

GOOD THINGS HAPPEN TO BAD GIRLS, BAD THINGS TO GOOD GIRLS

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Published by Fiction4All (Fetish World Books imprint) at Smashwords

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Author Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age.

Part One

Chapter 1

Taylor Erikson was gorgeous and she knew it. How? For a start, every one told her she was, her mom, her friends, all the guys at school who wanted to date her, most of whom expected more than a mere kiss on the cheek. Having been the Prom Queen had confirmed the praise. Every time she looked in the mirror or took a selfie (both actions were frequent events) that too corroborated the notion that she was stunning.

Of course, Mr Matthews, the art teacher, had had the effrontery to tell her at the start of her last semester that perhaps her sapphire-blue eyes were possibly a little small and at five-foot eleven-inches she was too tall to be considered a classical beauty.

Holding a grudge, as she always did if anyone cast dispersions in her direction, she had bided her time. Two months later, the day after he had taken delivery of his new car, she had “keyed it” all along the driver’s side. If he ever knew, he never said. If he had said something, she would have simply given him a one-finger salute.

Men, boys, were intimidated by her beauty, she knew that. They could become gibbering wrecks whenever she deigned to give them even cursory attention. If she parted her legs for them they invariably ejaculated before they had fully penetrated her. Inwardly, it amused her to make them feel like wimps.

After all, because of her height, she looked down on many a male both physically as well as psychologically.

Wearing a pair of blue jeans that hugged her hips and butt like a thick skin, and a red, single shoulder top with a deep neckline, Taylor was attempting to play it cool. Her adrenaline was pumping, perspiration starting to form on her nape under her long, straight, Scandinavian-blond hair. A louche, tingling, excitement was building in her vagina. She and her friend, Paige Carlson, were on a shoplifting spree.

The maroon-lacquered nail on her little finger was easing the ring out of the cushion. Deftly, she slipped the digit into the band and lifted it away to her side, closing her fist around the tiny price tag. Nonchalantly, her right hand went into her black shoulder purse and came out with a small pair of scissors. Swiftly, the tag’s cotton was snipped, and the cutting instrument returned to its home, she fastening the clasp.

Meanwhile, her partner in pilfering was at the other side of the circular counter keeping the assistant talking about available charms to go on her sister’s imaginary bracelet. Dressed in a pair of very distressed, red-denim, booty shorts, and a tight, white, cropped, T-shirt, Paige usually had the duty of being decoy, she was, after all, a quarter African-American with a puff-ball of wavy, blonde-highlighted hair, so the likes of store detectives and interested staff focused their attention on her.

Whoever said racial profiling did not have benefits?

Opening her left hand, Taylor let the tiny tag drop into one of the two paper carriers that were down on the floor beside her. The ring was deliberately deposited into the other. Bobbing down, her right hand now gathered both sets of cord handles. Straightening up, pulling her red-tinted shades from the top of her forehead, moving them over her eyes, she calmly started walking, heading for the department store’s exit.

Outside, she turned to her right and ambled on her way. Stopping at a garbage bin, she retrieved the four price tickets from the one carrier she had gathered during the spree and consigned them to the waste receptacle. Continuing her leisurely perambulation, she headed for the Golden Cornucopia.

Ordering two skinny lattes, a pasta salad and a shrimp salad at the counter, she paid with cash, reluctantly. If only she could find a way of getting meals at no expense to herself?

Weaving her way through the furniture on the patio, she headed to the small table next to the parapet that overlooked the food court below. Paige was already seated on one of the two chairs.

“Everything okay?” Taylor asked, as she pulled the other chair out, sitting down.

“Cool, now,” Paige replied, grey eyes twinkling. “Good job I had my twat rag on otherwise there would be a damp patch showing from when I vajizzled as you lifted that ring.”

“Yeah, my panties are damp from femjac. Some was seeping down the inside of my right thigh,” Taylor advised, taking a quick look at her crotch to make sure it still did not show.

"Your meals, ladies. Two skinny lattes, one pasta salad, one shrimp," the young waitress said, arriving with a tray. "How are you doing today?"

"Fine," Paige advised the high school girl who patently had a summer job serving.

Taylor simply gave her an icy-stare, letting her know that she did not deign to converse with her inferiors. The waitress placed the items before them before going on her way, wishing them, "Have a nice day."

They picked at their own and each other's food, slurping their coffees between mouthfuls, both concentrating on their phones, looking at emails and text messages.

"Mind if I join you?" this blonde woman said, taking a chair from a nearby and placing it at their table.

"Well—" Paige was about to say something.

Taylor was going to tell whoever it was to "fuck off" but she recognised her so interrupted her friend. "Harper Hansen, isn't it?"

"That's right. The one and only," the uninvited guest said, clearly expecting them to know who she was – which both of them did.

Harper was attired in an expensive-looking pink pant-suit with black buttons and trimming. A black V-neck blouse was beneath the jacket, it showing that she now had a fine pair of breasts. Taylor instantly reckoned that Harper had had enhancements since leaving high school three years before.

"So, you two are going to Lincoln Senior High?" Harper sort of asked, although it could have been a statement.

"We were. Until last week. We started in tenth grade when you graduated," Taylor affirmed, guardedly, she wary of imparting too much information to anyone.

"So, you're both over eighteen?"

"I was March 4th. Taylor, July 4th," Paige eagerly advised.

"Very appropriate for a girl of independent means," Harper said, pun obviously referring to Taylor.

"I wish. Hardly got two dollar coins to rub together," Taylor replied, worrying at what Harper was hinting at. "Not like you, by the look of it, Harper. Gucci suit. Gucci shoes. Gucci shoulder-purse. *Rolex* watch. Breast implants, I'd guess. And you're studying at St Francis's uni in St Paul ... I assume you still are? So, your parents must be making plenty of lettuce to pay for all that."

Taylor was aware, Harper's father was a cop, head of the Minneapolis vice squad or some such, her mother reputed to be a woman of independent means.

"Yeah, I'm still at St Francis's, and it's a *Cartier* wristwatch actually, but my parents aren't that well off really. Start my final year September," Harper confirmed. "So, your five-finger discounting isn't bringing in the bucks then?"

"What do you mean?" Taylor uttered, the nape of her neck tingling with apprehension.

"Not much!" Paige blurted, but stopping herself from saying anything more incriminating.

"I watched you this morning. Discretely, of course. But I saw the pair of you. Acquiring those tops you've got in your carriers. The bra and panty sets. That little gold chain and that ring. All pretty much small chips to my way of thinking but I bet it gave you a buzz," Harper matter-of-factly said, her azure eyes fixing an unblinking stare on Taylor's face.

"I don't know—" Taylor was about to try and bluff.

"Fuck! We're busted!" Paige exclaimed at the same time her friend was speaking.

"Oh, don't worry, I'm not going to say a thing. It's cool," Harper cut in. "I used to vajizzle all the time when I lifted. It was all I could do some times to stop myself jillin there and then in the store. As it was, I'd get home with my trinkets and buff my muffin until I'd swoon."

"Your cool about it?" Paige asked, clearly questioning.

Shrugging her shoulders, Harper replied, "Sure. We've all done it. But, let's not bother about that. Are you going to college in September?"

"Yeah, Minnesota, both of us?" Paige said without hesitation.

"What about St Francis's?"

"Huh!" Taylor snorted. "It's forty-six grand a year for four years. Paige's parents couldn't afford that. My mom is scrimping as it is since the divorce. And, even if I had three jobs it would take me the four years to earn enough just to pay for one semester so its public university for us two schmucks."

“Aren’t you worried that the CCTV will have recorded you lifting this morning?” Harper asked, clearly changing the subject.

“Nah!” Paige answered, foolishly imparting too much information. “Taylor’s mom works at Northfields. She had to go in today on her day off as they were changing the CCTV system.”

“Really?” It sounding like Harper was seeking further knowledge.

“Apparently their old system was playing up. So, they’re stripping it out this morning and will start to fit the new one this afternoon. They’ll probably have to work overnight to complete it. They want it done before the weekend when there’ll be loads of kids in the mall with their sticky little fingers,” Taylor advised, deciding that it might be better to clarify matters.

Harper had always been a self-obsessed bitch at high school so if she went and helped herself at Northfields this afternoon and got caught then Taylor suspected that she would take the two of them down with her.

Having admired Harper when she had been Queen Bee at Lincoln Senior High Taylor had learnt to be a similarly self-obsessed bitch by imitating how she had behaved.

“You’re not virgins, are you?” Harper asked, nonchalantly.

“What?” Paige queried.

“Huh!” Taylor snorted. “Hardly. I was the Prom Queen, Paige one of my Ladies. You don’t get the guys to vote for you by keeping your legs together, as you should well know.”

“Yeah!” Harper happily sneered. “Fun times. But all that fucking and getting nothing back in return. It sucks.”

“That’s the way of the world,” Taylor philosophised.

“You fuck niggers?” Harper said in the manner of a question. Presumably realizing that Paige was what once upon a time was called a quadroon, she added, “Blacks, I mean.”

“They’re okay,” Paige answered, sounding indifferent.

“There’s not much difference. They’re a bit more arrogant but they squirt just like white guys. Too fast and too little,” Taylor confirmed, unable to recall any boy that had really stoked her fire.

“Would you go to St Francis’s if you had the money?” Harper clearly blind-sided both of them.

“What on earth?” Taylor said, collecting her thoughts. “We’re both clever enough but as we said, we ain’t got the money and neither have our parents so its public college for the pair of us.”

“Not necessarily? You’re both very pretty.”

“Taylor is absolutely gorgeous,” Paige volunteered.

It was always good to have sycophants around, Taylor reckoned. Currently, she was wondering where this conversation was going. Having finished her food, she took the last mouthful of her now-tepid latte.

“You’ve both got a good pair of natural tits, by the look of it. And, curvy figures. What’s your measurements?” Harper enquired.

“Thirty-four DD, twenty-four, thirty-four,” Paige did not hesitate to inform, which was strange seeing as she was the more inhibited of the two.

“And you?” Harper pointedly asked Taylor.

“Thirty-six DD, twenty-four, thirty-six,” Taylor answered, somewhat reluctantly. It was not that she minded anyone knowing, her brain was however trying to fathom why Harper would demand such information.

“And you’ve no objections to fuck for money?” Had Harper asked a question or stated a fact?

“We’re not prostitutes!” Paige instantly answered, speaking a little too loudly, several people at other tables fleetingly turning to look.

Taylor started to have an inkling of where this was going, she calmly saying, “We’ve never done it for money before. Well, I haven’t.”

“Neither have I, you know that, Taylor,” Paige assured, clearly worried that her friend might think that that was not the case.

“Are you tied down with boyfriends?” Harper asked, questioning face moving from one friend to the other.

“Tommy Curtis is quite cute,” Paige instantly said, the two of them having been on a couple of dates.

"There's no one special that can't be dumped," Taylor assured. Making the decision for her friend, she added, "That includes ditching Tommy."

"Excellent. Well, ladies, this is your lucky day. What if I could guarantee to get you into St Francis's for the next four years. Guarantee that you could pay the fees and have dollars left over to acquire the luxuries of life," Harper said, hands taking hold of her jacket and pulling open the two halves, sticking out her chest, clearly hinting that her body helped her to earn money.

"Sounds interesting," Taylor said, cautiously.

"I'll cut to the chase. Besides being at college I am a member of Night Cats Escorts Agency. High class, of course. Mainly uni girls who're earning mega-bucks to pay their way through college, and make a bit on the side. Ten thousand a night. Not every night, of course, but my earnings last year were in excess of half-a-million and Uncle Sam doesn't have to get his greedy hands on any of that if you play your cards right."

"Fuck me!" Paige gasped, clearly astounded.

"That's the intention, apparently," Taylor quipped, things starting to make sense, starting to really interest her.

"Obviously, the Agency does all necessary checks to see that I get no scumbags and that I get my dough," Harper advised. "You're hired out as an escort but it doesn't need me to tell you that there's other services that you are expected to undertake."

"How much does the agency take?" Taylor asked, wanting to know as many of the facts as possible.

"Fifty percent. But that's better than many escort agencies. And that still leaves you with a huge wad. And, as I say, I don't pay any tax. Fuck the IRS, why should they get a penny. It's my pussy, butt and mouth that's doing the work."

"Well, I'm not so sure about this—" Paige was in the course of saying something, her eyes were wide, and there appeared to be a concerned-countenance upon her face.

"You're not worried that your father isn't about to slap the cuffs on you and arrange for you to spend time in the penitentiary?" Taylor asked, deliberately interrupting her friend, wondering how Harper hid her obvious financial improvement from her parents.

Harper sniggered a dirty laugh. "Let's just say my pa likes college girls. My mother craves football jocks. Both also enjoy swinger parties. My ma's family fortune was never that great so both appreciate the extra dollars that my pa makes on the side from the Agency for turning a blind eye."

"You mean he's on the take?" Paige asked, obviously a bit slow on the uptake.

Taylor well knew, her friend wasn't a full-blown goody-two-shoes but she did have to be led to do anything daring. Luckily, Taylor was a born, self-centred, leader.

Making a show of buttoning her lips, Harper said nothing.

Taylor's pussy was wetting, there a wicked avaricious feeling welling inside of her. "So, why us?"

"You are two of the best looking girls in Minnesota, if not the whole of The States," Harper sweet-talked. "I've got this very important client who wants some new pussy at his all-night party this coming Friday. There'll be twelve girls and six men. A couple of those men will be niggers ... I mean, blacks, two Hispanics and two white guys. And, the fee you'll be getting is twenty grand apiece. So what do you say?"

"So we effectively get ten thousand dollars for fucking with six men over Friday night?" Taylor queried, almost whispering.

"Yep. But there'll also be the eleven other women, so there'll be some girl on girl as the guys certainly won't be able to keep it up all night even with *Viagra*. Remember the Night Cats mantra: Good things happen to bad girls, bad things to good girls."

Paige was hesitant, clearly waiting for Taylor to make a decision.

A debauched-quiver quaked Taylor's vagina, it all she could do stopping herself voicing her orgasm. "Well, I've shit all else to do on Friday night so it sounds like I'm now going to this party, joining these Night Cats."

Chapter 2

Taylor Erikson glibly lied to her mother. She claimed to be going out with Paige Carlson to a nightclub and would sleep over at her friend's house. Not that Taylor's mother would have been particularly bothered, she no doubt hooking up with one or another of her gentlemen friends that she seemed to attract since the divorce – in fact Taylor had given up counting. Her mother drank too much, and was clearly trying to show her ex-husband that she still had sex appeal after he had left to set up home with his younger secretary.

Paige no doubt had told her mother a similar tale. Driving her small *Ford*, she called to pick up Taylor, they then heading, as instructed, to the *Marriot* where the car was to be left overnight.

A black limo-van was waiting. The side door slide open revealing Harper Hansen inside, standing, she calling out and beckoning with her right hand.

As they stepped inside, Harper announced to the other occupants, "This is Taylor and Paige! Introduce yourselves later as we don't want to keep the johns waiting!"

Taylor recognised two of the other girls, they having been at Lincoln Senior High at some time when she had attended. On the face of it, they were all college-age girls and most were wearing expensive, daring, dresses. Whereas she and Paige were in what was the choicest items that their wardrobes contained. Paige, in a pale-blue cowl-necked dress, Taylor attired in her best sleeveless party dress: burgundy taffeta, with V-neck, and a very low back.

Bench seating ran around both sides and the end of the passenger compartment, it designed to hold twelve passengers. Taylor and Paige took two of the empty seats, leaving one for the woman in charge.

Sliding the door shut, Harper tapped on the privacy screen, the driver setting the vehicle in motion.

"Pass these around so we've all got one," Harper instructed, handing out flutes of domestic champagne and yellow triangular shaped tablets that appeared to be stamped with the image of a horn of plenty.

Obviously Es, Taylor decided, swallowing it, before gulping down the drink.

"Now, for the benefit of the new girls I'm gonna run through a few things," Harper said, still standing, back pressed against the privacy screen for support. "We're going to a mansion called El Dorado on Lakeside Road. And those of us who have been there before know it is the source of much of our riches." – She pointed to her rings, bracelet, wristwatch, dangling earrings and necklace. – "Our host, Mr Deakin is a big nigger. Not to be crossed. Runs us girls and more besides. Controls much of the State's drugs trade too. We are going there to fuck and be fucked. The six horny guys expect to use us and for us to drain their balls dry. So, I don't want any of you complaining in the morning that you didn't know what to expect. You happy with that, you newbies?"

Pausing, she glared at the three who were clearly the novices.

"Sure. We're going to do a lot of fucking strangers," Taylor affirmed.

"That's what I assume too," Paige answered, having looked at Taylor's contented face for reassurance.

"It's gonna be like a porn movie orgy," the other newbie, a petite red head, said, she turning out to be called Amber.

"Excellent. Just checking. Now, you only use your first names. You tell no one your family name. All the guys you will call Master, even if they insist you call them by their names. Lorenzo, he's the host, he's a nig African-American that likes to pretend that all white girls are black men's slaves. So, humour him. You do not ask the men anything that's not related to the sex. You do not ask them who they are. Nor where they live. Nor what they do for a living. These are people you do not want to get the wrong side of. Do you understand!"

"You mean they're from the wrong side of the law," Taylor said, assuming that was the case.

"That's always so much more of a turn-on," a busty blonde in a blue evening gown said, licking her lips at the prospect.

"Before we get there, I'll just give you a bit more guidance," Harper said, proceeding to do so.

The Limo-Van drew to a stop on a paved courtyard in front of a modern stone-built mansion, which, with the two wings that contained the garages and the servants quarters, formed three sides of an oblong. The complex roofs were of grey slate and gave the impression that a French chateau had been the inspiration for architect's design.

As the girls traipsed up the front steps of the mansion, the transport went on its way, due to return next day, about noon.

The door was opened by a pair of oval-faced, slim, Asian girls both about five-foot-four, Taylor guessed, although both were teetering on two-inch-platform mules. Each was wearing a red-leather, diamond-pattern, body-harness. Their patently-over-enhanced breasts were sticking through two of the open gaps of the trelliswork. If she was not mistaken, they were Korean.

"Kyung and Myung are both servants, although they are more like slaves really. They effectively belong to our host," Harper informed, deadpan.

Was she joking, Taylor wondered?

"Please ... you disrobe," one of these servants said, pointing to a formal dining area that was reached via a large archway leading off the double-storey hall. All the flooring was of dark wood planking, marble would be coldly-foolish in these northern climes.

Harper led the way. Placing her evening bag onto the table top, she took out her cell-phone and turned it off. Stepping out of her high-heels, she slipped off her pink gown and thong, placing them over the back of the adjacent chair. Taking off her wristwatch and all her jewellery, except the yellow topaz and diamond navel jewel, she put them down on the place mat.

"They will be quite safe," she assured the three new girls. "When you've disrobed put your chocker on. It'll help the johns know your names." Harper slipped a black-velvet band about her neck. A metal tag was hanging from it, Harper's name engraved thereon.

The other eleven girls then set about undressing. Clearly there had not been time to engrave the three new girls names upon their tags, for they bore sticky labels with their names handwritten in black ink.

Passing via the hall, they went through another wide arch into the two-storey grand salon. Two settees and four armchairs were positioned beside the walls, a large glass coffee table was in the bay window, making space for six padded mats that were spread about the floors. A pair of Louis Phillipe style walnut credenzas stood either side of another archway that obviously gave access to a sitting room.

Standing by the bay window were the six, naked, leering, men.

Taylor scanned them.

They all appeared to be in their forties. There was one giant black man, standing at something like six-foot-nine, barrel-chested, bulging muscles everywhere. If he had ever played football then it must have felt like a raging bull was coming at you, Taylor thought. The sides and back of his head were shaved, leaving a mop of short dreadlocks on the top of his skull. What was hanging between his legs was top porn-stud impressive.

The other black was what she would call normal, six-one, nowhere near as muscular, no better hung than most white men. The two Hispanics were what she reckoned were average for their type. However, the two white men were a contrast to each other. One was short and rotund, with a penis practically any girl could accommodate, but the other was quite different. She guessed that he was perhaps two inches taller than her, muscular, but nowhere near the size of the first black man. However, what was hanging between his thighs was a sight she had never expected. His meat was at least as long as raging bull's, probably thicker, and he was the only uncircumcised male in the room.

"Now, ladies, welcome to my home," the big black man said, in a baritone voice. "I am the host but you should call me, Master, like you should my guests. I know that Harper will have briefed you but I will reiterate some things, principally for the benefit of my male guests." – He wafted his right arm, indicating the other men. – "The ladies are here to be fucked, to be used like women should be used. They may be spanked, but that is all. Gentlemen, no rough stuff. No slapping them around. They are providing their services, they earning their money by their looks and provision of their company. Any blemish will impede that. So, gentlemen, remember, spanking is the most that you can do. Is that understood?"

The men and many of the women uttered that they understood.

As he had been speaking, his impressive manhood had risen to be pointing at ninety degrees to his body. "Good. Ladies, if you want anything to eat, drink, or snort, simply ask my two Korean servants. There's plenty of bottles of lube dotted around the room. You will start with two of you to each man. Once you've been screwed you move to the next. In theory each man should get fucked at least twelve times tonight. From experience, that never happens. But first, I think the three new ladies should be introduced to us men by a bit of lesbian activity. Each newbie with a more experienced whore. Therefore, Harper, you take that tall blonde."

"I've always wanted to do you, since you first attended Lincoln High," Harper advised, looping an arm about Taylor's neck, pressing her mouth over hers. Her free hand was swiftly employed caressing Taylor's vulva, parting the inner lips.

It was a revelation to Taylor that Harper had even spotted her when she was a newbie at Lincoln High, she would never have guessed. As Taylor was there to be part of an orgy, she happily opened her mouth and let the other thrust her tongue in to explore. Clamping her right hand onto Harper's left butt-cheek, she squeezed. Her left digits went down to the other's clitoris and started stroking.

Placing a leg behind Taylor's right knee, Harper forced her to collapse down onto one of the mats.

One of the Korean servants appeared, standing over the two wriggling beauties, pumping shots of lubricant onto the two vaginas before the brace of performers turned onto their sides to face one another. Each girl used one hand to finger the other's vagina, utilising the other mitt to maul their partner's breasts.

Harper was aggressive, Taylor responding, she intending not to be outperformed.

Three fingers were hammering in and out of her opening, causing her libido to rocket, Taylor starting to pant, "A-a-a-a-a."

"O-o-o-o-o," Harper gasped, Taylor delighted that her wetted-fingers were having the intended effect.

"Yeah, that's it! Really fuck each other, bitches!" some man called out. Other males were uttering other profanities, calling out encouragement.

The ribald comments were not simply for Taylor and Harper. Paige and the busty blonde, who was called Kagney, were on another mat. The petite redhead, Amber, who was on the mat closest to Taylor, was being pounded by a brunette with the biggest tits in the room.

"A-a-a-a-a. A-a-a-a-a. Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! You wimp," Taylor encouraged, giving as good as she was receiving.

"O-o-o-o-o. You wuss! Harder! Harder! O-o-o-o-o!" Harper demanded.

More dollops of bottled lubricant were spurted, coating hands, labia and lower bellies. Probing fingers were replaced by pounding kneecaps, Taylor and Harper squirming against each other's increasingly oily skins.

"A-a-a-a-a! A-a-a-a-a! Yes! Yes! Yes!" Taylor pleaded, building to a crescendo as her orgasm flowed. "A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ahhh!"

"O-o-o-o-o! Harder! Harder! Harder! You wuss!" Harper begged, Taylor responding, fiercely driving the other to a culmination. "O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ohhh!"

Panting like a pair of hyenas, the two gleamed at one another. The other two couples had apparently finished earlier.

"Well done," the well-hung white man said, he standing on the mat, looking down at them. "Now, you two have the task of serving me first."

"Our pleasure, Master," Harper cooed, kneeling and taking hold of his impressive arching hose that was only semi-rigid. Rolling back his foreskin, she set to kissing his purple crown.

"That's what we are here for," Taylor oozed, as sexily as she could. Getting to her knees, she shuffled closer to join in the oral administrations.

Like all the men present, he was bald about his genitals. Pressing her lips to one side of his cock, Taylor kissed and licked. The closer inspection made her realise that his ball-sac contained two large testes, she never having seen bigger, in real life or on the screen. Moving her attention, she set about trying to suck one into her mouth.

Harper stretched her jaws and pushed her mouth over three inches of his weapon, starting to make suction noises. "*Slurp. Slurp. Slurp.*"

Coiling a hand into Taylor's hair, using the other to do likewise with Harper's tresses, the man sneered, uttering, "That's it. Make me rock-hard. Then I'm gonna fuck this new white cunt."

Taylor assumed that meant her. She was having difficulty placing his accent. It was not American, more British. But there again, it did not sound like the British actors she had seen in movies or on TV.

His impressive equipment rose to the horizontal, getting very firm.

"Right, Taylor, spread your fucking legs," he snarled, using his hold of her hair to jerk her face away from him.

It was rough, but her scalp only hurt for a fraction of a second. She tumbled backward. Letting herself sprawl onto the mat, she raised her legs and spread them as wide as she could. Propping herself up on her right elbow allowed her to look at her own pussy. Her left digits instinctively went to play with her love-lips – most of her lovers having been incapable of bringing her off by their own efforts.

Harper pulled her face from his stiffness with one last long slobbery note. "*Shuuurp!*" she then saying, "Break her in properly, Master. Fuck her hard."

Kneeling before her, he gripped Taylor's ankles and pulled her legs so that they rested on his shoulders. Taking hold of her hips, he raised them. Bending forwards, he pressed his face to her opening, she pulling her fingers out of the way. Darting back and forth, his tongue teased her labia, tickled her clitoris, jabbing in and out of her already part-open slit.

"A-a-a-a-a, yes. Yes. Yes, pleeease," Taylor cooed, he already proving to have a better performing mouth than any other male she had experienced.

"Ergh!" he snarled, grinding his teeth against her inflamed areas.

Harper was exchanging kisses with Taylor, her right fingers pinching Taylor's left, aching, nipple, her other digits slowly stroking his length, keeping it hard – ready for when it was to be used.

Taylor was quivering, jerking her hips, climaxing, "A-a-a-a-a! Yes! Yes! Yes! A-a-a-a-a! Fuck me! A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ahhh!"

Lifting his head, grinning, he rose to his haunches. As he leaned forward, Taylor's legs were pushed back towards her torso, and Harper guided his penis to the waiting pussy. Reaching out, his hands cupped Taylor's now oil-covered, slippery, breasts. The bulbous end of his instrument of pleasure pushed between the inner labia, starting its journey to fill her womanhood.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" Taylor exclaimed, it feeling like that baseball bat she had used to masturbate on several occasions. "Fucking hell! Fucking hell! That's awesome! Fucking awesome!"

Her right elbow gave way, she collapsing onto her back. Harper was there, mouth now sucking on Taylor's left breast, her left digits down between the two fuck-performers, caressing and pinching Taylor's electrified clitoris.

"Oh, Jesus! Fucking, Jeesus! Fucking, Christ!" Taylor happily blasphemed, she never having felt something so wantonly delightful before. Her cheeks flushed, the skin covering her breastbone went red, the shells of her ears went pink, something that she had only ever experienced when riding her giant dildo. This however was not silicon but manly warm, and throbbing.

"Ergh! Ergh! Ergh!" he growled, as he set up a sedate motion, pulling his stopper back until only the glans remained in, before shoving it back till the tip could go no further.

If she had not known it was genuine, she would have described the interior sensations she was experiencing as unbelievable. "A-a-a-a-a! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

"Ergh! Ergh! Ergh!" He, like her, was sweating profusely.

"A-a-a-a-a! A-a-a-a-a! Fuck! Fuuuccck!" Taylor roared, adding to the cacophony of guttural exclamations that the other girls were uttering as they too were pounded by their respective, temporary, lovers.

All good things however have to come to an end, Taylor knew. Carnal cravings were racing through her, bestial vibrations wracking her body as if it were a flesh tuning-fork.

"Ergh! Ergh! Ergh!"

"Ah! Ah! Ah! "A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ahhhhhhhhh!" Taylor screeched, spasms gripping her being, she having the most amazingly-violent culmination that she could recall. A powerful jet of her own ejaculate blasted from her urethra, soaking the man's crotch and wetting her own.

"Ergh! Ergh! Eeeeeeeerrrggghhh!" the man hollered, spurting a large wad of his sperm into her, she hoping that her birth control pill worked.

As her legs slipped from his shoulders, he collapsed on top of her. Both of them were in post-coital heaven, both gasping their breaths.

Minutes passed, the man speaking first, "Taylor, you're one fantastic fuck." – Twisting his neck, he looked at her companion. – "Harper, girl, you've got true competition here."

"I know. But that's why I picked her. She's probably the prettiest girl in Minnesota too, so I reckon it's better to have any potential opposition in the Night Cats where I can keep an eye on her," Harper said, in semi-jocular fashion. "I thought you'd like first crack at her, too, Master."

Taylor's ego was boosted, assuming that Harper was not merely bullshitting.

Harper and the man went into a clinch, frenziedly French kissing.

Once tongues were uncoiled, the man said, "Right, when I pull out of this lovely cunt the pair of you can suck me clean. Harper can then spread for me, and you, Taylor, can move to the next mat and give Miguel a good seeing to."

Chapter 3

Lorenzo Deakin woke up on his Alaska king-sized bed. There was Kagney to his left, the new girl, Paige, to his other side. Scratching his balls, he sat up.

“Morning, Master,” the busty blonde Kagney uttered.

Glancing to his left, he saw that the bedside alarm showed that it was 10.41. Time for him and the rest to be up. Flinging the quilt off, he said, “Right, shift your fucking butts. Take a shower and then you can be on your way.”

They seemed to prefer to laze where they were. So he simply stretched himself to climb across Paige, his ten-inch penis slithering over her mixed-race pale-brown belly. It was always good to have new pussy to fuck, he having enjoyed her last night. It was a pity that he had not gotten around to screw with her friend, Taylor – if he recalled her name correctly.

“If you two don’t move your fucking delightful tushies I’m gonna simply piss all over you,” Lorenzo informed, his left hand cradling his ten-inch hose, pointing it at the bed.

“Go on then,” Kagney keenly responded, wriggling one hundred and eighty degrees on the nine-foot wide bed so her face was close to him.

“Much as you deserve it, you’ve not got time. The limo will be here soon. So, move it,” he instructed, reaching over to slap her posterior. “*Splat!*”

“Yes, Maaaster,” she cooed, playfully drawing out the last word. She kissed the tip of his penis before sliding off the bed.

Paige, obviously taking the hint, got up.

Walking into the bathroom, Lorenzo stepped into the shower, turning on the gold taps. Once the initial shot of cold water had turned to warm, the two girls joined him, Paige closing the door behind her. Taking the sponge, he rubbed it over much of his body. Handing it to Kagney, he said, “Here. Soap yourselves and don’t stay in here until you prune.”

With that, he pushed between them, opened the glass door and smartly stepped out, closing it behind him. Taking one of the big white towels, he rubbed himself dry as the two lovelies were shampooing their hair.

Going to the wash hand basins, he set about wet shaving. Sitting on the toilet, he did his usual morning dump, emptying his bladder at the same time. As he was leaving the bathroom the two girls were exiting the shower. He had business to attend to, so there was no chance of him remaining, indulging himself, however much he wanted another fuck.

Plucking his satin bathrobe from the back of the chair, he slipped it on and went on his way. Exiting his bedroom suite, he headed for the curved staircase with its black-painted wrought iron handrail. There were three of the girls standing on the landing, fully dressed, apprehensively muttering to each other.

“Can you go to bedroom four? Harper needs you,” one of the regular girls said.

Instantly, he knew it must be serious as she had not bothered to show him proper deference. Picking up his pace, he headed to the appropriate bedroom.

A clothed Harper was standing beside the bed, bending over a girl who was still naked. Another girl, appearing the worse for wear, was in the room, looking anxious.

Instantly concerned, he asked, “What’s the matter, Harper?”

Standing upright, swivelling her trunk, she gravely replied, “It’s, Amber. Miguel slapped her around. Don’t know if he’s smashed her jaw as she’s all swollen. Got a busted lip too. Poor kid is clearly terrified. Been like this for hours, apparently.”

“Who else was in here with her?” he asked, temper starting to build.

“Dakota, over there. But she was out of it.”

“I didn’t know anything about it until I came round this morning. I’m so sorry,” Dakota stated, bursting into tears.

“It’s not your fault. You and the girls were here to give pleasure. It’s the men that need to know how to behave,” Lorenzo calmly said, seething, attempting to keep his temper under control. How dare any man damage his property.

Stepping beside Harper, he sank down to a knee and took a close view at the petite redheaded who looked to have gone a few rounds with a boxer. Her eyes were red from crying, her makeup had run, and

one of her false eyelashes was hanging off. "Don't say anything, Amber, if it hurts. I don't want you to be afraid. But, was it Miguel that hit you? The Puerto Rican Hispanic with the twisted nose?"

"Mmm," she whimpered, nodding her head a little.

"You are sure it was him that slapped you around?"

"Mmm. Mmm." She nodded again, further tears welling out of her eyes.

"Just stay calm," he tried to reassure, resuming an upright posture. Looking left, he went on, "Dakota go and get dressed and join the others. Say nothing." Once she had left, he turned to Harper. "Right. I'll get Cassius to take both of you to the Mayflower. Whatever is necessary, they should do. If they don't like taking orders from you, tell them to telephone me. Understood?"

"Perfectly. I'm sorry, I clearly didn't do my job properly. I should never have left a newbie in with Miguel. I knew Miguel can't handle his drugs. I messed up."

"It's not your fault. I don't hold you responsible in any way," he advised, wanting to reassure. "I blame myself. Miguel has, as you say, a problem. I should never have invited him. I'll send one of the servants up to assist you. Dress her in a bathrobe and get her to the clinic as quickly as you can. I'll get Kagney to brief the rest of the girls to keep their mouth buttoned. And, do you reckon a hundred grand will be okay." He inclined his head to indicate he meant composition for Amber.

"I think so," Harper said, straining up to plonk a kiss onto his chin she not able to reach any higher.

"Report back," he said, as he walked away.

Going down to the hall, he saw most of the girls were now in the dining room, looking at their money and gifts.

"Myung, go upstairs. Bedroom four. Help Missy Harper," he instructed one of his Korean servants. Turning to the other, he asked, "Kyung, where are the men?"

"On terrace by swim pool, Master," she answered.

"That's good. Now you go tell Cassius to get the limousine out and take Missy Harper wherever she say. Bring the chainsaw back with you. Go!"

Both Koreans went off at a jog.

"Kagney, come here!" he called, looking serious.

Trotting over to him, she oozed, as she arrived, "The presents are fabulous."

"I'm glad. But I've got some instructions for you," he stated, before proceeding to tell her his requirements.

Not all the girls had assembled, but Lorenzo was seething inside and decided he could not wait, so he strode off, through the salon and the sitting room, exiting onto the terrace. Using the left-hand curving flight of steps, he descended to the terrace. The other five men were sitting beside a square, glass-topped, patio table, enjoying the sunshine, drinking coffee, some smoking.

Grasping a chair, he dragged it to join them, he sitting down next to Miguel.

"Great party last night," Charles Westmoreland, the well-hung white man, said. "That new blonde, Taylor, is stunning. Should make you a fortune."

"Yes, I hope so. But I have not yet had the pleasure," Lorenzo politely replied.

Swivelling to look sideways, he glared at Miguel, asking as restrainedly as he could muster, "What part of my instructions last night did you not comprehend. I told you, all of you, spanking was allowed but no slapping them around. So, Miguel why did you batter that petite redhead called Amber?"

Sniggering first, shrugging his shoulders as if he did not care, Miguel answered, "She is a cunt. She is a two-bit whore. She is nothing. She is meant to be used. She never call me Master, so I teach her."

"Where in my instructions did I say you could slap her around? Thump her or whatever you did?"

"She's a cunt. She is nothing," Miguel responded, shrugging with indifference once again.

"I have had to send her to the clinic. Poor girl. She may have a fractured jaw. If she has it is unlikely that she will be able, never mind want to, work for me again. She had ten good years of working her cunt for me. That's ten years of lost revenue. I am not happy about that."

"There are plenty more cunts. I'll easily find you a couple, no problem."

"That's all right then," Lorenzo said, coolly.

Standing up, he swiftly stepped to his left, pulling the sash from his robe. Grabbing both ends, he crossed his arms whilst stepping behind Miguel. The loop went over the Puerto Rican's head. Pulling

tightly, Lorenzo set to garrotting the miscreant. Irrespective of the fact that Miguel was a major cog in a crime gang those that damaged his property had to pay.

Placing his left knee against the back of Miguel's chair, he pulled tighter, hissing, "No fucking bastard damages my property! No one disobeys my instructions in my own home! I'll turn your fucking sisters, your daughter and your nieces into whores in a back street brothel where they'll get fucked fifty times a day whilst out of their heads on crack!"

Miguel's legs splayed out, his robe fell open revealing that he was wetting himself, and he gurgled his last breath.

Sporting a raging hard-on, Lorenzo glanced up to the house, seeing one of the curtains belonging to bedroom number two twitch, someone quickly retreating out of sight.

"If anyone asks," he said to the other men, "tell them he's still sleeping off the effects of last night."

"No problem," Robert Honeywell said, he the rotund white man. Taking off his floppy hat, he plonked it over Miguel's face.

"I'll send one of the Koreans to cut him up. Whilst I arrange us some brunch," Lorenzo said, hurrying away, leaving his belt wrapped around the miscreant's neck, he headed back to the house.

Arriving in the hall, he saw that Myung was holding the front door open, the last of the call-girls going down the steps clutching her presents. Some were still crossing the courtyard; others were already on the limo-van. So, which one had been at the window?

"Missy Harper and other girl gone clinic," Myung advised.

"Good. Perhaps you can prepare brunch for me and other men," he instructed, giving the call-girls a wave as the last one got onto the transport.

Closing the door, he marched in the direction of the kitchen, watching the round, firm, butt-cheeks waggle as the servant walked ahead of him. Before she could get a pan, a pot or any ingredients, he simply had to slake his still-rigid cock. Grasping her by the waist, he pushed her front up against the kitchen island. Unclipping the crotch strap of her harness, he exposed her holes. Holding his shaft with his left hand, he guided it into her vagina. Thrusting, he set to pumping the tight cunt.

"Yes, Master! Yes!" Myung encourage, having been trained to be compliant and obedient.

Luckily, both Koreans really seemed to enjoy having sex.

"Master," Kyung said, entering from the garages, she carrying the chainsaw.

"Go down to the terrace and cut up that asshole, Mr Miguel," he instructed, his penis pumping in the other girl's increasingly wet tube.

Chapter 4

Taylor was terrified. Sitting on the backseat of the limo-van she was quiet, simply wishing that she had never looked out of that window. But she had. She was convinced that the big black-man host had killed that Hispanic. The fact that she had taken a dislike to the one called Miguel when he fucked her was neither here nor there – he was so arrogant, and not much of a lover. It was only too obvious, she had witnessed a murder and now her life must be on the line.

Kagney had told them all that there had been a problem, that the one girl called Amber had been taken to hospital. That they should not say a word, not even talk about last night's party to anyone, even amongst themselves.

Taylor should be going home to whoop and dance around her bedroom in the nude, throwing the one hundred \$100 bills she had been given into the air. Now, she wondered how long she had got left to spend it.

Clutching her two presents, she could hardly stop shivering. She and Paige had the same, a miniature collection of perfumes and a handbag, both by *Louis Vuitton*, that she guessed must be worth five grand. On other occasions she would have been delighted to merely get them in payment for sex.

There was the stack of bills in her evening clutch bag amounting to ten grand. Was it enough money for her to run? Run to where? Gangsters hunted down witnesses and rubbed them out. Perhaps, if she talked to Harper, Harper could explain to the big black man that she really hadn't seen anything for sure? But, could Harper be trusted? Would the host of last night's event take any notice of Harper anyway?

Monday, 10.00 a.m., there was a loud knocking on the front door. Taylor cowered in her bedroom. All Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday she had stayed in her room, alternating between shivering with fear and shaking with trepidation. Even her mother had noticed, asking if she was unwell?

"Taylor, its Harper and Paige! Let us in!" Paige called out.

Reluctantly, Taylor, wrapped in a towelling robe, went downstairs. Opening the door, she said, "Hi, what do you want?"

"Fuck, you look ill," Paige blurted out, she following Harper who merely barged over the threshold.

"Were you fucked stupid, Friday night?" Harper asked, sounding cold.

"No. The sex was fine. Awesome, in fact," Taylor replied, trying to sound like she had enjoyed herself, which she had until twitching those curtains. "I just think I've picked up a bug somewhere."

Reaching up, Harper placed one of her palms onto Taylor's forehead. "Well, you're not running a temperature. So, go get dressed as you two have an appointment downtown, remember?"

There was a hard edge to her tone, Taylor reckoned. Surely, no one would do anything whilst she was with her best friend? There again, gangsters would think nothing of eliminating both of them, they bound to think she had blabbed to Paige? Jesus Christ, she was in a mess. Well and truly in the shit heap.

No point arguing, Harper clearly not in the mood. "Okay," Taylor said, heading for the stairs.

Sitting in the front passenger seat of Harper's pink *Mercedes* convertible, Paige in the back, they drove to Downtown Minneapolis, and into a multi-storey on South 5th Avenue. They took the Skyway to the next building, then the elevator to the fourth floor.

The gold lettering on the glass door said, "Robert Honeywell, Attorney at Law." The receptionist showed them into his office.

"Good morning, gentlemen," Harper breezily said.

"Morning, ladies," Friday night's rotund white man said, rising from his big chair behind the large old-fashioned desk. "I believe you've all had the pleasure of meeting Charles Westmoreland."

Unable to stop herself from instantly lubricating, recalling the thrill, Taylor said, "I have very fond memories."

"Too kind," Charles replied, getting up from the comfy armchair, coming and taking each girl's right hand in turn and kissing it.

"Shall we all sit at the conference table," Robert Honeywell said, indicating the round table in the one corner of the office.

There was plenty of room for all five to take a place, there two piles of papers already waiting.

"Ladies, I am now your attorney. If ever you get pulled in by the cops, FBI or any other such characters the only thing you say is 'I want my lawyer'. You say nothing else. You understand?"

"Yes. We say nothing to no one without you being present," Taylor affirmed.

"Sure, like on TV, we demand our lawyer," Paige said, nodding her head to show she understood.

"Any legal queries you may have, book an appointment to see me. I'll bill you at my going rate, naturally. That's in case the cops or some other assholes claim that as you haven't paid me, that you've not really hired me, and call into question my integrity. If you've got any financial questions, I'm your first point of call as well. I know an accountant that can usually help. Failing that, there is always Charles here." – Mr Honeywell pointed to the other man. – "He's a—"

"An international financial consultant," Charles interrupted. "Although many of my worldwide client base call me The Laundryman, because, I help them wash iffy money into good, clean, spendable dosh."

"Precisely. He has devised various schemes so that you do not end up paying Uncle Sam heaps of tax. Scheme's to ensure that asshole-snoopers don't take your earnings or throw you in jail. As you know, prostitution is a crime in this State. So, you never refer to yourselves as prostitutes—"

"We're just escorts," Paige interjected.

"Precisely. Now, in these piles of papers, one for each of you two, there's a list of things to do and not to do re your finances. You'll read it and then destroy. You don't want to leave any incriminating evidence about your lives from now on. That applies to your cell-phones. No pictures of clients, or of where you meet them, or of you in their properties. You understand?"

"Yep," Taylor responded, starting to feel easier. Surely no one would be going to this much trouble if she was about to be killed.

"No problem," Paige affirmed. Taylor wondered if her friend really understood, she could be a bit flighty, a bit slow on the uptake.

"Good. There is also applications to open Bank accounts in the Caymans, and the Turk & Caicos, which—"

"Where's that?" Paige asked, geography never her strong point.

"In the Caribbean," Harper put in.

"Oh," was Paige's only response, Taylor wondering if she knew where that was?

"Charles will take those applications with him today, as he is heading off down there later. There are also undergraduate applications for St Francis's University. Harper tells me you want to join her there."

"Wow!" Taylor uttered, starting to feel far more relaxed.

"And, you should have no fear, you will be accepted," Mr Honeywell said.

"I'll make certain of that," Harper assured, lasciviously wafting her tongue about her lips as if hinting as to how she would succeed in her promise.

"So, you two will remain here until all the paperwork has been completed. I'm gonna leave you under the watchful eyes of Charles whilst Harper and I go into a side office to discuss matters that don't concern you," Mr Honeywell smoothly advised.

"You can get a cab back home, can't you?" Harper said to Paige, as the three of them stepped out of the elevator. "Me and Taylor have got another meeting."

That was news to Taylor.

"Oh, where? Can't I come?" Paige queried.

"You should understand something, Paige. In our line of work you never pry into other people's business. Capiche?" Harper icily said.

Paige looked like she had been slapped about the face with a catfish, but she apparently realised that Harper was not the sort of girl she wanted to pick a fight with.

"Okay. No problem," she said, getting back in the elevator to go to the ground floor.

"Where are we going," Taylor asked, getting into the car.

“You’ll see,” is all Harper said, clearly intent on remaining tight-lipped.

On the Interstate, they headed west, Taylor’s concerns returning. Was she being driven to her death?

Her worst nightmare was confirmed when they turned into the driveway, the fancy stone wall beside the fountain bearing the legend, “El Dorado”. She felt a dribble of fear-induced urine seep.

Pulling to a stop beside the front steps, Harper flatly said, “Mr Deakin wants to see you. Go on, get out.”

Feeling weak at the knees, it was all that Taylor could do to get out of the vehicle, and plod up the short flight of steps. Her heart was thumping, made worse when she heard Harper drive away, leaving her to her fate. The doorbell was answered by one of the Korean girls, still attired like Friday night, her oversized boobs jutting out before her.

“Mr Deakin wants to see me. I’m Taylor Erikson,” she said, struggling to speak louder than a whisper, starting to tremble. Trying to pull herself together, she resolved, if she was to die, then it would be with as much dignity as she could muster.

Chapter 5

“Missy Taylor, Master,” the Korean announced, having shown Taylor into Lorenzo Deakin’s study.

“Thank you, Myung,” the big black man said, he sitting on one of two high-backed chairs that were behind a ten-foot long desk. Glaring at Taylor, he demanded, “Have you eaten?”

“Yes, Mr ... Master,” she replied, thinking it best to try and be servile like on Friday. “At Honeywell’s. I had a takeout salad.”

“You can go, Myung,” he said, she leaving, closing the expensive-looking wooden door behind her.

Standing, he came around the desk, sitting on the nearest end, there an *Apple Mac* computer and the telephone positioned on the other half. He was dressed in the same unfastened robe as she had last seen him wear. His large penis was rising from slumber, he clearly getting excited at the prospects of killing her.

“I didn’t have the pleasure of you, Friday night,” he stated.

“No, Master. And ... by the look of it ... that was ... my misfortune,” Taylor croaked, her mouth dry, she using her right index finger to point in the direction of his equipment.

“Get naked. Now!” he ordered. “Charles tells me, you’re a magnificent creature. Great fuck too.”

“That is kind of him,” she replied, hesitantly setting about removing her sneakers, tight blue jeans, bra-top vest, and underwear. Perhaps he wanted her bare so he could torture her? “He’s very well endowed himself ... for a white man.”

“He sure is. And he loves using it. Don’t just stand there, show yourself off.”

Not certain what he wanted, she simply hoped that what she had seen in men’s magazines would do. Pushing her shoulders back, she made her beautiful breasts stand out. Slowly rotating, she stopped halfway. Bending away from him, she reached behind and parted her butt-cheeks. Standing upright, she completed her rotation. Reaching down, she parted her labia. Pouting, she moved her head from one position to another.

“Charles was right. Magnificent. He’s an excellent judge of what makes a good whore.”

Believing she had nothing to lose, she corrected him, “Escort ... Master. Mr Honeywell said this morning we should only ever use the word escort.”

“What’s a girl’s mouth for?” he demanded.

Was this a test? She had better give a good reply. “For kissing and sucking cock ... and eating pussy ... Master.”

“Well, why are you standing over there when my cock is waiting here!” he snarled.

Fearful, she reasoned, as long as she pandered to his lust she would have a few more minutes of life. Stepping to him, she spotted a silver pistol and a box of ammunition on the desk behind him. Gulping, she did her best to produce saliva. Sinking to her knees, she used her hands to caress his ball-sac and hold his rigid length. Kissing and licking the circumcised penis, she opened her mouth to its widest, sucking in a couple of inches.

Placing his hands onto her head, he forced her face forwards, causing several more inches to be rammed into her orifice. She thought she was going to choke to death. Perhaps that was his plan?

“A-a-a,” she whimpered, having difficulty breathing.

“Urgh!” he groaned, releasing his grip. “That’s good. Suck me off. Take your time.”

“Aaah! Aaah!” she gasped, having pulled back until the rim of his glans were touching the back of her teeth. Should she bite? In other circumstances she would have loved to give this cock a blow-job to remember. After all, she had a reputation to maintain, there many a guy that had been graced by her mouth. Saliva now flowing, she pushed her head down his shaft, starting a perpetual motion of moving her orifice back and forth upon his shaft.

“You work for Night Cats, which I own. Therefore, I own you. Fail to work properly, try and rip me off, blab to the cops and you’ll regret it,” he threatened. “Piss me off. I’ll sell you. Hope you ain’t no stupid cunt that thinks slavery has been abolished. There’s always a market for a gorgeous white whore somewhere in this world.”

“A-a-a. A-a-a,” she uttered, trying to reassure him that she was happy to service him.

"You've heard the saying, 'keep your friends close and your enemies closer' well I'm going to keep you here so I can keep a very close eye on you, so you can show me that you're totally loyal."

There it was, he was letting her know that he knew she was the fool who had looked out of the window at the wrong time.

"A-a-a. A-a-a. A-a-a," she mewled, saliva running down her chin, head going to and fro with increasing rapidity.

"Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!" he was panting, sweating, his cock twitching, body tensing. "Suck it bitch! Suck it! Harder! Harder!"

That is what she was trying doing, she wanted to yell.

"Uuurrngghhh!" he snarled, as he poured his slimy seed into her mouth.

There seemed to be loads of it. Pulling her head back, she swallowed repeatedly before she was able to gulp air. "Aaah! Aaah!"

As she removed her mouth completely, strings of cum were hanging from his instrument. Running her tongue back and forth, she took in every drop of sperm that his, now-deflating, organ had produced.

"Stand up!" he snapped.

Once she was upright, he too did likewise.

Running his hands over her body, fingering her anus and vagina, he said, "You are truly gorgeous. It would be such a pity to ever lose the use of your body."

That was clearly a message. But precisely what? "Thank you ... Master. I hope our ... erh ... acquaintance will be profitable for both of us."

"Bend over the desk." There was no warmth in his tone.

"*Splat! Splat! Splat! Splat! Splat!*"

Six stinging slaps were delivered to her butt, juddering it, warming it, she responding, "Yeouch! Yeouch! Yeouch! Yeouch! Yeouch!"

"Now, girl, you see that *Smith & Wesson* on the desk, open it and put five rounds in," he spoke as if she should know what to do.

Never having handled a gun before, she managed to work out how to open the five-shot revolver. Shakily, she took cartridges from the box and put them into the empty chambers. Closing it, she expected that he would take it from her and blow holes in her head.

"Go and put it in your shoulder-purse and get dressed."

As she nervously complied, he went to a big, well-padded, armchair and discarded his robe, putting on his clothes that were there awaiting him. She noted, he put on a shoulder holster containing some big black handgun before he slipped on a lightweight blue jacket.

Looping his right arm about her back, he escorted her from the study, through the house, out to one of the garages.

"Get in," he said, indicating the metallic-blue *Lincoln Continental* sedan.

Not daring to ask questions, she said nothing, simply getting in. In silence, they drove to a part of the metropolitan area she would normally never be seen dead in. But then, perhaps that was where her corpse was going to be found. Slowly, they drove around. Eventually, he stopped the automobile.

Pointing to the side street, he said, "You see that kid on the bicycle trying to make out he's some form of stunt rider?"

"Yes," she said, bemused, noting the black teenager riding up and down the sidewalk.

"Get out of the car. Walk up to him and put all five bullets into him. Make certain he's dead. Then trot back to me."

"What!" she exclaimed. "I can't ... I ... I—"

"Get out of the fucking car and do it!" he ordered, sounding as if he was losing his temper. He pulled back the left side of his jacket, she getting the message that he would use his firearm on her.

"But ..."

Reaching over her, he opened the door. "Girls that wanna live do what they're told!"

It was a terrible choice. Frightened. Quivering. Tucking her *Louis Vuitton* bag tightly under her left arm, she swung her legs to the right, and stepped out. She thought her knees would give way, but tried her utmost to stride purposefully, telling herself it was the kid or her. She wondered, was that big black gun pointed at her back? If she ran, would she be gunned down? Would the kid be killed anyway? Had he

pissed off Mr Deakin somehow? If she did what was demanded would she be gunned down so Mr Deakin could claim he had been doing some civic duty trying to save the boy?

“Hi!” she called out to the black youth, not knowing what else to say. She fumbled with the fancy catch of her bag, wondering why she had not unlatched it before leaving the car.

“Whata ya doin’ here, white bitch?” the youth said. He looked to be about fourteen, he bringing his bike to a stop, half on, half off the sidewalk.

“I’m sorry.” She was apologising for what she had to do, not because she had not understood his words.

“Whata ya doin’ in the brothers’ part of town, you stupid white bitch!” he sneered. “You come for some of my black dick, have ya? Is that it?”

The clasp was open, the flap lifted, her trembling hand going inside. “I’ve got big black cock that makes yours look like my little finger.”

“Fuck you, bitch! You’re gonna beg for it, in a—” Stopping mid mouthful, he stared, wide eyed.

“Fuck you too,” she said, pulling the trigger, wetting herself. “*Bang!*”

Her hand was shaking. The bullet hit him in the right side of his stomach.

“Argh! Shit! You bitch!” he yelped, amazed.

“*Bang! Bang! Bang!*” Three more bullets hit him in the chest and stomach, causing him to fall off his bike and into the gutter.

“Now, Taylor, keep calm. Make certain you kill him,” she said out loud, trying to recall such scenes from the movies. Stepping to the kerbstone, she used both hands to steady the revolver and aimed at his head. “*Bang!*”

Running, she headed for the waiting *Lincoln*.

Chapter 6

Taylor had had the sense not to throw the gun away, realising her fingerprints were all over it.

"How was it?" Mr Deakin asked, putting the car into motion before she had even properly closed the door.

"I pissed myself," she admitted, her crotch showing a wet patch.

As he drove, Mr Deakin opened the glove compartment and pulled out a sealable plastic bag. "Here, put the revolver in and seal it. Then give it to me. I shall put it somewhere safe. Let's say it's my insurance policy."

"Oh!" Taylor uttered, it dawning on her that he had gotten her to kill that boy so that she could never go to the police to reveal what she had seen. If she did, she too would go to prison.

Taking it from her, he slipped the weapon into his right-hand jacket pocket.

"You're not going to kill me then," Taylor commented, a sense of relief starting to take root.

"Huh!" he snorted a guffaw. "Kill you? Why on earth would I do that?"

"Well ... erh ...," she said, trailing off, assuming he was giving her a way to pretend she had not seen his Saturday morning action.

"You're one gorgeous-looking girl. Your cunt will earn us both a fortune, assuming you play your cards right," he advised. "You've got a forty-grand-a-night pussy—"

"A what?" Taylor gasped, not truly understanding the purport of his words.

"We'll get you into men's magazines. Maybe a few low-budget movies, maybe the odd hardcore film. You need to become an *Instagram* star, get several million followers. That'll boost your value no end. Trips to Dubai, French film festivals, AVN awards in Vegas will get you clients that'll stump up forty or fifty grand for a night to be between your legs. Not every night obviously—"

"Fuck me! I thought ten thousand was a lot. Does Harper get that sort of money?" Taylor was genuinely astounded by the figures he had stated.

"Harper is one hell of a great fuck. She's good at her job. She loves money. So yeah, she has some of those very profitable days. She's a world class escort. You can be too, if you have the inclination and put the work in. She has no conscience. Takes what she can get her mitts on. Does what she is told. She'd have happily skipped up to that kid and put five in his skull, laughing whilst she did it. She'd be jerking off right now, recalling the thrill."

"I like the sound of the money." Taylor was imaging the bundles of notes, but wondered about Harper, she clearly not a girl to cross.

"Harper is smart. Clever too. When she graduates next year, she'll be doing it full-time. Then, after a few years she'll take over running Night Cats for me. So, next July I'll be looking for someone to replace her at St Francis's as my number one talent scout," Mr Deakin advised, sounding serious.

"You mean me?" Taylor asked, seeking clarification, wanting to be certain what he meant precisely.

Back at the mansion, Mr Deakin parked the car in the courtyard, saying, "Cassius will give it a wash and then put it away." Clearly realising that she had no idea who he was referring to, he went on, "He's one of my team. Does most of the driving."

One of the Korean girls opened the front door, letting Taylor and her Master enter, the other servant was standing to attention beside the bottom of the fancy staircase.

After the girl had closed the door, the big black man started to fondle her. Pulling her close to him, his left hand was caressing and squeezing her inflated breasts. His other hand was alternatively mauling her butt-cheeks and slapping them. "*Splat! Splat! Splat!*"

"This one is called Kyung, she has the pointy chin. They're so grateful to be no longer living in North Korea that they're both like affectionate cats. They'll do anything for me. Kill, if needs be."

Literally purring, Kyung was rubbing up against him, clearly servile and affectionate, there certainly seemed to be no animosity. "Mmm-mmm-mmm."

"The other is Myung," Mr Deakin advised.

Taylor looked at the girl, she seeing the slight facial difference.

"Missy," Myung said, sounding and looking as if she was pleading with Taylor.

What, Taylor thought? Did the Korean want her attention or was she merely acknowledging Taylor's existence?

"I bought them on the North Korean black market. But they have no desire to return. They've never been so well-fed, never seen the amount and variety of food available. They have wardrobes with lots of pretty clothes that they'd never have back home. I had their tits done, as you can see. Feel for yourself." His left hand had moved, fingers now probing Kyung's slit.

Was his words some coded instruction? Taylor decided that as this was a house of debauchery perhaps she should aim to be as louche as possible. Stepping up to Myung, she looped her left arm about the girl's back, pulling her tight to her own body. Right-hand fingers set to feeling the girl's breasts, pinching the nipples to hardness, before slipping her hand through one of the gaps in the body-harness, so that her nails could rake at the tiny clitoris.

"Funnily enough, they're fiercely loyal. As I've said, they'll do absolutely anything to please me. Anything at all," Mr Deakin said, approvingly.

"Mmm-mmm-mmm," both Koreans were purring, rubbing themselves firmly against the other two's bodies and inserted digits.

Kyung pulled down her Master's zipper, yanking out his yearning firmness. Unclipping the crotch strap of her harness, he thrust his length into her tight slit, lifting her off the ground. Looping her arms about his neck, wrapping her little legs about his middle, she assisted him in keeping her off the floor.

Pushing her back against the front door, he ground his penis into her. "Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!"

No one was objecting, so Taylor took that as a sign that she had carte blanche. Pushing Myung against the wrought iron newel post, she pressed her mouth over the other's, who opened wide to let the American's tongue invade. Managing to undo the crotch strap, Taylor forced in three fingers into the tight little twat, determined to pummel the creature to a climax.

"Mmm-mmm-mmm!" Kyung was mewling, Mr Deakin hammering his muscular-nail up and down her vagina like he was a jackhammer.

"Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!"

"Amm! Amm! Amm!" Myung was gurgling from her windpipe, the sound suppressed by Taylor's tongue being thrust down the Korean throat.

"Urgh! Urgh! Uuurrngghhh!" Mr Deakin roared, pumping out his sperm.

"Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm!" Kyung moaned, clearly climaxing.

"Amm-amm-amm-amm-amm-amm!" Myung wailed, as Taylor's pumping hand was soaked by ejaculate.

Withdrawing her mitt, Taylor made a show of licking it dry. Looking behind her, she saw that the other Korean was on her knees, mouth now servicing Mr Deakin's piece. It was unfair, she reckoned, for she had hardly come, merely had a perverted thrill when she had made Myung orgasm.

"Right, servants, get about your chores!" Mr Deakin commanded. "Not you, white whore. We're going to the gym so I can give you a lesson in obedience. So follow me."

"Escort, Mr ... Master ... please," Taylor corrected, certain that if she did not then he would punish her.

The two Koreans, looking delighted, scampered away. Taylor on the other hand did not like the sound of what awaited her. Dutifully however, she guessing she had no alternative, she followed him, from the hall, turning left and going down the stairs. The basement area contained a single lane bowling alley, an indoor golf range, a music room, a sports hall with half a basketball court marked out, and a gymnasium with numerous pieces of equipment.

"You'll come in here every day to work out. I expect you to keep fit and toned. Don't overdo it. No one wants a whore that is muscle bound."

"Escort, ... Master," she advised, once again.

Gripping her by the chin, he glared into her face. "You're a clever one, aren't yer. Don't want to accept that you're merely a whore, do yer!" he snarled, she unable to tell if he was angry or complimenting her.

With difficulty speaking, she countered, "Mr Honeywell ... said ... we were ... to ... always ... refer to ... ourselves as ... escorts ... so escort is what I am, Master."

Condescendingly patting her face, he responded, "As I say, a fucking clever bitch. Now, go over to that utility bench over there and strip off. Kneel beside it and put your stomach flat against the surface."

Going, peeling off her clothing, she knelt as instructed, apprehension rising.

Carrying two five-kilo dumb-bells, he handed them to her, saying, "Hold these. Don't you dare let go otherwise I'll thrash you until you're nothing but a bloody corpse."

Gripping tightly, body quivering, she thought she had shown her loyalty – blowing that kids head to pulp – surely that was enough?

A minute or so later, he pressed her shins down hard against the floor, putting a twenty-kilo dumb-bell over each calf to keep her legs trapped.

Looking over her shoulder, she saw he was now naked too, sporting a developing hard-on.

"Eyes front!" he ordered.

"Swack!"

"Yeouch! Jesus!" she yelped, as a streak of fire invaded the backs of her thighs. What was he doing? Why? Instinct told her to look, but her brain ruled it would be foolish to do so.

"I'm doing this for your own good," he recited, sounding condescending. "You need to know the sort of punishment I can hand out."

"Swack! Swack!"

"Jesus fucking Christ!" Her thighs were throbbing.

"This is just a thin birch cane. Imagine a bullwhip or lash. What pain they can inflict. What damage. You must learn obedience. You must learn that I'll do whatever is necessary to protect myself and my business," he stated, before asking. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master! Yes I do!" she assured.

"Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack!"

"Jesus! Jeeesus! Jeeeeeeeeesssuusss! Fuuuuuuuuuuccckkkiiinnnggg ... shit!" Taylor squealed, pain in her buttocks and back as well as the rear of her thighs. She wet herself. Urine was dribbling from her between her labia, trickling onto the floor. Her arms ached, she terrified that she could not hold the weights much longer.

The cane was placed down on the bench. There was a pause, she fearing the worst, fighting to resist taking a look.

Her butt cheeks were parted, strong fingers proceeding to grease her anus. Next moment his muscular body pressed against her rump. Quite patently, his plunger was pressing at her ring muscle, he applying pressure to force his penis up her rear. Gripping her by the waist, he increased the pressure against the starfish opening.

It might well have been used on Friday night but nothing as big as his tool had ever entered her dark passage, "Aah! Aah! Aah!" she whimpered. Mr Westmoreland had only done her vagina.

"Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!" he growled, clearly intent on penetrating her come what may.

"Argh! Argh! Argh!" she yelled, until his crown defeated the defences and started sliding its way up. "Argh! Jesus fuck!"

"Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!"

"A-a-a-a-a," she sighed, once the pain had subsided and she was well and truly hooked on the feel of his warm length being fully embedded.

"Urgh!" Setting about pulling and pushing his pleaser, his hands gripped her more tightly.

Her hands and arms seemed to have lost all feeling, but she renewed her resolve, not to drop the dumb-bells. If this was mild torture, as he claimed, God help her if he was ever brutal.

"Urgh! Urgh! Uuurrngghhh!" he happily roared, hosing deep inside her rear tunnel.

"A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ahhh!" she shrieked, partially for effect, hoping to keep him sweet, partly because she had obtained some sexual pleasure.

"That was very enjoyable," he slimily said, still pumping his penis, ejecting dregs of semen. "You can let go of the dumb-bells now."

With a bang, the weights clattered to the floor, her hands and lower arms both numb. Her brain reminded her to be servile, so she said, "Thank you, Master."

“Well, Taylor, that was fun. Now, I think we’ll have a shower, then go up and have an early evening meal before retiring so I can give you a real good fucking?”

“That would be delightful, ... Master,” Taylor replied, genuinely pleased at that idea – it hopefully taking his mind of inflicting any more pain.

Chapter 7

If a girl had to wake next to a male it might as well be one who was a real man, big, well-developed, muscular with a cock that filled her cunt and gave her throbbing pleasure, Taylor thought. The fact that he was black did not really matter to her.

The bedside alarm's red numbers showed 09.34, and she was sprawled under the quilt upon an enormous bed the like of which she had never known existed before. The master suite was luxury itself, she reckoned. It was rather stark, in a tasteful way, very masculine. There was the main bedroom, with access to a balcony, and a seating area with a fancy chaise that allowed a person to lounge, look out over the swimming pool, back garden and the lake beyond. The walk-in robe held a huge array of his clothes, with more than half the space unused – presumably intended for the clothing of a lady of the house. The bathroom was probably as big as either storey of her mother's home.

Last night, the TV news had fleetingly mentioned the killing of a fourteen-year-old boy. The police were evidently speculating that it was either drug-related or some gang initiation. They were appealing for witnesses.

Images of his head exploding when she had pumped the last bullet into him had crept into her dreams, but now she was awake they were distant, fading, memories. It was either him or me, she told herself, she far more valuable. After all, if she was going to get rich, live in luxury, then she had to be prepared to trample upon little people, eliminate anyone that got in her way. God, she was rapidly becoming a blatant self-centred bitch, she realised, so she had best aim to be top bitch.

Rolling onto his right side, the black master opened one eye to look at her, and said, "Good morning, girl."

"Morning, Maaaster," she exaggeratedly replied, grinning impishly.

Turning onto her left side, she wriggled up to him. Lifting her right leg, she hooked it over his thighs, setting to rub her cum-caked-cunt against his slumbering cock. It started to respond. Looping her right arm about his back, she used it to pull herself tight to him, her boobs delightfully squashed against his chest. His powerful arms enfolded her, squeezing her tightly. Open mouthed, they kissed, tongues squirming like mating snakes.

Last night had been the best fuck she could ever remember. He had pumped her cunt. He had pumped her anus. He had pumped her mouth. In the early hours of the morning he had done her front hole once again.

"Sorry, babe," he said, braking off kissing. "I've got business to attend to today, so I'm gonna have to fly."

"Oh, but I just wanted to show you how much I love the feel of your cock inside me ... Master." Taylor was feeling his ever-hardening organ growing, it trapped between him and her.

"Much as I regret it, that'll have to wait till tonight," he said, sounding genuinely sad. His strength was such, that his left hand easily slipped under her right thigh and lifted the leg, he rocking onto his back and wriggling away to the edge of the bed. Throwing the quilt off, he swivelled and planted his feet to the floor, standing up.

"Oh, honey ... Master," she moaned, disappointed, as he disappeared into the bathroom.

Rolling onto her back, she opened her legs wide. Her right hand went down to her still-puffy pussy, fingers setting to stroking the labia and clitoris. Her left fingers caressed her breasts, pinching and hardening her nipples.

"A-a-a-a-a," she moaned, sticky cum oozing out of her slit. Reliving the pleasure from last night, delighting in the images that her brain conjured up about that killing yesterday afternoon, was really turning her on. "A-a-a-a-a. A-a-a-a-a. A-a-a-a-a."

"Babe, I hope you don't think you're gonna to spend all day lounging around. Remember what I told you down in the gym. Keep your body in trim. It's your fortune. So get your butt in gear," Mr Deakin said, standing at the bottom of the bed, he dressed in a lightweight summer suit.

"A-a-a-a-a," is all Taylor replied, she squirming with self-induced pleasure.

"And, Harper will be here at 12.00 to take you and Paige shopping. To make sure you get some decent clothes. And, she is a true escort, always punctual. She can be a real bitch if she is kept waiting."

“A-a-a-a-a! Okay!” Taylor was close to coming. Then she remembered the word, “Master!”

“I think, from now on, you can call me Lorenzo, except when we have guests here. As you’ll be staying as my plaything for a while I think I’ll drop the word slave for now, babe. But, move it.” Grabbing her by the lower legs, he dragged her to the foot of the bed, hooking her knees over the well-padded footboard. Leaning over, he planted a kiss to her pussy, at the moment that she was rocked by an orgasm.

“A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ahhh!” Bliss. By the time she had opened her eyes, he was gone.

Given a free choice she could have stayed there for hours but that was clearly not now an option. Getting up, she padded to the bathroom. Sitting on the toilet, she emptied her bladder and bowels whilst wondering whether to use the oval spa bath that was reached by three steps or the shower whose glazed cubicle was big enough to hold half a dozen people. There was no point in using either, she decided, until she had pumped iron.

Taking the lift, she went to the basement and into the site of yesterday’s torture. The thoughts of those dumb-bells made her arms ache in sympathy. Recalling the sting of the cane, caused her to quiver. Swiftly, she concluded that she did not want to experience such treatment again, and dreaded the prospect of someone using a whip on her.

“So, you know what you have to do, don’t you, Taylor. Work your butt off. Well, your pussy. Make lots of money for Lorenzo – funny name for a Black – and for yourself, girl,” she said, out loud, whilst pounding the treadmill.

Hot, perspiring and sticky, Taylor, curious, opened the door that clearly gave access to the outside of the mansion. Walking out into the sunshine to investigate, she realised she was on the pool terrace, very near to that table where there had been that killing. Curiosity killed the cat, she mused.

Testing the water with her right toes revealed that the pool was heated. Using the inbuilt steps, she descended into the water until it lapped against her navel before she launched herself towards the deep end. She could swim, having represented her high school and the State of Minnesota at various teenage competitions.

Having done two lengths, she proceeded to get out. By the time she stepped onto the stone-flagged surround, one of the Koreans had arrived carrying a white-towelling bath sheet.

“Master say, we must serve you, Missy. It our pleasure,” Kyung said, Taylor recognising her.

What did that mean, Taylor wondered? Were they simply going to do the odd chore for her or treat her as if she was Queen Cleopatra? Reaching out, she attempted to take the towel.

“No. No, Missy, I dry you,” Kyung informed.

So, Taylor stood, feet apart, arms outstretched, letting Kyung rub and pat her dry. As that was happening, Myung arrived with a tray, it laden with, amongst other things, a cafetiere, a bowl of muesli with fresh fruit and a pot of strawberry yoghurt.

“You can feed me, whilst you, Kyung, can kneel and lick my slit,” Taylor said, wondering how far she could push her new-found importance.

“Yes, Missy,” both replied, much to Taylor’s delighted surprise.

Using the towel as a kneeling mat, Kyung set her little pink tongue to work, delicately running it up and down Taylor’s inner labia. Meanwhile, Myung ascertained how the new queen-bitch liked her coffee, before proffering spoonful’s of food.

“A-a-a-a-a,” Taylor purred, in between mouthful. Placing her right hand onto the back of the lick’s head, she pressed it tighter to her groin. “A-a-a-a-a.”

“You like, Missy?” Myung asked, proffering a spoonful of yoghurt.

Opening her jaws, she let the spoon enter her mouth. Reaching out with her free hand, Taylor grasped one of Myung’s breasts, fondling it. If this was being a slave to Lorenzo Deakin then she could get use to this sort of life. “A-a-a-a-a! Yes! Yes! Yes! Lick me! Lick me! Harder! A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ahhh!”

Three blast of the *Mercedes*’s horn informed Taylor that Harper had arrived. Skipping down the steps, she went to the car. Opening the door, she got in, saying, “Hiya.”

Kisses to each cheek were exchanged.

"You're in the same clothes as yesterday," Harper observed, setting the vehicle into motion.

"What do you expect. You brought me here direct from seeing Mr Honeywell so I couldn't go home and get other stuff."

"That'll be sorted today. Lorenzo phoned to tell me he's keeping you here as his plaything for a week or two."

"Yes. And he told me I can call him Lorenzo when—" Taylor was interrupted.

Harper braked the car to a stop, on the driveway, saying, "He told you to call him Lorenzo? Jesus, you must be a fast worker. You clearly have got that something that he likes. It took me more than a week to ingratiate myself. I'm impressed. I'm jealous. I might just have to rip your face off if I'm gonna stay top bitch around here."

Setting the car in motion again, Harper giggled, Taylor hoping that her threat was not serious.

Using her right hand to grab a handful of Taylor's tresses, Harper blithely commented, "Your hair is real skanky. We'd best see what we can do about that. Hand me my *iPhone* from my bag, will you."

"It's because I was in the pool this morning and I could only find some men's dandruff shampoo when I showered," Taylor replied, reaching for the handbag that was in the floor well behind Harper's feet.

"Nah! It's because you need a trip to the beauty shop," Harper observed, thumbing through her contacts. "You didn't look far. If you'd opened that cupboard, just as you enter the bathroom, you'll find a whole heap of soaps, shampoos, conditioners, body lotions and more. Just help yourself."

"I didn't like to pry."

Guffawing first, Harper responded, "Taylor, girl, you've cracked it. If Lorenzo has told you to call him by his name he's sort of made you lady of the house ... until another pussy takes control of his dick. As long as you do not open any locked drawers, which are mainly in his study, you can nose to your hearts content. You want anything, those Koreans will happily pander to your every whim, just so long as you don't hurt them or be disloyal to Lorenzo. If you do, they'll simply cut you up with a cleaver or a chainsaw. By the way, their tolerance of pain is far higher than yours or mine. They don't mind being spanked, caned, having the strap, even a multi-tailed flogger lashed against their tits. Believe me, that can be painful. As you'll find out one of these days. Treat them kindly, but also as servants. Make them wait on you, hand and foot."

"Oh really, well I'll try," Taylor said, wondering if she was being deliberately misinformed.

On the telephone, Harper was obviously talking to a beauty salon for she was arranging for three people to have the works, that afternoon.

Going to Paige's home, Harper honked the horn three times and waited. She honked three more times, clearly getting irritated at being delayed. Paige appeared, looking slightly flustered. Taylor could have told her driver that her best friend could not be relied upon to be punctual.

"Hi, I've been calling you all yesterday and this morning but it kept going to voice. You never answered," Paige advised, as Taylor got out to let her friend climb into the back.

"Shit! I forgot to turn it on after we left Mr Honeywell's. Sorry. Mind, I'd have not been able to chat as I was ... fully engaged," Taylor advised, wondering how much she should tell her friend. "I was at Mr Deakin's being fucked and caned."

"Caned!" Paige exclaimed. "No one better try that on me!"

"It wasn't too bad ... really," Taylor said, in part trying to convince herself that was true.

The car took them around to Taylor's house. Getting out, all went inside and helped pack a suitcase of things Taylor claimed she could not live without, including a collection of dildos and vibrators.

"I can always come back for more and to collect my car," Taylor said, as they were heading back to the *Mercedes*.

Harper said nothing, merely sniggered – as if saying, why on earth would you want any of your crappy stuff.

Utilising the valet parking, they strode into the *Mall of America*, Harper clearly knowing where they were going.

"By the way, I forgot. How was that girl you took away with the towel wrapped round her face?" Paige asked, as they walked, she always the caring type.

“Amber. She’s okay, thankfully. She got hit in the face accidentally. We thought she might have broken her jaw. But I took her to the Mayflower Clinic where we Night Cats get all our treatments and procedures. They did my tits, and none of my clients have ever complained about them. Luckily, Amber is fine. Nothing broken. Just bruising and a split lip which will mend nicely. Whilst she is in, she has decided to have breast implants,” Harper informed, glibly.

Arriving at a gown shop, name on the fascia “Madame Exquisite”, the French-Canadian proprietress made a great fuss of Harper, she a regular. There were three chicken salads and skinny lattes awaiting them on a table located at the back of the shop. They were consumed whilst Taylor and Paige were required to sit before a laptop screen and select mail order clothing that would be delivered to Madame Exquisite’s to be collected, and not sent direct to their parents’ properties. They were encouraged to spend two thousand dollars on items that Taylor’s mother would have described as slutty – on lingerie, clubwear, swimwear and leather gear – that made a dent in their first earnings.

“But my ma will spot them as soon as I put them in my wardrobe,” Paige whinged.

“She won’t!” Harper snapped. “You’re going to St Francis’s University so—”

“We’ve only just applied. We might not get in,” Paige interjected.

“Huh!” Harper snorted with contempt. Leaning forward in her chair, she formed the three into a huddle. Speaking conspiratorially, she advised, “You still don’t get it, do you. Let me explain. You are now part of the Night Cats team. Night Cats is owned by Lorenzo Deakin, the host from the weekend. He ... erh ... owns all sorts of people. He effectively owns you. In exchange, he takes care of his girls. Later this week, you’ll be meeting the Provost of St Francis’s so you can show him that you’re just the sort of attractive young ladies that any college would love to have. And, in case you don’t understand, you’ll be sharing your favours with him. You know what I mean, have sex with him. So, entry to St Francis’s is a forgone conclusion. Therefore, you’ll be moving out from your parents and into Cumberland Condos, Downtown. Which, in case you’ve not guessed, aren’t normal student accommodation. They’re luxury apartments, befitting your statuses as high-class escorts. You’ll pay the rent out of your income.”

“Oh, right,” Paige said, seeming to grasp the situation.

“Neat,” Taylor said, things now much clearer as how far the tentacles of Deakin’s corruption were spread.

Seeing the proprietress waiting, tape measure in hand, Harper sat upright, and said, “Now that you’ve ordered the skimpy tramp-wear it’s time to acquire some classier, revealing, evening gowns. I suggest four each, for the moment, plus a couple of smart business suits. You can buy more as and when the money rolls in. And, you never know, some of your clients will no doubt buy you heaps of stuff as presents.”

That sounded good to Taylor, a sense of greed growing.

Chapter 8

With the top up, to save the occupants hairdos, Harper's *Mercedes* swept into the courtyard of Lorenzo's home, all three having been summoned to attend. Parking next to a white *Ford Taurus*, Harper advise Taylor and Paige that it was her father's car.

The trio had spent much of the afternoon in the beauty parlour, having their hair, nails, pedicure, waxing carried out.

"In sitting room," Myung informed, having answered the door. "Missy Taylor, I take your things. Put in Master's robe."

"Thanks," Taylor replied, handing over her carriers and her small suitcase.

"Excellent! Stunning, in fact," Mr Deakin said, approvingly, as the three entered the sitting room.

"Mmm. Yes. Good enough to fuck," Commander Hansen said, eyes lighting up with lust.

Head of the Investigations Division of the Minneapolis Police, Harper's father looked quite distinguished, six-foot or so tall, well-dressed, blonde curly hair, aged in his early fifties.

"Hiya, Pa," Harper said, planting a kiss to his left cheek.

"Carl, this is Taylor and Paige, both of whom will be pleased to provide you with their affections, won't you ladies," Lorenzo Deakin stated, rather than queried.

"It'll be our pleasure," Taylor quickly advised, noticing Paige was hesitating.

"Erh ... yes, it'll be cool," Paige said, sounding anything but certain.

"Well, ladies, it's normal for females in my house to entertain gentlemen in an undressed state," Mr Deakin informed – or was it an order?

Taylor took it for the later, happily pulling her top over her head, showing she wore no bra.

"Jesus. What a great pair," Carl Hansen uttered. "Your girls get better every year."

Prising her sneaker from her feet, Taylor unfastened her blue jeans and proceeded to peel them off. That left her thong, which soon dropped to the floor.

Paige had not even started, other than to unbutton her blouse.

Whilst she waited for her friend, Taylor did a slow three hundred and sixty rotation, making certain to display her assets for his admiration.

"Oh, Jesus Christ!" Carl Hansen declared, breaking out with beads of sweat upon his temples. Was it simply the sight of Taylor or because Paige had at last exposed her even more impressive breasts?

Harper had stripped, she making a beeline for Lorenzo, cooing, "Master, I assume you'll want to be using me?" Going into a clinch, they set about snogging fiercely.

"Dinner, Master," Myung declared, standing in the archway that gave access to the salon, she wafting her right arm to indicate where she would like them to go.

Carl Hansen placed his hands upon Taylor and Paige's butts, ushering them to walk by his side as they followed Lorenzo and Harper to the breakfast room, it more intimate than the formal dining room.

Harper chose to sit on Lorenzo's lap, they smooching between taking turns to feed each other.

Part swivelling in her chair, Taylor turned to sit facing Carl Hansen. Opening her legs wide, she happily allowed his right hand to fondle her vagina. "Let me feed you, Master," she oozed, using her fork to lift items from his plate to his waiting mouth.

Paige simply sat facing the table, slowly eating her meal, seemingly merely tolerating the intimate attentions of Mr Hansen's left hand as it fiddled with her vulva.

Back in the sitting room, Taylor assisted Carl Hansen to remove his clothes whilst his daughter had already stripped Lorenzo Deakin and was impaling herself on his upright pole.

"Jesus, I don't know which one of you beauties to fuck first," Hansen said. "I think I'll start with the half-caste."

"I'm mixed race," Paige informed, seemingly intent on correcting him.

"*Splat! Splat!*" he slapped both of her breasts with the flat of his left hand, snarling, "You're what the fuck I say you are, whore! That's no way to talk to a Master!"

Eyes welling with several tears, Paige looked like she had received a delivery from a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Shoving her down onto a settee, he gripped her knees and prised them far apart. Leaning over her, he brought his Mr Average-hardness towards her vulva. Realising that he would need assistance, Taylor semi-draped her body over his left side, kissing him, using a set of her fingers to guide his penis to the apparently-reluctant slit, assisting him to force himself in.

What had come over Paige, her friend wondered? Did she not realise that she was an escort, required to perform sex acts? Perhaps a caning would have warned her to play the part with more enthusiasm.

"Ergh! Ergh! Ergh!" Mr Hansen was working up a sweat, jerking back and forth.

"Urh. Urh," Paige simply uttered, assumingly trying to resist showing any pleasure in what she was doing.

"O-o-o-o-o-o! O-o-o-o-o-o! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Harper was yelling, she riding Lorenzo with abandon.

"Urgh! Urgh!" Lorenzo was snorting, pumping his manly plunger.

Going onto her knees, Taylor licked Commander Hansen's anus, perineum and his ball-sac. One of her hands reached out, fingers playing with her friend's clitoris, she determined to stimulate her to an orgasm.

"Ergh! Ergh! Ergh!" Mr Hansen growled, building to his ejaculation. "Eeerrrggghhh!"

"Urh! Urh!" Paige moaned, until Taylor's newly-fitted, square-cut, finger nails clawed her clit to a climax. "Uuurrrrrrhhh!"

The other pair kept fucking for much longer but they too eventually culminated.

"O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ohhh!" Harper screamed. "Fuuuuuuccckkk!"

"Urgh! Urgh! Uuurrrggghhh!" Lorenzo snarled, contentedly.

Taylor was happily gobbling Mr Hansen's dick, sucking it clean, whilst he was barking, "Lorenzo, this nigger cunt needs teaching a lesson!"

"I agree. She needs teaching some manners!" the big black man cheerily replied.

"Let me make it up to you," Taylor cooed, to Mr Hansen, the two of them following Lorenzo and Harper who were frogmarching Paige down to the gym. Taylor had her arm looped about the police officer's neck, she rubbing her body against his, being very familiar, attempting to make excuses. "I don't think Paige is well."

"That black cunt needs a lesson," Carl Hansen stated, icily.

"Please ... what are you doing?" Paige wailed, looking increasingly alarmed.

"A cunt needs to perform properly at all times," Harper responded, sounding as if she was spouting a mantra.

In the gym, they went to an eight-foot high frame, there two handles dangling from the ends of the weight lifting cables. Obviously, it was intended to be used to build up arm and upper body strength. Unclipping the D-shaped metal handles, Lorenzo replaced them with leather cuffs. Between him and Harper, they secured Paige's wrists so she was forced to stand on tiptoe, arms aloft.

Taylor shuddered when she saw her so-called Master go and return carrying that birch cane.

"Swack!" he laid a stripe across Paige's buttocks.

"Yeouch! Jesus Christ, what are you doing!" Paige squealed.

"You are my property. You're a Night Cats Escort. You do as you're told. You fuck whoever I tell you to with enthusiasm. Those girls that defy me must be punished," Lorenzo advised, in measured tones.

"Please. I will—" Paige was pleading when the cane struck the back of her thighs. "Swack!"

"Yeeow!" Paige yelped. Her cries got ever louder, ever more filled with fear as the cane landed upon her rear ten more times. A urine dribbled after the final stroke was delivered, she letting out a long scream. "Yyeeeeeeeeooooowww!"

"Lorenzo, the fucking black bitch needs to be taught a proper lesson," Carl Hansen said, uncompassionately.

“Yes, Master, she needs her tits thrashing,” Harper smarmily oozed, cold heartedly, whilst rubbing up against Lorenzo like an affectionate cat.

Evil bitch, Tylor thought. Pondering whether Harper was trying to show she was the chief bitch, or was it that she did not like African-Americans, as was clearly the case with her father?

Paige was released from the cuffs, turned one hundred and eighty degrees before being imprisoned again. Tears were running. “P-p-p-please,” she begged.

Skipping there and back, Harper fetched a black and red leather twenty-seven tail sex-play flogger. Handing it to Taylor, she said, “Show your Master that you wish to serve him dutifully. Flog the black cunt’s tits.”

“Oh yes, what a great idea, Harper, dear,” Carl Hansen enthused.

“So be it,” Lorenzo said, in affirmation.

Stepping closer, Harper whispered into Taylor’s right ear, “Alternate tits. Hit them hard. Otherwise I’ll thrash hers and yours, and I won’t stint.”

What a dilemma, Taylor initially thought. Whip her friend’s boobs or face getting a dose of pain too. On the other hand, Paige was the author of her own misfortune. Perhaps she deserved it? Paige certainly deserved it more than she did, Taylor concluded.

As instructed, Taylor raised her arm towards the ceiling. Bringing her hand swiftly downward caused the tails to stretch out, the tips hitting Paige’s left breast “*Thwack!*”

“Yeouch! Taylor, how can you!” Paige yelped, clearly stung, face showing dismay.

“Harder! Put some effort into it!” Carl Hansen demanded.

“Flog her tits or I’ll do it!” Harper forcibly threatened.

Raising her arm, Taylor brought it down with more force. “*Thwack!*”

“Argh!” The right breast was now speckled with red marks. “Please don’t, Taylor!”

There was no point in her friend pleading, Taylor had no alternative. Her arm went up and down ten more times, the tips of the tails turning both of Paige’s breasts pink with red dots.

By the time Taylor had delivered the required dozen, Paige was urinating, and perpetually wailing, “Aaarrggghhh!”

“Right. Leave the cunt here for the night,” Lorenzo said, stiff prick pointing before him. Coiling a hand around it, Harper walked by his side, leaving the hanging girl sobbing.

“Now, my blonde beauty, you had best make it up to me,” Carl Hansen warned, he sporting an erection too.

As the host and chief bitch went to the master bedroom suite, Taylor and Commander Hansen entered the second bedroom suite.

Dropping to her knees, Taylor set to performing fellatio on the stiff prick. There was a twinge of conscience, she having inflicted pain on her best friend. However, she had to admit that she had been really turned on by the time she had delivered half a dozen of the lashes. Furthermore, it served Paige right for being such a fool. They were escorts. Escorts that were expected to do unrestrained sex.

Slurping, Taylor was lavishing spittle all over the organ, her mouth gliding back and forth over his entire length, contentedly muttering in her throat, “Mmm. Mmm. Mmm.”

“Ergh! Ergh!” the police officer was groaning, sweating, body tensing. Jerking his hips, he was hammering his penile tip against the back of her mouth.

“Mmm. Mmm. Mmm.”

“Ergh! Eeerrrggghhh! Ergh!” he snarled, spurting his semen directly into the top of her gullet. Moments later, he boosted her ego. “Fucking Jesus, you’re amazing.”

Pulling her head from his deflating organ, she said, “Thank you, ... Master. I’m here to please.” She set about licking his equipment clean, determined to reharden him.

Feeling smug, she achieved her aim in something like ten minutes. Getting to her feet, she flopped onto the bed. Spreading her legs, she patted her pussy, saying, “Please ... Master, fill me with your sperm.”

“Fucking Jesus, not only gorgeous but a true whore,” he advised, clearly enamoured. Getting onto the bed, he shoved his penis into her slit. Leaning forwards, he grasped her breasts. After kissing each in turn, he spread his mouth over hers, she opening wide, letting him suck her tongue. Raising his hips, he thrust them downwards, repeating the action several times.

Their mouths parted, she happily yelling, “Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Yes! Yes! Yes!”

“Ergh! Ergh! Ergh! Eeerrrggghhh!” he roared, positively delighted at planting a squirt of sperm.

“A-a-a-a-a! Yes! Yes! Yes! A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ahhh,” Taylor wailed, having the good sense to give the impression she was orgasming.

Chapter 9

After a short nap, Commander Hansen roused himself from the bed, it 02.07 on the bedside alarm. "I'm going to have to go, Taylor. You're one hell of a fuck but best get back to the wife," he advised.

"I'd best come and let you out, so you don't have to slam the front door," Taylor said, she now awake.

Going downstairs, they headed to the sitting room first, so that he could retrieve and put on his clothes. At the front door, they smooched a kiss, he fingering her labia, giving her a bit of a louche thrill. Going down the steps, he headed to his car. As he drove off, she gave a half-hearted wave before gently closing the front door.

There was a choice, she decided. Either she could go back upstairs, to her bed or join Lorenzo and Harper, or sneak down to the gym and comfort Paige.

It was a risk, she realised, but she decided on the latter.

Putting on the minimum of lights, she entered the gym. Paige was still stretched up onto her tiptoes, wrists secured to the ends of the steel pulley cables. Clearly, she was awake, for there were faint sobbing sounds coming from her.

"Oh, Paige, how are you?" Taylor asked, realising that she was only partially interested.

"How could you, you bitch. I thought you were my friend. My breasts are still stinging," Paige accused.

"It was either me hitting them or Harper. And if it was her then it would have been far more vicious, and she would have lashed my tits too for not obeying," Taylor defensively said, instantly resenting Paige's accusations.

"You should have refused. A real friend wouldn't have done what you did. You're an evil bitch. You've always been a bitch, I realise that now. It's only ever been about you, hasn't it!"

"*Splat!*" Taylor slapped the other girl across the face. "I told you, if I hadn't whipped your tits Harper would, and she threatened to do the same to mine as a punishment. Why should I take a lashing just because you screwed up—"

"How did I screw up?" Paige butted in, glaring resentfully.

"We're escorts. Employed to fuck clients or anyone Lorenzo Deakin tells us to fuck and you—"

"I'm not a whore! And, its wrong ... corrupting public officials! We-we-we're being used to-to bribe people to break the law!"

"You fucking stupid doofus," Taylor sneered, heart going callously-cold. Pressing up against the other, she reached down with her left hand, stroking Paige's pussy, tauntingly dragging the nails of her other hand against the other's butt-cheeks. "Fucking for bucks is illegal. So, what we've signed up to do is illegal. It's not our fault if we have to butter a few cocks so we can make heaps of money. Its no wear and tear on my ... our pussies, if we've gotta use them to keep some officials sweet. Get real, Paige, that's how the world works."

"Stop that, please," Paige said, patently objecting to being felt up. "But it's wrong."

Taylor responded by forcing three fingers deep into Paige's vagina, twisting and pumping. "Grow up. Its fuck or be fucked. If I have to please some cop in order for me to get ten grand a night fucking some man then I'll happily do it. And, take my advice, you'd best fucking do what is required P-D-Q otherwise something far worse is gonna happen to you than having your tits hit with a sex-games flogger."

"U-u-u-u-u. Please don't do this," Paige whimpered, twisting her body in a vain attempt to get away from the penetrating fingers. "What do you mean 'worse'?"

Taylor sniggered, wondering what sort of fool her one-time friend was proving to be. Thrusting harder, increasing the rapidity, she said, "Grow up, Paige. Prostitution is run by pimps, by gangsters, and they aren't worried about breaking the law, and they won't hesitate to eliminate someone who gets in their way ... or steps out of line. You and I are whores now, escorts if you prefer. We're gonna fuck for bucks and do whatever it takes to stop the cops spoiling our business opportunities. Do you really think that such people will simply stop at lashing your tits. They'll fucking kill you if they have to. And I sure as hell ain't gonna give them an excuse to kill me."

“U-u-u-u-u! U-u-u-u-u! U-u-u-u-u! Pleeeaaase!” Paige wailed, spurting juice over Taylor’s hand and wrist as she climaxed.

Licking it dry, Taylor then mockingly stroked what was probably now her former best friend’s face, saying, “I’ll love ya and leave you. See you later.” Turning, she headed for the door.

“Please, aren’t you going to release me from this contraption?”

“No can do. More than my life is worth. I’ve no wish to have my tits flogged.”

“Bitch!”

“Yeah!” Taylor called back. Briefly looking over her shoulder, smirking, coming to a conclusion that she truly was a bitch, that Paige was a fool and deserved whatever she got.

The glow coming through the open door from the landing enabled Taylor to see that Harper was at this side of the giant bed, pressed up against Lorenzo. Closing the door quietly, feeling her way around to the far side of the bed, Taylor lifted the quilt, sliding beneath it. There was plenty of room. Four people sleeping side by side would have as much space as if each were in a single bed.

Turning onto her side, she fell into a tranquil sleep.

Hours later, a big warm hand caressing her left breast awoke her. Opening her eyes, she saw Lorenzo on his side facing her. “Hi,” she said, stretching her neck, planting a kiss to his lips.

“What are you doing here?” he enquired, not seeming to be perturbed.

“Erh ... Master, Commander Hansen went back to his wife at two o’clock this morning—”

“You can call me Lorenzo when we only have Harper in the house,” he advised, interjecting.

“Okay ... Lorenzo. When he left I thought I’d come and join you after I’d been down to see Paige—”

“You did what?” he interrupted, sounding as if he disapproved.

“I went to find out what’s going on, and finger-fucked her too. Seems she’s developed some sort of stupid conscience about corrupting cops and officials—”

“Really? Doesn’t she realise that you have to oil the wheels if you want the gravy-train to run?” he put in, querying.

“Apparently not. She thinks it’s wrong—” Taylor was saying.

“She, you, both of you, have a date with the Provost on Thursday. Is she gonna do him?” Harper asked, she now looking at Taylor, her chin resting on the side of Lorenzo’s midriff.

“I warned her there would be severe consequences so she may or may not. But, I think you need to get her cunt working, fucking ordinary clients as soon as possible.”

“Probably a good idea,” Lorenzo said, affectionately plonking kisses to Taylor’s lips and chin.

“If she wants to get into St Francis’s she’ll need to fuck the old goat’s brains out. By the way, he likes the applicants to look like they’re from Catholic School, except the skirts need to be micro. He likes lots of leg,” Harper said.

“No problemo,” Taylor advised, image of a tiny skirt coming into her mind.

Paige hardly said a word when they met that Thursday afternoon in the condo allocated to Taylor. That did not worry Taylor, she having come around to the view that it might be time to split from her long-time friend. After all, life was now about making money, and nothing should get in the way of that.

Clearly the lecture that Lorenzo had given her the other morning had had an effect, she appearing to be making the effort, Taylor concluded.

Both had dressed how the Provost of St Francis’s University apparently liked. Paige was in a schoolgirl’s blouse, tie, hold-up black stockings, underwear and a skirt that came to mid-thigh. Taylor was wearing a cropped blouse tied in a knot below her breasts, a micro skirt that was six-inches in depth, no bra or panties, a garter belt that was holding up a pair of fishnet stockings. Both had four-inch high heeled pumps, red in colour.

The Provost arrived at 1.00 p.m., the two naughty schoolgirls feeding him his lunch, taking turns to sit on his lap, cooing and making a fuss of him. After that, they did a striptease dance, merely keeping on their hosiery.

“The purpose of sold sex,” Harper had advised, “is to drain the client’s balls as quickly as you can thereby making your money for the minimum of effort.”

So, that is what Taylor intended, Paige apparently not, she believing that the client should be treated better, getting what she called, “value for money”.

However, by 3.30 p.m. the Provost had been sated, and drained dry. Within a quarter of an hour he was thanking them profusely, getting dressed and saying his goodbyes.

His parting words were, “Thank you girls. See you at the start of the semester.”

Both girls were thrilled at becoming college girls at the most prestigious university in the state.

Before Paige had finished dressing, her cell-phone rang, it Night Cats Escort Agency telling her that she had been booked for that evening, and again on Friday night. They were confident that she would be getting another booking for Saturday.

“Some of us have either got it or we haven’t” Paige crowed, when Taylor confessed she had no bookings.

Chapter 10

Having lounged in bed it was near noon on Friday when a nude Taylor was in the gym at Lorenzo's mansion, she, as yet, to take up residence in her condo.

Using a set of dumb-bells, she was trying to tone her arms. She did not want bulging muscles, reckoning that would be a turn off for most men, but she wanted them firm and shapely, as did Lorenzo.

Ten minutes on the treadmill took her to a state of puffing for breath, she perspiring. Deciding to take a dip in the pool, she opened the door and stepped onto the terrace. Walking to the pool's edge, she was about to dive in.

"No, Missy Taylor! No swim! Missy Harper say!" Kyung called out from the upper terrace.

Turning around, Taylor looked up, questioning, "Yer what?"

"Missy Harper just phone. She coming! Say tell Missy Taylor no swim! Not to ruin hairdo! She here in twenty minutes!"

Wondering what Harper was wanting, Taylor simply shrugged and proceeded to trot up the left hand curve of steps, joining Kyung. Unable to resist, she reached out with both hands, fondling the Korean's breasts. "I'd love to bang your cunt with a dildo one of these days."

"Yes, Missy, please," Kyung said, clearly keen on the suggestion, pushing her chest harder against Taylor's palms.

Taylor would have loved to take it further but Myung stepped out from the sitting room, saying, "Missy Harper car come."

"Fuck, that was quick!" Taylor snarled, clearly going to be denied the pleasure of making Kyung come. "Sorry, I'd best go see what Missy Harper wants."

Following Myung, she entered the sitting room, passing on through the salon. Myung trotted ahead, hurrying to answer the repeated rings of the front door bell.

"About time!" Harper snapped, once the door was opened. "I should thrash your butt, you Korean slut!"

"Yes, Missy, please," Myung cheerily said, obviously happy at the prospect.

"Sorry, much as I'd love to, not now," Harper advised, sounding genuinely apologetic. "Missy Taylor and I are flying off to Washington." Looking to Taylor, she went on, "That's Washington DC. We've got to entertain a couple of gentlemen this evening through to Sunday afternoon. So, you need to pack a few things, plus three of your swankiest gowns in case they want to take us out. Mind, I doubt we'll be going on the town, but best be prepared. So, upstairs. Shower. Shampoo. I'll do your hair." Refocusing her attention, she spoke to the servant, "You, Myung, go fix us some lunch. Kyung can go do Missy Taylor's packing. Where is that lazy cunt?"

Kyung arrived at a trot, she then accompanying the two sweet All-American girls up to the master bedroom suite.

This was the way to travel, Taylor thought. She was sitting in a tan-coloured, wide, luxury, leather seat in the private jet that was taking her to the assignment. Night Cats Escort Agency had confirmed that they had collected the fees from the client, and that her payment would hit her Cayman Island soon. Harper's money was apparently already in her off-shore account.

Harper was sitting across the aisle from her, dealing with all her text messages and emails. Only having a few, Taylor had finished hers some time ago. Now that she and Paige were hardly on speaking terms the number of messages and/or calls between them had dropped to virtually nil.

The aircraft belonged to MacGregor & Nowak Industries Inc, Taylor reading their in-house magazine. They were into heavy engineering, building warships, manufacturing battle tanks and the like. When she had picked up the periodical, she had intended to merely look at a few pictures. Her brain however realised that a good escort should be able to converse on many topics with at least a smattering of knowledge. Not only so that the client thought she had gone to the trouble of taking an interest in their

business or industry, but, more importantly, to ensure she knew their worth, giving her an idea how much she might “milk them” for, as Harper put it. Escorting was, after all, a mercenary business.

They landed at *Ronald Reagan Washington Airport*. Once the door was open, the attendant indicated that they could deplane. Adjusting her new business suit first, Taylor alighted. She was dressed in her red jacket and mini skirt, a black top, black high heels and carried a black shoulder-bag. Harper was in similarly attired except every item was yellow except for her white blouse.

A driver was waiting, holding up a placard. Happily, he took charge of their suitcases, wheeling the two items to his limousine, putting them into the trunk. Once they were seated, he drove for no more than five miles, Taylor guessed. They passed The Pentagon, well Taylor thought it was the Pentagon as the building in question looked a bit like the pictures that she had seen, and passed an exit for, the signage said, “Arlington National Cemetery”, before they arrived at an area with numerous high-rise buildings.

The car pulled up outside the entrance to a block of condominiums. Taking their own luggage, the two women purposefully strode into reception. As soon as they entered, a concierge headed to them, Harper curtly saying, “Ms Smith and Ms Brown for Apartment 1910.”

Taking the elevator to the nineteenth floor, they quickly found the correct door, Harper rapping her knuckles against the wood.

Moments later, the door was opened by a middle-aged, stocky, man who sported a walrus-moustache. “Come in, ladies,” he said, he having heavily-accented English. “I am Igor.”

Stepping inside the condo, Harper politely shook his hand, and said, “I’m Harper, this is Taylor.”

“Nice meet you, ladies,” the man said, closing the door before shaking Taylor’s hand. “Come, this way.”

Taylor recognised him, from the in-house magazine, he Igor Nowak, of Polish parentage, Senior Vice President and CEO of MacGregor & Nowak. As soon as she entered the sitting room, she identified the other man too. Short, tubby, jowly, thinning grey hair, he was sixty-two. That fact she recalled from the article she had read four days ago in the *Star Tribune*. Daniel Rice was one of Minnesota’s US Senators, chairman of some Congress committee to do with defence, if Taylor’s memory was correct.

Hands were shaken, salutations exchanged.

“Gentlemen, we are here to please you but no violent rough stuff,” Harper politely said.

“Spanking and the like okay?” the senator asked.

“Yes, of course,” Harper assured. “Now, can we freshen up? How do you want us?”

Pointing, Igor said, “The master bedroom is through that door by the balcony. The other bedroom is back into the hall and turn right. And, I think we would like to see you both as naughty schoolgirls for the time being. I’ve ordered take-out. We’d love to party on the town but ... you understand?”

“Perfectly. You want a discreet liaison. We understand,” Harper assured. “I’m having the master, Taylor, you use the other bedroom.”

“No problemo,” Taylor cheerily confirmed, turning about and heading for the hall, trailing her suitcase behind her, wondering, why is it that men like the illusion of being with “naughty schoolgirls”? Is it because they haven’t grown up, or, is it that they had such a memorable time whilst at school, or, was it that their school years were one of sexual frustration?

For an expensive apartment, it was sparsely furnished, she thought. The sitting room only had two large couches and a coffee table. The bedroom merely possessed a king-size bed, one nightstand, and a single, wooden, fiddleback chair. There were some male clothes in the inbuilt closet, she utilising free hangers and shelves to place her things. Her toiletries went into the “tired-looking” bathroom, next to items that clearly belonged to one of the men.

To her eyes the condo looked in need of an upgrade – perhaps no one lived there, it simply used for secret assignations?

“You ready?” Harper enquired, having stepped into the second bedroom dressed in a blouse knotted about her breasts and a very short blue-plaid skirt.

“Just putting this somewhere,” Taylor replied, holding her thong before depositing it onto a shelf. “Let’s go.” She was wearing the same attire that she had worn when meeting the Provost of St Francis’s University.

Both were still wearing their high heels but now with knee-high white socks.

Sashaying, they went back to the sitting room.

"Mmm. Mmm," the senator muttered, clearly approving.

"Fuck me, what a delightful sight," Igor uttered, eyes lighting up with obvious lust.

"That's what we're here to do," Taylor quipped.

"We will go and get naked and re-join you here," Igor advised. The senator is sleeping in the master tonight, I'm in the second bedroom. Tomorrow night you girls will swap over. There is champagne in the refrigerator so get a bottle out. There's blow in that box on the coffee table. Make yourselves at home."

With that the two men went on their way. Taking her hand, Harper led Taylor to the kitchen, another area that was in need of some renovation. The refrigerator contained a dozen bottles of *Moët & Chandon*, and nothing else.

"If you think you can cope without taking cocaine, my advise is not to use it. Or, if you need to, do it very sparingly. I've seen many girls simply get addicted and then they have to fritter away all their money on the stuff. They soon start to lose their looks as well. But, it depends on whether you can cope merely being seen as and used as a sex object," Harper informed, taking hold of a bottle. "I can."

"Oh, I think I'm fine and dandy at being thought of merely as a sex object," Taylor proudly responded. "I'll see how it goes."

Following her companion, they re-entered the sitting room to find the two naked men standing there, the senator holding an eighteen-inch, devil's tail, leather tawse.

There was nothing to worry about as regards the sizes of their penises, Taylor swiftly concluded, they merely average. The senator looked his age, and his physique matched. Igor Nowak was in much better shape, clearly a man who tried to exercise.

"You, girl, have been extremely naughty and you need to be punished," the senator accused, pointing to Taylor. "So, you had best get across my knee so that I can punish you."

Sitting down on one of the couches, he patted his lap with his left hand.

"Oh, Sir, I'm so sorry. I did not want to be so naughty so you must punish me, teach me a lesson," Taylor oozed, acting along, hoping that he would not prove to be a sadist.

Spreading herself over his thighs, she waited, hoping that his efforts would not be too severe.

Using his left hand, he pulled the materiel of her tiny skirt away from her butt. The mitt then grasped each cheek in turn, squeezing and mauling them. After that, it moved, slipping into her blouse, cupping her left breast and fondling it.

"*Splat! Splat!*" The tawse struck her rump twice.

"Ow! Ow! Please, Sir, I won't be naughty anymore if you spare me," she pretended. Other than an initial sting it was not painful. The fact was, she quickly realised, his right arm was too close to her butt to inflict a full-blown delivery.

"*Splat!*" The senator delivered another, then a dozen or so more.

"Ow!" she playfully responded after each blow. Her posterior however got hotter and hotter, and the cumulative effect was to make it increasingly painful. "Please, Sir, I will be a good girl from now on."

"That's what you say now, but I know your sort of girl. Bred to be naughty," the senator intoned, patently obtaining pleasure from the situation, his hard penis pressing against her stomach.

Whilst she was "suffering", Harper and Igor were sitting on the other couch, casually taking swigs from the champagne bottle, kissing and caressing each other.

"*Splat! Splat! Splat! Splat!*" The Senator landed four stronger blows.

"Yeouch! Yeouch! Yeouch! Yeouch!" Taylor responded, hoping that any further deliveries were not as firm. Things were getting uncomfortable.

Using both hands, he gave her a shove, propelling her off his lap, sending her heading for the carpet.

"Suck me off, slut! Be quick about it!" the senator demanded.

Luckily, it was not that far to the floor, and she was able to land on her right knee and both outstretched hands.

Her butt was buzzing, but she was more than happy to perform fellatio on his upstanding six-inches. Kneeling, she swiftly provided attention to his upright pole. Opening wide, she gobbled in his entire stiffness, setting about sucking and tormenting with her tongue.

"Urgh! Urgh! That's a good girl! Suck it harder, slut!" he uttered, slapping the tawse against her back a couple of times. "*Splat! Splat!*"

“A-a-a. A-a-a. A-a-a,” Taylor gurgled, happily sucking ever stronger, she feeling his prick starting to twitch.

“Urgh! Urgh! Jesus! That’s it girl! Suck me off! Suck me!” the senator was groaning. Bucking his hips, he rammed his cock back and forth with vigour. Body tensing, he pumped out his sperm into the back of her mouth. There was not anything like the amount of ejaculate that Lorenzo spurted, but it was enough. “Urgh! Ur-ur-ur-Uuurrrggghhh!”

Pulling back her head, she vacuumed up the few strings of cum, licking his shrinking penis clean.

“I hope that has taught you a lesson, you naughty girl?” the senator said, clearly still in character.

“Oh yes, Sir, it was so kind of you to correct my bad behaviour,” Taylor tried to sound like a contrite schoolgirl.

“That is good,” he said. Pointing at Harper, he instructed, “You, come here immediately. You need to be taught a lesson, you bad girl.”

“Oh yes please, Sir. I’ve been a very bad girl and I do need your instruction,” Harper happily said, leaping up from the other couch, and heading his way.

In the meantime, Taylor had scrambled to her feet and went to join Igor, he proffering the champagne bottle. Putting it to her lips, she gulped down several mouthfuls, some dribbling down her chin. Keenly, Igor lapped his tongue against her neck and chin taking in some of the spillage.

Pulling her to him, they went into a tongue-entwining kiss. Grasping her by the thigh, he lifted it over his. Getting the message, she straddled him. Taking hold of his penis, she held it steady as she slotted it between her labia. Sinking down, she impaled upon his rod, proceeding to sedately ride. Unlike Lorenzo, he did not pack her pussy with his meat but nevertheless he was causing pleasure to ripple into her body.

Putting in the work, she rode up and down as he merely sat still, except that his hands fondled her breasts, pulling at them, gently squeezing.

Leaning forwards, he whispered, “Tonight you sleep with Senator Rice. You drain his balls. Make him grateful to be entertained by MacGregor & Nowak, help award us a big contract. Tomorrow, I fuck you really hard.”

“A-a-a. A-a-a. A-a-a. Yes! Yes, Big boy, fuck me! Fuck me! That’s so good!” Taylor yelled, in the main putting on an act, although there was indeed a wanton feeling building inside of her.

Chapter 11

By the time university started, Monday, September 7th, Taylor Erikson had accumulated a nice little nest egg. However, it was nowhere near enough, she realised, she craving lots more money. She wanted to get to the end of her prime productive days as an escort being rich, able to retire without having to worry about working.

She had enjoyed her time being Lorenzo Deakin's plaything. Her mother, her various former schoolfriends, thought it strange that she was living with a black man, they reckoning that she could have any white man she wanted. The truth was, she loved his big black cock up inside her. She adored his large, well-muscled, body. Being enfolded in his powerful arms was a comfort. Furthermore, she like the excitement of being a gangster's moll.

When she started to attend St Francis's University she moved out of his mansion into her luxury condominium in the Cumberland Tower. Her escorting duties mainly occupied her on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, although she was happy to see a client anytime, anywhere.

The relationship with her one-time best friend, Paige Carlson, was very strained. They spoke to each other if they had to, during lectures and the like and when they attended escorting dates together. Otherwise, there was no social chit-chat like they had had for five years before getting involved with Night Cats Escort Agency.

It was no skin off her nose, Taylor reckoned. It was sad, but if Paige wanted to play the asshole, who was she to put herself out trying to be friendly? She was having a ball, fucking, earning, attending college, learning what Harper Hansen told her about talent scouting. Whereas Paige, simply appeared to be going through the motions.

"A-a-a-a-a! A-a-a-a-a! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Taylor implored, Lorenzo hammering his big black cock back and forth. They were in her bed at the condo two days before Thanksgiving.

"Urgh! Urgh!" Lorenzo growled, sweating profusely, he having been humping for half an hour, her false nails raking across his wet back.

"A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ahhh!" she wailed, orgasm erupting, she squirting for the first time in several days.

"Uuurrngghhh!" he snorted, pumping sperm into her.

Post-coital bliss engulfed her. Self-satisfaction seemed to overtake him.

After a quarter of an hour, where they had merely hugged each other, he said in serious tones, "I don't know what I'm going to do about your friend Paige—"

"She's not my friend anymore," Taylor interjected, trying to ensure that he did not suspect that they were close.

"Whatever. Fortunately, or is that unfortunately, a little bird tells me that they think she has gone to the FBI or is going to go—"

"Oh my God!" Taylor exclaimed, interrupting, starting to worry that she might end up in a police cell. "Kill her! If you like, give me a gun and I'll do it for you." Was she serious, she wondered? Yes she was.

"You're one hell of a cold-hearted bitch, aren't you, babe" he said, sounding as if he approved. Hugging her tightly, he planted several kisses to her lips and face.

Self-preservation was driving her thinking. She was making heaps of money. She was having a good time. No one, Paige included, should be allowed to upset the apple cart. Having killed some black kid already, killing a former friend would be no big deal.

"If that stupid half-caste cunt ... all right, quarter-caste slut ... is a stoolie then she's got to be eliminated before she breathes much more air. I have no intention of going to jail just 'cos she can't keep her trap shut," Taylor said, indignation rising.

"It'll take a bit of planning."

"I've just had a thought. You're taking me and Harper to Jamaica for Thanksgiving whilst you meet up with Mr Westmoreland, or so you told me the other day—"

"Yes, that's right, babe," he put in.

"Well, take her instead of me ... or Harper. There will surely be far more opportunities for her to meet a fatal accident in an overseas resort. And who's going to bother trying to investigate from here in Minneapolis?" she suggested, brain still cogitating. "Better still, can't you arrange for her to be whisked away from there to some god-awful brothel, like you threaten me with. That way, you'll get some money for her and she'll spend the next few years being fucked to death."

"You're a truly evil bitch. That's why I love you, babe," he responded, slipping two fingers into her slit, mouth going to suck on one of her libidinous-hard nipples.

A feeling of wickedness swiftly permeated through her body, making her feel wonderfully wicked.

Wednesday evening, the private jet that Lorenzo Deakin had hired was taking him, Taylor, Paige and Cassius, his bodyguard, on their trip to Montego Bay airport.

Paige had been reluctant to come, but had run out of excuses. So, she was sitting in one of the ivory-leather seats idly flicking through a magazine, repeatedly.

"Lorenzo, honey, I've always wanted to join the mile-high club. Do you want to bang me?" Taylor asked, sliding to the edge of her seat and attempting to rub his crotch with the toes of her left foot.

Failing to reach, she proceeded to spread her right leg wide. Lifting up her pleated, red, mini-skirt, she used her right-hand fingertips to scratch at her vulva through the gap in her crotchless, lacey, thong.

"Who could resist such an offer, babe," Lorenzo replied, quickly unbuckling his safety belt.

Springing to his feet, he took her proffered hand and hauled her out of her seat. Hastily, they headed towards the toilet, it at the rear of the plane. Passion however got the better of them both. Swivelling her around, he simply pushed her back up against the door before she could open it.

Pulling his zipper down, she jerked his penis out into the fresh air. It was swelling in her grasp.

Their mouths locked in a passion-filled kiss. His big hands squeezed where her red top covered her breasts. Guiding his cock to her labia, she eagerly waited. With a thrust of his hips, he hammered his length into her.

"Oh, Jesus Christ, that's so good!" she yelled, her vagina packed with warm, hard, muscle.

"Urgh!" he snarled, setting to pump at a frenzied rate.

The look of disdain on Paige's face perversely enflamed Taylor's wantonness, she callously thinking, "Wait and see what's planned for you."

"Urgh! Urgh!" Lorenzo was pounding.

"A-a-a-a-a! A-a-a-a-a! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Taylor bestially wailed, she being humped to an orgasm.

"Urgh! Urgh! Uuurrngghhh!" Lorenzo roared, spurting his sperm deep into her womb. He may have come but he continued to pump, his tool remaining relatively firm.

Thrillingly, his continuing humping action sent her body over into a paroxysm of debauched-delight. "A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ahhh!"

Panting, she waited until he withdrew before sinking to her knees and slurping her tongue against his sticky member. Making certain that it was clean, she pushed it back inside his pants. Standing up, she exchanged a slobbery-wet kiss with him before straightening her attire.

Gratified temporarily, she casually resumed her seat, buckling up, ready for landing.

It was after dark when they arrived at the adults-only Aficionados Resort which was located a little way along the coast from Montego Bay. Lorenzo and Paige were to share a seafront suite, Taylor and Mr Westmoreland another, Cassius and Raul yet another. Raul was a half-caste Spanish-African who was acting as Mr Westmoreland's minder.

"Hello, Taylor, baby, good to see you again," Mr Westmoreland said, when he opened the door to let her in.

"Mr Westmoreland, charmed, I'm sure," she replied, ensuring that her left hand trailed across his crotch area as her other mitt dragged her suitcase over the threshold into the suite.

"Call me Charles or Charlie seeing as we're going to be intimately connected for the next few days," he advised, planting a kiss to her proffered cheek. "Leave your unpacking. We need to head off to the restaurant before it closes. Assuming you want to eat."

"I'm ravenous."

After rounding up the other four, they headed to the eatery, taking a table for six. The meal was delicious, the drink flowed, and Charles was filled with good humour, telling jokes and tall stories.

Back in his suite, he said, "I'm going to have a spell in the hot tub whilst you unpack. The safe is in the wardrobe. Electronic. Code is 1776 but you'll have to reset it when you lock it. I suggest you put anything valuable in there as I don't know how light-fingered the locals are."

Simply removing his clothes, opening the wardrobe, he hung his items up. Unlocking the glass door, he slid it open, stepping out onto the terrace.

Her toiletries occupied much of the space in the bathroom, her makeup most of the dressing table top. Her clothing however needed little space in the wardrobe. Unlocking the safe, she put her purse, passport and much of the jewellery she was wearing in beside his stuff.

Stripping first, she opened the refrigerator. Taking out a bottle of sparkling wine, she popped the cork. Taking a swig, she went to the bathroom and grabbed a big towel. Going out onto the terrace, she slid the door closed behind her. Slightly astonished, she stared, before tossing the towel onto the red cushion of one of the two black-wicker chairs.

Wallowing in the square tub was Charles and his henchman, Raul.

"I like to share somethings with my staff," Charles advised, clearly seeing her surprise.

Regaining her composure near instantly, she calmly replied, "No problemo seeing as I'm being well paid to entertain you."

Stepping into the tub, she took another draught from the bottle before handing it to Charles. Rather than sitting down, she crouched. Slipping her left hand under the water, she felt his sexual equipment, it as big as she recalled. Submerging her other mitt, she reached over to Raul, fingers caressing his genitalia – it impressive too. Clearly not quite as big as his employer's it nevertheless must be seven or eight inches, she calculated, it hardening under her touch.

"Would like a ménage à trois, baby?" Charles queried.

"Sure. If that's what you want. But I'll need to grease my butt-hole," she responded, her vagina starting to lubricate at the thought. What was the point of her saying no? They could force themselves on her if she proved reticent. Anyway, she loved three-ways, having experienced quite a few since agreeing to be a Night Cats escort.

"Let's go inside," Charles said. "It's so much easier doing it on a bed."

Rubbing themselves dry on her towel first, they went in.

Going to the bathroom, she found her pot of shea butter, using a couple of fingerfuls to grease her anal opening. Carrying the pot back into the bedroom, she said, "Whichever of you is going to do my butt better coat your cock with this as I want you to slide up me easily."

Charles flopped onto the bed. Leaning over him, Taylor set to using her mouth and fingers to ensure that he became iron-hard.

Raul meantime was greasing his stiffening tool. He was about six-foot tall, broad shouldered, coffee-coloured skin, and a mop of long dreadlocks, tied to form a fulsome ponytail.

Satisfied that she could not make Charles any harder, she stepped up onto the bed. Stradling him, she bent her legs. Once the tip of his upstanding muscle rubbed against her labia, she impaled herself. Pushing down until his mighty weapon was fully inside her wetting scabbard.

"Oh Jesus fucking Christ, that's wonderful!" Taylor announced, relishing the feel of being filled with his magnificent specimen.

"That's heaven, baby," Charles advised, a look of lust all over his beaming face.

Without a word, Raul joined them and positioned himself behind Taylor. He had said hardly a word all night, she presuming that he only spoke Spanish or some African dialect.

Feeling him smearing some more shea butter onto her starfish hole, she thought it a considerate action. Two of his fingers ensured that she was truly well-lubricated not only on the outside but inside as well.

“I fuck now,” he uttered, in heavily accented English.

There was the sensation of his big-end pressing against the ring-muscle, she doing her best to relax her anus. Leaning right forward, she started to exchange kisses with Charles, his hands playing with her breasts, tweaking the rubbery-nipples.

“Yes! Yes! Push it in!” she demanded, as Raul’s glans got to forcing her anal opening further apart, his hands grasping her hips, he using his hold to assist in forcing his way up her rear passage.

“Rrgh! Rrgh!” Raul snorted, straining harder to drive his big nail in.

“Ah, baby, yes! That feels so good. Ergh! Ergh!” Charles advised, as she flexed her vaginal muscles to massage his embedded pole.

“Argh! Yes! Yes! That’s it!” she crowed, as Raul forced his probe deep inside her dark hole, she feeling it slither until his ball-sac slapped against her rear.

“Rrgh! Rrgh! Good! Good!” Raul yelled, happily setting about pulling and pushing his shaft inside her rear tunnel.

“Ergh! Ergh! Ergh!” Charles was jerking his hips upwards, meeting her downward actions which were caused by Raul’s motions.

“A-a-a-a-a! A-a-a-a-a! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!” she pleaded, elated at being the filling in the two males’ sandwich. It was, she concluded, good to be used.

“Rrgh! Rrgh! Rrgh!” Raul was thrusting with vigour, sweat dripping from his chin onto her clammy back.

“A-a-a-a-a! A-a-a-a-a! Yes! Yes! Harder! Harder! Harder! Use me!” Taylor was on the verge of an orgasmic eruption.

“Ergh! Ergh! Ergh! You love it don’t you, baby!” Charles stated the obvious.

“I come!” Raul informed, before squirting his seed as far up her rear as his equipment allowed.

“Rrgh! Rrgh! Rrrrrggghhh!”

“Ergh! Eeerrrggghhh!” Charles roared, spurting sperm directly into her cervical opening.

“A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ahhh! Yes! Yes!” Taylor ensured that no one was left in any doubt, she had delightedly climaxed, rocked by something akin to convulsions.

Chapter 12

"I don't know how you can stand simply being used like a sex object," Paige said.

"But I am a sex object. A truly awesome one. You're one too. Not as gorgeous as me, obviously, but you've got a great body. Tits that most men lust after. So I don't know why you can't grasp that. Simply go with the flow," Taylor responded, believing every word she was uttering.

Heavily oiled with sunscreen, the pair of them were standing on the white sand of the nudist beach at the water's edge, gentle waves lapping against his shins. It had taken all of Taylor's patience to persuade her former friend to go naked, which was one of the attractions of the resort for most of the guests. There were many eyes feasting on the sight of their curves.

Both Lorenzo and Charles had left them to their own devices that Sunday morning, they having left the resort to go to a business meeting. Why they had gone to a meeting when they were due to fly home just after lunch Taylor had no idea, and had had the sense not to ask for any details. The two bodyguards had accompanied their employers.

"It's so slutty. I can't stand it. We're being used to corrupt officials. It's not right."

"Oh, Paige, don't be a fucking jerk. It's going on all over the place. And, who cares. I don't. I'm making piles of money. Living high on the hog. Got ever more gorgeous clothes and accessories, and I'm determined to amass a fortune big enough for me to retire in luxury by the time I'm thirty, if that late."

"You might like being a whore. You always were far freer with your morals than I was. But, I want to be something better. Something my ma can be proud of—"

"Don't be a putz! Ball as many johns as you can! Take their fucking money and presents! Your ma ain't going to know and you sure as hell ain't going to amount to some saint however much you try!" Taylor emphatically said, becoming increasingly annoyed at her one-time friend's conversion to something akin to a girl scout.

"Please, Taylor, take my ... erh ... warning. Get out now ... whilst you can. You never know what's going to happen. Perhaps ... perhaps the cops or someone is going to be banging on your door pretty soon," Paige suggested, looking sheepish.

"I hope you're not planning to do anything stupid!" Taylor snapped, reckoning that that rumour was true. "Crossing people like Lorenzo or Charles could prove fatal. Even if the cops batter down the doors, they can't arrest everyone on their payroll. And they won't hesitate to liquidate threats. My advise is grasp the money. Take every opportunity to please johns. Greed is good!"

Showered, dressed, lunch eaten, Taylor and the other five were sitting in two separate taxis heading for the Jet Centre at Montego Bay Airport. Due, it was claimed, to the numbers it had been decided that Paige could travel with Mr Westmoreland and his bodyguard, Raul.

"I'll be dropping you off at Washington Dulles. You'll be meeting up with Harper, Kagney and Dakota as you four blondes have been booked to entertain some Arab prince for the rest of the week. Keep him sweet, so he signs some contract for some warships. A fifty grand fee each, probably a big bonus too if he signs," Lorenzo advised.

"No problemo," Taylor cheerily replied, whilst avariciously thinking, "Easy money. Twenty-five grand for a few days work. Hardly taxing work either, merely a question of spending time naked and spreading her legs. What other life open to her could be so rewarding?"

If things were currently going to plan, Mr Westmoreland would be about now injecting Paige with a drug that would stupefy her, make her appear either to be drunk or suffering from heatstroke.

"Babe, you're sure you have no qualms about your friend being taken to a new home?" Lorenzo asked, for about the fourth time in two days.

"Of course not, honey. She's no friend of mine now," Taylor assured, wanting to ensure that he did not suspect her of disloyalty. "The stupid cunt deserves everything she's gonna get. She should've simply

laid back, taken cock, and raked in heaps of cash. But no, she goes blabbing, putting you, me, Harper and all the other girls in jeopardy. She's a fucking asshole."

Swivelling in his backseat, Lorenzo smothered her lips with his, they smooching whilst his left hand affectionately squeezed her thigh.

"You're wonderfully evil, babe," he advised, sounding impressed.

"I'm a bitch. A greedy bitch. I want money. And, I wanna help you run the girls ... in time. Once Harper has moved on, of course. So, honey, I'll do what it takes to be a real asset to you," Taylor informed, pussy dampening at the thought.

"And, you're ready if Paige's mother comes calling, wanting to know where her daughter is?"

"Sure. I tell her that we went down to Jamaica for a Thanksgiving Break, that she fell for some local and decided to stay. That I've not heard from her since." Taylor shrugged, truly indifferent about Paige Carlson's fate.

Part Two

Chapter 13

Paige Carlson did not know why she could not have squeezed into the back of the other taxi carrying Taylor Erikson and Lorenzo Deakin. However, it did make some sense to go with Charles Westmoreland and Raul (the bodyguard) as it gave her plenty of room, and anyway, both vehicles were heading to the same place.

Additionally, she did not like Lorenzo. The African-American was a criminal, dealing drugs, a wicked thing to do, and was running a string of escorts from Minneapolis. Truthfully, they were forced to be prostitutes, that is how Paige saw it anyway. Besides clients, they were used to corrupt officials, undermining the fabric of society, she reckoned. Although she might be one quarter African-American she did not like black men, they were far too arrogant as far as she was concerned.

Taylor, had turned real-bad, in Paige's eyes. Venal. Seemingly only interested in money. It appeared that she had lost any morals she might have had, prepared to do anything for dollars. As a consequence, their friendship had fallen apart, which was sad, she concluded, nostalgically looking back on their years as High School buddies.

When she got back to Minneapolis, she would get in touch with that FBI agent that she had contacted before she had been dragged off on this jaunt to Jamaica. They would then meet up and she would provide him with all the information she could. It was a shame that Taylor might end up in jail but she had warned her to make a break from the whole sordid business.

As for Mr Westmoreland, she was not keen on him either. There was something about him. For a start, his penis was far too big for a white man. And, like Lorenzo, he hammered the thing into a girl's orifices as if they were mere blow-up dolls, seeming indifferent to how the unfortunate partner felt.

"Are you okay, baby? You seem very quiet?" Mr Westmoreland asked, sounding concerned, breaking into Paige's thoughts.

"Sure," is all she replied.

"Good, 'cos I've got a present for you," he advised, fetching out a little plastic box from one of his linen-jacket's pockets.

Taking her completely by surprise, several things seemed to happen at once: his left thumb flipped the top off the box, the left-hand fingers taking out a hypodermic, his right hand reached across her snatching hold of her right wrist, jerking her arm towards him. The needle jabbed into the deltoid muscle, the contents forced into her.

"Jesus! What are you doing?" she demanded, starting to be alarmed.

"Don't worry. It'll soon stupefy you. You'll still be aware of most things but you'll feel like you are very drunk," he calmly said. "Stupid cunts that go blabbing to the authorities have no place in Lorenzo's business. He has sold you to a friend of mine and you'll soon regret double-crossing him, believe me."

"Erh? ... Ya ..." she slurred, already feeling like her energy was draining away from her body. Her brain however seemed to be recording things, it churning his words over and over.

By the time they reached the airport, she was in some sort of torpor.

Mr Westmoreland got out, came around the back of the car, opened her door and dragged her out. Wrapping his left arm about her back, he supported her as she struggled to put one foot in front of the other.

The Jet Centre was separate from the main airport buildings, it having a VIP Immigration and Customs facility. Arriving at the Immigration desk, she attempted to ask for help, say that she was being kidnapped, but all that came out was the odd mumbled word.

"Stupid girl has had too much ganja. Don't think she realised how strong the local stuff is," Mr Westmoreland cheerily advised.

The officer seemed to her to grin from ear to ear, before banging down his rubber stamp on her passport.

They walked, well, she staggered, out onto the apron, she and her two escorts heading for one private plane, she seeing Taylor and two black men waving, strolling towards another business jet. Panic was pounding in her head, but there was nothing she could do as coherent words did not come out of her mouth and she was physically incapable of standing by herself, let alone being able to run.

Bundled up the steps, Mr Westmoreland propelled her to a big, maroon-leather, seat, and put her in it, securing her safety belt. He took the seat facing her, Raul the one across the aisle.

"I suggest you go to sleep as we've a ten hour flight," Mr Westmoreland told her.

The attendant, who looked Asian, with disproportionately-large breasts, came to check they were all buckled up, and advised, "We depart soon. We taxi after other private jet."

After taxiing, they waited for some minutes, presumably to let the other aircraft depart, before they entered the runway. Engines at full throttle, the aeroplane raced ever faster until it left the runway and steeply climbed into the sky.

Paige could not help herself, she drifting off to sleep.

"You wan breakfast, miss," the attendant asked, in her accented English, she giving Paige a gentle shake.

Head fuzzy, it took a moment or two for Paige to realise that she was being spoken too. "Erh ... yes ... please."

"You wan cooked or you wan continental? You wan coffee, you wan tea?"

"Coffee. Continental, please." She was still trying to clear her head.

Returning, the attendant laid a tray before Paige it having assorted fruits, a bowl of muesli, two croissants, butter and a little pot of strawberry conserve that, as best as she could tell, came from Spain. Mr Westmoreland and Raul then received a cooked breakfast each. The coffee came for which she was grateful as it tasted fine, and washed a dry-nasty tang from her mouth.

After spooning in the last of her muesli, she plucked up the courage to ask, "Where are you taking me?"

"You needn't worry about that. You're going to spend what's left of the rest of your life there. Its where black men know how to treat and use a white whore. There'll be at least fifty a day fucking you in some hell-hole brothel from which only death is an escape," Mr Westmoreland informed, in callous, uncaring, tones. "Your friend, Taylor, approves. She thinks it will teach you a good lesson, not to have been such a goody-two-shoes."

"What!" she gasped, horror filling her at the prospects of being locked in a brothel, it actually jerking her out of her remaining stupor. Incredulous that her former friend could be a party to such an evil intention. "The bitch!"

"That's what you get from being disloyal. You didn't think you were going to get away without being punished. N'gongo, that's where you are going, is a living hellhole for a white cunt slave. You'll rue the day you tried to cross Lorenzo Deakin."

Piss seeping, she wet her panties. Quivering, she was having difficulties unbuckling her safety belt.

"Where do you think you're going?" he asked, menacingly.

"I ... I ... need ... need ... the bathroom," she confessed, heart pounding like a steam-hammer.

"Stay where you are, cunt. Eat your food as you never know, it may well be the last decent meal you ever get. From now on, slut, you're only going to be fed scraps you can beg from the table. A disloyal shit like you only deserves a slow, lingering, starvation-induced, death."

Gulping, she broke out in uncontrollable shaking, pissing herself some more.

"If you don't eat that fucking food I'll get Raul to force it down your stinking neck!" he threatened.

Frightened beyond belief, she tried her best, slowly picking through her food, consuming everything, drinking two mugs of coffee.

Begging, she pleaded to be able to use the bathroom. He relented, letting her go to the lavatory located at the back of the plane. However, Raul accompanied her and stood in the doorway, stopping it from closing, watching her every move. It felt so embarrassing.

Paige had no idea where N'gongo was, whether it was a country or not, her grasp of geography was extremely poor. Having seen a large expanse of water as the aircraft came into land all she knew was that the airport was beside the sea. Or, was it a giant lake?

Emblazoned across the airport's only terminal was "N'gongo International Airport" which was in English. That gave her hope, she might be able to converse with someone and get assistance to escape.

What the walk from the plane to the terminal told Paige was that it was warm, about 80° Fahrenheit, and it was humid, her clothes soon sticking to her perspiring skin. Once inside, it was slightly cooler, lazy fans stirring the air. There seemed to be a lot of armed police. Or were they army? Shades of green and brown fatigues, yellowy-orange berets, black boots. Guardia Nacional, it said on the upper sleeve of one man she managed to get a close look at.

Her hopes were dashed, Mr Westmoreland speaking a foreign language to the officials that seemed to greet him as a long-lost friend. Spanish, she reckoned. He and his party were waived through Immigration and Customs without the need to even show their passports. That told Paige not to expect any help from local law-enforcement.

Mr Westmoreland and Paige took seats in the back of a green *Mercedes G Class*, Raul in the front with the Guardia Nacional driver. The only difference in his uniform that Paige could see was that he wore a black beret. No words were exchanged, he seeming to know where to take his passengers. Four white-helmeted motorcyclists accompanied them.

"That's what I like about N'gongo, I get treated like fucking royalty," Mr Westmoreland announced, to no one in particular. However, he then spoke to Paige, saying, "You're actually going to the presidential palace where Presidente Kuffuh keeps his private collection of slave girls. If he likes you you'll actually be spared the brothel I promised you. Mind, I'm not certain which is worse, brothel or palace."

They drove away from the coast, along a well-kept asphalt road, she noting that the side road were only dirt, a compacted yellowy-orange soil. Fifteen or twenty minutes after leaving the airport the roadway lead to an impressive gateway. It clearly the entrance to some sort of estate surrounded by mesh fencing and tangles of razor-wire. There was a four-wheeled armoured car parked outside the gate, another inside. A dozen or more black-beret Guardia were milling around, all armed with *Kalashnikov* rifles. It made her shudder.

The *G-wagon* was cursorily inspected, before being allowed to follow the serpentine driveway that led to a two-story Spanish-colonial, stone, mansion, fifteen bays wide. The portico had four fluted Corinthian pillars, a flight of steps between each pair of columns.

Raul stayed chatting with the driver, Mr Westmoreland, grasping Paige by the left arm, ushered her up the centre set of stone steps, hissing, "Try anything stupid and I'll kick the shit out of you."

Reaching the portico, two guards stationed there came to attention and presented arms. A third Guardia Nacional saluted, saying in Pidgeon-English, "Welcome, Senor, you back. Good see."

Opening one of a pair of tall, glass-panelled, doors, he waved them to enter.

More Guardia were stationed in the impressive hall. An officer, well, she assumed he was because everyone seemed to respect him and he wore a white silk aiguillette on his right side, smartly came to greet them, saying in near perfect English, "Senor Westmoreland, welcome back. His Excellency is expecting you in the private audience chamber. Please to follow me."

Proceeding through the hall, they exited at the other end into a courtyard. A central-located fountain trickled water into a fluted basin. There were several small trees and the scent of jasmine was thick in the air. Each storey of the building had a pillared gallery which ran around all four sides of the rectangular courtyard.

Escorted across the courtyard, the officer opened another door, saying, "Please go in. The Zorras will take care of you." He did not enter, merely turning and, presumably, returning to his duties.

Standing in the hall were four black women who caused Paige to shudder, and break out in perspiration. All were about six feet tall, well built, dressed in black leather. They were wearing above the knee boots, hot pants, and a bustier that caused their breasts to dome. Each had a big bowie knife in a sheath strapped to their left thighs, the right thighs sporting a holster with some sort of pistol. Each right hand was holding the handle of kurbash with a three-foot tail.

“Genoveva, it’s so good to see you,” Mr Westmoreland said to the one who seemed to be in charge. “His Excellency is expecting me.”

“Yes. He say go in. He punishing scum. This white cunt new slave?” Genoveva sneered, giving Paige a look that chilled her to the bone. She and another of the black women grasping Paige’s by an arm apiece.

Chapter 14

Mr Westmoreland opened the double doors and strode into the audience chamber, Paige frogmarched in by the two Zorras.

Near instantly, Paige shut her eyes, hoping that that would eradicate from her memory the image that she had just seen. It did not. And, it was taking all her willpower not to vomit.

It was amazing what one fleeting stare had managed to take in. What she had seen was horrific. Midway along the left-hand wall was a big, black, wooden throne, decorated with white skulls – either they were real small children's, or realistically carved from ivory. Standing either side, quivering, looking terrified, were two naked, pale-skinned girls – either half-cast or quadroon or octoroon, she guessed. Both wore shiny-steel neck, wrist and ankle slave-bands.

Standing at the far end were two black women of similar build to those holding Paige's arms. They were only dressed in high boots and black-leather shorts. They were splattered with blood, and had something of a demonic-look about them.

Close to them was a black woman who obviously had been severely whipped, and was apparently sitting upon the top of a fence post which was held upright by a metal stand, she howling in agony. "Aaaarrggghh!"

The parts of two young boys were strewn in bloody pools across the marble floor. Arms, legs and heads severed from the torsos.

A flogged man was on his knees, both arms part-severed, he mumbling in shocked-pain-torment.

Towering over him was a six-foot-five gorilla-like man whose skin was as black as any African that Paige had ever seen. Broad of chest, he had a large pot belly, a round face and no hair. As he was naked, she had seen the blood splattered on his skin, had seen the rigid penis, it even bigger than that of the thug, Lorenzo Deakin, and possibly twice as thick. He was holding a blood-dripping machete in his right hand.

"Ah, Charlie, friend, you come," the big black man boomed, his imperfect English heavily accented.

"Presidente, it is so good to be back, but I see you are busy," Mr Westmoreland replied, seemingly unfazed by what had been and was happening.

"This scum, he insult me. I kill him and family. Eliminate threat," The Presidente said. "But, Charlie, friend, you bring promised slave-cunt?"

"Yes, this is her. She's called Paige. Good cunt. Plenty of whipping, and she'll make a great slave," he said, without any hint of feeling.

Charles Westmoreland grasped her hair and jerked her a pace forward. That caused her to open her eyes, just in time to see The Presidente raise his right arm high, bringing it down with full force.

The head of the unfortunate man cannoned backwards, it bouncing upon the floor several time, spraying blood, some splashing onto Westmoreland and Paige, she letting out a yelp, "Argh! Jesus!"

Dropping the machete, The Presidente stepped to them, his gore-covered hand shaken by that of his apparent friend.

His horrible sticky left fingers gripped Paige's face, he moving it left and right, clearly carefully examining her. Trying to back away got her nowhere, her two minders shoving until she stood still.

Using both hands, he gripped her cotton blouse and wrenched, ripping the buttons from the material. Grasping her bra, he roughly jerked in downward, exposing her breasts. Squeezing both breasts at once, he callously said, "Good tits. You make slave-cunt. I fuck. I whip. You beg."

"Pleeeaaase," Paige pleaded, quivering, frantic with trepidation.

"*Splat! Splat! Splat!*" He painfully slapped her across the face and both breasts, sending them bouncing.

"Argh! Argh! Argh!" she wailed, resenting his actions, wanting to report him when she got back to The States. Her brain however had the sense to tell her not to speak or resist – she was in a hellhole with unspeakable depravity.

"You fucking shut mouth! Slave-cunt only open mouth to suck cock! You no speak! Fucking white-cunt whore!" The Presidente's snarl made her blood go cold.

Unbuckling her belt, he waited for his two henchwomen to unzip her skirt and drag it down her thighs. His thick-fingered hands ripped her panties to shreds. Two of his digits were thrust into her vagina, he cruelly feeling and pinching.

“Good cunt. Much fuck?”

“She’s a whore. Her cunt and butthole have been broken in,” Charles Westmoreland merrily advised.

Paige wanted to say that she was not a whore, but thought better of that idea.

Swivelling, The Presidente looked at the two pale-skinned women, and yelled, “Stop scum screaming! Kill her!”

To Paige’s mind, the two young women looked terrified. Notwithstanding, they rushed to where the howling woman was. Gripping her thighs, both lifted their feet off the ground. The weight pulled the woman towards the floor, the tip of the wooden spike driven deeper. Killing her.

“Presidente, this slave-cunt has been talking to the FBI so we need to know who she spoke to so we can eliminate the threat,” Mr Westmoreland said, he never having asked Paige, not that she would have told him.

“No problem,” The Presidente slimily oozed, thumping Paige in the stomach.

“Urgh!”

As he pulled her towards him, the two minders kicked the backs of her knees, causing her legs to collapse, she ending up on her patellae. He jerked her blouse up her back and held her head down. One of the minders knelt and held her ankles. The one called Genoveva then proceeded to deliver six bone-rattling lashes of her kurbash down the length of Paige’s back.

“Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!”

“Aaarrgh! Aaarrgh! Aaarrgh! Aaarrgh! Aaarrgh! Aaarrgh!” Paige shrieked. Feeling like she was being hit by a red-hot poker, the blows seemed to jar her bones. Unable to stop herself, she puked at one end, urinated at the other. How embarrassing.

That brought forth a chorus of insensitive guffaws, from The Presidente, Westmoreland, and the four black women in the room.

How could this be happening to her? How could anyone be so vile? Any courage she had, fled. “Pleeeaaase! Pleeeaaase! I’ll tell you!”

Crouching, Mr Westmoreland sickly crooned, “I knew you would see sense. His Excellency Presidente Joshua Kuffuh has a way of getting people to talk, and with dealing with his enemies, as you’ve seen. Now you give me the name and I’ll email it to Lorenzo. No doubt he’ll get your friend, Taylor, to seduce him, and then either she or one of his men will kill him. Which man could resist the charms of that delightful fuck?”

“You have the info you need?” The Presidente asked.

“Yes. Got all I need,” Mr Westmoreland replied, rising to the upright.

“Good. I go do thing. Genoveva take you to room. You fuck if wish. She get you slave-cunts to wait on you. She take this white slut to train room,” The Presidente advised. Turning to the others in the room, he snapped an order, “You slave-cunts clean up shit!”

Dragged from the floor, Paige was bundled along, following The Presidente and Mr Westmoreland, they exiting the chamber. They crossed the hall and went through another door. The Presidente went to the right, and off down a corridor. Charles, she and the two black bitches went up an ornate marble staircase to the floor above whilst

Going partway down a corridor, they entered a large bedchamber. Genoveva said something to the other guard that Paige could not understand, who then trotted out of the room.

Pushing Paige up against one of the uprights of the big fourposter, Genoveva took off her belt, dropping the knife and pistol to the floor. Using it, she wrapped it around the post and Paige’s neck, fastening it tightly, making certain she could not slip out of it.

“You move white slut, I whip till you bleed,” the nasty black woman threatened.

What happened after that Paige only saw reflected in a big mirror on the wall opposite the end of the bed.

The Zorra creature removed her bustier and shorts, Westmoreland all his clothing. They kissed and fondled each other.

“Get on the bed, my black beauty, spread your legs and let me show you what this big white cock can do.”

Complying, Genoveva spread her legs, rubbing her vulva, saying, “Come. Fuck cunt. Do me.”

Climbing up, he slipped his length into the waiting pussy, setting about a pumping motion.

“Urgh! Urgh!” he was soon uttering, his pleasure mounting.

“Hrrrh! Hrrrh! Fuck! Fuck! Do cunt!” Genoveva encouraged, wrapping her booted-legs about him, raking her red-painted nails across his butt and back, leaving tell-tale scratches.

“Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Take that, you black cunt!” He was sweating, and clearly enjoying himself.

“Hrrrh! Hrrrh! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck, white cock!” she was yelling, perspiring profusely, jerking, squirming, clawing like a wildcat.

Paige realised that she could easily use her both-free hands to unfasten the belt, stoop down, pick up the gun and knife and take the two of them hostage. But, what then? Would that guarantee her safe passage to the airport? Could she get a flight out? To where? On the other hand, would The Presidente simply kill her even if that meant the deaths of the other two? The more she thought about it, the more she suspected that the black beast would not balk at killing all three.

“Urgh! Urgh! Yes! Yes! Urgh! Urgh! Uuurrghghhh!” Mr Westmoreland roared; back muscles taut as he poured out his seed.

“Hrrrh! Hrrrh! Fuck! Fuck! Hrrrh! Hhrrrrrrrrrhhh!” Genoveva squealed, body convulsing as her orgasm clearly rippled through her.

Several minutes later, he rolled off her, pulling his now-flaccid pipe from her slit, it accompanied by a plopping sound.

Springing onto the floor, Genoveva walked around to the bottom of the bed. Undoing the belt from around the upright, she refastened it tightly about Paige’s neck. Using it as a handle, she dragged her to a bathroom. Shoving her onto her knees before a toilet bowl, the evil bitch yelled, “Wash mouth! No want puke mouth!”

How disgusting, Paige thought, shuddering.

She was given no option. The black woman simply forced her head into the water and also pressed the flush. Gulping involuntarily, Paige used the mouthful she nearly swallowed to swill, spitting it out as her head was yanked from the bowl.

Dripping water, she was roughly hauled back to the bedroom and forced down to the floor.

“White slut, lick!” Genoveva yelled, pressing her vagina against Paige’s mouth.

There was little else she could do but comply. Opening wide, she timorously poked out her tongue.

At that moment the door opened. Only able to see with her right eye, Paige watched as the other Zorra entered, followed by four pale-skinned girls. Each looked fearful. Each were naked except for a set of five shiny-steel slave-bands. She guessed that two were light-skinned mixed race, two European or Americans.

Mr Westmoreland slithered to the end of the bed and stood up. Snapping his fingers, he pointed to his penis and then to his posterior. Without a word, the two white girls dashed to him, sinking to their knees, lavishing oral attention to his genitalia, the other two raced, going around to his rear, kneeling, pressing their faces to his butt-crack.

“You see, Paige, how well these slave-cunts are trained. These four will do whatever I desire, fearful of displeasing me. Displeasing me would displease their master, The Presidente. I shall probably have one of them flogged, simply for my amusement,” Mr Westmoreland said, in indifferent tone, glaring down at her. “The Kurbash that the Zorras carries is made from thick hide and its use can break the resistance of any slut, as it will you. Kuffuh and his Zorras just love inflicting pain. Indescribable pain. Kuffuh rules N’gongo with an iron first. The Guardia Nacional are feared, the Black Caps more so, whereas the Zorras, that’s Vixens in English, are dreaded, they Kuffuh’s Death Squad. They are specially picked women who have no compassion, who happily torture and delight in killing. You see what your stupidity has brought you. Any cunt with sense would have happily been one of Lorenzo’s escorts, spreading her legs, taking the money, but not you. Instead you are disloyal, snitching to the fucking FBI. So now you have to live with the consequence, and trust me, for a girl from Minnesota, N’gongo is the nearest place to Hell you

can ever imagine.” Turning his look to Genoveva, he instructed, “Take the worthless cunt to the training room!”

Chapter 15

Genoveva dressed first before she and the other Zorra frogmarched Paige from the bedchamber, down the corridor to the end where they entered what proved to be a corner room. It was large, contained many nasty looking pieces of equipment. Presidente Kuffuh was standing in the centre of the floor.

Held firmly by his two minions, Paige was made to stand whilst his big, cruel, hands roamed over her body yet again, making her skin crawl. He ripped the remnants of her blouse, bra and panties from her quivering body, tossing them away. In turn, he grasped each thigh, pulling the leg upwards, yanking her pink *Skechers* off her feet.

“Please, stop being—” she was going to say “rough”.

“*Splat! Splat! Splat! Splat!*” He slapped both breasts twice, inflicting dull-pain, causing them to bounce wildly.

“Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!” she yelped.

“Shut fuck! Cunt no speak! Mouth for sucking cock! Slave-cunt only speak with permission!” he ranted. “I your master! Slave-cunt worship Master! You disrespect, I flog! You disobey, I flog! You speak, I flog! You do whatever I say, or I flog! Try run away, I flog! Be bad slave-cunt, I flog then impale, leave die in agony for hours!”

Getting the message, she fully realised that Charles Westmoreland had not been lying, that this was truly Hell. Uncontrollably shivering with fright, she piddled, which only caused the three black people to snigger unsympathetically.

Kuffuh walked away, returning moments later carrying a set of five steel cuffs and a riveting devise. Fitting them, he locked them in place by means of two rivets to each.

“Slave-cunt wear with pride, show you my property,” he informed, coldly.

“*Splat! Splat! Splat! Splat!*” Her breasts were mistreated again.

“Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!” she whimpered.

Grabbing her by the chin, he glared, uttering, “You slave-cunt! You show respect! You say yes, Master! Thank you, Master!”

One minute he told her not to speak, now he was telling her off for not doing so. Paige comprehended, she was going to suffer whatever she did. It was clearly an excuse for the sadist simply to inflict pain. Her life was going to be hell, unless she could escape. Unless the US Marines came storming ashore to rescue her? Or her contact in the FBI realised what had happened to her? But there again, the Special Agent did not know very much for they had been due to meet up for her to spill the beans. Perhaps, as Mr Westmoreland had told her, Taylor would somehow seduce him and kill him, unless, of course, he was careful? Could Taylor actually kill anyone ... probably? She was nasty enough, Paige concluded, but surely she had not descended to that level?

“Thank you, Master!” she blurted, fearful.

“Suck cock!” he demanded, her two minders shoving her to her knees.

He certainly did not need oral stimulation, for his monster was rigidly sticking out in front of him at ninety degrees. God, he was big, she thought. Stretching as wide as she could, she was unable to do more than force her mouth over the end of the giant thing’s crown.

Whilst she did her best, the unnamed Zorra went over to the side of the room, coming back pulling chains, dragging a set of pullies along a rail that was secured to the ceiling.

Holding the end of a chain in one hand, the bitch bent down and used the other mitt to grasp Paige’s left ankle. Pulling it towards her, unbalanced Paige. The Zorra fitted the D-ring affixed to the end of the chain to the outer ring that was secured to the ankle-cuff. Standing back, the evil creature pulled on the continuous chain, cranking the pulley, causing Paige’s left leg to be hauled upward, flipping her away from the penis and onto her side. Paige narrowly missed banging her head against the floorboards.

The cuff was painfully cutting into her flesh. “Argh!”

By skill or good judgement, the Zorra had raised Paige to just the right height so her pussy was at the correct level. Straddling her right leg, Kuffuh wrapped an arm about the up-pointing left thigh, using his

free hand to bring the wet tip of his penis to between her outer labia. Utilising the now-free hand to grasp her left breast tightly, he thrust his hips forward, driving in his cock.

"Oh my God!" Paige exclaimed, it stretching and filling her like nothing she had had up her before. Instantly realising, she urgently added, "That's wonderful ... Master!"

"Nrrrh! Nrrrh!" Kuffuh growled, vigorously humping.

"*Thwack!*" One of the bitches lashed a stroke against her back.

"Argh!" Paige screamed, dreading the prospect of being whipped whilst she was being fucked by the monster cock.

"Show appreciation! Being used! Fucked!" The Presidente commanded.

Hoping she got the picture; she did her best. "Yes! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

"Nrrrh! Nrrrh!" He started to repeatedly slap her butt-cheeks and her breasts playfully. "*Splat!*"

"Ow! Yes! Ow! Fuck!" she deliberately wailed. The longer he kept slapping her, the more the pain increased, but she dare not protest. His rhythmic pounding felt like a pestle grinding her vagina as if it were a mortar. "Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! E-e-e-e-e! E-e-e-e-e!"

There seemed to be no end in sight, his culmination a long time in coming. "Nrrrh! Nrrrh! Nrrrh!" At last it happened, he seemingly spurting pints of sperm. "Nnnrrrrrrrrh!"

"E-e-e-e-e-e-ehhh! Yees! E-e-e-e-e-e-ehhh! Yees!" she squealed, involuntary orgasms actually pulsing through her. "E-e-e-e-e-e-ehhh! E-e-e-e-e-e-ehhh!"

Extracting, stepping to where her head was, he reached down. Grasping her by her hair, he hauled her head level to his crotch. "Suck, slave!" he ordered, she doing her best to vacuum and lick off all the beads of cum. "Slave try, fuck good! Good whore!"

Was that praise?

Letting go of her tresses, he allowed her head to drop, it not hitting the floor as her right arm was beneath it.

Walking away, he went to fetch something. Meanwhile the Zorra pulled on the continuous chain once more, hauling Paige higher, upwards until she was only able to place the flat of her right hand onto the floor. The initial movement caused a stab of further pain in her left ankle, she unable to stop letting out a yelp, "Ouch!"

Kuffuh returned, carrying a nasty-looking, multi-tailed, flogger. To Paige's horror, the tails were made of thin strips of leather not some soft material and she guessed that that would make it painful.

"Slave-cunt, you learn Kuffuh is Master. You learn be frightened to displease. You learn obedience. You learn you worthless slave. I teach you to fear," Kuffuh said, in unemotional tones.

"*Swack!*" Commencing to lash the rear of her thighs, her posterior and her back, he rained blows.

At first it felt like mere pinpricks, which grew to a stinging sensation, building to a red-hot torment. "Ow-ouch!" she cried after each delivery. Before long, tears were trickling from her eyes.

Thankfully, the thrashing stopped, she hoping that it was over. There was a throbbing sensation across her rear areas and a painful ache in her left ankle. Her wish however was soon shattered.

Standing before her, he unleashed a torrent of strokes against her breasts. "*Swack!*"

Soon her boobs felt like they were on fire. As the pain built, so did her vocals. "Ow-ouch! Please!" became, "Ow-ooouch! Pleeease!" that in turn became, "Ooow-ooouch! Argh! Pleeease, no more!"

"Slave-cunt suffer good," he said, sounding insufferably pleased with himself.

Respite came only briefly. Adjusting his stance, her worse nightmare was created, he lashing the tails of the flogger pain-inducingly against her labia and clitoris. "*Swack!*"

"Argh! Please! No more!"

That did not stop him, he simply carrying on until it felt like he was pouring molten lead onto her intimate area.

"Aaargh! Pleeease! Pleeease! Aaarrggghhh!" she screamed, before something occurred to her. "Pleeease, Master! Aaarrggghhh!"

The lashing stopped, he smarmily saying, "First lesson good. See tomorrow for second beating. Me go now to eat with friend Charlie."

"Oh, God, no," she gasped, terrified of what tomorrow might bring.

There was callous laughter from the three black people, they walking away, heading for the door, leaving her uncomfortably suspended.

Chapter 16

The night was truly hell, Paige reckoned. Sleep was not an option. Her whole body throbbed. Her skin was hot with a burning sensation. Her left ankle was numb from the pain the cuff created. She had felt sick and had vomited, luckily spewing away from where her very-tired right hand usually pressed against the floor. Unable to stop herself, she had defecated, the stools slipping over her right buttock to splatter upon the floorboards, she shuddering at the grossness.

During the early hours she had been unable to stop her bladder emptying, most of the urine running down her body to the floor. Her beaten vulva was stinging-painful when the acrid fluid flowed over the tenderised flesh. So much so that she fainted. For how long, she had no idea.

In a sort of suffering-induced trance, she saw the dawn pour shafts of sunlight through one set of the room's barred windows. She felt very hungry, very wretched, very sorry for herself. Why had she ever gotten involved in prostitution, it prostitution whatever fancy name you gave it? True, the money had been nice, the work relatively easy, but was it moral to be being used to corrupt officials? But, then again, they were obviously corrupt in the first place, so was providing them with sex creating corruption or merely adding something to it? And, what good had it done contacting the FBI? She was now in a hellhole from which, if Mr Westmoreland was to be believed, she would not escape, and where, presumably, she was going to die in misery? Also, what about the FBI Agent, by the sound of it, he was going to be killed? Did he have a wife? Did he have children? What had she done? She burst into uncontrollable sobbing. Perhaps Taylor's attitude was best: take the money, ask no questions, happily be used, and in turn use people for your own benefit?

An hour or so after dawn had broken the door to the room opened. As best as Paige could see, two chattering, naked, women entered. It was Genoveva and the other Zorra from yesterday.

The chains rattled and Paige was lowered, she hoping her nightmare was over, but she was left dangling closer to the floor. It was then that she saw that both of the Zorras fiends were wearing large strap-on dildos made of black silicon.

"Yeouch!" Paige squealed, when the chain stopped, her left leg painfully jerked. "Please," she begged, hoping for some consideration, for compassion.

Glaring down at her face, Genoveva snarled, and yelled, "Shut fuck up, white cunt whore!"

"*Splat! Splat! Splat!*" the bitch slapped Paige's still aching breasts.

Paige was too frightened to utter a further sound.

Some sort of greasy lubricant was smeared onto her still-puffy labia and her anal ring. The two evil creatures smeared more of the substance onto their imitation penises, Without any apparent concern for Paige's sore pussy, the unnamed Zorra forced her toy into the poor vagina.

"Yeouch! Yeouch! Yeouch!" Paige wailed.

Two sniggering sets of laughter rang out.

Genoveva set about sodomising Paige's rear. Gripping the upraised leg tightly, she pushed with uncaring-force, succeeding in driving the dildo through the ring muscle.

"Yeouch! Yeouch! Please! Pleeease!" Paige yelped, the only response being further laughing.

"You white slut whore. No one care you die or live," Genoveva sneered, slapping a hand to one of her victim's buttocks. "*Splat!*"

"Ah, it's so good to see a worthless slave-cunt being vigorously used by her betters," Mr Westmoreland's voice said, he obviously standing in the room, somewhere behind her. Coming around, avoiding the piles of excreta and vomit, he took up a position before her. "Tut. Tut. Tut. You messy slut. I expect Presidente Kuffuh or his wonderfully nasty Vixens will make you lick it up."

"Oh pleeease!" Paige begged, the very thought turning her empty stomach. "Please, Mr Westmoreland, don't leave me here. Take me back to Minneapolis, please. I'll do whatever Mr Deakin wants. I'll not speak to anyone again." She burst into tears. Her mind was awlirl, trying to cope with the conversation, with the pains in her body, and with the unwanted sensations developing in her vagina and anus caused by the pumping actions. "E-e-e-e-e."

"You stupid cunt, you had your chance but you chose to blow it. You made your bed, now you're going to have to die in it. Nothing I can do even if I wanted as you're Kuffuh's property now. And, to be quite frank, I don't think he cares what happens to his property just so long as whatever it is amuses him," Mr Westmoreland said, in a sickening, unfeeling, manner. "I just popped in to say goodbye. I'm off to the airport, heading back to my luxury villa where I can lounge in the sun, drinking champagne, eating delicious food, whilst you stay here licking the floorboards clean."

"Pleeease, I'm begging you!" she yelled, even more terrified, if that were possible, libidinous sensations interfering with her thoughts. "E-e-e-e-e."

It was no use. He simply walked away, she presuming he heading for the door. Then she heard him say, "Good morning, Presidente. I'm going to the airport now. Have business back in Barcelona to attend to. Many thanks for your hospitality and I hope to return very soon."

"Go, my friend. Safe flight. And, return soon to share delight of my slave-cunts. Always welcome." It was the voice of Presidente Kuffuh.

"E-e-e-e-e. E-e-e-e-e," Paige was moaning, quivering sensations emanating from her vaginal and anal areas.

All too soon, the bulk of the big black man was standing before her, evilly sneering down. Dressed in a lightweight pale-blue suit, which looked like he had slept in it, he was lazily drawing the tail of a kurbash through his left hand, repeatedly.

"E-e-e-e-e! E-e-e-e-e! E-e-e-e-e-e-e-ehhh!" Paige was involuntarily rocked by an orgasm.

The two Zorras smirked, patently self-satisfied with what they had achieved.

Kuffuh nodded to his henchwomen, who pulled their silicon penises from the battered orifices, then tugged on the continuous chain, sending Paige thumping to the floor.

"Ooowh, God!" she yelled. Seeing him raise his right arm high, she guessed what was to happen next, she frantically calling out, "Please, Master! Please, I want to serve you, Master! Master!"

"*Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!*"

The first blow hit her right side, she rolling onto her stomach after that, the five other deliveries jarringly landing across her rear. "Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Jesus Christ, please, Master!"

"Slave-cunt no speak without permission! Slave-cunt worthless whore!" The Presidente roared. "I teach you fear! I break you till you cower like whipped dog!"

It sounded horrific. She wanted to die. It looked like she might, in the most gruesome of ways. She could not stop her body from uncontrollably shaking.

"I go now to Nuevo City, N'gongo's capital. Many important things to do. I leave Genoveva in charge. She whip you. She take care of you," The Presidente said. Turning to his henchwoman, he said, "Make her clean shit. Feed swill. Take her stable, she be mare."

"Excellency," is all Genoveva said.

No sooner was he gone than the chief Zorra aggressively said, "You fuck cunt whore, clean up shit! Clean up puke! Floor must be clean when return or I flog!"

Paige feared the worst, but before the two black women left and locked the door the unnamed one banged down a bucket beside her, it containing some water, a sponge and a large piece of tattered cotton cloth.

At first she was simply going to use the cloth to pick up what she could and then slosh the sponge over the area. But that meant she would have to put her hands into foul water, which was gross. Also, it was likely to leave pools of water on the floor which she guessed would bring her a beating. Cogitating the problem, she came up with what she thought was a solution.

Soaking the sponge, she placed that on the floor. Ripping the cloth into two pieces, she soaked one portion putting that beside the bucket. Using the remaining material, she utilised it to lift the offending excreta and vomit into the bucket. Squeezing as much water as was left from the sponge onto the floor, she set about using the other cloth to wipe it as dry as possible.

Now dressed in their uniforms, the two women returned, both having a Kurbash hanging from their belts, the junior one was carrying a large, plastic, mixing bowl and a small bottle of water.

Genoveva glared down at Paige and the floor, before breaking into something of an approving, but still evil, grin. "Clever. Put cloth, put sponge, in bucket!"

Once Paige had complied, the other Zorra placed the bowl and bottle down beside her, before picking up the bucket and walking off with it.

“Eat!” Genoveva snapped.

The bowl contained some sort of unappetising-looking mush. Greyish, with a sprinkling of rehydrated orange lentils in it. There was no spoon, so Paige paused.

“Eat! Fast! Fast! Stupid white cunt whore!”

Picking up the bowl, she held it to her lips and poured and sucked the contents slowly into her mouth, swallowing. Thankfully, it was quite bland.

“Fast! Fast! Stupid white cunt whore!” the evil bitch ranted.

Doing her best, Paige gulped and gulped, forcing herself to swallow as fast as she was able. There were only remnants of the food now, but she thought it best to lick the bowl clean – because she did not know when her next meal might come, and, she anticipated being beaten if she wasted any.

The other guard arrived back carrying a chain dog lead, which she clipped to the ring at the front of Paige’s steel collar.

“Drink!” Genoveva demanded.

Unscrewing the cap, Paige sucked down the water, coughing and spluttering toward the end.

“Now, come, we take to stable. You be slave-cunt mare.”

Chapter 17

Paige's left ankle was sore, she rather gingerly hobbling along to keep up with her two minders who were strutting along, leading her as if she was a dog on a leash.

They had left the palace via a back door, were now walking along a compacted-dirt path towards another large building some three hundred or so feet away. Going through an archway, they entered a courtyard, surrounded on all four sides by the building. Some of it was given over to being a barracks, there several black-bereted Guardia Nacional lounging around in the sunshine. What had been carriage houses were obviously used as garages. Opposite to the archway they had used was another, either side of which there were stables.

Going to the right-hand portion, they entered. The sight rekindled Paige's dread. There was a row of four-foot wide stalls, each occupied by a naked pale-skinned girl, clearly treated as if they were horses.

"Omar!" Genoveva shouted. "Omar! Omar!"

Exiting a tack room located at the far end, came a swarthy, moustached, man. Five-foot-ten or so in height, average build. Wearing only a pair of red slippers, baggy, red, Turkish pants and a matching, buttonless, waistcoat. Both were embroidered with a fancy intricate pattern by use of white cotton thread.

"Zorra, you want?" Clearly English was not his first language either, Paige guessing he was some sort of Arab.

"Excellency want make this slave-cunt into mare," Genoveva informed.

"Huh," he uttered, sounding contemptuous.

Running his hands over Paige's naked body, he seemed to pay particular attention to her breasts before slipping fingers down into her vagina, taking his time to feel inside. He sucked air through his teeth. Turning her around, he groped her butt-cheeks, before forcing a finger into her anus, noisily sucking in more air. Causing her to move back to facing him, prising her jaws apart, he looked at her teeth and tongue. More air was sucked. Cupping her breasts again, he seemed to weigh them, wobbling them up and down. There was that sound again.

"*Splat! Splat! Splat! Splat!*" He slapped her boobs, sending them bouncing. Once more, he sucked air.

Paige suppressed calling out, despite the fact his actions brought her discomfort.

"No good. Tit too big. No other mare to match her with. Omar, he not having freak. Not having unmatched mares. Bad, Omar reputation," Omar announced.

Should she be relieved, Paige wondered, fleetingly. But, if he did not take her what would happen?

"Excellency say, make mare! You make mare, or else!" Genoveva demanded, looking angry.

Omar went into a tantrum, stamping his feet, shacking with rage, he screaming, "I mare trainer! Best in world! I say slave-cunt no good! I not train her! I not train her! If Excellency want train, let him do! I go back to Turkey!"

It was clear he was not frightened of the threat of The Presidente's wishes, and was not going to back down. Genoveva looked livid, clearly disliking being defied, but, Paige surmised, the Zorra had experienced this situation before. Omar was obviously held in high regard by his employer.

Curtly, the evil bitch spun on the soles of her boots, marching off in a high dudgeon, happily stating, "White cunt whore will be punished for this!"

Her associate turned too, yanking on the lead, she dragging Paige with her, who was now fearing the worse.

Instead of heading for the archway they had used to enter the complex they went out via the one opposite. There was an area of compacted dirt. At its centre was what looked like a long, narrow, swimming pool. Holding a lunge-line, a teenage black boy was walking beside the pool, letting a horse swim its length.

The trio of women went towards the pool. Instead of using the entry ramp, Genoveva simply grabbed Paige, dragged her some ten feet and shoved her into the water. Paige went under. Resurfacing, she spat out water before gasping air.

"Swim, slave-cunt, swim!" Genoveva instructed, the two bitches giggling, setting off, ambling along beside the pool, the second Zorra still holding the handler's end of the dog leash.

Paige was not a strong swimmer, so she silently prayed that she could make it, doing her far-from-perfect breaststroke. The horse ahead had reached the far end, it easily clambering up the exit ramp.

With all her willpower, Paige kept going, thankful when her feet touched the surface of the incline. Staggering, she made it back to the surrounding dirt. The two minders kept walking, heading back towards the palace, Paige still hobbling along due to the ache in her left ankle, the skin badly chafed.

Upon entering, Paige was terrified that she was going to be taken back to the training room, which she was. Bundled through the door, she was confronted by the sight of a dozen pale-skinned girls who immediately dropped to their knees, pressing their foreheads to the floor.

“Worthless white cunt whores!” Genoveva scoffed, before jerking Paige across to a waist-high beam, banding her over it.

The leash was unclipped from her collar.

Genoveva had her kurbash in her hand, she raising it and delivering a blow to Paige’s posterior. “*Thwack!*”

“Aaargh! Please!” Paige screamed, her rear feeling like it had been split open.

“*Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!*” The evil tail felt like it jarred her spine, red-hot fire emanating from where it had landed across her back.

“Aaargh! Aaarrgh! Jesus, please! Pleeease! Oh, God help me!” Paige shrieked, peeing onto the floor, excreting a small bowel movement, she fainting with the pain.

When she awoke, Paige found herself suspended, secured to a St Andrew’s cross, arms upwards. Luckily, because all four limbs were fastened into cuffs, the pressure on each wrist and ankle was bearable, nowhere near as painful as last night’s dangling.

There was no sign of the Zorras but the pale-skinned slaves were still in the room, dusting and cleaning all the torture equipment.

“Please help me,” Paige softly moaned, her whole body feeling like it could take no more mistreatment.

One of the girls, a blonde with blue eyes, rushed up to her, looking frightened, holding an index finger to her lips and shaking her head. “Nnh! Nnh!” is all she uttered.

Paige was about to speak. The girl placed her index finger to Paige’s lips and shook her head again. Paige got the message – do not talk.

The girl beckoned over a mixed-race colleague, and when she arrived, pointed to her lips. There were a set of puncture scars, above and below, and blue-eyes imitated the action of sewing. Assuming that that meant the girl had had her lips sown together for speaking, Paige was horrified, telling herself she had best be extra careful, Kuffuh clearly a truly horrible bestial beast.

Mixed-race went back to cleaning. Blue-eyes left Paige for a minute, going to a small cupboard. Returning, carrying a tube of cream, she knelt and gently applied some all over the abrasions on Paige’s left ankle. Standing, she silently mouthed, “Hope that helps.”

Paige smiled and nodded, trying to convey her thanks.

The girl skipped off, returning the ointment.

Once the cleaning was finished, the slaves dashed to line up close to the door. It was evidently important for them to be in descending height order, as several changed places.

The door opened, Genoveva strutting in, the girls falling to their knees, pressing foreheads to the floor. “Get to work, lazy cunts!” she yelled, cracking her kurbash in the air.

Instantly leaping to their feet, they used a high knee gait as the slaves marched from the room.

“I come whip your tits and cunt with kurbash,” Genoveva said to Paige sounding threatening.

Gritting her teeth, Paige decided it best not to say a word or beg in case that brought forth a whipping.

Tauntingly, the she-bitch dragged the tail of her whip over Paige’s breasts. “You want me use kurbash to split your tits?” Clearly waiting for Paige to transgress, she eventually said, “You have permission to speak.”

Having decided that she would be as servile as she could, in the hope that doing so would help her avoid as many beatings as possible, Paige quietly replied, "I am a slave. You can do with me what you will."

"Huh!" Genoveva disgustedly snorted. "White cunts so weak. Easy to make slaves."

Going to the far side of the room, she returned pushing some sort of machine. It had a metal rod about five foot long, the angle of which could be adjusted. The end was tipped by a black dildo. Positioning the machine, carrying out several adjustments, Genoveva inserted the tip of the dildo between Paige's labia.

Stepping back, Genoveva switched it on. The arm slowly moved forwards a couple of inches, half the dildo pushed into Paige's vagina, before it set about a lazy, continuous, back and forth motion.

After that, the Zorra simply exited the room, leaving Paige to be fucked by a machine, which, she quickly realised, was going to prove something of a torture, she likely to end up being pumped to an unending number of orgasms.

Chapter 18

Paige had no idea how long she spent being fucked by the machine. Having ejaculated several times and constantly self-lubricating, her body was running out of fluid. At first, juice had oozed from her vagina and trickled down the insides of both thighs, now there was hardly enough to lube the plastic-penis that was still pumping back and forth between her swollen labia. The experience was so sapping, she increasingly felt as if her body was drained of water and of stamina.

There was nothing to be gained in trying to resist, she concluded, she better to embrace being a slave if she was going to survive. The alternative appeared to be a horrible lingering death. That prospect filled her with dread. Therefore, she decided, she would do whatever was needed to ingratiate herself with her master, assuming that ingratiating with him was possible.

Two Zorras entered, she never having seen them before. They sneered and chuckled at her plight. They exchanged words that she did not understand, but guessed they were revelling in her misfortune.

One switched off the machine. What a blessed relief that was.

Both came to the cross. The cuffs restraining her ankles were undone. They released her wrists from their cuffs. She dropped a couple of inches to the floor. Her legs were so weak she simply collapsed to her knees. "Yeouch!"

Her arms felt like lead and were filled with tormenting pins and needles. She had not the strength to rub or shake them.

Unable to stop herself from falling forwards, she ended up breasts pressed against the floorboards, face landing with a bit of a "*Splat!*"

Guffaws emanated from the two black women. Reaching down, they hook an arm apiece under her armpits, lifting her up. They set off at a brisk pace, leaving the room and heading down the corridor, hauling her, dragging her feet along the floor. By the time they reached the top of the fancy staircase Paige was doing her best to get her legs to work.

They crossed the hallway, her feet now slapping against the polished marble as she managed to undertake the occasional footstep. The double doors into the audience chamber were opened by more Zorras. Frogmarched to the centre of the room, she was dropped to the floor.

A quick glance revealed that there were four pale-skinned slave-girls cowering in the corner, several other Zorras at attention beside them. Genoveva was standing beside the black throne, looking her normal meanness. Seated, was the naked Presidente Kuffuh, he drawing the blooded tails of a cat-'o-nine-tails repeatedly through his cupped left hand. Before him, and slightly to the left, was another slave-girl in a foetal position, sobbing, it clear that she had been mercilessly lashed for her back was a mass of bright red streaks and pinpricks seeping blood where the knots on the ends of the tails had punctured the flesh.

Instantly, Paige pressed her forehead to the floor as hard as she could, starting to quiver, fearing the worse.

After a few seconds, one of her minders reached down, gripped hanks of her hair and jerked her up onto her haunches so that she could see her master.

Pointing at her with the cat, he said, "You worthless slave cunt. You no good as mare. Tit's too big. Wrong height. You no good as house slave." He pointed to the other slave-girls. It was then that Paige realised, none of them had breasts bigger than a grapefruit, hers more the size of small melons. The black Zorras however did have bigger breasts than the slaves.

"So, I cut tits off. Or I kill you for amusement. Or, perhaps sell you," Kuffuh said, sounding deadly serious.

Paige's fear turned to absolute horror. This beast was a monster. Realising her predicament, she knew she had to do something, that she must show him she was his devoted slave, that she had better perform like that best whore in the world.

The Zorra had let go of her hair when she had settled upon her haunches. So, with as much speed as she could muster, she jerked onto all fours and scrabbled across the floor as fast as she could. It was quick enough to leave her minders behind, and just swift enough to get to him before Genoveva could step to block her.

Feeling exhausted, Paige hoped that he was sated, for a time at least. However, she was well aware, she must keep him contented. As his penis started to deflate, she wriggled away from it, quickly

manoeuvring so as to be able to lavish her oral skills upon the cum-covered salami. Obviously appreciative, he rolled onto his back, giving her easier access.

Once she had completed the task to her satisfaction, she looked up, impishly grinning. For once he was not scowling at her, there a sort of impressed-look upon his face.

Reaching out, he grasped strands of her wild hair, and pulled, she slithering along part on his body. When he could, he hooked his hands under her armpits, causing her to rise a little and to drag her so that she sat upon his face.

“O-o-o-o-o-o!” she instantly sighed, a tingling sensation trickling up from her vagina. “Oh yes, Master! Yes!”

His tongue dug deep, his teeth grated against her clitoris and her tender and still-engorged inner labia, sending a deliciously tormented-ecstasy through her.

“O-o-o-o-o-o! O-o-o-o-o-o! Yes! Yes! Master!” Perspiring, her vagina spasming, sending rapturous feeling through her being, she climaxed. Grinding her crotch hard against his face, she had another culmination, squealing, “O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ohhhhhhhhh!”

Panting, daring not to move, she sat where she was, leaning forwards, hands gripping the top of the headboard.

Clamping his mitts to each side of her waist, he forced her over to his left, she tumbling to lie beside him. Slipping his left arm under her back, he pulled her tightly into the cruck of his arm, she resting her head upon his chest.

The bedroom door was knocked, a slave girl entered, carrying a tray of food. Kuffuh sat up, back against the headboard. Placing the tray upon his lap, the slave girl stepped back three paces.

Looking at the food, he commanded, “Bring another meal like this. Slave-cunt needs to be fed!”

“Yes, Master,” the slave girl replied, dashing on her way.

“Sit,” he said to Paige, she wriggling further up the bed before sitting upright beside him.

Upon his tray was a large glass of red wine, a dish containing peeled-prawns with a small ramekin containing a sweet-chilli sauce. Under a metal cover, the main plate held a meat stew upon a bed of brown rice. There was also two bananas. As there was no cutlery, Kuffuh started, using his fingers.

The slave girl returned, panting, clearly having hurried, placing a second tray down upon Paige’s lap. It appeared to have a very similar meal to that on Kuffuh’s tray. To her mind there was far more than she would usually eat but she was starving and she feared that if she did not consume everything she might well face having another beating.

“Thank you,” she politely said to the slave-girl. Turning to The Presidente, she also said, “Thank you, Master.”

In case it might be snatched away from her, she set about consuming as much as she was able as quickly as possible, starting with the prawns.

Chapter 19

Paige had no way of knowing what day it was, nor had she any idea how long she had been a slave in the hellhole that was The Presidente's Palace in the African country of N'gongo.

What she did know was that it seemed a lifetime ago when she had been back in Minneapolis, she now having accepted that she was never going to be able to escape or get rescued. Although the recesses of her mind kept telling her, "there was always hope," common sense suggested otherwise.

Like all the other slave-cunts, as they were called, she lived in fear of committing the slightest infringement of unspecified rules for Presidente Kuffuh and his Zorras vixens simply loved handing out punishments. The slightest pretext could result in a slave getting a whipping.

Life was one never ending drudge. The household slaves did the cleaning. They acted as waitresses, serving The Presidente, his guests and the Zorras. Their main function was however to provide sexual services. They were fucked by the Zorras, The Presidente, or any other person that he told them to screw. Some were considerate but most were cruel or simply heartless.

The slaves did not talk to each other – it was forbidden. They occasionally silent-mouthed a few words, one to the other. Sometimes they wrote a word or two, on scraps of paper which they then ate, or on the steam upon a glass or mirror surface before thoroughly polishing it away.

As for the girls in the stables, life was just as difficult. They may not have the same contact with the Master and bitches that the Palace slaves had, but they were constantly training to be better mares. When they were raced, pulling a two-wheeled sulky, they were driven remorselessly, sometimes until they dropped from exhaustion, which then usually resulted in a beating.

Long since, Paige had resolved to do her utmost to be a "good" slave, to do what she was told, pander to demands as best she was able, happily allow her body to be used by others for their bestial pleasure.

Despite it having rained for much of the day the temperature was still around 80° Fahrenheit and Paige's best guess was that it was about one hour to sunset.

"Come, white cunt whore!" Genoveva snapped, as Paige was cleaning a bathroom.

"Yes, Mistress," Paige responded, fearing the worse.

As the chief Zorra strode out, Paige did her best to keep up. The double doors of the audience chamber, were thrown open by two guards.

Grasping a large hank of Paige's hair, Genoveva marched in, dragging her, loudly declaring, "Slave-cunt Paige!"

Contemptuously, the bitch propelled Paige to the centre of the room. Instantly, she fell to her knees, pressing her forehead to the polished-stone floor. Her brain raced, trying to think what indiscretion she had committed, terrified that she was about to get a flogging. As she had been dropping to her knees, she had fleetingly seen The Presidente on his throne and vaguely noted that there were two people standing beside the right arm of his black chair.

Nothing happened. A few muffled words were exchanged by those at the throne.

High heels tapped against the floor, a pair of clear-plastic ankle-boots coming to stand beside Paige's head. Open-toed, cut-out heels, seven-inch stilettos with three-inch platforms. The sort of thing a porn-star might wear, Paige momentarily thought.

"Kiss my toes, slave!" the female voice sneered.

"Yes, Mistress," Paige replied, instantly pressing her lips first to one set of digits then to the other as she had been trained to do.

A hand slipped under the back of her metal collar and pulled. At the same time, the voice sniggered, "Stand and present yourself!"

Partially assisted by the jerking hand, Paige sprung to her feet. Her heart thumped. Standing next to the throne was Charles Westmoreland but immediately before her was Taylor Erikson, looking tanned, glamorous, but also appearing to be something akin to a slut. Automatically, she said, "Mistress."

Taylor was wearing a tiny pair of raggedy blue-denim booty shorts with a fancy leather belt that sported two pouches, presumably holding her phone and passport, and a cropped, white-gossamer, sideless, tank-top. Adorned, she had a pear-shaped blue-sapphire and diamond pendent on a platinum chain about her neck, matching drop earrings, a matching bracelet on her left wrist, a similar navel jewel, and six assorted rings of various designs upon her thumbs and four of her fingers. Oozing prosperity, confidence and contempt, she towered over Paige, being five inches taller plus the extra height her footwear gave her.

“So, slave, it looks like you have lost some weight. It suits you,” Taylor said in smarmy fashion. “Now, stand properly. Hands behind your back. Display yourself like you have been taught to do when your betters want to examine you.”

“Yes ... Mistress,” Paige remembered to say, unhappy at using the title to answer her former friend but Presidente Kuffuh was watching closely. Clasping her hands behind her back, she pushed her shoulders back, causing her breasts to stick out.

“Life has been so good for me since we parted. Has it for you?” The extra-long, stiletto-type, false nails on Taylor’s left hand that were encrusted with tiny diamond-like jewels were scratching at Paige’s clitoris and inner labia.

Clearly, the bitch knew or could guess what life had been like for Paige – hell – but it was obvious, Taylor was baiting her and if she was not careful Kuffuh could well flog her. “Yes ... Mistress.”

“I’m sure it has,” Taylor oily oozed. Three of her fingers were now poking into Paige’s slit, the nail of her thumb jabbing painfully against her clitoris. Looking over her shoulder, Taylor said, “Presidente Kuffuh, I’d like to whip this slave-cunt’s tits as she is failing to show me proper respect.”

“Please do,” Kuffuh replied, seeming taken with the idea.

“Mistress, please I meant no—” Paige was urgently saying.

Whipping her head back to glare malevolently, Taylor slapped her right hand across Paige’s face. “*Splat!*” Snarling, “Don’t you fucking dare speak inappropriately, slave-cunt!”

Two Zorra stepped to Paige and seized her by the arms. Genoveva handed Taylor a multi-tailed flogger with tiny knots at the end of each strand.

There was no point in panicking, Paige knew for it would only make things worse.

Taylor lashed the flogger to the sides of Paige’s breasts, left boob first then right, repeating it twice more. “*Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack!*”

“Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!” Paige shrieked, at that moment hating her fellow countrywoman, but knowing she had no alternative but to suffer.

Handing the flogger back, Taylor cupped Paige’s breasts in her hands, cruelly drawing her thumb nails against the fiery flesh. “Since I last saw you things have been as they should. I’ve become a star on *Instagram* with ten million followers, people hanging upon my every post. I made a couple of adult movies to boost my international profile, one with a white guy, one with a black. My followers lust after me, naturally, and want to fuck me. There are so many that I’m charging fifty grand for my company. You would not believe how many men can spend that sort of money. I fucked an Arab prince several times recently and he gave me most of these jewels. They’re real. *Tiffany’s*. Forty thou or so.”

“They are beautiful, Mistress,” Paige said, envious, making certain she used the “M” word without hesitation.

“I’m ... erh ... escorting at least once a week, sometimes twice or three times. *The Cannes Film Festival* is in May and I’ve already got clients lined up. Well, you do have to make your money in this game whilst you’re young and in demand. Make hay, as they say. Pity you never learned that.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Its Spring Break ... Tuesday, March 10th actually ... so as I’ve heard so much about N’gongo I thought I’d come, see. Thought I’d buy me a slave too—”

“Mistress?” Paige queried, wondering if she heard right.

“I’m so fucking gorgeous and such a great fuck I’m in so much demand that I need a slave or two to take care of the menial things. So, I’m thinking that I shall buy you. Make you my personal slave,” Taylor said, in blasé fashion.

Was that a good thing, Paige wondered? Would her ex-friend rescue her or was it going to be out of the frying pan into the fire? Uncommittedly, she merely uttered, “Mistress.”

In full-swing, Taylor merrily went on, "I've talked it over with Lorenzo – he is so fucking cute – seeing as I'm making so much money I've decided not to go back to college after the Break but to move to Europe. It'll be so much better for me to get to my bookings more easily whether they be in Europe, the Middle East, Africa or Asia. Europe is kinda central. He's agreed to let me go just so long as he gets his commission. It's neat, don't you think?"

"Yes, Mistress," Paige tried not to sound reticent.

Swivelling from the waist, Taylor turned to look at the throne, saying, "Presidente Kuffuh, I want to buy this slave-cunt. I want her ringed, in her nose, nipples and clitoris. Then I want her to watch whilst you stick your cock into me. Charlie tells me it's a monster, size wise, and that I can't possibly leave N'gongo without trying out such a huge specimen. Oh, and I want her branded with my motif."

Chapter 20

The word “branded” caused adrenaline to pump through Paige, her brain telling her that sounded positively painful.

When she and Taylor had been friends they had both decided that tattoos and lots of piercings were gross, and to be avoided. It now looked like the bitch had morphed into someone truly different – nasty and evil to boot.

Jerking her head about, Paige frantically looked around the room, trying to take in all that was happening. The two Zorras holding her increased their grip on her arms. The door to the chamber opened and another of the vixens entered, a burning gas-fired blowtorch in one hand, the other paw carrying something that looked like a six-inch cork with an eight-inch needle protruding from it. Mr Westmoreland stepped over to join Taylor, the flat of his right hand holding four horseshoe-shaped stainless steel barbells. Genoveva joined them.

“She’s gonna be my fucking slave so I wanna do it,” Taylor declared, carefully taking the cork between the pads of her right-hand fingers, her nails clearly stopping her gripping it properly.

Holding the needle into the flame, Taylor waited until it was glowing red, before saying, “Don’t fucking flinch, slave, otherwise I might just end up sticking this anywhere.”

Genoveva pinched Paige’s nose and pulled on the bottom of the septum. Before Paige knew it, the red-hot needle had been pushed through the septum, and then both nipples.

“Argh! Argh! Argh!” Paige yelled, the pain was bad but the smell of burning skin, cartilage and flesh made her feel nauseas.

Next, the hot needle went through the flaps of her clitoral hood just below the nub.

“Argh!” Paige felt giddy and thought she was about to swoon.

As it was obvious that Taylor’s nails would get in the way, Genoveva set about fitting the barbells.

“There you are. You’re looking more like a slave by the minute,” Taylor gleefully advised, whilst handing back the corked-needle. “I did so want to brand you with a hot iron but Charles here said it would take too much time to have to wait for someone to actually make the instrument so I’ve settled on my motif simply being tattooed. “I wanted to do it myself, but as you can see my nails would apparently get in the way and, of course, I’m no tattooist.”

She held her left claws up before Paige’s eyes, who, disconsolately said, “Yes, Mistress.”

“Let’s get the fucking slave-cunt marked.”

“Come,” Genoveva said.

Striding from the chamber, Genoveva led the way, Paige bundled along by her two minders, Taylor, Charles and The Presidente following.

Crossing the hall, they entered a corridor, but went through the first door on the right.

It was a small room, equipped with a well-padded reclining chair, an array of equipment. Standing, waiting, was Omar, the mare trainer.

From one of her pouches, Taylor pulled a folded piece of paper, that she opened out, saying, “I want this design tattooed just above her cunt. Say three inches in size.”

It looked like an old-fashioned, swirly, intertwined letter T and E.

“I do. No problem. Take time,” Omar responded.

Paige just hoped that he did know what he was doing. She was forced into the chair, the back swiftly reclined.

Patently, Mr Westmoreland and The Presidente were not interested in staying to watch for they left the room.

To Paige’s mind, Omar did seem to know what he was about, her skin carefully sterilised before the dastardly motif was inked.

"That's so good," Taylor seemed to enthuse whilst she admired Omar's handiwork. "Very professional. Really does makes the slave-cunt look more like my property."

Paige felt that a hundred wasps had stung her upon her Mond of Venus. However, she realised she had best say something ingratiating as she had misgiving about how vicious Taylor Erikson might prove. "Yes, Mistress. It surely does show who owns me."

Turning to the three Zorras, Taylor sneered, "You can take the slave-cunt to eat her swill. I'm going to join The Presidente and Mr Westmoreland for a feast. Then its upstairs for me to fuck their brains out."

Paige licked her way through her unedifying meal, it the same as she and the other slave-girls had most evenings. A sort of mush. Idly, she wondered what delights Taylor was tucking into.

Once finished, bowls washed and dried, she was frogmarched up to The Presidente's bedroom. There she was made to press her collarbone to the top rail of the bed's footboard. Arms spread, her wrists were secured by means of leather straps.

Left in that position, she pondered her misfortune. Was her former friend going to prove to be just as evil as Presidente Kuffuh? Surely not? But then, Taylor had always been a self-centred bitch so perhaps her true nature was that of a sadist?

About an hour had probably elapsed when the door opened, Kuffuh, Westmoreland and Erikson coming in, sounding slightly inebriated, clearly cheerful.

"Oh, I forgot this slut was going to be here. Perhaps whilst you two men strip I should just give her a thrashing," Taylor slimily said, clearly pretending to have forgotten.

To Paige's mind, Taylor had clearly intended to be cruel as there was a riding crop upon the bed.

As the two men set about removing their clothes, Taylor picked up the crop, practising swishing it through the air.

"You'll have to forgive me, slave, if I'm a bit amateurish at flogging you but I'll get better with plenty of practice," Taylor advised, taking up a stance behind and to the left of Paige's rump.

"Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack! Swack!"

"Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!" Paige squealed, streaks of fire in her buttocks, thighs and back. "Please! Please, Mistress!"

"Mmm, that was fun. I must do it again soon!" Taylor exclaimed, chucking the crop onto the floor. "Oh my, look at the size of that cock! Presidente, you have something special there! Bigger than Lorenzo or Charlie! Do hurry to get onto the bed and let me mount you!"

As The Presidente complied, Taylor stripped off her shorts and top before climbing onto the bed, still wearing her slutty ankle-boots. Taking his thing in her hands, Taylor set about licking it, making certain that it was fully standing upright.

"Oh my God, it's unbelievable!" Taylor squealed, sounding delighted. Raising herself upwards, she positioned her vulva just above his penile tip. One of her sets of fingers prised her pussy lips apart, the other set held the crown of his cock. Carefully, she forced herself onto his rod. Pushing downward, she drove most of his length inside her. "Jesus fuck! That's awesome! As big as my baseball bat."

"You good wet!" The Presidente stated, seemingly thrilled.

"Charlie. Grease my asshole will you and then fill it!" Taylor demanded.

Mr Westmoreland fetched a tube of water-based lubricant from the bedside drawer and set about coating Taylor's anus and covering his rigid penis. Climbing onto the bed, he crouched behind her. Gripping her hips, he started to thrust his groin forwards, pushing his stiff-meat up her rear pipe.

"Fucking hell! That's wonderful!" Taylor shrieked, clearly delighted.

What a slut, Paige thought. If only she herself had been as able to fornicate with such abandon perhaps she would not now be in her miserable position – strapped down, forced to watch three rutting animals, her rear throbbing from the effects of a dozen stinging blows.

Part Three

Chapter 21

Taylor Erikson was standing in the bathroom, posing before the mirror, taking numerous selfies on her phone. Looking glowing, she could see that she was glamorous, and oozed sexiness. No wonder men simply wanted to be in her company, wanted to fuck her. What was more, there appeared to be numerous clients available that were prepared to fork out tens of thousands of dollars simply to experience her charms for a night.

If things went the way she dreamed then her career as an escort would earn her millions, provide her with a life of luxury. Things were panning out just dandy.

Staying at university was now impractical, she in so much demand that she had no time to attend lectures. Although Lorenzo Deakin, her pimp, had been reluctant to let her leave college, he having intended her to be his recruiting sergeant for finding future suitable undergraduates, he had seen the merits of her plan.

So, after this Spring Break holiday was over she would not be returning to St Francis's University, but would base herself in Marbella, Spain, residing in Charles Westmoreland's villa.

The reason she looked glowing, she reckoned, was that last night she had had a really good, hard, sexual workout, she draining the balls of both Presidente Kuffuh and Charlie Westmoreland. Some of their cum was still seeping from between her puffy labia. Using her left hand, she scooped it up. Bringing it to her lips, she sucked it in. Lowering her phone, she took several shots of her clearly-recently-used vagina.

Stepping into the large shower cubicle, she pushed the glass door closed and placed her *iPhone* on the soap dish. Turning on the cascade, she luxuriated in the warm water, the shampooing and the excessive use of a French almond body lotion.

Once dried, she walked back into the bedroom, taking snaps of the slave girl, Paige, who was still fastened down to the large bed's footboard, and of the two sleeping men who were sprawled, naked, upon the top of the bedding.

Unstrapping Paige's wrists, she let her former friend sink to the floor.

"Oh ... thank you," Paige uttered, clearly relieved from having been kept standing, bent over the footboard all night.

Grasping a large hank of Paige's hair, Taylor twisted the attached head so that the eyes looked up at hers. Glaring down, she snarled, "Mistress! I'm your fucking mistress now! You'd better get used to being my slave! Ever piss me off again and I'll return you here to Kuffuh and his tender care! Comprendi?"

"Erh ... yes ... erh ... Mistress," Paige babbled, looking fearful.

"Good!" Taylor snapped, feeling the surge of power. If Paige thought that Taylor would be a soft touch she was mistaken, her mistress intended to be a truly nasty dominatrix.

Had Paige Carlson ever been a real friend, anyway? Or, had she merely been a convenience? Or, someone Taylor liked to have around to make her feel important? Taylor pondered, not coming to any definitive conclusion.

"Now, slave, get up. Go use the bathroom. Shit. Piss. Have a quick shower. I don't want a gross, stinking, slave. Then go to that suitcase and put on the red-leather body harness, the white dress and white flats. You can follow that by dressing me in the yellow silk attire that's hanging in the robe. Now, fucking move it, and don't keep me waiting!"

Seeing Paige dash to comply, brought a smirk to Taylor's face. Stepping around the bed, she leaned forwards. Taking The Presidente's prize penis in her left fingers, she licked and sucked the big bulbous end.

Waking, opening his eyes, he smiled, and said, "You, good fuck. Good white slut. Good whore. Me like you."

"Thank you, Presidente. I like you too," Taylor replied, relishing the memory of his big dick inside her. But business was business, so she pushed her avaricious demands. "I usually charge fifty grand for a night with me but I'll accept the slave as full payment."

"Greedy cunt. Okay, you have her. I many more have," The Presidente confirmed.

Her mouth sucked on his tool, ever harder.

"What about me, babe," Charles Westmoreland asked, sitting up.

"Oh, you've got a truly gorgeous cock that I love, but there is just something primal about having a big black dick up me. They simply make me juice uncontrollably. But, enough of those wicked thoughts, time to be up, breakfasted and on our way if we are to keep to your schedule."

The two men swung their legs off the bed, and headed for the bathroom as Paige came out, she dropping to her knees and pressing her forehead to the parquet floor as The Presidente passed her.

Taylor watched, as the slave got to her feet, went to the large suitcase and took out the body harness, putting it on. She must ensure that the slave kept up that practice. It had become Taylor's intention to acquire a slave, preferably Paige, when Charles had regaled her about the delights of N'gongo. Now it was coming to fruition.

Paige was soon dressed in her thin white-cotton dress and a pair of matching ballet-flats. Holding the yellow-silk, sleeveless, ruched, jumpsuit, she assisted Taylor in putting it on, it open at the sides. A pair of yellow, four-inch heeled, open-toed mules went onto her feet.

"Open the vanity and give me the gold jewellery. Then do my makeup. Make me look even more glamorous than I naturally am," Taylor instructed, taking several photos of herself and her slave.

"Yes, Mistress," Paige muttered, not sounding overly enthusiastic.

The two, still-naked, men padded out of the bathroom, saying they would see her in a few minutes in the breakfast room.

Bangles, armlets and rings soon adorned her arms and fingers. Sitting at the dressing table, Taylor let Paige apply a light dusting of rouge, lots of mascara and lip gloss.

"Right, slave, get my suitcase packed including that riding crop that's on the floor. I've a feeling I'm going to need it if you don't buck up your enthusiasm. Once you've done that bring it and the vanity down to the main hall. Then you can run and have your breakfast. Be ready for when I and Charlie are due to leave," Taylor ordered, before flouncing out of the bedroom.

"Yes, Mistress!" Paige chirped after her, sounding a bit keener.

It was good to be feared, good to be a slave owner, good to be desired, Taylor thought, as she trotted down the grand staircase.

Entering the breakfast room, which was quite palatial, besides The Presidente and Charlie, and naked slave girls, there was Raul, Mr Westmoreland's henchman. In addition there was a row of seventeen blacked-bereted Guardia Nacional, standing to attention.

"Babe, Presidente Kuffuh wonders if you want a bodyguard like my Raul, to accompany you when you go on overseas assignments, help keep you safe? He knows you love black dick so he's assembled black tops that speak pretty good English for you to select from. No obligation to pick any. You'll have to pay them, feed them, cloth them etcetera but with what you're earning that won't be a problem and I personally would feel safer letting you jet off if there was someone reliable with you. These chaps are fiercely loyal as they would never want to cross Kuffuh," Charles said.

My, how things were looking up, Taylor thought, she clearly becoming ever more important.

Swivelling her trunk, she looked, beamed a smile, then said, "Thank you, Presidente, it is most kind." Returning her attention to the row of Guardia, she barked an order, "Drop your pants and show me your cocks and balls!"

Without hesitation, they obeyed.

Slowly, she paced along the line, fondling their penises, jerking them a couple of times each, and weighing their scrotums in her left hand.

Once she had inspected the entire row, she returned to four, this time pumping their dicks to hardness. Stepping back three paces, she looked from one to the other. The choice was perhaps a forgone conclusion – the biggest – possibly ten inches of love-muscle. Although, she certainly did not have love on her mind.

Stepping up to number eight, she stared at his face. In her four-inch heels she was perhaps an inch or so taller. The one selected had a cruel face. A ragged scar ran from his left cheek bone to curve around his mouth to reach his chin. His hair was cropped short and there was a light moustache above his thick top lip.

“Do you know how to fuck?” she asked, trying to play cool despite the fact that her pussy was already self-lubricating at the thoughts of having him inside her.

“Yes, Missy. Sure do. I one of Presidente’s rape squad,” he said, proudly.

Apparently, or so Taylor had heard, Presidente Kuffuh maintained a squad of Guardia who were used to rape male and female prisoners as part of their punishment if they were deemed to have transgressed.

“What’s your name?”

“Ricardo Eko Abaga, Missy.”

Looking over her shoulder, Taylor advised, “I want this one, Presidente.”

“Choice is good,” The Presidente responded, before rattling something off in Spanish.

All the Guardia pulled up their pants, and left the room.

“He will meet you at the airport. Now, come, eat,” The Presidente said.

Taking her seat at the table, Taylor proceeded to breakfast on fruit, croissants and strong coffee. Pussy saturated, she casually remarked, “You know, I think it would be awesome if I was so rich I could surround myself with loads of black dicks that were at my beck and call.”

Chapter 22

The *Bombardier Global* was sixty minutes into its five-hour-plus flight to Malaga, Spain. Taylor was slouched in her seat, left leg extended, the sole of her shoe rubbing against Ricardo's crotch. Charles Westmoreland was across the aisle from her, his henchman, Raul, facing him. The slave, Paige, was sitting at the back of the plane.

Before they had departed, Ricardo had been waiting beside the steps of the aircraft, holding his worldly goods in a small cardboard box. He was dressed in a pair of black casual trousers and a white, short-sleeved, shirt. His black trainers appeared to be the newest piece of his attire.

How pathetically poor he must be, Taylor reasoned. She would have to smarten him up. It would not do for him to be so shabby if he was her bodyguard. Or, was he her possession? Charles Westmoreland had explained, if Ricardo did not do what she asked then Kuffuh would either send some of his thugs to deal with him or drag him back to N'gongo for punishment. So, effectively his life was in her hands, as was Paige's – it felt so good to have the power of life or death.

Bored, she stood up. Undoing her belt, she tossed it onto her seat. Placing her feet, one at a time, onto the armrest, she undid the ankle-ties of her jumpsuit. Reaching behind her nape, she unclipped the hook and eye of the thin strap of her halter, and let her garment fall to the carpet. Stepping out of the garment, she reached down and unbuckled Charlie's seat belt without a word. Unzipping his flies, she pulled out his penis that swiftly started to stiffen to her jerking action.

Carefully, she positioned her rump before him, lowering herself so that his now-hard length slipped into her vagina.

"Oh fuck, Charlie, that's so good," she sexily cooed, as his pleasing rod pushed her inside walls apart. Pressing the recline button, she lowered the back of his seat until it was horizontal. Slowly, she rode like a reverse cowgirl.

"Jesus, Taylor, babe, you're a real whore. A wonderful whore," Charles enthused.

"Escort, Charlie," she corrected. "Paige! Come here!" Taylor roared, various devilish ideas racing through her head.

"Yes, Mistress," the slave said, arriving at the trot.

"Lick my slit and Charlie's balls!"

"Yes, Mistress," the creature replied, bending, bobbing her head, tongue soon rasping against Taylor's clitoris. "Raul, get your cock up the slave!"

It was divine being all-powerful.

Simply grunting, Raul got out of his seat, and proceeded to do as Taylor had demanded. Lifting the bottom of Paige's dress, he shoved his length between her labia and thrust in.

Beckoning with her left index finger, Taylor summoned Ricardo.

Easing his way past two of the performers, he came to stand beside Charlie's seat.

Using both sets of fingers, she opened his fly, eased out his equipment and fondled it into life. Opening wide, she sucked in several inches, ensuring that he became rock hard.

Lust gripped her, she abandoning her part-formed plan to get him to fuck Paige. Instead, she barked her instructions, "Slave get out of the way! Ricardo, double plug my cunt! Shove that cock of yours in my slit with Charlie's dick!"

Hooking her fingers into her opening, she prised it wide, enabling Ricardo to force three or four inches to join Charlie's penis inside her interior.

It was wanton. It was debauched. It felt amazing. Two big dicks were pressing against each other, stretching her vaginal opening, causing delight to flow.

The two men soon set up a mutual thrusting motion, working together with unspoken words, to give both themselves and her lots of debauched pleasure.

"Errrh! Errrh!" Charlie grunted.

"Rrrh! Rrrh!" Ricardo snorted.

"A-a-a-a-a! A-a-a-a-a! Yes! Yes!" Taylor gasped, happily.

"Uuurh! Uuurh!" Raul growled, as he hammered his prick into the slave girl.

"O-o-o-o-o! O-o-o-o-o!" Paige yelled, clearly building to a climax, like it or not.

Charlie and Ricardo were thrusting ever deeper, ever more urgently.

“Errrh! Errrh!”

“Rrrh! Rrrh!”

“A-a-a-a-a! A-a-a-a-a! A-a-a-a-a! Harder! Harder!” Taylor implored.

“Uuurh! Uuurh! Uuuuuuuuurrrhhh!” Raul roared, patently spurting his ejaculate into the slave’s interior.

“O-o-o-o-o! O-o-o-o-o! O-o-o-o-o-wwwhhh!” Paige screamed, clearly orgasming.

“Errrh! Errrh! Eeerrrrrrrrhhh!” Charlie ejaculated.

“Rrrh! Rrrh! Rrrrrrrrrhhh!” Ricardo snarled, ejecting his white lava.

“A-a-a-a-a! Yes! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! A-a-a-a-a-aaaaaaaahhh!” Taylor squealed, rocked by a shuddering climax.

The double load of semen caused some to seep out between her labia even before the two men extracted their equipment.

“Slave! Suck all the cocks clean then lick my slit!” Taylor commanded, feeling elated.

The villa was located about seven miles out of Marbella, it in the mountains near the La Zagaleta Golf Club, it having wonderful views towards the coastline and the Mediterranean Sea.

“I live in England much of the time,” Charles Westmoreland advised, “except when I’m travelling on business or I’m here on holiday. So, you’re free to stay as long as you like, treat it as if it were your home. Santiago and his wife, Leonor, look after the place for me and are very trustworthy. I would not tell them all your business, to be on the safe side, but they won’t be bothered about you using the place to fornicate, nor will they be concerned about you having a slave. They’re very broadminded like that.”

“Thanks ... for letting me have use of this place. It’s truly gorgeous,” Taylor replied, thinking that she was incredibly lucky to have Charlie as a facilitator – but then, he did get to fuck her for free so he was amply rewarded for assisting hers. “Didn’t you say I could leave my slave here when I am travelling if I wanted?”

“Yes. There is a dungeon in the basement and Santiago will feed her. Well, actually, it’ll be Leonor. She’s the one from a long line of harden criminals and smugglers. Hard as nails. So, keep her sweet. Come on, and I’ll show you to your bedroom suite.”

“Bring the case, slave. Then when you’ve unpacked, you can spend the rest of siesta time licking my slit, making me come and come,” Taylor said, debauched thoughts filling her brain.

“Yes, Mistress,” Paige replied, sounding despondent.

“Isn’t it awesome. Who’d have thought when we were in High School that I’d end up owning you. That you’d be my slave who I can whip whenever I like. That I can send back to that shithole, N’gongo, if you displease me, or I’m certain Charlie could easily arrange for me to sell you to a brothel in Paris, or South America, or Asia, or even back to one in The States for that matter. Wouldn’t that be a turnup, you working your butt off in some nigger’s bordello in New Orleans, Atlanta or even Minneapolis,” Taylor taunted, her horny pussy lubricating at the very thoughts of being so evilly bestial towards her one time friend.

The End