

# THE SEVEN STARS

## BOOK TWO

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## CHAPTER ONE

Sally couldn't stop crying. As before, she realized that there was little she could do to assuage the man's cruelty. She had performed for him the best that she could. She had obeyed him to the letter. She had long ago given up any thoughts of resistance. What more did he want? She had the feeling that he whipped her not because he enjoyed it, although it was clear from the emphasis he put into it and the raging hard on he always had that he at least got some. No, each beating was a demonstration of some sort, a step in her training. What was the lesson this time?

As she attempted to decode the man's actions, slowly her tears ran their course. Being dangled upside down was a degree of helplessness much greater than when he bound her up on the floor. Contact with the ground at least in a way tethered her to reality. There was something firm underneath her. If all else seemed some horrible nightmare, at least the feel of the soft mat on her skin was proof that she wasn't in some awful dream, that she hadn't, in fact, been jetted out into another dimension. Being upside down and suspended in the air took all that away. It was as unnatural as flying. Despite the firm hold that the chain had on her ankles, she had a terrible fear of plunging to the ground as if the spell that was holding her up had failed. Like that cartoon with the coyote where when he ran off a cliff he would be suspended in midair until he realized that there was no ground under his feet.

Slowly, as she was able to finally pierce through the dire unhappiness that pervaded her, she realized what the lesson had been. She had grown too enamored of the man. She had begun to obey him, to service him with alacrity more and more less because of fear, but because of the bond that she had developed for him, if not he for her. The little show he had forced her into upstairs had broken that bond. Or if not broken it absolutely, at least diminished it. He was showing her that while she might be drenched in the desire to please him, her primary motivation, one that she should never, never forget, should always lay at the base of everything, was to be fear. Like the villagers of some remote and primitive Pacific island, she could, and should, devote herself to worship of the volcano god. But she would do so less because of love or affection or admiration, but from fear that her lack of devotion, or any faltering in her worship, would cause the magma and cinder and ash to come flowing down to destroy her.

One of her lessons in Sunday school, her parents always made her go, even all through high school, had been that the beginning of wisdom was fear of the Lord. She could bask in the strength and power of her god, but it was

wiser to fear him first. For who knew what natural disaster he would belabor her with, a flood, a storm, an earthquake, some random, terrible event, like being kidnapped and made into a sex slave.

Was that what had happened? Had she somehow lost her fear of God and he had punished her for it? No lightning bolt had come down from the skies when she had grabbed Teddy's cock. The heavens had not roared and rumbled when she let him touch her pussy. And everything she had been taught about sin had just slipped away when Teddy had pierced her and she had felt herself filled in that special, special way.

Was God acting through the man to teach her the error of her ways? She had had a thought early on that maybe she had died and was in Hell. Maybe she had been right all along. Maybe she was in a kind of Hell on Earth where she would suffer interminable suffering forever and forever and forever. That just when she had become inured and steeled to her suffering, a new, more humiliating, more shameful suffering would be imposed. Would she ever suffer enough to be forgiven? Wasn't her sin worse than for other girls because of all the opportunities she had been given to live in grace?

She tried to remain perfectly still, but every once in a while she would be overwhelmed with sorrow and self-pity and she would shake and squirm and roar out into the blackness. When she stopped, she would find herself gently swaying back and forth in a sickening arc. When she finally came to rest, she would resolve not to give into despair again.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gyong watched the slave girls ascending the stairs, all coffled together, their hands locked behind their backs. Tulip followed up the rear. Her delicate derriere was full of stripes. One of the enforcers for the Seven Stars had chosen her tonight and he had really gone to town, as was his want. The Korean women would make sure that her bottom was properly covered in healing cream before she went to sleep, an event though that probably wouldn't be for a while yet as the Korean mistresses were quite hot on her and she would first have to service one or the other of them before she went to bed.

It had been a long night for the girls. A Seven Stars crew leader from out of town had thrown a little party for his favored lieutenants and had rented all the girls out for the occasion. Gyong didn't like to do that on a Saturday, because of all the regular trade that they lost. But when the Seven Stars bosses had had their surfeit of drinking and fucking at about 10 o'clock, all the seven slave girls had been cleaned up and been made to work off the backlog. In the meantime, the maids had all been put to work and he had been glad again that

they currently had five of them. It was now a quarter to 2 and the last guests had just left about 10 minutes ago.

The show with the new Lotus had gone well. He always tried to showcase the new girls before they were thrown into the regular rotation. Word would spread about how beautiful and lustful she was and men would be lined up to use her. Unless you were obsessive like Myong, new pussy almost always beat old pussy.

The girl was right about the reason for her beating. Their 'happy time' had come to an end and now that she had learned her lessons as a whore, fear had to be her guiding star. It was better to beat her now than have to drag her downstairs all over again sometime later when her dutifulness fell off.

He stretched and yawned. It had been a long day for him as well. His night wasn't over yet though. He couldn't let Lotus hang there upside down all night. Eventually her diaphragm would lose the ability to draw air into her lungs and she would suffocate. The Seven Stars party had started a little before seven and the girl had been brought back downstairs at eight. That meant she had been hanging upside down for about six hours. It was time to go get her down. Meanwhile, he ordered Wook to have Maid No. 5 placed in the cage at the foot of his bed. Her relationship with the guard intrigued him and he had decided that he would give her another spin. He did notice that she carried deep black and blue marks across the front and back of her thighs. Obediently placed there by Wook, he presumed.

He flicked on the lights in the training room as he entered. He put down the tray with her meal in it on the far side of the room. As he approached the girl, he could hear her gently sobbing. It was a long time to be hanging by your feet and he could understand why she was upset. The sobbing bit would have to stop though once she got upstairs. Madam Jang wouldn't tolerate it.

After undressing, he came over and ran his hands all over her. She shivered and shuddered as he touched her. She was probably worried that he might whip her again. But that was not why he had come down. Hopefully, they were past the need for that by now and any whippings she received from here on in would be for minor infractions by Madam Jang or the Korean mistresses, or at the pleasure of a guest.

Whipping by the guests was hard to regulate. It was done almost always in the grip of passion and sometimes things got out of hand. They only let them use the floggers and the switch so that the girl didn't come back from her session hobbling from deeply bruised muscles or with broken bones. Slapping was allowed, but only as a corrective. Spanking they could do virtually to their hearts' content. No punching or kicking and no wreaking general mayhem. Violators of protocol would have their rights to use of the house suspended.

The rules were generally complied with, but it was the upper level of Seven Stars management that he had to be concerned about. Like Myong. They were not people who you could tell what not to do.

The boss, though, knew that the place was a goldmine and served other good purposes, and he usually kept all the gang members in check. If a gang member got out of hand, Gyong would report him to the boss and he would be banned for 30 to 90 days, even longer if it was a second offense. Only once, several years ago, had anything really terrible happened. A Seven Stars member had gotten really high on speedballs and gin. A friend of his had been killed in a gun battle with police that day. He went stark raving mad in the room with the girl, a Daisy if he recalled correctly. One of the Korean mistresses had come running for him. She had heard the girl's blood curdling screams and the shouts and screams of the guest. There had been the sounds of furniture breaking and things crashing around the room.

By the time he burst through the door, two of the guards right behind him, the girl was dead. The gangster had turned maudlin and was sobbing as he held her battered, bloody and breathless body in his arms. The room was a wreck, with furniture smashed and upside down, lamps mangled and broken, the large mirror they hung over the credenza smashed.

One of the gangster's friends had been downstairs playing cards and he had been called for. He came rushing up and escorted the man from the room. They waited until all the girls had gone to bed to remove the body. Soon and Yee were able to dispose of it right away. The man was banned for life and he was forced to pay Gyong \$50,000 as compensation for destroying his property and another \$10,000 for the damage to the room. Luckily, he and Madam Jang had had an eye on a girl and they ordered Soon and Yee to go pick her up as soon as possible.

Things like that were bad for the girls' morale. And it couldn't really be ignored since the girls knew right away that something terrible had happened to their sister. One of the Korean mistresses had been leading a girl from a guest room to go get cleaned up for her next customer when the commotion broke out. Not to mention that girls were at work in the bedrooms to either side. Although the girls were not allowed to talk to each other, they somehow found ways to communicate, whether by *sotto voce* whispers in the shower or by other means.

The next morning Madam Jang explained to the girls what had happened and that the man would not be coming back. She even led a little prayer service for the girl which the whole house attended. She had the girl's picture displayed at the front of the room surrounded by flowers and burning incense. They delayed opening to four o'clock. The girls had cried and cried. But

Madam Jang's disciplinary control of them was very strong and they were all made up and ready in time and all went to work with the proper verve.

Madam Jang's philosophy was that while they ranked way lower, the girls needed to understand that they were just as important to the house as anyone else. They just fulfilled different roles. Their roles were to be obedient and energetic sex slaves. Her role was to be their surrogate mother and guardian. Gyong's role was to be their father and teacher. Everybody had a role and the house only worked well if everybody did their job efficiently and with enthusiasm.

Gyong gently lowered the girl to the floor. He massaged her muscles in her back and thighs and then ordered her to service him on her knees. He led her through her exercises as if it were any other session other than her last, washed her, applied soothing skin cream to her body, shaved her and fed her. He could see that the tension she had shown when she first got on her knees and opened her mouth to receive him had melted away. She had fallen into the comfort of her routine. After he fed her, he regagged her and ordered her to place her forehead on the mat. He fucked her from behind long and slow, taking her through several orgasms. She groaned and moaned and shuddered all through them. When he was done, he had her kneel in front of him. He circled his arms around her, drawing her into him and let her cry on his shoulder for a long time. When her tears finally relented, he ordered her to her belly. He hogtied her and applied one of the thick, six hour suppositories. He crouched down next to her, stroking her leather harnessed head, humming to her softly until she fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, about 10:30, Gyong was kneeling at a 2' high desk in a little room off the reception area. He was drinking a cup of coffee. On the desk was a small vase of brightly colored flowers, a small porcelain figurine of an ancient Korean warrior, an elegant coffee carafe and another matching cup and a creamer, a note pad, some pens in a holder, a small lamp and a telephone. Unlike most of the other phones in the building, this phone had an outside line. The desk, fashioned out of dark stained, parquet oak, had a small drawer to the left where he kept his cell phone. Cell phones were expressly forbidden in the house. All guests surrendered theirs at the door. Except he and Madam Jang. She kept hers in the office. There was no sense risking the chance that one might slip out of someone's pocket and fall into the hands of one of the girls or one of the maids.

Kneeling to his left on the thick, light blue rug was Lotus No. 11. She was in attention position and was wearing one of the spongy gags used in the house. Her arms were locked behind her, her ankles connected by an 18" long chain, and a chain, long enough to give her the ability to stand or move slightly about, connected the back of her collar to the wall.

The walls of the room were white and decorated by various prints with Asian themes. A large barred window surrounded by cobalt blue drapes was off to his right and another behind him. There was an overhead light in the center of the room. Opposite the desk were several large pillows decorated with blue and green cloth.

Lotus No. 11 was trembling and doing her best, not very successfully, to remain silent. Little mewling sounds were emanating from behind her gag and her eyes were watery. She undoubtedly knew that this was her last day at the house and was frightened about what her future might bring. Most people preferred the devil they knew to the devil they didn't, and the girls were no exception.

It was another example at how things got around between the slave girls. All of them knew when they saw him dressed in his gray sweat pants and t-shirt that there was a girl downstairs in training. He tried to avoid being seen by them that way, but it was impossible with all their comings and goings. All it took was for one of them to see him that way for skittishness to course through the whole crew. And there was only one reason for Lotus No. 11 to be removed from the usual Sunday activities and brought to this room, which the slave girls and maids never otherwise saw.

He was reading a Korean newspaper on his iPad. It seemed there were large demonstrations against the imperialist American presence in the country. It consisted mostly of college students and a hard core of radicals. They would fizzle out in a few days. The vast majority of South Koreans knew that it was only the presence of the American forces in the country which protected them from war with the North or from being swallowed up by the Chinese.

The phone buzzed. He picked up the receiver. The voice told him that Mr. Barnes had arrived. He instructed the voice to show him in.

A few moments later there was a knock on the door. No one but he and Madam Jang knew the code to the small conference room. He pressed a button on the desk and the lock opened. A second later Wook poked his head in and waved Mr. Barnes past him.

Mr. Barnes was a tall, muscular American. He was about 35 and wore his long dirty blond hair in a ponytail. There was a gold ring in his right ear. He had steely gray eyes, a well-trimmed blond beard and a handlebar mustache. He was wearing a yellow, long sleeved chamois shirt, crisp blue jeans and

black boots. He had large, strong hands with what looked like a prison tattoo, a scrolled 'R', between his thumb and forefinger on his right hand. He was carrying a small dark blue duffle bag that carried the logo of the Tennessee Titans.

Gyong rose and shook the man's hand. They gave each other slight nods of the head. Barnes knelt down at the front of the desk. Gyong resumed his former position.

"How was the trip?" Gyong asked him in English.

"Long but stress free. There was very little traffic."

"I'm glad," Gyong replied.

Barnes looked off to his right. "Is this the girl?" he asked.

"Yes," Gyong replied. "She's being replaced and needs to go. She's been a very good worker and I give her my highest recommendation."

"All your girls are excellent, Gyong-ssi. I have no problem moving them."

"Coffee?" Gyong asked.

"Don't mind if I do," Barnes replied.

Gyong poured out coffee from the carafe on his desk. He picked up the small creamer. "Milk, no sugar, if I remember correctly," he said.

Barnes nodded. Gyong poured a small dollop of milk in the cup and then handed it off to the other man. Barnes took a sip of it and released a sigh.

The girl's eyes were darting between the two men and she was shivering with fear.

"I have a favor to ask you," Barnes stated.

"If I can help...." Gyong replied.

"I want to hire away one of your guards, preferably one with considerable experience. I've been having trouble retaining reliable people and I need someone who really knows how to take care of the girls, keep them compliant and obedient, and also knows the importance of discretion."

"I don't know," Gyong replied. "Good guards are hard to get for me too."

"I'll pay you a nice bonus," Barnes stated. "And I'll pay the guard a very nice salary. And as you know there are very good benefits."

Gyong gave it some thought. He took a deep sip of his coffee. Barnes did the same. Barnes was his broker and it was good policy to keep him happy. And it was in his interests that Barnes' operation ran smoothly so he could get a good price on the girls he sent him.

"I'll check with Madam Jang," he replied. "There's usually someone from her relatives' operations back in Korea who is looking to come here and work. It might take a few weeks to work things out though."

"That's fine with me," Barnes replied. "It's not an emergency. It's more of a long term solution to a short term problem."



“Fine, I’ll let you know in a couple of days.”

“And how is business?” Barnes asked.

“Very good,” Gyong replied. “No complaints. We have slow days like everybody else, but the busy days more than make up for it.”

“And Madam Jang is well?”

“Very well, thank you. And your wife?”

“Excellent,” Barnes stated. “She’s expecting again.”

“Congratulations!” Gyong exclaimed. “Your third?”

“Yes.”

“Boy or girl?”

“We don’t know yet. I think we’ll wait for when the baby’s born so it’ll be a surprise. We already have one boy and one girl so it doesn’t make a difference. It’s one of the reasons I’m looking for someone reliable to help run my operation. I want to be able to spend more time at home.”

“Good luck with that,” Gyong said.

Barnes took another deep draught of coffee. “Can I look at the girl?” he asked.

“My pleasure,” Gyong responded.

Barnes set his coffee down on the desk and rose to his feet. He unhooked the girl’s collar from the chain leading to the wall. He took hold of her collar and had her knee walk more towards the center of the room.

The girl was frantic. She had started crying. The men’s conversation had conveyed so much normalcy in such a bizarre situation. They clearly didn’t care how much she heard, which was ominous in itself. There was no question if she would be leaving with the blond haired man. Her future consisted of a dreadful darkness. Barnes knelt up close to her and took her in with his eyes. “Very nice tattoo,” he commented, running his hand over her belly. “The picture you sent me really didn’t do it justice.”

“Thank you,” Gyong replied. “I get a lot of compliments on it.”

“As a matter of fact,” Barnes said, “I’ve been meaning to ask you. A couple of my regular buyers wanted to know whether the artist who drew the flowers on the girls they bought might be willing to do some of their other girls.”

“I don’t know,” Gyong replied. “It would be a whole lot of trouble what with transporting them here and back again.”

“It’s mostly new girls who I sell through my site. I could have them brought here for a week or so and then come back and get them. I know they’d be willing to pay a premium.”

“I don’t know. I’m pretty busy as it is. On the other hand, limiting myself to flowers and stars has been confining. I’d like to be able to go all out like in the old days.”

“I remembered that you sent me some pictures. I showed them to my clients and they were really excited.”

“We’ll see,” Gyong replied.

Barnes turned back to the girl. He took hold of her breasts. He squeezed them gently, satisfying himself as to their ripeness. He pulled out her gag and looked closely at her face, turning it from side to side by her chin. He then pulled her over his knee and ran his hand down her back and over her lithe thighs, feeling for softness and looking for scars or birthmarks. Lotus No. 11 had a small birthmark on her left hip. Barnes looked at it closely and moved on. He ran his hands down her legs again. “Very nice, well-shaped and firm,” he commented. Gyong did not reply.

He released one end of the chain that bound her ankles and ordered her to spread her legs. His hand reached in between her widespread thighs and began to stroke her sex. The girl trembled and released a little whine. Barnes’ hand left her puss and he took hold of a thick clump of her long, thin brown hair, pulling her head up roughly.

“That’s enough of that shit!” he told her harshly. “I can make your life very miserable, or not. It all depends on you! Understand!”

The girl frantically nodded her head. Barnes pushed it back down. His hand went back to her center. He stroked and stroked and soon had the girl squirming and sighing. He diddled her clit *rapidamente* while his other hand held her head down. When the girl released a deep moan, He was satisfied.

“Nice and hot,” he said to Gyong. “How’s her mouth?”

“Very capable,” Gyong answered.

“Mind if I try her out?” Barnes asked.

“Go right ahead,” Gyong answered.

Barnes pulled the girl off of his lap and had her kneel in front of him. He lowered his fly and fished around for his tool. When he pulled it out it was already thick and rubbery. He knelt up and presented it to Lotus No. 11.

“I want your best blowjob,” he told the girl sternly. Lotus nodded ruefully.

The girl bent over and went to work. The man rested his hands on her head lightly. She was crying and making little slurping sounds, but she was not whining. She was sucking him energetically, slurping around the head of his cock on upwards strokes and pushing his pole to the back of her mouth with each downward one. It took her about three or four minutes to get the man to crisis. Barnes took hold of the back of her head and began to move her up and

down at a frantic pace. Usually he liked his blowjobs long and slow, but this was just a test run and he wanted to get back on the road as soon as possible.

He began groaning and bent his torso over slightly. Then he shouted, “Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!” He was pounding his hips at her face. Lotus was keeping her lips locked steadfastly on his pole. His climax quickly passed and he slowed the motions of Lotus’ head and of his hips. Lotus continued to suckle and slurp until he finally decided to remove his softening wand from her mouth.

He kneeled back down and turned to Gyong. “Very nice tongue action,” he stated. “Very enthusiastic.”

“Thank you,” Gyong replied.

The girl was kneeling back, her lips trembling, tears flowing down her face. Barnes put his cock away.

“Turn around,” he snapped at the girl.

She maneuvered herself so that her back was to him. He released her wrists from each other.

“Now lie down on your back, spread your knees and raise your bottom,” he told her.

The girl complied. Barnes scooted himself between her legs. He slipped his hands under her thighs and began to lift her legs. As her legs rose, he slid his hands down until they were at her ankles. He pressed her spread and folded legs to her chest. He took hold of the rings in her ankle bracelets with one hand. He looked down at her upraised cunt. His free hand stroked and squeezed it. Her pussy was still lubricated from its earlier manipulations and he was able to easily slide two fingers into her channel. “Give me a squeeze,” he ordered the girl curtly.

Lotus tensed and you could see she was engaging in an intense effort. “Very nice,” Barnes observed. “Nice and tight. I’d give her an A plus on that.”

He brought his face down and spread her pussy lips with his left hand. “Very nice and plump. The stars show off nicely.”

“Thank you,” Gyong replied.

Barnes leaned back and released the girl’s ankles. “Get back up on your knees,” he told her. She scrambled into attention position.

He slid back over to the small desk. “Overall first class, as usual,” he told Gyong as he took another long sip of his coffee. “I’d guess \$35 or \$40,000. Maybe more.”

“That sounds good,” Gyong replied.

“I’ll have her up on the net tomorrow morning and leave her there for a week. You’ll be able to follow the bids on my site.”

“Excellent,” Gyong stated.

Barnes ordered the girl to turn around again. He drew her hands behind her back and locked them together. He rehooked the free end of her ankle chain. He reached over to his duffle bag and zipped it open. He removed a large, slick, black, vinyl hood. He went up close behind the girl and spat out, "Open up!" There was a bulbous prong on the inside of the hood and he slipped it into her mouth. He pulled the hood on, making sure that the nose piece fell in the right place. The hood was an open shell and he pulled the two halves together behind her head. There were five small straps descending on the edge of the right half and matching buckles on the left. He buckled them together tightly. The girl released a muffled moan of unhappiness.

When all the straps were firmly in place, the man ordered her to turn around again. She maneuvered herself until she faced him. Her whole head was encapsulated. All that could be seen of her face was a glimpse of her eyes through the tiny holes. Barnes pumped at something in the center of her mouth and the girl's eyes lit up as the bulbous prong in her mouth expanded. When the man was satisfied that her cavity was totally filled, he stopped. There were two flaps over the eyes held up by Velcro. He pulled them free and they descended over the eye outlets. Two narrow Velcro strips held them firmly in place.

The girl started howling. She bent over and shook her head fiercely. She moaned and shrieked. Barnes took hold of a tab on the top of the hood and pulled her head up. He placed fingers from his other hand over the air holes by her nostrils. The girl immediately stiffened and started to whine. She tried to twist her head back and forth to shake off the fingers, but Barnes held her fast. After about a minute, by which time the girl was heaving and sobbing, he leaned over to the little hole by her right ear.

"Are you going to be a good girl?" he asked her roughly.

The girl issued repeated excited yelps from inside her hood and tried to nod her head. Barnes removed his fingers from the nasal breathing holes. The girl took in a deep, desperate breath. It took her about 30 seconds to calm down. Barnes leaned over to her ear again.

"Any more shit from you and when we get to my place I'll beat you senseless," he told her sternly. "We'll have to delay your sale for a week or so until the marks heal. And if you misbehave after that, we'll just beat you again. And we have some other nice little ways of inflicting pain. So I don't want to hear another peep out of you. Understand?"

The girl nodded her head vociferously.

"Kneel up," he spat out at her. She rose to attention position.

Barnes turned back to Gyong. "More coffee?" Gyong proffered. "You can have an early lunch if you'd like as our guest."

“No thanks, but if it’s not too much trouble, I’d like to get my coffee thermos filled and maybe a couple of sandwiches.”

“No problem,” Gyong replied.

Barnes hogtied the girl and chained her neck to the wall. Gyong led him to the kitchen where the cook made him two lush roast beef sandwiches and threw in a few of his homemade chocolate chip cookies. The cook filled his thermos and topped it off with a little milk. They returned to the little conference room, as they called it, and Barnes put the thermos and the bag with the sandwiches into the duffle bag, zipping it up. He released the girl’s hands and feet from each other and disconnected her collar from the chain. Gyong clapped his hands once and the girl struggled to her feet. You could tell she was sobbing, but she was doing a good job of keeping it quiet. Her slick, black clad, featureless head bobbed back And forth. Her knees went weak and she wobbled, but she managed to stay up. Gyong took hold of her arm to steady her.

Barnes had pulled a leash from his duffle and he applied it to the front of the girl’s shiny, silvery collar. He gave it a yank and he pulled her to the door. Gyong punched in the code to release the lock and the door ‘clacked’ open.

Proceeding slowly, stopping briefly at each security door, they made their way to the door that led to the large garage. There were no cars in it. There were a couple of sets of winter tires along one wall and Gyong reminded himself to get the cars outfitted with them. There was a small tractor that served as a lawn mower and plow in the winter. There were various other garden tools. In the summer, Madam Jang always kept a nice garden and sometimes let the girls enjoy it for an hour or so on a Sunday when the flowers were in full bloom, weather permitting. There was a large shed out in the back of the property containing a host of other tools and equipment.

While Barnes led the weeping girl by her leash, Gyong held on to her arm so that she would not fall. The large garage door rumbled up. She walked carefully in her bare feet over the stone driveway a short distance to Barnes’ shiny black Mercedes, which had been backed up to the door of the garage. There was a large PBA shield in the back window. Barnes was an honorary constable back in Taylor County, Kentucky and carried an actual, real, bona fide badge. It saved a lot of trouble during motor vehicle stops.

He used the zapper on the key fob to open the trunk. Gyong helped him to lift the girl in. They placed her on her belly. Barnes turned her head inwards and draped straps around her neck, waist and thighs, fastening her down tightly. He placed a small leather bag over each of her bound hands and drew them closed tightly around her wrists. Her hands were compressed into little

fists. He connected her ankles together and brought them up to meet her hands, connecting them. Both men stood back.

The girl was wailing and howling again, struggling desperately against her bonds. Barnes just shrugged. Sometimes you just had to let them wail. In a second there would be no one to hear her since the trunk was heavily soundproofed. As soon as he started up the engine a flow of fresh air would be pumped in.

Barnes turned to Gyong and held out his hand. They shook. "See you again soon, I hope," Barnes told him.

"I'll let you know about the guard thing," Gyong replied.

Barnes nodded his head. They both took a last look at the wailing, sobbing, naked and hooded, bound up girl. Barnes shut the lid. There was absolute silence.

Barnes got into the car, started the engine and drove away.

Gyong went upstairs and changed into his gray clothes. He went immediately down to the basement. The girl was awake.

Sally had a premonition that she would be leaving the training room after her last session. She had woken several hours ago and there was a deadness around her heart. She was sad at how much she had shamed herself over the last days. She compared herself to that girl who had been waiting in the rain at the bus stop and realized that she was a totally different person.

The man had entered her soul and he would always be a part of her. She wondered if she would ever be able to recover the delusion that she meant something special to him. Part of her just wanted their sessions to continue. Another part desired that this time when he came down that he just slit her throat and let her bleed to death. She didn't want to live her life as a whore and live in constant fear. She had had other plans. But they were gone, and unless she was brave enough to withstand terrible, terrible punishment, which she knew she was not, she would soon be servicing strange, cruel man after strange, cruel man. Her body would never be her own ever again.

She was facing away from the door when the man came in. He put down her tray and released her arms and legs from each other. He had her kneel up and let her pee. She was trembling and there was a sickened feeling inside her.

He brought her directly over to the shower area where he gave her a thorough cleaning. She felt some comfort from his hands wandering all over her. She wondered if he would ever pay such special attention to her again. Although the man was cruel and callous, he was like an anchor to her, something that would prevent her from flying off of the Earth.

He shaved her, lotioned her all up, applied the gunk to her tender parts. He brushed her long, silky blond hair out almost lovingly and left it all loose and

flowing. He brought her over to the center of the room. He made her drink the green, leafy formula and then had her eat directly from the bowl a large serving of oatmeal laced with bananas and walnuts.

When he was done feeding her, he brought out his stool and collected one last blowjob from her. Her heart was heavy, but she pleased him assiduously. She didn't want her time with him to end on a bad note. She would show him that she had learned her skills well. He groaned as he discharged into her mouth.

He clapped his hands three times and she turned and placed her head to the mat. He crept up next to her. He placed his left hand firmly on her neck, pinning her down and slipped his right hand between her thighs. As he pleased her, she let the wondrous feeling flow through her. This is what she would remember most, his hand working her pussy from behind. It made her seem most like a thing that he was tuning up, or a beast he was taming. When her orgasm came, she shouted through her gag again and again and again and then burst into tears.

He rose and clapped his hands once. She rose up next to him. He connected her ankles with the chain and then hooded her. She heard him dressing. She had stopped sobbing, but a terrible, sickening feeling was shooting through her. She felt like someone condemned, standing on the trap door of a gallows, waiting for the noose to be placed around her neck. He came back over to her and connected the leash to her collar. He gave the leash a solid tug and she was propelled forward. Through the door and up the stairs they went. Through more doors until a thick rug was under her bare feet. There was activity going on all around her. She was brought a short distance and clapping hands ordered her to her knees. She knelt on something soft. The leash was removed and a chain connected to the back of her collar. The man stepped away.

She knelt there anxiously. People were coming and going but saying little. She heard the sound of a vacuum cleaner. A harsh woman's voice gave an order. She heard a slap and a shriek. The commotion went on for about 20 minutes and then everybody seemed to go away.

The silence lasted a long time. Her mind was racing at a million miles an hour. What was it going to be like? Would they whip her? How mean would they be? How many men would she have to fuck and when would it all start? How many other whores were there and what were they like, where did they come from? How long had they been whores? How long would she be a whore? Would she ever get free?

She tried not to cry, but it was inevitable. The silence seemed to go on for a long time. She was getting dizzy and tired of kneeling up so straight. Couldn't she just relax and kneel back on her heels? Why were they so cruel?

She heard people come back into the room. It seemed that they all came in one way and all went out another, marching single file like in a parade. The room went silent again and then somebody, two people she thought, came up close to her. A pair of hands clapped once. She immediately struggled to her feet. The hood was loosened from around her neck and whisked off. Bright daylight erupted all around her. It took her a couple of seconds to be able to see.

She was in a large room. It had a tall ceiling and a large chandelier in the middle. In front of her were a series of brown leather easy chairs and small sofas, some facing each other in pairs, or in a little group. There were dark maple end tables strewn among them. Across from her, on her right was a bar with six brown leather stools. Further to her right was a wide set of stairs carpeted in dark red. It had finely carved, dark maple banisters.

In front of her, over to her left, was a heavy wooden door. It had a thick deadbolt in it and one of those keypads next to it. On the wall to her left was a large picture window surrounded by blue chintz curtains. It was barred. It was daylight. The thick, soft rug was oriental style, maroon and black. There were beautiful paintings on the walls, one of them quite large and very abstract.

Two people were standing in front of her, about a foot away. One was the man. She hardly recognized him. He was dressed in a dark blue polo shirt with the Izod symbol over his heart and a pair of beige chinos. He seemed more relaxed than when he had been with her downstairs, as if he had handed responsibility for her over to someone else.

And that someone else was standing right next to him. It was a pretty, 40ish Asian lady who stood about 5'6" tall. She was shorter than the man, but taller than her. She had black hair that went to her shoulders. It had a gentle curve to it like it had been permed. Her makeup was perfect, with a light shade of red on her lips and a bluish green shade on her eyelids. The bottoms were outlined in black and her eyelashes were lightly mascaraed. Her eyebrows were finely cultured and arched delicately over her eyes. She could see that the woman used just a little bit of rouge. You had to look really hard to notice it.

She was wearing a light blue shirtwaist dress. It came down to just above her knees. She was wearing matching fur lined cloth slippers. There were several rings on her fingers, one a fine, simple band of gold on her left hand matched to a large diamond one. She had a golden chain around her neck with a little gold cross on its end. The top of her dress was opened to show a smooth, soft upper chest and just a little of her heavy breasts.



While she was beautiful, you could see that there was a severe hardness to her. Her face was not so much cruel as demanding. You could sense that she had an elegant smile. Her eyes were brown.

The woman reached behind her head and loosened the straps to her gag. She pulled it from her mouth and tossed it on a nearby table. She said something in Korean to the man. She seemed to be able to leach the harshness out of their language. Her hand reached forward and she took hold of her chin, moving it this way and that. Her eyes, although soft and pleasant, were very business-like. You could almost see the dollar signs ringing up in them. Now that she was upstairs, it was clear who was going to be her boss.

*"Very attractive,"* Madam Jang said to Gyong. *"She was a good selection."* Of course she was really congratulating herself since she was the one who had made the final decision to get her.

*"She stands really well, Gyong-ssi,"* she continued, remarking on the girl's outthrust breasts and erect posture. *"You have done a very good job on her."* She stepped back a bit and ran her hand over the lotus tattoo. *"And the tattoo is wonderful, one of your best."*

*"Thank you,"* Gyong replied. *"I thought so too."*

She reached out and circled her hands under the girl's breasts, hoisting them free of her chest, weighing them. *"Excellent breasts. But she's too skinny. You don't feed them enough down there."*

*"I don't want them getting all fat. They spend most of their time all tied up. Now that she's upstairs you can fatten her up all you like."*

Madam Jang squeezed her breasts softly. *"Very, very firm,"* she commented. *"And I like her nipples."* She released her breasts, letting them fall and took hold of her teats. She flicked and squeezed them until they stiffened to her satisfaction. *"Yes, yes, very nice. I don't understand why girls like to pierce them. Nipples are so beautiful the way they are and when they are pierced it makes it unpleasant to suck on them. And every girl likes to have her nipples sucked. At least in my experience."*

*"As you say,"* Gyong responded.

*"I like the areolas. They're nice and wide. I think that we'll have to darken them a little bit though. Can you do that?"*

*"Of course."*

She put her hand in the girl's hair and ran it through it. *"Very nice, very silky. I'll have to decide how long to leave it. Long hair is so much work."*

*"It would be a shame to see it go,"* Gyong replied. *"It's a very attractive quality."*

*"Agreed,"* Madam Jang responded. *"But you won't have to sit there for a half hour blowing it dry every day. And it needs a lot of brushing to make it so*

*smooth and soft. We'll see. I like it too, so maybe we'll just have to have her put in the extra effort."*

She spoke to the girl for the first time. "Turn around," she spat at her in English.

Sally was shocked to hear the words. She hesitated for a second. The woman's hand lashed out and slapped her across the face. She shrieked.

"I said turn around!" she yelled.

In terror, she quickly turned her back on the couple, something not quite easy to do with your ankles chained together.

She felt her wrists being freed.

"Hands on head," the woman barked.

Sally raised her hands at once and placed them on top of her head.

"So much for your discipline," Madam Jang told Gyong.

"She's just afraid," he told her. "Nobody has spoken to her in two weeks. She has to learn to listen all over again."

Madam Jang ran her hands down the girl's back. "Nice and smooth," she said. She ran her hands over her shoulders and then down her sides. "She has a very nice curve to her hips. Just enough to be provocative. It's remarkable that with no sports in her background she's in such fine shape."

"And you want to fatten her up," Gyong replied.

"Not too much, but a little. She needs a little more flesh on her hips. And her bottom too," she said as she ran her hands over it. "I have a feeling that customers will want to whip her a lot. A plump bottom will make it easier on her."

Gyong said nothing.

"Bend over and spread legs," Madam Jang ordered the girl curtly.

Sally bent herself at the waist and spread her legs as far as the chain would allow. She almost toppled over, but she caught herself.

Terror was running through her like a river. Her cheek still smarted where she had been slapped. The woman had lashed out at her so suddenly and with such force that she knew that she would rule her like iron. Her heart was thumping and she had broken out in sweat all over.

Madam Jang crouched down and peered at her revealed mons. "A very good job with the stars," she complimented Gyong. "But you always do a good job." She used her thumbs to spread the outer lips apart. "Nice interior. Just the right amount of flesh. I don't like it when the inner labia hang out all over the place. It's not graceful. When I see that I just want to get them trimmed. Like Rose, her inner lips stick out like a sore thumb. I just wish we had some way to get a good look at their pussies before we harvest them."

"Some guys like it like that," Gyong protested.

*"I've been talking to Dr. Fisher about it," she said, ignoring him. Dr. Fisher was the gynecologist who came once a month to check up on the girls. He also examined them for their general health. He always spent a couple of hours with a girl when he was done. You could tell they didn't like him. He was corpulent and slovenly. He was a little over 60 and often couldn't give the girl the ride she expected as the return for the use of her body. But he liked to tongue them for a very long time and when the girl he had chosen was hauled off, the girls turned to each other, made their fingers into a 'vee' and licked the crux suggestively. They all laughed. Not too loudly though. Nobody wanted to earn a whipping.*

*"I wouldn't trust that man around a pussy with a knife," Gyong protested.*

*"No, no, he has a friend who does it. Some girls like to have their insides trimmed. It embarrasses them. And for good reason."*

*"We'll talk about it later," Gyong replied. "I'd want to know how long she'd be out of commission first."*

*"About three weeks," Madam Jang replied. "But she would still be able to use her rear and mouth. They put a little mesh cap over her pussy, tied in with stitches. I've already spoken to him about it. And while he's there, there's a little operation he's started performing. He removes the clitoral hood and then runs a needle into the nerves that serve the girl's pussy and her clit. He injects a solution that gives them a slight irritation. It drives the girls wild afterwards. Makes them very tender. You have to do it every six months or so. He said that we could learn to do it ourselves. We'll try it out on Rose and see what happens."*

*"What do you mean 'We'll try it out on Rose and see what happens?'"*

*"He's coming next week."*

*"Next week?"*

*"Yes, next week. He's very good and has gotten excellent reviews. If the injections on Rose work out, we'll have him come back and do all the girls. The maids too. He's offered a group discount. There's only one hitch."*

*"And what is that?" Gyong asked, exasperated.*

*"He wants us to have his wife picked up. They're in the middle of a very nasty divorce. She's a little over 30 and very pretty. Mr. Barnes will get a very good price for her."*

Madam Jang had risen back up and was stroking Sally's mons assiduously. She had turned slick and she was rubbing her juices over her little man. Sally gritted her teeth, not wanting to give the woman the satisfaction of making her moan, but the woman's hand was expert at its task. Her passion kept rising and rising and rising until she couldn't hold it in anymore.

*"Mmmmmmmmmmm!" she moaned plaintively.*

Madam Jang withdrew her hand. “*Very good,*” she said, pleased. “*She’s very hot.*”

“*As you predicted,*” Gyong replied.

She had a handkerchief in the pocket of her dress. She pulled it out and wiped her hand on it. “*Okay, I’ve seen enough. I want to get started on her right away.*”

“*The sooner the better,*” Gyong agreed. He gave her a polite smile and walked away.

## CHAPTER TWO

Madam Jang gave Sally a sharp slap on her rear. "Stand up!" she barked.

Sally rose trepidatiously. The woman grabbed her arms roughly and locked them behind her back.

"Turn around," she spat out.

Sally spun around as quickly as she could. She was surprised to see that the man had left. She cringed inside. He had left her in the power of this wicked woman.

"My name Madam Jang," she told her sternly. "But slave girls call me *Eomeo-nim*. That means respected mother. My husband who has been training slave girl, his name is Gyong-ssi. But slave girl will call him *Abeo-nim*. That means respected father. From now on, I am slave girl mother and he is slave girl father. Slave girl will obey mother and father in everything. Slave girl will show respect to which an honored mother or an honored father entitled. Understand?"

Sally was trembling. She was deathly afraid of this woman. She hadn't thought this part of being a whore out very well. She had kind of thought that the man, who now had a name, one that she couldn't use, would set the rules of the house for her. To be under the power of a fierce woman was something she had just not thought about. All this stuff about sisterhood aside, she knew that women could be very cruel to other women, crueler than men. Tears would do nothing to assuage it.

She nodded her head earnestly. She understood all too well.

"When slave girl superiors ask slave girl a question, slave girl should answer only 'ye' for yes, and *aniyo* for no. So when I ask slave girl if slave girl understand, slave girl say, 'Ye, *Eomeo-nim*, or 'Aniyo, *Eomeo-nim*.' Understand?"

"Y-ye, *Eomeo-nim*," Sally managed to eke out.

"That all slave girl ever say! Just ye or *aniyo*, nothing else unless I say so! Slave girl are never, never, never to talk, to anyone, ever! Understand!"

Sally's lips were trembling. "Y-ye, *Eomeo-nim*," she stuttered out haltingly.

"There only four rules. One, slave girl do what slave girl told, always. Immediately and without question. All the time. Understand?"

"Y-ye, *Eomeo-nim*," Sally replied meekly. Her face was awash with tears.

"Second, is never, never, never talk. I catch slave girl talking, slave girl be very, very sorry little daughter."

“Y-ye, *Eomeo-nim*,” Sally blurted out unhappily.

Madam Jang’s hand came flying out. It smashed across Sally’s face. She shrieked and cowered away from her.

“Stand up straight!” Madam Jang screamed.

Sally sprang back up. Her cheek was on fire. She was on the verge of breaking out into sobs, but didn’t want to. She couldn’t understand what she did wrong.

“Did *Eomeo-nim* ask slave girl a question?” Madam Jang screamed.

It took a second for Sally to remember the right word. Then she rushed out, “*Aniyo, Eomeo-nim.*”

“If *Eomeo-nim* not ask slave girl question, slave girl to remain silent! Understand?”

“Y-ye, *Eomeo-nim*,” she replied sadly.

“Okay then,” Madam Jang stated.

“Third rule is slave girl fuck like pussy on fire. Slave girl sole purpose is to give pleasure to guest at all time in any way guest want. Understand?”

“Y-ye, *Eomeo-nim*,” Sally returned sadly.

“Rule number four. Slave girl happy all time. Slave girl no cry, no sob, no whine, no make sad face. Slave girl happy in work or slave girl get beating. Understand?”

Sally resisted the urge to burst into tears. Hos she would ever be happy being a whore and a slave was beyond her. They had taken everything away from her and made her a thing. All she foresaw for her future was a long line of dismal days. She was so crushed by the prospect that she almost forgot to answer. She was so unused to talking that she had to force her voice out. Madam Jang looked at her impatiently as if saying, “If you have to think about this you are in big trouble already.”

“Y-ye, *Eomeo-nim*,” she finally blurted out.

This seemed to satisfy the woman. Of course Sally wouldn’t know about the drug cocktail mixed in with the potion she would receive every day. The girls couldn’t be expected to overcome the natural unhappiness generated by being a slave. They needed some help. Constant tension could lead to all kinds of nervous ailments. They couldn’t have that.

“Okay,” Madam Jang said again. She patted Sally on the cheek. “Lotus be good whore, Lotus see,” she said smiling. She reached inside her pocket again. She pulled out one of the spongy gags. She ordered Sally to open her mouth and she jammed it inside. The leash she had been brought up with was hanging between her breasts. Madam Jang took hold of it.

“Slave girl come with me,” she commanded, giving the leash a cruel yank.

It pulled Sally off of her feet and she lurched forward. Madam Jang strode quickly over to the stairs. Sally struggled mightily to keep up with her, unused to walking with a chain between her ankles. She stumbled and almost fell. Madam Jang turned back to her. "Slave girl very clumsy!" she said curtly. "Slave girl keep up or slave girl get whipped!"

She brought her to the wide, luxurious stairs. She slowed down there, letting Sally step up carefully. At the top, Sally got a quick glance at a long hallway. There were doors on either side. The rug in the hallway was dark maroon; the walls were painted dark red. There were long tables with flowers on them down the length of the corridor. There were sconces on either side giving off a soft light.

They walked quickly to the end of the corridor where there were another set of steps. These were narrower and not quite as elegant. Instead of a rug, they were bare wood. Madam Jang brought her up slowly, making sure that she didn't fall.

The narrow steps came to a landing about half way up and then the stairway turned the other way. They ascended the second set of steps. At the top was another landing. There was an archway which led into a corridor. The walls were painted white and there was a brown commercial quality carpet on the floor. The archway was filled with iron bars that went up to the ceiling. There was a steel gate. Madam Jang punched some numbers into a pad mounted on the bars next to the gate and applied her thumb to a reader next to it. The lock 'clacked' open. She pulled Sally through and closed the gate. The door clanged with a sound of finality.

She realized that she was in the inner sanctum. She felt like she had passed through the gates of Hell. "Abandon hope all ye that enter here!" Madam Jang didn't give her much time to look about, but pulled her to the left. They walked down the hallway until they reached the second door on the right. Madam Jang punched in a code on the pad outside the door and the lock sprang open. She pushed the door open and dragged Sally inside. She brought her to the far side of the room and made her kneel down, her back to the wall. She removed her leash and put it down on a counter.

The room was about 30' by 20'. The walls were painted a light blue. The floors were wood, dark stained maple. On the wall behind her, in a broad arc, about half way up, there were seven painted dark blue seven pointed stars about the size of a man's hand. There was no window. There were various items scattered about the room. Sally saw a video camera on a tripod, a few black plastic chairs and a bunch of other equipment she wasn't sure what they were. Along the wall to her left was a Formica counter with a set of cabinets under it. Another set of cabinets sat above it. Along the other wall to her right

was a set of grey filing cabinets. A many tasseled whip was hanging on a hook. Seeing it made her shiver.

Madam Jang went over to one of the cabinets and pulled out an expensive looking digital camera. She set it up on a tripod. She turned to Sally. "Stand up!" she barked.

She went to a drawer and pulled out what looked like a pair of pliers. She came over to Sally and pulled a white disk out of her pocket. It was the same one that had been taken off of Lotus No. 11 a short while earlier. The disc had an open ring of steel on it. Madam Jang showed the disc to Sally. It had a red ideogram on it like the one on the girl that the man had brought downstairs. "This is slave girl name," she told her sternly. "Slave girl name is Lotus. Slave girl forget any other name slave girl have had. That name gone now forever. Only Lotus from now on."

Sally quailed. She had lost her name. "No, I'm Sally," she thought sadly to herself. But she knew that she would answer to the name Lotus. It was that or be whipped.

Madam Jang took the disc and ran the small steel ring around the ring in the front of her collar. She used the pliers to close it. She let the disc drop down. She pulled the gag from her mouth and put it in her pocket.

She put away the pliers. She went to the camera. She crouched, looking through the viewfinder. She raised the tripod just a little. "Stand up straight and spread legs wider," she told her. Sally spread them as far apart as she could, to the length of the chain on her ankles. She straightened her spine and thrust out her breasts like she had been taught. Madam Jang looked through the viewfinder once again. "Very good," she said. There was a click and a simultaneous flash of light. Sally's heart plunged into darkness. Now there was a picture of her in all her debasement. The bright pink tattoo on her belly, the stars on her conch, the silvery collar and the silvery bracelets around her ankles. And naked. Naked, Naked, Naked.

"Okay, again," Madam Jang announced. "And this time smile."

"Smile?" Sally thought. She had slapped her brutally across the face twice, screamed and yelled at her like a fisherman's wife. Dragged her callously up the stairs, outlined to her a dismal, dismal existence. And now she wanted her to smile? Was she insane?

Madam Jang looked up from the camera. "If Lotus not smile, I beat Lotus," she said matter of factly.

Coldness swept through her. She believed the calmly delivered threat. She strained to hold back her tears. She gave it her best effort.

Madam Jang looked at her. "Lotus can do better than that," she said sternly. "I give Lotus one more chance."



Sally quailed. She didn't want to get a beating over a smile. That would be the stupidest thing in the world. She did her very, very best, but she couldn't get the fright out of her face.

"Okay," Madam Jang said. "That will have to do. Now keep face like that." There were three more clicks and three more flashes.

She made her turn to her right and then turn to her left. She made her turn her back to her. She made her bend over and show her her coosh. She made her turn around again. She took the camera off of the tripod and came closer. She did a close up of her face with her bizarre smile, then her breasts and then, crouching down, one of her pussy, angled from below, showing off all seven of her stars. She rose and took a close up of her lotus tattoo. She made her kneel in the center of the arched stars and took several shots of her in attention position. That seemed to satisfy her.

She put the camera down and pulled the sim card out, placing it in her pocket. She moved the tripod with the video camera on it and placed it in front of her. She checked the viewfinder, ran a little bit of tape, checked it and moved the camera a little bit to the left and up. She looked again and seemed pleased. She pulled up one of the black plastic chairs to just behind the camera and sat in it. She crossed her legs. She had a clipboard and a pen and she made some entries on it. She looked up at Sally.

"I going to ask Lotus questions. I want full, complete, answers. If Lotus hiding anything, I will have Lotus brought down the hall and whipped with cane. Then Lotus will answer questions. If not, we will repeat. Understand?"

Sally frowned. "*Ye, Eomeo-nim,*" she answered glumly.

"What was Lotus first name?" she started.

Sally was appalled at having to expose her entire life to the cruel woman. What was she doing it for? Why was she being taped? She told her all about her childhood, who her friends were. She talked about her parents, what they were like, where they had come from. She told the woman about her friends, her time in the Brownies and the year she spent in Girl Scouts and why she quit. She talked about her religious upbringing, the church she went to. She broke down sobbing several times. Madam Jang didn't reprimand her, but waited patiently for her to stop and then resumed questioning.

The most difficult time was to talk about her sexual awakening, when her breasts started to develop and how she felt about it, when she got her first period. She talked about the time that she and Dorothy Carmichael and she had given each other massages and how that felt. She talked about Eddy Vanderhouse and how her parents talked to her about sex. And she talked about Teddy and how that had gone, all the way up to when he deflowered her and what she had thought about that. She didn't know why all this information

was necessary or how she managed to allow it to flow so freely from her. Part of it was her knowledge of the need for obedience. Part of it was too that she believed that this might be the last chance she ever had to tell anyone anything about herself. Even if the girl who was Sally disappeared, there would be some record of her.

Then the personal history questions came to an end. Madam Jang adjusted herself in her seat and Sally could tell that they had entered phase two of whatever was going to happen.

“Lotus good Christian girl, that so?” she asked pointedly.

“*Ye, Eomeo-nim,*” Sally answered sadly.

“And Lotus believe that God have plan for everyone?”

“*Ye, Eomeo-nim,*” she replied.

“And when we follow God plan, we doing what God want and that being obedient to God is most important thing that can do?”

“*Ye, Eomeo-nim,*” she responded uncertainly. She didn’t like where this was going.

“And if Lotus been kidnapped and turned into slave, that part of God plan too?”

“*Ye, Eomeo-nim,*” she answered, tears brimming in her eyes.

“And so, if God want Lotus to be whore, then it Lotus Christian duty to obey God and follow plan, true?”

“*Ye, Eomeo-nim,*” Sally replied, her voice down to an anguished whisper.

“And so Lotus duty to God is to be best sex worker Lotus can be, to be the most obedient slave, to show God that Lotus obedient to God will. Isn’t that so?”

Sally was crying now. Madam Jang was echoing the very thoughts that she had had down in the basement during all those lonely hours she had been bound up in the darkness. She couldn’t deny what Madam Jang was saying. Unless, of course, she was ready to abandon the concept of god completely and reject 18 years of learning her parents had given her. Was she ready to do that? To give up God was to give up the possibility of his mercy and redemption. Her life would be a dismal, dark travail without hope. She would be all alone with no one to pray to. And if there was a god, she would go to Hell for rejecting him. The hell of her prospective life would be followed by another, an eternity of hell.

She looked at the woman. She was cruel, insidious, the embodiment of Satan himself. She was a thousand times worse than the man. She was eating into her brain, using her own thoughts against her. If she followed the woman’s logic, any resistance she gave to her new life would be sinful. Any lack of

disobedience would be an act against God. Any faltering in her enthusiasm for her new work would be working against God's plan for her.

Did God really want her to be a whore, a sex slave? Did God really want her to spend the rest of her life this way? Rev. Carter had always said that God worked in mysterious ways and that we shouldn't question him. God was an entity of supreme knowledge, supreme understanding, supreme will. How could her puny mind compete with that? How could poor little Sally Henderson pretend that she was smarter than God? In the end, she just couldn't. She couldn't reject God or rebel against him. She was doomed. Tears were coursing down her face. Her confession was all on tape. Anytime she faltered they could play it back to her. She knew that the next words she spoke were the most important in her life.

Madam Jang was waiting. She had a quizzical, but determined look on her face, as if confident in the strength of her arguments. She was waiting for her to declare her obedience to God's directive or to declare herself an outcast. And what if she said no? What would she do then? What horrible thing would happen to her?

Ultimately, Sally caved in. "*Ye, Eomeo-nim,*" she murmured sadly.

"I didn't hear. Speak up, Lotus!" Madam Jang spat at her.

Sally gave her a morose, tearful look. The woman wasn't going to leave her anything. "*Ye, Eomeo-nim,*" she said much louder, forcing the words out.

"Stand up!" Madam Jang ordered her curtly.

Sally struggled to her feet.

"When Lotus hear '*hwal!*' Lotus bow low! Understand!" Madam Jang barked at her suddenly.

"*Ye, Eomeo-nim,*" Sally replied, frightened.

"*Hwal!*" Madam Jang spat out.

Sally trembled and bent herself at the waist.

"Lower!" Madam Jang ordered.

Sally went even further.

"Lower!" Madam Jang yelled out. Sally lowered herself until she was on the verge of falling over.

"Lotus bow low because Lotus low! Understand?"

"*Ye, Eomeo-nim,*" Sally squeaked fearfully. Her face was turned to the floor, but her eyes were rolled up, making sure she kept them on the woman, like the man had taught her.

"*Il-eonala!*" Madam Jang exclaimed loudly. "Stand up!"

Sally raised herself. Tears were flowing down her face.

"*Hwal!*" Madam Jang exclaimed again.

Sally immediately bent herself over, descending as low as she could go.

“*Il-eonala!*” Madam Jang screamed.

Sally bolted to attention.

“*Hwal!*” and she was bent again.

“*Il-eonala!*” and she was up.

“*Hwal!*” She was down.

“*Il-eonala!*” She was up. Madam Jang ran her through the exercise three more times. Then once she was standing again, trembling, crying her eyes out, she asked her, “Why Lotus bow?” she demanded fiercely.

Sally didn’t know what to say. She didn’t want to say the wrong thing. “B-because I’m low, *Eomeo-nim*,” she managed to force out of her mouth.

To her shock, Madam Jang leaped forward. She cracked her hand across her face. Sally screeched and fell to the floor.

“*Il-eonala! Il-eonala!*” Madam Jang screamed at her. “Get up or I break bones!” she yelled.

She scrambled to obey. “She’ll break my bones!” she repeated to herself miserably. She believed that she would. Or at least beat her until she was all black and blue and roaring with pain.

When she was standing, sobbing, Madam Jang yelled at her again. “Stop that noise! Stop that noise! Slave girl be absolute silent! Slave girl make noise and slave girl be very, very sorry!”

Madam Jang spoke very good, virtually flawless English. But when she got excited, she sort of lost her syntax. Besides, it was better to talk to the slave girls in baby talk. It befitted their status.

Sally, terrified, brought herself under control. Was her life going to be like this? It would be horrible! She realized that the woman, like some marine drill sergeant, was intent of putting the fear of god into her. Well, it was working. The woman clearly had a vicious temper and was cruel beyond redemption. She would obey her in all things at all times. But what had she done wrong? The woman had asked her a question. What was wrong about her answer?

Madam Jang explained it to her, her voice hard and cutting. “Lowly slave girl no use ‘I’! No use ‘me’! Slave girl no person! Slave girl low! Low! Low! As low as can get! Slave girl answer, ‘Lotus must bow because Lotus low, *Eomeo-nim!*’” she spat out at her. “Now Lotus tell *Eomeo-nim*, why Lotus must bow!”

Sally was trembling so hard she could barely get the words out. “L-lotus must bow because Lotus low, *Eomeo-nim*,” she whined.

Madam Jang smiled. “Lotus is low, yes, very low. When Lotus bow, *Eomeo-nim* nod head like this,” she said sternly, but more calmly. She gave her head a barely perceptible movement. “Why *Eomeo-nim* only nod head when Lotus bow?” she asked pointedly.

Sally had to think about that. There was really only one answer. She prayed that she formulated it correctly.

“*Eomeo-nim* only nod head to Lotus because Lotus be low and *Eomeo-nim* be high,” she proffered hopefully.

“Very good,” Madam Jang commented, suddenly pleasant as if the girl had done something that pleased her. “Lotus remember all time. Lotus very, very low. *Eomeo-nim* very, very high. *Abeo-nim* very, very high. Lotus give big bow to everyone. Everyone higher than Lotus.”

Sally was crying steadily. She was trying desperately not to break out into sobs. Madam Jang stepped towards her. She cringed. But Madam Jang did not intend to strike her. Instead, she gave her cheek, the same cheek she had slapped several times, a soft caress. She moved even closer and planted a kiss on her forehead.

“Lotus low, but Lotus special,” she said softly. “Lotus little daughter of *Eomeo-nim*. *Eomeo-nim* care for little daughter. *Eomeo-nim* teach Lotus be good little whore. Lotus make guests very happy. That what God want for Lotus. Lotus do what God want, Lotus be happy too. Lotus see.”

Sally doubted it, but the thought of contradicting the evil woman never crossed her mind. The thought occurred to her that if she heard the woman’s message a thousand times over and over and over, would it become true? Downstairs she had become the man’s willing slave. And that was only after a couple of what could not have been more than days. What would happen after months and months and months under this woman’s power? She realized that her personality was crumbling to bits. Each time that she bowed to the woman, it would take a little bit out of her. And to the man. And to the customers, or ‘guests’, as *Eomeo-nim* called them. And to everyone else that might be found here since she was lower than them too.

Deep, deep despair filled her. Her situation was dire and hopeless. “Why did this happen to me?” she thought miserably. “I don’t want to be a happy little whore! I don’t want to be a whore at all! Please let me go, please!” she thought miserably. Words that she knew she would never speak out loud.

“Okay,” Madam Jang said matter of factly. She pulled from her pocket the spongy gag she had taken from Sally’s mouth earlier and presented it to her. Sally opened her mouth sadly and took it in. Madam Jang connected the leash to her collar. Sally shuffled along awkwardly as she pulled her towards the door. She buzzed it open and took her out into the hallway. They made a left, the way they had come. They passed the stairs and the gated archway and came to another iron gate. Madam Jang punched in the code and put her thumb to the reader and it ‘clacked’ open. She pushed open the grated iron door and, once they passed through, clanged it closed.

There was only one door on the other side of the gate. It was made of steel reinforced wood. There was another heavy deadbolt on it. Madam Jang entered the code, pressed her right thumb to the infrared device and the lock released. She pushed the door open and they passed through it.

The room had the feel of an unfinished attic. You could see the rafters up above and the walls were of rough wood. There were no windows and there were two double sized beds on either side of the room, one right next to the entrance and one directly opposite it. Sally blanched as she saw the seven ceiling high cages with the beds in them. She knew that one of them would be her home from now on. In fact, Madam Jang pulled her over to one of the cages in the set of three to their right, the one on the end closest to the door, and pointed out the 12" wide white steel shield fastened to the cage above the door. It had the same ideogram as was on her collar.

"This Lotus cage," Madam Jang informed her. Sally saw that there were no covers on the bed, just a pale blue fitted sheet and a large matching pillow. But what disturbed her most were the two chains curled up on it, one at the head and one at the foot. She would be chained even in her sleep.

Madam Jang pulled her off to the left. There was an open archway that gave way to a long, wide corridor. Along each side of the corridor were little dark stained maple desks and chairs, seven of them, four on one side and three on the other. Large mirrors were mounted on the walls above the desks. On each desk was a conglomeration of makeup and the tools to administer it. Everything was set down in perfect, matching order. Each desk had a black plastic handled hair brush, a tray of lipstick, a jar of foundation, a little case for applicators and other miscellaneous tools, a box of tissues and other useful items. Unlike most makeup tables, these had no smudges of spilled powders, dirty, balled up tissues or cotton balls, or other detritus. It reminded Sally of an army barracks. Madam Jang led her to one which sat on the side with four desks, in the same relative position as her cage to the others. Above the mirror, on the wall, hung an identical shield to the one on her cage door.

"This Lotus table," Madam Jang explained, gesturing with her hand. "Here Lotus make pretty every day," she said, and then, "Turn around."

She released her hands from behind her back and ordered her to sit in the chair. Sally saw herself in the crystal clear, spotless mirror. A wave of misery passed through her as she espied the leather shield that covered her lower face, her bare breasts. Madam Jang sat at the chair of the desk to Sally's left and moved it closer to her. She affixed her wrists to the arms of the chair and the back of her collar to a chain that led to the upper back.

The woman scooted up all the makeup implements on the desk and placed them into a small wastebasket off to the side. She emptied the little makeup kit

and tossed various tubes and jars into it as well. Sally realized that she was cleaning up after the girl who had been Lotus before her. She wondered fretfully what had happened to her, what would happen to her when they were tired of her or if she failed in her duties. Could there be a worse place than this? Would they sell overseas or to Mexico or South America? Would they just dump her in some shallow grave somewhere?

When Madam Jang had cleared the desk, she got up and went to a closet on the side where there were only three desks. She came back rolling a small cart with several drawers on it. She sat down in the chair and opened the bottom drawer. She removed a small zip lock bag that contained a fresh set of implements, a hair brush, a large pink comb, applicators and other things. She placed them on the top of the desk, lining them up neatly.

She opened the next drawer up. It was divided into compartments, each containing an assortment of bottles, jars and tubes. She rummaged around in one compartment and pulled out several small bottles. She put them on the desk. They contained several shades of tannish liquid. She turned to Sally and removed the gag from her mouth.

“Lotus know how to put on makeup?” she asked in a business-like voice.

“*Ye, Eomeo-nim*,” Sally replied. “A little bit.” In fact, the only time she had been allowed real makeup was the night she went to the prom with Teddy. She had picked up a little here and there from her roommates at school. But she certainly didn’t consider herself an expert. She usually limited herself to a little blush and some light colored lipstick.

“*Eomeo-nim* teach Lotus. Lotus make face up every day. Lotus make mistake, Lotus be punished. So watch carefully.”

She took a large white jar from the cart, opened it and scooped up a small dollop of white cream. “This moisturizer,” she told her. “Do face every day, all over.” She spread the dollop all over her face, rubbing it in thoroughly. Sally closed her eyes and tolerated it bitterly. Part of her didn’t want to look pretty. Maybe if she turned ugly and all dried out nobody would want to fuck her. Then, maybe, they’d let her go.

Madam Jang opened one of the small bottles and placed a small drop on her finger. She rubbed it on a small portion of Sally’s right cheek. She looked at it for a moment. She shuffled through the bottles and picked another one. She applied a small dollop of that near where she had placed the other. She looked at it critically. “Yes, I think this one,” she said out loud to herself. She put the other bottles away. She wetted a tissue and wiped away what she had applied. She tossed the tissue into the wastebasket.

“This foundation,” she instructed. “Don’t use too much. It make tone of face even all over. Lotus watch.”

Madam Jang placed a larger dollop on her fingers and began to rub it into Sally's face all over. When she was done, Sally looked at herself in the mirror. Her face had changed. It was hers, but different. She thought of pictures she had seen of models in magazines. She had seen pictures of famous actresses caught by paparazzi without their elaborate makeup and so she knew what makeup could do. But she had never seen it on herself like this.

Madam Jang carefully outlined above and below her eyes in black. She applied some mascara to her eyelashes very lightly. She looked at several colors of eye shade and selected one a light blue to match her eyes. She carefully colored her lips in bright red. She applied just a teeny, tiny bit of blush. She colored her blond eyebrows in black.

To her surprise, Madam Jang applied a little bit of a darker blush to her areolas. When she was done, she squeezed her breasts firmly. "Look better," she said.

She leaned back and made a few touch ups. She held her chin and turned her head from right to left and back. "Very nice," she said. "Lookie see," she ordered.

Sally looked at herself. She had never, ever looked like that before. It brought out someone she didn't know she had inside her. Men would like it too. They would want to fuck her. Her eye started to brim up. Madam Jang patted her hard on the cheek. "Lotus no mess up makeup," she said sternly. Sally brought herself under control.

She had brought out from the cart a small atomizer of perfume. She sprayed her between her breasts, on the insides of her thighs and in the palms of her hands. It had an earthy, musky smell, actually quite nice.

Madam Jang placed everything in order. She removed a jar of face cream from the cart and placed it on the desk. "At night, Lotus use to remove makeup. Very important," she said. "Lotus keep desk spotless clean. Always wipe off when done. Lotus empty waste basket every day. Slave girl neat and clean and tidy all time."

Madam Jang rolled the cart back to where she had found it. She came back and carefully and neatly restored her gag. She released her from the chair and restored her chair to the neighboring desk. She had left the leash dangling between her breasts and took hold of it, lifting her out of the chair. She led her further down the hallway. They entered a large bathroom. It had several shower nozzles along one wall, several sinks with mirrors and three toilets. Madam Jang led her to one of the toilets. "Pee," she told her.

Sally sat herself down and performed. She was getting used to peeing on command. Madam Jang had her stand and bend over. She wiped her pussy from behind.



She dragged her over to the shower nozzles. Under each one there was a long shelf. Madam Jang pointed to the objects on it. "Shampoo, conditioner, body wash, face wash. Use all time," she said.

She brought her back down the hall and over to her cage. She opened the door and told her to lie down on her back on the bed and to raise and spread her knees. She sat down on the foot of the bed and started stroking her love lips. Sally had her arms at her sides. Her head was on the pillow. She closed her eyes for a moment in shame, but opened them again right away, remembering the man's admonitions downstairs. She assumed that the same rules applied up here.

The tingling grew and grew. Sally just let it enter her. There was nothing else she could do. She felt the woman slip her thumb into her tunnel and draw it in and out a few times. Sally felt a moan growing in her throat. She fought it off for a moment and then released it.

Madam Jang smiled at her. "Good girl," she said. "Good little daughter."

She removed her thumb and slid in the two longest fingers of her right hand. She looked at Sally sternly. "Give *Eomeo-nim* squeeze," she said.

Sally looked at her. "Squeeze?" she thought. How could she do that?

Madam Jang looked at her severely. "Lotus have lazy pussy," she said sternly. "Lotus learn to give guest big squeeze down there. Now give it big try or *Eomeo-nim* whip Lotus."

Sally fearfully concentrated as hard as she could. She had never done this before. She had heard of Kegel exercises and stuff like that, but she had thought it was a big joke. Was it something real?

She felt a little teeny, tiny shift down in her pussy. She knew it was negligible. Madam Jang shook her head.

"Lazy, lazy pussy," she said disdainfully. "Lotus practice squeeze every day, many times. Lotus get better or *Eomeo-nim* whip Lotus. Lotus learn to squeeze cock hard, make customer happy. Customer happy, *Eomeo-nim* happy. *Eomeo-nim* happy, Lotus happy, no get whipped. Understand?" she asked.

"...eh, eh-eh-im," Sally mumbled through her gag.

"Okay," Madam Jang said sharply. "Now Lotus learn how to be whore. Lotus get up."

Madam Jang rose from the bed. Sally rose too, standing before her. Madam Jang made her turn around and locked her wrists together. She turned her around again and led her out of the cage. They went through the door and then through the gate. Madam Jang opened the gate that led to the landing at the top of the stairs and led her down. Sally stepped slowly and carefully, afraid that she was going to trip on her chain. Madam Jang led her down

patiently. It was difficult for the girls at first to learn to descend the stairs with confidence with their chains on, but they got better at it very quickly.

They went down to the second floor, with its rich maroon carpet and red walls and then down the broad, luxurious stairs. When they got to the bottom, Sally was disconcerted to see the three Korean men who had fucked her downstairs sitting in the plush leather chairs. They were all wearing the light blue robe with the seven stars crest that the men she had performed for had been wearing. When Madam Jang entered the large room they rose to their feet and gave her half bows. She nodded in return.

She led Sally over to where she had been kneeling earlier. She circled her so that she was facing the room, released the leash from her collar and clapped her hands twice. Sally knelt on the soft pad on the floor, just wide enough for her to spread her knees.

Madam Jang stood back. "This is where Lotus wait for guests. Guests come in through that door," she said, pointing to the large, heavy, deadlocked oaken door off to the left in front of her. When guest come in, Lotus make *hwal*, very low."

She said something to the guards in Korean. They gave half bows and one of them, the biggest and, to Sally's recollection, the meanest, came over.

"Make *hwal*," Madam Jang ordered.

Sally lowered herself as far as she could, paused a few moments and rose again.

"Very good," Madam Jang said. "Lotus stay very still, kneel at attention while guest make his choice." She took hold of her nipples with her fingers and pulled on them. "Stick out breasts more," she said sharply.

Sally complied the best she could. She twisted her bound hands nervously.

The Korean man had a salacious smile on his face. Sally trembled. She had already fucked the man several times, but now she would do so officially as a whore. It was a crossing point, a Rubicon. Nothing would be the same afterwards.

"If guest like Lotus, guest tell *Eomeo-nim*. *Eomeo-nim* put on leash and hand it to guest. Like this."

Madam Jang performed the described function. The man gripped the handle of the leash tightly. "Seven bedroom upstairs. Guest take Lotus to room with Lotus name on door."

Madam Jang said something to the man and he smiled. He gave the leash a tug and forced Sally to rise. Her belly sickened and coldness swept through her. The man turned towards the stairs.

He strode across the room purposively, as if he were in a rush to get to fuck her. She stumbled several times on the stairs, but the man kept on pulling

on her leash, making her rise again. They turned right at the top. A middle aged Korean woman, tall and thick and dressed in a rust colored housedress was standing there. When the man reached it, she gave him a half nod and then led him down the hall. They stopped at the third door on the right.. The woman slid a plastic card through a reader and the door popped open. She handed the card to the man. He pulled Sally inside the room with him. Madam Jang, who had followed them up the stairs, came in behind them.

The man turned to face Sally and Madam Jang stood off to his side. "Always take instruction from guest. If guest want to leave Lotus all bound up, that for guest to decide. Most guest want girl hands and legs free. Want mouth open. They take out gag. Sometime first time guest or guest shy. Lotus wait a little bit and if guest no say anything, turn and present bound hands to guest. Guest will release them. Turn back and look at feet. Guest get idea and release ankles. Guest pull gag from mouth. Do now."

Sadly, Sally turned her back on the man. She felt her wrists being released. She turned back and looked at her feet. The man crouched down and released her ankles, setting the chain aside on a hook by the door. He rose and removed her gag, placing it on a nearby dresser.

Sally took a look around the room. It was large, about 30' by 40'. It was dominated by a large bed with dark stained mahogany posts and end boards. There was a soft, reddish brown rug beneath her feet. Along the wall to her left was a long, low dresser with a matching mirror. A vase of flowers were on the far end. The dresser seemed mostly for decoration, the same color as the woodwork on the bed. There was a silver tray in the middle on which sat several crystal glasses. There was a carafe of what looked like whiskey or brandy next to them. At the near end of the dresser was a simple mahogany chair with a maroon padded seat.

The walls were maroon. There were two large barred windows on the other side of the bed obscured by light, white chintz curtains that let in a soft glow. On either side of the bed were matching night tables with tall lamps on them. There was an intercom phone on the table on the side closest to where she stood. On the table on the far side of the bed there was a box of tissues and a plastic container of wipes.

There were ominous chains and rings mounted on the head and footboards of the bed. It was covered by a brightly flowered coverlet over light blue sheets. There was a glass shielded overhead light in the middle of the ceiling. In the corner to Sally's right, near the windows, was a circle of scuffed up oak. A chain dangled from the ceiling above it. Several whips were mounted on the wall next to it.

Several prints were mounted on the walls. They depicted Asian men and women engaged in acts of coitus in various positions. They were very colorful and the man and women were partially dressed in flowing robes and kimonos although their erotic parts were all displayed. They reminded her of Japanese prints she had seen once in an art book at the local Barnes and Noble near her town

On the wall opposite the bed was a cage with crossed black iron bars and a pad at the bottom. Next to the cage was a small table with fluffy white towels. Between the cage and the table was the door to what Sally assumed was a closet.

Sally turned her eyes back to the man. He was looking at her expectantly.

“Always do what guest say,” Madam Jang continued. “But if guest say nothing, Lotus loosen belt to kimono and help guest pull off. Fold nicely and place on chair. Do now.”

Sally hesitated to move towards the man, but proceeded before Madam Jang said anything. She looked down and released the light blue belt and then opened the sides of the kimono. The man’s chest was broad and muscular. It had a slight smattering of black hair. She reached up and drew the kimono off of the man’s shoulders and down his arms. She pulled it over his hands, folded it as neatly as she could and placed it on the chair. She turned back to the man.

He was wearing red and green striped boxer shorts. On his feet were a pair of sandals. She trembled at his near nakedness. She felt a sharp slap on her rear.

“Stand close to guest!” Madam Jang said sharply. “Always stand up close! Always present body to guest!”

Sally edged herself closer to the man, close enough to smell him and feel his body’s heat.

“Now, run hands down guest chest, kissing here and there,” Madam Jang instructed her. “Suck nipples. Keep going until crouched down. Then pull underwear off down legs and over feet. Fold up, put on chair and then remove slippers. Put them under chair.”

Sally did as she was told. The man’s skin was hot and salty. A terrible shame went through her as she touched him. Before, the men had taken the initiative, told her what to do, what position to take. But passivity was not whore-like. Whores weren’t bashful. Whores wanted to get right to the point.

She lowered herself slowly. She let her lips run all over his chest, suckled on his nipples and kept going until she had reached his lower belly. She trembled as she took hold of the waistband of his boxers and began to draw them down his legs. She did not look at his cock, but could feel it hovering over her. She slipped the slippers off of his feet and then the boxer shorts. She

folded up the underwear and placed it on the chair. She placed the slippers under the chair as instructed.

All the time, she was highly conscious of her own nakedness, her vulnerability. She felt her naked breasts sway as she moved. She saw the glittering steel bracelets on her wrists and imagined the view of her beautifully made up face. When she had placed the slippers under the chair, Madam Jang instructed her to face the man and get on her knees.

The man's blood filled but still flaccid cock was right in front of her. It lurked there like some foul beast. She knew what was coming next and she dreaded it. She was sweating nervously. Her stomach was turned sour. "I'm a whore now," she thought to herself miserably. "Please God help me."

"Run hands up legs, over thighs and take cock in mouth. Suck gentle. Guest will tell Lotus when to stop. Do not make him come. Guest come too quick he think Lotus a lousy, lazy whore. He complain. Lotus be punished."

She looked closely at the long, thick beast. She had sucked it before, but this was different. The man had ordered her to do it. Now it was more or less of her own volition. Here was the actual crossing point she had feared. From here she would always be a whore, a slut, a slattern, no matter what she did, no matter what became of her. A whore was always a whore, wasn't she?

She opened her lips and slowly moved forward. She spread them around the head of his cock and subsumed it. She moved her head forward until it was lying on her tongue. She closed her mouth around it. The man's body gave a slight shudder and he released a light sigh.

She went to work. Madam Jang had sat down on the chair, placing the clothes on her lap. She could feel her watching her closely, assessing her. If she didn't do a good job she would be whipped. If she made a mistake she would be whipped. If she didn't do what she was told, she would be whipped. If she did anything wrong, no matter how small, she would be whipped. Darkness surrounded her soul. Why had this happened to her, she thought miserably. How could she ever be saved?

The man's rod stiffened to full length and thickness rapidly. He had placed his hands on her head. She was sucking him slowly, using all the skills she had developed. Her mouth felt so invaded and full. She had no right or power to refuse the cock's entry. Or the next two hundred, three hundred, a thousand cocks that would be presented to her. Her stomach was turning as she felt the cock slide along the inside of her mouth, over her tongue, and bump up against the back. She was doing a shameful, shameful thing. Why couldn't she resist them? Why didn't she let them kill her, torture her to death? Wasn't it better than to be tortured a little bit every day, for days and days and days, and weeks and weeks and weeks, months and months, years? Even if she was

somehow rescued, what kind of a life would she be able to have knowing that she had succumbed to sluthood so easily? She would hate herself forever.

The man sighed and moaned and began to rotate his hips slightly. She became afraid that he was going to come. She slowed down even further and drew her lips back.

“Good little daughter,” she heard Madam Jang say softly behind her. She felt like she was sucking the man’s cock before the whole world, like it was being broadcast on national TV. “The next scenes may offend some people,” the announcer would say. “They are not suitable for children.”

Then the screen would show a close up of her lips around the man’s crank. It would show them going up and down and up and down. It would fade back so the audience could get a good look at her face. “Look, it’s Sally!” her friends would exclaim. “So that’s what happened to her! She ran off to become a whore!” Her parents would be mortified. All their relatives would see it, Uncle Jimmy and Aunt May, everybody in her church, including Rev. Carter. The police would stop looking for her. The video would go viral. Guys would jerk off to it. Young girls would stare at it in subdued shock. “What does that feel like?” they would wonder, much as she had. “What does it taste like? Will I ever get the courage to do it?”

She fought off her tears. She descended again and resumed her task. After a short while, the man gave her head a soft push and he cock drew out of her mouth. She looked up at him. He made a motion for her to get up on the bed.

“Turn down covers and get on bed,” Madam Jang told her. “Lay on back and spread legs.”

Sally did what she was told. When she was up on the bed, the man climbed up after her. The mattress had just the right amount of resilience. He slid up next to her. His right hand slid down her breasts, over her belly to her crux and then back again.

“Make sigh,” Madam Jang interjected. “Show guest Lotus want to fuck him.”

She released a long sigh. It was only half feigned. The hand was drawing out her lustfulness, the closeness of his body, its heat, its smell. It seized one breast and squeezed it tightly, then the other. Unlike the man downstairs, this man had no concern regarding her pleasure. Everything was strictly for his. If she got wet, it was to ease his entry. If she panted and sighed in desire, it was only to excite him in return. His lips encircled a teat and he suckled on it hard. A flash of sensation shot between her nipple and her crux. He was leaning on her and she could feel his strength, his mass.

“Put hand on him,” Madam Jang interjected. “Always keep hand on guest. It excite them and show eagerness.”

Her right arm was crushed underneath him, but she was able to cross her left arm over and she placed it on his back. It felt so strange to be touching his flesh. She slid her hand up and down in a light caress.

He shifted and moved between her legs. She felt him stroke his cock along her gash. It was lubricated and open. He found her tunnel and slid himself in.

She moaned. She couldn't help herself. He commenced his motions right away. Not slow and long like the man downstairs, but quick and strong and short, scouring her innards. He brought his face towards her and he seized her lips, passing his thick, hot tongue between them. His tongue swirled demandingly all over her mouth, engaging hers. She kissed him back. She had both hands across his back now. Her need was growing and growing. The feelings repelled her, but there was no denying them. She thought of the announcer on TV. "Now he's fucking her," he said authoritatively. The color commentator would add, "Yes, she was wet and ready for him. It's clear that she's a slut. See how her hands are on him and her legs are slipping up and down the mattress. And she's giving him as good as he's giving her kissing wise. I'd say that there's no doubt. She's a full-fledged whore all right."

"I'm a full-fledged whore all right," she repeated in her mind.

"Don't just lay there!" Madam Jang called out. "Fuck him back! Move hips! I want to hear Lotus moaning and groaning!"

She started thrusting back with her hips. She tried to squeeze him with her pussy muscles, but couldn't feel that it made any difference. The moaning and groaning part was easy. She had been stuffing them down, trying not to humiliate herself any more than necessary. When she relieved the pressure, they came rushing out. She moaned and groaned into the man's mouth. The sound of them, the vibration in her throat added to her excitement, her lust. The man was thrusting harder and harder. She felt herself coming to the pinnacle of desire. "Don't come! Don't come! Don't come!" she yelled to the man in her head. If she had to do this, she wanted some pleasure out of it.

She felt herself teetering, teetering, teetering. The man began to issue staccato grunts and she knew that he was pouring himself into her. A wave of dismay at this new, additional defilement went through her. But as it did, her pussy exploded into powerful, gut wrenching contractions. She groaned and moaned and squirmed beneath the man. He pounded away at her relentlessly. He released a shout and his whole body cringed. He began to slow down. She wasn't finished and continued to thrust back at him, her pussy's pulses slowly fading.

And then they were done. The man rolled off of her and turned onto his back. She lay there for a moment reveling in the pleasure she had received and wallowing in her shame.

“Don’t just lay there, slut!” Madam Jang’s voice called out. “Turn to him. Lay Lotus body against him. Give him little kisses. Show gratitude for the fuck he gave unworthy Lotus. Take his cock in hand and play with him so he get hard again.”

Sally obeyed. She lay against him and draped her hand across his chest. She kissed his skin softly. She ran her hand down across his belly and encircled his flaccid meat. It was hot and wet with her juices.

“Gently, gently,” Madam Jang instructed her. “Cup his balls, suckle on his nipples. Rub breasts against him.”

She did all these things. She felt awful doing them. Madam Jang’s threats to her had been so dire that she was too terrified to ignore her instructions. The man just lay there breathing heavily. After a while, some of the blood started returning to his crank.

Madam Jang must have observed it. “Go down and suck him now,” she said. “Lick balls and thighs. Keep behind towards him so that he can play with pussy.”

She leaned over the man, keeping her right hip in contact with him and subsumed his cock between her lips. She sucked him long and slow. She lowered herself and took his hairy balls in her mouth, humming like the man downstairs had taught her. The man groaned and he ran his hand over her rump. He snuck it between her legs and began stroking her pussy from behind. She spread her thighs to facilitate his efforts. She sucked him for a long time. He was hard again. His other hand was in her hair caressing her head as she went up and down, up and down. On a downward stroke, he pressed her head down hard and she felt the head of his cock press into her throat. He held her there for a long time. When he brought her up, she took a deep breath of badly need air. He pressed her back down. And then again and again.

Meanwhile, he was thrusting his fingers inside her, feeling all around her crevasse, stroking her love button. Her excitement was growing again. To her shame, the thickness in her mouth, the mighty force of the man’s hand, the lodgment in her throat all accelerated her desire. This time she came before he did. She gripped his pole tightly with her lips as she groaned and moaned. Her contractions had just begun to abate when the hand in her hair started forcing her head up and down at a rapid, brutal pace. Her hands were on his body and she tried to use them to forestall his abusive movements, but he was immensely powerful and it did her no good. His fingers were thrusting in and out of her rabidly and she felt another climax coming on. The man shouted and began groaning and her mouth began to fill with his copious fluids. It triggered her pussy again and she began to wail and groan and call out even as her sounds were muffled and distorted by his thick lodgment within her.



He slowed her head. Her pussy was giving off aftershocks. His fingers withdrew. His cock began to grow flaccid. She kept her mouth on it, sucking and licking gently, until he finally pushed her head off.

“Okay, kneel up,” Madam Jang commanded. “See what guest do. Most time man come only twice. Usually he finished now. But Lotus wait and see. Maybe not. Maybe guest want to whip Lotus.”

At this her blood curled. She knew that the whips on the wall were not for show. Was the Korean man going to whip her now? She prayed that he wouldn’t and looked at him warily.

He lay there for a few moments and then rose from the bed. He gave a half bow to Madam Jang and she gave him a slight nod back. She said something to him in Korean that sounded complimentary.

Madam Jang turned to her. “When guest get off bed Lotus get off bed.”

Madam Jang rose from her chair and put the clothes back down on it. “Lotus help guest dress.”

She helped him step back into his boxers and put the slippers back on his feet. She rose and held the kimono open while he put his arms through it. She felt dead inside. This was the first of maybe thousands of fucks she would receive as a whore. And she had come like a rabid slut. She imagined a long line of anonymous men stretching out to the horizon.

When she had tied the man’s belt, Madam Jang spoke to her again.

“Most guests know, but maybe some forget or be new. When guest dressed, turn back and present wrists. He lock them in place.”

Sally turned and presented her wrists to the man. He locked them together.

“Now turn and look at feet lift them and shake them. Remind guest what to do.”

She did what she was told. The man took the chain from the hook on the wall and connected her ankles.

“Now open mouth wide.”

Sally complied. The man inserted her gag and pressed it up against her lips.

“Come over here,” Madam Jang ordered. She was standing next to cage. Sally went over to her.

“Stand by cage and wait. Guest put Lotus in.”

The man came over and opened the cage door. He made a motion towards it with his eyes. Sally suppressed a deep whine. She was going to be caged. Just like an animal. She looked at Madam Jang. “Please don’t do this,” she begged in her mind.

“Get in cage or *Eomeo-nim* beat Lotus black and blue!” Madam Jang shouted.

Sally released a muffled sob and lowered herself to the entry of the cage. Sadly, she crawled in and turned herself so that she was facing out. She had to draw her feet up against her rear. The top of her head brushed up against the top of the cage. She was leaning against her bound arms. She watched with sorrow as the man closed the door. The lock clicked closed. He hung the key up on a hook way above her.

“Lotus wait until mistress come and get her,” Madam Jang announced. The man slid the card Madam Jang had given him earlier down the slot by the door and it clacked open. Both he and Madam Jang went through it. The door closed. Sally burst into tears.

## CHAPTER THREE

It was after about twenty minutes that Madam Jang returned with the middle aged Korean lady. She could have come back right away, but she wanted Lotus to experience some prolonged time in the cage. It would help bring home to her her new status as a totally controlled being with no rights. The two women stood to the front of it. Sally looked up at them dolefully.

“Lotus do good job. Lotus make good whore. Now Lotus get ready for next guest,” Madam Jang instructed her.

The other lady bent down and unlocked the cage. She opened the door and motioned Sally out. She clapped her hands once and Sally rose to her feet into attention position. The lady took the leash from the hook by the door and connected it to her collar. She pulled her over to the door, swiped the card and then pulled her out into the hallway. Madam Jang followed.

They took a right and walked down to the end of the hall. The woman led her through a swinging door and into a large bathroom. There was a toilet, two sinks with large basins and a bidet. On the wall was a shelf with fluffy white towels on it.

“Mistress clean Lotus now. Lotus do what mistress say.” Madam Jang announced.

After removing her leash and her gag, the woman filled the basin with warm water. She dipped a wash cloth in it and squirted a dollop of soap onto it. She squeezed and manipulated the washcloth until it was sudsy and proceeded to wipe Sally’s body clean all over. She washed her coosh carefully and her breasts. She patted her areolas softly so as not to disturb the blush. She wiped her rear and the crack between her rear globes. She washed her back, up and down her legs and along and under her bound arms. When she was done, she rinsed out the washcloth and wiped her away all the traces of soap.

She brought her over to the toilet and made her pee. Then she led her over to the bidet. She made her squat. There was a brown plastic nozzle connected to a hose. She ran the water until it was warm and used it to wash over all the folds of her sex. She placed the nozzle just inside her opening and squirted water into it. She had her turn around and did the same thing to her rear. She dried her and brought her back to the sink. She took an atomizer of perfume and sprayed between her breasts, on her inner thighs and went behind her and did her hands. She brushed her hair until it was silky and unknotted again. She had her rinse her mouth out with mouthwash and lastly touched up her lipstick and around her eyes.

Madam Jang hovered over them the whole time. When Sally was all refreshed, the mistress led her out of the bathroom, down the hall and down the wide, carpeted stairs.

At the bottom, Madam Jang took control of her leash once again. Two of the Korean guards were still there, sitting in chairs. They got up when Madam Jang approached and gave her half bows to which she returned a nod. She said something and one of the guards stepped forward. She ordered Sally to bow deeply and handed him the leash.

Up in the room, Madam Jang had Sally perform the undressing ritual again, followed by the sucking of his cock. When he was good and hard, the man brought her up onto the bed and proceeded to use her. She was on the verge of tears the whole time. He had her kneel with her head to the mattress and fucked her from behind. Madam Jang called out encouragement for her to meet his hard, solid thrusts. She was just on the verge of orgasm when he pulled from her and slid his cock instead into her rear opening. Sally gasped and whined but received him without too much pain. Madam Jang instructed her to squeeze his prong as hard as she could on each upward stroke and to rock herself back and forth to maximize his pleasure. To Sally's relief, he came quickly, collapsing on top of her back when he was done, issuing low groans and sighs.

When he rolled over to his back, Madam Jang told her to take a wipe from the plastic container on the night table on her side and to clean his cock and balls with it. She used two to make sure that he was all clean. She sucked him until he was hard again while he played with her pussy from behind. He rolled her to her back and entered her. This time he fucked her for a long time. She came just as he was discharging himself into her.

Madam Jang had her skip the caging and brought directly to the bathroom to be refreshed. Then back to the reception room again where she bowed to the remaining guard and was brought back upstairs again. Her body soured and her mind was suffused with anguish as they mounted the stairs. This is what it would be like, man after man after man. This time she did break out into sobs when the man brought her up on the bed. Madam Jang called a halt to the proceedings and ordered her to lean over the bed and present her rear. She took the tasseled whip down from the wall and gave her five harsh strokes. Sally screeched and wailed and then tearfully climbed back up onto the bed where the man fucked her hard and then, once he had been restored, spent himself in her mouth.

Madam Jang didn't follow them into the bathroom this time, but went directly downstairs after giving the mistress an instruction in Korean. When she was cleaned up, reperfumed and brushed, the mistress, acting more harshly

and brusque with her as if showing her who was boss, brought her down to the first level again. At the top of the stairs, they waited while a line of naked, bound and gagged young women, accoutered with flashy silver bracelets and collars as she was, passed them. Sally counted six. They were all beautiful and well formed. She cringed as they passed in their coffle, knowing that soon she would be added to the little parade, going wherever they went and doing whatever they did. The girls all looked at her with some interest as they passed as if curious as to who their new mate might be. Sally felt shamed that they should see her in her bound nakedness, knowing that they were probably all aware that she had spent the last two hours or so fucking, as they had undoubtedly done when they were first broken in.

A line of young, pretty black leather collared girls followed the naked women. They were dressed in short, light blue dresses. They all gave Sally disdainful glances as they passed. She wondered who they were and why they weren't naked and outfitted like the other girls. Another one of the black haired Korean mistresses brought up the rear. She stopped for a moment and played with Sally's breasts as she traded witticisms with the other one. She looked older and even harsher than the first. She was wearing a green and blue plaid shirtwaist dress. When she was done playing with her breasts, tweaking her nipples painfully, she gave Sally several harsh pats on her face and said something that sounded mean. Then she moved on, undoubtedly to open the gate at the top of the stairs to the third floor.

At the bottom of the stairs, instead of going into the now unpopulated reception area, they made a right turn and went through some swinging doors. They entered a large kitchen. The walls were white and the floor was covered with russet colored vinyl tiles. The ceiling was high. She was made to kneel on one of seven dark blue mats spread out on the floor. A short, young, pudgy, Asian youth brought her two silver bowls, one filled with bits of chicken and vegetables covered in an orangey sauce and the other containing milk. He was wearing a white kitchen uniform that was spattered here and there with fresh stains. He wore a little white hat. Before he placed the bowls down in front of her, he ordered her to bow. She gave him a deep, tearful one. A chain was attached to her collar from behind and her gag was removed. She waited, trembling, for the order that would allow her to eat. The boy said something and pointed to the bowls. Sally obediently bent over and put her mouth to the food. The Korean lady got her own plate of food and sat down at a large, round wooden table.

While she was eating, Madam Jang and the man from downstairs, who she now knew to think of as her respected father, came in. As they passed, Sally gave them a deep bow. Madam Jang stopped and patted her on the head and

tousled her hair for a second. The man stopped and gave her a neutral, examining look that made her blood run cold. The two picked up plates filled with food and moved over to a smaller, square wooden table set off from the round one. They talked amiably and nonchalantly as they ate. There was a carafe of what Sally assumed was tea on the table and they poured themselves glassfuls. The Korean men she had serviced came in shortly afterwards and sat down at another table after getting their own plates of food. They had doffed their blue kimonos and were wearing light blue t-shirts with the dark blue seven stars over the left part of their chests, black denim pants and black boots. One of them stopped by her and tweaked her breasts, giving out a little chuckle and saying something taunting to her.

When she was finished, she knelt up at attention and waited. The kitchen was filled with noisy conversation. There was a large, tall chef working hard on the other side of a long, steel steam table. The boy was busy running back and forth, chopping things up on a table with a wooden block top and retrieving things for the cook from the large, silvery, industrial sized refrigerator.

The normal, everyday activity of the unenslaved people brought a deep sorrow to her. She was a class apart from them and would be forever and ever. Low, low, low. She was low, low, low, and not entitled to eat at a table. She had to eat like a barely human animal. The recent memory of being used by the Korean men, one after the other, dominated her mind. She wondered fretfully about what would happen next. When would the guests come? How many of them would she have to fuck? What would it be like? Would they whip her as her *eomeo-nim* had intimated? How was she ever going to live through this? How long would she be a whore? Would anyone ever be kind to her again?

She was barely holding off sobbing. Sobbing wasn't allowed. Crying wasn't allowed. Talking wasn't allowed. Nothing was allowed except immediate, shameful obedience. She wanted to go home, to see her parents, her friends. Teddy. To lie in her own bed. To be in her own room. She would never, ever fuck anybody again. She would become a missionary and serve God for the rest of her life. She wouldn't ever do anything bad. If only God would set her free, reverse everything that had happened to her since she had been kidnapped. Show her mercy. This couldn't be really taking place. Not in America. How could they keep young girls prisoner and turn them into whores against their wills? How could the police not know about this place? How could they keep this place secret? How could the world go on while all this was happening?

The Korean mistress rose from the table and placed her dish and glass in a plastic bin near the sink and dishwasher. She nodded to the chef and said

something to him in Korean. He nodded back and smiled. She said something to the young Asian man. He gave her a short nod and brought her a dampened dish towel. The woman came over to Sally and used it to wipe her face, careful not to muss her makeup. She gave the towel back to the man and then reached down and picked up Sally's gag which had been placed down on the mat when it had been removed. She said something sharp to Sally who immediately opened her mouth to receive it. The mistress clapped her hands once and Sally rose to her feet into attention position. She fastened the leash to her collar and released the chain that had connected it to the wall behind her. She brought her over to where Madam Jang and Gyong were sitting. She ordered her to bow. Sally obediently scraped low.

Madam Jang said something to the mistress, patted her mouth with a pure white cloth napkin and rose from the table. She left her dishes behind. The mistress handed her Sally's leash. Madam Jang gave it a rough yank and she led her from the kitchen.

They went up the broad, carpeted stairs and then up the narrow wooden ones. At the top, Madam Jang opened the gate, led Sally through and then led her through the door to the slave girls' dormitory. The Korean mistress followed behind them making sure each door was locked and closed.

The other girls were wandering about, getting themselves ready for the night's business. Madam Jang clapped her hands loudly twice and issued a command. The girls stopped whatever they were doing and rushed to where Madam Jang stood, forming a line before her and sinking to their knees. They were virtually shoulder to shoulder except for a gap between the fourth and fifth girl. They all bowed and brought themselves to presentation position, hands behind their backs. Madam Jang released Sally's collar and clapped her hands twice. Sally repeated the procedure the other girls had followed.

When she had risen from her bow, Madam Jang stepped to the side and addressed her. "These Lotus new sisters," she said sternly. All of them were beautiful and all of them had large, bright flowers tattooed on their bellies. All of their shaved pussies were adorned with the seven blue stars. Their faces were delicately made up, like models or movie stars. Madam Jang went up to the first one. "This Carnation," Madam Jang said. And then to the other girl, "Greet new sister, Lotus,"

Carnation was a slender blond haired girl. Her hair was short, cut into a page boy. She had a longish face and crystal blue eyes. Her breasts were grapefruit sized, round and solid with wide, red areolas. She leaned over on all fours and crept up to Sally. When she reached her, she rose on her knees, pressed her lithesome body against hers, ran her hands down along her long, blond, unruly hair and pressed their lips together. Sally was surprised and put

off, but she knew that Madam Jang was watching and so didn't resist. Carnation spread her lips with hers and her tongue slipped into her mouth.

She kissed her passionately. Their breasts were touching. Her tongue was lively and insistent, following hers wherever it went.

"Okay," Madam Jang stated flatly after a while. Carnation withdrew her lips, caressed her breasts lightly and returned to her original position.

The next was Daisy. She was a black haired, light brown skinned girl with solid, heavy breasts. Her hips were wide and her thighs thick and hard. Her face was oval. She had prominent lips, full and juicy. Her nose was slightly thick and long, but did nothing to detract from her beautiful face. Italian, Sally thought, or maybe Greek. Hispanic perhaps? Of all the girls, she was the most classically beautiful. She had a refined, almost regal air about her, like a girl from a fancy European finishing school. Her breasts were wide and plump, a bit too heavy for her medium frame. There were somewhat faded red stripes across them. Her eyes were greenish and mesmerizing. Her pussy lips were wide and plump, a fine setting for her seven blue stars. Her lips were sensual.

Her kiss was, at first, soft and luxurious. As Sally's now eager tongue responded to hers, her kiss became deeper, more sensual. She had one hand on Sally's breasts, caressing them, kneading them, each in their turn, while the other hand caressed and stroked her pussy. She slipped two fingers deep within her and stroked them in and out, in and out. Sally shuddered. Her growing lust had elbowed her shame aside, pushing it into a remote corner of her mind. The girl's thumb had found her little, stiff, energized button and was caressing it softly. Sally moaned again and whined, a part of her still humiliated at how she was allowing, without protest or struggle, these beautiful, young women to make use of her.

Madam Jang ordered her away and ordered Rose to greet her. Rose was of medium build, with wide thighs and deep brown skin. Her black hair was straight and smooth, down to her shoulders. Her lips were thick and her mouth wide. She had deep brown eyes, like gentle pools. The bright red rose on her belly was elegantly drawn. Her dark brown skin set off well the gleaming confinements on her limbs and neck. Her breasts were plump and full, with wide, wine colored areolas and thick nipples. Her inner flesh, as Madam Jang had noted to Gyong downstairs, was full and blossomed over her outer labia, for now. When she kissed Sally, her hand went behind her head and pressed it forward, mashing their lips tightly together. Her tongue was dominant, fierce. Her other hand, her left, sank between Sally's thighs and she felt two thick fingers slide along her crevasse. They gathered her moisture and slipped up to her nubbin and began to rub. Their breasts were heavily intertwined. Rose sort of rotated them together, letting them slip and slide tantalizingly.



This time Sally could not suppress her moan. She uttered in deeply into Rose's mouth, prompting the African American girl to press their lips together harder. Her fingers pinched her little man almost harshly, causing her to release a little squeal.

The next one was Poppy, with the bright blue poppy design on her belly. As described previously, she was somewhat diminutive, little girlish, with long black hair and very pale skin. Her breasts were hard, larger than teacup sized and came to little cones. Her frame was delicate and she had a lonely, sad looking face with thin lips and dark, almost black eyes. Her kiss was softer, not quite tentative, but reserved. Her tongue flitted through Sally's mouth like a little butterfly. She rubbed her hands up and down Sally's thighs and then raised them to her breasts, pulling gently on her nipples, pinching them lightly. Sally groaned. To her chagrin, her heat was rising. She knew that she should not feel humiliation before all these accomplished whores, who had undoubtedly performed this ritual many times and been the subject of it themselves. She was ashamed, nonetheless, about how she was docilely receiving their attentions, how her loins were beginning to burn.

Poppy broke away at Madam Jang's command. Between her and the next girl, Chrysanthemum, there was a gap. It was Chrysanthemum who Sally had met down in the bowels of the building. She approached her determinedly. She had short black hair and presumptuous, but small breasts. Her limbs were long and her legs seemed to go on forever. She wrapped her arms around her, squeezing their bodies together and gave her a deep, fervent kiss. Sally kissed her back just as fervently. She remembered the taste of her sweet pussy and how she had slavered over her own, bringing her to ecstatic orgasms. And it was a link to the man, her *abeo-nim*, whose protection and, if not sympathetic, at least consoling arms, she missed dreadfully. Madam Jang's oppression was sharper, more cold, business-like. It was she who was really cementing her status as a whore. It was her damning eyes she would have to be afraid of if she shirked her duties. It was she who would be handing off her leash to the 'guests', as she referred to them, sending her off to callous, degrading use again and again every day.

She was moaning and breathing heavily when Madam Jang broke them up. She had noted their passion and resolved to keep a close watch on them. Slave girls who grew too close could be a problem, and if they could, more or less, reduce their opportunities for oral communication to almost zero, they could not guard totally against the brief, furtive caress, the loving look, the brush up of shoulders or thighs. On the other hand, when guests requested a Sapphic performance for their visual delight, they would be a good couple to pair off so that the guest or guests would really get their monies' worth.

Last was Tulip. We have met her before, or at least her delectable rear end as she mounted the stairs at the end of the coffer. She had auburn hair that descended past her shoulders, ending in a little flip. Her skin, like Sally's was pinkish. Her breasts were very ample, but not too large, hanging delectably on her chest and rising pertly at the ends. She had small, purplish areolas and short but wide nipples. Her nether lips were on the thinnish side and her stars had been mounted more to the side. She was of average size, as 18-20 year old whores go. Her breasts were covered with angry red stripes, as were her belly and the front of her thighs.

Last night, the 31 year old playboy heir to the Daimler fortune had come by with a couple of his spoiled, rich friends. He flew in from time to time to avail himself of their facility during his visits to the United States. The young Frenchman had taken an immediate like to Tulip who was new since he had been here last eight months ago. He had her consigned to him for three hours, during which he savagely whipped her. Tulip had done her best to disguise the damage by the application of a thick skin cream and powder. It didn't do for guests to see a girl like that, at least as far as the girls were concerned, since it seemed to trigger a similar, fiendish impulse in others. Tulip could have saved herself the effort though since Francois was due again tonight.

Sally was shocked to see the clear evidence of the young girl's abuse, but forgot all about it as she expertly taunted her with her tongue. After kissing her fervently, she lowered her head and took her nipples in her mouth, one by one, making Sally moan and quake. She rubbed and rubbed and rubbed her pussy until Sally thought she was going to scream. After a full minute of divine torture, Madam Jang commanded her away and back to her place.

Sally was breathing heavily. Her pussy was heavy with desire. She had hoped that Tulip would bring her over the top, but she just couldn't seem to get there. It was a good thing for Tulip, though, because Madam Jang would have been pissed.

The whore mistress turned to Sally. She went behind her and unlocked her wrists, returning to her original place beside her. "Now that Lotus met sisters, Lotus, it time for Lotus to show how slutty Lotus be. I want Lotus to play with pussy until Lotus come. And no faking. *Eomeo-nim* able to tell. Put on nice show so sisters can see what great whore Lotus will be."

Sally looked up at her. She didn't want to play with her pussy in front of these beautiful, sophisticated looking girls, whores or not. She looked at Madam Jang disconsolately. "Please don't make me do this," she whined inside. The two Korean mistresses had crowded around, anxious to witness the spectacle. They had removed their shirtwaist dresses and wore only white cotton underpants. They looked strong and muscular. Their heavy, bare breasts

seemed like a kind of visual assault, something that you didn't really want to see but were compelled to look at.

She slowly brought her hands around and placed them on her thighs. Misery welled up in her and all her recollections of all the horrible things that had been done to her so far, and all her speculations about all the horrible things to come, went rushing through her brain. Tears welled up in her eyes. But she knew better than to allow herself to cry. Madam Jang had been clear on that.

She looked at the naked young women in front of her all lined up like front row spectators. They were peering at her intently. There didn't seem to be a sympathetic eye among them. What she had been ordered to do almost certainly seemed inconsequential to them who had already been whores for who knew how long. They had undoubtedly been ordered to provide displays of this nature and far worse many times. What kind of a whore she would be, they were probably wondering. Would she hold up her end on the team? Or would she be a slacker, forcing them to fuck the men that should be by rights hers? Would she be a whiner and a shirker, bringing down on their heads the consequential wrath of their mutual oppressors?

She looked again at Madam Jang, who seemed like she was just about to lose her patience. One of the mistresses, the bigger and meaner looking of the pair, had brought over the flogger that had hung on her hip, ready to apply it at Madam Jang's command. Sally grimaced and turned to her 'sisters' as Madam Jang had called them. Her right hand slipped down off of her thigh and found her already moistened crevasse. Suppressing a sob, she began to stroke her pussy slowly and tentatively up and down its length. An unwanted trill went through her right away. Her sex had been off bounds to her all through her training. Her hands had been rarely freed long enough to do anything.

Suddenly, Madam Jang clapped her hands, 'clap-clap, clap'. A sourness went through her, realizing that she had been too slow. Trembling, she assumed the position that had been ordered, face to the floor, her rear end raised, hands behind her back. Madam Jang spat something out to the big, ugly mistress in Korean. She stepped up behind Sally. An instant later, there was the sound of leather cutting the air followed immediately by the breakout of fierce fire across her rear. She screamed, "Ayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyie!" There was another and another. She screamed and screamed. Madam Jang clapped her hands twice. Tearfully, suppressing a series of forlorn sobs, she rose to her knees.

"Lotus, naughty, naughty girl!" Madam Jang shrieked. "Play with pussy now or *Eomeo-nim* tell *Mi-jung-nim* to give Lotus real beating!"

Sally cringed at the threat. What would a ‘real’ beating be like? She sensed that it would be as bad as or even worse than the ones her *abeo-nim* had given her. And then she would have to do it anyway. She looked at the lined up young women again. They were watching her expectantly. Her body was covered with sweat. She moved her right hand again to her crux. This time her fingers went directly to her little man. She started frigging it determinedly.

It took a while for her to work herself back up to where she had been after all the other girls had finished kissing her. She knew that she shouldn’t close her eyes, but keep her eyes trained on the other naked whores. Instead of closing them, she let her eyes kind of fog over so she could pretend that they weren’t there. She tuned them out and imagined herself alone, at home, in her bed. The covers were drawn up to her chin. Her knees were lifted and spread. Beautiful, lustful fantasies were going through her head of handsome princes, bold, manly warriors, Gil Thomas, their star quarterback on the football team who she had had the hots for, as did almost every other girl in her class, sensitive, lustful men entranced by her beauty, poise and charm.

But then something washed them away. What replaced them in her mind was the man from downstairs. He was behind her. It wasn’t her hand on her pussy, it was his. It was strong, manly, insistent. His body was pressed up against her from behind. She was a whore, his whore. She needed to let herself go and let her whorishness, the whorishness that he had taught her, take over. “Come for *Abeo-nim*!” she thought madly. “Come for *Abeo-nim*! Come for *Abeo-nim*!” Show them how well he had trained her, how much of a slave he had made of her!

Her pussy was getting hotter and hotter. She snuck her fingers into her channel and ran them in and out again and again as she rubbed her clit with her thumb. Her other hand went to her breasts, as *Abeo-nim* would have done. She caressed them, mauled them, pulled and pinched at her nipples as he would do.

She could feel her passions rising. She was alone on a mountaintop. Beautiful, cloud shrouded valleys surrounded her. She would proclaim to the world her obedience, her sluttishness, her surrender to his will! Below, the valley dwellers were looking up at her with awe, their binoculars and telescopes trained on her. A TV station, hearing of her proud display, had rushed out a news team and their telephoto lens camera was trained on her for all the world to see. Bulletins were erupting on programming over all the TV channels. “We are interrupting our broadcast to take you live to the tallest mountain in North America where little Sally Henderson is proving to the world her sluttishness, her whorishness, her obsequiousness,” the cable anchor was saying.

“A mere few days ago, little Sally Henderson was a meek college freshman at a small Midwestern college,” the other commentator proffered. “But look at her now! She’s going at her pussy like it was on fire! Can we pan in a little closer, Bob?”

The camera zooms in on her cleft. Her small, pink tipped hand is manipulating her sex wildly. “Look at the hand action!” Bob blurted out. “I’m going to come in my pants!”

“Yes! Look! Look! Look!” her mind screamed. “I’m doing it all for my *abeo-nim*, my new respected father who I must obey in all things!”

The kneeling slave girls came back into her mind’s eye. “See! See! I’m a whore like you!” she thought madly. “A whore like you! Watch me come! Watch me come! Watch me come!”

Her orgasm was impending. She cast her eyes at Madam Jang and the mistresses. “See what a good little slave girl I am! I’ll do anything you say! I’ll fuck anyone you bring me! I’ll be the best whore you have! But please don’t whip me! Please don’t whip me!”

She looked back at the girls. They were staring back, their faces blank, but their eyes intent. All in perfect order, all in perfect pose. Exactly alike, but all wondrously different. For a moment a wave of self-doubt raced through her. “What am I doing? What am I doing? I don’t want to be a whore! I don’t want to be a whore! I don’t want to be a whore!”

Her hands didn’t flag though, impelled by necessity and her growing lust. She felt her body wavering, swaying. Her loins were blood filled and heavy. Her nipples were so taut that they ached. Something big was coming. Big! Big! Big! She couldn’t resist it! She couldn’t avoid it. It was like a high speed train rushing to leap off of a cliff. The time where it could stop had long passed. In a second or two it would go flying into empty air, pulling her along with it. She could see the end of the track. It was a thousand feet ahead! Five hundred! Three hundred! One hundred! Fifty! And there it was! The engine leapt into the air!

Her pussy erupted into fierce convulsions. She cried out, “Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!” Her body shook, her innards trembled. It went on and on and on.

“There she blows!” the announcer burst out wildly. “Oh, I can’t believe it! It’s just amazing! Awesome! Her *abeo-nim* must be really proud!”

“Wait until her parents see this!” the commentator exclaimed. “I’ll be they didn’t know that they were raising a little whore!”

No, they didn’t, Sally thought sadly as her orgasm wound down. She continued to manipulate her sex while several aftershocks coursed through her. She looked over at Madam Jang for approval. Madam Jang had a satisfied look

on her face. “Very good, Lotus,” she said. “That was nice. Now take Lotus place in line.”

Sally looked over to the gap between Poppy and Chrysanthemum. “Take your place among the whores,” she thought sadly. She fell to all fours and scurried over to the empty spot. She turned around, backed herself in and then rose to attention position.

“Very good,” Madam Jang said. “All slave girls go check up on makeup and go to the toilet. Slave girls need to be ready in ten minutes.”

## CHAPTER FOUR

The slave girls all rose as one and darted towards the makeup tables and the bathroom. Madam Jang turned and left the room. Sally waited on line to pee. Naked girls were rushing about all around her. It was like gym class but even worse. She had hated to get undressed in front of all the other girls in her class. She felt that each pair of eyes was evaluating her, examining her critically. She always rushed to get a towel around her once she had removed her clothes. She took quick, furtive showers, always facing the wall and, if she could, choosing the shower heads at the ends so that she wouldn't have girls on either side of her. Most of the girls acted like her, but some of the girls relished their nakedness, proud to show off their well-formed bodies, their well-developed breasts, their bushes of adult hair. Sally tried not to look at them, but felt compelled to none the less, casting sideways glances at them, comparing their physiques to her own.

She had been somewhat fat until the latter part of junior year when she had started dieting and exercising regularly. She cut out ice cream and cake and cookies. She cut away all the fat on the meat she was served, skipped the potatoes and started eating a lot of salads and fruit. She would take long, slow jogs in the mornings before she went to school. She never told anybody about it, even her best friends. She felt embarrassed about acknowledging her weight problem.

And the other thing was that she had developed late. When other girls were displaying well-formed mounds on their chests, some of them quite plump and heavy, she had only had little buds that refused to grow. Cathy Farina had teased her about it, calling her 'the board'. In junior year her breasts suddenly took off and by June she had a rack she was proud of. But not proud enough to display them brazenly in the girls' locker room. And now they would be on display every moment of every day to anyone who wanted to look at them, to hundreds of strange men who would want to maul them and suckle on them, even to beat them.

When she was done peeing, she rushed over to the makeup table Madam Jang had shown her and sat down. She looked in the mirror, examining herself closely. She was saddened by what she saw. There was a whore in the mirror. Soon she would be taken downstairs with all the other girls. Men would look over her body and decide whether they wanted to fuck her. They would lead her away like a purchase at a slave market, take her to her room and abuse her. And if they were not happy with her, she would be beaten. And again

tomorrow, and the next day, and the next and on and on and on. She shivered with unhappiness. She looked side to side. The other girls were touching up their eyeliner and their lipstick, brushing their hair, or just examining their faces intently. She returned to the mirror. Her hair was a mess. She took out the brush *Eomeo-nim* had given her and gave her tresses several long, determined strokes. It looked better. Her lipstick looked a little smeared and she touched it up. She refreshed her perfume.

She sat back, wondering what she should do next. She felt a tap on her right arm. Chrysanthemum was sitting there, leaning over towards her. She pointed out a small jar on her dressing table. She opened it and spread a little dab of what was inside on a tissue. She used it to slide all around her gleaming, silver colored collar. Sally got the message. There was a similar jar on her table and she used it to polish her own collar. She polished her wrist and ankle bracelets. She wondered sadly whether she would be wearing them the rest of her life. She did her best to make sure that there were no smudges or blurs. When done, she looked over at Chrysanthemum and gave her a friendly smile of thanks.

Madam Jang came back into the room. She was wearing an elegant, knee length red and gold skirt and a loose, cerise blouse with the three top buttons undone. She had on tall, red pumps and there was a gold rope chain around her neck. She had freshened her makeup and brushed her hair. She looked startlingly beautiful. As she came into the room she started to clap her hands rapidly. All the girls jumped up from their tables and ran into the main room. They lined up in order like before, standing at attention, legs spread, breasts out, hands behind their backs.

The two Korean mistresses had mustard colored jars like her *abeo-nim* had used on her downstairs. While one went down the front of the line, the other went behind. They applied a dab of the agitating salve to the girl's pussies, rear apertures and to their nipples. Sally cringed as she felt the salve rubbed in firmly all in and around her sex. It started a tingling there right away. And in her nipples and rear hole.

When the Korean mistresses were done, they put the jars away in a nearby cabinet. While the girls had been primping, the mistresses had doffed their housedresses and had donned what Sally assumed were traditional Korean style outfits. They were ankle length red dresses with scooped out 'v' necks bordered in white. They wore white aprons below their waists with bold red lines running down along the sides and the bottom in a pair of concentric 'U's'. They were wearing thick clog shoes and had strange little hats strapped on their heads almost like warrior's helmets. They both wore tight, thin leather



belts resting on their hips from which hung, at their right sides, their ominous looking floggers.

Sally realized that the moment of truth was coming. The Korean mistresses took up a position just behind Madam Jang. One of them was holding several lengths of thin chain. Madam Jang clapped her hands and shouted out something imperative. The first girl on her left, Carnation, came forward and bowed to Madam Jang. She stated loudly, "This slave girl promises to be *aju joh-eun changnyeo!*"

Madam Jang smiled at the girl and proffered her hand to her. Carnation approached and kissed it devotedly. She passed on. The first Korean mistress fastened her hands behind her and attached a length of chain to the back of her collar. She shuffled over to the second Korean lady who applied a spongy gag to her mouth and pulled her by her collar several feet towards the door.

The second girl, Daisy, went up and bowed to Madam Jang. "This slave girl promises to be *aju joh-eun changnyeo!*" she blurted out loudly. She kissed Madam Jang's hand and moved on.

The third girl and the fourth, Rose and Poppy, did the same thing. As each was bound and gagged, the front of their collar was attached to the girl in front of her. Then it was Sally's turn. She had heard the girls say something to Madam Jang, but she didn't understand what it was. As she approached her *eomeo-nim* she trembled that she would make some error which would cause her to be beaten. She bowed lowly and rose. Her lips were trembling and her stomach had turned queasy. Madam Jang smiled at her. "Say, 'This slave girl promises to be *aju joh-eun changnyeo.*'" she told her politely. "It means that Lotus promise to be a very good whore."

Sally cringed. She frowned and her stomach turned. She blurted it out as best she could. Madam Jang repeated the Korean phrase for her slowly. She made her go over it several times until she was satisfied that she was pronouncing the words correctly. Then she had Sally repeat the whole thing. "Say it loudly now, like you mean it," she ordered.

Sally looked at her, tears welling up in her eyes. "This slave girl promises to be *aju joh-eun changnyeo!*" she said as loudly as she could muster.

"Very good," Madam Jang complimented her. "Now kiss hand."

She held her hand out and Sally bestowed a thick kiss on it. Madam Jang patted her on the head and ordered her to move on. She stood there while her wrists were connected behind her and she was connected to the coffle. She opened her mouth wide to receive her spongy gag. She shuffled forward each time a little bit further as the remaining two girls performed the ritual.

Madam Jang advanced to the head of the line and strode to the door. She entered the combination of the number pad and put her thumb to the reader.

The door ‘clacked’ open. The big, ugly Korean mistress followed behind her towing Carnation by the ring in the front of her collar. The other girls moved on, each in their turn. Sally felt a strong tug on her chain and started forward. The chain from behind her collar pulled taut and Chrysanthemum followed suit. The other Korean mistress brought up the rear.

The line paused at the gate and then passed through. Sally shuffled along as fast as she could. They came to the outer gate, the one that led to the stairs. They stopped while Madam Jang worked the number pad and the reader. All the girls were ordered to turn to the left and stare at the wall while she did it. Madam Jang proceeded through the gate and started down the stairs, followed by Seoung-ji. When it came to her turn, she looked down the stairs with trepidation. She was terrified of falling. There were about four feet of chain between her and the next girl and she knew that she would pull the whole coffle of girls down with her and there would be hell to pay. But Madam Jang kept the pace slow. Whether it was in deference to her inexperience or not, Sally couldn’t tell. She just kept her eyes down watching each step carefully.

As they descended, the queasiness in her belly began to grow. The clacking of Madam Jang’s high heels and the clogs of the mistresses contrasted sharply with the low patter of the slave girls’ naked feet. One or two of the other girls released short, almost imperceptible whines as they descended, but otherwise they were all silent. Sally wanted to whine and sob and bawl in the worst way, but she held herself in knowing that terrible punishments would follow. She had been whipped a little more than a half hour ago and her rear was still warm from the blows.

She could see the pale naked back side of Poppy, the girl in front of her, her bound wrists, her painted nails, the shiny steel bracelets. She knew that the girl behind her was having the exact same view. She felt like she was part of a gang of female prisoners being led to their execution. When they reached the end, each one of them, one by one would be led up the stairs of a scaffold to a guillotine where they would have their heads severed from their bodies to the shouts of a raging mob. She imagined her bodiless, bloody head being held up by its silky blond hair and displayed for the crowd’s amusement. “So goes all enemies of the Queen!” the man would shout and the crowd would cheer. Her head would be tossed into a big basket holding all the heads of the other pretty, young girls who had died. Only she wouldn’t be dead. Her head would still be alive, and she would see all that was happening. She would see the raucous crowd erupt in celebration at her cruel demise. She would see her headless body as it was dragged away and tossed into a big pile of bleeding, headless flesh. She would see the world fly by as her head was tossed aside. She would still be alive and screaming when they dumped all the heads in a big pit and

started covering them with dirt. Or when they were mounted on pikes and left to rot in the sun.

And even that might be preferable to what was really happening! She was now one of seven enslaved whores, poor kidnapped girls like her, condemned to service anonymous men again and again and again. It was like being in a terrible nightmare as she went down step by step to her doom. Or some terrible grade 'B' horror movie or sexploitation flick.

How long had the other girls been whores? How many times had they been led down these stairs, chained, gagged and bound as if they were wild animals which might rise up against their captors and devour them. Were all these medieval confinements necessary? Every door was locked, every window was barred. Couldn't they at least allow them pretend to be human? And what did the men think? Did they think it all right to treat young women as animals? Didn't they have the least little pang of conscience as they saw them all bound and gagged, naked and collared, marked with horrid tattoos? Or did they think it was a game that was being played and that all the whores were released each night and allowed to go home with their cut of their evening's fornication?

And how would she ever, ever escape! These other girls hadn't found a way. And neither had any of the girls who had preceded them, or the police would have surely raided the place and put an end to it. If they couldn't get away, how would she ever be able to? And what would happen to her when they were done with her, as they had apparently been done with the girl who was called Lotus before her? How many Lotuses had there been? How many Carnations? How many Daisies? How many Chrysanthemums?

Each step took her closer to her fate. A couple of times she slowed, her heart so overwhelmed that she couldn't locomote her legs. The chain in front of her would grow taut and yank at her firmly and she would stumble a couple of steps, suppressing a squeal. She couldn't think of anything that they could do to her to make her feel more like a slave. Clearly all of her rights had been revoked. No one could treat a normal person this way. Her ankles were confined, her wrists were confined, she was gagged and chained like those men on the chain gangs in the South. And so were all the other girls, her sisters in slavery.

Did Madam Jang really think of them as her daughters? Who would ever treat their daughters this way except some fiendish ogre in a fairy tale? Is this how they treated women back in Roman times, women captured in their many wars of conquest? Or when they enslaved millions of African women back during colonial times? Or the Turks and Arabs on their European raids? Was this actually the normal, how women had been treated down through the

centuries and the twenty and twenty first centuries being the aberration? Is this what all men secretly wanted, access to beautiful, young, enslaved women who could deny them nothing?

They came to the second floor, with its soft, maroon carpet and red walls. Bright, fresh flowers were set along it on elegant furniture. The light was dim. When she passed the door to her room, she shuddered, remembering what had occurred in there and thinking of what was to come. The next time she saw this floor, she would be at the end of a leash, and the leash would be in the hand of a man who was going to use and abuse her against her will.

As they walked along the hallway, she saw two of the young girls who had been outfitted in the short, little blue dresses earlier. They were standing at attention with their hands behind their backs in places that had been apparently been designated for them. Instead of their short, little pale blue dresses, they wore scanty, revealing maid's uniforms trimmed with white lace. They had uneasy looks on their faces as if something terrible was going to happen. Were they slaves too? If so, why weren't they naked and in chains like she was? And if not, what were their duties here? The fact that they were dressed in frilly maids' outfits gave her some clue. Why did she have to be a slave girl and they get to be maids? Couldn't she switch? Maybe they rotated the roles and she would get to be a maid once in a while and those girls would be shackled and gagged. Couldn't she at least hope?

She was terribly shamed to be marched so naked and bound before these young girls. She thought of her naked breasts and her hairless mons, her bare back side, her gleaming confinements. It was horrible, horrible to be treated this way! How could this have happened to her? How could this happen in America? Her whole idea of the world had been overturned.

They came to the main stairs. They proceeded down them slowly as if making a grand entrance. There was a man behind the bar now, dressed in a white shirt and a tie. A couple of the Korean men she had fucked were standing around. There were three more maids standing demurely at assigned locations. They had black high heels on and sheer black stockings. The bodices of their uniforms were about as low as any decency would allow and their skirts as short. They too looked nervous. What did they have to be nervous about? They weren't slaves! They weren't whores! They weren't chained and naked and tattooed!

*Abeo-nim* was standing by the bar nursing a clear drink with ice. He was dressed in a well-fitting, well-tailored dark blue suit and a blue striped tie. As she passed him she tried to get his attention, but he did not respond to her pleading eyes. He just watched calmly as the parade went by no doubt counting in his mind already the night's receipts.

The coffle made a wide turn at the end of the room and came back towards the stairs. There were the pads where she had knelt earlier in the day. They went behind them and the mistresses disconnected their coffle chains. Madam Jang gave a command and all the girls turned to their left, facing into the room. Madam Jang clapped her hands twice and all of them fell to their knees onto their assigned pads in attention position. The Korean mistresses came down the line and connected their collars to chains that were fastened to the wall behind them. The chains were long enough to let them stand up and hung loosely down their backs.

The Korean mistresses gave Madam Jang a bow and proceeded back upstairs to man their posts. Madam Jang faced the girls and held up her hand perpendicular to the floor and moved it ahead slightly. All the girls knelt back on their calves.

Madam Jang went over to the bar and ordered a drink. It looked to Sally like it might be a scotch and soda. She sidled up to *Ameo-nim* and began chatting happily with him. The bartender went over to a sound system built into the wall and jazz piano music filled the room.

Sally stared at the door through which the men would come. Maybe there wouldn't be any tonight. Maybe none of them would choose her. Maybe the police would burst through the door guns blazing, cutting down all of her oppressors. Maybe she could figure out a way to dissolve into nothingness right where she knelt. *Eomeo-nim* would come over and find just a puddle of muck where she had been. Her belly was churning and her body felt sickened. Her pussy felt like it was on a slow burn from the ointment that had been applied to it. She looked briefly at the other girls kneeling next to her and they had their eyes pointed straight ahead as if they were watching something fascinating. Rather than being beaten, she picked out a spot on the wall in front of her and started staring at it.

About fifteen or twenty minutes had gone by when she heard the sound of the thick door over to her left 'clack' open. The door swung inwards. One of the Korean guards stood there and let three men pass. They were dressed in the seven stars baby blue kimonos. They had sandals on their feet.

The outside main door led into a small foyer. There, one of the guards pointed the guests to the locker room off to the left. There were thirty polished wooden lockers in the room, benches on which to sit and get undressed and a shower room with ten curtained shower stalls. There was a supply of fluffy white bath towels and soap. Each locker had a key with the locker number on it which the men placed in a pocket in the kimono. There was a rack of sandals in various sizes. Each guest was required to pay to the guard \$1,000 in cash as a deposit on their night's activities. Before the guest left, Madam Jang would

produce an invoice and they would pay any balance, or receive a rare refund, on the way out. There was seldom any trouble about the charges made. The front door would not open unless the guard punched in the code and any guest that had a beef about the bill was advised to wait while Madam Jang or Gyong came out to discuss it.

There was a separate locker room for women guests on the right. It was smaller than the men's locker room, but better equipped, with makeup tables and a sauna. Their trade consisted of about 15% to 20% women. They were free to mingle with the other guests, but there was a separate ladies' lounge where they could congregate together and have some privacy. Harassment of female guests by male guests was strictly forbidden.

Regular guests were issued a pass which they would display to the guard at the front door. All new guests had to be cleared in advance, including guests of guests, and their pass cards would be waiting there for them. For each service the guest consumed while inside he would present his pass card and the number would be used to record his ongoing bill. If any guest showed up who had not been precleared, Gyong would be called out to meet with them and to patiently explain the process they needed to follow to obtain a pass. An application would be filled out, a picture i.d. provided and fingerprints scanned. Gyong would, while the new guest waited, go to the office and fax the details to the Seven Stars linked security firm they used and to the county sheriff's office. They would be analyzed and vetted and their financial history checked. It usually took about an hour.

If the guest proved out to be who he said he was, and there was nothing about his background that seemed fishy, like ties to law enforcement, Gyong would issue a pass good for one night only then and there. Otherwise, they would be asked to leave. A more thorough background search would be conducted over the next several days. If the guest was cleared, the next time he came a more permanent pass would be waiting for him. Passes needed to be renewed yearly and a fee of \$10,000 was collected on each one, payable in advance. A pass card holder would be assessed \$750 per night as a cover charge for each guest, and one night passes for new guests who had not been yet fully vetted cost \$1,000, in addition to the \$1,000 deposit for the night's services.

As stated previously, guests were charged \$750 per hour for use of the whores, with a one hour minimum. After the first hour they were charged in fifteen minute increments. Blow jobs from the maids were rendered gratis, although most guests preferred to preserve their essences for their time with a whore.

Guests were encouraged to remain as long as they wanted, to drink, mingle with the other guests, have meals in the dining room or play cards in the rear lounge. Chips could be purchased with the guest's pass card and paid off or cashed in at the end of the guest's stay. A service charge of 5% was deducted from any winnings.

Some guests came just to enjoy the ambiance, obtain a free blow job or two, and enjoy the spectacle of beautiful naked or near naked young women. There was a minimum charge for entry into the house of \$500 per night whether the guest used a whore or not, so no money was lost on guests who preferred to just hang out.

As the three men entered, the girls rose up to attention position as one and then bowed. Sally followed suit. Madam Jang came over to greet them. The men were Asian, probably Korean, Sally thought. They were all well-built and had rough looking faces. They greeted Madam Jang with polite nods of the head which she returned.

She brought the men over to the line of whores. They looked at them salaciously. Madam Jang, when she came up to Sally, clapped her hands once, commanding her to stand. Sally cringed as the men's eyes perused her flesh. She knew that *Eomeo-nim* was touting her as their most recent addition. The men felt her breasts and belly. Their hands were rough and hard. Madam Jang had her turn around and bend over. She felt the hard hands slide over her mons, probing her slit with their fingers. The men made appreciative sounding remarks. Madam Jang had her turn around again and then, with two sharp claps, ordered her back to her knees. She was trembling and her belly was sour. She was trying desperately not to break out into sobs. She fought back her tears. One of them rolled down her face from the corner of her left eye. The biggest and meanest looking of the men chuckled when he saw it and used his finger to pluck it from her face. He said something and everybody laughed.

The men sidled over to the bar and ordered drinks. When they had collected them, they sat in a trio of plush, brown leather chairs and began talking. Two of the men lit cigarettes which they obtained from a humidor sitting on one of the tables. Madam Jang came over to Sally with a leash. She attached it to her collar and gave it a hard yank, forcing her to her feet. She led her over to where the men were sitting and she handed the leash to the bigger, meaner man. He gave Madam Jang a thankful nod. Madam Jang clapped her hands twice and Sally sank to her knees.

The men talked for about fifteen or twenty minutes. They had a second round of drinks. More guests came in. Sally saw Carnation and Daisy being taken up to the second floor. She tried not to look at the man who held her leash, but she couldn't help darting her eyes up to him again and again. He was

a huge hulk with short black hair tinged slightly with grey. He looked to be in his late 40's or early 50's. He had a deep, gravelly voice. She kept herself erect and in the prescribed position. At one point, the man looked at her, took hold of a nipple and shook her breast playfully, smiling. Iciness ran through her. This man was going to fuck her! He was going to take her upstairs and he was going to fuck her! And maybe worse! And whatever he told her, she would have to do and with the enthusiasm of an adoring puppy. Or she would be punished. She trembled and shook and tried desperately not to cry.

Madam Jang made sure to introduce the guests to each other. They all paid deference to the large man who was holding the handle to her leash. One of them, to Sally's surprise, was a woman. She was Caucasian, tall, about 5'9", very pretty and about 30 to 35 years old. She had long, straight back hair that went down just past her shoulders and was wearing diamond earrings and several large bejeweled rings. Her makeup was subdued and perfect and she had a very sophisticated air about her. Madam Jang had Sally stand and display herself to her, squeezing her breasts and undoubtedly extolling her passion and obedience. The woman seemed particularly interested, but she soon broke off and chose Rose instead.

Finally, the big man stood. He gave Sally's leash a yank and she rose to her feet. A wave of fear and sorrow went through her as she realized that this was the moment of truth. The man said something to his friends, who both chuckled and then he turned to lead her off.

The man strode quickly across the room to the stairs. Sally did her best to keep up with him, shuffling along as fast as she could. She stumbled just as they got to the foot of the stairs and fell to the floor. The man turned and growled something, giving her leash a harsh yank. She quickly scrambled back to her feet as best she could. The man seized her right nipple with his thumb and forefinger and gave it a fierce turn, making her screech. He said something nasty to her and gave her leash another hard yank. She followed him up the stairs hopping and jumping, fearful that she might anger him again.

They got to the top of the stairs and turned right. The Korean mistresses were there and they both gave him half bows. He just grunted as he passed them. They came to the door to her room. He pulled a card from the pocket of his kimono and swiped it at the reader near the lock. The lock 'clacked' open. He pulled her in and closed the door behind him.

Sally stood there shivering and shaking as the man disrobed and removed his sandals. She wasn't sure what she was supposed to do and was terrified lest she incur the man's wrath. He looked even bigger and meaner stark naked. His torso and arms were covered with strange tattoos, but what Sally made most



notice of was the array of seven stars across his chest, ones matching the ones on her pussy.

She realized immediately that the man was some kind of gangster and that the seven stars was undoubtedly the symbol of his gang. She realized too that the stars probably gave him some special rights as to her and entitled him to a great measure of deference from her *abeo-nim* and *eomeo-nim*. The whorehouse was probably protected by the gang and used by them as a kind of clubhouse. This knowledge seemed to make the whole thing about her kidnapping and enslavement much more sinister and permanent. Should she ever escape, the seven stars gangsters would undoubtedly hunt her down and reclaim her, no matter where she went or how hard she tried to hide. They probably had all kinds of protection from the police, which explained how the place could even exist. What chance did she have against these mighty, ruthless people?

And then there was his cock. It was heavy and thick and surrounded by bushy black hair. It had grown tumescent in anticipation of the man's upcoming fun. She saw it as an enemy, a fiendish, fiendish enemy who was going to penetrate her and cause her all kinds of shame and humiliation. And bring her pleasure that she didn't want. Fill her mouth. Rend the delicate tissues of her rear entrance. Probe deeply down her vaginal channel. Spurt poisonous spume into her. She looked up and saw the man's evil half grin. He had seen her look at his cock. "Yes, this is for you, whore," his eyes were saying as he stroked it idly. "Soon it will be in you and you will service it as your god."

She was on the edge of breaking down into sobs as the man crouched down to release her ankles from her hobble. He put the chain aside, sat on the bed, spreading his thighs widely. He took hold of her arm and pulled her towards him, hoisting her up onto his left thigh. His huge, heavy left arm circled around her back. He smiled at her, more fully this time, as if the fun were going to begin.

He began by playing with her breasts. He mauled them with his right hand, squeezing them, kneading them. He leaned down and placed his thick lips on her teats, one by one, suckling them softly at first and then harder and harder. He nipped at them, making her jump, and slavered them with his thick tongue.

He raised his head and took hold of her right teat with his free hand. He gave it a terrible, terrible squeeze, twisting it harshly. Sally screeched and began to cry. He did her left, holding it twisted for a long, long time, until Sally broke out into sobs. This made him laugh.

His right hand rose to her face and he pulled the gag free of her mouth. Holding her face by her chin, he pressed his lips down upon hers and forced his tongue into her mouth. He swirled it round and round. Her tongue fled from it. She was so terrified of the man that all of her training and instruction had just abandoned her.

He pulled himself back. The next thing she knew was that his left hand was holding fiercely onto the hair at the back of her head. A split second later, the man's right hand lashed out and he struck her mightily across the face. She released a wail and started sobbing again. He shook her head roughly and patted her hard on her right cheek. He said something rough to her. She closed her lips and tried to suppress her sobs. Her eyes were wide open and she was looking desperately for the movement which would telegraph another blow, but it did not come. Instead, still clasp ing her wild blond hair harshly, he forced his lips down on hers again and thrust his tongue into her mouth.

This time, she kissed him back. She was trembling and crying, but her tongue intertwined with his, giving back what he was giving her. He thrust his tongue deeply, scouring all the sides and roof of her mouth. He pulled his tongue out and laved her all around her lips like he was licking off the residue of some chocolate drink that she had had. Then it went back in.

His right hand had not been idle. It was busy playing with her breasts, caressing her across the belly, running up and down her thighs. Despite her fear, despite the horror that she felt at her treatment, her loins had begun to stir. When the man slid his fingers along the interior of her love lips, she had already lubricated and his fingers moved up and down her slit easily.

He now concentrated on playing with her pussy. He stroked it along the outside. He squeezed her love lips together. He rubbed up and down, up and down her crevasse. He played delicately and gently with her little now stiffened love button until she moaned into his mouth. He thrust thick fingers into her cavern, running them in and out while his thumb worried her little man.

His lips abandoned her mouth and he was at her breasts again, slurping over them, suckling her teats, nipping at them harshly, making her squeak. The hand went on and on and she was growing hotter and hotter. She wanted it to stop, was desperate for it to stop. She didn't want to perform for this evil, cruel man. There was something grossly obscene about it, something so demeaning that she felt that she was about to slip deeper and deeper into the mire of her humiliation and shame. And if she gave him a good show, what would that mean? Would it mean that he would choose her again and again and that she would have to perform for him again and again, night after night? Would he tell all his *compadres* what a good whore she was, how slutty she was and they

would choose her too? How many of them would she have to fuck? How long would she be a prisoner? Would she ever get free?

She felt her climax rising. The hand was going on and on at a terrible pace. His tongue was in her mouth again. Her excitement was so high she could barely breathe. The hand in her pussy moved off, caressing her fevered thighs, her belly, her breasts. Her pussy was begging for his attention, but it was clear that he wanted to drive her lusts higher and higher before he would let her come.

He pulled hard at her teats. He mauled her breasts. His hand moved down again, over her belly, over the tops and insides of her thighs. It was hot and heavy and demanding. It found her pussy again and he grabbed her clit, pinching it harshly and making her groan into his mouth. Then his fingers started flicking at it *rapidamente*. Her lust started to soar. Her legs were shaking and her chest was heaving. A terrible tension filled her, like a string stretched to the breaking point. And his forces were drawing it tighter and tighter and tighter. His tongue was sending wave after wave of hot lust through her. The string was being pulled to its ultimate limit. She groaned and moaned and whined. She didn't want to come for this man. She didn't want to reward his abuse of her. She didn't want him to think of her as a lustful whore who he would want to come back to again and again. "Please don't make me! Please don't make me! Please don't make me!" her mind screamed.

The string broke. Her pussy exploded. A rapid series of fierce contractions erupted. Her whole body shook. She released a series of anguished grunts into her oppressor's mouth. He broke their kiss and drew back his head so that he could watch her face. It was contorted and anguished. She shouted out into the room, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" The fingers kept trilling her button. Her orgasm kept going on and on. She felt another one, a bigger one, building up behind it. "Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!" she wanted to beg him. Her eyes burned into his face imploringly. He was grinning almost maniacally. He was enjoying every moment. Her convulsions slowed, but her passion was growing again. Her clit was as sensitive as a sore tooth and the trilling sensations were so fierce that she wanted to scream and beg and beg for him to stop.

Just when she thought that she would go mad, her pussy burst into cataclysm again. She released a long, anguished wail that filled the room. She shuddered and shook and trembled. It was like someone had thrust a live wire into her sex and hot, intense electricity was pouring into her.

Then, he slowed. Her pussy continued its convulsions but mercifully they began to fade. She had closed her eyes while the intolerable ecstasy had been rushing through her, and she now opened them. The man had a satisfied look.

Everything that Madam Jang had said about her was true. She was a hot little whore. A great acquisition. Worth every penny.

He thrust two of his thick fingers into her tunnel, running them back and forth and he seized her lips again, rounding out her climaxes with a passionate, domineering kiss. Then he broke it. His left hand, which had been clasped fiercely in her hair, released it. She sensed him searching for something on the bed behind her. He found it and handed it over to his right hand. It was her gag. Without ado, he stuffed it back into her mouth.

He lifted her up off of his lap, turned, and dumped her face down on the bed. He crawled up next to her and forced her to shimmy up so that her head was near the headboard. He swatted the large, fluffy pillow aside. He pulled at her hips, raising them, and he pushed at her legs until she drew her knees up underneath her. He spread her legs widely.

She was in fucking position. Her hands were still bound behind her back. She didn't want him to enter her. Her pussy still trilled and she didn't think she could stand to be invaded. When she felt his cock slip up along her crevasse, searching for her entrance, she whined and squirmed. His hand and weight was firmly on her back and her attempt at movement availed her nothing. A second later, his thickness found purchase in her hole and slid forward.

She whined and began to sob as he commenced his movements. A fierce energy emanated from her scoured tissues and radiated through her entire body. His right hand had slipped up to the back of her neck and he was forcing her head down harshly. The other hand was wandering her rear mounds, stroking them all over. He fucked her for a long time. He started out fast and hard, like he was late for an appointment or something. She whined and wailed as her innards were scorched. Just as she was about to come again, he suddenly slowed, as if he had sensed it and wanted to deny it to her.

Then he went slow and long, slow and long. His free hand reached under her and seized her breasts, mauling them harshly. He pulled and twisted at her nipples, causing her to cry out. Each long stroke sent a wave of agonizing ecstasy through her. He shifted gears again and started giving her a series of short, hard jabs, not fast, but slow, pausing at the end of each up and down stroke, as if he wanted to make sure that she could differentiate each one.

"Please stop, please stop, please stop, please stop, please stop, please stop!" her mind called out. But she knew that he wouldn't. This was a man who had probably fucked a hundred whores, two hundred, three, and he knew what he wanted and knew how to satisfy his desires regardless of its impact on the being he was using. He didn't care how anguished and degraded she felt. In fact, it was part of the fun. He was enjoying her whines and sobs and rather than engender pity, they only served to pique his lusts.

He shifted again and his thrusts became long and intense, like when he started. Her orgasm was triggered immediately, without any build up or warning. She groaned and shook and tried with all her might to seize his cock with her pussy's walls in order to still it. It was unfair that he could use her this way! It was unfair that she couldn't stop it! Her mind anguished and her whole being soured at her powerlessness. It was like she had fallen into a machine and it was tumbling her over and over and over and she had no power to shut it off. Her self-will had been driven into a deep dark cave somewhere within her and the man's cock was pummeling at the entrance, causing the walls to collapse, sealing it in and away from her reach forever and ever.

Suddenly, he withdrew. He pressed down on her back and lowered her hips. She felt his cock beg entrance to her small place. She bit down on her gag and screamed long and hard deep inside herself. He popped past the entrance, stretching her delicate ring, producing a tearing pain. He began to pump madly as if he were driving a pile deep inside her. He groaned and moaned. His belly was slapping her rear cheeks hard with each thrust. His cock plunged deep, deep, deep inside her. She whined and squirmed and sobbed, but he just kept going on and on and on. He released a loud roar, gripping her hips tightly and gave her six, seven, eight, nine, ten fierce thrusts, and he was done.

He collapsed on top of her bound arms. His hands took hold of her shoulders and squeezed them harshly. Then he drew himself back, slid his cock from her entrance and gave her rear end a fierce slap that made her howl.

"You good whore!" he exclaimed in broken English. "I fuck you a lot!"

These were words that she didn't want to hear. A pit opened inside her and every bit of hope that she would somehow survive her enslavement as a human being fell into it. How often would he come back and fuck her? Would it be every night? She didn't think that she could survive it. Somehow she had to figure out a way to get *Eomeo-nim* to kill her, or one of the mistresses. Maybe when she was in the kitchen somehow she would be able to get hold of a knife. She would plunge it into her chest. Or she could jump down the stairs and maybe break her neck. Or she could refuse to eat or drink and die of starvation or thirst. Or maybe sometime soon, one of the guests would turn out to be a homicidal maniac and he would do her a favor by slitting her throat from ear to ear. Maybe somehow God would help her if she just prayed hard enough. Maybe the man would get hit by a truck or assassinated by a rival gang, or arrested by the police and put in prison for thirty years. Maybe something would happen. It just had to! It just had to!

She remained as she was. Her little hole felt like it was gaping a mile wide. She could feel his cum oozing out of it. She sensed him leaning over and pulling a wipe from the container on the night table. She presumed he was

wiping himself with it. Apparently even cruel, depraved gangsters practiced good hygiene. He wiped her drooling anus with it and tossed it into the can by the night table. He got off of the bed. She heard the clinking of a glass and she assumed he was getting himself a drink. He came back and sat on the bed next to her. He patted her ass. "Good little whore," he said.

He piled up the pillows against the headboard and was leaning against them, enjoying his drink. He occasionally rubbed his hand over her proffered rear saying something salacious sounding in Korean. He got up to get another drink. She could hear the clinking of ice in his glass. He got back up on the bed, took a long draught and put his glass down on the side table. He turned to her, giving her a harsh slap on her rear and grunted something. He pulled on her legs until she was lying flat on her belly. He unhooked her wrists from each other and ordered her to roll over. When she was flat on her back, he grabbed her wrists and attached them to a chain on the headboard. He made her raise and spread her knees and got in between them.

He looked down on her lustfully. Sally knew that he was going to fuck her again and she dreaded it. She looked back at his harsh, harsh face and quailed. The vast array of tattoos on his chest made him look primitive, like some native of an ancient tribe. The seven stars, set off in a slight arch over his chest, from shoulder to shoulder, as large as half dollars, were the most oppressive looking. Kneeling between her legs, he took hold of her breasts, squeezing them. "Take them! Take them!" her mind begged. "Take them and leave me alone! Please! Please! Please!"

He leaned over, placed his hands on the mattress on either side of her, and took her teats in his mouth, suckling on them each in its turn. She felt a warmth and a tug in her pussy that she didn't want. Then he kissed her between her breasts, licking at her skin. And then he went lower and lower and lower, dragging his lips down her belly, edging himself backwards. She knew what he was doing, what he was going to do and her mind revolted at it. *Abeonim* had introduced her to cunnilingus. He had driven her wild. Even as the ecstatic sensations ran through her, she had detested this use of her. It made her feel powerless and helpless. It was a unique form of torture. And now this man was going to do it! "Please don't do it! Please don't do it! Please don't do it!" she begged inside.

When he got to her crux, his burly hands on the insides of her thighs, spreading her knees more widely, he ran his tongue, hot and heavy, along the sides of her crevasse. It was like he was lapping at the seven stars that *Abeonim* had put there. She felt heat rising in her womb. He brought his tongue down to the very bottom of her crux and dragged it up along her slice until he reached the top, where he used its point to tickle at her nubbin. Sally shifted

her hips and moaned. He raised his head and looked at her, smiling his evil smile. Then he bent his head back down and went to work.

Sally moaned and whined and groaned while he assaulted her. His tongue licked and probed and tickled. He ran his heavy hands over her belly, her thighs, bringing heat with them wherever they went. He stuck his tongue inside her entrance and tickled at the top, hitting a spot that she didn't even know was there, making her moan and squirm. He sucked on her clit, lashing at it with his tongue.

She bit down hard on her gag. Her eyes rolled back. Her legs flailed and she dug her heels hard into the mattress, running them up and down, up and down. His mouth and tongue were expert and he was driving her mad with pleasure. She moaned long and low, her mind begging, "Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!" Fiery tendrils of pleasure were shooting all over her body. She felt like her brain was going to short circuit. She came hard, groaning deeply into her gag as her body shook and tremored and her cunt knotted and pulsed and throbbed.

The man's head rose from her loins and he edged himself forward. She opened her eyes to see him leering over her. His cock slid up and down her crevasse until it found entry. He thrust himself inside her and she moaned and squirmed at the sensation. He fucked her long and hard. His weight was upon her and she was finding it difficult to breathe. His face was just above hers, inches away. His eyes were closed as he relished the soft, hot abrasion of his tool along her insides. Her hands pulled at their confines. Her hips twisted and squirmed. Her legs flailed wildly. She dug her heels into his rock solid thighs, trying desperately to push him off. She couldn't stand another moment of it as the grinding pleasure wracked her frame. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Please! Please! Please!" her mind called out.

She came and she groaned and squirmed and contorted herself beneath him. But his cock just went on and on and on. There was no finesse or technique like the first time, just a steady, rapid, remorseless sawing that seemed like it would go on forever. He was grunting and groaning loudly. Something seemed to switch in him. He slid his hands under her thighs and started pushing them back towards her chest. He pushed them back until her knees touched her breasts and started pounding her from above like he was drilling a well. It was too much for her and she came again, sobbing, groaning, whining, her body shuddering and contorting. He released a loud yell and started pounding her even harder than before. He shouted, "Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!" She knew that he was pumping himself into her, his evil, poisonous spume coating her insides, tainting her forever.

A viral sadness swept through her as his thrusts wound down. Was this how it was going to be? Would her days be filled with hours and hours of torment? She knew that her pussy had gained in sensitivity ever since they had been applying that ointment, and her lusts had grown stronger and stronger ever since she had started drinking that herbal concoction. They were turning her into a rabid sex mongrel. They would make her come dozens of times a day. She would truly be a sex slave, a slave to sex. Men would make her groan and moan and explode with wild delirium. She was damned. Corrupted. Despoiled. She was one of those fallen girls her mother had told her about. "Please, God, why have you done this to me?" she whined in her head. "Why? Why? Why?"

He gave her a few more leisurely strokes that made her tremor and shake, and then he slid off of her. Her legs dropped to the bed like dead tree limbs. He moved over to the side and took a swig of his drink. Then he leaned back on his fluffed up pillows and released a deep, satisfied sigh. He patted her thigh. "Good whore. Good whore." He said gruffly. "We fuck a lot."

This was a message that she was unhappy to hear. She would have no choice. Night after night *Eomeo-nim* would hand over her leash to him. Night after night he would drag her up the stairs. He would plow her and abuse her and spill his yuck into her. Maybe she could figure out a way to get him to beat her to death. Maybe she could punch him and hit him, bite him and scratch him until he became enraged and throttled her. Maybe her heart would give out while he was fucking her and she would just slip away into nothingness. She could see herself appearing at the Pearly Gates. Saint Peter would tell her, "Sorry, we don't let whores in here. You have to go to the other place." She would beg and plead and try to explain that it wasn't her fault. That she hadn't wanted to be a whore. That they had forced her. Saint Peter would shake his head sadly and say, "Sorry, the rules are the rules. Now please move aside, you're holding up the line. A demon will be by shortly to collect you."

And a demon would come by, a ten foot tall, broad shouldered demon with grotesque features, his skin blazing red, with horns and a forked tail. He would take her by the arms and drag her away. He would force her to jump into a fiery pit, where she would burn and scorch and scream. Her only relief would be when they pulled her aside and a long line of grotesque demons would line up to fuck her, inducing in her terrible, soul wrenching pleasure that would go on and on and on until she was too limp to respond and they would toss her into the fire again.

No, there would be no mercy for her in Heaven or on Earth. She was doomed, doomed, doomed. Why had God done this to her? Why? Why? Why?



The man slapped her rear and ordered her in his gravelly, broken English to turn over. She obediently rolled to her belly. He unfastened her wrists from the headboard and connected them again behind her back. He forced her ankles together and locked them to each other. She heard him fiddling in a drawer in the night stand next to him and a moment later he produced a small chain. He raised her ankles and connected them to her wrists. He reached into the drawer again and seconds later, a black cotton bag was drawn over her head, sealing her into darkness.

She heard him pick up the intercom phone on the nightstand. There was a pause and then he spoke some sharp words into it. He put the phone down. He took the zapper from the nightstand and turned on the large flat screen TV that was mounted on the wall opposite the bed. It sprang into life. He flicked through several channels quickly. He stopped at what sounded like a soccer game. He let it play.

Sally lay there, trembling and sad. He was not done with her. He would pause to recharge and he would use her again. Meanwhile, since she was not presently needed, she was bound up and put away, a black bag over her head lest any little trickle of her humanity leak out. She was trying not to cry. What good did it do? She would have to bear what she had to bear and that was that. Would she be fulfilling God's will for her if she was a good little, uncomplaining whore? She was so confused and unhappy. Days ago she had been carefree and innocent of what a terrible place the world was. The Bible called it a vale of tears. Now she knew what it meant. She had had a bright future. She was looking forward to selecting her next lover and continuing her exploration of the world of sex and boys and even men. Frank had been closer to a man than a boy and he had been a good candidate. There was just something about him that made her cautious. Besides, guys were supposed to work for it, prove they appreciated the gift of self that sexual surrender meant to a girl.

But all that was gone. She listened to the announcers on the TV. Their voices would go from excited to mundane. They chattered back and forth about the game, the players, all kinds of things. Believe it or not, there was still a normal world out there somewhere. A world without chains and whips, punishments and perversions. It did not include her anymore. It never would again. This was her reality, bound, gagged and hooded, awaiting the pleasure of a fiendish, cruel man. And more of them downstairs. Many, many more, extending out to the horizon and beyond.

There was a knock at the door. The man grunted something loudly. The door 'clacked' open. There was a rustling and the sound of a tray being put down. The man moved and a second later there was a squeal from a young

girl's mouth. The man laughed and then grunted something. The door 'clacked' opened and closed again and they were alone once more.

The man was eating something. She could hear him masticating loudly as if he had never been taught any table manners. The time went on. She pulled at her bonds lightly, as if to make sure that they were still implacable. She was pressed down on her breasts and she shifted herself several times to take pressure off of them. "Please let this be over! Please let this be over! Please let this be over!" she repeated in her mind again and again. Were all the men going to be like this? Somehow she doubted it. This man was probably very important in their gang and had consequently been given first crack at her.

Now that she thought of it, he resembled the man in the middle when *Abeo-nim* had had her put on that little show. She was sure it was the same man, although due to the lights shining down on her she hadn't gotten that good a look at him. If he was one of the bosses that would mean that he was one of the meanest and cruelest of the bunch. Maybe the other men wouldn't be as bad. On the other hand, this man would be bad enough if, as he said, they were going to fuck 'a lot'.

The soccer game came to an end. The man had fallen asleep and was gently snoring. A coldness went through her. How long would she be trussed up like this? She had spent long times like this downstairs so it wasn't like she wasn't used to it. But the man downstairs, her *abeo-nim*, hadn't been nearly as cruel as this man, and that changed the whole dynamic of waiting.

Another program came on. It was some kind of sports talk show. The inane, as far as she was concerned, conversations were interspersed with clips of famous soccer games. You could hear the crowds go wild after each score. And then the commercials would come on, commercials which were familiar to her from a different world and her helplessness, her powerlessness, all that she had lost, came home to her again and she would be overwhelmed with sorrow.

The man slept for about a half hour. His name was Hong-ji. He was the second in command of the local Seven Stars organization, but effectively the head honcho since the titular leader was a little over eighty years old and never ventured far from his secluded mansion. Hong-ji could afford to let the meter run while he slept peacefully. He received a piece of every dollar of illicit gain for the organization over the five surrounding states, except Illinois, which was run from Chicago. His cut was tens of thousands of dollars a day. And that was just from protection money, loansharking, prostitution and gambling. The drug money was something else and alone usually doubled his take.

He loved to come to Gyong's place and it was only here that he found any real peace. Somebody was always wanting something, or there was some

problem to solve, some decision to make. He could have gone to any of over a dozen Seven Stars run brothels within his domain, but he didn't like brushing shoulders with the regular American customers of those places. And you couldn't do to the whores in those places what you could do to them here. Sure, the girls in the other places were more or less owned. Once in their grasps, no girl was allowed to quit or just walk off. You couldn't run a good whorehouse that way. But there was only so much that the girls would tolerate before they would try and run off. That would always cause a problem with the other girls who might get the same idea. The girl had to be captured and brought back and severely beaten in front of all the rest. Then they would ship the girl off to Korea to serve as a whore there or transported to any of a dozen places across Asia.

No, Gyong's place was an island of tranquility for him. And he paid his bill just like any other guest not only on principal, but as an example to the other Seven Stars members who frequented the place.

He looked over at the girl. She was a pretty little whore. He had been using Daisy as his regular, but now he thought he would shift to this one, at least for a few months. It depended on what new girls Gyong brought in. He had stayed with Daisy for close to a year, although he fucked the other girls occasionally too. But he found it best to have a girl get used to his routines, his demands. And once you broke a girl in like that, you liked to stay with her.

It was getting late. He had promised his wife that he would be home early. It was probably close to 8 p.m. Tomorrow morning was school conferences for his two youngest children, in second and fourth grades. He would have to get up early. And Sunday nights was when he usually fucked his wife. Other nights too, but Sunday nights were a regular routine. You had to give a woman a cock on a regular basis to keep her happy. Fifteen years of marriage, though, and she still wouldn't let him give it to her up the ass. On the other hand, she had a very agile mouth and gave a terrific blowjob, which he collected every morning after the kids went off to school and before he went off to work.

Speaking of blowjobs, he hadn't tried the new girl's mouth out yet. He finished off the last of the appetizers he had had sent up and emptied his glass of whiskey. He reached over and released the girl's ankles from her wrists and then disconnected her ankles from each other. He pulled the bag from over her head and pulled her up by the back of her collar. Grabbing the front, he maneuvered her between his legs, facing him on her knees. He removed her gag and proffered her his cock. She grimaced slightly and then bent down to claim it with her mouth.

She was good and energetic, but not yet quite as good as his wife. She had talent and he expected that she would get better. He leaned back and closed his

eyes as he felt her lips descend and ascend his now stiffened wand. She nibbled at the head at each upward stroke and pushed herself all the way down until he felt his cock push up against her throat. She alternated long, slow strokes, with short, rapid ones. She tickled his little exit hole with the tip of her tongue and licked him all around the head. She was pretty good for a beginner. She would get better, more imaginative, or he would whip her. He took pleasure in whipping women, but didn't like to do it too often. You had to cut the girls some slack. When he had that irresistible urge he usually chose one of the other girls rather than his regular. But the regular girl needed to be whipped regularly too, or else she would get lazy and sloppy.

Sally was on the verge of sobs. The man's thick prick was like an evil slug in her mouth. It dominated her whole being as she slid up and down it with her lips clasped tightly around the stem. The man was releasing soft sighs. His hand was resting gently on her head. Her back ached from being bent over. She was finding it hard to breathe through her nose. She wanted to go fast, fast, fast, to finish him off, but she knew that he wouldn't like that. And, to worsen things, he had already come twice in the last hour and a half or so and so he would probably last a long time. She tried to concentrate on her task and push all the sorrowful, self-pitying thoughts out of her head. It was a job and she had to do it. And she had to do it well or she would be whipped. It was hard to ignore her unhappiness though with this huge hardness inside her mouth, knowing that at the end he would spurt his cum into her.

Before she had come here, she had never known hate. But she was getting a fast lesson in it. She hated the man whose member was in her mouth with all of her being. She wanted to tear her teeth into his crank and bite it off. She imagined him wailing and crying and blood flowing all over the place. Surely he would kill her then. Or have her killed. But she doubted that it would be soft and easy like the breaking of her neck or the slitting of her throat. They would probably devise the most cruel torture they could think of. She would suffer horribly for days and days. She couldn't bear the thought of it. She had cringed in fear when all she got from *Abeo-nim* was a little poke in her side. How could she face being torn with knives, burned with fire, her skin peeled off, her back torn to shreds by a lash. And other more heinous things that she couldn't even imagine.

She was going on and on. Her neck and jaw were getting sore. Her back ached. She knew that she didn't dare flag her efforts, but she desperately needed a break. "Come! Come! Come! Please, please come!" she thought desperately. The man gave a tell-tale groan. His hand took a hold of her hair tightly. He started moving her head up and down rapidly. He began to grunt and thrust his hips up at her. His other hand came forward and grasped its own

sheath of hair, pulling it taut and straining her roots. He was thrusting her head down hard, popping his cock into her throat. She was gagging and coughing and struggling, but he paid it no mind. Then he gave a great groan and began raising and lowering her head even harder, in evenly paced strokes. She felt his cock spasm and jerk in her mouth. Her cavern was flooded with his spume. One would think that on his third climax he wouldn't have much juice left, but the flood was copious and she was having a hard time swallowing it. It frothed around his cock and poured out of her nose, making her snort and choke.

He slowed his thrusts. His orgasm ebbed. He raised and lowered her head until his spasms subsided completely and then a little more. She kept a tight grip on his pole, afraid to let go even though her whole being was wracked by shame and disgust and humiliation. "Please let this be the last! Please let this be the last! Please let this be the last!" she thought unhappily.

Finally, he raised her head from his lap. He gave her face several heavy taps with his hand and said, "Good whore! Good whore!" His approbation didn't please her. Exactly the opposite. It caused her dreary dismay to sink even deeper.

He still had hold of her hair in his right hand. His left fished around for her gag and, when he found it, he pushed it into her mouth. He patted her on the cheek again and told her. "I see you tomorrow."

She was on the verge of sobbing as he pulled her off of the bed. He applied the chain to her ankles and, holding tightly onto her upper arm, walked her over to the cage. He opened it up. Before he pressed her down to enter it, he took the time to slaver over her breasts again, squeezing and mauling them. He grabbed her pussy and stroked it several times. "You good whore," he advised her.

He pushed down on her shoulders until she was in a crouch and then tumbled her into the cage. She turned around in it and drew up her knees. He closed the door and locked it. The key went up on a hook several feet above and away from her, further away than her arm could ever reach in the unlikely event that she could free her hands and force her arm through the 2" squares formed by the bars of the cage. He went back to the bed, pulled on his bright red, silk boxer shorts, donned his robe and slipped on his sandals. He tied the belt of the robe around his waist tightly. He picked up his glass and drained the last few drops of whisky in it. He went to the door and pulled his pass card from his pocket. He swiped it into the reader and the lock 'clacked'. He pushed the door open and left.

Sally started sobbing right away. It had been the worst experience of her life, far worse than she had ever imagined it. *Abeo-nim's* use of her down in the basement seemed benign in comparison. And he was going to see her again

tomorrow! Would she have to service him every day? Were the other men as bad as him? How was she ever going to stand it? There was no one who was going to give her any sympathy. There was no way to ameliorate her plight. She would be used and used and used until they were tired of her and they sent her away. But to where? Where would she go?

About ten minutes after she had been placed in the cage, the door ‘clacked’ open. She thought it would be one of the mistresses, but it was not. It was one of the maids, dressed in her lace trimmed, scanty black uniform and high heels. She had long black hair, a pretty face and delicate legs. She was pushing a little cart. She gave Sally a callous glance and went to work.

She tore the sheets off of the bed and stuffed them in the hamper attached to the cart. She went to the closet and drew out fresh ones. She pulled the bottom sheet tightly onto the corners and then spread the top sheet over it, tucking it in at the bottom. She folded over the top neatly. When she bent over, Sally saw that she wasn’t wearing any underwear. She shook out the coverlet and spread it over the bed. She changed the pillow cases and fluffed the pillows up, restoring them to the right places. She took the glass that the man had used and placed it in a shelf on the cart and brought out a fresh, clean one, placing it down by the decanters. She checked their levels. She retrieved a bottle of whiskey from a cabinet built into the long dresser at the side of the room and replenished the one the man had been drinking from. She apparently decided that the others didn’t need filling. She emptied the melted bowl of ice on the dresser into a bucket on the bottom shelf of the cart and put fresh ice into the bowl from an insulated canister. The hood and chain that the man had used on her were on the floor next to the bed. She picked them up and placed them back in the drawer from whence they came.

There were no ashtrays to empty since smoking was not allowed in the rooms.

She dusted all over the bed tables, removing any smudges or fingerprints. She emptied the trash can. There was a vacuum cleaner hanging on the end of the cart. She pulled it off, plugged it in and vacuumed the rug all around the bed. She replaced the vacuum cleaner to the cart and looked around. The television was still on and she clicked it off. She looked around again, somewhat nervously. She gave Sally a hostile glance, as if it were her fault that the room was all messed up. Satisfied, she took a spray can out of the cart and sprayed a flowery fragrance all about. She put it back, rolled the cart back over to the door, swiped a card into the reader and left.



## CHAPTER FIVE

Another five minutes passed before the door opened again. It was the lesser of the two mistresses and, hopefully, the more kind. She looked around the room swiftly, tested out the tightness of the sheets, checked the night tables for smudges of fingerprints. Satisfied, she came over to her and opened the cage. "Out, slut," she barked.

Sally climbed out as quickly as she could. She waited for an instruction before she came to her feet. She looked around the room. It was ready for her next customer. That didn't give her any warm feelings. The mistress connected a leash to her collar, approached the door, swiped the reader with a card and towed her out.

The pass cards given to the mistresses and the maids opened and shut the locks to the girls' rooms but nothing else. All the other doors were governed by a keypad, a fingerprint scanner or both. The pass cards used by the guests were utilized to calculate their charges with regards to the whores. When they swiped in and out of a whore's room it went directly to their computer billing system. Hong-ji had entered Sally's fuck room at precisely 6:24. He had left it at exactly 8:17. He would be charged for the full two hours, or \$1,500. The *canapés* which had been delivered were another \$25.00. The round of drinks he had purchased downstairs were another \$25.00. His total bill for the night would be \$1,550, which he would pay as he left. As it was, he bought another round of drinks on his way out, adding another \$25.00, making the bill \$1,575. It was a drop in the bucket to him. He paid the balance of \$575 after his \$1,000 entry deposit was subtracted and left a \$100 tip for the staff, which would be split between the bartender and the mistresses.

The mistress brought her to the bathroom to be cleaned up. They passed the other Korean mistress coming the other way with auburn haired Tulip in tow. The girl gave Sally a quick glance as they passed. In the bathroom, the mistress cleaned her up quickly. When Sally crouched over the bidet, she asked her, "Guest fuck Lotus in ass?" Sally nodded sadly, yes. She made sure the nozzle entered her behind place and all his spunk was cleaned out.

Sally's eyes were all messed up from crying. The mistress was annoyed. "Lotus stop crying or Lotus get big beating," she warned her sternly. She wiped away all the smeared eyeliner and reapplied it. She gave her hair a good brushing until it was smooth and silky again. She removed her gag, brushed her teeth and made her gargle. She let her pee and then doused her with more perfume.



While the mistress was working on her, the other mistress came in with Rose. Sally hadn't realized how tall she was or how long her legs were. They went all the way up as the expression goes. The other mistress brought Rose to the second sink and started to wash her body. The first mistress attached the leash to Sally's collar and restored her gag. She led her out of the bathroom and down the hall. Sally's stomach was churning as she knew that in a few moments she would be handed off to her second customer for the night. She marched carefully down the stairs. They passed the bound and gagged Chrysanthemum being led by an oversized guest on the way up. The main room was full of men and a few women, about fifteen people in all. The knee pads where the girls waited for customers were all empty signifying that all the girls were at work fucking. Sally prayed that she would not be handed off to a woman. That just seemed like it would be too humiliating and shameful. A jazz ensemble was playing on the sound system and the alto sax was in the middle of a long riff. Madam Jang was handing off Poppy's leash to a slender, young African American man. He thanked her, gave her a little nod of his head and pulled her away.

She had a savant's ability to recall what guest was waiting for what girl and who was next in line. Sometimes she acted arbitrarily by giving preference to an important regular guest. She would bring the guest who was bumped another girl instead and proffer her. The fact that all the girls were deliciously beautiful and were all accomplished whores made it easier to convince the bumped guest to accept a substitute. On very busy nights, as has been stated, sometimes a maid or two would be drafted into service. Usually, the guest would not demure using one since, number one, they were not usually made available for fucking and were not strictly whores, but regular girls, and two, there was a certain piquancy in fucking a girl who sobbed and cried as you sank your tool into her.

Madam Jang turned and saw her. "Oh, Lotus, I've been waiting," she said impatiently as if she shared any fault in her delay. She took her leash from the mistress and marched her across the room. Sally saw one of the maids kneeling before a man sitting in one of the big brown leather easy chairs. Her face was in his lap and her hands were crossed behind her back. Seeing her being so callously used gave Sally some satisfaction.

They went into a room off of the main one. Inside it was dark and smoky. Five blue robed men were sitting around a table and a green shaded light was hanging down from the ceiling just over them. There were glasses and cards and chips all over the green felt. One of the maids was standing demurely by awaiting orders. Madam Jang stood by the table quietly as a round of betting was being completed. One man tossed in his cards, stating, "I'm out." Another

threw in two red chips and said, "Call." It went to the man on his left and he met the bet and called as well.

All the men looked at each other. One man, with a large grin on his face laid down his cards. "Straight flush," he announced. "Hearts. Jack high."

The rest of the men tossed their cards in the middle. The man with the winning hand gleefully hauled in all the chips. Only now did Madam Jang approach the table.

"*Jae-jin-siss, Lotus is ready for you,*" she stated sweetly.

The man looked up and smiled. "An opportune moment," he said in English. "These guys want to win all their money back but now I can leave the table a winner." There was laughter all around.

"Come back when you're done fucking," one of the other men said, "so I can get my revenge."

Jae-jin, who really went by the name Jackie, was half Korean, native American born. He handled much of the financial aspects of the Seven Stars' activities. He liaised with the lawyers, a necessary evil even for them. He wasn't strictly a gang member. Being only half Korean he couldn't be, but he was pretty damn important and nobody fucked with him. Madam Jang had saved second dibs on the new Lotus for him.

He was good looking, young, a little over thirty, slim and well-toned. He came to Gyong's place every Sunday night to play high stakes poker. Gyong let them play all night if they wanted to. After the whores had been put to bed, he left a couple of the maids around to run drinks or treats from the kitchen, or a quick blow job if one of the players needed a break. One of the security guards would remain with them until they were through. At \$500 a pop, the players were allowed to take a maid into one of the side rooms for a quickie if they wanted. At the end of the night, or, usually, when the sun was just starting to break over the horizon, if any of the men, or women, if one was playing, wanted to take a maid upstairs for a round fucking, they would be assessed the full \$1,500. If there were more than two, the security guard would go up to the maids' dormitory and wake one or two of them and bring them down naked to the second floor where they would use one of the whore's rooms.

Ordinarily, Jackie wouldn't have interrupted the game to go use one of the whores, but Madam Jang had been insistent in giving him this honor. As he looked up and saw the demure, pretty, naked blond girl standing there, he was glad he had given in. She looked like a delight, just as Madam Jang had described. He raked all his chips into a black felt bag and drew the drawstring closed. He would leave it with the security guard who would give it back to him when he returned. He stood up and approached Madam Jang. She turned to Sally, gave her leash a yank and spat out, "*Hwal Jae-jin-ssi!*"

Sally quickly made a low bow to the young man. Somehow it was more embarrassing to be naked in front of him than the first man. The other man was old, but this man was young. The other man was cruel looking and sinister, while this man was handsome and looked like somebody you might meet in the street or any other regular place. She tried to keep her eyes lowered so she wouldn't have to witness him examining her.

Madam Jang handed him her leash. "*Have a good time, Jae-jin-ssi,*" Madam Jang said to him in Korean. He gave her a nod and thanked her. She nodded back.

Jackie gave Sally's leash a gentle tug and told her, "Come along beautiful. Let's go fuck." He drew her along out of the room, into the main room and towards the stairs. He stopped several times to speak to people he knew, laughing and joking with them. He showed her off each time, making her stand at attention and display her breasts. When he saw her slouching from fear and dismay, he pulled at her nipples until she thrust them out more completely and made her raise her chin. "That's better," he said. "When you got it, flaunt it."

She stood there, her breasts thrust out, her feet spread wide while he chatted, sometimes in English and sometimes in Korean. He seemed to know everybody. She shivered and trembled, steeped in shame and humiliation, as the people stared at her naked body, her heretofore private, naked body, knowing that any one of them could fuck her if they wanted and that the more she was shown off, the more people would want to. She thought of the seven stars on her pussy that everyone could see, a tattoo that not only marked her as property, but emphasized her powerlessness to control use of her body. And even if that were not true, only the sluttiest of girls would tattoo their conch. They were on her pussy, on their robes and on the men's chests, at least the one who had used her earlier. Everybody knew what they meant.

She fought back tears as the 'normal', free people went on joking, laughing, drinking. But, when you got right down to it, how normal could they be? They were participants in a cruel program of oppression. They were willing to fuck innocent, enslaved girls, to whip them or to know that they were whipped, and amused to see them confined ever so completely, like the very most psychotic patients in a mental ward.

Finally, he led her to the stairs. She shuffled behind him. When they got to the stairs he led her up carefully, knowing that she was a novice at mounting them with her ankles confined.

"Watch your step," he advised her graciously as she eased her way up. "Come on, come on. That's it, that's the good girl."

They got to the top of the stairs and he led her to her room. Black haired, voluptuous Daisy was being led out of the refreshment room and Sally noticed that she had fresh red stripes on her.

Jackie brought her inside her room and the door ‘clacked’ closed behind them. He quickly removed his robe, underwear and sandals. He had very firm abs and a longish cock. He only sported one tattoo, a large, silver dollar sized seven pointed star up near his right shoulder. Jackie wore it as a sign of loyalty. It had been awarded to him by the local boss for his good work in protecting and growing their profits.

He took a few moments to examine her. He lifted her breasts and squeezed them. “Very nice,” he complimented her. He removed her gag and moved her face from side to side, holding on to her chin. “Very pretty,” he commented. He was smiling at her gently.

“Okay turn around so I can get you loose,” he told her.

Trembling, fearful that the man’s apparent softness might be an act concealing a sociopathic nature, Sally obeyed, showing the man her back. He released her wrists from each other and then the chain between her ankles. “Okay,” he said, “up on the bed.”

The top sheet and the duvet were already drawn to the foot of the bed. They were really there for ornamentation since it was rare, except for little 40 wink naps, that anyone actually slept there. Sally cautiously crept up onto the bed, moving to the right side, away from the door. She turned back to the man and rested on her right hip expectantly.

He followed her. When he was lying next to her, he ran his right hand down her shoulder and arm, down her hip and down her thigh. “Very, very nice,” he said softly. He pushed her to her back and came up against her. He lowered his face to hers, kissed her gently several times around her face and then pressed their lips together softly. His tongue slipped inside her mouth and began a gentle searching for hers. His right hand had hold of her left breast and was squeezing and caressing it almost lovingly.

Sally received the kiss fearfully, but with gratitude at its gentleness. She was embarrassed to be displayed as a whore before this handsome, fit man. He matched, in a general way, the image of one of her imaginary lovers. He was older and experienced, not like Teddy, or probably even Frank, and gentle and sensuous and skilled in bringing a girl to passion. She quickly let herself swim in the lust he was bringing her. He ran his hand down her belly, across her thighs and over her crux, flitting over it like a butterfly looking for a landing zone. His kiss became deep and hard. She could feel his hard cock abutting her thigh. She remembered *Eomeo-nim*’s lessons from earlier in the day, and she

tentatively extended her hand and laid it on his hip. His skin was hot and smooth.

They were quickly immersed in a marriage of passion. He kissed and kissed and kissed her while his hand roamed freely all over her belly, her thighs. He seized her breasts, massaging them, caressing them, pulling gently on her nipples. He broke their kiss and lowered his head and began to suckle on her teats, subsuming them into his mouth, giving them its heat and moistness, sucking gentle at first, and then harder and harder until she had to moan. His fingers traced a line along her crevasse and moved up and down it slowly and gently, stopping briefly to tease her round entrance, and then ascending to her little man, giving it an almost imperceptible caress that made her draw in her breath and sigh.

Daringly, she reached out her hand and encircled his hardness and began giving it soft strokes. His body shuddered lightly when she grabbed him. He raised his head from her breasts and whispered in her ear, "What a good little whore you are, Lotus."

She felt like she was going to burst into tears. This man's use of her was in stark contrast to the meanness and cruelty the first man had shown her. It was like a layer of harshness had been removed from the prospect of being a whore. She could almost pretend that they were actual lovers, that she was giving herself to him as an exercise of free will. He was everything that she could have wanted in a lover. It made her think of how her life might have been had she not been kidnapped and enslaved.

He moved over her and spread her legs. She felt his cock slide up and along her crevasse and then find her portal. He was leaning over her on one hand, the other maneuvering his cock. She looked up at him. He was handsome and kind looking. He had a friendly smile on his face. She managed a half smile back. She felt him enter her. It felt so good that she arched her back and sighed.

"Ohhhhhhhh, that feels good," he told her softly. "Very nice, very nice."

He began to stroke her leisurely. As Madam Jang had instructed her, she ran her hands down his sides, caressing his flesh. His mouth found hers again and they kissed passionately. The gentle grinding of his cock was bringing her soft radiations of pleasure. She began to thrust up her hips to meet his strokes. He broke their kiss and whispered in her ear, "Ahhhhhhhhh, that's the good girl. That's the good girl. What a nice cunt you've got, Lotus," he said. "A beautiful, beautiful, hot cunt."

She wrapped her arms around him. His stroking began to pick up pace. She felt her lusts building. "Ohhhhhhhhhh, god, yes, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she moaned in her head.

He was alternating long, leisurely strokes, with quick, hard, short ones. He was kind of grinding his hips on her, making their coitus seem magical. She moaned loudly as a precursive tremor seized her pussy. She squeezed him harder and ran her legs up and down the back of his thighs. He was going quicker and quicker. She wanted him to fuck her for hours and hours. Her lust rose higher and higher and higher. He began to grunt and groan. "Oh, it's coming, it's coming, it's coming!" she thought madly. "Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop!"

He started to fuck her wildly as if some gate had been opened in him and a ravenous passion had escaped. She fucked him back as hard as she could, gripping him tightly. He pressed their lips together and his tongue scoured her mouth. She encircled it, enwrapped it, followed it wherever it went. He was groaning, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" into her mouth. She was moaning, "Mmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

She felt him tighten. He separated their mouths and released a loud growl. He began to pound her hard, hard, hard. Her pussy exploded into wild convulsions. She shouted out, "Ahhhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh! Ahhhhhh!" She sensed him spurting his spume deep inside her. It made her feel joyous. "Yes, fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she cried out inside.

He released a long, pleased sigh and his body relaxed. He continued his strokes, giving her long, leisurely ones while his forces fully expended. Her pussy continued to give her soft, pleasing tremors. And then he was done.

He lay there for a while. She continued to hold onto him. Finally, he gave her lips a sloppy kiss and he rolled off.

They both lay on their backs for a few moments, reveling in their post coital ecstasy. Sally recovered first, remembering *Eomeo-nim's* instructions. She turned to the man and placed her hand on his hip. He placed his hand over it and smiled at her.

He got up off the bed and poured himself a whiskey without ice. He downed it quickly and returned to the bed. He rose up on his side facing her. She replaced her hand on his hip and he placed his on hers. "You're so pretty, Lotus, I think that we will be great friends," he said earnestly. She couldn't suppress the smile that his kind words engendered, but her eyes filled up with tears. How could they be friends? She was an abject prisoner and he was one of her lords and masters. He had just finished forcing himself upon her and, by the way he was speaking, would do so again and again. When he was done with her, he would leave her behind with nary a thought so that she could be used by dozens and dozens or hundreds and hundreds of other men.

On the other hand, if you were going to be forced to have sex with strange men, he was the kind of man you would want to have it with.

She was so confused. She should hate this man for what he had done to her, maybe even more than the first one. That man had been frankly brutal and callous. This man was more of a seducer. "See how pleasant it can be to be a sex slave," his voice and manner were telling her. "Just relax and enjoy it. You should be happy that everyone wants to fuck you."

She felt a tear run down her face. "I don't want to be a whore, not matter how nice the men are. I want my life back. I want to choose, I want to be free."

He patted her softly on the cheek. "You know that crying isn't allowed, Lotus. You don't want to make me have to whip you, do you?"

She shook her head fearfully. Even this man's softness had an edge to it. She shouldn't fool herself into thinking that he was a real lover. He knew she was a slave and had used her as a slave. He hadn't asked her permission. She still wore the silvery collar and bracelets of her embondment, and he could clearly see them on her. He could see the tattoo on her belly that had erased her name, turned her from Sally to Lotus. He could see the seven stars, emblem of the masters that even he apparently served. He had led her up here on a leash, bound and gagged, showed her off like a prized catch. And he would force her, bound and gagged, into her cage when he was done with her. He would go back to his life and she would remain an imprisoned whore.

She fought back her tears. Even considering all that, his use of her had been gentle and almost caring. She would trade just one of him for a hundred of men like her first one. Would more men be like him or like the other? Would she be whipsawed between the two? Or was he a rarity, one in a thousand who could still see her humanity behind the chains, the gags, the whips?

"Come on now," he told her, "give me a little suckle and get me hard again."

He drew her close. He was still turned to her. She nestled up against him and kissed his chest. She placed her hands on him. He placed his hands on her shoulders and urged her downwards slowly, slowly, slowly. She kissed his nipples, hissed his belly, kissed him down low, over his hair. She scrunched herself up at the bottom of the bed and took his cock in her mouth. He sighed and placed a hand gently on her head.

She worked him slowly and softly. She ran her hands across his belly and his thighs. His cock began to thicken almost right away. She was on her side and he was on his facing her.

When his cock stiffened, he began to thrust himself back and forth slowly, gently, coordinating with her strokes. She put all of her earnestness and

devotion into servicing him. She wanted to please him, not only as thanks for his gentleness and consideration, but so that he would choose her again and again. Any time spent with him meant less time spent with crueler, more callous men. The other girls were all experienced whores and she realized that they were, to some degree, her competition.

There would be diamonds along with the rough and it would be up to her to make them want her rather than the others. It was a whore's logic, she realized that, and she felt a pang of sadness that she was thinking like a whore already. But wasn't self-preservation now her most important if not only concern? She had already shown that she would choose obedience and degradation rather than pain and suffering. Wasn't it in her interests to be nice to a man who had been nice to her? She was sure that there would be plenty of cruel men, but how many would there be like him?

She sucked and sucked and sucked, making a soft, hot tunnel for his counterthrusts. He was moaning and groaning. She wanted it to last a long, long time. She pressed herself hard down on his cock, giving him the benefit of her throat. He groaned with satisfaction. As his thrusts became harder and faster and more urgent, she concentrated on making her mouth cunt-like. "Fuck my face! Fuck my face! Fuck my face!" she thought as she felt his hugeness slide back and forth. "Use me! Use me! Use me anyway you want!" she called to him from inside.

His groaning became more extreme. His thrusts became harder. She readied herself for his discharge. When she felt his cock begin to spasm and jerk, she released a long, satisfied moan of her own. She milked his prick for all it was worth. She swallowed every drop of his copious cum. She thrilled to hear him grunting and groaning with satisfaction.

His cock slowed, his groans subsided. He rubbed his hands in her wild, soft, blond hair. "Ohhhhhhhhh, that was good, Lotus," he told her. His hand reached down for the ring in her collar and coaxed her up. When she was lying full next to him, he ran his hand over her breasts and belly and cupped her vagina. "We're going to be very good friends, Lotus," he told her pleasingly. "But I have to get back to my game now. I'll see you again in a couple of days."

He retreated off of the bed, dragging her behind him. When he had her standing up, he urged her to turn around and he fastened her bracelets together. He crouched down and returned her chain to her ankles. He made her turn back to him and, pressing his naked body against hers, gave her a deep, deep kiss that made her knees weaken. "That's until I see you again," he said, smiling.

He restored her gag, pushing it in gently and then, taking hold of her arm, walked her over to the cage. He opened it and urged her down with his hands



on her shoulders. "Come on, get in Lotus. That's it, that's it." When she had turned to face him he swung the door closed and locked it. He walked back to his bed and put on his blue colored jockeys and pulled on his robe. He stepped into his sandals. He came over and tapped on the cage. Sally looked up at him. "See you soon," he said, smiling. And then he left.

She hung her head, trying to fight off tears as she waited for the mistress to come and get her. It was nice to be treated kindly, but as kind as he was he still treated her like a whore. And he had said that he might whip her. How nice could he be if he could do a thing like that? She hoped that it was only a threat so that she would be obedient to him.

A maid came in, a different one this time, a petite girl with long strawberry blond hair. She barely acknowledged her as she did her work. She had a big "1" on her collar. The bigger, meaner mistress came in just as she was leaving. She pulled Sally out of the cage and brought her to the refreshment room. When she was done, she tugged her back out into the hallway and down the stairs.

The crowd had thinned out. Four of the girls were kneeling on their mats, Poppy and Rose were still missing. "Maybe the night is ending," she thought hopefully. She desperately didn't want to get fucked again. There had been five separate men already today, not including *Abeo-nim* and each one had fucked her multiple times. Wasn't five enough? "Please, please, please, let it be over!" she thought. But it was not to be.

"Oh, here she is!" Madam Jang announced when she saw her. She took hold of her leash and brought her over to a man sitting in one of the leather chairs. He rose as Madam Jang approached him. "Isn't she pretty?" she asked him. The man was tall and thin and had a boney face. He was not Asian, but looked American. "Yes, very pretty," he replied in a sharp monotone. He took hold of her leash greedily. He marched her quickly across the room and rushed her up the stairs. When the door to her room opened, he yanked her in. He quickly unchained her and released her wrists. She looked at him disconsolately. She had hoped that her night was over. And yet here she was, naked and defenseless with another man, and he looked as cruel and mean as the first one.

"Don't look at me like that!" he snarled at her. He gave her a quick, sharp slap across the face. "Get up on the bed!"

Suppressing sobs, she climbed aboard and waited for him to disrobe. She had a sinking feeling in her belly. She knew that she wasn't going to like this.

He crawled up after her. He was older than the nice man, with messy black hair and a scrawny build. He pushed her onto her back and started rubbing his hands all over her. He sucked hard at her breasts and forced his

fingers inside her making her squeal with pain. He ignored it and kept slobbering her breasts while he ran his fingers in and out. When they slid along with ease, he crawled over her right leg and got between her knees. He paused, looking down as his cock found her hole, and thrust himself in. Sally squirmed and moaned. She still had her gag in and her moan was low and muffled so maybe the man didn't hear it.

He began stroking her right away, hard and fast. Ray Scott was the sole owner of Scott Industries which ran much of the mining operations in the state. He was vastly wealthy and took no shit from anybody. He was a kind of kingmaker statewide, lavishing campaign contributions across the whole spectrum of candidates, making sure that his industrial interests were well protected. He was the county sheriff's main supporter. Ray Scott got what he wanted when he wanted it.

He had a pretty but mousy young wife at home who he abused cruelly. She was too afraid of his power and meanness to leave him. He fucked her brutally whenever he wanted to and often made her come into his office in the afternoons to fuck him there or for a quick blowjob. He was known to lend her out to the chief executives of his largest customers. They had no children. He was getting a little tired of her and had taken a mistress, a poor, young, big breasted, orphaned Salvadoran girl who had been more or less sold to him by her uncle. He was planning to divorce Alma, his current wife, and have Angelika move in as soon as he could. There was no way he was going to pay Alma any alimony or make any property settlement on her. Sure there was a prenup. He had the smartest lawyers in the state and they had designed one that they had told him was bulletproof. But you never could tell. Some smart lawyer might find a loophole, or make him litigate the issue for years and years and years, forcing him to pay huge legal bills and probably have to support Alma and pay her legal bills until the matter was finally settled. So why take the chance?

He had spoken to one of the Seven Stars guys about making her disappear. The divorce papers were all ready. Later this week he would force Alma to sign them and then she would be on the next plane to Korea in a crate in the cargo compartment.

Sally tried to adjust herself to the man's strokes, but he was going too fast and hard for her. She squealed and moaned but he paid it no mind, having heard it plenty of times before. His eyes were closed to slits and he was releasing a steady moan.

He suddenly pulled out of her and took hold of her hair. He dragged her to her knees and yanked out her gag. He knelt above her and pushed her head towards his loins. He forced his joint between her lips and started pounding

away at her face, holding her hair tightly. She squealed and whined, trying desperately to accommodate him, but he wasn't interested in any of her skills. She put her hands on his thighs to steady herself, but he brushed them away, shaking her head rudely. "Don't touch me," he growled. She placed them behind her back. He just kept pumping and pumping and pumping, bruising her lips. He was releasing anguished sounding grunts as he went along, pounding in and out of her throat. Suddenly, he pulled himself from her mouth, raised her head and gave her a harsh slap. "Turn around, cunt," he snarled.

Sally released a screech and did what she was told. She put her head down and raised her hips. A second later, he forced his way back into her and resumed his hard, punishing fucking. She was crying and sobbing, although she knew that she wasn't supposed to. "Please get this over! Please get this over! Please get this over!" she begged the heavens. He grabbed her hair and pulled her head back and up, forcing her to arch her back. He held her hair tight, straining it at the roots as if he meant to yank it out. He was grunting and groaning and pounding, pounding, pounding. Finally, he released a great roar and she felt him stiffen behind her. He pounded harder, harder, harder, yanking savagely at her hair as he grunted, grunted, grunted.

Then he was finished. His motions stopped. He released her hair and pushed her head down hard. He gave her a few more strokes and then withdrew. He gave her ass one, two, three solid whacks, making her howl. "That's the ticket, you fucking whore!" he snarled at her. "Next time I'll fuck your mouth until you choke."

He took hold of the rear of her collar and dragged her off of the bed. He turned her around roughly and connected her wrists and then attached her ankles. He turned her back and, taking her gag off of the bed, rammed it brutally into her mouth. He dragged her over to the cage and opened it. "Get in you stupid whore," he growled at her, pushing her down. She didn't get in fast enough and he forced her in with his foot, kicking at her with his heel. He slammed the door shut and locked it. He went back to the bed and dressed quickly. He came back to the cage and crouched down. "Next time I'm going to whip you, slut," he told her. "You're going to get what you deserve." He rose and left the room. Sally burst into sobs.

When the mistress led her down the stairs, five of the other girls were lined up, kneeling at attention position. There was only one man left in the room. Poppy was on her knees before him, her head bobbing up and down energetically, her arms joined behind her back, Madam Jang was hovering over her attentively.

The mistress brought her over to her place in line and made her kneel, connecting her collar to the chain from the wall. The music was off and the

only sounds in the room were Poppy slurping and moaning and the man's happy grunts. Three of the maids were standing around waiting for the man to finish, probably happy that it wasn't them on their knees.

The man finished with several loud groans, his hands resting on Poppy's black haired head. She slurped him until he was completely finished and then rose, looking up at Madam Jang.

"Very good, Poppy," she told her. "Now get up and give Mr. Schwartz nice bow."

She rose to her feet, bowed low to Mr. Schwartz, a pale, somewhat pudgy man with curly brown hair receding at the front. Mr. Schwartz gave her a slight nod back and rose from his chair, adjusting himself.

"Now don't come so late next time, Mr. Schwartz," Madam Jang told him politely as she escorted him to the door. "Come this Friday at 4 o'clock and I'll have Poppy all ready for you. You can fuck her until your heart's content."

Mr. Schwartz expressed his thanks to Madam Jang. One of the security guards 'clacked' the door open and Mr. Schwartz left.

Poppy was placed in her spot by one of the mistresses. The maids started circulating around the rooms gathering glasses and the trays from appetizers. A red haired maid came out of the small dining room hoisting a large tray of dishes and brought them into the kitchen. The bartender was restocking glasses and washing down the bar. The slave girls were all kneeling up. Madam Jang went off, but before she left she held her hand up perpendicular before the assembled, naked and chained girls gave a little push. They all knelt back on their haunches, relieved not to be at attention.

Gyong came through the front door carrying a large cash box. He went to the back to head to the office. Madam Jang was sitting at the desk counting out the receipts which had been brought in earlier.

"*How much have you got there?*" she asked him as he sat down in the chair next to the desk.

"\$8,455," he replied. "*How much have you got?*"

"*Wait, I'm still counting,*" she answered. Her hands flashed like lightning as she went through the green bills. She had piles of hundreds, the largest pile by far, twenties, tens and fives. They did not accept ones.

She placed down the last bill. "\$10,785," she announced. "*That's over \$19,000 for the night. Not bad for a Sunday.*"

"No, not bad," her agreed. "*How did Lotus do?*"

"*Very well. Hong-yi-ssi and Jae-jin-ssi were very pleased with her. Hong-yi-ssi will be back tomorrow at 3. He's bringing a large party of five. I've assigned them Carnation, Rose and Tulip. We will need 2 maids to round it out. I suggest No. 1, the long haired blonde, and No. 3, the brunette with curly*

hair. They will party until 5 p.m. and then have dinner. After dinner Hong-yi-ssi will want to spend time with Lotus. He really likes her.”

“I’m sure that Daisy won’t mind giving him up.”

“No, I would guess not. And Maid No. 5 needs a good whipping. She gave Mr. Cicoletti a very sloppy blowjob. He was very disappointed. I told him that you would give him the opportunity to watch. Tomorrow at 8. Then I will let him have her in the Blue Room for an hour or so gratis.”

The red head again. She seemed a little unstable. One day hot, the other cold. Maybe I should ship her off, Gyong thought.

“I got word from the Sheriff that he’s bringing in two girls on Tuesday who jumped their bail on drug charges. He’ll be here for his morning session with Chrysanthemum. You know he doesn’t like to come when other guests are around.”

“What do they look like?” Madam Jang asked.

“One is very pretty. The other not so much, a little fat and homely. The pretty one I’ll train for a couple of days and then call Mr. Barnes to collect her. She’ll bring a good price. The ugly one I’ll let the guards have for a week or so down in the cells. That Jamaican crew from Tallahassee is always looking for girls like her they can get on the cheap and send back home. Since the girls are bail jumpers no one will be surprised when they disappear.”

“I don’t like these girls who are into drugs. It’s a sign of a negative personality and girls with negative personalities don’t make good whores,” Madam Jang said flatly.

“Let’s let Mr. Barnes worry about that,” Gyong answered her.

“I just don’t want to get a reputation for moving bad product, that’s all. Any girl who carries the seven stars reflects on our reputation.”

“I’ll know what she’s got after a couple of days,” Gyong answered her. “If she’s a dud I won’t mark her and I’ll sell to the Russians. They’ll know what to do with her. They run a lot of slop shops where the customers are not that particular. They’d be happy to pick up a good looking girl at bargain rates. They’ll use her up in about a year and then dump her somewhere.

“But I have a good feeling about her. Sheriff McGuire says that she is an Ivy League drop out who got mixed up with the wrong people. The stuff she got busted for, 3 ounces of cocaine, really belonged to her boyfriend, who was using her as a courier. McGuire had made a deal with the boyfriend that the evidence will disappear on the way to the lab in exchange for \$25,000 plus the two girls. He’s afraid that they might testify against him. It was the boyfriend who made sure the girls missed their court date. The ugly one is his sister.”

“These are very bad people,” Madam Jang interjected. “No Korean boy would sell his sister into slavery.”

*“Tell that to your grandmother. She bought plenty of girls from relatives during the Japanese occupation.”*

*“That was different. People were starving. There was a war on. Nobody is starving in America. Especially drug dealers.”*

*“As you say. But the girl is good looking and I think she’ll be fine.”*

*“Okay,” Madam Jang replied. “But I want to get a good look at her first.”*

*“As you wish,” Gyong conceded.*

*“I had to give Lotus to Ray Scott. When he found out we had a new girl he was insistent. I don’t like that man. He’s as mean as a snake.”*

*“I don’t like him either, but he’s a friend of the Sheriff and he brings a lot of clientele here. Last month he had a party of four here for three days. I was going over the records and he’s spent over \$350,000 this year so far. Besides, the whores are just whores and if it’s their ming to be abused by him that’s just the way that things go.”*

*“I understand that, but if the girls suffer too much it’s bad for morale and service suffers. I was thinking that maybe we could recruit a girl just for guys like him and keep her down in the cells. They could do anything they wanted to her. We could change her every few weeks so there would always be somebody new.”*

*“Somebody like the fat girl the Sheriff is sending us?”*

*“Exactly.”*

*“I don’t know. He probably wouldn’t want an ugly girl. And who knows what he’d get up to if there were no restraints. He might kill the girl. That would be bad ji. Things like that tend to get around. We wouldn’t want our other customers to learn that we were running a place like that. And I don’t think that the Sheriff would like it. There has to be limits.”*

*“Perhaps you’re right,” Madam Jang conceded. “It would be bad ji. It was just a thought anyway.”*

Madam Jang gathered up all the cash and put it in the safe.

*“What’s the week’s take?” Gyong asked.*

*“With this \$19,000, that makes \$145,000. Monday was really slow and we only brought in about \$10,000. But Saturday was very good. We brought in about \$40,000.”*

Gyong took this in. Soon they would have more than \$25,000,000 put away. About \$50,000 of the \$145,000 would go to overhead and bribes. Still \$95,000 net a week was nothing to sneeze at. They couldn’t do it without the Seven Stars. Some other gang would find out how much they were making and muscle in. Christmas was coming around in a few weeks and he would plan a big party for the gang members. They would shut down the whorehouse for a couple of days and let them run wild. The girls would get a real workout, but

they would give them a couple of days off afterwards. And the maids would help out. Madam Jang was right about the expansion. There was definitely a market for four more whores. And maybe they could get a couple of more maids.

*"I've got to put the girls to bed," Madam Jang announced. "With Hong-yi-ssi's party we will have a busy day tomorrow."*

*"Yes, and Roger Minski from the state securities commission is coming in with a couple of board members at around seven. Compliments of Bridgeport Securities. Seems they have a real estate investment scheme they need approval on. I think that we can expect them on a regular basis. And Paul Cavendish is bringing in some of his star players from his hockey team on Wednesday. They play St. Louis on Tuesday and have a day's layover before they fly off to Colorado. They'll be in and out early since they have an 8 p.m. flight to catch."*

*"Make sure you tell Paul to have his big boys take it easy. I don't like these pro athletes. They're like little boys and have no boundaries. They think that they're entitled to everything. Last year two of the girls ended up with broken bones, a broken nose and a broken arm. That's why I banned them for a year. Any trouble this time and it's for life. Make sure Paul knows. And make sure he pays a big bonus. When they're through with the girls we'll probably have to give at least a couple of them the rest of the night off and use the maids. I don't like to do that. Customers come here for the slave girls, not the maids. And no Lotus. I'll have her locked up upstairs until they're gone. She's too inexperienced for them. I will take the canes and the slashers out of the girls' rooms. If they want to whip them they can use the floggers and that's it."*

*"Okay, okay." Gyong replied. "But I received a feeler from the U.S. Women's National Soccer Team. They would like to reserve the place for an entire day in March before they go on their overseas world championship tour. I'll bet you have no problem with that."*

*"Girls are different. I'm sure that there will be plenty of whipping but no broken noses or arms. And they don't drink as much. Besides we are a team sponsor and I'd like to give them a good send off for luck. Make sure it's a Monday and charge them \$25,000."*

*"Are we closing for Thanksgiving this year?"*

*"No," Madam Jang replied. "We closed last year and it didn't turn out so good. We lost at least \$20,000. And guests kept showing up anyway even after we put up notices and announced it on the website. We'll have a part day. We'll open at ten a.m. and close at two. We'll reopen at eight p.m. and stay open until two the next morning. This way everyone will have their turkey dinners and get back to work. And we won't lose \$20,000. And it's not good*

*for the girls to have too much time off. They get surly and depressed when they have nothing to do."*

Gyong nodded. Madam Jang closed the computer and got up from the desk. Her breasts shifted when she moved and his cock gave a little stir. "*Can I see you tonight?*" he asked tentatively.

She laughed and stroked his face. "*No,"* she said. "*I have a date. Come up tomorrow morning about 11:30. I'll give you one of my special blowjobs."*

That sounded good to him. Maybe he would fuck Maid No. 2 tonight. She was a black haired, dark eyed Jewish girl from Ridgefield Park outside of Frankfort, Kentucky. Her name was Jessica Styles. She was tall and elegant, a girl born to wealth and used to the finer things in life. She had terrific breasts, which the maid's outfit hardly disguised and probably gave out more free blowjobs than any other of the girls. One of the guests, a guy who owned several Mercedes dealerships in the area, had made a deal with Madam Jang to spend two hours with her every Monday afternoon, between two and four, which cost him \$3,000 a pop.

Needless to say, she was very unhappy at being whored out and giving out all those blowjobs. Madam Jang had whipped her several times, mostly for moroseness and being slow to obey. And, unfortunately for her, since she was easily the most desirable of all the maids, she was chosen by one of the guards almost every night for a round fucking. She had fucked like a dead fish when she arrived, but 5 days in the basement with him had changed that.

Her father ran a textile mill that was hemorrhaging money. He was into the Seven Stars big time. It was time to put the torch to the place and collect the fire insurance. But even that wouldn't cover his nut. With all the vig he would be about \$150,000 short. His wife, in her early 40's, was still quite good looking and in great shape. Mr. Barnes already had a buyer for her, a rancher from Zimbabwe who liked older white women, and, in particular, her. They had gotten some great shots of her in her bikini during the family vacation this summer in Aruba just before they picked up Jessica. Her belly showed just a little flab and her large breasts had a little bit of sag to them. They had made arrangements, at the rancher's expense, for a little nip and tuck before they sent her off.

The rancher kept calling to see when she would be available. This afternoon, Barnes had sent him an email with some wild African themed designs that he wanted tattooed on her. He would enjoy having her around for a couple of weeks or so. They would have the operation done down in one of his cells. Blowjobs from older women tended to be different than from younger girls. Their mouths seemed to be softer and warmer, more like cunts, and they knew how to take their time. By the time they were in their 40's they would



have developed their own little tricks and they always seemed to surprise him, not that they got that many of them. Once the surgery had healed, Barnes would contract out her transport to the Black Watch and the rancher would pay the freight.

Their other two daughters were 16 and 14, too young for them. As rough and ruthless as they were, the Seven Stars still had a code and girls under eighteen were strictly off limits. They would keep track of them though and pick them up when they became of age. After all, business was business and a debt was a debt. They would let the father scramble around for a while trying to raise money from friends or relatives and they might get a few more thousand out of him before he was put in a hole.

So, in a couple of weeks or so, Maid No. 2 would probably be on her way to Korea or someplace else in the Far East. Mr. Barnes had an Arab client who liked to collect Jewish girls for a string of high class brothels he ran in the Persian Gulf, Qatar, Abu Dubai and Kuwait and they might sell her to him. He decided that they would hang onto her until they got a really good price. She was A-1 material after all. And until then, he could fuck her as much as he wanted.

## CHAPTER SIX

Madam Jang came out to the main room. She came up to the girls and clapped her hands once. They all rose to their feet. The mistresses went behind then and disconnected their collars from the chains that led to the wall. Madam Jang barked a command and they all turned to the right. The mistresses went between them connecting their collars. Another command from Madam Jang and they started to shuffle off.

Sally followed the girl in front of her, Poppy, sadly. To say that it had been the worst night of her life was not to say much. She was just happy that she hadn't had to give out one last blowjob at the end of the night like Poppy had. They reached the second floor and proceeded down the hall. The girls were all subdued and tired. Sally had thought that the earlier march on the way down was like they were being marched off to their execution. Now it felt like they were on their way to their funerals.

The line moved sluggishly. The mistress at the front of the line cracked her whip on Carnation's buttocks and yelled for them to hurry up. Carnation squealed and they started moving faster. Poor Carnation. She hadn't chosen to be at the front of the line, but she was the one who was always whipped when the mistresses thought that the line was moving too slow, her or Tulip, who was at the other end. She just suppressed her tears and put it down to yet another of the many indignities she had to suffer.

One of her favorite guests had come by tonight. He was a heart surgeon at a prestigious regional hospital and quite wealthy. He regularly had a nurse at the hospital give him a fake call at night about an alleged patient who needed immediate attention. He was often available in the afternoons as well. He came about twice a week. Usually on Wednesday afternoons and Sunday nights, but sometimes he came at other times too. She always brightened up when she saw him walk in the door. Or if he came in while she was upstairs, when she saw him at the bar nursing a gin and tonic when she came down. Sometimes when they were really busy, or when one of the big shots had reserved her, he went with one of the other girls, mostly Daisy, if she was available and a couple of times with the Lotus who had just been shipped off somewhere. A couple of times she saw him leading other girls on his way up to their rooms and it made her very sad. Or she would see him coming happily down the stairs alone after a session, having arrived while she had been upstairs with someone else and become impatient at waiting for her.

He was blond haired, like her, was in good physical shape and handsome. He was about 42 or so. There were three small children at home and his philosophy was that it was better to use a whore than to have an affair which could be messy. Especially a whore who was all locked up and couldn't blackmail you or anything. When you were done with her, you were done with her and that was that.

He was gentle with her and always came three times during their two hour sessions. He knew how to ride her hard and long and he liked licking her pussy while she groaned and squirmed under him. He liked to do 69's with him on top so that he could penetrate her throat and control his strokes. He let her ride him sometimes, controlling her own orgasm. And he never used her in the ass, he considered it unsanitary, which she appreciated because she had never grown used to it and when she was fucked there it made her nauseous.

He had only whipped her a few times in the seven months he had been seeing her. The first had been early on when he was forcing his cock down her throat and she had gagged and squirmed and dislodged him. He beat her viciously for that. Twice was because she had made him come too early when she was sucking him off and once, for the same reason, when she had been on top of him and stroking him with her cunt. Otherwise, their 'affair', as he liked to think about it, went along quite amiably and peaceably.

Her long legs and pert breasts made him think of her as model quality and he was not too wide of the mark. Carnation, her original name was Caroline Spencer, had been an art student at a major university back east. She had turned 21 a few months earlier. In order to make ends meet, she had taken up modeling for lingerie ads. It was small time stuff for a small chain of local lingerie stores. The ads appeared in Sunday newspaper circulars. One particular ad, with her giving off a bright, sexy smile and wearing a pale red push up bra, matching lace panties and sheer red tinted hosiery, had caught someone's attention. They got her contact information from the photographer who did most of the shots for the store. It only cost them \$200. They followed her for a couple of weeks, checking on her routines, and delved a bit into her history. Her pictures, including the red lingerie one, went up on the dark net and in a matter of two days she had been sold to Gyong for \$27,500. It was a little over their usual price, but Madam Jang had been very enthusiastic about her.

It was a simple matter of contacting her agency and arranging for her to come for a photo shoot for a purported line of young women's dresses. Caroline, after making passionate love to Wally, her boyfriend, that morning, they were engaged to be married the next June after he had finished his engineering degree at Mass Tech, and skipping breakfast so that she could

keep her modeling figure, drove the red 2001 Ford Focus her father had bought her last year to the address for the shoot.

Everything seemed to be going well, at first. The photographer was very friendly and he had a middle aged female assistant who put her at ease. She did a couple of dresses, a navy blue one with red swirls all over it and a combination aquamarine blouse, with long flouncy sleeves and a matching miniskirt. The next dress was red with a deep 'v' neck and a tight skirt. It was the last thing she had ever worn. The photographer told her to lift her chin more. He had her move her head a couple of different ways but could not be satisfied. He asked the assistant to help her by adjusting her chin. The assistant came over, stepped up behind her very close and encircled her with her arms. A second later, a cloth inundated with ether was clasped across her mouth. The woman, who was heavily built and strong, held her firmly in place while the ether took effect.

The photographer and the woman quickly had her naked and hogtied. They didn't want to gag her in case she threw up. When the grogginess started to wear off she discovered that she was lying on the modeling platform which they had used during the shoot and that she was naked and that her hands and feet were cruelly bound. She started to beg and plead for her freedom, promising anything and everything in return. The woman held her head still and her jaw closed while the photographer placed three long strips of overlapping duct tape over her lips. They had picked up one of those sleeping blindfolds from the drug store and they put that on her.

She continued to moan and sob and issue mumbled and muffled pleas for release while the photographer and his 'assistant' smoked cigarettes, drank coffee from a thermos and waited for the pickup team to show. They were delayed fifteen minutes due to a traffic jam. Two strong men came into the 'studio'. It was no such thing, but an unused office that was under renovation. They had rented it out for the day from the super (investment \$375, cash), just like there was no film in the camera, just as the photographer was no photographer, etc., etc., etc.. The men had brought a large footlocker with them which had been specially insulated for sound. They loaded her into it while she squirmed and squealed and struggled. They took her on the freight elevator in the back of the building and out the super's entrance and into a small parking area where they had left their panel truck. They slid the footlocker into the cargo compartment of the truck, opening the air vents so that she wouldn't suffocate. Then they drove away.

The woman assistant drove Caroline's car to Roxbury where she abandoned it, leaving her wallet and cell phone and the clothes that she had

worn in a garbage bag in the back seat. There had been \$76 in her wallet. She took it.

She spent three days in the footlocker, only being taken out four times a day to pee and drink some soup. The blindfold never came off. Once she couldn't hold her urine and when they took her out they hung her wrists from a rafter and beat her with a thick rubber hose filled with sand. She screamed and screamed but did not pee in the footlocker again. They cleaned it up before they put her back.

It was carefully explained to her by the woman who had been the assistant at the photo shoot when she peeled off the duct tape to let her have some soup that if she uttered one word she would not be fed, but would go back into the footlocker hungry. She never had the courage to defy her instructions although she desperately wanted to plea to be released and set free. It was stupid, really, because why would they go to all the trouble of kidnapping her if they were going to release her just because she said please.

Gyong sent Soon and Yee to collect her. They had to drive all the way to Boston. They lined the bottom of the footlocker with diapers and transported her the whole way without opening it. It was a 22 hour trip. Whenever they stopped for food or gas or to take a piss, they closed the air holes so that no sound would escape. When they collected their Big Macs or bacon and cheese Whoppers from the takeout windows, or got their gas tank filled, they drove away a little bit, opened the air vents and got back on the Interstate.

Needless to say, she had been in quite a state when she arrived at Gyong's. He had to sedate her for a day before she would respond to anything. Then he gave her her first whipping and her training commenced.

When she was taken, she had long yellow blond hair that went down to the middle of her back. It was Madam Jang's idea for the page boy and she had been right. She looked much more sexy in it. She had been with them for seventeen months. Neither Gyong or Madam Jang had raised any idea of moving her on. She was quite popular and very, very obedient. Madam Jang especially liked to fuck her.

Carnation had had three other guests that night. One was a quickie, a nervous young man whose father had brought him to get his first pussy. He was 18 or Gyong would not have let him in. He had been very nervous despite everything that she could do to calm him down. She even teased her pussy herself so that she would be nice and wet for him. He looked agog at the seven stars tattooed upon her vulva as if they somehow made her cunt more dangerous. He mounted her in missionary position and shot his load as soon as he was inside. He wanted to get out of there right away. She had to show him via pantomime how he had to connect her wrists behind her back and refasten

the chain to her ankles. She opened her mouth wide and repeatedly looked down at her gag on the dresser so that he would put it in. She shuffled over to the cage, swung the door open with her toe and got in, motioning for the boy to close and lock it. She knew that she would be somehow blamed if the mistress came in and she was not secured properly. He fled right after.

The father took her up next. He was angry with her, sensing that his son had not gotten his money's worth. He treated her brutally, slapping her around and giving her five strokes with the flogger while she screamed and wailed. He fucked her in the ass twice, both times long and hard, and came in her mouth before he left, jerking himself off with her head. He warned her that he and the boy would be back and that she had better make a better job of it next time. He had complained to Madam Jang and, unbeknownst to Carnation, she had put her down for a discipline in the morning.

The third was another one of her favorites. He was a former middleweight boxer, a little over 38. He fought under the name of 'Crackerjack' Johnson and was known for a powerful left hand. He still trained assiduously. He really couldn't afford the place, but he saved up his money and came once a month always on the last Sunday. He always got there a little before 8 o'clock and always picked Carnation. Madam Jang made sure that no one else reserved her. He had been waiting when the mistress brought her back down after her awful session with the enraged father.

She had never fucked a black man before she became a whore, had, really, hardly fucked anybody. Just Wally, who she had intended to marry, and who she had been seeing for the last 2 years before she was taken, Danny Corbin a few times the summer after high school, who had taken her virginity, Paul Westerman and Al Kramer her first year in college, two miserable relationships, Bill Rutherford a couple of times, which didn't work out so good since a few weeks after he broke up with her he came out as being gay, Steve Napoli that one time after a party, which had been a big mistake since he wouldn't leave her alone afterwards for weeks. She finally had to get campus security to talk to him.

And that guy she couldn't really remember too well the night of St. Patty's Day sophomore year after a full day of drinking, snorting a little blow that Brian Foley had brought, well not really a little. Actually it was quite a lot as far as she was told later, and a few joints. She had woken up squeezed into her little bed with him at her dorm. They were both naked. There were two used condoms on the floor next to the bed and her pussy hurt. She woke up the guy, he had to be at least 6'4" and big, big as a football player and definitely not her type. He roused himself, quickly put on his clothes and fled the room. She never got to ask him his name. Her roommates told her that she and the

guy had gone at it for two hours the night before and that she had screamed repeatedly when she came. They had thought it was funny. One of them, Paula, had said that she thought that the guy's name was Dave something, but she thought that she had just made that up. She laid off coke after that and cut way down on her drinking. She did like a little reefer once in a while. It did seem to spice up her and Wally's sex life. And she liked to get a little buzz on after a long night of studying just to take the edge off.

Crackerjack Johnson fucked her like a mad machine, making her come repeatedly. Between bouts he talked about his boxing career, 32-10-1, most of the 10 at the end of his career, and the hard history of his life, while she listened and remained utterly silent. She loved his muscular body and thick cock and, when he was done fucking her the third time, always sucked his cock long and leisurely before he left. I mean, if you had to be fucked, you would want to be fucked by a guy like this. That stuff they had to drink every day, and the gunk they put on their pussies made her very horny and a lot of the guests just fucked you quickly and left you there. She was never horny after she had spent some time with Crackerjack. He wore her out. He used her rear entrance as often as not, but Carnation didn't mind it so much because it was him.

Gyong had waived the annual fee for him and only charged him for one hour although he usually took the better part of two. He had followed the guy's career and watched him on HBO lose a title fight in the 12<sup>th</sup> round on a TKO. It had been downhill from there and he had blown all of his money, a lot of it at their house. He drove a school bus now and lived in a beat up old trailer in a trailer park near Sloatsville.

So it had been both a goodnight, or relatively good since you really couldn't have a good night when you had been forced to become a sex slave, and bad. Did they balance out? The session with the boy hadn't been too bad, and it was quick, but that led up to the miserable session with the father, getting fucked hard in the ass twice, which made her want to puke, and he had issued a dire threat to her. She knew that there would be trouble about it. These things always seemed to get back to *Eomeo-nim*.

Her boxer guy fucked her in the ass tonight too, but he had entered her gently, letting her little ring expand slowly, before he went to town. He got such a thrill out of it that she didn't mind the nausea. And besides, it kept him coming back.

As she reached the landing between the second and third floors, she looked up and saw the heavy iron gate that kept her prisoner every night. For exactly five hundred and ninety-three nights. She kept close count. Tonight was the five hundred and ninety-fourth. She figured that she fucked, on average, five or six guests a day. That was somewhere around three thousand

men, although a lot of them were repeats, and maybe a couple of hundred women. And that didn't include when the guards or *Abeo-nim* fucked her. Or *Eomeo-nim*, or the two mistresses, or the casual blowjobs that she was called on to give out sometimes, like Poppy had done tonight. And speaking of the guards, this was Sunday night and so her night was probably not over.

The guard they called Chu-li had been fucking her every Sunday night for the last six months. He was not as big as the two other guards, but he was still muscular and strong. He wasn't exactly brutal, but when he used you he always made it crystal clear that you were a whore and a slave and that he was a master. His first round was always quick and hard, like he wanted to get it out of the way, but the next one took a long, long time, like the point of the thing was the fucking and not the coming, which was, in a way, true. He had no regard for the woman's pleasure. You could be right in the middle of an orgasm and he would pull right out and force your mouth down on his cock or flip you over and switch to your ass. He always came a lot and he left her bed all wet and sticky as it all leaked out of her after he left.

Besides the fact that it occurred after all the day's work had been done and you were anxious to get some sleep, *Eomeo-nim* never seemed to let them get enough, you had to do it in your cage, in your own bed, with all the other girls watching, or at least four of them since two other girls would be getting fucked too. They would see and hear you groan and moan and screech and whine as the guard had his way with you. Sure, they were all whores and they all got fucked by ruthless men many times a day, but at least in your room on the second floor you had some privacy. You didn't advertise yourself as a wild, cock hungry slut to everybody. Sometimes you had to put on a show with another girl, or girls, but they would be all lustful and sweaty too. And there were the parties where there would be group fucks, but all the other girls were getting fucked as well and were too busy to notice you screaming your head off as you came.

Why she cared what the other girls thought she did not know. She never got to talk to one, not one in over seventeen months. They were always gagged or the mistresses were breathing down their necks. A month after she arrived, she saw a girl get punished for trying to talk. It was her fifth offense according to Madam Jang who had pronounced her sentence in front of the whole group. They were all led down hooded and in a coffle to the basement room. Their hoods were removed and the offending girl, an earlier version of Poppy, was beaten unmercifully for most of an hour, screeching and wailing as she was lashed, issuing anguished moans and groans as she was belabored with the heavy hickory cane. Everybody was there, the guards, the cooks, the maids, even the bartenders. *Abeo-nim* was the master of ceremonies, working up a



sweat in the nude while everybody watched. He belabored the girl for so long with the flogger that she turned beet red. And then he applied some kind of oil to her that made her scream and twist and turn in agony. When he was done with her, he made her suck him off on her knees, and then all the other men.

The girl who she had tried to talk to was beaten too, although nowhere's near as bad. She hadn't done anything wrong, but it was a good strategy for keeping them quiet. If there was no one to listen to you, what as the point of talking anyway? She tried to make sure at all times that she was not in a situation with a girl where she might be tempted to talk. The gags were, in a sense, a blessing, since they cut way down on the opportunities for speech, and therefore cut way down on the opportunities for punishment.

She hated the gags nonetheless. She had never gotten used to wearing one virtually all day every day. It was a constant, offensive presence in her mouth. And, as far as the guests went, it marked them as subhuman, entities not entitled to speech, never mind the right to register any objection to their use. Quite a number of guests never even bothered to take them out, or only took them out so they could use your mouth and when they were finished with it, put it right back in.

They never saw the offending Poppy again. The next morning, one of the maids, a sweet light haired girl who had always been ready with a friendly smile, had been converted to the new Poppy. It was the only time she had seen that happen. The poor girl was miserable and cried and cried and cried. The guests seemed to enjoy her misery and she was beaten often. She only lasted a few weeks, until they had another fully trained Poppy, and she was shipped off to who knew where.

That had been three different Poppy's within a few weeks. And there had been more. That seemed to be the one that changed the most. She remembered five, not including the short lived maid There had been 2 different Lotus's, this new one was the third, three Chrysanthemums, two Roses, two Tulips. The only one who had been here longer than her was Daisy. And she had never, ever learned anything about a single one of them. Not where they were from, not their prior names, not whether they had had boyfriends, how they had been kidnapped, how they felt about being turned into a whore, what they thought of the guards or their owners or the mistresses. Not how they felt about the food, or any of the guests, which ones they hated the most and ones that were not too bad.

She had never been able to hold one in her arms and tearfully pour out her troubles to her, or to return the favor. Yet she spent all their time she wasn't fucking with them. They exercised together in the mornings in the big room, with Madam Jang leading the group. They ate together. They were shunted up

and down the stairs together in a cruel coffle. They put on their makeup together, peed and shat together, slept in the same room night after night. They were put through the same ordeals were whipped and fucked by the same men. They all had the same reasons to be miserable and sad and terrified. They had all left someone behind, a mother, a father, a friend, a boyfriend or girlfriend if they swung that way, maybe a fiancé, like Wally, whom they loved and who loved them. Some cruel fate had lumped them all together to share the same fates. They lived closer than any real sisters ever did. And yet she never even knew any of their names.

There was some communication between them, but it was furtive and non-verbal. There was a Tulip who used to make funny faces in the bathroom after Madam Jang had lectured them about something or other and made everybody laugh. Until she had been caught, of course, and then she paid the price for it. They had a universal sign for Dr. Fisher, as has been explained. She had had a crush on the prior Rose, who had been here before her, a slim black haired girl who always had a sad face. They exchanged loving glances with their eyes, touched each other whenever they could. When one of them was punished the other found some way to express her sympathy. *Eomeo-nim*, sensing their affection, often designated them to be together when a guest wanted to watch two girls fuck. She would block everything else out in her mind and concentrate on kissing and stroking and gemauching her with the most passion she could. And likewise her. But she had been too afraid to even whisper in her ear, "I love you."

It only lasted about five months. There was a Russian guy who used to come and use her three or four times a week. He must have abused her brutally since she always came down the stairs very sad and disturbed after going up with him. He had fucked her a couple of times and it was no picnic. Of course, they never talked about it. One day Rose was gone. The Russian never came back. You can put two and two together. She had vowed never to get involved with another girl again.

When they reached the top of the stairs, *Mi-jung-nim*, the cruel mistress, ordered all the girls to turn their faces to the wall. She clicked in the code for the lock, presented her thumb to the reader and the gate 'clacked' open. They were ordered to turn straight ahead again and they passed into their prison.

She had once or twice turned her head quickly to see if she could catch some of the numbers of the code. But she looked back too quick, fearful of being caught. Also, there was a little frame around the number pad that shaded it from view. And what would she have done if she was able to discern a number or two. She counted the amount of buttons that were pushed and she had figured out by listening carefully for the almost imperceptible clicks that

they made that there were six. So, if she learned two numbers or three, what good would that do her? There were still hundreds of possibilities. And there was the thumb pad. How would she ever fake that? And the only times that her hands were not locked behind her back was when she was in the dormitory putting on or removing her makeup, showering, shitting and stuff like that, downstairs in her room when she was getting fucked, or in her bed where they were locked together in front and were affixed to her collar for the night. And anyway, they probably changed the code every few weeks just to be safe.

They marched sullenly down the hall and waited while the door to the dorm was opened, again with heads turned to the side. Once inside, the mistresses released their coffle chains, unbound their hands and removed their gags. The ankle chains stayed on. The girls all shuffled into the bathroom. One of the benefits of being first in line is that she was always able to get a toilet right away. It wasn't very comfortable to pee or shit while other girls were milling around waiting for your seat, but she just closed her eyes and pretended that they weren't there.

When she was done, she shuffled over to her dressing table. Chrysanthemum, who had been waiting in line, gave her breast a playful tweak as she passed, making her grin. She sat at the table and looked at herself in the mirror. There was this blond person with short hair and a model's face that she didn't recognize, although she had seen it at least twice daily for more than 500 days. It wasn't her; it was the girl that they had made of her. It wasn't Caroline Spencer. Caroline Spencer didn't paint her lips bright red. She didn't make up her eyes like some Turkish whore. She didn't have long, arching eyebrows, or such clear, flawless skin. This was the face of Carnation, the whore.

It was when she took her makeup off that was the saddest part of the day for her. She had spent another day as a slave. She had spent another day being fucked by callous men. For even if the doctor or Crackerjack Johnson were kind to her when they fucked her, they were still fucking someone without the power to say no. They were still fucking someone who they knew to be a slave. They still felt the thrill of leading her bound and gagged up the stairs to her room and fastening her bonds back on her when they were finished and locking her in her cage. Sometimes Crackerjack hogtied and gagged her while he was recharging for another bout, leaning back against the headboard, drinking a whiskey and talking as if to himself. He repeated the same stories again and again as if he had to convince himself of their importance. But he had never beaten her, she had to give him that.

She took out the Neutrogena towelettes *Eomeo-nim* had them all use and began removing her painted on face. She wiped everything clean with tissues and dumped them in the trashcan to her right. She saw the new Lotus walk past

behind her when she looked up in the mirror. She looked like she was about to break out into sobs. She seemed like a nice kid. She knew what she was going through. It had been hard for her too, visualizing weeks and weeks and months and months of upcoming slavery, dealing with the reality that she was now a whore and would never be anything else, reliving in her mind the experience of being used for the first times as a whore.

She had seen her being led off by that boney faced guy. Everybody knew him. The sign for him between the girls was a very stern look and an elongated pull on an imaginary nose. That was tough luck on her first night. And the Seven Stars boss the first thing. She knew what he was like. She looked over to her dressing table. She was on the wall opposite her and one desk down. She was sitting there like she had become catatonic. If she didn't get moving, *Mi-jung-nim* or *Seong-ja-nim* would beat her for sure.

On an impulse, she got up from her table and shuffled over to her. She crouched down next to her and picked up her little packet of towelettes. She picked one out and made a pantomime of rubbing it all over her face. The poor girl looked at her sadly, but nodded in understanding. She gave her a sympathetic smile, patted her on the cheek and gave her a little kiss on the forehead. When she looked up, *Seong-ja-nim* was hovering over her, giving her an evil look. She rose from her crouch and quickly shuffled off to the showers lest the mistress decide that she had broken a taboo and give her several strokes for it.

Sally was glad that the blond girl had shown her what to do. She would probably have figured it out, but she was so dazed and unhappy that she just couldn't think straight. She looked in the mirror. A whore looked back. That last man who had fucked her was really awful! What made him so mean? She hadn't done anything wrong, had she? And what did he mean by saying that she would get what she deserved? Deserved for what? He said he was going to whip her. She believed that he really meant it unlike the nicer man who had probably just said it as a threat. Was this what it was going to be like night after night after night? Why had this happened to her? How was she ever going to get free?

She took off her makeup, tossing the used up towelettes in the little trash can. She saw all the other girls shuffling off into the showers so she decided to join them. She had to stand there waiting her turn. Even amidst these other girls she felt so lonely and alone. She couldn't speak to them and ask them a single question. That big mistress was prowling the showers, making sure that nobody did anything out of line. She had stripped down to her underwear, but she still had the belt with the flogger attached to it on. Her naked breasts seemed aggressive somehow.

The blond girl, Carnation, finished her shower and breezed past her. She didn't nod or smile or anything. She had probably taken a great risk in helping her out. She stepped up to a nozzle. There were shower caps and she put one on. She assumed that they would let her wash her hair in the morning and she didn't want to get it wet tonight. All the other girls were wearing shower caps too. She let the water get the right temperature and stood under the flow of water. There was some soap in a black plastic bottle. She squeezed some into her hand and started to rub it all over her. The last time she had been cleaned it was by *Abeo-nim* downstairs. Now that she had graduated into being a whore, it was her job to keep their property clean. She washed herself all over, everywhere she could reach. She especially washed her sex and her little rear entrance. The hot water felt good. She closed her eyes and let it wash over her.

Suddenly she realized that hers was the only shower that was on. She looked around. All the other girls were gone. The mean mistress was standing there, eying her. Sally quickly turned off the water and shuffled over to the shelf where the towels were. She selected one from the top and began to dry herself with it. The mistress just kept eying her evilly. When she was dry, she tossed the towel into a bin. She went to shuffle off to the main room, but the mistress, holding her flogger out in front of her, barring her way, stopped her.

"Lotus, lazy, lazy whore," she said sinisterly. "Lotus take shower quick like all other whores or Lotus get beating."

Chills passed through her. She didn't want a beating. She felt herself beginning to cry but she halted herself. Whores weren't allowed to cry. She didn't know if the woman wanted her to say anything or not. She just kept staring at her and blocking her way. Then she let the tails of the flogger run all over her breasts. They were stiff and scratchy. Sally shivered and she began to shake. The woman let the flogger drop. "Soon we get to know each other real good," she said to her. "Go in main room now, quick, quick!" she barked out.

Sally took off as fast as her chains would allow. She passed the toilets and the dressing tables and entered the room where the cages were. The other girls were lying on their beds expectantly.

When she entered the main room, the other mistress was standing there. She crooked her finger and urged her over. Frightened, she shuffled over to a spot before the near naked woman. She looked at her expectantly. Suddenly, the woman slid to the side, removing her flogger from her belt in a swift, practiced motion, and struck her harshly with it across her buttocks. "Stupid slave stand at attention!" she yelled.

Sally screamed and then jumped into position. She thrust out her breasts and spread her legs as far as they would go. She put her hands behind her back. The mistress quickly joined them together. She had a gag ready for her sitting

on the nearby bed. She retrieved it and stuffed it into her mouth. The other mistress had joined them and she reached out and took hold of a breast, squeezing and shaking it. She said something to the other mistress in Korean and they both laughed.

The smaller one said to her, "Lotus very naughty girl. She be punished tomorrow."

This sentence made a chill run through her. Had what she done been so severe that she needed a special punishment? She spent a few seconds longer in the shower than everyone else and she had failed to stand correctly after the end of a long, long day of abuse and misuse. Wasn't she entitled to some slack on account of it being her first day? Why did they have to be so mean?

She stood there rigidly at attention, tears brimming in her eyes, as the mistresses put the other girls to bed. The big mean one worked the side with four cages and the other one did the side with three. Each girl had been lying on her bed expectantly. When the mistress came in they sat up facing her with their feet on the floor, their hands proffered up in a prayer position before them. Their wrists were locked together and the mistress pulled a small chain from a drawer on the little night stand to the left of the bed. They used it to connect the girl's wrists to her collar. Their gags were waiting on the night stands and they went in next. Then the girl lay down on her back and a chain was connected to her left ankle. Another chain was connected from the headboard to the back of her collar.

The two chains were long enough so that the girl could twist and turn at night to try and find a comfortable position to sleep, but short enough that she would be unable to get up off the bed. There was no top sheet, just the fluffy pillow cased in light blue and a matching bottom sheet. No girl had the right to hide herself, even when sleeping.

When the mistress was finished, she turned on the small lamp on the night stand and exited. She closed the door and turned the key in the deadbolt lock. Then she moved on to the next cage.

Sally watched the procedure with dismay. She knew that soon she would be locked into a bed too. But why not now? Why were they waiting? When all the other girls were locked into their cages, the mistresses went down the line and removed the keys from the locks. There was a small board near the entrance door with hooks on it and the keys were mounted there in the same order in which the cages were laid out. Each key was laminated on the top with the girl's ideogram to which it belonged. Sally's key was still in its lock.

All the lights on the side tables had been lit. *Seong-ja* turned off all of the overhead lights except one. The room was steeped in a kind of twilight. The mistresses had a small electric burner on the far side of the room and *Mi-jung*

came back from the bathroom with a kettle of water. She placed the kettle on the burner. There were two small easy chairs next to a table in the corner of the room and they sat down there to wait for the kettle to boil.

Sally stood on the other side of the room in attention position. There was some reason she was standing there in the dim light and all the other girls had been put to bed and she decided that it was probably not good. She started to tremble and her stomach had grown queasy. She could feel herself sweating. The mistresses were on the other side of the room talking lowly to each other and having what sounded like an amiable chat. After a few minutes, the kettle came to a boil and emitted a shrill whistle. *Seong-ja* got up and poured hot water in to two awaiting cups containing lapsang oolong tea bags. She delivered them and two spoons and two napkins to the table and sat down.

The women chatted for a while, drinking their tea. Sally was getting more and more nervous. It was all so unreal to her, this house, this room, the cages, the chains, the gags, the perverse bordello downstairs. She could never in her life imagined being in a situation like this. Had never even known that places like this could exist. And now she was just standing here in the semi-darkness waiting for something terrible to happen and the bizarre, half naked, half crazed Korean women were drinking tea!

## CHAPTER SEVEN

The door ‘clacked’. It opened. A chill went through her. The three Korean guards entered. It was their job to put the maids to bed and they had just finished chaining them in. On most nights they would each right now be fucking one of them, but this was Sunday night and Sunday night was treat night. Sally’s stomach turned over. She thought that they were here for her. But she was dissuaded of this notion by the fact that two of them took keys down from the board near the door and headed for particular cages. The third one calmly strolled down the lines of cages looking into each one as if he was trying to make up his mind. Apparently he had. While the other two unlocked cages, entered them and began to undress, he stepped over to the board and picked a key off of a hook.

He walked over to the third cage on the left hand side, near where the mistresses were having their tea and opened it, leaving the key in the lock. He entered and began to strip.

Rose looked up at him with some dismay. She had hoped that her night was over. It was not. It was Wook. He was the biggest and most clearly the stupidest of the guards. She watched him undress. He was big and strong, but a bit flabby. Short black hair, like the other guards. Around his neck he wore a silver chain with a religious medal on it. Madam Jang made sure that everybody that worked for them were good Christians. It was a St. Christopher medal that she had given him. All the guards wore them. She knew that the Pope had said that St. Christopher wasn’t a saint anymore, but she didn’t believe it. He had guarded her grandmother all through the war and, as far as she was concerned, had great power. They dealt with so many gangsters that they needed all the good *ji* they could get. There was a little statue of him in the shrine she had made in the chapel down the hall, along with several other important saints. She wasn’t a Catholic, but she had borrowed many of that sect’s symbols and rites since they seemed so powerful.

Wook released Rose’s ankle and collar chains and ordered her to lay cross-wise on the bed. She knew the drill. He had chosen her every Sunday for a few weeks running up to about a month ago and had used her on and off a number of other Sundays in the ten months or so she had been a whore here. He had been using the old Lotus for the last several weeks, but since she was gone, it seemed, he was back to her.

It seemed to her that one of the guards chose her almost every Sunday. There had been about forty Sundays. Like Carnation, she had begun by



counting the days, but she had lost track somewhere along the way. She had tried counting weeks, but she had lost track of that too. Sometimes she just went weeks in a dismal daze, somehow going automatically through the days and then she would suddenly wake up and an unaccountable amount of time had passed. She wouldn't know what day of the week it was. She would have to wait for a Sunday to come by again since their Sunday schedules were different than any other day. Then she would try and remember back how many weeks it had been since she last counted. She wouldn't remember what the number of the week was where she had left off, whether it was 25 or 26, or whether it was 33 or 34. She would lie in bed, trying not to cry, and wonder when this hell would end and when the next one would begin. She had seen girls come and go too. She would roll to her side and pray, pray, pray.

She came from a strict Southern Baptist family in a small town just outside of Lubbock, Texas. They had had a church that the men of their congregation had built from scratch on a piece of farmland that one of them had donated. Their minister also served as the local doctor for black folks for miles all around. The men were mostly truck drivers or laborers of one kind or another, although several of them owned stores or other small businesses. Most of them grew cotton or corn on the side, had dairy cows and chickens. They were mostly poor, but nobody starved, and everybody helped each other in times of need.

On Sundays, they would all gather in the large, barn-like structure that had been built, sing hymns, say prayers, hear readings of the bible and, best of all, hear Rev. Dimble preach. He could preach a whale up out of the ocean. The air would be crackling inside the church and everybody would get caught up in it, crying out 'amens' and other confirmations. Sometimes women would faint, or get seized by some holy power and shudder and shake and call out to Jesus. It was a hell of a show. Services lasted anywhere from three to five hours depending on how the spirit had moved everybody.

She had grown up the second of seven children, the oldest girl. She had been skinny as a rail as a child, although she filled out in her teens, and smart as a whip. Her father worked on a huge sorghum farm, driving tractors, harvesters, a backhoe, plow, and doing all kinds of odd jobs that a 200 acre farm required. He had been with the farm for about 25 years by the time she was in high school. His wages had been bumped up to \$11.47 per hour. He was one of the few that they carried on through the winter even though there wasn't much work to do. They just needed someone around to fix things that got broken and to tend the hundred or so head of cattle that they ran. Twice a year they let him bring home a side of beef. Mr. Martin, whose family had owned the farm since before the Civil War, had recently sold out to a big agribusiness

outfit. He still managed the place and had insisted that her father be kept on, but he was nearing 80 now and who knew what would happen when he was gone.

She had been a bright student through high school and had been a bit of a track star. She had won a scholarship to Texas A&M. Her family had been so proud. When she graduated, she had gone to law school, something that had been her ambition all along. She had been admitted to several schools, but chose the University of Austin because it was the state capital. She had participated in several political campaigns when she was in college and high school, they had elected the first black County Commissioner in Taylor County since Reconstruction. She had caught the bug. She knew that she needed to make good connections and working and going to school in the capital seemed a good way to do that. She had had boyfriends, but had never slept with any of them except for Gilroy Evans once after a party in college. She knew that it had been a big mistake. She had gone home and told her mother about it and they had cried and cried together. She told her that God would forgive her if she prayed on it and that was what she had done. They had not used a condom and she had thanked God that she had not become pregnant.

The problem had come in her third year of law school. She had been pegged as one of the best and the brightest and one of her professors had gotten her an internship at one of the most prestigious firms in the City, Hunzinger, Hunzinger and Jones. Along with attending classes, she worked there 35 hours a week, sometimes more, often very late into the night. She was an assistant to one of the upcoming associates, mostly doing research and going through reams and reams of documents for the major litigations he was responsible for. She was the only black intern in the office, but to give the firm credit, they had not assigned her to the only black associate.

It was in January, just after New Years that it had happened. Her associate was working on this big fraud case along with one of the senior partners. Their client was one of the largest insurance companies in the state. They were defending a big industrial accident case for one of the state's leading oil producers. They had been working in the main conference room with boxes and boxes of files spread out all over, going over hundreds of pages of correspondence, emails, reports, memoranda, production records. The trial was only three weeks away. There were three associates working on it along with the partner and six paralegals and her. It was about ten at night. Everybody else had gone home and she had been left to straighten out a big pile of exhibits and other documents.

Mixed in with a pile of documents that the partner had been going over was an letter sized red folder marked "PRIVILEGED-MR.

STALLWORTH'S'S EYES ONLY". She was about to put it away in the box with the partner's name on it, when curiosity seized her. She wanted to learn everything that she could about everything and she couldn't resist looking inside.

There were two sheets of paper inside it stapled together. On the left side was a list of names. She had seen many of them on documents that the other side had produced, naming them as important witnesses. On the right side, handwritten in black ink, opposite most of the names, were numbers, 25,000, 15,000, 5,000, etc. The names that had numbers on them had red check marks by them. Some of the names without numbers were circled in red with the letters V.I. next to them. Two were marked "special action".

Suddenly, she realized what it was. It was a list of bribes that had been paid to witnesses so that they would change their testimony or otherwise tank on the stand. She could only imagine what the term "special action" meant. She had a vision of arranged accidents, threats of violence, disappearances. The lawsuit involved several hundred million dollars.

She was shocked. This was not what they taught her in law school. This was not what she had been taught in bible school. This was not what had been taught to her by her mother and father. She also realized that she had become privy to some very dangerous information. If witnesses who refused to play ball were going to be the subject of "special action" what would happen to her if it was found out that she had seen the file?

She had closed it up and was putting it in the partner's box when she heard the door to the conference room open behind her. It was the partner, an older, gray haired man. He had always spoken to her kindly and had seemed nice. Along with him was a heavy set black man. He was in his late 40's and she knew him to be the firm's chief investigator. She knew him only as Mr. Goins, had seen him around often and had shied away from him because he looked mean and hard. Someone had told her that he was a former Green Beret. Her hand was still in the box when they came in. She quickly pulled it out and tried to look like nothing had happened.

They came over to her. They were looking at her suspiciously. The partner looked down at the box. He reached in and pulled out the red folder. "So here it is," he said in a gentle drawl. He opened it and scanned it. He looked at her. "You know, Rachel, that anything you see in this office is absolutely secret, don't you?"

"Y-yes Mr. Stallworth," she said tentatively.

"And you know that it's important to win cases, especially when they involve hundreds of millions of dollars?"

"Y-yes, Mr. Stallworth," she repeated.

“And you know that our clients expect us to do whatever we can to help them, don’t you?”

“Y-yes, Mr. Stallworth,” she said again. Ice was running in her veins. She looked over to the back man who was eying her warily.

“Why don’t you go home for the night, Rachel, and we’ll talk about this in the morning? Say my office about 10?”

“Y-yes, Mr. Stallworth,” she replied. She could feel herself shaking.

“Just leave everything as it is,” he said in a kindly voice. “You can take care of it tomorrow.”

“Y-yes, Mr. Stallworth,” she repeated for the fifth time.

She gave the men what she thought was a friendly smile and she fled the room. She rushed down to her little cubicle and snatched up her coat and her pocketbook. She ran out to the elevator and punched the down button. The elevator seemed to take forever. She had a terrible feeling in her belly. The door finally slid open and she jumped inside, pressing the button for the underground garage. The elevator descended the ten floors quickly. When she emerged, the garage was eerily empty. There was a dim light and only a few cars. She looked around warily. She didn’t believe that Mr. Goins could have beaten her to the basement, but you never could tell.

She quickly ran over to the corner of the garage where her assigned space was, the echoes of her high heels clicking and clacking resounding around her. She unlocked the door to her car and jumped in. It was a light green 1994 Chevy Nova that she had scraped up just enough money for and which her brother Rafe kept running with chewing gum and bailing wire. She had had trouble lately starting it and at first the engine wouldn’t take. Finally it erupted. She released a heavy sigh of relief.

She drove up the two levels to the street level, put the card they had given her in the reader and the gate swung up. There were no cars on the street, just two lonely street lamps on either end of the block. She turned left and drove away.

When she got home, she dashed inside the house. She and three other grad students rented it. Two were black like her, one a business school student and the other studying government. The third was a Hispanic girl from southern Texas who was studying environmental science. They lived in a three story house way off in one of the poorer sections of the city. Her bedroom was on the third floor.

The two black girls were away, but Jacinta was home. She was a lively, slim, well-proportioned girl and had several boyfriends. Rachel was, in fact, surprised to see her home since she often spent the night with one or the other

of them. She was watching television in the living room when Rachel walked in. She saw that she was upset and she jumped up from the couch.

Over coffee in the kitchen, she told Jacinta all about what had happened. Jacinta was appalled and told her that she had to go to the police first thing in the morning. Rachel agreed. Then she told Jacinta about Mr. Goins and she became more emphatic.

“You have to go to the police right away, Rachel!” she said urgently. “Don’t wait for the morning, call them now!”

Rachel thought about it. She had had some experience with the police through the internship she had had with the criminal law clinic she had taken first year and knew that the local police precinct would not have much interest at this time of night in a non-violent crime. They probably wouldn’t even take a report, but tell her to contact a detective in the morning.

“No,” she told Juanita. “I’ll do it tomorrow. But let’s make sure all the doors and windows are all locked. I don’t think that they’ll do anything tonight. There isn’t enough time. Mr. Stallworth will probably offer me a bribe in the morning. They probably believe that everybody is corrupt and that I’ll take it rather than ruin my legal career by getting involved in a scandal.”

“I don’t know,” Jacinta replied. She had had a wholly different experience of the realities of life where she had grown up near Corpus Christi. She knew that men would do anything when they thought that their futures were at risk.

“I don’t think that I’ll be able to sleep tonight,” Rachel told her. “I’m all wound up. I’ll probably be shaking all night long.”

“Don’t worry,” Jacinta told her, lightening up. “I have just the remedy.”

She ran off to her room and came back with a half full bottle of dark tequila. She set it down on the kitchen table and brought out two small glasses. From the refrigerator she brought out a lemon, cut it in half and cut one half up into wedges. The salt shaker was already on the table.

She poured out a little more than a finger of the amber liquor into each glass. “Here’s what you do,” she said happily. She licked her hand in the spot between her thumb and her forefinger and sprinkled some salt in it. “Watch,” she said. She licked the salt off of her hand, shot back the tequila and bit into a wedge of lemon. When she was done, she released a long, “Ahhhhhhhhhhh,”

“You do it,” she said.

Rachel looked at the glass of liquor. Her family was not strictly abstemious; her daddy had a tot once in a while from the bottle of Kentucky bourbon he kept under the sink. Her little brother Douglas was the wild one of the family and he had come home drunk a number of times. Her mother had a small glass of wine on holidays. But that was about it. She had never been tempted to have any alcohol before. But she was so nervous that she felt like

she needed something. Drinking it had seemed to please Jacinta a lot. Maybe just one.

She licked her left hand tentatively and sprinkled it with salt. She picked up the glass with her right hand. She looked at Jacinta, who was looking back at her excitedly. "Here goes," she thought. She licked the salt, shot back the tequila and bit right away into the lemon. The liquor burned on the way down. A rush went through her brain. She started coughing and hacking.

"That's the way," Jacinta said happily. "Now you're corrupted like the rest of us."

Rachel's religious background was well-known and she was the subject of gentle teasing from her roommates, who were somewhat more liberal in their mores.

She felt a wave of relaxation flow through her. Jacinta set up two more shots. Rachel wasn't so sure.

"Come on," Jacinta said, "loosen up."

They had a second shot. She felt much better. She and Jacinta started talking, about their families, about their home towns, about a lot of things. Rachel had never felt so loose and happy. In the next hour they had two more shots. She began to feel woozy.

"I think I should go to bed," she told Jacinta.

"One more shot and we'll call it a night," Jacinta said. She reluctantly agreed.

They remembered to check all the doors and windows and went upstairs. Jacinta's room was off to the right of the stairs on the second floor. The stairs for the third floor were at the opposite end of the hall. Rachel climbed them carefully, her head swimming. She didn't bother to hang up her clothes, but left her dress and stockings in a heap on the floor. She got out her pink and white woolen nightgown her mother had bought her and fell into bed. She was asleep in a second.

Sometime in the middle of the night she awoke. Her head seemed full of cotton and her mouth was dry. It took her a moment or two to decide what had woken her. There was some kind of noise coming from downstairs. It sounded like someone was crying or something.

She realized that it had to be Jacinta and she hopped out of bed. Really just a double sized mattress on the floor. She took down the blue and green terrycloth robe that hung on the back of her door and put it on. She slipped on her slippers. The noise from downstairs was getting louder. It was definitely a woman crying and making sobbing sounds. She crept cautiously down the stairs. She didn't turn on the light. When she got down to the bottom of the stairs, she peeked around the corner and saw Jacinta lying on the floor in the

hallway near her door. She was lit from the light in her room behind her. She was in her panties and otherwise naked. Her arms and legs were bound up behind her and she was wearing what looked like a gag over her mouth. She was looking up at Rachel, terror in her eyes.

“Oh my god!” Rachel exclaimed to herself. She looked around quickly. Somebody was in the house! She couldn’t run upstairs or she would be trapped. She had to get by Jacinta to get down the stairs where her cell phone was and so she could run out of the house. There was an empty lot on one side of their house and a commercial garage on the other. No one would hear her scream. She had to do something! She decided that she would run up to Jacinta, untie her and they could dash down the stairs together. She couldn’t just leave her like that and two was better than one if they needed to overcome anyone who was down there. She started to rush over to Jacinta.

Just as she had taken her first two steps a hulking, male form appeared in Jacinta’s doorway. It was Goins! She was about to scream and turn and run back upstairs when someone grabbed her from behind, circling a hand over her mouth and the other arm around her waist, trapping her arms. She screamed, but no sound came out. A second later, she was on the floor. There were two men behind her. One of them sat on her, capturing her arms with his knees, while the other knelt down by her head. The hand left her mouth and she felt something large being forced against it. She squirmed and struggled, keeping her lips tightly together, shaking her head from side to side.

“This one’s a wild one,” a heavy, gritty male voice said. The hand went back over her mouth. This time it covered her lips and her nostrils so she couldn’t breathe.

“Patience, patience, patience,” another voice said lowly. It was coming from the man sitting on her arms.

She struggled and struggled and struggled, her need for air becoming acute. After two minutes or so, which she spent screaming, squealing and moaning behind her blocked lips, she began to buck and shake her body. They were going to kill her right there! She was going to die, and Jacinta too! All because she was nosey and had looked into a folder that she wasn’t supposed to. Suddenly, the hand left her face. She opened her mouth, gasping for air. The big leather prong went right in. She felt the straps fastened tightly behind her head. The gag went deep into her mouth and she started to choke.

They worked quickly after that. The man on top of her slid down her legs while the other one held her arms together, crossing her wrists. A leather strap went around them tying them tightly together. The man on top moved further down and her ankles were crisscrossed. She tried to fight it off, but the man was too strong. They were bound together too. She looked up at Jacinta who

was whining and crying. Mr. Goins had stepped down further into the hallway. Her wrists were bound up with her ankles. The men released her.

Mr. Goins had a wire going up to an earpiece. He pressed something in his hand and began talking.

“We’re all set here. Bring the van around at about 4:30. We’ll be ready. There’s a driveway on the side that goes to a garage in the back. Back up it and we’ll take them out the back door.”

None of the girls used the driveway since it was a pain in the neck having to move your car when one of the other girls needed to leave. Both she and Jacinta’s cars were parked on the street.

“Go make some coffee,” Goins said to one of the other men. “We’ve got about two hours. There’s a tequila bottle on the kitchen table. Don’t touch it.” One of the men went down the stairs.

She looked at Jacinta’s terror filled eyes. She realized that hers must look the same. Her belly was churning and she felt nauseous. She was more frightened than she had ever been in her life, naturally. When she looked at Jacinta she realized that it was all her fault that she was in trouble. They should have fled the house and gone to a motel or something for the night. Or gone to the police station like Jacinta had wanted to do and waited there all night for the detectives to come in in the morning. She was so sorry that she had gotten Jacinta into this mess. The men were probably going to take them somewhere and kill them. She closed her eyes and prayed and prayed and prayed. A second later, a black bag went over her head.

After a little while, the man who had gone downstairs called up, “Coffee’s ready.”

“Okay,” Goins replied. “Let’s get these cunts downstairs first.”

The man from downstairs came up. She heard them congregating around Jacinta. Her squeals and moans became louder. She heard them carry her off. She became really frightened. She sensed Goins coming up to her and crouching down. He tapped her hard on the head. “See what you get for being nosey,” he said caustically.

A short while later the other two men came back upstairs. She felt her hands being untied from her ankles. She was dragged to her feet. One of the men placed his shoulder into her belly and she was lifted off of the floor. She tried to raise her torso and struggle, but the other man held her head down. They took her downstairs and placed her on the floor in the living room. She could feel Jacinta right up next to her. Her ankles were tied off to her wrists again.

The men brought their coffee cups into the living room and sat down in chairs. She heard the TV turned on. The channel was changed several times



and they settled on a rerun of CIS: Special Investigations Unit. Rachel sensed the irony.

They went through that show and they changed the channels again until they found something else they liked. Nobody said anything. They were just waiting there patiently. 4:30 in the morning was a good time to take them out. The late comers were almost all home by then and the early risers were probably not up yet. It would still be dark. Nobody would notice the truck or van or whatever they had back up in their driveway. The garage blocked them from the property behind and there were bushes along the sides. If you had to pick a house to do a kidnapping in, this was about the perfect one.

She could hear Jacinta whining and crying. She could hear herself whining and crying, but she was so terrified that her senses were distorted and it sounded like it was coming from someone else. The time dragged on. One of the men got up to use the bathroom. "Make sure you flush it twice," Goins told him. "And don't leave any pubes on the toilet. We don't want to leave any DNA around."

The man came out. The toilet had flushed twice.

"Take these cups into the kitchen and wash them with soap and water," Goins told him. "And pour out the rest of the coffee."

There was noise from the kitchen and then the man came back. Goins' phone 'brrrrrrrrd'. "Yeah," he said. "Okay. Back it up, I'll let you in through the back door. I'll send someone out to help with the crates."

Careful. Good. Professional. No need to use names. No need to leave DNA around. She was sure they were wearing gloves and she remembered that they had all been wearing black pullover hats. No hairs to fall loose. She was sure that the law firm paid Mr. Goins a fortune, but how much did they have to pay these other men to risk life sentences in prison, or if she and Jacinta were murdered, to risk the electric chair, or one of those hot shots since Texas didn't use 'old sparky' anymore?

A chill went through her as one of the men moved off. What disturbed her was this. The men had taken care not to leave any evidence behind, but they had done nothing to hide their faces. She hadn't gotten a good look at the other men, but she had seen Goins very clearly. She still might be able to pick out one of the other men from a photo array, and Jacinta might be able to do it too. Why risk it? Why not wear masks? Because she was going someplace that she wouldn't ever be coming back from. That's why. Her and Jacinta. They probably had graves all picked out for them way out in the country somewhere, out on the vast, deserted plains where no one would ever find them.

Why they didn't just kill them here she didn't know. It added a complication to have them alive. They still might escape or make a noise that

would draw attention and maybe rescue. Maybe the men who were going to kill them were different men than those doing the kidnapping. Maybe Goins drew the line at committing an actual murder, but had no compunctions about hiring someone else to do it. Maybe it was a fine moral distinction that he drew in his twisted mind.

She heard the back door open and quietly close. The men put something that sounded bulky down on the floor on the other side of Jacinta. As they picked her up, she squealed. One of the men said, "Shut the fuck up!" A few seconds later her squeals got fainter. Then she heard something close upon something else, like wood on wood. She heard the sound of clamps being shut. Jacinta's voice had disappeared. She heard the men grunt as they picked up the sealed crate. Heavy footsteps led away. "Open the door," she heard a voice say, and the door closed again quietly.

Rachel squirmed and whined. Her body was vibrating with terror. The men were so efficient. Box them up and, whisk, they were gone. Problem solved. No witnesses. No nosey law student to go to the police. Just two girls who disappeared from their house one night with no evidence left behind. Where could they have gone? Who could have taken them? Were they secret lovers who had run off to Mexico? Did some fanatic cult take them prisoner for some barbaric ritual? Was Jacinta tied in with some Mexican drug cartel, they would suspect that of her since she was part Mexican after all, although her people had lived in the United States since Texas had become the 36<sup>th</sup> state, and some drug deal gone bad and Rachel just an innocent victim? Was it terrorists? A madman who loved to torture and murder pretty, young girls? Maybe one of Jacinta's jealous boyfriends?

No one would suspect that the white shoe firm of Hunzinger, Hunzinger and Jones would have had anything to do with it. The detectives would probably go there to see what time she left. "Oh my dear," Mr. Stallworth would say. "I hope nothing has happened to her. She was such a nice girl."

"Why do you say 'was', Mr. Stallworth?" one of the detectives would ask while the other took notes.

"Well, I mean, you must suspect foul play, don't you?"

"We haven't made any judgments yet, Mr. Stallworth," the detective would reply.

"You think she may still be alive? Oh I hope you're right!"

"Like I said, Mr. Stallworth, we haven't made any judgments. All we know is that she and her roommate are missing. Could be anything. Maybe they went off on some vacation somewhere but didn't tell anybody. We're looking at all possibilities."

“Well, she was supposed to come into work a few days ago, but she didn’t show. We figured that she was just sick or something.”

“Is it customary for a senior partner to notice when an intern doesn’t show up for work, Mr. Stallworth?”

Mr. Stallworth would release one of his gracious laughs. “Heavens no, detective,” he would say, giving off his avuncular smile. “But she was working on a project for me and she was supposed to come in and finish it.”

The detectives would look at each other and nod.

“And what time did she leave Tuesday night?” the one with the notebook would ask.

“I guess around 10 p.m.,” Mr. Stallworth would tell them. “She would have used her pass in the parking garage. If you want I can have our IT people check that out.”

“That would be fine, Mr. Stallworth,” the detective would say. “What was she working on?”

“Routine stuff. We don’t give law school interns anything really important to work on. She was just cleaning up some files I had in my office which needed to be scanned for our records.”

“Did anyone here have a special relationship with her that might be able to tell us anything more about her and what other things she was working on?”

“Well Harold Phillips, my senior associate might know something. She reported directly to him.”

“Okay, well thank you for your time, Mr. Stallworth,” the first detective would say. “If you think of anything you think we may want to know, please give us a call.”

“I certainly will. Give your contact information to my secretary on the way out. I’ll have Mr. Phillips check around with people who might have known her. I hope you find her. She was a very sweet, very bright young lady.”

“Is, Mr. Stallworth. Is,” the detective would say.

“Oh, yes, of course, is. Let’s hope nothing bad has happened to her.”

Mr. Phillips would have been told to lie about what she was working on. None of the other people involved would say anything. If Mr. Stallworth said that she was working on something routine, well, that would be fine with them. No one would suspect anything. If you couldn’t keep a secret, you didn’t belong at Hunzinger, Hunzinger and Jones.

The men came back inside. She squirmed and squealed as they lifted her. She was let down on something hard. The top went on her crate. She heard the clamps fastened down. A moment later, she was in the air. She was manhandled for about 40 or 50 seconds. Then her crate was slid along

something smooth. Quickly afterwards she felt a vibration underneath her. Then they were in motion.

She cried and cried and cried as they travelled along. And she prayed and prayed and prayed. She knew how devastated her family would be. Her mother would probably have a breakdown. Her father would be heartbroken. Her brothers and sisters would mourn her. At the church they would all say prayers. Rev. Dimble's wife and some of the other leading ladies of the congregation would sit with her mother during her time of need, kneel and pray with her. Her disappearance would probably only merit a few lines in the Dallas papers where this kind of thing happened all the time, but her high school picture would be in the Taylor County Times with an article about her. People would say, "See what happens when you go off to the big city!"

They drove for about 2 hours. It didn't take long to get out into desolate country once you left Austin. And although two hours was a long time to be driving, it didn't mean much in Texas which was so large. The road went from smooth and fast to more rough and then eventually bumpy. Then the van or truck, whatever it was, started lurching like it was on a dirt road. Finally, it came to a halt.

The crates were unloaded and taken a short distance. They were put down. The top of her crate was pried off. She was lifted out and placed on a wooden floor. It was cold, like they were outside. Her legs were loosened and she was pulled to her feet. Hands went under her night gown and rough hands pulled down her underwear. She shrieked. Someone cuffed her on the side of the head painfully and said, "Shut the fuck up."

Mr. Goins' voice was next. "I want you to crouch down and pee. This is the last chance you'll get for a long time so I advise you to do it."

Hands went on her shoulders. She let them move her into a crouch. Other hands lifted her nightgown and robe to her hips. She didn't want to, but she had to do it. Her bladder was bursting. She heard it emptying into what sounded like a tin pail. When she was done, someone wiped her sex with her underwear. She was pushed back down onto the floor and her ankles were fixed together again and then retied to her hands. She was lifted, rolled over and stuffed into something. A door closed, making a twanging sound. A lock turned. She realized that she was in a cage.

They took Jacinta out. She squealed and whined. She heard a loud slap and she shrieked.

"Cut the shit, bitch," a gruff man's voice yelled, "or I'll fuck you up good!"

Jacinta's whines subsided and they made her pee too. Rachel heard her being put into a cage next to her. The door closed and locked.

“Okay,” she heard Mr. Goins say. “Let’s go get some breakfast and I’ll pay everybody off.”

“Sounds good,” one of the men said. All the men moved away. She heard a wooden door rattle closed. She heard a chain being run through something and then a lock close. Then the men’s merry voices faded as they walked away.

She whined and whined and cried and cried. Jacinta whined and whined and cried and cried next to her. She obviously couldn’t tell if Jacinta was praying, praying, praying, although she did wear a gold cross around her neck, but she was. She couldn’t decide whether to pray that someone would come by and save her, or whether to ask that she be given a quick and painless death. She sort of decided to make her prayers kind of conditional, like please save me, but if you’re not going to, let my ordeal be over quickly and as painlessly as possible.

She had always known that the world was run by and for the benefit of the rich and powerful, but she had always thought that there was a basic decency to the world, that, mostly, justice prevailed. Now she could see that she had been wrong all along. Mr. Stallworth would get away with bribing all of those witnesses, and doing whatever dastardly things they were going to do to the ones who wouldn’t be bought.

And they would probably get away with the kidnapping and murder of her and Jacinta too. Maybe years from now one of the men who had been in on their kidnapping would be facing serious charges and trade information on what Mr. Goins had done for leniency, but she would be moldy in her grave by then and the police might not believe the guy or be willing to prosecute based on the guy’s testimony alone. In that way it was smart to have the guys who did the kidnapping be separate from the guys who were going to do the murder. This way the kidnapping guys wouldn’t know where the bodies were buried and so there would be no physical evidence to back up their claims. And even if the police arrested Goins, he seemed like a guy who would prefer to go to a firing squad rather than violate an oath of secrecy which he undoubtedly swore to Mr. Stallworth. Mr. Stallworth would die in his bed surrounded by his riches and his family and friends all confident about what a wonderful man he had been.

He would have to answer to God, though, and that gave her some comfort.

She lay there for a long time. She thought of the men eating hearty, hot breakfasts of ham and eggs, drinking hot coffee, laughing and joking with one another while she and Jacinta lay freezing in their little cages awaiting Mr. Goins’ pleasure. It wasn’t freezing out, but it was definitely in the low 40’s. It might get warmer as the day went on, but it couldn’t have been later than 7 or 8 o’clock when they had arrived here. And if she was cold, Jacinta must be

freezing. She was still wearing her nightgown and robe. Jacinta had only been wearing her panties and even they were probably gone. She was so very, very sorry about what had happened. It was like she had spread some horrid communicable disease to her.

What would they have done if her other roommates had been home, Sara and Latika? Would they have kidnapped them too? It would have been a much more difficult job. But maybe then they would have merely switched strategies, going around the house with silenced weapons, executing everybody in their beds. It seemed clear that they were going to get her, Rachel, no matter what the cost or inconvenience. Hundreds of millions of dollars were at stake.

About an hour and a half after she had been placed in the cage, she heard the men's voices again. Just like she had surmised, they were laughing and joking. She heard car doors slamming and a couple of car engines spring to life. Then they faded away and there was silence once again.

She twisted and turned many times to try and release her bonds. They had apparently been tied by an expert. They were tight enough to do the job, but not so tight that they cut off her circulation. And the knots themselves must have been very tight, because she couldn't get them to budge a smidgeon. She realized that they were in some kind of a shed. They were probably on some remote ranch or farm. The fact that they had already had cages here didn't bode well. It not only bespoke experience in keeping prisoners, but meant that the prospect of discovery was probably non-existent. And it bespoke their confidence that there would not be any escape. First she would have to free herself from the leather thongs that were imprisoning her, then somehow get out of the cage, and then somehow get through the locked door. Any one of them seemed impossible.

She figured that it was about 4 or 5 hours after she had been placed in the cage that she heard the chain on the door rattle. She heard the door swing open. The door closed. Someone was inside the shed. Whoever it was came up to her cage. She heard a voice, a woman's voice. She had an accent like a black woman and her voice was deep and aggressive sounding, like a woman of some physical substance in her 40's or 50's.

"Okay, pigs, I know you can hear me, so listen up good. I'm going to take you out of your cages and feed you and let you piss. If there's any trouble whatsoever, you are going to wish that I had slit your throat. Before I take you out I'm going to give you a little taste of what I'll do to you."

Rachel trembled in fear as she heard the lock to her cage open. She wondered worriedly about what the woman was going to do. She felt something poke up against her side. A second later, there was a loud 'crack!' and a fierce pain shot through her. It was like she had been punched in the side

except that the feeling went all through her body making her jump. She screeched through her gag. She pulled at her bindings and started to sob.

“Get the idea, honey?” the voice asked her. She nodded desperately. She didn’t want that to happen to her again!

“Okay, I’m going to untie your ankles. I want you to crawl up out of there and get up on your knees. Pronto. That means now!”

Rachel felt her ankles being released from her wrists and her ankles being untied from each other. She could feel the heat of the woman’s body near her as she untied her. The woman’s hands were sure and hard. When she had her untied, she leaned out of the cage, smacked her on the behind and said, “Okay, now, get out.”

Rachel squirmed her way out of the cage. Everything around her was still dark from the bag over her head. She struggled up to her knees, resting on her haunches, and faced the direction she thought the voice had come from. The woman walked around her and she felt something go around her left ankle and close shut. It was some kind of manacle and she realized that she had been chained to something. The lady wasn’t taking any chances of her trying to get up and run away.

“Now stand up,” the woman growled at her. She struggled to her feet. “Now stand still,” the voice said.

The woman went behind her and untied her hands. She felt her tug at her terrycloth robe and she pulled it down her shoulders and off. She realized that the woman was stripping her and an emptiness erupted in her belly. She didn’t want to be naked. Not only was it cold, but then strange, hostile eyes would be on her nakedness. She had never let anyone see her naked since she was little, not even Gilroy Evans. That had been in the dark, and she had gotten up and dressed right afterwards. She had to do something to stop her. She wrapped her hands around herself and called out from behind her gag, “...eeeeeeeeease ...on’t! ...eeeeeease ...on’t uh-eh ...ee!” Please don’t undress me!

There was a pause. The woman stepped away. A second later, that thing poked into her again, this time into her belly. It went, ‘crack!’

It felt like someone had kicked her there. She screamed and fell to the floor. She felt the stick poke into her again.

“Get up, you stupid cunt!” the woman shouted at her. The stick made another ‘crack!’ and Rachel howled again. “Get up or I’ll make you wish you never were born!”

She scrambled to her feet, sobbing and wailing behind her gag. She heard the woman put the prod down against the wall. “Now put your hands up over your head, you dumb cunt, or I’ll give you another blast!”

Rachel raised her hands up. The woman grabbed the hem of her nightgown and she felt it rise up over her knees, up over her waist, up over her breasts and then up over her head..

“Now lower your arms,” the woman snarled.

She obeyed and the nightgown was slipped over her hands and dropped to the floor.

“Now put your arms behind your back and cross your wrists,” the woman told her gruffly. For a split second, Rachel thought of disobeying her. But then, she was blinded and had her ankle chained to something. The woman sounded and had felt big when she was next to her, and she had the benefit of a weapon. And the woman was cruel and ruthless and would punish her harshly if her rebellion was unsuccessful, which it almost certainly would be. All the woman had to do really, was to step out of her range and pick up the zapper. She didn’t want to experience that ever again.

She released a sob and crossed her wrists behind her. The woman came behind her and retied them. She felt awful and shamed that she was naked, that the woman could see her like this. That anyone who came into the shed later would see her like this. That she would be bound up soon again in her cage and have to spend hours and hours like this.

The woman came around the front again and she paused as if she were taking her body in. She reached out a hand and grabbed a breast. Rachel flinched, but she didn’t pull away.

“You’ve got a nice set, honey,” the woman said. “People are going to really get a kick outta you.”

“What does she mean?” Rachel thought unhappily. What people? What was going to happen to her? What were they going to do to her? She started to cry again.

The woman released her breast. “Get back down on your knees,” she told her curtly. “And kneel up, not back on your legs like before.”

Gingerly, she sank to her knees.

“Spread your thighs,” the woman ordered. Rachel spread her knees apart. The woman crouched down. She felt something going under her vagina.

“Now pee,” the woman said.

She didn’t want to pee in front of this unknown, harsh woman. She hesitated and cringed inside.

“Let me tell you this once, dearie,” the woman said. Her voice had a real Texas twang to it. “If you don’t pee, I’m going to fuck you up. And if you pee in my cage, I’m going to fuck you up even harder. So I’d pee if I were you. Got it?”



Rachel nodded her head. She pressed and pressed and pressed. A little dribble came out and then more and more and more. The woman waited until the last little dribble came out. She wiped her with some kind of rag and then got up, opened the shed door and tossed the fluids outside. Then she came back. She put whatever she had peed in on the floor. She heard her go back to the door. There was the sound of something opening, like the lid to a pot. There was the sound of metal scraping. Something was put down in front of her. The bag was whisked off of her head.

She saw the inside of the shed for the first time. The walls were of rough, new wood. The door was solid and reinforced with iron. The shed itself was about 40' long and about 20' wide. She could see the hooded Jacinta lying in her cage, whimpering. There were two more cages next to it. To Rachel's surprise, there was a young white girl in the last cage. She had been totally silent over the last few hours. She looked scrawny and boney. She wasn't hogtied and didn't have a bag over her head. Her hands were tied behind her back. Her eyes looked really sad. Rachel wondered how long she had been there and what was she doing here.

Then she looked down. There was a big steel bowl a couple of feet away from her. It was filled with what looked like beef stew, with big pieces of meat and potatoes, with carrots and peas. The sauce was a deep brown. The woman was standing a few feet away from her with a steel ladle in her hand. At her feet was a large pot with a lid. The bag that had been over her head was in her other hand.

She had been right about the woman's size. She was at least 5'10", maybe more. She had broad shoulders and wide hips. She was wearing a dark brown dress that cinched at her waist and a pair of heavy brown boots. The dress covered her knees, but you could tell that her legs were very strong. She wasn't what you would call fat, but she was substantial. Her breasts were heavy and wide. Her skin was a deep brown to match her dress. She had a mean looking face, with thick lips and a challenging nose. Her brown eyes were piercing and she had thick, dark eyebrows. She seemed like a big ball of energy, ready to pounce.

"Eat," was all she said. She looked down at the bowl and then back up at the woman. She hesitated. She couldn't mean it, could she? Eat like a dog or a pig? Couldn't she just hand her a spoon and let her shovel it in?

Anger crossed the woman's face. "Eat, dimwit, or I'll let you go hungry. It don't matter to me. My brother says feed you, I feed you. If'n you don't eat that's not my lookout. All I can say that you won't get another chance for a long time. I go more important things to do than to babysit you cunts. So make up your mind. Eat, or get back in the cage."

Rachel suppressed a sob. She looked down at the stew. She was hungry. The food looked good. She knew that she would just keep getting hungrier and hungrier. And she would be cold to boot. Nothing could be worse than to be miserable, hungry and cold. At least she could eliminate one of those things. It was not a time to let pride get in her way. Besides, it smelled good.

She leaned over and backed herself up a little bit. She put her lips to the food. She grabbed a chunk of potato. It was still hot so she had to let air circulate in her mouth to cool it off. Then, looking miserably up at the woman, she munched it into a mash and swallowed.

“Now that wasn’t so hard, now was it?” the woman crowed. “Let’s get the rest down. I ain’t got all day.”

Rachel kept eating until it was all gone. It was more than she would have eaten at one setting, but she didn’t know when she would be fed again and she wasn’t taking any chances. Besides, she kind of felt that the woman expected her to eat it all and she didn’t want to get her pissed off again.

She licked up all the remnants of the sauce and then knelt up and looked at the woman. She wanted to beg her to set her free, but she knew that she would be wasting her breath. The woman picked up the steel bowl and took a rag from a hook on the wall. She went over to the corner of the shed. There was a spigot there and a little drain. She turned on the spigot and some water flowed out. She filled the bowl with water and then wet the rag. She turned off the water and then returned to Rachel, putting the bowl back down in front of her. “Drink up, dearie,” she said almost merrily.

She bent down and sucked up all the water. It was cold and refreshing. When it was all gone, the woman washed her face with the rag. She hung it back up on the hook. She had tossed her rag onto the dusty floor. He went back to the spigot and washed it off. Then she came back and presented it to Rachel’s mouth.

“Open up, cunt, or I’ll give you a zap that’ll make your eyeballs pop outta your head. So far it’s been set on low. You want a real zap, just let me know.”

Rachel shook her head. No, she didn’t want a real zap. But she did want to ask what was going to happen to her. Who was going to get a kick out of her? But she saw the zapping stick leaning against the wall. She desperately didn’t want to feel that ever again. Sadly, she spread her lips. The thick leather prong went sliding in over her tongue until it touched up against the back of her mouth. It spread her lips like she was about to release a blood curdling scream. The woman came behind her and buckled it tightly closed behind her head. It felt so uncomfortable and rude inside her that she wanted break into sobs. She remained silent nonetheless.

The woman picked up the hood from the floor and dusted it off. She brought it over to her and pulled it over her head, closing it around her neck. She opened the door to the cage. "Get in," she said sternly.

She had to feel her way there. She was grateful that there was a pad on the floor of the cage as she slid her knees across it. When she was halfway in, the woman gave her a mighty push and she fell the rest of the way. She quickly tied her ankles back together and reconnected them to her hands. Rachel whined as her shoulders strained and her thighs stretched. The door slammed shut and she heard it lock.

The woman then got Jacinta out. First she gave her a big zap like she had done Rachel. Jacinta screamed. She was docile while the woman had her pee and when she fed her. The woman was rude and must have squeezed Jacinta's prominent breasts, because she heard her laugh while Jacinta whined. "You better get used to it, honey," she told her. "You're going to get a lot of that where you're going."

When the woman told Jacinta to open up to receive her gag, she burst out into tears. "Please! Please!" she begged in her lilting voice. "I haven't done nothing! I'll be quiet! I won't tell no one! Please let me go! Please! Please! I'll never tell no one! I promise!" Then she burst into tears.

Then she heard Jacinta scream, "No! No! Please don....!"

Her pleading was interrupted by a loud, 'crack!' followed by a shrill scream.

"Get up, you stupid spic!" the woman screamed. "Get up and open your fucking mouth!"

Jacinta must have complied since her sobs and whimpers quickly became muffled. When she was shoved in the cage she released an anguished sounding whine and then broke into sobs.

The white girl apparently gave the woman no trouble. She was done with her quickly and restored to her cage. Rachel heard the woman pick up her discarded clothes from the floor. She grunted when she leaned over. There was the sound of the pot being raised from the floor and the door opening. A moment later it shut. A chain rattled through something and then a lock 'clicked'. Then, except for Jacinta's low moans and sobs, there was silence.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

No one came back for a long, long time. When the door finally opened, she heard heavy boots, a man's boots, tread across the floor. The boots came over to her. Her cage door was opened and rough hands checked the bindings on her wrists and ankles. The man, she assumed that it was Goins, then shut the cage again and locked it. Jacinta's cage opened and she heard her whine as he checked her bonds as well.

He went down to the third cage. She heard it open and his voice say, "Get out."

She heard the girl crawl out of her cage. There was a pause and a slight whine. "Open up," Goins's voice spat out.

Rachel could hear faint sounds of slurping and whining. At one point, there was a pause in the sounds. There was a loud 'crack!' as if the sound of an open hand slapping a defenseless face, followed by a shrill shriek.

"Cut the shit and just blow me, you stupid cunt!" Goins' voice blared out. The girl must have gone back to her work since she heard the slurping sounds again, but no whining. After a while, she heard Goins start to grunt. He went "Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!" She heard the girl gurgle and cough as if something were being shoved down her throat. Goins released a loud roar and released a torrent of grunts. Then there was silence except for the girl's deep wheezes. "Okay, clean me off," she heard Goins say. There were some more slurps. There was a pause and then the girl's cage opened. "Get in," Goins ordered her roughly. The cage closed. Goins walked to the shed door. He opened it and was out. The chain went back on and there was silence, but for the forlorn wails and sobs of the white girl on the end.

About three hours later, the woman fed them again. Rachel managed to get through it without getting zapped. Jacinta was not so lucky and she was zapped twice, screeching loudly each time. The white girl got zapped too for being slow to finish her food. Then the woman left and there was silence once more.

The shed had been cold all day, although it warmed up a bit from the morning. It was getting colder again and Rachel figured that it was getting on to night time. It was so horrible to be naked and bound and caged like some prize animal that had been captured in a safari. The time passed slowly, slowly, slowly, during which she prayed and prayed and, in between prayers, experienced long bouts of rabid terror interspersed with boredom and virulent sadness. It was about three hours after the woman had left that she heard the sound of a motor vehicle engine come up near the door. The engine went quiet.

She heard men's voices outside. They sounded like they were speaking Spanish. A little bit later the chain on the door was unlocked and the door opened. Several men came in.

"There she is," she heard Goins' voice say. There was a question from one of the other men and Goins answered him in Spanish. She heard the sound of Jacinta's cage being opened and she started to whine. A few seconds later, long enough for her ankles to be unbound, she was pulled out and stood on her feet.

"Very nice" one of the new men said in accented English. There were a few comments in Spanish and Jacinta started to sob. "Let's see her face," one of the Spanish voices asked. There was a pause and then Jacinta's panicked voice broke out in Spanish. She was clearly begging and pleading. The men all laughed. Her voice started to gurgle as if someone had taken hold of her face and a Spanish man's voice said, "*Muy bonita.*"

Jacinta started bawling. Her sobs were interrupted as the gag was thrust back in. Her sobs became muffled. She issued a few more muffled pleas.

"Okay, how much," one of the Spanish voices asked.

"\$20,000," Goins replied.

"That's too much," the Spanish voice protested.

"So don't buy her," Goins replied.

"Make her bend over," one of the other men said.

There was movement and Jacinta cried out. Then she started whining loudly.

"Very nice pussy," a Spanish voice said.

"Let me feel it," another one demanded. Jacinta whined and whined. The men ignored her.

"Okay," the main Spanish voice said, "we'll give you 15."

"No, it's 20," Goins replied. "Take it or leave it."

There was silence as the Spanish men's wheels turned. They whispered together. Then the main one's voice said, "Okay. 20."

Jacinta released a loud wail. Rachel felt like her heart was going to break. Goins was selling the girl into slavery. And there was little doubt what kind of slavery. The Spanish men were undoubtedly gang members who ran a brothel somewhere. Or brothels.

"Please don't take her! Please don't take her! Please don't take her!" Rachel begged. She prayed to her god. "Please don't let them do this! It's all my fault! Please don't let them do it!"

She heard Jacinta being put back into her cage. She was sobbing heavily. "We can settle up up at the house," Goins told the men. One of the voices piped up, "How much for the nigger?"

There was a pause, a loud smack, and the sound of a man hitting the floor. The Spanish men got all excited.

“Whoa, man!” the leader said. “What the fuck you doin?”

“No one uses that word around me!” Goins barked.

“Okay, okay,” the leader said.

The man who had fallen to the floor was ranting and raving and cursing heavily. “You motherfucker! I’ll cut your fucking throat!”

The leader said something stern and loud to the man. He turned silent. Then the leader said something imperative. There was silence and then the other man said in reluctant English, “Sorry, man. I didn’t mean nothin.”

There was a long period of silence. Then Goins said, “Okay.”

The leader spoke up. “So how much for the chocolate girl?”

“She’s not for sale. I’ve got plans for her,” Goins replied. “But I can let you have the white girl in the corner.”

The men shuffled down to the last cage. She heard Goins open the cage and pull the girl out. She released a spirited whine. There was a loud ‘crack!’ and Goins growled, “Shut the fuck up!”

“She’s pretty skinny,” the lead man commented.

“She’ll fatten up,” Goins replied.

“I don’t know. She’s all skin and bones. And ugly. She won’t last very long.”

“She’ll last long enough,” Goins said. “I can let you have her cheap. A friend of mine bought her from her boyfriend for fifty bags of smack. It took me a week to get her to kick. It was a real mess. But she’s clean now. I can let you have her for 10,000.”

“Oh, man, that’s way too much. And you got her for fifty bags of smack! Come on, I paid you full price for the conchita, give me a break with this one. I’ll give you three.”

“Seven,” Goins replied.

“Four,” the leader returned.

“Six and a half,” Goins rejoined.

The leader remained silent. Then he spoke. “We got a guy, an old Comanche. He comes down from the mountains every once in a while looking for girls like this. A few weeks later, he’s back looking for another one. I don’t know what he does with ‘em, and I don’t wanna to know, but the girls don’t last very long. I’ll give you five, and I won’t be making a cent off of her. This guy smuggles dope for us over the border from Mexico so we like to keep him happy.”

“Okay, five it is,” Goins stated. The girl wailed. There was another loud ‘crack!’ and the girl began to howl.

There was a struggle, the girl howling and wailing and Goins cursing and groaning. Finally, there was the sound of the cage door closing.

“Come on, let’s settle up,” Goins told them.

The shed door opened and the men shuffled out. The door closed and the chain went back on.

Both Jacinta and the white girl wailed continuously until the Spanish guys came back about an hour later. They howled and sobbed and sobbed as they were taken out of their cages. The door to the shed opened and shut and Rachel could hear them howling and wailing outside. There was some wailing and screeching and men cursing and then she heard what sounded like the lid of a trunk being closed. The girls’ voices disappeared. A few seconds later, the engine to the vehicle started up. It drove away.

A few hours later, the woman came back. She didn’t feed her, but gave her a bowl of water to drink and let her pee. It had been horrible to be locked up with the other women, but it was much, much worse to be all alone. Goins had said that he had plans for her. What did he mean? The story about the Comanche man who used up young women as fast as he got his hands on them made her cringe. She knew that the world could be a horrible place; according to Rev. Dimble, the devil was very much real and walked among us. But to hear something so terrible talked about so matter of factly was horrifying. It was like the man was thought of as just having a curious and unusual hobby.

Was Goins planning something like that for her? Was he going to invite Mr. Stallworth out here so he could watch Goins burn her up in a huge bonfire? Or get torn apart by dogs? Or be skinned alive?

She knew that it was night and that she couldn’t expect anyone to come out to her until dawn at least. She tried to sleep, but was only able to in fits and starts. She would nod off and then jerk to wakefulness as she tried to move her hands or feet in her sleep. She would cry and cry and cry, and then lay there listlessly. She didn’t understand why she had to be tied up so cruelly if she was in a locked cage inside a locked shed. How could she ever get out? She put it down to Goins’ professionalism and thoroughness. There would be no slip ups. There would be no escape. Whatever plans he had for her would be fulfilled.

She was in a state of half sleep when she finally heard the chain rattle at the door and then the door swing open and closed. There were two sets of heavy boots in the shed. Her ankles were untied and dragged out of her cage. She was made to pee and then brought to her feet. The black bag was whisked off of her head. A dim morning light was pouring into the shed from the minor cracks between the rough surfaced boards. Goins and his terrible sister were standing there, looking at her. She felt shamed at her nakedness. The sister came behind her and removed her gag.

Goins had his cell phone out. "Stand up straight and spread your legs," he told her churlishly. She looked at him sadly and obeyed. He held the cell phone up and pointed it at her. She cringed as he took her picture. He ordered her to stand sideways and he took another. The sister came next to her and made her bend over. Goins crouched down behind her and took a picture of her revealed sex. He got up and chuckled, patting it softly. "You've got a very nice cunt, Rachel," he told her.

She felt the sister's hand rub across her rear mounds and drift over it. "Prime A-1" she said. Rachel cringed at the contact. Why were they taking pictures? Did they keep a record of women they tortured to death? Did they sit around their house at night going through scrapbooks depicting the horrors they inflicted? What was going on? The sister pulled her back up and turned her to Goins.

"Get on your knees," he told her. He was dressed in faded blue jeans and a dark green chamois shirt. The sister was wearing a knee length gray dress. She was holding the zapper. Rachel sank to her knees.

Goins lowered the zipper to his jeans and fished out his cock. "Time to earn your keep," he told her, smiling.

Rachel looked up at him and then at the sister. She had a hungry look on her face as if she were anticipating her glee at viewing the upcoming spectacle. Rachel closed her lips tightly. There was no way she was going to do this! No way! She didn't care what they did to her. It was shameful and perverse and sinful. There was no way she was going to be their whore, their plaything. Is this what he meant by his 'plans' for her? Was he going to keep her out here for weeks and weeks and weeks and months and months and months so that he could come out and abuse her when the urge came over him?

Goins edged closer, stroking his long, thick cock. She had never seen one, not like this. She had seen her brothers' penises when they were babies, helping her mother care for them, giving them baths and such. And she had glimpsed Rafe's once when she had gone into the bathroom by mistake when he was just coming out of the shower. She had never seen Gilroy's, never even touched it. And that had been over so quick that she had hardly even had the experience of it. Once her hymen had been broken, she started crying and crying and crying and didn't notice anything else. Now there was one in front of her growing to hardness. "This is what the devil looks like," she thought to herself glumly.

Where she had come from, black folks helped one another, knowing that the rest of the world was against them. But here were two black folks all too eager to oppress her, humiliate her, shame her. There was something terribly wrong about it, worse than if they had been whites.



Goins brought his cock up to her lips, touching them with it. She kept her lips closed and shook her head, twisting and turning it to try and avoid the offensive contact. His sister gave her a fierce slap to the back of her head. "Open up, cunt," she told her rudely. "Or do you want another zap?"

She began to cry, but she refused to give into the threat. The sister lowered the wand to her sex. She felt it press up against the folds. A second later there was the familiar, 'crack!' A fierce pain erupted down there and she screamed. She doubled over and fell to the floor. The sister grabbed her by the hair and pulled her back up to her knees. "You want more?" she screamed at her. "You want more?" She applied the wand to her sex again. Rachel tried to scramble away, but it was too late. "Crack!" the wand went again and another fierce jolt pierced her. The sister still had hold of her hair and she didn't fall this time, but she screamed and squirmed. Goins proffered his cock to her again. She again refused it.

"Okay," he said. "Let's do this the hard way."

He turned and went over to a wooden box against the wall opposite the cages. He rummaged around in it for a few seconds and emerged with a jumble of straps. There was a round leather piece connected to them with a big hole in it. He brought it over to her. He looked at his sister and gave her a nod. The sister jumped into action and circled her head with her arms. She placed one hand on her jaw and the other on her face just below her nose. She strained to pull them apart. Rachel struggled and resisted but her mouth was pried open despite her. The round piece was presented to it by Goins. He pressed it against her mouth. The sister forced her jaws apart wider. The circle of leather popped in. The sister quickly maneuvered herself behind her and pulled the straps together tightly behind her head and connected them. She stepped aside.

Her mouth was forced open. The round piece of leather was jammed into her mouth just behind her teeth. Goins approached with his now stiffened cock. She tried to twist away, but the sister grabbed her head again and held it still. Goins came closer and closer. He pointed his cock at the hole and began to slide it in. She felt it go over her tongue and to the back of her mouth. She gurgled and sobbed and struggled, but the sister held her fast. Goins began to move his cock back and forth. Its presence was awful, like a beast had invaded her. It jammed up again and again to the back of her mouth, pushing into her throat. She gurgled and coughed and whined.

Goins took hold of her hair and the sister released her. He held her head fiercely still, gripping her hair tightly as he moved back and forth. She tried to pray, but the sensation of having her mouth filled unwillingly was too momentous to allow any other thought to enter her head. Goins grunted and groaned as he sawed away. "That's the good whore," he told her. "That's the

good whore. How do you like it, huh? This is what happens to nosey bitches like you. Oh, yeah, yeah. Come on, suck it, suck it.”

She could sense the sister hovering over her in her excitement. How could she let him do this? How could she witness this and not protest? How could she be so depraved and evil? How could this be happening?

Goins poked and poked and poked. He began grunting loudly. She tried to struggle, tried to pull away, but he was too strong. Her hands writhed and twisted in her bonds, trying desperately to be free so that they could protect her. She whined and sobbed and gurgled each time the conscienceless cock thrust itself against her throat. “Come on, come on, come on!” he shouted. Then he began to groan, “Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!” she felt his cock pulse and jerk within her. She tasted his hot flow as it flooded her mouth. She gurgled and choked and whined, and cringed in revulsion. The head of his cock lodged itself again and again just inside her esophagus and she could feel the cock pulsing against her tongue.

Finally, he released a great groan and his thrusts began to slow. Tears were cascading down her face. He withdrew, but he kept a fierce hold on her hair. He leaned over and peered into her face. “Cunts like you don’t get to say ‘no’, Rachel,” he told her sternly. “You better accommodate yourself to that right away. Nosey cunts like you get taught a lesson. A lesson you’ll never forget. Mr. Stallworth thinks that I put you and your spic girlfriend in a hole someplace. But it would be a shame to waste good cunt like that. You see I have a little sideline here. There’s lots of people looking to buy pussy and there’s plenty of it around waiting to be picked up. I have some special people interested in you. I expect that they’ll be here by this time tomorrow to pick you up. I just need to send them your pictures for the final okay.

“I have to go to work now, but I’ll be back tonight. And this time I’ll expect a right, proper blowjob from you. I think we’ll let you go hungry today and see how you feel tonight. You’re going to be doing a lot of cock sucking where you’re going anyway, so there’s no reason you shouldn’t get a head start.”

He released her head. The sister cackled. The bag went back over her head. She struggled and resisted, but they quickly had her back into her cage and hogtied. She heard them shuffle over to the door. It swing open and closed and she heard it chained shut. Then the only noise was her doleful sobs.

She lay there out in the shed all day. The unnamed sister came out three times to let her pee and drink water, but, as Goins had promised, there was no food. She would take out the ring gag and then, when she had emptied the bowl, under threat of dire punishment, reinstalled it. They left the ring gag in the whole time and her hood was covered with slobber each time the sister

took it off. She washed it out under the spigot each time and left it out to dry, installing a fresh one on her. She zapped her twice for being too slow to suit her and once, it seemed, just for fun. Each time she screamed and convulsed. She was growing to hate the woman, even though Rev. Dimble had said that hate was the road to perdition.

When Goins came back it was night. He and his sister came into the shed and dragged her out of the cage. They put a bowl of aromatic stew down in front of her, removed the ring gag and stood back. Her stomach had been growling all day. She had been ruining her resistance. Goins had stuck his cock into her anyway, and she had had to undergo all this suffering. He had said that the people would be by to take her the next morning and she couldn't bear the idea of going the whole night in the freezing cold with an empty stomach. When Goins presented his stiffened cock to her this time, she tearfully opened her trembling lips and let it enter. He told her to make a little tunnel around it and that he would do the work. She hesitated to close her mouth around the offensive, hot, salty prong and he pulled it out and gave her a great slap that made her shriek. When he forced his cock into her again, this time she obeyed.

He held her head fast while he pumped himself back and forth in her mouth. He moaned and sighed as he assaulted her. She cried and cried and thought of how her mother would be horrified at what she had consented to, well, not really consented, but had surrendered to. And it was horrifying to have the cruel sister watching, getting her glee from her debasement. It was bad enough to be naked in front of them, and it had been horrid to have been naked in front of those Hispanic gangsters who had used that word about her, but to be degraded like this, to be performing what was certainly a perversion of what God had intended, well, it was the moist shameful thing she could ever think about doing.

This time, when he came, Goins didn't probe his shaft into her throat, but let it dump his jism directly onto her tongue. He pulled it out until just the head was in and curled his hand around it, pumping it like mad while the foul sliminess jetted into her mouth. When he was done, he pulled out and covered her mouth with his hand until he was sure that she had swallowed it.

"That's the good girl," he told her. "Was that so hard? Was that worth going all day without eating?" He laughed. "You know I saw you back at the firm acting so high and mighty, like your shit didn't stink, like you weren't just another nigger like me. You know that that's how they all thought about you. You came in in your pretty dresses, your high heels and your painted lips and thought that you had been accepted. That you were one of them. But you would never have been one of them. You were just a token, a double token because you were both a cunt and a nigger. Something to show the world how

liberal Hunzinger, Hunzinger and Jones is. You should have stayed back in Taylor County eating your corn pone and having bastard babies. Now look at you. You're a cunt and a whore."

Rachel sobbed and sobbed during Goins' diatribe. That's not how it had been at all! She was going to be an attorney! She was going to do important things! Hunzinger, Hunzinger & Jones was just a stepping stone. And there were people there who liked her, thought of her like a regular human being, not like Goins had said using that hateful, hateful word. He had smacked that Hispanic guy for using it, but he wasn't reticent about it coming out of his own mouth. It just showed what a hypocrite he was. And didn't Rev. Dimble call Satan the father of all lies? Goins was lying to her to make her feel low, to humiliate her and shame her. It was all lies, lies! And she wasn't a cunt and a whore! She was a person, with rights and dignity. What had just happened here didn't matter. They had forced it on her. Letting him put his thing in her mouth was no more voluntary than her being all bound up and locked in a cage. God would forgive her for it. Her mother would forgive her for it. She would forgive herself for it.

They let her eat and then tumbled her back into her cage, gagged, hooded and hogtied for the night. Goins came out about two hours later and collected another blow job. She got to pee, but she didn't get to eat or drink. She had just passed into a simulacrum of sleep when she heard a car's engine outside. Her stomach roiled over and she began to shake. Someone had come to get her. Someone was going to take her away. Where would she go? What would happen to her there?

It was Soon and Yee. Goins had visited the whorehouse run by Madam Jang's mother many times when he had been stationed in Korea. He had met Gyong here and they had developed a friendship. They had stayed in touch over the years and he had sent him quite a number of girls. It was a sideline he had developed quite by accident when he had found three college girls, two Caucasian and one Asian, camped out on his ranch. They had been on their way west and were saving money by camping out whenever they could. He invited them up to the house for breakfast. His sister, Mindy, sensing an opportunity, had slipped them sleeping pills in their coffee. He hadn't built the shed yet or bought the cages, so he kept them tied up in the old ramshackle barn that had come with the ranch. He called Gyong and he had sent Soon and Yee out right away to collect them sight unseen. He had cleared \$30,000. He drove the girls' SUV to Mexico and collected another \$7,500. The girls had about \$3,500 in cash on them and he collected that too. It had been a great score.

After that, he had built the shed and bought the cages. Word seemed to get around that he was collecting girls for sale and he started getting contacted by sellers and buyers. They sold four or five girls every month, some good looking like Rachel and Jacinta, some scraggly like the white girl. He made a profit and found a home for them all. He had to cut the local sheriff in on it, but that was all right. He brought him girls too.

Rachel sensed that it was still night. She was panicked. She thought that she had at least until morning before meeting her fate. The door opened and she was dragged out of her cage. Her hood was pulled off.

Instead of the faint light that had entered the shed during the day, Goins had turned on the overhead bulb. It cast a dim light and made everything seem eerie and foreboding. There were two heavyset, cruel looking Asian men in the shed. They looked like gnarled ogres. They were looking at her salaciously. She desperately wanted to cover herself up, but knew that that was impossible. Goins made her stand and removed her gag. She started sobbing. He made her turn around so that the men could see all of her and bent over so that they could put their hands on her sex. When she was brought back up and turned to face the men again, they were smiling.

There was no need for the men to go back to the house and settle up. Goins and Gyong had already made the deal and the funds would be transferred to Goins' offshore account as soon as the girl was loaded. They had agreed to \$20,000, the same as for the Hispanic girl.

One of the Asian men had brought in a little case. He opened it and pulled out a wide leather belt with steel manacles attached to it. That was when she lost it. She started begging and pleading with Goins not to send her off. Like Jacinta before her, she promised not to tell anyone. She promised not to tell anyone about the list she had seen. She promised not to tell anyone about what had happened to Jacinta. The men put the belt around her waist despite her pleading and locked her wrists into the manacles despite her struggles. The manacles held her wrists behind her back just inside her hips. Next out of the bag was a black leather hood with a bulbous prong on it. They had more difficulty getting the prong in her mouth, but they did it and the hood went over her head and was belted closed in back. She screamed and whined as she felt something being pumped up in her mouth. Her screams shortly became no more than muffled squeaks.

There was a pause while one of the men went outside. All of her strength had left her and she was having trouble standing. Goins and the other man held her up by her arms. Something was rolled in. They made her squat. Something was put under her.

“Okay, Rachel, give us a little pee now. You’ve got a long trip and we don’t want any accidents,” Goins told her. She thought of refusing, but she felt the electric wand being pressed up against her vulva. “Am I going to have to persuade you?” Goins asked. He didn’t have to. Despite her terror and unhappiness, she released a long stream into the pail. Her pussy was wiped by something and she was stood up again.

They made her walk a short distance and she was pushed to her knees. She was on some kind of padded platform. She felt her ankles being belted in. Then they bent her over so that her breasts were pushed up against her knees. Something connected to something on the front of her hood over her mouth and she felt her head pulled down. It was pulled harder and harder until she couldn’t move a single inch. Then it was fastened off. Goins bent down near her. “This isn’t good-bye, Rachel. It’s just so long. We’ll be seeing more of you from time to time. Have a nice trip.” He laughed.

She felt something being brought over her. It was a cover for the platform that she was kneeling on. It descended over her. She screamed and struggled with all her might, but it went on just the same. She heard it being clamped closed all around her.

She was rolled out of the shed and then along some rough ground. She felt herself being lifted and then she was rolled along something flat and smooth. Her box came to a halt. Soon and Yee had brought the van. There were a number of cartons filled with Asian style noodles which had been pushed to the side. The container with Rachel in it was rolled up to the nose. There was a built in steel box there. A hose was connected to a spigot at the front of the container and a vent opened in the back. The container was rolled forward and its wheels locked in place. The door to the steel box was closed and locked. The noodle cartons were all shifted up against it and over it, about half way down the van. The men hopped out and the van door was pulled down and locked.

Soon and Yee shook hands with Goins. Goins offered them some coffee, but they had already decided to stop at the Duncan Donuts they had seen on the way in. Soon was driving the first stretch and got in the driver’s side. Yee got in the other. The van engine was started up. Rachel, still sobbing and struggling futilely, felt the vibrations and her terror accelerated. The van pulled away. On its sides was marked “Golden Mountain Noodle Company” in big red letters with a drawing of a giant bowl of noodles in chicken broth. A beautiful, young Korean girl was smiling next to it. The van bumped its way along the hard scrapple driveway the half mile to the worn, rutted country road. The beam from the headlights bounced up and down as they moved. They turned right and were on their way.

Goins and Mindy had been there this weekend. They had both used her on Friday, one right after the other, Goins first and then his sister. To his credit, he didn't spend any time in humiliating her and reminding her of how far she had fallen. He just fucked her like a roaring locomotive, leaving her limp and worn afterwards. She couldn't help think of that first time with his cock in her mouth as she serviced him, kneeling between his thighs, her hands locked up behind her. She tried not to hate him. She didn't have room in her soul for that. But it was hard. As he slid into her rear, her with her forehead pressed against the mattress, her hands behind her, he always kept her locked up one way or another, out of habit, she guessed, she prayed for God to forgive him and to ease her suffering, even as her pussy raged. She had been surprised at how passionate she could get being used that way. People must like her rounded rear globes, since she got used that way a lot.

Mindy was another story. She seethed with hatred as the big black woman used her, forcing her face down on her loins or fucking her with the big dildo she selected from the cabinet in the night stand next to the bed. She had her own which Madam Jang brought out for her and installed in Rose's work room whenever she knew that she was coming. It had a vibrator on the other end and Mindy would become wild with excitement, ramming the thick, black dildo home again and again and, to her dismay, producing in her wild, exuberant climaxes, making her shout into the powerful woman's mouth as she swirled her unforgiving tongue around her own. Mindy liked to whip her too.

So she had been used by them both on Friday night when they arrived. Goins had had another turn with her on Saturday afternoon, a matinee, he called it, and Mindy had used her at night. On Sunday, Goins had picked Chrysanthemum, and Mindy had picked Tulip. But, at Goin's request, while business was winding up, Madam Jang had, as a courtesy, had her blow him in the main room while he sat in one of the big leather chairs, Mindy throwing back yet another Jack Daniels on ice as she watched. She gave her a big, soulful kiss before they left, promising to be back soon.

And she had hoped that that was the end of her night. But here was Wook, kneeling on the floor before her, pushing back her thighs as she lay on her back, cross-wise on the bed. She knew what he was going to do; he always started off this way. He lowered his lips to her seven starred mons and seized her little bud. His hands rubbed up and down her spread thighs as he gently sucked on her nubbin. Wook was a patient guy. He loved sucking pussy and went nice and slow so that the girl's passions could build to a virulent crescendo. Rachel tried to deny the tendrils of pleasure which were beginning to permeate her body, but it was not much use. Even after a number of climaxes tonight, Madam Yang's potion kept her ever at passion's door.

Sometimes she would wait tremulously on her bed for one of the mistresses to apply the ointment that Madam Jang prescribed for them, anxious to get relief from the immanency which was building up in her loins. Sundays were the worst, when they didn't open for business until 6 o'clock.

In the afternoons on Sundays, after they had watched the movie that Madam Jang had selected for them, almost always a black and white classic from the 30's or 40's, she liked musicals too, especially Doris Day, she would select two of the girls to put on a Sapphic demonstration for the others and, despite her revulsion at girl on girl sex, she often hoped that Madam Jang would select her so she could relieve her need. The other girls must have felt the same, because the chosen girls always eagerly crawled into the circle that Madam Jang had them make and went at it voraciously. To her shame, watching the girls go at it always made her pussy burn.

Wook suckled and suckled and suckled her clit until she could no longer suppress the moan that was building up. The first time *Abeo-nim* had done this to her she had been totally blown away at the surges of pleasure she had experienced. No one had ever told her about that. She still considered it a vile perversion, and, at night, before she went to sleep, she prayed to God to forgive her for the pleasure she had received from it during the day, for it was rare that a whole day would go by without someone doing it to her. And she would pray for forgiveness for the other pleasures she experienced too, and the enjoyment she sometimes experienced when sucking a cock, especially if the man was playing with her pussy at the same time or if they were making a two backed beast. She would lose her consciousness about where she was and who she was with and some internal force would take over. She would try and coordinate the man's climax with her own and she would accept his discharge almost joyously as her pussy exploded into a series of soul wrenching contractions.

Afterwards, naturally, she would be quite ashamed.

She squirmed on the bed and rotated her hips. Wook had started to lick her repeatedly the length of her crevasse, stopping to tease her opening with his tongue, and giving her clit a little flick each time he reached the top. Her thighs were pressed wide apart and were almost touching the bed on either side of her. Her hands pulled at their bonds and the chain that connected them to her collar, her mouth closed tightly around the flexible ball in her mouth, squeezing it down, although not so much that she could pop it out with her tongue, something she had tried many times and had never been able to do.

She groaned and her eyes flitted back. "Oh, god, forgive me, forgive me forgive me," her mind repeated again and again as the pleasure subsumed her. She could hear Carnation, two cages down. Chu-li was fucking her and she



was matching him grunt for grunt as they neared their climaxes. Across the way, she could hear Tulip's moans and grunts, harmonious with the moans and grunts of Kyung-ho, the third guard. She was moaning loudly too and it chagrined her that the other girls were listening to her slut-like emanations.

Wook's efforts took off as lustfulness overcame him. She felt a fearsome surge in her loins as her climax built. She knew that Wook would not fuck her until she had come at least once. She didn't want to fake it; she had been disciplined quite a few times in the beginning, before she really got into the swing of things, for faking climaxes. The men and women who used them were very experienced and attuned to sexual nuance and her pretense was easily discerned.

It built and built and built. "Please forgive me, please forgive me, please forgive me," she prayed earnestly as the fire in her pussy approached conflagration. Wook seized on her clit with his lips and his tongue began flitting at her nubbin a hundred miles an hour. She groaned loudly into her gag. Her body shuddered. She automatically tried to bring her thighs together to assuage the ecstatic torment, but Wook held them down firmly with his hands. She groaned and groaned and groaned, her eyes jammed shut as if hiding from the all-knowing divine eyes observing her whorishness. Her hands were clasped together firmly as if in an attitude of prayer.

Just as her contractions were winding down, Wook arose from her loins, leaned over her and presented his cock to her ravine. He entered her easily. The sensation made her groan loudly and shake as her forces began to ascend the mountain of passion once again.

## CHAPTER NINE

Sally was still standing at rigid attention, fearful of earning another punishment and fighting off dread about what was in store for her. She heard the other girls in the throes of passion. It reminded her of what she was now and of how she must sound as the men fucked her. It was somewhat relieving to know that she wasn't the only one who succumbed to lust as she was used. Misery loves company, and if she was whorish, the other girls were too.

The mistresses were still over in the corner drinking tea. She could hear their murmurs amidst the cacophony of pleasure. One of the guards had already left some time ago, satisfied with a quick dump of his load. It was Kyung-ho, who had night duty. He would roam the downstairs until 7 a.m. when the other guards would be up and then he would sleep until 2.

Sometime later, she heard the door to the dormitory 'clack!' The door swung open. Madam Jang appeared. The other guards had both finished up and gave her half bows on their way out. She was dressed in a long, flowered silk robe. You could tell how fine it was by the way it hung on her. Satin was for the hoi polloi. Silk was for the ruling class.

Her makeup was removed and her face was a little bit plainer than it was before, but she still exuded beauty and health. She was wearing little, pink, low healed slippers that looked like they were lined with real white fur. She turned her head when she entered and looked directly at her. She smiled. Now Sally knew why she had been standing there. Madam Jang was going to take a taste of her.

She came over. She smiled, patted her on the face, and then tweaked a breast. The mistresses came over. The mean one, the one who had told her that she was going to be punished said something in Korean to Madam Jang. She shook her head sadly and looked at Sally. "Lotus naughty, naughty girl," she said. One of the mistresses handed Madam Jang a leash and she attached it to Sally's collar. She turned and gave it a little tug and led her from the room. Once they got past the door, Madam Jang led her past the big iron gate and down the long hallway. The building was very large and it was quite some distance to the other end. There were two doors side by side. On the left was the door to Gyong's room. On the right was hers. She keyed in the code for her own door, placed her thumb in the reader and the door 'clacked' open.

The bedroom was large and lush. The bed was king sized with four posts and a large pink and white flowered canopy over it. The canopy matched the curtains that bordered the large barred windows. There was a steel reinforced

door that led to the veranda, which could only be opened with the code and an authorized thumb print. The finely polished, light stained oak floor was covered with a dark pink, high piled rug. There was a large closet to the right, an easy chair with some clothes laying over it, an elegant dressing table with an ornately bordered mirror. There was a large bathroom with pink and white tiles. In the corner by the outer wall was a chain that descended from the ceiling over a round, dark brown rubber mat. Three whips were mounted on the wall next to it, an evil looking flogger, a tapered steel dog whip and a thick hickory riding crop.

The duvet on the bed was red and white and covered white silk sheets. Four large fluffy pillows lay against the headboard. On the right side of the bed a chain emerged from the headboard and lay in a little pile. On either side of the bed were light stained night tables, each one sporting an elegant table lamp with a large, white shade. There was an internal intercom phone on the night table on the left.

There was a large dresser and a long credenza with a mirror over it, much like the rooms on the second floor. Several paintings hung on the walls that looked like originals. Two were of bucolic summer scenes done in an impressionist style. The other was of a beautiful, naked blond woman luxuriating on a divan. Her hair was long, thick and wavy and she had creamy, bountiful breasts. She was not quite smiling, but certainly looking pleasant, as if being approached by someone to whom she owed deference. She wore no fetters except for a golden collar around her neck with a golden ring hanging from it.

Madam Jang released her wrists and ankles from one another. She told her curtly to turn down the bed and to get up on it. Sally pulled the duvet and the top sheet down to the foot of the bed while Madam Jang went into the bathroom. She climbed up on the soft, yielding mattress and got up on her knees, resting on her haunches. She placed her hands behind her back out of habit. She heard the toilet flush and then running water. A few moments later, Madam Jang emerged. She loosened her robe, drew it from her shoulders and placed it on the easy chair. She slid out of her slippers.

She looked stunning naked. Her breasts were full and she had dark red areolas. Her figure was curvaceous, with widish hips and slender thighs. She sported well-trimmed pubic hair, buzzed short enough to be neat, but not so short that the hairs were stubbly. It formed a neat triangle below her slightly plump belly and little strips of black on either side of her prominent mound. She turned on the two table lamps to a low setting and turned out the one overhead. From the credenza she poured herself a large glass of water, took a

long sip, and placed it on the nightstand. Then she crawled up on the left side of the bed.

“Come, lie on back, Lotus,” she told her.

Sally nervously brought her legs out from underneath her and lay on her back, her head up against one of the fluffy pillows. She didn’t know what to do with her hands, so she brought them up over her head. Madam Jang shuffled herself over to her so that they were lying a few inches apart, Madam Jang lying on her left side. She reached up and removed the pillow that Sally was laying on and tossed it away to the foot of the bed. Once Sally was lying completely flat, Madam Jang snuggled up against her.

She ran her right hand over her breasts and belly. Her touch was soft, yet firm and confident. She circled each breast and squeezed it and then leaned over, taking each of her nipples in her mouth and suckling them purposefully, lingering, lingering, lingering on them, swirling her tongue around them, flicking at them with its tip. Tingling sensations were descending her body to her crevasse and she finally had to squirm and moan.

Madam Jang raised her head, looking her in the eyes while her right hand slipped downwards and cupped her pudenda. Her left arm circled above her head and she began to stroke it, mussing her fingers in her hair, caressing her forehead. “Lotus a pretty, pretty whore,” she told her softly. “Lotus be happy here, I think. Fuck all the time. People play with pussy, play with breasts, make Lotus come many time. Lotus like, I think.”

Sally cringed at what the woman was saying. “Lotus like, I think,” roiled through her mind. How many times had she come today? *Abeo-nim* made her come at least twice. The guards made her come four or five times between them, she couldn’t be sure which. And the guests. The big man, the one with the seven stars, he had made her come twice, as had the nicer man. The evil man hadn’t and she had gotten no pleasure from fucking him. Ten times? At least. She had never thought anything like that possible. And here was her pussy warming again as Madam Jang stroked it. She was sliding her finger up and down her slit, facilitated by her seemingly ever-ready moisture.

Did she like it when she came, when the men forced her to? Each time, as she felt her climax coming, a terrible conflict arose in her mind. I want this. I don’t want this. I want this. I don’t want this. This is going to feel so good. This is going to make me feel shamed and dirty and slutty. It isn’t fair that they could make her enjoy it. It was her body and she should be able to stop it, turn off her lustfulness like a switch. But all things considered, yes, she did enjoy it, although she felt terrible each time afterwards. If she had to be a prisoner, had to fuck multiple men a day, had to be treated worse than the most demeaned

slave ever was, wasn't coming a fair recompense? Didn't she deserve it? How else would she make it through? She had to get something, didn't she?

It made her feel terrible to think about it. Wasn't the fact that she could even have these thoughts proof that she was a whore all along? Would a normal girl feel the things she was feeling? Maybe *Eomeo-nim* was right. Maybe she was meant all the while to be a whore? During her time with Teddy she had been a whore in training. Each step along the way she had felt compelled to take the next. And when he had finally thrust himself inside her, it had felt like something she had been yearning for for years and years and years, since the first time she had discovered that she could get a little thrill by dribbling her fingers across her prepubescent pudenda.

Maybe if she hadn't been kidnapped, she would have become one of those fallen girls her mother had talked about. She had started freshman year determined to be good, but by October she had been wondering if she should let Frank fuck her. And the other, good looking, man-like boys she had seen around the campus. Sometimes when she was walking along, or daydreaming in class she would think, "I would fuck that one. I would fuck that one." And they didn't even have to be that good looking, just have a certain aspect about them that she liked. Sometimes, in bed, while she stroked herself, trying to keep quiet so that her roommates wouldn't hear her, although she knew they did since she could hear them, she would think about a boy from class that day, or one that had been walking along the quad. Or about Frank, or Peter, his inaccessible friend.

She had gone with that boy at the frat party. Looking back, she had known what he wanted, what he would try and get, and she went anyway, thinking that she could go right to the edge and stop there, but maybe deep down yearning for that feeling again, that feeling of being filled in that wonderful, wonderful way.

If she had not been kidnapped, how many men would she have fucked in her life? How could you be satisfied with just one when there were so many, so many eager to get into your pants and slip their meat into you? She knew that getting laid for a girl was easy. All you had to do was to signal to a boy that you wanted it and he would, if you'll pardon the expression, rise to the occasion. Who cared if he liked you or respected you afterwards? You would have gotten what you wanted. You could toss him away like a used Kleenex. Even degraded, used up slutty women could get laid almost anytime they wanted. Just go in a bar, order a drink and wait. Someone would pick you up. Men were so compelled to pussy it was like they hungered for it. Just look at all the whores in the world. All you had to do was stand on a street corner,

wear a short skirt and let your boobs hang out and men would approach you, pay you for it!

Madam Jang began to tickle her little nubbin. Her eyes were piercing, as if they expected an answer to her suggestion. The tingling that was arising down there was a confirmation of what she had said. She was a slutty, slutty whore. Why had God made her this way? Why did God place that little button on women that had no other purpose other than to give them pleasure? Why was this happening to her? Why was she here, in this cruel woman's bed and at her mercy? Why did she want to spread her legs, push her hips up against the hand that was tormenting her, close her eyes and let the wonderful feeling coarse through her?

Her hips shifted of their own accord. Madam Jang smiled and gave her forehead a little kiss. Her right hand ascended her belly, stopped at each breast, giving it a little squeeze and then came to her face. She pulled out her gag and tossed it aside. Her lips came down to her mouth, settling there, pressing hers open just a smidgeon, just enough for her to taste her hot breath. A shudder went through her. Her hands were still up above her head, as if they had been chained in place, and she tightened them into little fists. Madam Jang's tongue flitted between her lips and then slipped inside. A warmth spread all through her and she sighed.

Madam Jang's tongue probed deeper. Her hand ran up and down her belly, over her now spread thighs, over her crux. Her body was pressed hard against her, her right leg sliding up and over Sally's, her knee spreading it even further opened. Sally had kissed Chrysanthemum this way down in the training room. But it had been different. She and the other girl were a type of matched pair, both young, both slight, both somewhat tentative in their compulsion to pleasure. Madam Jang was older and stronger than the black haired girl. She was more determined, more insistent. While she was shapely and even somewhat slender, her body was heavier, thicker, more substantial than the younger girl's. Her forcefulness and determination were more like a man's, aggressive, defying resistance, but still with that special woman's sweetness, or, if not sweetness, deliciousness, like comparing white wine to red.

Sally groaned and her body shifted. Madam Jang took this as a signal to slide herself between her knees and to drape her body over her. Their bellies matched, their breasts matched, their pussies matched. Madam Jang slid her body up and down from side to side, maximizing the contact between their skin, as if she were spreading her lustfulness all over her. She released a hum of pleasure that reverberated in Sally's mouth. Her hands were over Sally's head, and had taken hold of her wrists, pinning them in place. She was kissing

her hard now, hard in the confidence of her ownership and her rights. The body below her owed her pleasure, and she was determined to extract it.

She started rubbing their pussies together, grinding her pudendum hard against Sally's, rotating, sliding up and down. Sally could feel the slivers of black pubic hairs abrading her flesh. She pressed her heels into the bed, spreading her thighs as far apart as they could go, to maximize the contact between their sexes. She groaned into Madam Jang's mouth, encouraging the domineering woman to kiss her harder, to accelerate her tongue's dance within her, to agitate her pussy more intently.

Then she broke their kiss and slid off of her body. She took hold of her hair with her left hand, not fiercely like some of the men had done, but firmly, as if encouraging a child. She slid to her side, slightly turned up and brought Sally's face to her breasts. She held her right one out, squeezing it, proffering her teat.

Sally didn't need any explanation of the woman's wants. She nestled her body up as close as she could, rubbing their thighs together and took her nipple in her mouth. She suckled it, at first, delicately, as if afraid that it might melt, and then firmer and firmer. Madam Jang moaned and sighed. "Ahhhhhhh, good little daughter," she said softly. "Good little whore. Suck on me, yes, yes, like that, yes."

She shifted her face to her other breasts and luxuriated in Sally's ministrations. Sally's right arm was underneath her, but, as Madam Jang had taught her, she placed her left hand on her hip and began stroking it softly.

She was lost in her own passion, and suckling Madam Jang's heavy, firm orbs was giving her a thrill she knew she would regret. But her passion was tinged heavily with fear, fear that she not please the demanding woman who had had dozens and dozens of servile women in her bed. A woman who had no compunction about slapping her fiercely, or whipping her when she was displeased. A woman who had casually handed her off to men, six men to be exact, knowing that they would use her ruthlessly, or, if not ruthlessly, at least free of any qualms about her consent or wants. It made her belly quiver even as her pussy burned. It made a coldness pierce her, even as her flesh grew hotter and hotter.

Madam Jang fell to her back. With her hand in her hair, she started to slide Sally's head downwards, over her belly and lower and lower. Sally crossed over her left leg and positioned herself between the woman's thighs. She knew what she wanted. She knew what she was being compelled to do. When fully positioned, she ran her hands down Madam Jang's inner thighs, spreading them gently and peered down at her sex.

It was glistening and engorged. Her lips were spread widely. The black hair made the entrance seem ominous, like the dark dungeon of some evil queen. How many slave girls had had this view before them, she wondered unhappily. How many times would she have it? Why should she be a slave and Madam Jang a master? She had a pussy just like she did. Her body was still desirable, useful, her face attractive, her passions not spent. Why didn't *Abeo-nim* enslave her, force her to do his will? Why wasn't she led round on a leash, bound and gagged, taken off for abuse by strange men? How fair was that? And how could a woman be so cruel? She must know how awful it was to be possessed against your will. How terrible to suck on remorseless cocks, to be called a slut and a whore. If she didn't think it was so horrible, why didn't she strip off her clothes and let the men do those things to her? She was sure that some of the men would gladly pay her for it. Why didn't she whore herself out?

But the answer was obvious. It was because she knew the degradation of fucking strange men one after the other without being able to decline any awful thing that they demanded of you. She knew the shame and humiliation of having your body used without affection, without love. And yet she made them do it! She had said that just as God had made her a whore, he had made her a mistress. Just as God had made her, Sally, a slave, she had made her an owner of slaves. Did she really believe that? Could anyone? God loved everyone and wanted everybody to be happy. That was what Rev. Colsen had said. So if *Eomeo-nim* was making them unhappy, how could she be doing God's will? But then, God willed earthquakes and tidal waves and awful, awful storms, and wars and pestilence and diseases. So why couldn't God will this woman, this woman whose demanding cunt was right before her, yawning expectantly, why couldn't God will this woman to be a fierce, cruel enslaver bent on forcing innocent girls to one degrading act after another, to keep them silenced and bound and caged and hobbled?

It all didn't make sense. Maybe because God didn't exist and it was all a big fraud. But hundreds of millions of people believed in God, billions and billions of you counted all the people who had ever lived and had believed in one god or another. Were they all wrong? Was belief just some psychological trick, triggered by humanity's need for solace? Did we need to believe so that we could satisfy an innate craving to find an explanation for the mystery of life itself, to satisfy ourselves that we had an answer for the unanswerable?

She knew that there was goodness in the world. She had felt it, had seen it. A mother's love for a child, people's love for each other, all the good things that people did for other people without expecting any recompense. Maybe it was that the good and bad always had to be in equipoise. For so much



goodness, there had to be so much badness. For every family adopting an orphaned child, there were two more oppressing one somewhere. For all of a culture's goodness, the things the people did for each other, even their adoration of God, maybe the matching evil just built up and up and up until it was released suddenly in a vicious earthquake that killed thousands and thousands, or a war that killed millions. Maybe if everybody stopped doing good things, just stayed neutral and self-contained, all the badness would go away. If someone somewhere stopped doing whatever they were doing that was good, maybe the bad things would stop happening to her.

She knew that she couldn't hesitate for more than a moment. She lowered her face to the woman's beckoning loins. She widened her tongue and slid it up along the line of her crevasse. The taste and aroma overpowered her immediately. Something turned over in her belly. She felt the same hunger she had felt when downstairs with Chrysanthemum. It was wrong, wrong, wrong, but she could not deny it.

She worked and worked and worked Madam Jang's pussy. The woman groaned and sighed and shifted her hips, grinding them against her face. As Sally suckled softly at her blood filled nubbin, Madam Jang placed her hands on her head, gripping her hair tightly. As Sally suckled and kissed and twirled her tongue around it, she arched her back and groaned.

"Ohhhhhhhh, that it, you fucking slut!" she growled out. "Suck my pussy you fucking whore! Suck it hard! Harder! Harder!"

Suddenly she gave her head a solid yank and forced her up the bed. She pushed her over on her back and mounted her. She suckled hard on her breasts, gnarling her teats hard in her mouth while squeezing them tightly with her hands. She rose above her, pulled her arms to her sides and blocked them in with her legs. She came upwards and presented her gushing, messy pussy to her face and pressed it hard down on her lips.

Sally did her best to service it as the impassioned woman jammed her sex down hard on her face. Her gushing discharge spread over her chin and cheeks and nose. She stroked herself up and down, up and down, groaning and moaning. Sally held her tongue out stiffened and let it run down the woman's crevasse as it passed. Then she pressed her clit down between her lips and she suckled and suckled and suckled as the woman jammed it down hard as if trying to force it all the way deep into her mouth.

Madam Jang suddenly began to shake and roar. Her machinations with her pussy became more intense. Sally felt like the rest of her body had been abandoned, put aside until needed for further use. Her pussy burned and she yearned to place her imprisoned hands upon it. Madam Jang continued to shake and moan and jam her sex down. And then, suddenly, she shifted again.

She turned to face Sally's feet, keeping her knees pressed firmly against her arms, and her mouth descended upon her cunt as if intent on devouring it.

They both grunted and groaned as their pussies were agitated. Madam Jang had her hands on Sally's ankles, gripping them tightly and forcing them down towards her pussy, spreading her knees widely. She continued to mash her pussy down on Sally's face madly, as Sally licked and sucked and teased it as best she could. Madam Jang was lapping feverishly at Sally's cunt, thrusting her tongue deeply into her ravine, sucking hard on her clit. Licking, licking, licking.

Madam Jang came again, groaning and roaring. Sally came then too, her pussy convulsing and trembling, her whole body shuddering. Madam Jang didn't stop. She wanted more and more and more! Sally came again next first, groaning deeply into the woman's crux, which sparked one of her own.

And then she slowed. She ran her slice up and down her face slowly as she gently licked and kissed Sally's purse. Their bodies were covered with perspiration and they slid against one another. Madam Jang pushed herself up so that she was sitting on Sally's face and ran her hands up and down Sally's thighs, over her still shimmering pudendum, over her belly.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," she hummed, "Lotus good little whore. Lotus have nice, sweet pussy. *Eomeo-nim* let everybody know. Lotus get pussy licked a lot."

She gave Sally's pussy a friendly pat and then bent down and kissed it. She flicked her tongue over her little man. It was so vibrant from use that it made her jump and issue a muffled groan. Madam Jang laughed.

She climbed off of her and got off the bed. She went into the bathroom and Sally heard the water running. She came out with a lavender colored washcloth and was cleaning off her face. Then she wiped her pussy with it, delving into the slit. "Ohhhhhh, that feel so good," she said smiling.

She clapped her hands once loudly and pointed to a spot in front of her. Sally slid off of the bed and assumed attention position. Madam Jang took the washcloth and wiped her face with it. "Lotus all messy," she said, laughing.

She tossed the washcloth aside, somebody would clean it up later, and ordered her to turn around. She locked her wrists together and ordered her to turn around again. Sally felt so small in front of her, even though their height difference was only a few inches. There was just something so powerful and dominating about the woman, an aura emphasized by how ruthlessly she had used her.

She retrieved her gag off of the bed and presented it to her face. Sally obediently let her jam it in. She tapped her ankles so that she would move her feet closer together and she connected them with the chain. She picked her

colorful, silk robe up off of the chair and slid it on, tying the belt around her waist. After stepping into her slippers, she picked up the leash which she had hung on a hook when they came in and fastened it to her collar. Before she pulled her from the room, she gave both of her breasts a gentle squeeze and suckled briefly on her nipples. She looked into her face and patted her cheek. "Lotus good little whore, good little daughter for *Eomeo-nim*," she said, smiling. Then she gave the leash a sharp tug.

She led her shuffling out the door and down the long hallway. It was dimly lit. When they reached the gate that led downstairs, Kyung-ho, the third guard, was coming through it. He was towing one of the maids by a leash. She was naked and someone had tied her hands behind her with a leather thong. Kyung was carrying her black, white trimmed maid's uniform in his other hand. She looked very unhappy. Her hairless mons was puffy and her outer labia were still spread and glistening in between. There were cum stains on her thighs. Someone important had apparently arrived late and Gyong had ordered Kyung to bring one of the maids downstairs.

It was Maid No. 3. She was a shapely 23 year old from Danforth, Connecticut. Her hair was brown and wavy, shoulder length, her face normally placid and very attractive. She had mid-sized breasts that were very firm and jutted out proudly and graceful arms and legs from years of toning and exercise. Her face was scrunched up in a scowl now, which became a masque of fear as she spotted Madam Jang. She had struggled and tried to fight it off when the third of the three big shot Seven Stars men who had showed up at about 1:30 was attempting to use her rear. He had subdued her, to the amusement of the other men, and successfully emptied himself there. By the time he was done with her, the other men were ready to go again. When it became the third man's turn once more, he wanted her to suck him, but the knowledge of where his cock had been put her off. He had to slap her several times before she acquiesced and did her duty. She knew that word of her lack of cooperation would get back to Madam Jang and she would be punished.

Theresa, everybody at home called her Terry, had been with them seven months. Her father ran what had been a very successful Lincoln dealership just outside of Danforth. Unfortunately, he had a very expensive mistress and a terrible gambling habit. He was in very deep with the Seven Stars. He had fallen behind about a year ago and was barely able to keep up with the vig. He had defaulted in his mortgage payments for the land and building for his dealership and owed a bundle to corporate for cars that had already been sold. They were threatening to cut him off unless he caught up. Bankruptcy shortly loomed, but before then the Seven Stars would carry away everything that could be moved.

So things were not looking well for Terry, although she didn't know it. She still talked with her family for five minutes once a month via Skype under the watch of one of the Korean mistresses. She had caught the eye of one of the Seven Stars higher ups when he had passed through four months ago. He was, in fact, one of the men who had come by tonight for a little party before he returned home. He had had Gyong send her picture to his boss, who had sent it to his boss, etc. It was expected that she would be presented to one of the Directors at his birthday party on Ganghwado Island back in Korea in January. She would serve as his personal whore for as long as it pleased him and then be sent to the resort brothel for use by other bigwigs who vacationed there. After a year or so there, well, who knows?

Gyong had been a little upset about losing the commission for her sale, but Sung-wo, the man who owned her father's paper, had promised that her two sisters, 19 and 22, and very good lookers in their own right, would be delivered to him as soon as the father had been wrung dry. Sung had shown him a picture of the mother, but Gyong had passed on her. She was a little heavy and big boned and had not aged well. She was destined to be jobbed out to a whorehouse in Taiwan.

The mistress, however, a svelte 28, was a different story. She had excellent breasts and a high fashion look. Mr. Barnes had a Turkish opium grower interested in her as well as a Pakistani general. Her price might go very high which would please everybody. She was due in two weeks as a measure to encourage the guy to scrape up every nickel that he could. Somehow word of her had gotten out and all the gangsters wanted to fuck her before she was shipped off. Gyong had determined to limit it to just the five area crew leaders at \$1,500 a pop. After he had a turn or two with her first, of course.

Kyung gave Madam Jang a half bow. Terry gave her a lower and more obsequious one. Terry might have been under the illusion that her night was over, but as far as Kyung was concerned, it was not. He had had to watch her being fucked every which way for an hour or so and now she would need to take care of him. He would limit himself to a quick blow job; it was late and he had to get up early.

Madam Jang gave a nod back and made sure that Sally bowed low as well. Kyung stopped and said something in Korean to Madam Jang, which seemed to disturb her. She ordered Kyung, in Korean, to give the girl five hard strokes with the switch before he put her to bed. She would give her another five in the morning. Terry didn't like the tone of their conversation at all, or the harsh look that Madam Jang had given her. Tears started brimming in her eyes. Madam Jang ignored them and proceeded with Sally down the hall to her

dormitory while Kyung took Maid No. 3 to the punishment room for her five strokes before he fucked her.

Inside the dormitory, Seong-ja, the less cruel of the two mistresses, was waiting up for them. She was sitting on a chair by her bed reading a Korean romantic novel. She put the book down and stood as Sally and Madam Jang entered. Madam Jang brought Sally to a halt. She handed her leash over to the mistress without comment and gave her a little nod. Seong-ja gave her a half bow back. Madam Jang turned and left.

Seong-ja smiled at her. She took hold of a nipple and jiggled it, making her breast shimmer. She towed her into the bathroom where she let her sit on a pot and pee. She wiped her, flushed the noisy toilet and pulled her out to the main room. She led her over to her cage. She unhooked her wrists and had her sit on the bed. She took the chain from the drawer of the night table and connected her wrists to her collar. She released her ankles and made her lay down on her back. She affixed the chain from the wall to the back of her collar and the chain from the foot of the bed to her left ankle. She sat on the bed for a few minutes stroking her thighs and pussy wistfully as if disappointed that she couldn't fuck her tonight. Sally knew that she would get her chance and shuddered.

The mistress then rose from the bed, exited the cage, closed the door and turned the lock. She took the key over to the board by the door and mounted it. She turned out the sole overhead light that had been lit, lay down in her bed and pulled up the covers.

Sally lay there for a long time in the dim light of the small lamp on her nightstand, staring up at nothing. She felt like breaking out into sobs, but suppressed them. She could not help the stream of tears that were running down her face. It had been the most horrible day in her life, worse even than the day she had been kidnapped. When she had been kidnapped, she had not known what the future would bring. Now she definitely did and it seemed like the worse fate that could ever happen to a girl. Tomorrow she would fuck more men, and then the next day and the next. She would never be able to utter a word unless Madam Jang or one of the mistresses asked her a question. And then it would be only to say yes or no, followed by the appropriate honorific. She would be bound up and chained every day, almost all of the time, unless she was fucking and maybe not even then. She was going to be whipped tomorrow and then by that cruel man who had fucked her, if not tomorrow, then the next day or the next or the next. And in between, other men might want to whip her, or she might commit another offense. When she was down in the basement she had speculated whether maybe she had been killed in a car

accident and was serving time in Hell. That thought came back to her now. If this wasn't Hell, it was the closest thing to it.

She pulled slightly at her bound wrists and then at her ankle chain. She couldn't even get up and use the bathroom if she had to. If it got too bad she would either have to wet the bed or somehow wake up one of the mistresses. She knew that neither of those alternatives was a good one and both would get her punished.

On either side of her, she could hear the faint snores of her co-captives. How many nights would she have to lay here and hear that? How many nights had these girls slept there? How long would it take until she was inured to her fate and could lay her head down on her pillow and just go off to sleep, not ruing the loss of Sally of the future, or at least the one that she had had?

She thought of her mother and father, and school and her roommates, and Teddy and Frank. She thought of *Abeo-nim*, who had broken her in as a whore. Would he ever fuck her again? There were so many other girls, girls prettier and more skilled at being whores than her, that he might not, at least not for a long time. Part of her abhorred what he had done to her and prayed that she not be subject to his depredations ever again. But would anybody else hold her close and let her cry on their shoulder? Would anyone else hug her tightly and let her sob and sob and sob?

She asked herself the question that she had asked herself a hundred times. Why would God do this to her? Why? Why? Why? How could he let all this evil go on? What happened to the girls who left here, and how long would she stay? How many men, or women, she had seen the women, cruel, callous women, how many of them would she have to fuck tomorrow?

She turned to her side. The chains clinked as she moved. She tried to empty her brain. It was nigh on impossible. There was a virulent sadness swirling around inside her. She closed her eyes. She welcomed the darkness. But part of her brain still knew that she was covered by a soft light. Anyone looking into her cage could still see her. Nothing she did would ever be private again. Even sleeping was done in public. She opened her eyes. Chrysanthemum was lying in the cell next to her. She couldn't see her face, but could tell from the length of her black hair and the sveltness of her body. She released a groan in her sleep and her body seemed to shudder, but then went still.

She rolled to her other side, facing the door. There, about 20' away from her or so was the board with all the keys on it. It might as well have been a million miles away. And the door, heavy and foreboding. The brass fittings for the mechanical lock glimmered in the weak light. Beyond that door was the awful world where strange callous men would use her again and again and

again. In a way she was grateful for it since, while it kept her and the other slave girls in, it kept the rest of the world out.

She could see the smaller mistress's bed and her form on it covered by a light cream colored bedspread. She knew innately that she would be used on that bed, that she would have to surrender to the cruel woman, as well as to the even crueler woman on the other end. And while she was being fucked there all the other girls would be able to see it and hear it. And she would have to see and hear the other girls being used in their turn.

Sadness, sadness, sadness. That was all she felt. She knew that she should hate all the people who had done mean things to her, but she didn't have room for that in her soul; the sadness pushed everything else out. Sadness. Sadness. Sadness. Sadness. Sadness. Sadness. She cried and cried and cried and didn't realize it when she fell asleep.

## CHAPTER TEN

Sally was not the only one who had had a hard time falling asleep. Across the way, the second cage in, Daisy was quietly sobbing. She hadn't been chosen by any of the guards tonight, and she had been grateful for that. But Carnation and Rose, on either side of her, had and she had had to listen to the grunting and moaning, the slurping and whines, for a good twenty minutes or more. Last Sunday, Kyung-ji had chosen her and the week before that it had been Wook. Before that, well, who could remember what had happened before that. It was better to forget.

It was fall again outside, she could see the red, yellow and brown leaves through the barred windows, and that meant that she was coming up on the end of her third year as a whore. All the girls who had been there when she was enslaved were gone, and many others too. Every time she saw *Abeo-nim* dressed in his grey sweat pants and shirt she knew that someone was about to go and she prayed and prayed and prayed that it would be her. She didn't care where they sent her. How could it be worse than where she was now? Maybe she would go someplace where she could talk. Where she didn't have to spend most of her days chained and bound. Somewhere where there weren't people walking around with whips ready to belabor you at the slightest infraction, or maybe for nothing at all.

It was surprising to herself that she could still summon up enough emotion to sob. She spent most of her days trying to drive all emotion out of her. But from time to time she still became overwhelmed. Something would trigger it. And she would cry and cry and cry and sob and sob and sob, as quietly as she could.

Tonight it had been that young man, a guy she had named Armando, since she didn't know his real name. Sometimes the more gabby or insecure of the men would tell you their names trying to assuage their conscience for what they were doing, trying to pretend that you were a regular girl who had just happened to agree to let them fuck you. But this guy never had.

He was of medium build, somewhat wiry, not really all that good looking. He in fact looked nerdy and wore thick glasses that he always put down on the nightstand before they started fucking. He treated her well, touching her softly, using her gently. She always tried to give him the best blowjob she could muster. He liked to let her go on for twenty minutes or more, teasing his cock, bringing him up and down. When he was ready to come he would tell her to lie on her back and he would climb up until his knees were on either side of her



head. He would lower his cock into her mouth and fuck her throat, going gently, gently, until the very end when he would rage and thrust down at her as fiercely as any of the other men, grunting and groaning and bruising her lips.

She didn't like that part, but the rest of it kind of assuaged it. Over three years, men had done some pretty horrible things to her. He had only whipped her once. She never was able to figure out why. All of a sudden he went into a rage and ordered her to kneel on the bed, her forehead to the mattress and her hands above her. He brutally belabored her rear and her back with the flogger and then gave her five fierce slices with the switch. She had howled and cried and cried. Afterwards, he just bound her up and forced her into her cage and left. He came back a week later and they both pretended that it never happened.

He had been seeing her for about a year. He came just about every week, sometimes more, and sometimes on Sunday, like tonight. He would have her blow him first, coming down her throat as described. But then he would cuddle with her, teasing her breasts and her pussy. He would talk on and on, really about nothing in particular, maybe some guy he didn't like who he did business with, or some politician he hated, some movie he saw or some book he had read. Daisy, formerly named Amanda Montañez, aside from her horse, which she had named Klondike because he was as white as snow, missed reading most of all. She hadn't even been able to touch a book since she had lost her freedom. Madam Jang read them poetry in the afternoons after lunch, and was reading them, one chapter at a time, a bodice ripping romantic novel called *The Stormy Heart*. Roger, Ambrosia's lusty betrothed, had just told her farewell as he sailed off with Admiral Nelson to do battle at Trafalgar while Philippe, who she really loved and whose child she was carrying, was with the French fleet. It was at least something to occupy her mind. But the heft of a book, the turning of the pages, the late nights trying to get to the final chapter, she missed all that horribly.

Armando, as she thought of him, sometimes would tease her and ask her questions, trying to get her to talk, something she would never do, not even a whisper. She had seen what had happened to that Poppy when she had been caught for the 5<sup>th</sup> time. And other girls whipped fiercely for it, including her once, way in the beginning. And talking to a guest was one of the most severe offenses you could commit. Sometimes the men reported it, or, if not reported it, mentioned it in casual conversation which somehow got back to *Eomeo-nim*. Or maybe there were bugs in the rooms, or cameras. One Lotus had been caught doing it. She was condemned to fifty strokes of the flogger, administered five at a time over ten consecutive days.

Despite his teasing and urgings, she never had said a word to him. He would tickle her until she was in convulsions from laughing, threatening not to

stop until she told him her real name. Sometimes he would watch TV with her, sharing the snacks that he ordered from the kitchen. He always apologized if he had been away for a couple of weeks and, as penance, lick her pussy languidly for a long, long time, sending her into a fog of delirium. Sometimes he just held her as she cried, afterwards fucking her lovingly. Since he didn't know her name, and she would never tell him, he called her *Doña* Daisy, in reference to her obvious Hispanic heritage.

All the other girls would know when he had come. They either would see him taking her upstairs, or she would later, up in the showers, look at the other girls and push the sides of her mouth into a smile with the fingers of her left hand, and then make an 'A', out of her pointer and ring fingers of her right, pointed downwards, crossing them with a finger from her left hand. The other girls didn't know that 'A' stood for Armando, but they did catch on that her very special guest had come and that he had made her happy. They would smile at her and pet her surreptitiously to convey their happiness for her.

Sure, he treated her like a whore, as did all the others, left her chained and gagged in her cage when he was through with her, but her times with him seemed an oasis in the midst of a virulent desert. In three years, no one had treated her so well as him.

He had come in tonight. Her heart had soared. She had bowed to him with all the other girls as he approached them, all lined up, naked and kneeling, chained to the wall. Madam Jang was about to connect a leash to the front of her collar and hand it off to him, when he said to her, "No, I think I'd like a little change of pace tonight."

He chose Chrysanthemum and led her up the stairs.

She fought off the urge to break out into woeful sobs right on the spot, something that would have brought on immediate, severe punishment. She didn't have time to mourn though, as a minute or two later Madam Jang handed off her leash to a bulky, pasty faced man with short, grizzled grey hair. He led her upstairs and fucked her quickly, but brutally, not even bothering to take the gag out of her mouth.

When she was brought down by Seong-Ja, Chrysanthemum was still upstairs with Armando. About twenty minutes later, another one of her regulars, a tall, thin, middle aged black man, picked her. As he was leading her up the stairs, Armando was coming down. He appeared smug and satisfied. He stopped to talk to the black man, who he apparently knew.

She just stood there, bound and gagged and at the end of the black man's leash. Armando acted as if he hadn't even noticed her until the conversation was just breaking up. Then he looked at her wryly, took hold of a nipple, shook her breast, and said, "*Buenos noches, Doña Daisy.*" Then he turned and walked

away. The black man, who she had named Beanpole, used her for a long time, coming three times and making her come twice. He gave her a vicious slap when he caught her crying. She quickly brought herself under control and went back to sucking his cock. She hoped that he didn't report her.

And so she was crying now, and sobbing. It was like she had lost a lover. She was heartbroken at his infidelity. He would choose Chrysanthemum over her from now on, she just knew it. What had been one of the very few things that she could take pleasure from, anticipate, count the days between the times that she had seen him, was gone.

In the showers tonight, Chrysanthemum had looked at her sadly. She knew what had happened. All the other girls seemed to know, except for the new one. They petted her and made sympathetic faces. She cried and cried and cried when she got under the water. She held it back when Mi-jung went to lock her in her cage so she wouldn't be whipped, but as soon as they were all locked up and the mistresses went off to drink their tea, the flood gates opened.

Maybe now she would do something so that *Eomeo-nim* would send her away. She could think of a thousand ways to provoke her. She had thought of it often. But she was too afraid of punishment. Like all the girls, she hated getting whipped. You would think that after such a long time she would have been inured to it, but it seemed that just the opposite was true. It was like her body was a raw sore and every time she got whipped the sore became more and more virulent. She would have to go through a dozen whippings before *Eomeo-nim* gave up on her. She still got lots of guests. She could try slacking off, but *Eomeo-nim* might just have *Abeo-nim* take her downstairs for another refresher, like he had done a little over a year ago, and she didn't want that.

And besides, she couldn't help it; when she started to get excited, she just couldn't control herself. She attributed it to months and months and months of consumption of *Eomeo-nim's* special concoction and the goo the mistresses had administered to her every day for so, so long.

When she had come to the Red Dawn House of Comfort, or as it was often abbreviated in the interests of discretion, Red Dawn House, she had been, believe it or not, a 21 year old virgin. Her family came from great wealth and privilege back in Honduras. Her grandfather had served as banking chancellor for four different governments. He owned thousands and thousands of acres of vast farmland where they grew cotton coffee and cattle. He had sent her father, the third of three sons, to America to manage the wealth that he was siphoning off the backs of the peons who worked his huge *finca* and his share of the graft from the Honduran treasury. Sending it to the United States was a kind of insurance policy in case the small bands of rebels in the country ever got it together sufficiently to rise to power.

So her father managed a large number of investments. They lived on a large horse ranch in central Florida, about 40 miles northeast of Tampa, near Ocala. She had been gifted Klondike when she was 15. He was an elegant stallion, just a feisty colt at the time, and they had kind of grown up together. Her father had wanted her to attend Bryn Mawr in Philadelphia, but she had insisted that she wanted to go somewhere where she could be home on weekends so she could spend time with Klondike. She had trained him in dressage with the help of Escobar, the old, grey haired horse trainer her father had brought with them to Florida. She had won a number of ribbons and prizes.

Her father was kindly, but remote and formal, and he inculcated formality in her and her two older brothers, who were now back in Honduras working for their grandfather. They were often reminded that they were the equivalent of Honduran royalty and that they had standards to uphold. Her mother had ensured that she was trained in all the social graces and she had attended an exclusive girls' school from seventh grade through high school. She was never allowed to attend dances or other events at the school, except for her prom where she was allowed to go with her cousin who was visiting from Honduras.

He was very handsome and a bit of a rake and she had watched him go off with one of the other girls during one of the intermissions. Both he and the girl returned a half hour later with smirks on their faces. His fly was down and she had to tell him to pull it up. During one of the slow dances he had pressed his stiffness up against her belly and whispered something dirty in her ear. She sat out all the rest of the dances and sat far apart from him on the limousine ride home. She never told anyone about it.

Not that she never had romance on her mind. It was, in fact, never far away. In her early teens she had dreamt of princes and movie stars, but as she got older her fantasies turned to handsome young artists and strong men of principal, although she had had a crush on one of the boys who worked around the ranch for a little while. Her heart would flutter whenever she saw him. He must have known since one day, when she was alone in the house, he came to the back door and asked for a glass of water. He smiled at her salaciously as she brought it to him and she flinched when their fingers touched when he took it from her hand. He must have bragged about his 'conquest' to the other workers because Escobar found out about it and fired him. He didn't tell her parents, but gave her a little lecture about the difference between rich, elegant young girls and stable hands.

At college there hadn't been much opportunity for dating either. She wanted to be a veterinarian and that took a lot of studying. Her mother didn't think that it was a proper profession for a young woman, but her father

indulged her, knowing, as she did not, that her grandfather had dictated that as soon as she finished college she was to be packed off back to Honduras where he would marry her off to a scion of one of his cronies.

But, politics being what they are, a little over three years ago there had been a coup. Her grandfather had supported the incumbent president and was tossed from office. He was determined to restore his ally to the throne, so to speak, and engaged in protracted negotiations with several generals about mounting a counter coup. Unfortunately, it was a plot to snare him in and to present the junta which had taken power the opportunity to ease the grandfather off of the board and confiscate, in the name of the new government, so to speak, his large estate and all of his other riches. They held him in a rank old prison for several months while the newspapers were filled with tales of his corruption, unfortunately mostly true, and he was taken out and shot after a short military trial.

All of his property was forfeited, to be doled out to the junta, of course. An up and coming colonel, Col. Rodrigo Estevez, the deputy commander of the secret police, who was appointed military attaché at the embassy in Washington, was charged with the task of recovering all of the grandfather's wealth that had been transferred to the United States. The colonel came to see her father at their estate in order to make an official demand. Her father refused, of course. Colonel Estevez was very proper and polite. Her father had introduced her to him, and he had complimented her father on her beauty.

Two weeks later she awoke in the middle of the night to the sound of multiple heavy boots coming up the stairs. There was shouting and a gun went off. She jumped out of bed and ran towards her bedroom door. It burst open before she could get there. Two burly men seized her and dragged her to the floor. Her mother was screaming from inside the master bedroom.

*“¡Mamá! ¡Mamá!”* she cried out as she struggled and tried to fight off her attackers.

*“¡Cállate!”* one of the men shouted. Shut up!

She was belly down on the floor. Her hands were joined together and leather wrapped around them, binding her wrists together. One man was sitting on her legs and the other was pushing her arms together. She was screaming, *“¡Mamá! ¡Mamá! ¡Papa! ¡Papa! ¡Ayúdame! ¡Ayúdame!”* Help me! Help me!

She was dragged to her feet. Her bedroom lights were out but someone had turned on the light in the hall and it was shining in her room. The men were holding onto her arms tightly.

*“Let me go! Let me go!”* she shouted as she struggled.

She could still hear her mother screaming and there was the noise of a struggle outside in the hall.

*“We’ve got to shut this bitch up!”* one of the men growled.

*“Hold her,”* the other told him. The first man took hold of her hair and lifted it up so that she was standing on her tippy toes. She screamed.

*“Let go! Let go! You’re hurting me! ¡Mamá! ¡Mamá! ¡Papa! ¡Papa!”*

The second man rummaged around in her dresser drawer for a moment or two and then he came back. He had grabbed a rolled up pair of socks. *“Open her mouth!”* he barked at his mate.

Amanda felt the man’s arm go around her neck and squeeze it tight. She started to cough and choke. His other hand released her hair and pushed down hard on her jaw. She tried to fight it off but she was surprised by the man’s strength and his ruthlessness. Her mouth opened just enough so that the roll of socks pressed between her teeth. The first man jammed it in the rest of the way. Her neck was released. She burst into tears. She tried to scream, but nothing much came out. The men laughed.

She was wearing just a t-shirt and panties. While one of the men held onto her arms from behind, the other snuck his hand up her t-shirt and grabbed a breast. He squeezed it harshly and laughed.

*“Nice tits, señorita!”* he exclaimed. *“Let’s get a better look at them!”*

He reached for the bottom of her shirt and pulled it up. She struggled and squirmed and kicked out at him, striking his thigh.

*“Oh! You cunt!”* he yelled out in English. He reached his hand back and punched her on the side of her face. She groaned and her body went limp.

She felt her t-shirt being pulled up. He dragged it up over her head and the man behind her pulled it down her arms. Her breasts were free to the men’s depredations.

*“Now that’s better,”* the first man said. He grabbed a breast again and began to maul it. She whined and tried to shake the hand off. Her brain had gone all foggy from the blow and her efforts were desultory.

A head popped in the door. *“Come on, quit fucking around!”* the head’s voice commanded.

She was pulled out into the hallway. Her mother had stopped screaming. She was dragged down the broad expanse of stairs to the first floor, down the hall and into the kitchen. The lights were on and she saw their housekeeper and cook, Consuela, being dragged into the kitchen by two large men. She was dressed in a long nightgown and was crying and sobbing. She only had a moment to look at her as the men whisked her through the kitchen and to the back door. A man was there holding it open. The men were all dressed in black t-shirts and black pants. She saw that they had guns on their hips. She tried to beg, *“Please don’t do this! Please don’t do this!”* but her voice came out all muffled and distorted.

Out the back door they went and down the stairs to the lawn. They kept pulling her and pulling her. She tried to fight off with her feet, but they just lifted her up, denying her any purchase on the ground. They were heading to their barn which was about 200 yards away from the house. There were cars parked in the little circular dirt driveway in front of it and the lights in the barn were on.

As they got closer, she could see men dragging her mother and father towards it way up in front of her. They pulled them inside. About fifteen seconds later, she followed them.

Inside there were men standing around. Some of them were part of the gang of assailants, wearing their black pants and shirts. Escobar, the stable master, and the two stable boys who lived in the bunkhouse out back were there. They were holding their hands above their heads and had terror on their faces. Her mother and father had been shoved down onto the floor. Their hands were bound behind them and something had been stuffed into her mother's mouth. She was dressed in her nightgown, but someone had torn it all the way down the front and her nakedness underneath was showing. Her father was wearing a pair of pajama bottoms and his chest was bare. Someone had struck him, apparently, several times and there was blood running down his face from his forehead.

And there, standing in the middle, dressed in a dark blue silk shirt and black chinos was Colonel Estevez. He was smiling self-satisfactorily. He had a pistol on his belt too.

She was thrown to the floor in front of him.

Estevez ordered his men to pull her father up to his knees. One of the men grabbed his hair and pointed his face at Estevez. Everyone went silent.

*"Ahhhhhhh, mi amigo,"* Estevez said coldly. *"How have things gone so far? All we needed was a signature on a piece of paper and you and your family could have lived a long and happy life. But what can I do for you now? Eh? As you can see, you have pushed me to extremes."*

Her father's face looked groggy. He looked at Estevez. *"Fuck you, you coño,"* he growled.

Amanda was shocked. She had never heard her father talk like that. Estevez's smile grew broader. He stepped closer to her father and struck him a mighty blow. Her father groaned and his body slumped.

*"Who's the coño now?"* Estevez snarled. Her father didn't respond. *"Go get a pail of water!"* Estevez barked at his men. One of the men ran off and returned with a steel bucket. Estevez nodded at him and the man doused her father with it. He struggled to wakefulness.

Amanda was sobbing and crying. She tried to crouch over and hide her bare breasts, but one of the men behind her grabbed her hair and made her kneel up. She released a scream and her father looked over at her agonizingly.

*"Don't hurt my daughter, you scum!"* he father shouted out.

*"Don't hurt my daughter,"* Estevez repeated in a whiny, sing song voice, mocking him. *"You are not in a position to make any demands, señor,"* he spat out. *"I have a little piece of paper here, and you are going to sign it, or you will see how I hurt your daughter. Look at those tits! I would love to fuck her. And so would my men. And your wife too. It's your choice what happens here tonight,"* he said sternly.

*"I'll never sign, you bastard!"* he father shot back at him. *"You are in America here, not Honduras! You can't get away with this here!"*

Estevez laughed. *"You think so, eh? It seems the American State Department is in full agreement with my government that you and your family are subversives and thieves. I've been given a free hand. I can do anything I want to you. All you have to do is sign and you and your family will be taken to the nearest airport and flown out of the country in an hour. It'll be like you were never here. Or we could bury you all out in the woods somewhere. It's your choice."*

Her father glared at Estevez. He looked around at all the armed men. He looked back. *"You're bluffing,"* he told him.

*"Oh, I'm not bluffing. Perhaps you need some more persuasion."*

Estevez turned to one of his men. *"Take the old lady into a stall and fuck her. Let's see if that improves Señor Montañez's disposition."*

Amanda watched as her mother was pulled to her feet. Two men dragged her screaming further into the barn and into one of the horse stalls. There was the sound of screaming and struggling and then a loud, 'crack!' All she heard then was the sound of her mother's whining.

Tears were flowing down her father's face. *"You scum! You bastard!"* her father screamed. *"I'll kill you for this! I swear it!"*

Estevez just smiled. He pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pants pocket and lit one. Her mother's whines were getting louder and louder. Smoke writhed around Estevez's head like an evil crown. The whining sounds were joined by a man's energetic grunting. She heard one of the horses whinny. She looked around at the men. They were staring at her breasts. She wanted to hide them desperately. But mostly her mind was on her poor mother and what was happening to her. A terrible thought had germinated in her mind. She was going to be next!

After a bit, there was silence. Estevez dropped his cigarette to the floor and squished it out with his boot. The man who had gone into the stall with her



mother came out smiling. He was fastening his pants. She could hear her mother sobbing.

*“Change your mind, amigo?”* Estevez asked wryly. *“Or should I have your pretty little daughter dragged off next?”* He stepped over to her and took a strand of her long black hair in his hand.

*“She’s so pretty. Amanda, that’s her name, isn’t it? I think that I’ll fuck her first. And then all my men. And then we’ll take her out and whip her. We’ll take the gag out of her mouth so that you can hear her scream. Then, if she’s still worth it, we’ll fuck her some more.”*

He looked down at Amanda. She was staring at him in horror. *“How would you like that, Amanda?”* he cooed at her. *“Would you like a taste of my cock? Would you like to dance to the whip?”*

*“Let her go! Leave her alone!”* her father screamed.

Estevez glared at him. *“You don’t dictate to me!”* he shouted. He turned to his men. *“Take her into a stall and have some fun. Señor Montañez thinks I’m joking around!”*

She felt herself being lifted to her feet. She screamed and struggled. They started dragging her down the corridor between stalls, looking for an empty one.

*“No! No! I’ll sign! I’ll sign! Por el amor de Dios, por favor, no!”* she heard her father shout. The men dragging her stopped.

*“Bring her back!”* Estevez commanded. He signaled to one of his men who brought out an official looking document. Another man brought out a small stool and sat it down before Amanda’s father. She watched, in terror as her father’s hands were untied. Estevez stepped forward and put the document and a pen on the seat of the stool.

*“Sign it, amigo, and I’ll let you all go,”* he said, invitingly.

Her father looked up at him, scorn in his eyes. *“If it’s the last thing I do, you’ll pay for this Estevez,”* he said.

*“Shut up and sign,”* Estevez spat out at him.

She watched as her father put the pen to the paper. He signed it quickly and put the pen down.

One of Estevez’s men swept the document off of the stool and handed it to him. Estevez perused it carefully. He had made himself familiar with the man’s signature and it matched it perfectly. No one would question it. It was a power of attorney, which granted him the right to manage, control and, more importantly, convey, all of *Señor Montañez’s* property, both real and personal, of whatever nature. Later he would have someone notarize it. In a week, all Montañez’s accounts would be drained and the ranch would be conveyed to a holding company owned by him.

The man had suddenly become a great inconvenience. Of course, all that talk about a flight to Honduras was hokum. Montañez would be going on a journey all right, but not in a plane. And, of course, witnesses would be a great inconvenience as well. He would have to deal with the woman and the girl.

He reached for his pistol, snapping off the strap which held it to the holster. He pulled back the slide, slipping a round into the chamber. Amanda saw it and started to beg and plead, her blocked voice muffled and indistinct. Her father stared up at the callous man with a fierce intensity. He was no fool. He had known that this was the probable outcome. But there had been a sliver of hope that he would be wrong, that Estevez might have been a man of honor. If there was a chance that he could spare his daughter and wife any more grief and terror he had to take it. But now it was clear that his slim hope had been in vain.

*“Dios te maldiga, Estevez,”* he said coldly, without fear. God curse you.

*“Perhaps he will,”* Estevez returned, smiling evilly. *“You will see him soon, so why don’t you ask him?”*

Montañez looked at his daughter. It was a sin for him to glance at her nakedness, but he needed this last vision of her to fill his soul. He looked back at Estevez. *“Please spare her,”* he begged, his voice weakening.

*“Don’t worry,”* Estevez returned. *“I have plans for her.”*

He held out the pistol and squeezed off a shot, as a man practiced at this particular task. It struck Amanda’s father in the chest and his body flew back. Amanda screamed. Estevez crept closer to him, held his pistol downwards and this time took careful aim. The bullet pierced his head and his body jerked.

The sound of the shots had excited the horses, already skittish from the contagious tension. They whinnied and kicked at their stalls. The odor of gun smoke filled the barn. For Amanda there was a fierce sense of before and after. There was all that was before, her childhood, her loving father, her rich, wonderful life, all the things that she had planned. And on the other side were the ticking by seconds since the first shot had echoed through the wooden structure of the barn.

Estevez turned to her. *“...or ...a-or! ...or ...a-or! ...ohn ...ihhh ...eeee! ...ohn ...ihhh ...eeee!”* she tried to shout. Please! Please! Don’t kill me! Don’t kill me!

Estevez replaced the hot pistol into the holster on his belt. *“No, I’m not going to kill you, Amanda,”* he snarled. *“You’re too pretty. I’ve got much better plans for you, plans that will prolong and make more exquisite my victory over your father.”*

He looked at the men still holding her arms. *“Throw her into a stall and bind her up good. And take care of the woman,”* he growled.

The men wheeled her around again and she was dragged down the corridor. They opened a stall door and dragged her in. They dropped her to the dirty, hay strewn floor. One of them produced another length of rope. She struggled and screamed and jerked and contorted her body, but they easily managed to tie her ankles together cross-wise. She felt them raised and they were tied to her wrists. They cut away the t-shirt she had been wearing and which had been bunched up at her wrists. One of the men pulled at her hair until her back was arched and her breasts lifted up off of the floor. He grabbed a breast and squeezed it hard. “*¡Bonitas tetas!*” he exclaimed. The other man, the one holding her hair, reached under her chest and seized the other. “*What I’d give to fuck this one!*” he told the other man. Then the hands left and he released her hair. Her torso flopped to the floor, squishing her breasts beneath her. The men left and the stall door was slammed shut.

She was crying and sobbing wildly. She could hear Estevez talking sternly to Escobar and the stable boys, undoubtedly warning them of the consequences to them and their families if they ever spoke of what had happened tonight. She heard the door to the stall where they had dragged her mother open and a man’s voice say something salacious sounding. Then her mother began to whine and groan and cry out again.

It went on for quite a long time as, she imagined, all the men had their turn with her. Her whines and cries diminished and then faded completely after a while. Amanda cried and cried and cried. She was terror filled at what Colonel Estevez had planned for her, and wrought with sorrow at what had happened to her father and was happening to her mother. She pulled and struggled at her bonds, but they were merciless. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

After about an hour or so, she heard one of the men say something. She heard her mother screech and then there was a shot. And then another. And then there was silence. “*¡Mama! ¡Mama! ¡Mama!*” she tried to call out. But the muffled sounds that she made, she was sure, did not emanate beyond the wooden walls of her stall.

She lay there weeping for a long time. She heard them drag her mother’s body from her stall and the men talking, but she could not hear what they said. An engine came to life and was, a few minutes later, driven away. She could hear the activities of the barn coming to life and saw daylight peeking in. The horses needed to be watered and fed and groomed. Their stalls needed to be cleaned out. She heard them clip-clopping past her stall as they were taken outside to be released into the corralled pasture. Someone was washing something down with a hose, her parent’s blood, she imagined. “How could this happen here?” she kept demanding. This was America, not Honduras, the

murder capital of the world. Here there was law and police and safety. How could he be tied up practically naked in her own barn? Where was Escobar? Wouldn't he help her? He had been with her family for years and years, for as long as she could remember. He would go to the police, wouldn't he? He would help her, wouldn't he?

She had to pee and she held it off as long as she could, but finally had to release it. Her urine stank up her small confine. She was hungry and thirsty and her shoulders and thighs ached. The big blob in her mouth was oppressive and offensive, but no matter how hard she worked it with her tongue, she couldn't get it out. A couple of times men poked their heads into her stall to see what she was doing. One of the men came in and tested her bonds, making sure that she hadn't worked them loose. She had been trying and trying and trying and she had felt a little bit of leeway being worked into the knots. The man called in another one of the men and between them they loosened all her ties, one at a time, and retied them, seemingly even tighter. She struggled and cried and called out muffled curses to the men while they did it, but, except for a sharp cuff to the head that she received, they ignored her.

Her head was sore where the man had struck her in her bedroom. She worried about a hematoma, but decided that it would be a blessing if her brain exploded and she died. She didn't know what Colonel Estevez had planned for her, but she knew that it wouldn't be good.

After a while, the door opened again. Escobar, carefully looking behind him, slipped into her stall. He was carrying a bottle of water. Her heart leapt. He was going to save her!

He crouched down next to her, sadness permeating his visage. He put a finger to his lips signaling silence. His hand went to her mouth and he pried out the rolled up socks. They were wet and slimy. He looked around, not knowing where to put them. Finally, he brushed away some dirt and hay and laid them down on the floor.

*"Oh, Escobar! Thank god! Thank god! Please save me! Please! Please!"* she whispered desperately.

"Shhhhhhhhhh," he said to her lowly. He twisted off the top of the water bottle and put it to her lips. *"Here, drink,"* he whispered.

She drank it hungrily. She had never been so thirsty. He let her drink the whole thing. When she was done, he put the cap back on and placed the bottle aside.

*"Help me, Escobar!"* she pleaded again. *"Untie me, please, please, please!"*

He ran his boney hand over her head. *"God forgive me, I cannot,"* he replied sadly. *"These men are evil. There's my wife, my children. I'm sorry, mi pobre hijo,"* he said softly.

*"Please! Please! Please!"* she returned, her voice rising. *"For the love of god, please, Escobar, please!"*

Escobar panicked. *"Keep your voice down!"* he hissed. His hand found the wet sock. He brushed it briefly on his leg and he brought it back to her mouth.

*"No! No! No!"* she squealed. *"Don't do it, Escobar! Don't do it!"*

*"Forgive me, child,"* he said sadly. He grabbed her jaw and forced the sock inside her teeth. His hands were strong from dozens of years of hard labor. She tried to resist, but the slimy ball of compressed cloth slid in.

*"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"* she moaned desperately. Escobar placed his hand on her hair and bowed his head. She could see the prayers forming on his lips. Then, without looking at her, he whispered, *"God preserve you my child,"* got up and slinked away.

She burst into sobs.

She lay there all day. Heads would peek in from time to time and several times men came in to check her bonds. They didn't find it necessary to retie her though. She had peed again several times and she was wallowing in her odor. One of the men made a disgusted sounding noise and gave her a kick. *"You're a pig!"* he told her. *"You stink!"*

The sounds of the regular activities of the barn continued throughout the day. She was hungry and tired and slept fitfully for a little while. She tried to assuage the terror of what was going to happen to her with prayer, but it was slight relief. God hadn't stopped Estevez from killing her father, nor had he stopped the bullets which had ended her mother's life. Why would he come and save her now? All she could do was plead with him to spare her pain and humiliation and shame. Whatever Estevez had planned for her it would be horrible, she knew it.

It had grown dark again. She heard the barn door open. A few moments later they came to get her. They released her ankles and drew her to her feet. Her knees buckled and they held her up. They pulled her out into the corridor and out to the barn door. She saw that a horse trailer had been backed up to it. It's rear door was open. Estevez was standing there. He was dressed now in crisp blue jeans and a short sleeved, collared pullover shirt. She recognized it as her father's.

*"You're going on a little trip, conchita,"* he told her icily. *"We'll meet again soon. You're going to have lots of fun, I promise you."*

He looked down and saw her drenched underpants and stained thighs. Her whole front was covered with dust and dirt and bits of hay. Escobar was

standing by sheepishly. “*You!*” Estevez spat at him. “*Wash her down first!*” They men dragged her outside. One of them pulled down her panties and drew them over her feet. Escobar had the hose and he began to spray her with the icy cold water while two men held her arms. She squealed and tried to twist and turn, but the water kept coming. Escobar made sure he washed her conch clean and down the insides of her thighs. She could see that he was crying.

“*Enough!*” Estevez barked. “*Get her in the trailer!*”

The men dragged her over to the rear of the trailer, pulled her up into it and dragged her to the middle. Her hands were untied from behind her and then retied in front. They were lifted over her head and tied to part of the frame of the ceiling. She twisted and turned, squealed and cried, but they were too strong for her. Her feet were pulled apart and spread wide and then tied off to the wall on either side. She was crying and sobbing. She was facing the front of the trailer, her back to the entrance. The men who had tied her stepped back and Estevez slipped by her and came to her front. He had something in his hand.

“I’ve got something for you,” he said snidely. His hand worked the ball of socks free from her mouth. She stretched and exercised her jaw. She looked at Estevez, who was illuminated by the small light on the ceiling above her. It shined down on his face, making him look demonic. “*Por favor,*” she eked out to him. He grabbed her face by the cheeks, spreading her mouth and she felt something thick and leathery pushed past her lips. It rammed up against the back of her throat and spread her lips widely. Someone behind her buckled it tightly closed.

“*That should keep you nice and quiet,*” he told her. He tapped her cheek firmly with his heavy hand. “*You’re so pretty. And you’re going to have lots of fun where you’re going. I’ll look forward to seeing you.*”

He dropped her hands to her breasts, seizing them and mauling them. Then he lowered a hand to her crux and stroked and massaged her sex. She squirmed and squealed and tried to move her hips away from him, but he just squeezed her pussy lips together harshly, making her whine. “*And where you’re going you’ll learn to be obedient,*” he sneered at her. “*Your pretty little pussy doesn’t belong to you anymore. It belongs to me. Remember that.*”

He tapped her cheek again harshly and laughed. He snuck past her and stepped out of the trailer. The light above her went out, plunging her into darkness. The door behind her was slammed shut and locked. It covered the whole of the back so nobody could see in. A few moments later the trailer erupted into vibrations as the engine of the pickup truck that was hitched to it started up. A few moments after that, it was in motion.

The trailer bumped and jerked along the dirt driveway and then it turned to the left and was on hard macadam. They drove and drove and drove. The trailer seemed to bump and jerk at every divot in the road. They stopped and turned several times and she imagined the scene outside, the roads she had travelled on many, many times. The trailer slowed and turned and then sped up. Then they were on a smooth highway that went on and on and on.

She cried and tugged at her bonds, but they were implacable. She choked and coughed as the thick wad of leather in her mouth abutted her throat. She was in complete darkness except when the lights of a vehicle behind them lit up through the slats built in for circulation. Then her surroundings became all too visible and she would begin to cry again.

She had to pee several times, but not too much since she hadn't had anything to drink since Escobar had slipped her water earlier in the day. She just let it flow beneath her onto the hay strewn floor like one of the horses who would ordinarily be riding there. She was very, very hungry and her stomach yearned for food.

The time went on and on. Her arms ached and her feet ached. She tried to alleviate it by shifting her weight from side to side, but it didn't help much. She cried about her mother and father, cried for everything that she had lost, cried in fear about what was going to happen to her. She was ashamed at her nakedness, something the men could see as soon as they came into the trailer. She could still feel Colonel Estevez's hands on her breasts, his hand on her mons. Her sex belonged to him, that's what he said. She could never bring herself to use or even think the word pussy.

And he said that she would learn to be obedient. What did he mean by that? She knew that something sexual was going to happen to her, Estevez's meaning was obvious on that score, and she thought of how the men had used her poor mother before they executed her like a lame horse. She thought of Escobar and his sad face and how he had been her last hope of salvation. Part of her was angry at him, called him a coward and an ingrate, a traitor to her family. But the other part knew how vicious the colonel's men were and she understood why he had been so afraid. They had just murdered two people right in front of him apparently entirely convinced that the fear they instilled in him and the two young, immigrant stable boys would be enough to guarantee their silence.

She thought of her horse, Klondike, and the fact that Estevez would own him now. And college and everything she would miss. She was sorry now that she had never had a real boyfriend, not only someone who would miss and pine for her, but who she could miss and pine for too. And then there was the sex thing. It would have been better to have loosened her morals a bit and had

her first time as something wonderful and sweet and loving instead of whatever was going to happen to her now. She didn't know how she was going to be able to live through it.

It was a little more than a 20 hour ride to the Red Dawn House of Comfort. The trailer had stopped several times, but she could only emit muffled garbled sounds and try to shake the trailer to attract anyone's attention that might be near. They would think, if they could hear her at all, that it was just the horse inside. The driver and whoever else was up front with him would gas up and they would be on their way. They pulled to the side after they had gassed up and she figured that the men were using the toilet or something. A couple of times she heard a heavy knock on the outside of the trailer and a man's voice would shout, "How are we doing in there, conchita? Nice and comfy?" And he would laugh. They pulled up to a couple of fast food places and she could hear the tinny voices of the workers inside. She would yell and scream and try and rock the trailer from side to side, but after a minute or so the trailer just pulled away like nothing was wrong. Twice the men came in and checked her bindings to make sure that they were fast. Each time they seized and mauled her breasts and sex or slapped her viciously on her backside, making her squeal.

Light came back when the dawn rose, but it was faint, just what could seep in through the slats. She hung there listlessly as the ride went on and on. The trailer slowed and came to a stop and turned and she sensed that they were on a secondary road. They drove for a while, made several turns and then the road became bumpy. She knew they were at their destination when she felt the trailer stop and begin to back up.

Coldness swept through her. They were going to teach her to be obedient. What did that mean? She had a vision of whips and chains and terrible, terrible people and her screaming and sobbing and writhing in pain. She decided that she would do anything that they told her, that she wouldn't resist a bit. She would wait and wait and wait and then somehow escape.

And, as we know, she never did escape. And she did learn to be obedient. And there were whips and chains and terrible people who did terrible things to her. They made her wait in the trailer for a long time before they released her. When someone entered the van behind her, she felt his hands run down her sides, down over her rear cheeks, reach around her and fondle her breasts. "Very nice," a heavy voice said.

A black bag was thrust over her head and she was released from the trailer. Hard, male hands had to hold her up when they undid her wrists from the overhead and she was more or less dragged out of the trailer. She was weeping and whining when they brought her into the house and down the



stairs. She was tied off again, her hands this time spread up on either side of her. When the bag was removed from her head, there was a fierce looking Asian man in front of her.

He whipped her. He examined her sex, getting her moist and slipping his fingers into her part way until they reached her barrier. He made her come, to her shame. He soldered the silvery confinements on her. He left her alone for a long, long time in the darkness. When he returned, he bathed her and then, to her great relief, let her eat. He taught her to rise up and go down and assume the various positions when he clapped his hands. She obeyed him, terror in her heart. And then, to her ultimate horror, he made her take his cock into her mouth and suck him off. She coughed and sputtered and choked when he came. He put her over his thigh and made her come again, twice.

Her sessions were not dissimilar to Sally's. He used her rear, but he didn't penetrate her sex. He used it every other way though. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed when he tattooed the daisy on her belly and the stars around her now denuded mons.

She didn't know how long it was, but it seemed like days and days and days later, when he came down he placed a bag over her head and connected her ankles together with a chain. He brought her upstairs and into a room. He made her kneel up at attention, her arms bound behind her. She could hear men coming in. They were chatting in a strange language and chuckling to each other. She felt their eyes all over her. When the bag was whipped off, there were seven Asian men kneeling at a long, semi-circular table in front of her. They were wearing light blue robes and were drinking and eating. The man who had been tormenting her, teaching her obedience, as Colonel Estevez had warned her, was behind her.

He knelt behind her and made her come, like he had done a dozen times before. He made her kneel up and suck him while all the men watched. She was horrified and shamed, but she didn't dare disobey him. The other men all denoted their appreciation of the display by catcalls and applause when both she and he came.

Then everything came to a halt. The man made her kneel up. A young girl dressed in a black scanty maid's outfit brought a deep bowl over to the men, holding it high. Starting from the right, the men reached into it and pulled out little white rubber balls. When the bowl reached the fourth man, the ball he pulled out was blue. All the men exclaimed their congratulations.

Her 'teacher' released her hands from behind her back and ordered her to lie down, her head away from the men. Her wrists were affixed to something above behind her. Her legs were spread and brought back and affixed to rings. Something was slipped under her rear, elevating it. Her naked pussy was

exposed to the men in all of its glory, the seven stars which adorned it proudly proclaiming her as a whore. The man who had pulled the blue ball, a short, squat muscular man, came around the table and pulled off his robe. She saw the seven stars tattooed across his chest among a plethora of others and up and down his arms and legs. His cock was heavy and was protruding from his short, black, wiry pubic hair. He pulled on his cock several times and turned to the other men. They laughed and joked and called out their encouragement to him.

He turned back and knelt between her outstretched thighs. “*Por favor! Por favor! Por favor! Don’t do this, don’t do this!*” her mind screamed.

Her pussy was still mussed and dilated from her teacher’s ministrations. The man leaned over her, one hand on the mat to her side, the other holding his cock. He looked down and smiled at her lasciviously. She felt his cock slide up and down her crevasse several times. She squirmed and whined, but she dared not utter any words or sounds of protest. She felt him lodge in her entrance. She squirmed her hips and arched her back, but could not dislodge him. The men behind him were calling out encouragement.

He looked down at her evilly and then thrust his hips forward savagely. His cock tore through her barrier and she screamed. She wept and sobbed and whined and moaned as he sawed himself within her. He pumped and pumped and pumped excitedly. His hand grabbed her cheeks and he thrust his tongue in her mouth, scouring the insides. His heavy weight was down on her, pressing against her breasts. She felt a fullness down below that she had never imagined what it would be like, but her mind was mostly on her agony and her shame so she didn’t fully appreciate it. Finally, the man grunted and groaned and started slamming himself into her hard. Then, just as suddenly, he slowed, collapsed on top of her and released a long, pleased sigh.

The man rose and bowed to his friends. They called out their congratulations and admiration for his lustful performance and good luck. It was considered good luck among the Seven Stars gang to deflower a virgin and they did it whenever they got the chance, which wasn’t too often since they were forbidden to take girls under 18. In Korea it was much different, of course, since Korean girls were not slutty like American ones.

The man from downstairs leaned over and restored to her mouth the gag she had been wearing when she came upstairs. A black bag was pulled over her head. She lay there with her legs spread, blood and sperm leaking from her pussy while the men laughed and joked. After a while, she was released, her hands confined behind her again and the bag pulled from her head. The ever silent man from downstairs made her blow him again for the other men’s amusement and titillation, she would prove to be very popular with them later,

and then he gagged and hooded her again and returned her downstairs where he beat her viciously and left her hanging upside down for many hours.

After that, he began using her pussy as he had her other entrances and although it shamed her, she got to appreciate what pleasure a cock inside her tunnel could bring. She was fully ready for her whorish duties when she was brought upstairs and she replaced the prior Daisy, whoever she was, and joined the coffle, second in line, where she had been for almost three years.

Colonel Estevez showed up about three weeks after she became a full-fledged whore. He came early, about 10 a.m., and her regular activities were disrupted. She had been vacuuming the club room where the men played cards when she was bound and leashed and brought out to him in the main room. She sobbed and cried as he led her upstairs and to her room. He didn't say anything to her, just used her savagely. She whined and cried and tried to fight him off, but he slapped and punched her in the body and thighs and forced himself upon her. He whipped her brutally both with the slasher and the flogger and then used her again.

The mistress cleaned her and fed her afterwards and she was brought back to her room and left gagged and hogtied on the bed. Estevez came back in the afternoon and used her again. This time he held her head down while she was on her knees and her hands locked behind her, and used his hand to make her come three times in a row before he fucked her and made her come twice more. He used her again that night after dinner, shoving his cock deep down her throat and making her choke and gag and whine and cry.

The next morning Madam Jang announced that she would be punished for being disobedient to the colonel and sentenced her to fifteen strokes of the steel switch to be administered three strokes a day for the next five days. The next time Colonel Estevez came, about six weeks later, she docilely, but energetically, submitted to him.

He would come about every six weeks or so, sometimes for several days and sometimes for just one. He always came in the morning and used her several times during the day. Sometimes he would use her in the morning and then come back in the late afternoon with other men, sometimes Hispanic, like him, but with regular Americans too. They all had short hair and carried themselves with a military air. He would watch the men use her in the 'play room' as she thought of it, and as Madam Jang called it, downstairs, drinking and eating and smoking cigars. He would make her perform for them with one of the other girls, or with one of the maids if the whores were all in use. Later, after dinner, he would fuck her alone up in her room, or sometimes take one of the other slave girls, but, if he did, he always got a blow job from her while sitting in the main room in one of the leather chairs before he left.

He hadn't been there for a while, but he was due later this week, Thursday, and he was bringing General Milton Hardwick, commander of Tinker Air Force Base near Oklahoma City, and Sid Blumenthal, an operative from the National Security Agency with him.

Daisy also didn't know that she would be leaving with him in a few months. His tour as military attaché to the Honduran Embassy was coming to a close. He had been promoted to general and appointed military commander of the special economic district created up in the remote northwest of the country. The special economic zones were being created as semi-autonomous regions which would be separately governed and not strictly regulated under Honduran law. Estevez had purchased a huge cattle ranch there and he planned to convert Amanda into a ponygirl. He had purchased a gilded sulky and hired a trainer so that he could race her next spring in the rapidly developing sport.

It was an unusual arrangement for Gyong to make. Estevez had delivered the girl to him without charge on the condition that he could take her when he left. In turn, Gyong had the benefit of her use and connected him to the Oklahoma City Rogues to whom he delivered ten good looking, young, Mestizo peasant girls every six weeks or so via military flight from Tecucigalpa to Tinker Air Force Base. A truck would be waiting and the girls would be whisked away to be distributed to Rogues' whorehouses around the country.

Gyong had a connection with a Chinese tong in Los Angeles and the plane would load up ten or so unhappy pretty, young undocumented Chinese girls who had been smuggled in under pretext from the mainland and trucked by the Seven Stars to the Midwest. They would be flown the other way for distribution throughout Central America where they were considered delightfully exotic. Gyong received a commission on both loads, which he split with the Seven Stars, and Estevez made a profit on both ends. And he always made a stop at the Red Dawn House on his way back to Washington so he could fuck Amanda.

General Hardwick, who was coming with him this Thursday after the return flight to Tecucigalpa had been cleared, also received a hefty gratuity.

But, as had been said, Daisy was completely unaware of all of this. Her wish to be moved on from the Red Dawn House was soon to be granted but in a way that she could hardly imagine. She rolled herself over to her side, closed her eyes and tried to think about Klondike and happier days both past and, hopefully, to come. She soon fell asleep.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Sally awoke to a banging on her cell door. She sat up quickly, startled. It was Seong-ja and she was beating the steel framework with the butt end of her flogger. Mi-jung, the other, heftier mistress, was banging on the doors to the cells on the other side. They were both yelling, "Wakee, wakee, wakee! All whores wakee, wakee, wakee!"

A deep emptiness opened up in her belly. This was the first full day of her regular career here. She looked at her surroundings through the crossed steel bars of her cage. She was here. She was really here. It had not all been a horrible dream.

She sank back down on her pillow. There was nowhere she could go until she was unchained, even though she had just enough movement to sit up. The horrid gag was still in her mouth. She pressed down upon the spongy ball trying to wish it away. She heard the sound of cage doors being unlocked and girls being roused. Seong-ja started on the other end, with Tulip. She watched the girl shuffle off quickly to the bathroom, her ankle chains reinstalled. She watched as Chrysanthemum was released. She shuffled off. Seong-ja next came to her cage, turned the lock and opened the door. She leaned over and released her neck chain and then the chain that connected her ankle to the bed. She pulled harshly on the ring to her collar until she was sitting up, her hands still locked into prayer position. Seong-ja took her ankle chain from the bed stand, connected her ankles and then disconnected her hands. She clapped her hands several times and shouted, "Go! Go! Go!"

It was like waking up in boot camp in those war films her father liked to watch. She shuffled quickly off to the bathroom. Some of the girls were already coming out. She had to piss badly and she shuffled back and forth on her feet as the black girl with the rose on her belly finished up. She wiped herself quickly, rose from the seat and rushed by, brushing against Sally's arm. Sally quickly got on the seat and let her water go. Chrysanthemum was sitting next to her. When she finished and dashed off, Sally was still depositing a steady stream. Again she was the last one in the bathroom. "Come on! Come on! Come on! Come on!" she demanded as she tried to force her flow to go faster. She was still dribbling slightly when she seized a handful of the surprisingly soft toilet paper and wiped herself. She flushed the toilet and shuffled back to the main room as fast as she could.

All the girls were standing at attention shoulder to shoulder, with a gap where she was supposed to be. She suppressed a sob and took her place. One

by one, starting with Carnation, the girls were called up. Seong-ja bound their hands behind them and Mi-jung connected the coffle chains. When everybody was connected, they stood at attention and waited. About ten minutes later, Madam Jang came in. She was wearing a blue and green housedress and had not yet applied her makeup. The mistresses were wearing just their underpants and sandals.

The line was shuffled through the inner door and then through the outer gate. They passed the gate to the downstairs on their left and proceeded down the hall. On the left, Madam Jang, who was leading them, stopped by a door. She punched in some numbers, placed her thumb on the reader and the lock popped open. She stood by as Seong-Ja led them in.

The room was large, larger than the training room downstairs. Like the downstairs it was covered by a blue mat. Madam Jang and the mistresses kicked off their slippers at the entrance. The line went to the left and headed towards the wall. About 15' away from it, they turned right, made a line and came to attention. Madam Jang walked to the center of the line and called something out. The girls all turned to the left so that they were facing her. She clapped her hands twice and they all fell to their knees at attention. Mi-jung went down the line and disconnected the coffle chains. Seong-ja brought a small stanchion from the corner of the room and set it up in front of the girls. It was about three feet high. It had two wide sheets of wood joined and rounded off at the top and spread out at the base to form a triangle. It was painted bright green. There were several whips hanging on the wall behind it.

Madam Jang stood before the stanchion. All the girls gave her an obsequious bow. She nodded back.

"Carnation!" she called out sharply. "Present!"

The girl who was Carnation scrambled to her feet and dashed to a spot a few feet away from her. She brought herself into attention position.

Madam Jang turned to the rest of them. "Carnation been very naughty girl. Carnation brought shame to house. A guest brought son here to learn physical love and Carnation failed him. This very, very bad. Boy was very nervous. But, as *Eomeo-nim* have told whores many time, if a session is unsatisfactory it always whore fault!"

She turned back to Carnation who was trembling. She brought her hand to her gag and pulled it from her mouth. "So, what Carnation got to say?" she asked her brusquely.

Lips trembling, Carnation replied in a slight, tremulous voice unused to speaking, "C-carnation apologize to *Eomeo-nim* for bringing shame to house. C-carnation beg *Eomeo-nim* punish stupid slave girl." Her eyes were tear filled. Her face evidenced her dire distress.

“Fifteen strokes with slasher three a day for five day,” Madam Jang pronounced. “There be no rec time for Carnation and no dessert for one week. Boy be back tomorrow. Carnation please boy or Carnation be sent to retraining.”

Tears were flowing down Carnation’s face. Nobody wanted to be sent to retraining. She had never gone, but she had seen the girls coming back from it sad and morose. They would cry quietly in their beds after the mistresses went to sleep. They also exhibited a rabid need to obey and renewed alacrity in their duties, so, all in all, retraining seemed to work as intended.

Madam Jang nodded to Mi-jung who removed the long, narrow steel whip from the wall. She handed the whip to Madam Jang. Madam Jang told Carnation to take her place on the stanchion. She hesitated, looked at Madam Jang as if seeking pity and, seeing none, knelt down before it. She leaned her torso over it. Her torso disappeared down the far side and her back side and thighs were presented. Having experienced or witnessed punishments many times, she moved her feet together without having to be told.

Madam Jang drew the whip back behind her and then advanced it swiftly. It made a zipping noise as it moved through the air and a sharp snapping sound as it struck Carnation across the top portion of her proffered buttocks. Carnation released a wail and her whole body shuddered. A long red line appeared immediately.

Madam Jang drew the slasher, as she called it, back again and then brought it forward with immense force. There was a, ‘whzzzzzzzzzz,’ and then another snapping sound as the steel made contact with Carnation’s buttocks about 6” lower than the first blow. Carnation stiffened again and screeched. As Madam Jang brought the slasher back for the third blow, Carnation broke out into doleful sobs. Madam Jang waited for a few moments. Carnation’s bound hands were twisting and turning, writhing in their confines. Her body had broken out in sweat. Finally, Madam Jang brought the slasher forward with all of her might. There was the ‘whzzzzzzzz,’ and slapping sound again and Carnation’s sobs increased. She wailed and her body shuddered. The whip had landed across the back of her joined thighs.

Madam Jang gave Carnation a few moments to wallow in her dismay and then clapped her hands together loudly one time. Carnation rose immediately and brought herself to attention before Madam Jang. She struggled to contain her sobs. Tears were flowing down her face.

“What Carnation say?” she asked her sharply.

Lips trembling, Carnation eked out, “C-carnation thank *Eomeo-nim* for punishing Carnation and promises *Eomeo-nim* and Carnation sisters to do better not to bring shame on house.”

“Very good,” Madam Jang replied curtly. She held out her whipping hand, the whip still in it. Carnation bent her head and kissed her hand seemingly lovingly. Madam Jang, who had kept her gag in her left hand all the time, presented it to Carnation’s lips. Her crying had subsided, but her eyes were all reddened and puffy. She opened her lips sadly. Madam Jang thrust the gag in.

“Okay, take place,” she said softly.

Carnation scurried over to her spot and knelt down in attention position. Madam Jang turned back to them. Sally was beside herself. She had been whipped, yes, but she had never seen someone else whipped before. It somehow seemed to make it more brutal and cruel. And she knew that she was due for a punishment. She trembled and tears came to her eyes. “Oh, please don’t do it! Please don’t do it!” she begged in her mind.

“Poppy!” Madam Jang called out. “Present!”

Poppy, the girl to Sally’s right, rose immediately and rushed shuffling to where Madam Jan stood. She stiffened herself and thrust out her breasts.

Madam Jang turned to the line of kneeling, attentive slave girls. “Poppy being punished because last week, when honored Seven Stars guest, Myong-ssi, was given leash to go upstairs Poppy make many noisy tears and make honorable guest drag Poppy across room. Poppy brought shame upon house. Whores have no right to choose how and who they serve and no right to make resistance to guest. Poppy very, very naughty. This be Poppy six day of ten day punishment.”

She reached out and removed Poppy’s gag. “What Poppy have to say?” she asked.

Poppy’s face scrunched up into a masque of dismay. Tears had formed in her eyes. You could see her breasts quivering and she drew in a frightened breath. “P-poppy apologize to *Eomeo-nim* for bringing shame to house. P-poppy beg *Eomeo-nim* punish stupid slave girl.”

Madam Jang nodded at the stanchion. Poppy took her place. You could see the fading lines of red that had been etched there previously running from just below her waist all the way down to her ankles.

One, two, three. Madam Jang patiently and forcefully applied three blows to Poppy’s body, one atop the others on her rear, one on her thighs in an empty place, and one across the back of her shins. New long lines took their place amidst the old. Poppy wailed and wailed and sobbed, even harder than Carnation. She was blubbering uncontrollably when Madam Jang ordered her back to her feet. Madam Jang waited a few moments patiently for her to stop. She finally got control of herself and presented her tear stained face to her.

“What Poppy say?” she demanded.



Lips trembling, Poppy squeaked out, “P-poppy thank *Eomeo-nim* for punishing Poppy and promise to *Eomeo-nim* and to Poppy sisters to do better not to bring shame on house.”

“That good,” Madam Jang replied. She presented the gag to Poppy’s lips. The girl accepted it, but waited for Madam Jang’s command to resume her place.

Madam Jang gave one of her breasts a solid tweak. “Myong-ssi coming tonight. Poppy obey and be good whore or next time *Eomeo-nim* give Poppy the cane. Understood?”

“...eh ...ee-ohe-im,” Poppy said trepidatiously from behind her gag.

“Ok. Take place,” Madam Jang commanded.

Sally knew that she was next. Her stomach quailed and she felt like she was about to break out into sobs. Then she heard her name, “Lotus! Present!” Terror flashed through her. She wanted to get up and run away, but there was no place to run to. She didn’t want to shame herself in front of the other girl’s and to have them see her meekly submit to cruel discipline.

She felt like a schoolgirl in some pornographic English boarding school story. Emily Masterson had had a book with stories like that in it and she had borrowed it once. She had only read one story, the one where the girls had a cruel headmistress who liked to whip their naked behinds and feel their ‘cunnies’ as the story referred to them. She had to admit that it made her ‘cunny’ burn a little, but she had decided that it was too sinful and she had given the book back to Emily the next day.

And now she was in her own ‘schoolmistress’ story. Even worse! She leapt to her feet despite her qualms and ran the few steps it took to take a position next to Madam Jang. She brought herself to immediate attention. Madam Jang still had the slasher in her hand. She was tapping it across her palm. She gave her a cold look. Last night she had been fucking her and had even joked with her. Today she was going to whip her!

Madam Jang turned to the other slave girls. “Lotus a lazy, lazy whore!” she declaimed emphatically. “Lotus dawdle in shower and Lotus slump when Lotus stand. It be very bad, bad, beginning. Lotus need be taught lesson. Lotus see, Lotus be good whore, Lotus be happy. Lotus be naughty whore, lazy whore, Lotus be very unhappy.” She turned to Sally and plucked out her gag. “What Lotus say,” she demanded severely.

Sally hesitated. She knew that she needed to produce the right formulation. “L-lotus,” she began, to her terror she almost said Sally, “apologize to *Eomeo-nim* for being lazy whore. L-lotus beg *Eomeo-nim* punish stupid slave girl.”

Her voice cracked when she said it. She was standing with her feet spread as far as they would go, but if her knees had been together they would have been knocking. Her eyes flitted from Madam Jang's stern face to the whip she had in her hand. How many blows would she get? Over how many days? *Abeo-nim* had whipped her with a slasher downstairs and it had been excruciating. She felt like she was going to throw up.

Madam Jang's eyes were piercing her. She knew that judgment was going to be pronounced and she feared it horribly.

"Nine stroke flogger, three a day for three day," Madam Jang intoned solemnly. Sally gasped and released a whine. "Nine strokes!" she thought inside. For being late from the shower, for forgetting to stand tall? Didn't she get any mercy for it being her first day? Apparently not. But there was something that she knew well; she would take a quick shower from now on and stand at attention whenever on her feet. She never wanted to be whipped for those offenses again! Or any others! Although it seemed inevitable that she would.

Madam Jang looked at Sally harshly. "What Lotus waiting for?" she yelled shrilly. Sally moved off at once and took her place at the stanchion. Mistress Mi-jung brought over the flogger and exchanged it for the slasher which she remounted on the wall. Madam Jang swung the many tasseled flogger back and then brought it forward with all of her might, lifting her heels off of the floor. Sally screamed. Fire erupted across her buttocks. The next blow came about ten seconds later. The tassels tore into the back of her thighs and she screamed again and started wailing. Ten seconds later, the third blow landed on her rear again. Sally released an anguished wail. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. She almost didn't hear Madam Jang clap her hands. She struggled to her feet and resumed the attention position before her.

"What Lotus say?" Madam Jang spat at her.

"L-lotus thank *Eomeo-nim* for punishing Lotus and promise *Eomeo-nim* and Lotus sisters to do better not to be lazy whore!" Sally barked back at her desperately. Her behind and thighs burned terribly. She pulled and twisted at her bound arms. She felt like she had to pee.

"Lotus better!" Madam Jang retorted harshly. "Lotus be naughty this week before Sunday, *Eomeo-nim* give all sister whores three strokes of flogger! Lotus get fifteen stroke over three day! Understand?"

Sally had barely brought her sobbing under control. This news threatened to bring them on all over again. But that would be naughty. She would be punished. And so would all the other girls who would hate her forever and ever. It was a miserable position to be in. She knew that she wouldn't be able to talk to the other girls, but she did want them to like her, needed for them to

like her, so they would do things like what Chrysanthemum had done last night in reminding her about the makeup remover. No one would ever do anything like that again. She would be miserably alone. It would be horrible!

Madam Jang presented her gag to her. Sally opened her mouth and accepted it. She waited for Madam Jang to tell her she could go back to her place in line. When she did, she felt like all the eyes of the other girls were on her, despising her, wishing her dead.

Madam Jang waited a moment and then clapped her hands once. All the girls rose. "Positions!" she called out. The girls shuffled off right away. Sally didn't know what to do. Everybody else seemed to know exactly where to go. She felt someone grab her arm harshly. It was Seong-ja. She pulled her to the second line of girls, in the back, and stuck her between Poppy and Chrysanthemum. Sally brought herself to attention. Seong-Ja and Mi-jung went around releasing everybody's ankles and unlocking their wrists. None of the girls moved and Sally made damn sure that she stood stock still.

They were standing three girls in front, from right to left, Carnation, Daisy, Rose, and in the second line, Poppy, her, Chrysanthemum and Tulip. The mistresses started leading them in enthusiastic exercises, much like the ones she had to do for Abeo-nim downstairs. But these were longer and harder. She thrust out her legs and did pushups, she did knee bends, she did all the things that she did downstairs. Mi-jung led the exercises, calling out the rapid tempo, while Seong-ja roamed among them, her tasseled whip in her hand. She struck Sally three times for being too slow or not performing up to standards. By the time they were done she was exhausted and full of tears. It wasn't fair! All the other girls were used to this! She was just starting! She felt like breaking out into sobs.

The mistresses came back around them while they huffed and puffed, their bodies dripping with sweat, and connected their wrists again. When they were all done, Mi-jung barked out a command. Carnation leaned to her right, ran to the wall, turned left and started running. Mi-jung barked again and Daisy took off. Then Rose. It was the second line's turn. First Poppy, then Sally, then Chrysanthemum and then Tulip.

They ran round and round. Mi-jung and Seong-ji monitored them, wandering around the room in their aggressive half nakedness as they ran, their hands locked behind them, their naked breasts flopping and jumping, their mouths blocked, drawing in what air they could through their noses. The room was about 75' long and 50' wide. The other girls seemed to be comfortably loping along, but Sally quickly found herself out of breath. The distance between her and Poppy ahead of her was increasing. She could hear Chrysanthemum coming up behind her. Seong-ji struck her several times with

the whip, yelling at her something in Korean. She went as fast as she could. Seong-ji was following her along, barking at her, yelling at her. Finally, after many, many laps, Mi-jung barked out another command and the next time Carnation came around she peeled off of the wall and headed for her original position. Daisy next and then Rose. Poppy led the way into the second line. Sally dragged herself behind her. It seemed that Chrysanthemum was right on her heels.

After Tulip pulled in, all the girls stood there breathing heavily. Sally was huffing and puffing to the extreme. It was almost impossible to get enough air in through her nose. Then she heard Madam Jang yell out, "Lotus, present!" She immediately started in motion and scrambled up to Madam Jang.

She stood there at attention, her chest still heaving.

"Lotus very lazy whore," Madam Jang pronounced. "Lotus do ten more laps. Now!" she clapped her hands. Sally turned and ran to the wall. When she reached it she turned left. She ran and ran and ran. Her thighs felt like they were filled with lead. Her lungs ached. She was exhausted. She ran as fast as she could. Seong-ji followed her around and struck her several times with her whip when she lagged. She sensed all the eyes of the other girls upon her. She was crying virulently, asking God why he had put her in such a terrible place. Finally she came to the tenth lap. She struggled hard to complete it. When she was done, Seong-ji yelled to her to "Get in place!"

She went and stood in her spot. She wanted desperately to bend over. Her legs felt like jelly. Her heart was pounding.

Mi-jung and Seong-ji reinstalled all of their ankle chains. Then they were called up one by one to form the coffle. When Tulip was hooked up, Madam Jang opened the door and, with Mi-jung leading, they all shuffled out and turned right to head back to their dorm. Madam Jang stayed behind.

It was the maid's turn now. Wook had been standing by the door to the maid's dormitory. When he saw the last slave girl go by, he opened it, roared out a command, and the maids all came marching out, naked as blue jays and headed for the exercise/punishment room. Madam Jang gave Maid No. 2 three strokes of the flogger for insolence to a guest and three to Maid No 3 five for her misbehavior the night before. She led them in their exercises, not quite as strenuous as the slave girls', and they were led back to their dorm.

In the slave's dorm, the girls all rushed to the showers when they were released. All they did was rinse off their sweat, pee, and come shuffling back to the main room. Sally was last again, but not by too much that she got punished.

They were lined up in their coffle. Mi-jung and Seong-ji had donned their house dresses. Off they went, through the door and outer door, to the main

gate, and then down the stairs. Sally shuffled along with the rest, bound, gagged, shamed and unhappy. She had no choice but to follow docilely down the stairs, no choice about being a forlorn prisoner, no choice about being a whore, no choice about being treated like the lowest, most demeaned slave of all time. It was body sickening to be so cruelly used.

She wanted her body to explode, to blast away all her bonds, maybe to all of a sudden have her body erupt and grow larger and larger and stronger and stronger, her super powers emerging like the Hulk did in the movies, her muscles tearing through the confining steel that she wore like they were made of paper. She would tear the mistresses to pieces, roaring out her anger like a terrible beast. She would hunt down *Eomeo-nim* and tear her arms and legs from her body and pound her head into pulp. She would take *Abeo-nim* by the feet and dash his body against the walls until all the bones were broken. She would smash the faces of the guards until they were unrecognizable. She would hunt down the men who had used her, the men who had kidnapped her and deal with them too. And all the evil men and women in the world wherever they could be found.

They would have to call out the Army and the National Guard to oppose her. She would brush them aside like they were toys. People would flee, a special meeting would be called at the U.N. They would devise all kinds of ways to defeat her, bombs, poisons, tanks, rockets, nuclear weapons, but they would bounce off of her like rubber balls. And when she was done exacting her revenge, she would make all the governments in the world sit down and make peace and spread the wealth around so that no child ever went hungry again, no child ever died from lack of medical care. She would find a cave way up in the Himalayas and she would live there, ready to return if the countries of the world broke their bond with her. Thousands of people would come to express their thanks every day. It would be like a holy pilgrimage and she would emerge from the cave and give people her blessing.

That's what she would do if she could. But of course, she couldn't. All she could do was follow the naked, chained body in front of her wherever they were taking them. All she could do is obey unless she wanted to be punished. Madam Jang had beaten her with the flogger. It was heavier and stiffer, it seemed, than the floggers carried by the mistresses or which Madam Jang carried on her belt. Those floggers stung, but the one that *Eomeo-nim* had used on her just a little while ago had been agonizing. And *Eomeo-nim* had put her all into it. And she was to get three more tomorrow and three more the day after that! She was going to lead a dismal, brutal life. Somehow she had to get out of it. Something had to happen! She couldn't spend the rest of her life this way! God wouldn't abandon her! Somehow he would get her free! Despite all

the poison that *Eomeo-nim* had poured into her mind, she had to continue to believe in God's goodness, his love. Look at Job. He lost everything, his wealth, his family, his health, and he continued loving God and God gave him back everything many times over. Like Job, she had to have faith.

They went down to the second floor, shuffled down the long hall and then went down the main stairs. Seong-ji led them into the kitchen. They filed in along the wall and waited for the command to turn. Mi-jung, bringing up the rear barked it out and all the girls turned to their left. Mi-jung clapped her hands twice and all the girls sank to their knees on the little pads set out for them. Seong-ji went behind them, removed their coifle chains and connected the long chains anchored in the wall to the backs of their collars. Mi-jung held her hand out, palm towards the row of girls and pushed it forward. All the girls sat back on their haunches.

The cook's assistant had prepared a tray of large glasses, all filled with the greenish herbal concoction *Abeo-nim* had been feeding her downstairs. Their gags were removed and placed on the rubber mats in front of them. Seong-ji and Mi-jung went down the line of girls making sure that each one of them drank a glassful dry. Sally had to suppress her sobs when Seong-ji put the glass to her lips and tilted it back. She felt like she was being fed poison. The liquid came so fast that she had a hard time swallowing it and some backed up in her mouth and dribbled down her chin. Seong-ji pulled the glass back and gave her a mighty slap. She wailed as she absorbed the blow. Seong-ji went back to the counter and had the cook's assistant to fill her glass up again. Then she brought it back to Sally and restarted the procedure. Sally gulped the viscous flow down until the glass was empty. Seong-ji smiled at her and patted her cheek.

*Abeo-nim* was sitting at the small square table dressed in beige chinos and a maroon short sleeved shirt. He was drinking coffee and reading from his I-Pad. He gave the girls a casual glance when they paraded in and then went back to his reading. The cook's assistant laid a bowl filled with oatmeal mixed with raisins and walnut pieces in front of each girl. Mi-jung gave them a command and they all bent down to eat. Mi-jung and Seong-ji took their own bowls from the steel counter where the assistant had placed them, poured themselves mugs of coffee from the large coffee maker and took their places at the large round table.

Sally tried to fight off her gloom as she ate. The oatmeal was good. It was laced with honey. The other girls, more adept at eating like animals, finished before she did. They all licked their bowls clean and then returned to their 'at ease' kneeling position. The cook's assistant came by and poured milk into all of their bowls. Without the necessity of a command, the girls bent down and started lapping it up.

While they were drinking their milk, *Eomeo-nim* came in with the maids all lined up behind her. They each took a bowl of mush and a large glass of milk from the steel counter and went to the second round table where they began to eat morosely. They were wearing the short little slate blue dresses Sally had seen them in yesterday. Wook came in behind them, followed shortly by the other guards. They received their breakfasts and coffee and went to the table where Seong-ji and Mi-jung were eating.

The room was filled with the sounds of pleasant conversation in their strange tongue. Sometimes one or more of the voices would laugh. *Eomeo-nim* and *Abeo-nim* were chatting amiably. It seemed that the whole 'family' was there. Sally, after lapping up every drop of her milk, sat back and waited for someone to come by and clean her face. This time it was the cook's assistant, who smiled and said something to each of them as he mushed their faces with the wet cloth, tweaking a breast here and there. When he was done, he came back down the line and installed their gags and then picked up their bowls.

The girls waited for their betters to finish their meal. The assistant came by with a pot of coffee and gave everybody who wanted it refills. Sally just knelt there morosely, experiencing the injustice of it all. Finally, *Eomeo-nim* rose from the square table and everyone else rose too. Mi-jung came in front of them and clapped her hands once. All the girls rose to standing position. Sally made sure that she arched her back and thrust her breasts out as far as they would go. Seong-ji went behind them disconnecting them from the wall. They were ordered to turn left and their coffer chains were connected. They were marched out of the kitchen in reverse order. The maids marched out behind them.

Some of the maids peeled off and ran upstairs. The slave girls were led to a large closet in the back room. Mi-jung opened the double doors. Inside were a number of vacuums and other cleaning supplies. Some were issued out to the maids, who ran off to get to work, and then the girls were released one by one, their wrists freed and supplies doled out to them. Each time, Mi-jung told the girl what her assignment would be. Sally was handed a small battery operated vacuum. Seong-ji ordered her to follow her. She brought her out to the main room and showed her the stairs. Sally understood at once.

One of the maids was vacuuming the main room. Polly had a spray can and was wiping down all the leather chairs. Tulip had a bottle of Pledge and was wiping down the tables and dusting the frames of the prints on the walls. Sally trudged to the top of the stairs. The blond haired maid was vacuuming the maroon rug in the hallway there. Sally knelt on the steps, turned on the little machine and started working her way back down. She was extra careful to vacuum up every little spot of dust. She knew that her work would be

inspected and she didn't want to be punished. The steps were broad and there were twelve of them and it took her a while to get to the bottom. When she was done, she turned off the machine and stood at attention.

Mi-jung came over and inspected her work. She seemed to be satisfied. She took the small vacuum from her and handed her a can of pledge and a cloth. She made her to understand that she was to clean the banisters. Sally stepped carefully back up the stairs and got to work. Two of the guards came by with large bundles of sheets and towels tied in string. Last night, before they all went to bed, the dirty sheets and towels collected by the girls had been brought down to the back hall and stuffed in laundry bags together with all the used washcloths, kitchen aprons, etc. This morning, at 6:30, a laundry service truck pulled up to the garage door. The same two guards who were carrying the sheets brought out the laundry bags and received clean linens from the driver.

Sally finished one side of the stairs and then went back up to work on the other. She had helped out a lot at home before she went off to college and so housework was nothing new to her. But she never did it naked and gagged before or with a chain between her ankles. And just knowing that she was contributing to making the place nice and spic and span for the guests was depressing. And knowing that she would probably clean these stairs hundreds of times made her stomach queasy.

She finished and came to attention at the bottom of the stairs. A couple of the other girls had finished their tasks and were kneeling in the spots where they were presented to the guests. Seong-ji inspected her work on the banisters and, apparently satisfied, took the cleaning instruments away from her, joined her wrists behind her back and brought her to her spot. She knelt in place and her collar was connected to the wall. She was allowed to rest back on her heels.

When all the girls were done, they were led upstairs again and brought to the dorm. There the girls, their gags removed, scurried about getting themselves ready for their work day. Sally showered and washed her hair as quickly as she could. She brushed her teeth and gargled. She went to her desk and brushed out her hair while using the hair dryer. When it was flowing and silky, she applied her makeup. She worked carefully to get it just right, the way that *Eomeo-nim* had shown her. Again, all the girls were done before her. When their work was completed, they went back to the cages and sat on their beds. Sally did the same.

The mistresses had donned their costumes. They called up the girls one by one. They made them bend over and the irritating goop was applied to their pussies and their rears and, when they stood back up, to their nipples. They inspected their makeup and then gagged and bound them and installed the coffle chains. Carnation was chained to her bed and her cage locked. Sally



stood there nervously as they looked her face over carefully. Mi-jung tweaked her nipples and pointed out to her that she had failed to apply rouge to her areolas. She shuffled quickly back to her desk and painted them and then shuffled back. Mi-jung inspected her teats, approved, and bound her wrist together. Seong-ji applied the cuffle chain. They all stood there at attention for several minutes.

*Eomeo-nim* came in. She was dressed in a blue and gold skirt that came down to just below her knees and a red and white silk blouse. She had a string of brilliant pearls around her neck. Her hair and makeup was perfect. She did another inspection and tapped Sally on the cheek approvingly. They were led back out into the hall, through the steel door and gate and went back to the large room they had been in earlier. They were released from their coffles and formed two at ease kneeling lines facing the front of the room. The maids were led in dressed in their uniforms and formed a kneeling line behind them

Madam Jang knelt in front of them. "Close eyes!" she barked out. And then, in a gentler voice, "Breathe deep. Breathe. Breathe. Deep and slow. Deep and slow. Think of a beautiful meadow, a beautiful mountain lake. Bring peace into your souls. Tranquil girls are happy girls."

She went silent. Sally was breathing deeply. It was odd, but following *Eomeo-nim's* directions had brought her an element of peace. No one was hassling her. She was isolated in her little world. She thought of the ocean where her family had gone one summer in Ocean Grove, New Jersey. There was a wide beach there and she would go there in the early mornings and watch the waves coming in from the boardwalk, just enjoying nature's interminable display. They had taken everything else away from her, but they couldn't erase that memory. And there were other memories, good memories. She still had them. They would have to do for now. She realized that *Eomeo-nim* was smart. Giving the girls these few minutes of peace would help them get through the day. She could see why denying Carnation these moments would be a harsh punishment.

After about fifteen minutes, Madam Jang clapped her hands several times and called out, "Open eyes!" One of the mistresses had brought her a book. She leafed through it and finally stopped on a page. She cleared her throat and announced, "The Eolian Harp by Samuel Taylor Coleridge."

And then she read,

"My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined  
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is  
To sit beside our Cot, our Cot o'ergrown  
With white-flowered Jasmin, and the broad-leaved Myrtle...."

The poem went on for several stanzas. Sally didn't understand all of it, but the rhythm of the words was soothing, the images pleasing. She realized that *Eomeo-nim* really did think of them as her daughters. It was perverse and evil, but she apparently felt some obligation to ensure their well-being. She realized as well, that the images from her meditation and the images of the poem would stay with her throughout the day. She would return to them any time she had a moment of peace and quiet, kneeling down in the main room waiting for a guest to choose her, scrunched in her cage waiting for one of the mistresses to get her. It was an insidious strategy, but one she understood that would work.

After the poem, Mi-jung took that book away and returned with a smaller book, a paperback. Sally saw a beautiful, busty woman on the cover dressed in a fine gown in the arms of a handsome, bare-chested man. *Eomeo-nim* opened it to the bookmarked page and then announced, "Remember yesterday we learn Roger be sailing off with British fleet while Ambrosia pine for French lover, Philippe, father of unborn child. Chapter Eleven...."

Madam Jang read the novel in her clipped English. Her voice rose and fell at the dramatic parts. Ambrosia wrote Roger a letter that he received just before the dawn of battle confessing everything. Not surprisingly, his ship came into one on one battle against Philippe's. They blew each other to hell and Roger and Philippe found themselves stranded on a ship's door floating far out to sea. Meanwhile, back in England, the sheriff served a warrant of removal on Ambrosia's father based on the foreclosure action brought by his voracious creditor, Desmond Claggert who, in his turn, pined for Ambrosia's beauty and which he had offered to take in exchange for the foreclosed mortgage. Only marriage to Roger and his family's fortune could save her family from ruin or, alternatively, save her from a lifetime of scurrilous service to the dread Claggert who planned to whisk her away to his Jamaica plantation to be his embonded mistress. The chapter ended as the sheriff's men were putting them all out on the street.

Sally kept thinking to herself, who the fuck cares about these people? She was sure that Ambrosia's bondage would not compare to hers. But then, the story was somewhat interesting and seeing what would come in the next chapter was at least something to look forward to. Poor Carnation, she thought, she would lose the story line and never find out what happened.

Madam Jang handed the book off to Mi-jung to put away. She stood and clapped her hands once. All the girl's rose. Seong-ji had gone off to fetch Carnation and she was brought in. The girls went through their ceremony of promising to be good whores to their *eomeo-nim* and then kissed her hand

before being chained to the coffle. Sally's belly fluttered as she did it, knowing that in a little while she would be downstairs waiting for a guest to fuck her.

And then they were off. As she followed Poppy down the stairs, watching her feet carefully lest she fall, he cursed the mistresses, cursed *Abeo-nim* and *Eomeo-nim*, cursed the men who had kidnapped her, cursed herself for her foolishness in getting herself caught and for so easily falling into the role of a slave and a whore. She cursed the whole world for letting this happen, all the men and women who would be using her from now until the end of time. She stopped at cursing God. She wasn't there yet. She would give him a chance to save her.

They came down the broad stairs to the first floor. They turned into the kitchen and were served a light lunch of fruit salad with bits of cheese. Then it was back up to the third floor for last minute peeing and double checking on makeup and hair. They were coffled again and marched out.

As yesterday, when they came down the main stairs, the guards were standing around and the bartender was behind the bar. *Abeo-nim* was sitting there having a drink, but he just ignored them. The coffle paraded around the room and circled up to their mats. On command they turned to the left and then knelt down on them. Their coffle chains were removed and the chains from the wall behind them attached. Madam Jang gave them the sign to relax and they all sat back on their heels. It was precisely 1:55.

A white haired, well-groomed sixtyish man was the first guest at about 2:20. At Madam Jang's insistence, he chose Sally. Sally cursed her bad luck at being first as he towed her up to her room. Her belly churned and she trembled as he released her arms and undid her ankle chains. "I'm a whore! I'm a whore! I'm a whore!" she kept repeating to herself dismally. After he pulled out her gag he asked her to turn down the bed and mount it. She was glad that she didn't have to undress him. He drew off his robe to reveal a still well-developed chest covered in gray and black hairs. Before he got up on the bed, he smiled.

He was nice enough and didn't slap or beat her. He did take a long time to come though, fucking her first on her back and then on her knees from behind. His hands were soft and his manner polite. She didn't come, but the session was tolerable.

He didn't wait for a second erection, but just politely told her to get off the bed where he chained her up again and bound and gagged her. He gave her breasts little playful tweaks and he mussed her hair playfully before he told her to get in her cage.

That was the best of the day. It was all downhill from there. When she got back downstairs some of the gangsters had come in. Daisy and Tulip were

missing. The gangster who picked her was rough and callous, slapping and poking her fiercely when she was slow to obey his commands. He came twice, once in her pussy after fucking her for a long time and making her come twice, and then down her throat.

When she came back downstairs, another man was waiting to use her. She headed right back upstairs. And that's how her day went. The men were generally rude and rough. One of them gave her three strokes with the flogger, not for anything she had done, but just to get himself excited again after their first round. At around 6, Madam Jang had her brought to the kitchen where she ate a light meal and then was brought back. She had another snack at 9.

The big gangster from Sunday used her again and he was perhaps the worst of the day. Not so much because he beat her, although he did slap her several times, but because of his callousness. He made her come with his hand again first thing, sitting on his lap, her hands bound, thrusting his thick tongue into her mouth and making her squirm and shudder with excitement before delivering to her a thunderous orgasm. Then he fucked her every way you could, keeping her bound in one way or another the whole time.

He kept on repeating what a good whore she was. At the end of the session he just kept fucking her and fucking her and fucking her from behind for the longest time, her hands bound to the headboard, making her come twice and driving her wild with excitement. She moaned and groaned through her gagged mouth and even formed some forbidden words, begging him to stop, which either he didn't hear or ignored. Later she was afraid she might get punished for it, but apparently it slid on by.

And that's how it went, day after day after day. On Monday she had six guests, on Tuesday another six and on Wednesday and Thursday eight each. Friday she had ten and Saturday she had twelve. Two of her guests had been women. Those had been hard experiences to take. The first woman, on Tuesday, had been cold and brusque and had smashed her mushy cunt down on her face like Madam Jang had done. The second one was on Thursday. Apparently she had special privileges since she came early in the morning, just about 10:30. After breakfast, instead of her cleaning chores, Mi-jung took her upstairs and had her take a thorough shower and make herself up.

The woman was in her early thirties. She was elegantly beautiful, shapely and heavy breasted. She wore diamond earrings and golden rings. She had a tattoo of a Chinese ideogram on her lower belly on the right, just below her waistline. Her dark brown hair went down to the top of her back and she had it pulled into a ponytail.

She was gentle enough, but made it clear who was in command. She fucked her leisurely and thoroughly. She made her lick and suck her pussy and

breasts for a long, long time, coming repeatedly. She removed a two pronged dildo from the nightstand and fucked her a long time with it while mashing their breasts together and scouring her mouth with her tongue. She kissed and licked her pussy, devouring it hungrily, practically bringing Sally to sobs as her pussy throbbed and convulsed. Sally came several times during her use, but was resentful nonetheless. The woman was obviously from wealth and privilege and felt well within her rights to use her as she deemed fit.

She became a regular guest for her, appearing a few days a month. She always came early in the day, as if she didn't want to be seen by the regular guests, and spent a long time with her, pausing sometimes to have coffee and a toasted croissant sent up which she ate right next to her while she was hooded, hogtied and gagged on the bed awaiting her further pleasure. Or watching Fox and Friends or Oprah on TV with her draped over her lap, her hands bound, playing with her pussy and making her groan and moan while she recharged. She hardly ever said a word except when telling her to change positions or to do this or that, and when she came she shuddered violently and groaned loudly.

From time to time, when she felt that Sally wasn't sucking her pussy earnestly enough, she would grasp her hair tightly in her hand, yank her head up and give her a violent slap. Sally would release a sob, bend her head down and resume her task with renewed alacrity. At the end of their sessions, she would give her a little kiss on the forehead, stroke her breasts and smile at her patronizingly before putting her bound and gagged into her cage. She wasn't usually done with her until around 1. It would piss Sally off since she would miss her meditation session and the next chapter in the book *Eomeo-nim* was reading. And there was nobody she could ask what had happened.

Brenda Forsythe, 31, ran a considerable real estate empire she had inherited from her father. She had married Brent Worthington when she was 25, but he had turned out to be a dud. They had had two children and he was good with them, so she kept him around for now. She had had him sign a bulletproof prenup and so she wasn't worried about the financial consequences of a divorce. She had a regular lover, a drummer in a rock band that was getting some national attention so that she didn't get to see him much. Lately she had been fucking her flight instructor where she was going to get her pilot's license.

She had developed a thing for girls in college with her roommate Dolores. The night before she got married they had their last fling and she missed having regular pussy. Her family was rather prominent and she didn't want to cause a scandal by getting caught with a lesbian lover. Her mother sat on the managing board of the local Episcopal Church and she knew that it would cause her great embarrassment. Marital affairs were one thing, everybody in

her socio-economic group did that. Even Brent had a waitress he was seeing on the side. But to be caught up in a scandal about a gay affair was something else.

She had had to funnel a payoff to a city councilman to get approval of a condominium development she had invested in. The payoff had been through Jae-jin, who she knew as Jackie. Sparks had gone off between them and a week or so later they found themselves in a luxury suite in a local four star hotel. She had made up a story for her husband and she and Jackie spent the whole day and night together.

In a moment of romantic delight following one of their bouts, she had told him about her yearning for pussy. Jackie, after clearing it with Gyong, told her about the Red Dawn House. She had come once during regular hours after she received her clearance and membership card, but she hadn't liked the ambiance of all the horny, over-testosteroned men. She had sat down with Madam Jang and explained her predicament. Madam Jang had been quite understanding and arranged for her morning visits. She would drop off the children at day care and drive the hour or so to the Red Dawn House and be there by ten thirty. She had been fucking Chrysanthemum, but when Madam Jang emailed her Sally's picture she asked to switch to her.

Her conversations with Brenda had given Madam Jang an idea. It took some time and a number of slow Mondays for Gyong to agree to go along, but shortly after Brenda had started fucking Sally, they started having a ladies night every other Monday. It became so popular that, after about six months, they expanded it to weekly. Brenda was able to convince Brent that Monday's were her girls' night out night and she started coming every Monday as well. On Mondays she usually picked out one of the other girls, but her morning visits were always with Sally.

When they drew up plans for the expansion Madam Jang had been talking about, they made sure that there was a separate wing for women with their own entrance and parking lot and their own set of rooms for fucking. By then they had fourteen girls and three of them were assigned to the ladies' wing exclusively for 3 week stints. And, if you had a favorite, you could have any of the girls working the men's side brought over by appointment. More than a few of the women still preferred the ambiance of the men's side though and were regular guests there.

Brenda was very grateful for Madam Jang's accommodation to her needs. She was the one who directed her to an architect who would confidentially draw up the unique plans for their expansion. The architect they had used fifteen years ago had passed away. One set of plans would be generated for official approval and one set would be 'as built'. Brenda helped direct Jackie to

the right people who had to be greased for permits. They had continued their affair on an irregular basis, the two of them being too much alike in their disdain for strings and commitments to be regular lovers.

In turn, Brenda was able to get some very important financing through the Seven Stars for a big shopping center she was building. The money was expensive, but the Seven Stars did not ask for an equity position and they made sure that all the contractors finished their work on time and on budget.

The man who had brutally used Sally that first Sunday came back as promised and, as promised, beat her, “as she deserved.” He saw her regularly for about seven months and then Sally didn’t see him again. It seemed that he had been just a little too brutal with the Salvadorian girl he had bought off of her uncle. One night, she slit his throat in his sleep and ran off with \$30,000 worth of jewelry and cash. She used the money to return to El Salvador where she opened a café and whorehouse in a small coastal town called Acajutla, where she was from, and where she prospers to this day.

That first week was long and hard. She was grateful when on Sunday they got a little break. They were allowed to sleep late, until 9:30. Every Sunday, instead of punishment and exercises, Madam Jang had them taken to the chapel she had set up. While Sally and the other slave girls knelt there naked, the maids all behind them in their short blue-gray dresses, Madam Jang led them in prayer. She would read from the Bible a lesson from the Gospels and a letter from St. Paul or St. Peter, or something from the Acts. She read from the Old Testament too and Sally heard many stories that she had not heard before.

All of their gags were removed and between all the readings they sang hymns from hymn books that the mistresses distributed while Madam Jang, dressed in a special robe decorated with crosses and runes and other strange symbols, played on a small organ. There was a shrine at the front of the room with a large gold crucifix on it and statues of various saints. Among the various Christian saints there was a little brass statue of the Buddha, what looked like a couple of Hindu saints and a silver Star of David. Madam Jang would burn incense and had a little ceremony where she would light the tall, white candles reciting a one line prayer in Korean at each one after which everyone had to say, “Amen.” She had gotten a book of sermons from somewhere and she would lecture them on humility, love, goodness, prayer, and things like that.

The first Sunday Sally cried though most of it, trying to hide her tears. It was so incongruous to what was being done to her. But then she remembered all the other terrible things that had been done in the name of religion, burning witches, the Inquisition, massacres, bombings, and it seemed less so. Afterwards, it became kind of a consolation. She never did give up completely

on the concept of God saving her or that somehow she would earn a greater reward for herself in heaven for all her suffering.

The whole ceremony took about an hour and a half. Afterwards, they were bound and gagged again and taken downstairs in their coffin for breakfast. They were given scrambled eggs with pieces of bacon and cheese mixed in, orange juice and, after they ate their eggs, a little bowl with six Duncan Donuts doughnut holes in them. Instead of a bowl of milk, they were given a bowl of coffee with cream and sugar.

After breakfast they did the usual cleaning and then went upstairs to shower and make themselves up. When they were done they were taken to the rec room for meditation and readings. Afterwards, one of the mistresses rolled out a 72" screen flat screen TV and they watched a movie. Sally's first Sunday it was "Please don't Eat the Daisies" with Doris Day and David Niven. It was kind of funny.

After the movie, they went down for a late lunch. Then it was back upstairs, about 3 o'clock, to the rec room again. The girls knelt in a big circle, Madam Jang at the head, and she selected two of them to make love in front of everybody. The first Sunday it was Daisy and Chrysanthemum. They fucked each other energetically for a long time. Sally had, of course, by then engaged in Sapphic love on a number of occasions, but she had never witnessed it. It was kind of thrilling and made her very horny. Two weeks later it was her and Poppy. Something about having all those eyes on her, knowing that their possessors were seething with lust, made it exhilarating. After that, she always wanted *Eomeo-nim* to choose her.

On Tuesday mornings they were all woken up at 6 a.m. They would go to punishments and exercises and then, after breakfast and cleaning the public areas, they would use the extra time to clean the dorms and all the other rooms on the third floor, vacuuming, dusting, cleaning the bathrooms.

The days went by, the weeks went by. She practiced her Kegel exercises long and hard and quickly earned *Eomeo-nim*'s approval. It seemed to make her orgasms longer and harder too.

Poppy disappeared and was replaced and then Daisy. About nine months after she started her career as a whore, Carnation and Tulip were gone too. Sally noticed that she was a regular favorite of a number of the Seven Stars gangsters who visited the place, which was stressful, although she did get some really good fucking. It was a good thing too since, she figured, as long as the Seven Stars guys liked her, *Eomeo-nim* would keep her around. She didn't know what happened to the other girls after they left and she didn't want to know. She became a favorite with a number of the ladies too and once the new



ladies' wing opened she would often be called over there for appointments. Being both Brenda's and Jackie's favorites didn't hurt either.

About a week and a half after she had become a full time whore, *Abeo-nim* hooded her and took her down to the basement after all the work was done for the day. She trembled as she felt the familiar mat under her feet and worried that for some reason she had earned a beating. She had borne the three days of whipping *Eomeo-nim* had prescribed for her that first Monday and had gone without serious offenses for the rest of the week so that *Eomeo-nim's* threat to whip all the other girls for any sin committed by her did not come to fruition.

*Abeo-nim* had her lie on her back and he fastened off her hands to a ring above her head and then her ankles. She trembled when she heard the buzz of the tattoo pen. He used it to ink in a light maroon shade on her areolas. She cried from the pain as the vibrating nub from the pen dotted every square micro-millimeter. When he did her nipples it was excruciating, but she lay perfectly still none the less.

When she was finally put to bed for the night, after having to fuck Seong-ji for forty minutes, she lay in bed with her breasts burning. She was not allowed to get her teats wet for a couple of days and had to shower using a washcloth and wash her hair in the sink. Each night before he went to bed and each day before she went down to go to work, Madam Jang would apply lotion and place circular bandages around them. When the irritation died down, Sally had the darker areolas that Madam Jang had prescribed and which Sally had often wished for back when she was a regular, free person. She had to admit that it made her breasts more enticing and she got a lot of oral attention to them.

Rose had her operation, but Madam Jang changed her mind about the injections and forgot about the whole thing. They still picked up the doctor's wife though. Gyong kept her down in the cells for a couple of weeks so that the doctor could come back and whip her. He had some fun tattooing her with colorful flowers and dragons and buxom naked ladies. Barnes got \$50,000 for her from an Ethiopian cabinet minister.

Among the worst days was when the men who had kidnapped her came to the whorehouse. The first time she saw them her heart went dead and a shrill sourness went through her. They both used her that day, one after the other and they were harsh and brutal. The thin one, who she heard *Eomeo-nim* call Yee, strung her up at the whipping stand and whipped her breasts with the flogger for half an hour, starting and stopping and drinking whiskey and eating snacks in between. The big one made her form a '69', with her on bottom and he shoved his cock repeatedly deeply into her throat while he slobbered and

gnawed at her cunt. They didn't come by that often, but they usually picked her, which she thought was particularly unfair since they probably had a hand in bringing the other girls there too.

She always felt shame and humiliation when they were led around naked and chained into a coffle. She began to think of herself and the other girls as a kind of herd of wild beasts that had been partially tamed but still needed to be kept under lock and key. They always went everywhere together and, except when they were being used in their own special rooms, were always with one another. She never learned anything specific about her compatriots, but you couldn't help get a feel for their personalities even though they were speechless. At times it seemed like they were a secret club with secret signals and rituals.

And she never really got over the shame of kneeling there in the reception room naked waiting for a guest to choose her. As she knelt up in attention position, she would think of her brazenly displayed cunt with its set of seven stars that proclaimed her as an owned whore. Most people who came took some time to enjoy the ambiance of the place before they made their selection and she would watch them talk and joke dressed in their blue robes, her aching heart knowing that when they were done for the night they would be returning to their regular lives, their families and friends, their jobs or businesses. That world was right outside that big door they came through, the world she could see through the windows. While her world was circumscribed by two sets of stairs and the rooms no more than 100' away from them. Up and down the stairs she would go, alone, being towed by a guest anticipating his or her pleasure, or in a coffle with her sister inmates, but always bound and gagged, her ankles confined.

It became natural to shuffle along as she walked. Even in the shower she was forced to wear the ankle chain. The furthest distance she ever travelled without it on was to climb up on the bed in her room once the guest had removed it. She became ever so resentful of the maids who seemed so relatively free and she couldn't help getting enjoyment when she saw one being beaten or being used. On those occasions she was paired off with one for the guests' amusement, she always tried to be as rough and abusive as she could, sometimes making the girls cry, for which she was sorry later.

Being fastened to her bed at night and watching the mistress close the cage door and lock it always brought on a round of sadness. She often had trouble sleeping, especially on nights that had been particularly rough. And she often woke up early, lying there gagged and bound, sometimes crying, waiting for the mistresses to rise and start the day.

Finally, it was just her and Chrysanthemum from the old crew. Other girls seemed to come and go. The Vietnamese girl who replaced Poppy didn't last too long. She was sorry to see Rose go because they had developed a little bit of a thing. With her pale skin, the men liked to pair her with Rose for the contrast their bodies made as they squirmed and writhed in front of them. Sally would fuck her hard and with devout earnestness and Rose would return the favor. They always caressed each other surreptitiously in the shower and gave each other warm smiles. She was sad and morose for several days after she disappeared. *Eomeo-nim* caught her at it, declared that she had 'shamed the house', and gave her fifteen slashes administered over five days and a week without rec. They always had at least one African American girl and for a little while they had two and she had to fuck them too, but it was not quite the same. Daisy was replaced by a pouty lipped, big breasted Hispanic girl who cried a lot and only lasted about 6 months.

At first she pined for *Abeo-nim* to hold her again. He waited about two weeks after she had been brought up to take her to his room. She fucked him with eager abandon and he held her in her arms and let her cry for a while before sending her off to her regular duties. After that he used her about once every other week.

Wook, the guard, developed a thing for her and she had to let him slather all over her pussy every Sunday night for several months. Wook had seniority. As soon as he was done, Kyung-ho started fucking her. He would alternate between her and one of the other girls, particularly Carnation for a while and then the blond haired, slender girl with cute little apple sized tits who replaced Tulip. Chu-li, the youngest and nicest of the guards really fell for the Vietnamese girl when she came and then switched to the slender but well-endowed coffee colored girl who replaced Rose when she left. He fucked Sally a lot too, at least once a month when Kyung wasn't fucking her. All that petered off after a while as new girls came and she became old hat.

She had to fuck the mistresses, of course, as she had anticipated. Mi-jung used her first every night for a week and then went back to Daisy. Seong-ji took over and she became the nicer, but still cruel and mean, mistress's favorite for almost a year until Carnation went away and was replaced by a pale skinned, red haired Irish girl. Madam Jang fucked her on the average about once every ten days. She became kinder to her and once in a while slipped her a bit of chocolate or other treat, but still beat her savagely on the rare occasions when she had to be disciplined.

She went from praying to God to save her, to praying to God to help her make it through the day without being beaten. And to make her come a lot, which she wasn't sure was exactly the right thing to do, but she did it anyway.

Most days God listened and she was glad. On a lot of days though he didn't and she figured that he must have been busy with something else.

Early on she decided that if she had to fuck repeated strangers many times a day she would make the most of it. It was like some psychotic trigger had gone off in her head and she almost always gave her guests the very best she was capable of. With some guests that didn't matter and they would abuse her cruelly anyway. But she was able to attract enough nicer ones as regulars that it kind of made up for it. She was grateful for the formula she was fed daily and she credited it, whether rightly or wrongly, with her sexual stamina. And the goop the mistresses administered to her every day that made her pussy and rear entrance tingle and her teats as sensitive as raw teeth.

It was about 30 months or so after she had come that Gyong was sitting in the kitchen at about 12:30 in the early afternoon while the girls were having their rec session with Madam Jang. The new wing had been open for about eight months. Thanks to Brenda, the approval process had taken much less time than they had projected. Needless to say, they used Seven Stars approved contractors. This allowed them to stay open during construction which was done on time. When it was finished, they shut down for a week while Madam Jang had all the old interior spaces renovated to match the new. The girls got to see lots of movies and got to fuck each other a lot. The guards were given free access to them to help make sure they stayed in practice. And they spent a lot of time lying chained to their beds waiting for time to go by.

When everything was done, they had a grand reopening with discount rates and everybody got a lot of fucking. Gyong and Chu-li had three trained girls ready downstairs who they called Iris, Lily and Orchid. Over the next few months they trained Marigold, Dahlia, Pansy and Daffodil. It was a lot of work. At first, Madam Jang had to hand out a lot of disciplines to the new girls to keep them in line, and Marigold and Lily had to be replaced, but things smoothed out surprisingly quickly and all the girls were now performing well. Business doubled and they started staying open to 1 a.m. Mondays to Thursdays and until 2 on Fridays and Saturdays. Fourteen girls were too many for one coiffe and so Madam Jang split them up into two seven girl crews. Their schedules were staggered which was one way that they were able to pull off the longer hours. The two 'teams' ate separately, and attended punishments separately. They all gathered together for meditation and readings and for services on Sundays.

With fourteen girls the place had lost some of its intimacy, but the variety available to the guests more than made up for it and, of course, the more than doubled cash flow. The Seven Stars had taken over a local resort club and they were able to offer guests from all over the country special package deals.

Their daughter ran the ladies' wing and he had promoted Chu-li to his assistant and added two more guards. Chu-li had started to do some of the training and the last two girls he had done all on his own. Madam Jang also had hired an assistant, a cousin from the old country. She ran the crew with mostly new girls and her assistant ran the crew with mostly girls who had been there a while. She was able to fill in so that Madam Jang and he could get some time off. Last month they had managed to get away to New York for a full week where they took in a number of shows, caught all the major museums and Madam Jang got to do a lot of shopping. He got to see a Knicks-Cavs game in the Garden.

He was thinking about Lotus No. 12. She had been with them a long time. Chrysanthemum, who had been with them about six months longer, was due to be shipped out to Mr. Barnes as soon as the girl they had downstairs was trained. Mr. Barnes had a Moroccan brothel which was interested in her and who would pay top dollar. One of the Seven Stars guys who had returned to Korea with a big pile of dough had been after him for some time to sell Lotus to him. And a Thai banker who had been passing through, although Gyong had heard some stories about him that he didn't like. He knew that he shouldn't be concerned about what happened to the girls after they left them, but Lotus No. 12 had been a good worker and a very enthusiastic fuck for a long time that he just didn't feel right about it.

Nonetheless, it was getting about time for her to go. With fourteen slots to fill he knew he had to make the girls last longer so that they didn't have to be constantly training new ones. Still 30 months was a long time. He had certainly made his money on her thousands of time over. And there was a beautiful, exotic looking, black skinned Haitian girl they were looking at. That would bring their complement of black girls to three so that they could always have one servicing the women's wing where black girls were popular and two for the main room where there was a solid core of guests that preferred them, especially among the Seven Stars guys and for black on black or black on white twosomes.

He had just gotten up for another cup of coffee when he heard a commotion outside. He ran out to the main room and looked out the window. Six or seven cop cars were screeching to a halt, their overheads blazing. His heart sank. Well, it had to happen someday, he thought. This had been part of his argument when he had tried to convince Madam Jang to keep their daughter out of the business to no avail. Two of the guards were in the main room looking scared. He ordered them to open the front and back doors so that the cops wouldn't have to bash them in. There was no sense running or trying

to hide anything. If they were busted, they were busted. There wasn't even enough time to go upstairs and warn Madam Jang and his daughter.

The cops came pouring in. Two of them, big bulky guys wearing blue sweatshirts with POLICE written on them in big, bright yellow letters, pulled him to the floor and handcuffed him. They left him lying there while others rushed up the stairs. He heard their boots stomping up to the third floor as if someone had told them exactly where to go.

Sally, the other thirteen whores and the eight maids were kneeling in the rec room listening to Madam Jang read the last chapter of one of her romance novels. It had been a particularly good one and the end was a real cliffhanger. There were five mistresses now and Madam Jang's daughter was with them.

Suddenly there was a banging on the door. "Open up! Police!" a harsh voice screamed out. Madam Jang looked up and then calmly closed the book. "We'll finish the story another time," she said. She instructed one of the mistresses to open the door. Five policemen and two police women came barrowing in. They had Madam and Ms. Jang and the five mistresses on the floor in a second and handcuffed them. The girls all rose to their feet excitedly. Sally couldn't believe her eyes.

It had come! Rescue had come! It was just like she had imagined it. She started to cry. All the other girls were crying and moaning.

A man in civilian clothes came in. He was dressed in a blue dress shirt and tie and black pants. He was tall and well built. He was holding a badge in the air.

"My name is Deputy Attorney General Deke Palmer!" he announced. "Please be patient. We're going to take you back to your dorms for now until we can begin processing you. I know that you are all very anxious to be freed, but it's going to take some time. Please stay calm and we will get to you as soon as we can."

One of the policemen had a mistress on her feet, a new one who had only been there a couple of months. He pulled her to the door and gave her some instructions. He pulled her out and then down the hall. The other policemen started herding the girls. Sally was frightened. She was so afraid that this was just a dream, that it wasn't real. And what would it be like to go back to the world? Her parents probably thought that she was dead. All her friends too. Maybe her parents weren't even alive. What would she do? Go back to school? Strangely, she wondered how she would ever get laid again and where she could find guys who would fuck her like the Seven Stars boys.

They herded them down the hall. Two of the policemen stopped at the maids' dormitory and had the mistress open it. They ushered the girls in to be shackled to their beds. Once the mistress had opened the gate to the slave girls'

dorm and opened the big steel inner door, she was rehandcuffed. The girls were placed in their cages, seven now on each side, and told to sit on their beds. The policemen locked each cage as the girl obeyed and placed the keys on the key board by the door. The police left.

There was the sound of sobbing and wailing. Some of the girls collapsed on their beds. They were all still gagged and bound and so they couldn't talk to each other, but they gave each other joyous, hopeful looks. Sally understood why they might want to process them in an orderly way, but she didn't understand why they had to leave them bound and gagged. It seemed callous.

When the house was secured, and all the mistresses and guards were on the floor of the main room lying on their bellies handcuffed, and all the other rooms had been searched, Deputy Attorney General Palmer had Gyong and Madam Jang brought into the kitchen and sat them in chairs. All of the other police left. Palmer picked up an empty mug and poured himself a cup of coffee. He put in a little dollop of cream and some sugar in and stirred it with a spoon. The cook had been making stir fried chicken and Palmer sampled a bit of it. "Not bad," he said, grinning.

He came over to the table where Gyong and Madam Jang were sitting and took a seat opposite them. He took a deep swig of his coffee, released a satisfied sigh and put the mug down. He looked at them.

"We don't have the death penalty for kidnapping and sexual assault here anymore thanks to the Supreme Court, but I'd guess that you're both facing about a thousand years in jail apiece," he told them. He let it sink in.

Gyong looked back at him. "I bet I've had more pussy than you've ever dreamed of," he thought. He would have a lot to reminisce about. And as far as spending the rest of his life in a cage, well he would make short shrift of that. He was a friend of, but not a member of, the Seven Stars and they wouldn't tolerate the possibility that he would make a deal. Someone would shiv him, and Madam Jang, soon after they hit the jail. It didn't matter how many precautions were taken to protect them. The Seven Stars would get to them. And what did it matter? What deal would the Attorney General be willing to make? Would he reduce the thousand year sentence to 500? 200? 100? 50? He didn't want to rot away in jail. His *ming* had finally come to fruition. He had had a long run. What happened has happened.

"But maybe there's something we can do about it," Palmer said.

Gyong, ever polite, rather than saying, "Go fuck yourself," said calmly, "I don't think that that is possible."

Palmer looked over at Madam Jang. She just gave him stony faced silence.

“You haven’t even heard the deal yet,” Palmer said, smiling. “I’m going to make you an offer you can’t refuse.”

Gyong just looked at him. Something about Palmer interested him. Why weren’t they just hauling them off and throwing them in a cell. If you wanted to break somebody it was a good thing to give them a taste of what they would be experiencing. And down at the station, Palmer would be in a position of supreme power, not like here where he was in Gyong’s element.

“You pay the local police chief and the county sheriff how much a month? \$25,000? You’ve been ripping them off. My people tell me that you’ve put away over \$30,000,000. Why you didn’t get out while you could is beyond me. But \$25,000 a month, that’s chump change.”

Gyong was getting the idea. “And how much isn’t chump change?” he asked.

“I would guess that an even \$100,000 a month would have been fair.”

“That’s not fair. That’s extortion,” Gyong replied, some of his confidence back.

“Yes, you’re right, it is extortion, but look at the alternatives. A thousand years is a long time to spend in prison.”

“And how much would the sheriff have gotten a month if we had gone out of business?” Gyong reposted. “Zero,” he said, answering his own question.

“You are right on the money,” Palmer replied. “You can divide zero a hundred different ways and it’s still zero.”

One of the police officers poked his head in the room. Palmer turned to him and said sharply, “Get out!” The officer sheepishly retreated.

“Now a hundred grand can be divided a lot of ways,” Palmer continued. “The governor is the chief law enforcement authority in the state and he has big needs. And then there’s guys like me who are stuck on a state salary. And all the guys who are on this raid, they have families too. And other guys, people who need to be kept happy. A hundred grand doesn’t go such a long way when there are all those mouths to feed.”

Gyong looked at him and then looked at Madam Jang. She gave him a look that said, “Hey, this is your department, but don’t give away the store.”

“\$50,000 a month can feed a lot of people,” he proffered, although he knew that Palmer wouldn’t accept it.

“Not enough,” Palmer said. “And why would this hypothetical person want to negotiate anyway? I would think that he’s got your tits in a wringer.” He looked at Madam Jang and said, “No offense ma’m.”

“But unless that theoretical person was reasonable, that’s all that he would get. My tits. And he wouldn’t be able to spend that.”



“And Madam Jang’s tits as well. And your daughter’s tits too. Think about that.”

“If that is our fate, then that is our fate,” Mr. Palmer,” he returned. “Everyone has unhappiness in their life. Some greater than others. But people need to live without shame and the feeling that someone is dishonoring them.”

“I concede your point,” Palmer said back. “But honor cuts both ways. This theoretical person would be dishonored if he let people break the law without compensating him.”

They went on for another twenty minutes. Gyong held fast at \$50,000 until Palmer came down to \$95,000. Then he knew that he had him. He went to fifty five and Palmer came down to ninety. He offered \$65,000, “and not a penny more.” Palmer made out as if he was terminating the negotiations and stormed out of the room. Gyong and Madam Jang waited for him to return in silence. He came back about fifteen minutes later and announced that he would take seventy five. Gyong stayed at sixty five for fifteen minutes and then offered seventy. Palmer left and came back almost right away. “Done,” he said. Gyong breathed an inner sigh of relief.

“And you’ll be responsible for the chief’s and the sheriff’s end,” Gyong added. This started a whole other round of negotiations. Gyong got him down to tossing in \$10,000 for the sheriff and local law enforcement and they had a deal. So instead of paying \$125,000 a month for protection, they would be paying \$80,000. Since they had expanded, that was now approximately 30% of a week’s gross. They could afford that.

Sally knew something had gone wrong when she saw the mistresses come back into the slaves’ dormitory. The girls were, at first, hesitant to come out of their cages until a couple of them were pulled out forcibly and thrashed. Madam Jang came into the room. At her instructions crew 1, which was Sally’s crew, Sally now being in the first position after the realignment, were lined up and coiffed ready to go downstairs while the second crew went and showered and put on their makeup. There was a lot of sobbing and wailing, but the habits of obedience had been driven into them pretty deeply so that they all did what they were told.

When Sally came down the stairs to the reception room, she saw the police officers hanging about drinking and laughing. A couple of the regulars had shown up and they were sheepishly holding back. The girls were circled around the room and all knelt in position. They were all looking around in disbelief and the mistresses had to distribute strokes of their floggers among them to get them to kneel at attention and then bow. Sally saw *Abeo-nim* sitting at the bar and chatting with the man who had identified himself as the Deputy Attorney General. Madam Jang, wanting to make sure that the police officers

felt fully at home, had taken down the first crew herself so that she could socialize with them and encourage them. There were only five girls there because their daughter had taken two over to the ladies' wing to accommodate the female officers. Crew 2 would be down in short order.

She invited Deputy Attorney General Palmer to break the ice by making the first selection. Sally's soul sank as she watched Madam Jang lead him over to her. She gave him a dutiful bow and stood when Madam Jang clapped her hands. Palmer was hesitant at first, but reached out his hand when Madam Jang invited him to feel her breasts. He squeezed one breast and then the other and then smiled.

"Lotus no. 1 whore," Madam Jang told him, releasing her collar from the wall chain. "Very experienced. Excellent mouth. Very delicious pussy. Whip her good. She like!"

Madam Jang didn't wait for Palmer to make his choice. She clipped a leash to Sally's collar and proffered it to him. He took it almost sheepishly.

"Go!" Madam Jang exclaimed. "Have fun! Do anything you want! Mistress show you to Lotus room." One of the mistresses was standing nearby and Madam Jang called her over, giving her instructions in Korean. The mistress gave Palmer a half bow and motioned him to follow her. Palmer looked at Sally hungrily and then marched her away.

Gyong watched them go. He had seen the lust break out in Palmer's face when he had examined Lotus up close. It looked like Lotus would be with them for a little bit longer after all.

The end.