

THE WAGES OF SIN

BOOK TWO

THE LODGE

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CHAPTER ONE

There was a slight drizzle as Jimmy pulled the red Charger into the long, uphill gravel driveway. He was musing about his escapade with the girl from the hotel. He couldn't get her out of his mind, which was a bit unusual. Her scent was still on his hand, and he reveled in the memory of his use of her as he took it in.

He pulled up to the house and settled the car into the parking space next to Bob's dark blue Lexis. He grabbed his duffle bag from the back and headed in. He was a little tired. After leaving Elena's, he had gotten back to his motel a little after 7:30. He had barely enough time to clean the S&W and restore it to its case. He hadn't showered. He had nodded off on the way back here, but that sleep had been restless. The flight had been a little bumpy and he had been shaken into rude awakening quite a few times.

When he came into the kitchen, he saw the two racks of chocolate chip cookies Jean had baked. He was hungry but wanted to shower and rest a bit before he did anything else. He knew that there was a new girl up in the barn who needed his attention, but she would keep for a little while. He owed it to her to be nice and fresh when he came up to fuck her. Jean had shown him her picture before she and Bob had left to go get her. She was very cute, with a captivating smile.

It was Dahlia that he really wanted to get after. He knew that she would be leaving soon, and he wanted to fuck her as many times as he could before then. He loved the black girls, especially the ones with virtually coal-like skin like Dahlia's. It was like partaking of forbidden fruit. The skin was so delicious, not all pasty and white like the new girl's. And Dahlia especially. She huffed and groaned and shuddered violently when she came, and she gave a languorous, imaginative blow job. Her breasts were large, but solid, with not a bit of sag, even though she was pushing 25. She cried and whined a bit too much and he had had to whip her several times to try and teach her to stop. She had a plump bottom which enthralled him and, despite herself, she seemed to enjoy it when she was used there. At least she seemed like she enjoyed it, moaning and calling out and fucking you back like it was some kind of an emergency. And then breaking out into sobs afterwards.

Jean liked to put together a little log for the girls in which they were all supposed to contribute their comments. He had already written his. He had stated that she had a wonderful mouth and ass fucked like she was born to it, but that whoever bought her would have to work on her sobbing, unless they liked that sort

of thing. They tried to never break a girl down all the way so that her new owner could mold the girl as they liked. They made sure that the girls were obedient and got over any reticence they had about performing sexual services on demand, developed some skills, and gave them a little boost to their lasciviousness by making them come as often as they could. Dahlia had shown that she had done her fair share of fucking before she was picked up, and had no deficiencies in the sexual heat department, coming seven or eight times a day. Jean had had her on the Sybian all afternoon a few days ago and she had kept going and going and going.

He trudged up the stairs to his room. When he entered, he tossed the duffle bag onto the double sized bed. It was covered with a light blue bedspread. His room was much as it had been when he was a teenager. A large, framed James Dean movie poster covered a blank space on the wall. The young star was standing slightly hunched in an open, blood red jacket covering a gleaming white t-shirt, a cigarette in his hand, an insurrectionist expression on his face. It was from *Rebel Without a Cause*, but the poster was in German and in German across the bottom was, "...den sie wissen nicht was sie t  n."

On the wall opposite was the poster of Raquel Welsh standing brazenly in a two-piece animal hide bikini from *One Million Years B.C.* In a large bookcase there were some of the tattered paperbacks he voraciously consumed in his youth along with his varsity trophy from when, as a senior, he had pitched and hit his team into the county championship, striking out nine and hitting a base clearing triple, a double and two singles. At the States, he was beamed leading off the second inning in the first game and the team was eliminated.

In a glass case was a score of the World War II fighter plane models he had put together, a Messerschmitt, a shiny, silver P-51 Mustang with D-Day stripes, an Italian Macchi C200 in tan and brown desert camouflage, a Dewoitine D.520 exhibiting the French tricolor flag, a Russian Sturmovik camouflaged for winter warfare and with a big, bright red star, and a few others.

On the wall next to the closet were mounted the various plaques he was awarded by the gun club, where he learned to shoot with astounding accuracy.

The walls were painted light blue and there were white chintz curtains on the double windows. The tall dresser was dark mahogany. There was a mirror running down the length of his closet door.

He quickly stripped down to his boxers. He removed his dirty clothes from the travel bag and tossed them together with the clothes he had been wearing into a tall, straw hamper. He removed the envelope he had gotten at Elena's, to which he had added the \$4,000 he had taken from Nicky and the girl and placed it on the dresser. The 25 g's from the hit would be wired directly into his Bitcoin account. He would transfer it later into the Seychelles Islands account that Bob had set up for him.

He tossed the bag into the closet. He strode down the hall to the bathroom where he showered and shaved. He came back to his room wrapped in a large, fluffy, mauve colored bath towel. The bed looked inviting. But he had chores to perform. He dressed quickly in a pair of loose, grey, mid-thigh workout shorts and a dark blue t-shirt. He slipped on his leather sandals. He left his room, taking the cash envelope with him and headed downstairs.

Instead of going into the kitchen, he turned left and strode through the living room. The door to Bob's office was closed so he knocked. He heard a growl in return and opened the door.

Bob was dressed in a yellow sports shirt, black pants and dark blue Nike's. He was at the computer. Displayed were numerous graphs. Bob managed all the funds. He did a little day trading, never venturing too much, and he did pretty decent. Between that and the police disability pension he had earned years ago due to an injury to his back tackling a purse snatching suspect, they had enough income to show the IRS every year.

Bob didn't turn around. "You're back," he observed.

"Yeah, and I've got a little cash."

This piqued Bob's attention, and he turned his swivel chair towards the door. "Cash?" he asked. He knew how Jimmy was normally paid.

Jimmy explained the \$4,000 he clipped off Nicky and the girl, and the \$15 large he had gotten for selling her to Elena.

"How is Elena?" Bob asked.

"She seemed just dandy," Jimmy replied.

"She's as harsh as a forest fire."

"I could tell."

"You took an awfully big risk," Bob told him, annoyance in his voice. "\$15 grand wouldn't seem like a lot of money while you were sitting in the death house."

Jimmy shrugged.

Bob waited. Jimmy handed him the envelope somewhat reluctantly. Bob flicked through the bills with his thumb. "I'll put this in the safe," he said off handedly.

"Make sure you write it down," Jimmy flashed back. Bob looked at him sternly.

"Anytime you want to manage your own money, just let me know," he returned. "You can put it under your mattress."

"Okay! Okay!" Jimmy burst out louder than he intended. "I didn't mean anything by it."

"So other than taking stupid chances, how did the job go?"

"Easy peasy. Nicky was a *stunod*."

"Don't get too cocky out there," Bob retorted. "Remember, there's no such thing as the perfect crime. Someday you might get tagged." While serving as a

police officer Bob used to do some hits for an outfit out of Denver. “How much have you got put away?” he asked.

“About half a mill.”

“When are you going to get out?”

Jimmy shrugged again. “Actually, I was thinking of contacting Art Wheeler. I got a really big kick out of taking the girl. Maybe I could work with him for a while and get into the harvesting end.”

“Art’s a real careful guy and he never takes chances. You could learn a lot from him. And then, there’s Lily.”

“You mean his daughter?”

“Yeah. You met her a couple of times when we picked up product. She’s a real looker. You’re getting on and you should meet a nice girl, someone in our business already. You might not get as lucky as Cathy.”

“I’m not looking to shack up.”

Bob leaned back in his chair. “Listen, I know you’ve wanted to break out on your own. Since Julie, Art’s wife, died, he’s been shorthanded. They had a guy, but he didn’t work out and Art had to dump him.”

“I know. I did the hit.”

“You and Lily have a lot in common. And she’s in the same predicament you are. She can’t just start dating someone off the street. And last time we were there I got the distinct impression that she liked you.”

“But who’ll help out around here? Chuck? He’s a walking, talking fuck up.”

“We’ll get along. Your mother and I have been talking about scaling back. And now that Cathy’s going to have a baby....”

“Since when!”

“She found out last night.”

“I’ll be damned!”

“So, we may have to slow down anyway.”

“And how are you going to get along without fresh pussy all the time?”

“Oh, we’ll keep our hand in. Maybe only do one girl at a time.”

There was a pause as Jimmy absorbed what Bob was telling him. That Lily was attractive, and she had an infectious laugh. And it had been quite a thrill to haul that girl Dorothy in. On the other hand, Art probably wouldn’t want him fucking the merchandise.

Bob read his mind. “Art does a lot on the secondhand market. There’s always fresh pussy.”

“But not like fucking a girl right off the street,” Jimmy said to himself.

There was another pause. “Anyway, give it some thought,” Bob concluded. “You going up to see the new girl?”

“Yeah. What’s her name again?”

“Yolanda.”

“But I’ve got first dibs on Dahlia after dinner.”

“As you wish,” Bob answered.

They nodded to each other. Bob turned back to the computer. Jimmy eased himself out of the room and closed the door.

He went into the kitchen, made himself a sandwich and poured himself a tall glass of cold green tea. He went through the sandwich quickly and then downed the rest of the tea. After putting his plate and glass away in the dishwasher and cleaning up the counter where he had made his sandwich, he headed for the barn. On the way out he scooped up two of Jean’s cookies. He gobbled them down as he coded himself in through the side door and then marched up the stairs. He cleared security to the door to the training rooms and stepped in.

He went to the monitor and checked on Dahlia. She was squirming and whining. His cock stirred as he took in her inviting flesh. He switched over to the new girl. Her cell was all dark, but he could hear her sobbing lowly. He tried to remember her name. Bob had just told it to him, but it had slid right out of his head. It wasn’t important, although they liked to use the girls’ names as often as possible throughout their training. Just like primitive tribes believed, there was power in a name. It was a way into their heads. It was like you had a pathway into their personality. He had a hard time remembering them though unless, like Dahlia, they had made an impression on him.

He kicked off his sandals and shucked off his t-shirt and his shorts. He stepped up to the middle cell, entered the code and put his thumb on the reader. The lock clacked open. He pulled the door open and stepped in, flipping on the light.

Yolanda looked up at the door, startled. It had been about four hours since Bob had locked her into her cage. She had passed through numerous stages of dismay and unhappiness during that time. The reality of what had happened to her just wouldn’t sink in. She kept hoping that it was some kind of nightmare and that she would wake up home in her bed. How could people just steal you from your life? Weren’t there laws and police and courts and such to prevent this kind of thing? Was she really going to spend the rest of her life as a whore? Was she really never going to see Granny again, or Brad, or all her friends? Was she really not going to get to go to Colorado on that nature trip which she had so been looking forward to?

Again and again, she had pulled and twisted at her bonds. To be deprived of her hands was a horrible thing. It was like they had stolen them or cast some spell on her that made her hands useless. And to not be able to spread her legs, or to move her feet more than a few inches. That was horrible too. And, of course, the monstrosity in her mouth. Why did they have to do that? There was nobody to talk to. She was sure that even if she released the loudest scream she was capable of no one would be able to hear her on the other side of that implacable door.

But of course, she knew why they did it. Her mouth belonged to them now, not to her. There was no better way of demonstrating that. And it meant that their imprecation that she remain silent at all times didn't require her voluntary obedience. It would not be a matter of her will that kept her quiet. She was not even being given the option to obey, or not. Their rule was being enforced ruthlessly. She was being denied the ability to engage in any volitional activity. Her own will was being mercilessly suppressed so that it would ultimately wither away into nothing.

Master Bob had turned out the light when he left. The darkness was absolutely total. Everything around her was the same tone of deadened black. It was like she had been thrust into another dimension where there was neither light nor sound. Even though she knew that she wasn't supposed to, she couldn't resist making little mewling noises to help her remind herself that she was still in the real world. Or at least in a real world. For how could she tell what was the real 'real'? Her life on Grant Street with Granny, or the fiendish world her mother had condemned her to?

She was blinded for a moment when the lights were turned on, but her eyes quickly adjusted. What she saw was not of a nature to cause her any comfort. The man was about 5'10". He was slender but had a firm frame and exuded strength. He was totally naked, his right hand casually playing with his prick. His light brown hair was short. His face was narrow coming to a stern apex at his stark nose. The others, Mistresses Cathy and Jean, and even Master Bob, were people that you might pass in the grocery store, or on line at a theater, or even at a friend's house the first time you were invited there. But not this one. He had cruelty written all over him. His eyes were dark and piercing. His face was in an ominous scowl. You could see that there was an emotional deadness in him. There would be no sweet, if false, words of kindness from him.

A chill went through her. This was the Master Jimmy Master Bob had talked about. He was going to teach her about ass fucking. He was going to invade her nether place and relentlessly pummel it. He was going to discharge his jism in it. And there was nothing she could do to stop it. No power in the world would prevent it. Only an earthquake or a cyclone which rent the very walls of her prison asunder, allowing her to flee as fast as her feet could carry her, would disrupt this evil man's will for her.

Jimmy examined her coldly. She looked inviting. Her eyes conveyed her fear and her unhappiness which, in turn, stimulated him. His cock began to fill with blood and grow tumescent. He had been thinking of his duty here as a chore, something to be gotten through, but now his interest was piqued. She was a new victim and he sensed that giving her first ass fucking was going to be an exquisite experience.

He took the key to her cage off the wall and approached her. He crouched down and keyed the lock, pulling the long cage door up and folding it onto the top. He leaned in, releasing her feet, and then unbuckled the collar around her neck. He rose and stood back. "Out!" was all he said.

Yolanda reluctantly slid herself out of the cage, holding in the whines of fear and unhappiness which were springing up inside her. Her hands still bound behind her, she rose to attention position facing him. She bit down on her gag and suppressed her tears.

Master Jimmy pointed to the toilet. "You know what to do," he told her gruffly. She knelt herself over and then mounted it. She released her water, keeping her eyes open and pinned to her oppressor. When she was done, she waited for instructions before she knelt back down on the floor, bent over, spread her knees and arched her back. He wiped her roughly, tossed the tissue in the toilet and flushed it. He washed his hands and then leaned over and disconnected her wrists. He headed to the door, clacked it open and stood by it, holding it open. "Come on, dimwit," he told her.

She rose to her hands and knees and crawled past him. Once past the door, she stopped, awaiting further direction. He let the door go. It closed and locked. He went over to a spot in front of the light green easy chairs and turned around. "Come over here," he snapped.

She crept closer to him and then, without being told, rose to an upright kneeling position, as high as she could go, thrusting out her breasts and spreading her knees.

He smiled. "That's very good," he said curtly, "but who told you to get up on your knees?"

A stab of cold shot through her. She had been disobedient again! Why couldn't she learn? Why were they so cruel? She knew she had to answer. "Uh un, ah-er ihhy," she whined from behind her gag.

He laughed. "So, you know my name?" he taunted her.

"Eh, ah-er ihhy," she answered disconsolately.

"Turn around and put your head down," he ordered sharply. "We might as well get this out of the way."

She turned and put her forehead on the rug, her hands behind her back. She raised her rear, arching her back. She trembled and a fierce coldness went through her. He was going to punish her. "Get it out of the way," as if she had put some obstacle between them. She held back her sobs as she heard him go over to the wall with the whips and return. He didn't hesitate, didn't pause, didn't say anything. She heard a 'woosh!' and a line of fire erupted on her rear. She screamed. And then another and then another. She screamed and sobbed and moaned.

Wordlessly, he stepped away again and then came back. Her rear was burning as if a fire had been lit upon it. She trembled with fear. She swore to herself to listen scrupulously to all instructions and obey them literally and to the letter. Master Jimmy let her go on sobbing for a full minute, as if letting his lesson sink in.

“Ok, dimwit, enough with the bawling. Turn around,” he told her coldly.

She circled herself around so that her head was towards him, but she kept her forehead to the floor. “That’s better,” he said. “Now get up and present yourself.”

She rose into the position she had previously assumed. She was shaking and had begun to sweat. He crouched down and took hold of her breasts, squeezing and weighing them. He pinched her nipples harshly, pressing, pressing, pressing until she released a whine. He released them and ran a hand down over her sex. He squeezed her love lips together, not harshly, but firmly, and then he ran two thick fingers up and down her gap, stroking, stroking, stroking until he was able to slide them along with ease. She tried to fight off the tingling that his callous efforts were producing, but the sensations flowed across her lower belly and down her thighs, nonetheless.

He rose and told her to put her head down. When her head was supine, he unbuckled her gag and told her to raise her head again. He slid the ball gag from her mouth and tossed it onto one of the chairs. She remembered to put her mouth into a welcoming ‘O’. He crouched again and taking her by the chin, moved her face side to side, examining her, assessing her comeliness. He took hold of her auburn hair at the back of her head and pressed his lips upon hers. He slid in his tongue and began to scour the inside of her mouth. He had done it so quickly that it had surprised her, and it took a moment for her to react. He yanked her head back sharply.

“Are you looking for another beating?” he demanded.

She shuddered and her blood ran cold. “N-no, Master Jimmy,” she whined.

“Don’t you know how to kiss?” he asked her roughly, his scowl becoming more ominous.

“Y-yes, Master Jimmy,” she responded with all the firmness she could muster.

He shook her head violently. “Yes, what, dimwit?”

“Yes, I know how to kiss, Master Jimmy,” she answered quickly.

“Then are you being disobedient, or are you just stupid?”

“I-I’m stupid, Master Jimmy,” she returned desperately.

“That’s what I thought. Well, you better get smart right away. Let’s try this again.”

He pressed his lips against her once more. This time, as soon as his tongue entered, she began to swirl hers around it, dancing with it, sliding along it. Sourness spread through her belly at the man’s invasion and at her subservience to

him. His tongue was like a slithering snake as it wound its way around hers. She was suppressing her whines of dismay, knowing that their release would provoke more punishment. Despite her revulsion she could feel a warmth spreading over her loins. She cursed herself for it.

When she felt his hand slide across her mons, she shuddered, but did not falter in her duty. The man's fingers slid up and down her crevasse, rising up to tickle her little bud and then descending again. She felt him smear her juices on her button and he rubbed all around it and over it. She tried to deny the heat that was building, but ultimately, she shuddered, and a moan arose in her throat. This seemed to be what he was seeking. He broke their kiss, leaning back, peering into her face. His hand and fingers kept active, rubbing and caressing, stroking, teasing. She could feel her loins swelling. She yearned to pull one of her unbound hands from behind her back and grab the hand, yanking it away, but she knew that that would produce unbearable horror. She stared into his face intently as the tingling and surging down below became stronger and stronger.

Her mouth was in an obedient, little 'O' and when the moan surged up through her throat, it emerged as a long, piteous, "Ooooooooooooooooooooo!" He smiled, withdrew his hand and patted her on the cheek. He rose to his full height. His cock was jutting out like a spear. "Okay," he said, "suck my cock."

She suppressed a sob and edged herself closer to him. She brought her circled lips to the tip of his protuberance. She touched it gingerly. She remembered Master Bob's prick. She remembered what it had felt like, how horrible it had been. But she remembered too, all too well, the vicious slaps that Master Bob had given her at her reticence, the strokes he had given her with the flogger. The lacerations Master Jimmy had just given her. She spread her lips wider so that they encompassed the jutting head and, her belly churning, she pressed herself forward, sliding her lips slowly down the stem until the tip pressed against the back of her mouth.

She could feel the tears flowing down her face as she serviced him. The cock was something evil, deleterious, primitive. She tried to ignore the surges of degradation which passed through her every time she slid the rigid, hot, soft tube along her lips. She suckled on the end like Master Bob had taught her. She drew her lips down and up slow, slow, slow, and then gave Master Jimmy short, rapid strokes. She could hear his moans of pleasure and satisfaction. It was scurrilous how he could get so much enjoyment out of an act which produced so much agony in her. She imagined her Granny standing here, watching, scowling, berating her for her whorishness.

"I'm sorry, Granny! I'm sorry, Granny! I'm sorry, Granny!" her mind screamed. "It's not my fault! They're making me! Please forgive me! Please! Please! Please!"

And then the image of her shocked and horrified Granny blinked away as she felt the man's hand grab a skein of her hair behind her head and start guiding her efforts. He pushed and pulled at her head rudely, fast, fast, fast, and then slow, slow, slow. She kept her lips pressed hard against the shaft and each time he edged himself out so just his helmet was within her, she sloshed it with her tongue, suckling at it, running her tongue over the little opening.

He was thrusting towards her now, accentuating the movements of her head. And then he pushed himself forward, forward, forward, deeper, deeper and deeper, until she felt the huge, bulbous head press against the entrance to her throat. And then it popped in! She gurgled and struggled and whined as he edged himself back and forth over the entrance and then pushed himself so far in that her face was jammed up hard against his wiry, growth. She gurgled and whined and struggled to bring her head back, but his grip was remorseless.

She could feel her face turning red as the need for oxygen became frantic. Her hands desperately wanted to come forward and protect her, but she kept them behind her, locking her fingers together to avoid temptation and the avalanche of horror that that would bring. Suddenly, he pulled her head back. She took a deep breath of air and then he pushed her face forward again. He drew her up and down his shaft, slowly, slowly, slowly and then pressed her face down hard on his belly and the cock popped back into her throat. She gurgled and coughed and whined again. He seemed to leave it in longer this time, and she felt like she was going to regurgitate everything in her belly. He pulled her back again, letting her absorb some air and then put her right back to work.

He popped himself into her throat five or six times. She lost count. Each time it became a little easier to endure. Then he began to drive her head back and forth on his stem rapidly. He was grunting and thrusting himself at her face brutally. She held fast to his cock even as her whole being revolted at what she knew was coming. She swore that she would swallow it this time without hesitation. She would let the goo slide down her throat regardless of her revulsion. He gave a great shout when his cock began to throb and pulse within her mouth. She felt the warm slime being jetted into her. She jammed her eyes closed and swallowed it all, fighting back the churning and sourness in her belly.

The thrusting slowed. The pulsing and throbbing of the ramrod ebbed. Master Jimmy's moans and groans wound down. She kept her lips pressed firmly around his pole, praying and praying for the moment when he would vacate her mouth. He took his time, sliding himself back and forth slowly, seeking out every last twinge of pleasure. Finally, he slipped his softening tool out. He released her hair. She kept her lips formed into an obedient 'O'. He patted her on the face twice. He stepped over to the green chair and retrieved her black ball gag. He proffered it to her lips. She spread them as he pushed it forward. When it was fully lodged, he had

her bend her head down again as he buckled it tightly. When done, he had her raise her head again. "Okay," he said matter-of-factly. "Get up on the bed, head down."

She scrambled to obey. She crawled up, put her forehead down, spread her legs and raised her rear. She placed her hands above her head as Master Bob had taught her. Master Jimmy came by and chained them off.

He moved off. Yolanda heard the sound of the faucet being run in the sink. It stopped and there was the sound of Master Jimmy drinking. She heard him put the glass down in the drainboard. He came back.

The bed depressed slightly as he mounted it. He crept up next to her, by her left side. He was on his knees. All that she could think of was what he was going to do to her. She stiffened herself and promised herself not to cry out or whine or to give him any satisfaction in any way. She jumped when she felt his hand run up and down her extended back. His touch was soft for such a cruel man. He ran it up and down, up and down, up and down. Her skin bristled where he touched her. He ran his hand over her proffered rear, over her cheeks, over her hips and then back up again. She started to get mesmerized by the touch. It was incongruous to have so much gentleness prefatory for such a violent act. His right hand descended between her thighs and dribbled across her mons. She squirmed and fought off a whine. His left hand came forward and placed itself on her neck, pressing her down firmly. His fingers dribbled over her sex again and again. She tried to disregard the tingling sensations they were inducing. Two thick fingers slid easily up and down her gash, denoting her lubrication. They stopped at the little hole that Master Bob had ravaged, poking at the entrance, and then slid up to her little nubbin.

She squirmed and moaned as he began to stroke her in earnest. He stroked and caressed every part of her organ as if engaging its entirety in its duplicitousness. He tickled her button, sending wild streams of delight all through her, and then slipped his fingers up and down again along her slice. He ran his fingers along the sides, squeezing her lips gently, pressing them together all along their length. She would feel her blood beginning to boil, and she would start to moan and whine, unhappy at the feelings he was arousing in her, and then his hand would abandon its post and run up and down her back again, all along her rear cheeks, over her hips and back again.

Her pussy began to yearn for the hand's return. It felt neglected and abandoned. Yet when it returned, and his tantalizing touch brought her cunt back to life again, she would rue her desires.

His left hand held her down firmly. The few times she tried to raise her head in protest at her abuse, he just pressed her face harder down on the mattress. She pulled at her bound hands above her as if they would somehow be of use to her even if she got them free. She yearned to close her legs, to deny him access, but the recollection of his cruelty was still fresh in her mind.

He brought her to the stage where she was releasing long, steady moans. She felt her lusts driving to crescendo. She could see in her mind the wave of her passion rising, rising, rising, about to crest, and she would brace herself for the torrent of unwanted pleasure that would ensue. But he would pull his hand away, running it over her back and rear while she whined and moaned in frustration. He did it three times. Each time was worse than the last. Her mind would urge and urge and urge the wave on, as if trying to push it from behind, but each time, his stroking, petting, rubbing, caressing would surcease, and the wave would recede.

She found herself begging and pleading with him in her mind to grant her release. Finally, as the wave began to crest, he commenced stroking and flitting at her bud with wild abandon. Her whole body convulsed as her pussy exploded. Gut wrenching contractions sent hot pulses of joy to all of her cells. She groaned and squirmed and grunted and moaned. It seemed to go on and on as the man's fingers unrelentingly flicked mercilessly at her nubbin.

Her orgasm passed and she began to anticipate with relief the slowing of his efforts, but then realized, to her dismay, that the fingers were going on and on and on. She whined and made a supreme effort to raise her head in protest, but he pressed down on her neck all the harder. She waived and squirmed her rear as if attempting to dislodge him, but the hand maintained its assault on her crux. She felt him plunge his fingers deeply into her recently deflowered hole and he rogered them in and out, in and out rapidly.

The wave started to grow again. It was higher and stronger than the last time. She knew that when it crested, she would experience intolerable joy and pleasure. Rather than urging it on, she fought with all her will to hold it back, to slow its growth, to build an inner bulwark against its hideous power. A thousand ant-like men were scrambling around desperately, hammering away at the sea wall, piling log upon log upon it, loading sand and dirt and whatever came to hand atop it. One of the men stood up upon its pinnacle and looked seaward. He screamed something to the other men, and they began to flee in terror. Streams of them scurried away as fast as their tiny legs could carry them, while they screamed and yelled and shouted out desperate and forlorn prayers for heaven's aid.

The wave rose and rose and rose as the hand continued its torments. It loomed mightily over the feeble obstruction the men had cobbled together, pushed it aside and then curled and fell atop the fleeing men, submerging them, surmounting them, suppressing them. Her pussy convulsed and thundered and contorted and twisted. She screamed behind her gag desperately trying to fight off the remorseless hand.

And then the hand relented. It slowed its manipulations. Her pussy mercifully began to calm. The waters of the wave sloshed back and forth, causing her channel to rumble and groan. Her heart was pounding mightily. Her breath was straining.

Her whole body was covered with sweat. The man gave her bud a last few tickles, making her jump, and then withdrew.

She could think of nothing but gratitude that her ordeal was over. A warmth suffused her loins. Her pussy felt tired and strained. Master Jimmy's hand spread across her back and rear again, soothing and stroking her. His left hand abandoned its grip. She sensed him leaning over, to her right, and then coming back again. He had moved behind her. His left hand pressed on the small of her back, lowering her rear. She felt his fingers smearing something along the entrance to her nether place, delving just inside it. The hand withdrew and he wiped it with something. It was all happening too fast for her to respond. By the time her mind had fully processed what was happening, he had already lodged the head of his prick at her entrance. And before she could utter a whine of protest, she could feel his huge, huge member sliding forward.

Her little entrance split and tore as the cock abraded it, expanding it beyond its tolerance. She whined and tried to shift and sway her rear to frustrate Master Jimmy's assault, but he just sank deeper and deeper and deeper. She felt his thighs press up against her rear cheeks and she realized that he was fully seated. She groaned and released a miserable, woeful sob.

Jimmy paused once he had the girl fully impaled. He reveled for a few moments in her bowel's murky heat, the tightness of the ring around his stem. He allowed the girl's muffled sobs and whines to waft over his psyche as they amplified his excitement. He thought of his talk with Bob, and about Artie and Lily and all the new girls he would help them capture, all of whom he would not be able to fuck, and the secondhand whores that he would. Ass fucking a worn-out whore could not compare to the exquisiteness of despoiling an unwilling, virgin portal. The girl's unhappiness accelerated his lust and exponentially increased his pleasure. He bet that Lily wouldn't let him ass fuck her, although you never know. But even that wouldn't be the same.

No, he would stay on with Jean and Bob, he never called them Mom and Dad, for the time being. When he had amassed enough money, he would buy his own private place, way off in the mountains, and he would harvest his own girls, bring them there, and use them until he had had his surfeit of them and then sell them on.

He reached over the girl and released her wrists from their confinement. He dragged her listless arms behind her back and fastened them there. He placed his right hand in her gossamer, reddish brown hair and took a firm grip. Then he began to draw himself slowly, slowly, slowly back and forth, back and forth, letting the abrasion of her strained entrance enthrall him.

Yolanda had, of course, never experienced anything so invasive and rude. Even the sensation of having him in her mouth paled at this. He had invaded her most secret, private place. It felt like his cock had grown to massive proportions, like

some bear or demon, or giant had thrust himself inside her. When he began his slow, deliberate, long thrusts, she realized that her ordeal would not be a swift one. That he would take as long as he wished, that he would prolong his enjoyment of her nether hole until he had had his complete satisfaction. The realization drove a terrible shaft of misery into her, making her entire body shudder and grow cold. She had sworn not to cry, not to give the man any delight in her misery, but her misery overflowed its bounds, and she began to sob and sob and sob.

Jimmy was indeed taking his time. He had taken the edge off his lust with the blowjob, and now he could fuck and fuck and fuck as long as he wanted without his passion overwhelming him. He gave her long, leisurely strokes. He gave her hard and fast ones. He stilled himself, letting his cock luxuriate in the soft, hot, billowing interior. He went on and on. The girl's sobs had ceased, but she was issuing long, mournful moans. He stopped his motions; the girl whined, and her useless fingers fluttered. He reached forward and pulled up hard on her hair. She screeched as he forced her to rise and sit back on his cock, her bound hands pressed into his belly. He seized her breasts from behind with both of his hands and began to massage and knead them. He pulled and twisted at her nipples until she screeched. He drifted his right hand down to her crux and began to torment it again, sliding up and down its messy trench, poking into her hole, teasing and tormenting her nubbin. She recommenced sobbing and crying and then her cries and sobs turned into moans and gasps as his stimulation had its effect. He made her come again and she jerked and spasmed on his lap as her pussy throbbed and convulsed.

He pushed her back down. He began to roger her fiercely. His lust was upon him now and his whole being craved completion. He pounded at her hard and fast. She shrieked and sobbed. He plunged into her again and again and again until he felt that wonderful, familiar surge. He held himself back, he held himself back, he held himself back, prolonging the awful ecstasy of being on the edge of release.

He groaned and roared as his cock spasmed and jolted. He could feel his jetsam spurting down his pole. He pounded and pounded and pounded, groaning and growling as his orgasm reached apotheosis and then began to recede. He slowed his efforts as his cock gave him residual pulses of pleasure. He finally stopped when he sensed that there would be no more. He released the girl's hair and leaned over her, catching his breath. After a few moments, he rose and let himself slide from her entrance. He got up off the bed and went to the sink by the shower. He soaped up a washcloth and cleaned his tool thoroughly, and then tossed the washcloth in the hamper. He came back to the girl. She was still kneeling in position. He had had a lot of fun with her. Her misery at being ass fucked had been exquisite. Ironically, sometimes the girls who were most repelled at being used that

way got to be the best at it. He decided that he would ass fuck her every chance he got. He wished that he could remember her name. Miranda, was it?

He took a wipe from the nightstand to the right of the bed and cleaned the girl's portal. It was tinged with blood. He tossed the wipe into the trash and ordered her off the bed. When she had gained her feet, he drew her by her collar over to the green chairs and told her to get on her knees and present. He went into one of the cabinets below the counter and drew something out. He went behind her and, crouching down, fastened it around her waist. He told her to put her forehead on the floor. The belt had two chains that ran along the sides of her mons, joined over her perineum and then connected to a large, thick, black, rubberized plug. He presented the plug to her rear. She released a whine as he pressed it forward. Her little circle expanded around it. The prong had a lip on it and the anal circle drew over it and then snapped back into place. He fastened the single chain from the top of the base to the leather belt around her waist. He made sure everything was tight. Then he ordered the girl to kneel up again. She obeyed promptly, a terrible dismay on her face.

"You didn't do bad, dimwit, but we've got to get your ass stretched a bit so we won't need the lube anymore. Next time I want to hear a little less sobbing and wailing. And you better learn to fuck me back or I'll whip your ass raw. Got that, dimwit?"

Tears were flowing down her face. "Eh, ih-er, ihhy!" she responded promptly but unhappily.

"Okay, get up!" he snapped at her. She rose unsteadily. He took her by the collar and walked her over to her cell door. He clacked it open and led her in. Yolanda expected him to order her into her cage, but instead, he raised the top of the huge back cube on the opposite side of the room.

"Step into that," he told her brusquely.

Trembling, forlornly unhappy, she stepped into the cube. It was made of black steel and had rows of 2" wide triangular holes in it.

"Kneel down," he told her.

Suppressing a forlorn sob, she sank down. He took her by the back of her neck and forced her head down until her breasts were pushed against her knees. He released her and lowered the lid. She heard him lock it. She was scrunched up about as small as she could get. "He isn't going to leave me like this," she prayed miserably, "is he?"

"Someone will be up later to let you out," he told her coldly. "In the meantime, think about what you can do to make yourself a better whore. This sobbing and wailing has got to stop. You're lucky I don't beat the tar out of you. Next time you'll do better or it's the whip for sure."

He stepped to the door. She heard him clack it open. She heard it clack closed. She released a long, anguished wail.

CHAPTER TWO

Tiny was sitting in his favorite easy chair in the large living room of the house he maintained for his girls. The furniture and décor were shabby, but it suited his purposes. There was an elementary kitchen off the living room with a small dining area. Upstairs there were four bedrooms, a large master bedroom which he used, and three smaller ones for the girls, where they doubled up. He was running seven girls now, a full house. One of the girls always slept with him.

There was no need for chains or locks. He kept the girls well terrorized, and they were all too scared of him to do anything stupid. He did tie them to their beds every night just in case one of them got the idea to try and slip away. They had nowhere to go really. They were street whores now and most of their families wouldn't want to have anything to do with them. And, since he kept them hooked on junk, they would be burning with need within a few hours. Without money, they would have no way to cop. They would either have to put their ass back out on the street on their own or come running back to him.

Once in a while, one of them would get the bright idea to run off and go off to rehab. They would kick and get all those life lessons on how to stay away from smack. He would bide his time. Junkies all had big mouths, and somebody would tell somebody, who would tell somebody, who would tell somebody, who would tell him where she was. The girl would get out, maybe go to a halfway house or go back home to her family's loving arms. Sooner or later, she would have to go out on the street, usually to some piss ass job. One day, a van would pull up next to her, some guys would jump out and drag her in. They would bring her to him, and he would spend the next 24 hours punishing her, letting all the other girls watch. Then he would sell her off to another crew in case the cops came looking for her. She would be quickly back out on the street in another city far away, working.

And, of course, she would tell them about all the other girls she had met while in rehab in case anybody was looking for them.

It was past 2 in the afternoon. Tiny was drinking Crown Royal on ice. His long, thick, black cock was out and his girl, Maria, was servicing him. She was topless, kneeling between his outstretched thighs, wearing only the tight, bright yellow miniskirt she usually wore for work. A purple bikini top, two sizes too small for her, was lying on the floor next to her. Her heavy, tawny breasts swayed back and forth as she worked him. Maria was a Colombian girl he had bought off a Spanish Lords crew about six months back. She had a voluptuous face, with big, puffy lips

and fuck me eyes. She was a former college student the Lords had plucked from the streets two years ago. They had trained her well. He had traded her for this big, buxom black girl, Laila, who he had kept for more than three years. She had cried and cried when the Hispanic guys took her away. Maria had been none too happy either, but he showed her who was boss right away and that had been that.

She was sliding her thick lips up and down his crank. Her eyes were pointed upwards, careful to assess his wants and whims. She had long black hair which she kept in a ponytail. Her eyes were adorned with bright orange eye shadow and had been outlined heavily with mascara. She was wearing bright red lipstick.

He closed his eyes for a few moments, letting the hot moist mouth bring him exquisite pleasure. Maria gave about the best blow job in the house. She knew better than to earn his displeasure. That and the fact that she was hoping for a hit when she was done and probably had the creepy crawlies.

Her hands were behind her back. Tiny liked his blow jobs all mouth. None of those whore's tricks for him. She had the habit of releasing little squeals as she worked, something Tiny found amusing.

He was wearing black jeans, his standard heavy, black boots and a large red, yellow and green dashiki. His pants were unbuttoned and spread wide to give Maria better access to his tool. He sighed as he felt a surge of pleasure. He put his hand on the girl's bobbing head, signaling a pause. She stopped her ministrations immediately, but held her lips clamped to his shaft, her mouth stuffed with cock. She looked up at him dolefully. He took a sip of Crown Royal, put it down on the nearby table and looked at his diamond encrusted watch. It was 2:22. He had 8 minutes to get her to finish him off.

After his need had ebbed, he signaled her to start again by a firm pat on the side of her head. She went slowly back to her task. She knew what would happen if she made him come before he was ready. It wouldn't be pretty.

After she had given him a few score more, long, languid suckles, he tapped her on the head three times, giving her the sign that he was ready to come. She immediately energized her efforts. She began rapidly running her compressed lips up and down his pole, swirling her tongue all around, keeping her mouth appropriately narrow. Her little squeals had turned to grunts as she worked hard to please him. After a short while, he felt that tell-tale surge in his loins that preceded completion. He leaned his head back, his eyes closed and let the pleasure wash all through him. It was coming closer and closer. He began to groan. No matter how many times he got his crank blown, it was always an ecstatic experience.

He usually got blown two or three times a day. That didn't include the times he called one of the girls up to his bedroom for a real workout. He usually had one in the morning, right after he sent the other girls out to the corner to go to work, one

around dinner time, and one at the end of the night, then giving the girl a round fucking before jamming her in the cage at the base of his bed.

And there were the times that a friend or associate would come by with a girl in tow, somebody he was breaking in or shopping around, or just a social call. He would try her out, giving her a thorough rogering upstairs if he was interested or she was comely enough, or just cop a hummer out of politeness to his guest. He would, of course, call one of his girls up from the corner and exchange the courtesy.

The girls had double beds in their rooms, which they were required to keep clean and neat at all times. They slept two to a bed and he sometimes let them spend fifteen or twenty minutes having fun with each other before tying them off. Their hands would be joined and fastened to a ring in the headboard and their feet joined and tied to a ring at the foot. He also put a large, black ball gag in their mouths to discourage conspiracies.

In the course of the night, if he woke with a raging hard on, he would go into one of the bedrooms, untie a girl's feet and fuck her right there next to her roommate. His favorite right now was Me Ling, a Chinese girl. She and her sister had come over from Yunnan to attend the local agricultural college. On their third night there, they had gotten on the wrong bus on their way to their dorm and ended up in the Southside. The driver made them get out at the end of the line. The girls made it about 5 blocks before a crew of T-boys, whose territory they were in, picked them up. They brought the sisters around to him the next day, a little worse for wear. He had tempted to take both of them, they were both pretty and had fine breasts, but having two girls chattering to each other in Chinese, making who knew what plans, was too much. So he picked Me Ling, the better looking of the two. The girls had wailed and sobbed when they understood that they were being separated. He quickly had Dabner, his number two guy, take the girl downstairs to teach her the value of silence and obedience. That had been about eighteen months ago. She had good English, otherwise how could she have been going to college here, but he forbade her from speaking it except to importune the johns, "Suckie, suckie, fifty dolla! Fuckie, fuckie, one hundred dolla! Me Ling show you good time! Number one fuckie, number one suckie!" It made him laugh.

All the other girls were down at the street corner now, Me Ling, Briana, a tall, thin black girl, Hannah, a rich Jewish girl from across town whose boyfriend had gotten her strung out and then dumped her with Kojo, his supplier, in exchange for two hundred decks. Hannah was a little chubby, with pale white skin and reddish hair. She had a plump bottom which got a lot of attention, much to her dismay.

There was Suzette, not her real name. She was a hard assed, white street girl from the North Side who had been working freelance. She was of medium build, with smallish breasts. He had gotten word of her and arranged for a date. As soon

as she got in his car, Dabner, who had been hiding in the back seat, sprung up and put a chloroformed cloth over her face. They drove to an isolated lot, tied her up and threw her in the trunk. After a few sessions, she readily conceded that working for him as a whore was better than the consequences of refusal.

Then there was Sapphire, not her real name either, a beautiful older girl, just over thirty. She had shiny ebony skin, a delicate mouth, fine, round breasts and well tapered thighs. She was the most skittish of the lot and she received the most correction. He had won her in a card game a little less than two years ago. She had wailed and sobbed and struggled when she learned her fate, but they managed to get her all bound up and in the trunk of his blood red, specially detailed Chrysler 300S without too much trouble. He kept her up in his bedroom for two weeks in the cage until he was sure she would be obedient. She was the biggest earner by far.

That was six. He had just bought number seven, Chamile's replacement, yesterday. She was a somewhat scrawny white girl, with short, yellow, blond hair who he had picked up over at Turell's crib. Her name was Shantel, or at least that was what he was going to call her. She had gotten off the train from Titusville, on her way to her aunt's house in the Riverview section, when she got in the wrong cab. The driver, seeing his opportunity, they were always looking for young girls coming in from the stix, locked the doors and took her right to Turell's. Turell hooked her up and spent two weeks breaking her in before having her coming out party. Tiny, being in the market, went over and tried her out. She was an energetic, if unskilled fuck. Ordinarily, he might have passed, but he wanted to fill Chamile's spot right away. Besides, he would teach her what she needed to know, and she would learn fast or suffer. She was up in the cage in his room right now and he intended to bring her out for more lessons as soon as he got Maria straight.

The girls did most of their work down on the corner. They would parade themselves in their scanty clothing, enticing drivers as they passed on the busy street. From time to time a car would slow down and pull over. The girls would surround the car like flies on honey. The driver would pick the one he wanted. She would collect the fifty or the hundred bucks and she would get in the car, handing the money off to one of the other girls, who would hand it over to Dabner, or whoever else was working, and direct the driver to an empty lot next door, a former grocery store that had been burned down in the riots seven years ago. The lot was shaded off by high growth on all sides. There the girl would give the john the hummer, or pull up her skirt, get on the guy's lap, baring her tits, Tiny insisted on that, and do him right there in the driver's seat.

Sometimes, the john would want a real session. They would be advised that they could have a half hour with a girl in a bed for \$250. If the john agreed, the girl would get in the car and have the guy drive up the hill to Tiny's house. She would

take the guy upstairs, after making sure the guy gave Tiny or Dabner, or whoever he had working that day, the \$250 bucks and take him up to her room. After a half hour on the dot there would be a knock on the door and the guy would be told his time was up. Often enough, they opted for another session for another \$250. Tiny's girls were good.

When the guy was done with her, he would leave, sometimes giving her a tip, which she would dutifully turn over to whoever was in charge that day. The girls had no use for money. Sometimes she had to pay a toll on her knees or on her back on the way out, but usually she just cleaned up her pussy, or bung hole, as the case may be, and hustled down the hill back to the corner and went back to work.

Each girl was expected to bring in \$1,000 a day. If she didn't, there would be no junk for her that night, or, if it became an endemic problem, Tiny would take her downstairs and wail on her. It usually wasn't a problem. The girls worked from 7 a.m. to 2 a.m. every day, rain or shine, summer or winter. They were on a steady diet of bennies to keep them alert. He gave them Sunday mornings off so that they could catch up on their sleep. Besides, there was a Methodist church right down the block and the cops didn't like to see the girls out there during services.

Maria was grunting and groaning and giving him her best. He felt his need reach its pinnacle. He held on, held on, held on as long as he could, and then he exploded into the girl's mouth. Maria drank it all down obediently, not wasting a single drop of his copious discharge. He grunted and groaned, holding tight onto her ponytail as he machined her head up and down to give himself maximum satisfaction.

When his climax waned, and as Maria continued to gently suckle him, he checked his watch. 2:28. It was time to cut the shit. He downed the rest of his Crown Royal, pushed Maria's head back and rose to his feet. He put his cock away and zipped up his pants. He had brought out a length of leather thong when he had called Maria up from the corner. Dabner was down there now, and he was always in cell phone contact.

"Get over in your spot," he told Maria gruffly. Topless, she crawled over to the little circle in front of the couches which was her designated position. Sometimes, on rainy days, when it was really cold, or if the snow was really piling up, he brought the girls up and had them kneel in place waiting for customers. And there were always customers regardless of the weather. And he made them kneel there at the end of their night, making sure that each girl had made her quota while Dabner prepared their fixes.

Maria knelt up high, her breasts thrust out, her hands still behind her back. Tiny went behind her, crouched down and tied them off. He went out to the porch to wait.

His house was high on a cliff overlooking his corner. There was nothing in between. It also gave him a good view into the lot they used. He lit a Cools and stood and watched while he waited. A shiny, black Lexus pulled up. Me Ling, Sapphire and Suzette swarmed around it. Hannah and Briana weren't there. He looked into the lot and saw a red Grand Cherokee and a blue Sonata parked there. He could see into the window of the Cherokee, and he saw Briana's head going up and down on the guy's lap. He couldn't see into the Sonata but assumed that Hannah was hard at work in there.

He looked back down to the corner. Me Ling was leaning in on the driver's side with her shirt up while Suzette and Sapphire were on the passenger side where the window was scrolled down as well. All the girls knew that the one on the driver's side was more likely to get a score, and often took turns so that none of them would be short at the end of the night. The girls continued making their pitches and then, suddenly, Sapphire and Suzette leaned back from the window and Me Ling came scurrying over to their side, her tits still showing. Sapphire opened the door for her, and she got in. Tiny watched the Lexus pull into the lot, make a wide circle so that the nose was pointing toward the street. Tiny looked at his watch. The girls were under strict instructions to get their business done within five minutes. It was exactly 2:30.

Maria's date was late. He continued to monitor the parking lot. He saw Hannah emerging from the Sonata. She was pulling her slick, vinyl, fire engine red skirt down over her wide hips. It looked like she had just earned a hundred bucks. She scurried towards the corner and the Sonata pulled away. Next, Briana slid out of the Grand Cherokee. She had a moment's conversation with the driver. She was smiling broadly as she was probably telling him that she was out here every day. The Cherokee pulled off, throwing off some loose stones and Briana, no longer smiling, hustled back to the corner.

Hannah would get a chance to wipe off her pussy in the little lean-to Tiny had built there. If she had to pee, she could go behind it. There were bottles of water and some snacks, nuts and dried fruit, trail mix, which the girls could have as a reward for ringing the cash register. He watched Briana wash her mouth out with Listerine and spit it out behind the lean-to.

In the meantime, a bright red, brand new Firebird with the Firebird logo painted over the hood had pulled up. Sapphire took the driver's window. He watched her having a discussion. She leaned back and pointed up to the house. There was some more discussion. Then she scurried over to the passenger's side and got in.

Just then a shiny, silver Mercedes pulled up to the curb outside the house. The driver jumped out, dashed over to the passenger's side and opened the rear door. A tall, elegant black man dressed in an expensive dark suit emerged. He had gray hair and an aristocratic face. He looked up at Tiny. They nodded to each other. Tiny

tossed his cigarette off and stood by the door, waiting. The man cruised slowly to the front steps and mounted them. He and Tiny didn't shake hands. Tiny held the door open and invited the man in.

As soon as she saw him, Maria started wailing. She knew him well. He always picked her. Her torso and thighs still evidenced long, faint red stripes and large, fading, yellowish black and blue marks from their last session. The man reached into his inside jacket pocket and removed a billfold. He counted out ten crisp hundred-dollar bills and handed them to Tiny. Tiny shoved them in his pants pocket. He went over to Maria. "Get up!" he growled. Maria, her face in turmoil, looked at him, and then the man and then back at him. You could see that she wanted to beg and plead, but there would be no dispensation from her appointed ordeal.

She slowly and unsteadily rose to her feet. Tiny had a leash nearby and he fastened it around her neck. He handed the handle off to the elegant man. The man gave the leash a harsh tug and he led the sobbing, bare breasted Maria over to the basement door. It was between the living room and the kitchen. The door was open, and the man led Maria directly downstairs.

There was a pause of about thirty seconds. Then he heard Maria screaming, "*No! No! Por favor, no! Por favor! Por favor!*" She then she issued a mighty, anguished scream. She began screaming and screaming. Tiny went over and closed the door.

Sapphire, dressed in a brown rawhide micro skirt with tassels and a matching half brassiere that displayed most of her breasts, was leading a tall, broad shouldered white man with short black hair up the front steps. He had brutish features and looked to be in his late thirties. She brought him through the door. The guy, well over 6' tall, was wearing a Navy-blue t-shirt and blue jeans over brown boots. Tiny stood in front of him while Sapphire stood anxiously off to the side. The man took out a large wad of bills and counted out \$250. He handed it to Tiny.

"Got anything to drink?" he asked in a dark, heavy voice.

"Whiskey or bourbon, half pints, ten bucks," Tiny replied.

"Give me two half pints of whiskey," the man said.

Tiny opened the doors of a china closet where there were rows of half pints all lined up neatly. He pulled out two bottles of Seagram's 7. The man handed Tiny a twenty. Tiny handed the bottles over. "A half hour," he told the guy. The guy was big, but not as big as Tiny. The guy handed the bottles to Sapphire and reached into his pants pocket again. He peeled off two hundreds and a fifty and proffered them to Tiny. "I like to take my time," he told him.

"Enjoy," Tiny replied.

Sapphire, who stood all of 5'6" in her platform shoes, took the man's meaty hand and pulled him towards the stairs. "Come on honey, let's get it on," she told him nervously. He followed her up.

Tiny wandered back out to the front porch. He checked his watch. It was 2:34. As if on cue, the passenger door of the Lexus swung open and Me Ling hopped out, pulling down her shirt. She slammed the door closed and hustled back to her post as a light green Chevy Malibu pulled into the lot.

It stopped kind of catty-cornered. He could see in through the windshield. He saw a tuft of reddish hair lean over the guy's crotch. There was a few moments' delay and then he saw Hannah's reddish head begin to bob up and down.

He would have to wait to give Shantel some more lessons. He didn't mind Mr. Cartwright letting himself out. He would leave Maria all bound up downstairs. And for a grand, he could have all the time he wanted. But the big guy was a different story. He looked like he could be trouble. He needed to be ready if he heard Sapphire screaming her head off. Nobody got to beat his girls unless he paid for it.

He had just lit another cigarette when a dark blue Ford Taurus pulled up behind the waiting Mercedes. The red Firebird was parked across the street. Two men got out, both wearing what looked like cheap suits. One of them stopped by the driver's window of the Mercedes and asked the driver a few questions. The other guy waited. Tiny recognized him. He had longish sandy hair, was medium build. The other guy was a bit taller and had black hair. He knew him too. It was Detective Collins and Detective Wortowski from the major crimes division.

Now there probably wasn't a single detective in the city who didn't know where Tiny had his crib and what kind of services he provided. But Tiny made sure he paid the right people, and he was seldom hassled. His \$10,000 a month was split between the local precinct and the vice boys. But he knew why the guys from major crimes were there. It had to do with that girl, Yolanda.

Wortowski tired of hassling the driver of the Mercedes and both of the men sauntered over to his porch. They trudged slowly up the steps until they reached the top. It was Wortowski who spoke.

"Heya, Tiny, how's it hanging?"

"It's all right by me," Tiny answered challengingly. "What do you want? I got business."

"We know you got business Tiny," Wortowski responded. "But we have some questions for you. Where's Chamile?"

"Chamile?" Tiny asked back. "Who the fuck is Chamile?"

"Don't give us the runaround, Tiny," Collins spat at him. "We know all about you and Chamile. You've whored her out for fifteen years. So where is she?"

"Oh, that Chamile," Tiny gave back. "I ain't seen her for months. Not since she got sent up."

“Don’t bullshit me, Tiny,” Wortowski said angrily. “You were seen with her last week.”

“That’s a lie,” Tiny shot back. “I don’t have no truck with that scrawny whore.”

Collins pulled something out of his inside suit pocket. He showed it to Tiny. Tiny glanced at it and looked down the street. Briana was trudging up the hill dressed in her lime green miniskirt, matching platform shoes and tight orange halter. Dabner had evidently sent her up for a break.

Tiny looked back at the detectives. No way was he going to allow them to dis him in front of one of his whores. He looked down at the picture. It was Yolanda’s senior yearbook picture. She was grinning widely in her artificial pose.

“I never seen that cunt!” Tiny told the detectives belligerently.

Collins put the picture back. “I think you better come downtown with us, Tiny,” he told him.

“I ain’t goin’ anywhere with you!” Tiny blasted back. “You got no right to hassle me! I pay my dues! I don’t know nothing ‘bout that girl, or Chamile neither! You got nothing on me!”

“Turn around, Tiny,” Wortowski told him sternly. “Let’s not let this get out of hand.” He reached for Tiny’s wrist.

Now, Tiny was an experienced street guy. He knew that the most they could hold him was 24 hours. He knew that Chamile was in the back of a truck on her way to Mexico. His street sense should have told him to stay cool. But Tiny’s weak spot was his temper. There was Briana standing there not more than 25’ away from the porch watching everything that was going on. He had a tough customer upstairs who needed watching. It was the middle of a busy day and business was hopping. Gerard, his extra guy, wasn’t due on duty until 4 o’clock. And the fucking cop had just put his hands on him!

He yanked away his hand and gave Wortowski a big push. It drove Wortowski back and he fell on his ass. Collins jumped Tiny, trying to bring him to the ground. Tiny shrugged him off and tossed him down the steps. Wortowski was up and he was fumbling for his Glock. Tiny grabbed him by the shirtfront and gave him a mighty blow. The pistol clattered down on the porch. Wortowski collapsed. Tiny crouched over him and started pounding away at his face. Wortowski was screaming and moaning. Meanwhile, Collins had recovered. He had his Glock out. “Tiny! Tiny! Put your hands over your head! Do it now!” he screamed at the top of his lungs. “Put your hands up or I’ll shoot!”

Tiny looked at him. His blood was up. Wortowski was moaning. He saw Wortowski’s weapon lying about a foot away from him. He knew he was in deep shit. No way was he going back to the joint. He had about \$250,000 upstairs in his safe. He could make a good run for it. His gangster’s reasoning failed him. He

reached for the Glock, swept it up. The safety was still on, and he had to switch it off. Collins didn't wait.

Two shots rang out. Briana screamed. Tiny jolted back, but he didn't go down. He had a look of surprise on his face. He had lowered the gun. He tried to raise it. Collins fired three more times. Tiny shuddered and scudded down the stairs.

And that was as far as the detectives got in the investigation into Yolanda's disappearance.

Dabner, who had a physique reminiscent of Mighty Joe Young, forked over Tiny's 250 large to the vice boys, who spread it around, and he assumed ownership of Tiny's crib and his crew of whores. Hannah, Suzette and Briana had scattered when Tiny went down. Me Ling was too frightened to flee. Sapphire, stark naked, had tried to run, but Detective Collins caught her on the way out, handcuffed her and brought her back inside. Maria had been tied up downstairs, and the cops left her there since she wasn't a witness. The same for Shantel, who had been in the cage in Tiny's bedroom. Neither of them was the girl they were looking for.

Briana ran directly home, and her parents agreed to help her get into rehab. While they were waiting for the insurance to authorize it, the program put her into the intensive outpatient program, and she was proscribed Methadone. On the third night of her liberation, she went out on the back stoop around 11 to smoke a Newport. Tiny didn't let the girls smoke and the first thing Briana had done when she fled was bum a cigarette. She was wearing a pair of her sister's blue jeans, a nice blue and gold top and a pair of pink Reeboks her father had bought her.

Snake, a top guy from the local 23rd Street Boys, appeared out of nowhere right in front of her. She started shaking right away. Snake took the cigarette from her and took a deep drag before throwing it away. Two of his guys were standing at the bottom of the stairs. Snake didn't have to say anything. He took hold of her hair and dragged her down the steps. Briana was too frightened to cry out. Once in the alley, they tied her hands behind her back, and somebody put a swatch of silver duct tape over her mouth. They escorted her to the front of the alley. Briana was sobbing. One of the guys went out to the street to make sure everything was clear. He gave Snake a nod and Briana was dragged quickly over the sidewalk and forced into the back seat of a souped up, banana yellow Cutlass. Snake got in after her and somebody got in on the other side. There were two guys in the front seat. The Cutlass pulled easy away from the curb. Twenty minutes later, they pulled up in front of Tiny's, now Dabner's, house. They brought her in.

Dabner let Snake and his crew party with her for a couple of hours, throwing in a few half pints of Old Grand Dad. When all the other girls were done working for the night, he made them all come downstairs and watch him beat her brutally. He made her stay with him that night and he fucked her savagely until the early dawn started coming in through the windows. He made her clean up, gave her a popper,

and sent her out to work. He watched carefully from the porch until she scored her first customer, a little after 7:30, watched as the tan Sierra pulled into the parking lot, and waited until she hopped back out about five minutes later pulling her chartreuse miniskirt down. She ran dutifully back to the corner where Gerard gave her a baby wipe to clean off her pussy. She was crying.

A red Grand Cherokee pulled up, the same one from the other day. The other girls surrounded it, but the guy called over to Briana. Briana tossed the used-up wipe into the garbage can, pulled down her skirt and ran out and got in. Seven minutes later, she was back at the corner cleaning out her mouth with Listerine.

Suzette knew that there was no way she could go home. Her parents thought that she was a lost soul condemned to Hell. She was able to make her way back to the Northside before dark. By then she was desperate for a fix. A guy she knew from the Desperados, a white gang, ran a corner at Turner and Montgomery Streets. She had dated him for a bit a few years back before she turned to hooking. He was surprised to see her. She pleaded with him. He traded her two decks for a blowjob. One of the runners leant her his works and she shot up right in the gallery they ran there.

She needed a place to stay. She tried a couple places and either the people she knew there had moved or blew her off. She remembered a cousin she had been tight with as a girl, asked around and looked her up. She was shocked to see her, but let her in. The place was a dump, but it was off the street. Dannie was a couple of years older than her. She was shackled up with Frankie Lazzaro and she had three scurvy looking kids, one just a few months old. She knew that Dannie and Frankie were junkies, and she was a little uneasy about that, but they let her stay. They shared a few hits with her. She told them about Tiny's demise and running away and all. In the morning, she babysat the kids for a few hours while Dannie went off to her stripper gig and Frankie hocked a car stereo deck he had boosted the night before and scored some more 'H'.

They sat around all afternoon while the kids moped about the place, cried and fought. Dannie came back around 7. Around 10 Frankie went out to see a friend. When he came back, he had some more dope. He let Suzette, real name Natalie Picillo, take the first hit. Immediately after she pushed the plunger down, even before she was able to withdraw the needle, her eyes rolled back, and she slumped back on the ratty couch. Dannie made sure she was still breathing as Frankie ran out. Within a minute, two oversized, white bully boys came in. One of them lifted Suzette's eyelids to see if there was life in them. Satisfied, he and the other guy scooped her up from the couch. The lead guy handed Frankie three hundred dollars.

They brought her down to their van and laid her down in the back where they hogtied her and stuffed her mouth with a ball gag. They kept her for a couple of

days, fucking her, filling her with junk and keeping her tied up in a closet when they weren't using her. Dabner agreed to pay them \$2,500 for her return. Like with Briana, Dabner took it out of her hide. He went a little overboard because of the two and a half yards he had to lay out and she wasn't able to work for two days. On the third morning, properly chastised, limping and all black and blue, she was back down on the corner. She was able to talk three different guys into taking her up to the house for a proper session of in and out. One of them kept her a whole hour. This mollified Dabner and after that they got along fine.

Hannah's parents welcomed her with open arms. Her father was an attorney, and he knew some people who ran a drug counseling agency, and they found a bed for her right away. They put her on maintenance and for five days she was doing really well. On the fifth night, just as she was going to bed in the room she shared with three other girls, a terrible urge came over her. She knew that it wasn't physical, since she was on maintenance, but the craving was very, very real. She tossed and turned and began to wonder how she was going to live her life without ever getting high again.

She finally fell asleep about 4:30. She had a terrible dream where she was running all over the place trying to get a fix and failing at every turn. She sat through the morning's group meeting in a daze. She came to the realization that she would never be able to live her life straight, that being straight was a messed-up way to live. What, was she going to go to work at Wal-Mart or something, live in some dingy basement, scrounge around for every dollar? No decent guy would ever want to be with her after she had been a junkie and a whore.

And where would she ever get that rush again, that body and soul encompassing surge of ecstasy.

She was on voluntary status so she could leave any time that she wanted. But you had to go through a whole bullshit procedure first where they tried to talk you out of it. They would call her parents and they would rush over and go to work on her. The ward was locked down and so she couldn't just walk out. Fortunately, being the junkie that she was, she had scouted out a means of escape the first day. She excused herself and went to the ladies room. She unlocked the window, raised the sash and looked down. They were on the second floor, and it looked like a 20' drop. That didn't matter. The window was small, but after kicking out the screen she was able to climb up on the sink and squeeze herself out feet first. She hung on to the ledge and let herself extend her whole body length. She let go and landed on the soft grass with a thud. She scrambled up right away and took off.

She made it back to the house around 3. Dabner was on the porch, sitting in Tiny's rocking chair, smoking a cigar. He was wearing Tiny's diamond encrusted watch. He didn't say anything to her. She went right in and went upstairs where she changed from her jeans and t-shirt to a short, flouncy maroon plaid skirt and a

short top that just covered her heavy, braless breasts and left her midriff bare. She put on a pair of silvery, sparkling platform shoes and went back downstairs. She stopped by Dabner and looked at him pleadingly. He reached into his pocket and gave her an Oxy. She gobbled it down. She carefully edged her way down the steep hill to the corner. The third vehicle that stopped picked her, a guy driving a beat-up Ford 150 and wearing a black cowboy hat. By the time she had leaned over and taken his cock in her mouth, the Oxy began to kick in. She hummed and moaned as she blew him. She put all her effort into it. When she was done, she raised her head and told the guy, "You come back any time. I'm here seven days a week." The guy nodded back, smiling. He handed her an extra 20.

She lowered herself to the ground outside, slammed the door shut and hustled back to the corner. Gerard was working. She handed him the twenty. The next car that pulled up was a shiny BMW. She ran over, beating the other girls to the driver's side window. After a short repartee, she ran around to the passenger side, got in and directed the slovenly, potbellied, slack jawed driver to the parking lot. She earned \$1,750 by quitting time. Dabner gave her a full shot when she got home and then kept her for the night.

Snake and his boys took a real hankering to Briana. They came over and partied regularly with her, paying the full boat. Dabner let them use the big bedroom and made sure that Briana cleaned it up afterwards, putting on fresh sheets and pillowcases. After about six months Snake convinced Dabner to trade her for this elegant, 20-year-old Latina waitress they had taken, so they could install Briana in their clubhouse and fuck her every day. As far as Briana was concerned, it was a lot better than blowing 20 guys a day in the front seat of their cars. And they let her smoke and watch TV.

Mr. Cartwright, put off by the shooting and having to make a substantial donation to the precinct captain to keep him out of the police reports, laid off Maria for almost three months. Maria sobbed and moaned and begged and pleaded when she was called up from the corner one afternoon and he was there waiting for her. Dabner was implacable. After that, Cartwright saw her every week for about 9 months and then, mercifully disappeared.

The big guy who had been with Sapphire upstairs when Tiny bit the dust turned out to be a DEA agent named Gary Pomeroy. His name didn't appear anywhere in the reports. He started to come every few days, shifting girls, but mostly preferring Suzette. He and Dabner formed a cozy partnership, with Pomeroy delivering a steady supply of cocaine and heroin which Dabner relayed to his dope connections. He and his partner came by regularly and services were always on the house. The partner, a tall, bear like black man named Eric Davis, took a liking to Hannah who he ass fucked brutally.

One day, Pomeroy and Davis showed up with an idyllic looking Irish girl in handcuffs. She was in her mid-twenties, with bright red, wavy hair, sizable breasts and delicate, pale skin. Her name was Carly and they had picked her up in a drug raid. Seeing as Pomeroy had enough on her to put her away for 30 years, Carly was very cooperative, stripping and then giving Dabner a very enthusiastic, get to know you blowjob. She became Pomeroy's regular from then on in and became a very good earner. Dabner sold Suzette to a Jamaican gang looking for white girls to export.

Detective Collins, promoted to Detective Sergeant on account of bagging Tiny, became a regular, using Sapphire for an hour or more two or three times a week. Gratis, of course. Dabner didn't mind. It was like putting money in the bank.

CHAPTER THREE

Cathy was emerging from Room 321 at the Germantown Best Western out on Route 92. She gave a last glance into the room. Betty Hampton, nee Anderson, her lover, was still on the bed, naked, languidly recovering from their 2-hour bout. She had known Betty in high school, but they had never been friends. Betty was two years behind and hung out with what Cathy used to refer to as “the beatnik crowd.”

They had run into each other at the country club. Betty had married up, to a senior executive with a big agribusiness corporation. He was about fifteen years older than her and on his second marriage, so you could say that Betty qualified as a trophy wife. She and her husband owned a 10,000 square foot mansion over in Evansville with an Olympic style swimming pool, a tennis court, a lush garden and a four-car garage. Betty was a golfer, not a tennis player, but Cathy had run into her in the clubhouse bar after one of her matches. She was with a mutual friend, Nancy Feldman, and Nancy had invited Cathy over to their table for a drink.

An hour later, Nancy had split, and Cathy and Betty continued their conversation. Cathy had sensed a definite spark in the attractive, well-kept, young woman. At 5’10, Betty was exquisitely languorous, with long, waist length, gossamer, very light yellow, almost white, blond hair. She was wearing a very short, pale blue golfing skirt that showed off her long, sultry legs. She was not so much intelligent as sharp and she had a look of justified self-satisfaction, cognizant of her allure. Her laugh was enticing. Even with her sports bra on under her revealing blouse, you could see that her breasts were grand specimens. Cathy didn’t remember her as being especially stacked, but then, Betty being two years behind her, she hadn’t paid much attention to her.

Cathy, ever the alpha female, was the first to initiate contact, rubbing her elegantly manicured hand as they spoke. Betty didn’t withdraw it. Instead, for just a second, she linked their fingers and gave Cathy a little squeeze. They went back to the locker room together and showered, and Cathy got a good look at her alluring physique, which Betty took every opportunity to show to her. They had lunch a week later, at the new seafood restaurant over in Carlton. When lunch was over, they lingered outside of Betty’s brand-new, sky-blue BMW two-seater convertible. They held hands surreptitiously and leaned against each other several times. Betty invited her to get in so that she could get an idea of what the car was like.

As soon as Cathy sat in the passenger seat and swung the door closed, they were all over each other. Cathy kissed Betty hard and Betty kissed her hard back. She didn't object when Cathy slid her hand up the skirt of her clingy, stylish silk dress and snuck her hand into the front panel of her thong. Betty screamed and moaned when she came.

They made a date for lunch at the Germantown Best Western for the next Monday at 1 o'clock, Cathy's book club day. They met in the lobby. Cathy got there first and had already taken a room.

They tore their clothes off as soon as they got inside and didn't even bother to pull the bedspread down on the bed. Cathy got on top and dragged her pussy voraciously over Betty's while they lip locked and moaned and grunted. It was all over in about three minutes.

They laughed and kissed and caressed each other for a while and then agreed to pull the bedclothes down. Their next session was long and languid. They stroked each other's sexes, suckled on each other's breasts and kissed and kissed and kissed. Cathy lowered herself between Betty's outstretched, nubile thighs and cemented her mouth on her conch, making Betty scream and howl when she came. Betty, somewhat reluctantly, returned the favor. Cathy's orgasm was so powerful she thought her heart might stop.

They ordered up lunch. Cathy ordered the sirloin tips in a burgundy sauce with scalloped potatoes and asparagus. Betty had the broiled scallops with wild rice and peas. They split a chilled bottle of *Schwartz Katze* Riesling. They wore the fluffy terrycloth bathrobes that came with the suite. Cathy took the man's one, even though it was way too big for her.

Back on the bed, they went at it again. This time, Cathy, after they kissed and squirmed against each other feverishly for a while, turned herself around and delved between Betty's thighs, pushing her cunt down on Betty's mouth. They both came twice before they were done, howling their climaxes into each other's crevasse.

Cathy didn't get home until 5:30. Usually, on book club afternoons she was home by 4. Jean knew right away what had happened. She gave her a lecture on caution but didn't say anything to Ron or Bob. Jimmy was oblivious to anyone else but himself.

It had been going on for about a year. They didn't always pick book club day. Somebody might run into Ron and ask him why Cathy didn't show up anymore. They always went to the Best Western and tried to get the same room all the time. They started leaving Betty's Beamer at the nearby mall where it would not be spotted in the hotel parking lot. She would take an Uber to the hotel. Cathy's gray Acura MDX was a lot less noticeable.

It wasn't love. Cathy was, in fact, repelled by Betty's snobbishness and her conspicuous display of her wealth. She was catty, talking down all their mutual acquaintances, and constantly talking about Robert this and Robert that, the fine restaurants they dined in, the wealthy people they went to parties with, her fabulous home, the two-week Italian vacation they took, the weekends in the Bahamas. No, it was red hot lust, pure and simple.

Now that she was pregnant, she knew that it would have to come to an end. She couldn't see Betty maneuvering herself around her swollen belly. But things had been winding down anyway. Betty kept cancelling their dates and had begun to be a little standoffish. The problem was that Cathy couldn't stand the idea of her hooking up with someone else. Whenever she saw her in the clubhouse, sitting at one of the tables, talking and laughing with her rich friends, her blood would boil. And she knew that Betty wouldn't go back to monogamy, if she ever had.

She had had a long talk with Jean a couple of weeks ago. Jean had called Artie, the same Artie that Bob and Jimmy had talked about. He was going to pick Betty up near the end of the week. He already had a buyer for her in the Philippines. A high-class bordello just outside of Davao on the island of Mindanao.

Cathy let the hotel room door swing closed and strode purposefully down the hall. The image of Betty all naked, bound and gagged, sad faced, in a cage in Artie's cellar was eminently satisfying. Artie had promised to give her some pictures. Betty had confessed that she had given notice to Robert of her intent to divorce him and take him for all he was worth. Her lawyer had already sent Robert's lawyer a letter. So, all suspicion would fall on him.

The thing was, who was she going to fuck now? Her sexual appetite was voracious. She loved fucking Ron and enjoyed immensely playing with the girls upstairs in the barn. But to have something illicit, a private lover out here in the real world was something that she would miss. Luckily, she had recently made friends with this cute, little black-haired girl in her Zumba class. She was all of 5'2", and had fine, rounded if modest breasts, which she showed off nicely in her tight-fitting leotard. Unlike Betty, who was bold and brash, Ellie Sunderson was demure and child-like. She had passiveness and obsequiousness written all over her. She wore her chestnut hair cut very short which made her appear almost boyish. They had had lunch last Thursday and had held hands in the parking lot. Ellie had been tentative and embarrassed, but you could sense the hunger simmering under her reticence. They had agreed to meet at the restaurant in the Jefferson Radisson this Thursday. Cathy had already booked a room. Ellie had taken the afternoon off from work.

Her husband was a bridge inspector for the Department of Highways, so there would be none of this snooty business. And she drove a ten-year-old, dark blue VW Rabbit, so there would be no problem with her car in the parking lot.

Cathy got home about 4. Jimmy was upstairs napping after his long day and night. Jean was in the kitchen putting together a meatloaf for dinner. Bob was upstairs giving Dahlia a workout. Jean smiled at her when she came in. She put her purse down on the kitchen table.

“So, how’d it go with Betty?” Jean asked.

“It was hard to say goodbye to her. She was quite a great lay.”

“I can imagine.”

“Artie and Lily are all set?”

“Yes. I spoke to Lily today. They’re going to take her outside of her lawyer’s office on Thursday. She has a 3 o’clock appointment. She’ll be on a boat by Sunday.”

“A slow boat to China.”

“Well, a slow boat to the Philippines anyway.”

Cathy opened the fridge, inspecting it. There was a container of large, pitted green olives stuffed with pimentos. She took it out, opened the container and popped one into her mouth.

“How’s it going to work with that new girl, what’s her name, Ellie? With you being pregnant and all.”

“I’ll work something out,” Cathy replied casually. “She seems pretty docile, not like Betty.” She popped another olive into her mouth.

There was a pause. Cathy looked at Jean. “What’s up, Mom,” she asked cautiously.

“The report is in on Ron and his secretary. It’s on the table.”

“What’s it say?” Cathy asked sharply.

“Look at it yourself.”

“Mom!” Cathy said louder, “What does it say?”

“He’s been fucking her two or three times a week. She lives about a half mile from his office in a second-floor apartment of this converted mansion over on Hamilton Street. They fuck at lunchtime. He’s bought her a four-year-old 280Z and he pays her \$1500 a week, most of it in cash.”

“That son of a bitch!”

“It gets worse. She’s also fucking this bank manager from Union Bank and Trust three times a week at a motel over in Sharpsville. It doesn’t say how much he pays her, but he deposits 8 or 9 hundred bucks a week in cash into her account there. And she’s got a fiancé to boot. He’s a real estate agent. He sells high end stuff. She sees him every Tuesday and Thursday night, after she screws the banker, and on Saturdays and Sundays when he gets off work. He’s busy during the day most weekends and she sometimes cruises the Wentworth Hotel on Saturday or Sunday afternoons. She has a deal with the manager. The outfit that did the report

had one of their guys hook up with her one Saturday. She charges \$500 bucks for two hours. The agent said that she's outstanding in bed and sucks a mean cock."

"She's a real money machine!" Cathy spat out.

She stepped over to the table and picked up the blue folder marked "Private and Confidential". On the face page inside it said, "Confidential Report on Kylie Kramer, aged 22." She opened it and started reading. She got more and more angry as she went on. "That fucker, Ron!" she thought. And then she calmed. She was doing it after all. The thing was that she knew Ron and he probably had fallen heads over heels for the girl.

She looked at the pictures the outfit had provided. She skipped over the ones which showed Ron taking her in and out of his office and in and out of her apartment. She was very young looking. A close up taken with a telephoto lens showed her wearing a short, white cinch waisted dress with little blue lilies on it. Her mid-length blond hair was jauntily windblown. She was beaming, clearly delighted at something. Her blue eyes sparkled. You could easily see why men were attracted to her. She saw the pictures with the banker and the real estate agent and examined them closely. The agent who had utilized her services had used a concealed camera to take some shots of her naked. She had very fine breasts and a taut, convex belly. One was of her looking up at him with his cock in her mouth.

"How the fuck did they get this shot?" she asked Jean, showing the picture to her.

"Beats me, but it's a dandy."

"She's quite attractive. What do you think she's worth?"

"I'd say about 25 grand."

"When can we pick her up?"

"Well, we've already got a couple of girls coming in over the next week or so. Yolanda should be gone in about two weeks. We can do it then. The outfit will do the dirty work and then hand her over to us."

"We can't do it any sooner? I hate the idea of Ron fucking her!"

"I could have Jimmy put her in a hole."

"No!" Cathy answered emphatically. "I want Ron to see her kneeling upstairs in the barn all naked, bound and gagged, covered with bright red stripes. I'll make him whip her until she's a bloody mess. Then we can sell her to the worst people that we know."

"There's K5, that Salvadoran gang, in Sausalito. They're pretty nasty. I stopped selling product to them because of it. They use up a girl in three or four years and then dump her. I hate the idea of them doing that to one of our girls after we've gone to all the trouble to train her. They'd probably be interested in little Kylie here. Ron should be back on Wednesday. Bob and Jimmy could pick her up

tomorrow night. The Salvadorans do their own transport and I'm guessing that they can be here by Friday."

"Sounds like a plan to me," Cathy retorted. "I'll put her through two days of hell. And Ron can watch."

"I'll make the call after I put the meatloaf in the oven."

Cathy announced that she was going upstairs to shower and change. She tossed the report back down on the table. "Has Dad seen it?" she turned and asked before she left.

"He saw it. I didn't want to bother you with it this morning, today being your last session with Betty and all."

"Thanks, Mom. That would have put a real damper on things."

She went upstairs into the bedroom she shared with Ron. She slid off her slinky, red flower-patterned dress and kicked off her high heels. She knew that she wouldn't have to dress so nicely for Ellie. She cast off her underwear and stepped into the shower, careful not to wet her hair. As the water pelted her, she tried to gauge what her reaction should be to Ron's indiscretion. She didn't want to have him think he could get away with something like that without consequences.

On the other hand, she really didn't care that much. It was more the principal of the thing. Her flings with women were not a threat to him. If she had started fucking men, well, that would be different. But Ron had set Kylie up in direct competition with her. And that wasn't right.

She would make a deal with him. She had a feeling that cute little Ellie would do whatever she asked her to do. Once she had her hooks in her, she would convince her to do a threesome with Ron. And, in the future, any girl that Ron hit on would have to do the same thing.

She fantasized about prying Ellie away from her hubby, who she had told her she despised for being a stupid, drunken, insensitive lout. They had been married four years and it had all been downhill since the honeymoon. She could be their household slave. She and Jean wouldn't have to do as much cleaning, and she could rotate between everyone's bed. She smiled at the idea.

She looked in the mirror as she dried herself off. She had washed off all of her makeup. She patted her still very flat belly. She would need help with the baby too. They could get Ellie in milk and she could be the baby's wet nurse. She grabbed one of her breasts and lifted it, squeezing it, admiring it in the mirror. She couldn't imagine it being all stretched out and saggy. The more she thought of it, the more enslaving Ellie seemed like a good idea.

She dressed in her peach colored, cotton dress. The skirt was short and it gathered around her waist. She slipped on her sandals and gave her hair a good brushing, gathering it back into a ponytail. She saw Ron's boxer shorts he had

worn to bed last night discarded on the floor. Once she got this Kylie thing straightened out, there would be some new rules around here.

A few minutes later she was clacking open the door to the training room. It clacked closed behind her. Her father was just putting a sobbing Dahlia away. She had some fresh red stripes on her buttocks. She waited for him to reemerge from her cell. "Dahlia's been a naughty girl?" she asked him playfully.

"It seems she doesn't like to have a cock down her throat."

"That won't do," Cathy replied. And then, more seriously, "You've seen the report on Ron."

"Yes. Now before you get your panties in a knot, Ron's a good find. There's temptation all around for a good-looking guy like him."

"All men stick together," Cathy replied a little hostilely.

"You have to think long term. He's had his fling now. He'll be suitably chastised. I'm assuming that you want the girl picked up."

"And how!"

"Ron'll get over her when he watches Jimmy do her up the ass. He'll realize that she's just another cunt."

"Thanks, Dad," Cathy objected.

"You know what I mean. Family's family. Blood is thicker than water. Anybody outside the family is a target. He's got to learn that. And he has to be more careful about what he does. Everything has repercussions. It's the law of unintended consequences."

Cathy nodded.

"And you never told him about Betty. Is that fair?"

"I didn't know you knew about Betty."

"Your mother tells me everything."

"Well, that's different."

"How is that different?"

"She's a woman, for one. If I were fucking a man, that would be something else."

"You don't get the point. We can't afford to have secrets from each other. We've got to be able to trust each other 100%. If Ron wants to fuck some piece of fluff, he's got to let you know about it and vice versa. He's got to let me have her checked out. Suppose she was law enforcement? What did he tell her about what goes on up here? What did you tell Betty about the fact that you don't have a job? What will you tell this new girl, this Ellie?"

"Nothing."

"I want all of her information so I can have her checked out. Got that?"

"Yes, Dad."

"And tell Ron about her. Maybe you can work something out."

“I was thinking the same thing.”

“Okay then.”

Bob was dressed in his skivvies. He pulled on his pants and t-shirt and slid into his sandals.

“Have fun with Yolanda. Don’t take what you learned about Ron out on her. Remember, we’re professionals. We keep our cool. Never do anything out of anger.”

“Yes, Dad,” Cathy replied a little impatiently.

She watched Bob leave. She equipped herself with one of the zappers and then turned and stepped up to Yolanda’s cell. Jimmy had noted in her file on the computer that he had left her in the box. So, she wasn’t surprised when she saw the cage empty. You could just make out the girl’s pale skin through the triangle cut outs on the black steel container. The girl was making little mewling sounds from inside. She came up to it and gave the top several hard taps with the heel of the zapper.

“How are we doing in there, Yolanda?” she asked tauntingly. The girl released a sob and then uttered something muffled and piteous sounding.

“Would you like to get out?” she asked.

A frantic jumbled sound emerged.

“Are you going to be a good girl?”

The sound repeated itself.

“Okay, since you promised to be good,” Cathy told her.

She released the clasp that held the top of the box down and lifted it open. You could see the girl’s bent head, her auburn hair all askew, and her bent spine, her bound hands writhing. She was making sobbing sounds.

“Let’s keep all that blubbering under control, Yolanda,” she told her. “Unless you want to stay there for a couple more hours. Would you like that?”

“Nnnnnnnnn, ih-ih ah-hee!” the girl replied desperately.

“Okay, then, I want you to raise yourself up. Very slowly. We don’t want you to strain any muscles.”

Yolanda heard the instruction with joy. She didn’t know how long she had spent in the box, but it had seemed very, very long. It made the thought of being confined in her cage seem almost heavenly. She had hardly been able to move a muscle. The strain on her back had been terrible. The sense of confinement had been horrifying. She kept thinking was that there was this immense world out there, all full of wide, empty spaces, which everybody else in the world had the ability to enjoy, and she was confined to a space no more than 3’ by 3’ by 3’. She remembered being confined in Mrs. Lim’s basement, all hogtied and everything. That had been easy to endure compared to this.

Many times, she had broken out into wrenching sobs. She had screamed and wailed at the top of her lungs. She had writhed and tried to push up against the top, hoping beyond hope that somehow, she could free herself. She feared that they had forgotten about her, or maybe there had been a nuclear holocaust outside, and she was the lone remaining living creature in the whole world and that she would starve to death in her little prison. Alien archeologists from the far distant future would discover her desiccated bones all in a pile at the bottom and wonder what had happened here, remarking at the cruelty of the Earth's former inhabitants.

She had held herself in place when Mistress Cathy had opened her box, careful of obedience. Now, given permission to rise, she struggled to relieve herself of her tormenting position. Her back and thigh muscles strained as she slowly lifted herself. When she was kneeling up, she had to fight off the urge to break down into hapless sobs of relief.

Cathy took hold of her upper arm. "Okay, now, on your feet," she told her.

Yolanda struggled until she was standing. She looked at Mistress Cathy miserably. She had forgotten, in her frantic unhappiness at being so cruelly confined, that Master Bob had told her that she would be administered a corrective for her misdeeds. She shivered as a terrible coldness swept through her. Mistress Cathy still had firm hold of her arm.

"Now, let's step on out of there," she told her. Yolanda raised her right foot, swaying on her left but stabilized by Mistress Cathy's grip. She tentatively brought it over the front part of the box and put it down on the floor. Her left foot followed. She swayed, almost giddy at the fact of her liberation. There had never seemed to be so much space around her before. Mistress Cathy released her arm and went to close the lid to the box behind her. Suddenly, Yolanda recalled one of the lessons Mistress Jean had taught her. She spread her feet, arched her back, thrusting out her breasts and stared straight ahead.

Mistress Cathy came in front of her. She took a second or two to examine her. "Good girl, Yolanda," she then said, an ironic smile on her face. "Now go pee."

She scooted the short distance to the toilet seat, plopped down on it and, keeping her eyes pinned to Mistress Cathy's sardonic face, released her water. It came out like a torrent. She had been holding back for the longest time believing, with good cause, that if she peed in the box there would be hell to pay.

When she was done, Mistress Cathy ordered her to her knees, head down, ass up, and wiped her. She washed her hands after tossing the paper into the toilet and flushing it. She leaned down and released Yolanda's wrists from each other.

"Come with me, Yolanda," she commanded.

She stood by the door and let Yolanda pass. Yolanda immediately recalled the last time she had been in the outer room, the blowjob she had given Master Jimmy, the slash of his whip, being used on the bed. She looked over to the corner where

the chain hung from the ceiling. The whips mounted on the wall. She shivered and her belly went sour.

Mistress Cathy let the white metallic door clack closed and then stepped away. "Come along, Yolanda," she stated politely. Yolanda followed her on her hands and knees. As they drew closer and closer to the chain and the whips, her heart began to pound. She started crying. Mistress Cathy stopped just before the chain and turned and looked at her. "Don't cry, Yolanda," she told her coldly, "we haven't started yet."

Yolanda, still on her hands and knees, looked up at her piteously and released a big sob. She was seized with terror. She contemplated medieval-like agonies. She didn't know that she could stand it. She remembered the last words Chamile had said to her, "You'll be all right, honey." Was this being "all right?" Was being locked in a box for hours on end being "all right?" Was being abused by strange, remorseless people, being "all right?" She thought of the door. The door that Mistress Jean had left open and taunted her with. Maybe Mistress Cathy had left it ajar. Maybe if she got up right now and made a run for it, she could blow past it and run, run, run. She wasn't much of a runner, but being motivated by terror and horror, she bet she could beat any one of them.

But she knew that the door was locked. These people were very careful. Otherwise, how could they do what they did? A surge of hopelessness went through her. How many girls across the whole USA were down on all fours, looking up at a cruel mistress, about to be whipped, she thought miserably. Probably only one: her. She alone, out of all the people in the universe was about to suffer this peculiar form of abuse. Why her? Why not some other girl? What had she ever done?

"Okay, on your feet Yolanda. And don't give me a hard time. You can only make things worse for yourself."

Yolanda looked up at her. "I can only make things worse for myself," she thought sadly. "That means that there's nothing I can do to make them better." Her utter powerlessness swept through her.

She waited until she saw a flicker of impatience cross Mistress Cathy's face, and then she leaned up and unsteadily brought herself to her feet. Her knees felt so weak that she almost fell down. She bit down hard on her gag. Her tears recommenced. She was shaking and her belly was turning over and over and over. She had broken out in a cold sweat.

Mistress Cathy took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and pulled her under the chain. She turned her so that she was facing into the room and told her to raise her right hand. Yolanda did as she was told. A numbness had come over her. A fatalistic numbness. She looked up as Mistress Cathy connected her right wrist to the chain.

“Now the other,” the woman told her sharply. She raised her left and felt it being chained off. Her hands were hanging about a foot or so over her head. Mistress Cathy went to the wall and pressed a button and the chain started to rise. It continued until just her toes were touching the floor. Mistress Cathy came over and crouched down. She fastened a short chain to her left ankle, ran it through a ring in the floor, and then attached it to her right. She would be held firmly in place.

Mistress Cathy stepped back. She kicked off her sandals, pulled up on the sides of her soft cotton, peach colored skirt and lifted it over her head. She walked over and draped it over one of the green chairs. She was completely naked underneath. Somehow it made everything that was going to happen to her seem worse. She opened the refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of yellow athletic drink. She unscrewed the top, took a long, long pull, and then restored it. She left it on the counter. She sauntered slowly over to Yolanda. She stood there for a moment, contemplating her. Yolanda was struggling, attempting to twist and turn in her confines, seized with panic. She saw how fit and muscular Mistress Cathy was. She looked like she could run her down in a heartbeat. Her arms and thighs were thick. Her chest was a little broad. Between her thighs was a well-trimmed, brown bush. Her large breasts hung, poised perfectly with a little upturn at the end. Yolanda remembered kissing them.

“I’ll kiss them!” her mind shouted. “I’ll do whatever you want. I’ll kiss your pussy! I’ll let you fuck me! I’ll do whatever you say! Please! Please! Please, don’t hurt me.”

Mistress Cathy went over to the wall and pulled down the whip with the seven 18” long, leather flails. Each one had a stiff knot on the end. She brought it over to Yolanda. She was beside herself with terror. She pulled and yanked at her bonds. She bit down harshly at the rubber ball in her mouth. Tears were streaming down her face. Holding the whip in her left hand, Mistress Cathy approached her. She took hold of her left breast, squeezing it softly. She lowered her lips to her teat, licked a circle around it and subsumed it into her mouth. Her right hand drifted down to her crux. Yolanda jammed her thighs together to forbid her access. The woman pulled her head up and glared into Yolanda’s face.

“You know better than that, Yolanda. Spread your thighs,” she growled at her.

Yolanda, releasing a wail, spread her thighs as far as they would go. The hand returned and the woman was able to run her fingers up and down her crevasse. She resumed her suckling at her teat and then moved over to the other one. She spread Yolanda’s involuntary moisture over her little nubbin, circling it until it hardened. Then she released her teat, slid her hand up and down her belly, her eyes following it, as if scouting out places to harm her. She went around her and ran her hand all

the way down her back from her shoulders, drifting it over her rear cheeks. She came around front again. She had a dreamy expression on her face.

“You can shout and scream all you want, Yolanda,” she told her coldly.

The whip had been shifted to her right hand. It drew back and rushed forward. She struck her directly across her breasts. Yolanda stiffened and screamed. Four more terrible blows followed it, all at the same target, “Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!” Yolanda could hear the crack of the whip’s tassels against her flesh. She screamed and howled as the pain blossomed all over her breasts. She pulled desperately at her bound hands in an effort to protect them. It was like there was a raging fire atop them.

Mistress Cathy wandered behind her. Without warning, five vicious, soul stealing blows crossed her back in rapid succession. Yolanda stiffened again, screaming out as loud as her voice could manage, the sound muffled by her gag. A wildfire swept across her back. Then she was in front of her again. Yolanda implored her piteously with her eyes. This did not deter her. The first blow across the front of her thighs felt like a tiger had clawed her, and then clawed her again and again and again and again, as four more blows rained down within ten seconds, only a brief pause between them.

Cathy stood and looked at the girl for a moment. Her blood was up. She didn’t know why she liked whipping women, but there was no getting around it, she did. A beautiful rosiness had sprung up over the girl’s breasts and the front of her thighs, a rosiness marked by reddish striations. The girl was sobbing heavily, her breasts bobbing deliciously. She pulled and yanked at her bound legs fruitlessly. Cathy could feel her lusts raging.

And then something else came over her. She imagined young, pretty Kylie Kramer mounted in front of her. The distressed eyes became her eyes. The bobbing breasts became her breasts. The struggling lower limbs became her limbs. She lashed out brutally. The girl’s breasts flew from side to side. She slashed across her unmarked belly, striking her there mightily five times. She came back around and applied vicious strokes to the back of her thighs and to the backs of her shins. When she saw the plump posterior, the plump, white, unmarked posterior, a fierce rage was unleashed in her and she struck it two, three, four, five, six, seven times, one after the other, as hard as she could.

And then she woke up. The girl was howling mightily. Her ass was all red and rent. Her whole body was covered by lash marks. She came around in front to assess the damage she had wrought. The girl was sobbing so hard that it looked like she might sob herself apart. She realized that she had gone overboard. She should be saving her wrath for the person who sparked it. She went over to the counter and retrieved her drink. She drank the rest of it down. She was all sweaty.

Yolanda was beyond mere fear. Her whole body burned fiercely. She had been transported to a world that she hadn't known existed. Just when she thought that she couldn't bear one more vicious blow, when she felt she had felt the maximum pain that anyone could ever inflict on her, the heinous woman would bring the whip down again, 'Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!' and another part of her body would be covered with fiery lava. She howled and howled and howled, to the extent that at one point she had become detached from what she was experiencing. It was like the howls belonged to someone else, had emanated from some other person inside of her. The tormented, virulently horrified, piteously suffering person emitting those strange, inhuman sounds, was someone else, not her. Each time that Mistress Cathy had paused, she had sworn to herself that her screeching and howling was at an end, that she would give the woman no further satisfaction and enjoyment from her expressions of misery. But when the blows recommenced, that person inside her ignored her imprecations and let loose her animalistic expressions of dismay.

She looked at Mistress Cathy now. She watched her nonchalantly down her drink, tapping the whip on her naked thigh. Was it over? Was she done? Was God finally having mercy on her? She watched as the woman placed the empty plastic bottle on the counter and come wandering back. She watched as she remounted the evil instrument back on the wall. Joy leaped up in her heart. But when she saw her take down the long, thin steel whip that Master Jimmy had used on her, her heart fell again, and she released a long, piteous wail.

The fact that she had gone a little overboard with the flail didn't mean that the girl shouldn't get the full routine. Cathy balanced the dog whip in her hand, swishing it back and forth. The girl's wail was satisfyingly piquant. Obedience was not something that should exist on the surface, an intellectual calculation of good against bad, pain or no pain. It had to sink deeply into the pores, become melded with the girl's very nature. A few light taps with the whip were insufficient to achieve this. Obedience had to spring from blind terror if it was to be truly permanent. Disobedience had to become unthinkable. The urge to please her betters had to become so ingrained that it would become the polestar of her existence. When alone and bound and caged, as she would be often, it had to dominate her thoughts. When her master or mistress wasn't physically present, she would conger him or her up in her mind, like some ghostly entity who was ever watching, ever looming, delving into her very thoughts for signs of rebelliousness.

Cathy stepped back up to the girl. Her reddened eyes were spread wide, imploring, begging, hoping against hope for mercy. She felt a thrill go through her. The defenseless, wounded, red tinged body was immeasurably enticing. Her breasts bobbed and swayed as she struggled hopelessly in her bonds. Little piteous mewls were emerging from behind her gag. Her body was slick and shiny with

sweat. Her toes danced on the ends of her bound feet, scraping futilely against the hard wood beneath them. The vision of that girl, Kylie, sprang up in her mind again. Where was she now? What was she doing? Ron was away. Was she sitting in his office answering the phones, clicking away at her computer, sitting on her delectable ass? Or was she taking advantage of Ron's absence, fucking her banker, or her real estate fiancé, or cruising the bar of the Wentworth Hotel? Was she counting her money in her mind, amused at how she was so easily deceiving everyone? Little would she know that her predatory ways were coming rapidly to an end. That within a little over 24 hours or so she would be standing where the girl Yolanda was now, awaiting her pleasure. That soon she would be fucking twenty men a day, the slave of vicious gangsters.

A flash of red swept through her mind. She gripped the handle of the dog whip tightly. A beast swelled within her. And then, she caught herself. She looked at the girl. She had become Yolanda again. The girl didn't deserve her wrath. This was business. Her father was right. Never act out of anger. She had a task to perform, and the girl had a lesson to learn. No matter how much she enjoyed it, she mustn't lose control of herself.

She smiled at the girl. "Just a little more, Yolanda," she told her lightly. "A little whipped cream on top."

The girl moaned. She reared the dog whip back and brought it forward. It slashed against her dodging breasts. A thin, bright red line erupted. Yolanda howled again and her whole body vibrated. Cathy worked her way around her patiently. The girl howled and screeched and wailed as she laid the thin length of steel across her thighs, her back, her belly and her breasts again. She counted the blows inwardly. Ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen. Her blood was really up. She wanted to go on and on until her blood lust was fully sated. But fifteen was the limit she had set for herself. She wandered around the girl's shuddering, struggling body, trying to decide where to land the last blow. Her breasts were already covered with stripes, as was just about everywhere else. She came around her back again. Her pale rear orbs were twitching. She had already landed three blows across it. She decided that it could stand one more. One more vicious blow with all of her strength. She reared back and let it fly. The girl stiffened and screeched. She was sobbing, sobbing, sobbing dolefully. That was enough. The point had been made. She would be a different creature now. She would ever carry within her soul the knowledge that horrifying violence could be wielded against her at any time, for any reason. Or just for fun. Her whole existence would be dedicated to avoiding it.

Yolanda watched as Mistress Cathy placed the long, steel whip back up on the wall. She shivered in trepidation lest she select one of the others, like the heavy hickory cane, or the red handled bludgeon, but it appeared that her torment was

done. For now. She did her best to bring her sobbing under control. Her whole body burned. Her heart was heavy with despair. She had been thrust into a terrible new life which was filled with terror and shame and degradation. She realized how foolish she had been, in the days and years prior to her enslavement, to think of the world as a benign place. That love and caring were the watchwords of existence.

Now she saw how horribly wrong she had been. She had seen the reign of terror Mrs. Lim maintained at her prison/bordello. She had seen the monster which lurked within Tiny. She had seen the callousness with which those police detectives had handed over those two girls. She had seen, and experienced, the cruelty and evil of her current rulers. All she wanted now was to somehow escape it. Even if that meant the extinguishment of her life. But as she no longer had any choice about anything else in her life, she had no choice about that as well. Unless she was willing to undergo the hellacious torment that these people would certainly inflict on her if she ceased to obey them. When Mistress Cathy had been whipping her, she would have done anything in the world to escape it. So that was in reality not a choice at all.

Cathy wandered over to the sink and filled a tall glass with water and then sucked it all down. She was experiencing a certain feeling of surfeit. It was as if the beast within her was satisfied. She opened the fridge and removed another bottle of athletic drink. She unscrewed the top and came over to the girl. She was watching her warily, her eyes doleful. She put the bottle aside and removed the girl's gag. She put the bottle to her lips and ordered her to drink. The girl accepted it hungrily. She made her drink the whole bottle, pausing several times to let her catch her breath. She then tossed the bottle aside and restored her gag.

She stood in front of her. "I'm going to release you now, Yolanda. I don't want to see you falling down or doing anything silly. If you want, I can put you back up here and we can go at it again. Do you want that?"

"...ooh, ...ih-ess ...ahh-ee!" Yolanda burst out.

"That's good." She released her feet first and told her to spread them. When she released her wrists, Yolanda swayed, but she did not fall. She locked her wrists together in front of her and walked her over to the shower. She made her raise her wrists and fastened them off to the chain.

She turned on the shower nozzle, adjusting it to a fine, gentle, warm, misty flow, and ran it over her shoulders, over her back, down her belly, over her rear and up and down her thighs. Yolanda stiffened and whined as the water irritated her wounds, but then settled down and let the sensations relax her. Cathy wetted a large, soft sponge, soaped it up and ran it gently over her body. When she had soaped her all up, she rinsed her again, washing it all away. She patted her dry with a soft, white, fluffy towel and then brushed her hair. She removed her gag, brushed her teeth and made her gargle with mouthwash. After Yolanda had spit the

mouthwash down on the drain, she reinstalled her gag, released her wrists and told her to get up onto the bed and lie on her belly.

Yolanda scrambled over. She spread herself out, keeping her legs apart and her hands crossed above her. Cathy followed her and connected her wrists to the chain from the headboard. She went back to the cabinets by the sink and returned a moment or two later. She got up on the bed and settled herself kneeling over the bottom of her legs. There was a pause and then Yolanda felt something cool being spread over the back of her right thigh. It was a soothing lotion. Mistress Cathy worked it into her damaged skin as she massaged her weary muscles. She did all the way down her right leg, down to her ankles and then did the same on her left. She massaged her feet, sending strange, delightful sensations up into her body.

Yolanda at first cringed at the touch, but the manipulation of her muscles soon became mesmerizing. Mistress Cathy spread the lotion over her buttocks, massaging them, and then up her back, section by section, digging her fingers deeply into her muscles and urging soft moans out of her. She did her shoulders and the back of her neck. Yolanda, although unhappy about the woman's free use of her body, succumbed to her ministrations. Pleasure was better than pain. And if Mistress Cathy was giving her pleasure now, she had earned it by the ordeal she had undergone. The feeling of the fingers delving into her back and neck muscles was soothing. And, anyway, just as she could not avoid the lash, neither could she avoid what Mistress Cathy was doing to her now.

The woman patted her firmly on the ass and told her to roll over. Yolanda shook off her reverie and obeyed at once. She raised her knees and spread her legs as she had been taught and looked fretfully into Mistress Cathy's face.

She pressed on her thighs, guiding her legs down until they were lying flat. She spread the lotion up her shins and the front of her thighs, digging into them deeply. She applied it to her lower, hairless belly and then up and up, up her torso until she reached her breasts. She spent considerable time on them, rubbing in the lotion and then massaging and kneading them. She leaned over and took her teats into her mouth, suckling on them delicately until Yolanda's hips shifted and she moaned. Then she worked up over her chest, the front of her shoulders and up along her outstretched arms. She took each of her hands and massaged it, getting between the bones and making them limp.

She worked her way down again. Yolanda knew what was next. It was the only spot on her body other than her head which had been left untouched. Mistress Cathy leaned over her from her right side. "Spread your legs, Yolanda, and raise your knees," she instructed her.

Yolanda obeyed. Mistress Cathy worked her way down the inside of her thighs. She spread the lotion over her mons and along the sides of it and began a gentle, gentle rub. Yolanda uttered a small mental protest of this unwanted contact, but her

brain and body were too loose to mount an effective protest. She wanted to close her eyes and enjoy it, but she had the sense not to give in to this urge. She studied Mistress Cathy's face with half closed eyes. She was staring back, smiling, as her right hand caressed and stroked her sex.

She put the lotion dispenser aside and lay down next to her, to her right, on her side. She pressed her front up against Yolanda's side. Her hand flitted up to her belly, slid across it delicately a number of times and then descended once more to her conch.

Yolanda stiffened when she felt her fingers slip up along her crevasse. An unwanted tingling spread out from her loins, up into her belly and down her thighs. The fingers slid up and down, up and down, up and down. Mistress Cathy was staring at her lasciviously. When the fingers found her button, spreading her moisture over it, giving it little, teasing caresses, Yolanda felt a surge of desire.

Mistress Cathy worked her crux softly, delicately and expertly. She rubbed and teased and stroked, flitting her fingers occasionally across her belly or up and down her thighs. Yolanda had given up staring her mistress in her face as wave after wave of irresistible pleasure wafted through her. Part of her wanted the wonderful sensations to continue, but the other part, the, as yet, dominant part, wanted the hand to go away. Boys had tried to touch her there. Their efforts, except that one time, had been easily swatted away. But this hand could not be swatted away. First, but not foremost, she didn't have the ability to swat it away. Her hands were bound above her. True, she could have closed her thighs, pressed them together as hard as she could and, if not forced the hand to retreat, at least captured it and stilled its agonizingly pleasurable, insistent activities. But that tied into the second and most foremost reason she could not take action to liberate her sex from Mistress Cathy's depredations. She knew that as sure as God made little apples, that a tidal wave of abuse and horror would engulf her at even the slightest evidence of resistance.

That portion of her brain which harbored civilized thoughts about herself, believed in her self-integrity, her moral and ethical codes, that portion of her brain which served as the core of her existence, recoiled at her powerlessness. It was filled with shame and despair that it could not halt the unwanted attentions. She imagined an invisible arm somehow connected to her shoulder, a mighty, powerful arm, with a mighty, powerful hand, grasping the woman's appendage, crushing it in its grasp, disabling it beyond repair. She imagined the tantalizing caresses, the lust inspiring probes, the passion inducing strokes ceasing all at once and her body and mind liberated from their torments. But each time she reached out that imaginary hand and, vice-like, seized the insulting and demeaning manus, her imaginary arm grasped only air and then dissolved into nothingness. And the hand kept going and going and going.

Her lust was building, building, building. Her breath would become labored. Her hips would shift. She would start to moan and sigh. Her back would arch, and her heels dig deeply into the mattress, and the hand would retreat. The fingers would dribble across her belly, drift over her breasts, skittle down the insides of her thighs, until the looming eruption of fierce desire retreated far enough to abate its imminence. And then the hand would start again. She opened her eyes once more. Mistress Cathy's face displayed a fierce hunger. She wanted to beg, beg, beg her to let her topple over the edge of the abyss, but knew that any vocalization other than moans or sighs would invoke the same immediate and vicious retribution as would the closing of her thighs.

Mistress Cathy shifted herself until she was leaning over her. She bent her head, captured her lips and slid her tongue into her mouth. For an instant, Yolanda's whole being revolted. The intimacy of the unwanted act made her belly queasy. Her tongue retreated, seeking to avoid contact. Then she felt the hand down below take hold of her tingling clit and press upon it with a finger and a thumb. The pressure began to build, but before it became intolerable, Yolanda quelled her little rebellion and slid her tongue along the intruder, matching it, following it, obeying it.

The fingers released her nubbin and the incessant caress of her conch recommenced. Her mind clouded. The little men in her mind who had been marching up and down in protest, carrying little signs that said "RESIST!" "UNFAIR!" "REVOLT!" "DON'T GIVE IN!", threw them all away and fled as the huge, ravenous, ferocious monster that was her lust swept its steely claw over them. It gathered two or three of them in its monstrous paw and stuffed them into its voracious mouth, masticating them fiercely as the little men screamed and wailed, and then launched itself into the relentless pursuit of the survivors.

Her defenders gone, Yolanda released a deep moan of lust. Her body squirmed. Her thighs quivered. She dug her heels into the mattress and pushed her conch towards the hand. She kissed her tormentor back feverishly. A finger began twitting itself *rapidamente* atop her electrified button. She groaned. She twisted. She shuddered. She writhed. Fierce emanations were spreading from her nubbin all down her legs, up into her belly, up her backbone and into her brain. She felt like she was sizzling in a red-hot frying pan and was about to swell to galactic proportions and explode.

And then her pussy did explode. Powerful, churning contractions subsumed her cavern. She screamed into Mistress Cathy's mouth. Her body shuddered violently. The sensations went on and on and on as the finger continued to torment her.

And then her orgasmic contortions wound down. The feverish tongue in her mouth slowed. The twiggling of her vibrating button subsided. Her heartbeat began to slow. Mistress Cathy broke their kiss and lifted her fingers from her clit.

Running her hand softly up and down over her mons, coaxing redolent shudders out of it.

“Good girl, Yolanda,” she beamed at her. “You have the makings of a very good whore. Now it’s your turn to do me.”

She reached up and released Yolanda’s hands from the headboard. She made her kneel up and turn while she locked her hands behind her. She propped herself up on a big, fluffy pillow and, taking Yolanda by the hair, guided her between her spread and uplifted thighs.

Yolanda stared down. Mistress Cathy’s curvaceous body awaited her. She cringed in unhappiness. Mistress Cathy took a firm hold of the hair on the back of her head. She pulled her down, made her lean over and retook control of her mouth. She kissed her hard, her tongue exploring and scoring the inside while Yolanda’s fearfully and obediently pursued it.

She popped her mouth free. “I want you to suckle my breasts, Yolanda. Suckle them like they were the most heavenly things on earth. Suckle on them as if it brought you the highest joy. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress Cathy,” Yolanda was able to sadly eke out.

Mistress Cathy shook her head violently. “What did you say?” she spat out at her.

“Yes, Mistress Cathy,” Yolanda blurted out more clearly and forcibly.

“Yes, Mistress Cathy, what?” Cathy demanded.

“Yes, Mistress Cathy I will suckle your breasts like they were the most heavenly things in the world!”

Mistress Cathy gave her a hard slap that made her cry out. “Want to try that again, Yolanda?” she asked cruelly.

Yolanda tried hard to withhold her tears. “Yes, Mistress Cathy,” she replied with as much firmness as she was able. “I will suckle your breasts like they were the most heavenly things on earth.” She tried her best not to have it sound like a whine, but she was not totally successful.

“And?”

“I will suckle on them as if it brought me the highest joy!”

“That’s better. See that you do.”

She bent Yolanda’s head to her left teat. Yolanda hesitated for just a moment and the subsumed it into her mouth. She started suckling on it gently, as if urging a heavenly potion through a straw. “That’s it, Yolanda,” Mistress Cathy hummed. “That’s it. Now do the other.”

She guided her head to her right teat. Yolanda drew it into her mouth and began to give it a soft tug.

“Circle it with your tongue. Suck harder,” Cathy commanded. “I’m not convinced that you love it yet.”

Recalling her mistress's harsh, fevered face as she whipped her, her recent, vicious slap, Yolanda's mouth sprung into life. She suckled gently and then harder and harder and harder until she heard Mistress Cathy sigh. She swirled her tongue around her areola, flicked at her stiffened nipple with her tongue and then drew in the whole erogenous assemblage, rolling her tongue over it while she suckled, suckled, suckled.

Cathy moved her back to her right breast where she repeated the performance. Mistress Cathy sighed again, this time longer and deeper. She shifted her head back and forth between her breasts. Yolanda administered her ministrations with all the energy and devotion she could muster. All the while, her mind was revolting, her belly churning. Never, ever, ever, ever, had she foreseen herself in a position like this. Carly Henderson, a big black girl, whose older brother Xavier ran the 40th Street Vipers, had cornered her in the locker room after gym class one day, pushed her up against a locker and torn away her towel. She had grabbed her breasts and squeezed them harshly, pinching at her nipples. When Yolanda had begun to cry, she released her and laughed.

But that was as close as she had ever gotten to Sapphic activity before now. And now she had another woman's teats in her mouth and was pleasuring them slavishly as if she had grown up with a feverish need to do so. She fought back her tears as she imagined what she must look like, bent over, her hands bound behind her, her face pushed against the other woman's bulging breasts. Mistress Cathy had a firm hold on the hair at the back of her head. She moved her from breast to breast at her pleasure. Her breathing was becoming heavy. Yolanda could smell her body's sweat.

She popped her mouth off her teat in mid-suckle and pushed her head down towards her belly. "Lick and kiss my stomach," she ordered her somewhat breathlessly. "Glide all around. Don't let your lips lose contact."

Yolanda did as she was told. She had to shuffle herself backwards to reach her belly. Her head was guided to and fro, from just under her breasts, down to her hips and then across. She went up and down as the hand led her. Each time as her lips traversed her belly, the hand brought her lower and lower until her tongue was directly above her pubic hair. Yolanda's mind screamed with dismay. She knew where the hand was leading her. She knew what she was going to have to do. It was one of the most revolting things she could think of. Her body felt cold and tingly, and her belly felt empty and sour. But she kept up her efforts, dragging her flattened tongue along the other woman's flesh, keeping her pursed lips in close contact.

Her head was pushed down further. "Now my thighs. Lick the insides of my thighs, all the way from my knees to my cunt," Mistress Cathy commanded feverishly.

She lapped at her inner thighs with abandon, the image of her twisted, burning body foremost in her mind. She did her left thigh and then her right. When she descended to the crease between the woman's thigh and her lower belly, she felt her wiry air brush against her cheek and got a whiff of her arousal. Mistress Cathy had her do each thigh twice, covering every square inch with her lips and tongue. Then she pulled at her hair, forcing her to edge herself back even more. Yolanda looked down. Cathy's conch, dilated and moist, was staring back at her. She shuddered and released a whine.

Mistress Cathy thrust her conch upwards. "You know what to do, Yolanda," she told her. "Do it right or you'll be back up on the whipping stand!"

She forced her head down. "Broaden your tongue and give me a nice firm lick along the insides of my cunt!" she told her sharply. "Keep doing it until I tell you to stop!"

Yolanda broadened her tongue. She nestled it at the spot where the bottom of the woman's crux connected to her perineum. She felt Mistress Cathy's hand give her hair a tug and she spread her tongue along the insides of her outer labia and slowly, slowly, slowly drifted it up to the very top. Mistress Cathy moaned and her hips shifted. "Again," she croaked.

She did it again and again. The taste, tangy, warm and salty, overwhelmed her, as did the musky aroma of Mistress Cathy's arousal. Her pussy seemed to get wetter and wetter, her labia spread wider and wider as she continued. Mistress Cathy was releasing low moans. "Good, good," she murmured. "Just like that. Just like that. Now slide your tongue up and around my clit. Softly. Softly. Yeah, that's it! That's it! Oh, yeah, yeah!"

Yolanda performed obediently as with as much diligence and enthusiasm as she could muster. She imagined Granny seeing her this way and hot shame raged through her. She yearned to see her face, hear her comforting voice. She remembered that last time she saw her. Was it really only a few days ago? What a chasm separated this time from that! How degraded she had become! How shameful! Even if she was somehow freed, she didn't think that she could ever face her again.

"Now up and down again and when you get to the top give my clit a little suckle. Run your tongue around it and go back down again. Do it! Do it now!"

Yolanda obeyed even as every ounce of her flesh was in rebellion. Soon the woman would come. She would thrust her face hard down against her cunt and she would come and come and come. And she would have to do this again and again, and be expected to get better at it every time! And Mistress Jean, she would have to do it to her! And what if a woman bought her? She would have to do this day in and day out. A lifetime of cunts on her mouth, a lifetime of a feminine hand in her hair, forcing her to her duty.

Cathy's mind was a million miles away. As the pleasure washed through her, she imagined little black-haired Ellie Sunderson's head wedged between her thighs, her hands bound behind her with a leather thong. Or Betty Hampton, nee Anderson, between the thighs of a big fat, wealthy middle aged Filipino woman, or doing a twosome with a slight, slender, brown skinned Filipino girl before a brace of eager, slovenly Japanese or Chinese sexual tourists, just waiting for the opportunity to thrust their cocks down her throat. Or a sobbing and repentant Kylie Kramer sucking on her clit while Jimmy plowed her up her ass. A violent moan escaped her as Yolanda suckled at her clit, stroking it with her tongue. "Harder, suck it harder!" she told her excitedly. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, yeah! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, yeah! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, yeah!" she exclaimed as the unhappy girl obeyed her. She yanked her head off her puss and pulled it up so she could look at her. "Yes, this is Yolanda. This is the here and now. This girl is in my complete and utter power. I can do anything I want to her!"

She pulled on her hair until their mouths met and she thrust her tongue violently into her mouth. She jammed their faces together and devoured her hungrily. Her free hand wandered and abused her breasts, squeezing them, mauling them, twisting and turning at her nipples until she groaned unhappily into her mouth. Then she pulled her head away and forced it down again. "Get back to work!" she snarled at her. The girl dipped her head between her thighs and reapplied her tongue and lips to her crevasse, releasing piteous and beauteous whines and sobs.

Yolanda was trying to forestall the utter and complete breakdown that was building inside her. "Please let her come! Please let her come! Please let her come!" she prayed again and again. Finally, the woman cried out, "Put my whole clit on your mouth and flick your tongue at it as fast as you can go! Harder! Harder! Faster! Faster! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! That's it! That's it! That's it!" she exclaimed. And then, as Yolanda had envisioned, she pressed her face down on her cunt with demonic force and cried out "Aurrrgh! Aurrrgh! Aurrrgh! Aurrrgh! Aurrrgh!" as her hips bucked and her body thrashed. Yolanda maintained her feverish attention to her clit even as the woman's mighty thighs pressed hard against her cheeks, squeezing her head as if in a vise.

And then Mistress Cathy's crisis seemed to wane. Her grip on her hair loosened. The pressure which had jammed her face against her cunt released. Her thighs widened and freed her imprisoned head. Her moans subsided. "Softer! Slower!" she murmured to her. Yolanda obeyed. She felt her hips give several shudders as post orgasmic tremors went through her. After a short while, Mistress Cathy pulled her head free. "That's a good little whore, Yolanda," she told her almost sweetly. "A good little cunt licking whore."

She examined her face for a little while. Yolanda stared back, her eyes filled with tears. Mistress Cathy gave her left cheek a couple of heavy, but not unfriendly

taps. "No crying, Yolanda," she told her softly. "You better get used to sucking cunts because I think women are going to get a big kick out of you."

Something cold gripped Yolanda's heart as the prospect of licking cunt after cunt after cunt tortured her mind. Mistress Cathy gave her cheek several more heavy taps and then told her to turn around. She released her hands from behind her and told her to lie down on her back. She reattached her wrists to the headboard. She opened the upper drawer of the bed stand on the left of the bed, withdrew a large, blue rubber ball and thrust it into her mouth.

She ran her hand over her breasts and belly. She squeezed her breasts and slipped two fingers along the line of her slit. "Still wet I see," Mistress Cathy informed her gleefully. "What do you say if we went another round, eh?"

Yolanda's heart darkened. She knew she had to answer, even with her mouth jammed full. She knew that she couldn't lie, but she had no right to say no. Her mind froze. She didn't think that she could bear to come again. She just wanted to crawl back into her cage and hide.

"I'm waiting for an answer, Yolanda," Mistress Cathy told her sternly. "Or do you want to be whipped?"

"...oh, ...eh-iss ...ahh-ee!" Yolanda exclaimed quickly.

"No, what?" Mistress Cathy prodded her.

"...oh, ...eh-iss ...ahh-ee, eh ...own ...on nee ...ihh-ihhd" she pleaded frantically.

"Okay then, answer my question."

Lying was a dreadful sin. Mistress Cathy hadn't ordered her to fuck her again, so saying no wouldn't exactly be disobedient. She took the path of least resistance.

"...oh, ...eh-iss ...ahh-ee!" she whined.

"No, you don't want to fuck me again?"

"...oh, ...eh-iss ...ahh-ee!" she whined again. Mistress Cathy had her right hand in her pussy and was drawing her fingers up and down, slipping her moisture over her sensitive bud.

"That's the wrong answer, Yolanda," the woman told her sternly. "It's not up to you when you get fucked, it is Yolanda?"

"...oh, ...eh-iss ...ahh-ee," Yolanda replied miserably.

"So, what's the right answer?"

Yolanda thought hard. She knew that the whipping stand was only a few feet away. She glanced over and saw the whips waiting on the wall. She looked up at her stern mistress. The tingling in her cunt was making it hard to think. She closed her eyes and whined. Finally, she shook her head unhappily. "...ah ...ohn ...owe, ...eh-iss ...ahh-ee," she moaned.

"The answer is, 'If it pleases you, Mistress Cathy,'" the woman told her. "Now I'll give you another chance. What do you say if we went another round?"

She was flicking at her clit. Yolanda felt her uplifted thighs shudder.

"Ih eh ...eeases ...ooou, ...eh-iss ...ahh-ee," she released pitifully.

"Yes, it pleases me very much, Yolanda. I've still got an itch in my cunt that needs to be scratched. But I think we'll try something new this time."

She removed her hand from Yolanda's crevasse and leaned over to the bed stand. She opened the bottom drawer and pulled out a jumble of straps. It had a long, thick, black prong attached to it. Yolanda knew what it was. It was shaped and veined just like a cock. It was shiny and looked dangerous. She whined and started to cry.

Mistress Cathy shook the prong out of among the straps and showed it to her. "Nice, huh?" she asked her tauntingly.

"Oh, ...eh-iss ...ahh-ee!" she returned miserably.

Mistress Cathy laughed. "Oh, there you're wrong, Yolanda," she told her almost sweetly. "You're going to see how good it feels. Here, have a taste."

She plucked the rubber ball from her mouth and pushed the tip of the violent looking prong against her lips. "Open up, Yolanda," she told her wryly.

Yolanda obediently parted her lips. Mistress Cathy slipped the wand inside her mouth. "Give it a good suck, Yolanda," she told her as she began to move it back and forth. "Show it that you love it and that you want it."

She closed her mouth around it. It was cold and tasted horribly, like the artificial thing that it was. Tears were flowing down her face. A might hatred of the woman and all she had done to her surged through her chest. She wanted to yell and scream and spit out the invading prong. But she couldn't spit it out. It was in too far. And she couldn't yell and scream, especially with it in her mouth. The whipping stand was a little more than three yards away. She gave the prong the attention that Mistress Cathy expected. She was leering at her sickeningly. She pulled it out and restored the rubber ball. She knelt up and strapped the device around her waist, closing the belt tightly. She slipped the prong along the downward belt until it was situated properly, and she eased a thick, opposing end into her cavern, carefully and slowly. "Ohhhhhhh, that's good," she oozed as she pushed it home.

She reached underneath and pulled the strap below the faux penis between her legs and up along the crack of her ass. She buckled it in place. The thick, black prong jutted out from her loins like a ramrod. She slid a little switch on the base of the device and turned it on. The whole thing began to buzz and shudder.

"Ohhhhhhhhh, that feels good," she crooned. "You're going to like this, Yolanda," she told her.

She crept over her right leg and insinuated herself between the girl's thighs. She leaned over, resting the buzzing appendage on her belly and took her mouth. She kissed her hard and long. Then she descended to her breasts, suckling and

massaging each one. She went lower and lower, circled her arms under Yolanda's thighs and delved her lips onto her crux.

She lapped and suckled hungrily. Yolanda writhed and moaned, yearning to cast off the ravenous mouth. She tightened her lips and suppressed a moan. And then another one. And then another. With the next one she was less successful. She moaned long, loud and low. Mistress Cathy responded by attacking her clit with her tongue, suckling her clit hard and caressing the insides of her thighs. When Yolanda moaned again, her hips shifting, Mistress Cathy arose from her loins. She shifted herself forward and positioned the tip of the faux cock at her entrance. "Ready, Yolanda," she asked playfully.

"...oh, ...eh-iss ...ahh-ee!" she whined mournfully.

Mistress Cathy laughed. "Well, ready or not, here it comes!"

She pushed her hips forward. The prong nudged it way into the beginning of her entrance. Yolanda had the urge to shift and twist her hips to dislodge it, but she had already been punished for that. She arched her back and dug her heels into the bed. She closed her eyes and imagined a mighty barrier in her cunt, stronger than the strongest steel. No force on earth could break it. No human effort could dislodge it. But then the prong kept sliding slowly, slowly, slowly further and further into her and the barrier dissolved, vanished, as if it had been a mere chimera.

She groaned and sobbed when she felt it fully lodged, Mistress Cathy's pelvis jammed up against hers. She was towering over her, resting on her elbows to both sides. Her breasts hung freely and swayed. Her face seemed cloudy with lust. The faux cock was cold but warming quickly. Its vibrations were disturbing. She could feel it buzzing up against her clit. She groaned again and suppressed the piteous pleas that were forming in her throat. She squeezed her thighs against Mistress Cathy's hips as if she could forestall her motions. But that was not to be. With a long, satisfied hiss, Mistress Cathy drew the prong back, back, back, and then slowly, slowly, slowly, sank it back in.

She went on slow and long, slow and long. She was pressing the dildo upwards so that the vibrating shank glided across her clit. She soon had Yolanda groaning and pushing up against the bed with her shoulders and her heels. Mistress Cathy just kept thrusting away. She was cooing and moaning. "Oh, that's good, Yolanda! That's good! That's good! Is it good for you? You feel it? Is it good for you?"

"...oh, ...eh-iss ...ahh-ee!" Yolanda shrieked from behind the obstruction in her mouth as the cock abraded her tender insides.

"Oh, that's a lie, Yolanda!" Mistress Cathy hissed. "You'll have to be punished for that! That's very, very naughty! Let's see if I can make you come."

Her thrusts accelerated. She was giving her hard and short ones. Yolanda groaned and tried to fight off the growing, electrified sensations in her loins. She tried to build a big wall against her climax, hemming it in, confining it,

imprisoning it. But holes kept popping open all over it. Her orgasm was oozing out. She pressed her hands against the opening, trying to shove the hot goo back, but holes just popped up somewhere else. The pressure against the wall was mounting higher and higher. As the ooze slimed all over her frantic hands and arms, it sent dizzying messages of pleasure all through her. “No! No! No!” she exclaimed inwards. Mistress Cathy was propped up, her face peering down like some examiner to see if the product was performing as warranted. Yolanda tried to beg her through her gag, “...eeeeeeese! ...eeeeeeese! ...eeeeeeese! ...eeeeeeese ...op!eeeeeeese!”

But the rasping across her clit continued. The abrasion of her innards continued. The oozing and massing of her upcoming climax continued. The evil sneer just above her, the joyful eyes, the determined face, continued.

And then it happened. The wall she had constructed crumbled. The gooey, hot, poisonous, wondrous mass of her orgasm flooded over her, knocking her to the ground, covering every inch of her flesh. She screamed into her gag. She arched her back, thrust her hips back up madly. Her wrists yanked and pulled at their confinements. Her thighs shuddered. Hard, pounding, ecstatic pulses were radiating from her conch, sending exquisite messages all over her body.

Her climax crested, but the sawing of her conch continued. Mistress Cathy was moaning and groaning. She had lowered herself, her head down to Yolanda’s right. Their breasts were smashed together. “A little more! A little more! A little more!” she shouted into Yolanda’s ear. And then her body gave a great shudder. Her thrusts became frenetic. She groaned and shouted and moaned. Yolanda’s orgasm was rising again. She was relieved to experience Mistress Cathy’s climax, yearning for the cessation of the rasping tool. But she didn’t stop.

“One more! One more! Oh, yeah! It’s coming! It’s coming!” she shouted. She leaned up and tore the rubber ball from Yolanda’s mouth. She pressed their lips together madly and thrust in her tongue. Yolanda’s cunt was radiating blissful agony.

“Not again! Not again! Not again!” her mind shouted as another massive, oozing, steaming blob crept towards her. She tried to get up and run, but the prior orgasm had stuck her to the ground. The ooze towered over her. Mistress Cathy was screaming, “Yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! It’s coming! It’s coming! It’s coming!” And then, “Aurrrrrgh! Aurrrrrgh! Aurrrrrgh! Aurrrrrgh! Aurrrrrgh!” Her body convulsed and shuddered. Yolanda’s orgasm came at the same time, and they shouted into each other’s mouths as their bodies writhed and contorted against each other’s.

Cathy’s thrusts slowly waned. She halted for a moment, reached down and shut off the vibration. She thrust her hips back and forth a few more times, urging little convulsions from Yolanda’s purse. She reached over for the ball and thrust it back

into her mouth. She stopped her motions and laid herself down on her. She drew her thighs outside of Yolanda's and pushed them together with her knees. She lay over her like a spider on its prey.

Yolanda felt like a predator had sunk its poisonous appendage deep inside her. She felt like crying, but no tears came. Her cunt felt exhausted. She prayed and prayed and prayed that Mistress Cathy was done.

They lay like that for a full three minutes, Mistress Cathy's head over her shoulder, their breasts pressed together. Then, slowly, Mistress Cathy raised herself. She smiled down at her prisoner. "Very good, very nice, Yolanda," she told her. "You're a good fuck."

She leaned down and kissed her teats tenderly, suckling on each one, and then she drew the rubber ball from her mouth and gave her a tender, leisurely, mouth filling kiss. Yolanda was afraid that she might start up again, but she kissed her back dutifully. After about 30 seconds, Mistress Cathy removed her tongue. She patted her a few times on the cheek and then rose, slipping the hard, wooden prong from her. She knelt up between her thighs and took a wipe from the box that Master Jimmy had used and wiped the long, thick, black prong clean. She released the belt from her back and then slid the shorter prong from her crux. When she had cleaned that, she released the belt from around her waist and replaced the instrument back into the drawer from whence it had come. She got up off the bed. She went to the fridge and retrieved another bottle of orange athletic drink. She sucked it down until the bottle was empty. She tossed the empty plastic bottle in the container and returned to the bed. She released Yolanda's wrists from the headboard and ordered her to get up and get down on the floor on all fours. She led her over to the refrigerator and had her kneel up. She took out another plastic bottle of orange drink and poured it into a big bowl. "Drink," was all she said.

Yolanda leaned over, her hands behind her back, her knees spread and gratefully lapped up the cool liquid. She felt like she had earned it. When she was done, she knelt back up in attention position. Mistress Cathy wiped her face and tossed the used-up paper towel into the trash can. She stood before her, legs spread, hands on her hips. "You're a good whore, Yolanda. We'll do this again tomorrow. You have two punishments coming. One is for talking while I fucked you. The other is for not properly answering me when I asked you if you wanted to fuck again."

Yolanda suppressed a sob at this unhappy news. "Mistress Jean and Master Bob will be coming up with your dinner later and you'll be having some fun with them. Make sure you are a good girl. Mistress Jean or Master Bob will administer your whipping."

Yolanda shivered. Master Bob had already whipped her, and she remembered it well. When will she learn not to be disobedient, she demanded of herself

unhappily. To be punished for not answering the question properly seemed grossly unfair. But then, fairness was not what all of this was about. Just the opposite.

Mistress Cathy had retrieved her gag. She ordered her to spread her lips and jammed it in. She had her bend her neck and she connected it tightly, shoving the gag in deeply. She ordered her to follow her. She led her to her cell door. She ordered Yolanda to put her head down while she administered the code and thumbed the lock sensor. The door clacked open.

“Okay, come in,” she told her coldly.

Yolanda preceded her as she held the door open. Once in the room, it clacked closed behind them. Mistress Cathy ordered her to pee and then get on the floor, head down so she could wipe her. She raised the cage door and ordered her in. Yolanda crawled into the space obediently and lay on her belly. She put her hands behind her back. Mistress Cathy joined them, attached the chain and collar to her neck, joined her feet and chained them in place. She lowered the door to the cage and locked it, placing the key on the hook on the other side of the room.

She turned and looked at the girl. She was looking back at her, her head on its left side. She was crying. Well, she would let it go.

She went back to the door, coded it open and let it clack closed behind her as she left.

Yolanda looked at the closed and locked door and yearned for freedom. A wave of self-pity flooded her. She heard the door clack open. Mistress Cathy stuck her head in. She turned out the light and closed the door again. In the deep, deep, unforgiving darkness, Yolanda started to sob.

CHAPTER FOUR

“Pass the potatoes,” Bob murmured as the others were busy filling their plates. The meatloaf was large and rotund, shaped like half of a large, brown blimp. The top was covered by blood red tomato sauce, and you could see evidence of the baked in onions encased in its shell. Jimmy took one of the fat, earth brown, baked potatoes and passed the plate to his right. Jean had finished cutting wide slices into the loaf and handed the platter to Jimmy. Cathy was unloading two scoops of the bright green peas onto her plate.

“Ron called a little while ago,” Jean announced as she received the peas from Cathy. Cathy studiously ignored her as she received the baked potatoes from Bob.

“How’re they doing? Any problems?” Bob asked as he lowered a tasty looking slab of meat onto his plate.

“No, no problems. They’re about $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way to Sandy and Pete McCrae’s place. Rosita is holding up well. Lots of cops on the road though. I reminded Ron to keep his speed down.”

Bob passed the platter to Cathy. They were sitting at the large round, dark maple table in the kitchen, where they ate most of their meals. Ron’s spot, next to Cathy, was vacant.

“How did it go with Yolanda?” Bob asked Cathy as he pushed a large hunk of meatloaf into his mouth.

“Fine. It went fine,” Cathy replied somewhat stiffly. Her mind was still on Ron and that cunt he had been fucking.

“You didn’t cut loose on her, did you?”

“No, Dad. I kept my cool.”

“Good, we don’t want her spirit totally broken. She’s a nice piece of work.”

“She’s a little too skinny for me,” Jimmy interjected as he mouthed a forkful of potato.

“I think she’s nice,” Jean responded. “Very nice upbringing from what Mrs. Lim told me. Good Christian family.”

“Have you any thoughts on how to market her?” Bob asked.

“It’s a little early yet, but I think Col. Fuller might be interested in her.”

“He’s back in the market?”

“Yes, he sold off his girl several weeks ago. He sent me a note. He’s out of the country now but due back next week.”

“Wasn’t she that big breasted Italian girl the Portelli people sold us two years ago?”

Jean smiled as she swallowed some peas. “You have a remarkable memory,” she told him. “Yeah, her father had crossed them somehow and they put him in a cement filled 55-gallon drum and dumped him into the Arthur Kill. They scooped up his wife and three daughters. Antonia was the youngest and prettiest. Just over 18. Ron and Jimmy rented a van and went out and got them. The mother, a red headed Irish girl, named Fiona if I recall correctly, we jobbed out to the Wangs out of Seattle who, if I’m not wrong, shipped her to Indonesia. The older girls we sold to the Spanish Lords.”

“Talk about memory,” Bob replied.

“Well, I remember that we had a hard time choosing between Antonia and the middle girl, Lucia. She was a little over 20 and very nice. But Col. Fuller was in the market for a big breasted girl so we kept and trained Antonia.”

“What makes you think he’ll want Yolanda? She got nice tits, but she’s not stacked.”

“I think he might just like a change of pace. The first girl we sold him, Marylyn was her name I believe, she was somewhat slight like Yolanda. He kept her three years.”

Jimmy inserted himself. “Is Dahlia getting shipped out this week?”

“Yes. We have a buyer for her,” Jean answered. “It’s overseas, I’m afraid. A Cambodian general it seems. He outbid the Canadians. Quite nasty I understand.”

“Well, that’s too bad for her. When’s she leaving? I’d like to fuck her a few more times before she goes.”

“Wednesday morning. First thing. The Three Dragons out of Frisco brokered her. They’re going to pick her up.”

“Good. I don’t feel like driving all the way to the Coast.”

Bob looked up. “We should brand her tonight then,” he suggested.

“Not until I’ve had some fun with her,” Jimmy protested. “I don’t want her all limp and sobbing.”

“Well, if we’re going to do her, we might as well do Yolanda. Once we have everything set up, it would be a waste to put it all away and then have to bring it out again in a few days,” Jean observed.

Everyone seemed to agree that that was a good idea.

After a while, Jean observed to Cathy, “You’re not eating much.”

Cathy dropped her fork. “I just can’t get that cunt Kylie Kramer out of my mind.”

Jean looked at her sympathetically. “If it bothers you so much, why don’t we have Jimmy and your father pick her up tonight. In the report it says that her real estate agent boyfriend fucks her Monday night but then goes home. And the layout

of the apartment and the apartment building is all set out. Rosita's cell is empty and Dahlia will be gone Wednesday morning. The Three Dragons are bringing the new girl, the Vietnamese one, and I'm sure the Salvadorians can be here by Thursday. I've already sent them Kylie's picture."

"That would suit me fine," Cathy answered, perking up. "I can't wait to give that fucking cunt a lesson she'll never forget!"

"Don't swear at the table," Bob snapped.

Cathy looked at him. "Sorry, Dad," she then said.

They finished up dinner. The table was cleared. Jean had set up a pot of coffee and she started the coffee maker. Jimmy and Cathy cleaned up. Jean had bought an apple pie when she was out earlier. She produced it along with a pint of *Häagen Daz* vanilla ice cream. Meanwhile, Bob went outside and smoked a Marlboro.

They all sat down for dessert together. Jimmy told Jean and Cathy the story about the girl in the hotel. Cathy laughed when he told her about how she had whined and gurgled as he stuffed her face with his cock while she was lying on her belly on the floor. Jean wasn't so pleased, and she admonished him to be more careful. She was pleased when he told her that Elena Alvarez from the whorehouse where he had sold the girl had said hello.

"In the early days, when we were just starting out in Denver, we bought a few girls from Senor Alvarez. That was before they were married. Now it's the other way around," Jean told him.

"She runs a nice house," he told her.

They bolted down dessert. "You don't mind finishing up? Dad and I are going up to have a session with Yolanda," Jean said

"Don't take too long," Jimmy replied. "We're going to have a busy night. I want to fuck Dahlia, then there's the branding and then we've got to go get Ron's cunt."

"Give us about an hour and a half. That'll take us to about 8:30. You can use Dahlia for an hour, and we'll come back and do the set up. A half hour-forty minutes to do her and then another half hour or so for Yolanda. That'll take us till after 11. You and Dad can rest a bit and go out and get this Kylie girl around 3."

"I don't want anybody fucking her until I get at her!" Cathy insisted.

"Don't worry," Bob replied. "We'll be in and out. I don't take foolish chances like your brother here."

"I don't call making 15 large a foolish chance," Jimmy retorted.

"But you fucked her mouth. You could've left your DNA all over her face. If Elena didn't take her, you would have had to take her out into the woods and drop her."

"Okay! Okay!" Jimmy conceded. "It was risky, but I still say it was worth it."

“Never mind,” Jean intervened. She turned to Jimmy. “Your father and I have been in this business for over 30 years. Why do you think that we’ve never been caught? Because we’re careful, that’s why. Don’t think you’re immune. You’d have a long time to regret it doing a life sentence somewhere, that is if they didn’t give you a hot shot. And if you were arrested, the police might want to come here and search the place. How do you think they’d react if they saw what we’ve got upstairs in the barn?”

“Okay! Okay!” Jimmy retorted. “I won’t take any more stupid chances.”

“You get plenty of pussy here and a nice slice of our earnings, in addition to your little side job. Don’t fuck up a good thing!” Jean’s voice rose as she went along. She almost never raised her voice and Jimmy and Cathy hardly ever heard her swear.

“No swearing at the table, dear,” Bob remonstrated gently.

Jean shook her head. “Sheldon Stuart and his wife are doing 5 consecutive 20-year bids each because they got careless. Do you want that for your mother and father, never mind Cathy!”

“No, Mom,” Jimmy replied sheepishly.

“Okay then.” Jean turned to Bob. “I’m going upstairs to change my clothes. I’ll be down in a jiffy.”

“I’ll wait,” Bob replied.

“And Cathy, would you prepare a tray for Yolanda? She needs to eat. Put a little extra in the bowl. I agree with Jimmy. She’s a little skinny and could use some more meat on her.”

“Okay, Mom.”

Bob got up from the table and went outside to smoke another cigarette. Jimmy and Cathy cleared the table. By the time Jean came back down, everything had been taken care of. Jean had changed into a green and yellow housedress. The tray for Yolanda was on the kitchen counter.

Bob was waiting for her. He took the tray, let her pass and followed her into the barn and up the stairs to the training rooms. Jean scanned them in. While Bob put the tray down on the counter by the cabinets, she went to the monitor and checked on Dahlia. Bob had left the light on. She was fine, just moaning softly.

Bob stripped down and Jean followed suit. As Jean stepped over to the door to Yolanda’s cell, he gave her ass a little pat. Jean turned and smiled.

Yolanda jumped when she heard the lock to the door clack. She had been miserating in the dark. The light flew on and she was bathed in stark brightness.

“Good evening, Yolanda,” Jean intoned sweetly. “Are you ready for your next session?”

Yolanda took in the naked forms standing next to each other. She cringed inside. She knew that Bob was coming back but didn't expect Mistress Jean too. Was she going to have to fuck both of them at once?

A silent 10 seconds passed. Jean and Bob were just staring at her. Her head was turned towards them. She didn't know how to respond. Was she ready? What difference did that make? How could she be ready? If she could, she would shrink herself until she was microscopic and then run out between the bars of the cage, past them and squeeze under the door. She would wait until she was 100 miles away before she grew herself back again, even if it took a whole week to get there.

Jean's face grew stern. "You're not getting off to a very good start, Yolanda," she said sternly. "I asked you a question and I expect an answer!"

Yolanda realized too late that she committed another sin. She was already due 2 punishments. Now there would be a third. When would she ever learn? She felt like bursting out into tears and begging the two callous older people for mercy. To set her free. She wouldn't tell anybody. Not even about Mrs. Lim's place. She would go off someplace far away and live like a mouse. Nobody would ever hear from her again. All this flashed through her mind in a split second. She knew she had to speak even if she was gagged. She could rebel and say nothing, but she knew that she would never be able to bear the agonies they would inflict on her. She forced a sound to come from her mouth.

"...es, ...ih-ess ...ean!" she called out as loud as she could. It came out dull and stifled.

"That's the good girl, Yolanda," Jean responded, beaming. "You're going to make a wonderful whore. Now let's get you out of there."

She stepped to the side while Bob retrieved the key from the hook on the opposite wall. He crouched down and unlocked the cage and moved back and up as he swung the door open and let it rest on the top of the cage. While Jean stooped down to release the chain that led to Yolanda's collar, Bob freed her feet. They both stepped back.

"Okay, crawl out, Yolanda and get up on your knees like a good little girl."

Yolanda struggled out of the cage and rose to her knees. She spread them and thrust her breasts out. She looked back and forth between her oppressors, hoping for approval. Jean placed her hand on her head and patted it. "Good girl," she told her.

"Now knee walk yourself over to the potty and take a nice pee," Jean instructed. Yolanda obeyed at once. When she reached the toilet, she looked back at Jean to make sure she had permission to get up and get on it. Jean just smiled and nodded. Yolanda struggled to her feet, turned and sat down. Bob and Jean were staring at her. She suddenly became conscious of her nakedness and theirs. Bob was idly stroking his cock. She knew she had to pee but was finding it hard with both of

them watching. She knew that she had no choice but to obey. She pressed and pressed and pressed. Finally, there was a little tinkle and then her flow commenced. She sighed with relief. She didn't want to earn a fourth punishment. When Mistress Jean said, "Pee," she meant, "Pee, or else!"

"Okay, on your knees, head down," Jean told her calmly. Yolanda drew herself off the seat and sank to the floor. She put her forehead on the scratchy rug, raised her rear and spread her legs. Jean took a swatch of toilet paper and gave her coosh a good wipe. She tossed it into the toilet, flushed it and went to the sink to wash her hands. When she was done, she turned back to Yolanda who was still obediently in her humiliating position and released her wrists from each other. Bob moved over to the door and swung it open.

"Come on, Yolanda," he told her sternly. "Let's get to it."

Yolanda raised her head and looked at him. Mistress Jean was standing by her side, waiting for her to place herself into motion. Her belly churning, Yolanda crawled to the door on all fours and exited her cell. When she got past the doorway, she stopped, held herself rigidly up on all fours, her back straight, her head up and staring forwards, awaiting her next command. She sure wasn't going to make the same mistake she had made with Master Jimmy. She would do what she was told and only what she was told.

Jean emerged from the cell and stepped quickly by her. Master Bob closed the cell door and its automatic lock engaged. Jean sat down in one of the green easy chairs, facing Yolanda. "Come here, Yolanda," she told her. Yolanda crawled over to her obediently. Bob sat in the easy chair opposite Jean, about 15' away. When Yolanda reached Mistress Jean, she looked up at her expectantly.

Jean's naked breasts were fluffy but not droopy. Her areolas were wide and dark red. When she sat a roll of flesh formed at her waist. Her blanched white thighs were thick and firm. A wild burst of reddish-brown curly hair sat between them. Her legs were spread widely in a mannish manner. She was staring back at Yolanda, smiling. "Come on up here and get on my lap, Yolanda," she instructed her sweetly. "I want to play with you."

"I want to play with you." The words soured Yolanda's belly. She had played with her before, to her great shame and humiliation. She thought of Master Bob sitting behind her. Was Mistress Jean going to make her perform for him? Could she jump up and run away? Back into her cell and back into her cage where she would be protected. She didn't care if they never let her out. As far as she was concerned, they could just lock her up and forget about her. She would starve to death, but maybe that was better than what she was going to go through. Maybe it was better than wherever they were going to send her, some place where she would be tortured every day and have to serve countless ruthless, cruel men.

She tried to move and obey Mistress Jean's command, but her muscles seemed to be frozen. The little men in her head who controlled her brain were refusing to send the message down to her arms and legs to get going. She imagined them sitting at their levers and dials fretting about the humiliation which was impending. The pointers on the fear gauges were all in the red. The boys down in the cellar of her brain where all her nightmares dwelt, were screaming and yelling through the intercom as the synapses there were all glowing red, pulsing and throbbing. An all-consuming fire had broken out upstairs where her self-respect and self-image were generated and the men were all trying to flee, pounding and hammering on the fire doors which had sealed themselves shut at the first sign of trouble.

Deep inside her brain, at the core, the great iron plates which held back the panic fluids rising up from her sour, churning belly, were warping and buckling, ready to burst, and the crew that maintained them had already fled.

Back in the control room, the manager knew that they had no choice. He had seen what had happened when Mistress Cathy had tortured her, and it hadn't been pretty. Hot flows of lava-like pain had flooded the entire brain, scouring and scarring the corridors and byways. Casualties had been heavy. Only half of the staff was able to make it to the safe rooms in time and the infirmary was still filled with scorched and burnt men.

No, there was no choice. The built-up energies had to be released. "Engage and proceed!" he commanded loudly. The men at the control levers looked at each other and then back at him. "Do it! Do it now!" he screamed.

Poor Yolanda didn't know where the impetus to finally move and obey Mistress Jean's command came from. All she knew was that her hands and knees moved forward. When she could go no farther, she slowly rose, turned herself and sat down on Mistress Jean's sturdy right thigh. She recoiled on the sensation of flesh upon flesh. She trembled at the nearness of the hands and mouth that would bring her torment. Her left thigh was pressing against Mistress Jean's lower belly. Mistress Jean ran her right hand down her naked back and placed the other on her left thigh. "Good girl," she cooed. "Now place your hands behind your back."

Yolanda was grateful for the instruction about what to do with her hands. As long as they were in front of her, they would threaten rebellion. She moved them back. Mistress Jean, grabbing a shock of her hair, forced her to bend over. She buckled her wrists together and then brought her back up.

"There you go, Yolanda," she told her almost sweetly. "Spread your legs a little farther apart. That's the good girl. I want to be able to get at your cunt."

Yolanda suppressed a whine. She looked at Master Bob who was staring back at her. His cock had hardened now, and he was giving it tender strokes.

Mistress Jean's right hand circled around her back. Her left hand ran up and down her thighs, one and then the other and back again. Her hand was hot and

strong. Yolanda shivered. Mistress Jean pulled her torso closer to her. She leaned over and took her left teat into her mouth. While the left hand rubbed and stroked her thighs and belly, she gave the nipple a soft, tender suckle. She ran her tongue all around it, pulling on it gently with her mouth. A tingle formed and ran up and down Yolanda's spine. Jean pulled her closer and her mouth shifted breasts, engorging her teat, laving it with her tongue, suckling on it gently.

Her left hand rose and seized the breast she had been working on. She gave it a firm squeeze. As her mouth returned to the left breast, her hand pulled and tweaked at her right nipple. A generalized warmth was spreading through her. She had closed her eyes, but then remembered her duty to keep them open at all times. She opened them again and cringed as she saw the lust building up in Master Bob's face.

The hand and mouth left her. Mistress Jean reached behind her and unbuckled her gag. She drew the round ball of remorseless rubber from its encasement and tossed it on the floor. Her left hand reasserted its dominion over her right breast while the right took hold of a skein of hair and pulled her face towards her mistress's. "Come on, open up," Mistress Jean told her, a trickle of lust in her voice. She pushed her face forward. She placed her lips upon hers. Her tongue insinuated itself at the opening, demanding entry.

In the control room, the manager called out, "Spread her lips and prepare to engage tongue!" Levers were pulled, dials were turned, pedals were pressed. The lone surviving man upstairs in her self-respect chamber groped in the darkness for the control which would keep her lips shut. Yolanda screamed to herself, "No! No! No! I won't do it! I won't! I won't! I won't!" The man in her chamber of self-respect collapsed. Below the control room, the gears shifted, the muscles were engaged. Despite Yolanda's desperate effort to prevent it, her lips spread, and the hot, demanding tongue entered.

It swirled and scoured inside her mouth. A sickening sensation spread throughout her body even as a flow of warmth seeped down into her belly and down her thighs. Despite her revulsion, her tongue, as if with a mind of its own, followed and engaged and intermingled with the callous muscle. She whined and moaned, shivered and shook, but there was nothing she could do.

The hand massaged and kneaded her breasts, first one and then the other and back again. It roamed down her belly across and between her thighs, rising again to her womanly mounds to squeeze and molest them. As the tongue went on and on, and the heat began to build in her loins, the hand descended again and brushed across her defenseless, hairless mons.

The door to the control room sprang open. Startled, the manager and crew looked and stared. A wild, demonic man, tall and muscular, outfitted in red with exuberant, unruly black hair entered, his minions close behind.

“I’ll take it from here,” the dark man growled.

“No! No! We have it under control!”

“General Order 4!” the dark man roared. “Get away from those controls now!”

The manager, cowed, stepped back. The dark man’s minions shoved aside the operators and sat down before the lever and dials. The dark man took a position of command behind them. He paused, scanning the dials and gauges.

“Good! Good!” he exclaimed excitedly. “Now let’s get that cunt all warmed up. We are in for a ride!”

Two fingers traced a path up from Yolanda’s perineum all the way to the top of her gash. They descended along the same path and rose again. Up again and down, up again and down. Yolanda felt the fingers probe deeper between her outer lips and slide easily over her inner core, spreading slickness wherever they went. She groaned with unhappiness as the tongue continued its demanding dance. A message of incipient need spread from her loins up into her belly, down her thighs, along her spine and into her brain. “No! No!” she tried to exclaim, but her mouth was too heavily, unwillingly engaged.

When the fingers flitted over her little button, she gasped into Mistress Jean’s mouth. The fingers rotated lightly over the little blip of flesh, spreading her moisture all over it. The fingers descended again, sliding along her crevasse, probing into her little hole, all the way down and back again. They flicked lightly at her nubbin, making her jump and then down and up again.

Mistress Jean broke their kiss. “How’s that feel, Yolanda? You like having your pussy petted?” she asked her tauntingly.

Yolanda didn’t know how to respond. Her body liked it. Her cunt liked it. But she didn’t like it. Master Bob was smiling at her, enjoying her stress.

“It feels good, Mistress Jean,” Yolanda answered breathlessly as the fingers continued to flick lightly at her clit, “but I don’t like it,” she whined piteously.

“Oh, that’s very naughty, Yolanda,” Mistress Jean rebuked her. “You have got to learn to like it. We can’t sell you until you do. I’m going to have to punish you. You’ve got to want to like it, need to like it. You understand that it pleases me to see you all hot and bothered, don’t you?”

“Y-yes, Mistress Jean,” Yolanda huffed as the fingers picked up speed and intensity.

“Well, your duty is to please me, isn’t it?”

“Y-yes, Mistress Jean,” Yolanda returned with some effort.

“Then you have to like what pleases me, don’t you?”

“Y-yes, Mistress Jean,” Yolanda forced out. The fingers were relentlessly driving her lust. She wanted to deny the feelings, deny the sensations, close off the pathways from her pussy to her brain, but it was as if someone or something else

was in control. Someone was stoking her pussy, making it hotter and hotter against her will.

“Then, if your duty is to please me, and it pleases me to play with your pussy and watch you lose control of yourself, then it should please you too, shouldn’t it?”

“Y-yes, Mistress Jean,” Yolanda whined. The fingers had abandoned their post and were now thrusting themselves along her inner channel, having easily penetrated her now elastic and well lubricated portal.

“Yes, what, Yolanda?” Jean asked her insistently.

“Yes, it pleases me,” Yolanda burst back.

“What pleases you, Yolanda?”

“It pleases me for you to play with my pussy and watch me get all hot and bothered, Mistress Jean,” she whined. She cringed at the paradigm Mistress Jean had forced upon her. Her logic, though, was unassailable. It was, in fact, her duty to please her Mistress. She had learned that at the point of a whip. If she performed her duty willingly, with alacrity, with devotion, she could avoid the whip. And avoiding the whip was, by definition, pleasing. So, if pleasing Mistress Jean meant avoiding the whip, then it should please her that she was, in fact, pleased.

It was a slave’s logic. But it was the only logic permitted her now. If the real world’s logic applied here, she would not be in chains. She would not be a prisoner. She would not have a devilish, callous, conscienceless woman’s hand in her purse. And she would not be watching Master Bob stroking his long thick tool, a lustful, salacious grin on his face.

“Good girl, Yolanda,” Mistress Jean returned. “Just keep that in mind at all times. Now, do you want me to make you come?”

The fingers had returned to her clit. They were flicking at it *rapidamente*. A groan escaped her lips. Her thighs were trembling, and her pussy burned. “I-if it pleases you, M-mistress Jean,” she eked out.

“Good girl, Yolanda,” Mistress Jean cooed. “Here it comes.”

Her right hand grabbed at the hair at the back of her head again and she pressed their faces together. She forced her lips open with her tongue and thrust her tongue inside. The hand left her puss, stroked her thighs up and down, up and down, came up along her belly and seized her right breast. It mauled it and squeezed it and twisted her nipple, making her squeal. It moved to her left and repeated the procedure. The tongue inside her mouth was driving her mad. Her whole body was suffused with lust. Her pussy yearned for contact.

“Okay, heads up boys, we’re moving into the finale,” the dark man told his crew. He punched at the intercom. A tinny voice responded, “Cunt!”

“Pour on the coal. Give it all you’ve got. I want that cunt as hot as a stove in the next few minutes! Got it?”

“Yes, sir! The voice responded. “It’ll be as hot as a three-dollar pistol in about 60 seconds!”

“Good!” the dark man shouted. He punched another button. “All hands! All hands! Brace yourselves. This is gonna be a big one! It’s going to shake the house down!”

The hand returned to her crevasse. The fingers shoved themselves rudely into her tunnel and thrust themselves deeply within, driving themselves along it like a feverish piston. Yolanda groaned loudly. She pulled at her bound hands to try and protest her abuse, but their binding was remorseless. She closed her thighs around the hand, but then hand just ignored them. A thumb began to twiggle on her stiffened button, making her gasp. It went on and on and on. Her lusts were growing and growing and growing. Her whole body was shaking. An immanency was growing larger and larger within her loins. It was like someone had stoked her fires and they were raging wildly within her.

“Okay, boys, here it comes! Wait until I give the signal. Wait.... Wait.... Wait....” the dark man insisted. All the dials were in the red. The control panel was shaking and groaning. Steam was pouring in through all the vents and the whole edifice began to shudder and groan.

The intercom buzzed. A panicked voice emerged. “We can’t hold things down much longer, Captain! The whole thing is going to blow!”

“No yet! Not yet! Not yet!” the dark man shouted back. Mistress Jean had broken their kiss and was taunting her.

“Come on Yolanda! Give it to me! Give it to me! Come like the whore that you are! You’re a fucking whorish slut! That’s what you are! You were just in hiding! Now the real you is out! Let me see you come! I wanna hear you yell and scream and shout! Look at Master Bob! Show him what a good whore you are! Come for me! Come for me! Come for me now!”

“Now!” the dark man screamed. The crewman reached unsteadily for the lever. The room was shaking violently. He strained and strained and strained to reach it. It seemed almost impossible. Finally, he was able to grasp it. With a mighty pull, he yanked the lever back. A mighty roar shook the room. It convulsed violently, dashing the helpless men around the chamber.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!” Yolanda screamed as her pussy twisted and contorted and throbbed. The agonizing pleasure shot all through her. The thumb continued to torment her, and it seemed like her torment would go on forever. “Ohhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhh! Arrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrgh!” she groaned.

Slowly, the throbbing and pulsing down below began to ebb. She released a long, deep agonized groan. The thumb had slowed but was still eking out of her mighty post orgasmic throbs. The fingers ceased their pistoning. It seemed like all of her life’s energy had shot out of her like steam from a bust pipe. She had closed

her eyes and she felt Mistress Jean's hand rubbing her belly, grasping and massaging her breasts, stroking her thighs. It seemed almost comforting.

Up in the control room, the men had recovered. There was celebration all around. Backs were slapped, hands were shaken, men shouted with joy. The dark man punched the intercom. "Well done lads! Well done! Kudos all around! But I don't want anybody resting on their heels. You guys down in the cunt, I want the steam up again as soon as possible! I have a feeling it's going to be a long night!"

"That's the good girl," Mistress Jean cooed. "You're going to make a great whore, Yolanda. Wasn't that nice? Didn't that feel good?"

"Y-yes, Mistress Jean," Yolanda sighed unhappily. "I'm not a whore! I'm not a whore! I'm not! I'm not!" she thought miserably.

"But look! You've got Master Bob all hot and bothered! Don't you think that you should do something about that?"

Her hand was still wandering her body possessively. Yolanda looked at Bob. She knew what Mistress Jean wanted her to do. She knew what Master Bob wanted her to do. She knew that she would have to do it, but she just couldn't say the words. She looked down at Mistress Jean, hoping for pity, hoping for mercy, but seeing none.

"Isn't there anything you can think of Yolanda? You're a whore now, so think what a good whore would do. If you can't think of anything, I'll whip you until you do. Do you want that?"

"N-no, Mistress Jean," Yolanda burst out. "Please don't whip me!"

She gave her right breast a mighty squeeze. Her voice grew stern. "So, tell me, what are you going to do to help Master Bob out?"

Yolanda didn't want to say it. She didn't want to volunteer. But she knew that they would force her to do it anyway. First, they would whip her until she begged and begged to be allowed to do it. And then she would do it. Holding back a torrent of sobs, she forced herself to speak. "I should suck Master Bob's cock, Mistress Jean," she whined.

"That's the good girl. I knew you knew what to do. You're a natural whore, Yolanda and don't you ever forget it. Now, are you allowed to suck Master Bob's cock without permission?"

"N-no, Mistress Jean," Yolanda replied sadly.

"The why don't you ask him? I'm sure he'll say yes."

Yolanda looked at Master Bob sadly. She was sure he would say yes too. She thought of his thick joint in her mouth, her on her knees before him, Mistress Jean watching and taking it all in. His cock throbbing and jerking along her tongue, shooting his goo into her. She looked down at his cock. His right hand was gently stroking it. It looked like it was at maximum attention. She knew she had to speak. There was no choice, no matter how humiliating it was. Why didn't they just order

her around? Why did they have to make her complicit? Why did she have to like it?

Master Bob looked like he was about to get out of his chair and seize her. His eyes were glaring, demanding. Intolerant. Remorseless. She bet that hundreds of girls had sucked his cock. Girls just like her who had been stolen from their lives and turned into whores. Turned into slaves. Like her. She was a slave. Maybe someday she wouldn't be. Maybe someday she would escape, or the police would liberate her, or maybe they would just set her free. But until then, she was a slave. She had been one ever since Tiny had tied her hands behind her back and she was shoved down on that chair in Mrs. Lim's kitchen. And slaves did what they were told, whether they liked it or not.

She forced out the words.

"Please, may I suck your cock, Master Bob?" she whined.

"Not when you say it like that," Bob answered. His voice was steely and cold.

Yolanda remembered the last time when Master Bob had whipped her. She was already due a whipping, more than one. She didn't want to add to it. She summoned up her courage. She spoke more loudly, yet properly meekly.

"Please, Master Bob, may I suck your cock?" Her voice waivered, but it came out much better this time.

"Yes, you may, Yolanda, since you asked so nicely."

"Get up, Yolanda and get on your knees in front of Master Bob," Mistress Jean told her. She gave her a little push and Yolanda's feet hit the floor. She tentatively walked the three steps over to where Master Bob was sitting and got to her knees. She held herself tall and rigid and thrust out her breasts. She made a round hole with her mouth. Master Bob's knees were pressed against her bound arms.

Master Bob removed his hand from his cock. "Get to work," he told her coldly.

She edged herself a little bit more forward and lowered her head. She brushed her lips against the head of Bob's cock and took a deep breath. She opened her lips and subsumed it in.

As soon as it entered, her stomach lurched. Sourness spread out all over her. She slid her lips down the sturdy, thick pole, her whole body cringing. It was somewhat surreal that his cock, which had been big enough when he had been stroking it, seemed to swell and enlarge as soon as it entered her. It was a mind-numbing presence. Nothing in her life had prepared her for it. Other girls had talked and joked about it, but they had never mentioned how demeaning it was.

When her lips were almost all the way to the base of Master Bob's cock, and the head was pressing against the entrance to her throat, she began to sob. Her chest began to heave, and her blood ran cold. She knew that she should be bringing her lips back up, scouring gently the soft but firm flesh, but she couldn't get herself to move. Everything that had been done to her was awful, but this seemed about

the worst. She would rather be back in that box that Jimmy had put her in. It was like some monster had invaded her. Maybe if she just kept still everything else would go away. Maybe if she just closed her eyes and wished, wished, wished with all her might, everything around her would dissolve and she would be back at her granny's asleep in her bed.

She stayed, frozen and sobbing for almost a minute. Every second the shame and despair and misery seemed to get worse. It was like she had a bomb in her mouth and any slightest movement would detonate it, exploding her head into smithereens.

Suddenly, she felt Master Bob grab the hair at the back of her head. He pulled her head up and his cock slipped out of her mouth. She looked at him miserably, her lips trembling, her body shaking. There was a fire in Master Bob's eyes, and she knew that she had done something terrible. He was holding her hair with his left hand. Before her brain even registered that it was coming, his right hand lashed out and he gave her a fierce slap across her face. She screeched. He reared his hand back and, 'smack!' the hand came crashing down again. She started blubbering wildly. Bob shifted hands on her hair and before she realized what he was doing, his left hand came thundering down, slapping her viciously. She was about to cry out for mercy when the hand descended again. The force of the blow jarred her head and made her vision go all blurry.

Bob held her there while she sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. Her face was streaked with tears. Both he and Mistress Jean were absolutely silent as her sobs and whines filled the room. After about a minute Bob grabbed her cheeks with his left hand and gave them a mighty squeeze. "Shut the fuck up!" he growled. Yolanda panicked. She had never seen anyone so angry before. She realized that Master Bob's ability to cause her pain was almost limitless. She had committed a great sin and something terrible was going to happen. She struggled to bring her sobbing under control. Bob held her face and hair tightly as her sobbing subsided. All the sorrow at her predicament had left her, leaving only terror in its wake.

Seeing that her sobbing had ceased, Bob released her face but held on tightly to her hair. "Let me tell you something, Yolanda," he spat at her. His voice was like iron, solid and heavy and ominous. "Let me tell you what happens to sluts who can't be turned into willing, energetic, obedient whores. Master Jimmy has a little place about three hours from here. We load you up into the trunk of his car and he drives you out there. While you lay in the trunk all bound and gagged, weeping and moaning, Jimmy gets out and digs a deep hole. When he's done, he opens the trunk and hauls you out. He takes you to the hole and lets you get a good look at it. He seems to enjoy this kind of thing. Then, after you've seen the hole, he'll let you beg and plead for mercy for a while from between your gagged lips. You'll

promise to be a good whore. You'll promise to do whatever you're told. You'll promise to be obedient and serve everyone like the slave that you are.

"But it'll be too late. Jimmy's never brought a girl back. If you're lucky, Jimmy'll take out his small caliber Beretta and put a bullet in your head. But if Jimmy is feeling mean, he'll just toss you in the hole and fill it up. And he'll wait an hour or so to make sure you don't somehow figure out a way to claw yourself out. And if you do, he'll just dig the hole again and put you back in. Do you get the picture?"

His eyes were piercing her like searing lasers. His grip on her hair was so tight she felt like he was about to tear it from her head. She was shaking and trembling. Somehow, she knew that what Master Bob was saying was the truth. It was no bluff. Jimmy seemed like the kind of person who would happily do just what Master Bob said. She had a vision of herself, naked and bound, kneeling at the edge of a forbidding hole, pleading desperately from behind her gagged lips for mercy. And getting none. A rush of bile rose up from her belly and she started to gag. She wanted to beg and plead to be allowed to be a good slave, to show him that they didn't have to drop her in a hole, that she would be the best whore that they ever trained, but she couldn't speak. The bile sputtered from her mouth and oozed down her chin. She wanted to break down into sobs again but was too overcome with terror.

"Answer me, whore!" Master Bob roared. "Do you get the picture!"

In the control room, the men were running about wildly. The dark man was calling down to the speech room, yelling and screaming for action. The men there had barricaded themselves in and were refusing to act. A crew of the dark man's minions were using axes to batter down the door.

"Why can't I speak! Why can't I speak! Why can't I speak!" Yolanda thought madly. Her eyes shifted from Master Bob's face to his right hand which she could see was yearning to strike her again. She pressed and pressed and pressed, but nothing would come out. Her bound hands twisted and turned. Terrible, terrible images flashed through her brain. "Please! Please! Please!" she begged herself. "Answer him! Answer him! Answer him!"

The dark man's minions broke through the door. Fierce hand to hand combat erupted. The largest and brawniest of the minions forced his way to the speech controls. There was one last man defending it. The minion brushed him aside. The answer to Master Bob's question was already logged in. His eyes searched desperately for the go button. And then he saw it. It was blinking red. He slammed down his hand.

"Yes, Master Bob! Yes, Master Bob!" Yolanda screamed at last. "Please, please, don't do that to me! I'll be good! I'll obey! I promise! I promise! Please! Please! Please!"

Mistress Jean rose from her chair. She crouched down next to Yolanda and put her arm around her. "There, there, Yolanda," she cooed soothingly. "No one's going to do anything to you. You're going to be a good girl and do what you're told from now on, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress Jean! Yes, Mistress Jean! I will! I will! I promise!"

"Okay, then, let me get you cleaned up and you can show Master Bob what a good blowjob you can give. Okay?"

"Yes, Mistress Jean! Yes, Mistress Jean!" Yolanda avowed desperately.

Mistress Jean rose and stepped over to the sink. She wet a paper towel and brought it back. She wiped Yolanda's chin and breasts, where the bile had flowed. Bob was holding on to her head steadfastly. Yolanda was praying with all her might that he agreed with Mistress Jean. Mistress Jean rose and patted her on the head.

"Now why don't we start all over again? Isn't there something you want to ask Master Bob?"

Yolanda looked at Master Bob miserably. Something had snapped in her, she knew it. Yolanda of the past had been crushed out of existence. All that was left was Yolanda the slave. "P-please, Master Bob, may I suck your cock?" she asked plaintively.

His grip on her hair relented. His features calmed. "Will you do a good job, Yolanda?" he asked her sternly.

"Oh, yes, Master Bob, yes, I will! I'll do a good job! I promise!" she responded desperately.

"Okay then. Let's see what you can do."

He released her hair. Yolanda took a deep breath. She looked at Master Bob's still rigid cock. Its little opening was staring at her like some evil eye. She bent her head and slipped her lips around the bulbous head and paused. She gathered together all of her courage, all of her desire to live and then slowly, slowly, slowly descended.

It wouldn't be exactly accurate to say that she pleased Master Bob's cock lovingly, but it was as near to lovingly as she could get. She pressed her head down all the way, keeping her lips tightly married to the stem, and then brought them back up. She did it again, her mind reeling with shame and humiliation. His cock had seemed to grow even bigger and longer somehow. When she was sunk down on it, her lips pursed, her cheeks bulging, it felt like something terrible and evil had possessed her. Her stomach churned and a heavy, thick, oppressive despair subsumed her. And yet, somehow, she remembered her duty, and slowly, slowly, slowly dragged her lips back up again.

She started suckling on the head on each upward stroke. Encouraged by a deep, satisfied moan from her oppressor, she began moving her head faster, up and

down, up and down, swirling her tongue over the crown each time. She gave him short, hard strokes. She gave him long, leisurely ones. Her mind was attuned to Master Bob's slightest emanations of pleasure. And yet as she strove to bestow upon her lord and master the greatest pleasure she could muster, inside she was sickened by her cowardice.

"I should have roared my defiance! I should have resisted with all my might! I should let them kill me rather than live a life of misery! Now I really am a whore! I'm the lowest, scummiest, dirtiest, vilest whore! Worse than Chamile had ever been! I deserve everything that's going to happen to me! I'm beyond all redemption! Oh, please, God, help me, please, please, please!"

But she kept to her task. Master Bob's sighs and moans were becoming louder. His hands had come to rest on her head. She could feel Mistress Jean's eyes boring into her back. She accelerated her efforts. "Come! Come! Come! Please! Please! Please come!" her mind screamed.

And then Master Bob's hands became ensconced in her hair once again. He was thrusting his hips back up at her. He took control and began raising and lowering her head with seemed desperation. She kept her lips locked on his cock, knowing that his viscous splurge was about to inundate her. She begged God one more time not to let it happen, to whisk her away, to dissolve her into nothingness, but he did not respond.

Master Bob released a great groan, and his cock began to throb and jerk in her mouth. Hot, slimy goo flooded her oral cavity, too heavy a flow for her to swallow. It ran up her nose and drooled from between her lips. She began to choke and cough, but her head continued to be pistoned up and down as Master Bob took his full measure of pleasure. She kept her lips tightly clamped on his pole and swallowed as much as she could. And then, mercifully, her head began to slow. Bob's grip began to loosen. The throbs and pulses in her mouth subsided. Finally, after Bob had eked out every last spasm of his cock, he brought her head to rest. She could hear him breathing heavily. She kept her mouth closed upon his softening stem, berating herself violently for her slavishness. "I'm the dirtiest, filthiest whore in the whole world," she thought to herself miserably.

Bob pulled her head from his loins. He forced her to look up at him. "You'd better get better at swallowing, Yolanda!" he told her curtly. "That's another three strokes I owe you!"

Yolanda cringed at the news. Didn't they know that she was doing the best she could? Couldn't they cut her just a little slack? Maybe they could take a break. They would release her hands from behind her back and get her a robe. She could sit in one of the chairs and they could all have coffee and some cookies. They could watch TV for a while, a rerun of Magnum P.I., one of her grandmother's favorite shows. They would let her call her and talk to her a bit, tell her that she

was all right and that she'd be home in a couple of days. Couldn't they do all that? Did she have to be on the edge of the volcano every minute, every second, teetering and tottering and about to fall in?

Afterwards, she would hand the coffee cup back to Mistress Jean and thank her. She would get up and remove the robe and get down in what they called attention position. "Okay, I'm ready," she would tell them. And then they could begin again.

Mistress Jean was standing behind her. She felt her hand stroke her hair. "Yolanda will try and do better. Won't you, Yolanda?" she said almost kindly.

"Y-yes, Mistress Jean," Yolanda blubbered back. Three more strokes! How many had she earned now? It seemed like every time she turned around, she had earned another punishment. She couldn't even remember what she was going to be punished for. Her stomach roiled and she began to sweat.

"Now, I brought you up some dinner, Yolanda," she told her. "But you'll have to tell me, do you want to be punished or have your dinner first? It's up to you."

Mistress Jean was still stroking her hair softly from behind as if to calm her. Yolanda didn't feel calm at all. Bob was looking down at her expectantly. His cock was soft, but shiny, covered in her saliva. A little drop of cum was leaking out.

Be beaten first or eat that slop they were feeding her first. It was Hobson's choice. No choice at all. She pressed her lips together to prevent a whine from emerging. She could feel herself trembling.

"Come on now, Yolanda," Mistress Jean told her. "We're not going to have to go through this again, are we? Haven't you earned enough punishments?"

Yolanda panicked. "Y-yes, Mistress!" she blurted out desperately.

"Yes, what, Yolanda?"

"Yes, I have earned enough punishments, Mistress," she whined miserably.

"They why won't you learn, Yolanda? Why won't you learn?"

"I don't know, Mistress," Yolanda replied hastily.

"Is it because you're stupid?"

"Y-yes, Mistress! It's because I'm stupid!" Yolanda blurted out, hoping it was the right answer.

"No, it's not because you're stupid, Yolanda. We don't train any stupid slave girls. That was a lie. That's very naughty of you to tell a lie. We'll have to think of something suitable as a punishment for that. No, it's because you are hoping to avoid your fate, isn't it?"

Yolanda broke out into sobs. It was dreadful to hear what amounted to a disembodied voice behind her taunting her. All she could see was Master Bob. He was staring at her fiercely. She had no choice but to stare him back or she would be disobedient. What she really wanted to do was to close her eyes and wish everything away. But Mistress Jean had hit it on the head. She didn't want to be a slave girl. She didn't want to be obsequiously obedient. She wanted to escape and

run away. She hadn't surrendered to her fate yet. But that was the magic word, 'yet.' She knew that she would. She knew that they would force her to. All the other girls who had come before her had surrendered. Either that, or they were buried in Jimmy's secret graveyard. She didn't want that. She wanted to live. It was the only choice left to her, other than the false choices like Mistress Jean had just given her.

All this flashed through her brain in an instant. She knew that she had to answer. "Y-yes, Mistress Jean, it's because I'm hoping to avoid my fate." She finally answered, her voice barely above a squeak.

Mistress Jean crouched down behind her. She circled her hands around her and pulled her into her naked breasts. She took hold of Yolanda's and began to massage them. "Poor little Yolanda," she crooned. "Don't worry. We are going to help you. When we're done, being a slave will be baked right into your bones. You won't be able to stop being a slave even if you wanted to. You just have to engender acceptance within yourself. The next time you are in your cell, you have to empty your mind of everything else. Just think, 'I'm a slave. I'm a slave. I'm a slave.' If you think it enough, you'll begin to accept it. Until then we'll have to keep punishing you. And I'll have to punish you for the sin of having hope. That's perhaps the worst sin of all."

Yolanda was sobbing silently. Yes, she had to crush hope. There was no hope. How many hundreds of girls had come before her? Where were they all? If any had ever escaped, how could Mistress Jean and Master Bob be able to continue? The police would have shut them down a long time ago.

She wanted Mistress Jean's hands to stop. She wanted her to let go. But she knew that whether she wanted it or not the hands would continue as long as Mistress Jean wanted them to. Master Bob was looking at her savagely. She could tell that he was just itching to punish her. He would punish her. He and Mistress Jean would think up something awful to do to her for lying. And something awful to do to her to crush her hope.

"Now Yolanda, you must answer my question. Do you want to be whipped first or do you want to eat first?"

A chill went through her. It was almost like they were forcing her to ask to be whipped. When she thought of it, though, it was much better to be whipped first. If she ate first, she would be agonizing over the upcoming torture all the while. And when they beat her, she might upchuck everything she had consumed and earn yet another punishment. She drew up her courage and finally managed to speak.

"I want to be whipped first, Mistress," she answered miserably.

"Good girl," Mistress Jean told her. "I think that that is best too. Let's get it out of the way. This way you can enjoy your meal."

Yolanda knew that she wouldn't enjoy her meal. But she was hungry. And enjoy it or not, if they put food down in front of her, she would eat it. Eat it or be whipped. Obey or be whipped. Do this or be whipped. Say this or be whipped. Be quiet or be whipped. Want to be a slave or be whipped. Lose all hope or be whipped. Her lips were trembling. She had them formed into the wide 'O' that Master Bob had prescribed. Some of the anger in him had dissipated. He leaned over and patted her on the cheek. "Good girl, Yolanda," he told her. "Now let's get to it."

Mistress Jean released her breasts and stepped back. "Turn around, Yolanda and come over here," she ordered.

Yolanda, tears streaming down her face, did what she was told. She turned and shuffled over on her knees to a spot just in front of Mistress Jean. She looked up at her disconsolately. Mistress Jean was smiling. "Good girl, Yolanda," she told her. "Now turn around again and put your forehead on the floor. Spread your legs nicely."

She turned and leaned over until her forehead touched the carpet. She spread her knees and arched her back, proffering the posterior which would soon be assaulted once again. She heard Mistress Jean step away. Master Bob had arisen from his chair and was looming over her. She was shaking but holding in her sobs. She heard Mistress Jean come back.

"Do you remember what you are being punished for, Yolanda?" she asked her sternly.

"N-no, Mistress, I don't remember what I am being punished for," she replied unhappily.

"That's very bad, Yolanda. It means that you have committed so many sins that you can't keep them straight. Let me remind you. This first punishment is for talking while Mistress Cathy fucked you. You know you can moan and scream and make all kinds of passionate noises, but you're not allowed to talk. I told you that as soon as you got here. You talk when you are not supposed to and not when you are. This is very, very bad. We know that you are not stupid. It's a very nasty disobedience streak you have. Apparently, no one ever taught you manners. I'm going to give you four strokes. I want you to count them all out loud as I give them to you and I want you to say after each one, 'Yolanda is a very naughty girl'. If you don't say it loud enough or quickly enough, it won't count. Do you understand?"

"Y-yes, Mistress," Yolanda replied miserably.

She thought that she would get some warning, like, "Okay, Yolanda, here it comes!" or "Get ready, Yolanda!" but all she heard was Mistress Jean's grunt as she let the whip fly and its rush through the air. It struck her across her rear cheeks like a tiger's paw being ripped across them. She howled and began to sob. Then

she remembered Mistress Jean's instructions. "One!" she sobbed out as loud as she could. "Yolanda is a naughty girl!"

"Yolanda, Yolanda," Mistress Jean intoned behind her disappointedly. "You're supposed to say, 'Yolanda is a very naughty girl.' I'm afraid that that one doesn't count. Let's start again."

Yolanda cursed herself. Her stomach was sour and chills were running all over her. "I'm stupid! Stupid! Stupid!" she raged inside.

There was no warning about the second blow either. Just a little grunt and a swishing sound. A half second later, fire erupted on her behind. She screamed and sobbed but caught herself in time. "One!" she yelled out, her voice strained and anguished. "Yolanda is a very naughty girl!"

She expected Mistress Jean to tell her, "Good girl!" or "That's better, Yolanda!" but, instead there was that grunting noise and the awful swishing sound running right into a tormenting burn across her buttocks. Yolanda yelled again but remembered her duty. "Two!" she called out as loud as she could. "Yolanda is a very naughty girl!"

There was a grunt and a swish, and then awful, awful fire. "Three!" she screamed. "Yolanda is a very naughty girl!" She burst into woeful sobs.

Then the grunt, swish and fire again. This one seemed worse than the others. She started sobbing and sobbing and couldn't catch her breath. She knew she had to speak or she would get another. She strained, strained, strained to force it out.

"What's wrong with those guys!" the dark man yelled. "What's going on down there in speech?" He picked up the phone and punched in some numbers. The phone rang three times and then someone picked it up.

"Speech!" it yelled frantically.

"What's going on down there? Have you guys lost your mind! We're going crazy up here trying to keep a lid on everything. There's heavy casualties down in sensations. The central core is flooding! I don't think we can take any more!"

"We're trying! We're trying! The words are all set up, but they won't flow! Can't you give us some more power?"

"I'll see what I can do! Meanwhile keep pumping with all you've got!"

To the controller in front of him he barked, "Divert power from consciousness!"

"We're at the red line now, sir!" the man protested. "If it drops any more there's no telling what can happen!"

"Do what you're told!" the dark man screamed. "Do it! Do it now!"

Yolanda didn't know how she did it. Her brain seemed to empty out and a dullness swept through her. "Maybe I should just lie down," she thought lazily. And then her voice roared out, "Four! Yolanda is a very naughty girl!"

Her rear was on fire, but a feeling of relief passed through her. It was over! It was over! She did it! She did it!

“Very good, Yolanda,” Mistress Jean rewarded her. She could barely hear her over her sobs. Sobs of pain, sobs of relief.

“Now I want you to turn around again and kneel up in presentation position.”

Slowly, she edged herself around. She rose, with no minor difficulty, to her knees. She kept her knees spread, arched her back and thrust out her breasts. She looked Mistress Jean in the face. There were beads of perspiration on her forehead. She was swinging the flail by her side.

“Push out your breasts more, Yolanda. Don’t be lazy.”

She arched her back some more and made her breasts more prominent. And then she realized what was going to happen. She quivered and her heart began to thump. “Not my breasts! Not my breasts!” she pleaded inwardly. She formed her mouth into the prescribed ‘O’. She had almost forgotten.

“Now this next one is for not answering Mistress Cathy when she asked you if you wanted to fuck some more. You see what I mean? You have everything backwards. You talk when you are not supposed to and clam up when it’s your duty to speak.

“Since you just got four strokes for talking out of turn, I think it’s appropriate for you to get four for not talking when you should. Do you think that that’s fair, Yolanda?” she asked.

“No! No! No! No! It’s not fair! It’s not fair! It’s not fair!” she screamed inside. But she knew that she couldn’t say that. But she couldn’t say yes. That would be a lie. Mistress Cathy had taught her. Mistress Jean had explained it to her too. What pleased her masters should please her. It was her duty to please her masters. If having her think it was fair pleased them, then, that what she should think. But she didn’t want her breasts whipped. Mistress Cathy had whipped them and they were covered in angry striations. Just like all the rest of her. She was on the horns of a terrible dilemma.

The dark man was on the phone again. “What’s the matter with you guys?” he shouted.

“We can’t decide what words to send out!” the team leader explained frantically.

“You’ve got to send out something! Tell her, ‘If it pleases you, Mistress!’ That ought to do it. And hurry!”

“If it pleases you, Mistress,” Yolanda blurted out. She looked up at Mistress Jean hopefully. She didn’t know where the words had come from, but now that they were out there was no taking them back.

Mistress Jean stared at her blankly for a moment or two. Yolanda felt like she was waiting for the judge to tell her whether she was going to hang. Then, Mistress Jean broke out into a smile. “Very good, Yolanda. Yes, it pleases me. Does that please you?”

“Oh, yes, Mistress! Yes, Mistress, it pleases me,” she answered desperately.

“Good. Now I don’t want you to close your eyes. If you do, it won’t count. And I want you to count like before. This time I want you to say, ‘Yolanda will learn to obey.’ Got that?”

“Y-yes, Mistress,” Yolanda eked out fearfully.

“What did you say, Yolanda? I couldn’t hear you.”

“Yes, Mistress, I got that!” Yolanda shouted.

Mistress Jean smiled. She raised the flail and brought it back. A look of determination crossed her face. Yolanda wanted in the worst way to look away. She fought off the desperate urge to bend down and protect herself. The whip came forward at an awful speed. It was like someone had poured acid on her breasts. She screeched. Then, “One!” she called out miserably. “Yolanda will learn to obey!” This time she remembered the words.

Mistress Jean didn’t wait. The flail came forward again right away. Yolanda tried to catch her breath, but it was too late. The flails dragged across her breasts, leaving agony in their wake. “Two!” Yolanda shouted amidst her sobs. “Yolanda will learn to obey!”

And then the third time. “Three! Yolanda will learn to obey!”

Each time she struck her, Mistress Jean’s heavy breasts swayed and jiggled. Yolanda wanted to look away in the worst way, but she knew better than that. Mistress Jean’s naked body was glistening with perspiration. Her visage was grim and full of determination. There wasn’t a single sign of sympathy or regret. Her eyes were steely and cold. Each time she reared the whip back prefatory to the next blow, Yolanda had to suppress the desperate urge to beg and whine and plead for mercy, even as she did so in her frantic mind. But each time the whip came forward just the same.

She readied herself for the fourth. Mistress Jean paused and let her anxiety blossom. She felt herself collapsing but caught herself at the last second. She stared back at the demonic woman. “How could she be so cruel?” she wondered unhappily. “How am I ever going to survive?”

The whip came forward. Like the last time, the fourth blow seemed like the worst. She bent over and screeched. Then she brought herself back up again. Her breasts felt like someone had poured molten lava across them. “F-four!” she cried out. “Y-Yolanda will learn to obey!”

Mistress Jean paused for a moment, looking at her. She was wearing an ironic smile. Then, wordlessly, she turned and returned the whip to its hook near the whipping stand. Tears were still pouring down Yolanda’s face when she came back. “Hungry, Yolanda?” she asked pleasantly.

Yolanda wanted to say ‘yes’ but was afraid that she would burst out into sobs again. Her breasts still burned, almost negating the burning on her rear. She had

more punishments due. It was horrible to think about. She had to stop earning them! She had to obey! “Yolanda will learn to obey!” she shouted out in her mind. “Yolanda is a very naughty girl!” She was a naughty girl. Naughty girls got punished. She didn’t want to be a naughty girl anymore. “Yolanda will learn to obey! Yolanda will learn to obey! Yolanda will learn to obey!” she thought madly as she strained to force the words out. And then they came. “Yes, Mistress, I am hungry!” she blurted.

“No, no, no, no!” Mistress Jean answered her, shaking her head, frowning. “Yolanda doesn’t have an ‘I’ anymore. She doesn’t have a ‘me’. I’ve told you that you’re not a person anymore. And if you’re not a person, you can’t call yourself ‘I’ or ‘me’, because that’s what people say. Do you want to try that again?”

“Yes, Mistress!” Yolanda answered quickly. She had broken another rule! A rule she didn’t even know. But Mistress Jean had given her a hint. “Yolanda is a very naughty girl!” not “I am a very naughty girl!” “Yolanda will learn to obey!” not “I will learn to obey!” How could she be so stupid?

“So, are you hungry, Yolanda?”

“Yes, Mistress, Yolanda is hungry!” she answered quickly and emphatically.

“Okay, then,” Mistress Jean replied. She turned towards the counter and uncovered a shiny steel bowl. She took a tablespoon from a drawer and gave the muck inside it a good stir. Bob had taken out a small rubber mat and he laid it down on the floor in front of the chairs. Mistress Jean placed the bowl down on it. Yolanda stayed perfectly still, staring straight ahead.

“Come over here, Yolanda,” Mistress Jean ordered.

She turned and shuffled over to where Mistress Jean was standing. Master Bob had resumed his seat. She was facing the chairs, the bowl in front of her. She knelt up and thrust her breasts out as brazenly as she could. Mistress Jean resumed her seat. “Okay, Yolanda,” she said as she settled herself in. “Eat.”

Suppressing her chagrin, Yolanda bent herself over. She had to spread her knees wide and back up a little bit in order to get her face in the bowl. She dug her teeth into the lumpy mush and tore out a large clump. She started chewing it immediately.

It wasn’t that the food was tasteless. It had a taste, but it was as bland as it could be, as if it had been cooked and cooked and cooked until all the flavors had left it. It was slightly redolent of meat, but what kind of meat? The gooey stuff surrounding the chunks was almost certainly some kind of pureed vegetable or vegetables. It all had a kind of chalky taste, like maybe some kind of medicine had been ground up into it.

She didn’t let the lack of any real flavor deter her from her task. As much as she was hungry, the more important motivator was to avoid any more punishments.

Slave girls who didn't eat were naughty. She wasn't ever going to naughty again. Not if she could help it.

She ate and she ate and she ate. She mostly kept her head down, but the feeling of being watched by two naked people, of hostile, mocking eyes upon her, was too great not to look up from time to time. Both Jean and Bob were concentrating their gaze upon her. Both were wearing ironic smiles, as if enjoying her dismay. But of course, they were enjoying it. You couldn't do what they did and not be a sadist. Mistress Jean had been glowing with satisfaction when she had finished whipping her.

Her stomach felt full and yet there was more in the bowl. She forced the rest down. She licked the bowl clean, gathering up every last smear. When she was done, she knelt up and looked at her masters.

"Very good, Yolanda," Mistress Jean told her. "Now stay where you are."

She rose from her chair and went back to the counter. She brought over a 12 oz. bottle filled with a chalky liquid. She poured it into the bowl.

"Now drink up," she told her.

Yolanda bent back over and began sucking and lapping the liquid up. It was creamy, and just a little bit sweet, like maybe it had been laced with honey. When she had lapped up every drop, she rose again. Mistress Jean was standing next to her with a wet cloth. She used it to wipe her face and then removed the bowl. Master Bob rose from his chair and picked up the mat, storing it away. As Mistress Jean came to stand in front of her, Master Bob released her joined together wrists. When they were loose, Mistress Jean smiled. "Now it's time for some fucking, Yolanda. You've gotten me all hot and bothered and my pussy needs a good licking. Come over to the bed and get up on it on your knees."

Yolanda's stomach churned as she realized that the moment she had been dreading had come. She didn't pause, though, but quickly dropped to her hands and knees and crawled over to the bed. She felt Bob and Jean following close behind her. When she got to the bed, she climbed up onto it, turned and rose to her knees, facing them. Mistress Jean didn't say anything, but just climbed up on the bed, rolled past her and, after fluffing up the pillows, leaned against the headboard, placing her thick legs on either side of her. Bob was standing there caressing his cock.

Mistress Jean raised her knees. "Come on, Yolanda," she told her, her voice ripe with anticipation, "you know what to do. Come closer so that I can kiss you."

Anguish trilled through her, but Yolanda did not delay her obedience. She scooted herself up between Mistress Jean's thighs and leaned over to bring her mouth. She was trying to balance herself to minimize contact between her body and the awaiting woman, but she had to bring her hands forward to balance herself. Her hands gingerly landed on Mistress Jean's shoulders. Despite her revulsion,

their breasts were just touching. She pushed her head forward to marry her trembling lips onto the woman's. Mistress Jean snaked her hand around the back of her head and took hold of her hair, pulling her down towards her. Yolanda had half parted her lips, hoping to forestall a deeper kiss, but, as their lips mashed together, Mistress Jean thrust her tongue forward, pushing her lips apart, and it entered her mouth.

Yolanda was too frightened to mount any resistance. She allowed her reluctant tongue to mingle with the woman's. She felt the agile muscle slither over hers, under it, on top of it, around it. Despite her revulsion, her loins started to stir. Mistress Jean rubbed her other hand up and down her back, pulling her further in, now mashing their breasts together. She raised her ankles and crossed them behind Yolanda's thighs, capturing her. Yolanda could feel her wiry reddish-brown bush rubbing up against her lower belly. She suffered a moment's panic. "I don't want to do this! I don't want to do this! I don't want to do this! Please! Please! Please!" her mind cried out. She tried to wriggle away from the domineering woman, but she just tightened her grasp on her hair and pushed her mouth down harder, tightened her leg's grip on her thighs, pressed down harder on her back.

Yolanda whined as the fruitlessness of her efforts came home to her. She was no match for the larger, stronger woman. And Master Bob was right behind her, watching her, ready to pounce at any signs of disobedience. She thought of Jimmy's hole in the ground and, for a moment, saw herself naked and bound, kneeling at its edge, Jimmy's sneering face before her. She didn't want that! She didn't want that! She didn't want that! A wave of woe passed through her, and she resigned herself to her fate. Her body stopped wriggling. She gave no more resistance to the hand pressing her face forward. She let her body rest on her assailant's absorbing its heat and slickness.

Mistress Jean pressed further into her mouth. She had sensed the girl's surrender and wanted to cement her dominance. She waited until the girl moaned and trembled, a surge of unwanted passion passing through her. She then pulled the girl's head back, freeing their lips, brought her legs down from around her thighs. "Let's see how well you play with my tits, Yolanda," she said her voice deep and impassioned. "Give them a good suckle. Make me believe that you are an obedient little whore."

Yolanda remembered what Mistress Cathy had told her, to suckle her breasts like they were the most heavenly things on earth, as if it brought her the highest joy. She knew that Mistress Jean would expect no less. She shuffled herself down Mistress Jean's torso. The woman's hand remained tightly enwrapped in her hair. She brought her mouth over to the woman's right teat. It was peering back at her expectantly. She moved her lips toward it. She tentatively brought it into her mouth,

the sensation degrading and vile. She closed her lips around it and began to give it a soft suckle. She heard Mistress Jean sigh.

She worked the woman's breasts as Mistress Cathy had taught her. She surrounded the right breast with her left hand, squeezing and mauling it. She lathered her tongue around the areola, flicked at the stiffened nipple, gave the teat long, gentle suckles. She moved to the left. She could see that the teat had been impatiently awaiting its turn. She gave it the same loving attention. This time, after worshipping the mammary with all the devotion she could muster, squeezing and caressing the massive orb with her right hand, she sucked harder and with more purpose, going on and on until she heard Mistress Jean moan. She addressed the right breast similarly, sucking hard and long until the woman's body shifted under her and she moaned again.

"Good girl! Good girl!" Mistress Jean moaned. "That's it! That's it! Now go lower, lower! My pussy is waiting for you."

Yolanda suppressed a sob and began to skootch herself down further. She dragged her lips and tongue over the woman's round belly. She went down below her belly button and she could feel her hairy growth scrape along her chin. Her hands followed her, squeezing the breasts, caressing the belly, running over the tops of her thighs. She lowered herself until the woman's organ was directly in front of her, inches away. She could smell its fecundity. The center, between the two plump outer lips, was glistening. The little hole glared at her, demanding obeisance. She suppressed a whine and dipped her tongue into the bottom of the woman's gash, broadened it, and dragged it slowly, slowly, slowly upwards.

"Ohhhhh, Yolanda!" Mistress Jean exclaimed. "Do that again, and again. Make my pussy fiery hot!"

She obeyed her mistress. She dragged her tongue up along her gash slowly again and again. The grip on her hair became tighter. She started giving the stiff little button on the top a swirl of her tongue at the apex of its journeys. Mistress Jean circled her legs around her hips, squeezing her tightly. "Good girl! Good girl! Good little slave girl!" she hissed, arching her back and pressing her vulva against Yolanda's mouth.

She seized her distended button with her lips and gave it a gentle suckle, swirling her tongue all around it. Mistress Jean moaned again, and her legs gripped her tighter. She began to flick her tongue rapidly over her clit. Mistress Jean's huge, heavy body squirmed under her. "Yes! Yes! Yes, you fucking cunt! Oh god, yes! Yes! Make me come! Make me come!"

Yolanda buried her face close against the woman's loins. She suckled and flicked, suckled and flicked. She dropped her tongue down and thrust it into the little hole, scouring it, and then brought it back up again. Mistress Jean was moaning steadily now. Yolanda's arms were circled around the woman's thick

thighs. The squeezing of her legs got harder and harder. Her body began to buck and shudder. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" she called out fervently. Then she commenced a series of guttural groans, short, staccato, urgent. "Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!" she called out.

Mistress Jean's grunting subsided. Yolanda slowed but did not cease her efforts. After a short while, Mistress Jean lifted her head off her loins by her hair and tapped her face. "That's the good girl, Yolanda," she said, beaming. "You're a great little whore."

Bob was still standing by the bed, hovering. He moved toward her and said, "Don't move."

He climbed up on the bed behind her. She felt his heavy hand slide over her rear mounds. She knew that Bob's turn was next, and she shivered with unhappiness. His hand went between her legs.

"Spread your thighs a little bit more, Yolanda," he urged her. She obeyed.

Mistress Jean leaned up and took hold of her arms. "Creep a little closer to me so I can play with your tits," she instructed her. Yolanda sadly edged herself forward until her body was practically over the older woman's. Bob's hand followed her as she moved, stroking and caressing her conch.

"That's it," Bob told her. "Stay like that." Her hands were on the bed on each side of Mistress Jean's torso. Her breasts hung loose. Mistress Jean began stroking her hair. Bob's fingers were sliding up and down her crevasse. His other hand was planted on her back.

The caresses of her pussy soon began to tell. Her hips squirmed just a little and her breath was starting to become heavy. A moan was growing in her throat and she was trying to suppress it, hoping, hoping, hoping that the hand would cease its devilish ministrations, if even for a few seconds. But it went on and on. Mistress Jean took hold of her breasts and began to squeeze and knead them. The hand was going on and on. Its fingers commenced a little twiggle on her glaring button. Her arms weakened and the moan she had been suppressing escaped.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh," she sighed. Mistress Jean took hold of her chin and lifted her head. She leaned forward and covered her lips with her own, insinuating her tongue. A wave of heat flashed through her. She was being assaulted on both ends. A deeper, heavier moan was building. She tried to fight it, but it slipped right by. She moaned into Mistress Jean's mouth.

"Keep those moans coming!" the dark man conveyed down to the speech center. He punched the intercom for the cunt. "How are we doing down there?" he barked.

"Hot and juicy!" an excited voice replied. "We're building up a head of steam! Fasten your seatbelts!"

Mistress Jean broke their kiss. “Ohhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhh!” Yolanda moaned. Her need was building, building, building. Bob’s fingers were trilling her button relentlessly as his thumb slid in and out of her chamber. She couldn’t hold her eyes open any longer. She welcomed the darkness as her forces surged and surged. She felt a heavy tap on her cheek. Her eyes sprung open.

“Look at me, Yolanda,” Mistress Jean ordered her. “Don’t close your eyes again. Do you hear me?”

Yolanda’s lips trembled. Her brain was all scrambled and she was searching around desperately for the words to reply. The dark man punched the intercom for the speech center. “What’s the matter with you guys?” he shouted.

“It’s coming! It’s coming! This whole place is steaming up! We’re having trouble getting the words in order!” was the reply. “Come on guys! Move it! Move it!” the voice shouted.

The words formed. They came sliding out. “Y-yes, Mistress Jean!” Yolanda blurted. “Yes, oh yes, oh yes!” she followed up and her loins began to radiate an intense, glowing pleasure throughout her body. Her belly was pressed against Mistress Jean’s rotund one. Her thighs were pressed up against the insides of hers. Mistress Jean was pinching and pulling at her teats. “Come on, Yolanda,” she urged. “Come on. Don’t fight it. Let it go, let it go.”

Yolanda gazed into the remorseless, domineering, lust filled eyes of her mistress. She had been fighting, fighting, fighting to still the surging of her loins. For a mere second, she lost her concentration. Her control slipped. And then it hit.

“Arrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrgh! Arrrrrrrrrrgh!” she groaned as her pussy throbbed and pulsed. She collapsed her chest on Mistress Jean’s fluffy breasts and let the tidal waves of pleasure flow through her. She was shamed beyond tolerance, but her pleasure center rejoiced.

The control room was shaking. The intercom squawked. “We’re going right off the dials up here!” the team leader shouted. The cheers and exclamations of the crew could be heard in the background. “Keep it coming!”

“We’re winding down,” the commander replied curtly. “But get ready for another one!”

Yolanda felt the hand leave her purse. She felt Bob’s legs push her wider open. She felt a roundness slide up her divide and find purchase in her little hole. Before her body could react, Bob slid his thick cock into her, slowly, slowly, slowly, deeper, deeper, deeper. She released a forlorn wail. But her dismay was quickly overwhelmed by the trilling pleasure of the thick meat’s abrasions.

Bob fucked her with long, slow, deep thrusts. Each one sent a quiver all through her. She tried to rise, but Mistress Jean had hold of her hair and kept her in place. The sensations were tortuous. Her mind seemed to fizzle. There was nothing in the world but the contact between the man’s callous member and her inner flesh.

Mistress Jean started playing with her breasts again. “That’s the good girl, that’s the good girl,” she kept murmuring.

Bob’s efforts began to speed up. Her eyes clouded over. Her pussy was vibrating so heavily that it felt like it might dissolve. She looked up as Mistress Jean. She had a snarlish smile on her face. “Pl...Pl...Pl...Pl....” she heard her voice stuttering as her inner self vainly tried to plead for mercy.

“What the fuck are you guys doing?” the dark man shouted to the speech center.

“Everything’s haywire here!” the man shouted back through the speaker. “We can’t stop it!”

“I don’t care if you have to hack it to pieces,” the dark man returned heatedly, “shut it down!”

She knew she shouldn’t speak. She struggled to suppress it. The letters still kept coming, “Pl...Pl...Pl...Pl....” And then mercifully, it stopped. It was like a whole sector of her brain just went blank. Bob was pounding forcefully, and she could hear his deep, fevered grunts. Her heat kept rising, rising, rising and then her passions burst forth again. She groaned and groaned and pushed her hips back at the relentless force. Her whole body tremored. Each pulse of pleasure, as they followed one after the other in staccato eruptions, sent mind blasting pulses of pleasure through her. She, mercifully, felt her orgasm begin to wane, but the cock just kept going and going and her lusts began to grow again. “Please! Please! Please! Please stop!” her mind called out. Mistress Jean was tugging and twisting her nipples fiercely. She heard Bob’s grunts become desperate and powerful as he slammed into her harder and harder. She sensed his spume filling her and her pussy began to convulse once more. She grunted and groaned and growled and cried out.

She didn’t notice it at first when Bob halted his thrusts. Her pussy was still throbbing, although the pulses had begun to fade. Mistress Jean was caressing her breasts almost lovingly. Bob was draped over her back, and she could feel his heavy breaths. After a few moments, he rose. He edged himself back and his cock slid from inside her. He got off the bed and stepped away. Mistress Jean patted her tear-stained cheek and told her, “Good girl, Yolanda. But a little less tears, okay?”

Yolanda, her puss still burning, fearful that she had earned another punishment, forced herself to reply. “Y-yes, Mistress Jean,” she said, her voice tremulous. She was still between Mistress Jean’s widespread thighs. Mistress Jean tapped her on the cheek again and ordered her to move over her left leg and get on her belly. Yolanda complied without hesitation.

“Now lift your legs, spread your knees and take hold of your ankles,” she instructed her. Again, Yolanda complied. Mistress Jean opened the drawer of the night table on her right and pulled out a black rubber ball. She brought it to Yolanda’s mouth. “Open up, dearie,” she said almost sweetly. Yolanda hesitated briefly, but then complied. The rubber ball was pushed up against her teeth. “Open

wider, Yolanda,” Mistress Jean said sternly. Yolanda spread her lips more widely. Mistress Jean gave the ball a solid push and it popped right in.

“Now you just stay like this for a little while, Yolanda, while we take a little break.” She tousled her hair and got off the bed. She reached into the drawer again and pulled something out. A second later, she was spreading the opening of a little black bag over her head and then pulled it down, cinching it around her neck. She patted her behind and stepped away.

Yolanda lay there silently and stilly. She heard Mistress Jean and Master Bob talking but didn’t pay attention to what they said. She heard the refrigerator open and close. The TV went on. It was a Gilligan’s Island rerun. She wanted desperately to let go of her ankles and get up and run away. But she knew there was nowhere to run. She heard Bob laugh. She recognized the voices on the TV: Maryanne, the Professor, the Captain and, of course, Gilligan. They were all from a prior life to which she knew she would not be returning. She started to cry again, quietly. Everything around her was all black. The ball was an offensive blob inside her mouth. Her shoulders strained as the weight of her legs pulled against them. Her body still vibrated slightly from her recent usage. She sensed her hairless vulva, moist and exposed behind her, bare to the cruel couple’s view.

“Why, why, why, why me?” her soul queried the blackness around her. Mistress Jean said that they were taking a break. That meant the more torment was shortly ahead. Why couldn’t they just put her back in her cage and leave her alone, she miserated. She gripped her ankles tightly, obediently. They were making her cooperate in her own debasement.

After about 20 minutes, the Gilligan’s Island episode came to an end. The TV was turned off. She heard Mistress Jean and Master Bob approaching the bed. Mistress Jean loosened the bag from around her neck and pulled it from her head. Light exploded violently in front of her.

“Get on your back, place your arms at your sides and spread your legs,” Mistress Jean ordered her coldly. She did as she was told. Mistress Jean reached for her mouth and removed the black ball. She laid it to rest atop the night table and then mounted the bed. He reversed herself to Yolanda’s position and then mounted her, swinging a leg over her head. Her knees were by her shoulders. Yolanda quailed, knowing what was coming. Mistress Jean lowered her bushy loins to her face. The fecund odor was overwhelming.

“You know what to do,” Mistress Jean stated curtly as she pressed her vulva against Yolanda’s mouth. A sourness spread throughout Yolanda’s body as she pushed out her tongue and began to lick the heavy, broad thighed woman’s crevasse. She felt Mistress Jean’s hands on her thighs, pushing them further apart. She rested her hands on them and lowered her torso. A second later, Yolanda felt her mouth, her hungry mouth, encompass her little bud and commence a soft

suckle. An unwanted trill went through her. Mistress Jean's loins pushed down harder on her face. The mouth on her nubbin lifted. "Do a good job, Yolanda," Mistress Jean's quavering voice called out, "or you'll get another whipping."

The mouth lowered again to her loins. Another trill went through her as the lips and tongue commenced a tortuous application to her bud. Mistress Jean maneuvered herself so that the tippy top of her crux was presented to Yolanda's mouth. Electricity tremulating throughout her body, she commenced a firm, but gentle, obedient suckle. Mistress Jean moaned softly with approval.

CHAPTER FIVE

Kylie Kramer was a light sleeper. Normally, that is. Tonight, she was deep in slumber brought on by a major excess in alcohol and sex. Reggie, her real estate agent boyfriend, closed on a big deal that afternoon and had wanted to celebrate. He had her adorn herself with one of her hottest dresses, a silvery thing that clung tightly to her delicious frame and terminated well above her slightly knobby knees. Her dress went for \$450 over at *La Maison d'Andrée*, the upscale dress shop over in Lambertville. It was run by Dolly Anderson, a girl she had gone to high school with, who was about as French as her little toe. Dolly did have good taste, though, and gave her a 20% discount. They sometimes hung out together and shared a gram of coke or two while doing a three way with Dolly's way hot boyfriend.

The dress, along with the very minimal, lacy, mauve underwear, her sheer silk stockings and her sparkly 4" heels, were lying spread out in a trail from her living room to the bedroom as she and Reggie clawed at each other animalistically on their way to the bed. They had fucked for a good hour. First, they had pounded each other's loins together so hard and so intently, it was like they were passengers on the Titanic and had to tear one off before they ran off to find a lifeboat. Reggie had a very able tongue, and he had her moaning and groaning near at the top of her lungs. She had returned the favor, making Reggie's eyes roll back and his body shudder. Then, after a break, they had done a little more of Reggie's blow, finished off another bottle of Champagne, and fucked long and slow for the longest time.

Reggie had left about 2:30. He lived with his 80-year-old mother, and she worried when he stayed out all night. Besides, tomorrow was another business day and who knew when another million-dollar closing might walk in the door. The beautiful jade necklace he had bought her was still around her neck, but otherwise she was still naked as a jay bird. On the nightstand was a wad of \$100 bills Reggie had left behind. It wasn't as if she actually charged him for fucking her, but he knew that she expected some gratuity in exchange for what was, after all, the best piece of ass Reggie ever had.

So, Kylie took no note of it when Jimmie, perched on the fire escape, cut through the screen and then cut a small hole in the glass of her living room window just large enough for him to push open the lock that held the window closed. She didn't hear the sash as the window slid up, or the footfall of two grown men as they eased themselves in. She didn't even notice when Bob and Jimmy delicately drew off the blanket and top sheet all the way down to the foot of the bed. Her

nightstand light was still on, and she didn't take note when the two men paused for just a moment to take in her beauteous form. No, the first time she knew something was amiss was when Jimmy, as fleet as a cat, climbed on the bed and swung his leg over her, pushing her from her right side onto her belly and trapping her arms. The sudden pressure of his weight on her lower back startled her into immediate wakefulness. She felt Jimmy's hand grasp a liberal clump of her thick blonde hair and yank back her head. She was just about to scream when Jimmy pressed the business end of the large, black ball gag into her mouth and then deftly pulled back the straps and buckled it behind her head.

Kylie's scream emerged as a barely audible whine. Jolted into emergency mode, she pressed her hands down hard on the bed and tried to buck Jimmy off. She went to flail her legs, but Bob had already crossed them and tied them off with a leather thong, as deftly as a cowboy at a rodeo. It was easy for Jimmy to grab her right wrist and pull it behind her. It took him a moment more to capture the left, as Kylie screamed and bucked and squirmed as if her life depended on it, and press it against the other. Bob came round and took hold of her arms just below the elbows, while Jimmy slid back, took the leather thong stuck into his belt and weaved it above and across and above and across her wrists, before tying a tight double knot.

Bob had the black hood. Kylie was bobbing and weaving her pretty little head furiously and she continued to struggle, issuing muffled mewling and screeching, becoming, in fact, more and more desperate as time went along. So, it took him a little bit longer than usual to drape it over head, pull it down over her face and pull it tight around her neck.

Jimmy, now sitting on Kylie's thighs, leaned back and took a deep breath. Bob slipped out his pig sticker and clicked it open. He knelt back on the bed, pulled Kylie's head back and laid it across her throat. Kylie quit bucking and squealed.

"Now Kylie," Bob told her, gruffly but low, "this knife is very sharp, and it would only take a little effort to cut your throat from ear to ear. Would you like me to do that?"

Kylie squealed and wailed an approximation of 'no'.

"Then I advise you to listen carefully and do exactly as I say. I want you to be absolutely quiet. I want you to stop struggling. You're all tied up now and it's useless anyway. Can you be a good girl and do that for me?"

Kylie wailed again and issued an affirmative sounding squeal. She stopped bucking and squirming. She was releasing a moderate, high-pitched whine, nonetheless.

It was within tolerance and so Bob drew back his blade, raised himself up and folded the knife away. Jimmy patted Kylie on her hooded head. "Good girl," he told her churlishly.

He slid off her and drew his second thong off his belt. He tied one end around the tie on her ankles, lifted her feet and, pressing them down hard, tied the other end around her wrists. Kylie moaned from the exertion. Her feet sprang back when Jimmy released them, but only as far as her bound wrists would allow.

“Okay, let’s take a look around,” Bob said softly.

They searched the apartment thoroughly. Kylie had quite a stash of jewelry Reggie and others had rewarded her with. It was all dropped in an old blue pillowcase they had brought with them. Jimmy scooped the hundred-dollar bills off the nightstand and put them in his pocket. Bob emptied out the floor of the closet while Jimmy held a flashlight on it. Kylie had a bevy of shoes and they all clattered onto the bedroom rug as Bob tossed them back. He looked all along the floor once everything was out, feeling all along, but found nothing. He then cleared out the two upper shelves, handing things off to Jimmy, who placed them noiselessly on the floor. Bob’s eyes scoured the two shelves, feeling along the back wall, but saw nothing.

It was when they had pulled out all her clothes and bared the back wall that they found what they were looking for. Someone had cleverly cut through the sheetrock between the studs and replaced it. It took a little punch in the corner to displace it. Bob pulled it out and tossed the sheetrock square aside. He reached in and pulled out four tightly wrapped bundles of cash.

Jimmy whistled lowly. “Wow, the wages of sin,” he muttered.

Bob broke open one of the packages. There was what looked like fifteen or twenty tightly banded wads of hundred-dollar bills. “It looks like there must be about twenty grand here,” he told Jimmy.

“Nice,” Jimmy replied.

“Not bad for a day’s work,” Jimmy offered. “I’d say that represents a lot of fucking.”

“On an industrial scale,” Bob replied.

They stuffed the bags of cash into the pillowcase.

“Where’s her laptop,” Bob asked.

“I saw it in the living room,” Jimmy answered.

They went and got it and brought it into the kitchen and opened it on the table. It needed a password to boot up.

“Go talk to our friend,” Bob told Jimmy.

Jimmy went back into the bedroom. Bob could hear from the kitchen Jimmy making an imperious sound and the girl’s squeak in return. A moment passed and she said something. Jimmy repeated it. The girl assented and began to utter some desperate, panicked supplication. Then her voice grew muffled. She released a suppressed shriek. Jimmy said something harsh to her and the noise stopped.

He came back into the kitchen, closing his blade and slipping it back into his pocket. “prettygirl77,” he told Bob. “And it’s the same for her bank account.”

“Foolish girl,” Bob observed as he entered the code into the MAC. It popped open. He searched the opening window. He saw an icon from the bank that the girl’s sugar daddy worked at. He tapped it. A second later a new screen appeared. It already contained her username. Bob typed in the password. A window opened. It showed a checking account and a savings account. The checking account had a \$3,752.76 balance. The savings account had a balance of \$23,666.32. “Not bad, Bob commented.

There was an option to check investments. Bob clicked on it. A spreadsheet opened showing various mutual fund accounts. At the bottom, there was a total balance for all of the accounts. \$121,867.22. “Bingo!” Bob exclaimed.

“Like I said,” Jimmy replied, “a regular fucking machine.”

“I’ll get all this wired to one of our dummy accounts when we get home,” Bob told him. “Then off to the Caymans.”

“That’s a nice piece of change,” Jimmy observed.

“We’ll cut it up the usual way,” Bob answered. “Let’s get the girl ready for her little trip,” he continued as he closed the notebook.

They went back into the bedroom. Kylie was squirming and squealing, tugging desperately at her hands. She could have saved herself the trouble. Jimmy was very experienced and tied a mean knot. Bob reached into the fannypack he had on his belt. He pulled out a six-inch-long foil wrapped tube. He handed it to Jimmy who proceeded to open it. Bob dug back into the fannypack and produced a rubber plug. “Okay, let’s do it,” he ordered.

They both got on the bed to either side of the unfortunate Kylie, Bob on her right and Jimmy on her left. Bob reached in his hands underneath her bound hands and ankles and spread her rear cheeks. Kylie screeched and started to buck. Jimmy put his left hand on her back and held her down. He took the green translucent tube that he had drawn from the package and pressed it up against her cute, little bung hole. Kylie started sobbing and proffering some kind of verbal protest that emerged as a muffled, “Rrrrrrgh rrrrrrgh rggggh ruggggggggggggggg!” The little hole squeezed close in self-defense.

It was easy to force the entrance. Jimmy slid the tube home. He took the plug from Bob and expertly introduced it into her rectum. The anal ring closed around the indentation in its base. No amount of straining would ever get it out. The men slid off the bed.

“About 30 minutes, to be safe,” Bob told Jimmy.

“Okay, how can I kill 30 minutes?”

“See if you can find anything else interesting on her laptop,” Bob told him. “I’ll keep looking around.”

Jimmy gave Kylie's posterior a hefty slap. "Nighty night, Kylie. Sweet dreams."

Kylie squealed and squirmed in reply, her hooded head swinging back and forth desperately.

Jimmy rifled through the laptop as Bob took another tour around the room. Jimmy found nothing else of interest. Bob went to the dresser and pulled out each drawer, looking underneath it. In her underwear drawer, near the back, was a 9½" by 12" manila envelope. Bob opened it and drew out its contents. It was a series of 8" by 10" professionally done color photos of Kylie in extreme deshable against a light blue background like you might find in a photographer's studio. In a couple she was wearing a sheer, pale white nightie that went down to the top of her thighs and displayed a considerable portion of her delectable breasts. There were a couple of her in a light pink teddy. He called out to Jimmy to come see.

The rest of them, there were about 25 in all, showed her completely nude. In some she was demurely displaying her lovely, round, just ample breasts, smiling coquettishly, her hand strategically placed to cover the treasure between her legs, but in others she was rudely displaying her conch, legs spread widely and invitingly. Her bush was nicely trimmed, and her lips were prominent. There was one from behind with her bent over, her legs spread and her back arched. She was peaking over her shoulder, smiling pleasingly. Her well-manicured hand with bright red polish was stroking her quim. Its divide glistened and the lips were engorged. The final three showed her from different angles with a large, stiff cock in her mouth. Her eyes were directed towards the camera and seemed to twinkle in enjoyment.

The negatives were in the bottom of the envelope.

"Naughty girl," Jimmy expressed approvingly.

"Yeah, nice," Bob agreed. "It's clear how she compensated the photographer. Put them in the bag. Cathy and your mother will love to get a look at them."

Bob continued searching. On the bottom of the third drawer, taped to it, was a manila envelope. Inside the envelope were three bearer bonds in the mount of \$25,000 each. "Bingo," Bob exclaimed softly.

"Nice," Jimmy hissed.

There was a half empty bottle of Stoly in the freezer. Bob poured himself and Jimmy a shot. They clicked the glasses and downed them. Bob washed the glasses in the sink and put them back into the cabinet.

Jimmy checked his watch. "About time," he murmured to Bob. Bob nodded and he went back into the bedroom. He gave Kylie a couple of hard raps on her head with his knuckles. She didn't respond.

"Let's get her wrapped up and out of here," Bob told Jimmy.

Jimmy spread the body bag out on the floor and unzipped it. They freed her ankles from her wrists. He took Kylie's feet while Bob took her by the shoulders. They lifted her up and laid her down on the body bag. Jimmy tucked in her feet while Bob did her head. They strapped her to the bottom board. Jimmy zipped it up. They lifted her, brought her into the living room to the already opened window. Jimmy had brought a backpack and he stuffed the bulging pillowcase with their loot into it and mounted it on his back. Bob crept out onto the fire escape and pulled the bag out while Jimmy lifted the other end and guided it out through the opening.

Once they had her out on the landing, Jimmy emerged. Together, he and Bob lifted the bag and placed it over Jimmy's shoulder. They descended the ladder carefully. It was still very dark out, the quarter moon being shaded by a heavy overcast. Once on the ground, they hefted the bag over to the Lexis. They opened the trunk. Jimmy guided the bag in. Bob closed the lid. They hurried into the front seats, Bob driving. He started the engine and then rolled the slick vehicle down to the edge of the driveway. He didn't put on the lights until they were on the street and several houses down.

It had gone off like a charm.

* * * * *

It was about 4:30 on Wednesday morning when Ron and Chuckie pulled up the long driveway to the farmhouse. Their mission had been accomplished, but not without a hitch. Contrary to Jean's instructions, Ron had let Chuckie do half the driving. It was either that or he would have had to pull off the road and sleep. And you wouldn't want to do that with the kind of contraband they had in the car. He did have a heavy foot, however, and they were stopped in a speed trap just outside of Cheyenne, Wyoming. Turned out, Chuckie's license was out of date. Their cover story was that they were on their way to Billings to look at some vacation property. The state trooper was suspicious, but Ron had a gold seal PBA card one of his clients, a Captain in their local police department who ran a porn shop downtown, had given him. You could get a \$25 blowjob in the back room from any of the slightly pudgy and worn female clerks. The trooper looked at the card, pocketed it, and let them go with a warning. He told Ron to drive.

They reached the Sunny Rest Motel outside of Harding, Montana a little after 10. Sandy and Pete McCrae were expecting them. They unloaded Rosita around the back to a door which led directly to the basement. She was none too happy. Sandy washed her up and fed her a mash up of her leftover pot roast and mashed potatoes from a doggie bowl, the same meal she fed to Ron and Chuckie. Ron and Chuckie left her with Pete and Sandy in the basement.

Sandy was a little over 55. She had chestnut colored hair which she kept in a bun, was a tad thick, but was still a good looker. Pete was 60ish. He had long grey hair which he kept in a ponytail. He stood about 6'2" and had a heavy build. He was a former police sergeant. He and Sandy ran a house in Laramie, exclusively lock down stuff. Pete would get girls from the Wyoming Women's Center, the state prison for women. The warden would mark appropriate girls for early release so the records would say that she had left of her own accord. The girl would be told that she had to see the judge first. She would get into the back of Pete's patrol car all bound up in handcuffs and chains, and her next stop would be their whorehouse in Laramie.

They usually ran about 20 girls. Sandy was an expert at breaking them in. Sandy's younger sisters, Marcie and Helen, worked with them. Some of the corrections officers from the local county lockup moonlighted with them as guards and bouncers. The Laramie police chief got a generous monthly gratuity and he and all the senior officers, lieutenant and above, received discount rates. After they were done with a girl, they sold her to a Taiwanese tong operating out of Toronto.

After 20 years, they decided to retire and sold the outfit to a State Police captain. He decided to keep Marcie and Helen on. Marcie was a sweetheart, but the girls were deathly afraid of Helen.

The basement had a pair of 4' high cells built into the wall, one of which was occupied by a sad looking, naked, slight, blond-haired girl wearing a shield gag over her mouth and with her hands bound behind her back. She looked around 30 or 32. Ron was surprised to see her.

"We run a little sideline," Pete explained. "Guys drop off girls they don't want anymore, or they pick up in bars, or hitchhiking, or whatever. They rent a room for the night and give them some knock out drops. Once the girl's out, we collect her and bring her down here. We do one or two every couple of months. Then we call a guy we know in Seattle who comes and gets them. They're usually exported."

"Nice," Ron commented.

"This here's Sheila. She'd turned informer for the FBI on an outfit running a medical billing scam back east. She was a secretary and mistress of one of the principals. He convinced her to take a little vacation with him up in the mountains. She's been with us a few days. She's scheduled to be picked up tomorrow."

"Too bad for her," Ron replied.

"Yeah, too bad for her," Pete confirmed. "She'll probably end up in Thailand or Indonesia or someplace like that."

The girl whined.

They had a double sized mattress set up in a corner. Sandy ordered Rosita up onto it and started to undress. Sandy was a beast with the whip and was as strong

as a bull, so Rosita would give her and Pete no trouble. They gave Ron and Chuckie keys to two motel rooms.

They rose about 5:30. Sandy fed them some flapjacks with Jimmy Dean sausage patties. They had a little Korean maid who served them. She was wearing a short, tight, black and white maid's uniform. Around her neck was a 2" wide silver collar with a ring in the middle.

"That's Si-Woo," Sandy told them. "She belongs to a bully boy with the Seven Stars. He's doing a 3-5 stretch up at Pine Hills. He's parked her with us until he gets out. She knows that if she doesn't do what she's told, her family back in Korea will get the axe. She's got a great tongue. We keep her pretty busy over at the motel. Especially on Friday and Saturday nights. \$250 a pop. Would you like a hummer for the road?"

"Sure," they both said. Si-Woo gave them a surly look.

After breakfast, they collected their blow jobs from the cute Korean girl. Sandy kept an eye on her to make sure she did a good job. They went down to the basement and pulled Rosita from her cell. She was put under and strapped back into the body bag. It was still a little dark outside and they reinstalled the girl into the compartment in the Traveler without a problem.

Ron had called Jean when they arrived at the motel. She asked to speak to Sandy. They chatted amiably for 15 or 20 minutes, and Jean invited Sandy and Pete to come stay with them for a week in the fall, when the tourist season was mostly over until ski season started. She promised them free reign in the barn with whoever they were training at the time. They could bring Si-Woo with them.

Ron took the first spell driving. The scenery was out of this world. Tall, majestic mountains interspersed with lush, grassy or wheat filled valleys. It was a clear and sunny summer day with isolated cotton balls of clouds drifting aimlessly. Chuckie still had a joint left, and they blew it first thing. They scooted up US Route 90 until they hit US 94, which they took as far as Glendale. After that it was all two-lane roads through the mountains. After about 3 hours, they ran down a little dirt road until they found a little cut off where they gave Rosita another suppository. They drove through the Fort Peck Indian Reservation to a small town called Scobey. They left the main road and drove east for about another hour. They turned north at a crossroads with a little corner store called the Duck and Run and drove about another 30 miles. They were looking for a small, white roadside sign which read merely "Lodge".

They knew that they had missed it when they came up to the Canadian border. Ron cursed and turned the SUV around. They were about 5 miles back down the road when a state trooper's car passed them going the other way. Ron watched in the rearview mirror as the car turned around and put on its overheads. Ron was doing about 45 and the trooper's car caught up with them very quickly. As Ron

pulled the SUV to a halt on the side of the road, he saw Chuckie, from the side of his eye, slip a .45 semi-automatic from under the seat and place it in the door side pocket.

“Jesus Christ on a cross, Chuckie!” Ron exclaimed. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“No way am I going back to the joint,” Chuckie replied. He had already started to sweat.

“Christ!” Ron exclaimed again.

The trooper exited his cruiser and strolled up to the vehicle. Ron noticed in the side mirror that he had unsnapped the strap that held his pistol in its holster and had his hand on the grip. Ron powered the driver’s window down just as the trooper reached it. He was standing a little bit back so that if Ron were going to shoot him, he would have to twist his body around.

“Hands on the wheel,” the trooper barked. He was about 6’4”, was wearing a brown campaign hat and a light brown uniform with a Sam Brown belt. He was somewhat swarthy, and his hair was black as coal, and it curled up over his ears like he was two weeks late for a haircut. Ron placed his hands at the 10 and 2 positions. The trooper looked over at Chuckie. “Hands on the dash, *compadre*,” he spat out. Chuckie reluctantly complied.

“So, where ya goin’?” the trooper drawled.

They didn’t have much of a cover story. They clearly weren’t on a hunting trip. Skiing season was several months away. They could say were going to the lodge, Rosita’s destination, but that might give the whole game away. Their story was as thin as the flapjacks Sandy had served them.

“We’re up looking for vacation property,” Ron tried not to whine.

“Vacation property?” the trooper replied. “Bullshit.”

“It’s true,” Ron answered woefully.

“Get out of the vehicle,” the trooper ordered sharply. “And keep your hands where I can see ‘em.” The trooper slipped his 9-millimeter from its holster. He opened the door and stood a couple of feet away, in a position where he could keep an eye on Ron and Chuckie.

Ron edged himself out. His hands were shaking. He’d never been so scared in his life. If the trooper found Rosita, he’d probably go to jail for a hundred years. And if he found Rosita, they’d trace it back to Jean and Bob, and Cathy. And Jimmy. And if Jimmy somehow got away, and Ron ever got out, he would surely track him down and kill him.

“Okay, lay down on the ground, face down, hands behind your head.”

Ron stepped a foot or so away from the van and slowly lowered himself to the rough macadam. When he was face down on the ground, the trooper put his boot on his back.

“Now you, *compadre*,” the trooper barked at Chuckie. “I want you to come towards me and get out the driver’s door. And keep your hands where I can see ‘em, or your next trip will be down to the coroner’s.”

Chuckie stared at the trooper warily. His thoughts went, of course, to the .45 in the passenger side door panel. But he knew very well that there was no chance in hell he could reach it before the trooper blasted him. It was all very well to be courageous when death is remote, but not when it’s staring right at you. There was always the chance that the trooper would make a mistake. Or maybe he wouldn’t search the van. Or maybe he’d have a heart attack and drop dead. Or a meteor would strike him. As long as there was some chance that he could get away, there was still hope. But deep inside him, his only hope was that the memory of all that pussy he had gotten at the farm would suffice to assuage 20 or more years in prison.

Chuckie edged himself slowly to the trooper. He slid awkwardly over the gearshift into the driver’s seat, keeping his hands up. Once he reached the door, the trooper stepped back another foot or so, taking his foot off Ron’s back.

Chuckie stepped out onto the road. The trooper urged him towards him as he backed up. When Chuckie had gotten just beyond Ron, the trooper told him to “Drop!”

Chuckie lowered himself warily to the road. He put his hands behind his head, eyeing the trooper with malice.

The trooper reached to his belt and removed a pair of handcuffs. He gave Ron a hard kick. “Put these on your asshole friend!” he ordered.

It was clear to the trooper who the hard case was. Chuckie had ex-con written all over him. Ron rose slowly. He took the handcuffs from the trooper and edged towards Chuckie on his knees. The trooper gave Chuckie a kick. “Hands behind your back, loser!” he snapped.

Chuckie’s look of malevolence quadrupled. A sense of doom engulfed him. Even if he could jump to his feet and go for the cop, the guy was about 6” taller than him and twice as wide. Even if he didn’t shoot him, he could clock him with the *pistola*. He looked like he was just waiting for the opportunity. And Ron would be no help. He was probably shitting his drawers right now.

In fact, Ron’s sphincter felt a little loose and he was doing his best to keep it shut. He snapped one end of the cuffs on Chuckie’s right wrist and then pulled his left hand closer and enclosed the other one. The sound of the ratcheting metal cut into him like a buzzsaw.

“Get back down,” the trooper told him curtly. Ron went back down to his belly and put his hands behind his head without being told. “Keep still,” the trooper told him.

He tested Chuckie's cuffs, ratcheting them a little tighter and then backed himself towards his cruiser. Ron had the impulse to get up and run. But even if the trooper didn't put one in the center of his back, he would be alone in the woods. Where would he go? How would he get away? There'd probably be a search team out for him as soon as the trooper found out what was in the van. He'd be hunted down like a mangy dog. And every trigger-happy deputy would be just itching for the chance to put a hole in him. It wasn't often that you got the chance to kill someone without consequence. They'd call him a hero.

Ron stayed where he was. The trooper came back a moment later. "Put your hands behind your back," he ordered. Ron complied and a few seconds later his hands were joined behind him by a second pair of handcuffs.

"Okay, then," the trooper drawled self-satisfactorily. "Let's see what we've got."

He reached down for Ron's wallet out of his back pocket. He snapped it open and took out his license. "You're a long way from home, Ronnie," he told him. "You look a little scared. Is something wrong?"

Ron had the impulse to blurt everything out. Jean had said that the county sheriff was a 'friend' of the people at the lodge, but she hadn't said anything about the state troopers. Maybe if he turned informer, they'd go easy on him. Maybe he'd get 10 years instead of a hundred. But maybe not. There was still the chance that the trooper wouldn't search the van.

The trooper tossed Ron's wallet onto the driver's seat of the van and stepped over to Chuckie and pulled out his wallet. "Charles Fenway," he read from Chuckie's license. "You know that this is expired, Mr. Fenway," he observed sarcastically. "If I ran this, what would I find, Mr. Fenway?" he taunted him. "I'm guessing that you have a sheet as long as my arm."

Chuckie didn't answer, but it was true.

He tossed Chuckie's wallet into the car next to Ron's. "Now you boys just stay where you are. I won the quickdraw contest at the county fair last year and I'd be sure to get at least one of you."

The trooper patted them both down, confiscating their cell phones, and then proceeded to toss the car. He went through Ron and Chuckie's duffle bags in the back compartment. He looked carefully at the bag of suppositories. There was a spare set of bracelets. He came around the Chuckie's side and found the .45. He whistled. "Bad boys," he remarked. He put the gun in his patrol car.

He opened the back gate of the van. Lew Darkwater had been with the state police for 15 years. He had probably searched four hundred vehicles. Two years ago, the county district attorney had given him an award for his exemplary record of drug busts. It didn't take him long to loosen the cover to the compartment that hid their contraband.

“Well, what do we have here?” he asked himself. He removed the cover. “Well, I’ll be damned,” he swore. A few seconds later he had unzipped Rosita’s bodybag. You could hear Rosita whining and sobbing. Ron’s heart sank. Chuckie was doing the calculation as to whether he could reach the woods before the trooper shot him down. Even for him, however, the math was all wrong.

The trooper came back to our intrepid voyagers. “Naughty, naughty boys,” he reprimanded them. “Now do you want to tell me what’s going on?”

Ron was too stupefied to speak. He pressed his lips together in a forlorn grimace. What was there to say?

Chuckie glared at the cop with undisguised hatred. Part of him always knew that he was destined for disaster. Now it had come true. But he had never ratted out to a cop in his life, even when at 13 he had been caught burglarizing Johnson’s liquor store and all the other guys had gotten away.

The cop towered above the silently for a few moments as if making a calculation. Then he spoke. “You guys are heading up to the Lakota Lodge, aren’t you?”

Ron was stunned. How could he know that? Chuckie resolved to say nothing.

The trooper gave Ron a solid kick. He was obviously the weaker link. “I asked you a question, Ronnie,” he barked. “Do I have to beat it out of you?”

All at once, Ron’s impulse to remain silent burst. “Yes! Yes! I’ll tell you everything. Oh my God! Oh my God!” he called out.

“Well, why didn’t you say so?” the trooper asked him. For the first time the cop edge was off his voice. Ron looked at him confusedly.

“The sheriff’s a member. We get to party up there all the time. I dropped off a hitchhiker there I picked up just yesterday.”

Ron desperately needed to pee. “O-okay,” he replied nervously. This sounded too good to be true.

“You missed the turn about 3 miles up the road. I’ll take you there.”

“O-okay,” Ron whined.

The trooper released Ron’s handcuffs first. When he released Chuckie’s, he told him, “You’re a lucky boy, *compadre*. No hard feelings?”

Chuckie shook his head no. When he reached his feet, Ron told the trooper that he had to piss. “Be my guest,” the trooper laughed. He and Chuckie stood around silently watching while Ron ran into the woods. He came out a few moments later. Chuckie and the cop were smoking cigarettes.

“Let’s get your honey all zipped up,” Trooper Davis suggested amiably.

He went to the rear of the van and leaned in. The cigarette dangled from his lips. A Marlboro, of course. He gave Rosita a hard slap on the rear. “Nice ass!” he complemented her. Rosita sobbed and wailed as the bag was zipped up. Ron helped him replace the cover to the compartment.

“Okay, follow me. I’ll go really slow so you two dufuses don’t get lost.”

He and Chuckie tossed their butts to the side of the road.

Ron crawled into the driver’s seat. The whole thing had taken years off his life. He wondered unhappily whether Chuckie would tell Jean and Bob that he had offered to turn them all in. He hoped not.

Chuckie hesitated. “What about my piece?” he asked.

Trooper Darkwater laughed. “Little boys like you shouldn’t go around with dangerous toys like that. I think I’ll just add it to my collection. The next cop who searches your car might not be so friendly. Besides, if my guess is right, you’re a felon. In this state that’s an automatic 5 years without parole.” The trooper returned to his unit. He spoke into his radio. “10-4”, they heard him say.

Chuckie frowned, gave up, and got in the van.

They followed the trooper for the 3 miles. The trooper put his blinker on. There was the little white sign. Ron followed the trooper along the narrow driveway. It wasn’t paved but was covered with stones that crunched under his wheels. The road twisted and turned. They passed a field where a large black helicopter had landed. A long, black SUV was next to it and a line of people were getting in.

After about 5 miles they came to a gate. It connected a 12’ high steel fence topped with a roll of barbed wire with razor-like blades all along it. There was a large white sign on the fence with bold red lettering which said, “WARNING! ELECTRIFIED FENCE.” Above the gate, on a large frame were a series of dark logs, about 4’ high, which spelled out “LAKOTA LODGE”.

There was a little hut to the side of the gate, on the outside. A middle-sized man in a dark blue security guard’s uniform and a tan cowboy hat came sauntering out. He looked to be in his mid-fifties and had a substantial belly. He was bowlegged and rocked as he walked. He went up to the trooper car. “Heya, Lew,” he said in a friendly manner.

“Heya, Steve,” Lew replied. “I go a couple of live ones for ya.”

Steve looked at the van. “Okay, Lew,” the guard said. “I’ll check em out.”

He wandered over to the van. Ron gave him the password Jean had given him. “Okay,” Stu replied. “Mind if I look in the back?”

“No problem,” Ron answered. He got out and helped Steve lift the top off the compartment. Steve looked at the squirming bodybag. Rosita was mewling loudly. Stu pulled down the zipper revealing the struggling girl.

“Looks like you got a beaut!” Steve exclaimed. “Okay, Okay, I’ll phone up to the lodge and let ‘em know you’re here. It’ll take a minute.”

Ron zipped Rosita back up and replaced the cover. He got back in the van and waited. Chuckie kept giving him sidelong glances. The guard went back to the hut. They could see him on the phone but couldn’t hear what he was saying. He hung up the phone. After about five minutes, the phone rang. He picked it up and

listened and then gave a short reply. He pressed a button and the gate swung open towards the inside. Trooper Darkwater backed the cruiser up and made a k-turn. He stopped by the van. "See you around, boys," he told them, smiling.

Ron nodded. He softly pushed down on the accelerator and the van edged forward.

The driveway continued for about a mile. Tall, first growth pines stood on either side and their spread branches formed a canopy over them. It was almost as dark as if the sun had gone down. After the mile, there was a little clearing and another gate. Ron pulled up to it. There was another hut on the side, this one about double the size of the last one. There were three guards, all dressed like Steve, with the exception that they all carried heat on their belts. They looked like they had been expecting them.

Two of the guards went up to the doors of the van, one on each side. The one that came to Ron's door was tall and lanky, cold looking, with penetrating eyes jolting out from beneath his cream-colored Stetson. He opened Ron's door and said sharply, "Get out!"

The other guard was a somewhat hefty woman, about 5'9". She wasn't fat, just substantial. She had dirty blonde hair that hung in a long ponytail. She looked young too, maybe 21 or 22, but she carried herself with efficient authority. In all, she was very attractive, but if you fucked her, it looked like you might have a wrestling contest as to who would be on top. Ron heard the woman guard order Chuckie out.

The third guard was older, maybe in his late 40's. He stood a little over 6'. He wore a sergeant's chevron on his sleeve. Clearly in command. Like the others, he looked like he would make short work of you in a fight.

Once Chuckie and Ron were out of the vehicle, the sergeant ordered them to the side of the road away from the van. "Hands behind your heads," he ordered briskly. The lanky guard gave both Ron and Chuck a thorough pat down. He handed their wallets to the sergeant, who checked their i.d. Meanwhile, the blonde girl was tossing the inside of the van like the trooper had.

When the lanky guard was done, he ordered Ron and Chuckie to stay where they were. He had taken their cell phones, which had been returned to them by the trooper. "C-can I put down my hands?" Ron asked nervously.

"No," the guard replied coldly.

The lanky guard handed the cell phones to the sergeant who shoved them into a deep pocket on the side of his pants. The lanky guy began to toss the driver's side of the van. The lady guard had moved on to the back. There was a long wooden picnic table next to the guardhouse made out of old, grey colored planks. She dumped the contents of the two duffle bags onto the table and started going through them.

The lanky guard had found something. He held it in his hand and brought it over to the sergeant. He opened his hand and the sergeant looked at the contents. He picked it out of the kid's hand and brought it over to Ron and Chuckie. It was a miniscule roach. They must have dropped it. The trooper had either missed it or ignored it.

"Whose is this?" the sergeant asked disdainfully. Ron had the urge to say it was Chuckie's, but he guessed he owed Chuckie something for being willing to spill the beans with the trooper.

"It's mine," Ron tried to say assertively.

"Any more in the van?" the sergeant asked sharply.

"No," Ron answered. "We smoked it all."

The sergeant gave them a nasty look. "You guys must really be jerkoffs," he snapped at them. "You're carrying a load of hot cunt and you risk going to prison for 30 years just for a little high?"

Ron and Chuckie looked at him sheepishly. The sergeant brought the roach over to them. He presented it to Chuckie. "Eat it," he demanded.

Chuckie looked at him like he looked at every cop, even though it was clear that these guys were private. He looked at Ron. Ron gave him an urging gesture. Chuckie dutifully opened his mouth. The sergeant popped it inside. Chuckie closed his mouth and swallowed.

The lady guard had finished going through their shit. She and the lanky one opened the back gate of the van, felt around for the edges of the cover for the chamber that Rosita was in. They removed it and placed it on the ground. The lanky guard opened the back door on the passenger's side and leaned in. He helped the woman lift the bodybag out of the compartment and rest it on the rear end of the van. Then he came around and helped the lady place it on the ground. The lady zipped it open. "*Voila!*" she uttered when she saw Rosita's squirming and whining body. Without ceremony, she and the guy lifted her out of the bag and brought her to her feet. Rosita was looking around frantically. Her eyes seemed to widen with hope. After all, the guards did look like cops. They had badges and all. And Ron and Chuckie were off to the side with their hands behind their heads looking sheepish.

The lanky guard released Rosita's ankles and pulled down her diaper. It was waterlogged. He tossed it to the side of the road. The lady guard had a firm hold on Rosita's arm. She ran her hand over Rosita's breasts. "Very nice," she commented.

The lanky guard took the other arm while the lady released hers and pulled the black ball gag from Rosita's head. She immediately began bawling. "Oh, God! Thank you! Thank you! I've been kidnapped! Please help me!"

The lady guard reared back and gave Rosita a fierce slap across the face. "Shut the fuck up!" she commanded.

She forced Rosita's mouth open and shoved her fingers inside, feeling around for contraband. Finding none, she shoved the ball gag back into the sobbing Rosita's mouth while the lanky guard fastened the straps at the back of her head. Rosita was howling. They ignored her. They bent her over the rear of the van. The lanky guard held her down while the lady kicked her legs apart. She pulled a clear surgical glove from her pocket and put it on her right hand. From her deep left pants pocket, she pulled out a tube of K-Y Jelly and smeared it on the two longest fingers of her right hand. She knelt down and spread Rosita's outer labia. She stroked it, stroked it, stroked it while Rosita moaned and gurgled pleas for help. The lady then slid her fingers into Rosita's conch up to her second knuckles and felt around.

Satisfied, she pulled them out. She inserted the same fingers into Rosita's rectum, to the same depth, swirling them around. Satisfied she had nothing up her ass, she pulled her fingers free and stood. "All clear," she said sharply to the sergeant. She stepped over to the sodden diaper on the ground and picked it up with her gloved hand. She tossed it into a nearby barrel. She slipped the glove off her hand and tossed that in too.

The sergeant turned to Ron and Chuckie. "You can put your arms down now," he said in a somewhat friendlier tone. He told them to follow him to the hut. He brought them inside. He scanned copies of their photo i.d.'s into his computer and had them stand in front of a camera. He took their pictures. A few seconds later, their photos emerged from a small printer. The sergeant pasted the pictures to small cards and then inserted them into plastic holders. He told them to pin them to their shirts. They went back outside.

The two other guards were reinstalling Rosita into her body bag. She squirmed and whined and screamed, but they just went efficiently about their task and soon had her strapped to the board inside. The lady tapped her on the ass. "Until I see you again," she taunted. "You better learn to behave really quick," she added. She zipped the bag up and she and the lanky guy put it back in the rear compartment, reinstalling the cover.

"You can get your things," the sergeant told Ron and Chuckie. They both hesitated and then walked over to the table where all their stuff had been spread out. It took them a minute or two to divide the pile properly, but eventually had everything straightened out, zipped up their duffels and tossed them into the back of the van. The limo from the field was sitting behind them, waiting.

Ron and Chuckie got back in. The sergeant came up to the driver's side. "You can pick up your cell phones on your way out.," he told them, handing Ron a ticket. "When you see the lodge bear to your left. There's a road going around to the back. Pull up to the dock. They'll be waiting for you. And no more fuck ups, ya hear?"

Ron and Chuckie nodded yes.

The long gate swung open. It was connected to another 12' high fence topped by a large, wide circle of razor wire. There was no sign indicating that it was electrified. But as they passed through the gate, Ron noticed a 10' deep trench lined with smoothed, slick cement behind it. If you had the balls to try and climb over the razor wire, you'd have to figure out a way to climb out of the trench first.

On their way up to the lodge, they passed a long, black passenger van coming the other way. The windows were darkened and you couldn't see inside.

After a few hundred yards, they espied the lodge. It was a three-story building that looked like it was made out of logs. There was a large porch extending in front of it with a gaggle of well-dressed people, men and women, sitting alone or in small groups. The front stairs led down to a covered archway where vehicles could stop and let out guests. A large white teepee with red stenciled designs of buffalo, wolves, ponies and other things sat in the middle of a grassy area in front of the building. The building looked like it was about 100 yards long. There was a wide veranda on the side closest to them and they could see men and women sitting at tables. Black haired waitresses adorned in short, little blue dresses scurried about carrying trays. The dresses had Indian pattern designs woven into them and the sleeves and hems were edged with white tassels. All the girls seemed to be missing were feathers in their hair.

They had only a moment or two to look, as the service road to their left dipped behind some trees. A few seconds later, they were in the back of the building. There was a large garage built in the same style as the lodge with several long, black SUVs parked in front of it. Macadam about 200' wide separated the garage from the building. There was a truck backed up to the dock and solid looking, black haired men wearing black pants and black t-shirts were unloading it. On the backs of their t-shirts there was a stylized icon of a thunderbird in dark burnt orange circled by a band of gold. At the top, there were white letters that said, "LAKOTA LODGE". They pulled around to the other side of the truck. Off to the other side of the lodge building was another building, somewhat smaller, that had a sign on it that read, "SECURITY". Several small, black SUVs were parked in front of it. There was a flag with the thunderbird emblem on it with a black background, and the doors to the black SUV's had the emblem painted on them as well. Just a little ways from the security building was a long metal bar between two trees. Two large does were hanging from it, head down. There were two tawny, shirtless, black-haired men there and it looked like they were skinning one of them. A large silver and grey wolfhound was licking up the blood underneath it.

Beyond the truck, three men were standing on the dock expectantly. They were dressed like the men unloading the truck. Slightly behind them and to their left was a short, stocky woman wearing a knee length dark blue skirt and a light blue, short

sleeved blouse. She had wild black hair that reached to her shoulders. She looked about 45 or 50. A gold and copper pendant was hanging from her neck in the shape of the thunderbird they had seen earlier. A 12" long flogger hung from her right hip.

Ron backed the SUV up to the dock. He stopped it about 10' away to give room for unloading their cargo. He turned off the engine. He and Chuckie stepped out and walked up to the dock. The floor of the dock was about level with the top of the van. The woman came forward.

"A-are you Robin Haley," Ron asked nervously.

"My Anglo name's Robin Haley. Here they call me Shateeka. I run this place," she said in a gravelly voice. "The boys'll take over from here."

Two of the men dropped off the dock and approached the rear of the van. One of them pushed Chuckie aside a little rudely. Ron stepped back to get out of their way. The men opened the rear of the van and removed the cover. One opened the side door. He lifted the head end of the bodybag and helped the other slide it over the transom. He came around the back and they slid poor Rosita the rest of the way out. They lifted the long bag and slid it onto the dock. They hopped up with ease, picked up the lime green package and whisked it into the building.

Ron looked up. No way was he going to be able to hop up like the other men did. The woman looked at him and smiled. "There's some stairs at the end of the dock to your left," she said, smirking.

Ron and Chuckie ambled over to the end of the dock somewhat self-consciously. They climbed up the stairs and came over to where the woman and the third man stood. "This here's Running Bear, we call him Bob. He'll show you where to go. You can get something to eat and relax a little bit. Just stay where you're supposed to be and do what you're supposed to do, and you won't get into any trouble. These are tribal lands and the government's writ don't run here. I'd hate to see you have to spend a few months in our cooler."

"Yes, ma'm," Ron replied.

"Come with me," Bob said.

He led them through the steel door that served as the rear entry to the lodge. The woman, Shateeka, followed behind them. The door shut after they went through, and they could hear the steel lock whirr closed. They had entered a narrow corridor. The floor was made of dark, somewhat scuffed wood. The walls were white. The corridor was long, about 50' and there were overhead fluorescent lights. At the end of the corridor there was another steel door there straight ahead. Shateeka punched some numbers onto a pad and the lock whirred open. She pulled the door back and went through. The door shut and whirred closed.

The hallway made a left. Bob led them further down the corridor. They passed a series of doors. One of them was open. When they looked in, they could see Rosita

dangling from her legs like the deer outside. One of the men had a multi tasseled whip in his hand. Rosita was sobbing.

They passed the door quickly, but they could hear the distinct slap of the whip and Rosita emit a loud screech.

About 30 feet down, there were two open doors to their left. Bob led them into a large cafeteria. Black clad men and women and blue dressed young women were scattered about at the tables. There were several women wearing the blue skirt and blouse that Shateeka wore. Everybody seemed to be having animated conversations. Ron couldn't make out the language, but it wasn't English. Bob led them to the head of the line. Ron and Chuckie both picked up a tray and some utensils and started shuffling down. Two heavysset women with shoulder length black hair and dressed in kitchen whites were behind the counter. In front of them was a steam table with various foods spread out on it. Ron selected a large beef patty and mashed potatoes with gravy. Chuckie selected several chicken tenders and a small dish of dipping barbeque sauce. After the food there were two juice machines, one churning a light orange mixture, the other purple. Ron selected the orangeade and Chuckie filled a medium sized paper cup with the grape.

They picked a table as far away from the staff as they could, off to the side. Bob had joined three of the staff, two men and a woman. He had gotten himself a cup of coffee. When they sat down, Ron noticed, and pointed out to Chuckie, a line of four naked young women standing by the wall next to the doors and facing into the cafeteria, a platinum blond, one with chestnut colored hair, a black-haired girl and a flaming redhead. Their lips were bright red, and their eyes were outlined in black with light blue eyeshadow. They were all pretty and had their hair tied off in ponytails. Two were rather buxom, the first and third girl. The second one was of medium, but shapely build, and had modest, but firmly rounded breasts. The breasts of the girl on the end to the right, the redhead, were teacup sized, jutting out to little points, and she was somewhat slender.

Their hands were apparently locked behind them and were connected to chains hanging from the wall. It looked like they were raised slightly, and the girls were standing on the balls of their feet. Their legs were all spread about 18" apart and connected with steel chains. They were wearing turquoise-colored high heels. All their bright red lips were spread, and you could see what looked like light blue mouthpieces between them.

What was most noticeable about them, however, were their decorations. They all wore on their bellies, just below their breasts, above their bellybuttons, a burnt orange tattoo of the thunderbird that had been on the men's t-shirts on a black background, circled by a band of gold. The similarities stopped there. Each one of the was adorned with a different Indian fabric style design starting from midway down their necks, spread over their shoulders and descending down to about 4"

above their loins. They were very colorful, reds and yellows, blues and greens. Some were long strips of finely etched design on backgrounds of solid colors, others were combinations of white, red and yellow and white circles with various anagrams spread around them. There were diamonds and what looked like stick figures. The designs rode up onto their breasts, surrounding them, but leaving a wide circle of unadorned skin around their areolas. Bands with similar designs to the ones on their torsos surrounded their upper arms and their legs, two around their thighs and one around their shins, bands of white flesh between them. Their lower bellies were tattooed bright red with fearsome bright white teeth like triangles emanating from their slits.

Someone had spent a lot of time decorating them. Someone highly skilled. There was an approximate 4" gap between the red of their loins to the fabric-like designs in which their names had been etched in ornate red letters. They were, left to right, Lanore, Maureen, Jessica and Caroline. Above the decorations on their necks were wide, highly polished, dark brown bands of leather with steel rings lodged in the middle. They had similar bands around their ankles with rings on the sides.

Ron had seen them before, when he had been here with Bob several years ago, but they were all new to Chuckie who was staring at them with his mouth open. "Cool," he finally said. "I'd like to get my dick into one of them."

"You'll get your chance, Chuckie," Ron told him. "They're an amenity of the house."

While they were making googly eyes at the girls, two of the young women dressed in blue blouses and skirts approached them. They had what looked like short, tapered zappers on their hips. They turned to each other and gave each other little busks on their cheeks. The tall one turned and went out a door on the side of the room. The shorter one took a leash from a hook near the door and attached it to the collar of the third girl in line, Jessica. She reached behind her and freed her wrists from the chain and then gave the leash a little tug. Jessica followed her out the open double doors.

As Jessica exited, you could see spread across her back a large field of dark yellow. In the middle, in black silhouette, was the figure of a Sioux chief wearing a multi-feathered war bonnet astride a pony. He was facing the viewer and had his arms widely upraised on either side of him as if in welcome or in praise to the nature which surrounded him. He wore breaches with fringe down the sides. The bottom of the field of yellow was dark green grass just covering the pony's hooves. In the dark yellow sky were long, slender wisps of light-yellow clouds. On her rear, seemingly emanating from her nether hole, were wide, jagged bolts of lightning of red, blue, yellow and white outlined in black.

Ron and Chuckie watched the pair scoot away. They ate their meal in silence, darting their eyes from time to time to the three remaining girls. Two blue skirted girls brought in two more girls on leashes, backed them up to the wall and connected them. One looked Asian, was rather diminutive, but had nice grapefruit sized breasts. The other was a black girl. Her breasts were heavy and full. Her designs were mostly white, yellow and blue. There were bright red circles over her breasts. She was crying. One of the blue clad girls, stepped back, and gave her a taste of her zipper. The girl shrieked. The blue clad girl said something harsh to her. She stopped crying.

The redhead and the blonde were taken away.

When they finished eating, they brought their trays to a station, dumped their plates into a bin and placed the trays on top of a stack of others. Chuckie said that he wanted some pie and so they went back to the cafeteria line. Chuckie got apple. Ron got lemon. They both took a cup of coffee and sat back down at their table.

Bob sauntered over as they were eating their dessert. He sat down with them. "Shateeka told me to tell you that you'll be staying overnight. She's already called Jean and told her that you were here. She left out the joint they found at the gate. You can hang around the cafeteria or the staff lounge. If you go outside, stay within site of the building and stay in the back. Don't confuse yourselves with guests. Stay out of the guest areas. Got it?"

Ron and Chuckie nodded.

"The lounge is through that door," Bob said as he pointed to the door one of the blue skirted young women had gone through. "There's a TV, some reading material, a pool table and some other amenities. After dinner, which all the guests eat in the main dining room, there's a floorshow you can watch from the staff table. It's pretty good. Lights out for you guys will be 11 since you'll be getting up pretty early to take our package to Martha's."

Ron and Chuckie just nodded their heads.

Bob got up and left through the main doors. Ron and Chuckie finished their pie and coffee and dropped the cups and dishes at the stand where they had brought their trays. A youngish guy dressed in kitchen whites with black hair that overflowed his collar was replacing the full bin with an empty one. He gave Ron and Chuck a nod as they passed by.

They went through the door that Bob had indicated. It led into a large room with dark green walls and a hardwood floor. In the middle was a full-sized pool table. Two t-shirted guys were playing at it, one in the middle of a shot and the other standing close by, leaning on his cue. Two waitresses were playing Foosball. To the left was a large screen TV with several easy chairs facing it. A few were occupied by women and men. There was a baseball game on. Atlanta Braves, naturally, against the Nationals. The Braves were up.

A few staff were sitting in easy chairs off to the right reading books or just talking. There was a coke machine and some of them were drinking sodas.

Along the far wall was a long couch. Sitting at it were three of the colorful girl prisoners, or sex workers, as you prefer. Their hands were bound behind them, and their right ankles were chained to rings in the floor. Two were sitting on the right and one to the far left with a space between her and the others. Off to the right was a large, rotund woman, in her late sixties. She was sitting in a chair to the right of the sofa, facing the girls. She was wearing the blue blouse and skirt that seemed standard. Her heavy breasts formed a little porch under her chin. She had black hair, as did, it seemed, everybody. She had a fierce looking riding crop, and she was tapping it absent mindedly against her hand. She gave the boys a broad, toothy smile.

Ron and Chuckie were drawn to the girls and sort of floated over until they were standing in front of them. The girls were all pretty, two raven haired beauties and the third with auburn hair. The girls were all staring back at them as if anticipating something. One of the staff wandered over to them. He was broad chested and stood about 5'10". He had short cut black hair and a friendly, but serious face. His name plate pinned to his chest said, "Louis".

"Which one do you like?" he asked somewhat jauntily.

Ron looked at him. "I like them all," he replied.

"Well, you can't have them all. You have to pick one."

"I'll take the one in the middle with the big tits," Chuckie burst out as if afraid he would miss the deadline for deciding.

The girl shifted her position nervously.

"Unlock her ankle. She'll follow you. There are four bedrooms off to the left. The one on the end is occupied."

"Hot dog!" exclaimed Chuckie. He immediately loosened the buxom girl's ankle. "Come on, get up, honey!" he told her sharply. "We're going for a ride."

The girl struggled to her feet. She had an oval face and a sharp nose, thinnish lips. She was tall, with her heels about an inch and a half taller than Chuckie.

"When you're done with her, leave her hogtied face down on the bed," Louis told him. Chuckie took hold of her arm and led her to the second to last bedroom. The door closed behind them.

"How about you?" the staff guy asked Ron.

Ron was undecided. The black-haired girl who was left had delicate features and very white skin, at least where there was skin showing. Her breasts were roundish and plump, but not large. She looked frightened. The name etched on her belly was, "Dana". "She can't be much over 18," he thought.

The auburn-haired girl looked a little wild. She was older, maybe 22 or 23. She had daring eyes. Her red lips were plump and her skin tawny. Her breasts were

firm and solid, high on her chest, pointing straight out like someone had drawn her skin too tight. She looked like she was challenging him to pick her. "Okay," Ron thought, "you."

"I'll take the one on the right."

"Good choice," Louis told him. "She's one of my favorites."

Ron bent down and loosened her ankle. He backed up and the girl sprang to her feet. The name across her belly said, "Janine". Ron took a moment to look her over. Her legs were gracious and long. She had a prominent, fleshy vulva. She stood proudly, jutting her chest out. The woman sitting to their right said something sharply to the girl in Lakota. Her eyes darted to her worriedly. Then back at Ron. Some of the challenge seemed to have left her.

"She's been with us about 6 months," Louis told him. "It seems that she's still pissed off about the whole thing." He laughed.

"Understandably," Ron replied.

"There's a flogger in the bedroom. If she gives you any trouble, let her have it."

"Okay," Ron answered. "I don't think there's going to be any trouble," he said. "Do you, Janine?"

The girl looked quickly back at the matron, then at Louis and then at Ron. She shook her head no.

"Come on then," Ron told her.

He eased himself over to the second bedroom from the left and opened the door. The girl had followed him and went straight in. The door closed. She turned to look at Ron, her feet spread to the maximum limit of the chain between her ankles, her back stiff and straight. She was a beautiful swirl of colors. Her bright red loins looked vicious with all the teeth. There would be a thrill of danger in piercing it. Like overcoming a wild beast. He wanted to see what was on her back. "Turn around," he told her curtly.

She turned and presented her back to him. Painted on it was a large bison, gruff and wild looking. Overhead was a blue sky with tufts of white cloud. Along the bottom and behind the bison were yellowish, rolling prairie. Ron took hold of her reddish-brown ponytail and lifted it so he could get a better view. The bison had large, sharp horns. It was facing towards you, but its body was lengthwise as if it was turning. One front leg was up as if it were preparing to charge. Its body was drawn meticulously, with a hairy back full of blacks and browns and grays. Its tail was long and falling between its muscular rear legs.

It was magnificent. A true work of art. He wondered if the girl had ever seen it. Across her rear cheeks were concentric circles of red, blue and purple, broader on the outside and narrowing as they encompassed her little rear star. Her arms were joined wrist to wrist and her long fingers fluttered nervously. Her fingers were

tipped with nails just long enough for beauty, well-manicured, with bright red polish.

Ron let the ponytail fall. He crouched down and released the chain that connected the girl's ankles. He rose and released her wrists. He ordered her to turn around again. When she was facing him, he reached to her mouth. There was a little rubber tag on the center of the mouthpiece. He tugged on it, gently at first, but then harder and harder. The girl spread her jaw widely until it finally popped out. There were indentations for her teeth just like it had been molded specifically for her.

To their left was a long, waist high dresser made of dark oak. Above it, along its length was a mirror framed in gold. Ron tossed the mouthpiece on the dresser. He had left the ankle chain on the floor. He told the girl to shed her turquoise high heels and get up on the bed to their right.

It was queen sized with a brass headboard and footboard. There were three fluffy pillows at the head. The bed was covered with just a bottom and top sheet, but there was a blanket folded at the foot. The sheets were aqua and smooth looking and matched the pillows. There was a large window on the wall opposite the door. Ron was surprised that it wasn't barred, but it looked thick and unbreakable. There was a nice view of the forest that surrounded the lodge. There were various western themed prints on the walls. One, surprisingly, showed a fierce looking Sioux brave on top of a hill, riding down a terrified, beautiful blond woman in a long, torn yellow dress and her bonnet flying off. In the background, at the foot of the hill, there was a Conestoga wagon on fire and a man lying supine in the grass with an arrow stuck in his back. Two more braves were climbing the hill on their ponies. The brave in the foreground had a long pole with a crook on its end and was leaning forward, just about to hook the frantic woman's leg.

Ron quickly undressed, hanging his shirt and pants on a hook on the rear of the door. He put his boxers and socks on a chair. He turned towards the bed. His cock was already hardening. He gave it a couple of strokes. The girl was on her side, leaning on an elbow. She had turned the top sheet down. She looked magnificent and exotic. Ron climbed onto the bed and laid on his side facing her. She gave him a smile that looked like she had been told to smile but couldn't really put her heart in it. Ron wondered if Janine were her real name. He doubted it.

He ran his hand down her left shoulder, over her hip and down her upper thigh. Her skin was wondrously soft and warm. He pushed her to her back. She sprawled out, her hands above her shoulders. She spread her legs and raised her knees. Ron leaned over her and just took in the marvelous spectacle. Her breasts stood up like teepees. He circled one with his right hand and began to squeeze it. He massaged it gently and then ran his hand down her decorated belly and then up again, seizing the other one. The girl looked at him. Her features had softened. Her lips were

parted and moist. Ron bent down and began to suckle her left breast, softly and then harder and harder. His right hand was on its companion, squeezing it and kneading it. After a while, he shifted breasts and ran his hand down her belly to the crux between her thighs. He dribbled his fingers over her love lips several times and then ran two fingers the length of her gash from the bottom up and then down again. She was already moistening, as if trained to do so. Within a few moments, she was wet and slick.

He abandoned her breast and took her lips with his. She opened them, welcoming him. She wrapped her right arm cross his shoulder and gave him the full benefit of her hot tongue. He was becoming feverish. He pressed his lips down on her hard and she pressed him right back. He heard her moan. His right hand was still playing with her pussy. She was now well opened and slick, and he slipped his two fingers deeply into her channel. She squirmed her hips. He began to circle his fingers lightly over her hardened bud. She released a deep sigh and kissed him harder.

The girl gently but determinedly pushed him back until he was again on his side. She turned towards him, ran her hands across his chest and then placed her lips upon it. She kissed and licked her way over his nipples, teething each one gently, and then began descending down the bed. Her right hand stroked his side as she dragged her broad lips across his belly, lower and lower and lower. Her hand found his meat and began to stroke it lightly. Then she went lower and lower until she was scrunched down at the end of the bed. She reared her head back and subsumed his rigid staff between her lips.

She suckled him languorously. She dragged her lips the length of his pole and then up again. She swirled her tongue around the head while she gave it a gentle suckle. She lowered herself again, slowly, slowly, slowly, her lips pressed hard against his staff, her tongue lashing it. She cupped his balls and began to speed up her strokes. Ron was moaning. His eyes had fluttered back, and he rested his hands upon the pleasure giving head. He could feel his surge building. His breathing became labored.

Then the girl stopped. She moved quickly up the bed and rolled to her back, pulling Ron atop her. She widened her knees and raised her legs invitingly. Her hands were on Ron's shoulders. He looked down on the heavenly body below him. The colors on her torso seemed to be fluttering and undulating as she breathed deeply and excitedly. He took hold of his cock and looked down at her loins. Her pussy yawned invitingly. But the teeth. Did he dare put his cock between them? His uncertainty lasted only a moment and he dragged the head of his manhood along her slice several times, gathering her moisture. He presented it to her entrance, lodging it just inside her tunnel. He looked down and watched as his cock slowly, slowly, slowly entered the dangerous cavern. The teeth seemed to part

obediently. When he was fully seated, he felt a surge of lust and began rogering the girl heatedly.

She let him go on for a few moments, matching his thrusts, but then grabbed his hips, bringing him to a standstill. Then, slowly, slowly, slowly, she began to undulate her hips, drawing them down and up slowly, slowly, slowly. Ron released a heavy groan. His strokes became long and languid. Each traverse of the moist hot interior of her purse created a wave of pleasure that passed up from his cock to his loins, his belly and up to lodge in his brain. The girl was stroking his back. She was issuing little cooing sounds. She was timing her thrusts expertly.

The tension in his body was exquisite. The girl took hold of his head and brought his lips to hers. He thrust his tongue inside. Her tongue danced around it, stroking it, teasing it. He felt a mighty surge. He began stroking her cleft hard and long, again and again, faster, faster, faster. The girl was moaning, and her body squirmed and danced below his. Her cunt seemed to grab him. She started to release desperate grunts, “Arrr! Arrr! Arrr! Arrr!” Ron answered with his own. He felt it coming, coming, coming. He was trying to hold it back. Of a sudden, the girl broke their kiss and began to call out wildly, her hips pounded up against his and he seemed to feel the contractions of her tunnel. It was all he could stand. His cock began to pulse and throb. He was grunting loudly, thrusting madly, as it went on and on. It reached an impossible pinnacle. His brain seemed to overload, and then it was finished. His strokes slowed; his flesh loosened. The girl was stroking his back and shoulders, rotating her hips slowly to ease out every last convulsion of his prick. Finally, he ceased his languid thrusts and collapsed on top of her.

CHAPTER SIX

Ron realized that he must have dozed off. He was lying on his back. The girl was snuggled up next to him. What had awoken him was her hand gently stroking his cock. It was beginning to harden. She was looking at him. Her look wasn't unfriendly, but you could detect a bedrock of resentment and anger beneath her otherwise placid face. As if she realized that he had caught her out, her face turned animated, and she broke into a smile. She leaned over and kissed him, squeezing his cock. She kissed under his neck, along his shoulders, dragging her breasts across his chest, and then lowered herself slowly, slowly, slowly, kissing and suckling all the way. When she reached his cock, she subsumed it. Ron released a great sigh and spread his legs, raising his knees.

She worked him languidly and expertly for a long time. She may have been resentful at her capture and new life as a sexual slave, but someone had taught her duties well. Aside from the look she had given him, all her actions bespoke a willing, expert whore. Ron looked down at her. He could see the upside-down painting on her back and the bands on her arms, and a glimpse of her colorful breasts. He imagined himself for a moment one of the undoubtedly fabulously wealthy guests, able to partake of a wide selection of beautifully decorated, able whores and being able to do anything you wanted to them. A week or two would be nice. Not that fucking the girls back at the farm wasn't fun. It was lots of fun. But those girls were not fully and exquisitely trained slaves. On the other hand, there was nothing like slipping your cock into the mouth of a girl with tears running down her face.

Janine went on and on. She could sense from his moans and counterthrusts when he was nearing crisis, and she dutifully slowed her efforts, letting him cool down so he could rise again. He had to resist the urge to grab her dancing ponytail and machine her head on his tool. He knew that letting the girl have her way was the surer road to fuller ecstasy.

Finally, she let her lips pop off his staff. She started to rise along his torso, rubbing her breasts along his belly. She came up and gave him a soulful kiss, which he returned lustfully. She drew his legs together with her knees and raised her hips. She expertly mounted him, sliding his cock into her pouch. Ron groaned. She had her hands on his chest and she began a gentle motion, stroking his pole with her channel. Ron ran his hands along her firm thighs while he reveled in his rapture. She stroked him on and on, sometimes slow and easy, and then fast and

hard. She seemed to sense his exact tolerance and brought him to the edge of apotheosis several times.

Ron was thrusting back as best as he was able. He could see his cock embedded in the toothy pussy. It looked like the girl had another mouth down there. She leaned over, suckling on his nipples, making him groan, and then, as if on some signal, began stroking him in intense earnest. She was sighing and moaning. Her nipples were as stiff as bullets. Her passion could be read upon her face. Ron had a lot of experience fucking and he believed he had a good sense when a girl was faking it. They whipped their trainees back at the farm frequently for just that reason. Her cunt seemed to be growing hotter and hotter. He felt his juices rising. He groaned and seized her breasts, squeezing them hard. This seemed to set the girl off as she began groaning and ejaculating a series of rough grunts. She called out and bent herself over pumping him furiously. His passions rose past the point of no return, and he groaned loudly and began a series of grunts, hard and loud. His cock exploded into powerful spasms. He could feel his juices flowing up his stem. His orgasm seemed to go on and on. He wanted it to last forever.

And then, it faded. The girl slowed. He could feel the desultory contractions of her post orgasmic throbs. Her face betrayed her gratefulness for the pleasure she had received. She ceased her movements and lowered herself upon him, nestling her head over his shoulder.

He lay there for a while, enjoying the warm glow of his body and his mind's recollection of his just passed bout of orgasmic bliss. He stroked her back. Her warmth felt good. They lay there for several minutes. Ron could sense from the dimness of the light in the room that daylight was coming to an end. Mid-summer, he figured it must be past 6 o'clock. His bout with the girl had lasted about 2 hours. He worried that that guy Louis might think that he was hogging the girl. After all, she was an amenity of the breakroom and others must be expectant of her services.

He gave the girl a gentle shove and she rolled off him. He patted her on the face and told her, "Good job, Janine. You're a natural whore."

Her face seemed to darken, but she recovered quickly. He knew that she was probably forbidden to talk and so he anticipated no thank you for his compliment. She should be glad that she so easily brought her passions to bear. If you had to fuck multiple men and women every day, wouldn't you want to get some enjoyment out of it? And didn't her evident skill at fornicating spare her the worst of the discipline which could be enforced on her? He patted her cheek again.

He rose from the bed. There was a bathroom in the corner of the room. He scooted over to it and released a long, thick flow of contribution to the yawning white pot. There was a bidet next to the toilet, for the purpose, he imagined, of cleaning out the girls' cunts between bouts.

He flushed and washed his hands. When he came back into the room, the girl was lying on her side, resting on her elbow like she had done when she first got on the bed. He wondered if she had been taught that as a standard protocol. He dressed quickly. He asked her if she had to pee, and she shook her head. "You know the drill," he told her, more coldly than he had intended.

She rolled over to her belly and put her arms behind her back. He got up on the bed and connected her wrists and then her ankles. There was a small golden colored chain lying on a nightstand next to the bed. He took it, ordered her to raise her legs and then connected her feet to her wrists. She released a soft moan of discomfort. He went to the dresser and retrieved her mouthpiece. He got back up on the bed and told her to raise her head and open her mouth. She obeyed without hesitation. It took some effort, but he muscled the mouthpiece into place and her teeth clamped down on it. A little dash of blue showed between her lips. He patted her on the head. "Thanks, again, Janine. You're a great whore. You should comfort yourself by the thought that if you hadn't been brought here you wouldn't have had the benefit of all this fucking."

Her eyes flashed at him. He laughed.

When he emerged from the bedroom, he saw Chuckie playing pool with one of the staff. The ballgame was over and mostly female staff were watching a movie with Shirley MacLaine and Jack Nicholson. The tall girl Chuckie had selected was on her knees, giving one of the staff a quick blowjob. The dainty, young black-haired girl was gone, but the space that had been empty next to her was filled by a nice-looking blonde girl.

When the woman who had been sitting by the side playing with her riding crop saw Ron emerge from the bedroom, she gave him a smile, got up and entered it. Ron went over to the soda machine and got himself a Diet Coke. There were a few easy chairs next to a bookcase. He went over, selected a manga softcover and sat down to read. After about 10 minutes, the fat lady brought Janine out again. Her eyes were watery and red, and Ron wondered whether the woman had given her some strokes of the riding crop. She was about to sit her down when a hefty 6'2" tall staff guy interrupted her. He escorted her to the bedroom Ron had just left.

About 20 minutes later, a slender staff guy emerged from the bedroom on the far left. The big lady went in and ten minutes later emerged with the somber, dainty black-haired girl. She sat her down on the couch and fastened her ankle to the ring.

Ron spent about an hour reading. He went through 3 manga books. The movie shifted to a car chase flic, one of the many Fast and Furious franchise. The girls came and went. A slender, somewhat petite young woman outfitted in one of the blue waitresses' dresses came over and picked the dainty girl. The tall girl went in for another bout. Janine was brought out by the fat lady, but a chunky guy

interrupted her as she was about to sit her down and took her off again. The blonde girl gave out a few blowjobs and then she was hauled off to a room.

Chuckie kept winning on the pool table. Staff people kept coming up and putting a fiver on the side rail. Chuckie would match it and they would play another game of 8 ball.

A girl clad in the blue skirt and blouse came in towing two girls connected by a coffle chain. The dainty girl had come out and was sitting on the couch. Janine had finally gotten a break. The blue clad lady exchanged the girls she had brought in for the dainty girl and Janine, connected them to the coffle chain and marched them out. The new girls were a blonde and a brown-haired black girl. Two staff members came over and selected them right away.

Chuckie finally lost to a quirky staff girl. He broke but didn't sink anything. She ran the table. She asked Chuckie if he wanted to go double or nothing, but he declined. He sat down on a chair next to Ron and sulked.

About a half hour later, Bob came in to get them. "Shateeka wants to see you," he told them. He led them from the breakroom, through the cafeteria, out the double doors and down the hall. They passed the room where they had seen Rosita getting her first beating. Some girl was in there shrieking her heart out. Two girls knelt outside the room. They were sniffing and crying. A staff girl dressed in black was overwatching them.

Bob coded them through the door that Shateeka had gone through earlier. It opened to a vast room paneled in mahogany. The front door was opposite them. A series of fringed, painted Indian shields went down the wall. To their left, a long line of slave girls was standing with their backs to the wall, their bound hands lifted up behind them. They were all on their toes and tilted slightly forward letting their breasts swing free of their chests. A young black couple dressed in stylish casual clothes were standing in front of one of the girls, a brunette with ample breasts. The man was wiry and tough looking, the woman, tall and elegant. The woman was playing with her pussy. You could see the colorful girl's arousal from her face. One of the blue clad girls was standing next to them. "We'll take this one," the woman said to her. The blue clad girl had a leash in her hands. She fastened it to the girl's collar and released her hands from the wall. She handed the leash to the woman with a smile. The woman hauled the girl away, the man following, and they glided up a set of broad, red carpeted steps.

Bob led them to a reception desk on the right. He left them there. A blue clad girl was checking in two well-dressed middle-aged Hispanic men. Their suitcases were on the floor next to them. She handed them their keys. "Can you send some girls up right away?" one of the men asked.

"Certainly," the girl responded courteously. A young, black clad staff guy who had been standing nearby took hold of the suitcases and told the men to follow

him. They walked off and began mounting the stairs. She consulted her computer. She beeped the intercom. A girl's voice answered. "Rachel, Celine and Patricia are in the cafeteria. Have someone bring them up to rooms 207 and 209."

"Oakie doakie," Rachel replied pleasantly.

The girl behind the counter told them that Shateeka would be with them in a moment and that they should wait. There were four girls kneeling on their haunches behind the counter. They had black bags over their heads. Each had a handwritten white cardboard sign dangling from the ring of her collar. One said, "Mr. Collins," and then, "Mr. Iannarelli," "Ms. Lambert," and "Mr. Smythe."

"How do you keep track of so many girls?" Ron asked.

"Their collars all have a chip unique to them. The computer knows where they all are all the time," the girl answered briskly.

She continued to work on her computer, making entries. The intercom rang. A young female voice came on. "Linda, Mr. Bronski was asking about Olivia. He had her the other night and liked her a lot. Can you tell me where she is?"

Linda clickity clacked on her computer. "She's with Ms. Jensen in 322. She's been up there about 2 hours, so I expect that she'll be done with her soon. After the matron cleans her up, I'll have her brought down. I'll let you know when she gets here."

"Thanks," the young voice answered.

After about 10 minutes, the girl received another beep on the intercom. "Are those clowns out there?" a woman's rough voice asked.

"Yes, Shateeka," the girl answered.

"Send them in."

The girl came to the side of the counter and lifted a panel, motioning the boys to proceed. They entered Shameka's office through a wide, heavy door. Shateeka was sitting behind a large dark oak desk. There were a number of prints on the walls, probably by the same artist who had done the print in the bedroom Ron had been in. One was of a line of braves on ponies. The one in the lead had an unhappy, naked, young white girl sitting in front of him, her hands tied in front of her and connected to the pony's neck. Two were trailing long leather thongs which were tied around the hands of clearly distraught somewhat older women, one black and one white, in long dresses. The bodices had been ripped down to their waists and their breasts were out. They were bonnetless, with long brown and blonde hair, and were being dragged along.

Another picture was of a semi-circle of long haired, young Indian women dressed in knee length deerskin, bordered with colorful beads and tassels. They were holding thin tree branches which had been whittled to a point, laughing merrily. A naked, pale, writhing white woman was dangling from a heavy pole that

had been pounded into the ground. She was covered in red stripes and one of the Indian women was in the act of rearing her branch back for another blow.

The third print was of two braves standing next to two very unhappy, naked white women and a young girl, maybe 18, with their hands tied to a branch above them. The women had lengths of tree branch forced crossways deep into their mouths and tied off behind their heads. Two fierce looking, mustachioed, Mexican vaqueros were standing off to the side, looking at the women lustfully. One had the leads to a brace of horses in his hand and the other was pointing to them. The braves seemed interested.

Shateeka's desk was piled haphazardly with papers. She had a black phone on her desk and an open laptop. There was a bookcase along one wall, matching the desk, filled with numerous volumes. To the right of the desk there were two young women mounted in frames. Their knees were spread, and their hands pulled back behind them, arching their backs and making prominent their breasts. One was Rosita. She was obviously distressed. She was striped in red. They had already tattooed the thunderbird emblem on her belly and had decorated her mons in bright red, and the teeth emanating from her slit. She was wearing one of the dark, polished leather collars. Her new name, Melinda, had been etched in ornate red letters. The punctures were still irritated. She had a blue mouthpiece between her lips.

The other girl was already well decorated. She had jet black hair pulled back into a ponytail. She was Asian, Burmese or Thai, Ron guessed from her light brown skin. She didn't look to happy either. She had tennis ball sized breasts, small, but round and firm. There were fierce looking clamps on her teats. She was wearing a leather belt that was connected in the front to a strap that went down and covered her loins. It was pulled tight to her pussy. She was drenched in sweat and in obviously in the throes of passion. She was rotating her hips and her eyes were fluttering. She was releasing low decibel moans. Her name was Madeline.

"Did you enjoy yourselves?" Shateeka asked in her challenging, gravel voice. Ron and Chuckie averred that they had. Shateeka had a 10" by 14" thick art book open on her desk. On either side of the open book were Indian type designs like all the slave girls wore. Shateeka saw them looking at it. "I'm picking out a design for Melinda, here," she told them. "The guy who does the designs will be here tomorrow. I can't put her to work looking like she is." Rosita's, or rather, Melinda's, eyes widened.

"I've already picked out a theme for her back." She turned the laptop towards them. There was a picture of a hummingbird in flight, its wings vibrating rapidly. It was curved, as if it were pausing in flight. Its wings were colored a delicate lavender and its body was a soft, almost golden brown. Its head was yellow, and it had a long, black, slightly curved beak.

“The artist will fill in the rest with lush greenery and appropriate flowers. She’ll look pretty good.”

Ron and Chuckie agreed.

“Now you two clowns are taking one of our girls down to Martha’s tomorrow. She’s been sold to this Mexican rancher who has a nice spread near Salinas. Pretty rough guy, but that’s the way the cookie crumbles. I don’t want any fuckups. You think you can do that?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Ron replied. “No fuck ups.”

“All right. You can have dinner and watch the show. I want you both in bed by 11 o’clock. You’ve got a long ride ahead and I want you both alert.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Ron affirmed.

The Asian girl had reached her crisis. She started shaking and moaning. Her body seemed to vibrate, like she was trying to burst free of her bonds. She released a muffled, but high intensity, “Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!”

Shateeka smiled. “That’s three,” she observed as the young girl kept grunting. “Two more to go. Madeline has been a little low in the passion department lately, so I decided to give her a tune up. She’ll be spending the night with me. And I don’t spare the whip, so she better be up to snuff.”

Madeline’s eyes widened. Shateeka’s comment was obviously for her benefit. She was winding down from her orgasm. The thought of spending the night with Shateeka obviously disconcerted her.

Shateeka looked at her watch. “Dinner starts in about 10 minutes. Take a left when you leave my office. Go down to the end. The dining room will be on your left. The staff table is right next to the kitchen. There’s a bar on your way in. One drink a piece. That’s all. Got it?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Ron answered. It seemed that he was doing all the talking.

“Okay, get the fuck out of here.”

Ron and Chuckie retreated. When they came out to the main desk, two well dressed women were on the public side. Their suitcases were at their feet. They had an open book in front of them. Ron looked at it as they passed. It was a thick picture book that had photos of all the prisoners, front, profile right and left and from the back, their ponytails pulled to one side so you could get a good look at their back design.

“Oh, I like this one,” the older of the women said. She looked maybe 45 or so. She was wearing a finely tailored rose colored business skirt and jacket over a white blouse. The other woman, about 20, was dressed in very tight designer blue jeans and a gold trimmed pullover blouse. She was a bit shorter than her companion and, frankly, prettier.

“I still like Rosalyn better,” she said insistently. “She has perfect, round breasts, not too big and not too small. And she has such a woeful look about her.”

The older woman flipped the pages. She stopped, apparently at Rosalyn's picture. "I see what you mean. Okay, Rosalyn it is." She looked at Linda, snapping the book closed. "We'll take Rosalyn," the older lady told her.

Linda did her clickity clack on her computer. "She's free. She's down at refreshment now, but I can have her up to your room in an hour."

"That would be nice," the older woman acknowledged. "You'll have to pardon me," she continued, "but this is our first time here. Are there whips in the rooms?"

"Of course," Linda answered. "And if you're not up to doing it yourself, I can have one of the staff come up and do it for you."

"Oh, no," the older one replied. "We're perfectly capable of doing it ourselves."

"In fact, we've been looking forward to it the whole trip up here." The younger one said gaily.

"Well, enjoy yourselves. Dinner's in a few minutes. Why don't you go up to your room and freshen up? I'll make sure Rosalyn is in your room after you eat. There's a nice floor show."

"That sounds marvelous," the older woman replied. Linda rang the bell on the desk and a young staff guy came out.

"Room 214," Linda told him.

He nodded. "Come this way, ladies," he told them.

Ron and Chuckie moseyed down the large foyer, past the broad stairs that led upstairs and past where all the girls had been standing. Most of them were gone and a blue clad girl was releasing the last three and connecting them by a coffle. She gave the leash end a tug and they all marched off, the girls shuffling along carefully because of the chains between their ankles. At the end of the hall, the parade turned left. Ron and Chuckie followed them. It led into a large dining area. To the right was a bar with a male staff member dressed in a ruffled white shirt and bow tie. Several people were standing around, all elegant looking. They were buzzing to each other amiably. Ron and Chuckie approached the bar. "A gin and tonic," Ron ordered. "Do you have Tanqueray?"

"Of course," the bartender answered. He looked at Chuckie.

"I'll have an Iron City," Chuckie told him. The bartender paused. "I'm sorry sir, we don't carry Iron City. How about a Heineken?"

Chuckie looked at the bartender. Ron nudged him. "Okay," Chuckie answered. "A Heineken."

The bartender reached down into the cooler, produced a bottle of Heineken and a chilled 12 oz. beer glass. He popped the top off the bottle and poured it in carefully so that the entire bottle was emptied and there was an appropriate head on it. He scooped some ice into a highball glass, poured in 2 fingers of gin and topped it off with tonic. He squeezed a wedge of lime into it and placed it on the bar in front of Ron. Ron took a couple of ones from his pocket and laid them on the bar.

The bartender smiled and pushed them back towards Ron. "No tipping," he told him.

They meandered towards the kitchen at the back of the room. There were 10 tables all set with fine looking china in a broad semi-circle. Each table had five chairs, all on one side, facing a 4' high stage on the opposite side of the room. It seemed like every table had a good view. The girls who had been outside in the foyer were now lined up along the walls of the dining room, their hands locked up behind them, making them tilt forward. There were about 15 of them, with more coming in.

Several of the tables were already occupied. Men and women were standing around talking. A guy near the center of the room was apparently telling a funny story which made the three men and a woman around him laugh. Ron and Chuckie found the staff table. It was a long, rectangular table with place settings along one side. In the middle were two place settings with little cards on them which said, "Guest." They assumed that these places were for them and so they sat down.

Off in the corner opposite the bar a white lady dressed in a beautiful green gown was playing a concert piano. Ron didn't know shit about classical music, but it was nice enough, light but not corny. After about 15 minutes, a gong sounded, and the guests all started taking their places. The other places at the staff table began filling up. One of them was Louis from the staff room. "Heya, fellas," he said as he sat down next to Ron. A mixture of black clad and blue clad staff members came to sit down. One of them was Linda from the front desk. "Senior staff only," Louis whispered to Ron. Ron nodded and sipped at his drink.

Shateeka came in wearing a nice green and black sheath dress. She said hello to a number of the guests and then took a place at a round table near the center of the room. The lady who had been playing the piano came and sat down next to her. A tall, broad-shouldered man with a smattering of grey in his short black hair, dressed in an elegant tuxedo, came in, greeting guests as he walked by. He came to Shateeka's table and sat down. "That's Mr. Lightfoot. He's the head honcho," Louis whispered to Ron.

Another man came in wearing a well-tailored suit and tie. He was rough looking, stern, and stood about 5'11". He looked well-muscled. "That's Col. Tremont," Louis whispered. "He's the head of security. And the lady coming in now, Ms. Shaw, she's the head trainer." A tall woman in a blue chiffon dress was following the colonel. They both sat down at the main table.

The blue dressed waitresses started bringing in the food. First was a flavorful turtle soup served with a little glass of sherry. Then there was a very nice salad with a vinaigrette dressing. The main course was beef bourguignon. It had a heavy wine flavor to it.

All the guest tables had open bottles of Merlot, which kept coming. At the staff table it was pitchers of orangeade. As everyone was winding down the main course, the pianist returned to her instrument and recommenced playing. Coffee and tea were distributed along with a small bowl of ice cream, chocolate or vanilla. The women who Ron and Chuckie had seen at the front desk had sat down at a table with 3 other ladies and were talking animatedly. The room was filled with the murmurs of conversation. The piano music was just loud enough not to be drowned out.

Suddenly, the music stopped. The lights in the room dimmed. A spotlight came on over the stage. A blue clad lady who had been at the staff table went up and got onto it. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I hope that you are enjoying your stay at Lakota Lodge," she announced. An enthusiastic applause broke out. The lady smiled and waved the crowd quiet. "We have a little entertainment for you tonight, which I am sure you will all enjoy. Without further, ado...." she said, bowing, and she left the stage. A gentle, melodic, almost tantalizing tune came from the piano. Two blue clad workers led two of the slave girls to the stage. The blue clad ladies released their hands from behind their backs and removed their ankle chains. They pulled their mouthpieces out.

The emcee was still in the center of the room. "Ladies and Gentlemen, Olivia and Rose, for your entertainment."

The two blue clad girls said something to the two girls and left the stage. The girls looked out at the audience for a moment and then fell to their knees facing each other. They began to caress each other tenderly. One was a brunette and the other raven-haired. The raven-haired girl was slight, but with nice round breasts. The brunette was voluptuous with heavy breasts that stood up nicely. They kissed while their hands wandered each other's body. They kept their turquoise high heels on.

The room remained pretty much silent, but for the gentle tones of the piano and the sighs and moans of the girls. They kissed for a long time, mashing their breasts together. The slight girl took the advantage and soon had the voluptuous girl on her back. She laid herself atop her, kissing her fervently and rubbing their reddened vulvas together like they were going to eat each other. She suckled at her considerable breasts and then lowered herself gradually, kissing the brunette's torso all the way down, until she reached her crux. Then she went to work.

The brunette was soon gasping and moaning. She writhed under the smaller girl's ministrations. Everyone in the room was fixated on them. The slight girl brought the brunette up and down several times and then finally gave her release. The brunette shouted out, "Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!" as she came. When the slight girl let her wind down, there was a general round of applause.

The brunette recovered quickly, and she shoved the smaller girl to her back. Without ceremony, she clasped her face to her loins, taking a wrestler's hold on her thighs. Soon the slight girl was moaning and calling out. The brunette girl made her come, shouting, "Eeeegh! Eeeegh! Eeeegh! Eeeegh!" in a high-pitched squeal. But she didn't relent. She soon had the slender girl squirming and moaning again. She placed her hands on the brunette's head and began to desperately try to push her away. But the brunette held on tight. She came again, issuing a long, drawn-out squeal, and then, "Augggh! Augggh! Augggh! Augggh!"

The brunette girl released her. One of the blue clad girls placed something on the stage and gave the brunette an instruction. The brunette didn't have to be told twice.

As the slight, black-haired girl tried to recover, the voluptuous brunette strapped a faux cock around her waist and over her puss. She quickly mounted the slender girl and pushed her thighs apart. The slender girl had not anticipated what was coming, and she tried to move away. The brunette was having nothing of that and pinned her down with her right hand. With her left, she guided the black prong to the small girl's loins, centered it, and slowly, slowly, slowly, eased it into the redness.

The small girl's back arched and she moaned. The brunette began a steady sawing away. The small girl's high heels dug into the stage and pushed up as if trying to throw the larger girl off, but it was to no avail. She just kept thrusting and thrusting and thrusting. Their mouths joined and the black-haired girl drew her arms around the brunette's back and squeezed her tightly, as if holding on for dear life. Her knees were drawn back, and her turquoise high heels were in the air. The small girl screeched again, and her body erupted into a paroxysm of spasms. She called out again and again. The brunette forced her through one orgasm and then another.

Finally, she slowed. The small girl sagged. The brunette slid the prong from her belly, removed the belt and tossed it away. Before the small girl could move, the brunette reversed herself and placed her loins over the small girl's face. She shoved her mons against her mouth, leaned down and placed her mouth on the black-haired girl's cunt.

You wouldn't have thought it, but the slender girl was not done. Quickly, the brunette had her writhing and twisting beneath her. She was mashing her sex down on the smaller girl's mouth and issuing frantic grunts. They went on for many minutes. It was hard to tell who was coming when since they were both making a lot of noise. Finally, the brunette raised herself on her arms, released a long series of agonized groans, grinding her loins on the smaller girl's face, and then it was over. She fell to the side. Both girls were exhausted. There was enthusiastic applause. The emcee lady resumed the stage. The blue clad ladies who had brought

the multicolored girls to the stage mounted it and dragged the two girls to their feet. Their hands were quickly joined behind their backs. They could barely stand. "Let's have a round of applause for Olivia," the lady instructed the crowd. There was heavy applause and one of the blue clad girls, holding the brunette's ponytail, forced her into a bow.

"And now for Rose," the emcee demanded. The applause was thunderous. It went on for almost a minute. Rose's handler forced her into repeated bows to the audience. Even Ron and Chuckie were clapping.

"If you look under your chairs, two of you will be fortunate to have either Olivia or Rose as your companions tonight," the emcee announced. The crowd stirred. A bald man on the first table in announced excitedly, "I've got Rose!" At a table near to the staff table a heavyset Asian woman announced, "We've got Olivia!" There was another round of applause. The woman kissed her male companion.

"Give them a little time to rest up," the lady emcee suggested. "You can collect them in an hour at the reception desk." The blue clad ladies reconnected the girls' ankle chains, reinserted their mouthpieces, and then led them off.

The lady emcee came back to the center of the room. Two of the t-shirted staff members were mounting an 'L' shaped post on the far edge of the stage. The end of the 'L' had a chain dangling from it.

"And now a treat from the Lakota Lodge Players," the emcee announced. She faded away.

Immediately, from the kitchen, came the sound of beating drums. A line of slender women came dashing out. They were all dressed in beaded and well decorated deerskin dresses. They had multicolored beaded headbands. In the middle, over their foreheads was a badge displaying the lodge's thunderbird icon. They carried green, red and blue gourd shakers. Following them were three men wearing tasseled leggings and loincloths. They were beating the drums.

As the group reached the stage, the 5 women formed a semi-circle in front of it, facing the audience. The men mounted the stage behind them. When they were in position, the girls began a rhythmic chant, shaking their hips and shuffling their bare feet. They began to shake the shakers in rhythm with the drums. The girls would sing a verse or two and then the men would sing. Ron realized that it was probably a parody of some native ceremony, but to him it seemed authentic.

After about 10 minutes, a war whoop filled the room. It came from the entrance to the dining room. A staff member outfitted like a classical brave came riding in on a small pony. He was wearing breeches and a loincloth like the male drummers. His face and chest were painted in what looked like warpaint and he had a string of beads and feathers dangling on his left side, attached to a leather band around his head. He pranced the pony into the room. It was a magnificent spectacle. He was

pulling along one of the slave girls. He had a long, leather tether in his left hand. It bound the girl's hands in front of her.

The saddleless pony high stepped to the middle of the room, and then the brave slid off. The rhythmic percussion from the men and women around the stage lowered in volume. One of the staff members quickly escorted the pony to the side. The brave drew the girl closer to him and then raised the thong high in the air, elevating the girl's hands and forcing her to stand on her toes. She issued a squeal. The brave escorted her all along the semi-circle of guest tables, displaying her. When he came around to the staff table, Ron realized that the girl was Janine, the girl he had fucked in the bedroom of the staff lounge. Louis must have seen his startled face. He leaned over and explained, "I thought Janine there needed a little reinforcement, so I made sure she was selected for our little party."

Ron wasn't sure how he felt about that. Somebody had to be selected, he thought to himself. But had he condemned Janine to whatever was going to transpire here, and whatever it was, it didn't look good, by selecting her in the staff lounge and giving her the opportunity to display her rebelliousness before Louis? Suppose he had picked the delicate black-haired girl? Would that have put her in the soup and let Janine off the hook?

On the other hand, into everybody's life a little rain must fall. Especially for slave girls. Whatever was going to happen, he was sure she would survive it.

When the brave finished dragging Janine along the semi-circle, he brought her to the main table, where Shateeka and Mr. Lightfoot sat. Holding the tether in his left hand, he took Janine by the ponytail with his right and forced her into a low bow. Mr. Lightfoot and Shateeka nodded, smiling, appreciating the gesture.

Suddenly, Ron had the feeling that he had seen the brave before. He looked closer. He nudged Chuckie. "Isn't that..." he began to ask.

"Yeah," Chuckie replied without waiting for the full question.

There was no mistaking it. It was Trooper Lew Darkwater. So that's what he meant by telling them that he would be seeing them later. "Well, I'll be," Ron said to himself.

The brave dragged Janine onto the stage. He untied her hands and handed the tether off to one of the other braves. Connecting Janine's wrist cuffs, he raised her hands and connected them to the overhanging 'L' facing the audience. He pulled her mouthpiece out and handed it off. Janine was already blubbing. The swaying, softly chanting girls moved off to each side. One of the other braves handed him an 18" long flail with multiple tassels. Grabbing both ends, he raised it over his head and showed it to the audience. The piano music had stopped, but a low volume drumbeat continued harmonized with the moderate sounds from the shakers the maidens held.

When he had displayed the whip to the whole crowd, the trooper cum Indian brave faced Janine, standing off to one side so that the audience could all see her. She compressed her lips and released a long, piteous whine.

The first blow struck her across her breasts, and she released a screech. Darkwater paused for about 20 seconds and struck her across the front of her thighs. She shrieked again and did a little dance. The brave kept striking her, pausing between each one, letting the previous one sink in before delivering the next. Janine was sobbing and screeching, her voice echoing throughout the dining hall. The drums and shakers continued their low volume accompaniment. Darkwater methodically struck her all over. He went behind her and struck her back and rear. He did the back of her shins. He did her front again. Janine writhed and screamed and screeched, but to her credit, did not beg and plead for mercy. Undoubtedly, she knew that any such pleas would be fruitless. Ron assumed such behavior had already been beaten out of her long ago.

After about 20 blows, Darkwater relented. While Janine moaned and sobbed, he faced the audience again, raising the flail over his head, presenting it to them. There was widespread, fervent applause. He handed off the flail to one of the other braves. Another one handed him a steel dogwhip, maybe 2 feet long. As he presented it to the crowd, Janine released a long wail. You could see that she yearned to plea for mercy. Her lips were trembling, and she was shifting from foot to foot. Darkwater turned to her. Ron could see him from the side and saw that he was smiling.

He lashed her with the dogwhip repeatedly. Janine's screeches and screams ascended in volume, echoing throughout the room. Long, thin red marks emerged wherever she was struck. Darkwater circled her, striking her seemingly at random. By the time he was done, Janine was about as miserable as any girl Ron had ever seen. And he had seen some miserable girls before, especially when Cathy laid into them.

Mercifully, the blows came to an end. The cruel brave displayed the whip again to the audience and there was another display of enthusiastic appreciation. He handed the whip off.

He reached up and released the sobbing Janine's wrists from the chain. He caught her as she fell. Two of the other braves assisted him in releasing her wrists from each other and locking them behind her back. Darkwater grabbed her face by the cheeks with one hand and said something curt and harsh to her. Her face was tear stained and painted with unhappiness. She immediately fell to her knees. Darkwater reached down and tore off the loincloth, revealing his already rampant manhood. He addressed it to the girl. Obediently, she subsumed it into her mouth.

You could feel the crowd's intense focus on the proceeding. Ron had a little twinge as he recalled her mouth on his tool not more than 2 hours ago. The girl

worked him and worked him and worked him. Tears were pouring down her cheeks. Darkwater had hold of her auburn ponytail, not to force her efforts, but as an emphasis on his control of her.

It went on for about 15 minutes. Then Darkwater pulled her mouth off his prick, shook her head and gave her another command. She looked at him piteously and turned away from him. She fell to her knees, placing her forehead on the stage floor, bent her back and spread her legs, raising her rear in a lewd proffer. Darkwater gracefully descended to his knees, moved up behind her, placed one hand on her back, and guided his prick to her crevasse. He slid slowly in, and when fully seated, released a blood curling war whoop.

He rogered her slowly at first. The drums and shakers were gradually increasing in volume. Janine's face was a masque of misery. Darkwater went on and on, slow, slow, slow, and then fast and hard. He pulled on her ponytail until she was more or less sitting on his lap. He reached around with one hand, grabbing a breast. The other hand descended to her loins where he commenced an intense frigging of her button. Gradually, Janine's face went from displaying her unhappiness to displaying a nascent lust. He went on and on until you could see her body shudder.

He pushed her back down and started an all-out assault. You couldn't hear her, but you could see that she was releasing groans of passion. Her face seemed twisted in agonized pleasure. Darkwater released a roar. The drums and shakers stopped. Janine's moans and groans became audible. Suddenly, her body shook, and she began thrusting her hips back at her assailant. She cried out, "Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh! Ohhhh!" Darkwater was grunting and his face tensed angrily. He began shouting out his own grunts as he pounded away at her.

His thrusts slowed. Janine's moans subsided. The action slowed. It gradually came to a halt. Darkwater paused and then slid his meat from the girl's purse. He stood and faced the crowd, bowing. A thunderous applause broke out. He took hold of Janine's ponytail and hauled her to her feet. He bent her low into an obsequious bow. The applause intensified. He turned her to the right, center and left, bowing her each time.

As the applause wound down, he released her hands from behind her and bound them at the front. One of the braves handed him her mouthpiece and he jammed it in. He was handed the tether and he tied it around her wrists. He brought her to the front of the stage, raised her hands above her head and presented her again. There was another round of appreciative applause. The drums and shakers began again. He pulled her off the stage and led her around the semicircle of tables. He brought her up to the main table and ceremoniously handed the end of the tether to Mr. Lightfoot, who nodded his head appreciatively. One of the braves brought out his pony and he jumped on its back. He gave a whoop and he trotted out of the room.

The emcee came up, waved the audience to silence, backed off to the side and presented her hand to the braves and maidens around the stage. "A hand, please, for the Lakota Players," she called out. There was another round of applause. Continuing their percussive sounds, the braves jumped off the stage and headed to the kitchen. The maidens followed them, and the beats of drums and shakers faded.

"Janine will be available for 45-minute sessions starting at 10 a.m. tomorrow. Tonight, I'm afraid, she's going to be very busy," the emcee announced. She gestured to Mr. Lightfoot who raised Janine's hands and nodded to the crowd. There was general laughter.

"If you want to enjoy Janine's considerable charms tomorrow, stop at the front desk and put in your names. There will be a drawing at midnight and the lucky guests will be announced. The schedule will be posted on the bulletin board. In the meantime, you may choose any one of our wonderful ladies," she said, waving her hand at the mounted slave girls along the walls. "Don't worry, there's enough for everybody. If you don't see your favorite, ask Linda at the front desk and she will see if she can be made available to you. There are card games in the Eagle Lounge, pool and other games in the Wolf lounge and a double feature in our little theater if that's your taste, 'Debbie Does Dallas' and 'The Devil in Miss Jones.' Enjoy."

There was a smattering of light applause, and the lights went up to bright.

Ron and Chuckie sat there while the room cleared out. Guests went up to the naked, displayed girls and made selections. Others wandered out. Mr. Lightfoot got up and gave Janine's tether a yank, pulling the stumbling girl after him.

"We'll she's in for a rough night," Louis observed.

"It doesn't seem fair," Ron replied.

"Fair?" Louis retorted. "You should talk about fair. Is it fair that you guys kidnap girls and turn them into whores?"

"Well, no...."

"Don't tell me you don't whip and beat them!"

"Well, yeah, but..."

"But nothing."

"We don't do it just for the fun of it," Ron protested.

"You don't get any fun out of it?" Louis asked. "Don't tell me that."

"Well, yeah, but...."

"Listen, you can't talk about slave girls and fairness in the same breath. Is it fair that they got picked out because they're pretty girls? No. But what are we supposed to do, kidnap ugly girls? Besides, when you come right down to it, there's no such thing as an innocent victim. They're guilty all right. They're guilty of being negligent and getting caught. They're guilty of being weak in a world that belongs to the strong. They're guilty of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

And don't give me this fate worse than death stuff. I'd bet there's not one in a hundred that would prefer death to being a whore."

Ron had to admit that that was true. He'd been helping out at the farm for 3 years and not one girl had failed to make the grade. All that talk about Jimmy and holes in the ground was essentially just bluff.

"And do you think that any one of them ever complained about being a pretty girl? Any one of them who didn't accept all the favors they got because they were better looking? Is that fair? And there's such a thing as fate. Some girls die in horrible car crashes, or get terrible diseases, or get killed by their boyfriends, or get kidnapped and murdered by some weirdo. Some, despite all their advantages, become drug addicts, or whores all on their own accord. Those girls have their fates and these girls have theirs. There's millions of pretty girls who don't get kidnapped, who go on to lead boring, middle-class lives. These ones were just unlucky. It's like they were predestined."

"Okay, okay," Ron answered.

"And as long as there are people who crave submissive, obedient girls they can do anything they want to, as long as there are people with vast wealth who can afford it, there's going to be a market for slave girls. And as long as there's a market, there are going to be people, like you, and us, who satisfy it."

"Okay, okay," Ron replied. "You win. Fairness has nothing to do with it."

"Right you are, bucko," Louis answered. He looked at his watch. "It's a quarter to 11. Time for beddie bye."

They were woken bright and early. During the night, after they had gone to bed, there was a knock on Ron's door. It startled him. He was having a dream in which Cathy was very mad at him for some reason. He turned on the bedside lamp and called out, "Come in!" The door had already opened. Someone who he didn't see shoved a petite blond girl into his room and then slammed the door. She had a colorful pattern of diamonds and triangles and circles tattooed over her upper torso, interspersed by various stick men with spears and bows and arrows. She stood about 5'2". She looked very dour.

He threw back the sheet and sat on the edge of the bed. "Come here," he told her. She edged forward to him testily. She had her name, Elaine, written across her lower belly. "I guess you're a leftover," he told her. She didn't respond. "Here, get up on my lap." She moved towards him, turned and pushed herself up on her tippy toes and more or less jumped up on his left thigh. He leaned over and disconnected her right leg from her ankle chain, leaving the left to dangle. He circled his left hand behind her back, grabbing her waist to hold her in place, and began to run his right hand up and down her right thigh.

"What's the matter, Elaine, nobody wants you? Aren't you pretty enough?" he asked her tauntingly. "I think that you're pretty." He ran his hand over her small,

pointed mounds. "You have cute little titties," he continued. The girl was looking at him trepidatiously. He pinched a nipple, hard, harder and then harder, until she finally released a little squeak. "That's the girl," he told her. "Show me a little life. You don't want me to tell them that you're a lousy whore, do you? You'd be punished. They might sell you to a glue factory, like they do with horses. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

A tear rolled down from her left eye. She started to shake. "Now, now, Elaine," he continued. "I wouldn't do that. You're going to be a good little whore, aren't you?" She nodded at him with some enthusiasm. "That's the good girl," he commended her.

He had released her teat and was rubbing her belly. Her knees were close together and he told her to spread them. When she widened her knees, he slipped his hand over her bright red, white toothed loins, delving into the not yet moistened divide. He had a feeling that she hadn't been a whore for a very long time. Like Janine, she hadn't yet gotten over the injustice of the whole thing. It kind of reminded him of the girls back at the farm. They, at first anyway, always needed a little coaxing to get them started.

He continued to slip his fingers up and down her divide. Slowly, her moistness developed. He kept on going until she was slick and released a little sigh.

"That's the good girl," he told her. "Poor little Elaine, they took you from your life and turned you into a slave. It doesn't seem fair, does it? But if they didn't pick you, they would have picked some other pretty little girl, wouldn't they? And that wouldn't be fair either, would it?"

She declined to answer. A tear from her right eye flowed down her cheek. "Isn't it better that you accept your fate and be the best little whore that you can be? I saw some girls being disciplined yesterday. They sounded very unhappy. You don't want to be unhappy, do you?"

She sniffled. She looked like she was about to break out into sobs. "There, there, Elaine," he comforted her. "I'm going to make you feel real good in a moment. Just close your eyes and imagine that you are far, far away from here. I'm your boyfriend and I'm going to make you feel real good. Can you do that, Elaine?"

She looked at him dolefully. He imagined no boyfriend of her ever kept her all bound up and gagged. No boyfriend ever threatened to have her beaten. But she would have to get over this dark, dismal unhappiness or she would be in big trouble. He didn't know what they did with girls who didn't work out. But he was sure it wasn't good. "Now close your eyes and lean back, Elaine. Take your mind to some peaceful place. Come on, come on, do what I say."

His right hand had been wandering her colorful breasts, her belly, her thighs. She cautiously closed her eyes and relaxed her body. She had been biting down hard on her gag, and he saw her jaws untightened. Her body tremored.

He leaned over and took her left teat in his mouth. He suckled on it softly at first, laving it with his tongue, pulling on the nipple. He was able to get fully half of her dainty, little breast in his mouth. He continued until the girl released a little sigh and then shifted to the other. His right hand continued to stroke and caress her purse. He dabbled his finger over her little bud until he felt it harden and she shifted her hips. He gave her nipple a playful nip which made her jump and then raised his head. Her breathing had gotten deep. Her nipples stood out like bullets. He continued to stroke and stroke and stroke.

Louis's words came back to him. You can't talk about slave girls and fairness in the same breath. He knew that he shouldn't have any sympathy for her, but she seemed so doll-like and innocent. She undoubtedly had lived a protected life. Her parents had probably sheltered her from life's more severe blows. You couldn't get a much more severe blow than being turned into a sex slave. "Well, fuck her," he thought. Like Louis had said, she shouldn't have been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Her sex was becoming soft and mushy. Her sighs had become deeper. Her thighs had started to tremble. He began to work her little bud in earnest. Every once in a while, he would wander his hand over her belly and breasts, pinching and tweaking her nipples. He ran his hand up and down her thighs. He shifted her on his lap to get better access to her crux.

She began to pant. Her eyelids were fluttering. Her hips were squirming. He thought of leaving her right there. She was ready for fucking and that's all that he should be concerned about. That was her primary function, after all. But he wanted to see her shudder and shake with passion. She had been almost dead when she had entered the room and it was thrilling to see her transformed into a passionate beast.

She began to utter little moans from behind her gagged lips. The bright blue of the mouthpiece seemed incongruous to her pale face. Her torso's designs seemed to be undulating. He flickered and flickered and flickered on her nubbin. He thrust his fingers deep into her channel, daring the ferocious, and on this girl, incongruous, teeth to bite him. He rubbed his hand over her puss, stroking it again and again. She was coming to her crisis. Her moans were growing louder and more intense. "Come on Elaine," he told her. "You can do it. You can do it. That's the good girl. That's the good girl."

Suddenly, she cried out and her face contorted. She began to issue cute little grunts. Her thighs pressed against his hand. Her hips rolled and pushed up. He let her go on and on, flicking rapidly on her clit. She issued a loud groan. Her body shook. And then the energy seemed to just go out of her. Her moans became a

languid hum. He slowed his efforts, slower, slower, slower, until her body just seemed to relax.

He took hold of her right nipple and shook it. "That's the good girl, Elaine," he told her. "Now it's my turn. Get up on your knees with your head down and spread your legs," he instructed.

Her eyes opened and she seemed to remember where she was, what she was. A wave of sadness crossed her eyes. He released his hand around her waist and she leaned over, falling down on the bed. She scrambled into place. Her bound hands sat on the small of her back, her polished nails fluttering. She had a nice, plump rear for someone so dainty. Her little star gave a little wink of nervousness.

He drew himself up behind her. He stroked her rear several times and then brought himself up close. The girl's back was arched nicely, and her mushy slit was well-presented. It looked like her cunt was displaying a toothy grin. His cock was as solid as a steel pole. Her cunt could feel his blood churning. He slipped the little head up and down her slit a few times, gathering her oozing moisture. He found her dilated hole and then slowly, slowly, slowly edged himself in.

The girl releases a combination soft sigh and squeal. He began to roger her long and slow, long and slow. Her cunt was hot, tight and welcoming. He closed his eyes, reveling in the delight. His hands were on her hips, holding her in place. His passion started to grow and grow, and his thrusts were coming harder, faster and shorter. He could feel his juices rising. Louis asked him if he had fun. Well, this was fun. There was nothing like fucking a sad, unwilling girl. Making her hot despite herself. Making her complicit in her own debasement. He wanted to make her come again. He held himself back, waiting to discern her building passion. He was rewarded when she began to issue a new series of moans. Her pussy seemed to tighten, and she began rocking back against him. He thrust and thrust and thrust, fighting the urge to release. All that fucking back at the farm had made him a superior coxman. He could fuck for half an hour and not come unless he wanted to.

The girl started going, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" He knew it was time. He loosened his control over his lust and let things flow. In a few seconds he felt that delicious immediacy that presaged ecstasy. He grunted and groaned and pulled the trigger. His cock throbbed and jerked and he poured himself out. The girl was still releasing impassioned, sweet-sounding grunts, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!"

Ron took a few moments to let the soothing sensation of just having had a good piece of ass flow through him. He liked the little girl despite, or maybe because of, her skittishness. He eased himself out. The girl released a muffled whimper. He gave her ass a slap. "Good job, Elaine. I think you'll make the grade if you keep working hard at it. Just remember, your role is fucking and sucking now. They should come in your mind even before eating and breathing. Because if you don't fuck like a bunny, you won't be doing either one."

It was getting late. He thought of having her suck him off, but he had a long drive tomorrow and he had to get some sleep. "Raise your ass," he told her sharply. When she had obeyed, he reconnected her right ankle to the chain. He slapped her on the ass again, a little harder this time. She released a little squeak.

"Okay, off the bed," he ordered. She slid herself over to the edge. The bed was so high in relation to her that she kind of had to hop down. He took her arm and brought her into the bathroom and made her pee. He wiped her and brought her back into the bedroom. There was a cage in the corner to the right of the door. He had thought that he would have no use for it. He dragged her over by the arm and told her to kneel. He unlocked the cage and swung the door open. It was small, but he figured she could fit easily inside it. "Get in," he ordered her sternly. She gave him a miserable look and then knelt herself over and in. There was room for her to scrunch up, but not to lie flat. It had narrow, black bars about 4" apart. He could see her easily.

"Good night, Elaine," he told her caustically. "Have a good nap." He stepped to the bed, got back in under the sheet and blanket, turned out the bedside lamp and placed his head on the soft, fluffy pillow. He was asleep within a few moments.

A pleasing voice over the intercom woke him up. "Time to get up, Mr. Conway," the voice urged. He felt groggy and sleep deprived, but he wrestled himself out of bed, nonetheless. "I'm up! I'm up!" he replied to the sweet voice. He stumbled into the bathroom and took a long piss. He figured a nice shower would wake him up. It was refreshing. He dried himself with a large, white, fluffy towel. His duffle bag was on the floor, and he pulled out a pair of clean underwear and a fresh Izod shirt. A pair of clean, new white socks and he slipped on his Docksiders. He had a shaving kit in the bag, but he didn't feel up to it this morning. He gathered his soiled clothes and put them in the duffle. He was about to step out of the room when he saw the girl in the cage. She was eyeing him warily from behind the black bars.

"Why not," he thought. He opened the cage and ordered her out. She rose on her knees. He lowered his fly and fished out his wand. Just the thought of it had gotten it hardening. "Do a good job, Elaine," he told her coldly.

She worked him enthusiastically and expertly. She had a tiny mouth and her cheeks bulged when she fully subsumed him. She nibbled the crown; she brought her head up and down slowly and with skill. She even made a little humming sound as she stroked him. She kept her eyes on her work but glanced up at him from time to time with her doleful eyes to make sure that she was pleasing him. When he was ready to come, he began thrusting back at her in earnest, taking hold of her silky blond ponytail to move her head sympatico with his needs. He roared when he came, jetting himself into her throat, making her gurgle and whine. He kept the head going until he was certain that he had urged every last spasm from

his cock, released her and pushed her head off his meat. “Good job, Elaine,” he told her. “There’s hope for you yet.”

He forced the blue mouthpiece between her lips, making sure that it was fully seated, and then pushed her back into the cage with his foot. She was sniffing again when he locked it. Well, it couldn’t be helped. Maybe she was destined for the glue factory after all.

Chuckie was already in the cafeteria when he got there. He selected a pair of nicely crisped waffles and three sausage links. The cafeteria was not full, but it was filling up quickly. A gaggle of five sleepy looking slave girls were marched in and affixed to the wall.

Bob sought them out. “Come on, time’s a’wasting,” he told them. Ron quickly downed the last of his breakfast and gulped down the rest of his coffee. They dumped their dirty dishes in the bin provided and slid their trays on top of the others. As they were leaving, one of the blue clad girls said something fierce to a tall, lanky brunette attached to the wall and placed her zapper between her thighs. There was a ‘crack!’ and the girl screeched. Bob hustled them out.

When they got outside to the dock, the van was standing off about 20’ away and was running. Ron had surrendered the keys when they had arrived.

“The girl’s already loaded,” Bob told them. “Now take it easy and no fuck ups, ya hear!” Ron and Chuckie quickly nodded.

“We gave her an implant, so she’s good or at least 12 hours. So, there’s no need to stop and give her another. Just gas and Wendy’s drive ups all the way. Got it?”

They nodded again.

“There’s 2 thermoses of coffee and a few sandwiches in the cooler we placed in the back. If you have to stop and piss, do it one at a time. Someone always stays with the van. Got it?”

All this micromanagement pissed Ron off a little, but he let it go. He hopped into the driver’s seat, Chuckie hopped in next to him and they were off.

They got searched again as they reached the inner gate, but with a little less hostility than before. The lodge staff had put a seal on the zipper to the bodybag, so the guards did not have to let the girl out and search her. The supervisor on duty, a somewhat chubby guy who stood about 5’11”, gave them their phones back. They were more or less waived through the outer gate. A long, black SUV with darkened windows was waiting for them to pass.

The drive was uneventful. He and Chuckie hardly spoke. Ron kept going over and over in his mind the events of the previous day. He wondered if he would ever get back there. As sure as shooting, if Jean ever announced another trip, he would be the first to volunteer.

They reached Martha’s place outside of Boulder, Colorado about 6 p.m. They were on the lookout for them and when they pulled up to the low-slung

commercial building, one of the garage bay doors opened immediately. Three business-like guys greeted them. They were dressed in black chinos and light green polo shirts with a bright red 'M' stitched over their left chests. They had the girl out in a jiffy, placed her on a cart and wheeled her away. Ron and Chuckie never even got a look at her.

A young blond girl escorted them to a door on the other side of the garage from where the men went. She was wearing a blue and gold blouse and a dark blue skirt that went down to her knees and black high heels. She looked maybe 25 or 26. Her long, wispy hair hung down to her shoulders. She had a very pleasant face and gave them a nice smile.

They entered a long hallway with offices on each side. Some were filled by men or women dutifully working their computers, some were empty. The girl stuck her head into one of the offices and told an older woman dressed in a rust-colored shirtwaist dress, "Package 2241 Zebra is here."

"Okay," the woman replied, and she made an entry on her computer.

The girl led them further down the hall. At the end was a double set of doors. A desk sat outside it at which a young man with thick glasses and disarrayed black hair was perched. He looked up at them when they approached. "Package 2241 Zebra is in," she told him. "My mom wanted to see these guys as soon as they got here."

"Okay, Liz," the guy answered. He motioned for them to take chairs opposite his desk. Liz gave them another smile and wandered off. The guy picked up his phone and hit a button.

"The guys from the Lokata Lodge are here, Ms. Downing," he spoke into the phone. He nodded and said, "Yes, Ms. Downing."

"Have a seat," he told them.

They sat in the chairs and waited for about 15 minutes. The phone buzzed. The guy answered it. "Yes, Ms. Downing," he answered. He turned to the boys. "You can go in now."

They got up and went in through one side of the double doors. The room was about 30' by 40'. A tall, handsome, svelte, middle-aged woman was sitting behind a large dark maple desk. Her brunette hair was permed. She wore a silk, cerise, open necked blouse. She was well developed. A computer monitor sat to the right side of the desk. Before her was a calendar desk pad with multiple writings on it. Behind her was an original oil painting of a mountain scene, large, rugged escarpments, long, wispy clouds among them. There was a rose-colored phone on her desk with multiple buttons. To the right in the room was a long matching credenza with various elegant vases and figurines on it. Above the credenza, running its length, was a painting of a luxurious young woman reclining on a dark blue couch, her back propped up on one end. Her hair was dark and long and her

skin coffee colored. She had dark, almond shaped eyes. She was wearing nothing except for a gleaming gold collar around her neck. She had an inviting look on her face. Her breasts were full and round and her legs long and lithe. One leg was slightly splayed and you could see her hairless coosh. Behind her was a large window covered by an ornate Arabic styled, golden grate with yellow chintz drapes.

To the left of the desk was a large wall mounted monitor. The screen was divided into 16 squares, each showing a different view. You could see a long row of small cages in one, some of them filled with bound and gagged women. The others flashed on different cages directly, shifting views. One large one in the middle on the bottom showed the three men they had seen before. The lime yellow body bag was empty, and they were loading 2241 Zebra into a cage.

“Hello boys, I’m Martha,” she said to them in a smooth somewhat deep voice. There was a golden pendant hanging from around her neck. An italicized ‘M’ was etched into the pendant in dark green jade. “How was the ride?” she continued.

“Fine,” was all Ron replied.

“How’s my old friend Shateeka?”

“She’s well,” Ron answered.

“She’s a real tiger. Mean as a rattlesnake. We’ve known each other for years. I’ve had more than a few of her girls through here over the years and they’ve all been excellent. They stand up well and I always find a ready market for them.”

“That’s nice to hear,” Ron replied.

“I’ve got a favor to ask you. I have a package to be delivered to a buyer in a small town outside of Topeka. It’s on your way. I spoke to Bob earlier this afternoon and he okayed it. All my trucks are out, and my buyer is quite anxious for his delivery.”

“If it’s okay with Bob....” Ron started to say.

“Yes, he’s all right with it. I’m always giving Bob and Jean referrals so it’s tit-for-tat, one hand washes the other.”

“Of course,” Ron confirmed.

“You can get something to eat in the cafeteria, and then, if you want....”

The intercom buzzed. “Excuse me,” Martha said as she picked up the phone. “Yes,” she said sharply, somewhat annoyed. Then, “Okay, okay, I’ll talk to him.”

There was a pause. Then she said, “Hello Don, how’s it hanging?”

“Good, good. Things are okay on my end too.” She listened for a while. And then, “Well, Don, I’ve taken a good look on what you sent me, but I’m afraid your girl is a little long in the tooth for me. She’s a little worn out, a little big boned. I don’t think that she’d be good for any of my buyers....”

“Yes, yes, I’m sure she’s well trained and all that, but I’m going to have to pass. But I tell you what, I know some Nigerian guys who are looking for product for

export. They run a clearing house in Nairobi and I'm sure they'd have a market for her. The only hitch is that you'd probably have to pay them. Think of it as a disposal service. Otherwise, you'd have to put her in a hole somewhere."

"No, I don't know how much. You'll have to work it out with them."

"Okay, okay, I'll put them in touch with you....Yes, today...."

"Okay then. By the way, I'm a little overstocked right now, so if you're in the market I can give you a good deal.....Yeah, check out the website. I'd say delivery in about a week....Okay, okay. And give my regards to Cheryl. How are the kids?....Princeton? Well, well, well. Congratulations. Are you ready to pay through the nose?" She laughed. "Well, I'm sure that it's worth it....Okay, goodbye."

She hung up the phone. "Excuse me another minute," she told the boys. She buzzed the guy outside. "Get me Duryo Aminu on the phone....Yes, right away."

She put the phone down. "Not a moment's rest," she said to the boys, smiling.

The phone buzzed again. She picked it up. "Duryo, how are you?...Fine, fine....Yeah, business is great. Listen, I've got a great girl for you. She's 36, but she's in great shape....Yeah, a real looker. Really nice tits....Yeah, I'll have Gary send you the file as soon as we get off the phone....It's from a good client of mine and he's pretty anxious to get rid of her. I get the feeling that she's a bit of a troublemaker, but you guys should be able to handle that.... No, charge him the full boat, he can afford it....Does 20% commission seem fair?....Okay. And listen, if you come across something really good, let me know. I'll pay top dollar....Okay, okay, you're welcome. Gary'll give you the contact information. Okay, goodbye."

She hung up the phone and then buzzed it again. "Gary, send the file on Dolores, the item that Don Righetti sent us, to Mr. Aminu and give him Don's contact information....No, I'll speak to her later. Have the boys from truck 10 reported in? Good, good. No problems?....Good. Let Liz know and see if there's anything they can pick up on the way back. Okay?"

She hung up the phone. She looked at the boys who were still just standing there. They had not been invited to sit down in one of the elegant chairs in front of her desk. "Where were we?" she asked them.

"You mentioned the cafeteria," Ron told her.

"Oh, yeah. Tell Gary to have somebody take you down there. I don't know what they've got on special today, but the food is pretty good. And if you want to get your dicks wet, I'll have someone take you down to the lounge. We keep a couple of girls there for the staff. Girls that we have to hold onto for a while, so they don't get out of practice."

"Thanks," Ron replied.

"But don't dilly dally." She looked at her watch. "I want you guys back on the road in an hour."

"Okay," Ron affirmed.

They went back outside as Martha made another phone call. "Harry," they heard her say, "have I got a deal for you..."

Gary buzzed a guy up who took them downstairs to the cafeteria. It was small and a trio of young girls were sitting at a table laughing and joking with one another. They were dressed like the guys in the garage. Two guys drinking coffee sat at another. There was a grey-haired lady behind the counter. Ron ordered a Philly cheesesteak with fries and Ron ordered a hot pastrami sandwich.

They ate quickly. As they were finishing up, another staff guy came by. "You guys done?" he asked somewhat harshly.

Ron and Chuckie affirmed that they were. They brought their trays back to the service counter and the gray-haired lady took them. The staff guy led them down the hall and through a door. It opened to a small room, about 20' by 20'. Three staff girls were there watching TV. There was another door, which was open, and they could see a double sized bed in there with rumpled sheets.

Two naked women were sitting on a bench. They looked up when they came in, apprehension on their faces. They both looked like they were in their late twenties. One was a blond with very short hair in ringlets and the other a brunette wearing a ponytail. They had leather shields across their mouths and their hands were manacled to belts around their waists. Their ankles were connected by a chain. They had dark leather collars around their necks with cardboard tags hanging from them. The blond-haired girls said, "Leona 2255B". The brown-haired girl's said, "Cindy 1975C". The blonde had small but well-rounded breasts. The brunette's breasts were more ample. They had bright red striations across them.

"Cindy here has been a bit of a problem over the last few days," the staff guy explained. "But I think she's learned her lesson. Haven't you Cindy?" he asked sternly. Cindy nodded with alacrity, her eyes watering.

"She's leaving tomorrow," the guy continued. "Abu Dubai."

The brown-haired girl whimpered.

On the other side of the room was a thin, wiry, 70ish lady wearing a flowered housedress. Her hair was a stylishly cut salt and pepper. She was wearing thick, black low-heeled shoes. She was sitting in an easy chair and an olive-skinned, black-haired woman was lying across her lap, her rear end raised. Her face was hidden. The older woman had her hand between the girl's legs from behind and she was determinedly working her pussy. The girl was issuing muffled, frantic sounding moans. The elderly lady looked up at Ron and Chuckie. "Who the fuck are you!" she demanded.

"We just brought a girl. Martha wants us to make a delivery for her. She said we could..."

"I gotta keep these girls all tuned up," the woman interrupted harshly. "Those two are next. So, make it quick!"

“Yes, ma’am,” Ron replied.

“That’s Martha’s mom,” the staff guy whispered. “She used to run the place, but she handed it over to Martha about 5 years ago. Be careful, she’s as hot as a stove.” And then he said a little louder, “Ten minutes.” He left.

“Which one do you want?” Ron asked Chuckie.

“The one with big tits,” Chuckie replied enthusiastically.

“Naturally,” Ron replied.

They undid their gags, pulling the long, thick prongs from between their lips. There were pads on the floor in front of the bench and the girls knelt down on them as if they knew the drill. They worked quickly and energetically and with no small skill. Clearly experienced whores. While they were working on them, the black-haired girl started releasing anguished sounding moans. Chuckie finished first, issuing a series of loud grunts. Ron had had the blond girl slow down and his release was more languorous. They reinstalled the girls’ gags and had them sit back up on the bench. The older woman slapped the black-haired girl harshly on the ass. “Go take a seat, cumbucket!” the lady snapped. And then, “You! Yeah you! Blondie! You’re next! Get your ass over here!” The blond girl got up, releasing a small whine. The old lady had refastened the black-haired girl’s ankles and she shuffled over to the bench.

The staff girls were still watching the TV and had taken little notice of what was going on. One of them turned and gave the boys a disdainful look. They shrugged it off. She was somewhat hefty and wearing the light green shirt and black chinos. She seemed to notice the black-haired girl, who was softly sobbing. The hefty woman got up from her chair and walked over to her. She took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and made her stand up. “Come with me, dimwit,” she said harshly. She pulled her towards the bedroom door. The blond girl had started issuing soft, muffled moans.

A few moments later, the staff guy came back and retrieved them. He led them down the hall and through a doorway and back upstairs and another door. It opened to a large cement walled room with a highly polished and sparkly clean cement floor. The room was about 100’ feet long. There were cages on both sides, about 4’ tall and wide and about 6’ long. Most of them were filled with unhappy looking girls, some black, some white and one slender Asian girl. Some were asleep, lying on long pallets, but others were wide awake and followed them with forlorn eyes as they passed. The one they had delivered was readily discernable from her tattooed front. They passed her quickly and didn’t get a good look at her.

A staff girl was standing by a tall, very well-built Hispanic woman with long black hair. Her hands were held up in the air above her with a chain. The staff girl had a flogger in her right hand, and it looked like she was about to use it. She watched Ron and Chuckie neutrally as they passed and then turned back to the girl.

“Now, pay attention, Marylou,” she told the girl sharply. “This is for being a royal pain in the ass!”

They went through a door at the end of the room before anything else happened.

The doorway opened to the garage. Two men were loading their lime green bodybag into the van. The engine was on. Ron stood and watched as the men completed their task. When the back door had been closed, one of the men came up to our intrepid travelers. “It’s all gassed up,” he told them. “The address has been entered into your GPS. It’s called the Mayetta Gun and Rifle Club. There’s a big sign. Go around the back. There’s a gate. Ring the bell.” Ron and Chuckie got in and backed the van out of the garage. It was nighttime outside. They backed out onto the road and took off the way they came in.

It was 5 hours to Topeka. They had a little trouble finding the gun club. It was on Dear Run Road, but it seemed that the road was divided by a state park, and they had to drive all the way around it because the park was closed.

They came up to a large Victorian style mansion painted in brown and yellow. There was an old, greyish sign outside lit by a single spotlight that had the name of the place on it. It was all the way down on Deer Run Road, and beyond it was just forest. There was a short driveway to the back of the building which was paved, and led to a large, crushed stone parking lot. There were about 15 vehicles there, mostly pickups and SUV’s. Many of them had gun racks in the back window and/or NRA stickers on the bumpers. One of the cars was a police cruiser that had a complicated gold seal on the door. Around the seal were the words, “Sheriff-Jackson County.”

The parking lot was very dimly lit. Off way in the back there was looked like a shooting range. Ron pulled the van up as close to the rear door as he could get. The rear door, it seemed, also served as the main entrance.

“Stay here,” Ron told Chuckie as he got out. As he walked up to the building, he could hear tinny country music playing in one of the rooms upstairs and a loud man’s laugh. The bottom floor was mostly dark, but the upper two floors were well lit. All of the windows were barred.

He came up to the gate. There was a 12’ tall green slatted, chain link fence around the building topped by razor wire. The door to the gate opened to an 8’ wide corridor of chain link fence, like a passageway. The corridor had a chain link roof about 12’ high. The passageway led directly to a steel reinforced door on the building.

There was a squawk box on the pole next to the door. Ron pressed the button and waited. There was no response. He pressed it again. A few moments later a woman’s voice came on. “Who is it?” her scratchy voice asked.

“I’ve got a delivery from Martha,” Ron spoke back into the box.

“Oh, okay!” the woman’s voice replied with some enthusiasm. “We’ve been expectin’ ya. I’ll go get Lamont.”

The squawk box went quiet. Ron waited 10 minutes. There was a camera on top of the fence, and he saw a red light on it turn on. He waved to it. A man’s voice came on the squawk box. “Where’s the package?” it demanded.

“In the van,” Ron replied.

“Well, go get it!” the voice insisted.

Ron went back to the SUV. He motioned Chuckie out. Together, they removed the ‘package’ from the back. They carried it up to the gate. As soon as they got there, there was a buzz and the gate lock disengaged. Ron, who was in front, pushed the gate open and they went through it. After Chuckie passed, the squawk box said, “Close the gate!” Chuckie pushed it closed.

They went up to the steel door. It ‘clacked’, and someone pushed it open. It was a partially bald, stocky man in his late 60’s. He was wearing a pale blue dress shirt with a narrow, wrinkled tie, tightly knotted like it had been removed and replaced a dozen times without untying it. He was wearing black dress pants over scuffed, brown work shoes. The cuffs did not come all the way down his ankles, leaving a 3” gap, and displaying white socks.

“Come on, come on!” the man insisted in a high-pitched voice. Ron walked in past him, Chuckie following. There was a short set of stairs with another steel door at the top. The man, presumably Lamont, rushed up the steps and punched in a code on the lock. He pulled the door open and, with a wave of his hand invited Ron and Chuckie in.

The door opened to a large foyer. It was dimly lit, with a rough, brown commercial carpet. The walls were a dirty white. There was another set of steps to the right leading to another steel door, and yet another steel door to the left. A chunky woman with gray hair pulled behind her head was waiting. She was wearing a too small red gown that bulged at the waist. The skirt came down to just above her knees. She was wearing opaque, beige stockings. There was a bright smile on her friendly face. She wore a leather belt with a zipper hanging off it on her right side. “In here,” she told them excitedly.

Ron and Chuckie carried the package through the door. There was another large space, again carpeted in rough, brown carpet. There was a long steel bench with shackles on it, a long picnic style table, again with shackles, a couple of easy chairs. Several long chains with manacles on their ends lay strewn about the floor. The room was generally in disarray. It was shockingly well lit after the dimness of the outer room. There was a whipping stand in the corner.

Along the far wall was a series of 8’ wide cells. In each cell was a cot with white sheets set against the concrete wall on the right side. To the left was a long pole on which hung a conglomeration of shear nightgowns and teddies. Several

pairs of high heels of different colors sat under the finery. A toilet sat against the far wall with a little sink next to it. Next to the sink was a makeup table with a mirror on which sat an array of beauty products. In the upper left corner, there were 13" TVs mounted and below each was a shelf with a row of books. There were seven cells in all. In the third cell from the right, a brown-haired girl dressed in a pink teddy was lying on the cot. She wore dull steel bracelets on her ankles and wrists and a shiny steel collar with a ring in the center. A chain led from her right ankle to the frame of the cot. She had a black ball gag in her mouth. Her TV was on, showing some kind of nature program. When they came in, she lifted herself on her elbows to look at them through indifferent eyes. Then she lay back down.

"Just drop it here," the lady told them. They put the bodybag down on the floor. The women came over and immediately zipped it open. A girl with short blond hair lay inside, her wrists tied behind her back by a leather thong. Lamont came over and watched the woman unfasten the straps that held the girl down. Then they each took an end and lifted the girl out. She was groggy but awake. They put her on her feet.

"Very, very nice," the woman observed. The girl was maybe 29 or 30. She had well sized breasts and full hips and was about 2" taller than the lady. She was wearing a shield gag that covered her mouth. An 8" chain connected her ankles.

Lamont came over and weighed the girl's breasts in his hands while the woman released the gag from behind her head. Lamont pulled the thick prong out. The girl's eyes were tearing, and her lips were quivering. She looked frantically around the room. The woman released her ankles. "Spread your legs," Lamont demanded. The girl obeyed and he placed a hairy hand over her hairless quim and began to stroke it while peering into her face. "Very nice, very nice," he commented. "Turn her around," he told the lady. They spun the girl until her back was to Lamont. "Bend over," he told the girl gruffly.

The girl obeyed reluctantly, and Lamont ran his hand over her rear globes. He crouched down to get a good look at her cleft. He ran his hands down her thighs. He stood up. "Very, very nice," he commented again.

"Give her a good whipping and then get her washed up and dressed," Lamont told the woman. "I want to get her to work right away."

"Oh, I don't think she needs a whipping," the lady said kindly. She stroked the girl's cheek and then patted it. "You're going to be a good girl, aren't you?" she asked the girl. She nodded her head vociferously.

"What's your name?" the lady asked her.

"K-Katie," the girl replied tremulously.

"Well, Katie, my name's Emma. Do what you're told and follow the rules and you'll be okay. Treat the members nicely and fuck and suck like your life

depended on it. We try and treat our girls nice here, but we don't tolerate any foolishness. Understand?"

"Y-yes," the girl eked out.

"Ya give me any trouble and I'm gonna fuck you up good! Got it?" she said to the girl more sharply.

"Y-yes," the girl's wavering voice replied.

"Okay, get her ready," Lamont told her briskly. "I've gotta go back upstairs." He turned to Ron and Chuckie. "We've got a full house tonight," he told them. "It's the sheriff's birthday and he's having a party."

Ron nodded.

"I'd let you take a turn with Lizzy, here," he said, nodding at the girl in the cell, "but the mayor's reserved her and he'll be here any minute."

"That's okay," Ron told him. "We gotta get back on the road."

He gathered up the well-used bodybag and Lamont ushered them out the door. Once outside, they mounted the van and took off.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Kylie Kramer was, naturally, quite perturbed when she found herself lying belly down in a cage, wearing a ball gag, her hands locked behind her. They had left the light on so that she could see where she was when she awoke. It was Cathy who came in and got her about 10 that morning. The poor girl sobbed and whined and showed some reluctance to obedience, which Cathy immediately corrected with a couple of blasts from the zapper.

She had her pee and then crawl out of the cell into the play area. Jean and Bob were there waiting. Kylie sobbed and keened after Cathy told her why she was there and what was going to happen to her. She showed her the detective's report and explained to her who she was. She told her that she was going to get a good whipping and that they were all going to fuck her.

The poor girl struggled and sobbed as they mounted her on the whipping stand, her hands bound above her. Cathy really lit into her, and Bob had to calm her down several times, reminding her that they wanted her in at least reasonable shape when the Salvadorans came to pick her up.

Kylie was reluctantly cooperative when they all used her. Bob made her suck him off and then Cathy and Jean used her on the bed, Cathy fucking her roundly with the ebony prong strapped to her waist. When they had all had a piece of her, they cleaned her up and made her eat a bowl of mush before locking her back up in the cage. Jimmy came up later and gave her a good ass fucking and then beat her again.

They had Yolanda to take care of too and she was given further lessons in fucking and sucking. She was unhappily cooperative when they had her and Kylie that evening form the two backed beast for their amusement. They returned Yolanda to her cell, used Kylie for another hour or so, gave her another beating and put her back in her cell for the night, this time in the little black box.

Ron had called when he left the Mayetta Gun and Rifle Club, and they knew that he and Chuckie would be getting in early Wednesday morning. Jean was waiting in the kitchen when they arrived, drinking a cup of coffee. She thanked Chuckie for his help, paid him off, and told him to come late in the morning so he could have some fun upstairs. She told Ron that there was some family business to take care of and that everybody was waiting for him in the barn.

Ron had a sinking feeling as he mounted the stairs behind Jean. His dream of Cathy being mad at him came back into his memory. His stomach was fluttering a

bit when Jean coded the door. She pushed it open and stood by the side as he walked in. Bob and Jimmy and Cathy were all there, standing, waiting for him. Bob was dressed in blue and green pajama pants and a white t-shirt. Jimmy was wearing a black t-shirt and grey gym shorts. Cathy wore her peach colored, pull over dress with a midhigh skirt. Jean was in a loose orange and red housedress.

The door clanked closed. Everybody was staring at him. In the middle of them was a kneeling, naked girl with a black bag over her head. She was trembling and whining. Bob had a stern look. Jimmy looked at him with his killer's eyes. Cathy, he could tell was mad as hell. She was tapping a riding crop on her right thigh.

They were all silent for a while. Ron looked at the girl. She was somehow familiar. Slowly, it dawned on him. He looked at her left hip. There was a bluebird tattooed there. It could only be one person in the whole wide world. His stomach turned and clenched.

Cathy spoke first, her voice like hot iron. "Is there anything you want to tell me, Ron?" she asked.

He was speechless. What could he say? He was caught. He realized that they must know everything. The cash, the 280Z, the afternoons in Kylie's apartment. The mid-day blow jobs at the office. If they didn't know it beforehand, there was no doubt that Kylie had poured out her soul to them.

After about a minute, he got the courage to speak. "I-I'm sorry, Cathy," he whined. "I'm so, so sorry. I don't know what to say. I-I can't explain it. It just happened. I don't know why I did it. P-please forgive me! "

Cathy looked at him with death eyes. Ron looked quickly at Jimmy. He knew that Jimmy could put him in a hole and not even think about it. He looked at Bob. Bob was naturally taciturn and reticent, but now he looked like he was bursting at the seams. Jean was staring at him, more disappointed looking than angry. He liked Jean a lot, and to see such disdain from her was like a slap in the face.

Again, Cathy spoke first. "I ought to let Jimmy put one between your eyes, Ron. What's the matter, you don't get enough pussy? I don't fuck good enough? My blow jobs are too sloppy? I don't let you give it to me up my ass? Or am I too old for you? Kylie here is a young piece of fluff. How was her cunt? Hotter and tighter than mine? Did she do little tricks with her tongue that I don't know?" Cathy had started crying. "I ought to let Bob put you up on the whipping stand and we could all have a go at you! Or maybe I should get some young stud to service me. What's good for the goose is good for the gander!" She stepped forward and yanked the hood off the kneeling, whimpering girl. Kylie was shaking and her eyes were wide with terror. She had long, red striations all over her. She looked like she had wrestled with an angry mountain lion. "Here's your cunt!" Cathy spat.

Her voice had risen steadily in volume. She started slapping the riding crop on her thigh. He had the feeling that she wanted to strike him with it.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" he repeated. "I was a fool! I love you very much, Cathy, and I never wanted to hurt you. I'm an asshole! All those things you said, none of them are true. You're a great lover! I'm so ashamed. How can you ever forgive me? It'll never happen again, I promise!"

"It better not," Jimmy interjected coldly.

Bob spoke next. "Ron, we took you in. We let you in on our little secret. We've made you a wealthy man. You've had more pussy up here than almost any man alive. And you betrayed us. All of us. What do you think we should do? What would you do if you were us?"

"I-I don't know," Ron whined. "I'm not ungrateful for everything you've done for me. I'm just foolish and stupid. I couldn't ask for a better family."

"If Cathy wasn't pregnant with your child, we might have let Jimmy have his way with you," Jean said sternly. "It's going to take a long time before we ever trust you again. From here on out, you're going to account to me for all your time. I want to know every nickel you spend. And I'll pick out your new secretary. She'll be scrawny and ugly and over 70."

"Yes, yes!" Ron replied. "Anything!"

"And if you don't make Cathy happy, you can kiss your ass goodbye! Understand?"

"I-I understand," Ron squeaked out.

"I've got something to show you," Cathy told him. The report was sitting on one of the side tables. She picked it up and practically threw it at him. "Read that, worm!" she hissed.

Ron looked at the cover of the report. "Confidential Report on Kylie Kramer, aged 22," it said. He started leafing through it. He cringed when he saw the pictures of him and Kylie. His heart sunk when he read about his trysts with her, all the money had had given her. The car.

But then he read on. He read about the real estate boyfriend. He read about the banker she had been fucking. He read about her cruising the Wentworth Hotel. He saw the pictures of her taken by the detective. He stared hotly at the one of her with his dick in her mouth.

He looked at the girl. Her eyes were mournful and afraid. Cathy had read her the report and she knew what Ron was learning. It wasn't really fair. All she wanted was her piece of the pie. She didn't want to be a secretary all her life. She wanted fine things, nice cars, a beach house. Other people had good things just handed to them. She had to scratch and scrounge for everything. She was the youngest of 6 kids. Her father had been a drunken wifebeater until he had been struck by a train. Her mother was weak and worthless. They lived off welfare checks, cans of tuna fish and hot dogs with ketchup. Until she had run off and started a life of her own, she had never had any new clothes, just hand-me-downs

that had devolved from her three sisters. She wanted to beg and plead for forgiveness. But her mouth was stifled by the big, black ball gag. All this couldn't really be happening, could it? Were they really going to sell her to a Salvadoran gang?

Ron looked at her with hatred. "You fucking cunt!" he shouted. He drew his hand back and struck her brutally across the face. She fell to the floor. Cathy was on her in a split second. She had the zapper in her hand. She poked her with it and Kylie screamed.

"Get up! Get up, you worthless piece of shit!" She zapped her again and the girl released another scream. She struggled to her knees and assumed the position they had taught her.

Tears were streaming down her face. Two days ago, she had been on top of the world. Reggie had taken her out to a sumptuous dinner and later they had fucked like demons. He had given her that beautiful jade necklace and left \$500 on her nightstand. Tomorrow, Thursday, was her day with Todd, the banker. That was another \$800 bucks.

Cathy handed Ron the riding crop. "I want to see you tear up her ass!" she demanded.

And to Kylie, she ordered her to turn around and put her head to the floor. Kylie hesitated and she gave her another zap. Kylie screamed and then quickly turned and bent over. Her father had beaten her, and she had sworn that she would never let anybody beat her again. And yet, here she was in a world of shit! She cringed and steeled herself for the blows she knew were coming.

Ron lit into her with unfeigned enthusiasm. She screamed after each blow and commenced a woeful sobbing. After the tenth blow, Cathy grabbed his arm. "Get up!" she ordered the girl. When she had complied, she ordered Ron to take out his cock. "I want to watch her blow you," she told him coldly.

Bob stepped over and released the ball gag from behind her head. He pulled the black sphere from her mouth. Her lips were quivering, and she was shaking. Ron had his tool out. How many afternoons had she given him pleasure this way? He couldn't remember. Twenty? Thirty? She was good, and he had had a lot of blowjobs. Cathy's blowjobs were stellar. He wondered if he would ever get one again.

He stepped closer to her and presented his rod to her mouth. Beating her had made it hard. He wanted to shove it down her throat. She looked up at him piteously. "P-please, Ron," she whined. He gave her another slap that rocked her teeth. "Shut the fuck up, you cunt!" he yelled at her. "Get to work! Show everybody what a slutty cunt you are!"

Sobbing, she edged herself a little closer to him. She looked around the room for mercy and saw none. She looked up at Ron and saw only hatred and contempt.

She looked at Cathy and the zipper in her hand. She didn't want another one of those. She opened her trembling lips, leaned her head forward and slid them over the bulbous head of his meat.

She worked him steadily and artfully. Maybe, maybe, maybe, if she did a good enough job Ron would forgive her and persuade everyone else to free her. She would pack up her things and get as far away as humanly possible. She would never let anyone fuck her again. Or maybe she could become their slave. She would serve all of them dutifully. Eventually, they would forgive her and let her go. Maybe all this stuff about the Salvadoran gang was just bluff. Maybe they were just trying to put the fear of God in her. If that was what they were doing, they had certainly succeeded.

Ron had his hand clasped tightly in her long blond hair. His fist was so tight it felt like he was trying to pull out a clump. She drew her head backwards and forwards, keeping her lips tight against his crank. At the top, she swirled her tongue along the crest of his helmet, tickled the little opening and descended once more. A feeling of dread filled her as she heard Ron grunt and moan. What if what they said was really true? What if she was really going to be sold? What if she was really going to spend the rest of her life in a whorehouse? Her gut twisted and a fierce coldness swept through her. She could sense everybody's eyes boring into her. She would probably have to fuck them all again. Was this really happening, or was it just some terrible dream? A nightmare? "Please! Please! Let it be a nightmare! Please, please, please!"

Ron's grunts and moans became more urgent. She knew the signs. Ron had a nice cock, and he knew how to use it. Now she knew why. They were running a regular slave operation up here. That girl that they had made her fuck, a young, unhappy girl, had obeyed them like they were issuing the words of God. Her friend Dawn would do her when they did the 3-way with her boyfriend, but she was not nearly as enthusiastic as this girl. She made her feel like her backbone was going to dissolve.

When she thought of that girl, she realized that this all had to be true. They had a regular operation here and probably sold dozens of girls into slavery. But something inside wouldn't let her accept it. "It can't be real! It can't be real! It can't be real!" her mind shouted.

Ron pushed her head down and he popped into her throat. She had throat fucked him before, it was one of her specialties, but at her own pace and under her own control. Now, he was in control, and not in the mood to take account of any of her sensibilities.

He began thrusting hard, back and forth, thrusting himself forcibly beyond the edge of her mouth. She began to choke and gag. The one they called Jimmy had fucked her mouth like this, but not Ron! After all the loving attention she had

given him, it seemed so unfair. She had made sure that he had gotten his money's worth. She always did. She never had any complaints. Men always came back for more. They were always giving her tips.

He was thrusting madly. Her hands squirmed in their binding behind her. She yearned to use them to defend herself, assuage this horrible assault. But they were not hers anymore. They belonged to them. And they would decide when she could use them or not. She was going, "Gaaa! Gaaa! Gaaa! Gaaa! Gaaa!" each time Ron drove himself home. He released a great roar and plunged his cock deeply into her, her face mashed up against her belly. He held her there while his cock jerked and spasmed in her throat, jetting his spume into her belly. She couldn't breathe! She tried desperately to pull her head back, but Ron held her firm as he grunted and groaned. She didn't know he was this strong. She cried out urgently, "Grrrrrrrrrglrg! Grrrrrrrrrglrg! Grrrrrrrrrglrg! Grrrrrrrrrglrg! Grrrrrrrrrglrg!" Ron paid it no mind, but just kept pressing her head down harder and harder.

Finally, his body relaxed. He began sliding his cock back and forth again. She drew oxygen in deeply through her nose. Her chest was heaving. She felt dizzy. He withdrew and gave her head a great shake. "You're a dirty, filthy rotten whore!" he yelled at her cruelly. He gave her another sharp crack across her face. Only his firm grip of her hair kept her from falling. Then he released her. She gulped down air, sobbing miserably. She had never been treated so badly in her life. Somehow, what the others had done to her didn't compare. If there had been any doubt in her mind that she was lost, Ron had extinguished it.

She didn't have much time to recover.

"I'm next," Jimmy blurted out. He took the ball gag from Bob and jammed it back into her mouth. He buckled it hard behind her head, forcing the ball deep. "Head down, ass up!" he demanded. She looked quickly around the room. Cathy was edging towards her as if just waiting for the opportunity to zap her again. She lowered herself until her forehead touched the floor and raised her behind. She felt a sharp slap on her buttocks. "Spread your legs, you stupid cunt!" Jimmy yelled.

She did what she was told. Jimmy stripped off his t-shirt and gym shorts. He kicked off his sandals. He knelt down behind her. He placed his hands on her hips. He lowered her bottom just a tad. She felt his cock pressing on her rear hole. She whined in dismay. He paid it no attention and he forced himself in.

Ron watched as Jimmy cornholed her with alacrity. She was sobbing and whining. His own lusts sated; he felt a little sympathy for her. She was a nice girl, even though she had proven a perfidious one. He had loved to watch her laugh. She always smiled at him. She was pretty and young and full of life. Somehow, it seemed unfair. But, as Louis had said, fairness had nothing to do with it. They had enslaved dozens of girls, and they had not been guilty of anything other than being in the wrong place at the wrong time. At least with Kylie there was a sense of

rough justice. She deserved to be punished, yeah. But did she deserve to be turned over to callous brutes and condemned to the cruelest slavery? He thought of the girls at the Lakota Lodge, the prisoners at Martha's, the girls of the Mayetta Gun and Rifle Club. None of them had it as bad as Kylie's life was going to be. Well, he thought, just like Shateeka had said about the girl being sold to the Mexican rancher: that's the way the cookie crumbles.

Jimmy finished with her quickly. Bob fucked her mouth roughly. Jean sat in a chair and pressed her face to her muff until she made her shudder and moan. Cathy fucked her from behind with the ebony shaft while it buzzed against her own clit, making poor Kylie come twice. Cathy wanted to whip her again, but Bob said that that was enough. She compromised by leaving her standing on the knobs in her cell, her wrists held above her head.

They all went downstairs. When he and Cathy were alone in their bedroom, he apologized to her again, breaking down into tears. She hugged him and caressed him and told him that all was forgiven. She told him about Betty and apologized for not telling him about her earlier, but still maintaining that it was different than his own sin. She told him about Ellie and her plan to make her a slave. Ron agreed that it would be a good idea.

They both stripped naked, and Ron mouthed her pussy for what seemed a half hour, bringing her back and forth to the pinnacle of ecstasy and then finally giving her release. Cathy sucked him long and lovingly and then pushed him over and mounted him, stroking him leisurely until she was ready to come again and then letting fly, making Ron groan loudly and arch his back. They fell asleep in each other's arms.

Everybody woke up late that morning, Ron and Cathy sleeping until noon. Dahlia was to be picked up that afternoon and Jimmy went upstairs to have a last piece of her. Bob and Jean saw Dahlia off. She cried and cried as the Asian men strapped her into their box, but it couldn't be helped. Afterwards, they fed Yolanda and gave her a turn around the park. She was getting the hang of things and didn't have to be punished once. When they had her all tucked away again, Jean told Bob that she thought that Yolanda would be ready early, by Monday or Tuesday next week at the latest, and that she would contact Col. Fuller that day.

Ron and Cathy spent a couple of hours tormenting Kylie. Cathy showed him the pictures Bob had found. He became further incensed. Kylie paid the price. The Vietnamese girl they were expecting came in around 8 p.m.

Thursday was a normal day. Ron had to get into the office. Jean posted an ad on Craig's list for his new secretary. Cathy went down to help him with his paperwork. They gave the Vietnamese girl a spin. She had only a smattering of English, but an intense session with the whip rendered her alert and very anxious to obey.

The Salvadorans came about noon on Friday. Cathy made sure that she and Ron were there. There were three of them and they pulled up in a delivery van. One of them stayed with the van while the other two came upstairs, one of them carrying a duffle bag.

The leader was slim and obviously sharp and intelligent. The other guy was large and a bit duller. They were both wearing t-shirts and jeans over heavy, black boots.

"How come you don't sell to me no more, Mrs. Scott?" the sharp one asked Jean.

"You know why, Ernesto," Jean replied sharply. "If you took better care of your girls, then I might reconsider."

"Aw, they're all just cunts," Ernesto replied. "If you'll pardon the expression, Mrs. Scott. No insult intended."

Ernesto was always polite. Except with the girls.

"But very valuable cunts," Jean replied sternly.

Ernesto just nodded. "Then how come you're selling me this cunt?" he asked her.

"She's a special case. I don't care how mean you are to her. In fact, the meaner, the better."

Ernesto laughed. "Well, she won't think she's at a party," he told her.

Jean and Cathy got Kylie out of her cell. She began sobbing virulently when she saw the two Hispanic men. Everyone ignored her. Ernesto drew her to her feet by the ring in her collar and took a few moments to examine her thoroughly. He massaged her ample breasts and stroked her crevasse until she moaned.

"I don't know, Mrs. Scott," Ernesto complained. "She's pretty, but I don't think she's worth 25 large."

It was Jean's turn to laugh. "You don't want her, Ernesto? I'll sell her to somebody else. She's prime meat on the hoof and you know it."

Ernesto smiled and shrugged his shoulders. He knew that Jean was right. He had to at least try.

They made Kylie kneel down again. She bent over and put her head on the floor and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

Jean stood there waiting. After about 30 seconds, Ernesto unzipped the duffle bag and drew out an envelope. He handed it to Jean somewhat reluctantly. He hated to see money go out the door. Even if it was a for such a delicious girl like this one. After he handed the envelope to Jean, he drew a set of straps from the duffle.

"Just hold on, Ernesto," Jean told him. "I'm going to count it."

"What's the matter, Mrs. Scott, don't you trust me?"

"I don't trust anybody," she returned.

She brought the envelope over to the counter by the refrigerator and drew out 25 bundles of hundred-dollar bills with rubber bands around them. One by one, she counted them all. When she was satisfied, she gave Ernesto a nod.

They removed all of Kylie's accouterments. Ernesto made her lie on the floor, and he tied her hands behind her back wrist to wrist with a thong. The big guy was straightening out the straps. Ernesto brought Kylie back to her knees. Cathy released the straps to the ball gag and pulled it out. Kylie looked up at the big man. Amidst the tangle of straps was a large, thick prong. It was obvious what it was for. Kylie shuddered.

"Please don't! Please don't! Please don't sell me!" she pleaded desperately. She looked at Cathy. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! Have mercy, please! Please, please, pl...."

Ernesto grabbed her by the hair and gave her one, two, three vicious slaps. "Cut the shit, whore!" he yelled at her. "It's too late! You belong to me now and you better learn how to behave, or you'll be one very sorry little cunt! Got it!" He shook her head violently.

"Take it easy, Ernesto," Jean told him. "At least wait until you get her home."

Ernesto's eyes flashed. "Does she belong to me or not?" he demanded.

"Of course," Jean answered. "a deal's a deal."

"Then I'll do what the fuck I want to her," he retorted angrily.

"That's fine, Ernesto," Jean replied firmly. "Just don't do it to her here."

Ernesto released a snarl and then said something to the big man in Spanish. Ernesto held Kylie's head in place, forcing her jaw down and spreading her teeth while the big guy pressed the big prong into the divide. It took a few seconds, but then the big man had his way and the thick prong slid home. Kylie's eyes widened and she frantically tried to shake her head free. Ernesto released her head and drew the straps tightly behind her head. There were straps that went over her face on either side of her nose, meeting between her eyes, and a cup under her chin. As he proceeded to fasten the other straps, the cup captured her chin and forced her jaw closed tightly. Kylie released a long, muffled whine.

The big guy drew a long, black, leather sheath out of the bag. With some trouble, Ernesto drew it up Kylie's bound arms until her elbows were pressed together and she squealed. It laced closed at the top, pressing her arms even closer together. Kylie released a fervent, violent moan that was stifled by her gag. Only a piteous, forlorn murmur emerged. The big guy held Kylie's head down while Ernesto pulled a device from the bag. It was a long, cock-like prong ending in a wide base with a small handle. Ernesto knelt behind the whining, sobbing, struggling girl and began to stroke her quim from behind. When he was satisfied that she was loose, he pressed a button on the device. It started vibrating. On the base of the prong was a wide lump. The prong stared pulsing up and down. The lump throbbed and moved up and down with the prong.

“Let me see that,” Jean demanded.

Smiling, Ernesto hand it to her. Jean examined it closely. “This looks like it could drive a girl wild,” she commented, handing it back to Ernesto.

“Exactly,” he replied, smiling. “Our little cunt here is going to be doing a lot of fucking. This way she’ll start up right off the bat.”

“Where’d you get it?”

“A mail order house in San Bernadino. I’ll send you the URL.”

“Thanks. We could use a couple of these here.”

Ernesto nodded and then addressed the end of the prong to Kylie’s quim. It took him a second or two to get it seated right and then he glided it right in. Kylie squealed and shook her hips. The device made her quim pulse. Ernesto grabbed her by the hair and pulled her up to a kneeling position, fully extending her. The big guy ran a belt around her waist. The handle of the prong was connected to it by leather straps, one along the crack of her ass and one in front. The men made sure that the straps were pulled really tight, pressing the prong deeper into Kylie’s belly. Kylie squealed and sobbed.

The last things they pulled out of the bag were two black leather patches. While Ernesto held Kylie in place, the big guy pulled the backers off them and placed them over Kylie’s eyes. They stuck in place, sealing her into darkness. Kylie released another muffled whine.

Ernesto stood up. “She’s a real noisy one,” he observed.

“We didn’t have much time to train her,” Jean explained. “But I’m sure you’ll cure her of that.”

“In spades,” Ernesto replied.

He and the big guy stood Kylie up. Her knees were weak, and she wobbled. The big guy leaned over and put his shoulder into her middle. He wrapped his arms around her and lifted her off the ground, draping her over his shoulder.

“Thanks, Mrs. Scott,” Ernesto announced. “We gotta get on the road.”

“Certainly,” Jean answered.

They all proceeded down the stairs. Ron felt sorry that he had gotten Kylie into this mess. He knew that he would have a guilty conscience for a long time. He was behind the big guy, and he watched as the black-eyed Kylie squirmed and struggled in a futile attempt to avoid her fate.

The delivery van was backed up to the garage, about halfway in. The guy who they had left downstairs had rolled up the back and was standing inside. He assisted the big guy as he lifted her in. There was a long, steel box in the middle of the van, towards the front. Cartons labelled “Goya Products” were arranged along the sides. The big guy and his helper lowered the struggling girl face down into the box and strapped her in. The van’s engine was running, and the helper felt inside the box to make sure the air was flowing into it. Satisfied, he gave the big guy a

signal and the top was re-installed. Then the cartons were all rearranged to cover the box. The two men hopped out of the van and drew down the door, locking it shut.

“Okay, *hasta la vista*,” Ernesto called out. The big guy got behind the wheel. The helper got in the middle and Ernesto sat by the passenger door. A second later, the van rolled forward. Sadly, Ron watched it roll down the long driveway, stop at the end, make a left turn and drive away. “Goodbye and good luck, Kylie,” he thought.

He turned to look at Cathy. She was grinning widely. She was wearing Kylie’s jade necklace. “Let’s go fuck,” she said excitedly.

About 15 minutes down the road, Kylie had her first soul shattering orgasm.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Yolanda was getting used to being a whore. She had gotten over her reticence about sucking dicks and received complements on it from Master Bob which, if it didn't please her, at least gave her some relief. She got used to servicing Mistresses Cathy and Jean, and actually was pleased when their pussies became all mushy and the aroma of their arousal assaulted her senses. It meant that she was satisfying them. They, in turn, would mouth her into unwanted delirium.

She couldn't figure out how long she had been a prisoner. She knew it was days and days, certainly much more than a week, maybe two. It was hard to tell because in her prison there was no night and day. She could only guess it was nighttime when they left her alone for a long, long time. And even then, Master Jimmy often came up in the middle of the night.

It was somewhat amazing to her how quickly she had gotten into the spirit of things. But fear will do that to you. Her former life had started to recede as if her former self had boarded a ship and started sailing away. The ship moved farther and farther into the distance until it was just a little dot, and then just disappeared.

They didn't actually become nice to her, but their hostility seemed to moderate. It seemed though that although her punishments had diminished, they were committed to maintaining a certain level of terror in her. Cathy had given her another vicious beating, but that seemed to be more for her pleasure than as an actual, merited punishment. Master Bob gave her a few strokes of the slasher on her buttocks as an encouragement each time her brought her out for some oral, which worked really well. She spent some more time in the black box, cramped up and frantic for release. And Jimmy put her on the knobs again as a punishment for whining and complaining about getting ass fucked. Afterwards, there was no more of that.

As promised, Mistress Jean had imposed a punishment for her unpermitted use of language by installing this metal helmet which had a spiked prong that captured her tongue and was pressed really tight. The pain was immediate. She spent a couple of hours in it hogtied in the middle of the playroom while Mistress Jean streamed episodes of *Law and Order*, *Special Victims Unit* and ate a big bag of Cheetos. She gave her several slashes on the bottom of her feet to suppress her whining and moaning.

The time she had gotten branded had been really bad. They brought her out of her cell and mounted her belly down on this frame, her wrists, waist and ankles firmly secured. It was Mistress Jean who did the actual deed. She showed her the glowing red iron before she used it. It was a 1" high combination "J" and "B" with both letters sharing the same back. Bob smeared the wound with a red colored salve when it was over. They had left her ungagged, and she screamed and screamed and screamed when the iron was pressed to flesh. She peed, but they didn't punish her for it, having placed a pad underneath her beforehand. The brand was placed at the lower right side of her right buttock. And burned for a long time. They covered it with a bandage and each time they used her it was smeared with some more of the red colored salve. She couldn't see it on herself, but she had seen it on the asses of the Asian and the black-haired girl they had made her fuck. It was angry red and prominent.

After it had been done, Mistress Jean had intended to put her back in her cell right away, but Master Bob insisted on a blowjob first, him standing, towering above her, her on her knees, slurping and sucking away frantically, her hands locked behind her, sobbing and sobbing and sobbing, pain coursing through her like a river of lava.

She spent long times alone in her cage, sometimes with the light on and sometimes with the light off. They played all these porno films on the monitor on the other side of the room. She tried not to watch them, but the moans and grunts of the participating couples always seemed to draw her attention. She watched these slutty looking women sucking huge dicks, large, muscular men pounding away at the pussies and asses of delicate looking young girls. There were several of women being viciously whipped, screaming and sobbing. Jean had taken several videos of her sucking and fucking Bob and Cathy, and they played them too. One was of her kneeling and looking at the camera, the black ball gag jutting from between her lips, frantically frigging herself with her right hand, the other caressing and massaging her breasts, her groans and moans audible as her orgasm shook her to her core. Jean had started insisting on it before each of her sessions. A viral sadness filled her whenever she watched them, but she had to admit, it served to reinforce, if any reinforcement was needed, that she indeed had morphed into a whore.

She had to fuck Master Ron and Master Chuckie as well. Master Ron was not too bad. He only beat her once, with Mistress Cathy watching, although he slapped her around a lot. He always seemed slightly preoccupied, as if he was guilty of something. Master Chuckie was brutal and unsophisticated, pounding away at her with undisguised enthusiasm. He mocked her, calling her a dimwit, a fuck bucket, a dirty fucking whore. He was quick though and really enjoyed her blowjobs. And other than slapping her a few times, he never beat her.

Master Ron and Mistress Cathy used her in tandem from time to time as did Mistress Jean and Master Bob. She had never known she could come so many times. Of course, she didn't know shit from shinola about fucking before she came here, so everything was new to her.

Mistress Jean became almost kind the better she became at being a whore. Sometimes she would lie there languidly in bed, stroking her, cooing to her, petting her. She would let her cry her heart out from time to time, holding her close, assuring her that everything was going to work out and that she as going to be a really fine whore.

One session, she had her sit on this contraption, a little rounded box. She was strapped to it really tightly and her pussy pressed against this thick knob. Her ankles and thighs were strapped to it so she couldn't raise herself. When Mistress Jean turned it on, she felt the knob vibrating and running back and forth the length of her crevasse. It only took a few minutes for her to start moaning as waves of pleasure wafted through her. She left her on it for what seemed two hours while she watched TV and drank coffee. She moaned and groaned and grunted and screamed. She frantically tried to pull her puss off of the knob that kept pulsing and running back and forth along her divide. She tried to form muffled words of supplication from her gagged mouth, begging for release. Mistress Jean would give her a cold glance and go back to her TV show. They let her sleep for a long time after that.

She knew that the day when she would be sold was coming closer and closer, and each time she was brought out of her cell, her heart would begin to beat heavily and her stomach twist. She was almost happy when it turned out that it was merely for another session of fucking lessons.

Yolanda didn't know it of course, but they were holding on to her a little bit longer than absolutely necessary. Col. Fuller had been away when Jean had tried to contact him. He called a few days later. He was very well pleased with the pictures and videos she sent him. There was some back and forth on the price. He became interested in the Vietnamese girl, who had come along quick, but after a day or two of consideration, he came back to Yolanda. Jean was glad, because she had more or less promised the Vietnamese girl to Ray Alston from Alston Industries.

Jean was happy to wait because they all liked having Yolanda around.

The black-haired girl, nice and voluptuous with a handsome if not pretty face, was turning out to be a little bit of a hard nut to crack and they were going to have to spend a little bit more time with her. Her name was Susan Perna, and she had been a rookie cop on the San Francisco police force. She had been on summer vacation in Tahoe when she had been taken. Seems this handsome, rugged guy she had fallen for was a bit treacherous. He had rented a cabin for them up in the hills, and one night, after a heavy round of drinking and fucking, he had suddenly turned

on her and she found herself hogtied on the bed. He stuffed a wad of her panties in her mouth and sealed it off with duct tape.

After a couple hours of weeping and moaning and struggling, three men came and got her. She spent about a week in their cellar while they were marketing her. Jean and Bob had liked her right away, but since they were temporarily filled, they had her delivered to Martha's until a cell was freed up. Jimmy and Bob went to get her on Saturday, the day after Kylie was sent off.

Martha was happy to see them, and they had dinner with her and her daughter, Liz, in the dining room off her office. Liz's boyfriend, Greg, joined them. They were served a delicious veal piccata with angel hair pasta and Caesar salad by a very unhappy girl with long chestnut colored hair dressed in a very short, black skirt fringed in white. She was wearing sheer black stockings and black high heels. Her breasts were fine, and her nipples had been clamped with little bells hanging from them that jingled every time she moved. Her mouth was covered with the shield gag standard for the girls at Martha's. You could see that she was deathly afraid of Martha for she cringed every time Martha spoke to her. Her hands shook as she poured the nice, dry Bolla Soave served with the meal, although she didn't spill a drop. After dinner, her eyes tearful and red, while everyone drank coffee and chatted, she administered exquisite hummers to Greg, Bob and Jimmy.

Jean had an outfit that ran a very strict house outside of Dallas interested in the black-haired girl, but she insisted that they would not sell her until she was fully broken in. Jimmy, who enjoyed a challenge, was having a very good time with her.

Meanwhile, they had their eye on this cute little, wispy kindergarten teacher from a little town outside Cairo, Illinois. A team they had worked with often, Gary and Lois Ashforth out of Frankfort, Kentucky, was marketing her and had her all lined up. When Jean and Bob were ready, they would pick her up and bring her directly to them.

Once Col. Fuller gave her the nod, there was the issue of arranging delivery. It was Shateeka who turned them on to this bush pilot who she used. The guy they had used before had been shot down by a Coast Guard cutter while bringing in a load of coke from Nicaragua. The pilot would pick Yolanda up over at Finley Field, their local fly by night airport, used mostly by crop dusters and hobbyists, where Bob knew the manager. She would take her all the way.

Yolanda seemed to take it philosophically when Bob and Cathy came to get her. They brought her out of her cell where Jean was waiting, standing next to the lime colored bodybag that was open and ready. She whined when she felt the suppository slip into her rear. She sobbed softly and trembled while they adorned her in her pull-up adult diaper. She struggled only briefly when they strapped her down on the board in the bag.

They waited until she was good and out before zipping the bag up and taking it down to the SUV. The manager of the airport had insisted that the pickup be at night. It was only a forty-mile drive to the airfield. All the lights were out. The plane was way off at the far end.

When they pulled up, the pilot was standing outside. She was rugged looking, about 190 pounds, 5'10", wearing a red and black flannel shirt that pulled tight against her hefty breasts, blue jeans and black boots. Her hair was gray and black, shoulder length and raggedy. She was chewing a large wad of tobacco and spit it out when Cathy and Bob got out of the SUV. "So, where's the parcel," she asked merrily.

Bob and Cathy removed the bodybag from the rear of their vehicle and carried it over to the twin engine plane. It was white with dark blue panels and clearly showed its age. There was rust around the doorframes and the side window on the pilot's side was cracked. The paint on the front edges of the wings was peeling off, revealing the dull aluminum underneath. Long streaks of burnt oil ran from the exhaust pipes. Bob wondered if the plane would make the trip. But it was too late to back out now. Besides, Shateeka had vouched for her.

The woman helped them muscle the bodybag into the cabin. They stored it on the floor behind the front seats. The plane was equipped with large pontoons.

"Oakie doaky," the woman said when they were finished. Bob handed her an envelope full of cash. She riffled through the bills but did not count them. She put the envelope of cash in her back pocket and mounted the plane. The motor was running, and she gave it a couple of revs. It slowly edged off and she taxied it to the beginning of the grass runway. Cathy and Bob watched it roll down and take off, its wings giving a little unsteady wag as it lifted off the ground. It rose up into the moonlit sky, turned north and flew away.

"Goodbye, Yolanda," Cathy said somewhat wistfully. "It's been fun."

To be continued.....