of men's cocks in my mouth since I had been enslaved and turned into a whore, but the offensiveness of having my mouth filled once more by an unwanted prick overwhelmed me. I felt all eyes in the room burning into me. It reminded me of my first use as a whore at the time that I had been branded with the ominous, cursive lower cased 'k', the precise meaning of which still escaped me. The mamas had made me stare at the reddish mark often and I was almost always conscious of it. I realized that with my head down and being bent at the waist I was displaying it seemingly proudly to the room. Its demarcation of me as a slave and a whore had never seemed so decisive as at this moment.

The blond man's cock stiffened quickly. It filled my mouth like some evil serpent that had possessed me. As I moved my head up and down on the man's lap, my lips circled firmly around it, I felt its hot, soft firmness brush along the roof of my mouth, drag along my active tongue and push against my throat as if yearning to penetrate it. On and on I went, stroking, kissing, slurping. There was no sound in the room but the sounds of my oral efforts and the occasional sigh or slight moan of the man who I was servicing.

I was certain that the other two women had been in this position many times, but yet there was something intently distressing about them watching me. Each time I had been brought to that room where the men had heretofore used me, one of the mamas had always stayed and watched over me to ensure my obedience and responsiveness. But that had been something different, their female eyes approving and, in an odd way, supportive. I knew I would garner a caress or two from them after the men were finished with me, a verbal reinforcement of my status as a 'good little girlie.' But the eyes of the two women who watched me from the platforms were different. Were they contemptuous and disdainful of my obsequiousness? Did they achieve some satisfaction at seeing another woman degraded as they had been, her readiness to comply assuaging somewhat their own shame at their surrender? Or were they merely thinking, "Better her than me," happy that the attentions of the men had been diverted from them? And just perhaps, although I gave this thought the least credence, were they sympathetic towards me, recalling their own humiliation and shame at allowing themselves to be molded into compliant whores and slaves?

I tried to keep one part of my mind diverted from my task, straining to retrieve some hope that I would someday be liberated from my enslavement, while the other part focused on my grotesque efforts, licking, sucking, slurping, giving the cock the warm, wet tunnel it craved, maintaining the pleasure engendering soft friction that its owner demanded. I thought of Nicky. My love for him had doomed me. I had been willing to give him everything and he had taken it. Everything. Every cock I sucked, every hand that caressed my pudenda, every set of lips that suckled at my breasts had been brought there by Nicky. I had tried to believe in the beginning that somehow he hadn't realized the torments he had delivered me to, but I disabused myself of that notion quickly. He had to know what would be the consequences of handing me over to those men that night and what was in store for me.

It was a dastardly deed. There could be no gainsaying that. But had he done it, as he said at the time, because he desired me so intently that he wanted to ensure my complete surrender to him, or was it more of a commercial transaction, selling me into slavery for a handful of dollars? Would he ever come and reclaim me? There was no one I could ask, or, rather, I could ask only to receive no answer other than the dreadful beating I would have earned for violating the biggie wanna about forgetting the before nows, for speaking without permission and for



exhibiting a curiosity about the future incompatible with being a dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie.

As the cock, hot and stiff, conscienceless, remorseless, insistent, filling my oral cavity, continued to abrade my lips, scour my insides, I felt my eyes water with tears. Crying was a biggie baddie, except when being whipped, especially when a masta had possession of me and was using his mouth or his cunt or his ass which I carried around and tended for him. But a river of woe was flowing within me. Before I had been used in a special space devoted to that purpose and the normal world had been excluded. Now I was back in the 'normal' world, the world of fine easy chairs, beatific ocean views, handsome, well dressed men. And despite being returned to this outwardly normal world, I was still a whore and a slave, maybe even more so. I was a body among bodies, orifices among orifices, naked, anonymous, owned flesh amidst other naked, anonymous, owned flesh. When the men were done with me I would presumably mount the empty black leather platform next to the ones occupied by my fellow slaves and await direction from a master to make my mouth ready, show him my cunt, spread my legs to receive him.

The man's moaning had become more insistent. His hands were resting lightly on my head. I increased my pace and the energy of my ministrations. I drew back my head and encircled his cock's helmet, suckling on it feverishly, running my tongue under the crown. The man's hands gripped my hair tightly and I felt his hips thrust towards me. I pushed my lips down his hot, thick pole until the head breached my throat, lodging it there for as long as I could, and then retreated, slowly, drawing in a deep lungful of desperately needed air at the top. And then again I descended, until my lips were pressed against his loins, my nose buried in his rough pubic hair, my forehead against his belly, my throat gurgling, and then back again.

I did it twice more, drawing air in deeply each time I retreated until finally he released a great groan and began pumping my head up and down on his cock. I kept my lips tight and my tongue active, giving a firm suckle as my head motored up and down. He moved my head faster and faster. His groans became louder and more urgent. My belly soured at the prospect of what I was about to receive and my newly formed slavish nature drew out a fever-like repulsion in me. "Whore! Slut! Slatern! Doxy!" my mind screamed. "Nicky! Nicky! Nick! Save me! Save me! Save me!" I called out inside.

And then the cock began pulsing and contorting in my mouth. His hot goo was jetted into my cavern. I moaned with unhappiness as I was forced

to swallow it, letting his poison descend my esophagus and slide down into my belly. My innards had already been corrupted by dozens of men, their offensive, depraved cells mingling with mine forever. Here was more, and there would be countless to come. Perhaps the Hispanic man next, or the next man who walked in the room. "Here's the new slut," the blond man would tell him. "She gives a hell of a blowjob."

I was sobbing softly as the man's crank wound down. I fought the sobs back as I maintained my mouth's grip, feeling the last, lazy post climax pulses of his organ. He held my head still for a moment, no doubt relishing the ebbing tendrils of his bliss. Then he pulled my head up and away from his crotch. I remembered his instructions and gave him the best smile I could manage. "Thank you for coming in my mouth," I tried to make it say. "It was delicious!" I'm not sure that I fully pulled it off, but the fact that I did not receive a reproach indicated that it at least met the bare minimum. Maybe I would get better at it as time went by, as the noxiousness of the experience grew less intense.

He patted me on the side of my smiling face. "Good little girly," he told me. He glanced up at Sista Chantalisa, signaling that he was done with me. Sista Chantalisa dragged me back in front of the Hispanic man who waved me off. "Later perhaps," he said absent mindedly as he took up his book again. Sista Chantalisa brought me over to where the other women knelt. She brought me in front of them and gave my leash a yank. I didn't need to be told and raised myself into the required position. Sista Chantalisa nodded her head at the Asian girl. "Dis whore am bein called Didi," she told me. Her name matched the disk hanging from her collar. And then to Didi she said, "Gib Zuzu de greety greety." The Asian girl bent at the waist, her long, black hair framing her face, and her little voice squeaked out, "Greety, greety, Zuzu."

"Gib Didi de greety greety" she told me. I bowed back and said sadly, "Greety, greety, Didi."

She brought me over to the big chested blond girl. "Dis whore am bein called Lulu," she told me. Her name too was displayed on her collar. To the girl she said, "Gib Zuzu de greety greety."

The blond girl bowed, her breasts swaying. "Greety, greety, Zuzu," she told me. Sista Chantalisa made me reciprocate and I bowed and said, "Greety, Greety, Lulu."

She brought me in front of the empty stand, jerked my leash and said, "Uppy, uppy."

I climbed aboard with alacrity and formed a pose like that of my sister slaves. Sista Chantalisa rubbed her hand along my hair and said, "Good

girlie,” and smiled sweetly. She unhooked my leash from the back of my collar. “When de mastas am bein gibbin she de dunny dunny, and no udder masta dat now am bein wantin de biggie goodie, she am bein getting up on de stoolie, unnerstan?”

“Yes, Sista, she unnerstan,” I replied.

“What do de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie unnerstan?”

“De dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie unnerstan that when de masta am being gibbin she de dunny dunny, iffin no udder mastas dat now am being wantin de biggie goodie she am bein getting up on de stoolie, Sista,” I replied.

She beamed back at me. “Good little girlie,” she said. She gave my right nipple a little tweak. “Mebbie in de soon after now Zuzu am bein gibbin Sista Chantalisa de biggie goodie,” she said. And then she turned and strode out of the room, her pretty skirt swishing softly.

I knelt there, afraid to move a muscle, for a long time. I tried to keep my eyes pinned to the large painting on the wall in front of me, the huge, thunderous, crashing wave under a stormy sky, but I couldn’t help them flitting around the room from time to time. I noticed a little stand in the corner by the door from which hung a variety of whips. I darted my eyes out to the beautiful blue sky on the other side of the French doors. The veranda outside had a waist high, white painted railing and I couldn’t help wondering whether I could escape by jumping up, running across the room, through the French doors and leaping over it. But I didn’t know what was on the other side. It might be a steep cliff and I would tumble to my death, crashing into the rocks below. I found out later that this was true and that a leap over the railing would lead to, if not certain death, at least terrible, disabling injuries which would render me useless and thus suitable for shark food.

Then I realized that whatever was on the other side of the railing, even if it was soft sand or grass, the building was virtually surrounded by some kind of security fence and probably guards. I would be caught easily and given the biggest biggie baddie I had ever experienced and maybe some other horrible punishment that would be even worse than a whipping. And then there was Nicky. I couldn’t get out of my mind that he would come and save me, reclaim me and return me to New York as his devoted, eternal servant. I would show him what a good whore I had become and he would be happy and he would take me away.

I had to cling to something, didn’t I? I knelt there silent and as still as I could be, terrified lest I move a muscle and garner opprobrium which could lead to the use of the whips I saw in the corner. Nearby the whips

was a chain dangling from the ceiling over a circle of polished wood. There was no doubt what that was for.

The Hispanic guy kept reading his book, pausing once in a while to take a drink from his glass and lighting another cigarette. The blond haired man had put the headphones back on and he alternated between closing his eyes as if he were enjoying a great symphony, and opening them and staring out at the beautiful sky. Neither of them gave any one of the three of us any notice.

The blond haired man picked up his empty glass and signaled to the brown skinned, black hair girl. She scurried over and took it from his hand. She darted over to the little bar, which was off to my right, and I heard the tinkle of fresh ice being placed in the glass, something poured into it and then a light fizz. I didn't dare turn my head to watch.

The girl dated back out and brought the glass to the blond man. The drink was clear and had what looked like a wedge of lime floating in it so I assumed it was a gin and tonic. I wondered for a moment if the men would let me and the other girls get down for fifteen minutes or so so we could enjoy a libation. I promised mentally that when we were done we would get back up on our stools as obedient as ever. Extra special promised, cross my heart and hope to die.

When the girl handed the blond man the drink, he looked at her intently. She stood next to him while he took a long sip from his drink and then put it down on the small table next to him. He then motioned the girl over, saying something softly that I didn't catch. The girl lifted her dress to her waist stepped in front of him and then draped her torso over the arm of his chair, on the left. He held her neck down with one hand while his other explored her naked, brown buttocks, glided down her outstretched thighs and then settled in between them.

The girl's elbows were on the arm of the chair and her head was lowered between her outstretched hands. Her plenteous breasts hung down past the arm of the chair still encased in her white crochet dress. Her dark hair fell about her face. The man leaned back, the concert going on in his ears, while he stroked the girl's slit. The girl's body seemed stiffened at first, but became more and more relaxed as it went on and she eventually released a long, low moan and her hips seemed to shift. Her breasts shuddered as they recorded her growing passion. Every once in a while the man would withdraw his hand and take a drink of his gin and tonic. Then he would run his hand over her rear and thighs again and then go kind of absent minded about his work, his eyes closed, his head back and relaxed.

The girl's moans were getting louder and longer. The Hispanic man raised his head from his book and looked at her. He stared at her for a minute or so and then reached down for his glass. He drained it of its contents, put his book down on the side table and got up and stepped over to the bar. I heard the same sound of ice cubes tinkling and something being poured. He came back in front of me with a light brownish liquid in his glass which I assumed was whiskey and soda.

He stopped in front of me and turned in my direction. The height of the stand brought my head more or less right below his chin. He used his free hand to squeeze and caress my breasts again, looking at me closely as if for the first time. His hand descended down across my belly and settled on my gash. He began rubbing and stroking it. At first I resisted the warm feeling that started to grow right away, but after a little while I found myself giving in to it. I was trying not to look the man in the face, but kind of staring into his chest. He started twiddling my little nubbin. A wave of pleasure went through me and I released a long sigh and my thighs grew weak, causing me to dip slightly. The man chuckled, withdrew his hand as if my sigh was what he had been looking for, and patted me on the cheek. "Good girl," he said gruffly. He went back to his chair, took a long sip of his drink and sat back down and started reading again.

The brown skinned girl was moaning deeply now. The blond haired man's hand just kept working and working. She cringed as if she were about to propel herself off of the chair and then started to emit loud, rhythmic grunts. She raised her head and I saw a fierce grimace on her face as if the pleasure she was receiving was intolerable. Her eyes were jammed shut as if blocking out everything around her.

The girl's grunts and moans wound down. The blond haired man took little notice, his right hand still at work, while he drifted his left hand down from the back of her neck all along her back and over her naked buttocks. The girl opened her eyes and a frown encompassed her face. The blond man's left hand took hold of the back of her neck again, forcing her head down. He leaned back and closed his eyes.

The girl was whining and crying now as the blond man brought her up the mountain once more. He paid it no mind, probably didn't even hear it, but the Hispanic man looked up from his book and told her, "Shut the fuck up!"

With great effort the girl silenced herself, but you could still see her body trembling. She continued to emit a soft whine. After a while, her whines increased and she started wriggling on the chair. The blond man held her head down tighter and his left hand went into overdrive. The girl

gasped and moaned and cried out in some language I didn't understand and then began a series of deep grunts, her whole body shaking. All during her ordeal she could have ended her torment by the simple act of closing her thighs. But undoubtedly this would be a huge sin and so she didn't.

When her grunts subsided into small moans, the blond haired man had mercy on her, slapped her forcefully on her rear and gave her a command. She struggled to her feet and stood next to him, her skirt still bunched around her waist, her chest heaving from her exertions. He gave her a soft command. She reached down to the bodice of her dress and pulled at it so that her large, firm breasts popped out one by one. The man spoke to her again and she scurried off to where she had been standing against the wall. This time her naked breasts and her loins were exposed, clearly an invitation to whoever came into the room next. Her breasts had wide, dark areolas and her pussy lips bore an inch wide strip of black hair on either side. A golden disk had been affixed to her love lips. She looked shamefully over at us, almost resentfully, as if we had shirked our duties and she had had to perform them herself. Then she tilted her head down and she stared at the floor.

The blond haired man finished off his drink, took off the headphones and rose from his chair. He stretched and then announced to the Hispanic man that he was going for a swim. He strolled lazily from the room. The brown skinned girl looked up as he exited and surreptitiously gave him a hostile glance.

A few minutes later, the door opened and two men walked in. They were both wearing light tan slacks and leather sandals. One was much bigger than the other, with a big, broad chest. His hair was very short and greyish. He was wearing a bright green, short sleeved polo shirt that only partially disguised the dark blue tattoos which descended his muscular arms.

The other man, slimmer, almost slight, wore a light blue matching shirt. His hair was brown and he wore it in a mid-length businessman's cut. While the big man's features looked rough and hard, his were somewhat delicate. It wasn't a delicateness which suggested tenderness or weakness, but rather a precision and intensity of purpose, as if crossing him was the last thing you would ever do.

They greeted the Hispanic man and went directly to the bar. The big man emerged with a green Heineken bottle and the little man with what looked like a cola with lemon. As they walked by the big man stopped at me and took me in. The small man stopped at his side. The big man reached out with his right hand, the beer in his left, and squeezed my left

breast, starting softly and then getting harder and harder until my body cringed and I moaned. He released my breast and chuckled.

“Are you new here, Zuzu?” he asked, discerning my name from my tag.

“Y-yes, masta,” I responded fearfully. Clearly he didn’t have down the patter that was supposed to be used with me. Either that or he disdained it.

“Are you a good fuck, Zuzu?” he demanded. His voice wasn’t gruff, but it was hard.

“Y-yes, masta,” I replied cautiously.

“Yes, what?” he prodded me.

“Y-yes, masta she am bein a good fuck,” I formulated.

He smiled. “Well, we’ll see,” he stated flatly.

He and his partner strolled over to two easy chairs near the French doors. They sat down and started to talk somewhat lazily. After about ten minutes, the Hispanic man put his book down. He looked at the three of us and then called out Lulu’s name. She immediately descended from her pedestal and crawled over to him on all fours, her breasts swaying and her hips grinding as I had been taught. He had her stand up over him, her hands resting on the back of his chair, and present her breasts to him. He massaged and kneaded them for a short while and then took her nipples in his mouth and began to suckle. He took his time, laving his tongue over her areolas, nipping at her nipples and then covering them with his mouth, each in its turn, and then back again. He then pushed her away and ordered her to her knees. He instructed her to “make de maut ready,” and drew out his already hardened cock. “Gib masta de suckie suckie,” he ordered. Lulu gave him an unhappy look and then quickly bent her head to its task.

The thin man rose from his chair and downed his soda. He came over to where we knelt and looked us both over. Finally, he ordered Didi off of her perch and to follow him. He told her, “Uppy, uppy,” and she climbed up on a hammock onto all fours. He came around to her front and drew out his cock. He presented it to her mouth and ordered, “Suckie, suckie.”

I had never seen another woman suck a man’s cock, or any other kind of cock, except for on porno films we used to watch on occasion in college. It was much different in person, much, much more real. And to know that the acts were being performed by unwilling young women, enslaved whores, like me, made it all seem much more poignant. I tried not to look, although my attention seemed to be drawn inexorably to the two tableaux and I darted my eyes at them continuously, especially to poor Lulu who was practically right in front of me.

The big man watched his partner for a while and then got up from his chair. He opened one of the French doors and stepped out onto the deck. He approached the rail and stared out off into the distance, taking intermittent pulls at his beer. He lit a cigarette and the steady breeze wafted the smoke away. I knew that I would probably be servicing him soon and my body quailed at the thought.

The thin man had ordered Didi to, "Make de pussy wet," and she had snuck her thin arm between her thighs, balancing herself on one hand and began to stroke her hairless quim. The man was pumping himself into her mouth, one hand tightly in her hair holding her still. His beady eyes were closed to slits and there was a terribleness about his face as if he was intent on doing the girl harm. After a while, he pulled himself out of her mouth and circled to her rear. "Make de pussy ready," he commanded. Didi ceased stroking herself, bent her head down to the hassock and arched her back, spreading her knees. Her thighs were delicate and long. The thin man, his ramrod jutting out from his loins, took hold of her hips and raised them a little bit so that he could achieve the right angle. He took his cock in hand, slid it up and down her delicate, hairless crevasse several times and then slid himself in. He made a long hissing sound and then started his motions. The girl, her hands down on either side of her head, started emitting little squeaks.

I saw before me my future. It was my guess that the thin man would whip Didi after he was done with her; he seemed like the type. The Hispanic man grunted and groaned, bobbing Lulu's head up and down his lap. When he was done, he released her. She knelt up and waited to be waved away.

Just then the door opened again. Two more men walked in. They were of average build, dressed neatly like the two other men who had come in. They were in their mid-thirties, yuppie types. One of them went to the bar while the other stopped at the Hispanic man's chair. "Hey Jairo," he said. "Are you done with her?"

Jairo nodded his head. "Okay, Lulu, come with me," the yuppie type said. He strolled over to one of the couches and sat down, fishing out his dick. Lulu shuffled behind him, her breasts and hips going every which way. He gave her the order, "suckie, suckie," and she bent to her task.

The other man got a drink and then wandered over to me. My stomach grew queasy at the thought that he might choose me. But then I wondered, who was better, this normal looking guy or the brute who had told me he would see me in a little while? The man in front of me looked me over appreciatively. He took the fingers of his left hand and flicked my right



nipple fiercely, making me jump and squeal. He took the other one and gave my nipple a harsh twist, making me moan. He laughed. I understood quickly that during any time I spent with him I would be badly abused. Maybe the scary looking guy would be better.

His friend moaned and he looked over at him. He sauntered over there, abandoning me, pulled a hassock close to Lulu and sat down on it. He ran his hand over Lulu's proffered posterior several times and then snuck his hand between her thighs from behind and started stroking her.

He soon had her moaning as loudly as the man she was blowing. She must have faltered in her distress because the first man grabbed her hair, raised her head and gave her a vicious slap which made her shriek.

"She keeps her mind on her work," he spat at her angrily. He lowered her head back to her cock and she took it in tearfully. The other man laughed and took a long pull on his drink.

The thin man was still fucking Didi and the pair of them were making a lot of noise. The Hispanic man had put his book back in his lap, but he was watching them intently. I heard the French doors open and quickly glanced over. The big, mean looking man was coming back in. He gave his friend a passing glance as he walked by and then at the two men tormenting Lulu. He came past me and placed his empty beer bottle on the bar. Then he stepped back to me. Sista Chantalisa had hung my leash on the wall next to where I knelt alongside two others which I assumed were for Lulu and Didi. He took one down and affixed it to the back of my collar. He gave it a tug, signaling me to get down. He guided me over to the door. "Let's go find out if you're a liar," he warned me. My belly quailed. He opened the door and led me out.

## CHAPTER SIX

### HARRY TELLS AUDREY BYE BYE

I was sitting on my bed, propped up against the headboard with pillows behind my back. I was smoking one of the fine cigars that Diskare stocked for guests, leisurely blowing large clouds of smoke into the room. I had a nice tumbler of gin over ice on the bed stand to my left with a thin, curving slice of lemon peel floating in it. I had some music playing over the sound system in the room. Diskare had several channels piped into the bedrooms and I was listening to one of the mellower ones, Lena Horne, Tony Bennett, Nat King Cole, that sort of thing. I was just letting my mind drift, thinking about the old Atlantic City days and the girls I had known and used there.

I had had a fine lunch in the upper dining hall reserved for Diskare's special guests, like me. I had enjoyed a nice sea trout filet covered with sliced almonds and a very light white wine sauce. I sat alone, as I usually did, even though there were five or six other guests who I had met at various times. Our orders were taken by one of the white coated stewards and delivered from the kitchen by one of the coffee colored Brazilian girls.

Kneeling next to me on the bed was the blond haired girl we had kidnapped and whom I had broken in. She was nearing the end of her training and had, in fact, been purchased by this jet black Haitian fellow and was due to be shipped out in the morning. His name was Claude and we had developed a bit of a friendship in the four or five days he had been there. Diskare had introduced him one evening at dinner and somehow the conversation had turned to old movies and I had discovered that he was a fan of old westerns as I was. That night we watched a John Ford western, Stagecoach, in the small theater Diskare maintained. Afterwards we had gone down to the training cells together where we selected a buxom, brown haired girl who had been in training for several days. I watched as he plowed her from behind, the black and white skins quite a contrast. Afterwards we gave her a lively whipping, just enough to get her all screaming and forlorn and then I collected oral obeisance from her, preferring to do my fucking in private.

Claude was elegant and very well educated at the Sorbonne. He spoke Haitian Creole, of course, French, English, Spanish and Portuguese. He was well versed in art and film, introducing me to a Godard film, Breathless, with John Paul Belmondo. He was well read and we discussed

several or our mutually favorite authors. He ran a string of bordellos in Port-au-Prince running from several very high class houses down to knocking shops. A girl might start out in one of his premiere places and then, over the years, as she aged and began showing signs of wear, drop down to the lesser ones, each serving a one degree less wealthy and sophisticated clientele, until she ended up in a working class joint serving 20 or 30 men a day.

The blond girl was destined for one of his better houses. Serving black cock for the rest of her useful life might disconcert her, depending on her social views, but she had already gotten a good dose of it from Diskare's guards. Claude would give her a new name, of course, something French, like Simone or Francoise. And it would change many times as she descended the ladder.

Claude had made his final selection of her the day before while watching her service two of Diskare's guards in the recreation room. Graciously, since she had already become his property, he allowed me to have a farewell session with her this afternoon up in my room. I had collected her after lunch, leading her up gagged and hooded from her training cell on the end of a leash. My guess was that she probably knew that something was going to happen to her soon since Claude had had her outfitted with golden wrist and ankle bracelets and a golden collar. He had had his initials, *C.V.*, tattooed onto her lower back in florid letters.

We had fucked for a good hour and I had emptied myself into her cunt and her mouth with explosive, raging orgasms. She had come numerous times and I had mouthed her to completion twice, once with me scrunched up at the end of the bed while I supped at her between her extended and raised thighs, and once with me on top of her, my face buried in her crotch and my cock plowing her mouth and throat.

Afterwards, we were both exhausted and sweaty and I was, at that moment, recuperating for another bout. Chrissie had her head down on the mattress towards the foot of the bed, her wrists chained to a ring there. She was gagged and hooded. Her ass was slightly lifted, enabling me to run the two thickest fingers of my right hand along the inside of her crevasse. I was sliding them in and out slowly, almost at a glacial pace, and I had instructed her sternly not to come until I allowed it. Her pussy was as wet and fecund as a rain forest. She was releasing long, low, laconic moans.

Every once in a while she would shiver and she would emit a muffled high pitched whine and her body would tense. I would bring my fingers to a halt, withdraw them, transfer my cigar to my right hand and take a long sip of gin. I would give her a minute or so to settle down and then,

transferring my cigar back to my left, I would give her arched back and proffered rear a couple of possessive caresses and start again. As I slid my fingers once more into her tight, hot, sluicy channel, she would release a muted mixed whine and moan in protest, shift her rear ever so slightly and then release a deep sigh.

I guess we had been relaxing together for a little less than an hour when the phone rang. The delightful pressure and wonderful warmth Chrissie's canal was exerting on my fingers was sending a delightful tingling to my cock and balls and I knew I would soon be ready for our farewell bout. I dropped the cigar in the ashtray and, without removing my fingers from Chrissie's quim, reached over with my left hand and picked up the receiver. It was Carla.

"How's it going, Harry," she asked pleasantly.

"Very well," I replied.

"Enjoying your little vacation?"

"Very much," I answered.

"Well, I don't want to disturb your reverie, but Mr. Diskare wants to see you in his office at 4 o'clock."

My stomach tightened. "Four o'clock?" I asked stupidly.

"Yes, four o'clock," she replied. "And don't be late." She rang off.

I realized that the confrontation I had been expecting from Diskare had finally come to hand. I wondered if he would have me strangled in his office by one of his mountainous security men, or dragged down to the cells where I could be tortured and abused for several days before given a ride out to Reedman's Point for a little swim with the tiger sharks that frolicked there. Or if they would pack me up and fly me back to Klitzman's Isle where Rukimo would bake me over a slow fire, cut off my balls and stuff them into my mouth. I paused my fingers in Chrissie's channel, took hold of my drink and shot back the rest of the gin. I welcomed the warmth that ran through me.

I looked down at Chrissie. Well, if this was the last tail I would ever enjoy it had been a good one. Claude's clientele were in for a nice treat. I looked at the clock on the dresser. It was 2:35. There was just enough time for one more round and then a shower and a shave. I wanted to be nice and spick and span when I came before Diskare.

I stubbed out the remnants of my cigar. I was about done with it anyway. I got up from the bed, slipping my fingers from Chrissie's tunnel, and went to pour myself another glass of gin. I had intended to pour a big glass full, but decided to go light and only poured in about a shot. I didn't

want to be all fumbling drunk when I got to Diskare's and I was already a little lit.

I shot back the gin and got back on the bed. I reached down to the foot and freed the girl's wrists from the ring. I slipped off her hood and gag and then dragged her by the ring in the back of her collar until she was kneeling facing me. I slid myself and my pillows to the center of the bed, maneuvering myself so that she was between my thighs, raised my knees, spreading them, and told her to go to work.

Chrissie had developed into a very skilled cocksucker. Someone downstairs must have really worked with her. She had been good when I had first used her, but her technique had improved considerably.

She rubbed her soft hands cross my belly, up and down my thighs and then lowered her face to my loins. My cock was rubbery and soft, especially after that phone call, but she nibbled and licked and suckled until it grew into full hardness.

She slowly and leisurely worked my cock. She kept her lips tight against my pole, making a hot, wet, soft tunnel for my enjoyment. She suckled at the end, licking at my entrance with her pointed tongue while her hand rode up and down lightly on my shaft. She drove me into her throat. She sucked me quicker and quicker until I was moaning and then slowed down to a crawl, and then repeated the whole thing. She hummed and moaned and slurped, all the while running her tender hands over my belly, my chest, my thighs. My brain sizzled with delight as ecstatic signals ran through me. She pulled herself off of my rigid hardness and ran her lips down along my cock until she reached the base and then subsumed my gonads into her mouth, caressing them gently with her tongue, making me arch my back and release a deep moan.

When she released my balls and rose to subsume my cock once again I grabbed the ring on her collar and told her to get up to the head of the bed and get on her back. I swept away all of the pillows so she would be lying flat. She obediently got into a supine position, spread her legs and raised her knees. There was a wanton expression on her flushed face from, I presumed, the workout I had given her channel. I placed myself between her knees, ran my excited manhood up and down the line of her crevasse several times and then slid myself in.

We both released deep, soulful sighs. I went to work on her right away. She was fucking me back with abandon. I leaned down and took her mouth, swirling my tongue inside. Hers pursued mine, matching it for every twirl and twist. Our lips were pressed together hard. Her calves had twisted around the back of my legs and her arms were tightly around my

back, drawing me in. I went on and on, holding myself back with a mighty effort. She was squealing and moaning and her body was twisting under me. I remembered that I had warned her not to come until I gave her permission. I broke our kiss and told her, "Come! Come now! Come for Harry!"

She exploded underneath me. I could feel her sex's contractions on my cock. Her legs spread and she dragged her heels across the bed, digging them in deep while she moaned and grunted and squealed while I fucked and fucked and fucked. I felt her relax as her contractions passed, but I kept on going. She grimaced but was soon huffing and puffing again, looking into my face forlornly. Slave girls did not have the right to decide when and if they might come, or how many times. I could fuck her until her mind melted into a puddle if I wanted and she knew that. She was squealing and puffing and moaning intently when I suddenly pulled out of her and told her to turn over. She knew what I wanted and she got on her knees, her head down, and proffered me her rear. I looked at her small, light tan circle lustfully. I watched as it puckered and then released in her anxiousness.

I was hot as a three dollar pistol and wanted to ram myself in right away, but she was Claude's property and I didn't want to return her to him with a rend or a tear. I had a little dispenser on my night table and I leaned over and pressed it down until a little clear goo came out. I leaned back and distributed it around and into her little star. She released an almost imperceptible squeal as the next chapter in our little bout was confirmed. Like I said, some girls, like her brunette friend, grew rabidly passionate when they were punctured there, but some girls never got used to it, experiencing nausea and shame and revulsion. She looked like she was one of the latter. It didn't deter me one bit. Those kind of choices were not hers any more. And anyway, there was not a little element of delight in knowing that the girl was anguished and humiliated and sickened by her use. It was okay for them to feel this way as long as they didn't struggle or fight it off. It was even okay for them to squeal and sob. In fact, it added to the enjoyment of the event.

I pressed the head of my cock against her little star and pushed it forwards slowly. Her little ring gave some resistance, but then my member popped past the gate and I was in. She released an unhappy whine. I started to roger her intently right away. Her ring grabbed my cock tightly, flowing up and down it as I pursued my pleasure. The dark murkiness of her bowel surrounded my cock and sent wave after wave of pleasure through me.

She was moaning and shivering as I did my work. The florid letters of Claude's initials stood out clearly although still somewhat reddened from the thousand punctures which had gone into them. I assumed that many of his customers preferred this path of use and it would serve as a reminder to whom they owed gratitude for their pleasure. Her hands were on the mattress beside her head and her fingers were fully splayed. It looked like she was trying to push herself up to somehow dislodge me. I stopped for a moment, buried deeply within her, leaned over and grabbed her arms, pulling them behind her back. I joined them and held them fast with one hand, raising her wrists up her back just past the point of discomfort until she squealed, and then began rogering away once more.

I was animal-like in my fever, knowing that this might be the last fuck I would ever have. I spared her nothing and she whined and squealed and moaned. She started to squirm and I pressed her down hard, pinning her to the mattress. My lust was building higher and higher. I wanted it to last forever, but I was no superman and I knew that I would have to give in sooner or later. Finally, I passed the point where I had any control and my cock and my balls took over. My cock began to throb and pulse within her and I could feel my jism flowing down my shaft. I pumped and pumped and pumped and pumped, with thrilling sensations flowing into every cell of my body.

Like the bottom falling out of a box, my lusts subsided. I leaned over her, my chest heaving and my heart pounding. I knew that I would never get tired of this and rued the fact that my year and a half of untrammelled use of female bodies might be at an end. Her wrists were still pulled up her back. I let them go and leaned back and my cock slipped out of her aperture.

She let her wrists lower into a pain free zone, but obediently kept them crossed. I stepped off of the bed and went to the bathroom where I washed my cock. When I came back to the bed the girl was sobbing softly. I crept up behind her and gave her rear cheek a solid slap that made her screech. "Cut the shit!" I told her angrily. "You better get used to it. You're going to get a lot of ass fucking where you're going."

As soon as I said this I was sorry. She broke into heartfelt sobs. Like I said, she almost certainly knew that the next phase of her slavery was about to begin and she couldn't feel good about that. I doubted that it escaped her that the broad chested, accented black man who had watched her perform yesterday had probably bought her since she was accoutered in his raiment shortly afterwards.

I tried not to be annoyed at her outburst. It was understandable under the circumstances. I decided not to do anything about it. In a few hours she would be Claude's problem and I was sure that he had remedies for this kind of thing. Besides, like most whores, she would settle into her new life after a little while. She might even develop her favorites and get used to ass fucking. If she didn't, she would have problems, but not Claude, who would have life and death powers over her.

I reached down and locked her wrist bracelets together. I ordered her to rise up. Her sobbing had diminished somewhat. I pushed the thick gag into her mouth and fastened it tightly behind her head. I covered her with the hood and then drew her off of the bed. I brought her over to the cage by the windows and eased her into it, locking it when she was fully in. This caused another outbreak of sobs. I ignored it and went off to take my shower.

When I emerged from the bathroom all clean and fresh, the girl had stopped sobbing. The cage was small and her knees were raised high and pressed against her breasts. Her heels jutted up against her buttocks. I dressed quickly, crisp, white boxers, well pressed white slacks, a blue and white tropical shirt. I had shaved and splashed on some cologne. I disdained the white socks and tan canvas shoes I had been issued and put on the leather sandals I had been provided. I looked around the room. The bottle of Bombay gin looked tempting but I foreswore it. I looked at Chrissie all scrunched up and tiny in her cage and mentally thanked her for the pleasure she had given me and wished her good luck. She would be needing it. One of the stewards would get her later.

It was about a quarter to four and I knew I had to hustle. I stepped out the door and into the hall. One of the other guests was leading a thin, gracefully breasted girl along the way by a leash. She was hooded and her arms were bound behind her back. She looked delightful and I promised myself that if I survived the afternoon I would look her up.

Diskare's office was way on the other side of the mansion and in a wing of its own. There was a guard at the desk in front of it. I was clearly expected because he buzzed me in without asking any questions. Diskare was sitting behind his large, shiny, dark maple desk. He was dressed in a loose, casual, white cotton shirt. Behind him was a bank of floor length windows set into a large arc. On one side, to Diskare's right, you could see the fabulous garden he maintained with colorful orchids and other tropical flowers. More behind him and off to his left, you could see the shoreline as it trailed off into the distance, waves cruising rhythmically to the beach, and then a vast expanse of blue ocean, sailing vessels and cargo ships way



off into the distance. We were on the west side of the island and the sun was low in the sky just starting to emit a reddish hue.

Three ornate, padded chairs sat in a small semicircle in front of his desk. The floor was shiny dark maple to match the desk with a thick, light beige area rug in the center. Diskare was on the phone, the only outside line I knew of at the resort. His desk was lightly strewn with papers and a small lamp sat off to his left.

So far so good. Diskare gave me a little nod and cast his eyes at the chair in the middle in front of him. As I advanced into the room, though, I knew that something I wouldn't like was going to happen. On a long, wide platform off to the right of the desk, to my right, not Diskare's, stood Audrey. Standing might not be the right word because her hands were joined behind her and pulled up towards the ceiling by a chain, forcing her to bend over at an awkward angle. She was naked and her breasts hung loose from her chest, shimmering as she struggled to keep her balance on her toes. She wore a leather gag that covered the bottom portion of her face, but I recognized her immediately. Her long, auburn hair was pulled into a ponytail behind her. She looked at me as I entered, her eyes wide and fearful, glistening with tears.

I hadn't seen Audrey since Diskare had hauled her off on the night of her branding. She hadn't been in any of the training cells, because I looked for her there. My conclusion was that Diskare had some private amenities where he was keeping her, probably subjecting her to cruel torments. I couldn't see any whip marks or bruises on her flesh and I supposed that Diskare's abuse of her had been more subtle. I knew for sure that he hadn't been just playing patty cake with her.

I sat down in the chair that Diskare indicated, trying to ignore the muted, half stifled whines being emitted by Audrey off to my right. I knew that she must have been in extreme discomfort since the first thing that Diskare would have taught her was the value of silence in slaves.

Diskare was speaking what I assumed was Portuguese and I wondered if he was arranging for another shipment of the delightful Brazilian girls. He seemed to be pleased with the conversation as he was smiling and chuckling lightly. His death ray eyes kept me in their focus though. I shifted nervously in my chair and awaited his verdict.

After a few minutes he rang off. He didn't apologize for keeping me waiting, but just lit a cigarette and took a deep drag. There was a large glass pitcher surrounded by tall crystal glasses on a little table off to my left. Diskare had a half full one on his desk and he took a drink from it.

He put down the glass, flicked his ash into the ashtray and leaned back in his chair.

“Harry, Harry, Harry,” he said in an exasperated tone. “Whatever are we going to do with you?”

“I don’t know,” I replied as firmly as I could, “but I don’t expect a kiss.”

“No,” he responded, “you’re not going to get a kiss. I’ve half a mind to have you dragged out of here and thrown to the sharks. We don’t like it when somebody kills one of our guys, even when we have dastardly plans for him of our own. It’s bad for morale if the deserving don’t get a just punishment. You can see that, I’m sure.”

I knew that groveling before him wouldn’t do any good. I had seen several grovelers hauled off to their just desserts. The only alternative was to tough it out.

“If it’s any consolation, Mr. Diskare,” I told him, “I beat Florez to a pulp before I ditched him. I think I broke every bone in his face. And he was still conscious when he went over into Lake Watchamacallit. So there’s that.”

“That’s very fine, Harry, but justice requires more than punishment. It requires confrontation with your crimes and a period of foreknowledge that a terrible consequence is in store. You deprived Mr. Klitzman and me of that satisfaction.”

“That’s true,” I responded. “Will it help any if I say it won’t happen again?”

Diskare ignored my rejoinder. “And there’s the case of that Russian girl. You were ordered to dispose of her. What would happen if everyone we sent out on such an assignment decided to second guess his instructions? That wouldn’t be very good, would it, Harry?”

“His or hers,” I corrected Diskare in a stupid attempt to make a joke. Diskare looked at me quizzically.

“I mean the guy you send out might not be a guy at all, it might be a her.”

Diskare looked at me sardonically. “Thanks for the correction in syntax, Harry. I’ll try and keep it in mind. I know you’re a tough guy, Harry, but you should show more concern. You’ve been skating on very thin ice. I’ll tell you frankly that if it had been up to me you would have been slow boiled in cooking oil and then hung upside down from a tree until you baked all the way through.”

I saw a glimmer of hope. I didn’t want to spook it though. “I realize I made a big mistake, Mr. Diskare, but you’ve got to have a little humanity

in this job. There was no reason for Florez to torture that girl. And when you come right down to it, he came after me with his shiv before I did anything. I took it kind of personal when he opened me up with it. After that I kind of lost my cool, but fending off someone who wants to slice you from your sternum to your balls can do that. As for the girl, I guess I thought that there had been enough killing that night.”

“It seems that Draco agreed with you since he let her live as well. She’s another problem I have to solve. Draco knows all too well that there’s no future in any attachment to any of our subjects. Can you imagine the disruption if we let that happen? An emotional life is counter indicated in our business, Harry, as Draco is about to find out.”

I sat silent for a moment being as there was no question pending. I felt sorry for Draco and Natasha as an ill wind seemed about to blow in their direction. Well, I had given Natasha several more weeks of life and at least the comfort that somebody cared for her in her final days. Draco would have to care for himself but I wondered if he would blame me in the end for his mistake in getting entangled with her. After all, if I had put her in the bag with Florez and tipped her off of the cliff, nothing would have ever happened between them.

“And there’s this, Harry,” Diskare continued, “when you’re out in the field, everybody has to be able to rely on everybody else 100%. When you get a job, you’ve got to do it neatly, efficiently and quickly, with no reservations. It’s things like that that get people killed. And we like you, Harry. We wouldn’t want anything to happen to you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Diskare,” I answered.

“So we had a little vote. Draco and I, and I hope you won’t harbor any hard feelings, voted that you should pay the price for your disobedience. However, Rukimo voted against us, and his voice takes precedence. So you’re going to get to live. A few days from now you and Draco are going back out into the field. We’ll be watching you very closely, and I’ve instructed Draco to make sure that you get your hands dirty. Like with this girl here,” he said, nodding at Audrey. “Like in baseball, an American sport I find quite intriguing, everybody has to bat. Nobody gets to stand on the sidelines.”

“Except in the American League,” I corrected him. He looked at me quizzically.

“In the American league the pitcher doesn’t bat. They have a designated hitter.”

“Oh,” Diskare reacted. “So my metaphor is imperfect. Thank you for that correction. But you get the gist of what I’m saying, don’t you, Harry?”

“Yes sir,” I answered emphatically. I wanted to tell him that his metaphor was more of an analogy, but I had already corrected him twice and didn’t want to risk a third time.

The phone on his desk buzzed. He answered it and said, “Send him right in.”

He put the phone down and looked at me. “I thought that you’d like the pleasure of seeing what happens to your little girlfriend,” he told me. “Estelle told me that you have a little soft spot for her. As I told you, we can’t let that happen so I’ve arranged something special for her.”

The door behind me opened and I heard the tread of heavy boots on the floor. I turned to look and saw a tall, well-built man, probably in his late forties. He had mid-length black hair, a firm, solid, hairless face. He seemed somewhat swarthy and held himself very erect as he strolled into the room. He was wearing light chinos pulled over what looked like hand tooled, black boots and a golden brown pullover shirt with a ‘vee’ neck with a red border.

I stood when he entered the room. Diskare remained seated.

“May I introduce you to Senor Escapada, Harry? He’s a very old friend of mine.”

I nodded to Senor Escapada and held out my hand. He took it in his solid paw and shook it. “Please, Harry, call me Estaban.”

“Okay,” I replied.

“Would you like a glass of iced tea?” Diskare asked him.

Senor Escapada nodded and stepped over to the little table.

“Harry, help yourself,” Diskare added.

I stepped over to the table. Escapada poured himself a tall glass and then one for me. He handed it to me with a little bow. I thanked him and took the chair to Diskare’s right, as far away from Audrey as I could make it, and giving the seat of honor, the middle chair, to Diskare’s new guest.

I looked over at Audrey for a second. I couldn’t help it. I was full of remorse for what I had done to her. I realized that I acted out of cowardice. If I had taken care of Natasha as I had been instructed she would not be standing where she was now. Natasha was in for an unfortunate end anyway, apparently, and I had caused my handlers, Bederson and Mulattieri, to kidnap another innocent girl in case I had blown the assignment that Draco had given me that night. God knew what whorehouse she was serving in now. I tried to save one girl and had condemned two others instead. I was a genuine, 100% authentic fuck-up.

Escapada took his chair. He and Draco engaged in some pleasantries. I was watching Audrey. I don’t know what she made of my little

conversation with Diskare, but it was clear that he had something unhappy in store for her. I saw the terror in her eyes, eyes that pleaded with me, eyes that had once peered into mine with tenderness and friendship. She had been on the verge of a new life and I had taken that away from her.

“May I examine the girl?” Escapada asked Diskare.

“Be my guest,” Diskare replied.

Escapada rose from his chair and stepped over to Audrey. A wave of fear crossed her face. He placed his hand in her hair and pulled her face upright so that he could look down into it. Tears were flowing from her eyes. He unbuckled the gag from behind her head and pulled it from her mouth. He grabbed her chin and turned her face from right to left, looking at her closely.

“She’s attractive, but that won’t make much difference where she’s going,” he stated. “I’d like you to shave her head and depilate it permanently. All her hair, even her eyebrows. We don’t want her looking too human.”

“As you wish,” Diskare agreed.

Escapada forced her mouth open and looked at her teeth. Audrey released an unhappy whine. He reached back and clocked her with his hand across her face. She shrieked. He grabbed her cheeks harshly. “Shut the fuck up!” he told her.

Audrey seemed on the edge of blubbering, but she held herself in.

“The voice box has to come out,” Escapada remarked. “We like our bitches quiet.”

“That can be done,” Diskare replied. “We have a doctor down in the city who does things like that for us.”

Audrey had started to gurgle with fear. I could see that she was making a terrible effort to stay silent. Escapada jammed the gag back into her mouth and buckled it tightly behind her head. He reached down and hefted her breasts.

“Nice,” he said. “Nice and plump. They’ll take a whip well.” He pulled on her nipples and then twisted them, making Audrey moan. “Very nice,” Escapada remarked. “I brought some rings with me, and one for her nose. The boys like to tie them down or drag them around at the back of their horses. It’s a little game they play.”

Diskare looked at me. “Senor Escapada has a large cattle ranch in the Pampas of Argentina. He keeps the bunkhouse supplied with a couple of whores for the vaqueros when they are finished with a day of hard riding. He keeps a couple of girls up at the hacienda for himself and privileged guests, but he doesn’t like to let the ranch hands get at them except for a

punishment now and again. They're a little too rough for our regular product."

Escapada felt Audrey's arms and thighs. He walked behind her and ran his hand along her sides and down her back. "Yeah, this one's nice and sturdy. She'll take a good beating. I'd bet that she could last the season. Maybe two if she's got good spirit." He continued.

My heart was sinking steadily. I had tried to assuage my guilt by believing that Audrey would end up in some mid-level knocking shop for a few years at least where her life might not be too hard. I hadn't imagined anything like this. For her sake I hoped that she didn't last, that one of those Spanish cowboys would go too far one night and put her out of her misery. If I thought that Diskare would let me I would have gotten up right there and strangled her just to spare her from a fate that was indeed worse than death.

He reached between her legs and started manhandling her sex. Audrey squirmed and whined, risking another blow, but Escapada didn't take note of it.

"Nice pussy," he remarked. "Nice and plump." He must have wedged his fingers into her canal because Audrey gasped and her body seemed to sag.

"Yeah, very nice," Escapada continued. "But all of this will have to come off. The boys like em nice and flat with just a little hole. I have an old Indian woman who does it. She cuts everything away and then does a little something that makes the tunnel nice and tight and watering all the time so the boys won't have to get her ready before they fuck her. I don't know what else she does to the girls, but they're all terrified of her. We let her have one for a few days once in a while and they all come back with their eagerness to please renewed."

Audrey started sobbing. Escapada grabbed her hair again and lifted her face up harshly. "I'm going to fuck you up in a little while so we can get all this crying and blubbery stuff out of the way!" he threatened her gruffly. "No one cares how you feel. Get that into your stupid little head!"

He released her head and came back over to his chair. His ice tea was on a little table next to it and he took a long sip. I couldn't look at Audrey anymore. I felt about as low as anyone could go.

Escapada took something out of his pocket. It was a folded up piece of paper with a drawing on it that looked like a coat of arms. He handed it to Diskare. "Have this tattooed on her forehead. It helps the boys remember who she belongs to. And if she ever gets away, anybody will know where to bring her back. Not that that's likely. We keep them bound up wrist to

elbow so she won't even have the ability to open a door. Keeps the hands out of the way too."

He reached into his other pocket and pulled out a small bag with some shiny objects in it. It made a 'clunk' sound as he put it on the desk. I saw that it was the rings he had been talking about. They were heavy and thick.

"Anything else?" Diskare asked him.

"No, that about does it. She's just as advertised. You hate to see those young and beautiful ones go all to waste, but she's past her prime so it doesn't really matter."

"I'm glad you find her to your liking. Have you had dinner yet?"

"No," Escapada replied.

"Then please join me. Harry has wonderful tales to tell. Carla will take you to your room and provide you with someone to help you take the edge off."

"That sounds fine. I'll give the girl her first lesson in her new life after dinner and try her out. She'd better have a pretty good mouth. Last year we had a girl who couldn't give a decent blowjob for love or money. We had to pull out all her teeth. I don't like to do that because it makes their face all scrawny, but we had to do something."

"Yes, I imagine so," Diskare agreed. "How long are you staying?"

"Just a couple of days, just long enough to get the girl taken care of. I need to pick out someone good for the hacienda. I like to take my time because I usually keep them for about a year."

"There's a very excellent girl who came in a few days ago. She was a novice at a nunnery who was picked up quite accidentally when she was home for a visit. We usually don't go in for that kind of thing, but sometimes it happens. She's very meek and mild. She has had a very subtle response to her enslavement which you might find amusing."

"I'll give her a try," Escapada replied.

He got up from his chair and finished off his iced tea. "What time's dinner?" he asked.

"Promptly at 7 o'clock," Diskare answered.

"Okay, I'll see you then," Escapada replied. He turned to me. "It was my pleasure to make your acquaintance, Harry," he told me. "I'll see you at dinner."

He turned and left the room.

There was absolute silence except for Audrey's soft sobs. I didn't want to look at her. I was sure her face was a masque of misery.

"Any questions, Harry?" Diskare asked me.

“No, Mr. Diskare,” I answered dolefully. I couldn’t look at him either, I was so ashamed.

“So no more emotional attachments, eh, Harry?” he said.

“No, Mr. Diskare,” I said.

“Good. Would you like to fuck her before I hand her over to Senor Escapada?”

“No thank you, Mr. Diskare,” I replied.

“You sure? It might be the last decent fuck she ever gets. I’m told that you’re quite a coxman.”

“No, I’m sure, Mr. Diskare,” I told him.

“Okay, then. I’ve got some calls to make so why don’t you go find a little playmate and get some relaxation. You look like you need it.”

I didn’t reply, but just nodded. I stood up from my chair and turned to leave the room. Audrey looked at me. She started shaking and moaning. It sounded like she was calling out my name and begging me to save her. She got louder and louder and started to pull and yank on her chain. She was sobbing wildly. I had no choice. I hung my head and looked at the floor. As I left, her anguished sobs echoed off of the walls.

Three days later, Diskare showed her off to me before she left. She was bald as a cue ball and there was a large florid tattoo on her forehead. Her heavy nose ring glistened and came down to her upper lip. The thick rings through her nipples looked like torture devices, which I guess they were. She was covered with angry stripes and deep black and blue marks. There was a bandage around her throat. She didn’t react when she saw me other than to give me a glance of utter hatred, which she withdrew right away in terror when she saw Escapada’s eyes turn towards her.

I’ve never been able to get that vision out of my head all these many years. And that’s all I want to say about that.



## CHAPTER SEVEN

### MARA MEETS A HARLOT

I followed the tall, muscular, tattooed man down the hall, rotating my hips and making my breasts sway as I had been taught. We passed a couple of men idling the other way. My captor greeted them with nary a nod. Their eyes drank me in, which made me flush with shame. At the end of the hall was an elevator with a shiny steel door. The man hit the button and a little bit later the door slid open. He dragged me in. There was a shiny door on the other side and I was facing it, all erect and alert as was my duty. I saw myself reflected in it and a wave of sorrow passed through me. I had to struggle to hold back a sob. I was whorish looking and naked. I could see the leash going up to the fearsome man's hand. I tried not to look up at his reflection, but I couldn't help seeing him from the waist down and the large bulge in his crotch, a bulge I would become familiar with very shortly. His chino pants had a very nice crease in them.

The door in front of me opened and we exited the opposite side from where we had come in. He unceremoniously led me down the hallway. It was narrow and there were a series of red painted doors on either side. The walls were light blue and the rug was what looked like ecru. There were two naked young women kneeling just outside two of the doors, a chain leading from their collars to the wall behind them. One was by the second door on the right and the other way down at the end of the hall on the left. They were braceleted and collared like me. Their hands were drawn behind them and they were gagged. They were kneeling back on their heels but rose to their full height when they saw us. My captor led me past the first one without comment.

We stopped at a door about halfway down the hall, on the left. I looked up and I saw a name card written in black italic ink which had been slid into a slot. It said, Mr. Barnes. I took that to be the man's name. The door was unlocked and he pushed it open.

Inside, in the middle of the room, pushed up against the wall on the right, was a large queen sized bed. It had a tall, solid, dark stained headboard with several rings in it. There were rings in the somewhat more modest footboard as well. It was covered by a bluish green bedspread with pillows encased in light blue crammed up at the head. The bed had four posts carved into kind of oriental designs.

Just ahead of me were two large barred windows with light blue curtains. They were letting in a delicate light as if they were on the side of the building away from the sun. A large dresser sat off to the left of the windows, stained to match the posters on the bed. There was a door that I presumed led to the bathroom and another door that I presumed was a closet. Just to the left of the door as you entered was a small cage, of the type and size of which I had become familiar with a chain hanging down from the ceiling, which I knew what that was for, and several ominous whips mounted on the wall. The bed had nightstands on either side, the right one supporting a small lamp and a telephone. To the right of the door, which I didn't see when I came in, was a credenza with a mirror running the length of it bordered by an ornate golden frame. There were several bottle of liquor on it with glasses and what I assumed was an ice bucket. There were several hard cover books supported by greenish blue bookends.

On the wall opposite the bed was mounted a flat screen TV. The remote was sitting on the bed stand to the right of the bed. The walls were painted a muted white and there was a light fixture in the middle of the ceiling covered by a foot square opaque, yellowish glass shade. Above the bed, on the wall, was a large, long painting of a beautiful, naked women lying on her side with her upper leg lifted. She was lying on a luxurious couch with faded green and dark red drapery behind her. She had very fine breasts and a sex which was lightly shrouded by light brown hair to match the long hair on her head. She wore a golden collar with a single ring in it but her wrists and ankles were unadorned.

The man turned down the bedspread revealing light blue sheets to match the pillows. He gave my leash a yank and told me to get up.

With no little trepidation I crawled up and knelt in the middle facing him. He released my leash and tossed it onto the floor and then undressed quickly. He crawled up next to me and told me to lie down on my back. I laid my head on the pillows, spread my legs and lifted my knees. He lay down next to me.

His bare chest was covered by sparse, light brown hair and his belly was taut. His thighs were muscular. The tattoos were limited to his arms and looked like dragons and sea serpents, red, yellow and blue, with curlicue designs among them. His upper arms were very strong and there was a heavy, masculine scent about him. His hands were large and strong. There was a tattooed, florid 'R' on his right hand between his thumb and forefinger which I assumed had some kind of significance. On his middle finger of the same hand he wore a golden signet ring which bore a bright red 'k' to match the one on my posterior.

He propped his head up with his right hand and laid his left hand on my belly. My stomach flinched at the contact. My mouth had gone dry and I could feel my body shimmering with anxiety. My stomach was churning. The man had made a veiled threat to me and I was very conscious of the whips on the wall and the chain nearby. I had been trained to respond enthusiastically to use, and had fucked several dozen men of all shapes and sizes without too much complaint, but I didn't know how good was good enough for this rough and tumble man. I had felt whore-like in the red room with all the men and the normal surroundings. I felt even more so now that I was isolated in this bedroom with a man empowered to use me freely and anyway he wished.

He rubbed my belly and then brought his hand north. He seized my right breast, squeezing it and then pinched my nipple between his forefinger and his thumb, not to the point of pain, but just beyond mere discomfort. I lay there trying not to tremble. I didn't know what to do with my hands. They were pulled up on either side of my head. Part of me wanted him to tie them off to something so that I wouldn't have to make a decision about them. His hand left my right breast and moved off to my left where he repeated his procedure. I also didn't know what to do with my eyes. I didn't want to stare into his face, but I didn't want to look away either, to seem indifferent to his attentions. I flitted them between his muscular chest and his visage.

His body was up against me and I could feel his warmth all along my side. His cock wasn't hardened yet, but I could feel its mass against my hip. A stern voice from my before now, like some Calvinist preacher, was trilling in my head, demanding that I resist the man's attentions, that I remain cold and indifferent, that I not give in to whorishness, sluttishness. "Don't give in!" the voice demanded. "Don't be a whore!" the voice scolded. "God is watching! You will be judged! You will be measured! All Jezebels will go to Hell!"

Another voice, a small, squeaky, terrified one, the voice of a lonely child, was protesting, "We'll be punished! He'll hurt us! The mamas will beat us! Don't fight! Do whatever he wants!" And yet a third, a throaty, luxurious, velvety voice, the voice of a seductress was intoning mesmerizingly, "You know you like it! He's going to fuck you and you know you're going to like it! He's going to make you come, he's going to make you moan! He's going to make you sweat! Surrender! Surrender! You're whore now and you know that you need it!"

He leaned over and slipped my left nipple into his mouth, holding my breast firmly in his large hand, encompassing it, owning it. The warmth of

his mouth sent a rivulet of unwanted pleasurable sensation to my loins. His tongue lathered over my areola. He suckled gently and then harder and harder. I felt my hips shift ever so slightly as if of their own accord.

“Fight it! Fight it!” I heard the stern preacher shout. “He’s a demon, a devil and he wants to drag you down to perdition!” I saw the man’s bony face. He was dressed in black and had a prayer book in his hand and he was waving it at me.

“Don’t move! Don’t fight! Come and hide with me! We’ll go away where he can’t hurt us! Cover us in darkness!” the young girl was lamenting.

But the Jezebel was saying, “Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Come with me! I’ll make you moan and groan with pleasure! Let it flow through you! Close your eyes, slip away, slip away!”

I didn’t know which of these voices to listen to. I wanted to obey all three. The man shifted his mouth to my right teat and began to suckle it as he had done the left. As the warm sensation crept down my belly and ended in my sex I watched as the preacher man began to get smaller, to begin to fade. The child seemed to moving off into the distance, getting further and further away. But the harlot grew stronger. She seemed to loom over me. She was naked and beautiful, sultry and wanton.

“Remember the biggie wannas!” she told me. “You want the biggie goodie! You want to be a whore! You want to give de mastas de bey! Dem udders am bein from de before nows. Gib dem befoe nows de forgettin! You am bein a dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie now and gibbin de mastas de biggie goodie am bein de biggest biggie wanna!”

“Yes,” I answered her. “Yes, de biggie wannas! All de befoe nows am bein goin away! She mamas am bein lubbin she and de biggie wannas am bein de biggie goodie.”

Still imprisoning my left breast with his hand, the man moved his mouth up along my neck, his hot lips scouring my skin. He circled his lips around my mouth. I could feel his hot breath; I could taste it as he flicked his tongue at my entrance. My hips made a little circle, my thighs quivered. A familiar warmth passed through me. The preacher man was almost gone now, faded into translucence. The little girl was way off on the horizon, her voice barely perceptible. The harlot was smiling. Her hands were running all over her body. She was undulating and shimmering. Her hand went to her puss and she began to stroke it languorously. She held something out with her other hand. It was soft and cloudy, sparkling and flecked with gold. I knew what it was. It was a sigh. It was the sigh that would condemn me. It was the sigh that would signal

my sluttishness, my whorishness, my need. As he kissed my lips, his heaviness on me, his aroma surrounding me, his fierce maleness an irrefutable presence, his hand slid down my belly, up along my trembling thighs and down again. He centered it on my mons, and I felt his thick fingers trace a line along my gap from the bottom to the top.

A wave of wantonness flowed through me. The harlot in my mind came towards me. She entered me, flooding my body with her essence. I felt the sigh she had proffered me gather in my belly, a warm, thriving, pulsing consciousness of its own. It flowed up into my chest, suffusing my breasts with need. It entered my throat and oozed upwards until I felt it edging its way into my mouth. I heard the preacher's voice yelling madly, "No! No! You'll be lost! You'll be damned! Swallow it! Crush it! Subdue it!" The little girl's voice emitted a shrill protest, "Run! Run! Help me! Help me!" I felt the harlot engage all of my cells, all of my pores, melding with me until she and I were irretrievably one.

The sigh pushed forwards and my mind, befogged, entranced, engrossed with the harlot's consciousness, seemed to roll over and soften. I felt the sigh passing over my lips, enveloping me in a delightful flavor. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!" I intoned. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

As if I had given him the signal he had been waiting for, the man spread my lips with his and his tongue burst into my mouth. Its hot, demanding presence filled my consciousness. Its heat slid around mine, writhing with it, pursuing it, dominating it. His fingers slid up and down my crevasse easily, spreading my moisture to my now tingling button, stroking it, teasing it, possessing it. The harlot proffered me another sigh, a larger, brighter and more lively one. It entered me where the man's thick fingers were tormenting me, rose along my spine, passed up to my throat and into my mouth. I groaned into the man's mouth. My back arched and my thighs spread wider.

The man's fingers entered me, plunging into me deeply. His chest was heavy on my breast, his tongue swirling enticingly in my mouth. I could feel his hardened cock pressed against my hip. The fingers, thick and rigid, began sliding back and forth and his thumb had found my nubbin, pressing on it, rubbing it, sliding it about amidst my leaking fluids.

My mind looked down and I saw that the harlot had ignited a brazier full of reddish coals in my loins. Its embers pulsed and glowed. A trail of sparks were flowing upwards, igniting my belly and my breasts. The smoke curled and wafted and I felt it suffusing into my cells, spreading all down to my toes and up to my fingers. The harlot was laughing now and her appearance had grown wild. Her visage had turned demonic, sharp and

evil, and I saw that the panicked preacher had been right. She was drawing me down into perdition. My realization, though, had come too late. The poisonous emittance from the ever brighter coals in the brazier were seeping into my very essence, igniting a fiery lust.

The man crossed over my left thigh and placed himself in the middle of me. He withdrew his lips and pulled up his head. His eyes peered evilly into mine. I couldn't look away. I felt the head of his cock slide along my inner lips, up and down, up and down. I wanted to utter a cry of protest, but the harlot had seized my throat, stifling it. The crown of his prick lodged in my little hole. I cringed and prepared myself for his possession. The harlot lifted my hips to meet him. And then he pressed himself forward, slowly, slowly, slowly. A wave of passion flooded me as I felt my innards being spread, as I felt his largeness and hardness and heat fill my cavern. My hands moved upwards in an attempt to reject him, to push at him, to exercise my will against him, but the harlot placed them on his shoulders, grabbing at him hard, pulling him into me.

He rode me and rode me and rode me. The trilling sensation of his friction cascaded through me. I thrust my hips up at him, ground them into him when he descended to his limit. I felt my inner flesh clasp at him as he drew back, determined to achieve every last measure of pleasure. He went fast, he went slow. He went hard, he went soft. He gave me long, languorous strokes and short, demanding ones. His lips found mine again and his tongue thrust in rudely, sending my mouth a torrent of hot passion.

I moaned. I groaned. I issued deep, anguished sighs. He grunted and strained, always stroking, stroking, stroking. My hands had pressed against his back and I was luxuriating in the feel of his hot flesh. My legs spasmed and quivered. I dug my heels deeply into the bed. I dragged them back and forth as if kindling a fire. I draped them over his lower legs and the back of his thighs, pulling him into me.

"Deeper! Harder! Faster!" my mind screamed. I could feel my blood boiling in my veins. A surge pressed up into my belly. It rumbled and grew and grew and grew, growing into a fiery immanency that portended unbearable bliss. The harlot had me by the throat, stifling my protests while the other hand teased at my little button, flitting her fingers over it with determined rapidity.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" my mind screamed even as my pussy cried out, "More! More! More!" I wanted just a moment's breath, a moment's respite. I wanted to deflate the growing tumor of lust within my belly, knowing that when it burst it would coat my inner being with a degrading, poisonous, acidic goo that would stick to it forever. But the cock went on

and on. The harlot went on and on, laughing and cackling. The tongue in my mouth went on and on, injecting a river of fecund heat into me, down my throat and into my breasts. The immanency grew and grew, larger and larger, hotter and hotter. My whole body was tingling with ecstatic sensations. The harlot had leaned back. She was stroking her quim, her thighs spread lasciviously, her mouth open, her chest heaving, her fiery eyes rolled back.

Suddenly, the swelling began to tingle and pulse. My mind clouded over. My hips thrust at the man madly. My arms gripped his back as if I were grasping a lifesaving buoy amidst a frothing and angry sea. The immanency burst. My pussy erupted into body wrenching contractions. I called out, "Urrrrrg! Urrrrrg! Urrrrrg! Urrrrrg! Urrrrrg!" every cell in my body screamed out with joy. The thrusting cock was producing a friction that sent radiating waves of ecstasy all through me even as my cunt wrenched and pulsed and contracted again and again.

The sensations wound down and my mind struggled to the surface amidst the ocean of lust that had filled me. I felt a rabid pleasantness fill me. My eyes were jammed closed and my tongue was darting about in my mouth, collecting every last emanation of heat. And then I realized that the cock was going on and on. The man hadn't finished with me. An agonizing trilling was growing again in my loins.

"No! Stop! Stop! Just for a minute, stop! Please! Please! Please!" my mind begged. My hips struggled to eject the conscienceless member. The man broke our kiss and drew his head back. He leered at me as if he knew precisely what was seething in my mind. And the cock kept thrusting, thrusting, thrusting. The trilling grew and grew and grew. I released a long, piteous whine. My hands tried to push him away and I clamped my thighs against him as if somehow I could capture and still him. My heart was pounding and I was short of breath. I wanted to beg him to stop, to plead with him to stop, to implead some divine force to whisk him away, to deflate him, to shrivel him to nothingness.

Before he had been an ominous threat, a looming force of oppression that compelled my submission and obedience. Now he was an engine of evil itself, filling me, possessing me, overbearing me. He was determined to consume my flesh, make my consciousness to burn and sizzle away. I pressed harder on him with my hands, arched my back, pushed up solidly against him with my hips, my feet pressing hard against the bed. He laughed and grunted and continued stroking, stroking, stroking. My pussy vibrated as if electrified. Painful pleasure rose up my spine and poured into my brain like some oozing magma.

He stopped for a second. I thought momentarily that my prayers had been answered, but they had not. Still buried deeply within me, he circled his hands under my knees and drew my legs back until my knees were pressed against my breasts. He grabbed my wrists, locking them together with one hand and pressed them over my head. His mouth found mine again and he thrust his maddening tongue within me. And then his motions began again. I released a piteous moan as a surge of savage titillation passed through me.

He fucked down hard into me. I could feel his shaft dragging across my sizzling bud. My mind clouded over with raging lust as my pussy erupted in primordial need. He pounded and pounded and pounded. I couldn't exert a single iota of resistance, pinned inexorably against the bed. My whole being boiled with unwanted lust. I came again, my pussy raging and roaring, writhing and contracting, sending hard hammer blows of ecstasy deep into me. Just as the wave of shattering pleasure pulses started to subside, the immanency in my loins started to grow again. I screamed in fear and unhappiness and ecstasy. In my fog I heard the man begin to grunt and groan. He pounded into me harder and harder, his tongue thrusting deeply inside me, his grasp on my wrists becoming vise-like.

My pussy erupted again and I sensed his rampaging cock throbbing and jolting within me, spewing jet after jet of his unholy cum deep, deep inside me. I cried out in shame and misery even as my mind was pureed with joy.

I hardly remember him winding down. My whole body was throbbing and singing. He released my wrists and drew his tongue from my mouth. His cock was moving lazily inside me, sending post coital shivers all through me. He let my legs flop down on either side of him. He paused for a moment above me, as if he was recovering his breath. I just lay there, weak and rung out, my pussy still purring, my heart still thumping heavily. I was looking abjectly up at him. He was looking back, smiling broadly. "You weren't lying, Zuzu," he told me. "You are a good fuck. You and I are going to be great friends." He patted me heavily on my cheek.

"Okay, then, roll over," he snapped at me. I quickly turned onto my belly. He drew my hands back and connected my wrists. He slid down my body and connected my ankles. He reached over to the night stand and retrieved a small chain. He raised my legs until my heels were touching my wrists and then he connected them. He went back into the drawer and produced a thick gag of the type I was so familiar with and a black hood. He pushed the thick prong of the gage between my teeth until it prodded up against the rear of my mouth and then buckled it against the back of my



head. He pulled the bag over my head, plunging me into darkness, and gathered it around my neck.

He patted me on my rear cheek and said, "Have a little rest, Zuzu. We'll go at it again in a little while."

I felt him get up off the bed and heard him walk over to the bathroom. I heard his piss jet into the bowl for a while and then the toilet flushed. I heard him wash his hands and then come back to the bed. I heard him tinkle some ice into a glass and then pour himself something. I felt the bed depress as he got back on it. A few seconds later the television sparked to life. He changed channels a few times and then stopped at some kind of sporting event. The announcers were discussing something excitedly in Spanish and I could hear the crowd in the background. The man lowered the volume until the sounds were barely audible. He propped some pillows behind his back and leaned against the headboard. He lit a cigarette, filling the room with its distinctive odor. And then he went silent.

I laid there saddened and ashamed. "Yeah," I thought, "I'm a good fuck." I was humiliated by the passions the man had brought out in me and was vastly disturbed at the prospect of being his, 'great friend.' Sadness and hopelessness welled through me. I strained at my bonds and cursed the darkness the man had thrust me into. I chewed and gnawed at the gag he had filled me with. "Why are they so cruel?" I asked the ether that surrounded me. Why did I have to be all bound up while he luxuriated in his cigarette and his drink, idly watching some game or other, whiling away the time until he recharged his forces?

The time went by slowly. I could sense his heat next to me. Every once in a while his hand rubbed me on my backside as if to remind me that he was still there and that further abuse awaited me. The telephone rang and he picked up the receiver. He spoke into it with some excitement and with good humor. He wasn't speaking English, but rather something that was rough and guttural, like some Slavic tongue. I was surprised since he hadn't spoken English with an accent. I heard him mention me a few times, calling me Zuzu, and giving off amused chuckles. I supposed that he was extolling my virtues as a fucking beast and I quailed inside as I realized that his complements would almost certainly garnish me unwanted attention.

The game wore on and I lay there silently. After a while, the man, with some effort, pulled me closer to him and then, reaching under my chest and my thigh, pushed me over onto my back, or rather, half on my back as I was propped up by my bound arms. The position put no undue

strain on my shoulders and I whined unintentionally. The man took hold of a nipple and gave it a twist, telling me to, "Shut the fuck up!"

He idly played with my breasts and my sex while he continued to watch TV, ordering me to raise my right thigh to give him better access. My aching arms were the principal sensation I was experiencing, but his wandering hand was having its effect too, causing a lazy heat to build up in me. He slid his fingers along my flush gash, circled and squeezed my outer lips, twiggled at my little nubbin until I signed and moaned. He squeezed my breasts, kneading them, pulled at my nipples, pinching them painfully. I was an obedient little fuck toy that moaned and sighed and squealed at all the right moments, a living breathing thing of play.

After about 20 minutes of near agony, he flicked off the TV and then lowered himself to the mattress. "How are you doing, Zuzu," he teased me as he rubbed his hand over my breasts and belly. "Getting all warmed up for me?"

He leaned over and took a teat in his mouth while his hand descended my belly and found my crux. He started agitating it in earnest as he shifted his mouth back and forth between my breasts. I saw the harlot in my mind awaken and stretch languorously. She smiled at me, spread her legs and started manipulating her own sex.

"Nooooooooo!" I moaned in my mind. I didn't want to go through paroxysms of passion again for this callous man, no matter how great friends we were going to be. I realized that the more and better I performed for him, the more intently he would seek me out every day. He would brag to his friends about how he made me squirm and shudder with pleasure, moan and groan. They would seek me out as well. There was no good result to the man's ministrations. If somehow, through an intense focus of will, I was able to call up the preacher again with his waving prayer book and his stern imprecations to chastity and morality, or the little girl who wanted above all else for me to retreat into myself and make everything go away, if I called them up and allowed their protestations to guide me, the man would be unhappy and probably beat me. Word would get back to the mamas who would inflict punishment of their own, especially Mama Ojugo. And then, if my declination of sexual attentions persisted, I would find myself in little pieces on a one way boat ride to sharksville.

That was if I had the ability to restrain my passions, which was a very iffy thing. Mama Ojugo and the others had trained me well, inculcated me with their jujus, given me the biggie learning about the biggie wannas. My pussy watered at the least contact. My nipples sang with pleasure as they were suckled. A fiery lust lurked within me almost constantly. The

preacher man, lying supine and defeated tried to raise himself to his feet and failed, collapsing into uselessness. The little girl burst into tears and covered her head with her cute little pinafore dress. Only the harlot remained vibrant, diddling her twat hungrily, grinning at me lasciviously.

Deep in my darkness I felt the familiar surge building in my loins. I wished hard, harder, harder, as hard as I could for the hand to stop, but it just kept going. He stroked and petted, plunged inside me, tickled my little button all the while kissing and suckling at my breasts. My chest was heaving and my loins burning, the imminence about to burst, when he stopped. I released a groan. The man laughed. "You're such a slut, Zuzu," he teased me. "I'd bet you could come a hundred times a day." His hand was running up and down the interior of my thighs as if keeping me sautéing.

He began again and soon had me huffing and puffing, my thighs quivering, releasing muffled moans from my stuffed mouth. I could see only darkness when I opened my eyes, as if I had been shunted into a lightless universe where I was floating helplessly while unbenign creatures were tormenting me. My back hurt, my shoulders were straining. My uplifted right thigh was burning. And yet I couldn't move a muscle to alleviate my discomforts. True, I could close my thighs, but the thought of the whirlwind of retribution I would suffer at even so feeble and act of resistance stilled them as if they were bound apart by chains.

Up and down he brought me, up and down. I could sense that my body had broken out in sweat. When my excitement rose to near tidal proportions, he would stop or slow down until the tide receded, only to start again. I was moaning and squirming and praying, praying, praying that this time he wouldn't stop, that he would take mercy upon me and let me come. The harlot was underneath me, her hands wandering my body, complementing the man's efforts as she whispered in my ear, "Slut! Cunt! Whore! Slatern! Harlot! Doxy!"

The man was vigorously shagging my electrified clit. "Come now, Zuzu," he was urging me. "Come now, come on, come for me! Let it go! Let it go!" It took a moment for his voice to pierce the heavy fog that had invaded my brain. Then, like a spigot that had been turned on, my whole body began to convulse and jerk as my pussy muscles contracted hard again and again. I moaned deeply and struggled at my bonds. I could only hope that the man would stop when I was done. He bit and nipped at my nipples again and again as the pleasure poured through me.

As my contractions receded, the man took mercy upon me and slowed and then stopped his ministrations, making sure that he urged out every last

contraction from my cunt. I sighed deeply, ashamed again at my wantonness. He pulled me back over to my belly and unlocked my ankles from my wrists. He released my joined limbs and ordered me to my back. He used the chain that had connected my wrists and ankles to confine my hands to the ring in the front of my collar. He pulled the hood from my head and removed the gag.

I saw him grinning lugubriously above me. I knew that additional torments were at issue and my stomach quailed. He crept up on me, his thighs outside mine. His cock was rigid and full and lay across my belly. He then slid up me until his thighs were just outside of my upper arms and his cock was jutting before my face.

“Open up, Zuzu,” he ordered me sardonically. I unhappily spread my lips. “How do they say it?” he asked me. “Oh, yeah, ‘Make de maut ready!’” I made a cock sized circle with my lips. He placed the head of his cock just inside it with his hand and then he lowered, lowered, lowered himself until his cock poked at the back of my mouth. I obediently drew my lips hard against his shaft. He began to slowly, slowly, slowly, raise and lower himself, dragging his meat across my lips and back again. The fullness of his appendage in my mouth overwhelmed me. A vast sorrow went through me. I felt myself crying and tried to stop. But the tears just continued to flow.

Up and down he went. He would speed up and fuck my mouth with alacrity, and then slow again, drawing his meat up and down purposefully, releasing long, low moans. It was if some demonic creature had seized my head and was probing my mouth prefatory to jetting its poison down my belly. Despite my unhappiness at this use of me, and with great effort, I maintained a pleasurable tunnel for him, gently squeezing his prick between my tongue and the roof of my mouth. He pushed himself hard against the back of my mouth and penetrated my throat. I held my breath accommodately and waited for him to rise, but he just held himself there for the longest time. I started to choke and gag. My body began to squirm and my legs shook. I started to whine and cry.

Finally, he pulled himself out. I gurgled and coughed and whined, desperately dragging in air. Then he pushed himself down again, popping into my throat and holding himself there for the longest time, until I strained and struggled and writhed beneath him. Each time as he retreated and advanced, I made sure that I gave him the hot, warm tunnel that he craved. Having had his fun with my throat, he began a regular pumping, up and down, up and down. I swirled my tongue over his member as best I could, suckled gently and steadily on his crank, pressed my lips down hard.

I don't know how long he fucked my mouth like that, but it seemed interminable. The rest of my body lay helpless and ignored. My hands, pinned to my neck, were vestigial and useless. My breasts, belly and pussy lay there supine like some anonymous offering to a vengeful god. I scoured the mattress with my heels. I stretched my legs out as far as they would go. I spread them wide and then bent them at the knee, drawing them near me. Although untrammelled, in my distress I could not keep them still, as if they could serve as a silent and secretive protest at my abuse.

His use of me this way accentuated his freedom to abuse me in any form he saw fit. My mouth was meant for fucking and sucking. I fretted sadly at what terrible forces had led me to this moment. Would Nicky ever come and save me? How long would I have to serve her as an abject whore, subject to the vilest of uses? I stared out at days and days ahead of me, weeks and weeks, months and months, perhaps years and years. How would I ever be able to stand it? Wasn't there something I could do to assuage it?

Man after man after man would use me brutally and callously again and again until I was no longer useful to them. Couldn't I end it now? Couldn't I let the man's remorseless appendage choke and suffocate me until I achieved lifelessness? Couldn't I throw myself off of a huge cliff, or slice my own throat from ear to ear? Would it be too awful to refuse any and all obedience and let them torture me to death?

But I realized that they wouldn't let me near any tall cliffs to jump off of. They would never let a sharp blade fall into my hands. And if they tortured me to death, it would be over days and days and days and they would ensure that they got a lifetime's worth of enjoyment from my suffering. As the cock rose and lowered between my pursed lips, I realized that I was doomed, doomed, doomed. This was now my life. The only remedy was to sink into the persona the mamas had created for me, the dirty, nasty stupid little girlie who all she had and all she was likely to ever have again was the biggie wannas that the mamas had given her. I should revel in the biggie goodie I was giving the man. I should find joy in the biggie goodies he had given me. I should hope and pray for more, more, more, until finally, hopefully, at the end of the day I could be in the arms again of Mama Ojugo, suckling at her breasts, exchanging roaring biggie goodies, safe in the arms of someone who loved the dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie and who was loved by her in her turn.

The man stopped his motions and he maneuvered himself, keeping his cock buried deeply into my mouth, until he was facing my feet. My thighs

were pulled tightly together at that moment to help me absorb the shame and humiliation I was feeling, but I immediately spread them and lifted my knees. I had correctly divined the man's desires and he lowered himself until his lips were on my quim. He lathered his tongue up and down my slice a few times, gently and slowly pulling his cock up and down across my lips, and then he circled his lips around my clitoris and began to suckle on it intently.

A jolt of pleasure shot through me. "Yessssssssss!" my mind hissed. "Gib de dirty, nasty, stupid little girly de biggie goodie!" I thought. "Gib it to she! Gib it to she! Gib it to she!" my mind exclaimed. I attended to his shaft with a new eagerness. "De masta's cock, de masta's maut! De masta's cock, de masta's maut!" I thought madly. "De masta's maut, de masta's pussy! De masta's maut, de masta's pussy!" All was right with the world. Mama Ojugo loved me. She would comfort me and hold me and make me come. She would lie by my side and give me of her body's essence until my mind clouded over. I had to be a good little girly. I had to be de masta. I had to gib de masta de biggie goodies and yearn for biggie goodies in return. My passion rose higher and higher. The man started to pump himself rabidly in my mouth. His grunts and groans made my pussy vibrate as he tongued and slurped and lathered my love lips, my hole, my trilling button.

He encircled my love button with his lips, commencing a fervent suckle while his tongue ran *rapidamente* across it. I stiffened and groaned and swirled my tongue and suckled in return. My whole body was vibrating. When his cock began to throb and pulse inside my mouth, as I felt the hot flesh pump his fluids into me, my pussy exploded once again, causing me to moan and writhe and bury my heels deeply into the mattress, arching my back, my mind joyously escorting each powerful pulse of my pussy out the door.

We both wound down. I continued to gently suck on his member. I felt it give a few more desultory throbs and then soften. He gave my clit a sloppy kiss and then rolled off. We lay there for a while. My body was softly humming. I have to say that at that moment I was happy and proud to be a whore. It was the most natural thing in the world and a role that I fit into perfectly. I thought of Mama Ojugo's stone that fell in to the waters hundreds of years ago and which brought me here to be a slave and a whore. Once thrown, the stone could not be recalled and everything had been set in motion that would lead me inexorably to my fate. Nothing could have been any different. I had found my proper place at last.

The man struggled up from the bed. He patted me on the belly and said, "Good girl." He poured himself another glass of booze and downed it quickly. He lit a cigarette. With the cigarette dangling in his mouth he connected my ankles and then chained the back of my collar to the headboard. He moved business-like, as if we had not been maniacally gnawing at each other's loins a few moments ago. He was done with me and I was being put away. He proffered the gag to my mouth and I sadly but dutifully accepted it. Before he pulled the hood over my head he tapped me several times on the cheek. "Good girl," he said. Then he plunged me once again into darkness.

I heard him use the toilet again and shower. I just lay there ruining my sluttishness. I had found the formula that would allow me to survive, but it sat uneasy within me. The preacher and the little girl were walking away far off in the distance holding hands, their heads drooped in sadness. The harlot sat at a small makeup table before a mirror, stroking her longish hair, smiling and humming a faint tune. She looked back at me in the mirror and smiled. She had won.

The man led me to the slave's toilet in his bathroom and had me pee. He wiped me and towed me out into the hall where he bound my hands behind my back and had me kneel. I felt him fasten a chain to the back of my collar. He left without saying a word.

I knelt there obediently for the better part of an hour. I sat back on my heels when I discerned that no master was present and rose to my full height when I heard the elevator door slide open or a door open in the hallway. There was a girl kneeling across the hall from me and a little bit down to my left. I could hear her sniffing and whining. Someone came and took her away after a while.

Finally someone came for me. My hood was whisked off. It was Mama Ntombo. She gave me a big grin and stroked my head, calling me a good little girlie. The coffee colored woman led me down the hall on my hands and knees up the elevator and into the well decorated hall upstairs. She led me to a bathroom where she washed me down with a washcloth and some soap and gave me a long drink of water. He made sure my pussy was clean by squirting some solution up inside me. When it had all dribbled out she wiped my pudenda dry. She gave me a cup of mouthwash and made me gargle with it, spitting it into the sink three times. There was an easy chair in the corner. Mama Ntombo sat in it and then pulled me up onto her lap. She lowered her bodice and gave me to drink. My head swirled with gratitude and happiness. Mama Ntombo loved me. All the mamas loved

me. No matter what the men did to me, I would always find myself in one of their arms again.

When her breasts were emptied she restored the blouse of her dress and escorted me back to the red room. My head was swimming. My stomach quailed again when she brought me across the threshold. There were three men sitting in chairs, all different than the ones who had been there before. Lulu was there, her head buried in one of the men's laps, but Didi was gone. There was a different brown skinned girl standing forlornly against the wall in her white crocheted dress. When we got to my platform, Mama Ntombe told me, "Uppy, uppy!" I crawled up onto the platform and assumed the position. She released my leash, hanging it on the wall, gave me a sweet kiss on my forehead and left.

About twenty minutes later another man came in. Lulu had finished her blowjob and was kneeling up next to me. The man was older, wiry and looked cruel. He eyed both of us up and down and chose me. He led me to a bedroom on the same floor as Mr. Barnes' where he whipped me brutally before using my rear. He left me kneeling and bound, hooded and gagged in the hall, quietly sobbing.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

### BACK TO BUSINESS

After Audrey's departure and my lesson in ruthlessness from Diskare I spent a few more days enjoying the amenities of his resort. That evening I was forced to sit at his dining table for dinner across from Senor Escapada. He was amiable and loquacious, telling us about his ranch, the beauty of the pampas, his success at horse breeding. He had selected the novice as per Diskare's suggestion and she was ensconced in one of the cages against the wall. I could see her miserable face when I looked over and could hear her faint sniffles and sobs. I thought of trying her out before Escapada took her away but that religious thing kind of bothered me. Besides, since she belonged to Escapada now I would have had to ask his permission which I was loathe to do.

Two other gangster types had joined us as well as an elegant, svelte woman, maybe 30 or so. She had long black hair and a refined face. She wore dark red lipstick and her eyes were decorated minimally but attractively. She had on a red, knee length dress with abstract designs on it and a low cut bodice that displayed firm, ample breasts. She and Carla, at the other end of the table, were engaged in a lively conversation, laughing quietly from time to time.

I had only seen a couple of free women while at Diskare's. One was the friendly Canadian woman who had bought the little redheaded girl the other day and the other was a tough looking middle aged woman, taken from the same mold that had produced Estelle. I had passed her in the hall. She was towing a somewhat thick boned brunette who looked very unhappy.

Dinner concluded and Diskare invited me and Escapada down to the cells to witness the enslavement of a trio of black skinned girls who had been brought in during the day. They had been delivered by a thin black man named Quinton who had joined us for dinner. He looked hard, but when he talked he was soft spoken with careful diction. He had a refined intelligence. He drank lightly of the wines that we served with dinner and listened politely to Escapada's stories.

I had had two gins before dinner and several glasses of wine during. I couldn't get Audrey and her fate out of my mind. When I looked at Escapada, despite his amiable demeanor, I couldn't help but see the rabid cruelty which lay underneath. He told us that he had been a captain in the

Argentine Army during the Falkland Islands disaster and had been part of the occupying force when the British mounted their invasion. He had been wounded. He had nothing but good things to say about the British Army which had taken him prisoner. While captive, a couple of the British officers had taught him how to play bridge, an avocation which he had developed since then. He and a few of the other ranch owners nearby his finca got together one weekend a month on a rotating basis to play and he participated in several tournaments during the winter in Buenos Aires. He asked me if I played and would I help him gather a foursome later that evening. I had played a bit in the joint, but declined for obvious reasons.

Despite Diskare's suggestion that I work off my unhappiness at Audrey's fate with one of the slave girls, I had spent the afternoon drinking and brooding on one of the verandas overlooking the bright blue Caribbean. I couldn't keep Audrey out of my mind. I had hoped that maybe I could bring her back to Klitzman's when I returned there so I could assuage somewhat her bondage, although I knew that that was just a pipedream. I had fantasized about finding her a kindly master who would buy her and keep her in elegance. Just the opposite had occurred. I pondered somehow escaping Klitzman's clutches and leaving all this evil behind, but I couldn't think of any way I could pull it off. My only hope was somehow getting the dirt on Moe, Larry, Curly and Shep, the four possible double agents Bederson had told me about. And to do that I had to continue what I was doing. And it was the only way I could ever hope of saving Carol, who was almost always on my mind.

After dinner we went down the cells and to the marking room. The three black girls that Quinton had brought were quite beautiful and compelling. One was small breasted and delicate and the others were more buxom and delightfully filled out. After they had been branded I chose one of the buxom ones and took her off to the training cells. I had intended to give her a light whipping and some gentle use, but once I had her on her toes, her hands up in the air something came over me and I dealt with her very brutally, for which I was sorry later. Maybe it was something like how the darkness of her skin matched the darkness of my soul that set me off. She pleaded and sobbed as I abused her, but a wall had formed in my mind and her plaintive appeals could not penetrate it. Afterwards, I fucked her rabidly and brutally. She cried and sobbed and screeched when she came. I left her sobbing and trembling on her futon. I went back to try and make up for my brutality the next day, but she and her sisters had already been sold to a Chinese broker who had exchanged them for some beauteous Chinese girls. I used one of them instead.

On the second day after Audrey's departure I received a call from Carla to come to Diskare's office at 2 o'clock that afternoon. I had one of the Chinese girls hogtied on my bed. She was quite diminutive and had a small mouth that clamped down hard on my cock. It was already a quarter after one and so I trundled the girl off into the cage and showered and shaved. The Chinese girls had been sold to a Guatemalan colonel who was taking them off the next day to serve in a brothel that served the high command. He was a gruff, coarse man who treated some of the Brazilian girls rather brutally and I was glad to see him go.

When I got to Diskare's office I was waved in. Draco was there, sitting in the chair to the left and the elegant woman who had been at dinner a few nights before was sitting on the right. A somewhat chunky red headed girl was standing where Audrey had been in much the same posture. She was covered heavily in stripes. Diskare usually had someone or other girl mounted there for his amusement and so I took no special notice of it. I figured that she must be new or some special case and that she would be thinned out over the next couple of weeks.

After giving respectful nods to Draco and the woman I took my place in the middle chair. I couldn't help wonder what had happened to Natasha. I could see that Draco was in a dark mood and I assumed that it had not been anything good. Draco never mentioned it and I never had the temerity to ask him.

"Thank you for joining us," Diskare said politely. He was wearing a light yellow and blue sports shirt. Draco had on a nondescript dark blue t-shirt and crisp, new blue jeans. The woman was wearing a short light green skirt and a flowered white blouse buttoned to just below the nascence of her breasts. She gave me a polite smile. Her crossed legs were alluring. She had on brown leather high heeled sandals. Her skin was tawny but not brown. The dark red polish on her nails matched her lips. She had an ice tea on the small table next to her and was smoking a filtered cigarette. Diskare was smoking too and the cloud of blueish grey smoke in the room was, I was sure, discomfiting Draco who abhorred tobacco smoke.

There was a glass of ice tea about half full on the table next to Draco. I assumed that the conference had started earlier and that I was being brought in at the tail end of it.

"Harry, I'd like you to meet Veda. She'll be part of your crew this time around. Draco, of course, you know and will be in charge. Veda will be second in command. I'm making this clear to you so that when she gives you an order you know that you have to obey it. Understand?"

I smiled and gave Diskare the affirmation he was entitled to. I looked over at Veda. She was smiling too. "Nice to meet you, Harry," she said sweetly but professionally. "I'm sure we'll get along just fine."

"Likewise," I replied.

"You'll start out in the Chicago area," Diskare instructed me, "and work your way west. Draco has a couple of special assignments to take care of first so Veda will be in charge. You'll have Shirney, who you met in New York, and Predo, who'll be new. You'll have to break him in, Harry. I understand that he's a very good cook so you'll eat well. I don't want any fuck ups, Harry. Got me?"

"Yes, sir," I snapped back.

"Okay, you'll leave tomorrow morning. Be ready at 7 a.m. sharp. That's all."

The three of us rose. I stood by and let Veda and Draco pass, hauling up the rear. Diskare got up from his desk. He had a flogger in his hand. The girl looked at him and started whining.

Outside Diskare's office Veda turned and waited for me to catch up. Draco trudged on ahead. Veda put out her elegant hand and proffered it to me. "It's good to be working with you, Harry. Diskare has told me a few of your tales. Let's have a drink or two and get to know each other."

I shook her hand lightly. "Sure," I replied.

We strolled along the corridor until we reached one of the lounges. It was an elegant room outfitted in red. Despite all my time at Diskare's I had not been there before. There was an assortment of rose colored easy chairs, a small bar and one of the ubiquitous Brazilian girls standing off to one side. On the left two naked young women knelt straight up on padded black platforms. One, on the far end, was an Asian girl, plump breasted and svelte. On the left, closer to me, was a mid-sized blond with stunning breasts and a very pleasant face. Someone had taken a cane to her lately and she had several fading black and blue marks on her thighs. The bronze medallion on her chest said that her name was Zuzu. She looked familiar to me, but I couldn't place her. Her reaction when I stood in front of her, taking her in, confirmed for me that we must have had some kind of contact since a look of fear crossed her face and she seemed to shudder. Unless it was just my face. I get that a lot.

There was an empty platform between the two stoically poised young women and I assumed that it belonged to the voluptuous blond girl who was administering oral delight to one of the seated men. Veda and I stepped over to the bar where a white coated steward served us. I ordered a Bombay and tonic with a lime. Veda ordered a double jigger of single malt

scotch over a single cube of ice. We sashayed out to the wide veranda and took seats in adjacent bamboos deck chairs. There was a nice breeze coming in from the ocean and the sky was sunny although there were ominous clouds off near the horizon. The air had the kind of feel when a storm is coming in, probably from the dropping air pressure. I took a sip of my drink and Veda hers. We put our glasses down on adjacent tables.

“Mind if I smoke?” I asked her. She waved at me and took a pack of Players from a pocket on the side of her skirt. I pulled out a Lucky and used my lighter to fire up my cigarette and hers. We both blew out ceremonial clouds of smoke. Veda spoke first.

“I’ve heard about your last escapade, Harry, and I’ll be frank. I told Mr. Diskare that I didn’t want you on our team but he was insistent. I won’t put up with any bullshit from you. You’re on thin ice. Do you understand?”

“Very well,” I replied with all the earnestness I could muster. “I promise that there won’t be any problems.”

“Diskare told me to make sure you’re on the production end and not just some kind of muscle. Although we’ll be dealing with some pretty rough people and I’m sure that you’ll come in handy in that department.”

“I’ll do whatever you tell me to do,” I replied. “If we can track down my sister, I’ll let you have her, although she’s probably pretty long in the tooth by now. If you want me to kidnap Snow White, Cinderella or Minnie Mouse, I’ll do that too.”

Veda gave me a small smile and took a drink of her scotch. I took a pull on my gin. “That’s nice, Harry,” she said. She was a beautiful woman in full bloom. Fucking all these young girls was nice, but every once in a while I liked to have someone who was more mature. Fucking them was more languid and they had patient, soft mouths. I wondered which way Veda batted, although I realized that she was probably a leftie if she was in our business. Or maybe a switch hitter. Estelle had given me a wondrous blowjob on our last tour, one that she made me swear on the pain of death to keep secret. I wondered whether I might garner one from Veda. She had lush lips that I tried not to stare at and every time she pursed them as we spoke I got a little thrill imagining my cock in there.

We chatted there for close to an hour. Veda, it seemed, was half Asian Indian. Her father and mother were both neuroscientists and had met at an international conference in Singapore. She was the youngest of three children, the only girl. Her father and mother had taken jobs with a pharmaceutical company in Texas. They often worked late on developing new compounds and conducting trials, and so Veda ran kind of wild. She

got into this business kind of by accident when she and a boyfriend in college had kidnapped a former girlfriend of his and held her for a few days at a cabin way off on the prairie. Some guys had come to collect her after they had had their fun with her and paid them \$15,000. After that, they would collect another girl once their money had run out, about every two months or so. Her boyfriend had crossed somebody and one day about a year and a half later when the men came by to pick up the girl they had picked out, they put a bullet in his chest and head. They carefully explained to Veda that they had nothing against her and that she could continue to work for them. She joined one of Klitzman's crews and had been at it for the last ten years or so, since she had turned 21.

I told her about my Bayonne boyhood, my Dad and his piteous fate. I told her about Tony Bianco and how I made my bones for him, my three years in Atlanta and my trip to the Hindu Kush on Klitzman's behalf. She laughed when I told her about trading a horse for Annie and how I ended up with a car load of women on my way back to civilization. I didn't tell her how I had intended to free them until we were all arrested by the Pakistani Army, but I did tell her how I was stuck in some hell hole prison for a week before, to my surprise, one of the generals in Klitzman's employ had sprung me and had me delivered to the airport where all the women, none too worse for wear, were waiting all nicely bound up and ready for transport.

She told me that she had heard I was lucky and a good man for close in work. Diskare had told her about my little jungle escapade where though sheer luck and a little pluck, I had saved all of us from certain massacre. I told her that I hoped that that kind of heroics would not be necessary on our trip and she concurred.

We finished our drinks and went inside. The blond haired girl who had been giving the bj was gone and it was the delicate Asian girl on her knees. The other blond girl, the one who looked familiar was still on her perch. As we went to leave the room I suddenly realized where I had seen her before. It had been in New York and her boyfriend, some guy named Nick, had surrendered her to us. It was on the first leg of our three month tour and I had not had a chance to try her out. I had wondered what had happened to her, but I hadn't seen her around so I assumed that she had been shipped off to Klitzman's or sold off shortly after her arrival here. I had never been to this particular lounge before and realized that this is where she had been hiding.

I wasn't going to miss the chance to fuck her and so I grabbed a leash off the wall and fastened it to her collar. I led her out into the hall and then

down to my room. She seemed on the verge of hysterical tears as I used her, but she was an energetic, passionate fuck and had a great mouth. I kept her until dinner, about 7 o'clock, and then locked her in the cage in my room intending to have some more fun with her. But when I came back later she was gone. I went back to the red room and she wasn't there either. I looked around for Selena, my favorite Brazilian girl, but she was nowhere to be found. So I went down to the cells and picked out a curvaceous, sweet faced, voluptuous Colombian girl who I used until the early morning hours, finally granting her mercy at about 2:30. I had to give her a few strokes of the flogger to get her to stop crying, but after that we understood each other and she was properly enthusiastic. I left her in the cage while I slept and collected a good-bye blowjob when I woke in the morning. I knew that it would be some time before I would have such free use of a female and so I made the most of it.

I had a quick breakfast at about 6:30. I was a little tired, but I figured that I could sleep on the plane.

There was a limousine waiting for us when the three of us exited the main entrance to Diskare's vast mansion. Our suitcases were awaiting us and one of the guards placed them in the trunk. We were handed back our personal items that had been taken from us when we arrived. I welcomed the return of my shiv and the .25 caliber Beretta I liked to use. I saw Veda look into a small red purse and check out a small pearl handled weapon to make sure that it was loaded. Draco used a Glock which he carried in a shoulder holster under his jacket. I had a small holster which I placed on the side of my belt. I covered it with the blue windbreaker I had been wearing when I had captured Audrey. I had been handed my passport in the name of Harry Lime and someone had renewed my Florida driver's license.

The plane was waiting for us at the airport and the flight was uneventful. We landed at a small airport out in farm country. We got there about 2 in the afternoon. Our jet was a bit larger than the standard plane there but our pilot was able to manage the short runway. We had flown under the radar ever since reaching the Chicago area and there were no concerns about customs or any border control. A black SUV was waiting for us. A man who I presumed to be Predo was in the driver's seat and he greeted us with unnecessary enthusiasm. Another car, a black Lincoln, was waiting for Draco and he hustled off to it without a word.

We tossed our luggage, such as it was, in the back. Veda got into the front passenger seat and I got in the rear behind her. I liked to keep an eye

on the driver whenever I could in case some shit broke out. I wasn't expecting anything, but habits are hard to break.

It took us about 35 minutes to reach the farmhouse that was used in this area. It was in a small town called Elburn off of a two lane highway called Route 38. Everything around was as flat as a pancake. I was reminded of the airplane scene in North by Northwest where Cary Grant got chased around a cornfield by a crop duster. I never figured out why the bad guys had to try and kill him in such an outlandish way, why they didn't just have somebody drive up and gun him down as he stood by the side of the road. But I guess that wouldn't have made good theater and his character would have been dead and Eva Marie Saint would have flown off with James Mason and the microfilm to the detriment of the free world. Of course the unspoken titillating issue in the film is about Eva being Mason's girlfriend and having to fuck him for the good of the country. It was a new variation of spread your legs and think of England.

The farmhouse was down a long dirt road about a mile and a half off of Route 38. It was very isolated and perfect for our purposes. It had a two car garage, four upstairs bedrooms, a large living room and a well-appointed, modern kitchen. There was another bedroom under the eaves on the top floor. Shirney was there when we arrived. He was a big black fellow with an amiable nature who had helped us out in New York when we were there. He was all smiles when he saw me and immediately challenged me to a game of chess. We had played a couple of times back in New York and he had come out on top two out of three. I had played a lot of chess in prison. Some of those lifers were as good as any chess master and I learned a lot of tricks. You pick up a lot of things in the joint. Shirney was smart and aggressive and he had shown me a couple of things that I hadn't seen before. We would have a lot of down time between pickups and it would be good not to have to watch soap operas and game shows all day.

Predo had prestocked the kitchen and he had a delicious smelling veal stew on the stove. The fridge had been loaded up with soft drinks and the freezer full of ice cream. I went upstairs and waited for Vena to assign me a bedroom. She took the master suite and gave me a room next to hers. Predo and Shirney had rooms down the hall. My bedroom was non-distinct, a full sized bed, a light brown stained pressed wood dresser, a small closet with a few empty hangers. There was a clock radio and a lamp on the bed stand. The floor was polished maple with an oriental throw rug by the bed. It would do as I didn't expect to be doing much entertaining. I wondered how Draco was going to react to Veda taking the master bedroom, but I guessed that they had worked things out in advance. Last



time Estelle had taken the master bedrooms wherever we stayed, but she had her little doll with the heart shaped chastity belt to take care of. It also probably had something to do with not having to share the communal bathroom with the male pigs.

All the beds had been made and the rooms had been aired out. There was a fresh bar of soap in the soap dish in the bathroom and plastic bottles of body wash and shampoo in the shower. There were even fresh, fluffy towels. There was an extra room across the hall from mine. It was windowless and had a mattress on the floor. There were rings embedded in the floor at its four corners and a chain leading from a ring in the wall at the head of the bed. The door had a sturdy deadbolt lock. The room smelled recently cleaned. The only blemishes were the scratch marks on the wall by the head of the bed just below the ring which were undoubtedly placed there by one or more unhappy occupants.

Veda wanted to check out the basement where we would be keeping the girls. We went down the wooden stairs single file. Predo proudly showed off all the freshly made beds, 12 of them, the sparkly clean cages and the well-stocked shower. The cement floor was spiffy clean and even the whips on the wall seemed to have been polished. Predo was an eager beaver. I looked at the empty beds, all in a row and each one having the obligatory rings encircling it. There were no top sheets, just the bottom and the pillows were flat and looked uncomfortable.

As I looked at them I pondered that there were twelve pretty, young, desirable women out there in the vast Chicago metropolitan area who were enjoying their last nights of freedom. They were out there right then, fucking their boyfriends, going to school or work, paying their student loans and their rent, having dinners with family and friends, not knowing that that would be the last time they would see them. The room would soon be filled with naked, unhappy women, overcome by soporifics, struggling lazily and languorously at their bonds, wondering what the fuck was going to happen to them. In a few weeks they would be off at Diskare's or flown off to Klitzman's, or sold off to some callous master, confronting a future life that they could hardly have imagined.

We had a very nice dinner with fresh, crisp asparagus topped with hollandaise sauce and petite roasted potatoes. Predo surprised us all by producing a peach pie which we ate *a la mode*. He was young, maybe 23 or 24, slightly built with an eager face. It made me wonder why he wanted to be in this business. I learned that he swung the other way, which made it much easier for him to deal with the girls since he would not be given to temptation to abuse them and he would be impervious to their suffering.

We watched a movie after dinner. The place was well stocked with video tapes and had a few shelves of first rate novels and histories. After the movie, I forget what we watched, I sat out on the porch and smoked, watching the stars and listening to the whippoorwills, if that's what they were, and the crickets. It was a full moon and I could see some kind of hawk night hunting. About 11, Veda came out and had a cigarette with me. We didn't talk much, just sat there in our own little worlds enjoying the beauty and stillness of the night. I was yearning for a nice snifter of Remy Martin to top it off, but no alcohol of whatever nature was allowed in the house.

After a while, Veda got up and suggested that we retire. For a second my hopes were sprung that she meant together, but as she passed before me into the house I realized that those hopes were forlorn. Momentarily I wondered if Predo would be up for giving me a blowjob, but I tossed that thought away. I didn't have anything against gay guys, but the thought of a face between my thighs with bristles on its cheeks gave me the willies.

In the morning Predo made us all bacon and cheese omelets and stiff, strong coffee. Veda told me that we had our first appointment at 11 o'clock and to dress business-like. I had a pair of black shoes in my duffle bag and a blue dress shirt which Predo ironed for me along with the black pants I owned. He had a nice multicolored tie for me which he had to show me how to tie. I put the Beretta into a holster around my ankle and pulled the pants leg over it. My trusty shiv was in my pants pocket. Veda had pulled out of somewhere a nice, dark blue business suit, calf length skirt, white blouse with a ruffle at her neck and a suitable waist length jacket. She had her long black hair up in a bun. We checked out the rear of the SUV which was outfitted with a special compartment for transporting prisoners. We made sure that the fan produced a nice stream of cool air for its prospective inhabitant.

Veda had a black valise and she folded an olive colored, plastic body bag into it. She had a medium sized black purse with a brass fitting and a shoulder length strap. She told me to drive.

We took off at about a quarter to ten and drove towards the city. We dropped down to Interstate 88 and headed east. When we got to a town called Downer's Grove we drove south along U.S. 355 and then headed east on Route 80 until we hit Tinley Park, a built up suburb. Veda had a written sheet with directions and she led me along a few local streets until we reached a three story office building. It was Saturday and there wasn't much traffic. The building had a parking garage underneath it. When we

entered, there were two cars there, one a shiny, recent model black Mercedes and the other a six or seven year old silver Volkswagen Rabbit.

We were early and we sat in the car smoking cigarettes until 10:55. We walked up to a glass door that led to an elevator. The lock on the door had been taped open. We called the elevator and took it to the third floor. The door opened to a large suite of offices, with a nice, powder blue commercial carpet and white painted walls. There was a bank of private offices off to our left and a vast sea of desks separated by partitions in front of us. There was also a tall, ten foot long receptionist's desk made out of polished oak with a fancy emblem in the middle which said Sartoris Industries. There was a sign in sheet on the counter. Behind the counter, manning a console of telephone lines, was a cheerful, young blond girl. She had a bright smile showing off white, even teeth. Her hair, light blond, a pale yellow, went down to her shoulders and was held in place by a set of ruby red berets on either side. She had sparkling blue eyes and was dressed in a white, short sleeved blouse with flowery decorations on it. I couldn't see her skirt.

"Hi!" the girl said brightly. "Are you from Abrams and Company, the accountants?"

"Yes," Veda replied civilly. "Can you tell Mr. Murphy that we are here?"

The girl nodded and picked up the receiver. She pressed a button on the console. It lit up and in short order she announced to the person on the other end of the line, presumably Mr. Murphy, that we were here. She put the phone down after a second.

"Mr. Murphy's office is the corner office on your left. You can go right down."

"Thank you," Veda said. I wondered if I should tell the girl to run.

We sauntered down the line of empty offices. Murphy's office was about 60 or more feet from the reception desk. The solid oak door was open. We passed through it. In the center of the large room was a brown maple desk as long as a football field. There was a fine, light brown leather couch just to the right of the door with two matching arm chairs in front of it. Between them was a glass covered coffee table which had a couple of glossy magazines on it, one bearing the Sartoris Industries logo. A fancy chandelier sat in the middle of the ceiling.

A middle aged man with short, greying hair sat behind the desk. He was wearing a dark purple Izod shirt. His desk was clean except for a small pile of papers to his left, a desk pad in front of him and a penholder and telephone off to his right. The only walls were the ones that separated this

office from the ones on either side. The two other walls, coming to a corner behind the man, were glass floor to ceiling. You could see for miles. A small bar sat off to the left of the desk against the wall with some sparkly glasses on it and various refreshments. It was early, but I noted the frosted bottle of Gilbey's gin.

"Come in, come in," Murphy said in a deep and somewhat tremulous voice. "And close the door."

I let Veda pass and accommodated Murphy's wishes. There were two padded chairs in front of his desk and he urged us to take them. We sat there in silence, staring at him for about 40 seconds before he couldn't bear it anymore and spoke out.

"I've never done anything like this before," he said, a strained look on his face. "I mean, my stomach is tied up in knots and I'm shaking like a leaf."

"You have nothing to worry about, Mr. Murphy," Veda told him. "We'll take care of everything."

But Murphy was not done. "I mean, she's such a sweet girl, it's a horrible thing to do to her, but I haven't got much choice. I made a mistake and she overheard a very dicey telephone call I had with a state contractor. I'm not sure she even understood it, but I can't take a chance. Word was passed down that something had to be done with her. Th-they said that you'll take her somewhere. That she'll just disappear. I don't want anything bad to happen to her. I know her father for Christ's sake!"

"Don't worry," Veda assured him. "She'll be well taken care of. From our point of view she's a very valuable piece of merchandise. We would be foolish for us to let any harm to come to her"

"That's just it though, merchandise. What will happen to her? How will she be treated? Is she going to become some kind of sex slave or something? I don't think I could bear that."

"What will happen to her is of no concern to you, Mr. Murphy," Veda told him sternly. "Now, either you're in or you're out. If you say so we'll be on our way and she'll never know. Of course, like you said, she has to be taken care of somehow and I don't think that she would find the alternative any better."

Murphy looked at us with a mixture of sadness and fear on his face. There was a moment's silence and then he blurted out, "Would you like a drink?"

"No thanks, Mr. Murphy. We're on the clock," Veda told him.

"Do you mind.....?" he asked meekly.

"No, not at all, help yourself," Veda replied.

He got up from the desk and walked to the little bar. He selected an old-fashioned glass and then a bottle of Crown Royal. He poured himself three fingers nervously. He had difficulty getting the top back on. When he had succeeded he tossed back the whiskey as if it was water. He closed his eyes and a bit of calm came over him.

“There’s some papers to sign, Mr. Murphy and the matter of some cash. Let’s get that out of the way.”

Murphy nodded and went back to his desk. She opened her valise and took out a piece of typewritten paper stapled to a blue backer like a legal document. She passed it over the desk to Murphy. He took it up and scanned it.

“What’s this?” he asked incredulously.

“It’s a confession, Mr. Murphy. If anything happens and our participation in Sandra’s disappearance is revealed, well, you’ll be on the hook too. Think of it as an insurance policy.”

Murphy scanned the document as if he was perusing his own death warrant. It was the first time I had heard our young victim’s name. I pondered the callousness of the powers that be that would consign sweet Sandra to hell because she might have heard something that she probably didn’t even understand.

Murphy looked up at us. “You know, millions of dollars are at stake.”

Veda just stared at him.

“If it weren’t for that, well, she’s such a sweet girl and, well, you know....”

“Either sign the document or we are out of here Mr. Murphy,” Veda told him abruptly.

Murphy gave us another look. “Won’t you talk me out of this?” his face seemed to be saying. “Isn’t there some other way? Can’t we forget the whole thing?”

“No, we can’t forget the whole thing,” I thought. The people who set this up wouldn’t tolerate that. Either somebody would ice the girl, make it look like some kind of heinous sex crime, or we would pick her up some other way. The difference was that this way Murphy would have complicity and keep his trap shut. The other way the forces that be might not be too comfortable having him around. I’m sure there was a vice president or someone who would take over if something happened to Murphy. They would just make the deal with him or her.

Murphy’s eyes were watering. He took a pen from the holder and scribbled his name on the paper. He handed it back to Veda. She looked at it, probably having been apprised of what Murphy’s true signature looked

like in case he wanted to claim later that it was a forgery. She was satisfied and put it in the valise.

“And now the cash,” she demanded.

Murphy opened the middle drawer of his desk and pulled out a thick manila envelope. He slid it over to Veda. “Twenty thousand,” he said tonelessly. “Count it if you want.”

“I don’t have to count it Mr. Murphy,” Veda said. “We’ll count it later and if it’s not all there we will be back.”

Murphy returned a silent stare.

“Okay, let’s get the ball rolling,” Veda announced. “Are all the security cameras turned off?”

“Yes,” Murphy answered.

“And there’s no one else in the building?”

“N-no.”

“And you’re not expecting anyone?”

“No.”

“All right, let’s get her in here.”

“What will I tell her?” Murphy asked.

“I don’t know,” Veda replied, annoyed. “Tell her to bring us some coffee.”

Murphy looked at us and then hit the intercom. Sandra answered in her sweet voice.

“Yes, Mr. Murphy?” she asked.

“Can you bring us two cups of coffee?”

“Sure, Mr. Murphy,” Sandra replied. “How do they like it?”

“Milk, no sugar,” I interjected, happy to have the opportunity to speak at last.

“Black,” Veda replied.

“Did you get that, Sandra?” Murphy asked her.

“Yes, Mr. Murphy. I’ll be right in.”

Murphy pushed a button on the intercom, stifling the conversation. “It’ll take a couple minutes,” he said nervously. He looked over at the booze on the bar and he fled over to it. He poured himself another three fingers and downed about half of it. Then he returned to his seat.

“So what did you tell her to get her to come in today?” Veda asked.

“I told her that I just needed someone to work the desk because I was having a business appointment.”

“Okay.” Veda looked at her very smart looking watch. “It’s 11:30. You come down about 12:15 and you’ll see the car a mess, the door open and a

bunch of stuff tossed around. Then come upstairs and call the police. Don't worry, we'll make it look real."

"Okay," Murphy said faintly. Then, after a minute, he said, "Maybe we shouldn't do this. Just take the money and leave. I'll sort this out some other wa..."

At that there was a little a tap at the door. The handle turned and the door eased open. Sandra stuck in her head. "Is it okay if I come in?" she asked tentatively.

"Come in, come in," Veda replied to vivaciously. "We're almost done here anyway."

Sandra hesitated, looking for Mr. Murphy's approval. He tossed back the rest of his drink. "Y-yes, come in," he managed to eke out.

Sandra had two coffees in ceramic mugs on a little tray. They had the Sartoris Industries logo on them. The coffee was steaming. She was wearing a black skirt with curly floral patterns strewn across it. It came up to just above her knees. On her feet she wore a pair of dark green flats. Her legs were encased with sheer beige stockings. She was dressed for work even though it was a Saturday wanting, no doubt, to convince Murphy here how seriously she took her job.

"Who gets the one with the milk?" she asked politely. I raised my hand. She looked at me and gave a start. It's not every day that Fred Munster comes to visit. She crossed in front of Veda and proffered me the tray. I took the cup with milk in it and she drew back. She had an uncertain look on her face. I guess she didn't get a good look at me when we came in. And, I guess I didn't look too much like an accountant even with the nice tie that Predo had given me.

She turned to Veda and smiled, proffering the remaining cup to her. Veda took it and smiled back at her. Veda and I put our coffee cups down on Murphy's desk.

"Is that all Mr. Murphy?" Sandra asked. "Can I go home now?"

"Just one more thing," Veda announced. Sandra was standing an arm's length from her. Veda reached into her purse and produced a gun like thing with what looked like a vial of medicine on the end. Veda grabbed Sandra's left arm, the one not holding the tray and the one closest to her. She quickly, before Sandra could react, put the gun like object against her upper arm. There was a pop, a hiss and a click.

"Ow!" Sandra protested. "What did you do that for?"

Then her eyes rolled back and she hit the floor. Veda calmly put the gun back in her purse and took her coffee off of Murphy's desk. She took a long sip. "That's good coffee," she commented.

She turned to me. "Let's get this little morsel all trussed up while she's out," She pulled two long leather strips from her purse and handed them to me. I took them, took a sip of my coffee, and stepped over to the girl.

She wasn't out completely, but for all practical purposes she was. She was moaning slightly and squirming just a bit. I stepped over her and turned her to her belly. It was a simple thing to move her two wrists together and tie them off with a double knot. There was a golden chain bracelet around her right wrist. I went to cross her legs and bind them when Veda stopped me. She stepped over, pushed up the girl's skirt revealing a pair of red and white panties. She grabbed them by the waistband and pulled them down her legs and over her sandals. She put them in the pocket of her suit jacket and then nodded to me. I crossed the girl's ankles and tied them off.

"Good work, Harry," Veda told me. She had picked up her coffee cup again and was sipping it. I sat down and did the same.

"I don't like to gag them until they come back around," she explained to Murphy. "Sometimes they throw up and if they're gagged that could kill them."

Murphy looked at us dazed but nodded his head in perplexed understanding.

We sat there silently drinking our coffee for a while. Sandra began to moan and tried to lift her head.

"Wah..." she said to no one. And then again, "Wah..." a little stronger this time. She was lying on the floor next to Veda and I had to crane my neck to see her. I hadn't pulled her miniskirt back down and her delicate, pale, plump rear was revealed.

She released a loud moan and she really began to stir. Veda put down her coffee and removed a bright red ball gag from her purse. She crouched down beside Sandra and lifted her head.

"Are you okay, Sandra?" she asked solicitously. "Are you awake?"

Sandra moaned again and then looked at Veda. She began to cry. "What are you doing to me?" she asked miserably.

That was enough for Veda. She pushed the red rubber ball into Sandra's mouth, causing her jaws to spread. Sandra released a muffled shriek and tried to twist her head back and forth. But Veda was an expert and she shortly had the ball gag buckled tightly behind her.

She patted Sandra on the head. "We're going on a little trip, Sandra," she said sweetly. "So you're going to have to be a good girl and cooperate."



Sandra shrieked again and began twisting and turning her body. Veda gave me a nod and she took the body bag out of her valise. We spread it out on the floor next to Sandra. When she saw it her eyes went wild and she tried to squirm away. I unzipped the bag its full length, spreading it open, while Veda took the girl's feet and held her in place. I then went over to her head. She was shrieking and screaming.

"Let's flip her over, Harry," Veda told me. We turned her until she was on her back and then we lifted her up. We brought her over to the body bag and, with some effort due to her squirming and kicking, laid her into it. As soon as she was fully in, I zipped it up without a hitch.

You could still hear Sandra screeching and screaming from inside the bag, but it was a little more faint. The bag had some mesh up at the head to let in some air. The bag writhed and squirmed like it was a Mexican jumping bean. Veda gathered up her purse, put it over her shoulder and picked up her valise.

"Now, don't forget, Mr. Murphy," she told him, "go downstairs at about 12:15 just like you were going home. When you see the car, come running upstairs and call the police. Okay?"

"Okay," Murphy mumbled back. His face was white as a sheet.

"Tell the cops that you came in to get some paperwork done and needed Sandra to help with some filing. Spread out a couple of files like you were working on them. Got it?"

"Y-yes," Murphy responded. He was sitting back in his chair. The die had been cast and it was too late to do anything else now. I felt sure that the people he was dealing with would milk him dry and then get rid of him. He was a weak link if I ever saw one. For what he had done to Sandra, I felt like I could do it myself for free.

Veda tossed back the rest of her coffee and told me to do the same. When mine was drained she put both mugs in her valise. Murphy looked at her strangely. "DNA," she said..

"Oh, and get rid of the rest of the pot that Sandra made," she instructed him. "We don't want any loose ends."

Murphy just nodded stupidly.

We picked up the ends of the body bag and walked it out of Murphy's office, Veda in the lead. We stopped at the reception desk and put Sandra down. Veda pulled some surgical gloves out of her purse and put them on. She went behind the desk and made sure everything was put away. Sandra had a CD player on the counter with some headphones. A paperback book was lying opened face down as if she had just been reading it. Veda tuned it over. It was *Catcher in the Rye*. She was probably reading it for a college

Lit course. Veda put the tasseled book maker that Sandra had been using into it and closed it. There was also a little brown leather pouch covered in multicolored beads with a long strap. Veda put the CD player and the book in the bag and slung it over her shoulder. We picked Sandra back up and stepped over to the elevator and hit the button.

At the bottom we stepped out through the glass door to the parking area. I took the tape off of the door. We carried the shrieking and twisting Sandra to the SUV. Veda popped the rear door and it swung up. She opened the little compartment we had checked out earlier and we dumped Sandra into it, closing it up. Her shrieks, such as they were, all muffled and all, died right away.

Veda reached into Sandra's bag and withdrew her car keys. It was not difficult to choose which car was hers. Veda took her pistol out of her purse and smashed it into the driver's side window. Glass tinkled everywhere. She reached in and popped the lock and yanked the door open. She got into the car and turned on the engine. When she came out, she took Sandra's wallet from the bag and emptied it. There was \$47.00 and what was apparently her father's Visa card. Veda pocketed the money and the card and spread the wallet and the rest of the contents of the bag in a wide arc on the floor. She smashed the CD player with her heel. She tossed the bag onto the cement floor and then took Sandra's panties out of her pocket. She threw them down near the bag.

We quickly got into the SUV, with me driving again. "Okay, let's go home," she told me.

## CHAPTER NINE

### MARA GETS TO SEE AN OLD FRIEND

And so it went. I spent much of my time every day in the red room. Two or three times a day, and sometimes more, I was hauled off to someone's room and abused there. I rendered oral service to whoever wanted it, or draped myself over one of the ottomans for service right there. Every time I was taken to a master's room, one of the mamas would come and get me afterwards and clean me up, giving me her breasts to suckle afterwards. In the red room, after one of the men used me, if another man didn't want to use me again right away, the white coated steward would take me to a little alcove and wash out my pussy or rear, make me gargle, let me pee, and bring me out again.

Weeks and weeks went by. A mama would come by and take me to a large kitchen where I would be given my lunch or dinner in a bowl on the floor and made to drink more of the juju juice. I spent the nights with Mama Ojugo, like before, except on the rare occasion where a master kept me overnight in his room. Those were the most lonely nights as I usually spent it locked up in the cage pining for my mama. Some mornings I would be taken to the room where I had been branded and bound up on the bed for serial use like in the beginning.

I spent some time every morning in the training room, getting my pussy and nipples treated with the juju and then prancing around in my wiggly walk at the command of one of the mamas. I would perform all the standard commands at her insistence and repeat over and over the biggie wannas, confirming my status as a dirty, nasty, stupid caught little girlie and expressing my love for the mamas and receiving conformation of their love for me. It might seem stupid to you, but these sessions always brought me joy as I received the mama's special attention and was confirmed as a special, wanted and loved creature. Afterwards I would be given the biggie goodie and return the favor.

Sista Chantalisa made me up every morning, and I assumed that she did Lulu and Didi as well. I also assumed that they had their own special mama to love and take care of them. We never got the opportunity to talk. The closest we came to communication was when the masters would order us to perform for them and we kissed and slurped at each other, sharing mutual biggie goodies until commanded to stop and service the masters instead. Certain of the masters had their favorites, using one or the other of

us several days in a row. I would see one who preferred me come in and I would steel myself to be used or hauled off to his bedroom. The men seemed to come and go, maybe hanging around for a week or so and then disappear only to show up again weeks later.

I did my best to satisfy whoever was using me so as to avoid any biggie baddies, but it was unavoidable that sooner or later I would disappoint someone and get a beating. It was always a double punishment because word would somehow get back to Mama Ojugo who would discipline me again that night before we went to bed. Some of the men would beat us just for pleasure, but it seemed that their favorite for this kind of treatment was Lulu with all her voluptuousness. They would gather round while one or the other of the men would belabor her with the flogger or the thin rubber coated dog whip, or even the cane. Didi and I would kneel on our platforms quailing lest the men's desire to inflict pain spread to us.

Sista Chantalisa would come in some afternoons and choose one of us and take us to her room in a special wing. She was always kind and solicitous in her use, making me come many times, as I did for her. She would murmur sweet nothings in my ears, telling what a pretty little girlie I was, how much she loved me or just hold me and pet me while I cried. She would clean me up when she was done with me and take me to the kitchen for a little snack and then back to the red room. When she brought me in, or one of my other sisters, she would always proffer us to the men before having us mount our perches. Usually one or more masters would take her up on her offer encouraged by her praise as to what good whores we were.

It was easier and easier to forget about the before nows as they receded into the distance. My days were mixed with fear, sorrow and ecstatic joy as I reached apotheosis during my use, which was often thanks to the juju. I counted the juju as a blessing since it kept me ready and able to perform. There was always an undercurrent of shame and sadness to my days, but I tried to ignore it as it interfered with my duties. Sometimes, though, with a thick, unwanted, hot cock in my mouth, or as some callous master plunged himself in and out of me to his heart's content, a virulent woe would subsume me. If the master caught me crying, he would usually slap me around until I stopped or do worse. So I tried to fight those feelings off as best as I could although I was not always successful.

About six weeks after I was introduced into the red room something happened which threw me off of my equilibrium. It was after dinner and it was dark outside. We were in the midst of a major storm and the wind and rain was battering up against the French doors. I had had a late dinner, one

of the men having kept me in his room for what seemed hours and hours. When he was done with me, black skinned, lean, irascible Mama Asabi cleaned me up and took me to dinner. She had found fault with me as I wriggled down the hallway, criticizing me for not being erect enough while I crawled along and not thrusting my breasts out sufficiently. She had me assume the punishment position right there in the hallway, with several masters passing by who gathered around and watched and laughed, as she gave me five solid blows with her whippy stick. I moaned and cried, sorrowful at being beaten, the shame at having my agony witnessed, but more sorrowful about the biggie baddie Mama Ojugo would give me later.

When she led me back into the red room after I ate there were three masters sitting in the easy chairs. Two of the men were talking lowly, men who I had serviced before, and the third, a handsome black man who was unknown to me, was reading a book. Didi and Lulu was ensconced on their perches and I joined them. I knelt there at attention, staring at the wild, powerful wave depicted in the large painting on the wall opposite us and readying myself for the command, “Zuzu, bring dem dere titties over here!” or “Zuzu, bring dat dere maut over here!”

I must have been daydreaming because I did not glance over when the door opened. I heard someone getting a drink at the bar. That someone drifted over to our platforms and stopped in front of me. I looked at him chest high. He was wearing a silvery silk shirt that hung loose on his solid frame. I could feel his eyes wandering me and my stomach was in flutters as to what humiliation I was about to suffer. Finally, I could bear it no longer and I looked up into his face. A chill went through me. I started to tremble. My stomach turned sour. It was Nicky!

I stared at him in disbelief. He was smiling snidely at me. Had he come to reclaim me? Had he come to save me? Had I proven worthy of him? I wanted to appeal to him to take me away from all this, to beg and plead with him. I wanted him to kiss me and hug me and call me Mara, and tell me how he treasured me. I was shamed for him to see me like this, my breasts thrust out, my knees spread, that demeaning name that wasn't a name appended to my collar. He reached out and placed his right hand under my left breast. He squeezed it softly from below, hefting it, testing it. I shuddered at his touch. I don't know what my expression was, but it must have been shock. He released my breast and moved to my right, in front of Lulu. Out of the side of my eye I saw him testing Lulu's breast as he had mine. Then he said to her, “Lulu, bring dem dere titties over here.”

I watched as he strolled over to one of the chairs and sat down, facing sideways from me. Lulu dutifully crawled off of her platform and wriggled

over to him. She knelt up in front of him and presented him her substantial breasts. Nicky put his drink down on the adjacent table and started to maul and handle them. He leaned over and suckled one after the other, causing Lulu to moan, and then he leaned back, opening his fly. "Make de maut ready," he told her. She formed the appropriate 'O'. "Gib masta de suckie suckie," he ordered her curtly. Lulu bent down and went to work.

My heart was ready to burst with sorrow. All of these weeks I had been dreaming of my reunion with Nicky, fearing more and more that it would never come. And yet, here it was, but in a form that I had never imagined. He had virtually ignored me, one who had sacrificed everything for him, had suffered untold miseries for him, had transformed herself for him. And he was taking enjoyment from another as coolly and as callously as any other of the masters. His head was leaned back and his eyes closed as he took his pleasure from Lulu's mouth. "Why didn't he call me over?" I wondered miserably. I would have given loving adoration to his cock, proving my worth, my enhanced worth, to him. I would have reveled in showing the other men to whom I truly belonged and who had finally come to save me from them. Why was Lulu's mouth better than mine? Why were her titties more attractive than mine? Why was he making me suffer so?

He was moaning lowly, his hands resting gently on Lulu's head when one of the masters who had been chatting came up to the front of the room. He took a leash from the wall, took a look at Didi and me, and chose me. He clipped the leash to the back of my collar and gave it a yank, signaling me to dismount and follow him. I burst into tears and couldn't move. "Save me, Nicky! Save me, please, please, please!" my mind screamed. But Nicky wasn't even looking. The man yanked my leash harder and yelled at me, "Zuzu, gib de masta de bey!" Sadly, my heart bursting, I descended from my platform and followed the man to the door. "Oh, please, Nicky!" I thought.

When we got to the man's room he beat me savagely for my disobedience, belaboring me all over my body with the flogger. Afterwards, he used me brutally, thrusting hard into me, ordering me about, slapping me when I was slow to obey. My whole being was permeated with sorrow. As he fucked me I tried to hold back my moans, to hold back my climaxes, promising myself that they belonged to Nicky and no one else. I might as well have been trying to hold the ocean back with a sieve, since the man made me come repeatedly and had me moaning and groaning as if I had suffered a grievous wound, which in a way I had.

When he had come in my pussy, he made me suck him back to hardness right away and then suckle him for the longest time before

discharging down my throat. All the time I protested that it was Nicky's mouth, Nicky's throat. That my body was for Nicky to defile. I wanted no one else but him. The man's use of me, his possession of me, seemed a heinous crime. How could I so willingly let this man pierce me, use me, jet his spume in me, let myself take pleasure from his efforts, when I belonged to Nicky and he alone had the right to such use of me. Would he mark it as a betrayal that I let this man make me moan and sigh and convulse mindlessly? Would Nicky find me degraded by the fact that I opened my legs to him and my mouth, proffered him my breasts? Was I forever tarnished and marred by the dozens and dozens of cocks I had serviced such that he would spurn me? Did he love me as I loved him?

It was Mama Louisa who came and got me after the man was finished. My heart pounded in my chest and I suckled her breasts with such force, anxious to get it over with so I could go back to the red room, that Mama Louisa pushed my mouth off her teat and gave me a solid slap. "Wat de nasty, dirty, stupid little girlie am be doin?" she asked me reproachfully. "Gib de suckie de slowie slowie," she told me. "De dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie ain't am bein habbin no place to go. Dere be plenty mastas dere to give she de biggie goodie. She no am bein habbin de worrie worrie bout dat!"

I don't know whether Mama Louisa truly thought that I was anxious to go back to the red room so I could get more cock, or whether word had spread about Nicky's arrival and she was giving me the big tease. The former was in the range of possibilities since with all the juju I was being given I often felt a longing for use that shamed me. I realized though that it was probably the latter since the Mamas always seemed to know just what was going on.

I finished my snack more slowly, fearing the biggie baddie. "He'll be there!" I thought desperately. "He'll be there! He's got to be there!" Could he be so cruel as to finally arrive and just ignore me? Were all my hopes of redemption forlorn?

When I had drawn the last drop of sustenance from Mama Louisa's breasts, she finally pushed me off of her lap and led me out into the hall. When we got to the red room, she swung the door open. I looked about frantically for Nicky, but he was nowhere to be found. The three perches were empty, Lulu and Didi apparently taken up to someone's room. There was only one man in the room. He had some headphones on and his eyes closed. He had used me for several days running a few weeks back and had apparently returned. Mama Louisa brought me to him and proffered me.

“Uppy uppy,” she snapped as she pulled on my leash. “Show de masta dem dere titties dat am bein belongin to him!”

I sprung up into position, one eye upon the door lest Nicky come in. The man in the chair took off his headphones and took hold of my breasts and squeezed them. “Hello, Zuzu,” he said. “Dem dere’s some fine titties.”

Mama Louisa gave my leash another snap. “What de nasty, dirty, stupid little girlie am bein sayin when de masta tell she about dem dere nicy nicy titties?” she demanded.

“She am bein gibbin de masta de tanky tanky, mama,” I replied tremulously.

“So gib de masta de tanky tanky!” she ordered.

The man was smiling at me expectantly, enjoying my debasement. I looked him in the eyes, happy now that Nicky was not here to witness my humiliation.

“Tanky, tanky, masta,” I said to him. He was pinching and pulling on my nipples and my pussy was starting to tingle.

“Tanky tanky fer wat?” the man demanded.

“Tanky tanky fer de tellin she bout dem dere nicy nicy titties,” I replied.

“Dat’s de good girl,” the man told me. “Now make de maut ready.”

I circled my lips appropriately. Mama Louisa released my leash from my collar and left the room. The man lowered his fly and slipped out his cock. “Suckie, suckie,” he said curtly. I leaned over, my hands behind my back and took possession of his tool.

All the while I gave the man the suckie suckie I rued the thought that Nicky might come in and see me like this. My soul ached at the thought that he was off in his room somewhere giving some other girl slave the fucking which rightfully belonged to me. My ache grew deeper and deeper as I applied my skills to the man’s prick. His hand was resting gently on my head and he was issuing languorous sighs. I realized the foolishness of my prior thought almost as soon as I thought it. Nicky wasn’t giving some other girl the fucking that belonged to me. Everything that had belonged to me before I had been enslaved had been taken away. Nothing belonged to me. Nothing. Especially something which might create a sense of duty in a master. Nicky owed me nothing because I had lost all rights to demand anything from him. All I had left were the biggie wannas and they didn’t really belong to me either, but were on a kind of loan.

As the man jetted his spume into me, grunting and groaning appreciatively, my heart sank as I realized how low I had truly sunk. I



swallowed his hot gooey mess and had to hold myself from breaking into sobs.

The man patted me on the head when he was finished with me. I rose from his lap, letting his softened cock slip from my lips. He waved me off and the steward brought me to the bathroom where he made me wash out my mouth. The stewards had no right to use us, but that was a rule often honored in the breach. Who could I complain to when one snuck me off to give me a quick fuck while no one was looking, or had me blow him before he returned me to my perch? I assumed that some accommodations had been made for the stewards since being around all this available flesh must drive their libidos into high gear.

This time the steward satisfied himself by just squeezing and mauling my breasts before he brought me out and had me crawl up onto my platform. The man had gone and the room was empty except for me, the steward and the ubiquitous Brazilian girl. The rain was still driving hard against the windows. I began to hope that somehow the glass would shatter and the room fill up with water so I could drown.

It was Mama Ojugo who came and got me. She led me back to her room, let me pee and caged me while she drank her tea and listened to a Beethoven sonata. When it was over she undressed, released me from the cage and bound me up with my nightly harness, fixing my arms up high on my back. When we got into bed, she ran her hot hands all over me, kissing my breasts, caressing my conch until I was moaning. When my pussy was all dilated and messy, she leaned over and whispered in my ear. "Who am de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein lubbin?" she asked.

"De dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein lubbin she mama, Mama," I replied hoarsely.

"Am who am bein lubbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie?" she asked.

"She mama am bein lubbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie, Mama," I answered dutifully.

"She am bein gibbin dat de biggie rememberin," she told me. Her breath was hot in my ear and my pussy was raging from her manipulations. My mind was clouding over with passion. I was listening intently though, as any missed message could presage a biggie baddie of woeful dimensions.

"De mastas no am bein gibbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie de lubbin. And de masta who gibbin she up fo a whore and a slave, he no am being gibbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie de lubbin neider. And iffin

he am being gibbin de udder dirty, nasty, stupid little girlies de biggie goodies, wat am dat bein de business de she?’

My eyes had welled up with tears. Mama Ojugo was giving me the biggie learning. To Nicky I was now just another whore, another slave. He would use me if it amused him and only then. Mama Ojugo’s question warranted a response. “It no am bein de business de she iffin he am bein gibbin de udder dirty, nasty, stupid little girlies de biggie goodie, Mama,” I answered dolefully.

“Dat’s right,” Mama Ojugo told me. “Only de mamas am bein gibbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie de lubbin. And now Mama Ojugo am being gibbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie de biggie goodie fer sure.”

She proceeded to drive me wild with lust. She mouthed my pussy to repeated completions and then mounted me in reverse to give me more and so that I could reciprocate. I kissed and licked and sucked at her pussy with frantic gratitude. She loved me. The mamas loved me. That’s was all I needed. As long as I had that the masters could do anything they wanted to me, including and especially Nicky.

When we were done, I barely had the energy to empty her breasts, but her encouragement led me on. “Good little girlie, good little girlie,” she whispered to me softly as she gently stroked my quim. My mind was swimming with relief and warmth and gratitude for all the love Mama Ojugo had for me. As soon as I had drawn out the last drop of her milk, I laid back and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, after my training session and breakfast, I was taken to the red room. My stomach had been churning from the moment Mama Ojugo had awoken me. It was all I could do to kneel still while Sista Chantalisa made up my face. She seemed to know what was going on since after she was done with me she tousled my hair and said, “Poor little girlie,” before she put me in my cage.

Rotund, coffee colored Mama Ntombo brought me into the red room afterwards. It was a bright, shiny day, and the bright light was flooding the room. There was nary a cloud in the sky. Lulu was there already and she was already servicing one of the men with her mouth off in the corner of the room. Mama Ntombo signaled me to get up on my platform and I obeyed.

I had run through what Mama Ojugo had told me the night before, but try as I might, I couldn’t get Nicky out of my mind. I kept going back to that night I had surrendered to him. I had wished a thousand times that I could take it back, take back what I had said, take back what I had consented to. But I also knew that one sign, just one sign from Nicky, one

sign that he was appreciative of what I had done, what I had gone through for him, one kind word, and it would all have been worth it. That's all I begged for. Knowing that somewhere in the vast complex where I now lived, in some place I had never been and perhaps never would, Nicky was eating breakfast, or getting a morning bj from the slave girl he had kept overnight, or maybe in some other lounge, talking to his friends, plotting evil deeds. He was there somewhere and it was not beyond the realm of possibility that he would walk in the door to my right at any second and claim me.

Sista Chantalisa brought Didi in a little while after I got there. She mounted her perch and assumed the position. Sista Chantalisa gave my breast a little tweak as she walked out, smiling at me gently. Soon after, three men came in. One was the black guy from the night before. The other two were Hispanic, or so they seemed. The two Hispanic men went off and sat by themselves for a little chat I guessed. The black man got a cup of coffee from the steward and sat in the chair he had been in the night before.

He took a long sip of his coffee and then called me over. I crawled over nervously. For obvious reasons I wanted to be free in case Nicky came in and I sure didn't want him to see me servicing one of the other men. But these kinds of choices were not for me.

The black man had me lean over the arm of his chair and spread my legs on his lap. He started playing with my pussy and soon had me moaning and agitating. He was thrusting two thick fingers in and out of, making me groan and sigh, when the door opened. I was facing it and I looked up. It was Nicky! He was with a heavysset Asian man. They were laughing. Nicky looked at me and smiled and then went over and got some coffee. He sat in a chair where he could have a good view of me and he just watched.

I was shamed that he would see me like this, but also confused as to what I should do. Should I fight off the lust that the black man was bringing me so as to avoid further disgracing myself in Nicky's eyes, or should I give in and show him what a good whore I had become? Of course, by this point, there was really no decision for me to make. My conversion to a helpless slut had been so complete that it wasn't in my nature any more to deny any master my lust. I had no right to deny him the moans and sighs he was urging out of me. I had no right to refuse the biggie goodie he was leading me to.

I tried not to look at Nicky, but he was right there in front of me. And a powerful force compelled me to see what was arising in his eyes as he watched me be abused. As he watched me sigh and moan, as he watched

me squirm and shudder. For I was shuddering and moaning. I was squirming and sighing. The man's hand was tormenting my sex expertly. I tried to fight it off, but I had just had that morning's juju not too long before and my pussy had already been energized when the man had called me over. I felt the familiar surge coming. I looked at Nicky for some sign. Was I doing all right? Was I pleasing him? Isn't this what he wanted for me? Would he decide that I was now a filthy whore and want to have nothing to do with me?

My orgasm built and built. I stopped fighting it. I rotated my hips. I closed my eyes. I released a deep sigh. And then my pussy exploded. Wave after wave of pleasure cascaded through me as my pussy pulsed and convulsed. I was groaning loudly, giving the master all the benefits of the lust he had earned. My mind was cloudy and suffused with afterpleasure as the black man allowed me to wind down. I opened my eyes and looked at Nicky. He looked amused and yet disdainful. Had I shamed myself beyond all recall in his eyes? Surely he knew what I had been sent here for. Just a word, a single word, that's all that I wanted.

But the word I received was not from Nicky. The black man pulled on the back of my collar and led me over to an ottoman where he told me, "Uppy, uppy!" I knew what he wanted and a wave of nausea passed through me. I hopped up onto the ottoman and knelt there, my backside raised and my head down. I spread my knees. I was facing away from Nicky now and I knew that he had a good view of my intimacies. I knew that my pussy would be glistening and dilated from its recent use. "A sloppy pussy for a sloppy, worthless whore," I thought miserably.

The black man crept up behind me. His hand ran up and down my slice a few times and then I heard the tell-tale sound of his zipper lowering. A few seconds later I felt its head slide up and down my crevasse. I released a moan of misery and shame. The man passed into me easily and I groaned as the hot meat scoured my innards.

He plowed me long and hard. After a few minutes I forgot that Nicky was watching and I just let myself go. I fucked the man back for all I was worth. I moaned and sighed and squeezed his cock as hard as I could. His hands were on my hips moving me back and forth at a ferocious pace. And then the vision of Nicky watching me sprang up in my head. "Slut! Whore! Cunt! Slatern!" I called out to myself from within. But it was too late to stop. My pussy exploded once more and I groaned loudly into the room. The man groaned too as he jetted his spume inside of me. I cringed as I received it knowing that Nicky would know what he was placing here. That I was forever polluted by a strange man's cum. That it would drip out

of me and smear my thighs. He would never want me now! Mama Ojugo was right. I was nothing to him. Just someone to watch as she was fucked, someone he had played a huge joke on.

The man's thrusts slowed and I heard him sigh. I was on the edge of breaking out into doleful sobs. He slipped from me and patted me on the ass. "That's the good little girlie," he said, satisfied. I heard him zipping up and then he stepped away. The steward who had been behind the bar came over with a leash and pulled me down off of the ottoman. I crawled past Nicky, too ashamed to look at him, walking the walk I had been taught, as the steward led me to the little bathroom behind the bar. He washed me down and cleaned my cunt. He took the occasion to squeeze my love lips and slide his fingers in and out a few times, after which he laughed. "Zuzu de good little whore," he said so only I could hear him. "Maybe later Zuzu give me de goodie goodie, yeah? How about that, huh?"

I knew I didn't have to answer him. He wasn't a master, just one of their tools. I kept silent, too ashamed to respond.

After he washed out my mouth with mouthwash, he led me back into the room. I was hoping that Nicky would be gone so that I didn't have to display myself in front of him. But he was still there. He was talking to the black man and laughing. The steward led me up onto my perch where I turned and faced the room, spreading my knees, arching my back and thrusting out my breasts. My mind was filled with darkness. "This is your life now, Zuzu," I said to myself. "You are nothing, you have nothing and can expect nothing. All the before nows are gone, like they never happened. You are nothing more to Nicky than a streak of slime on the floor. Forget him! Forget he ever existed! He's just another master to be pleased, to give the bey to. And I'm nothing but a dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie who got herself caught."

I was staring as hard as I could at the wave on the wall, wishing that it could come and wash me away when Nicky moved over to my right. I heard him taking a leash down from the wall. He stepped over and snapped it onto the front of my collar. He gave it a little tug. "Come on, Zuzu," he said, "we're going for a little walk."

I nearly burst into tears. What I had been yearning for for all those many weeks was finally coming true. He wanted me! He really wanted me! I followed him down the hall the opposite direction from where the other men had taken me. All while I sashayed behind him I was plotting on how I was going to please him, worrying that I might not. Would he take me in his arms and hold me tight? Would he caress away all the things I had suffered? Would he tell me how much more beautiful, how much more

desirable I had become? Was it all just a test of my love for him? Was all my suffering finally going to come to an end?

We reached a broad set of carpeted stairs. One of the Brazilian girls was standing at the foot. Her hands were locked behind her, a chain connected the back of her collar to the post. A leash was hanging down between her breasts in the front. She was obviously there for whomsoever wanted her as they passed. I felt sorry for her. I would be free and she would remain a whore. She would remain available and open to anyone who wanted her and I would have Nicky all for my own.

He led me up the broad, carpeted stairs to the level above. Unlike the hall downstairs, this one was wide and lavishly decorated. It was clear that Nicky was a cut above the other men, a special guest with special privileges. I felt honored to be his.

We stopped at the fourth or fifth door on the right and he led me inside. The rooms downstairs had been spacious, but this was luxuriant. It was larger with fine, solid furniture and a large, four poster bed. The bed looked like you could sleep a hundred years on it. The carpet was thick, dark red, with aqua walls and turquoise curtains. Instead of an overhead lamp, there was a chandelier. The side tables and other furniture were made of heavy, dark stained oak. The lamps on the end tables were elegant and tall. There was a music system and a large TV. Ominously, there were chains and rings and everything else, including a little cage along the far wall and under the barred windows. There was a whipping stand in one corner with dreadful looking implements hanging conveniently nearby on the wall.

The bed was already turned down. Nicky gave my leash a little flick and said, "Uppy, uppy." I responded immediately by climbing up, sitting up on my knees and facing him. I thrust my breasts out proudly. He released my leash and dropped it on the floor.

He stood there looking at me for a long time. My stomach was queasy with apprehension. I wanted him to get up on the bed, to embrace me and kiss me. Instead, he went over to the wall and picked out the long, thin dog whip. He gave it a mighty swish and approached me. He was sneering.

"I'm only going to tell you this once," he said to me. "You are a whore now, just like any other whore. I am your master just like any other master. All that went on before between us is over. I own you now, from the top of your head down to the tips of your toes. I own your tits, your cunt, your mouth and everything inside you. If I want to leave you here for a hundred years, then here you'll stay. If I want to sell you to some drug lord, or a rancher from Brazil, or to some whoremaster from Caracas, then that's

what I'll do. Or if I want to beat you and torture you until you beg me for death, than that's what I'll do. For now it pleases me that you've become the lowest kind of whore there is. You're no more than an animal now and that's how you'll stay as long as it gives me pleasure."

I knelt there, trembling. What Nicky was saying was my worst nightmare. All of the time I had been there I had suspected that there was something more to it all than Nicky wanting me to learn obedience and openness and wantonness for his pleasure. No, it was more than that. He had truly stolen me and everything I had. And I had just let him take it. The cruelty and hardness I had seen in him back in New York was something I thought was just for other people. It wasn't for me. I was being given his other side, his loving side, the side he kept secret from all others. But I had been dreadfully wrong.

There was no secret Nicky. He was all on the outside. That cruelty, that hardness, that callousness was all there was. And there was a void inside him that drove him and needed to be filled by someone else's misery. And that someone else, for now, was me. And when he was tired of me, or thought that he could draw more satisfaction by worsening my lot, or even flaying the living skin off of my body for his amusement, then that's what he would do. And then he would find a new victim, and then another, and then another until someday finally hell claimed him.

I was crushed. I broke out into sobs. My whole body was quivering. I knew that I shouldn't speak, but something told me that this was my last chance to be spared my fate, my last chance to draw out some humanity from him. No one could be so evil, could they? Had our weeks together in New York all been a sham? Was I just so foolish to believe that a man like Nicky could feel love? "Oh, Nicky," I sobbed. "Please don't do this to me! Please take me home! I'll do anything you want, I'll be whoever you want me to be, but don't do this to me, please! Please! Please!"

"Shut the fuck up!" he screamed at me. His hand lashed out and he caught me a mighty blow flat across my face. I shrieked and fell down on the bed. He struck out at me with the lash, delivering a fiery blow across my back. He struck me again and again. I screamed and wailed and twisted and turned.

"Get up! Get up!" he yelled. "Turn around and show me your ass!"

I scrambled to obey him. I had never seen a man with such fury. I knew that he was going to whip me, but I feared that if I didn't obey he might beat me to a bloody pulp. I turned and put my head down on the bed and lifted my rear. I tensed all of my muscles, awaiting the first blow. I heard the zip of the whip and fire erupted on my rear cheeks. I screamed.

And then again. And again. And again. And again. I screamed and pleaded and sobbed and held myself as still and as tightly as I could.

I heard him toss the whip aside. Then the sound of him undressing. He crept up on the bed behind me. My hands were scrunched up beside my head. I was trembling and trying to diminish my sobs. I felt his hands on me, hands that I had been longing for but which now emitted a deadly radiation that pierced my insides, poisoning me. He ran his hands all along my back and ass, savoring the wounds he had inflicted. My insides roiled and my mind spurned the heat of his touch. He ran his hand between my legs from behind and then, not satisfied, reared it back and gave me five solid, punishing whacks on my rear, blows that jolted my body and brought on a new cascade of tears as I hollered my misery. "Spread your fucking legs!" he roared at me. I immediately spread them more to give him better access to my womb. His hand returned and I felt its hard pressure on my flesh. He squeezed my outer lips together until I moaned, keeping his other hand planted firmly on my back. He thrust two thick fingers along the line of my crevasse, pushing hard, reacquainting himself with it.

I had reveled in that hand as it had coarsely and determinedly stroked me in the past. But then I had been a free woman giving herself to her lover, abandoning herself to his lusts and wants, submerging my timidity and caution. But now it was the hand of ultimate evil and I was giving it nothing that it didn't already own. He took hold of my little nubbin between his forefinger and thumb and squeezed it hard, twisting and turning it as if intent on ripping it off. I squealed and writhed and it took all my effort not to tear myself away from him, from his dominion, his hardness, his cruelty, if only for a second.

He squeezed it harder and harder and leaned over me. "Shut the fuck up!" he growled. I did my best to suppress my squawks, but I couldn't prevent a piteous whine escaping my lips. He released me and I gave out a great sob in relief, which he ignored. He pulled me up by the back of my collar until my back was against his chest. "Put your hands behind your head," he told me curtly. I lifted them until my fingers were interjoined. His hands crept around me and took hold of my breasts. He squeezed them and mauled them, pinching harshly against the nipples. His breasts, they were his breasts, and he could do anything he wanted to them. I prayed and prayed for God to make this all unreal, something that had happened to some other Mara in some other universe and that in this one, the one I was conscious in, these were loving, caring hands of a man who loved and revered me.



But it was not so and never would be. Some other Mara, in some other dimension had gotten all the good parts of the stick and I had gotten the dirty end. I had felt sorry for the Brazilian girl downstairs but now realized that she should be sorry for me. She was a forlorn prisoner, as I was, but no one existed for the sole purpose of causing her misery. The men could take her or leave her and while they might beat her for their pleasure, they wouldn't do so with the fury and evil intent with which Nicky had whipped me.

He released my breasts and stroked my belly. He ran his hands along my thighs. Everywhere he touched my skin rebelled. Sourness seeped into my bloodstream and a deep, dark cold swelled in my belly. "Kneel up straight, straighter," he growled in my ear. I lifted myself up so that he could gain access to my sex. His right hand descended to it while his left grabbed me tightly around my throat. He squeezed it hard, making it difficult to breathe, while his other hand began to manipulate my folds. He was pressed hard against me and everything had stopped in the room except his hands.

Slowly, but surely, the lustful passions the mamas had inculcated in me started to grow. I spurned the sensations, fought them off with all of the will I could muster, but my flesh was too well trained. My interlocked hands behind my neck yearned to reach out and grab his wrist, pulling his evil fingers away from me. But they were locked together as if cemented in place.

I knew I had moistened when he began to slip and slide his fingers along my crevasse. My back was straight and strained. My face was tilted back, my eyes pointed up at the unforgiving blankness of the ceiling, my throat tightly constrained by Nicky's powerful left hand. I felt Nicky's cock pressing against my rear. He was breathing hard, like a beast preparing to assault its victim. The room was spinning and all I could think of was the fingers which were tormenting my precious place, stroking up and down, dawdling at the little hole, pressing against and rubbing my traitorous clit.

My lusts were growing and growing. I felt a moan passing up from my loins, through my belly and up into my chest. I wanted to block it forever from passing my lips even though I knew that it was amongst the most serious of transgressions. I realized suddenly that Mama Ojugo and the other mamas had been training me for just this moment. My inner self, my old self, rebelled at the thought of giving Nicky the satisfaction that he could control me this way, that he could force lust out of me against my will, that he could make my body the slave to his passions.

But that was the old self, the before self, the self that that mamas had taught me I had no right to anymore. And I realized what a gift they had given me. The old self would have tried with all her might to hold back what Nicky demanded. To prove her selfness, her resistance, her self-worth. And the torments of hell would have descended upon her. But the new me, the unperson-like thing I had degenerated into, the subhuman creature they had formed, had no such qualms. That creature might survive. That creature could give Nicky what he wanted, could confirm for him that she was utterly and irremediably his.

All I had to do was surrender. All I had to do was let that moan bubble up into my throat and escape my lips. It was Nicky's moan and I had no right to it. I had to release it for his pleasure and satisfaction. No one in the world could blame me. I was a dirty, nasty, stupid, caught little girlie. It didn't matter how or why I had been caught. It didn't matter what mores had been taught to me or what self-conceptions I had had. The only thing that mattered was whether I was a good little girlie who gave her masters what they deserved and, more specifically, what Nicky wanted.

I allowed the moan to pass. It growled through my throat and from between my extended lips. "There," it seemed to say, "see how obedient I am? See what a good slave I am? See how I bend to your desires? I concede your ownership, your mastery. Every inch of my skin, every square centimeter of flesh, all the cells and organs in my body, my thoughts, my dreams, my hopes, my fears, they are all yours. Do with them what you will!"

This seemed to be the signal Nicky was seeking. He leaned back from me for a moment and I heard a drawer opening in the side table. He leaned forward again and I felt a chain attach to my right wrist. He drew it through the ring in the back of my collar and fastened it to the left one. "Get down on your back," he ordered me curtly.

I turned and lowered myself onto the bed. My head rested on one of the pillows and he whisked it away. My hands were locked up behind my head and my elbows were spread wide. My knees were apart and lifted. I was as open to him as I could be. I saw above me what I had used to think was a man. I saw now that he was a demon, a devil taken flesh. In my youth I had scoffed at all I had been taught about goodness and evil. To me, people seemed to coalesce around a cultural mean in which they were neither holy and blessed nor base and depraved. Everybody had an element of both and most people would do their best to ride the middle road in between. But I saw that I had had it all wrong. Evil did exist and here it was personified. He couldn't have seemed more evil than if he had been

spawned from the depths of hell. And I was his prisoner, totally within his power. An unholy sadness permeated me. How could God have let this happen to me? How could such a world exist? How was I ever going to live? What was going to become of me?

Nicky didn't give me much time for these thoughts. He centered himself between my legs and lowered himself on top of me. His belly met mine and I could feel his hardness, his weapon, his devilish bludgeon lying against me. He placed his hands on either side of me and lowered his head. He looked me hard in the face, measuring my obedience, my surrender. The last time I had looked so closely into his eyes we had been lovers. Now there was a new set of eyes in his head. Eyes that devoured me, engrossed my flesh with an evil aura as they gazed upon me. Eyes that were empty of humanity, soulless and bottomless.

I shuddered and a coldness crept into every cell of my body. I wanted to dissolve right there underneath him, erode into a oozing slush that would seep into the sheets and vanish before his eyes. Maybe some heavenly sorcerer would cast some magical spell that would whoosh me away and materialize me in the midst of some gentle wooded glade where a savior would be waiting for me. We would laugh and kiss and make love until we fell asleep in each other's arms suffused with bliss. Something, someone had to intervene. This was not meant to be my fate. I was intended for better than this. I couldn't really be here awaiting a fiendish ravaging.

But no one intervened. I didn't dissolve. No magical spell spirited me away. Mama Ojugo's deadly stone that had rippled that far away pond, far away in time and in space, had inexorably led me here. This was my fate, what had been intended for me all along. I couldn't have escaped it if I had run away to the deepest darkest cave in the tallest mountain of the most far away land. Fate would have brought me back right to here sooner or later. Other women got to live their lives, to dance and sing and play amidst their family and friends and lovers, enjoying everything good that there was in the world. But I was not one of them and never could have been one. I was an owned slave, a whorish beast, destined to suffer the most depraved acts that the cruelest men who ever lived could devise.

Nicky sneered and he lowered his face to mine. His lips fell upon mine and his tongue intruded into my mouth. His whole weight was upon me, his heaviness, his force, his dominance. His tongue began to writhe and twist and claim my innerness. My hands were bound behind me and were powerless to act against him. Heat swooned through my mind. A foul desire sprung up inside me. It felt like corruption was seeping out from some dark place deep within me and tainting every spark of my soul. "Do it! Do it!"

my mind screamed. "Corrupt me! Poison me! Destroy me! Damn me to the deepest circle of hell! Don't let me think! Don't let me feel! Let me be the whore I have become! A dirty, nasty, stupid little whore! Fuck me! Savage me! Consume me!"

My memory of the next half hour or so is cloudy and dark. Nicky kissed me for a long time. He moved to the side and ran his hand all over my breasts, my belly, my thighs. My body became a raging cauldron of lust. When he entered me at last, my back arched and I felt like a flaming torch had been thrust inside me. He rode me hard for a long time. I came hard, again and again. My mind filled with his demonic grunts and groans and moans. It felt like his cock was some ungodly creature intent on wearing a groove in my cavern, stoking a fire that would never go out. My arms yearned to grasp him. My legs encircled his and drew him in. A rabid fever was passing through me in a torrent that would never end.

I don't remember him coming. All I knew was that the raging friction in my belly had stopped. He was sliding himself in and out of me slowly, releasing an almost forlorn moan. He slid off and my legs extended, my heels digging sharply into the sheet. My heart was pounding wildly. As I rose to consciousness I was sickened by the thought of the evil goo he had ejected inside me. I was shamed at my lasciviousness. I felt so deeply in his power that it colored every sensation in my body. My pussy felt worn and defiled. His hand ran up and down me possessively. I expected the 'good little girlie,' that the other men rewarded me with, but he just remained silent, unheeding of any need to communicate his satisfaction.

He rose from the bed and poured himself a drink from the carafe on the credenza against the wall. He stood over me, first taking a long swallow and then sipping it while he mused over his conquest. His left hand was idly stroking his loose, tumescent cock, his devilish weapon. I laid there looking back at him, too afraid to close my eyes. I was overwhelmed by the reality of his ownership of me, of every strand of hair, of every inch of flesh. There was no one within a thousand miles that would do anything to impair his desires for me.

He shot back the rest of his drink and put the glass down on the night table. "We're not finished yet, whore," he told me gruffly. He grabbed the ring on the front of my collar and pulled me up from the bed. He led me, stumbling, over to the corner where he connected the chain that hung from the ceiling to the back of my collar. He pulled the chain taut until I was on the tips of my toes. He withdrew a thick gag from the drawer of the nightstand and thrust its business end into my mouth, between my trembling lips and buckled it hard behind my head, forcing its end into the

entrance of my throat. He went over to the wall and took down the evil looking flail.

Despite all of my training, I started begging and pleading with him right there. The sounds that emerged from my mouth were muffled and mangled. He just stood there, swinging the flails back and forth slowly, stroking his cock with his free hand, taking in my piteous misery and fear. And then he was all over me. He lashed me fiercely, repeatedly, on and on without a single pause. He lashed my breasts, my belly, my back, my rear, my thighs. I screamed and begged and pleaded with all my heart. I twisted and turned. I lost my balance and started choking, but Nicky just kept whipping and whipping and whipping me while I struggled to regain my footing and breathe. I had thought that Nicky had already made his point and driven me to the lowest depths of depravity, but here I was sinking to a whole, new level.

The other men had whipped me, but it had not been with the fierce emotional drive that possessed Nicky. And I knew that the other men had to stop sooner or later, since I was communal property and had to be maintained in some semblance of usefulness. But Nicky had no such limits. I was a communal whore, yes, but I was also more specifically his. He could beat me until I was just a mess of blood and gore and no one would reproach him. And that's what I feared he was doing. He went on so long that I thought he was going to kill me, or leave me so disabled my next stop would be the bay where he would gleefully watch me be devoured by sharks.

Finally, he did stop. He was breathing hard and his eyes were wild. I was sobbing and choking and writhing. My body burned all over. I was in a zone of pain that I had not known existed. When I was a child and read about people being tortured to give up their secrets, to repent their religion, or to declare renewed fealty to their lord, I had often promised myself that I would never give in. I would withstand the worst that they could do to me, maintain my honor, my dignity. But I had never been confronted by the reality of pain. I was willing to give Nicky anything he wanted for him to stop. I would have confessed to any crime, agreed to perform the most foul deed, betray my family, my friends, my god.

He tossed the flail aside. He unhooked the chain from my collar and pulled me over to the bed. He sat down on it and ordered me to my knees. He pulled out my gag and proffered me his cock. He didn't have to say anything. It was already hard and angry. I spread my lips around it and proceeded to give his organ the most sincere devotion any acolyte ever gave to their master. Tears were cascading down my face. My body burned

all over. My stomach churned with revulsion at the horrible, conscienceless, thick, round mass between my lips. I cringed as it scoured my tongue and the roof of my mouth.

The evilness of what was being done to me made every cell in my body sick. I could no more take that cock from my mouth than I could make a river run backwards or make the earth stop turning. I was inhabiting a shell of flesh that belonged to someone else. I was an automaton at the command of pure evil. There was not an ounce or a speck of volition in my body. I sucked and licked and kissed and used all my skills to make Nicky moan and groan with pleasure. I was bringing pleasure to the man who had just brutally beat me and whose plans for me ordained nothing but sorrow and misery and shame. Nicky's hands were buried deep in my hair, but he was not forcing me or guiding me. He was content for me to do all the work. He was merely confirming his ownership of me, his right to dominate me, and guarding against the least little reticence or resistance, the display of which would have rained terror down all over me.

He began to thrust his hips and I knew that my ordeal, or rather, this ordeal, would soon be over. It would be followed by a hundred or a thousand more. My belly soured at the thought of receiving his discharge. His mass filled my mouth like some vicious slug. I felt befouled and besmirched and helpless and futile. I was overwhelmed with fear as to what my life with Nicky would be like, what horrors he would visit on me. I felt the overwhelming urge just to cry and cry and cry, regardless of the consequences.

His hands grew tight in my hair. His hips were thrusting at me hard and steady. He was groaning and I could sense his whole body tense. He began raging my head up and down on his cock. It exploded in my mouth, befouling it with his hot, slimy goo. I wretched as I swallowed it. His cock kept throbbing and throbbing and throbbing, jerking and jolting in my mouth, his stream of ooze seemingly endless.

He released a loud sigh. His grip on my hair loosened. He slowed his thrusts. I kept my lips ensconced around his shaft, my tongue active and solicitous. He finally pulled me off. He didn't say anything, just took the gag back up from the bed where he had placed it and forced it into my mouth. He locked it tight behind my head, rose and dragged me over to the cage. He opened the door and spat out, "Get in!" I crawled into it as best as I could, misery permeating me. When I was sitting facing him, my heels pressed against my thighs, he slammed the door shut and locked it.

He went into the bathroom where I heard him peeing and then the shower turned on. I waited until my noise would be covered to break out into doleful sobs. I had felt sad before about my fate, but I had reached a level of sorrow and self-pity that I couldn't have ever imagined. Every breath I took was coated with shame and hopelessness. Every beat of my heart thundered out fear and misery. He took his time in the shower and I listened through my sobs for the sound of the water fading. When it shut off I did my best to quiet myself, dreading retribution.

He didn't say anything to me as he dressed. He pulled a light cotton blue and white shirt out of the armoire, he donned plain white boxer shorts and a set of white trousers. He pulled on some white socks and blue canvas shoes. He looked at himself in the mirror over the dresser and brushed his hair. He stood for a moment admiring himself. Then he turned to me.

"I'll be back," was all he said, and he left.

## CHAPTER TEN

### IN WHICH HARRY GOES HUNTING

When we got back to the safe house, Predo was all excited. We stripped the sobbing Sandra in the garage and accoutered her with a collar and wrist and ankle bracelets. Veda went into the house for some coffee and I let Predo do most of the work. He toyed with Sandra's breasts a bit once he had her blouse and bra off. The girl twisted and turned, whining and sobbing.

"Don't let her get away with that," I told him. "Give her a little slap and tell her to stand still."

Predo looked at me uncertainly. He had obviously never slapped a woman before.

"Go on!" I told him more emphatically. "It'll be worse for her later if she thinks that she can get away with it."

Predo, who stood about 5'8" and was only a couple of inches taller than the girl, gave her a soft slap across the face and told the girl, "You better behave."

She swore at him from behind her gag and swung out a foot at him, kicking him in the shin.

"Ow!" Predo exclaimed as he stepped back.

"See what I mean? Now, watch," I said.

I stepped up to the girl. Her visage turned from rebellious to fretful in an instant. I swung my right hand and slapped her forcefully across the face. She howled and began to cry again. I stepped up closer to her. She tried to shy away. I took hold of her nipples and pulled her back.

"Let's get this straight," I told her sternly. "Quit fucking around. You don't have any say about who touches you or how any more. You're a slave now and you'd better start acting like one or you're going to have a whole world of trouble. Understand?"

The girl whined and murmured something. I took that for assent. I released her nipples and gave both of her breasts a feel. They were plump and hard, not large, but perfect on her frame. Her nipples were rigid with fear. I mauled them and caressed them, watching the girl's eyes for signs of rebellion. All I saw was fear and obedience. I released her breasts and stepped back.

"Now your turn," I told Predo. "Give her a good smack, like you mean it. She kicked you and that's a big no, no."



Predo looked up at me. I'm sure that he sensed that this was a moment of truth. If he couldn't give a good slap to a girl who had kicked him, what good was he going to be to us?

He stepped back up to the girl. She cringed and her body was shaking. Predo looked her in the eyes, reared back his left hand and brought it forward. The blow jolted the girl's head and almost lifted him off of his toes. She shrieked, tears flowing steadily down from her eyes.

"That's more like it," I told him. "Now give her tits a good feel. Show her who owns them now."

He grabbed the girl's breasts and gave them a good squeeze. I don't know what sexual pleasure he got from it, but even to a gay guy a set of nice tits must have some appeal, if only for novelty's sake. He released her breasts and stepped back again.

"They're nice," he said happily. "Soft and squeezy. Like little squeeze toys."

"They make the world go round," I replied.

We both looked at the girl for a few seconds. She was staring back at us disbelievingly. She would get used to people talking about her as if she wasn't even there. In a sense, she wasn't. She was someone new now. All that was left of the old one was a remnant which would quickly fade away into virtual nothingness.

"Okay, let's finish up and get her downstairs," I told Predo.

Predo nodded. He stepped forward and released her flats from her feet. She didn't give him any resistance. He went behind her and drew the zipper down on her skirt and then pulled it from her hips. It dropped to the floor and he whisked it away. Veda had already taken her panties. She was wearing self-supporting stockings with lacy tops. Predo rolled them down her legs and removed them. The girl looked at me miserably as if she wanted to ask me to intervene. Predo ran his hands over her rear, up her back and then reached around her and seized her breasts again.

"She's so smooth!" he exclaimed.

"Just the way we like them," I replied. "Now get her gag in so we can get going."

We had a little utility table set up and the thick leather pronged gag was sitting on it. Predo released the buckle on the ball gag from behind the girl's head and pulled the red ball out. The girl's lips trembled. He brought over the prong.

"Now, girlie," he told her, "don't give me any trouble or I'll give you another smack. You don't want that, do you?"

The girl's eyes lit up and she shook her head.

“So open your mouth wide,” he told her as he proffered her the gag’s business end.

“P-please don’t,” the girl whispered miserably. “I’ll be quiet. I promise.”

I didn’t have to tell Predo what to do. He shifted the gag to his right hand and his left one lashed out, catching her again across the face. She shrieked and started to blubber. Predo grabbed her by the hair. “No talking, girlie,” he instructed her. “Now open your mouth like a good little girl.”

He butted the gag up against her lips. She had a moment of indecisiveness and then nudged her lips apart. Predo was having some difficulty as he pressed the gag up against her teeth.

I stepped up next to him. “Give it to me,” I said curtly. He reluctantly handed me the gag. “Now, watch,” I said.

I grabbed the girl by her jaw and pushed the gag up against her clenched teeth. I squeezed her cheeks tightly, pressing hard. The girl whined and released an unhappy moan. Her teeth spread about an inch and a half. That was all I needed. I gave the gag a hard shove. Her mouth popped open and the gag jammed up against the rear of her mouth. She coughed and gurgled and whined. I pressed the shield of the gag firmly against her mouth and then pivoted behind her. I pulled hard on the straps and then buckled them together, pulling them very tight. I finished buckling them and then stepped around to the front of the naked girl again.

“See,” I said to Predo.

“Well, that works fine for you,” he told me a bit petulantly. “But I’m not as strong as you.”

“Then I’ll show you something that always works,” I answered.

We kept a flogger handy for just such instances. I took it off the table and handed it to him. “Show her who’s boss,” I said.

He looked at it for a few seconds and then back up at the girl. He weighed the flogger in his hand.

“Give her a few good ones across her tits and her ass,” I told him.

Poor Sandra was beside herself. She was dancing and whining and sobbing. I heard her go, “Eeeeeeeeee, eeeeeeeeee, ohnd! Eeeeeeeeee! Eeeeeeeeee!”

Predo stepped up. He dangled the whip in his left hand. He was looking straight at her breasts. The girl realized this and turned her back to him.

“You’ve got to be quicker than that,” I told him. “You’ve got to act before she reacts. Give her a few across the ass and then circle around quick and do her tits.”

Predo nodded at me. He swung the flogger against the girl's rear three times and then stepped in front of her. The girl was whining and crying, but she had enough wherewithal to turn her back to him again.

I was beginning to lose my patience. I don't know why we ended up with a guy with so little experience. Could it be that there was a shortage of badass guys like me? Were they all on vacation or something? Or was this some kind of punishment for me?

I stepped up and snatched the flogger out of Predo's hand. "You've got to whip her like you mean it!" I told him. "You act like you're whipping your sister or something. The point is to instill fear, not to make her cry. It's gotta hurt! When you're whipping her, she's got to be unable to think of anything else. Let me show you."

At this the girl wailed. I nudged Predo aside to give me room to swing the whip and then I brought it down cruelly across her rump. I did it once, twice, three times in rapid succession. The girl howled and screeched. Without pausing I slipped in front of her. She looked up at me, but it was too late. I swung the whip once, twice, three times across her breasts. They jumped and jiggled and the girl howled into her gag.

I stepped back. The girl was sobbing uncontrollably. I felt bad about the whole thing. If Predo hadn't been such a daisy none of this would have been necessary. I hoped that he would improve over time.

"That was awesome!" Predo exclaimed. "Now let me try it!"

He grabbed for the flogger, but I pulled it away.

"No, she's had enough," I told him. "Just remember, the point is to avoid all of this. If you come down hard first thing the girl will obey you. You have to possess an aura of violence. Make her see the cruelty in you. Usually that's enough to get elementary obedience out of them. Later on, well, that's later on. You've got to remember that they're disorientated and terrified. Take advantage of that. Okay?"

"Okay," Predo replied. He looked disappointed that he was not going to get to whip the girl. That was a good sign.

"Don't worry," I told him. "I'll let you whip the next one. Not let's get the girl downstairs. I'm hungry."

"Okay, Predo answered. "I'll make you a nice omelet."

The girl was still sobbing when we released her hands from the overhead chain and connected them behind her back. I let Predo hood her and I thought I saw a little look of glee in his eyes as he did it. I connected the leash to the front of her collar and eased her over to the steps that led up into the house. The basement door was between the garage door and the

kitchen. I had left it open to facilitate things. Normally, it would be closed and locked, which it would be from here on.

I thought about letting Predo lead the girl down the stairs, but I decided against it. One thing at a time. I didn't want the girl to end up tumbling down. If she got hurt we would have to get rid of her and that would have been a big waste of time and energy and too bad for the girl. Maybe they were being led off to a fate worse than death, but few of the girls really thought so. There were very few suicides or attempted suicides out on Klitzman's Island and, I assumed, at Diskare's as well. Not that they had much opportunity, but where there's a will there's a way. At least that's what I thought.

We got the girl to the bottom of the stairs. I led her over to the toilet and ordered her to pee. There was no way she was going to disobey me after what she had been through. As she tinkled, Predo placed a bowl of the mush we fed the girls into a small microwave and hit the button. This was a new luxury for me. Usually we heated it up on the stove upstairs. I brought the girl over to the chair where we would feed her and pushed her down into it. I fastened her ankles to its feet, her wrists to the arms and the rear of her collar to a ring in its back. I whipped off her hood. She looked around frantically. The microwave dinged and she gave a little startled jump.

"I found it in the attic," Predo told me as he pulled out the bowl. "I figured it would make things a little easier."

"Yeah, right," I replied.

He spooned the gunk in the bowl, mixing it and then brought a spoonful to his mouth. He took a little taste off its end.

"Perfect," he said. "Want to try it?"

Normally, I would have said no. But it did smell good. The stuff Estelle had made you could use to fill a hole in your foundation. I signaled yes and he brought the spoon to my lips. I took a tentative bit from the end of the spoon. I brought my head back and looked at Predo. I was amazed. The stuff tasted good!

"I mixed up some honey and nutmeg into it," he told me. "I was going to use crushed walnuts and raisins but I was afraid they might get one stuck in their throats and choke."

I reached for the spoon. "May I?" I asked him.

"Sure," he replied. I took a good spoonful and plunged the spoon into my mouth.

"That's really good," I told him after I had swallowed.

"You can have some for breakfast if you want. I made plenty."

I nodded. He looked at the girl. "Can I feed her?" he asked.

"Sure," I replied.

I stepped back while he brought a chair in front of the girl. He put the bowl down on a close-by table and then looked at her. "We're not going to have any trouble," he asked her softly, "are we?"

The girl shook her head no. He patted her softly on the cheek. "That's good," he told her. "Now all you have to do to avoid getting hurt again is to do whatever you're told. As long as you do that we'll be fine. I don't want to hurt you and Harry doesn't want to hurt you. So just be a good little girl and we'll all be friends. Okay?"

The girl's eyes were brimming with tears. She nodded her head dejectedly.

"Now that we've got you, you'll never get away, I can assure you of that. What's happened has happened and we've got to make the best of it from here on in. Okay?"

The girl released a whine of hopelessness and nodded her head dejectedly again.

Predo's voice was soft and friendly. He sounded like a guy who wouldn't hurt a fly. It was much different that Estelle's approach, I can tell you that.

Predo reached behind the girl's head and released the gag. He pulled it gently from the girl's mouth and put it aside. He picked up the bowl and stirred the mush again. "Now, I'm going to feed this to you and you're going to eat it all up. There's nothing bad in it. You just saw Harry take a spoonful and if there was anything bad in it he wouldn't have done that. It's really delicious and you're going to like it."

He scooped a spoonful of the mush from the bowl and proffered it to the girl's lips. "Open up," he said to her sweetly. Her lips trembled, but she obeyed. Predo put the spoon in and she closed her mouth around it. When Predo pulled it out again it was empty.

"Good girl!" Predo said excitedly. "Now let's get all this down you," he said as he proffered her another spoonful.

I watched as he fed her. As she consumed her meal, some of the terror and fear left her face. Predo gave her an enthusiastic "good girl" every time she swallowed a spoonful and gave her cheek a soft caress from time to time.

When she was done, Predo put the bowl aside and wiped her lips. "You're such a good girl!" he told her, his pleasure in that fact evident. He caressed her cheek again and tousled her hair. "There's just one more thing," he told her. There was a bottle of the formula we used to keep the

girls dazed and sleepy on the table. Predo picked it up and cracked the top and then pulled it off. I don't know where the stuff came from. As we moved from house to house there would be several cases of these 12 oz. bottles.

"Now you have to drink this all down," Predo told the girl. "It's going to make you really sleepy. That's a good thing so that you won't have to lie around worrying all the time. It's got a little Valium in it and it will take the edge off of all your unhappiness. It's for the best or we wouldn't be giving it to you. So drink it all down like a good little girl so that we don't have to punish you again. Okay?"

The girl's mouth turned into a frown and she leaned back. Eating a bowl of mush was one thing, but drinking something that was going to make you unconscious and take away any chance of escape you might have was another.

Predo patted her cheek again. "Poor little girlie," he said sympathizingly. "I know it's hard, but it's going down one way or the other and I'd hate to have to push some tube down your throat. Think how unpleasant that would be. So be a good girl and open up."

Tears rolled down her cheeks, but she opened her mouth. Predo presented her the bottle and started tilting it back slowly so that it would fill her mouth at an even pace. She was complicit and even tilted her head back so that he could pour in the last drops.

He told her what a good girl she was again, smiling broadly. He picked up the gag and brought it to her mouth. "Open up," he said again. This time she obeyed him. She released a sad moan as it filled her mouth and spread her lips. The shield on its end covered her mouth from just above her chin to just below her nose. Predo had her lean forward while he buckled it tight behind her head. He tapped her head when he was finished and she brought her head back up again.

She looked piteous. Beautiful and helpless and piteous. She was a good catch. I realized that she would probably be gone before I got back to Paliba and I would never get the chance to fuck her. Just the thought of it made my willywacker stir. I quickly brushed that thought aside though as that was strictly verboten. We released her from the chair and helped her stand up. She was already a little woozy. We guided her over to the long row of beds without locking her hands. We placed her down on the first bed and laid her back. I fastened her ankle bracelets to the chains that led from the corners of the foot of the bed while Predo connected her wrists to the chain that dangled down from just above the bed on the wall. I had

brought the hood and Predo slipped it over her head, pulling it tight around her neck.

I looked down at her. Her pussy was shrouded by just a modicum of light blond hair. We would take that off later.

Things went pretty quickly as we scooped up girls for which there had been appointments in advance. Within a week, Sandra had seven neighbors. Predo got better at handling the girls. One of the women we brought in was fortyish, very buxom with a great figure. It seemed that she made a mistake and took in a business partner for her restaurant who turned out to be this gangster type. The place was a little gold mine and she had needed some capital to do some renovations. Well Vito, or whatever his name was, after about a year or so, during which he had convinced the woman to bring in a manager, who turned out to be his cousin or something, made his move. As soon as the manager was up to speed on everything, the woman became superfluous.

We picked her up one night after the restaurant closed. Shirney and I had come in for a late dinner. I had veal Milanese and he had the saltimbocca. Vito brought us a bottle of Chianti, but we took it easy on that. The woman, her name was Margie, was solicitous of our needs and friendly. It seemed a kind of shame that we had to pick her up because she was so nice. Although in her forties, she was still quite a knockout. She was wearing a dark brown sheath dress buckled tight around her svelte waist. She had on black high heels and a string of pearls around her neck. Her features were very sharp, with large brown eyes and puckered lips. Her nose was petite but adequately filled her face. Her black hair was shoulder length and worn free. She had on dark red lipstick that made my cock stir and blue eyeshade. She spent the night flitting from table to table, talking to the guests. Everybody seemed to like her.

We were the last patrons there. The busboys had cleared all the tables. Vito told them that they could vacuum in the morning and he sent them home.

Vito had explained that he wanted everything quick and easy. I guess he felt kind of bad about what he was doing to her as well. But business was business and Vito didn't get to where he was by adhering to niceties.

It didn't come off easy though. The manager went into the kitchen to make sure that the staff had left and to make himself scarce. Vito invited Margie to our table so she could meet us, "Some friends of mine," he said mendaciously. Margie sat down and Vito poured all of us and himself a small snifter of Remy Martin while Margie asked us a bunch of nosey

questions. When Vito sat down, he tossed back his snifter of Remy and looked at us as if to say, "What the fuck are you guys waiting for?"

Shirney and I tossed back our Remy's and got up from the table at the same time. We must have telegraphed something to Margie. Her eyes jumped wide open and she pushed herself back. In a flash, she was on her feet and on her way to the door.

I lit out after her. I reached her about 10' from the door and dragged her back into the room. She was kicking and screaming and punching at me while I tried to get my arms around her. We fell, knocking over a table, and began to roll around on the floor. Shirney was kind of just standing there smiling and enjoying my predicament. The woman was screaming her head off. I grabbed her by the hair and dragged her back to the middle of the room. Shirney finally jumped in to give me a hand. He sat on her legs and grabbed her wrists, pinning them to the floor. I went to the valise we had brought in and got out the little gun thing that Veda had used on Sandra. Because Shirney had her wrists pinned to the floor I couldn't get a good angle on her arm. Shirney's body was covering her thighs. I was at a loss of what to do.

The woman was writhing and cursing us. He looked at me with daggers in her eyes. Shirney looked at me and said, "Harry, what the fuck are you doing? Give her the shot already!"

"You'll have to move up so I can put it in her thigh," I told him. He gave me an exasperated look. Shirney was pretty big and he had to move himself up over her belly to free up her legs. That created another dilemma as she started kicking at me and trying to push Shirney off by bucking her hips. I managed, with some difficulty to grab her legs and I sat on her ankles. I had put the gun thing down on a nearby table and I reached for it. Margie must have realized what I was doing because she started yelling, "Don't do it! Don't do it! You cocksucking bastard! Get off me! Get off!"

I slid up the hem of her dress. She was wearing sheer black stockings and there was about six inches of skin between their tops and her panties. I shoved the gun thing against her right thigh and squeezed the trigger. It made a popping sound and a second later Margie went all limp.

"Jesus fucking Christ!" I exclaimed. Shirney and I got up and looked down on the supine woman. She was moaning and you could see that she was struggling to regain some volitional activity.

"Go get the bag," I told Shirney. He stepped over to where we had been sitting and brought it over. We turned Margie to her belly with some difficulty and I locked her arms behind her while Shirney bound her ankles. I took out the ball gag. Margie wouldn't open her mouth. I held her



nose while Shirney covered her mouth. He held it there for a long time, until Margie was whining and pleading and squirming. I gave Shirney a nod and he pulled his hand away. I had the ball gag in my right hand and when Margie opened her mouth to suck in a deep drought of badly needed air, I popped the ball in and released her nose. I fastened the ball gag behind her head and stood up again.

Vito had come over. He was smoking a cigar. "I thought you guys were pros," he told us.

"Well sometimes things don't go exactly as planned," I responded. I went over to the table. Vito had left the bottle of Remy there. I poured myself a generous dollop and shot it back.

Meanwhile, Margie, who had recovered somewhat, was screaming into her gag and straining at her bonds. Shirney placed a black hood over her head and secured it around her neck. It was at this point that she burst into sobs.

"Okay, okay," Vito said. "Get this piece of shit cunt out a here. I've got things to do."

Vito was more than a little porcine. He stood about 5'11" and was very round. There was spaghetti sauce on his white dress shirt. His tie was tucked in between the third and fourth button as if he was afraid to get sauce on it. He was wearing crisp black pants and shiny black shoes. His bodyguard, dressed in a cheap, wrinkled, grey suit, and who had stood around doing nothing while Shirney and I had struggled with Margie, was about 2' away from Vito and smiling wryly. "Yeah, well I bet I get more pussy than you do," I thought. He was about 6'2", broad shouldered with a threatening mug. I had a thought of asking him if he would like to replace Predo, but I gave that up right away. Besides, Predo had proven to be real good with the girls and we hadn't had any problems with any of them.

"There a little thing about the money," I told Vito. "\$25,000."

"Well, I'm a little short right now," Vito replied. "Why don't you guys come back and pick it up tomorrow."

I looked at him and then at his muscle. There was no way I was leaving without the 25 g's. I had Vito pegged as a scumbag right from the start and now my estimate of him had been confirmed.

"I believe that we'll leave with the dough tonight," I told him. "Or we'll leave Margie here for you to deal with."

"Nah, you're taking the cunt with you," Vito spat out. "Come back tomorrow around 11 in the morning and I'll have your cash."

Another one of Vito's mugs came in from the kitchen. He was dressed in the same wrinkled grey suit as the first guy. He was a little bit shorter,

but looked just as mean. I guessed that when Vito sent these guys around to collect, people coughed up the dough right away.

I stepped back to give myself a little more clearance. I had been practicing whipping my Beretta out from my shoulder holster and I knew that I could beat at least one of them. I sensed Shirney off to my left behind me. He was good muscle but I didn't know how good he was in a shootout. The second guy might get the drop on him and then he and I would have to blast away at each other from about 20' away.

There was silence in the room, except for Margie's muted sobs. I knew that things could go either way here. I figured though that if we stood our ground we would have the upper hand. If there was a shootout Vito might end up dead too. And if not, there would be at least two bodies to get rid of, not including Margie. And if he had the wherewithal to make Margie disappear, he wouldn't have needed us.

Finally, Vito laughed. "Okay, okay, hotshot," he said to me. "I'll get your dough." He gave a nod to muscle no. 1 who quietly backed out of the room and into the kitchen. About 20 seconds later he was back and had a small, brown paper bag in his hand.

"Put it on the table," Vito told him.

The guy brought the bag over to where we had eaten dinner and plopped the bag down. He backed away again, his eyes flitting between Shirney and me.

"Count it," I told Shirney.

Shirney moved over to the table and unloaded the bag. There were five bundles of \$100 bills with rubber bands around them. I watched Vito and his *pistoleros* while Shirney counted each pack. When he was done, he said, "It's all here," and shoved the bundles back into the bag.

"Put it in the valise and get out the body bag," I told him. I heard him stuff the paper bag into the valise and then shake out the green, rubberized bag that we used.

"You two," I said nodding to the gunsels, "put her in the bag."

They looked at me and then at Vito. Vito looked at me. I wasn't about to let these guys get the drop on me and Shirney while we struggled to get Margie into the bag. There was another interregnum of silence. Then Vito said, "Okay, okay, do what he says."

The muscle men moved towards Margie and I heard the bag being unzipped. I stepped back to where I could keep an eye on Vito and his boys at the same time. Margie was not being cooperative and they were having a hard time. Finally, one of them gave her several hard body blows with his

fist making her moan. She went limp and they got her in. They zipped the bag back up and stepped away.

“Okay, are we all friends again?” Vito asked.

“Sure,” I replied. “No hard feelings.”

“How about another drink?” he suggested.

“No, we got a ways to go,” I answered him. “But how about a few of those cannoli? We could eat them when we get home.”

“Sure! Sure!,” Vito exclaimed. “Tony, get the guys some cannolis.” He looked at me. “How many?”

“Four,” I replied. I figured Veda and Predo would be pissed if we didn’t bring back enough for them.

The big guy came back with another brown paper bag. I took it from him and walked over to the valise and put it in. “We’re out back,” I told Vito. He waved me towards the kitchen. Shirney and I picked up opposite ends of the body bag. I picked up the valise with my free hand. If they were going to do something now would be the time, but I figured that all that had passed. Guys like Vito just couldn’t resist the temptation to scam anybody. He figured he would take a shot with me and Shirney. But we had stood our ground and Vito’s mind had moved onto the next thing, whatever that was. Besides, it would be stupid. Klitzman’s guys would make mincemeat of him and his two goons if anything had happened to us. I had known that, but sometimes people do stupid things.

We walked Margie through the kitchen to the back door. Vito’s guys went out to make sure the coast was clear. When they came back, Shirney and I went out without any formal goodbye to Vito. The big guy went over to a late model, dark blue Mercedes and started it up. I figured that that was Margie’s car and that the guy would drop it off somewhere on the south side of Chicago. It would take the cops a couple of weeks to find it, that is if somebody didn’t cart it away. I had the keys to the SUV in my pocket. I unlocked the back and raised the rear door. I opened the little compartment and Shirney and I dropped Margie into it. We got in and drove away.

Back at the safe house, after we had stripped her and accoutered her with a collar and bracelets, I let Predo go to town on her. She still had a lot of resistance in her and I thought it better to knock that out of her right away. Besides, Predo needed the practice.

Margie sobbed and wailed as Predo beat her. I let him use the flogger and the hickory cane we kept around. I showed him where he would get the most bang for his buck, on her thighs and on her back near her kidneys. She was admirable to watch as she danced and swayed and struggled to

avoid the lash. She had a lush patch of black pubic hair. Her thighs were just a little thick, but she wore it well. Her breasts were pendulant and heavy and I assumed that somebody would give her a little nip and tuck. Predo had gotten the knack of keeping the subject guessing, so he was able to land his blows pretty much where he wanted them. He concentrated for a while on her breasts, making them jump and sway beautifully. He kept going until they were all toasty red.

I have to say that Predo was getting into the spirit of the thing. I stopped him after about half an hour. Margie was sobbing and moaning. Her body was all red striped. In the morning she would have deep purple bruises on her thighs and on her lower back. She gave us no resistance as we led her downstairs. She peed on command and drank the elixir without too much trouble. We would feed her in the morning.

Veda and Shirney waited for us before eating the cannoli. We all sat around the kitchen table drinking decaffeinated espresso. Veda teased us about the problems we had with Margie. To everyone's amusement, Shirney regaled them with the vision of me and Margie struggling in the middle of the restaurant. I told Veda that Predo was getting pretty handy with a whip. She was glad to hear it, but reminded me that any whipping that needed to be done was primarily my responsibility.

After we had picked up all the girls for which advance arrangements had been made, we still had four more beds to fill. Veda made it clear to me that I would have a hand on choosing the next couple of girls. We drove out to Chicago and stopped by the Northwestern campus. Veda was dressed in a suburban mother's beige skirt that went down to just below her knees. She had on a red top with blue pinstripes. It was a little chilly, just past October 1, and she had donned a very stylish black leather jacket. I was wearing a pair of brown wing tipped shoes, dark pants and a blue dress shirt with a very nice tie Veda had picked out for me. I had bought a new jacket from L.L. Bean. I had found it in a second hand store.

We parked the car and strolled along the campus. Veda was a little chatty, talking about books she had read, some films she liked, just a bunch of stuff. I listened to with one ear. My main attention was drawn by all the youthful poontang that was walking around. It was like being in a candy store. I tried my best not to stare. Veda kept poking me to get my attention.

We walked out to the athletic fields where the junior varsity football team was practicing. There were about 20 cheerleaders there going through their routines. Veda and I had stopped at a campus Starbucks and we sat in the stands drinking our coffee and watching them.

After a while, Veda said to me, "Pick one out, Harry."

I looked at her. I knew that was why we had come, but I really wasn't ready for this. Diskare had said that I was going to get my hands dirty and the moment of truth had arrived. I watched the girls go through their routines. They were facing us and I had a good view. There was no way for them to know what peril they were in and they innocently went through their jumps and dances. They had short white skirts and white tops with a red N on them, white knee length socks and white athletic shoes. They almost looked like nurses out on a frolic. They seemed almost all of a kind, about 5'6" or so, compact bodies, long hair kept back in ponytails, sturdy legs. I was finding it hard to choose. I didn't want to choose. One of those girls would soon be naked and chained in our basement awaiting transport to Paliba. Her friends would all wonder what had happened to her. The police would make an investigation, but we never left any clues and always got our girl without too much trouble.

"Come on, Harry, make a decision," Veda told me. "I'm getting cold."

It was late in the afternoon and the sun was about to go down. There was a black haired girl that I really liked. She was graceful with expansive breasts. Her eyes were bright and delightful. There were two other girls I liked too, both blondes. The first was a little taller than the others and had a slim figure. She looked small breasted. Her hair was kind of strawberry blond and went down to her waist. The other was more petite. Her breasts were rounded. She had a great ass, but then, they all had great asses. She seemed a little more demure than the other girls, maybe a little shy.

It was six of one, half dozen of the other. It looked like the practice was coming to an end. The girls all got closer together. Somebody said something and the black haired girl broke out into a joyous laugh. That did it.

"Okay," I said to Veda, "the black haired girl over on the left. The one with big tits."

"Yes, I like her too," Veda replied. "Let's get down there so we don't lose her."

We tossed back our coffee and walked down the bleachers. The cheerleaders were breaking up. Veda stepped away from me and went directly up to the black haired girl. I watched her as she gently placed her hand on her back as she asked her a question. The black haired girl pointed off to our left and said something to Veda. Veda smiled at her and thanked her and came back over to me.

"What was that all about," I asked her.

"I put a very thin homing device on the back of her top. We'll be able to follow her back to where she lives. She's probably at least a sophomore

if she's on the jayvee cheerleading squad. There's a shortage of campus housing and so she probably lives in an apartment with some roommates. We'll follow her around for a day or two and see when's the best time to grab her."

We went back to the car and Veda took out a device that was as large as a thin book. She turned it on and a light started blinking on it. Veda magnified the view. It looked like she was in the gym getting showered and changed.

"What if she leaves her uniform at the gym in her locker?" I asked.

"Tomorrow's Saturday and there's a JV game against Cooper College. She'll take her uniform home and wash it."

"I see you've got this all worked out," I commented.

"Somebody has to do the planning," she told me.

We sat in the car until the beeper started moving. It exited the gym and headed down the street. We circled around and picked her up about 3 blocks from the gym. She was wearing a dark green down jacket and had a gym bag in her right hand. She turned right after a few blocks and then walked straight for a few more. We started and stopped, letting her get a little bit ahead of us and then catching up. She stopped at a four story brownstone, walked up the stoop and used a key to open the front door. She went in.

We parked the car and went over to the building. As we mounted the stoop a young guy was coming out. Veda asked him to hold the door and he let us in. There were four apartments on each floor. We kept walking down the hall on each floor until we found her apartment on the third.

"Okay," Veda said. "We'll come back on Monday when everybody's in class and you can scope things out in the apartment. Let's go home. I feel like Chinese tonight. We'll stop off on the way."

Veda had bought tickets to the JV game the next day. It was an away game and we had to do a little bit of driving to get there. Predo wanted to come along so we left Shirney in charge of the girls. I knew that he wouldn't have any trouble with them. One look at Shirney and the girl would be pissing in her pants, that is if she had any pants.

Northwestern won the game 27 to 24. It came down to a field goal in the last minute. It was a great game. Northwestern had this great running game with this pee wee sized black guy who was as fast as a racehorse. Cooper's strength was its quarterback. He picked apart the Northwestern secondary as if it wasn't there. It was only Northwestern's great pass rush that staved off a rout. They brought the QB down four times.

All during the game we watched the cheerleaders with great interest. I was enraptured by the black haired girl, who seemed to go through the routines with a delightful enthusiasm. Her great breasts bobbed and weaved as she went through the various cheers and formations the girls made. At one point, during a break between the 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> quarters, one of the Northwestern players came up to her. They hugged and kissed. He was clearly her boyfriend. Well, he would have to get somebody new in a few days. I hoped for his sake that he could get someone with as great tits as hers. I felt a little bad that I was going to be responsible for her losing her freedom, but there was not much I could do about it.

Sunday, Shirney and I went out to a shopping mall about 5 miles east of Chicago. Veda had told us to see if we could pick somebody up as a target of opportunity. Veda had made it clear that whoever it was it had to be somebody I had picked out.

There were two strategies. We could follow some girl around the mall and wait for her to get to her car and grab her, but then we'd have to get her somehow to our vehicle so we could get her out of there. The second strategy, which seemed to me more productive, was to cruise the parking garage on foot and wait for somebody luscious to pull up and park. Then, if we were lucky, we could wait for someone to pull out of a spot next to her and park our vehicle there. We would wait for the girl to come back and then pop her when she got back to her car.

The downside to all this was all the surveillance cameras. Once it was noticed that the girl had disappeared, they would go through all the cameras until they spotted the snatch. So we had gone into Chicago the night before and boosted a small, beat up panel truck with a sliding door. It was a delivery van for this florist and we figured it would not be missed until Monday morning. By then we would have dumped it off somewhere. To make us harder to recognize, Shirney and I were wearing hoodies and Veda had made up our faces to disguise us a little. She had an actor's makeup kit and she gave us both bushy beards and moustaches.

So we cruised the parking lot for a couple of hours. A couple of girls seemed sufficient to our needs, but I kept on putting off the decision. When I did make a pick, we weren't able to ease into the parking spot next to her car on the driver's side before she came back. Finally, a late model, metallic blue Hyundai pulled into a parking spot up ahead of us. Out stepped this stunning red head. She was wearing a short blue skirt and a stylish brown leather jacket. Her hair was bright orange. It was short and fluffed up like it had been permed. I watched as she got out of her car. She had to stretch her left leg as she stepped out and she exposed a wonderful

thigh. She was tall and thin and was wearing a pair of red high heels. She looked to be about 24 or 25. We watched her walk snappily towards the stores.

“Okay, Harry,” Shirney said. “How about that one?”

“Looks good to me,” I replied.

I waited at the car while Shirney went off to get the van. Luckily, just as he came back, the yellow VW who had been parked next to the girl pulled out. Shirney nosed the van in.

The girl came back about 2 hours later. We had taken turns standing at the back of the van pretending we were loading something or other into it so that we could see the girl coming. I was on the outside and I gave the van a few raps, letting Shirney know that it was game time. The girl had several shopping bags which she held in her left hand. A stylish, brown leather purse dangled from the crux of her right elbow. As she got closer, I slid over to the far side of the van so I wouldn’t spook her. I heard the tippy tick of her high heels when she arrived at her car. I gave her a second or two and then I swung around. We had brought the popper Veda had given us, but I figured that it would be useless to try and zing her through the arm of her leather jacket. So we were going to have to do this the old fashioned way.

She had put the bags down and was fishing around in her pocketbook for her keys. She just had the chance to glance up when I seized her. I wrapped my arms around hers and lifted her off of the ground. Shirney had rolled the van door open and I was able to quickly shove her in. Shirney grabbed her and wrestled her to the floor. I stepped in and slid the door closed.

The girl shrieked and twisted and turned, trying to fight Shirney off. Her high heels flitted back and forth as she tried to kick at him. Shirney sat on her belly and pinned her arms up above her. She was shrieking, “Help! Help! No! No! Let me go! Let me go!”

I gathered first one flailing foot and then the other. I sat on her ankles. We had left the popper in a strategic position. Shirney had her wrists pinned by one hand and the other over her mouth. You could still hear her muffled wails and she was heaving and twisting her body to try and buck Shirney off. I grabbed the popper with one hand and with the other slid her short, blue skirt up her right thigh. She was wearing sheer, self-supporting beige stockings with lacy tops. I jammed the business end of the popper into her thigh and squeezed the trigger. She was cut off in mid scream, “Ahhhhhhhhhhhhch...” She became instantly still.



We had to move fast. I got off of her ankles as Shirney rolled her over. I jumped into the front and got out of the van through the passenger side door. I grabbed her shopping bags and tossed them in. Her keys were on the ground. I picked them up and put them into my pocket. There was no sense leaving them there as someone might spot them and call out an alarm. Just then a man and a woman strolled by. They were middle aged, the woman a bit dowdy and thick, the man hunched over like he was carrying a big burden. They were arguing about something and didn't notice me. I waited until they had passed and then I ran around to the driver's side and jumped in.

I started the engine. Shirney had already connected her wrists behind her with a pair of cuffs and then, after removing her stockings, tied off her ankles. By the time I had backed the van out of the space and put it into drive, he had rolled her back over and stuffed the ball gag into her mouth. I didn't speed out of the parking garage but rather took a leisurely pace so that I wouldn't attract attention. A tall, heavysset man dressed in a green corduroy jacket and blue jeans passed in front of me and I had to stop the van to let him go by. He peered into the windshield and for a moment I thought that he had gotten a look see at what was going on behind me. He passed without incident though and I was able to start back up again.

The mall was adjacent to the Interstate and I was quickly up a ramp and heading west. The girl was coming around and I could hear her moans and wails. I looked back to check on her. Shirney had hooded her and was rolling her to the side of the van where we had installed some rings. Once she was on her belly, he tied off the cuffs to one of the rings, lifting her arms up. She squealed at the pain. She was kicking her feet up and down, but Shirney was able to tie a leather thong around the tie on her ankles and tie that off to the other ring. She was now more or less immobilized. Shirney threw a rug we had brought over her and then climbed his bulk up into the front passenger seat. He was a little out of breath and smiling broadly. "That was fun, Harry," he told me. He pulled a pack of Cools out of the pocket of his hoody and lit one. I pulled out a Lucky and lit one of those as well. The front of the van quickly filled with greyish blue smoke.

I looked out the side mirror to see if any cops were chasing us and saw that we had made a clean getaway. I didn't like doing this in just about broad daylight, but I didn't have the nerve to contest Veda's orders. There was something about having to gun down a cop on a busy Interstate in the middle of the day that put me off. It was about 3 p.m. and the sun was getting a little low in the sky. I took a deep sigh of relief and drew in another deep toke of smoke, releasing it with a hiss.

“Yeah,” I replied. “That’s quite a rush!”

Shirney began looking through her shopping bags. One was from Victoria’s Secret and contained several sets of lacey bras and panties. The second bag was from Sak’s Fifth Avenue and contained a very light brown cashmere sweater and a silvery silk blouse. The third bag was from a jewelry store and contained a beautiful gold bracelet with opal stones in it and a thin gold necklace with a charm shaped to look like a flying bird. These were all things the girl would never wear.

He leaned back and took up the girl’s purse. She was still moaning and groaning, but not so loud as to make it annoying. He opened the purse and took out her wallet. There was \$452 in bills in it which Shirney split with me. Not that we had much opportunity to spend money, but it felt good to have some in my pocket. He looked at her Indiana driver’s license. Her name was Gail Flannery, hence the red hair. She was born on July 27, 1977, which made her a little over 25. There were a bunch of credit cards and a picture of her and another girl who looked similar and a little younger, who I guessed was her sister. And there was an attorney’s i.d. card issued by the Lake County, Indiana Sheriff’s Department. On it, it identified her as being from the firm of Shelling and Shelling located in Gary. Shirney tossed her cell phone out of the window.

It was the first time I had knowingly kidnapped an attorney. I thought about all the scumbag lawyers I had known and wondered whether I was going to at last get my revenge. The one who had handled the racketeering charge I had got sent up for life for had taken the 40 grand I was able to pull together and then practically just sat there during the whole trial. I could have done a better job myself. When I was convicted of the murder of the Tiger, a racketeering conspiracy count, three counts of extortion and one of atrocious assault and battery, he just leaned over and said to me, “Sorry.” I was found not guilty of loansharking. I guess I ought to have thanked him for that, but it was mostly because one of Tony’s boys had caught up with the key witness a few days before the trial and zipped him.

So I ran through my mind various ways I could make Gail Flannery suffer. I quickly set that aside as the impact of what I had done sank in. I couldn’t fool myself that I was just going along and that I was somehow not as responsible for the evil I did as everybody else. I smoked my lucky down to a small nub and then tossed it out the window. I had just ruined a young woman’s life and a brutal sense of sadness had settled in. Shirney had turned on the radio and we were listening to a reggae station out of Evanston. The beat kind of assuaged my bad feelings.

Somebody had to get kidnapped, I thought. And if it wasn't me doing it, Diskare would have sent some other guy. And while this girl maybe wouldn't be all bound up and gagged, moaning and sobbing in the rear of our van, some other girl somewhere would have been in the back of someone else's van, or SUV, or the trunk of some car. If I refused my duty, wouldn't I be just shifting the evil hand of fate on some other girl? Did I have the right to do that? It seemed to me almost that fate had decreed this girl's capture. She was in the right place at the right time. What demon of destiny had told the yellow VW to pull out at just that moment? What had made the girl choose that exact parking place just as Shirney and I were passing by? What had made her decide to go shopping on this Sunday in October, at that shopping mall, at that time of day? And go alone? And to be so pretty?

We got back to the safe house about 5:30. Predo had made a nice roast that was just coming out of the oven along with some hot homemade biscuits and steaming baked potatoes, so we left the girl hogtied and hooded on the floor of the garage while we ate dinner. We had braceleted and collared her first and there was no way she was going to get out of those. I peeked out the door to the garage a couple times to see if she was ok. She was howling and wailing like all getout, but she was right where we left her.

Predo topped off his dinner with a delicious pecan pie. It was still warm and the vanilla ice cream we placed on it melted languorously. We sat there and drank our coffee afterwards, our bellies bursting. Since Draco wasn't here we were allowed to smoke and Veda, Shirney and I all lit up while Predo cleared the table.

When we had finished our smokes and the coffee, Veda said it was time to deal with the girl. While Predo finished cleaning the kitchen, Shirney, Veda and I went into the garage. It was a two car garage with a tall ceiling and whitewashed cement walls. The SUV was parked outside in the driveway and we had driven the florist's van into the right side bay so nobody would spot it. Later that night me and Shirney would drop it off somewhere in Chicago. The girl was laying belly down on the shiny, grey painted floor. She released a loud moan when she heard us coming in and she strained at her bonds as if making one last effort to regain her freedom.

We all stood there watching her for a moment. The momentary silence seemed to bother the girl even more and her wails became more desperate. Finally, Veda stated, "Let's see what we've got."

Shirney and I addressed the girl. We pulled off her hood so that Veda could get a good look at her face. It was beet red from her struggles and

unhappiness. She was still wearing her light brown leather jacket. It seemed too nice to cut through, so we released her wrists. She tried to flail them around, wailing all the time, and her right hand escaped our grasp for a moment. She swung at me and hit me weakly. I just gathered it in. While holding her wrists with one hand, Shirney grabbed her hair with the other and pulled her to her knees. The girl screeched at the pain and started to sob. Her jacket was open and I quickly drew it down over her shoulders. I pulled it down as far as it would go and then grabbed her arms just above the elbows. Shirney released her wrists and pulled the jacket off, tossing it aside. While we had her up, we decided to take off her white silk blouse rather than ruining it. Shirney grabbed her wrists again. She tried to twist and turn while I undid the pearl colored buttons with some difficulty.

I finally got the blouse over her shoulders and we repeated the procedure we had performed on the jacket. Shirney tossed that aside. We had revealed a fine set of breasts encased in a bright white, lacey bra. I resisted the urge to maul them and helped Shirney get the girl to her feet. She pulled hard at her arms and tried to push off with her bound feet, but we had her held securely. We raised her wrists and connected them to the overhead chain. We released her and she slumped down.

She was a might taller than the last girl we had done, a tiny thing handed over to us by a couple of guys who had scooped her up off of the street. We made them show us her i.d. before we agreed to take her to make sure she was over 18. She had just made the cut. I don't know what the guys would have done with her if we had rejected her, but that was none of our business. We had our rules and they were rigidly complied with. A ladies only club outside of Mexico City made a bid on her as soon as her pictures were put on the Internet. She was still there when we got back a few weeks later awaiting pickup, but nobody was allowed to touch her at the insistence of her new owners.

Shirney adjusted the chain to pull the girl's hands higher over her head. When she was all stretched out and standing on her toes he fixed it off. Her ankle bracelets were still connected. I released them and then Shirney lowered her arms a bit so she could spread her legs without dancing on air. She was still wearing her bright red high heels. We had put them back on once we got to the garage. If she went to Klitzman's Isle she would wear a near identical pair as she trotted along the macadam pathways of the resort, hurriedly moving from destination to destination, frantic lest she arrive a few seconds late.

The girl pulled and yanked at the chain desperately. She was a feisty one and would give somebody a lot of fun breaking her in. Most slave girls

quickly adopted a cowed mien of subservience after they had tasted the whip once or twice, but some maintained a glint of rebellion and resentment in their eyes. It usually made them very popular.

We all stood around admiring the girl's spirit for a few moments. She was about to cross a line of no return and it was titillating to see her dangling on the edge. You could hear her murmuring piteous pleas from behind her gag. The overhead fluorescent lights in the garage were somewhat harsh, and it kind of blanched her already pale white skin. The garage windows had been painted black and so when the lights were out the garage was as dark as a deep cavern. Veda was the one who sprang into action. She stepped closer to the girl. The girl's eyes lit up and terror crossed her face. Veda stood close to her, taking her in. She flipped open a pen knife and cut the straps of her lacey white bra. She reached behind her, pressing herself against her, marrying their breasts, and released the clasps. She stepped back, pulling it off. The girl's breasts hung free.

"Very nice, Harry," Veda said admiringly. "Very nice. You've got a great eye for cunt."

She lifted the girl's breasts, jiggling them. They were just large enough to have some hang on her chest. Her areolas were almost a pinkish orange to match her hair. The nipples were thin and a mite long. The girl whined and murmured some kind of plea or prayer. Tears were forming in her eyes. "Very nice," Veda repeated.

Releasing her breasts, she went behind her and lowered the zipper on her skirt. She pulled it down over her hips revealing a pair of thong panties with a very narrow, lacey front. She had a nice tuft of reddish pubic hair you could see behind it. She drew her legs together tightly and did a little dance. Her eyes flitted between me and Shirney, hoping to see a single iota of sympathy, but all she saw was our leering stares. Veda came around to her front and rubbed her hands over her hips. They were narrow and graceful. The skin on her breasts and above her panties were an even paler white than the rest of her. These sun lines would fade as she would probably spend the most part of the next several years naked. If she were sold off to a private owner he, or she, might allow her enough to wear to make her seem more provocative, maybe a lacey teddy or a sheer nightgown. If she went to Klitzman's she wouldn't wear a single thread unless she was lucky enough to be selected to work as a b-girl in one of the clubs, like the jazz club I managed when I was there.

Her belly was just a little rounded, something that would be worked off of her quickly. Her loins tapered nicely down to her still partially hidden crux. She had a small set of tattoos on her right hip, just below the

waistline. There was one half dollar sized, bright blue star with three smaller dime sized stars strewn around it. I was quite attractive and even a bit demure. I wondered how many guys had seen it up close. It should give her worry though, because when a private buyer saw a girl with these kind of marks on her it often inspired them to cover the rest of her in obscene and outrageous ways.

Veda stepped up close to the girl again, so that their faces were inches apart. She seized her breasts again, squeezed them hard and then ran her hands down her sides. I hadn't seen Veda in action before. She had made us guys do most of the work. I sensed a wellspring of passion rising up in her. Our enforced chastity was probably hard on her too. I understood the basis for the rule. We might otherwise spend our time fucking rather than out gathering stock as we were supposed to do. And it was best that the girls get their first slave fucking after they had been branded so as better to demark the before and the after. But it wasn't easy with so much pulchritudinous flesh all around us. I pulled my willywacker sometimes several times a night just to take the edge off. I guessed that Veda did something similar.

"Now I want you to understand me," Veda finally spoke to the girl. "Everything in your life has changed. There's no going back. We're going to keep you here for a little while and then we're going to take you someplace where you'll be made into a slave. You're best strategy right now is to cooperate. We don't want to hurt you unless we have to. And believe me, if we have to, we will. We might even enjoy seeing your flesh all marked up with red stripes and watching you dancing and screaming as we inflict punishment. But there'll be enough of that later, when you get where you're going. So I want you to agree to cooperate. Don't say anything, just give me a little nod."

Tears were flowing freely down the girl's face. Her face had a certain regalness to it, high cheek bones, a sharp nose. Her eyes were a kind of greyish green. They flitted piteously up and down Veda's stern face. It probably went against her better nature to just surrender. It was like an army surrendering a fortress without firing a shot. But you could see that she was smart and she was doing the calculations in her head. What was the point of being whipped if it wasn't going to achieve anything? She would bide her time. She wouldn't accept, at least yet, that there would be no opportunity for escape, that somehow law enforcement wouldn't storm our doors and liberate her. And there might be a better time to fight, when we least expected it, where more might be achieved than pain and suffering.

Veda took possession of her nipples and gave them a solid squeeze. The girl stiffened and whined. "Well?" Veda asked.

The girl quickly nodded. You could see that she was struggling to control her emotions. I was half Irish on my mother's side and I knew all about the stoicism of that race. It was as if we expected suffering as our normal state and hardness was the only remedy. The girl seemed of that ilk.

"Good girl," Veda rewarded her. "Now just remember that there are only two rules. The first is that you remain completely quiet at all times. The second is that you obey every order immediately and with alacrity. Obey them and you'll be all right. Breech them and you will suffer. Have I made myself clear?"

The girl nodded again, wide eyed. Veda patted her on the cheek. "Good girl," she said again. "Now let's get a look at your pussy. Spread your legs."

You could see the girl take a deep breath and a momentary calculation run through her mind. She had just been told to obey every order with alacrity and what the alternative would be. It only took her a second or two, but her decision came down on the better side of valor. She inched her legs apart until you could see the strain on her confined wrists. Veda gave her feet a little kick from the inside. "Wider, sweetie," she said coldly.

The girl strained to move her feet wider apart. She was able to spread them about 2½ feet. The very tips of her high heels were her only contact with the ground. She was shaking now and she was beginning to sweat.

Veda took her pen knife and quickly cut through the gusset of her thong on either side of the little triangle. She pulled it off of her and dropped it on the floor. The girl's pussy was revealed in all its glory. It was adorned with bushy, reddish hair. You could see that she had trimmed it down a bit to bikini size, and trimmed it back along her outer labia so that its line could be easily discerned. Her slit was high and her inner labia peeked out a bit. My cock stirred. It was really unfair that I would not get to use it and even more unfair that she might be gone by the time I reached Paliba again. I would've given a dollar to watch her and little Sandra writhing as a matched pair on the mat in the playroom. Gail had nice, slender, long legs that would wrap around Sandra's back as they gemaunched each other.

Veda's hand reached down and insinuated itself into the gap between her outer lips. "Very nice," she said warmly. "How many men have you fucked?" She asked her. "More than two?"

Gail looked at Veda unhappily. I'm sure she didn't want to tell her this. Wasn't that her own business? Wasn't that something she should be able to keep secret? Veda placed her fingers on the outside of her slice and squeezed her outer lips together harshly. The girl stiffened and whined. "Don't make me hurt you," Veda said coldly. "How many? More than two? And don't lie to me!"

Gail nodded her head sadly. "More than five?" Veda asked brusquely.

The girl nodded sadly again. "More than ten?" Veda demanded.

She shook her head. Veda laughed. "Well you're half way to being a whore already. You must like to fuck. Do you like to fuck, sweetie?"

The girl looked even more miserable. What was the right answer to this question? Any woman who had fucked more than five guys probably liked fucking a lot. So there was no sense in lying. But if she told the truth, what would that mean for her future? Would they make that part of her record so that anybody who wanted to use her would know and expect appropriate passion from her? Would it degrade her even more fully in the eyes of her captors?

Veda still had her hand around her pussy. She gave it another squeeze. The girl winced again and released a whine. She looked like she was about to break out into sobs. "Don't lie to me!" Veda warned her.

The girl nodded sadly. Veda laughed. "I'll bet you do," she said. "Maybe we ought to see just how hot you are, eh?" she taunted her. "Would you like to put on a show for my friends here? I bet you come like a railroad train."

Gail shook her head no. Her nipples were erect and her chest and face had turned red. I assumed it was from shame rather than passion since Veda had scarcely touched her yet. But hey, I could've been wrong. Some girls can't help themselves.

"Oh, I think you should," Veda said teasingly. She stepped a little to the side so that Shirney and I could get a better glance. Just then the house door opened and Predo came walking out. He looked at the girl. "Very nice, Harry," he crooned. "You can sure pick 'em."

"Gail here is about to give us a little show," Veda announced to him. "Aren't you Gail?" Gail released a sob. She was biting down on the bright red ball in her mouth. Her body wriggled as if trying to shake off Veda's intrusive hand.

Veda didn't wait for an answer. She began to stroke up and down Gail's gash, slowly and softly. Gail wriggled her hips but did not try and pull her legs together. It wasn't long until Veda had her gap all juicy and soft. Veda leaned over and took a nipple in her mouth, suckling on it



gently, as her fingers began to tease the nubbin at the top of the girl's slice. She had closed her eyes and it made her face seem dream-like. Veda shifted breasts and the girl released a stifled moan. Veda raised her head and smiled at her. "Good little girlie," she cooed at her. "Let everybody see how hot you are. You can do it. Don't fight it. If you don't come within the next minute I'm going to beat you."

The girl's body shuddered and she issued a heavy sob. She opened her eyes and looked into Veda's demanding face. Veda's left hand had gone hyperactive now and she was thrusting two fingers deeply in and out of her channel while her thumb stroked her clit.

"Come on, sweetie! Come on, sweetie! Give it to me! Give it to Veda!" Veda urged. I reached down and gave my Johnson a stroke or two. The girl was really fine and watching her excitement grow was almost too much to take. I looked at Predo again and wondered what it would be like to get a blowjob from him. But there was not just the fact that I didn't want whiskers rubbing against my thighs, there was the fact that he might expect one in return. I have to confess that I did it a couple of times in the joint, but that was from dire necessity. I was revolted by the taste of cum, but if I wanted to get I had to give. Nobody talked about that stuff in the can, but it happened more than you might think. And for about six months on our tier, one of the guys had a sissie. A blowjob cost ten cigarettes.

The girl's thighs were beginning to quiver. She was covered by a sheen of sweat. Her knees were buckling, putting an even greater strain on her wrists. "Come on! Come on! Come on!" Veda kept demanding. "There's not much time left. Just let it go! Show us what you can do!"

Veda was stroking her assiduously. Gail released a long, anguished sigh. She began to shake. Her eyes were closed into little slits again. Where had her brain gone, I wondered. Was she thinking about some prior lover? Or how she undoubtedly stroked herself between the sheets on lonely nights? Or was there some other fantasy she was reliving? Maybe this exact one, a helpless prisoner from whom lascivious obedience was demanded?

You could see the redhead's whole body stiffen. She uttered a cry from behind her gag. She began pushing her pussy against Veda's hand. Suddenly she burst out into a series of staccato groans as her hips weaved and rotated. "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" she went. "Good girl! Good girl!" Veda was shouting at her. "Come on, give it to me! Give it to Veda!" The girl shook and danced and swirled her hips. Finally, she released a long sigh and her whole body relaxed. Veda was giving her slice soft,

delicate strokes and a few post orgasmic shudders went through her. Suddenly she opened her eyes and started to sob virulently.

Veda laughed. "Poor little girlie," she said comfortingly. "Just keep performing like that and you'll do well where you're going. And forget about counting the number of men who fuck you. You'll lose count almost right away."

She stepped away from the sweaty, sobbing girl. "Okay guys, get her downstairs and put her to bed. Make sure she eats. And nobody touch her, you hear." She gave us a trademark glare.

"Sure, okay, of course," we all mumbled sheepishly. I don't know whether it got Predo all hot and bothered, but my cock was as hard as a steel rod. It was yearning for a warm, wet, soft place. Predo was starting to look pretty good. I didn't know whether the show had gotten him hot, but the humiliation of a beautiful girl was always compelling to watch. He might not want to fuck them, but I could tell he experienced the unhappiness of the girls as something piquant. Who wouldn't?

Shirney and I released the girl from her bonds. We connected her hands behind her back and then plucked the ball gag from her mouth. Predo had one of the thick prongs ready for her and after some encouragement, the girl let him slide it in. After he buckled it behind her head we hooded her. Predo took off her shoes. It was best that the girl not bring anything from her prior life downstairs with her. Gail had a nice sapphire ring on her right hand, not an engagement ring, but nice. I slid it off and put it in my pocket. I would give it to Veda later. She didn't have to know about the \$450 bucks Shirney and I had split. She had a small gold locket on a thin gold chain around her neck and Predo removed it. He opened it up and there was a tiny picture of a good looking guy. She wouldn't be seeing him again. Predo handed it to me and it joined the ring.

Predo and I took Gail downstairs. She didn't give us any trouble. As Predo fed her, he issued little comforting words, but she cried through the whole thing nonetheless. She drank down the potion and we re-hooded her and escorted her over to her bed. We locked her onto it and then stood back and gave her a long look. Most of the girls were asleep. Predo had fed them around 3 o'clock or so. They would be fed again later, about 11 or twelve. They were fed and dosed every eight hours or so and we bathed them once a day, usually in the mornings. As we added girls this became a more and more time consuming task.

I looked down the lines of girls, four on one side and five on the other, naked, hooded and chained. There were four white girls, three Hispanic and two blacks. All deliciously formed and of all body types, breasts of all

sizes and shapes, all their quims shaven clean. They squirmed and moaned softly in their fugue. A couple were sobbing softly. It was an alluring cacophony. Wendy, the cute little girl we had picked up the other day, was releasing little mewling sounds. She seemed lost on the long bed and her arms were really stretched out, almost lifting her torso up from the mattress. Margie, the restaurant lady, was making the most noise, issuing angry sounding groans and pulling at her bonds. I made a note to increase her dosage the next time she was fed. She had refused to eat at first and we had to force feed her, which is a nasty, messy job. After experiencing that a few times she gave in, giving off looks of hate. I didn't blame her. And we didn't punish the girls for stuff like that. Someone would beat it out of them later.

Predo and I nodded to each other. We walked up the stairs, turned out the lights and bolted the door closed.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### IN WHICH THERE IS A PLEASANT SURPRISE

Shirney and Veda were watching TV when we came back upstairs. I wasn't looking forward to the long drive back to Chicago to drop off the van. Veda surprised me by announcing that she wanted Predo to go instead of me because there was something she wanted to talk to me about. Predo, who was always eager to be useful, readily agreed and he and Shirney marched out. Predo would drive the SUV and Shirney the van. Once the van was ditched Predo would drive him back. Veda told them to dump it a good hour and a half away so it couldn't be traced back to the safe house.

I went into the kitchen and poured myself a cup of coffee. Predo always kept a pot on. I didn't worry about it keeping me awake since I had to be up until at least one to get all the girls downstairs taken care of. I came back into the living room and plopped down on a chair. Veda was watching a rerun of *All in the Family*. I liked the show, but I thought that they made the son in law character, Meathead, as Archie liked to call him, a little too goofy. Sally Struthers was ok, but I don't think we would have picked her out. She was just a jot or two short of really good looking and seemed a little scrawny. Besides, she seemed like a moaner and a complainer and would have been tough to train.

When the credits came on, I asked Veda what it was she wanted to talk to me about. I was a little uneasy about it since I was on a kind of probation and I hoped she wasn't setting up another unpleasant task for me. She clicked the remote and the TV screen went dark. Our easy chairs were kind of catty cornered to each other, about ten feet apart. There was a little table between us. Veda was drinking an iced tea and she poured back the remnants of it before she spoke.

"You did a good job tonight, Harry," she commented.

"Thanks," I responded.

"Predo was right, you do have an eye for good pussy."

"Well, I've seen a lot of it," I replied.

"I want to let you know that our little talk here is completely confidential. For your and my ears only, okay?"

"Sure," I said. "Say whatever you want."

"I'm guessing that handling all those girls must make you pretty horny."

“That goes without saying,” I replied. “It’s only natural, but I keep myself under control.”

Veda seemed to lean towards me. She was wearing a white cotton blouse buttoned to the nascence of her cleavage, and tight black leather pants. Her breasts shifted as she moved and it made me a little nervous. I was wearing a pair of crisp new blue jeans, a faded blue t-shirt and my prison work boots.

“You know,” Veda continued, “it has the same effect on me. I’m only human, you know.”

“I’m certain of that,” I said.

“Sometimes, alone at night I kind of wish for something between my legs, although I usually don’t bat that way.”

This conversation was getting interesting although I wasn’t sure I liked where it was going.

Veda shifted herself a little more closely to me, so that she was half sitting in her chair. “You look like you could throw a girl a pretty good fuck, Harry,” she said. Her voice had turned sultry. “I’ll be you’ve got a wonderful cock.”

“The girls seem to like it,” I responded nervously. I took a deep sip of my coffee and put it back down on the table between us.

“You can keep a secret, can’t you, Harry?” she asked. “I mean, can you keep something just between us, you and me?”

“Sure,” I replied nervously.

She rose off of her chair. She came over to me and leaned over my chair, placing her breasts right in front of my face. “Do you think I have nice tits, Harry?” she asked in a sultry voice.

“Th-they seem fine,” I replied.

“Would you like me to show them to you?”

“Yeah, that’d be great,” I replied with as much enthusiasm I could muster. Veda was a knockout, don’t get me wrong. And she had been the subject of several of my fantasies at night since we had arrived while I jerked off. But she was my boss. Suppose she decided that it was better off not having someone around who shared a secret with her? Suppose I didn’t please her and she got pissed off at me? One word back to Diskare and I’d be dead meat. But, I have to admit, having a beautiful woman come on to me was exciting.

She began to unbutton her blouse, staring into my face. She pulled the blouse down off her shoulders and off of her wrists, tossing it aside. Her ample breasts were entrapped by a white, lacey, half bra that displayed the

upper half of her areola. They were dark red. She reached behind her and disconnected the straps. She pulled the bra free and it joined the blouse.

“See, Harry?” she asked playfully. “Do you like them?”

“Very much,” I admitted. They were plump and round and juttied out nicely. She leaned forward and let them hang free of her chest.

“Would you like to touch them, Harry?” she asked lustfully.

I didn’t answer. Instead I raised my hands and took hold of them. They were warm and soft, and nicely firm. I weighed them in my hands for a moment and then gave them gentle squeezes. I narrowed my hands and took hold of her fat nipples, giving them both a little tweak. My cock was begging for more. If I had had any reservation about all of this before, it had gone right out the window. I wanted to complement her on her tits, but I was a little tongue tied.

“That felt nice, Harry,” she commented, a wry look on her face. “Now I want to see your cock. That’d be all right, wouldn’t it, Harry?”

I nodded, tongue tied. She lowered herself between my outstretched knees. Her breasts shifted and wobbled nicely. She looked up at me hungrily and ran her hands up and down my thighs several times. She reached up and undid my belt and then the top button on my pants. Then she looked down and took hold of my zipper. She slowly brought it down, making me shiver. Once it was all the way down, she looked back up at me. “Showtime,” she said eagerly.

She reached into my shorts and took hold of my rampant meat. I released a heavy sigh. She pulled it out through the vent and then scooped her hand down around my balls and brought them out too. It was a practiced move that she had clearly performed before. She wanted all of me out there, with nothing left to hide. She stroked her hand up and down my stiffened crank several times. Her grip was light and soft. It made me shiver again.

“Very nice, Harry,” she told me. “Just as I suspected. And I suspect that your cock is wanting a wet, warm hole, isn’t it Harry?”

“Yeah,” I managed to eke out.

“Well, here it goes,” she said almost merrily.

She lowered her head and subsumed the crown of my cock between her lips. I groaned and shifted in my chair. My hands were gripping the arms. She moved herself down very slowly, until my cock was fully lodged and bumped up against the back of her mouth. Then she drew herself back up just as slowly, her tongue active and swirling. She pulled her head back and lathered the underside of my crown with her tongue several times while she suckled on the end, and then descended once more,

slowly, almost agonizingly. I groaned again when she reached bottom. This time, she went even farther and I felt my cock's head pop into her throat. I leaned my head back and sighed.

She worked me slowly and steadily. She varied her pace, suckled on the end, pushed it into her throat. Pleasure was wafting all through me. I was glad now that I hadn't asked Predo for a little hummer when we were down in the basement, which had crossed my mind. This was much, much better.

I just kind of melted there as she worked me. Every once in a while she would pull her mouth off of my cock, stroke it a few times loosely with her hand and look me up in the face. "Like it, Harry?" she would ask. "Should I do it some more?" All I was able to do was to grunt back. She took this as a yes and went back to work.

As she sucked me, she cupped and manipulated my balls gently. At one point she took them into her mouth and gave them a vibration from her throat which made me squirm and sigh. She kept her hand on my cock, squeezing it and working it the whole time. I don't know where she learned her craft, but she could certainly stand with just about any of the enslaved whores I had been fucking. I had to wonder how many of Diskare's men she had sworn to secrecy in the past and if I was going to be keeping the most well-known secret on the island. I also knew that, besides being strictly improper as between master and servant, sucking me off might cloud my and her judgments when it came to business. And how would Shirney feel if he knew I was getting some and he wasn't? It really wasn't fair. But life wasn't fair, after all, and we had a basement full of unhappy beauties to prove it.

Finally, she began to go to town. She pursed her lips firmly against my stem and began stroking me rapidly. I could feel my juices building. I wanted to hold them back as long as I could, and with a slave girl I might have pulled her off for a second or two or given her a slap and told her to slow down, but Veda was the master here and she had total control of me.

I felt a surge in my balls, my thighs began to shake. I gripped the arms of the chair even harder. I dared not put them on her head. Suddenly, my dam burst and my cock began to throb and dance within her mouth. She started moaning and she began to work even harder. Fierce jolts of pleasure shot through me as my juice jetted down my prick into Veda's mouth and into her belly.

My ejaculations slowed and I released a great sigh. Veda had slowed her efforts and was drawing every last drop of cum from me. When my cock began to soften, she let it slide from her mouth and she looked up at

me, smiling. "That was great, Harry!" she said excitedly. "Now let's go upstairs and you can do me."

She rose and gathered her garments. I eased myself up from the chair unsteadily. She didn't wait for me, but strode across the room to the stairs with a stern determination. I followed almost sheepishly. When I got to her room, she was already pulling down the bed. My cock was dangling outside of my shorts and I tucked it and my testicles back in. When the covers were down at the foot of the bed, Veda turned to me, her excellent breasts swaying and said, "What are you waiting for, Harry? Get naked."

I quickly pulled off my t-shirt. I knelt down on one knee and untied my right boot and then on the opposite knee and did my left. I stood and shucked them off. I quickly pulled down my jeans and shorts at the same time and freed myself from them.

Veda was already naked and lying on her back in the middle of the bed. I felt my cock stirring again. I climbed up after her and slid our bodies together. She grabbed me by the hair and pulled our lips together. Her tongue entered my mouth and started a wild dance. I followed it with mine, my lust growing again.

She released our kiss and pushed my head down. I knew what she wanted and I readily followed her lead. I lowered my head, scooting myself down the length of the bed. I stopped at her breasts, her wonderful breasts, and gave them both a warm, energetic suckle while squeezing and mauling them. I had a feeling that Veda was not the soft and cuddly type. She moaned loud and long as I suckled her hard and then pushed at my head again. I dragged my tongue down her belly, scooting even further down the bed. I ran my hands over her spread and expectant thighs. They were firm but soft and they quivered when I touched them. I then lowered my head a bit more. I used my hands to spread her thighs apart even further. I dragged my tongue the length of her crevasse, from bottom to top and then down again. Veda moaned and her hips rose to meet me.

Her pussy was outlined by two tracks of shortened black hair. Her labia were full and plump. Her aroma was overwhelming. I licked and kissed and stroked and twiggled as she moaned and squirmed and sighed. I thrust my stiffened tongue deep within her cavern and swirled it around. I left my tongue drift north and I circled her stiffened bud of pleasure, around and around, around and around until she shuddered. I gemauched her patiently but energetically, wanting it to last as long as possible. After all, it was tit for tat, so to speak. I ran my hands up and down her distended thighs and over her firm belly. I reached up and seized her breasts, squeezing them hard, twisting her nipples until she groaned.



She was bucking beneath me. Her back was arched and she was groaning steadily. Her thighs clamped against my head, but I forced them apart again and held them down in place. She squirmed and twisted her hips, but I was giving her cunt no place to hide. I seized her nubbin with my lips and began to suckle hard at it while laving my tongue around and all over it. She gave a great yell and grasped my hair tightly.

“Oh, god, Harry! Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!” she exclaimed. I began to flick at her clit with my tongue a hundred miles an hour. She arched her back and groaned and gripped my hair even more tightly.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh!” she groaned. “Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!” she moaned. She bucked and twisted and jerked and shook. It was a stupendous performance, even more superb than the girl’s downstairs. I let her passions subside for a few moments and then I went right back to work. This time it was quicker that she was moaning and groaning with feverish intensity. My mouth and face were covered with her juices. My cock was as hard as a ramming pole. The police could have come barging in and we would have just kept going.

After her second orgasm, I rose myself up onto her. She pulled me up. Her hand grabbed my cock and placed it in her entrance. I slid it in and we went to work.

I don’t know how long we fucked. I kept myself going as long as I could. She came twice more and then once again, as powerful as her first, as I jetted my cum inside her and groaned and moaned and pounded away at her hips. Afterwards we just fell together limply.

We lay there for about 20 minutes reveling in our spent passions. Suddenly, she looked at her watch and said, “We’ve got to get up, Harry, they’ll be back soon.” We both rose and quickly redonned our clothes. I watched her struggle into her tight black leather pants as I drew up my fly. When we were both dressed, we heard a car pull up outside. She grabbed me and kissed me and said, “If you ever tell anyone, I’ll cut off your balls!” Then she ran downstairs and I followed her.

Veda sat in her former chair and turned the TV back on. I went into the kitchen and poured myself another cup of coffee. Shirney and Predo came in nosily from the garage. I felt like a teenager who had fucked his girlfriend while his parents had been out. Shirney, I think, didn’t notice anything, but Predo gave me a quizzical look. “So what did you talk about,” he asked wryly.

“Just business,” I answered. He gave me a smile and a nod and then took the big pot of mush out of the refrigerator.

“Grab a bowl and some spoons,” he told me and he stepped to the basement door.

I had a whole different attitude while I handled the girls that night. I was a little more patient with them and only had to slap one of the black girls once for being slow to obedience.

When I finally got to bed later I whacked off furiously.

The next morning, Veda was cool, calm and collected. I was a little edgy around her, but I tried to suppress it. Today was the day we were going to scope out the black haired girl I had selected. We stopped at a Salvation Army store and we found a couple pair of work overalls for Predo and me. We got some worn out baseball caps, me the Cubs and Predo the Bears. We stopped at a hardware store and picked up a spray canister like a pest guy might use and some spray, and some other tools Predo said he needed. We changed in a bathroom at a MacDonald's.

We got to the girl's walk up about 10:30. Veda let us out of the SUV about a block and a half away. Predo and I walked serenely down the block until we got there. We were lucky that when we went to the door this good looking blond girl was coming out. She assumed that we were exterminators and let us right in. When we reached the third floor, we went to the black haired girl's door and rang the bell. We waited about 20 seconds and then rang it again. A young guy came out of an apartment across the hall and told us that nobody was home, that they were all off at school.

“Maybe we'll come back later,” I told him. “They complained to the landlord and we're supposed to spray their apartment. I'll just write them a note.” I fumbled at my pocket while the kid ran down the stairs. As soon as he was gone, Predo went to work. I was learning more and more how useful he was. He had the lock open in a jiffy. There were three, with one of them that had a metal bar on the other side that was hooked into the floor. It was supposed to make it hard to bust down the door. Predo opened all three with ease.

The door opened into a large living room. There was an old, brown, shopworn couch and a couple of bedraggled easy chairs. A 36" TV sat facing them. Newspapers and magazines were sprawled across a glass covered coffee table as well as what looked like some used, thick college textbook. There were a couple of used ceramic coffee mugs on it and a bowl with a spoon in it. The rug was one of those roped round ones that covered about half the floor. On a credenza on the same wall as the door was a CD player and a receiver bookended by two nice sized speakers.

There was a CD rack with about twenty CD's in it with a few scattered on the credenza.

Behind the couch was a long maple dining room table that looked like it was used for studying. There were several piles of books on it some notebooks, scattered pens and some loose paper. It was directly under the overhead light and there were four chairs around it.

Off to the right was the kitchen. I wasn't much interested in it but I checked it out anyway to make sure nobody was there. There was a small built in Formica table in one corner with some chairs around it and a bench along the wall. The fridge looked like it was from the fifties. There was a gas stove that needed cleaning and some dishes in the sink. Somebody had tossed a dishtowel on the counter, too lazy to hang it on the handle to the oven. I looked in the fridge just out of curiosity. There were some cold cuts and cheeses, half a cooked chicken, some vegetables and a few containers from the Chinese restaurant down the block. There was half a six pack of Iron City beer on the bottom shelf.

I looked in the freezer and found a half gallon of vanilla ice cream, some frozen dinners and a  $\frac{3}{4}$  full bottle of Stolty vodka. I took it out and grabbed a glass from the drying stand next to the sink and poured myself a couple of inches. I shivered when I shot it back. I rinsed out the glass and put the Stolty back in the freezer. Veda had gotten us some clear surgical gloves so I wasn't afraid of leaving fingerprints.

The bathroom was what you would expect with three young women living together. The sink was set into this faux marble covered vanity and what looked to be a few dozen makeup appurtenances were strewn around it. The mirror had spots from the girls brushing their teeth. There was a large box of tampons on top of the toilet. I peeked inside and saw the beginning of a brownish stain as if maybe it had last been cleaned several weeks ago. The only thing that was missing was the traditional pair of nylons hanging over the shower curtain rod, but college girl didn't wear nylons these days.

There were three bedrooms off of the living room. Predo was standing in one of them looking through some pictures he had found in the top drawer. He picked one out and showed it to me. "That's your girl, isn't it?" he asked.

I took a look at it. It was our girl all right. She was sitting on a large rock with all kinds of greenery around her, dressed in a yellow sleeveless t-shirt and blue jeans. She was smiling happily back into the camera. The next picture was of her and some guy that looked like it might be the JV football player who had kissed her on Saturday. There were some pictures

that looked like they were taken inside the apartment. They seemed to be from some party. Our girl was in a few shots along with a number of young guys and girls. The football player was there as was the blond haired girl we had seen leaving the building. This looked promising. She probably occupied one of the other bedrooms.

We went through her drawers and found little additional of interest except some men's socks and underwear in the bottom drawer along with several packs of condoms. It looked like maybe the football hero spent some nights here. There were some clothes strewn around the room, but the bed was made and the room was otherwise neat. We did find a letter from the college addressed to Barbara Newcomb, which I assumed was our girl's name.

The next bedroom was neat as well, or generally neat. The bed was sort of made, like somebody had thrown it together. In the top dresser drawer we found a college i.d. card and some birth control pills. It was the blond girl all right. Looks like she was a naughty girl. There were some paperbacks on her nightstand, in French. I guessed that blondie was a French student. We had found some biology books in Barbara's room along with the normal novels a bright eyed idealistic 19 or 20 year old might read. The blond girl's name was Tammy Wheeler. We found nothing else of particular note in her room.

The third bedroom was a mess. The walls were covered with rock posters, one of them torn and there were dirty clothes everywhere you looked. A dirty plate with a knife and fork sat on the nightstand. In the third drawer of the dresser we found an ounce of grass along with some rolling papers. Predo and I rolled ourselves a couple of joints for later and put them back. There was an electric guitar in the closet covered with band stickers, none of which I recognized, and a small amp. I was startled by a mewling noise behind me. I turned and saw a big, bushy brown and white cat. It looked at me warily and I looked back the same. It stepped carefully into the room, nestled itself in a pile of clothes in the corner and lay down. It began to lick its paw and wash its face. Cute, I thought.

We rummaged around the room until we found a summons for disorderly conduct made out to Randi Casternik, aged 19. The court date was in two weeks. She would miss it. In the bottom drawer of the dresser were some publicity pictures of our girl with her guitar. It was signed with her name. She was audaciously pretty. Her brown hair was short like a man's. She had well developed breasts which were kind of shown off in the picture. She had a tattoo of a colorful snake on her upper right arm. On

her nightstand there was a leaflet from “Dikes Unite!” announcing a rally next weekend. She would be good for Veda.

All of the bedrooms had windows, but the one I was interested in was the one that led to the fire escape. It was off the living room. It had a locked metal screen over it, but was easily opened via a lever on the inside of the apartment. I looked to make sure that it wasn’t hooked up to an alarm and then shifted the lever until the screen swung open. I pushed it close again, but not all the way. The window had a simple brass sash lock. I turned it open. Since it was so cool out I doubted that anyone would be opening it. I opened and shut the window several times, noting where it squeaked.

All in all, it was a regular college girls’ apartment. We had three beds empty back at the safe house and we had three good looking candidates living here. Predo and I let ourselves out, making sure all the locks were locked and then hurried down the stairs to the street. We didn’t meet anyone.

Veda picked us up a block away and we made our report. We would collect all three of the girls and the whole crew would be needed. We would do it tonight and give our basement girls an extra dose of sleeping tonic before we left. The fire escape descended to an alley behind the building just wide enough to drive a van through. There was a chain link fence and an empty bottle and debris strewn lot on the other side. We would need another van now and I was a little sorry we had dumped the florist’s. Veda said not to worry, that we could rent one. She knew a guy, who knew a guy who wouldn’t ask any questions. Just in case we were spotted, we would steal a set of license plates off of some other van that night and switch them and then put the old ones back on when we returned the rental.

We made arrangements before we left the city and Predo and I drove the van back to the safe house while Veda drove the SUV. We took the opportunity to smoke one of the joints we had rolled. We motored along merrily blasting some college FM rock station through the speakers and having a good time. It was really powerful stuff and we were really woozy when we got back to the house and pulled the van into the garage. Veda looked at us suspiciously, but didn’t say anything

Shirney and I did the girls while Predo made dinner and Veda watched TV. When we came upstairs at about 4, Predo was making pork chops with roasted tomatoes and green beans. He had bought a couple of gallons of apple cider and I downed a cold glassful. I felt kind of guilty about not

letting Shirney know about the weed we had found, but loose lips sink ships.

After dinner Veda made us do an inventory of the stuff we would need. We decided that instead of cuffs we would use duct tape and we packed a couple of rolls. There was the popper with eight little vials. We would use one when we made our captures and one just before we brought the girls down the fire escape. Two were extra, just in case. We set out three sets of collars, bracelets and gags in the garage. We all had dark clothing and we brought the pack of surgical gloves. Predo filled a thermos with coffee and provided four cardboard cups. We had three flashlights, some rope, because you never knew. We had everything loaded into a large duffle bag along with 3 rubber body bags.

We watched TV for a while. Then about 10, Predo and I went down to the basement and gave each of the girls another bottle full of sleep juice to drink. As usual, Margie gave us the most trouble. I had to give her a fierce slap to get her to cooperate. Even so, it was hard to get it down her with her sobbing and all. I felt bad about it.

We were done a little after eleven. Shirney and Veda were watching the news. There was a story about the missing lawyer with her picture. A very cloudy video was shown in which you could see me and Shirney walking around. It didn't show the actual snatch so they didn't know about the van. We were just labeled as suspicious persons wanted for questioning.

We watched a local talk show and at about 2 a.m. got ready to go. We did a check on the girls. They were all fast asleep. We loaded up the van with our gear. Veda would drive the SUV in case there was some kind of snafu and we had to hightail our way out of there. Shirney, Predo and I rode in the van. We promised him that we would share the joints we had found on the way back when the job was done.

I drove, having been there twice before. Shirney sat on the passenger side and Predo rode in the back. The springs in the van were shot and we had a bouncy ride. Shirney put the reggae station on again, which came in real good at night. Veda had given us some methamphetamine pills. We took them before we left so that we would be bright eyed and busy tailed on the job.

We reached the apartment building around 3:30. There were cars lined up on both sides of the street. You are always told to expect the unexpected and when we went to pull into the alley behind the building there was a car sitting in it. It was a souped up Dodge Charger painted bright red. I jimmied the door, hoping that there were no alarms. There were none and

so I hotwired the ignition. I pulled the Charger down the street a couple of blocks and parked it at a bus stop. Whoever owned the car would be double pissed in the morning. Not only was his car broken into and moved, but he would have a parking ticket or maybe even get towed away.

I came back quickly. Shirney and Predo were waiting for me. The stairs on the fire escape were on a spring with the bottom stairs up above the ground to foil burglars. I stood Predo on my shoulders and he was just able to reach it. He grasped it and lowered it slowly as I brought him to the ground. It was unfortunately rather squeaky and I prayed that it didn't wake anyone up. I knew that the rope would come in handy. We tied the bottom step of the fire escape to a pipe going up alongside the building so that it wouldn't go squeaking noisily each time we went up and down.

We quietly crept up to the third floor. There was a light on on the second floor, but the curtains were drawn. I figured that as long as we were quiet we would be okay. Besides, at this time of night it was probably a light someone forgot to turn off before they went to bed.

At the third floor window, I used the blade of my pig sticker to ease the sash lock open the rest of the way. This was the moment of truth. I had rolled the window up and down a few times when we had been inside the apartment and it made a little noise each time. I opened the window very slowly. It made a creaking sound at one point. After we were past the noisy spot, I waited to make sure that nobody heard the noise and gotten up. No one appeared and so I opened it the rest of the way. The lever for the metal screen was still unlocked and I pushed the screen open. We all quietly came in through the window and gathered in the living room.

The apartment was mostly silent. You could hear the whirring of the refrigerator. Everything was louder at night. I was worried that the cat might make a ruckus, but I assumed that it was in the bedroom with the lez. When I turned on my flashlight I did, though, come across a surprise.

There was someone sleeping on the couch. That someone had long brown hair and was curled up in a fetal position. I signaled to Shirney and Predo to keep absolutely quiet. I looked around and saw that all of the bedroom doors were closed. That was good. We could probably take care of this girl without waking up the others. I passed the light over the area surrounding her. I saw on the floor a pair of blue jeans all gathered in a bunch next to a pair of white Nikes and some rolled up white socks. The coffee table had been cleared of papers and books but was strewn with the detritus of a little party. A bottle of Jack Daniels was there along with several small glasses. They had apparently been doing shots. The lez girl had left her bag of weed out and there were several roaches in a saucer

next to an empty pack of rolling papers. There were three little empty clear plastic bags and one thick one with white powder in it. An upside down plate was on the table and I saw some dust on it. I put my finger in it and touched it to my lips. Cocaine. These were some very naughty girls.

I signaled Shirney to take the girl's feet and told Predo to get ready to place his hand over her mouth. She was covered with a thin blanket and I slid it off. There was just enough moonlight coming in through the window so we could make her out. She was wearing a blue and white top and a pair of white cotton panties. She stirred a little. I gave Shirney and Predo the signal and we pounced.

Shirney grabbed her ankles and pressed them down. I grabbed her arms and held them to her side. Predo place his hand over her mouth. The girl squealed and struggled. I gathered her hands behind her back with one hand and gave her a mighty blow in her thigh. She moaned miserably. I pulled out my shiv and popped it open. I pressed the sharp tip against her neck so that she would notice it. I leaned over and whispered in her ear as she began to sob, "If you are not absolutely quiet, I'm going to slit your throat from ear to ear. I don't want to hear a peep out of you. If you're quiet and cooperate, you won't get hurt. Blink your eyes twice if you understand."

She blinked them twice. They were full of panic and fear. She quieted down except for some minor whining and began to shake. Shirney had the duct tape and he quickly had her ankles bound together. I held her arms in place while he did her wrists. She was sobbing almost silently. I grabbed her hair and pulled her head up. Predo still had his hand over her mouth. "Remember," I reminded her, "Not a single fucking sound or I'll fuck you up so bad no one will be able to recognize you." The girl released a muffled squeal and nodded her head. I tore off a strip of duct tape and picked up the rolled up socks. I nodded to Predo to remove his hand. He pulled it back, ready to pounce it back on. I growled in the girl's ear, "Open your mouth, honey. I've got something for you."

She whined and spread her lips. I stuffed the sock roll inside and then quickly covered her lips with the swath of duct tape. I tore off two more lengths and placed them above and below the first one. She was sealed up tight.

We all took a deep breath. Shirney had brought the bag and took out the popper. I was glad now that we had brought eight capsules. He jammed the popper into her thigh and pulled the trigger. Her body instantly slumped. We only had three body bags and that would present a problem.



The girl was shapely and attractive and I didn't want to leave her behind. We would have to figure something out.

We lifted her up off the couch and placed her on the floor. Shirney taped her ankles to her bound hands. I didn't want her falling off the couch and making a thud that might wake somebody up. I took two small patches of duct tape and taped her eyes shut.

Now for the other girls. I crept up to the black haired girl's door. As I had feared, I heard a male snoring inside. That was going to be a problem. I listened to the other doors and heard only female noises. Now I figured that between the biology student and the lez, the lez was the one most likely to make noise and give us a hard time. So it made sense to do the blonde first. We crept over to her door and I slowly eased it open. The hinges gave out a slight squeak. I stopped and waited to see if the girl stirred but she did not. Her curtain was closed and except for the flashlight it was completely dark. I gave the popper to Predo. Shirney and I crept up to opposite sides of the bed. The girl's curvy form was covered by a blue and white bed spread. She was snoring lightly on her left side with her head facing me. Her eyelids flickered a bit as if she sensed us. "Now," I whispered to Shirney.

We each grabbed an edge of the bed clothes and threw them back. The girl squirmed and tried to sit up. I jumped on her torso and pushed her down on the bed, covering her mouth. Shirney jumped on the bed and captured her ankles. Predo came up. The girl was wearing a short pink nightie and a pair of pink panties. Predo was able to jam the popper into her thigh and pull the trigger. The girl had just drawn in a deep breath of air through her nose prefatory to a scream. When the popper went off, the air just all went out of her and she went limp.

We quickly had her bound. We brought her out into the living room and laid her next to the other girl who was gently whining. Predo took one of the pronged gags out of the duffle and jammed it into her mouth. Shirney affixed her ankles to her wrists as I tore off small strips of tape and covered her eyes.

Next was the lez. It almost made sense to do Barbara first because she presented the more serious problem. We would either have to deal with the guy or maybe leave her behind. He would make a lot of noise. And he might need more than one popper to get off to sleep. And then it would wear off more quickly because of his size. I stood there and thought for a moment. Shirney and Predo waited expectantly. "What are we waiting for," Shirney whispered to me.

"Let's do the lez next," I said.

I quietly opened the door. The curtains were open so I could see fairly good. The lez girl was all tangled up in her sheets and blankets. She was wearing only a pair of red and white panties. It was going to be a good trick to disentangle the girl from her bedclothes so that Predo could get a good shot at her. As it turned out, it was really easy. There was a half full glass of Jack on her night stand. My guess was that she had gotten all liquored up. She groaned when we stripped off the blankets and sheet, but did not awaken. She was still asleep when Predo put the popper to her thigh and pulled the trigger. We bound her, brought her out into the living room and hogtied and gagged her. I covered her eyes with silvery tape.

That left the black haired girl, the girl who had sparked off the whole thing, the girl whose fate I had sealed. But then, by the same measure, I had condemned all these other girls too. Maybe if I had picked another cheerleader, one of the blondes I liked, she might have lived alone. Or maybe she had only one roommate and didn't have anyone passed out on her couch.

There was no time to think about things like that. I slowly opened the door to the bedroom. The couple lay sprawled on the bed. There was a used condom on the floor. Clothes were strewn everywhere. We had one break. The girl was sleeping on the side closest to us. Her bare leg was peeking out of the covers. I signaled to Predo who crept up to her and gave her thigh a pop. She released a deep sigh and went still.

Suddenly there was an explosion on the other side of the bed. The boyfriend leapt up and made a rush at us. He was buck naked. Predo was the closest and he gave him a sock on the jaw that made his head flip back. He fell to the floor. Shirney and I tried to encircle the guy. He shifted himself back and forth, making us guess which way he was going to go. He was broad shouldered and about 6'1". Tall, thick and in great shape. We were just about to jump in when he sprang into action. He lifted his foot and kicked me right in the chest, sending me sprawling backwards. I crashed against the bureau. He made several kicks at Shirney, yelling, "Hee! Ha! Hee!" just like a judo guy might do. Shirney fended him off in the half darkness. I launched myself up at him and tackled him to the floor. I struggled to get a clear shot at him, but his arms were flailing and he was squirming beneath me. In a flash he had tossed me off of him and I went sprawling again. He jumped to his feet, but Shirney was ready for him. He circled his arm around the guy's neck and then gave his jaw a twist. There was a crack and the guy fell limp to the floor. Shirney had broken his neck. That was that.

It didn't make me very happy. Here was another soul to add to my ledger. I hadn't killed him but I just as might have. I looked at him lying there, all muscles and smooth skin. He had gallantly jumped to the defense of his girlfriend and had paid the price. The girl on the bed moaned. We didn't have much time. We untangled her from the bed clothes. She was naked. We tied off her hands and ankles and brought her out to the living room. I let Shirney hogtie and gag her while I went back to check on Predo. He was groaning and coming awake. I brought him to his feet and asked him if he could move his jaw. When I saw that he could I was relieved that the football player/judo artiste had not broken it. I held Predo's arm and escorted him into the living room.

Shirney had finished with the black haired girl. We let Predo sit down on the couch. I poured him a shot of Jack and then one for me and Shirney too. We downed ours but Predo only took a little sip. Shirney began to unpack the rubberized body bags. We laid them out. We did the blond girl first, releasing her wrists from her ankles and sliding her in belly down. We kept it open for the time being. The lez was next and then the black haired girl. I had been right about her breasts, they were magnificent. The blond girl was a little dainty upstairs, but the lez was stacked. I hadn't gotten a good look at the brunette, but I was sure I would shortly.

When we had all the girls bagged except for the one on the couch, we paused for a moment. Shirney had turned on a small floor lamp and we could see our new guests-to-be all lined up. There was a lot of pulchritude there. I wondered what we were going to do with the brunette since we only had three body bags and three beds back at the safe house. And when they came to collect the girls, there would only be twelve canisters. It would be a shame to leave her behind though after all the work we did.

I decided that I would make the decision once all the other girls were down in the van. Shirney gave the blond girl another pop in her thigh. She had been moaning and whimpering, but went immediately silent. The brunette girl was being as quiet as a mouse.

We zipped up the blond girl and, after making sure that Predo was okay, me and Shirney carried the blond girl through the window and down the fire escape. When we got her to the bottom, we opened the back door to the van and put her in. We went upstairs for the lez and then the black haired girl in their turn, giving them both a pop first. We laid them in the back of the van side by side. We went back up for the brunette. We had decided that Shirney would carry the girl down over his shoulder. We would lay her in the van like the others but we would hogtie her to be safe.

There was no way the other girls could ever break out of the body bags and we weren't worried about them.

When we came back up Predo was standing, waiting for us. We did another round of Jack. The brunette had undoubtedly guessed what was happening into her friends and she had started, despite my warning, to moan and sob loudly. Shirney gave her her pop and she quieted immediately. We released her wrists and feet from each other and brought her to her feet. Shirney hoisted her over his shoulder. Predo went down first and then Shirney. I brought up the rear, snatching the lid of grass and the coke from the table. Before I went down I rummaged around in the lez's drawers and found an extra packet of rolling papers. I knew she wouldn't let me down.

I went to the window. Just as I reached it I heard a meow behind me. I looked and saw the cat. It clearly wasn't a watch cat. It had probably been asleep in the lez's room when we snatched her. I realized that our crime might not be discovered for a day or so. The cat would have to go without eating. I went back in the kitchen and rooted around a pantry closet. I found a box of dry cat food. I filled a soup bowl with it and put it on the floor. The cat began to purr and went directly to the bowl. I gave it a little nod goodbye and exited through the window, closing it behind me.

When I reached the bottom of the fire escape Shirney already had the brunette hogtied in the back. Predo was in the back of the van sitting down on the floor. I untied the fire escape from the pipe and released the rope from it. There was no sense in leaving any extra evidence around. The bottom steps creaked noisily back into their upright position. Shirney was in the driver's seat and so I got in on the passenger side. He started up the engine and we rolled out to the street. We made a left and blinked our lights at Veda signaling a successful effort. She flashed hers back and circled out of her parking spot to return the way we had come.

Shirney and I had a merry time returning to the safe house. Predo just sat listlessly in the back. We drowned out the muffled moans and whines of our passengers with the reggae music Shirney loved. We passed a joint back and forth. I asked Predo and he poured us out some coffee. I told him not to take it so hard that his lights had been put out. The boyfriend had been plenty strong and it took both me and Shirney to subdue him. That made Predo seem a little bit better.

We got back to the safe house about 5:30. The eastern sky was turning a little shade of pastel red. Veda had gone on ahead of us and had opened the garage door. We pulled in and she shut it. We jumped out of the van and celebrated noisily.

“Okay, okay,” Veda said. “We’ve got work to do. Let’s get our new friends out of the van so I can take a look at them.” We laid out the three body bags on the garage floor. We unzipped them and took the girls out. They were moaning and sobbing, wriggling and squirming, but we paid it no mind. Veda went by the girls pulling their heads up by their hair and looking at their faces. She pulled the tape off of their eyes so she could get a good look at them. She gave each girl a nice complement on her looks. That didn’t seem to comfort them at all. She told us to start getting them ready to go downstairs, but I interrupted her. “No,” I said. “There’s a surprise.”

“A surprise?” she replied. “What surprise?”

Shirney and I both smiled at her and went back to the van. We released the brunette from her hog tie and carried her into the garage. We put her down next to her friends.

“Ta da!” I exclaimed.

“What is this?” Veda asked.

“She was asleep on the couch,” I explained.

“We don’t have room for her,” she protested.

“We have that empty bedroom upstairs,” I answered. “We could put her there.”

Veda went over to the girl and lifted her head. She eased off the tape over her eyes. “Very pretty,” she said. “You’re a very pretty girl,” she told her.

The girl released a wail and began to sob.

Veda released her head and rose to her feet. “She’s awfully noisy,” she commented.

I shrugged my shoulders. “That can be corrected,” I said.

“Okay, so tell me how it went,” she asked.

I explained to her that the blonde and the lez had come easily, but that we had had a problem with the black haired girl. I told her about the boyfriend and the little ruckus we had when he woke up suddenly.

“So what happened to him?” Veda asked.

I paused for a moment. Then I said, “Shirney broke his neck. He’s dead.”

The black haired girl began to wail. I felt sorry for her. Veda just shrugged. “Well I guess it couldn’t be avoided. What did you do with the body?”

“We left it there,” I told her. “I figured why get saddled with a body we would have to get rid of.”

“I guess you’re right,” she replied. “But I’ll guess that this will be in all the papers tomorrow.”

“It’ll probably take until the afternoon until anybody is missed. Maybe even not until Wednesday or Thursday.”

“I’ll bet the boyfriend will be a stinking mess by then. Well, hopefully we’ll be out of town by Friday. Now get these girls downstairs. And put the brunette in the spare room. I’m going to bed.”

Veda left us to do the work, as usual. Rank had its privileges and it was probably the same thing that Draco would have done if he were here.

We formed a little production line. Shirney and I brought the girls to their feet. It didn’t take long to strip the blond girl and the lez and the black haired girl was already naked. We removed all of their jewelry, fancy rings on the lez’s hands, a gold necklace with a cross for the blond girl and a gold chain around the black haired girl’s ankle. We cuffed and collared them, adorned them with a hood and then handed them off to Predo.

There was a lot of wailing and sobbing. Normally, we would have done something about it, but there were four girls to handle and we wanted to get some shuteye before the morning when we had to feed our guests again. The lez gave us a little bit of a hard time, but I gave her a blow to the belly. She just went limp, straining for breath. After that she was no problem.

Predo escorted the girl we had finished downstairs while we worked on the next one. He didn’t feed them, but just chained them face down on a bed for the time being. When the last of the roommates had been taken off by Predo, we did the brunette. She was perhaps the noisiest of the bunch as she sobbed and wailed as we accoutered her in her new raiment. I left the sock gag in as I escorted her upstairs while Shirney went down to the basement to help Predo settle the other girls in. I led her to the spare bedroom. There was a deadlock with a key in it and I turned it and guided the door open. There was a switch to the right of the door which turned on a single overhead bulb.

The room was small, about 10’ by 12’, so there was sufficient light. I released the girl’s wrists and told her to get up on the bed. For a moment I thought that she might give me a hard time, but she must have remembered my threat to cut her throat. She meekly lay down when I told her to. There was a kind of lifeless pillow at the top and she laid her head on it. I raised her wrists and connected them to the chain that descended from the wall. I spread first her left leg and then her right and affixed them to the chains that led from the rings in the corners. I had brought an extra gag with me and so I peeled the duct tape off of her lips and pried out the sock I had

jammed in there. As I was going to push the thick leather prong into her mouth, she looked up at me sadly and squeaked, "What's going to happen to me?"

She had a sweet face and her question made me feel guilty. There was nothing for me to tell her though because I didn't know. I just said, "Shut the fuck up and open your mouth." She spread her trembling lips and I slid the gag in. Her piteous eyes were staring up at me. I buckled the gag behind her head. I couldn't help myself; I ran my hand over her fine breasts and her taut belly for a moment, giving her mons a few strokes. She whined and sobbed and rattled her chains. I got back to my feet and went to the door. I shut the light and then the door, locking it behind me.

I woke about 10. Apparently Veda had decided we should be able to sleep in. When you're over tired you make mistakes and we needed to be on our toes with 12 beautiful captives just dying to escape. I threw on my shorts and prepared to go to the communal bathroom for a shower. As I exited my room, the door to the spare room opened and Veda stepped out of it. She was wearing a white satin robe with red rose designs on it. Her face looked flushed. I put two and two together. She had been fucking the brunette. That didn't seem quite fair.

"Good morning, Harry," she told me sweetly.

"Is what's good for the goose good for the gander, or vice versa?"

"Suit yourself, Harry. She won't be going back to Paliba so it doesn't matter."

"If not to Paliba, where?" I asked. I remembered Natasha and having been given the job of dumping her in Lake Watchamacallit. I didn't want to have to go through that again. If I had thought that might happen I would have left her behind.

"I've got some ideas," Veda replied. "We've got until Friday."

"Okay," I said, "but it better not include slitting her throat and dumping her somewhere."

"Don't worry, Harry," she came back at me. "There's plenty of places to dispose of good pussy. I'll think of something."

With that she sashayed down the hall to her room. I looked at the door. I wondered if the girl had heard us talking. I pushed it open, locking it behind me. There was a ring on the wall by the door to hang the key.

The girl was pretty upset and so I guessed that she had heard me and Veda discussing her future. I went to approach her and she cringed and started to sob. Whatever Veda had made her do had made her pretty upset. I decided that she needed a little calming down.

I went down to the basement. The girls there were stirring and I really should have gotten to work on them, but I was on a mission. I grabbed one of the bottles that held the soporific we used and brought it upstairs. I stopped in the kitchen and got a small glass.

Back upstairs to the spare room I went. The girl was still there when I opened the door, of course, and her demeanor was just about the same. I opened the bottle and poured maybe a quarter of it out into the glass. I crouched down next to the bed. The girl was looking at me as if I was the Texas Chain Saw Massacre guy. I guess I was type cast for that role. I put the glass down and reached over. The girl backed away from me as far as she could. I paused.

"Listen," I told her, "you don't want to piss me off. You're going to cooperate or you will be one dismal girl. Scoot back over here or I'll break your nose."

Tears started flowing down her face. She was shaking.

"Now!" I barked at her.

She quickly brought herself to the center of the bed. The chain that held her hands aloft was pretty short and she didn't have much room for maneuver anyway. But it was the principal of the thing. No resistance was tolerable, no matter how feeble.

I reached behind her and unbuckled the gag. I pulled the thick prong from her mouth and laid it aside. "Now, you're going to drink this, girly, and you're not going to give me any trouble about it. It's something to calm you down. So I'm going to raise your head and bring the glass to your lips. When I tilt it, you're going to swallow until it's all gone. Understand?"

The girl nodded at me tentatively. "What's your name?" I asked her.

She looked at me as if I had spoken Swahili.

I paused for a moment, holding my anger in check. Then I said sternly, "Listen, I'm going to give you one more chance. If you don't cooperate and start being obedient, I'm going to go downstairs and come back with a whip. And you don't want to see me with a whip in my hand. I've had a lot of practice with it and hearing a girl beg and scream doesn't faze me one bit. In fact, once I get started, it'll be hard to stop until your body's raw from your neck to your toes. So I'm going to ask you again, what's your name?"

The girl had a big frown. I understand that some indigenous people believe that if you tell somebody your name you give that person power over you. So they all have secret names they don't tell anybody. I guess the



girl kind of felt that way about it too. And there was something to all that. Once I had her name I had a way into her brain.

Finally, she spoke, almost in a whisper, "F-Francine."

"Francine," I repeated. "Do your friends call you Fran?"

She nodded back at me as if she only had so many words left in her and didn't want to spend them.

"Good," I said. "Now, listen, Fran, you're going to drink this. There's nothing in it to harm you. If we wanted to fuck you up we would just do it. You're an item of some value to us and we don't damage our property. So, let me know right now, are you going to drink it or not? If you say no, I go away and come back in a minute or two with the whip. If you say yes, you'll make me happy, and when I'm happy, that's good for you too. So, yes or no? I need to know right now."

I had picked up the glass again and the girl was staring at it. The potion we gave the girls was a kind of greenish brown, not very appetizing. I took a sip of it once. It had a bit of a minty flavor. The girl looked back at me. I was starting to get really pissed. I really didn't want to whip the girl, but she was going to make me do it. I poked her hard in her side with two fingers. She screeched and cried out, "Owwwwwwww!" She started to cry again. I put the glass down and rose to my feet. I was just about to head to the door when the girl yelled out, "Yes! Yes! I'll drink it! P-please don't whip me! Please!"

I paused for a moment. Once you've made a decision to whip a girl it's usually better if you follow through. It's more than just the principal of the thing. If the girl sees you second guessing yourself, she might perceive it as weakness. And changing your mind after a girl starts begging and pleading with you not to do it just sends the wrong message. It might give her false hope next time. Certainty of punishment is important for a slave girl. It keeps them obedient and on their toes. So there were all kinds of reasons for me to go get the whip anyway. But I decided this once to give the girl a break.

"Okay," I said. "But when I ask you a yes or no question, I want a yes or no answer. I'm not interested in any of your bullshit. I don't care how you feel about anything. All I'm concerned with is whether you're obedient. Understand?"

She nodded frantically.

I crouched down next to her again and picked up the glass. I circled my left hand under her head, tilting it up and put the glass to her lips with my right. She issued a whine and her face kind of all scrunched up. I was beginning to believe that I had made a mistake. But then she opened her

lips. A little bit at first, but when I pressed the glass against her bottom lip and tilted it, she opened her mouth the rest of the way.

There wasn't much in the glass, maybe three ounces or so. I wanted to give her just enough to make her a little woozy. I made sure that she got every drop.

"Now, that wasn't so hard, was it?" I asked her as I took the glass away. She shook her head dejectedly. "I'll be back in a minute or two," I told her. "Just lie there and try to relax."

I knew what I was telling her was preposterous, but I wanted to get her in the right mindset so that when the potion started to work she would just accept it. I rose and went out the door, taking the glass with me. You never leave anything like that around a prisoner. If by some rare chance she was able to slip her bonds, she could break it and use it as a weapon, or slit her wrists or something.

I locked the door and went down to the bathroom. I took a nice, long piss. I washed my hands and face and brushed my teeth. I looked at myself in the mirror. Maybe I should have gone into horror films, I thought. I wouldn't need much makeup and I could be a rather convincing bad guy. I had a lot of experience making people afraid and I was never reluctant to fuck somebody up who needed it.

I counted to fifty and made my way back to the door. I left the glass in the bathroom. I unlocked it and went in. The girl had a wary look on her face, but she didn't seem all panicked and stuff like she had when I came in before. The potion we used was pretty quick acting. I don't know what they put in it, but it got into the bloodstream and up to the brain almost right away. I paused to take a good look at her. Her head was flat on the flimsy pillow. Her long, straight, brown hair was spread like a little corolla around her head. She had a very pleasant face, with pretty brown eyes and plump lips. Her nose was just a little too flat and broad for true beauty, but she was at least a B+. Her breasts were at rest on her chest, but still had a nice hump to them, even with her lying down and her hands stretched above her. She had small, dark pink areola and her nipples were short. She was petite, about 5'2" or so. Her hips were narrow and her thighs firm. Her bush was brown, to match her hair, and curly. It looked like it had been trimmed, but only on the sides. The way her legs were spread, her gap was a little bit distended and you could see her inner labia. She stirred and whined when she realized I was examining her and tried to pull her legs together. She would learn not to do that.

I stripped off my boxers and crouched down next to the mattress. I released her wrists from the chain over her head and affixed them with a

little chain to the ring in the back of her collar. Her elbows went out like little wings. The mattress was full size, big enough for two people to fuck on if not to sleep. I released her ankles from the rings in the corners and then crawled up on the bed next to her. She knew what was coming. Veda had already had her way with her. And what other reason was there to kidnap pretty girls?

When I placed my hand on her belly, she started whining. I ignored her and rubbed her belly all over softly and rhythmically. Her body tremored for a moment and then subsided. I ran my hand over her breasts lightly and then down her belly again and then up and down her thighs. She had clamped her legs together so that her pussy was jammed between them. Within a week she would understand that was a whipping offense. I could see that her eyes had dilated a bit. She looked as she might after having a few drinks. I brought my head up to hers and kissed her neck and under her chin and then brought my lips to her mouth.

“Open up,” I told her sternly. She obeyed and I could taste her hot breath. My Johnson gave a little twitch. I pushed my tongue into her mouth and began to swirl it around. She whined and her body stiffened. I just kept stroking her with my right hand, up and down, up and down, over her breasts, her belly, her thighs. She was doing her best for her tongue to avoid mine, but that wasn’t really possible. I could feel my heat begin to rise and the pleasure from her mouth coursed through me.

I broke the kiss and told her, “Raise your knees and spread them.” She released another whine, but she obeyed. I ran my hand over her belly a few more times and then I lowered it until I found her crevasse. There was a nice shroud of wiry brown hair around it. Predo would take it off later. He had told me that he really got a kick out of turning the full grown women into cute little girls. And he liked to make their pussies water. Not that he got any sexual thrill out of it, but he liked having them under his control and to make them moan.

I ran two thick fingers up the length of her crevasse and down again. The girl shuddered and her thighs twitched. Although she was undoubtedly under maximum stress at having a fierce, unknown, naked man lying jammed up against her with unwanted fingers handling her private place, her breathing was steady and she didn’t resist. I covered her mons with my heavy hand, squeezing her lips together and then ran my fingers up and down her divide a few more times until I felt a nascent wetness. I leaned over again and spread her lips with mine and reinserted my tongue. Her own was just a little less interested in avoiding it. She released a deep sigh. Her hands pulled at her bonds and her elbows tilted inwards, but that was

just about all she could do. She didn't do it frantically, but just as an exercise in necessity since she undoubtedly felt that she should be doing something to resist me. Her knees remained uplifted and spread out, however.

I rubbed her outer lips a few times and then brought my fingers up over her little bud. It was stiffened and I commenced to tease it gently, rubbing my fingers around and over it, pinching it lightly, spreading her cunt's moisture all over it, making it slippery. After a while her hips shifted and she released a moan into my mouth. It was followed by an unhappy whine. I started flicking her button with some rapidity. Her hips began to squirm and she moaned again.

It was enough for the preliminaries. I broke our kiss and then grabbed the ring in the front of her collar. I pulled her up to a sitting position and then forward so that she was out of my way. I leaned against the wall and raised and spread my legs. I pulled her between my thighs and brought her head forward so that it was just above my loins.

"So, tell me, Fran," I said somewhat sweetly, "have you ever sucked a cock?"

She whined and started to blubber. I raised her head. I didn't want to slap her, but I didn't want to take any shit either. "I asked you a question, Fran!" I said more sternly. "I expect an answer! And don't lie!"

She looked at me forlornly. "Y-yes," she answered unhappily.

"How many times?" I demanded.

"Only a few," she squeaked back at me.

"Did they come in your mouth?" I asked rudely.

She started blubbering again. "O-only once," she replied timidly.

"Okay, I haven't decided whether to come in your mouth or not yet, but you're going to suck my cock. You know how so I don't want any fucking around. Give me a warm, wet, tight hole and I'll do most of the work."

She released another deep whine. I couldn't resist reaching out and toying with her breasts. They hung beautifully and were just a little oversized for her frame. Her skin was a little lighter a medium tan and tinged olive like she had some Mediterranean blood in her. Her breasts were a couple of shades lighter almost a light beige. I squeezed them and pulled on her nipples until she squeaked. Then I kneaded them and mauled them, reveling in the springiness and the softness. Again she tried to bring her elbows together to defend herself from this unwanted handling. She was on her knees and she tried to lean back out of my reach. I seized her nipples and twisted them until she howled.

“Don’t do that!” I barked at her. “Those tits don’t belong to you anymore! The next time you pull away from me, you’ll regret it!” I warned her.

She was sobbing again. I took hold of her hair with my left hand and gave her a mighty slap with my right. I mean, enough was enough! She screeched and started sobbing all the more.

I shook her head. “Look at me!” I commanded. She looked into my face unwillingly.

“Do I look like I’m fucking around? Do I?” I roared at her.

“N-no,” she whined back.

“Then cut the shit! If you don’t stop sobbing, I’ll give you something to sob about! Understand?”

“Y-yes,” she mewed.

“Okay then, Franny,” I told her. “Get hold of yourself and get to work! Open your mouth!”

She was still sobbing mutedly, but not enough to interfere with her task at hand. She spread her lips sadly.

“Make an ‘O’!” I told her.

She rounded her lips. Tears were streaming down her face.

“Wider!” I told her. She made the circle bigger. I leaned her over and aimed her hole at my cock. Her lips spread over the top and I pushed her head down. Her mouth was wide inside as if she was avoiding contact with my meat.

“Close your mouth around it!” I ordered. She narrowed her mouth until there was full contact. She gurgled and coughed and whined.

“Okay now, all you have to do is give it a gentle suckle. I want your lips tight against my pole at all times,” I instructed her.

I began to move her head up and down on my crank. She sobbed and sniffed and snorted through her nose, but she kept her inner space nice and narrow and her lips tight. I could feel her giving my cock a gentle suckle.

It wasn’t as good as Veda, but it would do for now. Her warm, wet, softness sent delightfulness oozing through my body. I closed my eyes, my hand tightly in her hair and I moved her up and down, up and down. She was really giving it her best effort. She released little pitiful sobs and whines and moans, but she kept to her task. I pulled her head up until my cock was on the edge of her lips and told her to suckle the end and twirl it with her tongue. She did it with seeming eagerness. See what a little slap can do?

I let her go on and on. I pulled her off from time to time and brought her close to me so that I could lick and suckle at her breasts. She didn’t

pull away but just suffered in silence. When I had had my joyful, I forced her head back down. I didn't have to tell her. Her rounded mouth was waiting for my cock and I slid right in. She immediately clamped her mouth around it and started suckling.

I could feel my juices rising. It was getting close to the point of no return. I decided I wanted to try her pussy. I pulled her off my cock, scooted around her and made her place her forehead on the pillow. I lifted her hips, forced her legs apart and then insinuated my hand onto her mound. It was still wet and I was quickly able to run two fingers in and out of her chasm. I moved up against her and pushed my cock against her sex until I found her hole. She released a deep, anguished whine and shifted beneath me as if attempting to avoid her fate. I placed my hand on the back of her head and pushed down hard.

"Easy, Franny," I told her. "I'm going in whether you like it or not."

She ceased her squirming. I could hear her sobbing again. I pressed my prick forward. It was subsumed by a wonderful, titillating softness and warmth. I wondered how many cocks had been in there. Probably not too many if she only sucked cock a few times. I kept my right hand on her head, holding her firmly in place as I slowly rogered back and forth. Wave after wave of pleasurable sensation wafted through me.

I varied my speed and the length of my strokes, but I kept myself in full control. I was having much too much fun to come. She was releasing a delightful sonata of sobs and whines and moans. I ran my left hand up and down her back and over her rear globes. She was a delightful piece and I thanked the providence which had made her too stoned or lit or lazy to go home last night. It would be one of the 'what if's' that would run through her mind constantly as she lived the next phase of her life. She had been warned, I'm sure, of the dangers of taking drugs, and she would feel a little ashamed and guilty that breaking that imprimatur had led to her capture and enslavement. I was sure she was feeling that right now as I was fucking her and it made my use of her more exquisite.

I wanted to make her come. I pulled on her hair until she raised her head and leaned back on me. My cock was plunged deep in her belly and her ass rested in my lap. I circled my right hand around her hip and began softly stroking her nubbin while my left came around the other side and began mauling and abusing her breasts. It did not take long to have her moaning and squirming. Her lips were drawn together tightly and I could hear her sputtering her dismay and shame. I kept going and going, faster now, then slower, rubbing and stroking and then pinching and pulling. She began to moan deeply and I heard her mutter, "Please! Please! Please let

me go! Please!” Without missing a beat with my right hand on her clit, I brought my left hand up and covered her mouth with it. I leaned over until my lips were up to her ear. “Shut the fuck up,” I growled. “Or when we get done I’ll beat you.”

She whined behind my hand. I released her mouth and brought my hand back to her breasts. My right hand went into overdrive as I flicked rapidly against her button. Her breath was coming heavy now. She was whining and sighing, but she was otherwise silent. I felt her back stiffen. She began to shake. Her moans were getting louder and louder. Suddenly she burst out into a series of anguished sounding grunts. I could feel her pussy pulsing on my cock. “Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!” she called out.

It was all I needed. I pushed her back down and shoved her face into the pillow. I began pumping at her madly. She groaned and squirmed and grunted. She tried to rise and escape me, but I held her down tightly. She came again and released loud ejaculations into the pillow.

I pulled myself out of her. I grabbed her collar and pulled her up. I quickly brought myself up in front of her and placed her between my thighs. She was moaning and sobbing. I pushed her head down to my loins. She opened her mouth obediently and began to give me an intense suckle. I thrust her head up and down rapidly, my hand in her hair. I felt my balls surging. My explosion was imminent. I pistoned her head up and down, up and down. She was sobbing and whining. I held off as long as I could.

My cock began to pulse and throb. She uttered a shriek and began coughing and gurgling. I kept her head moving up and down. Wonderful, razorblade sharp sensations were emanating from my prick and rushing around my body and brain. I wanted it to go on forever. Alas, it could not. My cock’s contortions began to slow. I slowed the movements of her head. She was crying dolefully. Finally, I stopped her motions. I let my cock lay in her mouth for a few moments. She tried to rise up, but I kept her down. When my cock had gone all soft, I pulled her head up and it slipped from her mouth. My cum was leaking from between her blubbery lips and running down her chin. She was clearly holding it in her mouth. I covered her mouth and nose with my hand and forced her head back until she swallowed it. I laid back against the wall there for a few minutes just letting the aftermath of our pleasurable union soak through me. I still had a firm grip on her hair and kept her head bowed. She was crying quietly.

I wondered what we were going to do with her. Having her around for a few days was going to be a joy. I wondered how many times a day Veda would let me fuck her. I figured three, at least, and a blowjob before bed.

I released her hair and rose up from the mattress. She just kind of keeled over. I drew on my boxers and then pulled on the girl's collar until she was on her back again. I released her wrists from the back of her collar and connected them to the chain on the wall. I chained off her ankles, spreading her legs. Her face was a mass of shame and unhappiness. She would blame herself for coming, especially twice, but I knew better. Most women were not immune from passion even when they were being used against their will. You just had to get past the brutality phase to the cooperation stage. Once rebellion was quashed the girl had no choice but to let the feelings flow through her. And in the long run they were better off. The more passion they felt, the better they fucked. The better they fucked, generally speaking, the happier they would be.

I picked up the gag and presented it to Fran's lips. She frowned and her chest heaved, but she took it in. I buckled it behind her head.

When I came through the door, Shirney was standing there. He was buck naked and stroking his thick, tumescent black cock. He had a broad, hairy chest, a little bit of a belly and was about 3" taller than me. "You make a lot of noise," he commented. I shrugged. He passed me on his way in. I heard the girl wail as the door closed.



## CHAPTER TWELVE IN WHICH THINGS HAPPEN

We hung around for a few days. It was kind of boring. Shirney and I played a lot of chess. Shirney mostly won, but I was getting better. Whenever Veda went out, Shirney, Predo and I would sit out on the front porch and do some weed. I saved the coke for myself. I did a little line each time I paid little Franny a visit which was twice a day, according to rules set by Veda and, at my request, a good night blowjob. I didn't want to, but Veda insisted I take her down to the basement and give her a good whipping. Poor little Franny danced and wailed and sobbed as I belabored her with the flail. Veda had told me that she wanted to see some black and blue on her so I gave her five solid strokes with the hickory cane across her rear and thighs. I have to say that it made the poor girl a little more morose, especially with me, but much more obedient and ready to please. And the black and blue marks were quite compelling.

Predo had a lot of fun with her. He assumed charge of her feeding and general care. Veda ordered him to cut off her long brown hair since it was too much of a pain in the ass to take care of. He gave her a cute little haircut, making it really short so that her head was nice and fuzzy. It made her appear a bit boyish, which probably appealed to him. I expect that he took a few blowjobs from her, despite his aversions. I mean, who wouldn't. And a mouth is a mouth and an asshole is an asshole when you really get down to it, especially with her looking all boyish and all, and Predo was only human. I don't know whether the lubricating gel he left in the room was for me and Shirney, but you can draw your own conclusions. I do know that practically every time I went by the door and he was in there with her you could hear him grunting and groaning or her moaning and crying out as he made her come.

The afternoon of the first day, after we had lunch, I went up with him to watch him denude her loins. I held her ankles high and out while he lathered up her maturity and scooped it off with the safety razor. He made her pussy nice and smooth and hairless. Her labia were thick and practically folded over her inner lips making her mons look sleek and neat. He took a little longer than strictly necessary to rub the skin cream in where the hair had been. I asked him whether he was turning hetero.

"No," he said. "Nothing like that. I just think that their naked pussies are so pretty. I like to make them nice and juicy and watch them squirm."

“Well knock yourself out,” I told him.

“Can I make her come?”

“Sure,” I told him.

I held the girl still, her feet high and outstretched while he rubbed and played with her pussy. She whined and squirmed and tried to pull her ankles free, but I had a firm grip on them. He quickly had her moaning and groaning. When he put his mouth on her little button she writhed and moaned and squealed.

“That was outstanding!” he exclaimed as the girl wound down from her climax. He gave her hairless pussy a little kiss. “You’re so cute,” he told the girl. She didn’t take the compliment well; she burst into tears.

When he left I took the time to sneak in an extra session with her and to pierce her newly denuded cunt. Veda and Shirney were out and what they didn’t know wouldn’t hurt them.

The story about the dead football player and the missing girls broke on Thursday. The guy we had met in the hallway reported to the police the presence of two suspicious characters. The only video they had was from an electronics store up the block from the apartment, but it was all grainy and all you could see was a Mutt and Jeff routine. They had pictures and background stories on the girls. The black haired girl’s mother made a special plea to the kidnappers on camera. It was very touching. Veda turned it off.

Thursday night, a little after eleven, we started loading our ‘guests’ up in the shipping cases that had been in the house when we arrived. We strapped the girls in one by one. Each time one of them saw the 12 cases all lined up as we whisked off her hood in the garage, she began to blubber and wail. They would squirm and twist and strain to avoid their fates, but we were used to that and one by one they all went in. In order to avoid trouble upstairs, we locked their wrists to the front of their collars before we brought them up and put an 18” long chain between their ankles.

Once in the garage, once her hood was off, it was a simple matter of one of us gathering the girl’s ankles and the other holding on to her arms from behind. We would lift her up and lay her down in the case. Once we had the belt pulled tight around her waist the rest was elementary. A strap above her knees, one around her ankles, once we had removed the chain, one across her chest just under her breasts and one around her neck, not too tight, but snug enough so that she couldn’t lift her head. Then we would release her wrists from her collar and strap her arms down at her wrists and just above her elbows, rendering her completely immobile. All that was

left was to remove her gag and apply the helmet that would hold her head still.

Only Margie really gave us any real trouble. She twisted and turned and fought us off like a tiger, screaming and yelling behind her gag. She almost knocked me to the floor. Veda made us hold her down on her knees with her ass raised and really went to town on her with the flogger. She wouldn't stop until Margie acknowledged her submission. I have to say that that woman was really tough. It wasn't until after the twentieth stroke that she finally blubbered and moaned her assent. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed as we strapped her onto the board inside her case. All she really did with all that noise and screaming was to make the girls we had already loaded more upset.

We could have just used the 'popper' we had been using to incapacitate the girls when we snatched them. But Veda explained that the chemicals might not mix well with the chemicals in the somnolating gas that we used. They might have a virulent reaction during the flight that might kill or permanently disable them, which was kind of the same thing. It would be a big waste of our time and efforts in addition to being a loss of valuable pussy. If the girls had been given a choice I bet that they would have voted with Veda.

We kept the girls' mouths all covered with duct tape for the time being. It didn't stop them from squealing and sobbing and moaning though. It made the garage very noisy. After a while they would quiet down. And then one would start up again and all the other girls would join her like the condition was communicable. When they were all packed, Veda brought out a video camera and went around from case to case making a record of their vocal and facial expressions of unhappiness. I thought that it was going a little too far. If the girl tried to remain quiet, Veda would tease her about how she felt about being made into a whore or about having to fuck ten or fifteen men a day, or whether they were going to miss their mommies and daddies. It usually got them to bawling. If that didn't work she gave them four or five strokes with the flogger across their breasts and that always worked. I hadn't seen this deliberately cruel side of Veda before. I mean it was bad enough what had happened to them without adding to their humiliation and shame.

Veda showed the tape when we got back to Paliba and the guys there all got a big kick out of it. Diskare sent a copy off to Klitzman for his amusement. It was unlucky for the blond girl, Tammy, who had been the black haired girl's roommate. When he saw her in the video he had her

immediately shipped off to Klitzman's Isle where he added her to his hellish seraglio.

We installed the facemasks that led to the gas canisters and turned on the gas at about 2:30. They all gave out little heartbreaking looks as their masks were applied, knowing that something terrible was going to happen. It only took a few seconds for them to be out like a light. After we had done the last one, we stood around and watched twelve sets of pretty breasts slowly rising and falling in seeming unison like some precious little ballet.

A little before 3 the truck arrived and we closed up the cases. Jasper, the black guy who had helped us load the cases up in Georgia, was driving along with his helper. I gave Jasper and his buddy a high five and we loaded the cases into the truck. It only took about a half hour. Each case had an exterior monitor that confirmed for us that all the girls were breathing normally and that their heart rates were within tolerance.

After Jasper and his helper moved off, we all went back into the house. All our stuff had been loaded into suitcases. Predo had cleaned the kitchen until it was spotless and he had thrown away all the leftover food in the fridge. One of Klitzman's crews would come by and give the house a thorough cleaning so it would be ready the next time it was needed.

Veda still hadn't said what she was going to do with Franny. She was still upstairs in her tiny bedroom chained to the wall. Veda then told us that Draco had given permission for us to take her with us to our next stop, which was in St. Louis. She would ride in the cargo compartment in the SUV with all our luggage on top. Franny cried and sobbed when she saw that she was going to be loaded into the SUV. Veda gave her a pop and she collapsed in our arms. We bound her hands behind her back and connected her ankles and then dropped her into one of the body bags. We lowered the bag into the compartment and closed it up. It was a long drive to St. Louis, but there was a fan and Franny would have plenty of air.

It took us about 3 weeks to get another load up in St. Louis. It was fun to have Franny around. When we were getting ready to leave after all the girls had been cased and shipped off Veda announced that we were going back to Paliba for about ten days before our next stop. Franny couldn't go to Paliba so she had sold her to the local chapter of the Latin Lords. Shirney and I dropped her off at one of their houses. Franny got quite upset when she realized that she was being sold. I didn't blame her. Those Spanish Lords guys looked plenty mean. They put her, bound, gagged and hooded, in a little cage and told us that she would be shipped somewhere out west, maybe to Mexico. They let us use two of their girls gratis, two

dainty little Hispanic girls. They were well trained and obedient. They had **"Propriedad de los Lores Latinos"** tattooed on their bellies in florid blue letters. We passed Fanny's cage on the way out. She wasn't there. I assumed that she was upstairs somewhere getting tried out. From how mean those guys looked I thought that she probably should be grateful that I taught her how to suck cock with a modicum of skill.

The black haired girl was still at Diskare's when we got to Paliba. I was happy to have the opportunity to fuck her. She cried the whole time. I seem to have that effect on girls. On the other hand, she probably blamed me for killing her boyfriend, which was really unfair since it was Shirney who topped him. I'm sorry to say that I had to slap her around a little bit. But she still screamed and moaned when she came as I plunged my cock madly into her. When we were done I asked her whether her football player ever fucked her like that. She burst out into sobs.

She was sold to a big shot Peruvian gangster a few days later. I felt sorry when I saw him have her whipped before he took her off. As she danced and screamed and moaned I couldn't help but picture her in her pretty, white cheerleader outfit doing all those jumps and routines. She had seemed happy and joyous and I felt bad that I had picked her out. But if it wasn't her it would have been one of the other girls and when I thought of that it made me feel a little better.

Selena, the dark Brazilian beauty, was still there and I got so spend some happy time with her. I don't know whether she was happy to see me, but she was very enthusiastic and gave me several wonderful blowjobs above and beyond the call of duty. I, of course, reciprocated and one night, after I had had a few drinks, practically fucked her blind. We were both so spent that I forgot to cage her when we were through. In the morning I awoke to her nibbling on my cock, which made me homesick because that's what Carol used to do. I decided that when I finally got permission to go back to Klitzman's Isle I would see if I could take her with me.

I also saw that blond girl we had picked up in New York a couple of times. Like I said, I don't really relish fucking in public so I didn't habituate the red room where she could usually be found either kneeling upright and stiff on her platform, or getting fucked by one of the guests. I did take her to my room a few times. I don't know why she was so frightened of me, I had hardly laid a hand on her, except once with the dog whip when she really deserved it. She cast wide eyed, terrorized glances at me whenever she saw me and started blubbering every time I picked her out, which was why I finally had to give her a whipping.

Her boyfriend, or at least the guy who had turned her over to us, showed up the day before we left. The way he went to town on her that afternoon, beating her practically senseless with the cane and then passing her around, I felt a little put out that she should be so afraid of me. He was the real asshole.

Oh, and Margie, the restaurant lady. Diskare took a liking to her and kept her around. Every time I saw her being marched down the hallway on the end of a leash on her way to a bedroom she walked proudly and regally as if nothing that went on around her had an effect on her. She had trimmed down a bit. Diskare had had her tattooed above her chest with the raging lion's head that was his emblem. It was all yellow and red and brown and looked quite ferocious. It almost made you a little reticent to put your cock in her mouth for fear of what she might do. But I have to say that it was well worth your while to do so. It seemed that Margie had adopted the attitude that if she had to be a whore she would be the best one she could be. And her pussy was lush and welcoming. As I've said, there's something about fucking an older woman that's deep and satisfying, like drinking Merlot instead of Chablis.

When I came back the next time she was gone. This older Dutch fellow who owned an island resort in the Antilles bought her. Diskare said that the guy had become quite enamored of her and I'm sure she had a better life there than on Paliba, at least for a while.

We were sent back to the States. Our first stop was Pittsburgh, then Cincinnati. We had already done St. Louis so our next stop was Dallas. First thing we picked up these two former Cowboys cheerleaders who had walked in on this big corporate payoff between these connected developers and a couple of the county commissioners. They were going to be entertainment for the county guys once the deal was done. They were supposed to wait in the outer room, but for some reason they walked into the bedroom just as the valise full of cash had been placed on the bed and one of the commissioners was counting it.

The connected guys quickly subdued them and called one of Klitzman's people to get rid of them. We had just arrived but we headed out as soon as we were passed the word. We got there about 3:30 in the morning. The girls had been stripped and I had the distinct impression that they had been passed around a few times while the connected guys were waiting for us. One was a stunning blonde with great tits and the other a brunette with a nice set of her own. They looked about 27 or 28. They were both tall, with long, flowing hair and curvaceous figures. They were lying on the floor of the outer room naked and hogtied with their underwear

stuffed in their mouths and pillowcases over their heads. We popped them and bagged them and the connected guys helped us carry them down the back stairs of the motel to our SUV. You wouldn't have thought it just looking at its size, but we were able to stuff both of them into the cargo compartment with a little effort.

There were a couple of girls who had been already lined up that we took right away. One was from this pair of operators, a man and woman team, who had snatched a girl right up off of the street when she was walking home from the library at SMU. She was a sad little brunette with shoulder length hair. She had cute little apple sized breasts and slender hips. The couple were pros and she had been treated all right while they held her for a couple of days. They told us that they had a line on a Hooters waitress and that we should come back in a week. Sure enough, we got the call and the girl was caged and waiting for us. She had very ample breasts and a sweet face. Unfortunately, unknown to the couple, she had spider web tattoos around her nipples. They agreed to knock 5 grand off of her price.

Draco showed up after a couple of days. He didn't say what he had been doing, but since he was there Veda was no longer in charge. When we learned he was coming we had to air out the house to get rid of all the cigarette smoke.

After two weeks we were almost full up. These Hispanic guys showed up at our door with two girls in their car. I don't know how they found us. Draco was a little perturbed, but he told the guys to bring the girls into the garage. They were two Latino girls, both with black hair, dressed in colorful skirts and silk blouses. They were both very pretty, one a little shorter than the other. Once they were in the garage the leader of the two guys gave them the order to strip. They hesitated and looked at him as if to ask if he really meant it. When he repeated the command they began to tearfully remove their clothes. Draco looked them over and offered \$15,000 apiece. The Latin guys were displeased with the offer. After some haggling, during which the girls just stood there crying and trying to hide their intimacies, Draco raised it to \$17,500. The Hispanic guys took it and we bundled the unhappy girls off downstairs.

They were back a few days later with three young white girls. They gave the leader a little bit more trouble and he had to slap one around to get them to take off their clothes. Draco refused to pay more for the girls just because they were white, which I thought was the right position to take. I mean, how would the Hispanic girls feel if they ever found out. In fact, one was a little worn and dogged and he refused to take her. She quickly got

dressed again as the other two girls sobbed and wailed. She probably thought that she was off the hook, but I guessed that the Latino boys would just keep shopping her around until they found a buyer.

The most memorable pickup we had was when we went to this black dance club on the outskirts of the city. It was me and Shirney and Draco. The place was hopping when we got there. Pretty, well dressed black girls and handsome, fit black guys were dancing up a storm. There was a live DJ and he was prancing around on the stage dressed in this sparkly blue outfit. The music was near deafening. I wouldn't call the place a go-go joint, but there were several scantily clad young women dancing up on platforms around the club. We wormed our way to the office at the rear. Two beefy guys wearing black t-shirts with the club's logo on them stood outside. It seemed that we were expected. They knocked on the door. When it opened one of them put his head in and then waived us past him.

We entered a large room, about 20' by 30'. Once the door was closed the music was less deafening. The room was dimly lit. A middle aged black guy was sitting behind a desk smoking a cigar. He was dressed in a well-tailored, blue dress shirt and a tie. His hair was short and grizzled. Two other meaty guys were sitting around on worn easy chairs. They were wearing club t-shirts as well. There was a bottle of Old Grand Dad on the desk and several glasses. On one wall were about 20 glossy black and white photographs in glass frames. They were pictures of gorgeous, young black women who I assumed had danced at the club at one time or another. The other wall had a large portrait of Nelson Mandela.

The guy behind the desk nodded at Draco and got up. They both walked into a room off the office which I assumed was the inner, inner sanctum. Shirney and I waited outside for about 20 minutes. I was waiting for one of the bouncers to offer us a shot of Dad, but they just stared at us sullenly. When Draco came out he was holding a valise, which I assumed was full of money. Draco had said something about collecting a debt.

The club owner, or at least that was what I assumed that he was, told one of the bouncers to go gather all of the dancers and have them come into the office. "And get Manny and Roy in here too," he said gruffly.

We waited as the girls came straggling in. The owner had them line up against the wall with the pictures. The girls all seemed nervous. They were all wearing glossy little skirts that came down a few inches above their knees and sequined bras of various colors together with high heels. They weren't stilettos, but had thick heels made for dancing. They were all very beautiful and desirable young women. Their breasts ranged from heavy to ample. A couple had long hair that went down to just above their waists.



One had curly short hair kind of in a 'fro. The other two girls had strait, shoulder length hair.

The girls were all attempting smiles as their eyes darted around the room. They looked at me and Draco, the only white guys in the room, somewhat askance. The music blasted in as the door opened again and who I guessed were Manny and Roy came in. There was a moment's pause as if something was going to happen when the owner suddenly barked out, "Where's Ada?"

One of the bouncers who had just came in, either Manny or Roy, said that she had been in the bathroom and would be there in a minute. We all waited. The owner had put out his cigar, probably at Draco's request. He poured himself a shot of Old Grand Dad and offered some to us. Draco declined on our behalf. The owner shot his back.

Just then the door opened and another blast of heavy, beating music came in along with a beauteous girl dressed in a shiny dark yellow skirt, a bright green sequined bra and shiny red shoes. She was clearly the best of the lot. "So what's going on," she asked a little nervously.

"Never mind," the owner growled. "Get up there against the wall."

She hesitated and made a motion like she was going to run out of the room when either Manny or Roy stepped over in front of the door. He was about a foot taller than Ada and she shrank back. She looked at us and then turned and backed up to the wall, watching us all the time.

"Okay," the owner said to Draco. "Pick two."

The girls all looked at us wide eyed. A couple of them went to make a move, but the goons stepped up and menaced them.

Draco looked them over for a moment. Then he looked at me. "Pick two, Harry," he told me sharply.

"Here we go again," I thought sadly. I had picked out a girl or two at all the other stops we had made at Veda's insistence, but I guess I thought maybe I had performed my penance and was off the hook. I looked at the line of fearful girls. They knew that two of them were being picked out for something and that it probably wasn't very good. I knew that there was no way I was going to get out of this. There were seven girls all lined up. Any two would do. They were all star material. They shifted their feet nervously. Two of them, maybe sisters or cousins, they looked a lot alike, joined hands.

You know, I had often heard from white people I had met in my many years that all black people looked alike to them. I had always thought that that was just racist bullshit and I didn't subscribe to it. And right here was proof positive. Except for the two girls who were maybe related, all of the

girls had distinctive faces. Broad lips and narrow ones, big round eyes and almond shaped ones. Noses that stood out boldly and others that were short and pert. Their skin tones varied and they all carried their own sense of personality. All they really had in common was that they were wonderfully attractive. And that they were all looking at me fearfully, wishing that they were somewhere else.

I hesitated. One of the tall ones with waist length hair struck my fancy. She had very long legs that just begged to be draped over your shoulders. Another, one of the cousins, just kind of attracted my attention. She had clear brown eyes and smooth butternut skin. Her breasts were jutting out proudly. I thought of asking them to all take off their tops but I figured that would be a little too much. Ideally, I would have had them strip completely and I would have been able to run my hand over their pussies and caress their breasts. I looked back and forth from the tall girl to the cousin and back again. As I said, there was just something about the cousin that I liked. There was something almost poetic in her face.

“Okay, her,” I said, pointing out the cousin. She whined and kind of cringed. The other girls looked happy that I had not chosen them, but were still looking at me anxiously as they knew that there was still one to go.

But there really was only one other choice. The girl Ada was miles above the others. She had a focused intelligence and bright eyes. Her breasts were not large, but were more than adequate. She had graceful hips and well tapered thighs. She was wearing bright red lipstick and had highlighted the shape of her eyes with mascara. She had put a very light orange shade on her eyelids. Her fingernails were polished bright red. My eyes settled on her and she looked back at me pleadingly. Maybe if she hadn't come in late all by herself I wouldn't have taken such special notice of her. But she had and I did.

You know, I could have let her off of the hook. Didn't a wonderfully beautiful girl like her, so full of life and vitality, have the right to be left to live out her life as she chose, as God intended? Wouldn't it be less of a crime to pick one of the other girls who maybe didn't have as much going for her? Maybe the other cousin? They could be a matched set. Or the tall girl with long legs. Or the girl next to her with pouty lips and big, round eyes. I bet that she gave great head.

The girls were sweating heavily. The room had grown very hot. The baseline of the music outside kept drumming, drumming, drumming. I looked at Draco. He looked impatient. But he also looked like he was not going to let me off the hook. I was in with both feet or I was out. Really out. Shark chum out. A terrible tiredness went through me. What was I

doing this all for? A little pussy and the chance that someday, if all the planets and the asteroids and all the moons in the solar system lined up exactly right, I could bring down Klitzman. When hell froze over. When the cows came home. When Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane.

I had my Beretta tucked into my waistband behind me beneath my jacket. I could blast my way out, go hijack a car and be in Arizona sometime tomorrow. And then run, run, run. I wasn't the kind of guy who could hide out in a crowd. If anybody showed my picture around anyplace I had been, ten people would remember me and which way I had gone. And then there was Carol, and Mary, and Pritha and even little Annie who hated my guts. Or I could do the only right thing and put the barrel of the Beretta in my mouth and fire away. But then, they would just drag my body out the back and then dump me in some rat hole somewhere. Two of these girls were headed towards perdition no matter what I did. But did I have to pick the best, the loveliest, the one who it would break my heart the most to see bent over Diskare's stanchion waiting for a fiery brand to be pressed into her ass?

But then something base entered my brain. Why did this girl have the right to cause me such torment? What right did she have to make me feel so miserable about what I had to do at the cost of my life? What made her so special that she shouldn't be on her knees, a gag in her mouth awaiting someone's pleasure? What made her better than the other girls? The luck of the draw? God's grace? The roulette of biology? Maybe I would get to fuck her. Wouldn't it be heaven to see her doleful eyes looking up at me with her hands bound behind her and my dick in her mouth? Wasn't it right that I should get my revenge on the world for making me so ugly by destroying beauty? She would laugh at me later, the big, ugly guy who didn't have the balls to pick her. A guy she wouldn't even look at on the street, and if she did, it would only be to think how lucky she was that she wasn't as hideous as him.

"Come on, Harry," Draco said finally. "Pick another one."

"Okay, her," I said immediately, pointing at Ada before I could change my mind.

She shrieked and tried to make a dash for the door. One of the goons gave her a mighty shove against her chest and knocked her back against the wall. She began to cry. The cousin began to cry. "All right, all you other cunts get out there and get back to work!" the owner roared. The unchosen girls moved off in a hurry. The cousin of the cousin I had picked grabbed at her and shouted, "No! No!" Manny and Roy pulled her off and gave her a slap. She ran from the room sobbing.

I don't know what power the grizzled haired black guy had over these girls that he could just dispose of them at his whim. I mean, after the night was over, why would any of the other girls come back? Or why wouldn't they just call the police? And what would Ada's and the other girl's families do? It was all a big mystery, but the guy didn't seem to have any worries about it.

He ordered the girls to get on the floor on their bellies. They both just stood there crying. One of the goons took the cousin by the arm and dragged her to the center of the room and gave her a slap, repeating the order. She dutifully sank to her knees and then lay down.

Ada was another story. At first she refused to move. Manny or Roy, or whichever one it was made a move towards her. Her face filled with purpose and she tried to rush past him. The other guy grabbed her and they devolved into this giant tussle. She kicked and screamed and fought him off with her fists. At one point she bent her head down and gave him a savage bite in the hand. He pulled his hand away and punched her, which turned out her lights.

Manny and Roy lowered her to the floor. The owner tossed them some strands of rope that had he apparently prepared for just this purposes. They tied the two girls' hands behind their backs and then their ankles together. The owner then tossed them a roll of duct tape and they covered their mouths with it.

Ada was just coming around. As soon as she was conscious, she began to squirm and twist and rage behind her sealed mouth. The guy who she had bit crouched down and told her, "Shut the fuck up, you fucking bitch!" He reared back his fist, ready to strike her again.

That was all I could take. I stepped up and pulled the guy to his feet. I gave him a crushing blow from my left hand, yelling, "Don't you fucking touch her!" He went down immediately. I turned to face the others in the room. The goons were all set to jump me. I reached behind my back and put my left hand on the Beretta. Draco looked alarmed, something you rarely ever saw. Shirney seemed ready to pounce if the guys moved towards me. The guy I had hit rose up and came at me, calling out, "You mother fucker, I'll fuck you up!" He left himself wide open and I struck him again with a blow from my right hand right in the center of his face. Blood spurted everywhere and he went down once more.

I turned back to the room, ready to shoot my way out of this mess. Suddenly, the owner yelled out, "Cut the shit!" Everybody looked at him. He turned to Draco and said gruffly, "You better get the fuck out of here!"

Our gear was in the SUV parked out back. Draco told me to go and get it. I edged my way over to the back door and exited. I went to the SUV and brought out our duffle bag with our gear in it. One of the bouncers was holding the door open for me. "Nice shot," he told me as I passed by.

The guy I had hit was sitting in one of the easy chairs with a bloody rag up against his nose. He looked at me evilly. I thought that he probably should be worried about his job for letting me clock him not once, but twice. Shirney was standing guard over the girls. They were both sobbing, but it seemed that nobody had harmed them while I was out.

I quickly got out the popper and gave each girl a shot in the thigh. They collapsed like melted butter. Shirney and I put them in the body bags. Draco gave us a nod. Shirney and I carried the bag with Ada in it and two of the owner's heavies carried the cousin. Like I said, there was room enough for two girls in the cargo compartment and these girls were smaller than the cheerleaders. We stuffed them in and got in the car. The heavies just stood there and watched us warily. Draco was in the front passenger seat and Shirney was driving. I sat behind Draco. Shirney started the engine and we pulled away into the night.

When we got back to the house we were using, Draco gave me holy hell. I pointed out to him that once the girls had been selected they had become our property and it was my duty to protect them. This seemed to calm him down a bit. He made me give Ada a flogging just on principle. It broke my heart. It goes without saying that she cried and sobbed and tried to beg me to stop through the gag I had installed. But there's one thing about a whipping. It's not finished until it's done. Draco was watching and he had given me an order. I was in enough trouble already. So even though she was a little uncooperative, she got a lot more than she deserved. At least I thought so. Draco apparently didn't.

When we got her downstairs I tried to calm her down but she was having nothing of it. She refused to drink the potion and I had to hold her jaw open, her head tilted back while Predo poured it in. She went to sleep almost right away. We chained her in next to the cousin. I looked at her. She had shiny, smooth areolas, a shade darker than her ebony skin. Her pussy hair was wiry and full. The hood over her head, naturally, took away a part of her personality, which was part of the whole point of the thing, but you could sense her aura of beauty and refinement nonetheless, unless it was just my imagination.

The next day, I insisted on feeding her and shaving off her growth. She was a little bit calmer, seeing the hopelessness of resistance. She cried quietly as I denuded her loins her knees bound up and back and spread

wide in the chair. I gave her pussy a little rub when I was done, teasing it until her inner lips gleamed. I felt really bad about what I had done. But it was too late to do anything about it now.

A few days went by without any action. I missed having Franny to fuck and I kind of wondered how she had made out with the Latin Lords. I hoped it wasn't too bad, but I didn't have too much confidence in that. Our safe house was on an old abandoned ranch. During down times, when we didn't have to take care of the girls, I wandered around the property just feeling blue for what I had done to Ada. For some reason that seemed worse than anything I had done up to date, well, other than Audrey, and maybe a lot of other things too. Predo tried to cheer me up. Shirney had told him what had happened at the club and he told me that he was proud of me. He made me a special cake with mocha icing. I thanked him for it. I tried not to go downstairs so I wouldn't have to see her.

It was a Friday afternoon when Draco came into the living room where I was watching TV and announced that he had another mission for us. We had two spots left for girls and I assumed that it was something like we had done a few nights before. When I asked him he told me no, that it was something different and that I would be working protection while he went out and collected something. He had gone away the day before and come back with a large valise which I assumed was full of cash. The four of us, Veda, Shirney, me and Draco took off in the SUV about eight o'clock. We had given all the girls double doses of sleeping fluid. Draco had had us go out behind the house and practice out marksmanship. Shirney was better than I thought he might be, but not what I would call an expert. He carried a .357 Magnum, which was good because he would need to blast away to hit anything. I unloaded the Beretta at a tree stump about 50' away. The bullets all hit within an inch or two of each other. Veda was no slouch either.

We all dressed up nice as if we were going to a business meeting. Veda had on the silvery blouse that the redheaded lawyer had bought at Sak's. She was also wearing the very nice and expensive bracelet. She showed it to me as we got into the car. "Like it?" she asked playfully.

Shirney drove and Veda and I sat in the back. We drove south for about an hour and a half until we hit Waco. We drove west of the city on Texas 84 for about 40 minutes. We reached a kind of built up town and Draco guided us through some side streets until we came to a large stone building kind of set off from the street. There was a driveway along the side and we took it to the parking lot behind the building. There was an

entrance in the back. We stepped up to it and Draco rang a bell. Someone came to the peephole in the door and a second later it opened.

We went down a long hall and entered a large foyer. There was a large chandelier, some easy chairs and a small table with a large bouquet of flowers on it. The floor was dark maple with a large rectangular royal blue rug. There was an ornate doorway which I took to be the front door, one not to be used by tradesmen like us. To the right was a set of broad carpeted stairs and a large elegantly furnished room. It had several plush couches and easy chairs, polished mahogany side tables, a crystal chandelier and a thick, light blue rug. There was light music playing. A bar sat in the corner. Several scantily clad young women were lounging around in the chairs, wearing sheer night gowns or lacy teddys. A couple of them were sitting at tables talking to men. They were laughing and chatting merrily. A heavyset, middle aged woman came over to greet us.

I realized that we were in a whorehouse. She was wearing a bright green formal gown and had on a large diamond necklace. Her face was heavily painted and her hair was thin and frosted grey. "Greetings!" she said to us. "You must be here for Mr. Wilson."

Draco gave her an affirmation.

"He'll be down in a second or two. Can I get you something to drink?" Draco told her no. I was thirsty and so I broke protocol. "How about an iced tea with lemon," I asked. Draco gave me a death look but didn't say anything.

"Go right on up to the bar," the lady told us. "Everything is on the house."

The four of us strode over. There was a young Hispanic kid behind it wearing a white jacket. We explained what we wanted and he served it up to us. Draco broke down and had a Seven-up.

Shirney and I sat down on one of the couches and Veda and Draco sat in facing easy chairs. A couple of the girls came over and tried to make time with us, but Draco waived them away. They were pretty good lookers. One was wearing a diaphanous light blue teddy and the other a pink nightie. They were slender and you could see the pinkness of their breasts through their garments. There were a couple of Hispanic girls who stood out, one big and buxom and another smaller, with smaller breasts, but with a regally fine face. There were a couple of black girls too, good lookers like the rest, but I couldn't look at them without thinking of poor, naked, little Ada lying on a cot in the basement of our safe house.

But the one that most drew my attention was a slender black haired girl. She wasn't stacked, but she had graceful lines and an almost sinewy

torso. Her hair was long, past her shoulders, and hung beautifully around her. She had little makeup, maybe some light foundation or something. Her almond shaped eyes were outlined, giving her a sultry look. Her face was roundish, but not a perfect circle. She looked about 22 or 23. She had an Asian air about her as if she had some Vietnamese or Filipino heritage. She was wearing white, lacy panties and a matching half bra that displayed the tops of her nipples.

I forgot about Ada for the time being. This was the girl I wanted to fuck. I had half the money we had taken from the redheaded lawyer back in Chicago, about \$225. I wondered if that was enough to spend an hour with her. With my looks, though, she probably would want double. The madam had said that everything was on the house. Did she mean everything? Would Draco let me take her up on her offer?

The girl and another girl, a long haired brunette, were talking to these two businessmen types. My heart ached. I just knew that one of them was going to fuck her. I couldn't keep my eyes off of her.

A corpulent man dressed in a tuxedo came strolling down the broad, carpeted stairs that led to the floors above. He was holding the wrist of a somewhat unhappy young blond girl wearing only a pair of pink panties. She had dainty breasts and stood about 5' tall. He brought her down to the bottom step, leaned over and said something to her. The girl's face blanched, but she nodded her head and did a little curtsy. She hustled into the receiving room and sat down on one of the couches. A young guy wearing light brown cowboy boots, jeans and a denim work shirt came up to her. He looked arrogant and privileged, like rich kids sometimes seemed. He said something to her. She nodded at him and stood up. He took her by the wrist, walked her out of the room and took her back up the stairs.

The corpulent guy came towards us. This, I presumed, was Mr. Wilson. We all stood up. Draco stepped forward and introduced himself. They shook hands. He introduced me, Veda and Shirney. We shook hands. Beyond that, nothing much was said. Like I said, he was corpulent. He had on a black silk bow tie and the lapels of his tuxedo were satin. His pants were creased sharply. His shoes were of shiny black leather. He had on a gold pinky ring with a large diamond on it on his right hand and a golden band with a bright red ruby on the middle finger of his left. He had a velvety voice.

He led us back down the hallway we had come and into a side room. There were several straight backed chairs with padded fabric seats along the walls and a rectangular conference type table in the middle with several



chairs around it too. There was an overhead light with a floral designed shade. The walls were light blue and the rug was a darker shade of red. One wide window was embedded in the wall opposite the door. I noticed that it was barred. And then, when I thought of it, the windows in the reception room were barred as well. The town we were in didn't seem to be a high crime area and it made me wonder why they had all the security. Two big bouncers dressed in dress shirts and ties had been lurking around the reception room and there had been one at the bottom of the stairs as well. They all carried what looked like electric batons on their belts. I wondered how rowdy the place got on a Friday night.

Wilson announced that the people we were coming to meet would be here in a little while and said he would send in some refreshments and refills of our drinks. He left and about five minutes later the door opened. It was the Asian-like girl I had been looking at. She was carrying a tray with large boiled prawns in a circle around a plate of ice with two little containers of cocktail sauce in the middle. She had little gold embossed side plates with tiny cocktail forks. There was also a plateful of breaded chicken thighs with a container of ranch dressing on the side. Another girl, the one she had been sitting with, was right behind her with a tray of our drinks.

Wilson came back in. "This is Loreen and Samantha," he told us. "They will serve your every need. I'll be back as soon as the other party arrives."

I couldn't believe my luck. Loreen, the girl I had been pining for, placed the plates of food on the conference table along with a small pile of napkins. The other girl brought around our drinks. Draco had taken a seat at the head of the conference table, but Veda, Shirney and I had taken seats up against the wall, facing the door. When you're on a job, always sit facing the door. Rule No. 1.

Once she had finished placing the food on the table and the other girl passing out our drinks, they took up positions against the walls on opposite sides of the room, like they had been trained to do it that way. Both of the women had sweet, serene smiles on their faces. The brunette was wearing a dark red silky top with spaghetti straps and a matching pair of panties. Her breasts were bigger than Loreen's and you could see thick nipples pressing against the thin fabric of her top.

We let the food sit on the table for a little while, waiting for Draco's signal that we could eat it. Finally, after two minutes of absolute silence in the room, he relented. We sat at the table, still facing the door and began to

chow down. I kept on giving little side glances to Loreen. She always seemed to be smiling back.

About ten minutes later, the door opened. In came a mousey kind of guy wearing a business suit. He was followed by two large meat eaters. They were wearing suits as well and had bulges under their arms. The mousy guy had a small suitcase. He launched it up onto the table and addressed himself to Draco.

"It's all here," he said. "Have you got the money?"

"It's here," Draco responded. "Let me see the goods first."

The goons stood behind the mousy guy as he opened the suitcase. It was filled with what looked like bearer bonds. They were as good as cash if you had someplace to cash them in. And if millions of dollars of bearer bonds had been swiped from someone, you could hardly go and cash them in all at one place. You needed an organization that could spread them around, sell them overseas. A guy like Klitzman had just the organization to do the job. Draco would buy them at a discounted rate.

Shirney, Veda and I had come to our feet when we saw the mousy guy and his henchmen come in. We stood and watched as the bonds were counted by the mousy guy and Draco. They were worth \$10,000 apiece. They were in stacks of 25. They counted out ten stacks. That was \$2,500,000. I took a deep breath.

When the bonds were all counted Draco brought out the valise with the cash in it. It was filled with bundles of hundreds, 50 to a bundle. I watched the men count it out. They didn't count each bundle. That would have taken all day. The mousy guy pulled out ten bundles at random. He tore them open and counted them out. There were exactly 50 hundred dollar bills in each stack. He bundle the ten stacks up again and then went through all of the remaining, flitting through each bundle to make sure it was all bills and not mixed in with funny money. He piled the bundles up into stacks of ten. There were 25 stacks exactly. \$1,250,000. Like I said, a 50% discount.

Draco and the mousy guy shook hands. The bonds were piled up into Draco's valise and the money into the mousy guy's suitcase. Mr. Wilson was looking very pleased with himself as he stood by. I don't know what he had been promised in order to use his bordello as a safe house to make the exchange, but I was sure it was enough to keep him in champagne and chocolates for a long time.

The mousy guy's goons relaxed as did we. Everything was hunky dory. Draco must have been feeling expansive. He told us that he had some business to discuss with the mousy guy and that we should take a hike for a

little while. I looked at Loreen and then at Mr. Wilson hopefully. I wanted to know whether he meant what he said about our every need. He got my message.

“Loreen will be happy to have you as her guest, Mr. Lime. Won’t you Loreen,” he said to her.

“Yes, Mr. Wilson,” she answered sweetly, giving him a little curtsy. Just the sound of her voice made my balls tighten.

“And Samantha, will you show Mr. Shirney here to your room?” Wilson asked her. His voice had an edge to it that made it clear that this was not a request.

“Yes, Mr. Wilson,” the brunette replied, also giving a small curtsy. He looked at Veda and raised his eyebrows.

“Nah,” she said. “I’m on the rag.” It was more information than I needed.

So the deal was settled. Wilson told the other two guys that they could have the pick of the girls outside but that Loreen and Samantha were ours since we had seen them first. They didn’t seem to mind.

Loreen advanced towards me and took me by the hand. “Come this way, Mr. Lime,” she said. Her voice was somewhat deep, and silky. It was like that of a seductress in a Bond movie. And she was of Bond quality. I followed her out of the room in a bit of a haze. We walked down the hallway and turned at the stairs. She led me up. There were shiny brass railings on either side and I felt like I was ascending the stairs in some palace. But I guess that was just the daze the girl had put me in. The stairs came to a landing and then turned and went up the other way. There was a window on the landing, this one about 10’ tall and about 15’ wide. It was barred on the outside. It was stained with the design of a beautiful, voluptuous woman, a bit chubby in my estimate, lounging in the nude on a silk couch. Her legs were joined demurely with her hand over the crux, but her large, heavy breasts were bare. She had Goldilocks style blond, curly hair that cascaded to her shoulders.

I only looked at her briefly because I really only had eyes for Loreen. She was mesmerizingly seductive in her lacy matching bra and panty set. There was another guard at the top of the stairs. He nodded to me as we passed. We went to the fourth door down on the left. Loreen opened it and let me in.

There was a luxurious queen sized bed with a comfy looking mattress and several large, fluffy pillows. The bed was already turned down. There was a sliding door closet which was half open. You could see some diaphanous clothing sitting on hangers. There was a large, dark maple

dresser and matching bed stands on either side of the bed. The room had its own small bathroom. The walls were covered with ivory colored wallpaper that had little bouquets of blue and red flowers printed on it. The barred windows were framed by light chintz curtains. The rug was plush and rust colored. To the left of the bed was a maple credenza with a gold framed mirror down its length. There were three carafes, two containing amber liquid, the other clear. I hoped that the third one was gin. Small crystal old-fashioned glasses sat on a little golden tray.

Loreen had passed me while I took in the room. She had her back to me as she unsnapped her bra and tossed it aside. With a graceful motion, she lowered her lacy panties to her ankles and shucked them off.

It was then that I saw what I had not expected to see. Burnt into her rear, just below and to the left of her right hip, was a reddish, cursive, lower case 'k'. Now all the barred windows and baton laden security guys made sense. This was one of Klitzman's places. I knew that some girls were trained to serve in the outside world, but I had never come across any. Klitzman's power and reach always amazed me and I was impressed. Here in the middle of Texas, in the good old USA, was a bevy of beautiful sex slaves. They were so well trained and disciplined that you might take them for regular whores. But I knew what was behind all the sweetness and civility. It was what the diminutive girl had shown when she was escorted down the stairs by Mr. Wilson. Fear.

Rukimo had told me that girls who served on the outside were warned that if they tried to escape and run to law enforcement their whole families would be wiped out in the most vicious manner that could be devised. They would be shown pictures of their sisters and brothers or cousins, their mother and father if they were still alive. They would be candid shots taken surreptitiously. There could be no doubt that the threats would be carried out. I wondered where Loreen's family was and whether they knew that their daughter or sister was working in a whorehouse twenty five miles or so outside of Waco, Texas. Undoubtedly not. She had just disappeared one day and had not been heard from since. But if she fucked up, they would hear from Klitzman's messengers without a doubt. And, as to the girl herself, no witness protection program would ever be able to protect her. Klitzman's guys would find her one way or the other. And then she would wish she had never been born.

Loreen climbed up on the bed and lay back languidly. She had fluffed up some pillows against the headboard and was leaning against them. She was displaying a wanton, welcoming smile. Her arms were lifted up over her head, crossed. Her hair was lying kind of wild around her head, giving

it a kind of windblown quality, like she had been frozen in the middle of some gusty breeze. She was smiling wantonly, but her face had a thoughtful if not sorrowful mien to it. Her almond shaped eyes were limped. Her lips were covered by a clear gloss; they were not plump, but full. Her breasts were not overlarge, but generous and sizable enough to give them a decent hang. Her skin was just a little bit darker than tan and I began to think that she wasn't part Asian, but part Middle Eastern. Maybe Syrian or Lebanese. She was lying slightly sideways so that her curvaceous torso would be well displayed. Her taut belly sloped down gracefully to her loins. Her legs were parted, with one leg raised slightly and to the side so that her sex was amply revealed. There was a little tuft of black hair around it.

It was one of the most inviting displays I had ever seen. I rushed to get undressed. My boots made loud 'thunks!' as they hit the floor. I pulled my shorts and pants down at the same time. I popped a button in my haste to take off my shirt. The Beretta I put on the credenza next to the bed.

As I approached her on the bed I had to remind myself not to devour the girl. She was promising languid, sultry love and I would have to be patient to enjoy it to its fullest. I insinuated myself between her thighs and covered her dreamy breasts with my chest. She reached around my shoulders, pulling me in. She brought our faces together and our lips met. Her mouth was open and accepting and I slid my tongue in.

What followed was one of the most memorable and lovely couplings I have ever had. She moved languidly under me as we kissed and kissed. She slid her hands up and down my back and rubbed the back of my legs with her feet. She released sweet little moans and gasps. Her tongue danced with mine, mingled with it, paired with it.

I don't know how she got me on my back. She was atop me in an instant. She kissed my neck, my chest, while running her soft hands all over me, pressing her lovely, firm but soft breasts into me. She suckled on my nipples, making me moan and then went lower, lower, lower on my belly until she was just above my groin. My cock was stiff and ready. She took hold of the shaft lightly but determinably. I felt her tongue playing with the tiny entrance. She subsumed the head into her mouth and gave it a suckle. Then she slowly, slowly, slowly descended my shaft, her lips pressed hard against it, covering my cock in a sultry, lust generating warmth.

She sucked me slowly and languidly. It was like being in a dream. The room seemed filled with a light haze that made everything seem soft. I groaned and rested my hand lightly on her head. She needed no

encouragement and I knew that the surest road to ecstasy was to leave her in control. But it was as if I needed some assurance that she was really there, that she was not some spirit or ghostly presence exercising supernatural powers over me.

She led me to near completion several times. I groaned and moaned. Each time I neared apotheosis my body began to tremor and my brain seemed ready to burst. It was almost a relief for the girl to ease me down again by kissing my belly, my extended thighs, supping at my stones.

And then she would go back to work. No, not work. It didn't seem like she was engaged in any work. It was more like she was an artist and she was sculpting a creature of pure lust. Or some enchantress or conjuror drawing up from the deep long hidden, soul filling passions that were wafting all around me. If she had wanted to, she could have sliced off my cock and balls right there and I would have blithely bled to death. I was so lost in my reverie that I felt like I had been transported to a strange, new land where the air was filled with bliss inducing aromas.

And then, the fourth time, she did not ease me down. She began to stroke me hard and firm with her lips. She pressed me into her throat and held me there, and then pistoned her head up and down on my stem. She had one hand at the base of my cock and the other on my balls. I felt the eruption growing. A fierce tingling spread throughout my body. I arched my back and groaned deeply and loudly. And then it came.

My cock began to jolt and throb, sending a torrent of resplendent pleasure through my body. I shouted out, "Aggggh! Aggggh! Aggggh! Aggggh!" My brain was awash with an overflow of ecstasy oozing from every cell. I felt my cock pump and pump and pump my viscous fluids, each time sending almost intolerable waves of pleasure through me. She moaned and hummed delightfully as she drank them down.

As my climax wore down, the girl maintained a slow and steady caress of my manhood, coaxing out every last throb and every last drop of my cum. I was laying back, sprawled in languorousness. My balls felt empty. I felt like I would never need another blowjob again. None could ever surpass it.

I pulled her up and kissed her. She was a slave and I was sorry for that, but freedom had seldom produced a more expert seductress. I ran my hands all over her, relishing her soft, warm skin. Fear alone could not have produced such a performance. She had lost herself in her slavery, become one with it. It was the ultimate defense mechanism. She had opened herself up and admitted the spirit of some wanton being, no longer merely human. I wondered if Mr. Wilson, for all his bumptiousness, had developed some

formula or technique that had produced this girl. It was certainly something worth talking to him about.

Just then there was a knock on the door. I belted out, "Who is it?"

It was Shirney. He put his head in. "You sure do make a lot of noise," he said, grinning. "I'm fucked and I'm going downstairs."

I was sitting up and the girl had draped herself over my back. Her hand crawled across my thigh from behind and encircled my flaccid but still tumescent cock. She squeezed it gently.

"I-I'm not done yet," I told Shirney. He smiled. "Enjoy," he said and closed the door.

I turned to the girl. She scooted away from me and backed up against the pillows. She spread her legs lasciviously and began to stroke her fingers up and down her plush gash. She looked at me invitingly. I took hold of her legs and pulled her down. She spread her thighs and raised her knees. I lapped my tongue up along her divide, lingered at her stiffened button and descended again. She released a deep, almost mournful sigh. She placed her hands on my head and gently pushed me down. It was all I needed.

She squirmed and moaned and arched herself as I worked her sex. A lust generating aroma arose from between her thighs. When I twiggled at her clit with my tongue, she released an anguished sounding groan and gripped my hair tightly. My hands wandered her belly, her thighs and over her breasts, squeezing them and pulling firmly on her nipples. I knew that she was a whore, and faking it is what whores do. But her pussy had seemingly unfolded under my ministrations. Her pussy was lush with her discharge and her groans and moans seemed truly urgent. I let her go on and on. Finally, after releasing groan after groan, she gripped my hair so tightly I thought she might tear it out. "Now!" she groaned hoarsely, "Now, do it now!"

I needed no more encouragement. I placed my lips over her nubbin, suckled on it hard and motorized my tongue. She bucked and groaned and shouted out her pleasure. I let her subside for a few moments and then went back into gear. She bucked so hard I had to encircle her thighs with my arms to prevent her from throwing me off.

When her body softened and she released a long sigh, I realized that she was done. But I was not. My cock was as hard as a brick. I climbed up on top of her. She gave me a wry smile and seized my prick, guiding it to her cavern. I pushed myself in. The warmth and firm softness of her interior released a torrent of endorphins into my brain.

I started out slow, but quickly picked up my pace. I was encouraged by her roaming hands up and down my back, her feet stroking the backs of my legs, pulling me in, and the rotating upward thrusts of her hips. I started going faster and faster. I was giving her long, hard strokes. She was moaning and squirming beneath me. She grabbed my head and pulled it down, matching our lips, pressing them hard together and her tongue entered my mouth. We groaned and moaned as we kissed. I could hear the headboard banging against the wall. My impulse to completion was growing stronger and stronger. I tried to hold myself back, but when she lowered her hands to my hips and started pulling me down hard at each thrust my brain sort of lost it. The next thing I knew I was exploding inside her. She started grunting and groaning. I could feel her cavern's walls pulsing against my cock. We were both in a virulent fever. It seemed to go on and on.

Our fever abated. My heart was pounding and I was drawing in deep breaths. She was doing the same. We had broken our kiss at the height of our bliss. She looked up at me sultrily and pulled my head down again. She kissed me gently, running her tongue around in my mouth. A vibration went through me. Then our lips broke and I collapsed on top of her.

I tried not to give her my full weight, but my arms and legs felt weak. I felt my cock slip from her crevasse. I finally rolled off of her and onto my back. She turned to me, cuddled up snugly and ran her hand across my chest. We lay there for a while. Then, to my surprise, she spoke. "That's a funny name, Mr. Lime. Is that your real name?" Her voice was sweet and smooth, like butterscotch.

I turned and looked at her. "No more funny than Jack Lemon," I replied.

"And what's your first name?" she asked.

I wasn't used to slave girls talking, but I remembered that here they were supposed to be real whores. And real whores do chatter, I can tell you that.

"Harry," I told her.

She laughed. "Harry Lime, like in the movie?"

"The same," I said.

"Things didn't turn out to well for him, did they?"

"No," I replied. And then I asked her, "How do you know so much about film?"

Her face clouded. "W-well I was a film student before...., well just before."

"From film student to whore," I commented.



She frowned. "Please don't call me that," she said.

"I'm sorry," I replied. "But you're a very good whore, about the best I've ever had, and that says a lot."

Her face softened. "I'll take that as a compliment," she said. "Make sure you say so to Mr. Wilson."

I couldn't believe that I was never going to see this young woman again. In ten, maybe fifteen minutes we would separate and then I would be gone and she would be here. I couldn't see Draco giving me the day off so I could come down here and fuck her again. Besides, this time was gratis. Mr. Wilson probably wouldn't be so generous the next time. And all I had to my name was about \$225 bucks. I bet that that wouldn't buy me fifteen minutes with her, or maybe a couple strokes of my cock. The clientele downstairs seemed all very well heeled. I bet it cost at least a grand to put your cock into one of the girls here. And I bet that it would be worth every penny regardless of which one you chose. But I would always be coming back, if I did come back, for Loreen.

I decided to turn the tables on her. "Is Loreen your real name?"

Her face went dark again. "We're not supposed to talk about that," she said.

"Sorry," I replied.

We both went silent. I had the feeling that she felt some remorse as well that this was going to be a one off, that she would never see me again. If you were a fancy, priceless, exquisite bottle of wine, would you want to be drunk by some slovenly rube, or a true connoisseur? Maybe I could pull some strings at Klitzman's, I thought. She was wearing the reddish 'k', and so was in more than theory Klitzman's property. She could be shipped off to the island at any time and, sooner or later, probably would. But then, if I brought her to Rukimo's attention, somebody would probably snap her up, maybe Klitzman himself. And I didn't want anything like that to happen to her. Her future was dark enough as it was.

Her hand had descended to my cock and she was caressing it idly. A little tingle was beginning to form there. "Why not?" I thought. "Let's make it a trifecta."

Just then there were several loud booms coming from downstairs. They were followed by a couple more and then three in reply. I was an ass. Draco was an ass. Mr. Wilson was an ass. There was over \$3,000,000 in untraceable assets in the house and here I was upstairs getting my ashes hauled!

I leapt out of the bed. Loreen squealed. I heard loud voices in the hallway outside and a few more shots. Doors were slamming and girls

were screaming. I didn't wait for our door to open. I grabbed my clothes and the Beretta and jumped into the closet. I automatically drew back the slide and put a round in the chamber. I made a 'shushing' motion to Loreen. She was sitting up in bed and had covered her body with the sheet. Our door flew open. I had managed to get my pig sticker out of my pants and I clicked it open.

"Where's the guy who was in here with you!" a heavy voice screamed. I could see the guy through the small space between the closet door and the frame. He was dressed in a red t-shirt and scraggily blue jeans. He had a mop-full of hair on his head. His eyes were wild.

"Where is he, you fucking cunt?" the man screamed. I pressed myself as far into the corner of the closet as I could. The man slid the door open and quickly looked inside. He impatiently slid the other door over and looked in the other side. Nothing. He turned to Loreen again.

"Where did he fucking go?" he screamed at her again. "I ought to blow your fucking brains out!"

"No, please! Please don't shoot me! Please! Please!" Loreen screamed. She didn't give me up. He stepped closer to her. He was carrying a .45 semi-automatic. He drew back the hammer. I heard it click. He put the gun to Loreen's forehead. I had to act now or never.

I seem to have this special talent, maybe my only one, other than fucking. It's travelled with me wherever I went and placed me in good stead again and again. People said I was good at close in work. This was what they meant. Something just came over me and no matter how excited I was, how fast things were happening, a clarity would enter my mind and I was able to see several steps ahead. I was able to move quickly and determinedly. That function seized me now.

I quickly slid the closet open. The man half turned at the noise. But it was too late. I was already on him. My right hand grabbed the pistol and lifted its barrel up. My left hand, holding the pigsticker, slammed against the back of his head. The 6" long blade entered his brain just above the spinal cord and into the cerebellum. The guy stiffened and groaned. He dropped the gun on the bed and by some miracle it didn't go off. I slid out the blade, turned him and stuck it directly into his throat. Blood spurted out and he collapsed.

Loreen was hysterical. She was screaming and sobbing. I jumped on her and placed my hand over her mouth. "Quiet! Quiet!" I whispered at her hoarsely. "If you make noise someone will come in!"

She stared at me like I was the monster from the lagoon. The guy's blood had spurted onto my chest. My left hand was covered with it up to my elbow. It was smearing it all over her.

"Will you be quiet?" I asked her urgently.

She nodded her head frantically.

"Good, I whispered to her. "Go and get in the closet. Scrunch yourself down in the corner as low as you can go. Understand?"

She nodded. I released her mouth and got up off of her. She sprang from the bed and scurried into the closet. I picked up the Beretta from the closet floor where I had placed it. I quickly slid the door closed. I turned back to the bed and picked up the .44. I slowly released the hammer. So far so good.

Our door was open and I could hear yelling and screaming downstairs. There was another shot raising a crescendo of female screams. A man's harsh voice called out and they were silenced.

Now, what should I do? Maybe I should get in the closet with Loreen and wait it all out, I thought. Who needed 3 million dollars anyway? But then I realized that the gunmen downstairs would come looking for their friend. They might not check the closet as sloppily as this guy did. I looked at the body. If they came up and found Loreen in the same room as the body of their friend, she would be done for.

"Okay," I said. "I've got to move Loreen." I slid open the door. She looked up at me desperately. She was shivering.

"You can't stay here," I told her. "Come with me."

She shook her head. I stared to get mad. "Get up or I'll put a bullet in your brain!" I barked at her. I had a gun in each bloody hand. She whined. I didn't want to threaten her, but it was the only way I could get her to move. She started sobbing, but rose to her feet. I put both guns in one hand and grabbed her arm, careful not to step in any blood and pulled her towards the door. I quickly peeked out into the hall. It was empty. The door to the room across the hall was open.

"Come on," I said to the girl. I pulled her across the hall, stepping quietly in my bare feet, and into the room. Loreen gasped. The whore who had been using the room lay sprawled across the bed with a bullet in the middle of her chest. Her life's fluids were soaking into the mattress. The guy was laying halfway off the bed and blood was oozing from his body onto the floor. Loreen started to shake and sob again. I opened the closet door and motioned her in. She shook her head no. I almost clocked her.

“If anyone comes in they’ll see the bodies and think the room has been cleared,” I told her. She looked at me as if admitting my logic. She quickly got in and scrunched into the corner.

“Now don’t come out unless you hear a voice you know,” I told her. She nodded her head vociferously. I looked at her, maybe for the last time. I hoped she forgave me about the bullet in the brain. I couldn’t think of anything else to get her to move.

I slid the door closed and tiptoed into the hall. There were voices downstairs and sobbing. I realized that I couldn’t just walk down the stairs guns blazing no matter how many I had. I looked across the hall. Maybe I should put my pants on, I thought. I was sure that whatever course I took I would be meat within the hour. I didn’t like the thought of lying there all dead and naked.

Just then I heard a voice down the hall. It was a gruff man’s voice. “Escobar! Where the fuck are you?” it called out. I heard the door open one room down from us. There was silence and then a female scream, “No! No! Please!” And then there was a shot. And then another shot as if he was finishing her off.

I realized that the men, whoever they were, were intent on killing everybody in the joint. There would be no witnesses and nobody to call the cops when they left. It would give them a big head start.

I bided my time. I looked down at my hands. The Beretta or the .44? I realized that I might need the Beretta later for a long shot, and it might not down the guy if I hit him off center. I shifted the .44 to my right hand. I listened carefully. There was still screaming and yelling downstairs. I heard the man’s voice curse, “Fuck!” he said to himself. “Hey Escobar!” he called out again. “You better not be getting a piece of tail!” I could tell he was maybe 10 feet down the hall and coming closer to me. The safety was off the blunderbuss. I stepped out into the hall. My trigger finger was in motion even before I straightened out and aimed the gun. The man looked up at me, surprised. The gun went off with a shattering ‘boom!’ The round hit him in the center of the chest. He flew back and landed flat on the floor. I rushed towards him, ready with another round. But he was clearly dead.

I looked down the hall towards the stairs. The security guard who had been minding the stairs was lying there on his back. I wasn’t worried about the sound of my shot. The guys downstairs would just figure that the guy I had blasted was still finishing people off. But when he didn’t come back with Escobar in a few minutes they would get suspicious and send somebody else. I could wait in ambush for that guy too, but if the guys

downstairs thought that their deal was unravelling, they would finish off all the witnesses who were not already dead and flee. So I had to act. Some of the people down there were my friends. Veda, despite all her cruelty, Shirney, and even Draco. And then there was the 3 mill. I had always been looking for a way out. With 3 mill I could do a lot of hiding. I could build a fortress on some island and stave off all pursuers for years. I could get my face changed. I could hide in Bangkok or Singapore or Manila. I could take Loreen with me and find out her real name. I could look up my sister and maybe buy her out of any trouble she was in. I could do a lot. I would never get a chance like this.

I looked behind me. The house was an old mansion, maybe built by some old oil baron. On the third floor, I bet, were the servants' quarters and where they probably kept the girls locked up when they weren't working. So if there were servants, there would be servants' stairs. They would open up in the kitchen in the back of the house. My guess was that the *banditos* had cleared the entire first floor first thing.

I looked down at the dead guy. His Glock was lying on the floor next to him. I was going to need a lot of firepower. But being naked there was no way for me to carry three guns. I saw that he had on a shoulder holster. I quickly rolled him to his side and slid it down his arm. It was covered with blood, but I paid it no mind. I slipped the holster on and picked up the Glock. I released the clip. There were five rounds left. I checked the chamber and there was one there as well. Six shots. I put it in the holster. I looked in the .44. There were four shots left in the clip and one in the chamber. Escobar must have gone to town downstairs. That gave me eleven. I had shifted to the Beretta APX when we arrived in Chicago. It had a ten round clip rather than the six my old one carried. I could have kept another one in the chamber, but I was superstitious and considered that unlucky. Besides, usually if ten shots were not enough you were probably fucked royal and should save one for yourself. That gave me 21 shots. I hoped that would be enough. If it wasn't there was going to be a hell of a gun battle.

I thought about going to get my pants, but time was of the essence. I trotted down the hall and found the servants' stairs. They were narrow and wooden and had plastic treads. I quickly looked down. Nobody was coming up. I slowly crept down to the landing and looked around the corner. All clear. I slowly descended to the first floor. There was no door and I took a quick glance into the kitchen. There was no one there.

The kitchen was large with a long, silver, metallic island with all kinds of pots and pans hanging from it. There was a long, black gas stove with

several pots on it, one still cooking. On my right were two silver colored coolers. The floor was of dark brown ceramic tiles. I tiptoed towards the door that led to the hall. As I came to the end of the island I looked to my left. I could see two women's feet sticking out. They were clad in white Rheboks and white knee length socks. I looked around the corner. It was a plump, older woman. She had been shot in the back. She was wearing a white cook's blouse and a white skirt, now all covered in blood. She had grayish hair. "Fuck!" I thought. These guys were scumbags. In a few minutes maybe everybody in the house would be dead.

I stepped carefully and quietly to the hallway. One of the swinging doors had been propped open. I looked quickly down the hall. There were two bodies lying on the floor. One was the mousy guy. He was lying outside the conference room where the exchange had taken place. Up the hall was a dark form, somebody large. I hoped it was not what I thought it was.

I could hear voices. There was a plea of 'No!' and then a shot. There were screams and cries and the sound of a man laughing. Somebody was getting a big kick out of this. In a way it was a lucky thing. He was taking his time, getting the most enjoyment out of it. I didn't know how many people were still alive, but I thought I probably could save some.

I crept down the hall. I looked in the conference room. One of the mousy guy's goons was sprawled on the floor. The table had been pushed over and it was mangled by bullet holes as was the wall around the door. The bodyguard had probably retreated to this room and had a shootout with the *banditos*. It looked like he came up on the short side of it. I hoped that maybe he had gotten one or two of the bad guys to even out my odds somewhat. But there was no sign of that.

I stepped back into the hall and approached the body I hoped was not what I thought it was. Unfortunately, I was right. It was Shirney. He had several bullets in him. He was still alive, but moaning. There was blood everywhere. His .357 was in his hand.

There was no time to tarry. There was nothing I could do for Shirney anyway. I looked down the hall. I could see one of the bad guys standing about 15' away from the end of the hall. His weapon was at his side and his concentration was on the action going on in front of him. It was doubtful, but if I could get to the end of the hall without him taking note of me I might have a chance. I stepped down carefully, the .44 poised in my left hand, the Beretta in my right. I figured the .44 for any close up work. I wouldn't need to aim good for that. The Beretta was for anybody any distance away, so I had that in my good hand.

I stepped closer and closer. The fact that there was sobbing and weeping going on in the main room was helping disguise any noise that I made. I got to the end. The guy was watching what was going on and laughing. Someone was sobbing uncontrollably, a woman's voice. A cruel sounding man's voice was taunting her. I knew I only had seconds to save her life. I remembered that the reception room was off to my right, just beyond the main staircase. To my left was the entry hall, and that was apparently where all the action was.

I peeked out quickly and then stepped back. I closed my eyes trying to picture what I had seen. There was a large black guy off on the other end of the room. He was the one doing the shooting. He had his pistol at the back of the head of what looked like the other cook. Two security guards and the bartender were on the floor. To the left of the guy were all the girls, some naked, some still dressed in their finery. I thought I spotted Veda and Draco among them. There were a couple guests. All the prisoners had their hands clasped behind their heads and were on their knees facing the wall. I didn't see Mr. Wilson or the fat lady.

There were four bad guys from what I could make out. They were all dressed in dark clothing. Besides the black guy there looked to be two Hispanic guys and one white guy. There might be more. I only got a quick look. They were spread in a semicircle around the small crowd of prisoners. One of them was getting a blowjob from the little blond girl we had seen come down the stairs. She had her hands behind her back and was sobbing. The guy had a large automatic up against the side of her head and he was laughing.

I looked to the right to make sure none of the *banditos* were on that side or in the reception room. I didn't see anybody, but there were two bodies at the bottom of the stairs. One looked like the arrogant rich kid I had seen. The other was one of the businessmen. I was sure that there were more dead upstairs and probably a couple in the reception room. This was a real massacre. There were Klitzman crews who were outfitted to clean up messes like this, but this looked like it would be too much even for them.

I took a deep breath. It would be really touch and go. I figured that I would dash by the men and get off as many shots as I could. If I could make it to the reception room I could topple over one of the couches and use it as a firing position. It wouldn't stop any bullets, but it would make me hard to see. I could pop up and blast away, hoping I hit someone. It wasn't much of a strategy, but it was the best I could come up with.

I went, "One, two, three." As I dashed out I put a slug from the .44 into the back of the guy standing near the hall. He was blasted forward and flew

onto the floor. The next shot was from the Beretta and I hit the guy getting a blowjob in the side of the head. His knees buckled and he fell. The little blond girl screamed. I released a volley from the Beretta at the main guy. I saw him ducking so I figured I missed him. On my left, one of the Hispanic guys was raising his weapon at me. I got off a lucky shot from the .44 and he went down. But not before getting off a shot. I felt a kick in my right chest and it knocked me silly. I fell to the floor and skidded a few feet. I had enough gumption in me to scramble into the reception room, topple over a couch and lay down behind it.

Bullets were flying everywhere. There were desperate, panicked screams and the group of prisoners all leapt up and began to scramble for safety. I rolled to the side of the couch and took a quick peak out. I sprayed a volley from the Beretta across the room, maybe five shots. I didn't think I hit anything. A fusillade of shots were returned. I was beginning to think that there had been more than five guys there. My chest burned furiously and my lung was filling up with blood. I lay there for a second or two. The shots at me stopped. I heard the black guy calling out to his amigos to rush me. I took that as an opportunity.

I figured that the .44 was low and so I slid the Glock from the holster. Bullets were thudding through the couch. I popped up. I saw three guys creeping towards me, guns blazing. A bullet whipped by my ear, taking off a piece. One hit my shoulder, slowed by the impact into the couch. I raised both guns and fired away. One of the guys went down. I kept pulling the triggers until the clips were emptied. When the triggers clicked with no result, I ducked back down. I knew that I had moments to live. "He's out," I heard the black guy say. I waited there, ready to jump at least one of them as they came around the couch. But I felt too weak to spring. They came around the corners, one on each side. I looked up at them helplessly. "You motherfucker!" the black guy said to me. He pulled the trigger and there was a 'click'. He was empty. I heard a 'click!' from the other side as well. I turned to look. It was the white guy.

I thought that there might be another round in the .44 and I reached to pick it up. The black guy kicked it away. He reached into the pocket of his jeans and pulled out a fresh clip. He released the clasp on his pistol and the used clip fell to the floor. He snapped the new one in calmly. He pointed the pistol at my head. I got ready to meet my maker and to be transferred immediately to one of the lower levels of hell. I closed my eyes and steeled myself.

There was a shot. Then two more. The black guy fell backwards. The white guy thumped to the floor behind me. Somebody rushed up and put



two more shots in him. Somebody came to my right. The black guy was groaning and I saw him feebly lift his gun hand and waive it at the person standing over him. There were two shots and he was done.

I lay back. I knew I was fucked. The last thing I remember is Veda leaning over me. "Holy shit!" she exclaimed. "Somebody get an ambulance!"

\* \* \* \* \*

I remember coming to semi-consciousness in the ambulance. Someone was pressing a large bandage to my chest. There was a tube in my left arm and somebody else was holding an oxygen mask over my face. The siren was screaming from someplace above me. I vaguely saw somebody female looking over the guys who were working me. Then everything went black.

The next few things I remember are very hazy. I remember lying on a gurney. I couldn't feel anything anywhere. I was being rolled along. I saw fluorescent lights flitting by above me. The next thing I was in a bed. There were tubes coming out all over me. Something was beeping behind me, like the rhythm of a heartbeat. Somebody dressed in white was leaning over me. One eyelid went up and then the other. "I think he's coming out of it," I heard a female voice say.

Then I was in an ambulance again. My chest burned like a motherfucker. Veda was there holding my hand. "Don't worry, Harry," she said. "It's going to be all right."

Then I was in a bed again. I was in a large room. The walls were all white. I had tubes in me, but fewer of them. There were pictures of beautiful flowers and landscapes on the walls. There was that beeping behind me again. There were some chairs, but nobody in them. I tried to sit up, but my chest and shoulder screamed. I laid back and my head began to swim. I think that was the first time I realized that I was alive. It was some kind of miracle. I looked down, expecting to see my wrist handcuffed to the bed, but all I saw as a white band around it. It seemed impossible that the cops hadn't arrested everybody in the joint. I was a victim, but any elementary check of my identity would show the Federal escape warrant. I passed out again.

This time, when I awoke, there were people in the room. There was a nurse taking my pulse. She was young and pretty. Veda was sitting in one of the chairs. Draco was standing over by the window, looking out. The nurse looked at me. "He's awake," she announced.

She dropped my wrist, checked the drip on the i.v. and then left. Veda got up from her chair and sidled up to me. Draco approached me on the other side.

“You are the man, Harry!” Veda announced excitedly. I looked up at Draco. His face was ashen, but his eyes were bright. “We thought we lost you, Harry,” he said sternly, like it was my fault.

“I did the best I could,” I murmured weakly.

“What?” Veda asked. “Don’t talk. Save your strength.”

“I did the best I could,” I repeated a little louder. Veda and Draco both laughed.

“I’d say you did pretty good, Harry,” Veda said. Her grin was as wide as her face. “You downed four guys downstairs and two upstairs. I think that that was a pretty good day’s work.”

I was getting tired. “Shirney?” I asked hopefully.

A shadow crossed her face. “No.” was all she said. I turned my head away and my eyes filled up with tears. I mean, I’m as tough as the next guy, but I was full of drugs and I had been shot twice. I was bowled over at still being alive. I was a little emotional.

I turned back. “The girl?” I asked. Veda laughed. “She’s all right, Harry. You saved everybody’s bacon.”

“And 3 million dollars,” Draco added. I smiled at him.

“I guess I earned my pay,” I replied. He and Veda laughed again. “I guess the fuck you did!” Draco said.

“The cops?” I asked nervously.

“Don’t worry,” Draco said. “It’s all taken care of. You’re in a private hospital we use. As soon as you stabilized after surgery we snuck you out and brought you here. If there’s any record of Harry Wiggins being at that hospital, they will show that he expired on the operating table. You’re in the clear.”

“What happened?” I asked. I was starting to fade.

“Don’t worry, Harry,” Veda said. “I’ll explain everything to you as soon as you’re a little stronger.”

I leaned back and fell to sleep.

It took me a few days to really come out of it. Sometimes Veda was there, sometimes it was Draco. I seemed to remember Loreen’s face, but I thought it was a dream. The most disconcerting thing to me was not being all shot up, but never seeing her again. Funny, huh?

Veda finally told me what happened. There were nine guys in all. They came in the front door, rushed the joint and started blasting away. They got the drop on Veda and Draco and took them prisoner. Shirney came rushing

in from the kitchen where he was cadging a meal and they caught him in the hallway along with the mousy guy. A couple of the men went upstairs and started gathering people and bringing them downstairs. They offed the house security guys first thing along with the mousy guy's other bodyguard. Everybody was herded into the main hall and placed on their knees. Then the black guy started executing people. He would have done everybody.

"That's when you came in, Harry," Veda said. "You started blasting away and the bad guys started falling like flies. You should have seen yourself, running across the room all bloodied up, screaming your head off, getting off shot after shot. You looked like an escaped demon. While they were blasting at you, Draco and I scrambled around for the weapons from the guys you dropped. When you were done, there were only two guys standing. Draco and I took care of them and there you were, bleeding like a stuffed pig. While we were waiting for the ambulance Draco found one of the guys hiding in a closet. He put him to sleep."

Wilson, who had survived by hiding under his desk in his office, had called the emergency squad and told them that there had been a shootout with multiple victims. Draco snuck out the back with the 3 mill and Veda made sure I was on the first ambulance out of there. Wilson rounded up the surviving girls and patrons and brought them down to a hidden part of the basement. Loreen included. There were some cells down there for the girls and cots for the guests who didn't want their names in the paper and some stored up cans of food and bottles of water.

Naturally a place like that had to have an escape plan. Wilson put in motion. There was a tunnel from the house that ran about a block away. He hid down there with everybody until after midnight the next day and everybody was hustled out. All the girls were shipped out to various places around the country and the whorehouse was a write-off. You would have thought that the girls would have used the incident as a means of escape. After all, all the bouncers were dead. But I guess their obedience was so ingrained that when Wilson ordered them downstairs they all complied. Besides, where would they go? They would be hunted down for as long as it took and then die a miserable death. Klitzman would insist on it

All the four security guards had been killed along with the cook, the madam and three patrons, the mousy guy and his two *pistoleros*. Two girls were executed in their rooms and the little blond girl had been killed in the crossfire. 15 in all, not including the bad guys.

The shootout made national news, but nobody could figure out what had really happened or where everybody went afterwards. I was the only

one who made it to the hospital alive. Veda and Draco had gone around finishing off all of the *banditos* who were still breathing. The cops knew it was a gangland thing, but the story died down after a few days because of a huge snowstorm that hit the Midwest. Chicago got 20" and everything stopped from Nebraska to New Jersey. It was the biggest snowstorm in 20 years. It was so convenient you could almost believe that Klitzman had arranged the whole thing. And the payola that Klitzman's people spread around didn't hurt either.

I spent about ten days in the hospital. I was so beat up that I couldn't even masturbate until day 4. By day 6 the cute little nurses started looking really good. On day 8, Veda locked the door and gave me a magnificent blowjob. Not up to Loreen's standards, of course, but stunning nonetheless. Veda swore me to secrecy.

I lay around mostly bored out of my mind. I did a lot of sleeping. The food was good, which made things a little more tolerable. I watched TV. They had a few premium cable channels and so I got to see a bunch of movies. *I Dream of Genie* came on every day at 6 p.m. on channel 23, one of my favorite shows, and I caught it every day.

I naturally did a lot of thinking. I felt bad for Shirney. We had had a lot of fun together. But he knew the business he was in and that was part of the risks he took. I felt bad for the whores who had caught it. Their lives were sad enough without having to be cut down in their youths. Even fucking six or seven guys a day was better than being dead. And I felt especially bad about the little blond haired girl. It was almost certainly one of my bullets that had hit her. She had been alive when the ambulances arrived, but she died on the way to the hospital.

And I thought of Loreen. God knew where she was. She was lost now in Klitzman's gulag. She could be anywhere from Idaho to Indianapolis, from Catalina to Connecticut. Or maybe she had been shipped out to Klitzman's Isle, or maybe even Paliba. I wouldn't know until I got there. But if they did send her there, she was of such quality that somebody would certainly buy her. She would get snapped up right away.

Nothing good in my life seemed to last. Mary had been taken away from me by that Cambodian colonel. I hadn't seen Carol or the others in months. My sister Rosie, who I had adored as a kid, I hadn't seen in years. And all the whores I had befriended in Atlantic City while I worked for Tony had eventually been moved off. And now there was Loreen. Should I just be grateful for the time I got to spend with her, relish the memory of our coupling, or should I curse the fates, curse Klitzman for taking her

away from me. Or, like the black girl Ada in the club, should I hate her for the torment she was causing in me.

And the 3 mill. Boy, that would have done me a lot of good. It was the best chance at escaping Klitzman's clutches that I would ever have. Even that wouldn't be a guarantee that he wouldn't catch up with me someday, or Bederson and Mulittieri, my federal handlers, who would not take kindly to my absconding. But I could certainly have a good run. And a lot of dough is a guaranteed aphrodisiac for good looking women, even with a mug like mine. And I would make sure that the girls did whatever I wanted or they would be out on their ears. Who wouldn't enjoy living like that?

But the money was gone. Loreen was gone. Mary was gone. For all I knew Carol and the others were gone too.

Veda and Predo came in on day 9. They announced that the Dallas operation was concluded and that they were on the way to Denver. Diskare had sent out 2 new guys who they told me were not as good as me and Shirney. I thanked them for the complement.

That night, the doctor came by and told me that I was being discharged. Someone would pick me up in the morning. I still felt good, but not 100%. I was hoping for a little time off. I really wanted to go back to Klitzman's Isle. But I knew that I would do whatever I was told to do like everybody else.

A couple of shady looking guys came for me the next morning. They had some jeans, some athletic shoes, a pair of boxers and a shirt ready for me. My last night I had finally convinced a cute little nurse named Bernice to let me feel her ample tits. She gave me a great hand job.

I dressed. A nurse came in and gave me some medication to take with me. I followed the two guys out. They didn't have much to say, and that made me nervous. I mean, didn't saving all those lives, the whores and all who were, after all, valuable property, the moolah and the bonds, which they didn't have to pay for since the mousy guy was dead, didn't that amount to something? I just got into the back of the black Mercedes they were driving and let them take me away.

I fully expected us to drive down some side road and be told to get out of the car. Instead, we arrived at this county airport. A plane was waiting for me. It was a sleek private jet. When I got on board I saw that I was the only passenger. There was a shapely, young brown haired stewardess dressed in a sea blue uniform. She was all smiles and brought me a pitcher of Bombay martinis and a glass. She sat down nearby and buckled herself in while we took off.

When we levelled off she rose from her chair. She came over to me and smiled. She removed her little blue vest and opened her blouse. She was braless and a pair of pale, heavenly breasts fell out. I stared up at her. She stared down at me. "Would you like a blowjob, Mr. Wiggins?" she asked me pleasantly. I smiled. I was on my way back to Paliba. Of course I said yes.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN IN WHICH MORE THINGS HAPPEN

“When de stupid, nasty, dirty little girлие am bein gibbin de mastas de bey?” Mama Ojugo shouted at me.

“De stupid, nasty, dirty little girлие am bein gibbin the mastas de bey all de nows, Mama!” I cried out.

“Dat’s right!” Mama Ojugo declared. She reared back her whippy stick and gave me three more solid whacks across my rear mounds. I whined and cried and screeched.

“An wat business am bein it de stupid, nasty, dirty little girлие what de mastas am bein wantin?” she shouted.

We were in her bedroom. It was the end of a difficult and long day. I was being punished, which seemed to happen almost every time Nicky was around. I had been crying again. Nicky had made me watch while he fucked one of the slave girls up in his room while I sat crouched in his little cage. He had fucked her for what seemed like 2 hours. Now you would think that I would have come to hate Nicky by now. He subjected me to all kinds of cruelty. He had betrayed me in the worst way. He fucked me brutally and beat me, and made sure that I was passed around to the other masters as often as possible.

But that was not the case. I knew all about Stockholm syndrome and all of that, but I don’t think that that was what it was. Now, with the mamas, that might have been true. I certainly had come to love them and need them, especially since Nicky had come. But with Nicky it was different. I had loved him intensely back in New York. That was the whole thing behind me surrendering myself to him. And when you love someone so intensely, no matter what happens, part of you always love them no matter what happens. There was that. But what I think it really was was that I had invested so much in loving Nicky, surrendered everything that I was, everything that I had, everything that I would ever have. Like Mama Ojugo said repeatedly, something reinforced by all the mamas, I was a stupid, nasty, dirty little girлие who had lost everything and possessed nothing. I had given it all to Nicky. He owned me now.

And like a person who has made a bad financial decision, I had to keep pouring in more emotional capital so that I would not lose my investment. The value kept going down, down, down and the cost kept going up, up, up. I could not quit until I was utterly ruined, which, in my case, was when

I drew my last breath. Nicky seemed to know this and he kept devising new and novel ways to humiliate me and cause me pain. He whipped me often and invited his friends to join the fun. He left me bound in the cage in his room for hours and hours, fucking me in the morning and then not coming back until late in the evening. I was only let out by one of the stewards to eat, shit and piss and the back in I went.

Or he would deprive me of my mamas. He would send me down to the cells in the floor below the main level and keep me there for days. The big, black guards would beat me and fuck me and keep me bound in all kinds of grotesque ways. Nicky would come down and collect oral obeisance and then leave again without saying anything. When he finally let me upstairs again I would sob and sob and sob in Mama Ojugo's arms, having missed her so much. She would hold me and caress me, cooing little comforting phrases in my ear. Afterwards she would beat me for disobedience, not giving Nicky de bey, since I was second guessing his decision about what was good for the stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie. And for having a wanna that nobody had given me, the wanna to be with my mamas all de nows.

Nicky had left in the late afternoon or I would be spending the night in his cage. I had spent the rest of the evening in the red room, trembling and crying, so much so that one of the men gave me ten strokes with the lash. That was a biggie baddie that I had not yet fully paid for. Mama Ojugo was just getting started.

"It ain't no business am bein de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie what de mastas am bein wantin, Mama," I replied tearfully.

I had listened to Nicky and the girl, a pretty black haired girl with roundish breasts and long legs, prettier and more comely than me, at least in my mind, groan and moan and call out as they fucked. Nicky made the girl scream with lust and she made him issue deep, mournful sounding, impassioned groans. After their first bout he called for some snacks and refreshments to be brought up and he teased the girl playfully, making her laugh while I sat in the cage all scrunched up and miserable, gagged and bound and stuffed into a space so small I could barely move. He never made me laugh. I hadn't laughed in the longest time. And then they started all over again. "You're fucking my cock!" I told the girl miserably in my mind. "You're sucking down my cum! You're frolicking with my man, my masta." But then I would remember, I possessed nothing, certainly no part of Nicky's anatomy. He owned me, not the other way around.

I had cried and cried and cried when I had finally been brought back to Mama Ojugo's room that night after all the men were done with me. I was in one of her little, narrow cages bawling my eyes out when she came in an



hour later. She dragged me out and comforted me, kissing me, stroking me, holding me until I calmed down. And then she had commenced to punish me.

Mama Ojugo gave me three more fierce strokes. I screeched and wailed.

“An iffen she masta am bein gibbin de udder girlies de biggie goody, what am dat bein de business de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie?” she demanded.

“It ain’t am bein no business de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie iffen she masta am bein gibbin de udder girlies de biggie goodie!” I replied obediently.

“Dat’s right!” she affirmed, and gave me three more excruciating strokes.

I was kneeling down in punishment position, my ass raised, my forehead on the floor, my hands behind my back.

Mama Ojugo paused. She crouched down next to me and started rubbing my head. “Poor little girlie,” she said softly. “She am bein gibbin de biggie baddie. When she am bein gibbin de biggie baddie she am bein gibbin she mama de biggie boo hoo. Mama Ojugo no am bein wanna gibbin de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie de biggie baddie. But iffen Mama Ojugo no am bein gibbin de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie de biggie baddie, how de stupid nasty, dirty little girlie am bein getting de biggie learnin?”

I was miserating at my fate and only caught on that I was being asked a question at the last moment. Thankfully I had learned to be attuned at all times to what the mamas said lest I earn another biggie baddie.

“Iffen Mama Ojugo no am bein gibbin de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie de biggie baddie,” I replied, “de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie no am bein getting de biggie learnin, Mama.”

“That’s right!” Mama announced. “And who am bein lubbin de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie?” she asked me.

“She mama am bein lubbin de stupid, nasty dirty little girlie,” I answered with all my heart.

“An am de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie am be lubbin she mama?” she asked.

I broke out into sobs. Of course I loved my mama. I couldn’t live without my mama. She comforted me. She stroked me. She gave me the biggie learnin about the biggie wannas. And she let me drink from her essence, feeding me from her body like any mama would.

“Yes, Mama,” I called out with all the devotion I could muster. “De stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie am bein lubbin she mama!”

“Dat’s de good little girlie,” she said to me kindly. “She am bein gibbin she mama de biggie goodie. And she mama am bein gibbin de stupid, dirty, nasty little girlie de biggie goodie in de soon nows. But first Mama Ojugo am bein gibbin de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie de biggie baddie for am bein gibbin de mastas de boo hoos. What business de stupid, nasty dirty little girlie she am bein gibbin de mastas de boo hoos?”

More punishment was coming. And it wasn’t just the pain which disconcerted me, although that was substantial. It was because I had not been a good little girlie for my mama. I had displeased my mama. I had rewarded her for all her loving with disobedience. I deserved the biggie baddie. I needed the biggie baddie. I needed de biggie learnin that I shouldn’t disappoint my mama.

“De stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie no am habbin de business am bein gibbin de mastas de boo hoo,” I responded miserably.

“Do de mastas am bein carin what de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie am bein feelin:”

No, they had no caring for whatever I was feeling.

“Do de mastas am bein carin what de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie am bein tinkin?”

No, they didn’t care what I was thinking either, unless those thoughts were about disobedience.

“An de only tinkin dat de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie am bein habbin am bein de tinkin on de biggie wannas. Ain’t that so?”

“Yes, Mama. I replied, “Dat’s so!”

“Uppy uppy,” she ordered me curtly. She rose from her crouch and I rose up on my knees. I spread them and placed my hands behind my back and thrust out my breasts. I knew why I had assumed this position and I was not very happy about it. I started to cry right away. Mama Ojugo ignored me.

‘Crack!’ a blow from the whippy stick landed across my breasts. I howled with unhappiness. ‘Crack!’ another blow came just above my nipples. I wailed and sobbed. ‘Crack!’ the third blow came just at my breasts downward curve. It was a marksman’s shot. Mama Ojugo was an expert with the whippy stick. I howled and whined again.

Mama Ojugo bent over and kissed me on my forehead. “Dat’s better!” she said. “Ain’t that so?”

“Y-yes, that’s so, Mama,” I replied. Yes, it was better. I had paid for my sins. All was right in the world again. I had resumed my status as a good little girlie. I sobbed and sobbed.

Mama Ojugo crouched down. “Wat’s de matter de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie?” she asked sympathizingly.

I looked up at her. I could barely talk. “De stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie am bein habbin de sorries bout am bein gibbin she mama de biggie baddie,” I said tearfully.

“Oh, de poor little girlie,” Mama Ojugo responded. “Dat am bein why she mama am bein lubbin de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie,” she explained. “She am bein wantin de biggie learnin. She am bein wantin de bey. She am bein wantin de gibbin de mastas de biggie goodie. An she am bein wantin de biggie goodie all de nows. An she knows dat when she am bein gibbin de biggie baddies, she am bein gibbin she mama de biggie baddie too. An dat am bein gibbin de stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie de sorries.” She kissed my forehead again.

“And now she mama am bein gibbin de readin and relaxin. De stupid, nasty, dirty little girlie am goin in de cage and gibbin de biggie baddies she am bein gibbin de biggie tinkin an how to am bein gibbin de bey all de nows.”

We had our routine. She would plug me up, gag me, bind my hands behind my back and I would sit in the cage contemplating about being a stupid, nasty dirty little girlie for an hour or so why she drank tea and listened to music and perhaps read a bit. I put my forehead to the floor while she eased the plugs into my apertures. She bound my hands and then had me go ‘uppy, uppy’ so she could install my gag. Then she led me to the cage where I backed my way in, drawing my knees up to my chest. When the door closed, it jammed against my toes. She connected a chain from the bar of the cage right in front of me to my gag so that I would lean forward and maintain my gaze straight ahead.

She put her tea pot on. She discarded her colorful, flowery, African dress revealing her large, muscular, dark brown frame. My mama exuded power. She exuded authority. She exuded command. And that’s why I loved her. She had enveloped me in her power and had transformed me. She had shown me the way to becoming a beast of servitude. She tore from me all my human qualities and conjured a devoted, obedient fuck toy. And if I could serve Nicky only through my subservience, my obedience, my obsequience, it was she who had made it possible. She had molded me into the creature Nicky desired. And that was all that was important.

Mama Ojugo donned her pink and white silk robe. Her electric teapot was whistling. She unplugged it and dropped in two teaspoons full of herbal tea. She restored the cover and placed it on the coaster on the table next to her reading chair. She went over to the CD player, looked over a couple of CD's and selected one. She popped open the drawer to the player, dropped the CD in and pushed play. A sonorous, uplifting wave of violins and other instruments filled the room. She adjusted the volume and went to the bookshelf. She picked out one she had been reading, I didn't know what it was since I never got close enough to read the cover and she never, never, read anything to me. Too much linear thinking is not good for slave beasts like me.

She sat down in her chair and put up her feet on an ottoman. She opened the top to the teapot and gave it a whiff. It was not ready yet. She turned on the floor lamp just behind her chair and opened her book.

She was not sitting directly at me, but kind of diagonal to me. I could see about ¼ of her face. It was just enough so that if she wanted to look at me all she had to do was turn her head. She rarely did so, however. For the next hour or so I held no interest for her. I needed no attention. I was securely locked away. I couldn't commit the sin of speaking because I was gagged. I couldn't commit the sin of engaging in voluntary movement, because I couldn't move more than my eyelids, fingers and toes.

What I could do is contemplate her. While her attention was directed away from me, mine was forcibly directed towards her. I couldn't turn my head from side to side and I could only shift my eyes from what was in front of me with great strain. I could close my eyes, but we had been through that already several times. The lookies were to remain open whenever a mama or a masta was in the room. Closing them was a biggie baddie of severe magnitude.

So I must watch her. I watched her pour her tea into a blue and white porcelain cup. I watched her take a sip and put the cup down. I watched her eyes return to the book. And that was that for the next five minutes. She would turn a page occasionally. Sometimes when the music got to a part she especially enjoyed, she would close the book on her lap, lean back and close her eyes. Every twenty minutes or so, she might cast a sidelong look at me. I would be, of course, looking at her. She would not acknowledge eye contact or react to seeing me in any way. Then she would go back to her 'relaxin'.

I thought about the biggie baddies as she had instructed me to. I realized that I couldn't let Nicky's cruelties touch me. I could only bear them stoically. But his indifference, not, not indifference, his reveling in

my suffering was a hard burden to bear. All my hopes of rescue had been dashed. All my hopes to be received in loving arms had been crushed. All my hopes of becoming a person again had been extinguished.

Mama Ojugo had no interest in me while I was in the cage because I was not really an entity anymore. I was more of a function. And when a function is at rest it holds no interest. When it is set in motion, you can admire it, interact with it, alter it, affect it. But when it was not in motion, when it was not acting in its nature, when it was inert, it might as well be a rock or a chair or a table. Things to be used and, when not used, of little or no value.

I watched and thought and watched and thought and watched and thought. I hated close spaces even though things were open to be seen all around me. To be so confined set me on edge. Panic was only a hair's breath away. My thoughts ranged from self-pity to virulent anger. Self-pity at the fact that of all the people in all the world I was the one locked in a tiny cage, my body plugged, my voice stifled, my hands useless. Surely there were people more deserving of this fate than me. And then anger. What right did these people have to treat me this way? They were evil, vicious, cruel people. Nicky was evil, vicious and cruel. Mama Ojugo was evil, vicious and cruel. The whole world was evil, vicious and cruel.

But then I would think, no, not Mama Ojugo! I can't hate Mama Ojugo! I need Mama Ojugo! Tears would fill my eyes at my error. I needed her love, as harsh as that love may be. For if she didn't love me, who would? I would beg her to forgive me my momentary lapse as if she had the ability to read my mind, my waves of thought that circumambulated the room. And then the deserving thing. Hadn't I been told a thousand times that I was a stupid, nasty, dirty little girl? Or a nasty, stupid, dirty little girl? Or a dirty, stupid nasty little girl? I had stupidly thrown away my whole life. And who belonged in cages, deserved to be rendered powerless, had earned every iota of maltreatment she suffered, but a dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie?

A wave of virulent despair would pass through me. My stomach would churn, my body chill. I would feel a torrent of emotion building up inside me so intense that I thought I might explode. Panic would run through me. I couldn't stand to be in this cage for another second! If I stayed here any longer I would die! "Please let me out! Please let me out! Please! Please! Please!" my mind would scream.

But if I had learned anything by now it was self-control. There would be a raging storm in me, ships would be floundering, coastal towns drowned, mountains dissolved, levees broken, but all that would emerge

from me would be a little whine. A barely perceptible squeak. A chirp. A bleep. A minute disturbance of the airwaves. If a sound escaped I would panic. Mama Ojugo would punish me. She would strike me with her whippy stick. She would call me a dirty, stupid, nasty little girlie and would rage at me. Sometimes, if a little peep escaped, I would watch her carefully to see if there was any reaction. Sometimes she would turn to see if she had really heard a sound or whether it was her imagination. Or maybe it was an ominous warning. Do not disturb Mama Ojugo's relaxin!

You would think that the music would be a consolation. To some extent it was. It helped me distract my mind from my rueful situation. But then I would think of all those lucky people, all those lucky, free people. They could make music. They could laugh. They could sing. They could smile and dance and live their lives in joy. But not me. I was a prisoner. And although I professed my love for my mamas, and that I meant every word when I said it, I knew what would happen if I withheld that very love, if I said no. So I had no choice. And if I had no choice then I was a prisoner. And I had no choice but to make my body and my will subject to the most demeaning and shameful uses. Or if it was a choice it was only a choice between life and a very, very horrible death.

At times I felt that I could stand up and say, "No, I'm not doing this anymore," and walk away. Everybody would be stunned, but they would let me go. The front door I saw every time I was brought up to the luxury bedrooms would spring open as I approached it. I would walk through the gate that undoubtedly stood outside. The guards would open it for me and I would stroll down the dusty tropical island road until I met with a town or village where I would be celebrated as a hero. My nakedness would be covered. I would sleep in a vast, luxurious bed. I would feast on all the island's delicacies. And then they would fly me home, or I would grow wings and fly there myself. I would circle around the great city and land in Central Park where there would be crowds awaiting me. They would cheer me and I would make a speech about harmony and peace and liberty. The newspapers would carry it word for word the next day. And then I would walk into my apartment and throw myself on the bed. And when I awoke, none of this would have ever happened. I would never have met Nicky. I would never have become his lover. I would never have gone to dinner with him that night. I would never have agreed to surrender myself. I would get up from that table where he had asked me and I would stride purposely from the restaurant and never see him again.

But none of these things would happen. If I stood up and announced my non-compliance terrible, swift retribution would commence. It would

be so terrible that I might wish death to quickly follow. And they might grant that wish.

So I sat and sat and sat and tried to calm myself. This confinement would end. Mama Ojugo would stroke me and caress me. She would give me the biggie goodie and let me sup from her breasts. She would lie next to me and hold me and escort me off to blissful sleep.

The CD came to an end. Mama Ojugo closed her book and finished off her tea. She stood and stretched. Without looking at me she walked to the bathroom, which was right next to me and saw to her needs. When she came out, she had doffed her silky robe and was fully nude. She stood in front of me for a moment. I could sense her immenseness, her vitality. Her black shrouded sex stood in stark contrast to my denuded one. Her breasts were heavy and firm, as if she had trained them to stand out at attention. Her muscles stood in stark contrast to my weakness. Her freedom stood in stark contrast to my imprisonment.

She crouched down and released my gag from the bar of the cage. She opened it up and said, "outee, outee." I struggled to obey, wriggling my way forward until I was out. I knelt up before her, my muscles and tendons screaming from their confinement. She released my hands from behind my back. She had me kneel over and she removed the implements with which she had stuffed me. I knelt back up. "Good little girlie," she told me as she tousled my hair. "Come and make de pee pee,"

I followed her to the bathroom. I centered myself over the hole that I used and released my pent up water. I sighed as it spurted out of me. She wiped me, washed her hands and then, after removing my gag, brushed my teeth. The gag went back in right after.

Now it was bed time. She had me kneel up until she had turned out every light except a soft one next to the bed. She came back and took my harness down from the hook nearby. She strapped it on me, drawing all the straps tight. My body felt captured, embonded. And then she told me to lie down on the bed. I didn't have to be told what to do. I lay down crossways and put my wrists behind my back. She came over and raised my right one slowly, slowly, slowly until it was virtually perpendicular on my back. I groaned at the strain. She did this to me every night, but I still hadn't gotten used to it. She fastened my bracelet to a hook on the strap that ran up my back. Then she did the other. It was all I could do not to cry out in pain. She hooked that wrist to the strap as well. I moaned through my gag. She took a strap and pulled my elbows together, making me whine.

"Uppy, uppy," she told me merrily. I rose and took my place on the bed, laying on my confined arms. She got up next to me. Slowly the pain

in my shoulders was fading. I shifted myself to get comfortable. The bed had a little depression on my side which made lying on my bound arms more tolerable. Mama Ojugo's hot flesh came up against mine. I felt like some armless creature which had emerged from the sea only to fall into the power of a mighty witch. Mama Ojugo removed my gag. Her hand flitted over my defenseless and proffered breasts, down my belly to my crux. And then up again. A shiver went through my body. She drifted her hand down again, this time covering my mons with it. I dutifully lifted and spread my knees. She leaned over me, her milk full breast pressing against my arm. Her lips hovered above mine. Her fingers were teasing my labia, sliding up and down, up and down, as gently as you might hold a bird. Nascent passion spread from my loins out to my belly and down my thighs. I could taste her breath. She loomed like a mountainous beast over me.

"Who am bein lubbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie?" she whispered softly. Her fingers had found my clit and they were teasing it.

I drew in a sharp breath. "She mama am bein lubbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie, Mama" I rasped back.

"Dat's right," she whispered. "And she mama am bein gibbin de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie de biggie goodie now fer sure."

Her lips descended and eased mine open. Her thick tongue entered my mouth. The heat and power overwhelmed me. I felt something inside me melt. Her fingers had begun a deliberate rotation on my clit. I groaned. "She lub she mama! She lub she mama! She lub she mama!" my mind exclaimed.

She kept me going for the longest time. It seemed that the greater the punishment on any particular night, the longer she kept me on the edge of completion. I groaned and squirmed. I pushed my hips up at her hand. I rubbed my heels up and down the bed. I shivered and trembled.

She released our kiss and dragged her thick, loving lips all around my chin, my cheeks my neck. My breathing was coming heavy. She had commenced a rapid flicking on my electrified button. I moaned deeply. She raised her head. "Dat's right! Dat's right!" she whispered to me softly. "Gib she mama de moanin! Gib she mama de moanin dat am bein belongin to her!"

I moaned again, deeper this time. Every time she brought me to the edge of my orgasm and stopped, I would tremble and shake. "Ooooooooooh! Dat's de good little girlie! Dat's de good little girlie!" she would whisper. Then her nimble fingers would recommence, expert fingers, knowing fingers. She would range them up and down my crevasse. She would circle my outer lips. She would plunge them in my cave,



dragging them in and out and in and out. She played delicately with my little nubbin.

I thought that my body might just vibrate into a liquid pool. Armless and handless, I had no choice but to suffer the continuous torments. “Ooooooooooh, Mama! Ooooooooooh, Mama! Ooooooooooh, Mama!” I moaned. I wasn’t allowed to beg for apotheosis, but I was allowed to call out my pleasure. Once, when I had, she had dragged me out of bed and belabored me with the whippy stick for a half an hour. It was no business of the dirty, stupid, nasty little girlie whether she came or not. That was up to the mamas and the mastas. I had no right to interfere with their enjoyment and their play. If it pleased them to have me on the edge of agony, then that’s what would be. If they enjoyed my torment and my suffering, so much the better for them. As I said, I was just a function, a mechanism for their pleasure.

She kissed my breasts, subsuming the top third of them into her powerful mouth, suckling hard and then harder and then harder. She bit my nipples making me release agonized exclamations. She ran her thick, heavy tongue over and around my areolas. Then her mouth returned to my mouth and her tongue would enter it again, driving me mad with lust.

When her fingers commenced an incessant drumming on my clit I knew my end was near. A surge of electrifying need and hope passed through me. She broke our feverish kiss again and started whispering, “Ooooooh, dat’s de good little girlie! Dat’s de good little girlie! Here come de biggie goodie. Mama’s gibbin she de biggie, biggie goodie. Who lubbin she mama? Who lubbin she mama? Tell me dat!”

Oh! Oh! Oh! I called out. “She lubbin she mama, mama!” I shouted. She lubbin she mama! Ooooooooooh! Ooooooooooh! Ohhhhhhhh! Oh, mama! Oh mama! Oh mama!”

The dam burst. The villagers fled, but it was of no avail. The wave of my orgasm swept them up. They struggled and flailed and cried out for help, but no help came. Fierce, pounding contractions shattered my lower organ. I called out, “Uggggg! Uggggg! Uggggg! Uggggg! Uggggg! Uggggg!” She had the talent of making my orgasm go on and on as if it wouldn’t stop until she deigned to relieve me. My back arched, my heels dug deep into the bed. My whole body shuddered and shook.

And then she eased me down. A wave of relief passed through me. This had been a biggie goodie for sure. All through the day, every day, I would yearn for the biggie goodie Mama Ojugo would give me at the end. Kneeling on my little platform in the red room, my pussy would start to water as I imagined me on my back, her fingers in my puss, the wonderful

agonies she would impose on me. The nights I spent in Nicky's cage were doubly mournful, one, because of his cruelty in so confining me while he slept and snored on the wide comfortable bed, but also because he was depriving me of the biggie goodie mama would give me. I was as addicted to it as a junkie was to heroin.

My heart was beating wildly when my mama finally relented. My breathing was deep and heavy. She leaned over and kissed me. "What a good little girlie," she told me softly. "And now, de dirty, nasty, stupid little girlie am bein gibbin she mama de biggie goodie," she told me.

This too was part of the ritual. She pulled on the ring of my collar until I was between her massive, extended thighs. She propped herself up on the pillows and raised her knees. Her pussy was already flush and aromatic. I looked up and saw a mountain of dark brown flesh. Her face was expectant. She was smiling lovingly. Of course I would give my mama the biggie goodie. Of course I would worship at the shrine between her thighs. She took hold of my hair to give me balance and I leaned forward. I dragged my widened tongue along the length of her divide, from bottom to top and down again. She rewarded me with a deep sigh. I did it again and then gave her rigid button a gentle wash. She hissed and her hips shifted. "Ooooooh, dat's de good girlie! Dat's de good girlie," she moaned.

I worked her pussy as if I was mining for gold. I kissed, I licked, I probed, I suckled. She released deep, thunderous groans. Her hand tightened in my hair. Her breathing got heavy and deep. I was surrounded by a mountain of mastery. It was as if her pussy was oozing a precious life force. I craved its emanations. I reveled in its taste and odor. I treasured the hand that kept me bent over at my task.

I knew she was ready to come when she pushed my head down and said, "Gib mama de licky, licky! Gib mama de suckie, suckie! Gib it to she mama! Gib it to she mama! Now! Now!"

I went into high gear at her command. I feverishly licked and stroked and sucked and twiggled my tongue. Her body shuddered like a massive earthquake. She roared out her pleasure. Her thighs gripped my head. I felt like I would be momentarily sucked into her gushing cavern, drawn into her belly, vanish and be subsumed by her. Oh, and how hard I wished it could be! To be part and parcel of my mama! What joy that would bring! To have my soul dissolved in hers! Oh, there could be no more wonderful fate!

Her hand eased in my hair. Her shudders slowed. She released a long, satisfied sigh. She lifted my head from her loins and took hold of my collar, dragging me up on her body. Her arms encircled me, pressing me

into her. "Ooooooh, what a good little girlie!" she exclaimed. "What a good little girlie! She mama lub she! She mama lub she all de nows!"

She released me and let me slide off to her side. Her arm encircled my shoulder and drew me in. Now was the most glorious part of the day. She proffered me her right teat. "Here's de biggie goodie," she whispered hoarsely. "Here's de biggie goodie fer de good little girlie."

I seized her teat with my lips. I began to suckle. Soon I was rewarded with that wonderful elixir. It flowed into my mouth, down my throat and into my belly. All cares in the world were resolved. Heaven was in its proper place. My mind clouded over. A wondrous fog enveloped me. Her hand slid down to my crux. I opened my thighs. She began a gentle rubbing, a gentle probing. Warmth suffused my body. There was a beatifying melding of the pleasures of my belly and the pleasures of my loins. Soft, comforting pulses generated in my cavern. I moaned and groaned softly. When her right breast was empty, she leaned over and gave me her left. The soft contractions in my sex rippled through me like the waters on a pond.

When I was done, I released her teat and pressed my face between her magnificent orbs. She held me in close. "Good little girlie," she cooed. "Good little girlie."

She eased me down and turned me to my side facing away from her. She brought her body close to mine, pressing her pleasure giving breasts into my bound arms. My rear nestled into her belly. Her left arm drew me in. "Good little girlie," she hissed. "Good little girlie." And then I passed into gentle, peaceful sleep.

Nicky would come. Nicky would go. He would be here for 3 days, then be gone for 3. He would stay overnight and be gone for a week and then stay and torment me a whole week through. Of course, the actual concept of weeks didn't mean much to me. I didn't know whether it was Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday. I didn't know the date and hardly knew the year. Outside time meant nothing to me. Sometimes he would have me follow him around all day on my hands and knees at the end of a leash. I would kneel up at attention while he ate lunch in the sumptuous dining room where he would chat with his confreres in different languages that I could not understand. He liked to play billiards and I would kneel there mounted on a platform, held firmly in place by a pole up my back and my neck confined in place. He would urge the other men to feel free to use my mouth and play with my breasts.

Other times I would only know that he was present when he would come into the red room, fuck me on an ottoman in front of everyone, and then leave, often handing me off to someone else first.

When he was not present, or if he was present and deigned not to give me his attention, I spent my time on my platform in the red room. I would be used by the guests as they saw fit, sometimes being led to their rooms on my hands and knees, my rear end swishing, my breasts thrust out and swinging. That man, the man who had helped kidnap me, was gone for a while, but then he came back. When I saw him enter the red room my stomach would churn and I would begin to shake. I don't know why I had such a deadly fear of him. He was brutish and his face was ominous and scarred, but he didn't treat me more cruelly than the other men. Perhaps it was because I associated him with the loss of my freedom, my foolishness in giving in to Nicky. He brought me to his luxurious room several days running. I would begin to blubber and sob when he affixed a leash to my collar. I would be overwhelmed by terror. I would follow him tearfully as he led me down the hall and to his room. My fear of him was finally justified when he gave me a vicious lashing one afternoon.

I have to say this, though. He did know how to fuck and luxuriated in it. He came like a monster and when he came in my mouth, I would receive a river of his discharge, making me choke and sputter, the goo bubbling out between my lips. Sometimes, when I was slow to obey him, or crying and blubbering too much, he would haul off and give me a thunderous slap or two. But generally speaking, he was not as brutal as some of the others. And he made me come repeatedly.

He left again and I did not see him until one fateful evening weeks later. Nicky had been tormenting me all day. He would encourage someone to take me off to their room, reminding them to give me a good beating, and as soon as I came back foist me off on someone else. He fucked me for more than an hour up in his room, using me brutally.

After dinner (he had dined with the seeming owner of the place, a man they called Diskare and I had eaten from a bowl set on the floor for me and then waited in a tiny little cage, watching them while they ate dessert, engaged in general merriment and smoked cigars) he took me down to the lounge where he liked to play cards. He was good at it and I often saw him haul in large pots of chips. I would kneel by his side, bound and erect. During the play he would feel my breasts, pinching and squeezing them between hands. On the rare times he lost a big pot he would rear back and give me a mighty slap and curse me for spoiling his luck.

That brutish man had dined with him and Diskare, they seemed to be celebrating him for some wondrous deed. He looked somewhat subdued as if he had been injured or wounded. He kept looking over at me in my cage and I was fearful that Nicky would lend me out to him. I was relieved when Nicky arose from the table and took me away. We went immediately to the game lounge where Nicky sat down and engaged in a long game of poker.

He had an uneven night. I received several vicious slaps when he lost. At one point he took me to the side of the room, had me get up kneeling on an ottoman and brutally used my mouth, making me whine and sob. He gave my breasts a wallop slap when he was done and then returned to his game.

About two hours after he started playing, the man who I feared, the man they called Harry, came in. One of the other players had tossed in his cards and called it quits. Harry sat down at the table and began to play. He was silent and intent. The pile of chips in front of him began to grow. He was sitting opposite from Nicky and a tension began to build up between them. Between them they seemed to be winning most of the pots. One by one, the other players dropped out until it was just Nicky and this guy Harry.

They played alone for about an hour. Winning seem to go back and forth. Nicky suggested that they double the stakes and Harry agreed. Nicky was drinking heavily. When he lost a big pot to Harry, he gave me a mighty blow that knocked me to the floor. I wailed and moaned through my gag and he yelled at me to get back up again. When I was back on my knees I couldn't stop sobbing. I was at the nadir of my emotions. I have said that I kept investing in Nicky in the futile hope that his manner would change with me. At that moment I felt like I had thrown in my final dollar. Blackness surrounded me. I began to think of ways to induce my death.

The man, Harry, said nothing, but he gave Nicky an ominous stare. Nicky saw it and laughed.

"Why don't you mind your own business?" Nicky said to him haughtily.

I saw the man tense. "If I were you, I'd be careful I didn't take care of you," he responded in his rough voice. The other men around the room stopped talking. There was danger in the air. Nicky threw back his drink and ordered another. The steward brought one over. Nicky had been losing steadily. His pile was decreasing and Harry's was going up.

Suddenly, Nicky pushed his entire pile into the center of the table. "Mine against yours," he sneered. "And since you care so much for the cunt, I'll throw her in too."

The man Harry looked at him with steely eyes. "I don't want your cunt," he growled.

"What's the matter?" Nicky asked. "Lose your nerve?"

As dismayed as I was at the way that Nicky treated me, I was horrified at becoming the property of the big man. I began to whine and shake. "How could he do this?" I asked myself frantically. "Please, Nicky! Please, please don't!"

Nicky must have heard me whine. He turned and gave me another vicious slap. "Shut the fuck up, cunt!" he yelled. "You'll get yours later!" I had fallen over again and he screamed for me to get up. Trembling and shaking I rose to my knees. My face burned savagely where he had struck me. I was shaking and trembling. I didn't know what seemed worse at that moment, becoming the property of that terror inspiring man or being subject to Nicky's continuous cruelties. I seemed to be on a razor thin wire and about to fall either way to my doom.

A terrible fearsomeness passed across the other man's face. "Okay, asshole!" he rasped out. He pushed his pile in. "Five card draw!"

Nicky laughed. "Okay, but we'll see who is the asshole!" he responded. He turned to the dealer, one of the stewards. "Deal 'em," he spat.

The steward dealt out the cards. I flinched as each card in turn was slapped down on the green felt. Harry was drinking something clear, I believe gin and he tossed what remained in his glass back. Nicky took a long drink of his scotch and soda. When there were five cards each, Nicky and Harry picked them up. My stomach was roiling. I felt like rising to my feet and running away. There was a veranda outside, just like in the red room and I imagined myself bursting through the glass door and tossing myself over the railing. It was like having to choose whether to be burned at the stake or boiled in oil.

Nicky was first. He put two cards face down on the table and said, "Two cards." The dealer dealt them out and Nicky picked them up. I could sense that he was satisfied.

The brutish man put down three. Three cards were dealt back to him. He picked them up and something dark flitted across his face. A crowd had gathered round. The tension was, to me unbearable. My mind began to swirl. How had it come to this? How had I come to be a piece of property? How could Nicky have become so callous that he would toss me into the

pile of chips as if I was just another thing he was indifferent to? What was to become of me?

I could just see the side of Nicky's face. He smiled evilly, a smile I had become familiar with as it often presaged a torrent of abuse. He put his cards down on the felt. "Three kings," he announced snidely.

The other man just stared at him. A cold stab of fear passed through me. 'Not him! Not him! I don't want to belong to him!' I thought madly.

He didn't smile, but something like satisfaction crossed his face. He laid down his cards. "Full house," he said. "Threes over fours."

Nicky's fist slammed down on the table. He glared at the man. He pushed himself up from his chair. He turned to me, rearing his hand back. It was formed into a fist. "You fucking cunt!" he screamed.

I don't know how the other man moved so fast. I was cowering, getting ready to receive Nicky's blow when the other man grabbed Nicky by the scruff of his shirt, picked him up and threw him across the room. Nicky crashed into some tables and chairs, knocking them about.

"She's my property now!" Harry yelled at Nicky. "If you ever touch her again I'll kill you!"

Nicky got up. It was clear he was no match for the man. If he had had a gun or a knife I'm sure he would have used it.

"Life is long, my friend," he said ominously. "We'll meet some day and we will finish this."

"That's fine by me," Harry spat back. He turned to me. It suddenly hit me that he was now my owner. I was totally and completely his. I was freed from Nicky, but into what deep chasm had I fallen? I broke out into sobs. I wailed. I fell to the floor. The world, which had been put on hold while the fateful cards had been dealt, suddenly came to life again. The other men in the room began to laugh. They circled Harry, slapping him on the back. It seemed he was a hero to them. I looked up. "How could I get him to kill me?" I thought miserably. "How can I turn myself into a pile of ashes?"

My new owner turned to the steward. "Cash me out," he told him curtly. He turned back to me. "On your knees," he growled.

A chill went through me. My first command from my new master. If he had seemed ominous and terrible before, he now seemed doubled in stature. A sourness spread all through me. When I saw his face twitch, I quickly scrambled to my knees. Someone handed him a leash. I shook and trembled as he attached it to my collar. My hands were bound behind me. I flinched as he leaned down and disconnected them. He gave the leash a solid yank. "Come!" was all he said.

As I followed him I felt like I was going off to my doom. We left the lounge and proceeded down the hall. When we got to the stairs I looked at the nearby door and pleaded with it to magically open so that I could run out. I lagged there for a second and then I felt a harsh yank on my neck. I followed the man up the stairs. The urge to fight him, to pull back, to resist and resist and resist until I had no more energy in my body overwhelmed me. If I never surrendered to him, maybe he would become so enraged as to deal me a deadly blow.

But I was too frightened to do that. I meekly followed him all the way up, down the hall and to his door. I felt sickened as he opened it and led me in.

“Up!” he said curtly when we reached the foot of his bed. I rose to my knees and presented my breasts, placing my hands behind me. I awaited his blow. But it didn’t come.

He released my leash. “Get up on the bed,” he ordered.

I crawled up tremulously. I saw him go over to the corner where the whips were mounted on the wall and a terrible panic passed through me. He stepped by them and went into the bathroom. I could hear him empty himself into the bowl. He flushed and came out. He began to disrobe his powerful body. First the shirt, revealing a scarred torso. There were bandages attached to his chest and by his shoulder. He kicked off his shoes and drew off his pants. He seemed more ominous nude. I trembled and shivered. He approached the bed. “On your belly,” he commanded. The bed was already turned down. I laid myself on my stomach my head to the head of the bed. He got up and attached my wrists to the chain that led from the headboard. Then he got off. I closed my eyes and tensed, expecting him to retrieve a whip and to begin my new torturous life with him. Instead he walked over to the credenza and poured himself a glass of liquor. He downed it and came back to the bed. He loomed over me. He crossed over my legs and placed his knees on either side of them. There was a pause. He leaned over and place his hands on my back. I cringed, expecting the worse.

Instead, he began a gentle kneading of my muscles. He dug his fingers into the interstices and dug in firmly, but gently. He worked his way all over my back. In a matter of minutes all the tenseness had left me. My mind was befogged by the wonderful sensations. He went on and on and the pleasurable sensations mesmerized me. He brought himself back and ran his hands over my buttocks. He dug into them and massaged them.

A friendly warmth began to encompass me. He worked his way down my legs, massaging the backs of my legs. He got back as far as he could go



and picked up my feet, digging into them separating the bones, kneading my soles. He worked down my left leg and worked up my right. I felt like I was turning into a puddle of gel. He came back over my buttocks again and up my back. He dug deeply into my shoulder muscles, making me moan. He kneaded my arms all the way to my wrists and grabbed each hand in turn, massaging it gently and firmly.

I was half asleep when I heard him order me to turn over. He was towering above me. His hands covered my shoulders and he massaged them. He worked his way down and seized my breasts. He kneaded them gently. There was a mesmerizing sexuality to his touch, but rather than lustful and crude, it seemed beneficent and holy. He squeezed my breasts and lowered his lips to my teats. He kissed and suckled them gently, swirling his tongue around them. And then he lowered himself. He massaged my sides and my belly. He widened my legs and got between them. He caressed my lower belly, drifted his hand gently over my mons and began to massage my thighs.

I was drifting in a heavenly place. I had closed my eyes, even though it was forbidden, and the room seemed to be swirling around me. He came down to my ankles and did my feet again and then worked his way back up. He came up over me and I felt his chest press against my breasts. He told me to lift my head. He unbuckled my gag and removed it from my mouth. I looked up at him and saw a gentleness I had never imagined. I felt like bursting out into tears.

He kissed me tenderly on the lips and then on my cheeks, my chin, under my jaw, down my neck. He kissed my shoulders and then over my upper chest. When he reached my breasts he suckled on them again, this time harder and longer until I moaned. He went lower and lower and lower. I knew here his lips were going. A wave of passion passed through me.

He was between my legs. He pushed my thighs apart, kissing and tonguing them, and raised my knees. He ran his tongue down the length of my thighs and then centered on my hairless mons. When he brought his tongue down along my divide I was jolted by an overwhelming lust. I arched my back and moaned. My hands twisted and turned in their confinements, yearning to touch him, touch myself, touch something warm and comforting. He worked me and worked me and worked me. There was no immediacy to his efforts. He was like a devoted artiste laboring at his chosen task.

My first orgasm was soft and soothing and rolled through me. I moaned softly and twisted my hips. He sucked gently and soothingly at my

clit as it passed. My whole body was humming with a leisurely satisfaction. I was lolling in a warm and buoyant ocean. His efforts began to become more earnest. I shuddered and shook through my next climax. Electrified tingling passed through me from my fingers to my toes. And then his intensity became more urgent. I was flooded with virulent passion. I twisted and turned. I moaned and groaned. His tongue became a messenger of ecstasy wherever it roamed. He began to flick his tongue on my raging button. The pleasure was so intense that I began to cry and sob. A monstrous surge built up in my loins. A vast tidal wave was approaching. The villagers didn't bother to run. They knew they were doomed. They knelt and prayed and supplicated themselves to the looming ocean god.

When the wave broke, my whole body convulsed. My thighs shook. A rumble passed up from my cunt, through my belly, along my chest and up my throat. It emerged as a thunderous groan. My vaginal walls tensed and released, tensed and released, tensed and released. The tongue went on and on, maddening me.

Suddenly he was atop me. I felt his prick slide along my gap and find my hole. When he penetrated me I felt like the whole world was arising in flames. He pounded at me brutally. I reveled in every heavy collision between our hips. I screamed and yanked madly at my chains. I bucked my hips back at him as hard as I could. "More! More! Fuck me deeper! Fuck me harder! Harder! Harder!" my mind bellowed. He roared and I felt his cock throb and pulse inside me. I welcomed his jetted essence. It was fuel for my fire and my pussy erupted in explosive spasms.

He collapsed upon me all at once. My pussy kept throbbing and throbbing. I reveled in his weight, his mass. As my contractions slowed and weakened, a wondrous wave of happiness and satisfaction passed through me. When he slipped off of me, I mourned at the loss of contact. He crept up to my side and the heat between our bodies was restored. He brought up his head and he kissed me deeply, laving his tongue through my mouth. I received him as I would a blessing. He parted our lips and looked at me. "So what's your real name?" he asked me.

I smiled broadly. "Mara. My name is Mara," I said and I burst into tears.

He slipped the gag back into my mouth as if that was all the information he needed from me. He let me lie there, luxuriating in the wonderfulness of my body while he drank another glass of gin and smoked. After a while, he released me, fastened my hands behind my back, brought me between his knees and propped himself back on a pillow. He

removed my gag again and presented to me his cock. I bent over and joyously took it into my mouth.

I did my best to transmit to him all my gratitude at my redemption. I sucked and licked and kissed. I gave him long, leisurely, but determined strokes. I went fast and hurried. I reveled in his every groan and sigh. My heart leapt when he took hold of my hair and began to control my thrusts. "Use me! Use me! Use me!" my mind called out. When he gave a great roar and began to jet his cum into my mouth, my brain twirled in great joy. All the villagers, the survivors of the great tidal wave, emerged from their shelters and began to dance and sing. The clouds parted and a brilliant sun emerged. I drank and drank and drank, relishing every drop.

He lay there for the longest time. His softened cock resided in my mouth. I cradled it gently, blessedly grateful for its presence. He finally, gently pulled me off. He restored my gag and laid me down on my belly next to him. He released my wrists, turned me over and affixed them to my collar. He attached the chain from the headboard to the back. He got up, took another shot of gin, got back on the bed and pulled the covers over us. He reached over to the table lamp and turned it off. Moonlight flooded the room through the barred window. It delivered a wave of serenity. He fell asleep almost immediately. I gazed at him as long as I could, fighting off somnolence. I brushed my body close to him to feel his heat. I did not know what my future held with this man. Tomorrow he could resume his fearsome, terrible aspect. But for tonight he was my god. My whole body radiated adoration for him. I fell asleep in sublime happiness.

During the night I felt his hand run down my back. I woke immediately. I had rolled away from him. He rolled me over and got between my thighs. He fucked me long and slow. My hands were joined at my neck as if in prayer. My mind's praises of him were stifled by my gag. Gentle waves of passion flooded me. When he came he sighed and groaned softly. My pussy tremored soothingly as I received his spume. He rolled off of me and returned to sleep. I felt fulfilled by his wordless use of me. I rolled to my side and watched him sleep until dawn.

## CODA

### IN WHICH ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

I had spent many an hour mulling over the thorny knot of how I would bring down the house of Kliztman and liberate all of his slaves, but fate kept working against me. When I laid down my bet against that asshole Nicky, I didn't care whether I won or lost. I just wanted to put my thumb in his eye. When I drew my first set of five cards I had a queen, a jack, a three and two fours. I looked at the hapless girl. I felt sorry for her, but what was I going to do with her? She was pretty and a great fuck, but there were lots of pretty girls who were great fucks around. And I owned three of them already. Reason restored itself. I didn't need the money and I certainly didn't want another slave girl. And I didn't want to make a permanent enemy of Nicky. Who knew how that would end up? So I threw away the queen, the jack and one of the fours.

I got back another four and two more threes. What were the odds of that? I laughed to myself when I saw Nicky put down three kings. God was playing a joke on me. I almost threw my hand down and conceded, but I figured that if this was the hand that fate had dealt me, so be it. When I saw Nicky about to strike the girl with his fist I kind of lost it. Nicky was lucky I didn't kill him. And I guess I was lucky too since Diskare wouldn't have been happy about that. I received a little lecture about keeping my hands off the other guests anyway.

When I leashed the girl I saw how upset she was. I brought her to my room with the intention of calming her down. But when I placed my hands on her trembling form something came over me and I was possessed of the desire to overwhelm her with tenderness. I mean, her life with Nicky had been holy hell. I had witnessed it. And who knew where her life would lead from here. Didn't she deserve some moments of peace and pleasure?

After that I just got carried away. It was like swimming in a heavenly stream. Her flesh was like ambrosia to me. There was something about her immersion in her lusts, her blissful climaxes that soothed my soul. And then a tremendous impulse seized me to see her in the throes of intense ecstasy and I really went to town. After she came I was so overwhelmed with sexual ferocity that as soon as I entered her my prehistoric urges took over and I fucked her like a demon.

When we were done, I kissed her and had a smoke wondering how all this was going to end up. I was still a little edgy and so I had her suck me

off. It was the correct decision because she addressed my Johnson with seemingly grateful devotion. I didn't want to lock her up in the cage, so I chained her and let her sleep on the bed. I hardly remember rolling over and fucking her later. When I woke in the morning I was not sure whether it was a dream or not.

I was not about to have her crawling around after me all day so I turned her over to one of the black mamas, as they were called, and told her to restore her to her normal duties. I would decide what to do with her later.

I was a minor celebrity when I had arrived back at Paliba. Diskare welcomed me with open arms. It seemed I had erased my former sin. He told me that Klitzman was grateful and that he wanted to reward me personally. So I would be heading back to Klitzman's Isle as soon as I had fully recovered. I was in no hurry, even though I wanted to reclaim Carol and the others. There was something about being back there that worried me. Generally speaking, it was best to be as far away from Klitzman as possible.

So I fucked, played cards, worked out when I could. Unfortunately Ada was already gone when I got there. Diskare wouldn't tell me where she went. He said it was none of my business. Veda came back after about two weeks. We snuck up to my room when no one was looking and spent the afternoon fucking and sucking. Predo came this time. There was a little gay scene down in the main city and he spent a lot of his time there. It was good to see him. There was this thin and bony, boy like girl down in the training rooms. Her breasts were so small they were barely there. I told Predo about her and he went down for a visit. After that, whenever I saw him he was towing the unhappy, sad faced girl around. He had had her hair trimmed down to barely longer than a crew cut and had a lacy, blue design tattooed on her mons. He may have been gay, but he loved playing with pussies.

I fucked Mara a few times after she came into my possession. She always seemed so happy that any thoughts I had of leaving her behind kind of faded away. I had her display her Sapphic skills for me with one of the new slave girls up in my room. She put on a delightful show. Afterwards I plowed her rear while she mouthed the new girl to completion. Mara moaned and groaned happily the whole time and made the new girl scream.

I had spent about a month recuperating and then Diskare told me that it was time to go. I spent the whole last night fucking Selena. I had asked Diskare if I could take her with me, but he said no. In the morning I

collected a last blowjob from her. I felt sad as I locked her in the cage before I left. But I hadn't made her a slave, and even if I brought her with me she would remain a slave anyway. So I left her to her fate. I think she knew that I was leaving. Her eyes teared up when I coaxed her into the cage. I wanted to console her and tell her that I would see her when I came back, but I didn't know that I would be coming back so I said nothing. And then again, maybe I meant nothing to her and she was just sad to be placed back into the cage. I don't know. Does it matter?

I let Mara say goodbye to her mama before we left. Mara sobbed and sobbed and held on to Mama Ojugo tightly. Finally Mama Ojugo released her and admonished her about the biggie wannas, whatever they were, and reminded her about giving me the 'beys' and that as a stupid, dirty, nasty little girlie only her master knew what was good for her. She handed me this long whippy stick and made me promise to beat her every day.

They boxed her up for the trip to Klitzman's Isle and she rode in the cargo compartment while I sat up front and fucked the stewardess. When we arrived, she was sent to the training cells right away, as per protocol, no slave girl served on Klitzman's Isle without training there. Carol and Pritha were overjoyed to see me again. And I was overjoyed to see them. Annie not so much, but I fucked her and made her come repeatedly anyway. I decided that in the long run it was probably better if I sold her and I started to look around for a good master.

Carol cried and cried that first night and I cried with her. It may not seem logical to you, but she begged me to whip her. I guess it was her way of wanting me to reassert my ownership of her. I granted her wish, belaboring her with the flogger and the lash just enough to mark her all up and to get her screaming and begging for mercy behind her gag. Afterwards I let her suck me off, which she did with gratitude and unfeigned fervor.

To be fair, I gave Pritha and Annie proper whippings too.

It was great to be back at my club. Pete, my bartender, had managed it while I was gone. He had replaced all the bar girls and waitresses during my absence which I would have preferred he not do, I had a thing for a couple of them, but it was wholly within his discretion.

I mused about my experiences. I thought about the girls I had to pick out, the red headed lawyer and the black haired girl, among others. I thought of poor Franny, wherever she was. She had been so cute and such an energetic, enthusiastic fuck after I gave her that whipping that I kind of missed her. She wasn't fine enough to be a bar girl at my club, but she could have served as one of the waitresses.

I didn't talk much to my girls about what they had suffered while I was gone. They seemed to put it all behind them after the first couple of days. I had Carol restored to her light duties down in the slaves' dorm and had Pritha and Annie work as waitresses.

I thought about Loreen a lot. I think that that was the saddest reminiscence I had about my trip. I wondered under whose lash she toiled and how long her delicious loveliness would last. And I thought about poor Ada as well and the fate I had condemned that beautiful person to.

Mara was released from training after about ten days. She was delivered to my cottage one afternoon while I was out. I came back for a little snooze and there she was. She was tearfully joyful to see me. We fucked for about 2 hours. Her training hadn't done her too much harm. Carol and Pritha were delighted to meet her and they coupled playfully for me with her for a while before I took her to bed for the night. I always had one of the girls sleep with me at night, both for their sake, they sometimes argued over the privilege, and for mine as my needs arose during the night. I put Mara into the rotation.

It was ironic that the next day I found a purchaser for Annie. He ran a nice place on a little island just off the coast of Morocco. I was surprised how unhappy Annie was when I informed her. She sobbed and cried and begged to be allowed to stay. But I knew it was for the best and, anyway, it was too late. I had already sold her.

I was surprised that I had not heard from Kliztman. Diskare had told me that he was pleased at my rescue of his property. He got to keep the whole 3 mill since the mousy guy was dead. It was a couple of days after Mara was restored to me that word was sent that I was to go down and see him. I strolled down in the afternoon wearing my brown supervisor's robe. I was admitted through the gate and through the large, carved oak doors to his abode. When I went into his reception room he was, as usual, ensconced on his big, green semi-circular couch with two gagged and hooded slave girls on their backs on either side of him. Their legs were spread so that he could play with their hairless pussies as the impulse struck him. Five slave girls knelt in a wide semi-circle around him. They were bound and gagged and wore flimsy, diaphanous little nighties through which you could discern their charms. You could also see here and there the marks of Klitzman's cruelty. One of them was the blond girl Tammy we had kidnapped in Chicago. My heart went out to her. She cast me an evil look.

There was a small cage on wheels to the side with a hooded and striped bound girl inside of it. She was sobbing. The brand on her right buttock

was fresh. As I came in, Klitzman was ordering her away and one of his tall, black guards rolled her off to await further torments.

Klitzman was all smiles. "Harry, Harry, Harry!" he welcomed me joyously. "I've heard such wonderful things about you!"

"Thank you Mr. Klitzman," I replied. I looked off to the side. The beautiful jade goddess I had retrieved for him from the Hindu Kush was still there. I had resolved to liberate it someday. I looked back at him.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Harry?" he asked.

"No thank you, Mr. Klitzman," I answered. It was good not to be too much in the cruel fat man's debt.

"I would like to hang around a while, if you don't mind," I told him.

"Of course, Harry, of course! You deserve a nice long vacation. And to make it more pleasurable I've decided to let you have one of the mansions instead of your little cottage. You're an important part of our team now and you deserve it." This last sentence he delivered in a nasal twang. He was in the habit of disguising his voice when he was amused. It made him seem even more psychotic than he was.

"Thank you, Mr. Klitzman," I told him. "But I prefer my little cottage. It's nice and cozy."

"Oh, but you're going to need the room, Harry," he interjected. "I have another surprise for you." He waved at one of the guards. I was a little nervous. Klitzman's surprises were not always pleasant.

We waited for a few second for the surprise to arrive. The guard came back and he was towing a little stand which had a hooded slave girl on her knees. She was connected to a frame that kept her erect and her breasts thrust out. The guard wheeled her closer. She looked familiar.

"Off with the hood!" Klitzman commanded gleefully. The guard released the hood from around the girl's neck and pulled it off. I was shocked. It was Loreen! She wore one of the shield gags that covered her lower face, but I would have recognized her anywhere. A part of me was overjoyed to see her, but mostly I berated myself for allowing her to fall into Klitzman's clutches. I had mentioned my infatuation with her to Veda and she had apparently passed it on.

Loreen's eyes flitted around the room nervously. When they settled on Klitzman her face darkened and she began to twitch and moan.

"Now, now Loreen. We've talked about that, haven't we?" Klitzman told her ominously. "Behave now, or I'll have to have you punished before turning you over to Harry here."

She seemed to quail in fear. Then she looked over at me. Her eyes widened and she looked as shocked as I had felt. Whether she considered it



good or bad to see me, I couldn't tell. For all she knew she was going out of Klitzman's frying pan and into my fire. We had only spent an hour or so together and don't forget, I had threatened to put a bullet in her brain. That isn't something a nice guy would do.

I didn't know what to say. I didn't seem to be able to take a single step without causing someone more misery. I had to guess that she had spent the better part of the time I had been back at the island in Klitzman's clutches, something that I had tried to avoid. It was an undeserving punishment for giving herself to me so wondrously that day. The only consolation was that she would now be released from this circle of hell. For now, that is. Because whatever was Klitzman's remained Klitzman's. Forever.

"Don't you like my little surprise, Harry," Klitzman asked me. "You seem disappointed. What did you expect, the Rockettes chorus line?"

"No, no, Mr. Klitzman" I replied hurriedly. I didn't want him to change his mind.

"You have excellent taste in cunt, Harry," he said. "She's been delightful to have as my guest. She has very sensitive skin and screams and yells wonderfully when she is whipped. And her cunt is heavenly, as I'm sure you know. I was reluctant to give her up once I had her. The last three weeks have been a joy. But you deserve a reward for all you've done and it's the least I can do."

Three weeks in Klitzman's hell. And, no doubt two weeks in training down in Rukimo's domain. I wondered how much of her extraordinary character was left after all that.

"I'm very grateful," I told Klitzman as obsequiously as I could. "Every time I use her I will think about your generosity."

"I'm happy to please you, Harry," he retorted. "Now haul her away before I change my mind."

I nodded and went up to the guard. He handed me the lead from the stand. I gave Klitzman what I hoped was a respectful enough nod and rolled poor Loreen out of the room. My soul was dark as I towed her along the macadam pathway to my cottage. Beautiful collared, bound and gagged, naked women darted anxiously to and fro on their bright red high heels, breasts flopping, heels clicking. Blue robed guests passed us by, ogling Loreen. I looked back and she was red with shame. What would I be able to say to her that would assuage what I had done to her? Sure, she would have served out her days at a whorehouse somewhere. And who knew where she would eventually end up. But it would have to be a very

nasty whorehouse to be worse than being in Klitzman's clutches or to be a slave at his island resort where anything could happen at any time.

It took about five minutes to get to my cottage. I rolled the contraption into my living room. I left her on the stand while I got myself a drink so I could ponder what step to take next. I sat in one of the easy chairs and looked at her while I thought. She looked at me nervously. Her body was still curvaceous and lustrous. She looked even better than I remembered her, adorned with her slave collar and bound into submission. Her pussy had been denuded. My cock began to harden. Her eyes were brimming with tears. I decided that I had to say something before I released her.

"You know who I am, but you don't know much about me," I told her sternly. "I am a master here like any of the others. You have been gifted to me and you are now my property. I like to think that I treat my property well and within reason, but it is always necessary to maintain discipline and I will punish you if you are disobedient or break any rules. Do you understand that?"

She nodded her head vigorously.

"I'm sorry that they brought you here. It was not at my request and not at my doing. Somebody thought it would please me to have you as my slave. As far as that goes, that is probably true. I desired you, but I would not have been so callous as to bring you here. And I would certainly not have been so callous to place you at the mercy of Mr. Klitzman. I'm sorry for that. But I did not make you a slave and you became Mr. Klitzman's property the moment you were adorned with his brand. I had nothing to do with that. And a slave girl's life is subject to vagaries. It's the luck of the draw. Unfortunately, your luck turned bad when you met me. Again, I'm sorry for that. But that is water over the dam. What's done is done. Do you understand?"

She nodded sadly again.

"I'm going to release you now. You will remember all your training. You are a slave and I expect you to act like one. Agreed?"

She nodded her head yes again.

I finished my drink and got up from my chair. I noticed for the first time the somewhat faded evidence of Klitzman's torment of her. I tried to ignore them, although they saddened me. I hadn't put them there.

She released a slight whine as I released her. She crept down from the platform tentatively. Once she was down, she immediately snapped into slave position. Her fine, round breasts were pushed out invitingly by her bound hands behind her 'Good so far,' I thought.

I took out her gag. She bent her head and frowned, but then her face turned up to me.

"I'm going to give you a choice," I told her, stepping back a bit. "It may be the last choice you ever have. You can remain as my property. Or I can turn you over to the resort. You'll serve as one of the resort's slaves and I can't tell you what you'd be doing, but it wouldn't be under my supervision. I can understand how you might be resentful enough at me to prefer that. So you have to let me know now. Do you want to stay or should I send you away?"

She looked at me. She started to cry. My heart was breaking. I knew what choice I wanted her to make, but had to recompense her in some small way for the injustice I had done her. Besides, there had been the Annie experience, and that hadn't worked out well at all. I waited patiently for her response. Her head was bent down. Finally, she raised it.

"May a slave speak, master?" she asked tremulously.

"Yes," I said. "I asked you a question and I expect an answer."

"You saved my life, master, and I'm grateful for that," she said in her deep, dark, honeyed voice. "And I was grateful for the short time we had together. You may not believe me, but it was rare that I got to serve someone like you." She paused as if overwhelmed. It was a tough moment that few people have to face.

"I am sure you would not be surprised if I told you that I would prefer to be free," she continued, her voice just a little more distressed. "That goes without saying. But I will never be free. I see that now. There are far worse slaveries than serving you. You say that you did not intend to bring me here and I believe you. I believe that you are honest and, as far as it goes, fair. And you have liberated me from an intense hell, which convinces me that life under you is preferable to any other likely alternative."

She paused. I could see that she was holding back sobs.

"I can't say that I will love you," she continued, tears flowing down from her eyes, "but I will obey you to the best of my ability and please you as best I can." She paused again. Something intense was welling up in her. She took a deep breath and forced it to the surface. She spoke slowly and clearly. "So," she continued, "if I may, let me ask, may this unworthy slave serve you, master?"

She bowed to me. Her breasts swung free and bobbed beneath her. Her grace and beauty had been preserved. I felt like the luckiest man in the world. She was not the same girl I had spent a heavenly hour with in Texas, but she was the next best thing.

“Yes, you may serve me.” I told her, “And afterwards, I’m going to whip you,” She didn’t look up, but I saw her body shudder.

I sat down in the easy chair. “Come here,” I commanded. She shuffled over to me on her knees. Her hands were still bound behind her.

“You will meet your sisters in a little while,” I told her. “But now your duty is to pleasure me.” I parted my robe and took out my already hardening cock. A look of determination crossed her face as if she were pushing herself across a line she would never re-cross. She inched herself closer. She bent her head into my lap. She took my cock between her lips and slowly, slowly lowered herself, just as I remembered. I leaned my head back and sighed.

To be continued.