

# **THE WAGES OF SIN**

**BOOK ONE**

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## CHAPTER ONE

Yolanda Perry's mother was a heroin addict and a whore. Everybody in the neighborhood knew that. The state child welfare agency had taken her and her two younger brothers away when Yolanda was 6. She and her brothers had been placed in her grandmother's custody and had lived there ever since.

She saw her every once on a while. Chamile, that was her name, would get picked up on a new drug charge or a violation of probation and end up doing 30, 60, 90 days or even two years once, in jail. She would be clean when she came out, all enthusiastic about the new life she would be planning for herself and her children. They would have a bit of sweet time together. She would come over from the halfway house and they would spend the afternoons going to the park or to McDonald's. Her grandmother would be wary, warning her not to expect much so she wouldn't get hurt when Chamile reverted to her old ways.

And her grandmother would be right. She would let Chamile stay at the house when she was released from the halfway house or the drug treatment program. Chamile might actually get a job for a little while. But Chamile had a weakness bigger than drugs. They called him Tiny; he was anything but. He was about 6'5", black as night and built like a brick shithouse. Tiny, real name Curtis Green, was a street hood who had done time for everything from burglaries to strong-arm robberies to sexual assault, to drug distribution. He always seemed to beat the rap or make parole quickly. If he was in the joint when Chamile was released she would do fine. She would swear up and down that she was through with him. Yolanda and her grandmother would know he was around again when Chamile started staying out all night, missing work, sleeping to noon. Within a couple of weeks, Chamile would be gone.

Tiny ran a crew of girls, three or four at a time. He kept them in drugs and maintained a flop for them, bought them cheap, gaudy clothing and jewelry. Whenever he went away he would sell the girls off to another pimp and gather together a new batch once he was back. There were guys whose specialties it was to convince young black, white or Hispanic girls to go on the game. They would play on their affections, become their 'boyfriend' and then slowly reel them in. They would get hooked on crack or junk and then be told that they had to earn their next fix. Whenever one of the girls was getting ready to turn and become a full time whore, the pimp would have a little party and invite guys who ran crews to try her out.

She would be naked and shackled to a bed and one by one, over the course of a few days, they would come in and fuck her and get her to blow them. Some of them came by just so they could try out some fresh trim and hang out, partying. But one or the other of them would make the pimp an offer and the next thing the girl would know she would be trundled off by some guy she didn't know, spend a few days learning discipline and about what would happen to her if she ran off and then be put to work.

Chamile had been on and off with Tiny for almost 20 years. She was getting long in the tooth and had lost a lot of her allure, but she was still good for giving out back alley blowjobs and backseat quickies. For some reason Tiny liked having her around. Yolanda had long suspected that Tiny was her father, but Chamile denied it. Frankly, it could have been one of a few hundred guys. Tiny always made his girls ride bareback.

Chamile had been out for about 3 months and she had been doing pretty good. She had a job at the toothpaste factory and reported twice weekly to her probation officer. So far she had been clean. It was a bit of a thrill for Yolanda to have her at her eighteenth birthday party a few days ago. It was the first time in many, many years.

Yolanda was a slender, slight girl and stood 5'3" in her bare feet. She had just right hips and breasts that filled her hands and had just the right amount of 'hang'. Her face was graceful with plump but not fat lips and a slender nose. Her eyes were bright, kind of brownish green. She wore her straight, silky, auburn hair long, down to the middle of her back. Her skin was a little too pasty white for her taste, but most people thought she looked pretty good.

She was graduating high school in two weeks. She had been admitted to County College and was set on studying literature. She was enamored of Russian novels and had written her Advanced Placement senior thesis on *The Brothers Karamazov*. She had written a few short stories and a lot of poetry which she had not had the nerve to show anybody. Except Brad, that is.

Brad wasn't really a boyfriend, but he was a boy, friend. They spent hours and hours together. Yolanda had an inkling that he was gay, but they had never talked about it. He was, unlike Yolanda, a very light shade of brown. His father was black, but his mother was white. Some of her girlfriends had got after her for dating a 'black' boy, although that wasn't the word they used. She didn't pay them any mind. She didn't care if Brad was white or black or purple. And besides, she wasn't dating him. They just shared a lot of interests and temperament.

There had been plenty of opportunities for her to date boys. She had resisted most of them. She had had a few dates here and there, but the boys seemed more interested in getting into her pants than to learn anything about her or to share themselves with her. She guessed that boys were the same all over. She had had

urges, yes, but she was adamant that she was not going to start having sex and end up getting pregnant like so many of her friends had. She wanted to go places, do things. This summer, her grandmother had paid for a month long program at an outdoors adventure camp in Colorado. They would do mountaineering, whitewater rafting, explore the local vast forests. There was a rigorous physical education component and Yolanda looked forward to successfully enduring it.

She had tried out for track at school, but she just wasn't fast enough. They had an intramural girls' softball league, but she was too much of a klutz to catch the ball on a regular basis and she couldn't hit worth shit. She didn't like the aggressiveness of soccer or basketball the way they played it. She had played a little tennis at summer camp her junior year, but her school didn't have a tennis team. Besides, she wasn't too good at that either.

She had taken violin lessons freshman and sophomore year, but she had let that lapse. She liked some computer games, but most of them were too violent. The one game she like to play was called Runnymede and took place in a magical kingdom where you had to team up with other online players and go in search of the Golden Tor. It was set in the Middle Ages. She had adopted a male character named Olf, who was fast and clever, skilled with the bow and arrow and didn't depend on brute force.

But mostly she liked to read and watch old time movies on TV. Her grandmother was an avid reader and film buff too and they often discussed books and watched movies together. Her favorite actress was Barbara Stanwyck and her favorite film *Ball of Fire*, although she liked the one with Henry Fonda too, *The Lady Eve*.

Four days after her birthday, she received a phone call from Chamile on her cell phone. She hadn't been home since the birthday party and Yolanda was getting worried about her. It was a Saturday, about 10:30. She was helping her grandmother about the house, doing some of the vacuuming and dusting. Her brothers were out at a friend's house. Granny had just finished washing the kitchen floor and they were both sitting at the kitchen table sharing a pot of English Breakfast Tea.

When she answered the phone and said, "Hello, Chamile," (she never called her mother 'Mom'), her grandmother perked up.

"What does she want?" she demanded.

Yolanda waived her off.

"Hiya, honey," Chamile was saying. "Sorry I haven't been home, but I spent a couple nights at the woman's shelter helping out for my community service."

"Okay," Yolanda answered warily.

"I was wondering if you would want to spend some time with me today."

"Doing what?" Yolanda replied suspiciously.

“There’s a festival in Gilson Park with some bands and arts and crafts and stuff like that. We could just spend some time together and talk.”

“Talk about what?”

“Things. I just want to try and get to know you better. I know I have a lot to make up for, but I’m trying. It would mean a lot to me.”

“Sorry, Chamile,” Yolanda responded. “I told Brad that I would see him this afternoon.”

“You can still see him. We’ll have some lunch and wander around a bit. We can be done by 1. Please?”

“Hold on,” Yolanda told her. She looked at her grandmother and told her what Chamile wanted.

“I don’t know, child,” her grandmother replied. “Where’s she been?”

Yolanda told her.

“That’s a crock of shit!” her grandmother retorted.

“I kind of want to see her,” Yolanda stated, holding her hand over the phone. “I think that she’s really been trying. What can it hurt?”

“Your mother could fuck up a wet dream!” her grandmother answered. Granny was a little salty. She worked as a dispatcher for a local trucking company for 25 years until she retired three years ago,

“Granny!” Yolanda protested.

“You know what I mean!” Granny sent back.

“Well, I want to do it,” Yolanda told her.

“Okay, okay,” Granny surrendered. “But keep your phone on all the time and call me every hour.”

Yolanda removed her hand from the phone. “Okay, Chamile,” she told her mother. “Where do you want to meet?”

“Oh, thanks, honey! You’ve made my day. We can meet at your Granny’s and I’ll pay for a taxi.”

“All right.”

“I’ll see you in about 20 minutes.”

“Okay. I’ll be ready,” Yolanda replied and signed off of the call.

She gave her grandmother a kiss and ran up the stairs. She took a quick shower. She dressed herself in a red and black plaid miniskirt and a pair of low heeled sandals. She didn’t use much makeup, but she outlined her eyes and applied a very pale pink lipstick. She brushed and dried her hair. She didn’t want to show up for the outing with her mother dressed in worn out jeans and scuffed up athletic shoes. Going out with her was something special and she wanted Chamile to know how important it was to her. She adorned herself with a light pink bra to match her panties and a pink t-shirt with small, delicate yellow, blue and red flowers across her chest. She looked in the mirror. “Okay,” she said to herself.

She ran back downstairs. Granny was still in the kitchen, at the table, reading the paper. "You forgot to put the vacuum cleaner away," she told her.

"Sorry," Yolanda answered. She rushed into the living room, unplugged the cord and tugged it so that it would disappear inside. She brought it over to the hall closet and put it in. She came back to the kitchen. "I'm going to wait on the porch," she told Granny.

"That's okay. Have a good time. And here, I've got something for you." She reached into the pocket of her housedress and pulled out a twenty dollar bill. "I doubt that Chamile will have any money. Use this to buy lunch."

"Thank you, Granny," Yolanda gushed. She leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

"Call me every hour!" her grandmother called out as she dashed to the front door. She didn't reply. She swung open the screen door and took a seat on the old, padded glider. Their street was one way heading off to her left, so she craned her neck and looked to her right to see if a taxi was coming. So far, nothing.

She leaned back. "Maybe I shouldn't go," she said to herself. Chamile had disappointed her so many times that she couldn't count them. She didn't really deserve to be treated as her mother. Granny had raised her after all. It had been embarrassing for everyone to know that her mother was an addict and a whore. Sometimes, when she was younger, she used to get teased about it. She always had the thought that the boys believed that if her mother was a whore she would be one too. And that was another reason she hadn't dated much. In sophomore year, Ronnie Jackson had offered her \$15 for a blowjob. She had given him a slap that rattled his teeth. She refused to tell the vice principal why she did it and she got two weeks detention as a result, but it was worth it. Granny had been proud of her.

After about ten minutes she began to think that maybe her mother had stood her up yet again. It wouldn't surprise her. She looked at her cell phone. It was a half hour since her mother had called.

She was just about to go back inside and call the whole thing off when she saw a gypsy cab, all bright green and red, fling itself around the corner and trundle down their street. Their neighborhood was rather quiet and they didn't get much traffic. The cab pulled up outside their house. Yolanda got up and walked to the top of the stairs. She waited until she saw her mother get out of the back driver's seat.

Chamile waived excitedly. Chamile was slight too, although a little taller than Yolanda. And while Yolanda's thinness was elegant and attractive, Chamile just looked scrawny. She was wearing a tight black miniskirt and a pair of tall, red high heels. Her bleach blonde hair was scraggly and wild. She had on an orange halter top that revealed several inches of her tummy and large portions of her ample breasts. On her face was a pair of dark sunglasses. She had on bright red lipstick.

Yolanda warily waived back and descended the blue painted wooden stairs. She had brought her smallish brown leather purse with a long strap. It held her hairbrush, some Chapstick, her wallet and her phone. Chamile was carrying a big, brilliant yellow thing. God knew what she had in it.

When she got to the sidewalk she approached Chamile and they gave each other a tentative hug. Yolanda gave her a peck on the cheek.

“Come on, get in!” Chamile encouraged her merrily. Yolanda got into the back on the driver’s side and slid over. Chamile got in behind her. As soon as the door closed, the cab sped away.

Yolanda looked at the taxi license mounted in the back. The driver was Eduardo Rodriguez. There was a picture of him. He looked to be about 40 or 45. He had curly brown hair and was looking back neutrally. She always checked the driver’s name when she got into one of the gypsy cabs. They were largely unregulated and you never knew who was at the wheel. She looked up front. The man actually doing the driving had black hair and he looked more slender than Eduardo. That was just what she meant. Who the fuck was this guy? She looked back at the license. It had expired two years ago.

She was about to say something when her mother tapped her on her thigh. “It’s so good to see you, honey,” she said earnestly.

“Me too, Chamile,” Yolanda returned.

“How’s Granny?”

“She’s fine.”

“Was she mad when I didn’t come home for the last few nights?”

“A little,” Yolanda replied.

“Well I was working, like I said. In fact, we have to stop at the shelter before we go to the park. I need to get my community service worksheet signed so I get credit for it. I need to show it to my probation officer on Monday.”

“Ok,” Yolanda said.

“In fact, I’d like you to meet Mrs. Lim. She runs the place. I’ve told her all about you and how proud I am of you.”

“Ok,” Yolanda replied neutrally. It might be a good thing to go in. This way she could affirm for herself whether Chamile was telling the truth. It would relieve Granny to know that.

They drove for about 25 minutes. They crossed the river to the south side. Yolanda didn’t like to go there because there was a lot of crime. Some people said that the police didn’t go there after dark. Yolanda doubted that, but it just went to show how rough it was. She was a little disturbed since Gilson Park was on the north side and they would have to drive back clear across town to get there. It was already after 11. That wouldn’t give them much time to be together.

Chamile was being uncharacteristically silent. She looked like she was shaking. "What's wrong, Chamile?" she asked. "Are you sick?"

"No," Chamile replied. "I just took my Methadone about a half hour ago and I've got the willies. It'll kick in in a little while."

Yolanda nodded her head. "Once an addict, always an addict," her grandmother often said. Maybe it was true.

They turned down a block with a bunch of burned out buildings and a large, empty, littered, overgrown lot that went down the whole block. "Why would they put the women's shelter here?" Yolanda thought uneasily. It didn't feel right.

They stopped in front of a wide, three story house. It was covered with dirty, grayish aluminum siding that looked like it had been put on thirty years ago. There was no building on the left, just an empty lot filled with litter and trash and other detritus. The house on the right was all boarded up. The large, empty lot was across the street. There were a few cars parked on the street, which seemed inexplicable since there was only one building that looked habitable. "Maybe they work in the shelter," she thought.

Chamile opened the driver's side door. "Come on," she urged.

"No, Chamile, I think I'll wait outside," Yolanda told her.

"Aw, come on, baby!" Chamile whined. "It's really important to me that you meet Mrs. Lim. I've told her all about you. I want them to see that I wasn't just bullshitting!"

"It just doesn't feel right," Yolanda replied. "Why would they put the women's shelter way out here? And why isn't there a sign?"

"It's so their boyfriends can't find it," was Chamile's quick reply. "And budget cuts. The City don't give out much money for this kind of thing."

"If you don't mind, I'd rather wait," was Yolanda's answer.

A look of anger crossed Chamile's face. Yolanda had seen it before. Chamile was known to explode into ferocious rage when she didn't get her way. Then, as if by magic, the expression faded. She was sweet old Chamile once again.

"Pretty please, Yolanda?" she begged. "It would mean so much to me. And I want you to see how much they appreciate me. What a good job I'm doing."

Yolanda took a deep breath. She looked up and saw the driver of the cab looking back at her in the rearview mirror. Being alone with him in the car didn't seem too appealing either. She looked at the house. At least if she went inside she would maybe be able to tell for sure that Chamile was telling the truth about working there. If it really was the woman's shelter.

She made her decision. She opened the passenger side door and got out. Chamile was waiting for her anxiously at the bottom step to the stoop. Yolanda looked at the building again. She hadn't noticed it before, but all of the windows were barred and had shades pulled down. Even the upper floors. For a second, she



thought she saw a woman's face peering out of one, but it was withdrawn as fast as it appeared.

Chamile took her hand and marched up the three slate steps to the door. It was wooden, painted white, with strips of paint peeling from it. It looked like it was steel reinforced and it had a big brass deadbolt. There was a squawk box off to the right. Chamile pressed the button. There was no response for a little bit. Chamile, looking a little nervous, pressed it again. The squawk box had a little camera. Finally a scratchy woman's voice responded.

"Who is it?" it demanded.

"It's Chamile," her mother replied. "I've got my daughter with me."

There was a pause. Then, "Okay. Wait a second."

About ten seconds later, the lock buzzed and the door opened. A heavysset black guy was standing there. He was wearing a dark blue t-shirt and black jeans over heavy black boots. He had unruly black hair and what looked like a week old beard. Yolanda didn't like the look of him

"Who's he?" she asked Chamile. "I thought this was the women's shelter."

"It is, honey," Chamile answered quickly. "He's just the bouncer. I mean, you know, security."

"Security for what?"

"In case any of the boyfriends or husbands show up, of course," Chamile explained.

The entrance room was small. It was dimly lit with just a faint light coming from an overhead fixture and the glow of light from the shaded window. There were a couple of ratty easy chairs, a small table between them with an unlit lamp on it with a torn, yellow shade and a half full ash tray. The rug was threadbare, kind of a sickly green. The walls had centuries old, dirty white wallpaper on them.

"Where are the women?" Yolanda asked skeptically as Chamile guided her in.

"Oh, this is just the entranceway. There's all in the back."

Across the room was an archway. It had a steel barred door like on a cell. "This place looks more like a jail," Yolanda observed nervously.

Just then a woman came to the barred door. She was wearing a gaudy orange, green and blue, kneelength housedress and low heeled, black shoes, like old ladies wear. The dress was opened to midway between her breasts showing off a daring amount of their heaviness. She had thin black hair mixed with grey that was pulled into a bun. Her face was round and not exactly brutish, but you wouldn't want to fuck with her. She had a slightly Asian look, maybe from a mixed marriage. She seemed maybe 45 or so; Yolanda wasn't good with ages of older people. She wasn't tall, kind of medium sized, but she was broad and a bit hefty. Thick arms were jutting out of the short sleeves of her dress. If you looked really close, you could see that her nose had been broken at least once.

“Hello, Chamile,” the woman called lightly out from between the bars. “Is this your daughter?”

The woman had pulled a set of keys from her belt. A long, thick, golden one went into the lock of the door. She turned it with a ‘clang!’ She swung it open.

“Come in! Come in!” she called out, smiling.

Yolanda felt very uncomfortable. Why was there a cell door and such a heavy lock? The woman’s voice was slightly accented. It was low and deep. Her apparent friendliness could not disguise the rough edge to it.

Chamile took hold of her wrist. “Come on, honey, let’s go inside.”

“I’m not sure, Chamile,” Yolanda responded. “Something’s not right here.”

“What’s not right, honey?” Chamile asked impatiently. She tugged at her arm. “Come on! Don’t be stupid!”

There was more than a bit of the Chamile she was mostly used to in her voice. Yolanda pulled her arm away. “I told you, I’m not going in there!” she responded loudly. “Don’t try and make me!”

She looked back at the woman. Her smile had faded. She looked like she might rush out and grab her. Yolanda started to back her way to the outside door. She jumped when she came into contact with the big black man behind her. She looked at him, more than a little afraid now. “Please get out of my way,” she said as forcefully as she could, a tremor in her voice. She looked back at the woman. As if he had been standing back listening, an even bigger black man stepped out from the corridor behind the woman. He loomed over her. He was wearing an oversized jersey from the local pro basketball team. He had a neatly shaved goatee. His hair was curly and cut close to his head. He was glaring at her as if she had insulted him.

She realized who it was. It was Tiny! Yolanda panicked. She turned and tried to make a dash for the door. The bouncer blocked her way. She pushed against him with all her might, but hardly budged him.

“Let me out! Let me out!” she screamed. She went to give the man a big kick when a large hand seized a skein of her hair and jerked her back. She was frantic now and tried to pull the hand away while she twisted and turned. Chamile screeched, “Don’t hurt her! Don’t hurt her!” She felt a clobbering blow to the side of her head. Her body went limp. Tiny released her hair and she fell to the floor.

Things happened really fast, or maybe not as her head was whirling and there was a throbbing on the side where she had been struck. Someone stripped her pocketbook off of her shoulder. She was rolled to her belly and her arms were pulled behind her. She could hear Chamile sobbing and wailing. Someone tied her wrists crossed tightly. She tried to rise, but a heavy hand pushed her back down. A hand went back into her hair and her head was tilted back. She looked up and saw the woman reaching out to her with a strip of silvery tape. A large, meaty hand

pressed upwards on her jaw and her mouth was jammed closed. The woman, Mrs. Lim, she assumed, placed the tape over her lips. She pulled another strip from the roll and placed it over the first, a little higher, and then a third which overlapped the first on the bottom.

Hard, heavy hands grabbed her arms and lifted her from the floor. Her knees wouldn't cooperate and the hands had to hold her up.

"Bring her into the kitchen," the woman snapped. She was led through the barred door. She heard it clang closed behind her. There was a room to her left. She heard men's voices and a woman laugh. She was dragged straight ahead into a bright room. It was a small, bare bones kitchen dominated by a large, rectangular table covered with a faded red and white, checkered vinyl tablecloth. She was shoved down on a chair at the near end.

She was coming out of her daze, although her head still throbbed. She looked around. She knew that she was frightened beyond her wits, but her brain's receptors were just not receiving it yet. There were three women sitting there, one to her left, one to her right, and one, at the other end, dead ahead of her. The girl on the left was white with reddish brown hair all teased up. At the end in front of her was a Hispanic girl. Her hair was long and black. The girl to her right was black with her hair done up in a short 'fro'. They were all wearing flowery satin robes pulled nonchalantly over their bodies and drinking mugs of coffee. There were 2" wide silver collars around their necks. They all looked like they were between their late twenties and early thirties. The black girl and the Hispanic one had large breasts. The white girl's were more modest, if that's the right word since her robe was very loose and they were practically hanging out.

All the girls were looking at her fearfully as if she had a disease that they might catch. Tiny was towering over her to her on her right and the woman was to her left. She tried to push herself up off of the chair, but Tiny put his massive paw on her shoulder and forced her back down. She tried to jump up and dash off on the woman's side, but the woman just pushed her back. She reared her right hand and gave her face a mighty slap. Yolanda screeched. She grabbed her hair and gave her another and another. Yolanda sobbed and wailed.

"Get the message, you stupid cunt!" the woman snarled. "If you get up again, I'll knock you into next week!"

Yolanda started sobbing wildly. She looked to the three women for help, but they just looked away and sipped at their coffee. She could hear Chamile crying. "Why'd ya have to hit her so hard for?" she whined. "Is she all right? Let me see her!"

Tiny turned to her. "Get the fuck out of here!" he boomed. "Tell Reynaldo to drive you back to the house and get ready for work. I told him that he could fuck

you, so take him up to your room when you get there. If he has any complaints I'll take you down to the basement and beat the shit out of you!"

"Please, Tiny, let me see her!" Chamile whined again.

Tiny reached out and grabbed her by the hair. He dragged her over to Yolanda's chair and pointed her face at her.

"See?" he demanded gruffly. He released her hair and pushed her back. "Now get the fuck out of here!"

"But you said you would get me right, Tiny," she complained plaintively. "I've got the heebie jeebies all over!"

Tiny looked at her. He reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out a small bag of pills. He reached into it and pulled out a half. "Here's half an Oxy, take it!" he growled.

Chamile took it quickly. "Can't I have a whole one?" she asked timidly.

"No," Tiny said flatly. "I don't want you too fucked up to work. I'll give you another half when I get home."

"Pleeeeeease, Tiny!" Chamile begged. "I did what you said!"

Tiny reached out and took Chamile by the throat. He picked her up and pressed her against the wall. She started choking and gurgling. "If you don't do what I say now," Tiny told her loudly and ominously, "I'll sell you off to some Mexicans and they'll take you down to Mexico where you can work in a slop shop until they cut your throat and throw you away! Would you like that?"

"Nnnnnnnnn.....!" Chamile managed to squeak out. Her face had turned beet red. Tiny released her and she fell to the floor. She was sniffing and whining as she rose. Despite Tiny's assault, she had held the half an Oxy tightly in her right hand. She looked at Tiny piteously. "Can I have some water?" she squeaked.

"Go get some water and get the fuck out of here!" Tiny replied, exasperated.

Chamile maneuvered herself behind Yolanda's chair and past Mrs. Lim to the kitchen sink. There were a couple of glasses in the drainboard. She took one, ran the cold water for a few seconds and half filled the glass. She tossed the half pill into her mouth and washed it down.

Everybody was silent as they watched her. She put the glass down carefully on the drain board as if stalling for time. She turned slowly and stepped up to where Mrs. Lim stood. She poked her face past her and looked at Yolanda. "I'm sorry, honey, but I had to do it. You'll be okay. I promise. I'll see you again soon."

Yolanda whined and said something piteous sounding, like she was begging. Chamile gave Tiny a fearful glance and fled from the room. The door man, who had been standing back in the corridor took her to the cell-like door, unlocked it and let her out. Yolanda heard the cell door clang closed and wailed.

"She's a noisy bitch," Mrs. Lim observed.

“She’ll get over it,” was Tiny’s reply. “Now where’s my money?” he demanded.

“Cool your jets, Tiny,” Mrs. Lim spat back. “I’ll be right back. Keep an eye on the cunt.”

She turned and left the room. Tiny eyed Yolanda warily. “You know, I’m going to sell Chamile to the Mexicans anyway,” he told her. “She’s getting too old and sloppy. Besides, she might get remorseful and go to the cops.”

Yolanda had been trying to get a hold on herself. This news started her off crying again. Tiny laughed. “Your mother’s a cunt,” Tiny told her callously. “Look what she did to you. All for a little scag. Don’t waste your time crying for her.”

Yolanda’s despair and fear had seeped into her very bones. Her brain function was mostly restored now and her emotions were registering fine. “What are they going to do to me?” she worried hysterically. She didn’t want to be a whore! She wanted to go home, to Granny’s. She wanted to ask them, “Please! Please! Please! Please!”

Tiny took hold of the hem of her t-shirt and pulled it up. Yolanda tried to twist away, but he snuck his hand under it and grabbed her by the throat, holding her still. He pulled the pink t-shirt over her head with his other hand and down her arms behind her. He reached into his pants pocket and pulled out a switchblade, popping it open. Its razor sharp edge cut through the straps of her pretty, pink bra like they were butter. Still holding on to her neck, he folded the knife up. Putting it in his pocket. He reached behind her with his left hand and undid the clasp. He reached for the center of the bra between her breasts and pulled it off.

Yolanda whined. She knew that everyone was looking at her. She tried and tried to twist away, but Tiny had his hand in her hair and held her still.

“Nice tits, Yolanda,” he told her, sneering. “Someone’s gonna really like ‘em.”

Mrs. Lim came back in with a white envelope in her hand. “What the fuck are you doing?” she asked Tiny angrily.

“I’m looking at her tits! That’s what I’m doing!” Tiny replied.

“Leave her alone. She don’t belong to you.”

“Well maybe I’ll decide not to sell her. Maybe I’ll keep her and fuck the shit out of her. Maybe I’ll sell her to the Mexicans. They’ll pay me top dollar!”

“Don’t fuck with me Tiny. And don’t fuck with the people who I represent. She’s tied up and gagged in my joint. That makes her mine. We had a deal.”

Tiny looked at her. Yolanda saw the fierceness in his eyes and her body went sour. There was an animal inside the man, a fearsome animal. How many times had her mother seen that? She could see why she would be afraid to cross him. That didn’t excuse what she had done to her, of course. There was nothing in the world that could excuse that. She dreaded being under his power and, despite her

sadness and terror about what had been done to her, and her terrible, uncertain future, hoped that the woman won out.

Tiny seemed like he had grown a few inches. The woman just stared him down. "I could break you in half," Tiny growled.

"Do it and see what happens," the woman replied icily. There was a few seconds of terrible silence between them. It was as if the room had filled up with some explosive gas and the slightest spark could set it off. It was a world of violence and cruelty she had never seen before.

Tiny released her hair. It had been pulled really tight and, for a second, she had been afraid that he was going to pull out a big clump. He went back to his normal, bear-like size. The tension went out of the air. Mrs. Lim pulled a wad of cash from the envelope. She threw down on the table in front of her a pack of hundreds surrounded by a rubber band. "One, two, three," she began to count as she tossed down more bundles, "four, five. That's five grand, as we agreed," she said. Yolanda stared down at it. Was that what she was worth? \$5,000? It seemed so cheap.

Tiny looked at it. He scooped it up. Mrs. Lim handed him the empty envelope. Tiny took it, stuffed the 5 G's into it, folded it, and put it in his front pants pocket.

"It should be more," Tiny growled.

"It's what we agreed on. Besides, look at her, she's all skinny and scrawny."

"Skinny and scrawny, my ass," Tiny rejoined. "Look at those tits. That's a fine set. And she's fresh meat, never been touched."

"And I've got to find a buyer from out of town sos nobody ever sees her again. You got a buyer like that?"

Tiny was silent. Yolanda quailed. "A buyer? From out of town?" she thought fraughtfully. "What's going to happen to me?" She started whining and sobbing again. She was frightfully distressed at having her breasts out for everybody to see. Nobody had ever seen them since they started growing but her, except momentarily in gym class where she hurriedly took a shower and wrapped herself with a towel right after. She looked at the three whores. They were staring at her. She broke out into a howl and bent over, trying to hide them.

Mrs. Lim grabbed her hair and straightened her up roughly. "Shut the fuck up, or I'll give you more like what you got!" she ordered her sharply. "And don't hide your tits! You're a whore now and whores show their tits to everybody!"

She looked up at her. She didn't want to be a whore! Wasn't there something she could do? Wasn't there somebody who would save her? Were the other women just going to sit there and let this happen? Was this really the end of her life?

She had stopped howling, but tears were still flowing down her face. Tiny was still standing there. Mrs. Lim offered to make peace with him. "Listen, you bring me two, three fresh girls a month. I'll know what to do with 'em. You could make

a nice buck. Why don't you take one of the girls upstairs and fuck her? Take Dolores, here. She's got a nice, tight cunt."

She nodded her head at the white girl. The girl blanched. Tiny was the kind of customer they all feared.

Tiny looked at her. Dolores squirmed in her chair. "OK," he said.

Mrs. Lim gave Dolores a death look. "Take him upstairs," she barked at her.

Dolores' eyes went soft like she wanted to cry. She rose from her chair. She seemed to settle herself. She knew that being the subject of Mrs. Lim's displeasure was worse than anything that Tiny was likely to do. And the sooner they got started, the sooner they would finish. "Okay, honey," she said as seductively as she could muster. "Come with me."

She moved towards the door. "Put your fucking cup away!" Mrs. Lim barked. "I ain't your servant!" She looked at the other girls. "Maria, what the fuck are you doing lazing around. Go upstairs and get ready. And make sure you grease up your ass. Mr. Kooning called and he's coming to see you."

A shadow crossed Maria's face for just a moment. And then she said, "Yes, Mrs. Lim." She rose, tossed back her coffee and brought it to the sink where Dolores was already washing hers out.

Mrs. Lim looked at the black girl. "Shanice, get an ice pad out of the freezer and put it on the cunt's head. I don't want no swelling." In a whorehouse like hers, you had to be prepared for any eventuality.

"Yes, Mrs. Lim," she replied deferentially. Dolores had walked to the front of the room. Tiny looked at her, looked at Mrs. Lim and then looked at Yolanda. "I wanna fuck her," he told Mrs. Lim, indicating Yolanda.

"No way, Jose," Mrs. Lim shot back. "Take Dolores, and don't fuck her up. She's gotta work."

That fierceness swept across Tiny's face again. He wasn't use to people telling him no. Yolanda watched as several equations passed quickly through his head. It was like he was processing the math of what would happen if he fucked up Mrs. Lim. It was a street talent that all the successful hoods had. Finally, he smiled. "Okay," he said. He moved away. He went behind Yolanda, took Dolores by the wrist and yanked her out of the room. Maria followed them. The black woman had emptied out her cup and put it in the washboard. She went to the ancient refrigerator and opened the freezer. She pulled out a soft, blue ice pack. She came over to Mrs. Lim's side. Mrs. Lim stepped back and let her pass. She dragged a chair over to where Yolanda was sitting and sat down on it. Yolanda flinched as she brought the ice pack up to her head.

"The other side," Mrs. Lim told her. Shanice got up, put the chair back and moved to the other side. She brought the chair she had been sitting in and came up to Yolanda. Yolanda stared at her fretfully and tilted her head away from her.

“Come on, honey, it’s for your own good. You don’t want to have a big headache, do you?” she said softly.

Yolanda looked up at Mrs. Lim. She certainly didn’t want to make her mad again. And no, she didn’t want a big headache. It was still throbbing where Tiny had hit her.

Shanice placed the ice pack on the side of her head. Mrs. Lim looked at them for a moment and then moved off. There was just Yolanda and Shanice in the room.

Yolanda wanted to beg and plead with Shanice to help her get away, but she knew that that would be useless. She closed her eyes. The coolness was a little comforting. They just sat there silently. After a while she heard Mrs. Lim saying sweetly to someone, “You make sure you come back anytime. We’re open 24 hours.”

A man’s voice mumbled something back. Yolanda heard the iron gate swing open and closed.

All kinds of things swirled through her head. “Please, God, please save me!” she prayed. She thought of how distressed Granny would be when she didn’t call and didn’t show up later today. She thought of Brad, who was expecting her. She thought of her room and all her things and how she was never going to see them again. She thought of endless men fucking her and abusing her and someday being a docile whore like Dolores and Maria and Shanice. And being brought ‘out of town’ and how she would ever get back.

And she thought how horrible it was what Chamile had done to her. Her own mother! She knew that Chamile would do almost anything for Tiny, but she never thought she would do anything like this! And all the time, riding in the taxi over here, Chamile had known what she was going to do. When she smiled and waved at her when she pulled up at her grandmother’s house. When they hugged and she gave her a little kiss. When had she made the deal with Tiny? Yesterday, the day before? Had she known what she was going to do at her birthday party, smiling and eating cake and pretending that she was a loving mother? How had she ever been cursed with someone like her? Why had God made people like that, and people like Tiny and Mrs. Lim?

Was Tiny really going to sell Chamile to some Mexican gang? Or was he just fucking with her, trying to make her more miserable. In a way, she hoped that he did it. Chamile deserved it! She deserved to rot in Hell! She deserved to have terrible, terrible things happen to her!

“I’ll escape!” she promised herself. Somehow, I’ll escape, and I’ll go to the police and turn them all in. This time Tiny would go away for a hundred years! And Mrs. Lim too! And the black man in the hall! She would run to Granny’s



house and hug her and kiss her and cry and cry and cry. Somehow, she would get away! She had to! She had too!

Shanice kept taking the ice pack off for a little while and then putting it back on. Yolanda looked at her pleadingly. Shanice's eyes would flit away whenever she did that. Was she a prisoner? Were all the girls here prisoners? And if they couldn't get away, how would she ever be able to manage it? And how could they do this, keep women prisoner? Didn't any of the men care? Why didn't the police find this place and bust down the doors?

And who were the people Mrs. Lim 'represented'? How powerful were they that even Tiny would be afraid of them? What was it going to be like to have to fuck dozens and dozens of men a day? It would be horrible, horrible, horrible! How could she ever live through it? And when she was old and worn out like Chamile, would they sell her to the Mexicans or someone like them and she would end up in a 'slop shop' like Tiny had called it with her only end being having her throat slit from ear to ear and dumped somewhere like used up garbage?

After about 20 minutes, Mrs. Lim came back into the room. She was on her cell phone. "Yeah," she was saying, "I got her right here.....Yeah, she's just like the photos.....Yeah, yeah....Here, I'll send you a picture. Hold on."

She walked to the end of the table opposite Yolanda. Yolanda looked at her, horrified. She was talking to the person who was going to buy her and take her out of town. What kind of people were they? They would have to be horrible if they were willing to just buy somebody. Somebody who had never done anything bad to anyone in the world.

When she got to the end of the table, Mrs. Lim told Shanice to get out of the way. She held up the phone and pointed it at her. Yolanda cringed and thought of her exposed breasts. She wanted to run and hide. But where would she go? How would she get out? What would Mrs. Lim do to her if she tried it? Nobody had ever slapped her like she had done. She could still feel the sensation on her cheek. She had stopped crying and now started again. She twisted her wrists in her confinement. It was horrible to have her hands locked behind her and be absolutely defenseless.

Mrs. Lim snapped the picture. She looked at it. She tapped a few icons on her phone. She waited a second and then pressed on it. She waited, and then pressed on it again.

"Yeah, it's on its way....Sure I'll hold."

She waited a bit, the phone to her ear. After a little bit, she said, "Like it?" She paused and then laughed. "Yeah, I think she's cute too!" She laughed again. "I'm sure she will," she said. And then, "When can you get here?....Okay, okay, but no later than that. And come by about 3 a.m. Nobody'll be around.... Okay.... Okay.... See you then." She rang off.

She put the phone in the pocket of her housedress. She looked at Yolanda. Yolanda thought that for a moment she saw a flash of pity for her. But if it was, it passed instantly. "How's she doing?" she asked Shanice.

"Okay," Shanice replied. "I think she'll be okay."

"Go get Lia and bring her downstairs. I want her stripped and hogtied. Lock her up in one of the cages. Then come right back up and get ready for work."

"Yes, Mrs. Lim," Shanice replied.

"And make sure she takes a pee first. I don't want no messes."

"Yes, Mrs. Lim," Shanice answered, her voice subdued and reluctant.

She got up, took the ice pack over to the freezer and put it back in. She dashed out of the room, presumably to get Lia. Mrs. Lim went to a cabinet and got a clean coffee cup. She went over to the coffee pot and poured some in. She got a carton of milk from the refrigerator and dropped in a dollop. She took a big sip, her eyes focused on Yolanda.

"Looks like you'll be with us a little bit," she told her. "You just make sure you behave and nobody's going to hurt you. You give me a problem and you'll be very, very sorry. Got that?"

A wave of despair went through her. She wanted to say, "No! No, you fucking bitch! I'll kill you! I'll fuck you up! I'll make you very, very sorry that you did this to me!" She looked at her with hatred. Mrs. Lim laughed.

"That's the spirit, honey," she said. "You got sass. That's good. They'll have a lot of fun with you."

Shanice came back into the room with another whore. She had short, close cropped, blond hair. She was dressed in a lime green nighty. You could see her solid breasts right through it. She was wearing the same silvery collar as the others. Her face was all made up and she had on bright red lipstick. She looked younger than the other girls. Her face was pretty, but sad.

Shanice came to her right and took hold of her arm. "Come on, honey," she said softly. "Don't give us no trouble."

Woeful despair shot through her. "Please don't do this! Please don't do this! Please! Please! Please!" she begged inside.

Lia took her other arm. Together, they pulled her up off of the chair. She was wobbly on her feet. They escorted her out into the hallway. Yolanda took a last look at Mrs. Lim. She was leaning against the counter, sipping her coffee. "Please don't do this!" she begged her with her eyes.

## CHAPTER TWO

Shanice and Lia took her into the room she had passed on her way into the kitchen. It was like a big living room with couches and easy chairs. There was a plush golden rug and matching drapes next to a large picture window. The Venetian blinds were down and drawn closed. You could see the shadows of the bars outside on them. The room was dimly lit. There was music playing softly. A song that she knew that was hot right now. A woman's silky voice ruing the rejection of her lover. A bar was at the end of the room and a thin looking, young, clean shaven Hispanic guy wearing a white jacket was standing behind it. Two men, a black guy and a white guy, dressed in polo shirts and jeans, were sitting there drinking. A set of carpeted stairs went up behind it. A black haired girl was coming down wearing a diaphanous light yellow nightgown and bright red high heels. She gave Yolanda a brief, unconcerned glance.

A brutish looking white guard was standing off to the side. He was dressed like the man at the door. There were three good looking girls sitting on one of the couches, all dressed provocatively, all wearing the same silver collar. They looked at her dolefully and then looked away. There was a man sitting on an easy chair with a girl on his lap. He was suckling at her exposed teat. She had long blond hair. The man looked up as she was brought through. His hand was on the girl's naked thigh. She looked at her too, and Yolanda thought of her own exposed breasts.

"Come on, honey," the girl turned back to the man and said. "Let's go upstairs and get it on. You've got me all hot."

The man nodded and they got up.

Shanice and Lia brought her to a wooden door. It had a deadbolt on it. Lia called over to the bouncer. "Hey, Lou, can you unlock this for us?"

The guard gave her a snarling look like she was being a pain in the ass. He ambled across the room at his own pace. Yolanda was shivering and quaking, fearful of what was on the other side of the door. They were going to strip her and hogtie her. They were going to put her in a cage. She whined at the thought of it. She wanted to run away, but the women were holding on to her arms tightly.

Lou came up close to them and gave Yolanda the once over. Her took hold of a nipple and gave it a harsh pinch that made Yolanda squeal.

"Cut it out, Lou," Lia told him.

“Yeah?” Lou responded to her aggressively. “Would you like me to twist your tit instead?”

“No, Lou, I wouldn’t,” Lia answered a little uncertainly, as if there was a good likelihood that he would do it.

“If I open the door, will you give me a blowjob later?”

Lia looked at him somewhat fearfully. “Sure, Lou,” she said deferentially. “Anytime you want.”

“As soon as you come back up,” he demanded. “And don’t give me any more of your lip. I’ll take you downstairs and we’ll have a little dance.”

“Sure, Lou,” Lia replied sheepishly. “As soon as I get back up. I didn’t mean nothing.”

He looked over at Shanice, who had been looking at him. “What the fuck are you looking at?” he barked. “You want to have a little dance too?”

“No, Lou,” Shanice answered hurriedly.

“Then quit gawking!”

“Sure, Lou, sure,” Shanice replied.

“It’s your turn with me tonight, Shanice, so keep your pussy nice and hot.”

“Sure, Lou,” Shanice answered quickly. “Anything you want.”

“You bet your ass, anything I want,” he returned.

Lou had a full, gnarly brown beard and fiery eyes. Yolanda looked at him with terror. Is this what her future held? Guys like him? She knew she had to get away somehow. She wouldn’t be able to stand it. How was she going to survive?

Lou took a keychain off of his belt, rooted around in it and found the key he was looking for. He slid it into the deadbolt lock and turned it. “Make it quick,” he told Lia sternly.

“Sure, Lou, sure,” Lia agreed. The women brought her through the door. There was a little landing. A light was shining at the bottom of the stairs. They descended. Shanice was in front of her, holding tightly onto her right arm and Lia behind her, holding tightly to her left. There were about thirteen steps. They were painted bluish gray. There was a hand rail on the right side.

They quickly got to the bottom. The walls were cinderblock but the floor had been finished with white vinyl tile with blue borders. A bright light was in the center of the ceiling. Just a 100 watt bulb with no shade. The room was about 30’ by 100’ and it looked like it went the whole length if not the width of the building. A water heater and a gas furnace were in the corner. Toward the street side there was a narrow strip of a window which had been painted over in black. There were some boxes and junk along the sides of the room. A set of steel, free standing shelves was filled with all kind of canned goods and boxes of cereal, spaghetti, jars of tomato sauce, bags of rice, etc. In the corner opposite the water heater and furnace, there was a large, commercial sized washer and dryer. Loaded up laundry

baskets surrounded it. A pair of ropes was strung across the rafters from which hung sets of diaphanous dainties. A heavyset woman wearing a tight, black housemaid's dress was unloading the dryer, pulling out sets of jumbled white sheets. She looked over as they reached the bottom of the stairs. She had a long ponytail of fully grey hair and a round, aged face. She gave Yolanda a cursory glance and turned back to her work.

The women brought her up to a solid wooden door. It too had a deadbolt on it. The key was on a hook next to it. Lia reached up and retrieved it and unlocked the door. Shanice swung it open as Lia returned the key to its place. They brought her through. The room was pitch black and Lia flipped on the light.

It was about 40' long and 30' wide. The walls were covered by cheap, dark brown paneling. There were no windows. A modest light shined from behind a flat, glass shade with blue and yellow flowers painted on it. To the left was a large, five foot high dresser with long drawers. It was stained dark and looked dusty and battered. Next to that was a toilet. In the corner was a shower spigot jutting from the wall with white tile underneath it and a drain. At the far side of the room, a chain dangled from the ceiling. At its end was a pair of leather bracelets. Several evil looking whips were mounted on the wall. The sight made Yolanda quiver.

The rest of the room was covered by a reddish brown carpet. On the right, up next to the wall were four black steel cages. Yolanda quailed when she saw them and her knees went weak. In the third cage down, a naked black girl was lying on the floor, her hands tied to her feet. She looked up at them piteously. She had butternut skin and messy black hair. A large leather shield covered the bottom part of her face.

"Get down on your belly," Lia told Yolanda harshly. Yolanda looked at the cages and back at Lia. She was crying. She shook her head no. A grotesque look of displeasure crossed the girl's face.

Lia grabbed the end of her right breast and gave it a harsh twist, making Yolanda shriek.

"You want me to call Lou down here, you stupid cunt?" she demanded harshly. "I'm not getting a fucking beating for you! Do what I say or I'll fuck you up!"

Yolanda started sobbing once again. How could the woman be so cruel? Didn't she know that she had been kidnapped? That she was being held against her will? That it was wrong to tie women up and put them in cages?

Lia released her teat. "Get down!" she repeated.

Yolanda slowly sank to her knees and then lay down on the floor. The carpet was rough and scratched her nipples.

"Come on, let's get this done," Lia snapped at Shanice. "You take the top. I'll get her wrists."

Shanice didn't say anything, but she got down on her knees in front of Yolanda and leaned over her. She pushed her pink t-shirt down to her wrists and took solid grasps of her forearms, holding them in place. Lia was sitting on the back of her legs. She felt her untying the leather around her wrists. When it was off, Lia quickly pulled her t-shirt off the rest of the way. She tossed it to the side. Yolanda felt her begin to wrap the leather around her wrists again and something came over her. She screamed behind her gag, roaring at the top of her lungs. She tried to twist and turn her body. She pulled and tugged desperately at her hands. She tried to pull her legs free from under Lia and toss her off.

Shanice just held her that much firmer. The leather went around her wrists nonetheless. She felt it being tied off and then wrapped around cross ways and up and down several times and then tied off again. She counted three knots.

"Christ!" Lia blurted out.

"Get the skirt off," Shanice replied.

Lia drew down the zipper at the right side, slid back further on Yolanda's legs and yanked her red and black plaid miniskirt past her hips. Yolanda was sobbing and wailing. She knew that she had been defeated and that she had no chance of opposing the two women, who were each bigger and stronger than her. And what if she did defeat them? They would just call out for Lou, who would make her 'dance' over there where the whips and chains were. But she had to do something, didn't she? She had to try, didn't she? She didn't want to go off meekly and docilely to a horrible fate.

Lia slid down and pulled her skirt to her knees. She reached up and grabbed the gusset of her pink panties. Yolanda screeched and tried to buck and twist and turn again, but Lia was able to draw them to her knees as well. She carefully maneuvered herself until she was turned around and then sat on her thighs. She drew the skirt and the panties past Yolanda's flailing feet.

Yolanda continued to buck and wail. "Jesus Christ!" Lia exclaimed. "This is bullshit! Go get the flogger off of the wall!" she told Shanice. Lia had turned herself around again. Shanice hesitated.

"Fucking go get it!" Lia shouted. "I'm not putting up with any more of this!"

Shanice got up, releasing Yolanda's arms. Lia placed her hands on Yolanda's back, holding her down. She was squealing and blubbering. Shanice came back with the whip. Lia leaned back and slid down a bit. "Give her five good ones across her ass!" Lia barked out. "That ought to settle her!"

"I don't know...", Shanice said. "I've never whipped anybody. She's just a kid."

"God damn it!" Lia wailed. "Here, you get on her feet and I'll do it! Jesus Christ! This is ridiculous," she repeated.

Shanice handed the whip to Lia and got down by Yolanda's feet. As Lia slid off, she moved up. Yolanda was arching her back and wailing. They were going to whip her! "...eeeeeease! ...eeeeeease! .....ohn ...ip ...eee!" she tried to shout. It came out all mangled and garbled.

Lia stood over her. She reared back her right arm and brought the flails of the flogger across Yolanda's rump as hard as she could. Yolanda wailed and screeched as fire broke out there. Lia paused a moment, and then did it again. Yolanda wailed and screeched and tried to throw Shanice off of her legs, but with no success. Lia struck her again. And then paused. She struck her again. And then paused. She struck her a fifth time. Yolanda wailed and screeched and sobbed.

Lia stood there and watched her. Two weeks ago, Lou had taken her down here and belabored her for a half hour while she screamed and sobbed, her wrists bound above her. And he was a guy who hit much harder. She knew what Yolanda was going through. But she wasn't going to risk getting whipped again! That was for damn sure!

She had been with Mrs. Lim for about a year and a half. And before that, in another place, in another city. Her boyfriend had betrayed her to these guys when she told him that she was going to break up with him. They had been living together and she had come by to get her things. Her boyfriend had let her in and these guys were waiting for her. She had sobbed and wailed and struggled, so she knew what Yolanda was going through. So she felt bad, now that she had whipped her. But it was either Yolanda or her. That choice was easy.

She crouched down by Yolanda's ear. "Had enough, you stupid cunt?" she asked her. "You want more?"

Yolanda shook her head 'no', looking up at the girl piteously. "Okay then," Lia responded. "I'm not going to put the whip away yet, though, in case you give us any more trouble. Get that?"

Yolanda nodded her head sadly 'yes'.

Lia nodded to Shanice, who was crying. Shanice got up off of Yolanda's feet.

"Now get up!" Lia snapped.

Yolanda struggled obediently to her feet. Her rear still burned. Lia took her arm and roughly walked her over to the toilet. "Sit down and pee," she commanded. Yolanda didn't want to do it in front of her, or the other woman, or the black girl who was peering forlornly out of her cage. But Lia still had the whip in her hand. She turned and sat down. It took her a while to get her flow going, but shortly there was the tell-tale tinkle. She looked up at Lia sadly. How could she be so cruel?

She finished and then wondered how she was going to wipe herself. "Get up and bend over," Lia spat at her. Yolanda obeyed unhappily. Lia placed the whip under one arm and tore off several sheets of toilet paper. She bunched them up and

addressed Yolanda's conch. She wiped it from the top to the bottom and then tossed the paper into the toilet. She pressed the handle and it flushed.

"Okay, go kneel over there," Lia told her sternly. Yolanda trudged sadly over to the spot and went to her knees.

"Get a gag out of the dresser," Lia told Shanice. "Make yourself useful. Or do I have to do everything?"

"No," Shanice returned a bit resentfully. She went over to the dresser and opened the middle drawer. She pulled out a long, thick leather prong attached to a belt. She closed the drawer and brought it over to Lia.

"No, you put it on," Lia told her. "I fucking whipped her, so now you do something!"

Shanice nodded. She was by nature very docile and three years with Mrs. Lim had made her more so. She had been swept off of the streets of a distant city one night when she had been walking the three blocks to her apartment building after being dropped off by the bus. The gang had held on to her for three weeks, fucking her and beating her until they sold her to a guy who brought her here. She was upset that tonight was her night with Lou. He was a brutal and mean fuck. And he would go on almost all night. The five guards that Mrs. Lim maintained, got to use them in rotation. Three nights ago it had been Karim, the guy at the door, a few days before that it had been Jorge, who could come in later, and a few before that it had been Al, who was upstairs keeping a handle on things. She didn't mind Al so much. He was somewhat gentle and always made sure that she came. He was much better than the fifth guy, this big, brutish German guy named Karl who just pounded away at you as hard as he could until he couldn't pound anymore.

She brought the gag over to Yolanda. She felt real sorry for her. She seemed like a nice kid. And it was a fucking scumbag thing to do for her mother to turn her over to Mrs. Lim like that. She put the gag down on the floor and brought her hand to Yolanda's mouth. "This is going to hurt a little bit, honey," she told her softly. She peeled off the lower strip of tape slowly. Yolanda released a little whine. She did the top one and then pulled off the first. As soon as the last one was off, Yolanda started begging and pleading.

"Please don't let them do this! Please! Please! Please! Please help me get away! Pleeeeease!" she called out desperately. Lia came over and showed her the whip.

"Shut the fuck up!" she snapped.

Yolanda cringed and went silent. Shanice picked up the gag. "Spread your lips, honey. I've got to put this in," she said softly.

Yolanda compressed her lips together tightly and shook her head. Lia stepped up to her closer. "Open your fucking mouth, cunt!" she barked.



Yolanda trembled and she obeyed. Shanice pressed the tip of the prong between her lips. "Wider, honey," she said softly.

Yolanda reluctantly spread her lips the rest of the way. Shanice slid the gag in until the leather shield in the front pressed against her lips. The prong spread her lips wide and went to the back of her mouth. She gurgled and coughed and began to cry again. Shanice went behind her and started buckling the straps behind her head. "Nice and tight!" Lia told her. "I don't want anyone complaining!"

Shanice nodded. She pulled the strap together one more notch. Yolanda squealed. She fastened the straps together and stepped back. Yolanda shook her head and whined piteously. Shanice had come around the front and was standing next to Lia. Yolanda looked at both of them forlornly. They looked sadly back, seeing themselves.

Lia broke the spell. "Go get a strap for her feet," she told Shanice. She went over to the first cage as you came into the room and opened the door. "Get in and get on your belly," she ordered Yolanda curtly. Yolanda hesitated, looked at the whip which Lia had in her hand again and decided to obey. She knee walked over to the cage and maneuvered herself in. The cage was long and narrow and there was just enough room for her to lie down in it.

Shanice brought over the strap. Lia handed her the whip and took it. "Put this back," she told her. She got to her knees. "Cross your ankles," she told Yolanda. Yolanda obeyed unhappily. She ran the strap around crossways and up and down several times and then made three knots. There was about a 18" lead on the end.

"Raise your feet!" she ordered. Yolanda brought them up. Lia snaked the lead from her ankle tie around her wrists' tie several times, pulling her feet and hands together. She was still wearing her 2" heeled sandals strapped to her feet. Lia tied the knot off really tight. She rose, stepped back and closed the cage door, locking it. "Poor thing," Shanice muttered as they stood there together, looking at her.

"Shut the fuck up!" Lia said to her nastily. "You wanna be in there instead?"

"No," Shanice replied meekly.

"Then shut the fuck up!"

Lia moved over to check on the black girl. She was looking up and crying. "You shut the fuck up too!" Lia snarled.

And then to Shanice, "Come on, let's go. I gotta give Lou a fucking blowjob. And you know what that means!"

Shanice didn't reply. Lou liked to stick his thick cock down your throat and he came like a gusher. Lia gathered Yolanda's clothes from the floor while Shanice rolled up the pieces of tape she had taken from Yolanda's mouth. She put them in a little trash can. Lia snapped off the light as they both exited the room. She closed the door and locked it, using the key mounted on the wall. She headed up the stairs

first, clutching Yolanda's clothes. Shanice marched after her. The housekeeper was putting a load of towels into the washing machine and did not look up.

### CHAPTER THREE

Mrs. Lim was sitting at the kitchen table, facing the door. It was a little after six o'clock. Saturday nights were always very busy. She had four of her girls, Dolores, Bea, Linda and a little Japanese girl named Haruki who had been turned over to her about nine months ago, all at the table eating the spaghetti and meatballs that the housekeeper had made for tonight's dinner. She had twelve girls in all. The building was originally a three family house and all the rooms in the upper two floors had all been turned into bedrooms. The girls ate in three shifts. They would be entitled to a quick snack around 10:30. They usually closed up shop at 3 a.m., although she sometimes let big payers hang out afterwards.

She had made all the girls strip naked before they ate. She didn't want them to get any spaghetti sauce on their finery. All their flimsy dressings were in a jumbled up pile in the corner.

She didn't maintain a rule of silence in the house. She had all the rooms bugged and sometimes it was better to hear what the girls were talking about. She had snuffed out quite a few breakout schemes over the years that way. Not that too many girls ever gathered enough courage to make an actual try. She kept them pretty cowed. And there was really only one way out, through the barred door that led to the anteroom. A girl might try to rush it while a customer was coming in or out, but then she would have to get by whatever guy was working the door that night. And the outer door could only be opened using a buzzer she kept in her pocket. The back door, through the kitchen, was bolted shut and had been barred.

There were only five guards, usually three on duty at a time, and the girls could all try and gang up on them. But her guys were pretty fierce. And then there were the collars the girls all wore. They were coded to give off a disabling charge if they tried to get through the barred archway. Each guard carried a remote key in his pocket that could disable any girl within 20' of him. And there were what were essentially panic buttons all over the place. Hit one and every girl in the place would be writhing and moaning in pain on the floor.

It had never been necessary to do that, although three girls jumped her once. It was early in the morning on a slow night. All the other girls were upstairs as were all three of the guards, who were making sure the girls all got off to bed and chaining their right ankles to the footboards. One of the girls hit her with a big platter she had gotten from the kitchen and she went right down. Two of the girls

tried to hold her down while the other tried to get her keys off of her belt. She had struggled fiercely. One of the girls made the mistake of letting her get her right arm free. She clocked the girl solid on the chin, knocking her out cold. From there it was all over. She snuck her hand into the pocket of her housedress and pushed the button. The other two girls started screaming and wailing. Once the button was pushed the signal which tripped the charge in the collars continued for three minutes unless it was stopped by hitting the button again. One of the girls kept going despite the disabling pain, and was trying to get her zapper out of her pocket. Mrs. Lim seized her by the hair on the back of her head and smashed her face on the floor. And that was that.

Right afterwards, she had the guards get all the other girls out of bed and tie their hands behind their backs. They were all brought down to the lock-up room and made to kneel there while she whipped the three girls bloody. The three girls shrieked and wailed as they were punished and by the end all the other girls were sobbing and crying as well. The nine girls who were not in on it were all sent to bed, their hands still tied behind them for the night. She put the rebellious girls gagged and bound in a cage, all three of them stuffed into one. She left them all in there for three days without food or water. On the third night, after all the customers were gone, she had all the other girls brought back down to the basement, hands tied like before. She had each one of the three girls beg and plead for forgiveness and swear to be an obedient and dutiful whore.

She put two of the girls back into service, figuring that just seeing them on a daily basis would be a deterrent for the others. The girl she had struggled with last, the same one who had hit her with the plate, she sold to a Korean gang who shipped her overseas.

The girls were eating silently. They knew better than to talk while she was sitting at the table. They were under orders to eat everything they had been served and they each had a tall glass of milk they were required to drink. The idea was that if they ate well they would remain healthy. And she didn't want any of the girls trying to starve herself. It happened once in a while that a girl would refuse to eat. They would get a whipping and, if that was not persuasive enough, they would be kept downstairs in a cage for several days and be force fed five times a day, with a whipping before each meal. It worked every time.

All the girls took mood elevators and were required to drink an herbal concoction based on a formula an old Chinese madam had given her years ago. It kept all the girls horny and ready to perform. The formula also contained a remedy for birth control and induced passiveness.

Mrs. Lim had Yolanda's little purse out in front of her. She was emptying all the paper from her wallet into a bowl in front of her, tearing them into small pieces. She had cut up her student i.d. The \$20 bill that Yolanda's grandmother had

given her, along with \$15 that Yolanda had had on her own, went into her pocket. She had a can of lighter fluid. She poured a bit on the pile of plastic and paper and lit it. A huge flame jumped up, making the girls who were eating flinch. It settled down after a bit and everything was soon reduced to cinders. All of her clothes, labels removed, were in a green plastic bag on the floor. One of the guards would take it out later tonight and drop it in a dumpster somewhere on the other side of the city. The empty pocketbook and wallet would be placed in a different bag and dropped off somewhere else.

The housekeeper, Mable Jenkins, was spooning out bowls of food for the girls downstairs. Mable would take it down to them in a little bit, after the last shift of whores had eaten. Mable didn't need anyone to help her out. She had done twenty five years for murdering a girl her boyfriend had been cheating on her with. She had beaten the woman to a bloody pulp. The Green River Women's Correctional Facility upstate was as tough as any of the men's prisons and Mabel had ruled the roost. She had refused parole three times. She made sure that she got plenty of fresh, young pussy and lived pretty high on the hog. And she ran a crew of young girls throughout the joint and woe betide you if you tried to make it with any of them without paying recompense to Mabel, even if she was your cell mate. New, good looking prospects, and you didn't have to be that good looking, cons doing 5, 10, 15 or 20 years weren't that particular, within a few days of their arrival, would be brought to a special room the guards let Mabel and her lieutenants use. They would fuck her and beat her with a sand filled rubber hose until she accepted the fact that she was now Mabel's property.

She used the girls to garner favors from guards, male and female, who would move them around so they could keep their whorish appointments, and she often found ways to get good looking, popular girls' sentences extended so they could keep working for her. And if you were high up on Mabel's crew, you could be assured that you would get one of the good looking, young girls to share your cell, when Mabel was done with her.

Finally, she had maxed out and they wouldn't keep her any longer. Working here, Mabel still got plenty of pussy. She ate well, had a nice clean place to stay and a few bucks in her pocket. She also did a lot of the correctional duties and the girl due punishment would begin to sob and wail when Mabel came by to take her downstairs.

All of Mabel's four brothers had done hard time, one of them for manslaughter for offing Mabel's wayward boyfriend. Her whole clan was pretty rough and they were good for dropping off two or three girls a month for Mrs. Lim to sell on. The black girl downstairs was one of them.

The syndicate Mrs. Lim worked for took a big slice of the profits, but arranged for all the protection from law enforcement, and other criminal elements,

she needed. Two detectives from the vice squad were upstairs at that very minute getting their rocks off. Mrs. Lim marketed the girls through the syndicate's connections. They found a buyer for Yolanda right away, before she had even been captured. The picture of her in her bikini at the beach last summer that Chamile had given Tiny had been a big selling point.

They didn't deal with private buyers. There was too much risk in that. But they sold to whorehouses all over the six state region and to brokers who served as middlemen to those people rich enough and motivated enough to own their own private whores.

There were three million people in the city and two hundred girls or so a year weren't really missed. The cops would look for a missing girl for a few days, but quickly moved on when no body turned up. And the city was a magnet for young girls coming in from the countryside, trying to make their way. They would just disappear and their mothers and fathers would never be able to figure out what happened to them. College girls who led lives a little too daring would find themselves turned over to her one night by that good looking guy who always had plenty of cocaine and money. Sometimes girls were arrested on some minor beef or other and were dropped off here instead of the city lockup. The cops upstairs had brought a good looking, red headed Irish girl to her last week who had been caught shoplifting at a downtown department store. The arresting officers knew enough to call the vice guys once they had her in the back of their patrol unit. They transferred her into one of the detectives' unmarked cars and she was brought right here. The patrol officers' report said that she had been issued a summons and released.

The money flowed through here like a river. They processed 15 or so girls a month and usually netted about \$10,000 on each one. That was about \$2,000,000 a year. And that didn't include what they made on the whorehouse, which was considerable since the whores didn't have to be paid. Most of it went to the syndicate, but she got a nice cut too and had plenty of money stashed away. More than enough to retire on. But where would she get the selection of pussy she had here? Right now the Japanese girl, Haruki, was one of her favorites. She had been told to go directly to her room after dinner and wait for her.

She had been a secretary at a big Japanese company with a big office downtown. She had made the mistake of reporting her boss, one of the upper executives, for sexual harassment. The boss had been shocked to learn that in the United States it was not one of your secretary's obligations to give you a lunchtime hummer. The girl must have been talking to one of the American girls. She had been brought over from Japan to work there because she knew Japanese, naturally, but also had majored in English at her university in Nagoya. She was quite good

looking in an ephemeral way, with skin as delicate as tissue paper, fine, graceful looks and a very healthy, shapely young body.

The Director of Security had contacted someone in the syndicate who had her picked up right in her apartment in the middle of the night. She was brought here where Mrs. Lim had her trained as a whore. There was a room downstairs that they used where the girl would be locked up for a week or so. The guards would all come down and fuck her three times a day. Mabel would give her a few beatings and fuck her too. When she was brought upstairs, she would be enthusiastic about her opportunity to serve.

The upper executives of the Japanese corporation came by to partake of Haruki's services on a regular basis, and had proposed three more girls who worked there who could be picked up. Rather than bringing them here, the syndicate was setting up a brothel downtown in one of the office buildings that they owned which would cater to lonely Japanese executives. Several companies had volunteered pretty, young Japanese secretaries from their staffs for recruitment. It was scheduled to open in a few weeks and Haruki would be one of the first inmates. Mrs. Lim would miss her.

The girls had finished their meal. They brought their dishes to the sink, rinsed them off and put them in the dishwasher. They untangled their finery and adorned themselves with it, except for Haruki, who picked up her lacy, white bustier and matching self-supporting stockings and, after giving Mrs. Lim a sad look, proceeded to her room.

Mrs. Lim got up. She dumped the ashes from the bowl into the garbage. It was going to be a busy night and she would be needed as a kind of traffic cop in the lounge to make sure that customers were well treated and satisfied. She would make the cute little Japanese girl come with her hand and then have her gemauch her for twenty minutes or so. She would adorn herself with one of her gowns and some nice looking jewelry and come right back down.

The rest of the girls ate. Mabel washed the pots and pans, dried them and put them away. One thing she was responsible for was to make sure that all the knives were under lock and key. As she worked, she was thinking about pussy, which is what she usually thought about. She had been spending nights with Carmella, a big breasted, black haired Sicilian girl who had been there about three months. She had a wonderful pussy that flowered and spread wide open when she was really excited. She loved playing with her breasts and getting between her outstretched legs and mushing their pussies together while she drove her tongue practically down her throat.

She reminded her of this black haired Polish girl she had kept for a year or so as her bunkmate and slave. She had great breasts too and a wonderful cunt. Nineteen year old college student Kristina was doing an eighteen month bid for an

insurance scam her asshole boyfriend had been running. She didn't even know what he was doing was illegal. He took off for Florida with the money and she took the fall since everything had been in her name. She had two months to go before she made parole. When Mabel found out she was short, she set her up with two bags of heroin she snuck into a package she told her to deliver. The guards, who Mabel had tipped off, caught her with it. Her parole hearing was cancelled and she got another five years. Later, Mabel sold her to the Colombian girls in exchange for an ounce of blow and a cute little Honduran.

But for now, she had to bring the girls downstairs dinner. She had left their meals warming in the oven. Using a potholder, she took the covered plates out and put them on a small tray. All the long strands of spaghetti had been cut up into a kind of mush and she had broken up the meatballs.

She hefted the tray and headed to the lounge. She had her own key to the door that led downstairs. There was a lot of drinking and partying going on in the lounge and all but three of the girls were already upstairs on their backs, or their knees, as the case might be. Mrs. Lim was sitting at the bar dressed in a flowing blue gown and a thick gold chain around her neck. She was talking to two of the customers. She didn't drink alcohol when she was working and was nursing a club soda with lime.

Mabel shifted the tray to her left hand and pulled out the key from her uniform pocket. Mrs. Lim had told her that she didn't have to wear it, but she found that its blackness helped her meld into the scenery. It also made it crystal clear that she was not one of the whores, although few people would make that mistake based on her manly size and her aggressive, challenging face.

She turned the lock, swung the door open, closed it, and locked it from the inside. She trod down the stairs, her low heeled black shoes making a pounding sound at each step. She went to the door of the lock up room, retrieved the key from the hook. She unlocked the door and proceeded through, snapping on the light.

Yolanda had spent a miserable seven hours or so. It was horrible, horrible, to be all tied up and gagged! Horrible! It was by far, without really the need to say so, the cruelest thing that anyone had ever done to her. And to be in the dark all that time. It was like they had sent her to some purgatory for her soul to be tested. For her faith in divine providence was dangling by a very thin thread.

The time went by slowly, slowly, slowly. Every once in a while she could hear the dark brown skinned girl sniffing or crying. She wondered how long she had been a prisoner. And how long she would be a prisoner. Mrs. Lim had said that she would be with them awhile and that her buyer could come by at 3 a.m. If you put those two things together, it meant that she wouldn't be freed for more than

another 24 hours. She would be locked up like this for about a day and a half! How was she going to be able to stand it! Why were they being so cruel?

She tugged and tugged at her bound hands and feet. Tugging just seemed to make the ties even tighter. She bit down hard on the monstrosity in her mouth, as if somehow she could chew her way through it, but that had no effect except to emphasize how helpless she was. Her shoulders ached. It was agonizingly frustrating not to be able to use her hands. There was an unreality to it that made her feel like she had been placed under a nefarious witch's evil spell.

She cried and cried and sobbed and wailed and, at times when she felt like she couldn't stand it for another moment, she even roared and raged against what had been done to her.

And if she got free of her bonds, what then? She was in a locked cage, in a locked room, in a locked basement in a locked down house. She could just see herself sneaking up the stairs and slipping past all the men and women in that living room. The guy Lou would just wave happily at her. She would creep behind some customers who were leaving to get past the iron bars and would follow them out the main door. The bouncer there would not object, but, rather, wish her a nice day as she passed.

And, of course, none of those things were going to happen because she couldn't even get herself untied.

Misery permeated her. She cursed Chamile a thousand times. How could any mother be so cruel to her own child? The answer was that Chamile wasn't really a person anymore. She was just a big bag of need. A big, raging, animalistic garbage pail full of need. Hey, some animals eat their young, don't they? She was just an animal and her soul had been ground down until it was all gone.

She thought about all the things that were being taken away from her. Granny, Brad, all her friends at school, the Colorado trip, County College, her entire future. It made her so dismal that she thought she might die, might have preferred to die. And when she thought of the cruelty of Mrs. Lim, who had pounded away at her face like she was a prizefighter, her casual conversation with her buyer, calling her cute and telling that it was good that she had spunk because it would make it more fun to break her. To be in that woman's power made her whole body go sour and a chill to run up her spine and down her arms and legs.

Outside, a whole world was going on without her. Cars were running up and down the streets, people were shopping, saying hello to each other, hugging and kissing, talking freely, laughing and joking. That world was only a couple hundred feet or so away. If she concentrated really, really hard, could she send out a mental SOS so that somebody would come by and save her? Could she send out a mighty, mental wave that would act like an alarm so that the police, the army and the navy



would respond to it, follow its source, break down the doors, open her cell and set her free?

They would blast Mrs. Lim and her gang of enforcers away, and punish those whores who had tied her and whipped her and locked her up. All the other whores would be grateful that she had saved them, declare her their savior and be indebted to her for life. Reporters would flock to her door to interview her about how it felt to be a hero, and secret government agencies would want to know how she did it.

But none of those things were going to happen either.

When she heard the door open and the light went on, her body went cold. Had they come already to get her? Were they going to take her away? She decided that she didn't want to be taken away, that she would prefer to stay right here. Forever, if need be. She would rather die and wither here than be turned into a whore.

During the time since she had been all tied up and left in the dark, she had managed to turn herself around to face into the room. There was just something more horrible to be facing the wall, even in the dark. So when the light came on, it blinded her for a few moments. She blinked and saw a big woman dressed in black with gray hair pulled back in a ponytail. It was the same woman who had been doing the laundry. She was holding a tray which looked like it had food on it. As soon as she saw it she remembered how hungry she was. She had been too upset to really pay attention to it.

The woman set the tray down on the dresser. She came over to the black girls' cage. "You know the drill," she told her curtly. Yolanda watched as the black girl maneuvered herself, not without difficulty, so that her head was facing the other way. When she was done, the woman opened her cage door, released her feet from her hands, grabbed her by the ankles and dragged her out so that she was laying on her belly on the rug. The woman untied her ankles. "Stay still," she told her gruffly.

The woman came over to Yolanda's cage. Yolanda whined involuntarily. The woman looked really mean. She looked back at her. "Well," she said harshly, "are you stupid or something?"

Yolanda realized what the woman wanted her to do and she twisted and turned until her knees were towards the door. The woman opened the cage, released her hands from her feet, and dragged her out like she had done the other girl. Yolanda gave a little squeak as the coarse rug burned on her nipples. The woman released her feet.

"Okay, now, I want you both to get up on your knees," the woman barked. Yolanda struggled up.

"Turn around," the woman ordered curtly. The woman's voice was ominous and rough as if every rough encounter she ever had had left a striation down her throat.

Yolanda turned to face the woman. She was conscious of her nakedness. She looked over at the other girl, who was naked too.

“What are you looking at?” the woman demanded gruffly.

Yolanda cringed and turned her head to face the woman again.

“Don’t look at her! Look at me! Got it?”

Yolanda nodded fretfully. Mabel carried on her belt a quirt with 8” long, knotted tassels. Yolanda looked at it and remembered what the two whores had done to her. She didn’t ever want to get whipped again!

Mabel looked at the black girl. “Okay,” she told her. The black girl dashed to the toilet, sat on it and peed. When she was done, she got up, turned bent over and spread her legs. The big woman took some toilet paper and wiped her. Then she said, “Back!”

She looked at Yolanda. “Now you,” she ordered. Yolanda didn’t need to be told twice. She ran over to the toilet sat down, closed her eyes and peed. When she was done, she got up and did what the black girl had done. The woman wiped her and ordered her back into place.

The woman went over to the small sink next to the toilet and washed her hands. Then she went up to the black girl and removed her gag. She put it on the tray with the food. She came over to Yolanda and did the same thing. Except before she pulled the thick, horrendous prong out, she growled at her sternly, “If you make a peep, I’ll fuck you up!”

Yolanda quailed as the gag was withdrawn. She felt like she was going to burst out into sobs.

The woman brought over the bowls which held their meal. She put one on the floor in front of each one of them. “Okay, eat!” she instructed them.

Yolanda looked down. For just a moment she thought of refusing. But then she thought of the whips and the chains and how hard Mrs. Lim had struck her, of the powerful woman right in front of her, and the fact that she was very hungry. The black girl had already bent over and was munching away. Suppressing a sob, Yolanda bent over and did the same.

The big woman pulled a pack of cigarettes out of the pocket of her black uniform and lit one up. She had brought down a little saucer on the tray and she used that to dump her ashes. As she took each bite, Yolanda raised her head and watched her. She had almost no expression on her face, as if she was dead. Yolanda speculated that it was because she was dead inside. She ate everything. The meatballs weren’t bad. They were a little spicy. The spaghetti sauce was ok. It was better than Spaghetti ‘O’s’ which her mother used to feed them the few times that Granny left her and her brothers alone with her.

Mostly it was good because it gave her a warm feeling in her tummy. She looked up at the woman. She knew her face was covered with sauce. The woman

had brought some paper napkins and she wiped first her face and then the black girl's. She took their bowls and went to the small sink next to the toilet and filled them with water. She put them down and let them both drink. Yolanda consumed every drop.

When they were empty, the woman picked up the bowls and put them down on the tray. Both Yolanda and the black girl were looking up at her for instructions. The woman sauntered over to Yolanda. She crouched down. She placed her hands under her breasts and lifted them, squeezing them. Yolanda cringed at the intimate contact. Nobody, and I mean nobody, had ever touched her like that. She started to cry. The woman took her nipples and pinched them. She pinched them harder and harder and harder, until Yolanda squealed and tried to pull away. The woman just held fast and smiled. She removed her hands and said, "Spread your legs."

Yolanda knew what she was going to do and didn't want that. For all the world, she didn't want that. But she saw the whip on the woman's belt, remembered Ms. Lim's slaps, the whipping she had got, the fact that she was a forlorn prisoner who they could inflict all kinds of horrible things on. Her face turned into one huge frown, she edged her knees apart. "More!" the woman insisted. She moved them apart a little bit more.

"More!" the woman repeated, this time with a little more harshness.

Yolanda decided not to risk any harm to herself so she moved her knees until they were wide apart.

The woman didn't say anything. She just lowered her right hand to her crux and rubbed her mons its length. She grabbed her labial lips and squeezed them together. She ran two thick fingers from the bottom to the top, down again and up again, four or five times. Yolanda was screaming inside with humiliation and shame. Billy Kruger had forced his way down there on one of the few dates she had had. He had cornered her in the front seat of his car. She wrestled with him to keep him off her, but he was able to sneak his hand up under her skirt and into her underwear. He had rubbed his hand on her sex. She screamed and then bit him in the ear. Then it was his turn to scream. He drew back, taking his hand with him. "You cunt!" he shouted, and he punched her. She didn't go out, but she was stunned. She was still alert enough though to open the car door and run. She had forgotten her purse and had to go back to the car. Billy saw her. He zipped down the window, his hand still on his ear, blood flowing down, and tossed it out the window. She called Granny who came and got her.

Her face was swollen and black and blue the next morning. Granny called school and said she was sick. The next day it had gone down a bit and Granny gave her some makeup to cover it up. Still, some of the girls remarked on it. Everyone knew that she had been out with Billy. Some girls told her the things he had done

to them and they seemed much worse. Yolanda refused to let Granny press charges.

And here she was, with another hand on her private part. For the life of her she wouldn't even think of biting this woman's ear or even struggling to get away. That paradigm in her life had shifted. People could do whatever they wanted to her now. She closed her eyes and compressed her lips. The woman's fingers kept running up and down. She was getting a warmth there that she didn't want. She felt the fingers sliding easily along and in her gap and she knew that her organ was lubricating. Her breathing had gotten heavy. She wanted badly to close her thighs. The fingers started going faster. They started tickling her little nubbin.

She knew about masturbation and sex and all that. You couldn't help learn about those things these days. She and Brad had watched some GIFs on the internet at this porn site one afternoon at his house and they had laughed and laughed. Watching them had given her a little itch in her pussy, and that night she brought herself off for the first time. But she was not in the habit of doing it. She figured the more she did it the more she would want it and the harder it would be to resist going out with boys and getting what only boys could give you. She had no inclinations towards girls at all.

So, the feelings were familiar, but never as intense as this. Having someone else's hand down there was much different than having her own. She opened her eyes and saw the woman smirking evilly at her, staring into her face. She felt a moan coming on and she was doing everything she could to suppress it. She bent forward slightly and began taking deep breaths in through her nose. Finally, she could fight it no longer and she groaned, long and deep. The woman laughed. She removed her hand. She patted her on the cheek. "You're going to make a good whore," she said, tauntingly.

She got up and retrieved first the black girl's and then her gag. When she presented it to her mouth, Yolanda spread her lips right away. She knew that the woman was going to bind her up cruelly again and leave her in darkness, but she just wanted the woman to go away. The woman jammed the prong in and made her bend her neck. She tightened the straps up even tighter than before. The edge of the prong felt like it was peeking into her throat. She gagged and felt nauseous. The woman made her raise her head again and tapped her on the cheek, smiling.

She had them turn around and crawl into the cages. She tied off the black girl first and then her. Part of her soul eroded when she heard the cage door clatter closed behind her. She closed her eyes, not wanting them open when the light went off for some reason. She heard the woman gather her things, go through the door and lock it. Then she opened her eyes. She was, once again, in total darkness.

## CHAPTER FOUR

It was a long, long time before anything else happened. If she listened really close, she could hear the drum beats of the music being played in the lounge area upstairs. She thought of all the activity going on up there. She wondered whether if any of the men up there knew that there were two helpless prisoners down in the basement, girls who had been kidnapped and who were destined to be sold as slaves, would they do anything? Probably not. There had been a few men there when she had been dragged by, bound and gagged and half naked. Since the cops hadn't come and busted the doors down, she guessed that it was safe to assume that they did nothing.

Besides, the whores upstairs didn't seem to be house guests. They all appeared to be deathly afraid of Mrs. Lim and the guards. The one called Lia had said something about not wanting a beating. So they were prisoners here too. And if that fact was obvious to her, it must be obvious to the men who came and used them. At least obvious to some of them. And they didn't do anything about that either.

The time dragged and dragged and dragged. Her thoughts went round and round in circles, going back to the same things again and again. How could Chamile have done this to her? What was her life going to be like as a slave? About all the things she had lost. Again and again. She would try and deaden herself, make the thoughts go away. But it only worked for short periods. The fact that she couldn't ignore being all tied up, the fact that she couldn't ignore that big prong in her mouth, that she was in a cage and that it was totally, totally dark, didn't help.

She wondered how long the black girl had been there. She seemed to know the drill when that big, mean lady came in. She hadn't gotten a good look at her, but she seemed young and pretty. She wanted to call out to her, to commiserate with her. Maybe to plot how to escape with her. Maybe even just to let her know who she was in case she ever got free so she could tell the world what had happened to her. But there was no way to communicate. She wasn't even sure that she would recognize her again. She had only gotten a quick look at her. And it didn't seem that she had looked at her at all.

Maybe if one of the whores upstairs got free, she would be able to say. But there didn't seem to be much chance of that. And she figured that lots of girls were

brought through here so that it might be impossible for them to remember who they had seen. "Somebody, somebody please remember me!" she begged.

When the door opened again she was facing the room. She expected to see the mean woman, but two men entered. They looked Hispanic. One was slender and of medium build. He had black, well styled hair and a well-trimmed beard. His clothes, a short sleeved silk shirt with a forest of pine trees across the lower part, and well creased black pants, seemed expensive. He had a large diamond ring on his right hand. His black shoes were shiny.

The other man was taller and thicker. He was wearing a green pullover, collared shirt and blue jeans with sharply toed, brown leather boots. He had a gold chain around his neck. His face was stern and confrontational. His hands seemed very big. His chestnut colored hair was long and pulled behind him in a ponytail. He was clearly the muscle and the other guy was no doubt the brains.

Mrs. Lim came in right after them with one of the guards. It was one she hadn't seen before. He was tall and thick too and was wearing the same blue t-shirt and jeans the other guards wore. He had longish brown hair and was clean shaven. He didn't look mean so much as formidable.

Mrs. Lim was wearing a long, blue gown. It didn't disguise her strength or authority. She was clearly in charge.

"Here she is," she said as she led the men to the cage where the black girl resided.

The men took a moment to stare at her. Then the smart looking one said, "Okay, let's get her out so we can look at her."

Mrs. Lim gave an order to the guard. He came up to the black girl's cage and ordered her to turn around like the mean lady had done. The black girl whined and started to cry. Yolanda watched as she maneuvered herself around so that her knees were towards the door. The guard opened the cage, released her hands and feet and dragged her out. He untied her ankles and told her to get up on her knees and turn around.

The black girl presented herself. Yolanda saw that she had large, heavy breasts. She seemed well trimmed. The smart one crouched down and took her breasts in his hands. He squeezed and mauled them. "Fine, fine," he muttered. The black girl was sobbing. Her medium brown skin gleamed in the light.

The smart man looked at Mrs. Lim. "May I," he asked.

"Be my guest," Mrs. Lim replied.

The man pushed the girl's head down and he unbuckled her gag. He pushed it back up and removed the prong. He handed the gag to the big guy. He took the girl by the chin and moved her face to the left and right. "Very, very nice," he remarked. He stood. "Get up," he told her coldly. The girl struggled to her feet obediently. The smart man pulled her a little bit away from the cage and made her

turn slowly. He rubbed his hand over her plump but tight rear, over her shoulders and down her belly. "Excellent! Excellent!" he said.

"Get down on your knees and put your forehead on the floor," he told her. She released another whine, but obeyed. When she was down, the man crouched behind her. He spread the cheeks of her rear and examined her small aperture. He gave her behind a sharp slap and told her to spread her knees and arch her back. He leaned over and took a good look at her conch. He moved up and placed his hand on it, rubbing it several times. The girl was sobbing.

The man stood up. "Get up on your knees and turn around," he ordered. The girl did what she was told. The man crouched down and played with her breasts again, this time mashing and kneading them. He put his hands under them and hefted them as if weighing them. He got up. He looked at Mrs. Lim.

"Exactly as advertised. Very, very nice," he told her. The black girl looked like she was shivering. Her eyes were darting between the Hispanic men. They were looking at her. "Please," she eked out in a whiny, tiny voice, "please don't do this to me. Please let me go, please!"

They all laughed. The smart man placed his hand on her cheek, caressing it. "No way, *conchita*," he told her, smiling.

He reached out and the big man placed the gag back in his hand. He presented it to the girl. She whined and closed her lips. The man grew stern. "Let's start out on the right foot, *crica*," he told her sharply.

She released a big sob and opened her mouth. The smart man jammed the big prong in somewhat forcefully. He made her lean over and he buckled the straps behind her head. He pointed to the cage. "Get back in," he told her curtly.

She was sobbing steadily. She crawled in. The man tied her ankles together and then bound them to her wrists. He closed the door and locked it. "Stay like that, *crica*," he said.

He said something in Spanish to the other man who just nodded. He turned to Mrs. Lim. "Let's go settle up," he said.

Mrs. Lim replied, "Gladly."

They all left. On the way out, Mrs. Lim peered into her cage. "How you holding up, Yolanda?" she asked tauntingly. Yolanda stared up at her unhappily. Mrs. Lim chuckled and moved off. They forgot to turn off the light. Maybe because they would be coming right back. The black girl cried and cried and cried. It took a long time for anyone to come back down. Yolanda figured that maybe they were getting complimentary blowjobs or something. It was weird and discomfiting to be able to see everything instead of being in the dark. She realized that the dark was actually somewhat protective, making everything seem less real. But now she could see everything and its reality was stark. Especially the chains

and the whips at the end of the room and the crossed, thin black bars all around her.

Neither Mrs. Lim nor the smart guy came back. It was just the guard and the big guy, about 40 minutes after they left. The big guy was carrying a big, oversized, scruffed up, black case. It looked well-used. He set it down and the guard opened the cage and dragged the black girl out. She started screaming and screeching. The big guy muttered something in Spanish. He grabbed her by the hair, pulled her to her knees, reared his paw and gave her a brutal clout with his open hand. The girl howled. He shook her head violently. "*Silencio, puta!*" he growled at her. "If you give me trouble, I make you very, very sorry! Get it!"

The black girl tried to nod her head. Tears were streaming down her face. He released her and opened the case. He pulled out a tangle of straps and what looked like leather bracelets. He nodded to the guard and he released and removed the girl's gag. He tossed it on the floor. The big guy brought the tangle of straps over to the girl. He presented a prong to her mouth. "Open up!" he growled. The girl reluctantly spread her lips and he forced the prong in. He drew the straps over her head and secured it, drawing them all tight. He crouched down and pumped something on the outside of the gag. The girl's face lit up and she squealed as her cheeks expanded.

The guard untied her wrists. The big man installed the leather bracelets and connected them behind her back. He reached into the case and brought out two more bracelets connected by a 1' long chain. He attached them to the girl's ankles. He stepped back. The brown skinned girl was looking up at him piteously.

"Okay, get up," he snarled. He and the guard took hold of her arms and brought her to her feet. They made her shuffle towards the case. It was about 3' tall, about 4' long and about 3' wide. The men lifted the girl from the floor and dropped her feet into it. The big man pushed on her shoulders. "Get down," he commanded her sharply. She started bawling, but he ignored it and kept up the pressure. She sank to her knees. He leaned into the box as if he were connecting her ankles to something. He grabbed her by the back of her neck and forced her head down. He signaled for the guard to hold her while he connected something around her neck. He reached into the case again and attached a strap to her bracelets. He pulled on it, forcing her hands down. He stood. The girl wailed. He folded over the top of the box and snapped it closed. The girl's wails became muted.

There were handles on either end of the case. The big Hispanic guy took hold of them and lifted it as if it contained feathers. He nodded to the guard, brought it to the door, edged it sideways and slipped it through. Yolanda heard the slow, 'thump, thump, thump, thump,' of his feet on the stairs.



The guard remained behind. Yolanda was horrified by what she had witnessed. Soon, it would be her turn. She knew that. Were they going to take her away in a box? All squished up like that? Cargo instead of a human being?

The guard picked up the discarded straps and the gag. He put them away in the dresser. He came over to Yolanda and made a little circling motion with his finger. She understood what he wanted. She shifted herself and curled and slithered until she was facing the wall. The man opened the cage, released her hogtie and pulled her out. He undid her ankles.

“Get up and take a piss,” he told her gruffly. She rose as best she could and darted over to the toilet. She peed and then bent over, waiting for him to wipe her. He wiped her with a tissue and ordered her to kneel in front of her cage. He washed his hands and went to the top drawer of the dresser and drew out a silver doggie bowl. He brought it over to the sink and filled it. He laid it down in front of her. He released her gag. She looked up at him for permission to drink. “Go ahead!” he said impatiently.

She sucked and lapped it all up. He took the bowl away, leaving it on the dresser to dry and reinstalled her gag. He ordered her to turn and crawl back into the cage. He did her feet and connected them to her hands. He closed the cage. She shut her eyes as she heard him walk to the door and close it. When she opened them, it was all dark again.

She spent a long night. It was made longer and more horrible by the fact that she was all alone now. She tried to sleep, but kept waking up, terrified that she could not move her arms or legs. Then she would miserate for the longest time and drift off again.

The mean, old woman came back in what Yolanda supposed was the morning. She brought her out and let her use the bathroom again and the fed her a mushy oatmeal like thing from a bowl. She seemed to be in a hurry. She had brought a carafe of milk and she poured it into the bowl when Yolanda had finished the oatmeal and had her drink it. She gagged her and put her back in the cage and left, plunging the room into darkness.

Yolanda began to feel that being bound and gagged in the absolute darkness had become her normal state. She pulled and tugged at her bonds from time to time, but it had no effect. She bit down repeatedly on the repulsive, evil prong in her mouth. It squashed her tongue and scraped at the roof of her mouth. The darkness, the isolation, her bound hands and feet, that was all horrible. But the worst of all was that rude, unignorable presence between her lips. It felt like some medieval torture had been proscribed for her. She yearned, yearned, yearned for it to be removed. She felt like she was just on the edge of becoming psychotic. She closed her eyes and hung her head and tried, tried, tried to ignore it, but it was almost always on her mind.

She could hear the base beat of the music again. The store was open. She imagined all kinds of activity going on above her. It was Sunday and Granny always took her and the boys to 10:30 mass at St. Michael's. Today, she would not be there. She knew that Granny would be worried sick and that she would have the cops looking high and low for Chamile. She wondered if Tiny had sold her to the Mexicans yet. She assumed that he had for he would be the second person the police would be looking for. How long would they look? Could Chamile have a change of heart and tell the cops where she was? But she was probably in the back of some truck on her way to Tijuana by now.

In the meantime, she waited and waited and waited, and fretted and fretted and fretted, sometimes becoming so overwhelmed with misery and fear and hopelessness that she wished that she could just explode.

Many hours after she had breakfast, the door opened again. She had maneuvered herself so that her head was towards the room. She was hopeful that someone was going to serve her lunch. A guard came in leading a very unhappy looking blond girl in by her arm. Her hands were bound behind her and she had tape over her mouth. The guard was followed by a man in a sports jacket and tie. He was towing a girl with long, chestnut colored hair. Both girls were crying. The blond was wearing a fluffy green, red and yellow miniskirt and a red pullover shirt. The chestnut haired girl was wearing blue jeans and a light blue t-shirt. They positioned the girls in front of two of the cages, one at the far end and one in front of the one next to Yolanda. A third man came in. He was wearing a sports jacket and tie as well.

The men with the jackets were older, maybe in their forties. They carried themselves with authority. The second man who came in had short, well-trimmed, brown hair. The first guy was completely bald with a shiny scalp, like it had been polished.

Yolanda looked at the girls. She noticed that they were wearing handcuffs. She looked back at the men. The brown haired guy placed his hands on his hips, raising his jacket just enough so Yolanda could see a black handgun in a holster with a golden badge hooked into the belt. They were cops!

The sight of the badge sent another wave of dismal sadness through her. Even the cops were in on it! How could she ever hope to be rescued if even the cops were corrupt? The second cop took a look in her cage and gave her the once over. He didn't say anything.

The first cop was unlocking the handcuffs on the girl with the long, brown hair. When her hands were free, he handed the cuffs off to the second cop who reattached them to his belt, putting them into a little, brown leather case. The first cop looked at the girl.

“Okay, dearie,” he told her, “let’s do this the easy way. Take off all of your clothes.”

The girl released a whine through her taped mouth. “...eeeeeee ...ohn ... ooou ...is!” she tried to say. The cop grimaced, as if exasperated. He stepped over to the wall and selected a four foot long, thick, hickory cane. He came back to the girl and patted it into his palm a few times.

“Let’s start this again,” he told her ominously. “I’ll make you a deal. If you take off all of your clothes, right now, right away, I won’t beat you with this cane. Is it a deal?”

The girl released another whine and nodded fervently. There was a pause. The cop just kept staring at her. He looked like he was just about out of patience when the girl took the hem of her t-shirt and pulled it quickly over her head. She pulled it down her arms and didn’t seem to know what to do with it. The cop reached out his hand and took it from her. He handed it to the guard, who put it in a black plastic trash bag.

The girl stood there for a few moments, hoping somehow that things had changed, but the cop just kept staring at her. She was wearing a lacy white bra that pushed up delicate, apple sized breasts. The girl reached behind her back and loosened the clasps. She ran the bra down her arms and held it out unhappily. The cop took it and gave it to the guard.

The girl released an anguished groan and unbuttoned her jeans. She lowered the zipper and pulled them down to her knees. She had to hop around on one foot to pull them the rest of the way off. Whatever shoes she had been wearing had already been removed. She was wearing rainbow colored socks. Cringing, she handed the cop the jeans. The cop ran his hand through the pockets. He pulled out a wad of currency. He handed off the jeans to the guard and counted the money. It looked like a couple hundred dollars. He divided it in half and gave one half to the other cop, putting the other half in his pants pocket.

The girl was standing there in her yellow bikini underwear and socks. She put off the removal of the last barrier to her privacy by removing her socks first. She handed them to the cop. She looked at him dolefully. He stared at her. “Come on, honey, you’re almost there,” he told her coldly. The girl released a sob and drew her underwear to her knees. She stepped out of it one leg at a time and then handed it off. It went to the guard, who put them in the trash bag.

The three men took a moment to absorb her nudity. “Look at that,” the second cop said. The girl had a small flourish of flowers tattooed across her lower belly just above her mons. Her curly brown pubic hair had been trimmed to just a tuft right above her slit and a little edge on the sides.

“Very pretty,” the bald cop said. To the girl he said, “Turn around and put your hands behind your back.

She did as she was told. The guard went to the beat up, old dresser and pulled out a strand of leather. He went to the girl, made her cross her wrists, and tied them off. The girl started sobbing.

When her wrists were fastened, the cop told her to turn around again. He stepped aside so that she could see the toilet. "Go take a pee," he told her. She looked at him, the other cop, the guard and her friend. Then back at the bald cop. He lost his patience. He lashed out with the cane and struck the girl solidly on her left thigh. She released an anguished groan and went down to the floor. She started bawling. The cop poked her with the cane. "Get up, cunt," he told her angrily.

She looked up at him woefully. "Now!" he roared at her.

She struggled to her feet. The cop poked her in the chest with the end of the cane. "Listen, cunt," he told her sternly, "from now on you do exactly what you're told, when you're told! Got it?"

She nodded tearfully.

"Okay, go take a piss!"

The girl dashed over to the toilet. She sat on it and looked around her. If her lips hadn't been covered in silvery tape, you would have seen a dismal frown. She closed her eyes. A few moments later you could hear the tinkle. It went on for about ten seconds.

It was the first time that Yolanda had seen her head on. She had narrowed, dismal eyes. She looked youthful, no more than 20 or 21. Her long, chestnut hair cascaded down her shoulders, framing her face and breasts. She was thin, but not skinny.

The guard came over. "Get up and bend over," he snarled at her. She looked at the cop with the cane and obeyed.

"Spread your legs," the Guard ordered.

She spread her legs and the guard wiped her. "Now go stand over by the door," he snapped at her. She dashed over and turned around, facing the room. The guard opened the middle drawer of the bureau. He pulled out a small digital camera. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a SIM card, which he inserted.

The second cop went over to her. He reached for her face. She flinched, but let him pull off the upper layer of silvery tape. He pulled off the second and the third. He revealed a downturned mouth, with thin lips. Her nose was thin and her face narrow. The girl was pretty, but in a kind of plain way. Attractive, but not spectacularly so.

The guard stood in front of the girl, about 15' away. "Stand up straight," he snapped at her. The girl straightened her back. "Spread your legs," he told her. She edged her feet apart. "I said, 'Spread 'em!'" the guard repeated impatiently.

A dismal expression crossed the girl's face as she spread her feet about 3' apart. She was clearly not enamored at having a nude picture taken. She glanced

quickly at the cop with the cane. Her lips started quivering. "Please don't do this!" she eked out.

"Shut up!" the guard told her. "Look at the camera!"

She obeyed. He took three shots of her frontal nudity. He crouched down, operated the zoom, and took a close up of her belly tattoo and loins. He stood up and told her to turn to her left. "Stick out your tits!" he snapped. The girl did what she was told.

He snapped off two shots. "Turn the other way," he told her. She turned herself 180 degrees. He took two shots.

"Okay, show me your back," he told her curtly. She turned her back to him. He took two shots, crouched and zoomed in on her behind, taking two shots of that.

"Okay, now back away from the door and bend over as far as you can and spread your legs," he told her. She backed up a few steps and leaned over until her torso was parallel to the floor. She spread her legs wide. You could see that she was sobbing. The guard took three close-up shots of her exposed pussy from behind.

"Okay," he said to the cops.

"Get over here and kneel in front of the cage," the bald one told her. The girl scurried over to the cage next to Yolanda and got on her knees.

He tapped her firmly on the arm with the cane. "Kneel up straight and spread your legs," he told her curtly. She adjusted herself as required.

Their attention shifted to the blond haired girl. She had been looking on fretfully the whole time, knowing that her turn would come soon. The bald cop came over to her. "You going to give me trouble?" he asked her curtly.

She shook her head 'no'.

He made her turn around and retrieved his cuffs, placing them in the case on his belt. He had her turn around again. He told her to strip. The girl didn't hesitate. Sobbing softly, she pulled off her red shirt and handed it to the cop. She undid the clasp on the side of her skirt and stepped out of it. She reached behind her and released the clasps on her mauve colored bra, removed it and handed it off. She pulled down her matching panties and handed them off too.

She had solid, heavy breasts. She was taller than the brown haired girl and shapelier. Her straw blond hair came down just past her shoulders. Her thighs were solid but not large. She had plump lips, a solid, slightly broad nose and an oval face. Her eyes were bright, but sad and frightened. She was shivering.

The men all stood there for a few moments admiring her. "Nice tits," the bald cop told her. The girl cringed. "Somebody's going to pay a lot for those," he added.

She turned around when she was told and had her hands tied off. She went to the toilet and peed without any problem. After she was wiped, she dashed over to the door. The tape was removed from her mouth. She posed as required while the guard took his pictures. She wore a sad, troubled face. When she bent over, she exhibited a plump mons with thick lips shrouded with a light flurry of blond hair. On instruction, she hurried off to the cage on the end opposite Yolanda and knelt in position.

Yolanda watched all this with horror. Where these girls came from, she obviously didn't know. But what was clear was that they had been plucked from their lives unexpectedly. The cops had arrested them on some pretext and brought them here. Her stomach was sour and her body felt chilled. Mrs. Lim was running quite an operation here. She wondered how long it had been going on. It was clear that it had been for some considerable time and that she hadn't been caught all that while. That didn't portend well for her. The chances of cops, assuming you could find honest, uncorrupted ones, would come storming through the door were practically nil.

The guard went over to the dresser and retrieved two gags. He handed one to the bald cop and brought the other one over to the blonde. He stuffed it into her mouth and buckled it behind her head. The cage door was already open and he told her to lie down on it on her belly. He tied off her legs, tied her ankles to her wrists and slammed the cage door shut.

The bald cop was hovering over the brown haired girl. He handed the gag off to his partner. He looked at the girl. "Have you ever sucked a cock?" he asked her sternly.

The girl's eyes widened and she released a heavy sob. She nodded sadly.

"Good," the cop told her. He pulled down his zipper and removed his instrument. It was already lengthened and rubbery. He presented it to the girl's mouth. "Okay," he told her, "do your job."

The girl grimaced and looked around the room. There was no one there who was going to object or intervene. The bald cop prodded her with the cane. "Get going!" he ordered her sharply.

She opened her mouth sadly, bent slightly over and captured the head. She edged herself closer and swallowed the rest. She shuddered, released a long whine, and started pumping her head back and forth.

The cop's cock grew hard and stiff right away. She had to edge herself back again so that she could draw her lips down its length. She worked steadily, releasing unhappy moans. The cop's free hand rested lightly on her head. He was leaning slightly back and had his eyes closed to slits. He started pumping back lightly.

Yolanda started crying. That would be her soon. Someone was going to do that to her! It was shocking to see how callous the cops were. They didn't exhibit the slightest reserve about what they were doing. It seemed like they had done it many, many times. They had a regular drill. The pictures would be placed on the Internet and the girls would be sold. They would probably be bought separately and never see each other again. Yolanda imagined that they were friends who had started out the day looking forward to a nice Sunday afternoon. Maybe they were going to go meet their boyfriends. Maybe they were heading to the park. Maybe to another friend's house. Maybe just going shopping.

Wherever they had been going they would never get there. People would wonder, "Whatever happened to Donna and Linda? Or Mary and Nancy? Or Helen and Phyllis?" Whatever their names were. But nobody would ever know. They would be, like her, just gone.

The cop was groaning. Yolanda couldn't take her eyes off of the tableau. Not only had she never seen a real live cock, certainly she had certainly never been witness to a blowjob before. The girl was crying and whining and moaning, but kept up her work assiduously. She saw the cop's hand take a grip of her hair. His thrusts had become more urgent. He started pumping her head in counterpoint. The girl squealed and sobbed. He swung down the cane with his right hand. It landed across her left arm. She groaned and wailed.

"Keep your mouth fucking tight!" the cop growled at her. He was still in her mouth and she closed her lips again. Her eyes were jammed closed as if she could block out everything that was happening to her. The cop started thrusting hard at her. She was releasing anguished gagging sounds as her struck the back of her throat. He released a great groan and then a series of loud, urgent grunts, "Arrrgh! Arrrgh! Arrrgh! Arrrgh!" The girl whined but kept her lips pressed tightly against his crank.

The cop slowed and he released a long sigh. He slid himself back and forth a few more times, enjoying his orgasm's aftershocks. Then he released the girl's hair and pulled out. He tapped her on the face. "Good work," he told her. She released a woeful sob.

"Open your mouth, let me see that you swallowed it," he ordered. The girl leaned her head back and spread her lips. "Good," he told her. "You're going to make a great whore."

He put the cane under his left arm and put himself away. He turned to the brown haired cop. "You want a blowjob?" he asked him.

"Nah," the cop replied. "I'll get one from a pro upstairs."

"Suit yourself," the bald cop replied. He reached his hand out and took the gag from the second cop. He handed him the cane. He presented the prong to the girl's downturned mouth. "Open up," he told her

She spread her lips. He slid the prong in. It spread her lips widely and then the leather shield covered them. He made her bend her neck over while he fastened the straps. He pulled them tight. The girl coughed and whined.

He ordered her into the cage next to Yolanda. She crawled in and got down on her belly. The guard came over and tied her ankles together and then her ankles to her wrists. He slammed the cage door shut.

“Okay,” he said. “let’s go.”

The second cop went over to the wall and replaced the cane. The guard gathered the discarded silvery tape and put in the wastebasket. He picked up the black plastic garbage bag full of clothes. Yolanda closed her eyes as they all stepped from the room, shut off the light and closed the door. She heard the deadbolt lock turn. Then there was silence.



## CHAPTER FIVE

It was good not to be down there all alone anymore, but the two girls just kept sobbing and crying like they would never stop. Okay, she understood that they were sad, and that something horrible had happened to them, but there's a limit. Their sobbing and wailing made it hard for her to avoid joining them. It made her despair that much deeper.

After about an hour, the girls were down to whines and sniffles. That made Yolanda feel better. She realized that, like the black girl before her, she was the old timer now, the experienced one. She was the one that when that mean lady came in and said, "You know the drill," she would know exactly what she meant.

She was apparently not going to get any lunch. Actually, that was okay with her. It was better that the darkness which surrounded her and masked all the evil things around her be undisturbed.

Again, she was waiting and waiting and waiting. But now she knew that the time when she would be dragged out of her cage and put in a box like the black girl was approaching. Every second that ticked away, brought her closer. So maybe it was better that the darkness and the silence go on and on and on. Maybe it was better that she not try and speed it up. If she could hold out long enough, maybe the cavalry would appear like in those Western movies like *Tie a Yellow Ribbon*. The Indians all would flee. The handsome, blue jacketed captain would unbind her and kiss her and hug her. They would fall in love and marry and he would be promoted to colonel and they would be transferred to someplace lively and interesting like Washington D.C. or San Francisco. They would have four kids. Her granny would come and live with them. Brad would live nearby.

But none of those things were going to happen.

A few hours after the two girls had come in, the door opened again. It was that mean woman and she was carrying a tray with three covered bowls on it and a large carafe. She put the tray down on the bureau. She came over to Yolanda. She didn't even need to say anything. Yolanda maneuvered herself around until she was facing in the right direction. The cage was opened, her ankles and wrists were freed from each other. She was dragged out. Her ankles were untied.

She dashed off and peed and came back. The woman put one of the bowls down in front of her and removed her gag. Yolanda cast a quick look at the other cages. Unlike yesterday, she would eat alone.

It was a kind of beef hash, not quite chili, mixed with ziti. She munched away as quickly as she could, spreading her knees and leaning over. The woman went back to the bureau, leaned back against it and lit a smoke. "Doesn't she know about second hand smoke?" her mind wondered. Then she caught herself and almost laughed. What difference did that make? She didn't know what made her even think of it. The mind works funny ways.

She finished, kneeled back up. The woman poured milk into her bowl. She lapped it up. The woman wiped her face, restored her gag and told her to get back into her cage. Yolanda obeyed willingly. She didn't want the woman to play with her pussy again. It was safer to be in the cage. Before the woman tied her ankles and wrists together, she tested her wrist confinements. Dissatisfied with their looseness, she untied and then retied them. Yolanda had gotten used to them being a little loose. It was just a teeny bit less oppressive. But Mabel tied them up tightly again. Having had them free, if only for a few seconds, had been wonderful. She was like a normal human being again. Having them immediately tied off again even firmer was horrible. The woman finished tying her up and then closed and locked the cage.

The woman then got the two girls out. She had to slap the brunette girl twice to get her to do what she wanted. She fed them their bowls of food. Mabel had no qualms about being able to handle two girls at a time, but three was a bit more difficult. She was sure she would win out in the end, but why risk anything. Not that they could go anywhere. But they could run around loose in the basement for a while, their hands tied behind their backs, sobbing and crying, desperate for help. It would be embarrassing.

She watched the girls eat. The blond girl's fine breasts swayed and jumped as she bent over and rose again so she could chew. There was nothing like fresh pussy. The brunette was attractive too. But if she had to make a choice, she would pick the blonde every time.

The girls finished up. Mabel fed them their milk and then wiped their faces. She regagged them and rebound and caged the brown haired girl. Then she came over to the blonde. She knelt down in front of her and took her beauteous breasts in her hands. The girl whined. She squeezed and mauled them. She had fucked men before she was sent to the joint, after all, she had a boyfriend whose unfaithfulness caused her to go blind with rage, and probably could go back to men if she wanted, and if she could find any willing to fuck her, and cocks were okay.

But men didn't have tits, and that made all the difference. She had learned that at Green River during her first year there. They had bunked her with this cute little girl who had been caught with her boyfriend's drugs. She was small and Mabel was horny as hell: she was used to getting poked three times a day. It started out with her three brothers who she had to service every day once she had started

bleeding. And they were randy as hell. So it was just the girl's bad luck. The girl learned to lick pussy quickly. She had great tits which Mabel loved to suckle and play with. And she had never known that licking a pussy could be so exciting, especially if the recipient didn't want you to.

She squeezed and played with the blond girl's breasts while the girl cried and whined. She leaned over, holding the girl's breast upwards, and suckled on her nipples.

There was an older woman in the joint who was a former birthing assistant. She knew all about tits. Mabel would send a girl over to her for a few weeks and when the girl was sent back she would be producing milk. It was fun and delicious to feed from them three or four times a day. Her customers liked it too. But the old woman had a heart attack and died before she could teach anyone the trick and the milk thing kind of fizzled out.

After suckling both breasts and eliciting an unwanted moan from the girl, she slid her hand down her belly to her crux. She was unsurprised to find it moist. She stroked and stroked and stroked the girl until she was moaning loudly. She was crying and shuddering, but Mabel just went on and on. The girl started going, "Ohmmmm! Ohmmmm! Ohmmmm! Ohmmmm!" her voice muffled by her gag. She started flicking at her clit and the girl squirmed and moaned and seemed like she was going to jump out of her skin. When she came, she grunted loudly, "Urrgh! Urrgh! Urrgh! Urrgh! Urrgh!"

The girl sobbed as Mabel wound her down. When the girl was at rest, she patted her on the cheek and said, "Good girl." She told her to lie back in her cage, bound her up and locked her in. She took up the tray of empty bowls and the empty carafe and left, shutting the light and closing the door behind her.

The blond girl kept crying and crying. Yolanda knew how she felt. She was glad that the woman had not made her come like that. It was unfair that someone could have the kind of control over you that they could make you come against your will. She realized that it was a harbinger of her future.

She didn't bother to turn around this time. She knew that the next time the door opened it would be time for her to go. Maybe if she didn't turn around and face into the room it would never happen. Maybe she could find some way to disappear in the darkness. When they came to get her, there would just be an empty cage. Even if she disappeared into nothingness it was better than what was going to happen to her. Where would she go? Was she really never going to be able to see Granny again? Were they really going to turn her into a whore where she would have to fuck dozens of men every day? Wasn't there anything she could do to prevent it?

The blond girl stopped crying. All three of them just lay there quietly, barring the occasional faint whimper or whine.

She started sobbing immediately when the door opened again many hours later. The music had gone off upstairs and so she knew that her time was near. She jammed her eyes closed, not wanting to see who had come to get her, hoping that somehow there had been some mistake. "Take the blond girl, she has bigger tits!" she yelled inside. "Take the other girl, she's prettier than me!"

"Here she is," she heard Mrs. Lim's voice announce. The cage opened. She tried to crawl away, but there was nowhere to go. Her feet were disconnected from her hands and she was dragged out. Her ankles were untied. She was sobbing as hard as she ever had in her life. Her sadness was viral, pierced her core, made her whole body sick.

"Get up!" she heard Mrs. Lim bark. She ignored her. A few moments later, she heard Mrs. Lim's voice again. "Get up you fucking cunt!" She gave her a sharp kick on her side. Yolanda only sobbed the harder.

"Ohhhhhh, no, don't hurt her," she heard a woman's voice exclaim. "Give me a hand, Bob," the woman said.

She felt two sets of arms grab her own. She was lifted to her knees. She was maneuvered around. She looked up. Mrs. Lim was there, of course, the guard they had called Lou and a middle aged man and woman. The man was tall and somewhat hefty. He was wearing a blue, button down dress shirt and a striped tie. His gray hair was a bit longish, like maybe he had forgotten to get his haircut this week. He was clean shaven and he had a not unfriendly face. He was wearing dark brown chinos and a pair of low heeled walking shoes.

The woman had grey hair as well. It was curly and short. Her face was round. She had done up her eyes, was wearing dark red lipstick and had rouged her cheeks. Her nose was slightly largish and her eyes, while not exactly cruel, had a steeliness to them that was belied by her sweet voice. She was wearing a peach colored, silken blouse open to just above what looked like quite ample breasts. She was wearing diamond stud earrings and a necklace with a large opal pendant. Her hips were a little wide and she seemed to be about 10 or 15 lbs. above a reasonable weight. Her knee length skirt was chocolate with butterscotch swirls on it. She was wearing cerise high heels.

"You poor thing!" she exclaimed soothingly. She stroked Yolanda's hair. "We're not going to hurt you. Let me see how pretty you are."

The hands brought her to her feet. The man was about a foot taller than her and the women no less than 6". Their grips on her arms were strong.

"Hold her up, Bob," the woman said. 'Bob' got behind her and held onto her arms. The woman stepped back a bit. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Very, very nice!"

She reached behind Yolanda's head and loosened her gag. She pulled the prong free. Yolanda was still sobbing, but the intensity had subsided.

“What a pretty face,” the woman blurted out. “She’s everything we expected. Very, very nice.” She turned to Mrs. Lim. “As always. My compliments.”

“Thanks,” Ms. Lim replied. “Frankly, I didn’t even show her to anyone else. When I saw her picture I knew that you would want her.”

The woman came closer to Yolanda. She reached out and seized a breast from underneath. “She has such cute, little breasts. Just right.”

Yolanda tried to twist away.

“Whoa!” the woman shot out sharply. She took hold of her nipple and squeezed it hard. Yolanda squealed. “We like you, Yolanda,” the woman said, “but we’re not going to take any shit! Understand?”

Yolanda nodded her head sadly.

The woman still had a fierce hold on her teat. It hurt, but Yolanda was resisting showing it. “Say, ‘I understand, mistress,’” she instructed her.

Yolanda hadn’t talked in two days. She had almost forgotten how. She looked at the woman. She was her slave now. She had to do whatever she said. “I-I understand, mistress,” she returned fearfully.

The woman smiled and released her breast. She patted her on the cheek. “Good girl,” she said sweetly. She looked up at the man. “Turn her around, Bob,” she requested civilly.

She felt herself being turned. Bob was standing in front of her. He was smiling. The woman ran her hands over her shoulders, down her sides and over her hips. “Very nice,” she murmured.

“Bend her over, Bob,” she told the man. He took a hold of the hair on the back of her head and bent her over. His grip was firm, but not cruel. Yolanda was looking at the floor. The woman patted at the insides of her thighs. “Spread your legs, Yolanda, please,” she asked.

Yolanda moved her legs apart. She knew what the lady wanted and it shamed her. She sensed the woman crouching down behind her. Her hands pressed on the insides of her thighs. “A very nice pussy,” she hummed. “Very clean lines. Would you like to have a look, Bob?” she asked.

“Very much,” Bob replied.

The woman rose. She patted Yolanda on her rear. “Stay as you are, Yolanda,” she told her.

The man came behind her. He crouched down. He spread her thighs with his hands. “Very nice,” he commented. His hand ran across it and he squiggled his fingers between her outer lips. He rubbed back and forth lightly again and again. The woman had come around and had hold of her head. The hand kept going, going, going. Yolanda wanted it to go away. She shook and circled her hips.

“Easy, Yolanda, easy,” the man said sternly. She felt him tickling her little bud like the mean woman had done. She gritted her teeth and tried to fight off the

sensations. The fingers became more insistent. A fierce tingling went through her. She rotated her hips and moaned.

“That’s the girl, Yolanda,” the man said. “Very, very good.” He removed his hand and stood. “Satisfactory on all counts!” he exclaimed. “Let us get her all ready to go and then we’ll go upstairs and settle the payment.”

“Sounds good to me,” Mrs. Lim responded.

The man had been carrying a duffle bag. It was black and said, “Northeastern University” in bright orange letters. The man took something out of the bag and handed it to the woman. It was a pair of adult diapers. Yolanda cringed when she saw it. The woman crouched down and took hold of her left ankle. Yolanda refused to lift it. “Come on, Yolanda, let’s not be uncooperative,” the woman said sternly. “It’s going on one way or the other.”

She went to lift Yolanda’s left ankle again. Yolanda, looking at the cruel expression on Mrs. Lim’s face, and conceding the woman’s point, sadly lifted it. The woman slid one leg of the diaper on. She took hold of Yolanda’s other ankle and lifted that too. She moved it closer to her left foot and slid the other leg of the diaper on. She pulled the diaper up to her knees, stood, and then pulled it up to her waist. Yolanda nearly collapsed from fear. The diaper only meant one thing. They were going to take her far, far away.

The woman rose. “Get down on your belly, Yolanda, if you please,” she said.

Yolanda didn’t know about the, “If you please,” part. She knew it was an order. She started sobbing again. But she obeyed. She lowered herself to her knees and then lay down.

The woman commenced untying her wrists while the man got something out of the bag. When the strap on her wrist was gone the man handed another object to the woman. It was a set of padded bracelets connected by 4” of light chain. She placed the bracelets on her wrists and buckled them shut. Yolanda felt her shoulders pulled back sharply. She writhed her hands.

The man removed another set of bracelets from the bag. They were connected by a 1’ long chain. The woman crouched down. She felt padded bracelets being applied to her ankles. The man reached into the bag again. It was a big, black rubber ball on a strap. The woman took hold of the hair on the back of her head and gave it a gentle pull. “Raise your head now, darling, like a good little girl.”

Yolanda brought her head back. The man proffered the ball to her mouth. She thought of refusing it, but she was completely defenseless. If the man and woman didn’t punish her, Mrs. Lim certainly would. And then the ball would go in anyway. She spread her lips. The ball pressed against her teeth.

“Wider, Yolanda,” the man said. “Wider..., wider...,” he continued as the ball was pressed into her mouth. Finally, it was pushed in as far as it would go. The

woman released her hair and Bob tightened the straps behind her head tightly, pulling the ball even further in.

Yolanda squealed and cried. It was much worse that the big prong. She felt like her jaws were stretched to their limits. Any more and they might break apart.

“Urrrrrrrrgh! Urrrrrrrrgh!” she protested.

“Easy there, Yolanda,” Bob said. His voice was heavy and silky. “Be a good girl now and relax. You’re going to be fine.”

He went back to the duffle. He drew out something large and translucent green. He gave one end of it to the woman and they spread it out. It was about 6’ long and had several zippers, one down the middle and two each on each side. Bob and the woman undid all of the zippers, spreading the translucent, rubberized plastic thing apart. There were straps on the inside. It was a body bag! They were going to put her in a body bag!” She whined and moaned and started to squirm. Bob got in front of her and the woman got by her feet. They lifted her off the floor. She tried to twist and turn, but they were able to lay her inside the sprawled open bag. The woman held her legs down with one hand and her back with the other. Bob turned her head sideways and a strap went around her neck, holding her head down. He moved up and the woman moved back. A strap went tightly around her middle. The woman then applied a strap around her ankles. They both stood up.

“There you go, Yolanda. That’s not too bad, is it?” Bob said. Yolanda howled and whined and squirmed and struggled at the straps. “She’s a lively one,” Bob quipped. Everybody laughed.

Bob took a small, round device from his pocket. He looked at it and pressed a small button on its side. A small green display lit up. Bob took what looked like a controller out the same pocket. He turned it on. He looked at it and was satisfied. He put the controller down and tore off a plastic back from the disc. He reached inside the bag and underneath Yolanda and placed it on her chest just above her left breast. He picked up the controller and looked at it. Satisfied, he put it back in his pocket.

“Get the suppository in, Bob, so we can go upstairs,” the woman told him.

Bob reached into the duffle and pulled out a quart sized zip lock bag. He slid it open. There were four tubes covered in plastic wrapper. Bob took a box of surgical gloves from the duffle, slipped two gloves out and put them on. He unwrapped the tube. It was yellowish green and about 6” long, about 2” around.

Yolanda squirmed and struggled. She didn’t want to be taken anywhere by these psychopaths! They were like a psycho uncle and aunt. She didn’t want to be under their control! The woman had pinched her teat and threatened her. They would do terrible things to her! They would make her do terrible things! “Please, God, please, please, please help me!” she screamed in her mind.

Her diaper was pulled down. She felt her rear cheeks being spread. The greenish-yellowish tube was pressed against her star. Bob slid it in. He jammed it all the way in with his finger. He held his finger over her little aperture while he fished around in the ziplock bag for a little black plug. He got it and pressed it against her anus. It popped past the outer rim and lodged there. Only a terrific effort would push it out. No way would Yolanda be able to do it herself. The tube was in her to stay. He pulled the diaper back up.

She whined and cried.

“It’ll take about 15 minutes to take effect,” the woman said. “How about some coffee?”

“Sure thing,” Mrs. Lim replied.

Yolanda sensed Bob leaning over her. She heard the zippers being pulled closed. First the ones on either side, near the top and bottom. A moment later, the zipper closed the length of the bag, imprisoning her inside.

She wailed and wailed. She heard Bob, the woman, Mrs. Lim and the guard moving off. She couldn’t see more than a yellowish green luminescence from inside the bag, but even that went away when the light was shut off. She heard the door close and lock.



## CHAPTER SIX

She lay there crying and crying. The thought that those psychopaths were sitting around the kitchen table upstairs, chatting amiably, drinking coffee, was too much to bear. And all the while she was down here suffering.

She had lost all ability to oppose them. Before, she could have screamed and squirmed and twisted and writhed, and put up a real fight. But now all they had to do was lift her up and go. She was ashamed that she didn't put up a struggle. She was letting herself be led off to the slaughter like a sheep. Maybe she deserved to be a slave if she was too cowed to fight for her rights and her freedom.

Ever since Mrs. Lim had clobbered her, she had been as timid as a mouse. Getting punched by Tiny had been a shock, but not like getting brutally belabored by that woman. That had caused her to fall into a whole new universe where almost anyone could inflict disabling violence on you. She had fought with Debbie Watkins freshman year. But they had slapped and scratched at each other more than anything else. Neither of them had struck a significant blow. They both got two weeks detention and became good friends.

Mrs. Lim was strong and mean enough to fight in the ring. She knew a few girls did that now, but she could never imagine doing it. She didn't have the desire to hurt anyone. She hadn't ever met one of those girls. But now she had met Mrs. Lim. She could still recall her jolting head, her shaken brain, the fierce sting.

The new woman, despite her politeness and seeming concern, she bet that she was pretty mean too. She didn't look as strong as Mrs. Lim, but she was a lot heftier. She could put a lot of weight behind a blow. She had squeezed her teat painfully as if it was nothing. And the look in her eyes. The meanness had shown right through.

And now she was her owner! She and that guy Bob, although it was clear that she was the real boss. Where were they going to take her? What were they going to do with her? The woman had thanked Mrs. Lim for turning them on to her. Mrs. Lim had said that she hadn't even marketed her to anyone else. That meant that they were looking for a girl just like her and paid top dollar. Why? What was it about her that made her so perfect? She was compact and small compared to the rest of her cohort. Were they looking for a little girl type? If so, she could turn them on to Kathy Collins. She was only 4'10". Almost a midget. They would like

her a lot better, she was sure. Why couldn't she just tell them about Kathy? She would help them capture her. If only they would let her go.

And the woman had thanked Mrs. Lim for 'as always' coming up with a good girl for them. What did that mean? Did they run a whorehouse with a stable of cute, little almost prepubescent girls? Did they just run through them so fast that they just kept needing more? What happened to them when they were done with them? Sold to Mexicans to be used in a "slop shop", which she didn't know what that exactly meant but she could imagine?

She tried to twist and turn. It was difficult, tied down to the bottom of the body bag. She could roll to her side and lift her knees slightly, but not do much else. She didn't want to roll onto her back and lie on her hands. They were upstairs having a cup of coffee! Just the idea of it drove her mad! Their cruelty was so casual, like they had every right to impose it.

And being examined like she was some kind of prize animal, that had been horrid! Just feeling that woman's hands on her flesh had made her whole body feel sick. And the man on her pussy. "Good girl," he had said when she had moaned. Yes, but good for who? She didn't want to be a responsive whore that they could play like a violin. It had been grossly disconcerting to hear the blond girl grunting and groaning at what the big, mean lady had imposed on her, and to hear her lose control and make those repulsive grunting sounds as she came.

They were going to do that to her. That and a thousand other awful things! Wasn't there anything she could do to avoid it? Wasn't there some way she could escape? The man and woman were going to take her somewhere. Maybe they would make a mistake and she could take advantage of it. But not if she were tied up like this in a plastic bag that she had absolutely no hope of breaking out of. Even if she could use her hands, she probably wouldn't be able to get it unzipped. And she was about as likely to be able to use her hands as a cow could jump over the moon.

That thing in her rear. The woman said it would take fifteen minutes or so to take effect. She knew it could only be for one purpose, to drug her up and make her comatose for the trip to wherever they came from. She squeezed her muscles down there to try and expel it, but there didn't seem to be any hope of that. That meant that any chance she had of getting free of the bag was rapidly fading. "There must be some way out! There just has to be!" she told herself. She roared and growled and twisted and turned, but her status didn't change by one iota. She stopped to rest and just lay on her belly. That had taken a lot out of her. But she had just twisted and turned a bit and done some shouting. Why was she so tired? And then she realized that the drug was having its effect. She was getting drowsy.

Her mind fought it off. "No! No! No! No!" she thought madly. "I won't fall asleep! I won't fall asleep! I won't fall asleep!" she insisted to herself. But just the

effort at thinking so much seemed to make things worse. She closed her eyes and stayed perfectly still. It was then that she realized that a wonderful feeling was filling her. There was a softness to everything that had just crept up on her. She allowed herself to drift along for a few moments. The feeling was getting better and better. She realized that her mind was clouding. "Maybe if I just rest, it'll go away," she thought. And then everything became soft and warm and wonderful.

Mrs. Lim and Jean were having coffee in the kitchen. Bob was upstairs getting a blowjob from Carmela, Mabel's favorite. Mabel had brought out some coffee cake and Jean was on her second piece.

"I really have to thank you," she said to Mrs. Lim. Mrs. Lim was contemplating a second piece herself.

"It's my pleasure," Mrs. Lim replied. "As soon as I saw her picture I thought of you. I had a thought of keeping her here. She looks like she would be a lot of fun to play with. But it's against policy. And besides, our trade is a little rough. I'm not sure that she's up to that. Do you have a buyer for her?"

"I don't have a buyer yet. I don't market my girls until I've seen how well they develop. But I have someone very much in mind for her. We have a few customers with want lists and Yolanda seems to fit his bill."

"It would be interesting to see how she turns out. Her mother was a local street whore, you know."

"Yes, I read that on her data sheet that you sent. Very unfortunate. And to sell your own daughter. It's hard to believe that people can be so cruel."

"People will do anything."

"I guess that you're right."

"I hit her rather hard when she first came in. I'm afraid that I lost my temper a bit."

"It happens."

"I've been a little on edge lately. I think I need to give someone a good whipping. I've been waiting for one of the girls to give me a good excuse."

"That Carmela looks like she would take a whip nicely."

Mrs. Lim laughed. "Mabel would have a fit if there was an opportunity to give her a good beating and I didn't tell her about it."

Jean laughed. "What about that white girl that was in here before, Dolores. She looked a little surly. I bet she could use a good whipping."

"She's just pissed at me because I made her go with Tiny. He was Yolanda's mother's pimp. He's a real brute. I was passing in the hall when he was fucking her and I could hear her sobbing and wailing."

"And where is Yolanda's mother now. You keep talking about her in the past tense."

"My guess is that she's half way to Juarez."

“Well, it serves her right.”

Jean took a big bite of her coffee cake. Mrs. Lim tossed back the last of her coffee. At that moment, Bob came back in.

“Hey, Bob, how was Carmela?” Mrs. Lim asked.

“She was a little skittish when I slipped myself into her throat, but she has a very sensitive mouth. Four stars out of five, I’d say.”

“Coming from you, that’s a lot.”

“Thanks.”

Jean looked at her watch. “It’s been about 20 minutes. Poor Yolanda will be pretty much knocked out by now. You know, you take a look at a girl like Yolanda and sometimes you can’t help feeling sorry for her.”

“That’s a slippery slope,” Mrs. Lim retorted.

“Don’t worry. I’m not going soft. I know that it’s just some girls’ fate to be whores, don’t get me wrong. They’re destined for it like a rock rolling down a hill. Sooner or later they’re going to get to the bottom. We just help them get there a little quicker. It’s like we’re the agents of fate. And I’ve been doing this a long time. But sometimes you wonder. It makes me even more committed to getting the girl off right, getting her really acclimated to being a whore, to see that she reaches her full potential.”

“You can really tell. Your girls have a sterling reputation. Ronnie Taylor, who runs a nice upscale place over in Titusville, told me that she bought one of your girls on the open market a year ago and she swears by her. She says her customers love her. I tried her out when I was visiting. She was excellent.”

“What’s her name?”

“I believe it was Ruth. She’s tall with very long legs and a perky nose. Black hair. She has a large, beautiful mandala tattooed on her back.”

“Oh, Ruthie!” Jean exclaimed. “She was just wonderful to train. You remember Ruthie, Bob, don’t you.”

“Actually, I do. Wonderful cunt. Very talented mouth. Came at the drop of a hat.”

“Bob seems to remember them all,” Jean told Mrs. Lim. “I get all mixed up, there’s been so many. But Bob remembers almost every one.”

“It’s a talent,” Bob quipped. They all laughed.

Jean looked at her watch again. “Maybe we should give Yolanda a little more time to get settled. I like to have them completely out when we move them. So it’s like they went to sleep in one place and woke up in another. The suppository is good for six hours. We’ll stop somewhere outside of St. Louis and give her another. That should get us home. In the meantime, can I have another cup of coffee? It’s my turn to drive and it’s a long way.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Yolanda was dead to the world when they came back down to get her. Bob zipped open the bag and put his hand on her neck to feel her pulse to make sure that it was clear and steady. The two girls who the cops had brought in were watching warily from their cages. Was this their fate, they wondered fretfully.

Bob zipped the bag closed. The guard who came down with them offered to help them carry her, but Jean waved him off. Jean and Bob each took an end of the body bag and hoisted it. The guard stood by the door and flicked out the light, closed it and locked it after they passed. The two girls who remained went through another round of tears.

They brought the bulky, lime green bag up into the kitchen. Mrs. Lim stood by the back door. The barred gate had been swung open and the heavy deadbolt had been unlocked. All of the girls were upstairs chained to their beds. A guard stood by the entrance to the kitchen just in case. Jean and Bob brought Yolanda past the kitchen table and to the door. There was a driveway that led to the back on the right side of the house which was hemmed in by the boarded up building next door. A row of tall, thick evergreen bushes ran along the rear of the property and along the sides of the backyard, enclosing it.

The night was overcast, but light from the full moon sort of glowed through the cloud cover, which was more than adequate. Jean and Bob descended the five steps from the back door to the yard. They had backed in their SUV when they arrived. Accompanied by one of the guards, they brought Yolanda to the back of the vehicle and put her down. Bob used the remote to open the back. Once it had swung up, he released some catches in the back compartment. He lifted a long, heavy panel out.

There was a 6' long, 3' wide compartment. They propped up the body bag on the tail and pushed it in about halfway. Bob went into the back seat, leaned over and took hold of the strap on the bag by Yolanda's head. With Jean's help, he eased the bag forward until he and Jean could lower it gently into the compartment. There were clasps on each end to which they fastened the bag's handles. Bob had handed the keys off to Jean. She came up to the driver's side, got in and started the engine. Bob waited a few moments and then put his hand down into the compartment. A steady stream of air was coming in. There was an exhaust by the foot. The front of the body bag, where Yolanda's head was, consisted of a crosshatched mesh so that oxygen could flow inside and CO2 out. The mesh was directly opposite the air intake.

Jean had returned to the back of the vehicle and had the covering panel ready. She slid it in. Bob made sure that it fell into the notches at the top. Jean laid it down and fastened it closed. Both the insides of the compartment and the bottom

of the covering panel were covered by sound deadening insulation. Yolanda would have to scream her heart out to be heard even faintly from inside and that eventuality was forestalled by the thick gag in her mouth. Bob and Jean replaced the mat that covered the panel.

Jean and Bob thanked the guard and shook his hand. Jean got into the driver's seat, adjusted it, put on her seatbelt and put the SUV into drive. Bob got in the passenger side and fastened himself in. Jean did not turn on the headlights until they were out on the street. They made a right hand turn and they were on their way.

Yolanda was sleeping, if not peaceably, then at least well. She had had a vague sensation that she was being moved and had stirred and whined briefly, but she went right back to sleep. No noise would enter the compartment. If she woke, she would be able to feel the vibrations of the tires and maybe a little hum, but that was all. The compartment was completely dark and not even a translucent light would pierce the body bag.

They had to drive the 10 blocks out to Central Ave., turn left, drive about 20 blocks and then cross the bridge to the center of the city. The entry to the Interstate was a couple of blocks down from the bridge. They glided up the ramp and eased themselves onto it.

There was hardly any traffic. A couple of semi's passed them, going very fast, and a couple of cars. Jean kept them in the center lane and drove just a few miles per hour over the speed limit. It didn't do to go too fast or too slow.

It was a little after 4 a.m. "Let's get breakfast in Brattleberg," Bob suggested. "Then we can switch off for a while."

Jean nodded affirmatively. The car audio system came on. They had a USB device plugged into it which contained 750 of their favorite songs. Jean preferred country rock and gospel. Bob liked 60's and 70's rock and roll. The sound system was on random play. Bob leaned his head back and closed his eyes. He would try and get some z's before it was his turn to drive.

Three hours later, they came up to the Brattleberg exit. The trip so far had been uneventful. Jean eased the SUV down the ramp, headed east on 197. A mile up the road was the restaurant they usually stopped at.

Bob woke when the SUV came to a halt. He stretched and yawned. He looked around and saw the restaurant, "Brattleberg Country Kitchen." He pulled out the controller to the device he had attached to Yolanda's chest and looked at it. It showed a slow, steady heartbeat. He nodded to Jean and put it back in his pocket. They got out. Jean locked the doors with the zapper. They headed to the restaurant.

They sat in a booth by the front window where they could keep the SUV within their sights. Jean had hit the auxiliary switch that kept the fan in the compartment going. A pretty, young waitress dressed in a pink and white

checkered uniform came over to them and handed them menus. Bob didn't open his. "I'll have three eggs over medium, whole wheat toast, hash browns, three sausages, a small order of hotcakes, coffee and a large glass of orange juice," he told the girl. She looked to be maybe about 19 or 20. Her chestnut colored hair was behind her in a ponytail. She had pleasant sized breasts accented by a thin waist and very nice hips. Her uniform was buttoned low enough so that a glimpse of her cleavage was visible. He wondered if it might be worth their while to have somebody pick her up.

Jean ordered scrambled egg whites, half a grapefruit and coffee.

They sat opposite each other quietly. There was always the temptation to talk shop when they were out together and so sometimes it was better not to talk at all.

The girl brought the coffee and orange juice first. Jean put two packs of NutraSweet in hers and a little milk. Bob drank his black

The restaurant faced eastwards. The sun had come up and the eastern sky was tinged pink. "Looks like it's going to be a nice day," Bob mentioned idly.

"Mmmmmmmmm," Jean responded.

The parking lot was filling up. A couple of semi's sat off to the side. An SUV with a large cargo container affixed to the top came in and parked about four spaces down from theirs. The doors opened and an attractive woman dressed in a print sheath dress and blue high heels got out of the passenger side. A man dressed in a greenish blue, plaid short sleeved shirt and beige chinos got out of the driver's side. The rear doors opened and three kids ranging from about 7 to 12 came streaming out. They all headed to the restaurant entrance, the children in the lead.

The hostess sat them down on a large, round table near where Jean and Bob were sitting. The kids were complaining and their parents were doing the best to shut them up. The waitress came by and handed out menus, regular ones to the adults and kids ones to the kids.

She left and came back with two coffees, two chocolate milks and a tomato juice. It took her about five minutes to take their order since the kids kept changing their minds based on what the others were having. The waitress retreated to the kitchen and the noise at the table resumed.

Bob was just about going to ask Jean if she wanted to move when their food was brought out. Bob let it go and chowed down.

About fifteen minutes later, they were all done. The disturbance from the neighboring table hadn't got much better. Bob ordered their check. Just then, Jean said lowly, "Look."

A police cruiser had pulled up next to their SUV. Two state troopers with Sam Brown belts and Smokey Bear hats emerged. Their uniform shirts were dark brown and their pants a dark tan with a brown stripe that led up the sides. The one from the driver's side started walking towards the restaurant. The one from the

passenger side said something that made him stop. The passenger went over to their SUV and began to look it over. He circled all around it while the driver watched. He peered in through the windows. The SUV had out of state plates. That couldn't be helped unless they registered the car in five separate jurisdictions and changed the plates every time they crossed a state line.

The waitress came over with their check. Bob turned away from the window. "Can we get some refills on the coffee?" he asked her.

The girl nodded yes and stepped quickly away.

"Don't look," Jean told him. He directed his eyes at her.

The trooper gave up on his examination. The two of them headed towards the restaurant. When they came in, the trooper who had gotten out of the passenger side asked the hostess a question. The hostess pointed to them.

The troopers sauntered over. Bob took a deep drink of coffee. The cops stopped at their booth. They both turned and smiled at them.

The trooper looked at Bob. "Is that your SUV out there, sir," he asked pointedly.

"Yes, trooper," Bob replied. "Is everything okay?"

The trooper paused. Then he spoke again. "Is that the new model of the Chevy Traveler?" he asked.

"Yes," Bob replied. "It is. We've had it for about five months."

"I see you have the extended rear. How does that work out?"

"It's excellent," Bob answered. "Plenty of room for stuff. I do a lot of trade shows and need a wide, long place to put my displays. It's perfect for that."

"How does it handle, with that long tail and all?"

"Good. Not perfect, but good, considering. Jean here drives it."

The trooper looked at Jean. "How do you like it?" he asked her.

She smiled. "It's lovely. The sound system is really great. It's a little difficult parking, especially in the city. But I like it."

The cop paused as if he were searching for more questions. "Got a long drive ahead?" he asked them.

"Come on, Phil," the other trooper interrupted. "I'm starving and we've only got a half an hour."

"Plenty," Bob replied.

"Well, you have a nice trip," the trooper offered. Jean and Bob both expressed their thanks.

The troopers moved off to a booth two down from them. The waitress approached them immediately. "Heya, Carol," the one who had talked to them said. She already had two cups of coffee. She set them down.

"Bacon and eggs for me, scrambled," the one trooper told her. "White toast."



“French toast and sausages,” the other one said. The waitress wrote down their orders and moved off to the kitchen.

Bob drained his coffee cup. Jean drained hers. They got up from the table. The youngest kid at the neighboring table had broken out into loud, doleful wails. “Tommy!” the mother exclaimed loudly, “what did you do to your brother?”

“Nothin’, ma!” Tommy responded.

Bob took a small wad of cash from his pocket and left four ones on the table. They went up to the register where he handed the hostess a twenty and the check. The hostess rang it up. Bob took some mints. The hostess handed back his change.

They exited the restaurant casually. They strode up to the SUV. Jean handed Bob the keys. They both got in. They belted themselves. Bob started the engine and took a deep breath. “Jesus Christ!” he exclaimed lowly.

Jean laughed. “Well, that took a year off of my life,” she said.

Bob laughed too. He took the controller out of his pants pocket and checked it. Yolanda was doing fine. He put it back, put the SUV into gear and pulled out onto 197 heading the other way.

A minute later, they were back on the Interstate.

They stopped at Ashton, a few miles north of St. Louis about 10:30. They got off the Interstate and dove into a state park. They found an isolated, shaded rest area. They drove all the way to the end. Bob removed the panel in the back. Jean leaned in and drew the zipper down the bag’s length. Yolanda was moaning and stirring. Jean pulled down the Depends, removed the plug in her anus and slipped in another greenish yellow tube. She pushed the plug back in. She took just a second to look at her. “She is excellent,” she thought.

She went down to the restrooms, peed and washed her hands. Bob waited for her at the SUV. When she was done, it was his turn. When he came back, Jean was in the driver’s seat, waiting. He got in and buckled up. He checked the controller. Yolanda’s heart rate was a little elevated, but that was because the 1<sup>st</sup> suppository was wearing off. He would check it again in about 15 minutes. The engine was already running. Jean backed up and moved towards the entrance to the rest area. She got back on the park service road and headed back to the front gate. The park ranger booth was unoccupied and they pulled back out without notice. They stopped for gas at a busy station near the park. Bob checked on Yolanda and she was doing fine. They gassed up without incident and resumed their trip. A few minutes later, they were back on the freeway.

They had been heading west and now they shifted north. They pulled off the Interstate for lunch. Bob liked a hot dog stand that was open only from May to September. He loaded up on three chili dogs. Jean got a grilled cheese sandwich, with no butter on the bread. Bob got a mug of root beer, Jean got water.

They sat at an umbrella covered table a few feet from the SUV. It was about 1:30. People were coming and going but nobody paid them much attention. They could have stopped at one of the big restaurants around the Interstate exit but too many cops came in and out of those places and this time of day they were too busy.

They were back on the road. They stopped again at 7, got some quick take out at a Burger King. Bob had a Whopper and fries and Jean had a small order of chicken nuggets. They stopped and topped off the gas tank. Traffic had been heavy and there was a lot of construction. There had been a huge accident involving a semi and four other cars outside of Cranston which caused a seven mile backup. Only one lane was open. So it was taking a lot more time than usual to get home. They pulled off the freeway and found an isolated area down a wooded lane. Yolanda was whining and squirming and they gave her another suppository. They both took a pee in the woods and got back on the road.

They pulled into the gravel road that led to their farm house a little before 10:30. It was a half mile long. The house was on a little rise. There was a recently remodeled barn about 100 yards away. Jean was driving. She stopped in front of it. Bob got out, unlocked the door and swung it open. Jean pulled in and shut the engine. Bob came in, closed and locked the door.

They both stretched. They were both very tired. But there was work to be done before they rested. Bob opened the back and removed the cover. He went into the back seat and unfastened the handle to the body bag. Jean unfastened it at the foot. He lifted up his end, as Jean did the other, and he helped Jean slide it down towards the tail. He got out, closed the door and came to the back of the SUV to give Jean a hand. Together, they lifted the sickly green body bag out of the SUV the rest of the way and placed it on the floor. They reinstalled the cover and closed the hatch.

When they had refurbished the barn, they had had a suite of rooms put in upstairs. The builder had just framed it out and done the plumbing and Bob had done all the finishing work. It was divided into four areas. There was a large, central area with a comfortable king sized bed, an exercise machine, a shower, sink and toilet. There were three light green, fabric covered easy chairs pointed at a 36" flat screen monitor, some cabinets and an armoire and a whipping stand in the corner with whips mounted on the wall nearby. In front of the easy chairs was a 6' by 4' green, padded mat. Against the wall, under the cabinets, was a counter with a coffee machine and a microwave. Next to the counter was a modern, aqua colored refrigerator.

The walls were bright white and there were no windows. The rug was soft and plush and rust colored. An intercom and a panic button were built into the wall next to the entrance.

The other three rooms were smaller. They each had a narrow 6' long, 4' high, padded cage against one wall. A 26" flat screen monitor was mounted on the other. It had a built in video camera, a microphone and a speaker. In the corner was a metal plate covered with 2" round knobs underneath a chain that ran down from the ceiling. There was a toilet and a small sink.

Jean and Bob, Jean first, carried Yolanda up a set of wooden stairs towards the upstairs rooms. At the top of the stairs was a dark stained, solid wood door. Jean punched in this week's code on a numeral pad and presented her thumb to the reader. The lock sprang open. Holding onto Yolanda with one hand, Jean pulled the door open. She flicked on the overhead lights. They brought Yolanda to the middle small room. Jean punched in the code and presented her thumb. They brought Yolanda in. They laid Yolanda down parallel to the long cage, about 4' away. Bob unzipped the bag and spread it out while Jean laid a towel on the floor. Jean unstrapped her feet while Bob unstrapped her neck and waist. One, two, three, they lifted her out and placed her on the towel between the bag and the cage.

Yolanda released a lazy moan, but did not otherwise respond. Bob disconnected the cuffs around her ankles while Jean wetted and soaped up a washcloth at the sink. He pulled the Depends down and off. He rolled it up and placed in in the white plastic lined trash can and then washed his hands. He and Jean rolled Yolanda gently over onto her bound hands. He lifted and spread her legs while Jean washed Yolanda's loins down to her perineum and her upper, inner thighs. She got some lotion from the small cabinet over the sink and rubbed it in over the areas she had washed.

She laid the washcloth over the edge of the sink to dry while Bob opened the cage. It swung open upwards along its length, giving them access to the whole interior. They gently lifted the girl into the cage and laid her on her belly. Bob refastened the bracelets on her ankles while Jean fastened a leather collar around her neck. It was on the end of a chain that led from the head of the cage. Bob attached a similar chain from the foot to the chain between her ankles.

They lowered the door to the cage and locked it. They both washed their hands. They stood and watched the girl for a bit. She was breathing easily, her head turned towards them. Bob checked his watch. It was a quarter after 11. They had a discussion and a decision was reached. Jean went to the cabinet over the sink and retrieved another suppository while Bob opened the cage again and removed the plug from Yolanda's rectum. Jean peeled open the suppository and handed it to Bob. He eased it into her aperture and restored the plug. Jean lowered the cage door while he washed his hands again. They took another look at Yolanda, nodded at each other. The overhead light was on a dimmer and Jean reduced it to a low light. They left the room, closed the door and locked it.

They went down the stairs and out the side door to the barn and headed to the house. When they had restored the barn, they had remodeled the house as well. They had made a ton of money operating a whorehouse in Omaha when Jean had gotten the idea to do specialty work. The house and barn were dilapidated, but just what they were looking for, isolated, but not too far from the main roads. The house was now as modern as any suburban dwelling. They had put in a pool. Jean had a very nice flower garden. Bob had put in a putting green, which he maintained meticulously. The kids had been young when they bought the place and there was still a trampoline and a set of swings in the back yard.

They entered the house through the kitchen door. Cathy had left a light on. Bob put some ice in an old fashion glass and poured himself three fingers of scotch. Jean warmed up some 1% milk.

They sat at the large, round kitchen table for a little while and relaxed. Cathy had left them a note:

“Mom and Dad:

Ron and I gave Dahlia a good workout this afternoon. Ron gave her a whipping for being a little insolent. She spent two hours on the knobs. After dinner we brought Rosita out. She serviced Ron and then I spent two hours with her on the bed. They were both fed and put in for the night.

Ron said that he can deliver Rosita tomorrow. Chuck will be going with him. I will be around all morning, but I have my book club at 1.

Jimmy has a job tonight. He'll be back tomorrow morning around noon.

Hope everything went well. See you in the morning!

Love, Cathy.

P.S. I'm pregnant!”

Jean smiled. She showed the note to Bob. He read it. They had had their doubts about Ron when Cathy had decided to marry him, but he had been an enthusiastic helper ever since. It was good news about the baby. Jimmy did some wet work for an outfit out of Chicago. They set everything up and Jimmy flew in and out.

Bob tossed back the rest of his scotch and Jean finished her milk. They put the glass and cup on the counter near the sink. Before going upstairs, they checked the monitor to make sure that the girls were ok. Rosita was awake and sobbing softly. Dahlia was fast asleep. Yolanda was fine.

Upstairs, in the master bedroom they did their ablutions in the large, nicely outfitted bathroom. Jean got into a soft, pink, cotton nightgown. Bob stripped down to his boxers. They got into their plush, king sized, four poster bed. Bob lay down on his back. Jean nestled up to him. They kissed. She ran her hand over his chest. It had been a good trip and they were both excited about Yolanda. It was good news about Cathy, although it would present some complications. Bob was about to nod off when Jean slid her hand down and took hold of his cock. He released a soft sigh. She stroked it gently until it was hard. Then she snuck under the covers, pulled his boxers to his thighs and took it in between her lips. Carmela maybe gave a four star blowjob, but nobody could compare to Jean. He closed his eyes and let the warmth of her mouth flow all throughout his body.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Yolanda came to consciousness slowly. She was having trouble figuring out what was wrong with her mouth and why she couldn't move her arms. And then it gradually came back to her. Chamile taking her by the hand. Seeing Tiny there and being pierced with a cold stab of fear. Lights out and that woman's three slaps in the kitchen. Being downstairs, naked and caged, all bound up for hours and hours. Eating like a dog. And then those people. Bob and what's her face. The two psychotics, or sociopaths, or whatever you wanted to call them. Their friendliness was just a mask for horrible cruelty. They had bought her. They had put her in that bag. They had drugged her. And now she was here, wherever here was. And she was locked in a cage again. Her hands were bound behind her, her ankles to each other. And she had a large, large black ball stuffed in her mouth.

She held it back for as long as she could, and then she began to cry, cry, cry.

She eventually stopped and decided to take stock of the room. There was a weak light on and everything looked a little yellowish. She saw the TV monitor. Were they going to show her movies? She saw the sink, with the cabinet above it, and the toilet. There was a large black box with rectangular holes going around it near the top. A very small dresser with five drawers stood near it. She raised her head. In the corner, just past the cage, there was a metal plate on the floor with some bumps on it. A chain dangled down from the ceiling above it.

The walls were plain white. The rug was dark brown. There was a large, thick looking door with a deadbolt on it. The room itself was about 20' by 25'. There was a rolled up, green mat in the corner.

Unlike the other place she had been in, there were no other cages. She was alone. And there were no whips on the walls. But that thing in the corner looked ominous. She laid her head back down. There was a firm pillow. She realized that there was something around her neck and that it was connected to the side of the cage above her. She pulled on her feet. As she suspected, she could only move them a few inches. She was as secure as she had been at Mrs. Lim's place. Locked into immobility. In a locked cage. Inside a locked room and, undoubtedly, beyond the door there was yet another locked room. And maybe one beyond that. And beyond that, and beyond that, and beyond that, extending into infinity. Like some horrible dream where each door you opened led to yet another door, and another, and another, and another.

She remembered very little from the trip. She had a vague recollection of being lifted up off of the floor at Mrs. Lim's. The next thing she remembered was a period where she was coming into semi consciousness. She couldn't hear anything, but she could feel the rumbling of the tires on the road. Everything was dark. The thing she was in slowed and stopped. Something above her was lifted off. The bag was unzipped. The plug was taken out of her rear. Before she could manage a protest, another one of those tubes went in. The plug was replaced, the bag zipped up. The thing over her was restored. She was on the verge of panic, her brain screaming, "No! No! No! No!" but she couldn't seem to get her body to respond or any words to form in her throat. She cried a little while as the tires renewed their rumble underneath her and then she was asleep again.

That was all she remembered. She didn't remember being brought into this room and put in this cage. She didn't remember being taken out of the green bag. She didn't remember being taken out of the car or whatever they had driven her in. Her only idea of how long she had been asleep in the car was that it was a long, long time. She had no idea where she was. It could be a hundred or a thousand miles from home. Maybe they would never tell her where she was. They wouldn't tell her anything, not even the names of the men who used her.

Her head was still woozy, as if all the effects of whatever they had given her hadn't worn off yet. She closed her eyes and the room spun. She kept drifting off to sleep and then back again. Each time, it was a new voyage of discovery as she got her bearings. Nothing had changed. It was like the Groundhog Day movie where the guy kept waking up on the same day again and again. Except that her day was only ten or fifteen minutes long.

Another fit of crying. Not unhappiness this time, but fear. They were going to do something to her. They were going to force her to become a whore! She would have to service dozens and dozens of men, and do whatever they wanted. They would put their hands on her and play with her pussy like the mean woman had done. They would make her blow them like that cop had done to the brown haired girl. Even her rear would be used, of that there was no doubt. You might not be able to get your girlfriend or wife to do it, but if she was an abject slave, she wouldn't have the right to say no.

She tried to steel her resolve. She had to be strong, not weak. She had to be smart, not stupid. She would lay in wait, ever attentive for her chance to get away. They would make a mistake sometime. They had to. They were human beings, not gods, and human beings made mistakes. She would wait weeks and weeks, months and months, years and years if she had to. Someday, she would be free again. Someday, someday, someday, she just had to!

Across the way, it was just a little past 5 o'clock. Ron had awoken early. Cathy was in bed beside him. He ran his hand over her covered hip. He was going

to be a father. He was not sure he was ready for that. He snuggled up and put his arm around her. He cupped her breast. He gave it a gentle squeeze. He had fucked maybe a hundred different girls over there above the barn, maybe more, and it had been wonderful. There was just something piquant about sliding into the wet cunt of someone who didn't want you to. Or piteous, helpless, tear filled eyes peering up at you while the mouth underneath them was working involuntarily but enthusiastically on your prick.

He still remembered the night that Cathy's family told him. He had been dating Cathy for about a year and a half. They were hopelessly in love. Cathy had kept hinting that there was some family secret, a deep, dark one that she didn't feel safe telling him, but which he would have to come to terms with if they were ever going to be married. Finally, one night when he was over the house, she sat him down in the living room. Neither her parents nor Jimmy were there. She told him that they could go no further in their relationship unless he was willing to make a complete and unconditional commitment to her and to maintain the privacy of their family secret.

They went over it backwards and forwards, how once he had been told he would have a powerful hold over her. How what she was going to make him privy to could never be taken back. How it was going to shock him. How there was no way that he could anticipate what it was. She made him swear an oath to never, never reveal it to anyone, ever, under pain of death, no matter what it was.

Ron was taken aback, but so committed to Cathy that he gave her his promise. They kissed fervently and then she took him by the hand and led him to the barn. He had never been in it. As she led him up the stairs, he realized that Bob and Jean and Jimmy had to be up there since they were nowhere else and their cars were still out in the driveway. They came to the big, steel reinforced door. Cathy turned to him.

"This is your last chance to change your mind," she told him tremulously.

"I love you Cath," he told her. "If there's any secret that I have to know in order to keep loving you, I want to know it."

She keyed numbers in the numerical pad by the door. She placed her thumb on the reader. The lock clunked open. She pushed on the door, entered the room and stood there so he could pass. He stepped in.

Jean and Bob and Jimmy were there, standing in a semi-circle, looking at him intently. He didn't have the opportunity to look around the room. His attention was fixated at the three, kneeling, unhappy looking, naked girls at their feet. Their hands were all behind them and they were wearing big ball gags in their mouths. They were kneeling at attention with their legs spread. The one on the right was a slender girl with short black hair. She had round, softball sized breasts with wide areolas and perky nipples. The one in the middle looked Hispanic, or maybe



Middle Eastern. Her hair was black as well. It was down past her shoulders. Her breasts were heavy, somewhat pendulant. Her areolas were dark, almost maroon. The third girl, to his far left was blond. Her hair was long, way past her shoulders. Her breasts kind of jutted out, culminating in points. There were red striations across them.

He stood and stared at them. He looked around at the assembled crew. He looked at Cathy.

“W-what the fuck is going on here?” he demanded.

It was Jean who spoke. “Hello, Ron,” she started out. “This is Emily,” she said, pointing to the girl on his right, the black haired girl. “This is Faiza,” she said, indicating the middle girl, “and this is Rhonda. They are all slaves. They have been captured and brought here to be trained. They will be trained and then, once they are accomplished whores and proved that they will be adequately obedient, sold. Bob and I have been doing this for about 10 years. Cathy, once she turned 18, began to help us out. Jimmy is involved too. And if you love Cathy, you will become a part of what we do here.”

Her voice was stern, but not without friendliness. She was issuing an invitation. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing or hearing. Jean and Bob seemed like such regular people. Bob was quirky and serious. Jean was pleasant and funny. She baked cookies and cakes. Jimmy, he was not surprised at Jimmy. He always seemed dark and forbidding. He was staring at him with deadly eyes.

He looked at Cathy again. Her face was anxious and hopeful. She had an athletic build, solid and firm, but also curvaceous and attractive. Her face conveyed a sweetness, but he had always suspected that there was someone hard as iron inside. She was wearing a blue dress with a wide skirt that came down below her knees, quite a demure outfit considering the circumstances. Jean was wearing a flowered housedress. Bob and Jimmy were dressed in t-shirts and black jeans.

“W-what do you mean become a part of what you do?” he asked Jean tremulously.

“The girls have to be trained. They have to be taught to fuck, suck cocks, be sensual and obedient. They have to be punished when they don’t meet standards.”

“P-punished?” he asked.

“Whipped,” Jean replied. “Beaten, and other things.”

“Whipped?” he repeated incredulously. “How can you do this? I mean, it’s wrong. You just can’t enslave people!”

Bob answered him. “People have been enslaved since the dawn of time,” he said. “People are still being enslaved all over the world. We live in a world where the powerful take what they want, live lives that we can only imagine. And women have been turned into whores since the dawn of time as well. There is a vast

assemblage of people, men mostly, but women too, clamoring for whores. We help supply them.”

“But these girls,” Ron went on, “what did they do to deserve being turned into whores? I mean, why them? Isn’t it unfair? How can you destroy their lives like this?”

“Ron,” Jimmy said, “don’t be naïve. Bad things happen to people every day. Unfair things happen to people every day. And where there’s a demand, there’s always going to be those who will work to satisfy it. And there’s a hell of a demand for fresh cunt. Who knows, maybe one of these girls would have been hit by a bus a week later if she hadn’t been captured. This one here,” he indicated the blonde by nudging her with his booted foot, “she might’ve contracted some dreaded disease. Or have been murdered by her boyfriend. Or lived a life of unhappiness and jumped off a bridge somewhere. You can’t make assumptions about things like that. The world demands that some women be turned into whores. If not these girls, there would be others. We just expedite the process, make it orderly. Guarantee that if they’re going to be whores that they are going to be good whores.”

“And, in the process, you enrich yourselves off of these girls’ suffering,” Ron retorted.

“Ron,” Cathy spoke up, “there’s suffering all over. You think that big corporations or the government cares about whether people suffer. They just do what they want to do. Some companies are responsible for killing thousands of people every year through the poisonous products they make and sell. The government of the richest country in the world ignores poverty, hunger, disease, horrible living conditions, kills thousands and thousands of people all over the world every year. And every time you pay your taxes, every time you vote for one of the people that the system offers up to you, between which there is hardly the slightest difference in terms of what they will do, how much they really care, you are a part of all that. We do what we do. These girls suffer. But we are slaves to nobody and we get our piece of the pie. Now, you’re either in or out. And if you are out, then we are done with each other, and I hope to hell that that doesn’t happen.”

She was crying. Ron’s heart went out to her. He had never met anyone who he could love so fully, so completely. He looked at the girls. There was some truth in what he had been told. If he cared so much for humanity, why wasn’t he out there in the protest lines, taking up arms against the system, calling out injustice every day? The girls were all comely. If he said yes, he could have any one that he wanted. He could whip them and fuck them. All with his loved one’s encouragement. Something shifted in him as he imagined the dark girl’s lips around his cock. He had flirted with bondage and S&M when he was in college,

when everybody was experimenting. It had had a compulsion for him, but he had considered it a perversion and was afraid that if anyone had learned about his attraction to it, he would be ostracized, shamed. That no decent girl would have anything to do with him.

But now he was being told that he could satisfy that longing to his heart's content. And still have the beautiful, wonderful girl. When it came down to it, he really couldn't care less what happened to these girls. Frankly, if any one of them had come up to him in the street, destitute and begging for alms, he probably would have just kept going. And if he read about them being kidnapped in the paper, he would just shrug and turn the page, maybe a bit titillated at his imaginings of their fate.

A fierce desire seized him. He looked the dark girl in the eyes and he imagined whipping her, her crying out for mercy and giving none. Using her body like a plaything. And all the time having the approval of people he had come to know and care for.

He looked at Cathy. "Okay," he said. He looked at Jean. "Okay, I'm in." She smiled broadly. Cathy rushed him and threw her arms around him.

"You've made me so happy, Ron!" she exclaimed, crying. "You don't know how much this had worried me, how many times I agonized about how I was going to tell you. I'm so happy!" She pushed her lips on his and kissed him intently. Their mouths opened and their tongues mingled. He had his arms around her and he felt himself getting hard. He pulled her away. He looked at the unholy trio behind the unhappy girls.

"So what do I do now?" he asked.

"Pick one," Jimmy said. "Pick the one you want to fuck!"

He knew which one he wanted. "Her," he said, pointing to Faiza.

The girl whined. All of the girls had been following the debate with intense interest, like they wanted to put their 2 cents in. But nobody cared what they thought. Nothing that happened here was going to have the slightest effect on their fates.

"Have a seat over here, Ron," Jean said, indicating one of the easy chairs. Ron looked at Cathy, who nodded. He stepped past the girls and sat in the chair. Bob and Jimmy took the other girls by their arms and brought them to their feet. They marched them over to the doors on the other side of the room. The locks clanged open and they pulled them in.

Jean spoke to the slave girl. "Faiza!" she said sharply. "Turn and face Master Ron!"

She slowly edged herself around until she was facing him. Tears were flowing down her face. Jean crouched down and released her bound hands. "I want you to go over to Master Ron, take his cock out of his pants and I want you to give him

the best blowjob that you can. If he's not happy at the end, you'll be punished. Do you understand?"

Faiza mumbled something through her gagged mouth that sounded like an affirmation. Jean released the belt behind her head and drew the big black ball from her mouth. "Okay, get to work," she snapped.

Faiza edged her way over to Ron on her knees, her naked breasts swaying. Jimmy and Bob were coming back out of the cells. Faiza's mouth was downturned. Her lips were trembling. There was no way for Ron to know, but she had only been there for a couple of days. She still seemed to have hope that somehow all this would work out okay. What had just happened had not been of a nature to assure her on this point.

She brought herself between Ron's knees. She looked up at him, hesitated, and then reached up for his fly. She took hold of the zipper and lowered it. She spread the opening and delved into his shorts. She brought out his tumescing prick. Ron felt uneasy, but also a virulent thrill. Faiza opened her mouth and lowered it on his member. She pressed her lips hard against it and slowly, slowly, slowly descended until she had subsumed most of it. She paused, and then brought her head back up again.

Ron released a deep moan. Jean and Bob and Jimmy and Cathy were all standing around him, watching intently. Needless to say, he had hardly ever gotten a blowjob so publicly. In high school, Jack Conlan made his girlfriend, Carrie Moon, do a bunch of them under the bleachers during a varsity football game. He charged them \$10 apiece. In college, Jill Delvecchio got really drunk and drugged up at a party and had done him, Pete Muller, Harvey Peterson and Shaquan Quinton in exchange for a little more blow.

But neither of those occasions was like this. Carrie Moon could have said no and run off and reported them. Jill Delvecchio could have decided not to degrade herself. But the girl who was dutifully pleasuring his stem had no ability to say no. She had the right, he guessed, insofar as the law said you couldn't make anybody do this against their will. But human rights didn't seem to apply here. There was no lawful authority to appeal to. No one to save the day.

She worked and worked and worked him. Faiza, although new to slavery, had had practice sucking cocks. She had fallen in love with a Syrian boy and they had been making love all winter. He taught her how to go down on him and she loved to make him sigh and groan and jerk and spasm as he came in her mouth. It went against everything she had been taught and had been exquisitely thrilling.

But, one day, when she had come home from class at the secretarial school her father had sent her to, all of her three brothers were home, as was her father, his two brothers, and the Imam. Her mother was there too, crying.

It was the Imam who spoke. He told her that her immorality and perversions had been discovered. That she had shamed her family and disgraced herself before God. There was only one punishment for such sins, stoning. But in America, they couldn't do that. So they were doing the next best thing. They were selling her into slavery. She wanted to be a whore, then so be it!

She cried and wailed and struggled as her uncles grabbed her and stripped her. She begged and begged and begged for mercy and forgiveness. Her hands were bound behind her with a rope. Someone pressed a big pad against her mouth and it was taped in place. They held her up naked in front of the crowd of men. Her brothers, who she had thought loved her, were looking at her with disdain and hatred.

Before she was taken away, they brought out the boy she had slept with, the boy she loved more than herself. He had a huge bruise on the side of his head by his left eye and he was bleeding from the lip. Her father took him by his hair. "This one will pay me damages for despoiling the one who at one time was my daughter," he scowled at her. "He made her into a whore. It is decreed that he will pay me \$10,000. That's what a whore like you is worth!" This last part he screamed. He released her lover and his powerful right hand struck her across the cheek. She screeched and fell to the floor. She turned to her father and begged and begged and begged behind her taped lips. Two men she had seen around the mosque but didn't know picked her up from the floor. They dragged her to the back door of the house. Her mother was wailing.

Out the door and into the trunk of a big, black Mercedes Benz she went. They hooded her first and tied her feet to her hands. They rode for about an hour. They stopped somewhere and she waited in the trunk for a while. Then it opened, her feet were freed from her hands and she was dragged out. She was brought about twenty feet, through a door and down some stairs. She was tossed into a cage.

They left her there for about four hours. She had to pee and finally just had to let it loose. One of the men came by, said something nasty to her, in Spanish, she thought, and then hosed her and the cage down with freezing water.

Then, later, the cage was opened and she was dragged out. The hood was taken off of her head. Master Bob and Mistress Jean were there. The tape was removed from her mouth and she was inspected. They liked what they saw. They offered \$7,500 for her. The Spanish guy said no and counter offered \$20,000. Jean and Bob laughed. They came up to 9. The Spanish guy, cursing them out, came down to 14. Jean offered him \$10,500 and no more. The Spanish guy said no and demanded \$12,000. Jean patted her on the face, smiling, and she and Bob made a motion to leave. They had gotten to the stairs when the Spanish guy said, "\$11,000."

Jean stopped and looked at him. "\$10,500," she repeated. "Yes or no!"

There was a moment's silence. Finally, the Spanish guy said, "Okay!"

They had brought down a valise. They put a diaper on her, bound her up and put her in a body bag. All the while she cried and cried and cried and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. Something had gone in her rear and she woke up here. That was three days ago, or at least she thought it was three days, she wasn't sure. And now she had this man's cock in her mouth and was under instructions to service it skillfully or she would be beaten again. She didn't want that. She would do her best. God had decreed that she be a slave in retribution for her sins. And since God had ordained it, she had to be the best whore she could be.

Ron closed his eyes to slits as Faiza's mouth continued to give him leisurely strokes. She suckled at the end. She cupped his balls. She took it out of her mouth and slid her lips up and down the sides while holding it stiffly at its base, and then she subsumed it again.

He was groaning steadily and hard. He felt a surging imminence. He put his hands on the girl's head. When he exploded, he released anguished sounding groans. His cock throbbed and jerked. The girl maintained a steady stroke. She slowed her efforts when his spasms subsided but didn't release him from between her lips until Ron pushed her head away.

He looked up. All four members of his new family, his coconspirators, were beaming at him. Unbeknownst to him, Jimmy had slid the safety back on on the Glock he had tucked into the back of his pants and put it away while Ron was being mesmerized by the Libyan girl.

Jean ordered Faiza to go climb on the big bed against the far wall and to get in what she called, "head down position." Ron zipped himself and got up from the chair. He was grinning from ear to ear. Bob broke out a bottle of scotch and poured a little over an ounce each into five glasses. They all toasted and downed it. Cathy smiled and hugged him. Jean hugged and kissed him too, but on the cheek. Bob and Jimmy gave him hearty handshakes.

"Okay," Jean announced, "we'll leave you and Cathy for a while. Have some fun."

She moved off to the door, Bob and Jimmy following her. They went through it and it clanked locked behind them. He looked at Cathy. She smiled. Without saying anything, she reached behind her and pulled down the zipper on her dress. She pulled it over her head and tossed it aside. She had her bra and panties off a few seconds later. Her breasts really were marvelous.

"Come on," she urged him excitedly. "Get naked. Let's have some fun!"

He threw everything off in a rush. Cathy took his hand and led him to the bed. They crawled up on it on either side. The girl was on her knees, her legs spread and her forehead down. Her hands were crossed behind her back. Cathy ran her hand

across Faiza's naked rump. "Okay, Faiza," she told the girl, "get on your back and spread your legs!"

The girl obeyed. She put her hands over her head. Cathy connected them to a chain that led to the headboard. She got in between her knees. She stroked her inner thighs. She looked at Ron. "Suck on her tits! I'm going to make her squirm," she announced. She lowered her pretty head to the girl's crux. The girl moaned.

That all had been three years ago. A hundred girls ago. Or more. They had spent about an hour fucking Faiza. At Cathy's encouragement, he used her rear entrance. He had never done it before. It had been marvelous. They put Faiza away and there was a big dinner back at the house. Afterwards, he and Cathy went back and he fucked Rhonda and Emily too. That night, Bob and Jean let him stay overnight in Cathy's room and they fucked for two hours. He and Cathy had married one year later. He had always wondered what made Cathy so wild in bed and now he knew. And that knowledge made him hard as a rock whenever she started to strip. Their own lovemaking had gone off the scale. And he still came three or four times a day with the girls.

He had an insurance business in town. He would get his cock wet in the morning before he went off to the office and again at lunch, if he didn't have to meet with clients. When he got home, Cathy and Jean shooed him up there before dinner and then again afterwards. She and Cathy used the girls together a lot. He learned to like whipping them.

Today, he and Chuck were going to take Rosita to her new home, a very, very private hunting club in northern Montana. They would bring back the girl they were shedding. Jean's friend, Martha, ran a nice house in Stapleton and she often brokered second hand girls. She had a Latin Lords crew interested in her.

He gave Cathy's spongy breast a squeeze. He was laying up against her back and had already gotten hard. Cathy gave a little sigh. He slipped his hand under the covers, ran it down her hip. Cathy wore just panties to bed and her thigh was bare. He stroked and stroked it softly until she began to stir. He cupped her breast again and gave it a somewhat harder squeeze. Cathy moaned and she pressed her rear against him. She turned, gave him a bold kiss on the mouth, exchanging hot breath and tongue. Then she rolled back to her side, reached to her hips and drew her underwear down over her knees and then her feet. She raised her upper leg slightly. Ron slipped his hand over her mons from behind and gave it several determined strokes. Cathy nestled her rear harder up against him.

When she was wet and loose, he slipped his cock between her thighs from behind. Cathy bent slightly in half to give him a better angle. He breached the entrance to her canal and then slowly slid himself in.

They started off slow, but quickly got up to a frantic pace. Cathy was almost always ready to fuck. He wondered how that would change when she started to get

big. But those thoughts went out of his mind as she squeezed her thighs together, making his purchase in her pussy narrower and making him groan. He thrust and thrust and thrust, holding back as long as he could. Cathy moaned and groaned too. And then she exploded into orgasm. It set him right off. They ground against each other hungrily as they chased after their passion and pleasure.

They wound down. Cathy had two fingers on her clit, rubbing softly, maximizing her aftershocks. He stayed inside her until he softened. When she felt him slip out, she turned and gave him another lustful kiss.

He patted her behind. "I've got to get up," he told her.

"I'm going to sleep for a while," she replied. She snuggled down and began to breathe softly. Ron jumped out of bed, pissed, threw on his jock, some running shorts and a t-shirt and drew some socks out of a drawer. He sat on the bed while he dressed his feet. He left the bedroom quietly and crept downstairs. Bob was at the kitchen table eating some Grape Nuts mixed with bananas.

"Early day?" he asked him. Bob just grunted. He was not great in the mornings.

"Have a nice trip?" he asked.

"Yeah," he replied while chomping on some nuggets.

"How's the new girl?"

At this there was a bit of a response. He looked up for the first time. "She's a real beaut!" he replied. "A-1! Jean's up with her now giving her her orientation session."

"Okay," Ron replied. "I'll be back in about 40 minutes. Chuck may show up while I'm gone."

"I'll give him some coffee," Bob responded.

Ron didn't feel a need to reply to that. He pushed himself past the kitchen door, did his stretches and headed down the long, hard packed, dirt driveway.

Up in the 'loft' as they referred to it, Jean had just finished giving Dahlia her breakfast. She made her apologize about making Master Ron whip her and to make her stand on the knobs. She was dutifully remorseful and promised to do better. Jean played with her pussy a bit, until she was shuddering and moaning and then locked her back up, gagged and bound.

Today was Rosita's travel day, so she didn't get to eat. There was no sense in risking any complications. She did go into her cell and let her know about it. She complimented her on what a fine whore she had become and how sorry they were to see her off. Rosita sobbed and wailed. She was gagged, so she couldn't say anything intelligible, but it was clear that she was begging not to get sent away, preferring the devil she knew to the one that she did not. And there was also the fact that she would be one more step away from her prior life.



Rosita was the middle of three sisters. She and her family lived near Chavez Ravine in Los Angeles. They were Salvadorian. Her father had crossed when she was just 2 and, after six years working as a laborer and at whatever slave labor job he could get, was able to wrangle a green card. Three years after that, he became a citizen. Rosita was eleven. After that, he was able to bring them all over. Her older sister, Lupita, her older brother, Luis, her younger brother and sister, twins, Ademir and Larissa, who had been conceived on one of her father's trips home. And her mother, Rosa, hence her name, Rosita.

She had applied for her citizenship after she turned 18 and her petition was still pending. Lupita and Luis had already had their applications approved and had been sworn in about six months ago. Luis and Lupita had good paying jobs. Luis was attending night school so that he could become a police officer. Lupita was married and had 2 children.

It was Ademir that was the problem. Despite their father and mother's best efforts Ademir had begun hanging around with a Salvadorian gang. When challenged, he always said it was for the family's protection since the gang controlled their whole neighborhood. He had been skipping school and running drugs for them. Rosita had been after him to stop. She was in her first year at Los Angeles City College. She wanted to study medicine.

It was all a big mix up. Ademir was supposed to run a couple of kilos of cocaine to some white kids who had a big network out in Palm Springs. Hispanic kids driving junky cars didn't drive them into Palm Springs, especially if they had a couple of kilos of coke on board. He was supposed to meet the two white kids at a park off of Alondra Boulevard near Paramount Studios. He missed the turn and kept driving until he was clear out to Norwalk. He saw a sign for a park and so he made a left. There was a light. As soon as he stopped some black kid, maybe 14 years old, with a 9 millimeter, stepped in front of his car, pointing it straight at him. Three of his friends surrounded the car, demanding entry. The guy in front on him put a bullet through the windshield. Ademir popped open all the locks and the black kids piled in. They made him drive deep into Compton. He was scared shitless. They drove him to an isolated, burnt out neighborhood and made him get out. A quick search of the car turned up the two keys.

They took the keys and then drove Ademir way out to Anaheim and made him get out. They drove away.

Ademir made his way back to the neighborhood and reported it to the guys he worked for. At first, he thought that they were going to kill him. But cooler heads prevailed. One of the higher up guys pumped him for all the information he could get out of him. He remembered the names a couple of the kids called each other, street names, not normal names. He described what they had been wearing. He was

even able to direct them back to the lot where they had made him get out and searched the car.

Word went out. Information came back. A bunch of black kids were trying to unload 2 keys of coke. Fernando sent out word that he was interested and a meet was agreed upon. By that time the kids only had about 3/4<sup>th</sup>'s of one of the keys left. No problem. They bought it. The kids didn't know it, but they were followed. The kids who did the deal led them right to the ringleader. They had a hideout in an old abandoned factory building.

Fernando and his boys rounded them all up and shot them one by one. They recovered their money, and more so, a few hundred decks of heroin and three teenaged girls, two black and one white. They were all over the border by morning and sold to a gang from Mexicali.

The gang's losses had been cut, but not entirely. Ademir still had lots to answer for. Two nights later, Rosita was getting off the bus from school when she was grabbed and dragged into the back of a van. They bound, gagged and hooded her and drove her around a bit. They pulled into a warehouse the gang used and she was tumbled out. The hood was removed. Fernando was there along with a number of other gang members. Ademir was there. He was sitting in a chair, his face ashen white. Next to him, on the next chair, bound and gagged, was Larissa, her younger sister. Rosita was plopped down on the chair next to Larissa.

Fernando held a little trial. Ademir was allowed to plead his case and say how sorry he was. It was night. He was unfamiliar with the area. The directions hadn't been good. He had helped them get a lot of their value back, especially what they got for the girls that had been sold. Fernando pondered it for a bit. Then he told him, "*Chucho*, you are a stupid fuck. You had the GPS, why didn't you use it. When I found out that you had lost our 2 keys, I said, 'Then his sisters must pay!'

"It is true that you helped us get most of our money back. But there is the discredit we earned with the white boys who were going to buy from us, and all the trouble that was caused. We had to kill all those boys. So, I'm going to commute your sentence. I'll only take one of your sisters. You have to decide which one."

Larissa and Rosita started wailing and crying and tried to get up from their chairs to run away, but they were restrained. Ademir pleaded and begged with Fernando, but he was adamant. "You're lucky we don't cut out your guts, *crico*," he told him. "Now choose!"

Ademir looked at his sisters. He loved them both. Rosita had been his friend all through childhood. But Larissa was his twin. If anything bad happened to her, he would lose half of himself. Crying and sobbing, he pointed to Rosita. She wailed and wailed. She was dragged off immediately. She was hooded again and stuffed in a trunk. They drove for forty minutes or so and she was dragged into a house. She was stripped and they took some pictures of her. They threw her into a

closet. They brought her out to feed her and let her use the toilet, but put her right back in. Fernando would not allow anyone to touch her.

After three days, somebody came to collect her. She was hogtied and thrown into another trunk. This journey took about 16 hours. She was dragged out of the trunk, down some steps and into a basement. She was tossed into a cage. Again, she was only let out to use a port-a-potty or to be fed. When her hood was off, she saw that she was in a basement. There were six cages, four of them had hooded girls in them. The guy who was keeping her prisoner was white. He had frizzled grey hair, was heavyset with a big paunch. He slapped her when she tried to talk and zapped her a few times with this thing he kept on his belt.

People kept coming in and buying the other girls. More girls were added. The grizzled man had a partner, a mean, mousy guy who liked to feel her breasts and pussy. After a few days, or what seemed like a few days, she was dragged out of her cage and her hood was removed. It was Jimmy and Bob. They checked her out, outfitted her with bracelets and a ball gag, stuck her in a green body bag and slipped a narcotic up her rear. The next thing she knew she was here.

And now she was moving on again. Where would she go? What were they going to do with her? Jean smiled and got up. She left Rosita to ponder her sad future.

She opened the door to Yolanda's cell and stepped in. She was carrying a tray with a carafe and a still warm, covered bowl. Yolanda was awake and she looked at her intently from within her cage. Jean put the tray on the floor a little bit away from the cage and knelt. She was wearing a gray and green flowered house dress that buttoned up the front. She had no bra and panties on.

"Hello, Yolanda," she said sweetly. "Welcome to our home. Are you okay?"

Yolanda looked at the woman with horror. "Welcome to our home?" The woman really was psychotic. She pulled at her bonds and groaned. She wanted to turn her head and look away, but something told her she better not do that. If they were capable of doing everything they had done to her so far, they were probably capable of inflicting terrible violence. She shivered with fear.

"Now, Yolanda, I've already told you that when you are asked a question it's your duty to respond. Whether you have a gag in your mouth or not. Don't let us start off on the wrong foot. When I ask you a question, you answer either, 'Yes, mistress,' or 'No, mistress'. Do you understand?"

Yolanda quailed in fear. She certainly didn't want to start off on the wrong foot. "...eh, ...i-ess," she was able to manage through her gag.

"That's better, Yolanda," Jean replied. "Now, I'll ask you again, how are you doing? Are you feeling okay?"

Was she feeling okay? What an insane question to ask! She wasn't on vacation here! She wasn't a patient at a doctor's office! How could she be feeling

okay when she had been kidnapped and driven probably hundreds of miles from her home? She felt like breaking out bawling. She was caged and bound and gagged. How could she feel okay? She told the truth. "...o, i-ess," she whined.

Jean laughed. "That's a very good girl, Yolanda," she said, beaming. "You told the truth. You are under the responsibility of always telling the truth, remember that. Always, wherever you go. Do you understand?"

"...eh, ...i-ess," she whined.

"Good. Now I'm Mistress Jean. Later, you're going to meet Mistress Cathy, Master Ron and Master Jimmy. You've already met Master Bob. So when I ask you a question, you say, 'Yes, Mistress Jean,' or 'No, Mistress Jean.' Understand?"

All those people! They were all going to abuse her. She was a slave. She had to call them master or mistress. Just the thought made her queasy. She knew that she had to respond. "...eh, ...i-ess ...eeen," she replied dolefully.

"Let me explain what's going to happen to you here. You're a whore now and it's our job to teach you to be a good one. You're going to learn how to fuck and suck. You're going to learn about your own body and how to make sure that it is always responsive to the people who use you. You're going to learn to be obedient and to conduct yourself with the proper deportment. You're going to learn how to present yourself so that people will want to use you. And you're going to learn how to satisfy their every whim and desire energetically and with devotion. You are never to talk unless asked a question. Ever. You are never to touch yourself without permission and you are to give everyone the upmost respect at all times. Do you understand all that?"

Yolanda started crying. It was just about as bad as she had feared. How could they do this to people? How was she ever going to escape? How was she every going to survive. "...eh, ...i-ess, ...eeen," she answered unhappily.

"And when we think that you have learned all of your lessons sufficiently, and I don't mean just knowing what they are, I mean absorbing them so that they become part of your nature, you will be sold. And then you will really begin the next phase of your life. And let me give you some advice. You should forget everything about your prior life. That's all gone. Permanently. You should give up your sorrow and resentment at being made into a whore and a slave. You'll do much better that way. And you should forget any notion that you will be able to escape or get away. We've been doing this for a long time and we haven't lost any girls yet. Got that?"

Yolanda started to sob quietly. A terrible darkness covered her soul. "Why had God let this happen? Why was this happening to me? How could Chamile have been so cruel?" she thought miserably. She had said that she would be all

right after Tiny had ordered her to leave. That was just another lie. She wasn't going to be all right at all! She would never be all right again!

"...eh, ...i-ess ...een," she managed to mumble.

"We don't expect you to learn this all the first day. But we do expect you to learn it. We're not here to hurt you. We're here to teach you. And if you don't learn, that will be very, very unfortunate for you. Understand?"

"...eh, ...i-ess ...een," she eked out amidst her sobs.

Jean smiled. "That's very good. I think that you will be a very good student. You're very smart and I'm guessing, by nature very obedient. Now I'm going to let you out of your cage. I'm going to let you use the toilet and then let you eat. I want you to be very obedient. Then we'll get you all cleaned up. After that, you'll have your first lesson. So, are you going to be obedient?"

Yolanda felt the implacability of her bonds. She felt the strength of this woman. She felt the hopelessness of her plight. "Yes, I'm going to be obedient. But you'll see. I'm going to get away! I'm going to get free! I don't know how I'll do it, but I will do it somehow." She nodded her head. "...eh, ...i-ess ...een," she returned.

"Very good," Jean replied. She leaned over and unlocked the cage. She swung the door up. It folded back over the top. She leaned into the cage and disconnected her ankles from the cage and each other. She reached up and released the collar around her neck. She shuffled herself back and patted a spot right in front of her. "Now, get out and kneel for me here," she told her.

Yolanda didn't want to move. For some reason she believed that with every order that she obeyed a little bit of her selfhood would be whittled away. Until all that was left would be a forlorn, slavishly obedient husk. But she had to obey. At least for now. Her time would come. She just knew that it would.

She struggled to ease herself out. She brought herself to a kneeling position in front of the woman. Her knees were inches away from hers. She sensed her strength, her power. She shivered.

"Now, keel up straight, Yolanda. Get up high on your knees. Spread your legs and push out your breasts. Do it now." Her voice was stern and sharp edged. Yolanda rose to her full height. She shuffled her knees apart. She curved her back and made her breasts prominent.

"Very good, Yolanda," Jean told her, "but move your knees a little further apart." Yolanda shuffled her knees away from each other. "Good," Jean told her. "This is your basic position. When anyone tells you to kneel or says, 'Present!' you'll do this. Understand?"

"...eh, ...i-ess ...een," she mumbled.

The woman pushed herself up to her feet. "I want you to walk on your knees over to the toilet. You are never to get on your feet unless someone tells you to or if you have to in order to obey a command. So walk over there now."

She had stopped sobbing, but her heart was still full of sorrow. She walked on her knees over to the toilet as commended.

"Now get up and give us a nice pee," Jean told her.

She struggled to her feet. It was hard with no hands. She put one foot on the floor and pushed up. She almost fell over. When she was standing, she turned and sat on the seat. She didn't want to pee in front of this woman, but she knew she had to. Besides, her bladder was near bursting. She couldn't imagine what the woman would do to her if she peed on the floor.

She closed her eyes and imagined the woman away. Suddenly, she received a fierce slap across the face. She screeched and looked up at the woman. What had she done wrong?

Jean was peering down at her majestically. "You are never to close your eyes in the presence of a master or a mistress," she told her sharply. "Your eyes are to be on them at all times. First, you need to know whether you are being pleasing. Second, you need to be able to anticipate commands. Third, you are a slave and they are your master. You keep your eyes on them, on their faces, as a sign of respect. Got that?"

Yolanda started crying again. How was she supposed to know that? It wasn't fair. Her cheek smarted. How many times would she be struck like that because she didn't know the rules? These were cruel, cruel people! She returned the woman's forceful, demanding gaze. "...eh, ...i-ess ...een," she murmured as best she could.

The woman patted her cheek softly, smiling. "Good girl," she told her. "Now pee."

Now staring the woman in the face, she strained to produce the ordered result. Nothing would come out at first and she was afraid that she was going to be slapped again for disobedience. She strained and strained. A few drops came. Then a few more. Then a few more. And then a stream. A wave of relief passed through her.

When the sound of the tinkling had diminished, the woman asked her, "Are you done?"

"...eh, ...i-ess ...een," she replied sadly.

"Okay, get up and bend over and spread your legs."

Yolanda did what she was told. Was she ever going to be allowed to pee on her own, to clean herself? Or was she always going to be treated as a barely toilet trained child? She heard the woman tear off some toilet paper. She wiped her vagina and tossed it in the bowl. She flushed it. She stepped over to the little sink

and washed her hands. Yolanda stayed bent over. She hadn't been ordered to do anything else.

"Okay," the woman said sharply. "Get on your knees, walk over to the cage, turn around and face me."

She sank to her knees, walked over to her former spot, turned and raised herself up. She spread her knees and thrust her breasts out. The woman came over and took hold of them. "You have very nice breasts, Yolanda," she told her as she tweaked her nipples and massaged them. "You should be proud of them. Stick them out some more. As far as you can, like you want everybody to see them."

Yolanda cringed. She arched her back some more. The woman smiled.

"Very good," she said. "Now spread your knees a little further apart. I don't want to have to tell you that again. You want everybody to see your cunt. You want to offer it to them. You're proud of it. It's very pretty and it's the most valuable part of you. If you didn't have one, nobody would want you."

"That's not true!" Yolanda whined inside. And then she realized that it had become true. The moment that somebody had tied her hands behind her back and she was dragged into Mrs. Lim's inner sanctum, it had become true. If she hadn't had a cunt, they would have left her alone. She would have been of no interest to them. Maybe she could just hand it to them and leave.

"And, do you know what happens to whores nobody wants?"

"...o, ...i-ess ...een," she whined.

"They get thrown away. Whores that nobody wants get thrown away. They become useless. Less than useless. They become trash. You don't want to become trash, do you, Yolanda?"

Coldness swept through her. It was like Tiny had said. You would be sold to some slop shop and when you were all used up, your throat would be slit and they would dump you on a garbage heap.

"...o, ...i-ess ...een," she replied sorrowfully.

"Then you need to make sure that you remain desirable. You need to suck and fuck with utter devotion, so the person using you says to themselves, 'Yolanda is very fuckable. She has a great mouth and great tits and a great cunt. She really knows how to use them. Let's keep her around for a little longer.'"

She didn't ask her if she 'got that' or if she understood. There was nothing ambiguous in what she said. She just let it sink in. Yolanda quailed and shivered. This was her life now. That's what the woman was telling her. She had no other value other than as a whore. No one would love her or care for her. She was a function, and if the function ceased operating efficiently, it was thrown away.

Jean patted her on the cheek. "But that won't be for a long, long time, Yolanda," she told her. Her manner was almost kindly. "And the more that you learn while you are here, the longer that that time will be."

She crouched down and got to her knees in front of her. “Okay, now, Yolanda, I want you to kneel back on your legs. Whenever anyone tells you to ‘kneel back,’ that’s what you do. But keep your knees spread and your breasts stuck out. So, do it now.”

Yolanda obeyed, happy not to be at attention.

The woman knelt up and leaned over to her. She reached behind her head and loosened the straps to her gag. Yolanda felt her breasts pressing against her own. They were naked under her dress. Was she going to have to fuck her too?

The gag was removed. The woman placed it on the nearby tray. She turned back to her. “You will wear a gag all the time that you are here unless you are eating or somebody wants to use your mouth. It’s to remind you to keep quiet at all times, but also that your mouth now has only two important functions. One, obviously, is to eat. The second, and most important, is to give pleasure.”

Yolanda’s lips were trembling. They were taking everything away from her.

“When the gag isn’t in your mouth, Yolanda, you are always to keep your mouth open and your lips spread. You want to invite people to use it. And it’s to remind you that you have no privacy now and no right to bar entry into any of your orifices. So, spread your lips now.”

Yolanda moved her lips apart. “A little more,” the woman ordered. She obeyed until her mouth made a little ‘O’.

“Very good!” the woman exclaimed. She patted her on the cheek. The same cheek she had struck before.

The woman removed the cover of the bowl and picked it up along with a silvery table spoon. She held the bowl in front of her. Yolanda looked at it. It was like a brownish mush. There was a kind of burnt smell to it. The woman spooned some out and proffered it to her. “Open up and eat,” she told her.

Yolanda received a spoonful of the mush. It was bland tasting, kind of like meat, but kind of like just something mushy. It was the standard food for the ‘trainees’ as Jean like to call them. She cooked up a new batch about every other day. It was fed to them at every mealtime, so that all their meals would be exactly identical. She stirred in some ground turkey, some tomatoes, a little tomato sauce, some onions, some beets and some carrots. Everything was ground into a mush and then let to simmer on the stove for an hour. The girls would learn that they had to earn anything to eat which was more tasteful. She kept cookies and candies in the cabinets in the big room, and some ice cream in the freezer. They would be used as rewards at appropriate times. But everything around the girls was to be kept more or less bland except while they were being used. They would learn that achieving an orgasm was the high point in an otherwise uneventful existence. That being used was the only relief from the doldrums of their lives.



The food seemed somewhat repulsive to Yolanda. Yet she was very hungry and she did not want to be disobedient. Being fed spoonful by spoonful was, yet again, something that was reducing her to helpless, child-like status. The woman scraped the bowl clean to make sure that she got every last bit. When all the food was gone, she placed the bowl down before her and poured the contents of the carafe into it. It was milk fortified with a little heavy cream to give it thickness. Jean ground up into it a nice assortment of vitamins and just a bit of Valium. It helped make the girls calmer.

She edged herself back to give the girl room. "Okay, drink everything up," she told her.

Yolanda looked at her unhappily. It would be yet another act of debasement. But she knew that she had to do it. She frowned and dipped her head towards the bowl. There was about a pint of liquid. She lapped it up as quickly as she could. It tasted better than the glop she had been fed. It had a bit of a mediciney flavor.

When it was all gone, she knelt back up. The woman looked into the bowl. "Good girl, Yolanda," she purred.

She picked up a napkin from the tray, walked over to the sink and wetted it. She came back. "Look up at me," she ordered. Yolanda lifted her face. The woman wiped it clean. She tossed the napkin in the little wastebasket. She crouched and picked up her gag from the tray. She presented it to Yolanda's mouth. She sadly received it. She told her to bend her head down and she buckled it tightly. She told her to raise her head again. She picked up the tray and stood.

"You stay just as you are. I'll be right back," she said. She went over to the door, punched in some numbers on the pad, presented her thumb, and the lock clacked open. She pushed the heavy door open, passed through and closed it. Yolanda heard the lock clack closed. She looked around. She had the urge to get back into her cage and somehow lock it so that the woman could not get at her and do to her whatever she was going to do next. There was the black box. Maybe she could squish herself inside and disappear.

The woman was only gone for about 20 seconds. When she heard the door unlock, she stiffened herself again so that she would be in the prescribed position. The woman got half in the room. "Get up and follow me," she ordered.

Yolanda struggled to her feet again. She stepped to the door. The woman held it open as she passed. Yolanda looked around as the door closed. The two things that she saw that were outstanding were the bed, for fucking, she presumed, and the whipping stand and the whips hanging on the wall. She cringed.

"Come on," the woman told her. She walked over to the corner of the room. There was a shower and a drain. There was a chain descending from the ceiling. The shower head was removable. She told Yolanda to stand under the nozzle. She released her hands from behind her back and then attached her bracelets to the

chain. It pulled her hands about 2' over her head. The woman stepped back. Yolanda watched sadly as the woman began to unbutton the front of her dress. Like she surmised, there was no bra under it and, she discovered, no bottoms either.

When the dress was off, the woman tossed the dress aside. Her breasts were heavy and hung a bit low, but they were still plump and remarkably firm. Her areolas were pinkish and her nipples long and thick. Her belly had a nice roll of fat over it and her thighs were wide. She looked strong. Between her legs was a large, wiry bush of still brown hair.

Without speaking, the woman took the shower head off of the mount and turned on the water. She let it run until she was satisfied and then inundated Yolanda from head to toe. She wetted and soaped up a large, soft sponge and tuned the water off, restoring the nozzle. Then, firmly, but not roughly, she ran the sudsy sponge all over her. She pressed it over her breasts, pushing them this way and that, down her belly, down her thighs. She patted her thighs and Yolanda moved them apart. She washed her inner thighs and her coosh. She went around to her back, soaped it, her ass and the back of her legs. She did the crack between her rear mounds, making sure that she washed her little star thoroughly. She made her raise each of her feet and manipulated her toes so that she got all in between them.

After she had rinsed her off and wetted her hair again, she manipulated a glob of shampoo into it, all down its length. She rinsed it, added some conditioner, kneaded it in and rinsed that out too.

Yolanda just let the woman do whatever she wanted. It was awful to have her being so free with her body. It accentuated that she was the woman's property, and that she needed to be well cared for. Having her breasts manhandled had been humiliating, as was having her run the sponge over her puss and then give it a soapy caress with her hand. And when she poked the sponge at her little, rear hole, she remembered her speculation about the men wanting to use it and shuddered.

Having the warm water flow all over her was somewhat calming. The woman, after she had rinsed out the conditioner, let it go for a while as if she knew how approaching pleasantness it was for her.

She didn't towel her down, but just left her wet and dripping while she removed the ball gag from her mouth. Yolanda remembered to keep her mouth turned into a little 'O'. The woman went over to the sink, unwrapped a new toothbrush, a purple one, and brushed her teeth. This was excruciatingly humiliating. It was as if she couldn't be trusted to perform the most elementary acts of self-hygiene. She spat out the toothpaste when so ordered. The woman let her rinse out her mouth with water from a paper cup and gave her two cupsful to drink. She washed her face with a soft washcloth and a moisturizing soap.

She released her hands from above her and reconnected them behind her back. For the few moments that her hands were free, Yolanda contemplated giving the heavy woman a huge shove and fleeing towards the door. She realized, though, that it was certainly locked and that there would be hell to pay.

Mistress Jean moved her over to the sink. There was a battery operated hair drier there. She ran the heat up and down her long hair while using a brush to work out all the knots. It was weird enough to be treated as if she were some ancient royalty, like Marie Antoinette in that movie where she wasn't allowed to do the most simple things for herself, but ever so much weirder to have it done by a powerful somewhat pudgy, older naked woman. The fact that she was naked didn't bode well for her immediate future. She remembered that thing about the gun in the play and understood that if the woman was naked, it was for a reason. And not a good one.

She put away the hair drier and the brush. She stood in front of her, took hold of her breasts, squeezing and juggling them. She stroked her face gently. "You're a very pretty girl, Yolanda," she told her in a sweet sounding voice. She stared at her face for a moment. "When someone gives you a complement, you are supposed to thank them, Yolanda," she said a little sternly, as if she was a little girl who needed to learn her manners.

Yolanda's body chilled. She didn't want to say it. She kind of liked the rule that she shouldn't speak. It let her stay isolated in her cocoon of unhappiness and dismay. She didn't want to say anything to this lady. She didn't want to say anything to any of them. But she knew that she had to follow the rules. Those whips and chains in the corner of the room loomed in her mind. "Thank you, Mistress Jean," she muttered.

The woman stepped back. Her right hand moved so fast it seemed like lightening. She slapped her viciously across the face. Yolanda screeched and stumbled. She looked back at the woman fearfully. What had she done wrong?

"That wasn't a very good thank you!" the woman said to her angrily. "Say it again like you mean it! I want to hear it clear and loud!"

Yolanda was doing everything she could to hold back her sobs. It had been so difficult to manage the effort of forcing the words out of her mouth the first time. Now she had to say them again, as if she meant it. They were going to leave her nothing!

"Th-thank you, Mistress Jean," she said in a louder, more forceful but tremulous voice.

Mistress Jean smiled. "You're welcome, Yolanda," she said sweetly.

She had placed her gag on a shelf above the sink. She retrieved it and proffered it to Yolanda's already spread lips. Yolanda sadly spread them further

and received it. The woman took hold of her shoulders and made her turn around and then fastened it tightly in the back.

“Okay, come over here,” the woman told her. She moved towards the front of the room. She pointed to a spot near the easy chairs. “Stand here and face me,” she commanded. Yolanda went to the spot. She stood there, looking at the woman’s face. She imagined that she had been pretty when she was younger. She was still not unattractive, but her face was somewhat pudgy and there were some crow’s feet by her eyes. It was definitely the face of an older woman, although the fat in her face kept everything smooth. The gray hair really gave it away. She wondered, unhappily, what had made a woman take up her chosen profession. Undoubtedly, when she was her own age she had different ideas of what she would do with her life. What made her turn so mean and callous? What made her feel like she had the right to imprison young women and do the things that they did to them?

“Okay, Yolanda, when you stand in front of a mistress or a master, you are to stand at complete attention. Stand up straight and push out your tits. Spread your legs out a bit wider than your shoulders and give your hips just a little push out so that your cunt is more visible. Do what I say now.”

Yolanda adjusted herself into position. It made her feel very, very naked and very, very vulnerable. Mistress Jean seemed pleased.

She went around behind her and released her wrists. She went over to the door, unlocked it and drew it open. The door was configured to close and lock automatically so she used a little wedge at the base to keep it open. She came back to Yolanda and stood about 15’ away from her.

Yolanda looked hungrily at the yawning door. Out there was freedom. Mistress Jean moved towards her as fast as a raging bull. She gave her a powerful shove in the middle of her chest. Yolanda went stumbling back and fell sprawling to the floor. She looked up at the woman incredulously. “What did I do?” she thought unhappily.

“Get up!” the woman shouted. “Get over here and stand at attention! Do it now! Now!” she screamed.

Yolanda scrambled to her feet and went to her prior spot.

“Spread your legs, you stupid cunt!” the woman shouted. “Sick out your tits! Hands behind your back!”

Yolanda felt overwhelmed with fear and sorrow. What had she done wrong? She stood there trembling while Mistress Jean glared at her. Her eyes flitted to the open door. How fast could she get there? Could the fat, older woman catch her?

Mistress Jean was at her before she even knew it. She received another fierce blow to her chest. It knocked her on her rear and made her tumble. She started sobbing wildly.

“Get up you fucking cunt!” the woman screamed. “Get over here! Now! Now!”

Her face had turned red. All of the pretended sweetness and politeness was gone. Yolanda jumped up as fast as she could and resumed her former position. She pushed out her breasts and spread her legs. She crossed her wrists behind her back and tilted her hips forward.

She stood there, trembling. She stared miserably at the woman’s face. The woman glared back as if just waiting for an opportunity to attack her again. She thought of the door. It was only about four or five long steps away. She could cross the distance in a couple of seconds. Her tear filled eyes flitted to it, as if to better measure the distance.

In a second, she was back on her ass again. She started to sob uncontrollably. She didn’t wait for the order, but jumped up as fast as she could and scurried to where she had been standing. She stood there in terror. She had never felt so terrorized in her life. Mistress Jean stared back at her as if in hatred.

“You look at me, cunt!” she shouted. “You don’t look at the door! Whatever is out there is no business of yours! I’m your mistress! You are a slave! I own you! Your eyes are to be on me at all times! If I see you looking at that door again I’m going to whip you until you bleed! Got that, cunt!”

Yolanda knew that she had to answer. She could hardly catch her breath, she was sobbing so hard. She kept her gaze cemented on the angry woman’s face even though everything inside her wanted to look at the door. Could she make a break for it now? It was startling how fast the woman moved. She would never make it. The woman would grab her hair and drag her back. And then she would whip her! It was a huge, agonizing strain to keep her eyes on that cruel, angry face. “...ess, ...i-ess ...een,” she pushed out of her gagged mouth as best she could.

Mistress Jean looked at her for a long time. The door called to her like an ancient Siren. “I’m herrrrrrre! I’m herrrrrrre! “I’m herrrrrrre! Freedom! Freedom! Freedom!” She wanted to look at it so badly that her heart ached. But she kept her eyes perfectly focused on the bridge of the woman’s nose.

Finally, Mistress Jean sauntered over to it, kicked loose the wedge that had held it open, released it, and let it glide shut. When it closed, the bolt ‘clacked’ into place. She came back towards Yolanda, who stood there shuddering and crying. The woman could not have proved her power over her more clearly. She cursed herself for her cowardice. She might have made it. She might have slipped the big woman’s grasp. But she knew inside that it was just an illusion. The door probably just led to another locked door, and then another and another. The woman wouldn’t risk her getting away. But, on the other hand, she wouldn’t know because she hadn’t tried. She had been too afraid.

“I want you to kneel down on the mat facing the bed,” Mistress Jean told her sharply. She scrambled to obey. She knelt up as high as she could go and placed the rest of her body in the prescribed position. She would be ravaged on that bed. She knew it. It seemed like an altar on which she would be sacrificed. Maybe it would be better for her if they killed her, laid her down on the bed and cut out her heart like the Aztecs used to do. Proffer it, still beating, to their deranged, cruel god.

She cringed when Mistress Jean got onto her knees behind her. “Put your hands on your head,” her voice told her. She raised her hands as she was told. She sensed Mistress Jean getting closer to her, and then closer, close enough for her to feel her body’s heat. And then she was up against her! Her breasts pushed in against her upper back. Her belly along her lower. Her wiry sex pressed up against her rear. She trembled and whined. Her hands came up along her sides and then encompassed her breasts. They squeezed them and kneaded them.

“Mmmmmmmmm,” the woman hummed in her ear, “what lovely titties. They’re so soft and springy. Very, very nice.”

Yolanda cringed at the contact. She wanted to lower her hands and tear the woman’s offensive ones away. But she knew that to move would invite disaster. She felt her body shudder.

The hands left her breasts and descended her belly. They slid out over her outspread thighs. They came back again, drifted up her belly and back down and out again. She ran her hands up along her sides. She leaned back and spread them across her upper back. She felt along her shoulders, out to her arms, past her elbows and up to her hands. All the time, Yolanda cringed at the feel of the woman’s soft flesh along her back. She stared ahead at the bed, thinking of all the things they would make her do there. The hands came back down, ran across her shoulders and down her sides again. They went out her thighs and up her belly. Everywhere the hands touched became the woman’s property. The strength and warmth of them, despite her revulsion at being handled so freely, so much against her will, was generating strange feelings in her.

Objectively, the woman’s hands felt good. They were warm and gentle and comforting. But they were likewise offensive. Terrible conflicts were fighting it out in her head. She hated the fact of the woman’s assault, hated her loss of freedom, hated the imperative that she kneel there, submissive and obedient and endure it. But way deep down, there was something compelling about it. Ironically, the woman’s exercise of her powers over her had somehow liberated her. Her heart and soul didn’t have to yearn for a warm and gentle touch. Here it was. Experienced, demanding hands were travelling freely around her body. “Just let it happen,” a voice told her. “Let the warmth soothe you. Take your pleasure where you find it.”

Mistress Jean's left hand rose to her breasts again, her arm across her upper belly, seizing her right mound. The right hand went lower and lower and lower, until it reached the apex of her slice. Yolanda whined. She knew what was coming. The hand lowered itself, lower, lower, lower, until it surrounded her mons. Her thick, strong fingers gave her outer lips a soft pinch, pressing them together. And then two, it felt like two, slipped between them and dragged slowly up, up, up to the top, and slowly, slowly, slowly, down, down, down to the bottom.

Yolanda bit down on the ball in her mouth. "Please take the hand away! Please take the hand away! Please take the hand away!" her mind called out. But the hand paid her mental transmissions no mind. While the left hand squeezed and massaged and kneaded her breasts, moving back and forth between them, the hand below kept sliding, sliding, sliding up and down, up and down, up and down. She knew that she was lubricated by the ease of the fingers' travel. She felt like her pussy was flowering open. Strange, unwanted feelings were flowing from it. They spread up her belly and out to her hips and then up, up, up, to where the other hand was tormenting her.

The fingers down below toyed with her as yet untrammelled entrance and then slid up. They flitted over her button, and then did it again. And again. And again. And again. An electric feeling was emanating from it. Something was being drawn tighter and tighter within her. The moan escaped even before she knew that it had been born. She regretted it. The fingers flicked, flicked, flicked, flicked, until her hips shifted of their own accord and she moaned again.

Mistress Jean pulled back. "Turn around and get down on your back," she ordered her sharply. Yolanda lowered herself and turned. The big woman was so close to her that in order to lie down she had to place her legs on either side of her. She rued it immediately as she realized how open and vulnerable she was.

Mistress Jean towered over her. Her breasts loomed like voracious, one eyed dragons about to pounce. Her wiry, brown bush emanated a strange, ominous mysterious power. The woman placed her hands on her thighs and pressed them out and up so that her legs were drawn back, making even more prominent and defenseless her crux.

"When you are told to lie on your back, you will spread your legs like this so that your cunt is presented so that your master or mistress may make use of it. Understand?"

Yolanda sadly nodded her head and emitted, "...ess, ...i-ess ...een,"

"And if your hands are free, you shall put them behind your head, elbows out. Do it now."

She had kept her hands on the top of her head. Now she slipped them under it and spread her elbows, posed as if leisurely floating down a softly running, summer stream, gone boating with her lover. But Mistress Jean was no lover. And

she wasn't drifting restfully down a gentle stream. She was displayed salaciously before a powerful woman keen on taking advantage of it.

The woman rested on her haunches while she ran her hands up and down the insides of her thighs. The softness of her caresses belied the fiendish nature she had so recently displayed. She ran her hands down to her crux, on either side of it and up over her belly. She was smiling and staring at her, not quite leering, drinking up all of her charms. She lowered her hand to her crux and began to run her thumb up and down her crevasse. She lodged it partially in her tunnel and she brought it to the top. Yolanda gave a little jump when she began to stroke her button with it. Tendrils of stimulating sensations flowed from it all over her belly and up her distended thighs.

She cringed, yearning to rise and run away, to go yank and pull at that door, to pound at it again and again, screaming as loud as her gagged mouth would allow. But she was pinioned in place. Mistress Jean was watching her face intently. She began taking deep breaths as her unwanted lust grew. "Please stop! Please stop!" she thought miserably. And then something happened, some critical mass had been reached, the woman had stoked her nubbin to just the right level of excitement, and she released a groan. Her body shuddered and she felt her eyes roll back. She quickly returned her gaze to her tormentor. She was grinning widely.

She removed her hand from Yolanda's puss and leaned over her. She placed her hands on either side of her torso and bent her head to her breasts. She circled her right teat first, suckling on it, nipping on it, swirling her tongue all around it. She moved to the left. Yolanda's loins were starting to burn. As Mistress Jean's tongue flitted against her taut, tender nipple, a rumble resounded down below. Leaning over her, the woman made her lift her head. She released the buckle holding her gag in place and then eased the large black ball from her mouth. She placed it aside on the mat. She leaned her whole body on her. They were belly to belly, breasts to breasts. Her hips pressed up against her inner thighs. Her body was hot and strong and insistent. Yolanda cringed and whined when the woman's mouth approached hers. Yolanda remembered her imprecation that her mouth remain open at all times and she had formed a little 'O'. Mistress Jean married their lips and slipped her hot tongue into her mouth.

Yolanda squirmed and whined as the woman's tongue scoured her mouth. She tried to pull her tongue away, but the woman's appendage maintained a fervent pursuit. Mistress Jean started rubbing her wiry pussy up and down along her conch. Yolanda tried to close her legs to frustrate her, but they just pressed against the big woman's hips. Despite her revulsion, her lusts just kept growing higher and higher.

The woman broke their kiss. She was still grinding their loins together. Then she began lowering herself slowly, slowly, slowly. She kissed her neck and chest.



She swallowed her teats, pulling on them harshly with her lips. She moved to her belly, dragging her thick tongue down to her naval, and then lower, lower, lower.

Yolanda knew what the woman was going to do and wanted no part of it. She had had many fantasies about her first sexual encounter of substance and none of them had featured a 50 or so old, fat, gray haired woman sucking at her conch. She closed her eyes and grimaced. She shook her head and whined. But the woman kept going lower, lower, lower until, finally, she circled her lips around her stiff little button and began a long, tantalizing suckle.

Yolanda arched her back and moaned. The pleasure wafted through her like a gust precursive to a storm. The lady suckled and suckled and suckled, while Yolanda squirmed and moaned and groaned. She lowered her mouth and used the flat of her tongue to lather all along her crevasse again and again like a deer at a lick of salt. She took the tip and rimmed the inner portion of her little, as yet, unsullied hole. She came up again and lathered her tongue over her clit again and again and again.

Ecstatic pulses drove through her. She wanted to beg and plead with the woman to stop. She groaned and tried to twist her turn her hips, but Mistress Jean had circled her arms around her thighs and was holding her firmly in place. When she began to flit her stiffened tongue again and again and again and again across her pleasure radiating nubbin Yolanda felt a surge of need flood her loins. The woman kept going and going and going. The surge just grew and grew and grew until she thought that she was going to explode.

And then it did explode. She screamed as her pussy knotted itself and then throbbed and throbbed and convulsed. She desperately sought to pull her organ away from the woman's tormenting tongue, but she held her too fast. The sensations of pleasure became so exquisite that she thought that she might faint.

And then the tensions wound down. Mistress Jean had relented her abuse of her clit, but was washing her crevasse and outer lips with her still energetic tongue. Yolanda feared that she was going to recommence her torture, but she relented. She gave her puss a firm, sloppy kiss. She released her thighs and rose above her. She patted her belly. "You're going to make a great whore, Yolanda," she told her grinning. She ran her hands over her thighs and belly and breasts and then rose to her feet. She went to the refrigerator and took out a bottle of water. She uncapped it and took a long pull. She capped and returned it.

"Stay there," she told Yolanda. Yolanda laid there all spread out as before. Her heart was still thumping and her blood had not yet cooled. She was so shamed at what had happened that she thought she might dissolve right there. A woman, an old, fat, gray haired woman, had driven her to an extreme of bodily pleasure that she had never known. She had seen the women on the Internet squirming and moaning as men licked them there, but she just figured that they were actors. And

they might have been. But what she had experienced was very, very real. And it was frightful that the woman could produce such lusts within her against her will.

Mistress Jean came back with a tray. There was a bowl of steaming water on it and some other things that she could not see. She put the tray down on the mat near her feet. She had also brought a wedged pillow. "Lift your behind," she told her sharply. Yolanda obediently put her feet down and pressed, raising her hips. The wedged pillow was thrust underneath her. She couldn't see what the woman was doing, but she knew that it wouldn't be something that she liked. Something sounded like it was going around and around a cup.

Mistress Jean loomed over her. She saw that she had a soaped up shaving brush in her hand. Yolanda's heart sank as she realized what she was going to do. The woman swished the brush up against her light, thin pubic hairs, lathering them all up. She had to go back to the cup twice, after dipping the brush in the bowl of water. Once they were all full of foam, she brought out a plastic razor and began to shave. Yolanda cried as she felt all her adult growth cut away. The woman's wordless actions brought home to her that it was their pussy now and they had the right to manage it as they saw fit. She would have no choice at all.

It didn't take long for all the hair to be gone. The woman pushed her labial lips this way and that to make sure she made a clean sweep. She shaved all the way to the crease of her thighs and up above her line. Everything was gone.

Mistress Jean put the razor aside and wiped her loins with a wet cloth. She rubbed in some lotion, taking the opportunity to delve her tongue along her crease a couple of times just for fun. She put everything back on the tray and pulled the wedged pillow from under her hips. She returned them to where she had gotten them. She came back and picked up her gag. She brought it over to the sink, washed it and brought it back. Yolanda was still in her supine position. She felt disgraced and rung out.

"Get up," Mistress Jean snapped.

She rose to her feet. She immediately went to attention as she had been taught. The woman returned the gag to her mouth, affixing it behind her head. She fastened her arms together behind her back. She told her to turn around. She ran her hand between her spread legs, caressing her now bare mons. "You've got a pretty pussy, Yolanda. Everybody is going to want to fuck it." She patted it a few times and then took her by the elbow. "Time to put you away. I've got things to do," she told her.

She led her to the middle cell and opened the door. Yolanda thought, and hoped, that she would be permitted to return to her cage where she would, at least temporarily, be immune from abuse, but she led her over to the corner of the room. She released her wrists and told her to stand on the little steel knobs there. They poked painfully into her feet right away. Mistress Jean locked her wrists to the

chain and then pulled it up so that her hands were about a foot over her head. She ran a small chain between her ankles and locked it to a ring in the middle of the knobs. She couldn't spread her feet more than 8".

Mistress Jean patted her on the cheek. "Someone will come by in a while and free you. In the meantime, you should think about obedience and how devoted you will be to your duties. Got that?"

Yolanda was miserable. Was she really going to leave her like this? She wanted to beg and plead with her not to. All she managed to say sadly was, "...ess, i-ess ...een."

Mistress Jean, without further ado, turned and left. She left the dim light on.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Ron had come in from his run, showered, shit and shaved. When he came downstairs, Jean was taking off of the stove a cheddar cheese and sausage omelet, lightly browned on the outside. She slid it off of the pan onto a thick, country style plate and put the pan back on the stove. "Here's your eggs," she said to him sweetly. She placed the plate onto the large, round, maple kitchen table. Ron pulled out the chair and sat. Jean was over immediately with the coffee pot and a plain white ceramic mug. She placed the mug down in front of Ron and poured some coffee into it. The creamer and sugar were already on the table. Ron dripped in a modicum of milk and half a teaspoon of sugar. He gave it a nice stir, sampled it, and with a soft, "Ahhhhhh," and put it down.

"Thanks, Jean," he said.

Jean beamed at him "I understand that congratulations are in order!"

"Yes. Cathy did the test last night. We're thrilled."

"As are we," Jean returned. "It'll make things a little more complicated around here, but we'll deal with it."

Ron nodded and dug into the omelet.

About a minute later, Cathy glided down the stairs. Jean's face broke into a broad smile. Cathy reciprocated and they dashed together and hugged. "I'm so happy, Cathy," Jean told her.

Cathy fought back tears. "Me too, Mom."

"Can I get you something to eat?"

"No, Mom, thanks. I just threw up and I'm a little sick to my stomach."

"It'll go away," Jean told her.

"I hope so," she replied.

"I've got the new girl on the knobs. I guess she's been on them for about an hour and a half by now. Are you going up?"

"Yeah. I'm going to give Rosita her suppository." She put her arm across Ron's shoulder, leaned over and gave him a kiss on his cheek. "You almost ready to go?" she asked him.

"Chuck should be here any minute," he responded.

As if on signal, the growl of a large engine came in through the open, screened kitchen window. A dark blue pearl metallic 2012 Ford F150 pulled past

the screened kitchen door and settled into the gravel parking area just past it. The Dixie Chicks were blasting through its windows. Everybody looked up.

"That's Chuck now," Ron said, relating the obvious.

"I want you driving both ways, Ron," Jean told him. "That Chuck's got a lead foot and he's a mite careless sometimes. Tell him to leave all his reefer in his truck. You never know when you're going to get pulled over and you don't want to give some hotshot cop a reason to toss the van."

"Okay, Jean," Ron replied.

"Come on up in about twenty minutes," Cathy told him.

Ron nodded and delved back into his breakfast.

Chuck passed Cathy on her way out. They nodded. Chuck entered the kitchen like a force of nature, slamming the screen door behind him.

He was about 6'2" and well built. He was wearing dingy, black jeans and a maroon sweatshirt with the sleeves cut off. His dirty blond hair was almost shoulder length and needed brushing. He hadn't shaved in a few days. He had on thick heeled black boots that looked like somebody had taken a Brillo pad to them. Despite his bulk, he carried himself loosely and his face was friendly and carefree.

"Hey, everybody," he announced.

"Have you had your breakfast?" Jean asked him somewhat coldly.

"Just coffee," he replied.

"Well, I'll make you up some eggs and sausage, but I can't say I like the way you're dressed."

He looked at her as if she had hurt his feelings. "What?" he asked

"Chuck, if you're going to work for us, you gotta live by our rules. You've got white trash written all over you. Ron, take Chuck upstairs and get him one of Bob's button downs. Take him in the bathroom and give him a razor. And Chuck," she continued.

"What?" he asked sheepishly.

"Brush your hair, please?"

"Okay, Jean," Chuck replied, chastened.

Ron wolfed down the last of his omelet and took a deep gulp of coffee. He rose from his chair and told Chuck to follow. They trudged up the stairs.

"And Chuck," Jean called out, exasperated. "Leave your boots down here. I'll give them a nice shine."

"Okay, Jean." He crouched down and loosened the ties to his boots and then kicked them off of his feet.

Cathy was climbing the stairs to the loft. She was wearing a pale, knee length, pale blue jumper with thin straps that tied behind her neck and a pair of open toed sandals. Her long chestnut hair was gathered behind her head with a scrunchie but otherwise loose. Her hips were a bit wide for her own taste, but she figured them

an asset now that the baby was coming. Her thighs were well toned and muscular. She had been a varsity tennis player in college and she still played three times a week when she could get a partner. The country club they belonged to had a team and they had taken the county country club championship last year.

She reached the top of the stairs and coded her way through the door. The cells were directly ahead of her. She turned to the left.

She opened one of the cabinets above the counter and retrieved a 6" by 10" cardboard box. She opened it and removed ten packaged tubes. She laid them on the counter, and drew out a surgical glove from the dispenser. To the right was a small box with its top torn off in which sat nine or ten round, black plugs. She made a note to tell her mother to order more. They usually lost one whenever they picked up or delivered a girl since Jean didn't like to use them twice. She took out three and laid them on the counter next to the tubes.

The box of Depends was in the lower cabinet. She took a few out. On the wall hung the belts for the zappers that they used. She took one, fastened it around her waist and buckled it closed. She drew one of the zappers out of its charger, turned it on and pressed the button. It made a loud crackle. She issued a slight smile and put it into the holster on the belt. She would leave it on until she was done with handling the girls so it would be ready to use if and when she had to draw it out.

She applied the blue surgical glove to her left hand, snapping it onto her wrist, picked up a tube and a plug and headed for the far right cell. She punched in this week's code and pressed her right thumb on the security device. The lock clacked open.

She could hear Rosita's sobs as soon as she entered. The girl was lying on her belly in her cage, her head toward the far wall. A chain led from her collar to the front. Her feet were joined and a chain connected them to the rear. Rosita had been with them a little over three weeks. She had progressed from a timid, chaste, naïve young girl to a skilled whore. She made a delightfully grotesque groan when she came, sounding a bit like a frantic alley cat. She had learned to service a pussy well and Ron said that she was more than capable at fellatio. Last Sunday night, they had all come up and had her performing for more than two hours, fucking and sucking each one of them and she had only lagged a bit in enthusiasm at the end. She had been servicing Jimmy with her mouth. Jimmy was a little hot tempered and he popped her head off of his cock and had her put her forehead on the floor. He gave her five or six whacks of the quirt and then made her get back to work. She finished him off with an energetic flourish.

After she was put away, Jean and Bob, who made these kinds of decisions, declared her ready to be sold and her vitals and her videos were put up on the website that night before her mother went to bed. She set a minimum bid of \$35,000. Bidding closed that Friday evening at 6 p.m. The Montana hunting lodge

had won out, at \$45,500; there were three other bidders. They would deliver or pick up any girl within a two days' ride. Any more than that, or if the buyer was international, they contracted it out to the Black Watch at the buyer's expense or let the buyer make their own arrangements.

"Good morning, Rosita," Cathy said cheerily, standing there for a moment to take her in. Her head was turned towards her.

"...mmmmmm ...mmmmmm. ...is-ess ...ah-ee," she moaned miserably and obediently through her gag.

"Today's a travel day and I'm going to get you all ready. I don't expect any problems from you, but there's still enough time to get in a good beating if you want one."

Rosita didn't respond, not having been asked a question. She knew that Mistress Cathy's threat wasn't an idle one. She had whipped her a few times. She was perhaps the worst of the whole crew. The others seemed to be satisfied with making her sob and moan and then lay off. Mistress Cathy kept going and going until it seemed that she would never stop. You would be wailing and screeching and sobbing and moaning hysterically before she finished. And although she was delicately figured, she was strong and ruthless. Rosita was no desert flower herself and probably would end up as a pretty hefty *mamasita* someday, if she lived that long, having come from peasant stock, but she was no physical match for Mistress Cathy.

"I'm going to take you to the toilet and then we're put in your suppository. I'm going to put a diaper on you and then you'll go back into your cage until we're ready to hit the road. Got that?"

"...ess, ...ih-ess ...ah-ee." Rosita replied sadly.

Cathy put the put the suppository, the plug and the diaper off to the side for the time being and took the key for the cage off of a hook on the far wall. She crouched down by the bottom of the cage, inserted the key and turned the lock. She lifted the wide door up and rested it on the top. She released the chain that fastened the girl to the foot of the cage and then released her ankles. She disconnected the chain that led to her collar. She got up and stood back.

"Okay, come on out, Rosita," she told the girl.

Rosita crawled out and got up on her knees in presentation position. Cathy tousled her hair, smiling. "Good girl, Rosita," she told her. "Now crawl over to the toilet and get up on the seat. I want you to let everything out."

The unhappy girl knee walked over to the toilet. She rose unsteadily and sat down on it. She looked at Cathy forlornly as she released her water. She was no dope. She realized that her last best chance to escape would expire in the next few minutes. Wherever they were sending her would undoubtedly have the strictest

security that could be devised. She would remain a whore until they were done with her, and then what?

In her mind, she saw herself leaping up off the toilet. She would give Mistress Cathy a fierce kick in the head that would make her fall. Then she would stomp the ever loving shit out of her. But what would she do then? Her hands were fastened behind her. She had no way to open the door. Master Bob or Mistress Jean or one of the other men would come by when Mistress Cathy didn't show up. They would come in and subdue her and then visit upon her the worst torture you could imagine. She wouldn't want to be in the same room with that Master Jimmy if he was given free rein to make her suffer. His eyes were cold and dead.

That was even if she could get foot that high to strike Mistress Cathy's head in the first place. She would probably just sidestep the blow and then there would be hell to pay. They might delay her journey and make her spend a few hours on the knobs, one of the most fiendish tortures you could imagine. And then beat her and beat her and beat her.

When she was done peeing, Cathy told her to get back down on the floor, head down, and spread her legs. She really didn't have to tell Rosita what to do; she had done it, it seemed, a hundred times already. But it was the principal of the thing. She was not allowed any volitional movement without permission.

She rose and dropped to the floor a few feet away from the commode. She put her forehead to the rug and spread her thighs. Mistress Cathy drew some toilet paper off of the roll and wiped her with it with her right, gloved hand, tossed the paper into the toilet and flushed it. Rosita remained in place while Cathy retrieved the suppository tube and the plug.

"Now stay still," Cathy told her unnecessarily. She peeled the metallic covering off of the inner tube and eased it into her left hand. She spread Rosita's rear cheeks with her right, addressed the lime greenish tube to her little puckered entrance and eased it in as Rosita released a slight whine. She used the pointer finger of her left, gloved hand to make sure that it was pushed in all the way.

Rosita trembled visibly. Cathy patted her on the rear. "Everything's going to work out, Rosita," she told her. "Pretty soon you'll be fast asleep and you won't have to worry about a thing. We know the people who have bought you and as long as you're a good, energetic, obedient whore, you'll do fine."

Rosita issued another whine. It was all so unreal, the idea that someone could buy her. The idea that she was going to be a whore and service countless men. She had wanted to be a doctor. All that was gone like a puff of smoke. And she was powerless, powerless, powerless to affect her future in any way. Even if she could beg and plead and cry and sob, it wouldn't matter a bit. Except to get her punished. And the idea of being transported dead to the world who knew how many hundreds of miles and then waking up as somebody's slave was horrifying. "Please don't do



this! Please don't do this! Please don't do this!" she couldn't help calling out in her mind.

Cathy picked up the small, round, rubberized black plug. Spreading Rosita's cheeks again, she addressed the thick end of the plug to her little brown star and pressed on it, gently at first, and then harder, harder, harder, until it popped past the entrance. The little ring settled into the divot between the thick end of the plug and the narrower, shorter end. There was a little tab on the end. Cathy took hold of it and gave the plug a little tug to make sure that it was well seated. Satisfied, she patted Rosita on the rear. "Good girl," she told her.

She rose, tore the rubber glove off of her hand and tossed it into the waste can. She went to the sink and gave her hands a good wash. She turned back to the girl. She was silently sobbing.

"Okay, Rosita, on your feet," she barked out. She could tell the girl was falling apart and it was best that things get done quickly.

Rosita raised her head and then struggled up. She immediately assumed an attention position facing her mistress, breasts thrust out, legs spread to the outsides of her shoulders.

Cathy picked up the Depends from the floor. She spread it out down by the girl's feet. "Okay, right foot first," she told her sharply. Rosita raised her right foot about six inches. Cathy slid one leg of the diaper over it. "Now the left," she told her. Rosita raised her left foot. "Bring it closer," Cathy told her. She moved her foot to the right.

"Okay, hold it," Cathy told her. She slipped the opening over her left foot and pulled it up until the diaper was around both ankles.

"Foot down," she told her. As Rosita obeyed, she drew the diaper up her thighs and to her waist. When it was all the way up, she stood back and looked at her. "She's a fine piece of pulchritude," she thought. Her large breasts hung just right with wide, dark areolas and plump nipples. Her tawny skin made her seem somewhat exotic. Her long black hair, running over her shoulders, made her seem languorous. They had washed and brushed it out last night.

She stepped towards her. She took hold of the girl's breasts and gave them a gentle squeeze. Unable to resist, she bent her lips down to her right teat and gave it a nice suckle. Then she did the left. She felt a tingle in her loins. It was tempting to tell her to get on her knees and address her pussy, but she would probably be half passed out before she was done.

Raising her head, she gave her breasts another squeeze, not quite as gently this time. Rosita was crying. She patted her on the cheek, smiling. "We're going to miss you, Rosita," she told her. "It's been a pleasure having you. Now go lie down in your cage belly down."

Rosita quivered. The thought of struggling, fighting, refusing to obey crossed her mind, but it evaporated almost as soon as it formed. She bent down, got on her knees and crawled into the cage. She maneuvered herself so that she was on her stomach. She turned her face to the wall and closed her eyes, trying to blot out everything that had happened to her since that van had slowed down and she had been swept in, and everything that was to come, as well. She was ashamed of her meekness, her servility. "Maybe I deserve to be turned into a whore," she thought sadly.

Cathy did not comment as she connected her ankles to each other and then to the chain that led to the foot of the cage. She scooted over and connected the collar that connected to the head. She gave her rear a nice rub. "Sweet dreams, Rosita," she told her. She stood, lowered the door to the cage and closed it. Its lock caught automatically. She bent down and removed the key, turned and placed it back on the hook. She gave Rosita a look. The poor girl was sobbing.

Cathy sloughed it off. It didn't faze her. The girl was just a commodity, a product. Some girls just had to be whores, that's all there was to it. If it wasn't her, it would be some other girl, and would that be fair? Not that she wished her any harm. She wasn't a sadist after all. It was tough to be kidnapped and turned into a sex slave. There was no getting around it. But she would acclimate, just like almost all the other girls did. They very rarely got a return. When they did, they didn't waste very much time on her. If she didn't respond immediately to retraining, they would hand her over to Jimmy and he would take her on a long ride to this place he used.

She thumbed her way out the door and closed it behind her. The lock clacked shut.

Her stomach had settled. She was hungry now but her responsibilities were not over. She returned to the cabinet pulled out a small steel tray and placed a paper liner on it. She removed a can of freeze spray and put it on the tray. She took out two blue surgical gloves, a little box, a surgical tool in clear cellophane, a scalpel wrapped in plastic, a box of sterile, alcohol laden pads, a squeeze bottle of Betadine and a large Band-Aid. There was a case with a hypodermic syringe. She took a needle encased in clear cellophane out of a box. A small medicine bottle with a liquid in it was nearby and she took hold of it. In a little tray was a small pair of surgical scissors and she removed that too. Everything went on the tray she had prepared. From a lower cabinet, she removed a 8 oz., clear glass bottle filled with a milky substance.

Hefting the tray, she went over to the cell in the center and, balancing it on one arm, coded herself in. Yolanda was standing off in the corner and she was crying up a storm. Her feet were shuffling up and down. Her hands were raised

above her, but not so high that she could take her weight off of her feet for any length of time. She looked at Cathy miserably.

It had been a long two hours for Yolanda. The knobs had started hurting right away. She had tried to pull herself up, but her arms tired quickly. She had no idea how much time had gone on, but it had seemed like forever. It was hard to grasp the reality of what had happened. She was untold miles from home, gagged and bound, locked in a tiny room which for all intents and purposes seemed like it was going to be her home for the indefinite future. She was locked in place in a corner of the room, standing on horrible, gnarly knobs that were grinding excruciatingly into the muscles of her feet. There was absolute, total silence all around her. The light had been left on, dimly, not for her benefit, she was sure, but probably so that she could get a good look at her little prison, absorb its stark cruelty, keep her gaze lingering on the thick, steel door, knowing that it was the only path to freedom and that it was an implacable barrier to it.

She jumped when she heard the lock clack. She had been crying and crying, calling out for mercy through the thick ball in her mouth. The pain was so intense that she kept thinking that she couldn't possibly bear it for another moment, but the moments kept crawling by, again and again and again, one after the other, and here she still was and the pain had not subsided one iota. She felt like she was on the edge of insanity. She would howl and roar and pull frantically at her ankles to try and get them apart. She would pull on the chain that held her hands above her, but it only took a minute or so for the pain in her arms to get so bad that she had to let go. She shifted from foot to foot, but that didn't provide any relief. Her only option was to suffer, suffer and suffer and beg God to save her.

There was a small camera mounted on the top of the TV monitor hanging on the wall, like one of those spy things. She knew that they could see her if they wanted to. They probably looked in on her from time to time just to make sure she was suffering. She stared and stared and stared at it, making the most piteous face she could manage, hoping and praying that someone would see her and have mercy. "I'll be good! I'll be good! You don't have to do this! I'll do anything you say!" she screamed at it in her mind.

And now, finally, the door had opened. This young woman had come in. Was she going to save her? Was she going to have mercy on her? She wanted to beg and plead through her gagged mouth, but Mistress Jean had already taught her that it was her duty to be quiet. She had the sense that if she tried to speak it would only prolong her agony. Anyway, these people were hardened monsters. It didn't matter to them if she suffered. Only that she learned. And she had just learned that they could and would casually condemn her to the cruelest torment any time it humored them.

The young woman didn't look cruel. She looked like any young woman you might meet at the supermarket, or waiting at a bus stop. She was in a nice, conservative, practical dress. She looked just old enough so that she could have been one of her teachers at school. Her face was pretty and not marked by hardness like Mrs. Lim or Mistress Jean. It was difficult to conceive of the fact that a young woman who looked so nice would be mixed up in stuff like this.

She saw the tray she was carrying. It had a whole bunch of stuff on it that she didn't like the look of. The woman was going to do something to her. The thought of it made her belly sour and her body turn cold.

Cathy placed the tray a small counter near the door. She turned and watched Yolanda for a little while. Her sobbing had been brought under control, but she was looking back at her most piteously. She admired her youthful breasts, just the right size for a handful. Her nipples were taut and her breasts were quivering. She had a very cute cunt and well-formed legs. She was thin, with a flat belly, but she still had nice hips that gave her a good figure. She had intelligent eyes and that bode well for her trainability.

Yolanda released a forlorn whine. Her feet were still hopping futilely. She knew that she had made a mistake when she saw the look of displeasure in the young woman's face. She yearned to take it back and a sour chill went through her when she thought that it might make the woman unwilling to release her just yet.

The woman approached her. She stood no more than two feet away. She had on nice perfume. There was a slight sheen of perspiration on her chest. She stared deeply into Yolanda's eyes. Finally, she spoke.

"My name is Mistress Cathy," she told her sternly. "Say, 'Good morning Mistress Cathy.'"

Yolanda cringed. She didn't want to say anything like that. She forced it out though. "...ooooo ....or-ih, ...iss-ess ...ah-eee," she murmured miserably.

Cathy reached up, pulled her head down and released the straps of the ball gag from behind her head. She tossed the device onto the small counter on the other side of the room. She took the zapper out of its holster. She showed it to the girl. "Do you know what this is?" she asked her demandingly.

Yolanda had no idea. She had never seen anything like it. Her lips trembling, she shook her head, 'no'. The woman lowered the thing to her crux and pushed it in. A second later she heard a loud, 'crack!' She howled and began to sob. It felt like a horse had kicked her there. She looked at the young woman much differently now.

"Quiet!" the woman barked loudly.

Yolanda tried to control herself. She jammed down the whines and moans that were rising from her belly. Tears were flowing down her cheeks. She now knew what the thing was, but she wasn't certain of her mistake.

The young woman paused while Yolanda got herself under control. “That’s ‘No, Mistress Cathy,’” she sneered at her.

Yolanda wasn’t sure that she should say it now. She didn’t want another zap for making a sound, but she also didn’t want to get one for failing to answer. She cursed herself for her stupidity. Mistress Jean had warned her that it was her duty to answer every question respectfully.

Cathy gave her another chance. “Do you know what this thing is?” she asked her again.

“Y-yes, Mistress Cathy,” she eked out.

“What is it?”

“I-it’s an electric prod, Mistress Cathy,” she squeaked.

“That’s right. We call it the zapper. And when you are disobedient or slow to obey, and sometimes just for fun so we can hear you howl, it’s going to bite you.”

She let that sink in. Yolanda was still shuffling her feet forlornly. The pain was excruciating. It felt like someone had beat her soles with a baseball bat. She hadn’t known that her feet could cause her this much pain. She felt another whine of misery coming on, but she forestalled it.

“A little while ago, you whined. You’ve been told to keep absolutely silent at all times, haven’t you?”

“Y-yes, Mistress Cathy,” Yolanda whined back.

“I’m going to punish you for that,” Cathy told her calmly. She pushed the zapper forward at her crux once again. There was a loud, ‘crack!’ Yolanda’s whole body shook. She released an anguished howl. She stared at the woman. She had never been so frightened in her life. She couldn’t stop sobbing.

Cathy let her go on for a little bit. “Okay, okay,” she then said sharply, “quiet down now! Quiet down!”

Yolanda got control of herself.

“Before I take you off the knobs, I want you to answer some questions,” Cathy told her firmly. “First, I want to know if you promise to obey every command that we give you. Do you agree?”

“Yes, Mistress Cathy!” Yolanda blurted out desperately.

“And you agree to do everything that you are told?”

“Yes, Mistress Cathy! Yes! Yes!” she agreed.

“And you’re going to make your best effort to be the best whore that you can be?”

“Yes, Mistress Cathy! I promise! I promise!”

“And you’ll fuck and suck and open yourself up to whoever wants you?”

“Yes! Yes!” she cried out.

“Okay, I’m going to let you down, but if you break your promises you will be punished very, very severely. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mistress Cathy! I understand!”

“Because if you break your promises, that would make them a lie and liars deserved to be punished, don’t they?”

“Yes, Mistress Cathy! Yes! Yes!”

She crouched down and released her feet first. The girl’s whole body was shaking. She stood and released her hands. The girl was looking at her piteously. Once her hands were free, she brought them down a few inches but then stopped, like she didn’t know what to do with them. Cathy just stood there, staring at her. If she didn’t figure it out she would make her stand there for another hour.

But, like she had thought, the girl was smart. She lowered her arms and placed her wrists behind her back, crossing them. She stood erect and thrust out her breasts. Cathy smiled. She tousled her hair. “Good girl,” she told her.

“Come, step off, and kneel down over here,” she instructed her, indicating the spot with her foot. Yolanda stepped off of the knobs gingerly. As soon as she put her foot down excruciating pain shot up through her leg. She brought her other foot off with the same result. She couldn’t suppress a groan of pain. She took a few more baby steps and then sank to her knees facing the woman. The cage was behind her. She spread her knees, arched her back and knelt up as straight as she could. Her feet were pounding.

Cathy crouched down. She took hold of her breasts and squeezed them. She took hold of her nipples and gave them both a little pinch that made her jump. She ran her hands down her sides and over her hips, and down her thighs. She ran them back up again, over her breasts and down her belly. She placed one hand on her right hip and with the other gave her now hairless mons a little rub. “Spread your legs a little wider, Yolanda,” she told her sternly.

She edged her knees a bit further apart. The woman began rubbing her crux in earnest. Yolanda’s mind was mostly distracted by the pounding in her feet, but the rubbing soon produced a little tingle. The woman was staring into her eyes, observing her. She realized that she was slick when the woman began to easily stroke her inside flesh. A finger circled her little bud a few times. She shuddered as an unwanted pleasurable message was transmitted to her brain.

“Good girl,” Cathy told her.

The woman rose and retrieved the tray she had brought in. She knelt in front of Yolanda, about 2’ away. She picked up a little aerosol can and took off the yellow plastic top “This is for your feet,” the woman told her. “It’ll help keep the swelling down.”

She leaned behind her. A second later, there was a hissing noise and Yolanda felt cold running up and down the soles of her feet. It was uncomfortable at first, but she held herself steady and absorbed it. A few seconds later it began to sooth the pain.

Cathy leaned back and smiled at her. "Better?" she asked.

"Yes, Mistress Cathy," Yolanda returned meekly.

"Good," the woman responded. She reached down on the tray and picked up a blue surgical glove. She snapped it onto her right hand and then did her left. She looked at Yolanda.

"I'm going to perform a little procedure, Yolanda," she told her. "Have you heard of Norplant?"

Yolanda had to think for a moment. Then it came to her. It was something for birth control. And what was birth control for? So that she wouldn't get pregnant when she was fucked. She didn't want to be fucked. She wanted to go home. She wanted to be free. The woman stared at her, expecting an answer. "Y-yes, Mistress Cathy," she whined.

"Good. I'm going to implant some capsules in your left arm. It won't hurt because I'm going to be giving you a shot. It'll take a few minutes and you'll have to stay perfectly still. If you don't think that you can do that, I'll take you outside and give you a good whipping first. Would you like that?"

A dark cloud passed over Yolanda's face. "N-no, Mistress Cathy," she blurted out.

"Good. Now bring your left arm forward."

Yolanda did as she was told. Cathy wiped a spot in her upper arm with an alcohol pad. She used the scissors to cut open the small bag with the needle in it, removed its plastic cap and then she attached it to the syringe. She picked up the small medicine bottle, removed the top, and stuck the needle in. She turned everything upside down and lifted it so she could see it better. She drew out a portion of the liquid and placed the bottle back down on the tray. She gave the plunger a little push until a thin stream spurted out. She took hold of Yolanda's right arm with her left hand and brought the needle forward. Yolanda cringed as the needle entered her skin. There was a pause and the needle was removed.

The woman put the needle and syringe down on the tray. She picked up the bottle of Betadine and squeezed some of it out onto a cotton pad. She wiped all up and down her upper arm. The medicine smell made Yolanda queasy. She was, in fact, queasy about the whole thing. But what choice did she have. The door was locked and the woman had that zapper on her belt. And she was bigger and stronger than her. And if she resisted, she would drag her out into the outer room and bring her over to the chain that was dangling there. She had a vision of herself screaming and wailing while the woman belabored her with one of the whips on the wall.

She didn't want anything implanted in her arm, but she didn't want to be whipped either. And then they would just whip her and whip her and whip her, and make her stand on the knobs again for hours and hours until she agreed to let them

do it. And all that suffering would be for nothing. And there was the thought that the last thing she wanted to do was to get pregnant. She had a vision of herself, her belly sticking out a mile, carrying who knew whose baby. No, she didn't want that either, or the thousand and one abortions she would have to have as an alternative.

A darkness descended on her. The inevitability of what was going to be done to her permeated her psyche. They had probably trained a hundred girls to be whores here. Maybe more, a whole lot more. They undoubtedly had it all down to a system. What chance did she have at resistance?

Cathy put the Betadine pad down. She picked up the bottle with the milky fluid in it. She twisted off the cap and put it down on the tray. "We have to wait a little bit. Drink this down."

She presented it to Yolanda's lips. She was a little frightened at drinking it. Who knew what it was? She decided that she had no choice. She spread her lips and tilted her head back. The woman inserted the edge of the bottle's neck just over her lower lip and started slowly pouring the substance in. Yolanda drank it unhappily. It had a peppermint flavor. It was thicker than water, but not as thick as a milkshake. As the bottle emptied, the woman kept tilting it higher and higher, bringing Yolanda's head back. When the liquid stopped flowing, the woman shook out the last few drops and put the bottle back down on the tray. She knelt back and looked at Yolanda again. "You're quite pretty, Yolanda," she told her after a few moments.

Yolanda didn't know what to say. Right now, being pretty was just about the furthest thing from her mind.

"What do you say when someone gives you a compliment, Yolanda?" Cathy asked her sharply.

Yolanda's face cringed. She knew the answer. Mistress Jean had already taught her this. Would she be punished for forgetting. They wanted her quiet, but they wanted her to talk too. It was like they were forcing her to cooperate in her own enslavement. Teaching her her role as a slave. "Y-you say, 'Thank you,' Mistress Cathy."

"That's right Yolanda. So what are you going to say to me?"

"Th-thank you, Mistress Cathy," Yolanda returned reluctantly.

"Thank you for what?"

"Thank you for calling me pretty, Mistress Cathy."

"That's better. If you forget again, you'll be punished. This is your first day and so we will cut you a little slack. But we don't like to have to tell you something twice. Is that understood?"

A sourness went through her. "Yes, Mistress Cathy," she replied dolefully.

"Good girl," Cathy responded. She gave her a soft pat on the cheek. "You'll get the hang of it, Yolanda. Don't worry."



She leaned over and gave Yolanda's upper left arm a pinch. "Can you feel that, Yolanda?" she asked.

"Y-yes, Mistress Cathy."

"We'll wait a while longer," she replied. She leaned forward and took hold of her breasts. She juggled them from underneath and gave them a soft squeeze. She took hold of her nipples and shook them so that they vibrated. Yolanda watched something cross her face. She released her teats and reached behind her neck. A moment later, she pulled the bodice of her dress down, revealing pale white, plump breasts.

"I want you to lean forward and give each of my nipples a nice suckle. Take them into your mouth and run your tongue around them."

Yolanda looked at her dolefully. She looked at her breasts. Never in a thousand years had she ever imagined herself doing anything like this. But she knew she had to. She looked back up into the woman's face. She could see that she was getting impatient. She leaned forward and delicately placed her lips around the woman's right teat. She shuddered at the contact. Snakes and worms and other wriggly things were circumnutating around in her belly. She gave the teat a little pull with her mouth. The woman snapped off her right glove and placed it on the tray. She took fierce hold of a clump of her hair at the back of her head and lifted it back.

"Listen, you stupid cunt!" she barked angrily. "You better get into the spirit of things here right away, or you'll be one very sorry little girl! Now suck my tit like you meant it. Show me how good a whore you're going to be!"

Yolanda started to cry again. Her lips trembled. The woman pushed her head down. Yolanda centered her lips around her teat and began an earnest suckle. The woman pressed her head down hard.

"That's it!" she told her. "Use your tongue! Suck harder!"

Yolanda put her best effort into it. She suckled hard and ran her tongue all over it. She subsumed her whole areola into her mouth and licked it all over. Her head was yanked up and brought over to the other breast. She opened her mouth and encircled the rigid nubbin at the end. She suckled on it and suckled on it and suckled on it, washing it with her tongue. Her whole body felt queasy. Lesbos did this, and she wasn't one of them. Never wanted to be one of them. Grannie had had a stern talk to her about it and told her how bad it was, how it was a sin against God. It was sick and dirty. Women who did it would go to hell.

She and Brad had watched a couple of videos of women doing it on the Internet. She had been fascinated. They really seemed to be enjoying it. Something tingled in her when she saw them going down on each other. Brad had turned it off. They had watched some guys doing it instead. Now, that had been interesting. She never looked at guys the same after that.

The woman moaned. She lifted Yolanda's head up. "That's better, Yolanda. Don't worry. You'll get the hang of it."

She released her head and pushed her back. She reached out to her upper arm again. "Does that hurt?" she asked her.

Yolanda hesitated. If she said yes, maybe the woman wouldn't put those things in her. But then, she might get beaten for lying. That's what the woman had said. Liars deserved to be punished. "No, Mistress Cathy," she finally eked out.

"Good." Cathy replied. She re-tied the straps from the bodice of her dress behind her neck, putting her solid breasts away. She put her right glove back on, took out an alcohol wipe and wiped both of her gloves down. She opened the little box. There were six capsules in it, each one in its own cellophane container. Pouring some more Betadine out on a cotton swab, she ran it over Yolanda's upper arm again. She picked up the scalpel and removed it from the cellophane. She crouched closer. Holding onto her upper arm with her left hand, she made a little incision. She leaned back. Apparently approving, she picked up the tool and removed it from its package. Leaving the tool down on a sterile pad, she opened one of the capsule packages. She took the tiny capsule and placed it in the end of the tool. She crept up again, took hold of her arm and placed the edge of the tool in the incision.

Yolanda was crying steadily. It was all she could do not to break out into sobs. She felt a little tug on her arm. The woman knelt back. One of those things was in her. She felt like jumping up and running to the door, pounding on it with all her might, pounding it into smithereens, bashing down the door to the outside and then striding down the road outside (she hadn't seen it, but there must be a road) and just walking away. She would destroy the building she was in first, tearing it apart board by board. She would grab the woman, Cathy, by the throat and throttle her as she pleaded and begged for her life. She would free the other girls who were probably in the other cells she had seen. On the way out they would capture and destroy Mistress Jean and Master Bob, stuffing their lifeless bodies down the deepest wells. She and the other girls would form a triumvirate, smashing and pulverizing everything they saw. They would establish a mighty fortress on the highest mountain and rule the whole continent, emerging from their fortress to punish and destroy everyone who disobeyed their wishes.

But, instead, she knelt there and watched the woman load another capsule in her tool. She watched as she loaded up and installed all six. Each time one went in there was a little pull on her arm and she felt like another chain had been added to the one surrounding her soul, weighing it down, imprisoning it.

When the woman was done, she patted the site of the incision with one of the sterile pads. She placed a clean pad over the wound and draped the large Band-aide on it. She leaned back and smiled. "All done," she said.

She gave her nipples another pinch and then tore off her gloves. She picked up the tray, laden with the detritus of her minor surgery, and placed it on the nearby counter. She had placed the ball gag on the edge of the sink when she had removed it. She now retrieved it, washed it off, crouched down and proffered it to Yolanda's lips. Yolanda sadly opened them and received it. She obediently leaned her head down while the woman buckled it behind her head. She ordered Yolanda to turn around. She took hold of her wrists and locked them together.

"Okay, back in the cage," she said almost merrily.

Yolanda crawled sadly forward. She took up the prescribed position on her belly. She felt the woman join her ankles together and then lock them to the foot of the cage. She leaned over her, took the chain that led from the head and fastened it to her collar. She patted her on the rear.

"That's the good girl, Yolanda," she told her. "Have a nice rest. Master Bob is going to come up in a little while and he's going to fuck you. Be a good girl and do everything that he says and he won't hurt you. He can be pretty mean when he's pissed off."

She stepped back and lowered the door to the cage. She picked up the silver tray and stepped to the door. She looked back at the girl, who was sobbing. "She better not be all weepy when Daddy fucks her," she thought to herself. "He'll have her up in the whipping chain in the flash of an eye."

She used her free hand to code herself out. The large steel door slammed closed behind her.

## CHAPTER NINE

Ron and Chuck came in just when Cathy had finished putting things away. The empty bottle went into a recycling bin, the used needle into a specially marked hazard box. The medical instrument, the scalpel and scissors she would bring down to the house so they could be sterilized. Ron was dressed in a white sports shirt with thin red, blue, yellow and green vertical stripes. Chuck was wearing one of her father's yellow button downs. He was clean shaven and his longish hair had been brushed. His black boots were nice and shiny. The scruffy jeans kind of spoiled his look, but he was still 100% better than when he had arrived.

They took one of the body bags from the cabinet and Cathy admitted them to Rosita's cell. She was fast asleep. Ron and Chuck spread the body bag out while Cathy unlocked the cage. The men lifted Rosita out and placed her in the olive green, translucent bag. Cathy attached the heart monitor to her chest. She was strapped down and the bag was closed up. Ron and Chuck each grabbed an end and the girl was hefted out. Cathy put the 9 suppository tubes, the remaining black plug and the two pairs of Depends into a small travel bag.

Ron had started the van before he and Chuck went upstairs. They put Rosita into the compartment, after making sure that the fan was working. They closed her up and went into the house through the kitchen door. There was a wonderful, friendly aroma. A rack of fresh baked chocolate chip cookies sat on the counter. Jean was loading up a large, fire engine red cooler with sandwiches and several juice cartons. There was a large coffee thermos on the table next to it and two ceramic mugs. Cathy went over to the rack of cookies and went to pick one out.

Jean had come over with a brown paper bag. She gave Cathy's hand a sharp slap. "You know, I put on 40 lbs. when I had you and I never did seem to get it all off. No more cookies for you!"

Cathy laughed. "Just one, Mom. How can I resist them?"

Jean smiled and relented. She put eight cookies in the bag and put the bag in the cooler. Ron folded down the top and clamped it closed. Jean looked at them.

"Now don't drive all night. I printed out a Google map for you. The lodge entrance is about 20 miles north of Frenchman's Reservoir. There's a high gate and you have to call in on the squawk box. The code is 'moonlight mile.' About seven miles up the dirt road is another gate. This one is manned and you'll have to show

the pass I'm giving you. There's a large, two story lodge. Go around back and someone will meet you at the loading dock.

"You can sleep for a couple of hours at a place called the Sunny Rest Motel in Harding, just over the Montana line. It's run by some friends of ours, Sandy and Pete McCrae. They used to run a nice house outside of Laramie, but sold out and retired a few years back. I let them know you're coming. You can take the girl out. Change her diaper and let her have some water, but don't feed her. Pete'll want to fuck her. That's ok, but don't let him mark her up. Sleep just a couple of hours though. You're due at the hunting lodge around 1. You can stay there overnight. They've got some fine girls, so enjoy yourselves. Robin Haley runs the place and she's a friend of mine. Give her my regards. They keep a sharp eye out for strangers there and you'll have out of state plates. The county Sheriff is on Robin's payroll, so if you get stopped, give them her name and you should be okay. If you leave by seven the next morning, you should be at Martha's by around 8 p.m. Drop off the girl we're replacing and come right home."

"Okay, Jean. Don't worry. I made this run last year with Bob," Ron told her.

"Check in with me by text every four hours and when you get to the lodge. And let me know when you get to Martha's so I know you're safe."

"Okay, Jean," Ron told her.

"Make sure you drive careful," Cathy told him. "Don't give anybody any reason to pull you over." She went up to him, hugged him and gave him a deep kiss.

"And lay off the pot, Chuck!" Jean admonished him.

Chuck laughed. "No problem, Jean. I'm not an total asshole."

"Sometimes you make me wonder," Jean returned.

Ron stepped up and gave Jean a kiss on the cheek and a hug. He gave Cathy a nice kiss on the lips.

Cathy handed Ron the travel bag. Chuck took up the handles of the cooler and hoisted it. Everybody looked at one another. There was a pause. Then Jean said, "Good luck, and remember, be careful."

Ron and Chuck just nodded.

Jean and Cathy followed them out to the van. Jean gave Chuck's pick-up a disdainful look. Its bed was loaded with a miscellany of lumber and other debris. It was dusty and already had a heavy dent in the rear fender. Chuck had only had it for about 6 months. Jean had given thought to replacing him but then Jimmy would have to retire him. He was exasperating, but essentially a nice guy and that would be a shame.

Chuck loaded the cooler into the back seat while Ron tossed in the travel bag and got in the driver's side. Once Chuck had gotten into the passenger seat and they were all buckled up, he put the van into gear. There was a round of good-byes

and he eased the van out of the barn. He did a k-turn and slowly headed down the stone driveway the half mile to the road. He stopped, looked both ways and made a right. Chuck replaced Jean and Bob's thumb drive in the car stereo with one of his own. Five Inch Nails came blasting out. He turned it up. After they had gone about a half mile, he reached into his pants pocket. He produced a tightly wrapped bomber and held it up to Ron. "Ta da!" he announced, grinning. Ron grinned back.

About 11:30, Bob drove up the driveway in the tan Lexus. He pulled around the house and parked next to Chuck's pick-up. He popped the trunk and took out his golf bag. He liked to get nine holes in just about every morning, weather permitting. Mondays, the course at the country club was closed so the caddies could play, so he had gone to the county course over at Ashby. If he got there at 6, he could usually tee off right away. Today he had been paired off with some kids from the college team at Mullen. They were a little too chatty for him, but Bob considered himself tolerant and he just played his own game.

He put the golf bag in the barn. He would clean all the clubs later. He usually played with Titleist Pro V1's, but he had won a box of the new Top Flight balls at the charity tournament he had played at last month and he had tried them out today. They drove well and he was able to get a good backspin on them with the 7 iron. Tomorrow he would see how they did at the club.

He came in the house. The kitchen was empty. He smelled the cookies right away. He took one of the cooling rack and munched it as he went up the stairs to take his shower. He came back down about 30 minutes later dressed in a soft pair of lounging pants, leather sandals and a dark green t-shirt. Down in the kitchen, he took some cold cuts from the fridge and made himself a sandwich. He was eating it, reading the Times on his Kindle and drinking a glass of milk when Jean came in. She came over and gave him a peck on the cheek.

"The guys get off all right?" he asked.

"A little late, but otherwise ok," Jean replied. "I've been going over some prospects online and I've narrowed it down to this cute little Asian girl from our friends in Frisco and this buxom, black haired beauty from an outfit outside of Reno. They get a lot of young girls coming into town to get jobs as dealers although they usually end up as strippers or whores. They caught this girl early though and she's prime stuff."

"I'll take a look at them after I go work on the new girl. Do you think they'll hold them for a couple of days. The boys won't be back with the van until Wednesday."

"The bidding on the black haired girl is up on Wednesday night. Our friends will hold the Asian girl for us if we're interested. She's Vietnamese by the way and cute as a button. Our friends picked her up from an outfit that smuggled her and a few other girls in on a charter flight from Ho Chi Minh City, so there's no trace of

her anywhere. The other girls have been sold already, but this one was the pick of the litter and they're holding her for us."

"Well, if they went to so much trouble I'm guessing that we should take a good look at her. Isn't Ray Alston from Alston Industries usually looking for something exotic for their corporate brothel?"

"He is. We sold him that Burmese girl last year."

"I'll drop him a line and see if he's interested. Did you get some photos?"

"I downloaded them into the pending file. Her name's Qua Ling."

"Ray'll pay top dollar for the right girl."

"That's what I'm thinking."

"Too bad about the black haired girl though. There's a good market for girls with big, natural tits. When's Dahlia scheduled to go?"

"I was going to do her run through on Wednesday night when everybody's back. I have a Canadian outfit interested in her. We can probably have her shipped out by Saturday if our friends can get her on a flight."

"Do you think Martha would agree to hold the black haired girl for us for a few days?"

"Probably. She owes us a few favors."

"Okay. Like I said, I'll look at them this afternoon."

Jean leaned over and gave him another kiss. "I'm going to run out to the grocery store and get a few things. I should be back in a couple of hours."

"Pick up a few nice steaks, okay?"

"Sure. And have fun with Yolanda."

Jean scooped up her pocketbook from the nearby mail table and took the keys for the Buick Regal from the keyboard by the door. She eased the screen door closed as she passed. Within a few moments, Bob heard the engine rumble into life and then the crackle of the stone driveway as Jean slowly cruised it away. He finished off the last bites of his sandwich, downed his milk and brought the plate and the glass over to the dishwasher. He placed them in, checked the time and made a decision. He took one of the plastic doggie bowls from the lower cabinet and placed it down on the counter. He took from the fridge the large container of grub Jean had prepared and spooned some out into the bowl. He put the container back and placed some plastic wrap over doggie bowl. He took it with him out past the screen door, over to the barn and as he trudged up the stairs to the loft.

Holding the bowl in one hand, he coded himself in and turned to the left as he entered. He placed the doggie bowl in the small refrigerator. Before going into Yolanda's cell, he checked out Dahlia on the monitor. She was lying there listlessly and not in any acute distress. Jimmy would be back later and he would make sure that he gave the black girl some attention. Jean would feed her and play with her this afternoon when she returned from the store.

He drew off his t-shirt, kicked off his sandals and stepped out of his leisure pants. He put everything off into a narrow closet built into the wall. He left on his black cotton boxers. He stepped over to the door to Yolanda's cell and coded himself in.

Yolanda had been miserating for a long time over the next step in her degradation. That cunt, Cathy, had placed her in total darkness. Her misery seemed magnified a hundredfold as she darted her tear filled eyes about and saw nothing. Master Bob was coming; he was going to fuck her. She tried to get her remembrance of him out of her head from when he and Mistress Jean had collected her from Mrs. Lim's. He was big and looked strong. She remembered his tight grip on her arms and the insouciance with which he bound and gagged her and placed her in that green bag. His voice had been deep and a little amiable sounding and she guessed that he might be a fun guy for other guys to hang around with. His face had seemed old, definitely 50 or more, but, although showing signs of age, still somewhat handsome. He reminded her a bit of Susan Dougherty's father. He was a nice guy, even though she had caught him staring at her breasts a couple of times.

But Master Bob wasn't a nice guy, no matter how he might carry himself. He had kidnapped her. He was going to do things to her that she didn't want. Mistress Cathy had made it a point that she shouldn't get on his bad side. "He can be pretty mean when he's pissed off," Mistress Cathy had said. Despite her revulsion about what was going to happen to her, she pledged to herself that she would give him no occasion to hurt her.

Light exploded into the room a split second after she heard the door clack and it sprang open. She turned her head to the door and saw Master Bob as he stepped in. She was startled to see him almost naked. She tried to fight off a sob. He stood there for a few moments, looking at her. He was taller than she remembered, but maybe that was because she was lying on her belly and in a cage. He had a moderate spread of black and gray hair across his chest. The black hair on his head, speckled with gray, was curly and short. His chest muscles were well developed and his belly was almost flat. His thighs looked strong. Her eyes were drawn of their own will to the large bulge in his shorts. Her stomach soured and she began to sweat.

He came forward and crouched in front of her cage. "Hello, Yolanda. As you already know, my name is Master Bob. Do you know why I'm here?"

Of course she knew! She knew it only too damn well! It wasn't fair. It wasn't right. This shouldn't be happening to her. Her whole being rose up in revolt, but she answered him nonetheless. "...ess, ....a-err ...oh-ih," she managed to squeak out.

"Are you going to cooperate or are you going to give me a hard time?"



“No! No, I won’t cooperate! I’ll spit in your face and kick you in the balls! I’ll find a knife and cut your throat. I’ll cut off your cock and balls and stuff them in your mouth! I’ll kill all of you, Mistress Jean and Mistress Cathy and whoever else you’ve got out there! I’ll fight and scream and claw and bite! I’ll never give in!” she thought madly. But what she said was, “...ill ...ah-ah-era, ...a-err ...oh-ih.” Her muffled voice was tremulous and supplicative.

“Okay, I’m going to get you out now,” he told her. He rose and stepped across the room. He took the key to the cage off of the far wall and returned. He crouched down, unlocking it, and then raised the door, folding it back on the top. He released her ankles from the cage and each other, and then her collar. He rose and stepped back.

“Now get out and get up on your knees,” he told her sternly.

She half crawled, half rolled out of the cage. She brought herself to her knees and rose up at attention. She was holding back a river of tears. Something told her that she needed to be strong and to not let the man destroy her psyche. At the same time, she wanted to grovel at his feet and beg him not to hurt her, to let her go. To spare her this evil deed.

“Go over to the toilet and pee,” Master Bob told her. She knee walked across the small cell and rose herself up to the toilet. She closed her eyes and concentrated and a few moments later she felt the stream emanating from down below and heard it striking the water. Then she remembered that she was supposed to keep her eyes open at all times. She popped her eyelids up and looked at the man’s face. He was looking at her disapprovingly.

“I’m going to punish you for that,” he told her coldly.

She cringed and suppressed a sob.

“Okay, get down, put your head on the rug and lift your ass.”

She obeyed him immediately. He wiped her coosh and tossed the paper into the commode, flushing it. After washing his hands, he released her arms from behind her back. “Follow me,” he ordered. “On your hands and knees,” he added.

He stepped to the door. She turned and got ready to follow him out of it. He coded the door open and swung it out into the room. “Come on,” he said impatiently. “Out!”

She crawled past him. When she was past the door, she stopped and awaited instructions. She heard it close behind her and the ‘clack’ of the terrible lock. Master Bob stepped past her. “Come on,” he told her gruffly.

She followed him into the room until he stopped and patted a spot on the floor with his naked foot. “Kneel up here facing the chair,” he ordered. She went to the spot indicated, rose to her knees, spreading her knees and arching her back, and placed her hands behind her. The man leaned down and joined them. She heard him shuck off his undershorts and she shivered. He came in front of her and sat in

the light green, padded easy chair. She spread his legs and looked at her. She looked at him unhappily. She looked him in the face, but her eyes could not help flitting down to his crotch and seeing his still dormant manhood surrounded by a morass of curly black hair.

He stared at her for a few moments, as if he were measuring her. Then he spoke.

“Before we fuck, you’re going to suck my cock. Have you ever sucked a cock before?”

Yolanda’s belly went sour. Her heart began to beat wildly. She shook her head sadly, ‘no’, but then remembered that she had to respond orally. “...oh ...ah-err ...oh-ih,” she answered miserably.

“Good. I won’t have to break any bad habits. Come closer to me,” he instructed. She knee walked over to him until she was between his thighs. His cock was perilously close. “Bend your head,” he told her. She leaned over and she felt him unbuckle the strap to her gag. When it was free, he told her to raise her head again. He pulled the big, noxious ball from her mouth and placed it on a small table next to him.

They were in the middle of the large room. She could see the bright white, steel cell doors behind him. The big bed where he was going to fuck her was off to her left. There were two more matching chairs, one on either side of him, making a little semi-circle. She was kneeling on the soft rug. The large TV was behind her. She could see in the corner of her eye the shower where Mistress Jean had washed her. And she knew, without looking, that the chain that fell from the ceiling was in the corner off to her left and behind. He had said that he was going to punish her for closing her eyes in his presence. It didn’t seem fair that he was going to hurt her over such a trivial thing. The idea of being whipped made her whole body tremble. Or being placed back on those knobs. Or maybe zapped, like Mistress Cathy had done.

When the gag was removed, she exercised her tired jaw without thinking. Then she realized that the man might not like it and stopped. She brought her lips together defensively, as if maybe she could bar the way against the man’s prick. Master Bob’s right hand moved so fast it was just a blur. Fire broke out on her left cheek and her head jerked. She burst into tears. What had she done?

“Kneel up straight!” he barked at her. “Stick out your tits! Stop crying!”

She straightened herself immediately. She thrust out her chest. She struggled to bring her tears under control. She stared back at him miserably.

“Don’t ever close your mouth in a master’s presence!” he told her angrily. “Make your lips into an ‘O’!”

She immediately made an opening, rounding her lips.

“Wider!” the man snapped. She made it bigger. “Wider!” he repeated sharply. She stretched out her lips.

“That’s how you should be all the time in our presence if your mouth isn’t gagged. You have no right to close any of your openings to us. Every part of you should be ready for use. Do you understand?”

She was on the verge of bursting into terrible sobs. She had to answer but she didn’t want to. She knew that she would sound like someone demented, someone retarded, although they weren’t supposed to use that word anymore. The fact that she had been brutally slapped for breaking a simple, stupid rule made her cringe in terror. Mistress Jean had warned her, but she had forgotten. How many more rules would they impose on her? How could she keep track of them? It was grossly unfair. It brought home to her how tightly controlled she would be, how imperious their governance of her. Like some third world peon hauled before an aristocratic judge for breaking a law written in a book that she didn’t understand and was, in any case, unavailable to her.

“...ah, ...ah-ah, ...ahhh!” she finally blurted out. She cringed at the sound.

Master Bob smiled as if he had pulled a huge joke on her. He patted her on the cheek. “Good girl,” he told her.

He pointed his two longest fingers at her. They were joined together. “Clamp your mouth around my fingers,” he instructed.

All of her wanted to rebel. Her body chilled and her belly turned over. She leaned forward nonetheless, encircled his fingers up to his knuckles and brought her lips closed around them.

“All the way, Yolanda,” he told her sharply. “Don’t fuck with me!”

She suppressed a whine and moved her head farther forward until the whole of his thick fingers were in her mouth.

“Make your mouth small around them,” he told her.

She brought her tongue up until it was lying underneath the fingers and pushed them up against the roof of her mouth.

“Very good,” he rewarded her. “Now I want you to give my fingers a gentle suckle as I move my fingers back and forth. You’ve sucked a lollypop or a popsicle before haven’t you?”

She had to answer. “...eh, ...eh-eh, ...ahhh,” she murmured back.

“Then you know what to do. Here we go.”

He began to move his fingers back and forth slowly. Yolanda kept her mouth tight over them and started to suck. She fought off the whine and the sob which threatened to emerge. She was looking straight up into Master Bob’s face. His eyes looked gleeful.

The fingers kept plunging along her lips and tongue insolently. Her eyes flitted down to his cock. She could see that it had grown and begun to fill with

blood. It looked large and hostile. She tried to put out of her mind that it would soon replace the insulting fingers. Just the thought of it made her body sour.

He brought his fingers to a halt. "So far, so good, Yolanda," he told her. "Now, this time I want you to do the work. Move your head back and forth. Make sure your lips are nice and tight around my fingers. And I want you to suckle just a little harder. I could barely feel it."

She cringed, but commenced her movements obediently. She cursed the rigid flesh as it scoured her tongue and lips. The taste was salty and his fingers were warm. What would his cock be like? Having his fingers in her was awful, soul sickening. How much worse would it be when his cock was in there? And what she was doing now, she would be doing to it. She wanted desperately to close her eyes and blot the man out, but she didn't dare.

"Okay, now," he told her, "I want you to move your tongue around a little bit, stroke my fingers. And I want you to bring your head back all the way each time so that my fingers are just inside your lips. Then I want you to suckle on the ends and swirl your tongue around them. Got that?"

"...eh, ...eh-eh, ...ahhh," she answered unhappily.

She did as he said. She drew her head all the way back until the tips of his fingers were on the edge of her lips and then gave them a nice suckle, moving her tongue all around them. Then she plunged her head forward again, making sure that she kept a narrow, soft path for them and not stopping until she felt them push against the back of her mouth.

He let her go on for a while. She wanted to beg him to let her stop. To remove the offensive appendages, if just for a moment or two. She knew that many of the other girls at school sucked their boyfriends off on a regular basis. Some said they liked it, some thought it was disgusting, but they did it anyway because their boyfriends expected it. And it was better than getting fucked and risking getting knocked up. There was no way that their parents would let them get birth control, and, anyway, they would be too embarrassed to ask their doctor for a prescription. There had been a Planned Parenthood clinic downtown, but the mayor had forced it to close.

Yolanda had always thought the practice barbaric, although she knew that she would have to do it someday. But not like this. She never thought that her first time would be like this. It made her flesh crawl and her heart deaden. A couple of times, she had thought about asking Brad if she could try it on him, but their relationship wasn't like that and she didn't want to do anything that might do it harm. She bet that Chamile had sucked thousands and thousands of cocks. There was something whore-like about it, and that was another reason that the thought of it put her off.

But now she was a whore, wasn't she? Or if not a whore yet, she would soon be. They were going to turn her into one. That was what Mistress Jean had said. And whores needed to know how to suck cocks. And enslaved whores had better get good at it pretty fast if they didn't want to get punished. She didn't want to get punished. Just the thought of it made her apply herself to her odious task with more alacrity.

"Okay, now, Yolanda," Master Bob told her, "I want you to start bringing your head back and forth faster. Increase the speed gradually until it gets really fast. I'll tell you when to stop."

He didn't ask her if she understood this time, which relieved her. It was demeaning to have to try and talk with his fingers in her mouth. She started to move her head faster. She gradually picked up speed. After a little while, she was going really fast, as fast as she could. She knew what this was for. He was for finishing the man off, getting him to come in her mouth. The thought of it appalled her. She knew there was no way she was going to be able to avoid it and it made her skin crawl.

"Okay, okay," Master Bob finally said. "Draw your head back and let my fingers fall out of your mouth. But give the ends one last devoted suckle before you do."

She obeyed. When her mouth was empty, she remembered to keep it open. Master Bob smiled. "Good girl," he told her. He patted her cheek.

His hand went to his cock. "Now the real thing," he told her. "Come forward and take it into your mouth. Don't do anything else until I tell you to."

Yolanda shuddered with dismay. She thought of the door to the outside which was behind her and off to her right. The one that Mistress Jean had tantalized her with. Couldn't she get up and run at it and smash right through it? Couldn't she just begin to cry and shake her head 'no' and maybe the man would have mercy on her? Couldn't she just make the saddest face in the world and maybe the man would feel sorry for her and let her go? He would find her some clothes and drive her to her grandmother's house and let her out. "Sorry," he would say.

She looked at his face. It was a pleasant enough face, but she saw no mercy in it. She saw no sympathy. It was just expectant, insistent. The same hand that was fondling his cock could lash out at her in an instant. No force in the whole world was coming to her rescue to save her from this dreadful task. Or the next one, or the next one, or the next one.

She fought back her tears. She leaned forward and bent her head down. He removed his hand. His cock was lying half flaccid, resting on his balls. She paused over it, looking at it, hating it. Despising it. Maybe she could take it into her mouth and munch it all up, gnarl and grind at it with her teeth until it was a bloody pulp. They would probably kill her, and make her suffer heinous tortures first. Would it

be worth it? The proposition whirled through the decision making mechanism in her mind. All it took was several seconds. A huge billboard sprung up, surrounded with blazing, blinking red lights. "Don't do it!" words on the billboard screamed. "Danger! Danger! Danger! Danger!" it shouted out.

The jury was in. It was impossible to go against its verdict. She leaned even further forward and she made her spread open lips narrower. She brushed them against the soft flesh. A horrible sickness permeated her body. The jurors in her head, so sure of themselves a moment ago, so emphatic, so decisive and insistent, all turned and fled, scrambling in a million directions, screaming and wailing. She was all alone. They had left her all alone. She would have to do this all by herself.

Suddenly, a powerful hand seized her hair. Her head was yanked up. A second later she received a fierce slap across her face, this time from the man's left hand. It rattled her jaw and stung like blazes. She burst into tears. The man shook her head viciously. "Maybe you want to dance to the whip first, eh? Do you want that? Do you need a little persuasion?" the man demanded.

The hand swung again. Yolanda wailed as she was struck. The hand released her head and she was struck from the other side. Each blow seemed harder than the last. She wailed and howled. "Kneel up!" she heard the man command. "Stick your tits out! Look at me! Stop all that wailing!"

She tried to bring herself under control. She remembered that she was supposed to have her mouth open. She spread her lips. She knelt as tall as she could and pushed her breasts out as far as they would go. She was trembling all over. Nothing in her life had prepared her for this! She was in Hell! She had to be! Somehow she had died and she had been sent straight to Hell for some sin she didn't even remember doing! And the creature in front of her, he wasn't a man, he wasn't a human, he was a demon, a hellish, evil, cruel demon intent on her torture and her humiliation! Why had she been sent here? Why! Why! Why! Were, perhaps, Chamile's deeds so terrible that one soul alone couldn't expiate them, and so the consequences had fallen on her?

"I'm going to give you one more chance," the man told her angrily. "Do what you're told! Now!"

She bent her head. Her lips were trembling and tears were cascading down her face. She surrounded the meat with her lips. She took it in. She absorbed the thick, rubbery appendage and drew in as much as she could. She immediately made a tight, warm home for it.

She remained still, frozen in place. To her horror, the meat in her mouth started to grow. It began to stiffen and extend. She had to pull her head back and a whine escaped her lips.

"Steady! Steady!" the man told her. His right hand was fastened tightly in her hair, pinning her in place.

He left her there for a good minute. The cock had grown to full hardness. It was so much more heinous and insulting than the man's fingers. It was hot and salty. It filled her in a way that the fingers had not done. She remembered that girl, back at Mrs. Lim's. When she had sucked off the detective. She remembered how she looked with her mouth surrounding the man's meat, the sadness in her eyes. That was how she must look now, she thought unhappily. And would look thousands and thousands of times.

"Okay, Yolanda, I want you to start off really slow," he told her. "Pull your head back until just the tip is in your mouth and suckle on it like you did before. Use your tongue on it. Then slowly, slowly, slowly back down all the way."

She obeyed. As the fleshy instrument scoured over her tightly compressed lips, she felt like part of her soul was being scraped away. The warmth and the rigidness and the seemingly massive size appalled her. She got to the end and gave the fleshy head the attention Master Bob demanded and then slowly, slowly, slowly pushed her head back down until the tip pressed up against the back of her mouth. She paused for half a second, as her belly roiled and a sourness spread all through her, and she began to bring her head back again.

Bob's hand was resting lightly on her head. He had a loose hold on her hair. She twisted at her bound wrists as if somehow she could free them. All the world seemed to be concentrated on the interface between her mouth and the cock. There was a terrible immediacy to the moment. It was being imprinted, branded into her brain. She knew that she would never forget it. There might be a thousand cocks for her to suckle in her future, but she would always remember this one, her first.

He let her go on for a while. She was counting the strokes, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. She heard Master Bob release a long sigh. "That's the girl," he kept saying. "Good girl, good girl. That's the way. That's the way."

After twenty strokes he grabbed tightly on her hair and forced her to a stop. She was on the perigee of her strokes and the cock was lodged solidly in her mouth. She fought back a whine.

"Now I want you to do a little variation, Yolanda," he told her. "I want you to give me three or four long, slow strokes, and then four or five short fast ones. Use your imagination. Men like some variety when they're sucked. Make me feel like you are devoted to my pleasure. Express your adoration of my cock like it was a privilege and an honor to have it in your mouth. Make me believe it. Got that?"

She didn't want to talk with her mouth filled with his poisonous prong. But she answered anyway. "...eh, ...eh-eh, ...ahhh," she mumbled.

"What did you say?" he demanded harshly.

"...eh, ...eh-eh, ...ahhh!" she sent out in a loud, garbled tone.

"That's better! I'm warning you, Yolanda, don't fuck with me! Understand!"

"...eh, ...eh-eh, ...ahhh!" she pleaded loudly and miserably.

“Good girl,” Bob responded. He gave her cheek a few firm pats. “Now start.”

She did as he said. She gave him four long, leisurely strokes, and then four short fast ones. She quickly lost count of the cycles. She could hear Bob issuing soft moans. “Yesssssss, that’s it! That’s it!” he told her. “Keep on going! Keep on going! That’s good! That’s good!”

She was crying steadily. The cock was like a heinous snake that had filled her. She kept thinking about what was going to happen soon. That each stroke of his cock was bringing her closer and closer to that moment. That soon his cock would start jerking and spasming in her mouth and shooting out his gunk. The idea of it in her mouth made her head swirl with unhappiness.

And to have something in her mouth that she had no power to refuse made her feel so weak and inferior and disgusting. The cock filled her mouth completely. It absorbed her whole consciousness. And there was nothing she could do to eject it, to refuse it. And the man would be able to fill her mouth any time he wanted. And the others, Mistress Jean had implied that there would be others. They would fill her too and she would have to let them. She felt cowardly for not resisting. Defeated and cowardly. She was so afraid of being hurt that it tore at her soul. She fought off her sobs of woe, knowing that a single falter in her efforts would surely induce another painful, insulting slap.

Bob had started a low, soft humming. His grip on her hair tightened again. “Now go faster and faster, just like before!” he told her almost breathlessly. “Do it now!”

She speeded up her strokes. And then, like he said, she went faster and faster, until she was going as fast as she could go. She knew that the moment she was dreading was approaching rapidly. She cringed as the evil instrument abraded her tongue and lips. She wanted to cry out, “Please don’t do it! Please don’t do it! Please don’t do it!” but she remained silently at her task, the only recompense being that her humiliating degradation would soon be over.

“That’s good! That’s good!” Bob exclaimed. “I’m going to come! Keep your lips tight! Don’t stop until I tell you! Swallow everything I give you! Don’t let any spill out! Here it comes! Here it comes! Here it comes! Arrrgh! Arrrgh! Arrrgh! Arrrgh!” he groaned.

Although she had tried to steel herself against it, it came as a dreadful shock when his meat started to pulse and spasm inside her. She could feel his warmth spreading in her mouth. His grip on her hair had become vice-like and he had assumed control of her efforts. He was jamming her head up and down fiercely. She panicked and tried to pull away, but he held her fast. The evil, salty elixir flooded her. She tried to swallow, but her throat became constricted and she could feel it bubbling from between the contact of her lips and the man’s prick. It went up her nose and she began to choke and sputter. It seemed like the cock had



released a veritable flood inside her and that the jerking and spasming would never cease. She whined and groaned and sobbed.

But finally, it did slow. Bob's jamming of her head slowed. The pulsing became weaker and weaker and then faded away. The fluids stopped coming. Bob's groaning wound down. His grip in her hair relaxed. He brought her head to a halt. His cock lay there like an offensive log. Her mouth was filled with his jism.

He pulled her head up and his cock slipped from her mouth. He raised her head until she was looking at him. She trembled in fear, knowing that she had committed a great sin. His cum just lay there, pooled. Her chin and lips felt wet and slimy.

He shook her head angrily. "Open your mouth!" he demanded. She slowly and sadly spread her lips. She knew what he would see, but she just couldn't force it down.

"You cunt!" he spat at her. "Swallow that now!"

Terror filled her. She strained and strained and strained and then, with a great sob, managed to get it down. She looked at him miserably. She remembered to keep her mouth open. His right hand moved like a blur. It crashed into her left cheek and she screamed. He shook her head brutally. She remembered Mistress Cathy's warning about not pissing him off. And here she had gone and done it.

"You're a sloppy cunt!" he accused her. "I told you to swallow it all, didn't I!"

"...eh, ...eh-eh, ...ahhh," she answered fearfully.

"And you didn't, did you?" he demanded.

"...oh, ...eh-eh ...ahhh," she whined.

"You're going to be punished for that and you'll keep on getting punished until you get it right! Understand!"

"...eh, ...eh-eh, ...ahhh," she answered dolefully as a viral sourness spread through her.

He released her head. "Stay there!" he ordered. He rose from his chair. She heard the sink running and then he came back. He mashed a wet paper towel roughly all over her face. He tossed the towel away and came back in front of her. He picked up her gag from the table next to the chair and pressed it against her widespread mouth. It popped right in. He went behind her and buckled it tightly, sinking it even deeper. She coughed and gagged. She heard him go away. She knelt up rigidly, staring at the cells along the far wall. She wanted desperately to crawl into one, to crawl into a cage and have it closed and locked. To have the man leave her there, in the darkness if he wanted. Anything, anything to get away from him.

She heard the small refrigerator door open and close. There was the sound of a liquid pouring. The refrigerator door opened and closed again. He came back over to her. He stepped in front of her and sat down in the chair. She was between his

knees again. He had a tall glass filled with what looked like green tea. He took a long gulp and then put it down on the table to his right.

"You've got a lot to learn, Yolanda," he told her. "You'd better get better at cocksucking or you'll be a very sorry little girl. Do you promise to get better?"

A chill went through her. She nodded fervently and then called out, "...eh, ...eh-eh ...ahhh!" although it only emerged as a murmur. She corrected herself quickly. "...eh, ...eh-eh, ...ahhh!" she garbled loudly.

He leaned over and took hold of her breasts. He gave them a squeeze. He pinched her nipples hard enough to make her whine. He slid his hands down her hips and down her thighs. He brought his right hand back up and slid it over her mons. "Spread your legs a little wider," he told her almost kindly. She shuffled her knees apart some more. "Good girl," he told her, smiling. She was peering into his face in accordance with her duty. He traced the line of her crevasse with two thick fingers, the same fingers that had been in her mouth. He rubbed them up and down, up and down and then circled them on her little bud. She was shivering with fright, in full knowledge of what was still to come. He rubbed and rubbed and rubbed on her nubbin, soft and slow, until she shuddered and released a little whine that emerged like a little peep.

He gave a little laugh. "You're going to make a great whore, Yolanda," he told her, smiling. "And we're going to make sure of it."

She looked at him sadly. "I don't want to be a whore," she protested in her mind.

As if he had read it, he asked her, "Don't you want to be a great whore, Yolanda?"

She looked at him with fear. Mistress Cathy had told her that liars need to be punished. She had agreed with her. So, if she said 'yes,' she would be lying. She didn't want to be any kind of whore, a good one or a bad one. But if she told him the truth, would he punish her? A sourness spread through her. Why did he have to keep talking to her? Why didn't he just do whatever he was going to do? Why did he have to make her more miserable?

He looked at her expectantly. She had no choice but to answer. Otherwise, she would be punished for sure. She decided to tell him the truth.

"...oh, ...eh-eh, ...ahhh!" she called out fearfully.

He laughed. "Good girl, Yolanda," he said exuberantly. "Always tell the truth. But let me explain something to you. You're going to become a whore whether you want to or not. In some ways, you already are. Anybody who wants to fuck you can. You have no right to stop them. And if you are a good whore, you will be taken care of. You'll be valuable. But if you are a bad whore, or even a mediocre one, you'll be treated badly. You'll be whipped and beaten again and again. You'll be sent to the meanest and most foul whorehouses there are and you'll be fucked

by dozens of the most scurrilous men every day until you're all used up and fit only to be thrown away. Now, under those circumstances, doesn't it make sense to want to be the best whore that you can be?"

Of course, it was incontrovertible logic. Of course she would want to be treated better. She thought of Chamile being sent off to a Mexican slop shop. No one would want that! She didn't even know what it was, but it sounded horrible. So, if she had to be a whore, it made sense to want to be a good one, didn't it?

That she was now a whore, there was no doubt. Technically, nobody had paid to use her yet, but, as Master Bob had said, it was clear that she would have to fuck any and all comers. They had probably turned dozens and dozens of girls into whores, maybe hundreds. The very fact that this place existed bespoke their success. And so, the answer had to be, 'yes,' she wanted to be a good whore and not a bad one. But it was as if he was asking her to cross a line, a line of no return. He was asking her to make an acknowledgment that her fate was sealed. That she had undergone a transformation. And that it would be forever and ever.

He was looking at her expectantly. Part of her just wanted to defy him. To spit in his eye. She considered this and its consequences. He looked so big, and strong. He could do anything he wanted to to her. Any resistance on her part would be futile. But she was shamed at the idea of giving up without a struggle. The only things they had done to her so far was to make her stand on those things, those knobs, and Mistress Cathy had zapped her twice. Both of these things brought entirely new concepts of pain to her and what other people could make you endure, would make you endure. But wasn't it her obligation to bear the unbearable? Shouldn't she fight to preserve her self-respect, her honor? She thought of Joan of Arc standing up to the fire, of all those other female saints who had sacrificed themselves rather than give in to sin who she had learned about in catechism class. The thousands of women who had refused to give in to brutality and had fought it off until their very last breath. If they could do it, why couldn't she?

And then she remembered the agony she had suffered not more than a couple of hours ago. She would have done anything to be free of that pain. And how she cowered and sobbed when Mistress Cathy zapped her. Master Bob's harsh slaps. She knew that she wasn't as strong as those other women. God forgive her, but she wasn't. And she knew that after a few moments of the kind of pain that these people could inflict she would be begging for mercy and ready to do anything they said.

And she didn't want to go to the worst kind of whorehouse there was. She had seen the way Tiny had treated Chamile. And, although Mrs. Lim was just as evil as he was, there was a difference in the quality of her evil. Hers was more utilitarian. She would do horrible things to get you to do what she wanted, and probably enjoy it on the way. But Tiny would inflict grievous harm just because he liked it. And it

was virtually certain that those scurrilous places were run by people more like Tiny than Mrs. Lim.

She sensed a twitch in Master Bob's right hand as if he was just itching to strike out at her. Her belly churned and her body soured with fear. "...eh, ...eh-eh ...ahhh!" she blurted out before he could act. She started to sob. The line had been crossed. Now she would be responsible for her own degradation. All resistance had been abandoned. All hope was gone. All of her self-respect had fizzled away. In the next five, ten, twenty years of whoredom ahead of her, this is the moment she would remember as the time of her conversion. Now, there was no going back.

"Good girl," Master Bob beamed. "I knew that you were smart." He reached down and took hold of her teats, pinching them and shaking her breasts.

## CHAPTER TEN

He released her breasts and leaned back. He picked up his glass of iced tea and took a deep sip. He was eying her lasciviously. She trembled under his gaze. She knew that he was waiting until he could marshal his forces anew. And then he was going to fuck her! She had never thought that she would lose her virginity this way. She always had thought it would be with a boy she really liked. Maybe after a romantic dinner. Maybe in a really good hotel with room service and a big, wide, comfy bed. He would be kind and gentle. He would kiss her afterwards and hug her and make her feel sweet and completed, a girl turned into a woman. Not like this at all.

He took another long drink. He was idly stroking his cock. It was still wet and shiny. He put his glass down. "Turn around and put your forehead to the floor," he ordered suddenly.

She maneuvered herself away from him and put her head down.

"Spread your legs and raise your ass!"

She did what she was told. She was conscious of her denuded mons peeking at him.

"Raise your ass higher!" he ordered impatiently. "Arch your back and spread your legs more!"

She complied.

"This is what you will do when anyone orders your head to the floor. Understand?" he asked her.

"...eh, ...eh-eh ...ahhh!" she blurted out as loudly as she could.

"Now inch back closer to me," he instructed her.

She maneuvered her knees until she felt his legs on the inside of her shins. She felt his hand slide across her right rear mound. The sensation made her quiver. It roamed across her left and then back and forth again. The hand was warm and strong. She didn't want it there, but it was better than being struck. The hand descended and covered her hairless mons. Its heat radiated over it. Mistress Jean had touched her there, but the feel of this was different. It was a man's hand. The hand of that other sex. Men and boys were the mysterious other. They always looked at you as if they were measuring you for their cocks. Yearning to touch your breasts. Imagining you naked and at their disposal. And here was one of their

hands caressing and rubbing her secret, sacred space. She shivered and fought off a deep sob.

His fingers, large, hot fingers, began to slip up and down her divide. She yearned to get up and run away, but she kept perfectly still. A kind of trilling was spreading over her sex. She wanted to stop it, hold it back, but it kept going, and getting stronger and stronger.

The fingers now slid easily down inside her labia. She sensed her slickness. She released a slight whine of misery before she could stop it. She prayed that he hadn't heard it. The fingers slipped down to her little button. He had spread her moisture over it and the fingers went round and round, just touching her lightly. That tingle became amplified, spreading out from her conch through her belly and down her thighs. She wanted to close her legs and squirm away from him. She wanted the fingers to stop, if just for a second or two so she could fight off the unwanted, pleasurable sensations. But they kept going and going until she could no longer withhold the moan that had built up in her throat. The man began to stroke her bud harder and faster. He slid the fingers down and toyed with the entrance to her little hole, making her tremor, and then up and down her divide and back to her rebellious little bud.

She released another moan, and then another. This time Master Bob laughed. "That's the good girl, Yolanda," he said gleefully. "Let it all out. Don't be shy. People who use you will want to hear you moan and sigh. You're a toy to play with and it will amuse them. And they'll want to know that you're passionate and responsive. But don't ever fake it. That will get you whipped for sure."

The words passed through the fog of her growing desire. She ground her forehead into the rug and pulled at her bound wrists. She bit down on her gag. Another moan was building as he flicked at her nubbin rapidly. She held it back and held it back. She didn't want to amuse him. She didn't want to be a toy. She wanted to get up and run away. She wanted to grab the offending fingers and snap them in two. But she couldn't do any of that. Despite her efforts, the moan escaped. "Ahmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" she released, shamed as she did it.

This seemed to satisfy Master Bob. The fingers relented and he patted her on her behind. "Good girl," he told her. "Now turn around the other way again."

She turned herself so that she was facing him and put her head down. She raised her behind and spread her knees. She heard him take a long drink of ice tea and put the glass back down on the table. He got up without saying anything to her and walked away. She heard a noise like he was getting something and he came back. She sensed him standing behind her and she quailed.

"Lift your ass more and spread your knees further," he ordered curtly. When she obeyed, he told her, "You better start getting these things right, Yolanda, or you're going to be a very sorry girl. Understand?"

“...eh, ...eh-eh ...ahhh!” She called out loudly through her gag. “I’m already a very sorry girl,” she thought piteously.

“I want to get your punishments out of the way before we fuck, Yolanda,” he told her coldly. “I don’t want them to build up too much. Now you committed several offenses. You closed your eyes when you were peeing. That’s one. You forgot to keep your mouth open. That’s two. You hesitated about taking my cock in your mouth when I told you to do it. That’s three. And you didn’t swallow my cum like I instructed you. You let it bubble out of your mouth and all over my balls. That’s a very big offense.”

Yolanda shivered as a cold sourness spread throughout her body. She cringed inside and started to cry. She knew that her behind was presented as a delectable target. She knew what he had gotten down from the wall. It wasn’t fair! She was trying her best! Didn’t he know how frightened she was? She wasn’t used to being a whore and a slave! “Please don’t do this! Please don’t do this! Please don’t do this! Please! Please! Please!” she screamed out in her mind.

“I’m going to give you one stroke each for the first three violations, Yolanda. Maybe that will help you to perform your duties better. And I’m going to give you three for not swallowing my cum. You’ve got to get over that right away. Understand?”

“...eh, ...eh-eh ...ahhh!” she blurted out miserably.

“Okay, here comes the first one,” he said calmly. “Don’t move or it won’t count.”

There was a pause, a pause which Yolanda wished would last a thousand years. She steeled herself and started to sob. The pause didn’t last a thousand years. It only lasted a second or two. She heard the whirr of the whip almost at the same time that she felt it careen against her flesh. Fire broke out back there. She screamed and howled and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. Bob was using the knotted leather flail. It felt like a hundred separate lashes had struck her.

“That’s one,” Bob told her.

He waited ten seconds. Yolanda quailed and shook. She cringed again and prayed God to give her the strength to endure it. Again the whirr and the slash of the knotted leather occurred almost simultaneously. She screamed and howled again. Her knees buckled and she felt her ass lower. She corrected herself immediately. “Why, why, why is this happening to me?” her mind screamed through the vicious pain. “I’ve never hurt anyone! I’ve never done anything wrong! Please, God, make him stop! Make him stop!”

“That’s two, Yolanda,” Master Bob informed her.

There was another ten second delay. The whirr and the slash came again. It felt like the blows were coming increasingly harder she they went along. She screamed again. She blubbered miserably. She ground her forehead into the floor.

She clasped her bound hands into tight, tight fists. "Please stop! Please stop! I'll be good! I'll be good!" she tried to call out.

"That's three," Bob told her. "We're halfway done. Three more. I've been holding back, but these will be harder to make sure you learn your lesson."

Yolanda cringed and groaned. "Noooooooooooo! Noooooooooooo! Noooooooooooo!" her mind called out. "Please! Please! Please!" She didn't know how she could stand it. If the first three blows had been light, what were these going to be like? It wasn't fair! It wasn't fair!"

The whirr came and the pain. It was like a beast's claws had scoured her flesh. It was a hundred times worse than the others. Bob didn't bother to count or wait the ten seconds, but gave her these three blows in rapid succession like he was trying to drive something deeply into her, "Whack! Whack! Whack!" Her ass burned like lava had been poured over it. She was too overwhelmed to even howl and sob at first. She couldn't catch her breath. Her body convulsed and she felt like she was going to collapse. She held herself up only through a mighty effort, an effort almost unconscious, which came from some deeply ingrained, desperate need for self-preservation.

When she caught her breath finally, she sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. She was seized with a sorrow so intense that she thought that she might dissolve. Why was this happening to her? Why? Why? Why? "Please, God, don't abandon me! Please! Please! Please!" she begged.

Through her agony she remembered Mistress Cathy's warning. Don't piss Master Bob off. Well, she had done it and had suffered the consequences. She promised herself through her sobs that she would obey every rule to its letter. She would do anything they said, immediately and with enthusiasm. She never wanted to get whipped again!

She sensed master Bob walking away. He came back and she heard one of the cabinet doors open. A second or two later he was behind her again.

"You did very well, Yolanda," he told her. "I'm proud of you. Now let's try and keep these sins down to a minimum, okay?"

"...eh, ...eh-eh ...ahhh!" she wailed in return.

"I'm going to put some salve on your wounds. We don't want you all scarred and marked up."

His hand went onto her scoured rear and she felt something cool and soothing being spread across it. Her sobbing receded. She had endured it. Endured the unendurable. It was over. She could start with a clean slate.

When he was done, he returned the salve to the cabinet. "Kneel up," he ordered her sharply when he came back. She rose to her extreme height and thrust out her breasts. He unfastened her wrists.

"Get on your hands and knees and follow me," he told her curtly.



She turned and fell to her extremities. He led her over to the large bed by the far wall. Her stomach turned queasy and she had to hold back her whines. "Kneel up," he told her sharply when they arrived. She kneeled at attention as he went away, removed something from a cabinet and returned. It was a large, three by three white, soft cotton pad. He spread it out on the bed. He released her gag and withdrew it, placing it on the night table.

"Get up on your back. Put your hands over your head. Spread your knees and lift them up several inches. Do it now."

Yolanda suppressed a whine and climbed up on the bed. The mattress, covered by an elegant, white bottom sheet, was firm. She lay onto her back, her head towards the headboard and raised her hands. Her hips fell in the middle of the pad. She spread her knees and lifted them a bit.

"Spread your legs wider and lift your knees a little higher," he instructed. She obeyed, looking up at him forlornly. He came up to the head of the bed, joined her wrists and chained them to the headboard. He walked around to the foot of the bed, turned and looked at her. She followed him with her sorrowful, frightened eyes.

"When anyone orders you up on the bed and on your back, this is what you will do. Understand?"

She had to struggle to find her voice, which had been stifled for so long. "Y-yes, Master Bob," she was able to eke out. And then, louder, "Yes, Master Bob!"

"Good. Now I want you to turn over and get up on your knees. Lower your head and get in the position I showed you a little while ago.

She turned over and came up. She spread her knees, arched her back and placed her forehead down on the pillowless mattress.

"Good," he told her. "But raise your ass a little more."

She obeyed.

"This is how you will get when anyone tells you to get up on the bed and put your head down. Understand?"

"Yes, Master Bob," she whined loudly.

"Good, now get back on your back like before."

She turned and obeyed him. Her wrists stayed pinioned to the headboard, but she was able to twist the chain so that she could move. She lay back and exposed herself. He looked at her for a few moments, as if drinking in her vulnerability. He went back to the chairs and took up his glass. He drained it and brought it over to the sink. He rinsed it and placed it in the small drain board. He came back to the bed. Yolanda watched him dutifully. He was stroking his growing cock with his left hand. He slid over so that he was right next to her. She trembled and held back a whine. She couldn't believe that this was really happening. This cold, cold, harsh man was going to deflower her. She was miles and miles from home, God knew

where. An abject prisoner. And the man was going to invade her with his cock and ruin her forever. Wasn't there something she could do?

She jumped as his right hand placed itself on her belly, running over it softly. It ran down to just above her crux and then drifted up and down her thighs. Everywhere it went, it sent shivers through her. He was leaning over her, looking down into her face. She was looking fearfully back at him. She was holding her mouth open, but when the hand rose up over her belly again and seized a breast, she took in a deep, unhappy breath and pursed her lips. She saw something flash across Master Bob's face and she spread her lips back open at once. The hand, so hot and so strong, massaged and kneaded her breast. It pinched her nipple and moved on to the other. The hand seized it from underneath and gave it a firm, possessive squeeze. It took hold of her teat and twisted it, slowly, slowly, slowly, tighter and tighter and tighter, until she was forced to wince and release a small squeal. Bob smiled.

He pushed down her right leg and crossed it with his. He leaned over and subsumed one of her nipples between his teeth. He suckled on it, at first softly, softly, softly, and then harder and harder and harder. She felt a pull in her loins and her hips squirmed of their own volition.

The man's body was hot against her. Hot and powerful and large. He shifted his mouth to her other teat as he ran his hand up and down her belly again, down and up her thighs. This time he dribbled his fingers over her mons. She whined, she couldn't help it, and she tried to shift her hips away from him by pressing down against the mattress, as little rivulets of unwanted pleasure snaked across her loins and down her thighs. His mouth was hot upon her teat and she couldn't restrain a moan as the pleasure wafted through her.

Raising his head, he brought his hand up, sliding it over her skin, dawdling over her breasts. He seized her chin and he lowered his mouth. His face came closer and closer and then his lips were on hers. He pushed her gaping lips smaller and slipped his tongue into her mouth.

Yolanda whined and squirmed as his tongue's heat sent a tremor of lust through her. His tongue laved her inner cavity, chasing hers down. She knew that she had to kiss him back or suffer punishment, and so she swirled her appendage around his, maximizing their contact.

The hand descended again. It didn't dawdle at her breasts, but went directly to her lower belly and seized her puss. She felt the hand squeeze it. The contact made her body quiver. Her right leg was imprisoned by his, but her left leg was free. It was distended obediently, her knee raised a few inches, and she yearned to pull it inwards, to close upon and frustrate the hand. But the residual burning in her rear prevented her from moving it one inch without permission.

The thought kept running through her mind, “He’s going to fuck me! He’s going to fuck me! He’s going to fuck me!” even as her passions were growing deeper and deeper. As before, thick fingers parted her outer labia and slid along the flesh in between. They rubbed up and down, up and down, up and down, radiating lust. His insistent, domineering, forceful kiss was heating up her whole body. When he slid the tips of his fingers over and around her little bud of pleasure, she groaned. She arched her back and squirmed her hips. She pulled at her bound hands desultorily as if somehow, even if freed, they could protect her. The fingers probed at her little, as yet untrammelled entrance, circling just inside it and then slid up and down, up and down again and then alighting once more on her bud.

The fingers started flitting at her bud *rapidamente*. She groaned again. Her left leg waved back and forth like a metronome. Her hands clenched into fists. Without breaking their kiss, the man crossed wholly over her right leg and centered himself over her. She whined and squirmed, knowing that he had taken a necessary step preliminary to her impalement. “Please don’t! Please don’t! Please don’t!” her mind whined. He laid his rigid member on her belly and pressed himself down upon her. Her right knee raised and started waving like the other.

He broke their kiss and descended, first to her breasts, where he licked and suckled at her nipples perfunctorily, and then his lips went down, down, down her belly. She sensed him shift back. He ran his hands up and down her inner thighs. He pushed them wider open. He lowered his head and then she felt his stiffened, hot tongue slide up the length of her gash.

She sighed deeply and arched her back. The pleasure was so exquisite it could hardly be borne. He licked again and again and again. He toyed with her tunnel’s entrance, he ran his tongue over and around her bud and then brought it back down again. He brought it back up, lathered over her bud for a few delirious seconds and then he subsumed her clit between his lips and began a glorious suckle.

The electrifying sensations drove her self-pity and misery right out of her head. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes. Her mouth was open and rounded and she released a series of short hoots, “Oooooou! Oooooou! Oooooou! Oooooou! Oooooou!” He suckled and suckled. He twirled his tongue around it. He flitted at it like the brushings of a butterfly’s wings. She groaned and whined and spread her knees even wider, running her heels up and down the bed.

He was driving her lusts higher and higher. Electrified buzzing spread through her brain. Her whole body seemed to be vibrating, shimmering with pleasure. She felt her orgasm building, building, building. She yearned for completion.

And then he stopped. By the time that she noticed it, her needy purse burning with excitement, he was atop her once more. She felt his cock slide up along her crevasse. Her mind, though, was on a two second lag, and by the time she realized what he was doing he had already lodged the head of his prick in her virgin

entrance. Her eyes popped open and she glared up at him. "Please don't! Please don't! Please don't! Please d.....uuuuuhhhhhhh!" she emitted in her mind. But before she could complete the last imprecation, she felt his hips move forward. It was sharp and fast and all in slow motion at the same time. She felt a stab of pain in her innards and his cock penetrated her all the way. She squealed and cried out. He lowered his head and stifled her cries with his lips. His tongue entered her again, his demanding tongue swirling and dancing, as she felt the fullness there down below start to slowly draw itself back and forth, back and forth, back and forth.

"He's fucking me! He's fucking me! He's fucking me!" her mind exclaimed as it dawned on her what that fullness was and what it was doing. She had often fantasized what it would feel like to have a cock inside her, but the reality of it was way beyond what she had ever thought. It was like a part of her had erupted into sensation that she hadn't even known was there before. There was a territory deep within her that craved its expansion, craved the trilling of her organ, craved the fullness and rightness she was feeling.

But it was a sensation of only a few seconds. Then the injustice of it all overwhelmed her. She bucked and shook her hips. She tried to draw her hips away. She pressed her heels into the man's rock solid thighs and tried to push him off of her. But the drilling of his manhood continued and continued and continued and she realized that she was powerless to do anything to forestall it.

And then there was the pleasure. Each scrape of the remorseless prick along her channel, along her bud, sent a cascade of trilling all through her. Her lust had returned and she cursed it and cursed it, crying and sobbing into the mouth that possessed her own. She tried to sidle her hips from side to side. She tried pulling them back again, deep into the bed. She placed her feet down on the mattress and tried to push her loins up so that she could buck him off, but it was all to no avail.

His motions were coming quicker and quicker. The trilling of her cunt was becoming agonizing. She wanted the cock to stop, wanted to crush it with her inner flesh. She yanked forcefully at her bound wrists, seeking new allies in her struggle, but the chain was implacable. She roared and bucked and squirmed, but the cock kept just going on and on.

Then she felt it. A huge, violent orgasm began lurking in her loins. It had awoken, like a somnolent beast disturbed from its rest. It roared and terrible vibrations coursed through her. She felt it lower its jaws inside her around her loins and begin to suckle the cock that was invading her depths. At each thrust the monster seemed to be getting bigger and bigger. It removed its mouth and roared again, which made her body shake and tremor. She was not bucking any more to throw off and displace her assailant. She was thrusting back at him, encouraging the length and depths of its strokes. Her feet ran up and down the man's shins. She was kissing him back madly. The room seemed to be swirling and twisting and

rocking. The beast released yet another mighty roar and then subsumed the cock in its mouth again. It began a series of mighty, enflamed series of suckles, clamping hard down on the rapidly moving cock again and again and again.

Her pussy erupted and she screamed. The man broke their kiss and was thrusting down at her feverishly. He was groaning loudly and breathing deeply. Her mind gave out one last, desperate, frantic revolt at the knowledge that shortly, within seconds, the man would jet his spunk into her, befouling her innards for all time. She groaned and sobbed and bucked, but the frenetic pleasure shooting up from her loins and suffusing all of her flesh quickly pushed that thought away, as if the beast had swiped its mighty claw along her brain and dug it out.

The man's groans converted to short, hard, loud exclamations, "Arrrrgh! Arrrrgh! Arrrrgh! Arrrrgh!" She groaned and grunted back.

She came back to consciousness slowly. Her pussy was releasing secondary, ebbing contractions. The man was still sliding his cock up and down her channel, but not quick and hard like before, but slowly, lazily. It dawned on her that he had come inside her and a wave of dismal unhappiness coursed through her. His yuck was in her, poisoning her, melding with her cells, permanently marring her. She started to sob.

Master Bob gave her three or four more lazy thrusts and then pulled himself out. His cock was inundated with her virginal blood. Kneeling up, he leaned over and took a box of wipes from the night table, pulled one out and gave his cock a wash. Her blood had flowed from her crux onto the white pad and blood was smeared all over her entrance. He tossed the first wipe into the garbage pail near the bed and took out another. He wiped her labia clean and tossed that aside.

He got up off of the bed. The girl closed her legs and rubbed her thighs together. "Spread your legs!" he ordered her sharply. This sprung her from her miserating torpor. She drew her knees back and spread her thighs. She formed her mouth into a circle once more and looked up at him unhappily.

"That wasn't bad for a first time," he told her. "But I owe you a whipping for trying to fight me off. That's a big no-no, and the punishment will be severe. Don't ever do that again. Master Jimmy will be by later this afternoon and he'll break in your ass. If I were you I wouldn't give him any trouble about it."

Yolanda cringed. Another punishment! And a 'severe' one, as if being whipped six times with the flogger had been nothing! And Master Jimmy was going to come by and fuck her ass! It wasn't fair! It wasn't right! She fought off the urge to break out in hysterical tears.

She watched Master Bob as he drew on his black boxers. He pulled on his shirt and pants and then sat down on one of the green easy chairs and put on his socks and boots. She just watched him unhappily. It was clear that he was going to

leave. Leave by that door that was forbidden to her. She wasn't even allowed to look at it.

He came over and freed her hands. He picked up her gag. "Get down on your hands and knees," he told her sharply. She crawled off of the bed and got down. "Come over here," he told her.

She followed him over to the mat where Mistress Jean had fucked her. "Kneel up!" he ordered. She rose into attention position. Her pussy still burned with afterglow from her fucking. She was dismally ashamed at how much pleasure she had drawn from her assault. And she was dismally unhappy at the prospect of another punishment. She could feel her body vibrating with sorrow.

Master Bob placed the gag on the counter and uncovered the bowl he had brought up with him. He placed it in the microwave and pressed 'Reheat'. The machine started to whirr. He turned and kept a close eye on the new slave girl while the meal warmed. She was shivering. He knew that she had fought him off by pure instinct, but it was the principal of the thing. She was due a real workout with a whip anyway as part of her training. He would let Cathy do it later. She really enjoyed that kind of thing.

The microwave beeped. He brought out the bowl and stirred it with a spoon from a drawer. He brought some to his lips. It was not really warm, just sort of tepid, but that was okay. Everything about the girls' meals was supposed to be tepid. He picked up the bowl and put it in front of the girl. "Eat," he told her when he was standing again. She looked at him warily and then bent her head to the task.

He stood leaning against the countertop while she ate. She looked like she wasn't enjoying it at all. He doubted she had much of an appetite after being used that way, but whether she ate or not was not up to her and her moods.

She finished up quickly, licking the bowl clean and knelt back up at attention. He picked up the bowl, got a jug of Jean's special formula out of the fridge and poured it into the bowl. He put the bowl back in front of the girl. She looked at him unhappily. "Drink," he told her.

She lowered her head again and sucked and then lapped up the bowl's contents. The taste was kind of chalky, with a slight peppermint flavor. When she was done she knelt up again obediently, her breasts thrust out, her knees spread, her hands crossed behind her back. He removed the bowl and placed it on the counter. He came back with the gag. He presented it to her mouth. She released a little whine as it breached the entrance to her throat. "Lean your head down," he snapped. She bent her head and he bucked the gag tightly behind it. He stood up tall. "Come with me," he told her.

He led her over to the middle cell door. He coded his way in. He swung the door open and told her, "In!"

She crawled past him. "Get up and pee," he instructed. She crawled over to the toilet, mounted it and released her water. "Now down and spread your legs," he said.

She got into position, her head to the floor, her knees extended and her arms crossed behind her. He took some paper and wiped her, tossing it into the toilet. He washed his hands at the sink and then bent over and locked the girl's wrists together. He unlocked the cage and folded the door over the top. "Get in on your belly," he told her.

She shuffled over sadly on her knees and then more or less rolled into the cage. When she was lying flat, he joined her ankles and connected them to the foot of the cage. He took the chained collar from the top and fastened it around her neck. He gave her a friendly pat on her rear, stood up, closed the cage and locked it. He put the key away on the other side of the room. He gave the girl a look. He wanted to fuck her again, but he knew that Jimmy would be giving her a good session and somebody had to fuck Dahlia. Not that there was anything wrong with Dahlia. She was a hot cunt and had become a very accomplished cocksucker. And she was beautiful, with gleaming black skin and heavy breasts. He would give her a session once Jimmy was done with Yolanda. Cathy would want to use Yolanda and give her her whipping when she got home from her book club later. Maybe he and Jean could have a session with her before they went to bed tonight.

Having made his decision, he closed the light, stepped out and closed the door. The automatic lock went, "clack!"

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Jimmy hopped out of the small Piper Cub and onto the tarmac. He was dressed in a forest green t-shirt and crisp blue jeans. He had expensive black leather boots on his feet. He had a small, non-descript, dark blue carry bag over his left shoulder. He turned and waived to the pilot and headed for the parking lot.

It had just turned eleven. He was about 45 minutes' drive away from the farm, as he called it, although it wasn't. Had never been. He stepped up to his bright red 1995 Dodge Charger, opened the door and threw his duffle in the back. He slid into the driver's seat, fired the Charger up and pulled out of the unpaved, stone parking lot.

The organization made all the travel arrangements. The Piper had taken him to a small, barely regulated airport about 25 miles from the city where his job was. They had a dark blue, late model Nissan waiting for him. He drove it to the motel where they had booked him. His room was around the back and he pulled into a spot just outside the door. The pilot had handed him the key. He opened the door, went in, checked the bathroom to make sure it was clear. He tossed his duffle onto the bed. There, under it, was the carrying case for his Smith & Wesson .40 caliber SD. It was small enough for easy concealment but carried a big punch. He had an identical model at home that he took to the range and practiced with. They were from the same manufacturing run and weighed and handled virtually exactly the same.

He took out the pistol and checked its chamber. Empty. He drew back the slide. It was nice and easy. He dry shot the gun several times. The trigger was a little tight. In the carrying case was a small plastic bottle of gun oil. He put a few drops onto the trigger mechanism and tried it again. Perfect. He put the gun back into its case. He picked up a clip. He shuffled all the bullets out and reloaded them. He oiled the spring. The clip carried 14 rounds. It was plenty for his line of work, but you never knew. He took up the second clip and performed the same exercise. Then he wiped the clips and the pistol with a rag he kept inside the case.

Neatly folded in the side of the case was the shoulder holster. He took it out and put it on, just to make sure that it fit perfectly. He realized that he must have put on a little weight since the last time he used it so he let the straps out a little. Fine. Perfect. He put the holster back in the case.



It was 4:30 in the afternoon. He had to be at the job site exactly at a quarter to eleven. The motel had a restaurant attached and ran room service. He ordered a bacon cheeseburger, medium rare for dinner along with some French fried onion rings. He asked for two bottles of water.

His dinner came about 20 minutes later. He had been watching a mystery drama on the TV. It was funny how sometimes he got ideas about professional techniques from watching those shows. They also told you a lot about police procedure.

He ate his dinner, turned off the TV and set his watch alarm. He never carried a cell phone on the job. He propped up the pillows in the double bed and leaned back against the headboard. In less than a minute, he was asleep.

He got to the hotel just before 10:45. He parked about five blocks away. He had donned a longish black wig and adorned himself with a bushy, black moustache. He was wearing clear surgical gloves. A dark brown windbreaker covered the S&W. He had changed from his boots into a pair of black wingtips. The bottoms had a 2" lift to make him seem a little taller.

He strolled through the lobby and made his way to the west elevator. He got in alone, but a young black couple, expensively dressed and more than a little tipsy, got in on the mezzanine floor. He stepped back and they hardly noticed them. They got off at 8. He continued to the 11<sup>th</sup>.

He got out, checked the hallway. It was clear. He strolled nonchalantly down the hall until he reached suite 1105. He passed a security camera on the way, but knew that it had been disabled. Along with the key to his motel room, the pilot had given him a hotel pass key. He listened at the door for a moment, unhooked the security strap on his shoulder holster and unlocked the door. He had already loaded a round into the chamber.

The door emitted a loud, 'beep, beep, beep'. He drew the pistol and quickly surveyed the suite. The lights were on. There was a luxurious living room with a long, expensive looking couch and some matching easy chairs, nice looking lamps and a deep pile, light blue rug. He stepped through the outer room, the S&W in his hand, and checked the bedroom and the bathroom. Both clear.

He put the pistol back in the holster but he left the strap free. There was a small kitchenette. He opened the small refrigerator. There was a bottle of Champagne sitting in it along with several 12 oz. plastic bottles of Diet Pepsi. He took out one of the Pepsi's and careful not to put his lips to the neck, poured some down his throat.

He turned on one of the large lamps in the living room and went over to the door and shut off the overhead lights. There was a long, floor length window on the wall opposite the door. He could see the blazing lights of the city below. Using

the cord on the side, he pulled the curtains closed. He went over and stood in the corner which would be behind the door when it opened.

He took his weapon out of the holster and removed the silencer tube from his pants pocket. He screwed it on.

About 45 minutes later he heard a door key inserted into the reader. The lock beeped three times. The door opened and two people piled in. They were both laughing and giggling. One was his mark, a heavysset, older man, around 55 or so. He was wearing a dark blue, shiny suit. He was hefty and about 6'2" tall. The girl was young. She was about 5'5" and was wearing a short skirted, elegant dress. Its top was ruby red silk with black hash marks all over it and barely contained her quite plenteous breasts. The skirt was white and flouncy, very short and a bit plumped out. Her legs were long and sinewy. She had on 4" tall, bright red high heels. She had a small, gold pocketbook hanging from her left shoulder. Her short hair was black.

Once in the room, the couple entered into a clench, giving each other soulful kisses. Jimmy could have made his move right there, but he didn't have a clear shot. He would have to blast away and that could make a mess.

The couple came up for air and stumbled into the living area. It was funny how, in Jimmy's experience, the mind saw only what it wanted to see. He was in the corner and in the dark, but if you took a close look he would certainly be seen. The guy and the girl were oblivious to him.

"Let me get the Champagne," the man suggested. The girl, who was closer to the light, Jimmy could see was very young, maybe 21 or 22, replied that it was a good idea and that she was going to go slip into something more comfortable. The man went into the kitchen area. The girl went into the bedroom. Jimmy heard the refrigerator door open and close. He heard some glasses clink. The man came back into the living room. He put the Champagne down on a side table with the glasses. He removed his suit jacket and loosened his tie. He popped the cork, poured two glasses of Champagne and then plopped himself down on the sofa.

Jimmy quickly glided out of his corner. The S&W was down by his side. He was in front of the guy before the guy knew it. He looked up, startled. Jimmy had the S&W leveled. "Hiya, Nicky," he said to the man.

"Jimmy?" the man blurted out, his eyes as wide as saucers.

The pistol went, pffft! pffft! Nicky jerked back. Two circles of blood arose on his starched white dress shirt. Jimmy put in another round. The man coughed once and died.

The girl came drifting out of the bedroom. She had put on a lavender negligee that showed just about everything that she had got. On her feet were a slim set of leather slippers with matching lavender pom poms on them. "What was that

noise?” she asked as she flitted in. Then she saw Jimmy. Jimmy had the pistol aimed at her heart.

Now, one of Jimmy’s innate qualities was to know that a lack of hesitation was the key to a successful killer. The target was not a person, but just that, a target. He, or the occasional she, needed to be seen as no more human than the human outlined targets he shot at at the shooting range. Their lives were to be extinguished with as much casualness as that of putting out a light. There were 7 billion people on the planet, and the extinguishment of one, or ten, or of a hundred, did not make a drop of difference in the world. You might say that having their life forces obliterated was unfair, but so were car crashes and diseases, or hurricanes or earthquakes. He had read that an earthquake in Southeast Asia had killed hundreds of thousands of people. Now, that wasn’t fair was it? And people didn’t get to choose their talents. Nature might have made him a superior athlete, or a great artist, or a famous politician, or an actor or a professor of mathematics. But, instead, nature made him a stone cold killer.

He remembered his first job. He was only 22. He had been working as a collector for a loan shark in Pittsburg, Dimitri Berezkin. One day Dimitri, who went by the street name of Charlie Lucky, told him that he needed to ice a bookie who had been siphoning off play in the football pools that he ran. He was given the mark’s picture and the address of where he lived. He had been sitting in the guy’s living room when he got home one night. The guy saw him when he came in and must have known what he was there for as he spun right around and tried to make it to the door. Jimmy was up in a second and put one right in the guy’s back, right in the center. The guy was whining and begging as he tried to crawl to the door. Jimmy came up and put one in the back of his head.

It had been so easy. When he had seen the guy’s surprised eyes, he had known just what the guy was going to do. His arm rose and he squeezed the trigger with a natural ease that had surprised him. And when he looked down after the put away shot, he had experienced a surge of pride. At last he had found something he was good at.

But when he saw the girl, for some reason he hesitated. If she had made a single effort to run, he would have blammed her before she got two feet. If she had started to scream, he would have put one in the middle of her forehead. But she just stopped cold still and a miserable expression crossed her pretty, young face. It was like she had always known that her life would end tragically, that fate had dealt her such a miserable hand right from the start, that everything for her would always be fucked up. It was a kind of pathetic resignation. And once he hesitated, for some reason, he just couldn’t pull the trigger.

Not that he had hesitated killing women before. He wasn’t sentimental. And there was those occasional rejects that Jean had him get rid of. You would think

that having had no hesitation in putting to sleep a kneeling, sobbing girl next to the grave he had dug for her would have injured him to anything. But not this time. The girl was beautiful, but so were most of the other girls. And young too. It was just something about her sad but accepting face that stopped him.

“Don’t make a sound or I’ll drop you where you stand!” he spat at her. The girl had started crying. She nodded her head vociferously.

“Take off the negligee and get down on the floor on your belly,” he snapped.

She quickly divested herself of the scanty covering and hustled down to the deep, soft, light blue rug. She turned her head away from him and placed her hands over it as if they could somehow protect her. She had started to sob.

He stepped over to the window, removed the pigsticker he always brought with him and snapped it open. He cut a length of the thin cord that controlled the curtains and he brought it over to the girl. He closed the knife and slipped his pistola into the holster under his arm.

“Put your hands behind your back,” he told her curtly. She obeyed him at once. He quickly tied off her wrists crossways, palms out. “Raise your legs,” he told her. Once they had been raised, he used the rest of the length of cord to tie her ankles to each other and then affixed them to her wrists. The cord bit deeply into her skin. She started to squirm and her sobs became more energetic. He took out the pistol and gave her a couple of knocks on the head. “Shut the fuck up!” he told her. She silenced herself immediately.

He went over to the negligee and tore off a broad swath. He rolled it up and brought it over to the girl. He lifted her head by her hair. “Open your mouth!” he commanded. The girl looked up at him piteously and obeyed. He stuffed her mouth with the fabric until it was jammed full. He went into the bedroom and returned with one of the pillowcases. He made her raise her head again and he covered it with the silky, purple satin fabric. He went over to the window and cut off another length of cord. He came back to the girl, gathered the pillowcase around her neck and tied it off. Then he stood up and just looked at her.

“Maybe I should just put one in her now,” he thought to himself. He knew that he couldn’t just leave her behind. He was in disguise, but still, she had gotten a good look at him. It would be stupid. But for some reason, he just couldn’t bring himself to do it.

He went over to the small table next to the couch where Nicky had poured the two glasses of Champagne. He picked one up, careful not to get an saliva on it, and poured it into his mouth. Then he did the other. He took hold of the bottle and sat down on the opposite end of the couch from Nicky. He had a good view of the girl. He took a big swig.

The girl was issuing barely discernable whimpers. He guessed that she couldn’t help that and that the only way to completely silence her was to put one in

her brainpan. What was he going to do with her and why was he being so stupid? She had a fine ass and, from what he had seen, great tits. But so did thousands of other girls, probably right here in this very city. He could probably pick one up on a street corner if he had a mind to it. As that thought ran through him, it gave him an idea. A year ago he and Ray had dropped off one of Jean's girls at a place just outside the city. He scoured his brain to try and remember where it was. It was the kind of lock down place that Jean was comfortable selling to. And this girl was definitely whore quality.

Her small golden purse was on the end table next to him. He put down the magnum of Champagne and picked it up. He opened it and rooted around. There was some tissue and other junk. There was a string of condoms, which he recognized as top quality. There was a small, well used wallet. Inside the wallet were fifteen brand new, crisp hundred dollar bills. There was a driver's license in the name of Dorothy Hemmings along with some snapshots. There was a snappy business card from Angelica's Call Out Service, where the girl probably worked out of. A half used tube of KY Jelly. There was a cell phone which he pried open and removed the battery. A small set of keys. There was a small medicine bottle with her name on it containing about a dozen extra strength Vicodens. He put everything back.

The girl was no question a pro. Nicky didn't have the personality to pick up a looker like this all on his own. Well, he thought, if the girl was a pro, then she knew that she was taking a pro's chances. Any hooker knew that any john who picked them up could be their last. It was an occupational hazard. In a way, the girl would be lucky. Rather than being all beat to hell and being slashed all bloody, and being strangled with one of her own nylons, she would get it quick and painless.

Still, he couldn't make up his mind. He got up and walked into the bedroom. It didn't take long to find what he was looking for. It had been stashed in the back of the otherwise empty closet. It was a large black valise. He pulled it out and placed it on the bed. He opened it. There, piled neatly in bundled stacks was about \$500,000. Nicky had been a bad boy. He was stupid in hanging around for a couple of days and living high on the hog. But Nicky had never been too smart. He had been spotted right away.

He closed up the valise and brought it into the living room. He put it down near the door. He came back to the girl and looked down at her. She was comely. He had only gotten a quick look at her and he decided to investigate further. He crouched down next to her and placed his hands under her chest and under her thighs. He pushed her up and over on her back. She released a squeal, which he ignored.

Her tits were magnificent. They were full and solid. They came to alluring points, like the fins of some of those old Cadillacs. Her nipples were thick and

stiffened from fear. Her areolae were wide and surrounded her teats like ice caps on twin mountain peaks. Her belly was taut and her hips were just wide enough to make her torso delectably curvaceous. He pressed her thighs apart. There was an intricate, blue lacework tattooed on her lower belly. Her puss was trimmed, leaving only an inch wide trail of short black hair on either side of her mons. Quite attractive.

He let her back down on her belly. It would be a shame to waste her, he thought. And it would be nice to fuck her. But he couldn't do it here. That would leave DNA all over the place. Maybe a hummer? He released the string holding the pillowcase around her neck and freed her head. He pulled it up by her hair. She had a pretty, if distressed, face. A hummer would hit the spot right now. Maybe if he got his rocks off he would lose enough edge from his desire for her so that he could finish the job he came here to do.

He couldn't spill himself in her belly. The autopsy would uncover his jism. But the condoms the girl had brought would be just the thing.

He went over to the pocketbook and tore one off of the strip. He knelt down in front of the girl. He lowered his fly and fished out his prick. The girl looked at him miserably. He removed his S&W and tapped her on the cheek with the barrel. "Now you're going to give me a very good blow job," he told her. "You don't have much bargaining power right now, so let's see if you're worth keeping around. Understood?"

The girl, wide eyed, nodded her head. He reached down and pulled the bunched up fabric from her mouth. "I want you to get me good and hard, but don't make me come until I say so, got it?" She nodded again.

He presented his already hardening and lengthening tool to her lips. She took it in without hesitation. She began working it skillfully. She subsumed the head and licked all around the crown. She moved her head back and forth as best she was able, her bright red painted lips keeping a taut hold on his rod. He joined wrists were closed into fists and she was emitting small whines amidst her slurps. Jimmy closed his eyes and let the wonderful sensations flow through him. He began to rock back and forth. The girl pleased him earnestly. She easily accepted him down her throat, and sucked him hard when his motions sped up. He felt his juices rising and realized that he better pull out before disaster struck. He slid his cock from her mouth, knelt back and tore open the foil containing the rubber. He pulled the safeguarding instrument out and rolled it down his fat and rigid member all the way to the base. He brought himself back to the girl's pouting lips. He slid himself inside. She accepted it without hesitation and went right back to work.

His juices quickly rose. The girl was humming lowly. The vibrations excited his tool. He began thrusting back and forth with vigor. He had his hands on her head, enmeshed in her short black hair. His climax was quickly approaching. His

eyes were closed and his head leaned back. If God, if there was one, and if there was he was in big trouble, didn't want women to engage in the perversion of fellatio, why did he make it so pleasurable. It was one of the most heavenly things you could feel. He started to grunt and he picked up the speed and force of his thrusts. The girl didn't seem to mind at all, keeping her lips tight and her tongue active. He was holding it back, holding it back, holding it back. An intense tingling filled his balls. It was so exquisite he felt like releasing an immense scream.

And then he let himself go. His cock pulsed and jerked and he could feel his jism pumping down his tool. He rammed his hips against the girl's face, making her squeal. His hands gripped her hair tightly as if he needed to be anchored or else he would spin off. Wave after wave of pleasure ran through him.

His pulses slowly subsided. He reduced his thrusts accordingly, lazily slipping his well-pleasured cock along the little tunnel the girl had made for him. When he pulled out, the girl looked up at him expectantly, no doubt wondering if her skills had justified her continuing existence. Jimmy looked down at her, mulling the same question, although, obviously, from a different point of view. Before sliding off the now well-filled condom, he scooped up the scrap of lavender negligee, bunched it into a ball and proffered it to the girl's downturned mouth. She opened her ruby lips warily and he stuffed it in, jamming it until her lips were spread in a widely circumfenced 'O'. He restored the pillow case to her head, which caused her to whine, and he retied it around her neck. He rapped on her concealed head three times sharply with his knuckles. "Be quiet!" he reminded her. She silenced immediately.

He got up off of his knees and slid the rubber down his cock. He reached into the girl's purse and removed some tissues which he used to wrap the used prophylactic. He pushed it into his windbreaker's pocket and zipped it closed. Murder scenes were like untrammelled, pristine forests; whatever you carried in you should carry out.

He looked at his watch. He had arrived at the hotel at 10:45. Nicky and Dorothy had come in about 20 after 11. It was now about forty minutes later, 12:00 midnight. He knew that he should finish the job and go back to his motel. It was hazardous to remain at the scenes of homicides. If he left now, it would still be okay. He picked up the magnum of Champagne and took a long slug. He took the S&W out of the shoulder holster. He pointed at the girl's head. She was unconsciously swaying her head back and forth. Her wrists were writhing in their confines and her fingers were wriggling. All signs of life he could stop in an instant.

Then he thought of her beauteous breasts and her sweet belly. He really wanted to fuck her. He obviously couldn't do it here. Even if he used a condom,

some skin to skin contact might leave a trail of sweat, or a pubic hair. He couldn't take that chance.

Then the name of the place that Ray and he had taken that girl around a year ago sprung into his head. It wasn't really a name; places like that didn't advertise. It was just what they called it: Elena's Place. He remembered that it was down off on a side road to old County Road 678 which had fallen in to general disuse since the Interstate had been put in. He remembered the tall Victorian mansion on the corner where you turned off. Elena's was about five miles down the road. It had a kind of hidden driveway surrounded by thick evergreen bushes that you would miss if you weren't looking for it. It was an old summer resort that had fallen on bad times. There was a large lake and a large building which had been the hotel. Helen had converted the old servants' bunkhouse to a barracks jail where she housed Mexican and Central American girls kidnapped by coyotes on their way over the border. They were sold to the various gangs around the country who would come in and pick two or three out at a time. The really pretty ones Elena kept for a while.

She liked to rotate stock so she would always have fresh girls. She would sell the old ones off. There was a huge secondary market for well-trained whores.

Dorothy seemed like she would be right up Elena's alley. Elena was a slender, graceful woman, maybe 52 or so. Her bloodline was traceable to royalty in Spain. She had married a suave, debonair Mexican businessman whom she had met in Madrid when she was very young. He convinced her to run off with her. Unbeknownst to her, he ran a criminal empire that ran from Guadalajara to Kansas City, Missouri.

When he tired of her, he divorced her, but he let her have what was now known as Elena's in lieu of alimony. She had had three boys by him and they helped her run the place.

Jimmy drew back the S&W. If he waited until 2 or 3 in the morning, he could probably get the girl out of the hotel without anyone noticing. He could walk her to the car and drive her off. He wouldn't get to Elena's until very late, but there was always someone on duty. He wondered how much Elena would give him for her.

Speaking of money, Jimmy holstered the S&W and picked up the girl's purse again. He drew out the 15 100's and put them in his pocket. The girl wouldn't be needing it. He went over to where Nicky had left his suit jacket. He checked the inside pockets and he pulled out a large wallet. He flipped through it. Nicky was carrying over \$2,500. Now Jimmy knew better to siphon off any of the money in the valise, but what was in Nicky's pockets was another thing. He emptied the wallet of every other thing and put the wallet with the \$2,500 hundred in it in the inside pocket of the windbreaker. He went over to Nicky. He never looked so peaceful. He checked Nicky's hands. There was a large diamond ring on his left



hand. With some difficulty, Jimmy slipped it off. He looked at his watch. At first glance it looked like an expensive Rolex, but under closer examination Jimmy recognized it as a knockoff. He left it on the man's wrist.

He didn't want to drink any more Champagne, so he retrieved the Diet Pepsi he had started in the kitchen. He sat down on the couch, down the ways from Nicki, and picked up the TV remote which was sitting on the coffee table. He switched on the 42" screen. He went to the hotel's movie channel. There was a Russell Crowe movie there that he had never seen, "*Proof of Life*". It was with Meg Ryan, who he liked. Keeping the volume low, he selected the movie and started it to play.

About an hour and a half later, the movie ended and he switched off the TV. It had been pretty good, but he thought that Meg Ryan should have gone off with Russel Crowe in the end. The guy they rescued they should have just left there, maybe paid the rebels to knock him off.

He finished off the can of salted cashews he had taken from the hospitality cabinet and got up. He looked at his watch. It was 1:30. It would be a little dicey, but he could probably move the girl now. There was some prep work he would have to do first. He went back into the girl's purse and took out the medicine bottle. He shook out two hits. He untied the cord around the girl's neck and removed her hood. She had been pretty good, staying mostly quiet. He came around front of her and took out the pistol. He patted her cheek with it. "Do you want to live?" he asked her.

She shook her head excitedly, her eyes spread wide. She started crying. "If you want to live, you'll do exactly what I say. Down to the letter. Understand?"

She nodded her head violently.

He removed the balled up negligee and told her to keep her mouth open. He presented her with the two Vicodin. She took them into her mouth willingly. He presented the Diet Pepsi bottle to her mouth and had her wash it down. He made her show him her mouth was empty and then he stuffed the balled up fabric back in and covered her head.

There was one of those what's going on around town magazines on the coffee table. He sat and read it for about 20 minutes, waiting for the Vicodin to take effect. After the 20 minutes he removed the pillowcase and pulled open her eyelids. They were both well dilated. He untied her ankles from her hands and her ankles from each other. He patted her firmly on the cheek and told her to stand up.

She had some difficulty rising and he had to help her to her feet. He brought her into the bedroom. She was eying him nervously. She probably thought that he was going to fuck her and was wondering how bad that experience would be. He brought her directly into the bathroom. "Do you have to pee?" he asked her. She nodded, 'Yes'. He sat her down on the toilet and let her release her water. He stood

her up, made her bend over and wiped her pussy from behind, tossing the toilet paper into the commode before flushing it. He brought her back into the bedroom. Her dress was neatly drawn across a chair. "I want you to put your dress on," he told her. "We're going places. If you give me a problem, I'll drop you where you stand. Got that?"

She nodded, her face uncertain. Here she was under threat of death at his hands, but he couldn't do much else to her. Wherever he was taking her, it would be some private place where he could torture her to death, make her scream and howl with pain, extending her torment over days and days. So was it better to be dropped where she stood, or go off to some more terrible fate? He could see the equations running through her brain. If she refused, he would kill her. But if she cooperated and let him take her out of the room, there might be some chance at escape. And dying later rather than sooner was almost always preferable, even if it meant you would have to endure a lot of bad things.

Once he saw that her calculations were completed and that she was accepting, he told her to turn around. He released her wrists and told her to get dressed. She went over to the chair and picked up the dress. As she was stepping into it, she stumbled and almost fell, the Vicodin kicking in. She slipped her other leg into the skirt and pulled up the bodice. She reached behind her and pulled the zipper up the back. Her back was to him. When she was done she turned and looked at him. "Put on your high heels and stockings," he told her coldly. A girl walking around all fancifully dressed like her without stockings might attract notice.

The stockings were draped over the arm of the chair. She sat down, kicked off her slippers and put them on. They were self-supporting. Her skirt rode up and he could see her conch. She saw him looking and pulled it down. He laughed. When she was done with the stockings, she rose. He shoes were parked neatly beside the chair. She carefully put her feet into them. She looked up at Jimmy expectantly.

"Put your hands together in front of you, palm to palm," he told her sharply. She did as she was told. He had brought the curtain cord in with him and tossed it on the bed. He picked it up now and, using the middle of the cord, tied off her hands, encircling them twice around and then in between them and encircling them once again. He tied it off with a triple knot. Leaning into her, he ran the long ends around her waist and brought them back to her front where he crossed them and pulled them tight. He came behind her and tied the ends of the cord together behind her, making sure that it was extremely taut so that it wouldn't slip. The cord ran around her waist just at the level of the beginning of her white, flouncy skirt and was hardly noticeable. He made her turn around and tested her bonds. Her wrists were pulled tight against her belly.

He looked at her. The ball of fabric he had thrust into her mouth was so big that it made her look like she was going to release the loudest scream imaginable.

That wouldn't do. He saw a small carry bag near the wall. He rustled through it and drew out a pair of panties. He went over to the girl, pulled out the remnants of the negligee and replaced it. It wouldn't keep her as quiet, but it would stifle her words long enough for him to put a bullet in her.

He brought her back into the living room and told her to get on the floor. He tied her crossed ankles together. He went around wiping everything he had put his mouth on. He took another Diet Pepsi from the fridge, screwed off the top and took a long drink. He wiped off the top and put the half empty bottle back in the fridge.

He came back out to the girl. He removed the S&W from the holster and checked to make sure there was a round in the chamber. The silencer was still on and he left it where it was. He put the pistol back and untied the girl's ankles. He helped her to get up.

"Now, we're getting out of here. I'm going to hold onto your hand like we were bosom buddies. Do not, I repeat, do not let go. I'm an expert with this pistol and I can have it out in about 2 seconds flat. You wouldn't be able to get more than a couple of steps from me. Got that?"

She nodded sadly.

"Don't look at anybody. Keep looking down. There's nothing for you to see. We'll be walking at a regular pace like we were just strolling through. Don't try and talk to anybody. That'll just make two of you dead. Got it?"

She nodded again.

He took hold of her left hand and drew her to the door. He pulled it open and looked out into the hallway. It was clear. He pulled her into the hall, grabbed the valise with his left hand and stepped out, letting the door close behind him. He took her hand again and walked her brusquely to the elevator. Once there, he punched the down button. He held the girl's hand while they were waiting. When the door opened there was a ratty looking guy wearing a cheap checkered suit and with a half bald head. He looked like he had been up all night partying and was on his way home to the wife. He scrunched himself into a corner so they wouldn't notice him.

Jimmy had the elevator stop at the mezzanine, where they got off. The man stayed on. He led the girl down the hall. There was hardly anybody out. Most of them looked tired and soused. He took her to the escalator that led down to the ground floor. It led right to the side door to the hotel. This way they wouldn't have to go through the lobby. When they got all the way down, he led her to the glass doors. He went to push them open and they were locked. A streak of not quite panic, but certainly concern went through him. Then he remembered the pass key in his pocket. There was a slider near the door. He released the girl's hand and swiped the key. He pushed the door and it opened. He led the girl through.

As soon as they got outside, she started weeping. It didn't matter much now. He led her the five blocks to the car. There was very little traffic. Nobody passed them on the sidewalk. When they got to the car, he opened the passenger side and told her to get in. She slid into the front seat. He put down the valise and took the cord he had used on her ankles upstairs out of his pocket. He ordered her to cross her feet and he tied her off. He got up and swung the door closed. He popped open the trunk as he was coming around the rear and placed the valise into it. He came up to the driver's door, opened it and got in. He fired up the ignition, checked the rear view and side mirrors and then slid out from the curb.

He sort of remembered where County Road 678 left the city. He drove down Espanong Street for six blocks and turned left onto Currier. He took that for ten blocks and then saw the sign for 678. He took a right as the sign directed. He had had to stop at a couple of lights along the way, but nobody pulled up to them. About seven blocks down from where he had made the right they came up to 678. The light was red. There were two lanes, one going straight or right and the other for a left turn. They were going south, which was right. The sign said "No Turn on Red".

A low riding early 2000's, gold Cutlass Supreme pulled up next to them. The windows were open and there were four guys in it. A Latino song was blasting out. Jimmy had his windows up and the air conditioning on. He looked over at the guys. The one in the passenger seat started staring at him. He said something to his friends and they all looked over. Jimmy turned to the girl. "Keep looking straight ahead," he told her.

The light was long. The guy in the passenger seat decided to get out. He strolled over to Jimmy's car and rapped on the window. "Hey mister," he shouted. "Got any cigarettes?" The other guys in the car were watching carefully. Jimmy recognized it as a shakedown. He zipped his window down. He pulled the S&W from his shoulder holster so that it could be seen.

"No, I don't have any cigarettes, but I have this. Want a taste?"

"Hey, no, mister," the kid said, backpedaling. The light changed.

"I didn't think so," Jimmy told him. He pushed moderately on the accelerator and moved off. The kid got back into the car. He slammed the door and the Cutlass made a left hand turn.

Jimmy drove on for about fifteen minutes. He was looking for a special spot. On the right he saw a small strip mall. All the lights were out. He slowed down, entered the parking lot and pulled around the back. He turned the car so that it was facing the way he came and put it in park, but left the lights on. He waited for a minute, the S&W on his lap in case any cop car has seen him pull in and followed him. After a minute, he shut off the lights and put the pistol back.

He made sure that the overhead was switched off and then got out of the car. He went to the passenger side and, after untying the girl's ankles, pulled her out. He led her back to the trunk which he had popped open. He swung the lid up. He pushed the valise out of the way. "Get in," he told her sternly.

The girl had been pretty good up until now. Seeing the terrible emptiness of the trunk, she started to sob virulently. She started to try and say something to him through her underwear filled mouth. He didn't want to, but he gave her a fierce slap. Her head jerked and she fell against the car. He pulled out the enforcer. "Get in or I'll kill you right here and now," he told her hotly.

She straightened herself up, her eyes full of tears, and nodded fearfully. She bent herself over the lip of the trunk and squiggled herself in. He shoved her in the rest of the way. He forced her down on her belly and tied off her ankles. He tied the ankles to the rope around her waist. He looked around and saw what he wanted. There was a red emergency case. He opened it and took out a bright red, wide roll of elastic tape. He pulled off a 8" inch strip, bit it with his teeth and tore through it. He applied the tape to the girl's mouth. He tore off two more strips and put them above and below the first one. The girl was sobbing uncontrollably. Her chest was heaving and she was wheezing. He hesitated, but then, with the Vicodin, she would probably calm down pretty quick. She was looking up at him piteously. He drew off his wig and moustache and tossed them in after her. He slammed the lid closed.

He really needed to take a whizz. The back of the building was bordered by big bushy trees. There was virtually no chance of him being spotted. And, if a cop came now, he would have a good excuse for stopping.

He released his willywhacker and let out a long, strong stream. He had been waiting about an hour to do it, but he hadn't wanted to take a piss in the hotel room. It took a full minute to run out. When done, he shook his appendage a few times and rendered it home. He got back in the car. He didn't put the lights back on until he was back out on the highway. He turned right.

He was beginning to think that he had gotten the location of the lock down brothel wrong when, about 40 minutes after he had taken his piss, he pulled up to a red light. There, on the corner, was the old Victorian mansion. If he hadn't stopped at the light he might have flown right by it. It was totally unlit, as if it had been abandoned centuries ago. He waited for the light to turn green and he made a right. He watched the odometer carefully. He knew it was about 5 miles, but it could have been a little more or a little less. He and Ray had arrived in the daytime and the camouflaged driveway hadn't been too difficult to find.

After seven miles, he realized that he missed it. He drove back, slower this time. He was almost all the way back to the light when he had to admit that he had missed it again. He cursed under his breath. He turned again and once he got to the four mile mark, slowed almost to a crawl. He was about to give up and take the girl

out somewhere into a field and shoot her when he finally found it. He made the left turn into the road. It was bumpy and half paved. After a mile along the narrow drive, he made a turn and there was the main building looming in front of him. It was four stories high and had a wide veranda. The building was about 300' long and Jimmy counted twelve barred windows on each floor. It had a mansard roof with brown shingles. The building was white. There were six broad wooden steps up the veranda and the front door.

Two of the upstairs rooms had faint lights glowing through them. The front windows on the ground level were all lit. There was a huge set of floodlights which made the large parking lot seem almost like day. Jimmy was sure that the security cameras had already spotted him. He pulled up next to a late model, black BMW and parked. There were maybe fifteen vehicles in the lot. One of them was a large panel truck.

Jimmy got out of the car and walked towards the hotel. The barracks building where the Hispanic girls were kept was about 100 yards away on the left. The windows were all boarded up. There was a small floodlight over the door. It looked peaceful.

He trod up the steps. The front door was oversized. The top was double paned glass and was adorned with white lace curtains on the inside. Jimmy was about to push the ringer when a large man dressed in a dark blue t-shirt and jeans came to the door and opened it.

"What do ya want?" he demanded gruffly.

"I want to see Elena," Jimmy replied.

"Elena's not here," the man barked back. Jimmy was standing there. He knew the guy was giving him a brush off.

"Tell her that it's Jimmy Scott and that I've got a package for her," Jimmy insisted. "Even though she isn't here."

The bulky guy closed the door abruptly. There were moths flitting around the light next to the door. He turned and looked back into the parking lot. He wondered how long the girl could survive in the trunk. A few hours at least, he thought. She should be okay.

After about ten minutes the door opened again. "Where's the package?" the brute demanded.

"She's in my trunk," Jimmy replied.

"Go get her," the big guy riposted.

Jimmy turned and went down the steps. He strolled over to the car and popped the trunk. The girl immediately looked up at him. "Time to get out," he told her.

He loosened her ankles from her waist tie and from each other. He pulled and tugged at her as she struggled to emerge. Wherever they were, it had to be better than being in the trunk.

When the girl got out, she took a look at the well-lit, loose stone parking lot and the huge building. She didn't like what she saw. He took firm hold of her right arm and dragged her towards the building. She pulled and tugged at him, but he stopped and gave her another slap. She squealed. After that, her resistance ceased.

He brought her up the stairs. The guy was waiting. He held the door open and let them pass. There was a big front desk made of dark oak that was unoccupied. Several easy chairs were strewn around with small tables and floor lamps nearby. Next to the reception desk, to its left, was a large steel door. He turned to Jimmy. "Are you carrying heat?" he asked him gruffly. Jimmy hesitated. He didn't like the idea of not being armed. But he could see that it was probably a good rule. You didn't want one of the girls to get hold of one and start blaming away.

He reached under his arm and pulled out the S&W. Before he gave it to the man he unscrewed the silencer and put it in his pocket. The guy took the firearm and went behind the counter. He took a key from his belt and unlocked a cabinet. There were small cubicles inside. He slid the weapon into one, closed the cabinet door and relocked it. He walked past Jimmy, went up to the big steel door, pressed in some numbers on a keypad and placed his thumb on a reader. There was a heavy clang. The guy pulled the door open.

The girl was sobbing again. Jimmy paid it no mind. They went into another lounge with more easy chairs and tables and several long leather couches. There was a bar with some stools but it had been abandoned. Two attractive young women were sitting on a couch off to the side. They were wearing dainty clothing and had steel wrist and ankle bracelets as well as steel collars. They didn't look too happy. Short chains led from their left ankles to rings in the floor. One was a red head and the other was a brunette. Their mouths were puffed up and Jimmy saw evidence of little blue rubber balls showing between their lips. The night crew, he surmised.

The big man led them through the lounge and through another steel door. There was a short corridor with two doors on each side. There was another door at the end. It was ornately carved and had a big brass deadbolt. The big guy hit a button on an intercom and spoke his name. The door buzzed and the big guy pushed it open.

It was a large office. A large, mahogany desk sat on the left. It had a deskpad, a telephone, a yellow pad and not much else. There was a fancy pen stand with two golden pens sticking out of it. Behind the desk was a large mural on the wall. It was some kind of scene from Hieronymus Bosch. Scores of angry devils were herding crowds of unhappy people into a huge hole in the ground. Wild animals were gnawing at people's bodies. There was a huge fire in the middle and demons were in the process of casting bound, naked men and women into it. The sky was fiery and ominous. An army of skeletons was attacking a village, plundering the

peasant's huts, assaulting frenetic women, carrying them off, stabbing and mauling the hopelessly resisting men.

It was impossible to take the whole thing in in a glance. There were a set of four unoccupied, padded armchairs in front of the desk. A little behind them was a long, wine colored leather couch facing the other way. Similarly outfitted easy chairs sat on either side of it. The couch faced a 1' high, raised platform made of polished light oak. A chain dangled from the ceiling with a set of leather bracelets on its end. A set of whips of various designs was mounted on the wall

A woman was sitting in the middle of the couch. She was wearing an elegant dress, powder blue with lacy designs. It was tailored to highlight the svelte body within it. The woman had long, straight, black hair and a noble face. She looked maybe 48 or 50, and was well preserved. The dress displayed her powerful breasts nicely.

There were four dark hued young woman standing in front of the platform, facing the woman. Like the lady, they had long black hair. But they were not dressed in elegant finery. They wore t-shirts and cheap flannel shirts over faded, well-worn blue jeans. While the lady had on a pair of stylish, high heeled leather sandals, the young women were all outfitted in scuffed up, dusty running shoes. Their hands were all behind their backs. There was black tape over their mouths. They looked frightened.

To the right of the woman stood a tall, broad shouldered man. He was dressed in a green polo shirt with white stripes. He too wore jeans. He had on brown leather boots and a beige colored Stetson. Hooked into his belt was an electric wand and a Glock in a black holster. He looked Anglo, his face a pasty white. It was decorated by what appeared to be several days' salt and pepper growth. To the left of the women was another man, shorter and wider than the first. He was shabbier looking and was clearly the other man's underling. He had a full, black beard and a noticeable paunch. He was dressed in a faded mauve t-shirt and black jeans. Next to him was a slender, shapely young woman, in her early twenties. She had form fitting blue jeans on over tall, black high heels. She had an open necked, white blouse and a silver chain around her neck. Her long black hair was pulled into a ponytail. She was fiery beautiful. Both she and the shabby man wore zappers and pistols as well. They looked Hispanic. Several strings of chain with metal manacles on the ends were piled up on the floor.

The room was large, probably about 40' by 50'. The walls were covered with dark maple paneling. There were no windows. A large chandelier hung overhead and there were sconces along the walls. A large rectangular rug sat on the floor between the couch and the raised platform. It was thick, with a large crest woven into it. The ogre who had led them in left to go back to his post. There were two



other men, comparably built and fearsome, dressed in the same blue t-shirts, standing off to the side.

The elegant woman rose and turned to Jimmy. "Ahh, Jimmy, it's been a long time," she said happily, extending an elegant hand. It was occupied by several bejeweled, golden rings and her fingernails were long and polished in bright red.

"It's good to see you, Elena," he replied. He took her hand and shook it lightly.

"And how is your mother, Jean?"

"She's well."

"And Bob?"

"Very well."

"Good. That's good. And what have you brought me?" Elena looked the girl up and down voraciously.

"A little morsel I picked up. She needs to be disposed of."

"It's what we do best. But, as you can see, I'm occupied right now. Be my guest and take a chair. There's a small bar on the other side of the room, behind the desk. Help yourself."

"No thanks," Jimmy replied. "I'll just watch."

Elena sat back down and said something to the others and the shabby guy and the young girl sprang into action. The shabby guy went behind the first girl. He pulled her cerise t-shirt up her torso and over her head, drawing it down her bound arms, revealing a workman-like white bra. He pulled a knife from his belt and cut it off of her. The girl, meanwhile, unbuckled her jeans, pulled down the zipper and, taking the jeans by the waistband on either side, pulled it down the girl's legs. She shucked off one sneaker and then the next, jerked off the white socks and then pulled off the jeans, foot by foot, taking the girl's white panties with them. The girl was sobbing, but her struggling was minimized by the fact that the shabby guy had seized a skein of hair at the back of her head and was holding her up and still.

They moved to the next girl. The first was thin and shapely with medium sized, conical breasts. The second was a bit chunky and broad shouldered, but still attractive. She was wearing a dark brown t-shirt with a red, yellow and green flag on it, a crest of some sort in the middle. It disappeared quickly. Her breasts, when they popped out, were heavy and chunky as well. The third girl was not quite so submissive and struggled and tried to kick the good looking girl away. The good looking girl released a curse at her. The shabby guy held her by her hair while the young girl gave the struggling girl a resounding slap. The girl screeched. The girl repeated the slaps, one, two, three more times, all the while screaming sharp invectives at her in Spanish. The girl was sobbing. She stopped resisting. She was one of the ones wearing a flannel shirt. It was checkered in faded red, brown and black. The girl assistant tore open the sides, popping off several buttons. The

shabby guy drew it over the girl's shoulders while the assistant began to unbuckle her jeans. The man cut off her lacy bra. She had a fine figure and a fine set of firm, round breasts. They hung perfectly. Her hips were just a tad wide, but well within pleasing limits. Her toes were adorned with pink polish.

The one at the far right of the line was smaller and more dainty than the other girls. She looked all of eighteen. She didn't resist, but began bawling when her top was pulled back over her arms. Unlike the others, she was braless. She was the third girl, only in miniature, all proportions perfect, with tea cup sized breasts.

The girl assistant picked up all the discarded shoes, underwear, bras and jeans, placing them in a big plastic bag while the shabby guy went around cutting the girls' tops clear of their arms so that they would be completely naked.

Jimmy had moved to one of the easy chairs. He made the girl kneel down beside him. She was quietly sobbing.

Elena arose and stepped forward for a closer examination. She started on the right with the dainty one. She gave her diminutive breasts a nice squeeze and ran her hands over her hips. She said something to the girl. She returned an unhappy look and spread her legs wider. Elena rubbed her hand over her black hair shrouded mons lightly. "*Muy agradable*," she murmured. She carefully peeled back the black tape over the girl's mouth. It downturned into a frown. Elena took her chin in her hand and moved her face first to the right and then to the left. "*Bueno*," she remarked.

The girl's lips were trembling. A tiny voice spoke up. "*Por favor, Señora....*" she began to say. Elena placed her hand lightly over the girl's mouth. "*Callate, mi amor*," she told her. "Quiet, my love." She gave her a gentle kiss on her forehead and then draped the tape back over her mouth. Tears cascaded down the naked girl's face.

The girl next to her still showed signs of rebellion. When Elena drew back the tape on her mouth, the girl reared back and spat in her face. Elena retreated a step. Her face had turned from elegant to vicious. She said something to the guy with the Stetson. He, in turn, gave an order to the shabby guy. He came behind the girl and grabbed her hair again, drawing her up on her tip toes. The girl started cursing and swearing. The big guy stepped up and took the zapper off of his belt. He turned it on and pushed it against the girl's conch. The girl tried to draw back, but it was no use. There was a loud crackle and the girl screamed. The big guy repeated the procedure and the girl screamed again. He did it a third time and the girl started bawling.

The big guy stepped back. One of Elena's guys had retrieved a tissue from a credenza on the side of the room and handed it to Elena. Elena, much of her anger dissipated, calmly wiped her face. She handed the tissue back to the guard who tossed it in a little waste basket. Elena stepped back up to the girl. She smiled and

tapped her on the cheek. She said something softly to her which Jimmy could hardly hear. The unruly girl began to wail. Elena took her cheek and examined her face. She put the tape back on. She felt her breasts and thighs and pronounced her, "*Muy satisfactorio.*"

She examined the two other girls as well. She played a bit with the chunky girl's breasts, bobbing them in her hands and pinching her nipples until she squealed. When she was done, she stepped back. She turned to the gringo with the Stetson. "Very nice, as usual, *Señor Starr*," she told him. "The usual price, I assume. Although I'll give you another \$5,000 for the little one. She's especially cute and I know just the people who will want her."

"Done," Starr replied in a low drawl.

Elena turned to one of the guards. "Take them to the barracks. Valentina is on duty tonight. Tell her to give this one," she said, pointing to the girl that had given all the trouble, "a good whipping before putting her in her cage. Tell her that we'll brand them all tomorrow morning first thing."

The guard just nodded. Jimmy watched as the shabby guy and the good looking girl began readministering the chains that the young, naked women had undoubtedly come in with. The girl placed manacles on their ankles separated by an 18" long chain. The shabby guy administered a steel collar to the first girl's neck and made her turn to the right. While the good looking girl did the third one's ankles, the shabby guy made the second girl turn and connected her to the girl behind her by the neck. When they were finished, all the girls were facing to the right, all connected in a coffle and all wearing confining ankle chains.

The girls were whining and sobbing, their faces masqued in misery. It was not clear how much English they had, and whether they had caught the fact that on the morrow Elena's mark would be permanently and indelibly imposed on their flesh, but it was clear that they had now become the cold, cruel woman's property and that whatever hopes they had mounted of a new life in America, a life free of oppression and violence, from which they had fled, those hopes had been irremediably dashed.

The guard Elena had spoken to made a motion for the crew to follow him and headed to the door. The good looking girl removed her quirt from her belt and gave the diminutive, cute girl a hard lash on her behind. "*Muévete, estúpido coño!*" she yelled at her fiercely. The young girl screeched and took off for the door. The rebellious one moved as soon as the neck chain grew taut and the other two girls behind her did the same. They all shuffled along hurriedly, squealing and sobbing as the good looking girl and the shabby guy continued shouting and flailing at them with their whips.

Elena watched them, a trace of amusement in her eyes. The guard clacked open the door. The noisy girls shuffled unhappily through and the door shut. Their distressed, muffled voices disappeared with them.

Elena turned to Jimmy. "Now, let me see what you've brought me," she said to him politely. Jimmy rose from his seat and, taking hold of Dorothy's hair, yanked her up as well. He dragged her over to Elena and presented her.

"Very nice," Elena cooed. "She just fell into your lap?"

"In a manner of speaking," Jimmy returned. "Let's just say that she seemed too good to let just go to waste."

"Yes, it would have been a great shame," Elena replied. Elena knew what kind of work Jimmy did. She knew better, as well, than to ask too many questions. "Let me get a good look at her," she added.

Jimmy released the girl's hair. She was sobbing and weeping. The meaning of what she had just witnessed had certainly not escaped her, and neither had the bolted shut doors, the chained and collared girls in the anteroom, the hostile look the guards had given her, nor the gleam in Elena's eyes as she perused her.

Jimmy released her hair. She shivered as he ran down the zipper on the back of her dress. He untied the rope behind her back and then spun her so that she was facing him. He released her hands and then unceremoniously pulled the bodice of her dress down past them. "Put your hands on your head," he ordered her bluntly. She hesitated, torn between the need to cover herself and fear of invoking Jimmy's retribution. When she had obeyed, Jimmy turned her back to Elena.

Elena reached out her hands and took hold of the girl's torpedo like breasts, squeezing them harshly. The girl squealed. Elena's right hand struck her face in a flash. The girl screeched. Elena grabbed her teats and twisted them until the girl released a howl.

"Shut the fuck up!" Elena spat at her. "That's lesson no. 1! No one cares what you think! When I squeeze your tits you will take it and like it!"

The girl was blubbing. She nodded her head and suppressed her whines. Elena released her teats. "What's her name?" she asked Jimmy.

"Dorothy," Jimmy replied.

Elena took hold of her breasts again, but gently this time, cupping them from underneath and giving them a little bounce. The red tape still covered the girl's mouth, but Elena didn't seem to be in any need to take a closer look at her face. "It looks like you may be with me a little while, Dorothy," Elena told her a little more kindly. "It will be in your best interests if we can be friends. All you have to do is be obedient and be silent. You can manage that, can't you?"

The girl didn't seem to know whether Elena expected her to answer or not. She had just told her to be silent. She had already experienced the violence she was capable of. She released a little whine.

“You don’t have to speak, Dorothy,” Elena told her. “Just nod your head.”

The girl nodded energetically. “Good girl,” she rewarded her.

Elena turned to Jimmy. “May I see her cunt,” she asked politely.

Jimmy tugged down on the bodice to the girl’s dress and drew it down her knees. He brought it down to her ankles and then eased one high heeled foot and then the other out of it. The other guard who had been in the room had crept closer so that he could get a good view of the new girl’s pulchritude. He took the dress off of Jimmy’s hands.

“Spread your legs, *conchita, por favor*,” Elena asked her almost sweetly.

The girl edged her feet apart.

“A little more, dearie. Don’t be shy,” Elena told her. She moved her feet further apart.

Elena reached her hand forward and surrounded the girl’s mons. “Very, very nice,” she commented. She gave her love lips a squeeze and then crouched down to get a better look. She spread her labia apart with her fingers. “Very nice interior,” she added. She stood up. “Have you done a lot of fucking, Dorothy?” she asked her.

“She’s a pro, I’m afraid,” Jimmy answered for her. “But she’s none too worse for wear.”

“Yes, I can see. Well, we don’t have anything against whores here, Dorothy,” she told her. “You’ll be able to get to work right away.”

The girl had stopped sobbing, but at this recommenced. Elena tapped her softly on the cheek. “There, there, *mi amor*,” she told her. “Crying won’t make it any better. And things will go much better for you if you get over it right away. Elena’s girls are happy girls, if they know what’s good for them.”

Elena turned back to Jimmy. “I’ll give you \$10,000 for her,” she said matter-of-factly.

“You know she’s worth a lot more,” Jimmy replied. “But I’m in a little jam. Make it 15.”

“15 it is,” Elena answered.

“I want to fuck her first.”

“No problem. Hans, take Jimmy out and give him the key for room 14.”

The guard nodded.

“When he’s done, take Dorothy downstairs and teach her a little discipline. Use the flogger. And give her a few strokes of the cane. I want to see some black and blue on her.”

“Yes, *Señora Alvarez*,” Hans replied. “It’ll be my pleasure.”

Dorothy issued a deep, soulful groan. Her knees sagged. Jimmy had to grab her so she wouldn’t fall.

Elena patted her cheek again, this time with a little more firmness. “Don’t worry, *mi amore*, you’ll live through it. I just want to make sure that you start off on the right foot.”

“She’s to disappear completely,” Jimmy prodded.

“That goes without saying,” Elena replied. “We haven’t lost anyone yet. We’ll keep her a while and then I’m sure I can get someone overseas interested in her. She’d be perfect for the Chinese market. And those girls never come back.”

The girl whined and her sobs increased. Jimmy turned her towards him. He still had the curtain cord in his hands. “Put your hands down,” he told her curtly, “and cut the shit!”

The girl looked around the room for support, but all she saw were callous eyes. She slowly, reluctantly lowered her hands from the top of her head. Jimmy grabbed them and put them together, palms in, in front of her. He quickly tied them off. He circled the excess cord in his right hand and gave the girl a tug. “Come on, shit for brains,” he told her.

Hans moved off towards the door. Jimmy followed him towing the naked, unhappy girl. Hans held the door open and they passed through, waiting for him on the other side.

“Oh, Hans,” Elena called out before he shut it. “Bring me one of the stand-by girls, I’m as horny as a toad.”

“Yes, *Señora*, Alvarez,” Hans replied.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

The door shut with a clang and Hans led them down the hallway. He had short black hair, was very muscular and would have been good looking if it were not for his pugnacious nose.

He led them into the lounge area. The girl's high heels clickity clacked on the stone floor. Igor, or whatever his name was, was seated in one of the leather easy chairs. He had the redheaded girl on her knees in front of him. Her hands were joined behind her back and she was noisily servicing his cock.

"You better finish up quick," Hans told him. "*Señora* Alvarez wants her to lick her pussy."

Igor was panting. "Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh." He raised his head. "I'm almost done," he replied somewhat breathlessly. He took the redhead by her ponytail and started pistoning her head up and down urgently. The girl gave a loud gurgle every time the cock struck the back of her mouth.

"Wait here," Hans told Jimmy.

Jimmy watched Igor strain to get off. His panting had become more heavy. Dorothy's sobbing had abated, but she released a little whine as she took in the tableau. Jimmy looked at her. "That's you tomorrow night," he told her. She issued another forlorn whine and tried to pull away. Jimmy gave her hands a jerk. "Cut the shit!" he told again her gruffly.

Hans came back through the steel reinforced door a few moments later. He handed Jimmy a golden key on a matching fob with the number '14' on it.

"It's upstairs on the right near the middle of the hall," he told him.

Igor's panting had become ecstatic and the girl was whining and moaning steadily as he jerked her head up and down like a man in desperate need of deliverance. Suddenly, he groaned and began shouting, "Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!"

Impressed, Jimmy couldn't look away. It was like watching a train wreck. Igor finally slowed his pistoning of the girl's head. He gave it several more thrusts and then pulled her off. He had the blue ball she had had in her mouth when Jimmy first saw her in his other hand. "Spread your lips," he told the girl curtly. She obeyed and he thrust it in. He tapped her face harshly with his heavy hand. "Don't worry, Mona," he told her. "We're not finished. I'll see you when *Señora* Alvarez is done with you."

The girl whined. Hans grabbed her by her ponytail and pulled her to her feet. The girl started crying. "What's the matter with her?" Jimmy asked.

"*Señora* Alvarez likes to warm the girls up a bit before she uses them," Hans replied.

"Sounds right to me," Jimmy replied. "Come on, Dorothy," Jimmy told the girl as he yanked at her hands. "Let's go have some fun."

He pulled her towards the stairs. They were broad and carpeted in deep maroon. The banisters were made from dark polished maple and extended at the ends like the mouth of a mighty river meeting the sea. The banisters were supported by shiny brass columns. The girl stumbled and pulled back as they reached the first step. Jimmy reared back and gave her a heavy slap, which made her shriek.

"You're really asking for it, *coño!*" he told her harshly. "You better get with the program or you'll be really sorry! Now, come on!"

He pulled at her again and this time she followed. She sobbed her way all up the stairs. They led to a wide hallway with an identical rug and a series of small chandeliers extending down it about 200'. There were ornate, dark stained doors on either side with large brass deadbolts. Between every door was a small half table with a colorful vase full of flowers. There were what looked like original oil paintings of beautiful women *en déshabillé*. Each door had a shield with the same coat of arms he had seen on the rug in Elena's office. Above it was the room's number etched in black upon a round gold plate.

He took the girl a little more than halfway down the hall. He counted twenty rooms, ten on each side. At the end of the hall was a more pedestrian doorway with a bolted push door which Jimmy assumed went to a set of back stairs. A heavysset, older Hispanic lady was sitting on a chair near the door. She was wearing a colorful, ankle length dress. She was reading a book. She looked up, gave Jimmy and the girl an unconcerned look, and went back to her reading. He stopped at the door to room 14 and used the key to unlock it. He pushed the door open and dragged the girl inside.

The room was ornately decorated like an 18<sup>th</sup> century luxury hotel room. There was a large set of windows on the opposite wall covered by light, translucent lacy curtains. The bars on the windows could be seen through it. The bed was large with a high, finely carved headboard with several gleaming brass rings built into it. There was a light blue shaded, satiny bottom sheet with several large, matching pillows. The top sheet and a covering duvet were pulled down to the foot of the bed and neatly folded back.

There were elegant side tables with large refined lamps on them. A long credenza ran along the wall next to the door with a golden framed mirror running its length. The walls were covered with an off-white wallpaper with delicate



looking blue flowers printed onto it. The thick rug was navy blue. There were several sconces on the walls designed to look like Victorian era gas lamps. In the corner, to the right of the windows, a chain hung from the ceiling over a well-scuffed, dark stained wooden circle. There were several whips mounted on the wall.

On the right side of the room was a bathroom. Jimmy dragged the girl into it. It had rose colored tiles halfway up the walls a purplish, broad sink mounted on a black steel frame, a toilet to match the sink and a glass enclosed shower with what looked like large lilies etched into it. Large, fluffy white towels were mounted on the wall. A dark pink oval rug sat in the middle of the floor. The walls above the tiles were painted white.

Retaining the girl's cord in his left hand, Jimmy drew out his cock and deposited a long, heavy yellowish stream into the toilet. He made the girl sit down and do the same. He wiped her, flushed and then washed his hands and brought her back into the bedroom.

"Get up on the bed," Jimmy told the girl after releasing her wrists. "On your knees, your head down and your hands up over it."

The girl scrambled to obey. When she was mounted, her face buried in one of the fluffy pillows, Jimmy told her to raise her ass a little more. She adjusted herself. Jimmy went to the wall with the mounted whips and took down a long, steel dog whip with a nice, dark red leather handle. He went up to the girl and, without warning, reared back and gave the girl a fierce slice across her rear. She screeched and howled and began to bawl. He gave her another and another and another. Each time she released a forlorn wail. When he stopped, she was sobbing heavily. Four bright red lacerations spread across her rear cheeks. He came up by her head and lifted it by her short black hair. "Get the message, Dorothy?" he asked snidely. She nodded her head vigorously.

"Good. Now get over on your back and spread your legs."

As she obeyed, he returned to the entrance door. There were two dimmer switches. He pressed one and the ornate sconces turned on. He dimmed their light and then pressed on the other switch. The overhead light went out. The low light made the room seem dreamy. He began to undress. He hung his dark brown windbreaker on a hook on the back of the door. Removing the empty shoulder holster, he placed it on top of the credenza. There were two crystal flasks there, one filled with a brownish golden liquor which he presumed was scotch, and a clear one, which he hoped was gin. Next to it were two crystal old fashion glasses. He picked up the flask with the clear liquid and poured a smidgeon into one of the glasses. He tasted it. Gin, all right. He poured himself two fingers worth. He shot it back quickly.

He sat on the bed, untied his shoes and kicked them off. He drew off his shirt, tossing it on a nearby padded chair and then got up, undid his belt and stepped out of his pants. He folded them over the back of the chair.

He turned to the girl. She was watching him, fear and misery in her eyes. Her legs were spread wide, lying flat, her apple red high heels still on her feet contrasting nicely with the pallor of her skin. She was still wearing her self-supporting nylons. They were shear beige and had darker, lacy tops. He decided to leave them on.

“Raise your knees,” Jimmy told her. She sadly raised them, exposing her inner thighs and making prominent her black bordered conch. Jimmy got up onto the bed and scooted himself up next to her. He lay on his side and ran his right hand over her pointy, resilient breasts, giving them both a delicious squeeze, and then ran his hand down her belly and over her mons. He slid his hand up and down her inner thighs, reveling in the tender softness. The girl had clearly taken good care of herself as the muscles were taut and free of flab. He ran his hand over her belly again and back up to her breasts. He took hold of her prominent teats, one by one, squeezing and pinching them and giving them each a little twist.

He moved himself closer against her. His cock had already grown hard and he laid it against her hip. Sliding his hand back down to her crux, he leaned over and slipped his lips over her right teat, sucking on it lightly, running his tongue all around it, nipping it with his teeth. He shifted to the left. He licked and suckled while his fingers ran up and down the girl’s cleft until she was moist. He spread her ooze over her nubbin and stroked it lightly, circling it, pressing on it delicately. The girl’s hips shifted and she released a little moan.

He raised himself so that he could examine her face while he stroked her. He had a momentary picture of her lying on her back in the motel room, her lavender nightie spread around her, blood oozing from the hole he had made in her chest. If he had done what he knew he should have done, he would be back in his motel room right now pulling his pud. Instead, he was hovering over her quite delectable flesh, his hand buried in her alluring cunt. And \$15,000 to the better.

She was staring back at him with a wonderful mixture of terror and sadness. What a waste it would have been to kill her. It would have been like putting down a graceful, sleek, endangered animal. Now, not only was he going to get to fuck her, but her alluring natural beauty would be preserved for the enjoyment of many others, men, and women too, he supposed, who would revel in her flesh, delve into her beauty, drink of her lusts. It was like he was the mighty white hunter who had captured a rare, beauteous beast and returned it to civilization. He would leave her behind, the thrill of her capture a delicious memory and with the exquisite knowledge that all of her future torments, her future sorrow and misery at being reduced to whoreish slavery would be a product of his will for her. She would

always remember him as the man who had delivered her to her perditionous existence. Every cock that invaded her, every set of lips which suckled at her flesh, every lash that tormented her would be a result of what he had done to her.

He slid his hand back up her torso and reached for her mouth. He peeled away the red tape and put it down on the night table to the left of the bed. Her panties were still stuffed within. He reached between her lips and eased them out. He cast the soggy fabric away. He brought his face down to hers and married their lips. He knew that whores didn't like to kiss, but she had been reduced to a deeper, more permanent whoredom than she had ever imagined. Undoubtedly recalling the still burning stripes on her behind, she spread her lips and allowed entry to his tongue.

A wave of pleasure wafted through him as his tongue received her heat. She kissed him back, intertwining their appendages. He pressed his lips down hard, swirling his tongue all through her. His right hand captured her left breast and began kneading it, massaging it. Squeezing it. She released a whine and then a moan and her torso squirmed under him. He shifted himself, climbing over her right leg so that he was centered above her. He pressed himself down, his cock on her belly, giving her his weight. Her hands reached up and pressed tentatively against his shoulders, as if tempted to try and push him away. She moaned and whined again into his mouth. Propping himself up with his left, his right hand took hold of his thick, rigid member. He raised his hips and directed it to her coosh. He slid the head up and down her crevasse several times. The girl shuddered and seemed to pull herself back as if hoping to sink into the mattress and escape. He found her entrance, lodged himself there, placed his right hand down beside her, just off her shoulder, and then lowered himself slowly, slowly, slowly.

God knew what he was doing when he created cocks and cunts, he thought as the moist heat of her interior enveloped him. It was a sensation so delicious, so exquisite, that it made all the batterings and bumpings of life worthwhile. The girl whined again into his mouth, her unhappiness clear, but her tongue still obediently mingled with his, both engaged in a slow, rhythmic dance.

When he was sunk to his hilt, he released a pleased, deep breath and began his motions. He moved in and out, slowly, but firmly and regularly, the pleasing friction delivering rapturous waves of delight all through him.

He fucked her that way a long time. Her cunt was flush and hot. Her hips began to squirm and return his thrusts. He abandoned her mouth and laid his head down next to hers, his chest pressing down her breasts, their sweaty skin slipping and sliding against each other's. Her breath was becoming heavy. His too, as his lust grew and grew. His motions became faster, his thrusts shorter and harder. He groaned and groaned again. He could feel his essence yearning to be released into the world. His balls and cock began to demand apotheosis. "Not yet, not yet!" his

mind countered. The sensation of scouring her hot, soft, wet insides was too exquisite to abandon.

And then something animalistic took over. A fierce need enveloped him. His mind discarded its reluctance and began to demand the explosive, jolting blasts of joy that his throbbing cock could deliver to it. His thrusts became frantic. His body began to vibrate with tremulous sensations. All conscious thought left him. A raging imminence arose in his genitals. It was like he was teetering over an abyss. The girl was fucking him back mightily, releasing moans and groans of her own.

The dam burst. His cock began to pulse and throb. He could feel his essence being jetted along it. Each contortion of his member sent his brain into wild, exuberant celebration. His whole body contracted as if all of its attention had been drawn to his throbbing cock.

And then he began sliding down the other side of the mountain. His excitement, and the concomitant ecstasy had peaked. A wonderful calmness came over him. His thrusts slowed down to a desultory passage. He could feel the girl's cunt deliver his member post orgasmic tremors. Although, at the time, he was too lost in his ecstatic celebrations to take note, his mind now recalled the grunts and groans and moans of delirium that the girl had released, like echoes down a long, cavernous tunnel that terminated deeply into the primitive recesses of his brain. They had etched themselves into his memory and he knew that he would be able to, in the future, relive the exquisiteness of their coupling by teasing out the recollection of her involuntary ejaculations of unwanted pleasure.

He pulled off of her. He lay there for a minute or so reviling in the sweet, temporary satiation in his loins. He looked over at the girl. She had her arms bent over her face, hiding her eyes and her legs were splayed flat on the bed as if in resignation. He gave her side a solid poke. "Knees up and out!" he told her sharply. And put your hands above your head with your wrists crossed!"

Casting him an unhappy look, she complied. He ran his hand possessively over her breasts, giving them both a firm squeeze and then slid it down to her conch where he pinched her outer labia between his forefinger and his thumb, pressing harder and harder and harder until the girl released a whine of discomfort.

He rose up off of the bed and poured himself another shot of gin. He didn't want to get woozy; he had to drive in a little while. But he yearned to have something soothing in his belly. He shot the gin back and looked at the girl. She was, indeed, a delectable morsel. Sometimes he wished that Jean would allow him to have a girl-pet, someone he could fuck again and again for a while. He could keep her locked up in a cage in his closet when he wasn't using her. He would teach her to bark and to beg to be used, raising her hands like doggy paws and issuing cute little whines. Having the girls up in the barn to fuck was nice. But as

soon as you got them to where they were doing things right, off they went for somebody else to enjoy the benefit of their instruction.

He crept up on the bed again. He seized and squeezed her breasts again, ran his hand down her belly and caressed her coosh. He withdrew his hand and told her, "Get on your side, facing me." She dutifully turned towards him.

"Raise your left knee. Put your left foot down on the bed."

She did what he said. She kept her wrists crossed over her head. He was on his left side, facing her. She was maybe 6" or 8" inches away. He ran his hand down over her hip until it reached her upturned thigh and then descended down the inner portion until he found her crux. He gave her labia a gentle squeeze and ran his hand back up again, pulling and pinching at her teats playfully. Then he ran his left hand up over her head, seizing her crossed wrists. He leaned forward. Her tits, hardly sagging, were pointed right at him like succulent fruit inviting him to partake. He subsumed her upper, left breast, drawing her whole areola into his mouth and began a gentle, but determined suckle.

His right hand drifted down her belly again. He slid two fingers up and down her crevasse until it was loose and her juices had commenced to ooze. He shifted teats, pulling in all of the top part of her right breast as his fingers began a soft circling over her nubbin, soft, tender, light. He kept alternating breasts while his fingers further excited her. He slid them down and slipped them into her narrow tube, plunging them down up to his knuckles and then drew them back and forth. Her pussy was becoming flush and he heard her try to suppress a whine. He raised his head and placed his lips over hers, insinuating his tongue between them, and gave her a deep, soulful kiss.

He played with her for a long time. They kissed and kissed and kissed, her tongue obediently intertwining with his while his right hand alternated between tormenting her puss and kneading and massaging and tweaking her breasts. Soon he had her releasing little involuntary moans. Her hips ground unconsciously. He shifted his mouth to her teats again, suckling them biting them, flicking at her hardened nipples with his tongue. His hand commenced a rapid flicking of her rigid bud. He kept going and going and going, until her hips wriggled and she released an anguished sounding groan.

Abandoning her crux again, he massaged her right breast and he suckled her left and then switched. He came back up and resumed their kiss, pulling hard at her nipples, pinching the fiercely. She groaned and her torso shifted. He lowered his hand again and captured her mons, squeezing it, running his fingers up and down her gash, plunging them into her channel and then recommencing the drum, drum drumming on her clit.

Her breathing was becoming deep. She was trembling. She moaned and groaned and squirmed. Just as she started to cry out, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!"

prefatory to a consummation, he pulled back his hand, captured her hair, leaned back against the headboard and dragged her between his thighs.

His cock was already rigid and expectant. She knew what he wanted without being told. She spread her lips and covered his helmet and then drew her lips tightly down, down, down his shaft until it butted up against the rear of her mouth.

She needed no instruction or encouragement. She was a pro, after all, and had probably sucked a hundred cocks, maybe more. He rested his right hand on her head, more to remind her of his dominance than to control her and let his left drift across his chest and his belly as he absorbed the wondrous feeling. He remembered plowing her mouth back in the hotel room, Nicky sitting their lifeless on the bed. He remembered his indecision about what to do with her. As she heated and stroked his crank, he had no doubt that he had made the right decision. The company might not like him leaving a loose end like this, but they would be assuaged by the fact that he had left her in Elena's hands, who hadn't ever lost a girl. They wouldn't quibble about the 15 g's; whatever he made on the side was his. Nicky was dead and the money was recovered. In the end that would be all that mattered.

She drove him several times close to completion. She had a whore's sense about such things and she cooled her ardor each time, allowing him to draw himself back. Her hands slid gently up and down his inner thighs, over his belly and back again, leaving a delicate trail of sensation behind them. She suckled his stones while caressing his joint lightly with her hand. The only sound in the room was her occasional slurps, her pants as from time she emerged for air and drew down a deep breath, and his gentle, languid moans.

After a long time, he seized her head again and popped her mouth off of his cock. He pulled her over his leg and pushed her down on her back. He towered over her, running his hands up and down her body, drinking her in. She looked at him dolefully. Then, to his surprise, she spoke. It was only a little, piteous murmur and he didn't catch it. "What did you say?" he demanded.

"Please don't leave me here, mister," she whined miserably. Tears were flowing down from her eyes. He looked at her, his eyes burrowing into hers.

"I won't tell anybody," she whined more hopefully. "I'll be your slave. I'll do whatever you want. Please, please don't leave me here, please!"

He had an urge to give her a mighty crack across the face. But then he had another idea. Without replying to her, he leaned over and drew open the top drawer of the bedstand to his right. What he wanted wasn't there. He opened the second drawer and there it was, as he had expected. He pulled the object out of the drawer and gave the girl a fierce look. "Roll over!" he growled at her. Panicked, trying to discern what he had in his hand, she obediently turned to her belly. He leaned over her back and pulled harshly at her hair, lifting her head.



slipped his raging tool up along her crevasse until he found her entrance. He slid himself easily in. She stiffened and moaned and released a forlorn whine.

He started fucking her briskly. His heat was on him. She was moaning and whining and shuddering. He kept going on and on, straining to hold himself back. He was almost at completion when he stopped and let his heat simmer. He waited until the emergency passed and then started fucking her long and slow, long and slow. "Put your hands behind your back!" he snapped at her. She brought them behind and he conjoined them with his left hand.

She whined and squirmed while he plowed her. Several times she released a series of heavy grunts and he felt her cunt throb and convulse around his cock. His heat was building, building, building again. He suddenly slipped himself out. He pressed down her rear with his right hand, holding tightly onto her wrists. He addressed the head of his cock to her smaller entrance with his right hand. She whined and shifted her hips, but his helmet was able to gain entry. He pressed himself forward. She squealed and moaned as his thickness crossed the unlubricated entrance. He slowly, slowly, slowly sank himself to his hilt, reveling in the murky heat on his cock and the tight grip of her anal opening.

He rogered her steadily while she moaned and sobbed. Most whores didn't like to get ass fucked. "Honey, I don't do anal," more than a few had told him. He bet that Nicky would have expected anal in exchange for his 15 hundred bucks. But she would have prepared herself with the KY Jelly first. Now she was just getting it raw and she whined and complained.

He let himself go all out, pistoning his cock back and forth in mighty, long strokes, shuddering in ecstasy as the tight ring frictioned his tool. He felt his surge approaching and he let it slip its leash. He pounded and pounded as his cock jerked and throbbed and jetted his essence deep into her bowels.

He kept slowly dragging his cock across her little, tight, wounded circle as his cock's spasms wound down. When they were reduced to nothing, he paused, rubbing his free hand over her buttocks. She was a diamond all right. Everyone who fucked her from here on in should send him a dollar, he thought. He was sure that before long it would amount to a pretty penny. Eventually he would be receiving Chinese money instead. What was Chinese money worth in dollars, he wondered. He smiled.

He drew himself out. "Stay as you are," he snapped at the girl. He went into the bathroom and washed off his prick. He took a gaze at himself in the mirror. His hair was a mess and he stroked it back into place. He paused. He saw the face of a killer. How many lives had he snuffed out? Twenty, twenty five? Thirty? And that didn't include the ten or more girls he had to dump for Jean over the last ten years or so. He thought of Nicky sitting there with that stupid look on his face, blood



oozing all over his shirt. He laughed. He was a dumb fuck who got what he deserved.

He came back into the room. The girl was quietly sobbing. "I should have asked for \$20,000," he thought. The red stripes on her ass matched the red of her high heeled shoes that she was still wearing. He moved over to the side of the room and started dressing. The girl stayed as immobile as a cathedral gargoyle. After he had pulled his windbreaker on over his empty shoulder holster, he looked at her. He was kind of sorry to be leaving her behind. She would make a nice pet. He shrugged. He could tell you one thing. He wouldn't want to be her in about ten minutes.

"Okay, get up!" he snarled at her. She stayed put for a moment as if maybe she could stay there forever and not have to face what she knew lay ahead. He reached over and gave her ass a mighty swat. She screeched and started to move. She got up off the bed, keeping her hands obediently joined behind her. He took up the cord which he had left on the credenza. "Come over here and put your hands out," he snapped.

She slowly, sadly edged herself over. She timidly crossed her wrists in front. He made her turn them palm to palm and tied them off tightly and efficiently. He looked at her. The leather shield of the gag covered her face from just below her nose to her chin. He noticed that it had Elena's crest embossed on it in gold. All that could be seen were her eyes, eyes that were peering at him forlornly. He was her last connection to the outside world. Once he left, she would be in deep shit. She looked like she wanted to drop to her knees and begin begging him not to leave her. He reached out between her legs and gave her quim a couple of last, firm strokes. "I hope you like Chinese food, honey," he quipped.

She moaned loudly and began to sob again. She waivered and almost fell. Jimmy laughed.

He pulled her to the door, unlocked it and drew her through. After locking it again he gave her wrists a harsh yank and proceeded quickly down the finely decorated hallway. He looked at his watch. It was a quarter to six. The pilot was due to pick him up at the motel at eight thirty. He had plenty of time.

She stumbled after him, sobbing and wailing. She would have to get over that kind of stuff really fast, he thought. Otherwise he paid it no mind. He brought her slowly down the steps so she wouldn't fall and break her neck and deprive him of 15 large. Hans was sitting in an easy chair, waiting for him. Igor was sitting in a chair next to him. The red headed girl, Mona, was sitting dismally on the couch where he had first seen her. Her wrists were joined in front of her and she was holding them in her lap, as if trying to hide her naked coosh. Her dainty attire was in a small pile next to her. Her smallish breasts were irritated and reddened.

Elena's work, he assumed. Her ankle was chained. Jimmy guessed that Igor had already had his way with her.

Hans rose as Jimmy and the girl reached the bottom step. He pulled out a thick envelope and handed it to Jimmy. Jimmy handed him the lead to Dorothy's wrists. Her sobs grew louder.

"Come on, honey. Let's get this over with. Then you can blow me," Hans told her coldly.

He gave her wrists a yank. Dorothy yanked back and tried to dig in her heels. Her wailing became louder. Hans dragged her to the steel door next to and behind the stairs. She yanked and pulled violently at the cord in Hans's hand while he clacked the door open. He hung on to it tenaciously. The door swung open. She crouched down and frantically pulled and yanked at her bonds as she sobbed and wailed. Hans effortlessly pulled her to her feet. "Now you're really in for it, you stupid cunt!" he snarled at her.

Dorothy shrieked. He yanked the naked, sobbing girl through the doorway. Once she had passed, it slammed shut. Then there was silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a little more than five months later. Dorothy was sitting in a light blue, fabric easy chair in the commons room up on the fourth floor of the former hotel. She was naked but for a pair of white bikini panties, as all the girls were required to be when not on duty. Like the other girls, she had inured herself to her new role in life. There was no sense fighting it as it was clear that nobody would ever be able to escape, and the consequences of disobedience, or of rendering anything other than the most enthusiastic service, led to very unhappy consequences. Sure, chained to her bed each night in the dorm, gagged, with her hands bound to her neck, she often cried herself to sleep. But so did many of the other girls.

She wasn't sure how many of them there were. They worked in staggered shifts so that some girls would be always be on duty 24 hours a day. New girls were always popping up that you had never seen before and others seemed to just disappear.

There were six girls in her dorm. Three steel framed beds on each side. They were just wide enough so that the guards could come by at any time during the night and fuck them. It was embarrassing and shameful for the other girls to hear you snorting and moaning as the guard pummeled away at your puss, but what could you do?

The girls were always shifted around between the five dorms so you wouldn't get too close to any of them. Nonetheless, she had become friendly with a sleek, blonde haired girl. They didn't get to speak, of course; talking was strictly

forbidden. But they smiled every time they saw each other and tried to give each other subtle, surreptitious caresses as they passed. Three times she had done a twosome with her in what they called 'the showroom', and she was in seventh heaven as they kissed and stroked each other for the men's delight. She gave her extra special, devout attention as she mouthed her cleft, as the blonde girl did hers. Afterwards, the five men fucked them raw.

She hadn't seen Lorelei for a couple of weeks. She hoped that she hadn't been sold.

She knew her name because they all wore a golden name plate, like a brassard, that hung from their collar by two slender chains, one to each side. Their names were etched in black script, with clear, bold strokes for easy reading. This way a guest wouldn't have to ask you your name, which if he did, and you answered him, you would be in deep, deep shit. All the rooms were bugged and a computer analyzed the tapes seeking out female voices. She had learned that the hard way as *Señora* Alvarez played the tape one morning early on of her begging and pleading with a guest not to hurt her. She had one of the guards, Kurt, give her a savage beating while she watched.

Under their names on the brass brassard was *Señora* Alvarez's crest, or, rather, seal, a snarling puma's head with two branches of thick, sharp thorns rising up on either side but not quite meeting on the top. Her motto was etched over it, '*Poder Permite Sin Piedad*'. 'Power Permits No Mercy'. *Señora* Alvarez had explained it to her that day before Kurt whipped her.

Her name now was Rosalinda, because of her jet black hair and her naturally reddish lips, *Señora* Alvarez told her. She assumed Lorelei was not the blond girl's right name either, but that's what she carried on her chest above her heavy breasts.

All in all, life could have been a lot worse. *Señora* Alvarez made sure that the girls each got an hour of leisure time per day. They would be brought to the commons room, where Dorothy was now, and be allowed to watch a movie or a show on DVD's on the 60" flat screen monitor, read books or magazines or listen to music with headphones. Even if a customer showed up and wanted to use you, he would be told that you were unavailable. The rest of the time, your ass belonged to *Señora* Alvarez. Many times she had been woken up in the middle of the night to service a client who had shown up at 3 or 4 or 5 in the morning and had asked for her.

Her hair was longer now. Mrs. Alvarez insisted that all the girls wear their hair in a ponytail so that the guests would have a good hand hold when you were sucking their cocks. And she had ordered her to let some of her pubic hair grow back, just a little fan above her mons which she was told to keep short cropped.

If you did what you were told and fucked like your life depended on it, things weren't too bad. You had to fuck and blow the guards almost any time of the day.

They would be waiting for you outside of the guest rooms as you finished with a client and pull you back in. They could pull you out of the refectory or the commons room if they wanted, or fuck you right there. They could corner you in the back hallway, or the back stairs. Or, if business was slow, just take you up to their room for an hour or so.

And *Señora* Alvarez liked to run through three or four different girls through the course of the day. She always gave you a good whipping first, but she usually only used the flogger which stung and made your skin raw, instead of the steel dog whip, the riding crop or the cane which all left marks. Although sometimes she used them too. Too many times for her liking she had been called to her bedroom for the night. After a good whipping, she used her mercilessly, fucking her with a vibrating faux penis, making her come repeatedly as she roared out her own climaxes, or made her lie under her, reversed, mashing her hairy cunny on her face while gemauching her into oblivion. When she was done with you, she would bind your hands behind your back and gag you and make you spend the rest of the night in a cage at the foot of her bed.

The guard Hans had a thing for her ever since he beat her that first day. It had been a hellacious experience and she had screamed and screeched and danced and writhed as he struck her all over with the stiff, knotted flogger seemingly dozens of times. He gave her five vicious strokes with the cane, making her groan and sob and beg him through her gagged mouth for forbearance. When he was done, and her screams had resolved into mere sobs, he told her that he was giving her five more for being such a pain in the ass. He and a couple of the other guards had used her afterwards for a few hours and at 3 that afternoon she was presented for duty. Her arms and thighs and breasts and belly, and her rear end, carried spectacular bruises, which encouraged her guests for the first few days to abuse her further. Things settled down after the first week, but Hans always picked her out for a brutal session of fucking whenever he could. He fucked her on her bed in her dorm room almost every night.

Generally, though, the guards more or less left you alone. They were gruff and strict, but mostly didn't beat you just for fun. This was not the case with the *mamasitas* who ruled the upper floors. There were six of them, as far as she could tell. They were older, heavysset, mean spirited Hispanic ladies who made sure the girls toed the line. They locked you into bed at night and freed you when it was time to rise. They watched you in the showers, at meal time in the refectory while you were eating, and one was always present in the commons room to make sure that the girls didn't talk or get into any funny business. The girls were never allowed to touch themselves, or any of the other girls, without an explicit order to do so. One of the *mamasitas* was always stationed in the hallway on the second

floor to make sure that when the customer was done with you you hustled upstairs and refreshed yourself right away so you would be ready for your next guest.

They all carried knotted leather quirts on their belts and would belabor you at the slightest infraction, and sometimes just for their enjoyment. More than a few times she had been dragged into the punishment room by one of them for seemingly no reason and whipped mercilessly. You also had to service their hairy, messy twats and they would fuck you in their rooms, or make you perform for them with one of the other girls.

There were four girls with her in the common room right now. Two of them were watching a movie on the video monitor and eating Fritos corn chips. One was off on the side, listening to music. The fourth one was on her knees between the thighs of *Mamasita* Juanita, a fat, heinously cruel woman. *Mamasita* Juanita had rolled her colorful ankle length skirt up to her waist and the girl, a voluptuous chestnut haired girl, was licking and suckling at her twat between her widespread, gargantuan thighs, her hands joined behind her back.

Dorothy tried not to pay any attention to *Mamasita* Juanita's moans and groans. She was reading. There was a nice selection of books. She had read *Rebecca*, by Daphne DeMaurier, *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brönte and was now reading *The Golden Notebook* by Doris Lessing. It might not seem like a lot, but when you only had one hour a day to read, it took a long time to get through one. And often she was just too sad to read and stared at the inane pictures on the TV without comprehension instead.

Nobody had said anything about her being sold to the Chinese since that first day. She was beginning to believe that *Señora* Alvarez had changed her mind. After all, she was very popular and almost always had guests waiting for her, seven or eight a day, and sometimes more. She performed at her best every time, hoping that if enough of the regular guests liked her she would get to stay.

She looked up when the door to the common room clacked open. It was Donny, one of the nicer guards. She didn't mind fucking him since he never beat her or slapped her around. Two girls shuffled in. One was a slender, high breasted, beautiful black girl who was presently one of the girls in her dorm room, and the other a diminutive, child-like blond who was wearing brand new angry red stripes across her breasts. The black girl grabbed a diet Pepsi and settled into a chair in front of the large screen TV. The little girl crawled into a chair in the corner of the room and started to cry.

Donny looked around the room. When he saw her, he strode over. "Get up," he told her curtly. "*Señora* Alvarez wants to see you."

Dorothy placed the bookmark in her book, shut it, and put it aside. Her belly tightened as she knew that she was in for some unhappiness. She came to her feet. "Turn around," Donny ordered. She obediently turned and placed her hands behind

her back. Donny joined them and then spun her around. He crouched down and drew her panties down her thighs. She stepped out of them and he tossed them aside. Panties were only for the common room or the refectory so your pussy wouldn't leak on the chairs. Downstairs you went totally naked or wearing some diaphanous decoration which hardly hid anything. Donny had a leash in his hands and he clipped it to her collar. He took a blue ball from his pocket and thrust it into her mouth. "Come on," he ordered, giving the leash a hard tug.

She followed him from the room. They took the back steps down to the third floor where *Señora* Alvarez's and the guards' rooms were, down to the second and then down to the first. The back stairs emptied out into the kitchen. The two hefty gray haired female cooks were busy at their tasks. He led her through the kitchen, past the door to the guests' dining room. One of the slender Hispanic girls who waited on tables came bursting in, dressed in a short, tight, black uniform, and called out an order in Spanish. She gave Dorothy a disdainful look up and down, put her dupe in the wheel and passed back out.

They left the kitchen through a separate door. It led to a long, dark hallway. They stopped at the door on the end. Donny clacked them through. They emerged to the right and behind the broad, carpeted stairs that led to the second floor. Six or seven girls were sitting primly on couches dressed in frilly nighties, lacy bustiers or silky teddies. Their lips were spread and their cheeks bulged and a swath of blue could be seen in their mouths. They all had one ankle chained to the floor. Two guards stood discretely off to the sides.

Three men were at the bar, drinking and laughing, while one was examining a standing, demure, voluptuous dark haired girl, feeling her breasts. A large, muscular man, wearing a yellow polo shirt and chinos was leading a statuesque blonde up the stairs by a leash. Her hands were joined behind her. She was wearing a translucent rose colored nightie that made the underlying flesh seem pink. The man had close cropped, greyish hair and carried himself with arrogant authority. She recognized him right away. He had used her quite a few times. She thought that he was probably a cop. He was rough and demanding and had whipped her twice. The girl he was leading must have been familiar with him as well since she had already started to cry.

Donny led her across the stone floor. Like all the other girls, she wore bright red high heels at all times and her shoes clicked sharply against the stones as they went along. They stopped at the door that led to the administrative section. Donny punched in the code and placed his thumb on the reader. The lock clacked open and they passed through.

As they approached the door at the end of the hall, Dorothy's belly began to get queasy. What kind of mood was *Señora* Alvarez in? Was she in a flogger

mood, or a slasher mood? Or was she in the mood for a nice caning? The riding crop?

Donny coded himself at the door to her office and pulled it open. He led her in.

*Señora* Alvarez was sitting in the middle of her wine colored leather couch facing away from her desk. She was wearing a tight, stylish, short, red and black dress with sheer tan colored nylons and dark green pumps. She had on elegant, gold post earrings and had a slender golden chain with a diamond pendant around her neck and laying on her bare chest. *Señora* Alvarez was always well dressed and never dogged it. Her makeup was perfect, with stylishly darkened eyebrows, light blue eyeshade, the bottom of her eyes outlined in a very slim line of black. She needed no blush, her tannish skin was healthy and smooth. She wore a light shade of red on her full lips. She could be a hostess at a fine, expensive, exclusive restaurant, or at a grand soiree of the most exclusive, refined, important people.

A naked blond haired girl was mounted on the whipping platform, her arms pulled high above her. She was moaning and sobbing and her skin was bright pink over her breasts, belly and thighs. She was gagged. Alfonso, one of the meaner guards, was holding the flogger in his hand as if he had just finished whipping her. There were two men in dark suits, white shirts and thin striped ties sitting in the leather easy chairs to *Señora* Alvarez's left. A tall, big breasted, naked black girl was pouring the men tea from a delicate blue flower decorated teapot. *Señora* Alvarez rose to her feet to greet her. "Here she is!" she announced.

Three pretty, Asian looking young women were kneeling on the floor off to the men's left. They were naked and what looked like their stylish clothes were piled in a heap in the corner, skirts, blouses, bras, panties, multicolored high heeled shoes. They looked very unhappy. Blue balls had been thrust into their mouths and their hands were bound behind them. Their eyes were tearful and glum.

The men looked up as Donny brought her to a standstill about 15' away from them. Dorothy's blood ran cold. One of them was heavysset, with a brutal face. The other was more slender, with a face that signaled intelligence and authority. They both had close cropped, black hair. They stared at her hungrily. Dorothy began to shake and whine. They were Chinese.

The black girl retreated. The men held their tea cups and saucers in front of them. They both took a sip. *Señora* Alvarez took hold of her left breast and squeezed it for the men's benefit. She said something to them in Spanish. The smart looking one replied in kind. Senora Alvarez made her turn around and present her back to the men. She took hold of her ponytail and bent her over. She kicked her feet wider and ran her hand over her rear. More Spanish talk was exchanged. Senora Alvarez stood her up and faced her to the men again. She said something invitational sounding and made a waving gesture at her. The smart

looking man put his fine blue and white flowery china cup and saucer down on a table to his right and stood. He came up to Dorothy and looked at her closely. He grabbed her under her chin and turned her face side to side. He took hold of her torpedo-like breasts, hefting and squeezing them. He said something in Spanish and *Señora* Alvarez made her turn and bend over again. She felt the man's hand slip over her mons. He squeezed it and ran two fingers along her slit. He came closer and put one hand on the small of her back and started rubbing and rubbing and rubbing up and down.

Dorothy wanted to scream and twist and turn and run, run, run, but she was frozen in place. She felt herself slick when the man's fingers slid easily up and down, up and down. He began to tickle her nubbin, flicking at it delicately and sliding over and around it. She could hear the subtle moans of the whipped girl and the sniffles and whines of the pretty Asian girls, but otherwise there was absolute silence in the room. Dorothy felt a terrible immanence, a foreboding, a dreadful fear. The room seemed to be spinning. The fingers kept teasing, teasing, teasing. Terrible tinglings were shooting out of her nubbin. She squirmed her hips unconsciously and then moaned. The man said something gleeful sounding and his hand disappeared. *Señora* Alvarez raised her up and turned her back around.

The man asked *Señora* Alvarez a question. "By all means. Be my guest," she replied in English. She tapped Dorothy on her rear. "Get on your knees, Rosalinda," she told her softly. "*Señor* Chang wants you to suck his cock."

Dorothy's whole body went sour. She frowned and began to cry. She was on the welcome mat of a horrible nightmare. She couldn't believe it was happening. She had hoped and hoped and hoped that it never would, and now it had. *Señora* Alvarez pulled the blue ball out of her mouth and put her hand on her shoulder, pushing her down. Dorothy sank obediently. There was no sense struggling. No sense protesting, no sense sobbing and wailing. There was nothing in the world that was going to stop the Chinese men from taking her away.

The man lowered his fly and drew out his instrument. He moved a little closer. It had already started to engorge. She cried and cried and cried while she serviced him. He rested his hands on her head as she drew her lips up and down his stiffened wand. Her braceleted hands writhed behind her. Her stomach was churning and she had broken out into sweat. She did her best to please him despite her fear, despite her frantic desire that the man choose somebody else. Maybe the girl on the platform. *Señora* Alvarez had had her whipped for their entertainment. Perhaps they liked her more. Or the slightly chubby black girl. She bet that they didn't have too many black girls in China. She would be a great novelty. "Anyone but me! Anyone but me! Please, please, please don't take me!" her mind screamed.

You can't be a very good whore if you can't sense when a man wants to come. He was groaning and his hands had gripped her hair. He was



counterthrusting at her. She speeded up her efforts, slurping and suckling over the head, plunging her lips all the way down his crank, bringing her head up and then giving him rapid, intense strokes. He began to groan and then released a great cry. His cock began to pump his essence into her mouth. She swallowed his poisonous jetsam dutifully while not relenting on her efforts.

He thrust himself at her a few more times. She kept her lips tight against his shaft. He pulled out and then tapped her on the cheek, saying something in Chinese that sounded like he was pleased. He turned to the other man and said something to him in Chinese. The big man replied affirmatively and put down his cup. He stood and approached her as the other man stepped aside and zipped himself up. He returned to his chair, picking up his tea and sipping it, while the big guy lowered his fly and pulled out his crank.

It was already hard. She had started to sob. He pushed it at her and she spread her lips. He thrust it in rudely and took hold of her ponytail. She closed her lips around it and made a small space. She made an effort at moving her head back and forth, but the big man was having nothing of it. He began to give her brutal, powerful strokes, banging his cock at the entrance to her throat. She squealed and sobbed as he fucked her mouth. It didn't take long before he was groaning and grunting. He was battering up against her lips. She felt like she had hold of the appendage of a mad machine. He released a shout and his cock began to spasm and throb. He unloaded a heavy stream into her, too much for her to swallow all at once. His cum bubbled out of her mouth and spurted up her nose. She began to cough and choke, but the man kept at it. Finally, he gave her mouth two powerful, battering thrusts and he was done. He pulled out and laughed, patting her harshly on the cheek.

All the while *Señora* Alvarez and the smart man were having a polite conversation in Spanish. A couple of times she heard *Señora* Alvarez release one of her trademark, amused laughs and the man join in. When the big man was finished with her, *Señora* Alvarez, who had resumed her seat on her couch, told Donny to get something to wipe her face.

The big man sat down. The conversation between *Señora* Alvarez and the smart man continued for a while as they all drank tea. Dorothy knelt there at erect attention, her knees spread, as she had been taught. She was sobbing quietly and trying not to look at the Chinese men. She was hoping, hoping, hoping that they would change their minds. That there would be just something about her that didn't suit them.

And then the conversation ended. The smart man stood up and took an envelope out of his inner jacket pocket. He handed it politely to *Señora* Alvarez, who politely accepted it and put it in the pocket of her dress. Dorothy shuddered.

She had been traded for three minor leaguers and some cash, just like a baseball player.

The men had a wide valise on the floor between them. The fat man opened it and removed a jumble of straps. He got up from his chair and approached her. She released a forlorn wail and fell to the floor. Donny and Alfonso leapt to her side and pulled her up by her arms. The straps had a thick prong attached to them. The big man took hold of her ponytail and pushed it at her mouth. She clamped her lips together and tried to move her head from side to side. The big man said something to Donny and released her hair. Donny grabbed it in his place. The big man pressed his hand over her jaw and began to squeeze her cheeks harshly. She felt her mouth being forced open. She shrieked and struggled and squirmed and fought. She yanked futilely at her bound hands. The edge of the prong pushed past her teeth. It spread them apart and then the fat man shoved it in the rest of the way harshly. It jammed up against the back of her mouth. Her lips were spread as if she was releasing a mighty scream. In an instant, the straps were pulled around her head and fastened off behind it. They were pulled tightly, sinking the prong in even deeper.

She was sobbing steadily. She looked at *Señora Alvarez*, giving her a piteous gaze with her eyes. "Please don't send me away," her eyes said, just like she had begged that brutal, slender man, that killer, not to leave her here. Her supplication was just as futile. *Señora Alvarez* came over and crouched down. She stroked her head lightly. "It's been nice having you, Rosalinda," she said softly and gently. "But now it's time to go. Have a nice trip."

She rose. Donny and the other guard pulled her to her feet. The smart man said something polite to *Señora Alvarez* and she said something polite in return. Donny and the other guard released her. She swayed and was about to fall when the two Chinese man took her by the arms. She felt herself being moved towards the door. "No! No! It's happening too fast! Please don't take me! Please! Please! Please!"

They were at the door in a moment. Donny clacked it open and the Chinese men pulled her through. They stopped at the next door. A second later it clacked open and they were in the lounge area. Her feet were barely touching the floor. The girls who were sitting on couches stared at her wide eyed. One was on her knees servicing a guard. She went past them in a blur. They stopped at the entrance to the lobby. The door opened and she was pulled past the threshold. It clanged shut behind her.

The men released her, letting her sway and moan while the clerk behind the desk handed them their winter coats. Dorothy looked around and started to run, but the men grabbed her arms again. She was pulled towards the front door, the one that that killer had brought her through. She thought of him again, as she did often.

She remembered her surprise at seeing his weapon pointed at her heart. In her mind, now, she begged him to pull the trigger. "Please shoot! Please shoot! Please shoot!" her mind screamed.

One of the guards coded open the front door. She was pulled through. A blast of freezing air greeted her. The sun was going down and the western sky was a fiery orange red. Its beauty was incongruent to her dismal plight. As they crossed the porch, three men dressed in down overcoats came up the stairs. They were wearing watch caps and gloves. She recognized one of them. "Please help me! Please help me! Please help me!" she begged. Her voice emerged muffled and mangled. The Chinese men pulled her aside to let the Americans pass. The one she knew tweaked her breast as he went by, his glove rough on her nipple. She squealed and the other two men laughed. The door opened to them and they went in.

She was dragged down the stairs. The parking lot was full. The reddish light tinged everything. There were maybe twenty or twenty five shiny, new cars spread around it. The ground was packed with snow and her feet grew cold as she was scooted along. They brought her to the back of a dark blue van. She looked at the license plate. It was from New York and it said "Diplomat" in red across the top.

Dorothy whined and tried to pull away, but she was held too firmly. The doors to the back swung open. She looked inside. There was a big steel box in the middle of the cargo area about ten inches or so from the door. The big man held her while the smart man opened the door to the box, swinging it to the left. She was pushed towards it. She was pushed half in. The smart man connected something to her collar. While the fat man held her, he pulled at a rope at the bottom of the box. She felt her neck being pulled forward. She had no choice but to follow it. She was dragged all the way in, the fat man pushing her, until her head bumped up against the far end. The rope attached to her collar went through a pulley at the bottom and then out between her legs. Her head was pulled down. The rope was tied off. The men attached a rope to her joined wrists and she felt them being pulled up behind her. Her arms rose and rose and she had to rise to her knees to stop the strain. She felt her hands touching the top. They were tied off.

She whined and struggled. Her right ankle was pulled to the right side of the box and fastened to something. Her left was pulled to the left and confined as well. She was kneeling, her head forced down rudely, her wrists pulled up, straining her shoulders, and her legs were spread widely.

There was a pause. She heard the men talking in Chinese. A hand came over her mons. It was thick and heavy and she sensed that it was the fat man's. The hand started rubbing and rubbing. Thick fingers rode up and down her gash. She struggled at her bonds. Her mouth pressed down on the monstrosity within it. She bit at it as if she could tear it in two, but her teeth had no effect.

The hand went on and on. The fingers started playing with her button. A wave of passion swept through her. She rotated her hips, moved them side to side, but the hand could not be dislodged. She felt her passion growing stronger and stronger. It was building and building. "Go away! Go away!" her mind shouted at the hand. "Leave me alone! Leave me alone! Don't do this! Please! Please! Please!"

She moaned violently. She heard the men laugh. The fingers were flicking at her nubbin a hundred miles an hour. She knew that in a moment she would disgrace herself. She felt the cold air wafting into her box, a stark contrast to her burning crux. She felt it coming, felt it coming, felt it coming. She cringed and steeled her mind in an attempt to deny it. For a second it seemed that she could vacate the pleasure that was suffusing her loins, but her reprieve passed almost without notice as the fingers went on and on. Finally, she could fight it no more. She groaned and her pussy exploded. She contorted and shuddered and moaned and sobbed. Her pussy wrenched almost painfully again and again. Her orgasm peaked. The hand slowed. She felt the thick fingers plunge in and out of her dilated, elastic tunnel, almost as an afterthought. The fat man said something to the other. His fingers withdrew and the smart man's fingers replaced them. He sawed them back and forth a few times as her pussy released tingly aftershocks. The fingers withdrew. The smart man patted her on the rear and said something. Both men laughed again.

She sensed something happening behind her. One of the men leaned forward and she felt a belt pulled around her waist and buckled off behind her back. Something was brought up between her legs. She felt a probe at her entrance and then something cold and long and thick was sunk into it. There was a rubberized cup over it which covered and nestled against her mons. Something pressed against her nubbin.

The strap was raised up along the crease of her rear and something thick pressed against her little ring. It slid easily in. She moaned and squirmed and raged against the insult. The strap along her rear was fastened off to the belt. Everything was pulled tighter. Someone tugged at the strap leading up from her crux, satisfying himself that it was nice and tight and wouldn't loosen. The cup over her pudenda was pushed down and wriggled to make sure it was properly in place.

There was a pause as she sensed the men step back. She felt their eyes peering into her. A second later, the prong in her belly began to vibrate. The knob against her nubbin did the same. The cup which surrounded her mons started to pulse. The vibration was echoed by a trilling in her rear. For a few moments she didn't know what was happening. And then, as the tingles commenced in her puss, began emanating from her little button, as the ring around the object in her rear began to trill, she realized what the men had done. She moaned and screeched and rotated

and swung her hips from side to side, in a frantic attempt to cast off the apparatus. But it was on to stay. And would remain on the twenty hours or so it would take to drive to New York, all the way to the Chinese Consular Residence out in Hempstead, Long Island. It was programmed to run one hour on and then one hour off. It would keep her entertained through the entire trip.

The door to her box slammed shut with finality. She heard it being clamped down unforgivingly. The van swayed as the outer doors were slammed closed. They were locked. The rear windows were covered with etched in frosting. No one would be able to see inside.

The men divided themselves as they moved up the sides of the van. Doors opened and they got in, the fat man on the driver's side. The rear seat, on which the oblivious, young and pretty, expendable Chinese secretaries from the Consulate had sat on the trip here was now empty. The engine roared into life.

Dorothy could hear no sounds, but she felt the vibration of the engine. She roared and growled and whined and struggled, all to no avail. The sense of the steel walls all around her, implacable and cold, and the utter, utter darkness, sparked a terrible sense of confinement and isolation all through her. She felt a cool breeze entering the box from a vent near her head. The buzzing on her tender parts continued and her excitement was growing. She fought it and fought it and fought it, but the instruments that had been affixed to her were relentless. She knew how far it was to New York. It was at least a thousand miles. The prospect of suffering the agitation of her puss and rear all that way spawned a deep, heavy despair which permeated her, along with soul rending sensations of terror and misery.

She felt the van move backwards. It paused and then turned. It rocked a bit as it proceeded over the uneven parking lot. It twisted and turned along the entrance road. The jostling of the van seemed to make her torment more horrible. After about a minute, the van turned to the right and speeded up. The tires were now on a smooth road. They were on their way. She cried and sobbed and tried to wish away the torture of her lower parts.

The van made a left at the corner with the darkened Victorian mansion. It was about 4:30 and everything was turning dark. The street lights had come on and the passing cars' headlights were all lit up. They were heading back to the city from whence Dorothy had come, the city she grew up in, the city where all her friends lived, her parents, her siblings, her cousins and aunts and uncles. Her agency, which still owed her \$2,500 from credit card charges. Her abandoned and now re-rented apartment.

Nicky's murder had made headlines for two days. A maid had discovered his bloody, lifeless body and ran screaming down the hall. The newspapers all speculated about the mysterious, vanished prostitute Nicky, a notorious gangster, had been cavorting with down in the lounge, and whose pocketbook, torn and rent

lavender negligee and other property had been left behind. Her 'agency' knew everything. They were the ones to put the finger on Nicky since he had given his room number when he called to make the 'date'. His name was on the credit card he used. They reported it to the Company, for whom they also worked. The girl was considered expendable. There were dozens of working girls just like her. They denied all knowledge when questioned by the police.

It all settled down quickly. New horrors and events spectacular, local, state and national, replaced it. There was a mayoral election going on and the candidates were trading salacious and defamatory charges against one another. A little blurb about three weeks later stated that the police were still looking for the killer, but had no leads. And that was it.

About a mile after turning left on County Road 678, the fat man pulled into the drive-through of a Duncan Donuts. He got a large coffee, light and sweet, two Boston Creams and a glazed. The thin man got a medium coffee, black, and a cruller. Within a minute they were back on the road.

Dorothy realized they had stopped and hoped against hope that they had been pulled over by the police. She realized though that with the diplomatic plate there was little likelihood that the van would be searched. When the van started again, she moaned and sobbed.

The tingling went on and on. She started panting and moaning. She shook her body, rotated her hips, called out for mercy, but the vibrations continued relentlessly. She was holding herself back as hard as she could. She knew that she needed to defeat the evil instruments or her ride would be permeated with agonizing, unrelenting, ecstatic excitement. She was doing well. She was holding it off. It took all of her concentration and energy. She was teetering, teetering, teetering just on the edge, but seemed to have achieved an equilibrium. However, just before the van pulled onto the Interstate to head east, it rolled over a long, wide divot in the road and the van jumped and shook. Dorothy lost her concentration. Immediately, her puss commenced a series of wrenching contractions. It pulsed and contorted and her whole body shuddered as she screamed and writhed and sobbed. It went on, it seemed, interminably, and then mercifully wound down. She was panting and her heart was beating wildly. She tried to regain control of herself. When she felt the vibrations continuing, and the tingling in her loins renewed, she released a long, miserable wail and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

The thin man leaned his seat back and closed his eyes, his half full coffee cup held idly in his hand. His mind wandered to the beautiful, passionate girl in the back. He knew that the Consul would get first dibs at her, but he was third in command and he would get to fuck her sooner or later. They would keep her a month or two, a novel change from the obsequious Chinese girls brought over to

service them, and then she would be off to China in a diplomatic marked crate in the cargo hold of a sleek Chinese flag passenger jet. She was a gift for the governor of Sichuan Province, recently appointed to the Central Committee and a real up and comer.

The fat man had turned on the radio. He had wolfed down all his donuts and was smoking a cigarette. His window was half open. The road before them, straight and flat, went on as far as the eye could see. The traffic was heavy and there were long lines of red lights ahead of them. Cars and trucks filled with oblivious, white bread, American people were all around. The steel cube in the back emitted no sounds. It was a long way to New York.

To be continued...