

# **PAPILLON ROUGE**

by

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# PAPILLON ROUGE

## Chapter One

Julie Parker waved happily at her friends as they scattered to their respective cars. The gaudy lights of the dance club stained the street and the surrounding buildings, and the faint beat of the music pounded like the heartbeat of some impossibly large animal. She normally did not party very much, especially with her salary. Her old Hyundai Accent was parked in a car park across the road and she checked the traffic carefully as she prepared to cross. Although she was hot and sweaty from the dancing, she had mostly stuck to orange juice the whole night, as she wanted to be mentally fresh the next day, although she had been unable to resist celebrating tonight. It was not every day that she knew that her financial problems were shortly going to be solved. She could pay off her mortgage and maybe even take time off to obtain that degree that she had always wanted. Her heels clicked on the asphalt and she hummed as she crossed the street. It was probable that she did not even hear the car that suddenly pulled out from the side of the road with its headlights off. It was moving at over sixty miles per hour by the time it hit her, throwing her into the air and onto the pavement. The car stopped for a moment as the driver made sure there were no signs of life, and then drove off.

The flashing lights of the ambulance slashed across the faces of the surrounding crowd as the paramedics ran towards the strangely twisted body of the hit-and-run victim. The police officer who stood beside what was once a beautiful young woman shook his head sadly and the paramedics slowed to a walk.

"She never knew what hit her," said the police officer in disgust. "Fucking drunks kill more people than all the terrorists combined." The officer watched sadly as the crowds gathered and the crime scene was processed.

\* \* \* \*

At the same time as Julie was stepping out from the dance club, Sally Young was also contemplating her future. Unlike Julie, she was apprehensive about tomorrow. She certainly could use the money, and they had seemed so nice about everything. She had never been very religious, but she was starting to have some last minute doubts. Then she remembered her dead end job and her bitch of a boss, and she grinned. "What the hell," she thought, "It was about time that I took some risks."

Sally leaned against the railings and looked out at the lights of the city. She had come up to the fifteenth floor garden to be alone and think. Now that she had made up her mind, the lights seemed to wink at her and promised freedom and a new life. She frowned when she heard a soft crunching sound of gravel under a shoe, but before she could turn around, something slammed into her back and she shouted in panic as she tipped over the railings. It seemed impossible that she was free falling straight down towards the shiny tiled pavement below. The sensation of flying and the rushing air all around her felt too good to be dangerous. Her last thought before she smashed into the ground was that she must have been dreaming. Sally had found her new life.

A group of police and paramedics gathered over Sally's body. The deceased was young, female and attractive. At least she had been attractive until her face had collided with the pavement at high speed. The officer gazed up at the towering mass of glass and steel above and wondered what had made her jump.

The unfortunate, but unremarkable, deaths of two young women raised no eyebrows in a city of millions where there were enough assaults and murders every night to keep the police busy. There was nothing to link the two cases. The police found the car involved in the Julie's hit and run

abandoned a few blocks away and there were some odd scuffmarks on the ground behind where Sally had fallen to her death. In both cases, the police knew that it was unlikely that they would ever find out more. Life went on, except for two pretty girls who had been looking forward to tomorrow.

## Chapter Two

Detective Jamie Killian slowed her car and cautiously turned into the dark parking lot. Light from nearby buildings only served to intensify the shadows cast by the hulking trucks and containers. The voice on the anonymous telephone call had asked for a meeting here, promising information on the whereabouts of pedophile, rapist and serial killer Carl Steiner. Jamie and her partner Roger Lopez had been pursuing Steiner for weeks, narrowly missing him days ago when they had nearly caught up to him at his mother's house.

"Bad place for a meet," said Roger softly as look around. The lot looked even darker when Jamie had turned off the headlights as requested by the informant.

"Our man is careful. Maybe he has something to hide. That could be a good thing."

"Or it could be a trap."

There was a movement in the shadows and a figure stepped out from between two containers and waved.

Jamie checked that her Kimber Custom II .45 automatic pistol was in condition one and then got out of the car. "Watch my back."

"Right here," replied Roger.

Jamie slowly walked over to the waiting figure, eyes scanning the shadows for suspicious movement. "I'm Detective Killian and that's my partner back there. You have some information for me?" she said softly.

The man took a step closer and Jamie could see that he was clearly frightened. He reached out a trembling hand and waved a folded piece of paper at her. "I'm supposed to give this to you," he said.

Jamie cautiously took the note with her left hand and stepped back a pace. Keeping her eyes on the man, she unfolded the note. There was just enough light to read it. "Look at your partner" was all that it said. Her eyes narrowed and she moved her hand closer to her gun. "Don't move," she warned before turning her head to glance back at the car. Roger was still there, but now she could see a brilliant red dot centered on his chest. The sound of movement made her snap her head back around, but the unidentified man had already darted back into the shadows and she could hear his footsteps fading away.

Suddenly, a blinding light hit Jamie's eyes, destroying her night vision. A different voice said, "Don't do anything foolish or your partner is dead. Tell him to look at his chest."

Jamie carefully held her hands away from her sides and shouted over her shoulder. "Roger, they have a rifle on you. Look at your chest." She heard Roger swear as he caught sight of the laser-sighting dot.

The hidden voice shouted out to Roger. "I have my gun pointed at Detective Killian. You will cooperate with my friend or I will shoot her in the knee."

Roger held up his hands. "Don't do anything stupid. I'm doing just as you say." He felt a hand on his arm and then he was efficiently and professionally handcuffed behind his back. A black hood was slipped over his head and he knelt down when the hand pressed hard on his shoulder.

A voice near to his ear said, "Stay absolutely still no matter what you hear, or we will kill both of you." Something hard and metallic prodded the back of his head.

Carl Steiner stepped into the light, with his pistol trained on Jamie. "So, bitch. This time I found you."

"What do you want?"

"WHAT DO I WANT?" Steiner screamed. "You shot my brother down right in front of my mother and you ask me what I want?"

"He fired at me first," replied Jamie calmly.

"That's true. Therefore, I am going to be fair. I will not kill you if you do as you are told. Now move over to that truck and put your hands on the steel handrail."

Jamie obeyed and moments later was handcuffed securely to the truck with her hands level

with her face. She felt Steiner's breath on her face as he whispered. "I'm going to fuck you now, police bitch. If you struggle or make a sound, I will cut your partner's balls off. She tried to spit in his face but Steiner anticipated her move and punched her hard in the stomach, making her go limp. She felt his hands carefully undo her trousers and pull them down along with her panties. He prodded her thigh with a hard finger and she obediently lifted her feet as he pulled each leg of her garment off.

"Now open wide for Uncle Carl."

Despite her determination not to give Steiner any satisfaction, Jamie felt tears of rage and shame roll down her face as she shuffled her feet apart in preparation for her rape. Two stiff fingers thrust themselves into her pussy, driving past the dry, unwilling opening. Steiner jerked his fingers from side to side violently, stretching her opening out. Her body betrayed her as his digital probing produced a harvest of slick lubricating fluids and she bit her lip as he laughed. Her ankles flared in pain as he kicked them to indicate that she should spread her thighs even wider. Half squatting, Jamie felt the rounded tip of his cock prod her opening. Steiner's hands gripped her hips and with a single pounding thrust, he drove his member completely inside her body. Jamie gasped in pain at the violent intrusion.

"Jamie, are you all right? What's happening?" cried Roger in alarm.

"Tell him that you're fine," grunted Steiner without missing a beat, ramming relentlessly into her cunt.

"I'm fine Roger. Just stay calm and we will get out of this."

"That's right bitch. After all, I gave you my word didn't I," whispered Steiner. "Now fuck me like you mean it," he growled.

Jamie rocked her hips in time to his thrusts as she bit back her sobs of despair. Steiner rested his chin on her shoulder and his hot breath blew on her neck as he grunted his enjoyment. "This ... is ... just ... the ... start ... bitch. I'm ... going ... to ... make ... you ... pay ... and ... pay ... and ... " He suddenly rammed his shaft home hard, crushing her cervix as he came. Jamie could feel the thick invading organ pulse and throb as Steiner blasted his sperm into her depths. Jamie prayed that she would not get pregnant, as she was not on the pill. Steiner pulled out of her cunt with a wet plop and Jamie heard a wet, slurping sound behind her. Steiner's hand appeared over her shoulder and a sticky, sperm filled condom slapped her on the nose.

"Sorry bitch, no DNA for the labs to play with."

Jamie was startled as Steiner slapped a wet paper towel between her thighs and wiped her down before he almost gently helped her put her panties and trousers back on. When she was dressed again, he grabbed her by the shoulder and pulled her upright. A plastic cup was pushed to her lips. "Drink - All of it."

"What is it?" asked Jamie nervously.

"Don't worry, it's just a little GBH to keep you from being naughty. Unless you prefer that your partner ... "

"No! I'll drink it," said Jamie. The cup tilted and she swallowed the liquid, which turned out to be vodka and water, with the salty under-taste of powdered GBH. Within moments, things began to blur and her legs went limp. From then on, everything was like a dark dream, with flashes of light, movement, more vodka, the sound of a car's engine. Then blackness.

\* \* \* \*

The scandal made the headlines for days, and due to her attractiveness her picture appeared on TV every fifteen minutes until even the children on the street recognized her. *Detective Roger Lopez stabbed to death in an alley behind a bar. His partner, Detective Jamie Killian found passed out drunk in their unmarked police car with a bottle of alcohol in her hand.*

Jamie denied being drunk, but the blood tests were unable to prove GBH use as it occurred naturally in the body, but the tests did show high levels of blood alcohol. Medical examinations at the hospital and by forensic experts showed no obvious signs of rape or assault. Her handcuffs and

sidearm were still on her person. No significant traces were found on the car or at the parking lot to prove her story. The only security camera on the street had been vandalized the day before the killing.

The review board found that Detective Jamie Killian had been drunk while on duty, leaving her partner to investigate a suspicious incident in the alley on his own, where he was attacked and fatally stabbed. Jamie's former friends and colleagues glared at her as she packed her things and walked out of the station. One uniformed officer spat at her feet.

## Chapter Three

Based on Jamie's record and notoriety, no other police force would employ her. Even the "security consultant" companies would not touch her, as her face was too well known. Being a night watchman or flipping hamburgers did not appeal to her, so in the end Jamie dug into her savings and set up as a Private Investigator. When she applied for the license, the Bureau made it clear that everyone was watching her and they would revoke her license given the slightest excuse.

Jamie was strongly tempted to become the alcoholic that she was accused of being, or to simply swallow her gun, but the idea of giving Carl Steiner his final victory made her so angry that she found the strength to keep on going. She soon found that she would need every bit of that determination.

Clients were far and few between. Many private investigators were retired policemen and a large number of their jobs came by way of recommendation from the police. Although Jamie still had a few friends in the Force, in general her name was carefully excluded from the lists of those that were recommended. The remainder of the jobs came from ads, yellow page listings and nowadays, web searches. Unfortunately, her low rent address and lack of client referrals meant that most of the inquiries that finally did come her way were from people who were unwilling or unable to pay even her modest fees. Then things got worse.

Jamie had just settled in to her chair for the first coffee of the day when the door to her office swung open followed by a large, very fit looking man, who glared around the painfully small office as if expecting assassins in every corner. Jamie could not resist checking his ear for a curly wire. What followed behind him was far less amusing. Gary Koch was slim and quiet looking, with very conservative tastes in clothing. He was someone who was almost invisible in a crowd, which was one of the reasons why he was so dangerous. The other reason was that he was also a murderous psychopath. Jamie had been assigned to a murder case where the evidence and witnesses all pointed at Gary Koch. She had almost been ready to make an arrest when both witnesses had suddenly met with fatal and rather gory accidents, and the most vital pieces of evidence had somehow been misplaced. Jamie's superior had not been impressed by her performance.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Jamie growled as she automatically opened her desk drawer to reveal her pistol.

"Good morning Miss Killian. Is that any way to greet a new client?"

"I wouldn't take you on as a client if you offered me that gorilla's weight in gold," said Jamie, nodding at his bodyguard.

"Oh, but I'm offering something much better than that."

"And what would that be?"

"Your continued good health, Miss Killian."

Jamie suddenly remembered that she was no longer in the Force and that she could not even rely on her ex-colleagues to lift a finger to help her. Her palms felt wet and she could not help glancing at her gun. The bodyguard's hand moved under his coat and Jamie froze.

"So what do you want from me?"

"I need you to run a little errand for me."

"Why can't your own people do it?"

Koch explained that he was having a dispute with a competitor. Koch had stolen some of his property and in retaliation, the competitor had kidnapped Koch's daughter.

"Why not go to the police? Kidnapping is still a crime as far as I know."

"If I did, I would have to explain why she was kidnapped."

"Oh."

"Yeah. So instead, Miss Killian, you are going to go and get her back. She is being held in a whorehouse controlled by Alvaro Benitez. From what my people can learn, Benitez usually has men watching the street, but none actually in the house because they don't want to spook the johns. If I, or my men go in, there will be shooting and my kid could get hurt. However, a new girl is

scheduled to start work tonight, and word is that no one in the house has seen her before - and Benitez's people don't know you."

"You want me to take her place. Do you think that I can just walk in and pick up your girl?"

"Nah, you may have to get slapped around a little and fuck a few guys first. Getting out should be easy. They have some young whores for the sickos. Just slap some makeup on my Julie and the two of you just walk right out. There will be a car waiting for you around the block. Once Julie is safe in the car your job is done."

"What? Like hell I'm going to have sex with a bunch of S&M perverts ... " Jamie's voice tapered off when the bodyguard's gun appeared in his hand like magic and she heard the soft click of the safety.

"You'll go in and do whatever it takes to get her out. Succeed and you get a fee - plus I will leave you alone ... for now. Screw it up and I'll see you on a meat hook. Here are the details and a photo of Julie, and remember, I'll have men watching you. You won't get two blocks if you try running." With that last pleasantry, Koch turned and walked out of Jamie's office, trailed by his guard dog.

Jamie sat at her desk for nearly half an hour, running what had just happened through her mind. Was she a coward, to be so easily cowed by Koch and his goon? Was she really so pathetic that a criminal like Koch felt that he could just walk into her place and push her around? Would Bruce Willis have put up with Koch's bullshit in any of his movies?

In the end, she had to face facts. She wasn't a movie hero. She had no money, no influence and no friends that she could rely on. She could either pack up and run or do what Koch wanted. Even if she could get away, running was not really an option, as there would always be versions of Koch wherever she went, and her story had been so high profile that she would have to leave the country in order to escape recognition. With a sigh, she poured herself another coffee, read the notes that Koch had given her, and started planning. She was required to turn up at the Sunbeam Spa just off South Broadway by seven p.m. From the description of the Spa that she found on the Net, she decided that a flaming red micro-skirt and six inch heels would not be appropriate. Instead she decided to wear a simple black dress and matching accessories, as if she were going to a nice dinner with a friend. She chose a medium sized handbag into which she threw a few scarves, her handcuffs and a large pack of condoms she had bought from the drugstore next door. She also added a can of pepper spray and a light carbon fiber telescopic truncheon. The weapons were a risk, but Jamie figured that a prostitute would be expected to carry some form of self-protection. On the other hand, given that there would be semi-innocent bystanders around, she could not risk a gun. As an afterthought, she threw in a bottle of spray bandage.

Jamie drove down to the area early, to give herself time to check out the surrounding streets in case she needed to make a run for it later. She noted the spot where Koch's car would be waiting and chose a parking spot about twenty yards away and across the road. As the time grew near she took a last look at Julie's picture, sighed and got out of the car. She looked around to see if she could spot Benitez's people, but although she thought she had identified a few likely candidates, there were too many people hanging around for her to be sure.

The Sunbeam Spa offered 'Total Relaxation' and 'Sensual Massage'. Its shop front was well lit and expensively finished. Next to the door was a plastic sign that read 'Members Only' with instructions on how to apply for membership. Jamie touched the buzzer and gave the receptionist her assumed name. The door clicked open and she walked into the spacious, air-conditioned lobby. Miniature fountains splashed, relaxing music played in the background and subtle scents based on the principles of aromatherapy filled the air. The receptionist pointed towards the stairs at the end of a hall. "Up the stairs until you reach the door. Press the button and wait. They are expecting you."

Jamie strode down the hall and climbed the stairs, trying hard not to look like a cop. She pressed the large metal button and moments later the door swung open, revealing a small, curtain lined space and another door. The first door thumped shut behind her and electronic locks clicked. Only then did the second door open and Jamie stepped through into a room decorated in dungeon modern. The walls were covered in fake stone and chains festooned the ceiling. Wooden torches



flickered with electronic light, revealing a heavy oak reception table and a beautiful woman dressed in tightly laced leather. A slim LCD monitor graced the table-top along with stacks of glossy brochures.

"Hi, I'm Tammy. Nice outfit," said Jamie, giving the name of the woman that she had replaced. The leather covered receptionist nodded and pointed across the room at a dark wooden door marked 'Staff Only'. Again there were electronic locks and Jamie began to worry. If all the doors were computer controlled, it might not be so easy to just walk out of this place. She turned around to glance at the door that had just closed behind her and saw to her relief a metal framed switch marked 'Emergency Door Release'.

Going through the staff door, she found herself in a large, mundane looking dressing room with metal lockers lining one wall, and racks of clothing and BDSM 'toys' filling the rest of the space. Women and men of all ages, moved about, busy getting in and out of uncomfortable looking costumes. Jamie winced at the sight of the whip and cane marks that some of them casually sported. In contrast, however, the snatches of conversation that she heard were jarringly mundane.

"Did you see that silly blond on TV last night?"

"There's a special on chicken at the market next to my place."

"I told her that Danny was no good, but would she listen, noooo."

Jamie was so caught up in the moment that she jumped when someone tapped her shoulder.

"Hey, I said are you Tammy?"

Jamie nodded at the short, plump woman standing at her side.

"Hi, I'm Brenda. I run the back room here, which is why I don't have to wear one of them chicken suits or starve myself to death trying to fit in one. Anyway, you're in luck. The john just wants you buck nekkid with a collar, so we don't have to try to fit you with a costume. Just do the usual submissive thing - you know, crawl in on your hands and knees, kneel, hands behind the head or back, eyes down, that sort of thing. You got it?" said the woman, speaking as if were all one big sentence.

Jamie had never paid any attention to the BDSM scene apart from the usual odd glimpses in movies and TV shows and was dazed by the overload of strange images and concepts. She was shocked out of her stupor by a slap on her behind.

"Come on dearie, get your ass in gear. You can use locker 16 over there. Here's the key. When you're done, report to the cashier at the end of the hall for your cut. The john has paid for an hour, so try to get him off in 30 minutes, 40 max. He's assigned Room 12 to the left through that door. Now go! He'll be here in five minutes. Oh yeah, one last thing. Don't go near Room 2 if you know what's good for you. It's the one with the 'Under Repair' sign pinned to the door. There is a girl inside, but she's a Special that the boss wants to handle personally, if you know what I mean." Brenda winked and made an obscene gesture with her finger. Then she turned and dashed in the direction of another woman who had just come into the room still pulling at a noose that was apparently stuck around her neck, and swearing like a sailor.

Delighted that she had so easily located Koch's daughter, Jamie made her way to locker 16 and began to undress. She had gotten used to communal showering at the Academy, so being nude in public did not bother her that much.

"Hi, I'm Sharon. You look a little lost. First time?" The speaker was a slim, good looking woman in her mid-thirties, wearing a leather bikini and a collar with two inch spikes going all around her neck, and knee length boots.

"Yes, a little. I've done some escort work, but not this kind of thing."

"Don't worry. The whips are mostly noise and don't do much damage. The canes can be a bastard though. If he gets too rough, ask for more money. That usually cools them down a bit. Same for if they want to do your tits and pussy. Tell them it's a hundred extra for the tits and two hundred for the pussy. Make sure they use the special titty and pussy whip. That's the one with the red handle - guaranteed not to cut you up no matter how excited he gets. The cane is a no no on those parts."

"They get to whip the girl's pussy?" asked Jamie in surprise. That possibility had never

occurred to her.

"Honey, you gets what you pay for in this life. If he's got the money he gets the honey ... pot. Get it?" said Sharon with a big grin.

"Yes, I get it," replied Jamie with a slightly sick smile.

"Look, I've been beaten standing, kneeling and hanging upside down from the chandelier, not that the cheap bastards would install a chandelier, and I'm still banging 'em like the Energizer Bunny. The money's better than working the street and you don't meet the kind of weirdos who can get you dead, know what I mean? Just keep calling him Master and you'll do fine. Good luck."

Jamie finished undressing as Sharon wandered away. The dog collar that Brenda had given her fit comfortably enough and she decided to risk taking her handbag with her. She could always dump it beside the door before she began crawling. She closed the padlock on her locker and went in search of Room 12. She even managed to catch a glimpse of Room 2 on the way. There was no guard outside the room and no security camera covering the hallway. Sharon was right about the owners being cheap. She knocked on the door of Room 12 and went in when she heard a man's voice reply. She tossed her handbag on the floor and dropped to her hands and knees as she had been told.

"Slave Tammy begs to serve you Master," she said, carefully keeping her eyes lowered.

"About time, slut. Now come over here where I can see you."

Jamie crawled towards the voice, trying to look sexy as she moved, which was not as easy as it sounded. She imagined Halle Berry in Catwoman and thought cat thoughts. She must have done all right as the 'Master' did not complain. When she could see his booted feet she stopped.

"Lift your head slave. I want to see your face."

Jamie rose to her knees and put her hands behind her back. She looked up at her temporary master. He was fat and around fifty years old, wearing a leather vest and pants with a leather hood that covered his entire head except for his mouth and chin. Jamie supposed that the costume was meant to look menacing, but it reminded her of a man wearing his son's Batman suit and she struggled to resist a snigger.

However, 'Master' was more impressed with what he saw, and was practically drooling over Jamie's well toned body and firm breasts, which were uplifted and thrust out by her posture. "You're late, slave. For that you deserve a spanking. Get over my knee."

Jamie climbed over his thighs, taking care to press her breasts into his lap. 'Master' carefully adjusted her position in order to "best present her bottom for punishment". Jamie quickly realized that this was mainly an excuse to grope her buttocks and between her legs. However, the spanking that followed was all too real. The john had a strong hand and Jamie's muscular buttocks quivered and flattened under his palm, with each sharp splat leaving a distinct red hand print on her skin. The blows hurt and Jamie made no attempt to suppress her yelps and cries, editing out only the swear words and voodoo death curses. The 'Master' had remarkably good stamina too for someone of his age and shape. The spanking continued until dark bruises covered her buttocks and deep red blisters had begun to form. When he had finished, Jamie was allowed to resume her kneeling position on the floor. Her buttocks throbbed with an amazing heat and she felt like her ass had grown two sizes. She was suddenly glad that she had not worn skin tight jeans tonight. Fortunately, 'Master' needed some time to catch his breath, so Jamie had time to gather her wits and so did not run away screaming when he rubbed his hands together and said, "How about a touch of the whip now, eh?"

"Yes Master. How does Master want me for the whipping," replied Jamie. Not exactly Oscar material, but her heart wasn't really in it. She just wanted it over so that she could look for the girl.

"Kneeling like that will be fine. Just put your hands on your ankles so that your tits stick out for the whip."

At the mention of tits, Jamie dropped out of character as she remembered Sharon's advice. "No tits," she said firmly.

"What? I thought that I could ..."

Then Jamie remembered that Koch was not going to pay her. She knew that she could not risk the time to collect her fee from the cashier either, so she would get nothing at all for the night's

work and she was getting beaten anyway. She looked at the John and realized that he looked kind of sad and not really mean. She had learned to recognize the mean ones during her time as a beat cop. She took a deep breath and before she could change her mind she said, "Tits are extra. A hundred, cash up front. And you only use the special whip."

The John smiled in relief. "I can do a hundred," he replied, grabbing eagerly for his wallet. When his hand slapped leather, he remembered that his trousers were lying on the chair in the corner. He waved at her in apology and went to get the money. "Here you are, one hundred. Uh, by the way, do you mind if I take off this hood?"

Jamie smiled. "It does look kind of hot."

"My friends told me that I had to wear it or I would get no respect," he said as he pulled the hood off of his sweaty face with a sigh of relief.

"You're the one paying for my time. I'd respect you if you were wearing Lycra."

The John shook his head. "It's all so complicated. They have this jargon and codes of conduct and costumes and role play. All I ever wanted is to be allowed to whip a pretty girl. I don't even like wearing leather. It makes me itch," he said plaintively.

Jamie stood up. "Look, let's start again. Hi, I'm Tammy," she said, holding out her hand.

The John shook her hand and grinned. "I'm John. Don't laugh, that's really my name."

"Well John, for the hundred, I will stand here with my hands behind my neck and let you whip my tits. How does twenty strokes sound to you?"

John nodded eagerly. His eyes drifted lower down.

"Is there something else that you would like to do?" asked Jamie mischievously.

"Uh, could I whip your ... " he said, pointing at her pussy.

"Well John, that would hurt a lot, so it would cost you ..."

"I've only got six hundred more in my wallet. Will that do?" said John before Jamie could mention a price.

Jamie held out her hand again. "Done. Six hundred for twenty on my pussy. Let me get the whip."

John was hopping from foot to foot in excitement as Jamie returned with the special whip. "I'm sorry, one more thing. Could you give me a blow job instead of sex? My wife never ..."

Jamie had not quite gotten over her rape. In fact, she had not worked up the courage to have sex with a man since that time despite all the counseling that she had received, so a blow job suited her just fine. "My pleasure."

"Gosh, you are a nice lady."

Jamie grinned. "I am, aren't I? OK, do you want tits or pussy first?"

As expected, John went for her tits first. He began by gently, almost reverently stroking Jamie's breasts. He was visibly excited when he felt her nipples stiffen and grow under his touch, like a gardener watching his flowers bloom in stop motion. He held each one in his hand, feeling their warmth, weight and heft. Then, almost apologetically, he waved the whip at Jamie, who nodded encouragingly.

The first stroke was tentative, and felt like a strong wind blowing and rippling her blouse against her chest. The next was harder and stung, though not unbearably so. Jamie realized that a stroke directly across her nipples would be really painful but in general the whip was not really fearsome. She counted each stroke aloud along with John and sounding like a New Year countdown. Jamie almost welcomed each stroke as if it led to some kind of climax. "Four. Three. Two ... " John paused to savor the final blow. Their eyes met, and in a team effort, they shouted "One!" and the lash actually managed to land across both nipples with a sharp snap of fabric, quickly echoed by Jamie's yelp of pain.

John looked concerned until Jamie smiled and shook her head. "Was that all right?" she asked.

"That was great! You looked so, so ... alive," exclaimed John.

Jamie could not help laughing at his enthusiasm. It almost took away the sting of her reddened breasts. She rolled her eyes and covered her crotch with both hands. "I suppose it's the

turn of my poor pussy now."

A visible bulge formed in John's leather pants at her words. "Yesss."

"The idea turns you on, doesn't it?"

"You know, I'm not really sure why, but it does. It just seems so intimate and ... naughty."

Jamie nodded. "I think I understand." She waited for a moment, and then raised an eyebrow.

"Well? Standing up or lying down?"

John bit his lip. "You know, I never really thought about it. In my imagination, the pussy was always just kind of ... there."

Jamie scratched her head. "Well, let me see. If I lie down, I would need to lift my legs and hips. You would get a good clean shot at my pussy, but the rest of me would be kind of scrunched up and my face would turn all red. If I bend over and you come at me from the back, you still get a good shot, but you won't see much of my face and boobs. If I stand up and you do it from the front, you see everything, but my pussy will be less visible."

John glanced at his watch and looked panicked.

Jamie grabbed a chair, put it to her left side and placed the ball of her left foot on it with her knee bent. This spread her thighs wide apart. Then she held out her right hand. "Grab hold of my wrist." John held her wrist as instructed and she closed her fingers around his wrist in turn, binding them together. Braced by his grip, she was able to tilt her hips forward and lean her body slightly back, thereby bringing her pussy forward. "There, how's that?" she asked, grinning at her own ingenuity. It did not seem to matter that she was helping in her own punishment.

John grinned too, and it was as if they were partners cooperating in some crazy project. Jamie felt him tense as he swung the whip back, and then they both pulled as if in a tug of war, as the silken lashes swished forward. Jamie pushed her hips out to meet the whip and both of them felt the whip strike squarely across the taut lips of her pussy. "One!" they shouted together, their gazes locked. Some form of biological energy seemed to flow each time the whip closed the circuit, with the pulsing pain in her pussy generating power like a dynamo that went on to drive John's arm for the next stroke. " ... Nineteen!"

Suddenly, John dropped the whip, fumbling frantically at the fly of his pants. Understanding what was happening, Jamie dropped to her knees. She was just in time to catch his throbbing member as it sprang out from its soft leather prison. She slipped her lips over the quivering knob and began pumping her hand up and down the shaft. John's hands gently touched the sides of her head, as if he held a mysterious wonder. He yelled, as his entire body stiffened and jerked, with jets of cum spraying into Jamie's waiting mouth. She carefully swallowed every drop, and then ran the tip of her tongue over the super-sensitive tip of his cock, causing John to quiver and vibrate in ecstasy. Jamie sucked hard, and drew out the last lingering drop of seed from his body, before allowing the rapidly softening organ to drop from her lips.

John lifted Jamie to her feet and wrapped his arms around her in a happy hug. "That was amazing," he gasped, and Jamie thought that she saw tears of joy in his eyes. She felt a certain satisfaction too, like a craftsman who knows that she has created a thing of beauty.

"I owe you one stroke, you know. You only got to nineteen."

John smiled softly, and reached out to pat her mound gently. "Twenty."

When 'Tammy' told him that today was her last day on the job, John almost burst into tears. He was dabbing his eyes with his handkerchief as he left the room, still waving at her.

Jamie stood stock still in the middle of the room for a moment. She ran her fingers through her hair and sighed. "Now that was really strange," she said to herself. Seven hundred dollars richer, she grabbed her handbag and ran for Room 2, still naked except for the collar. When she reached the door, she put her handbag down and extracted the pepper spray and truncheon. There was a good chance that there was someone inside the room with Julie, both to keep her quiet and to make sure that she did not hurt herself. Since the prisoner was a young girl, any guard was likely be a woman, as Benitez would not want to start a war with Koch by having his daughter raped. So far, it had been just business between them.

Jamie tapped on the door and waited. Being a playroom, there was no peephole so she did

not worry about hiding her weapons.

After a moment a woman's voice answered. "What do you want?"

Jamie sighed in relief. It was unlikely that she could have taken out a male guard quietly without a gun or knife, and anyway Jamie was not going to commit murder even if it meant defying Koch.

"Brenda needs to talk to you, right now."

There were sounds of grumbling and then the multiple click of the lock. As soon as the door began to move, Jamie kicked it hard just below the doorknob, sending the guard staggering backwards. The door slammed against the wall, proving that there was no one hiding there. Jamie followed the guard into the room and gave her a face full of pepper spray. Blinded and doubled over from the choking effects of the spray, she did not put up any resistance when Jamie locked the door again and tied her hands and feet with the scarves from her handbag. She spared a glance for Julie, who was sitting quietly on the bed, stark naked.

"My dad send you?" asked Julie – god she looked young, thought Jamie, much younger than the eighteen years her dad had declared her to be.

"Yes. I'm here to rescue you. Just stay calm."

"I am calm. They haven't hurt me or anything but it's been terribly boring. They won't let me use my notebook or my cell phone. They even took away my iPod," complained Julie plaintively, obviously more upset over the loss of those vital pieces of equipment than the fact that she was naked.

Jamie couldn't gag the guard due to the risk of her choking. Fortunately there was a closet with a good solid lock, so she dragged the wheezing woman into the small space, turned on the light and locked her in. She turned back to Julie. "Are you ready to go?"

"Are we both going outside like this?" asked the girl, indicating their collective lack of apparel. She giggled. "The women sure wear strange stuff in this place. Some of them come to chat with the dungeon keeper, and I've seen them."

"Well, uh, they hold a lot of costume parties here," said Jamie uncomfortably.

Julie gave her the look that teenagers use on adults who are being patronizing. "Don't be silly. I've seen those BDSM sites on the net. I'm not a child you know. I may not look it but I am eighteen. If I could get my bag back my Id would prove it. Anyway, I've never seen anyone get those at a costume party," she said, pointing at the whip marks that decorated Jamie's breasts and pussy.

"OK, have it your way. We need to go to the dressing room down the hall and get some clothes, and maybe some makeup for you," said Jamie. She opened the door and peeked out. The coast seemed clear, so she led the naked girl down the hallway, trying to look as if they belonged. She kept the pepper spray in her hand, just in case anyone in the dressing room asked awkward questions. Fortunately, Brenda was not there and Jamie was able to retrieve her clothes from the locker. The only clothes that were available for Julie were the costumes on the racks, so she was forced to put on a Shirley Temple outfit, complaining bitterly all the while. Jamie extracted some makeup from her handbag and applied it liberally to Julie's face, going for the teen whore look.

"Now follow me, and remember, keep it casual. Don't look around, and especially don't look back." No alarm had been raised so far, so Jamie checked that the nozzle of the pepper spray was facing the right direction and concealed it behind her handbag. She pressed the 'Press to Open' button, and to her relief the door clicked open. She held the door for Julie, who flounced out sullenly in her frilly skirt. A different woman was at the counter, but wearing a leather outfit of the same design.

"Going somewhere?" the woman asked.

Taking a chance, Jamie replied, "Yeah, special outcall. Mother and daughter fantasy." From the look on the woman's face, Jamie immediately knew that she had made a mistake.

The receptionist's hand reached for something under the counter. "We don't do outcalls," she said.

Jamie threw herself over the counter, knocking the woman's hand away from the alarm

button and sending her tumbling backwards over her chair. She grunted in pain as Jamie landed on top of her in a shower of brochures. She began to push and slap at Jamie, who struggled to free the pepper spray that was trapped between their bodies. The receptionist grabbed at Jamie's hair and yanked hard. Jamie yelled in pain and drove her fist into the woman's abdomen. This stunned her enough for Jamie to free the pepper spray. She closed her eyes and mouth and released a long blast in the direction of the woman's head. The receptionist screamed and immediately released her grip on Jamie's hair.

Jamie climbed up from behind the counter with her eyes still tightly shut. "Water. Is there any water or anything, like soda or coffee? I need to wash my face."

"Here, hold out your hands," said Julie after a long pause.

A stream of liquid poured into Jamie's cupped hands and she splashed it on her face, carefully rinsing her eyelids, nostrils and lips. "More," she gasped, holding out her hands again. After a second, more liquid poured into her palms, and once more she rinsed. She scraped the liquid from her face with her fingers and wiped her hands on the rug.

"Thanks Julie. It would have been real bad if any of that spray had gotten into my eyes or nose. What was that stuff anyway, tea?"

"Er, not exactly," replied Julie.

"What do you mean, not exactly?"

"Well, there wasn't any water or soda or anything," said Julie, desperately, "so I peed in your hands. My panties are all wet and yucky now."

Jamie's eyes sprang open and she sniffed suspiciously. She glared at Julie as she grabbed her handbag. "Don't you dare laugh," she said as she reached behind the counter and ripped out the wires leading to the alarm button. Then she pressed the door release. With a last glance at the still writhing receptionist, she led the teenager out into the lobby of the spa, and without pausing, out into the street. The rest of the escape went smoothly and minutes later they reached Koch's waiting car. The driver's door opened and Koch's bodyguard climbed out.

"Mario!" cried Julie happily. She ran to the large man, who picked her up with surprising gentleness.

"Hello Julie girl, are you OK? Did they hurt you?"

Julie shook her head. "I'm fine. Where's daddy?"

"He couldn't risk coming here. He's waiting a couple of miles from here. I'll take you to him now."

Jamie poked Mario in the shoulder. "I did my part. Tell your boss to leave me alone."

Mario nodded, and he suddenly smiled. "Thanks for getting Julie out safely." His nose wrinkled and he sniffed the air. "What's that smell?"

Julie broke out in giggles and Jamie stomped off towards her car without answering Mario's question. Behind her, she heard Mario's puzzled voice. "What did I say?"

Julie's hysterical laughter followed her down the road as she drove away. It had been a long night.

## Chapter Four

The hard disk of the antiquated desktop computer emitted a strange grinding sound and all activity on the monitor suddenly froze. Jamie pounded on the 'escape' key in a manner reminiscent of the old days of telegraph, although she had even less hope of a useful result than the radio operator of the Titanic. She mentally added a new computer to her mental list of 'Things to buy urgently as soon as the money starts rolling in'.

Jamie's little adventure in the whorehouse on behalf of Koch had left her financially better off, but emotionally depressed and drained. It hurt to be so low on the pole that even street scum could push her around. She had started off the business with modest aspirations, but she soon discovered that unlike the private investigators in TV land, her real-life business was far from lucrative. Many men felt uncomfortable about asking a woman to check up on their mistresses or to recover incriminating photographs from 'escorts'. Similarly, women were reluctant to place another attractive young woman in the vicinity of their wayward husbands. It was only the stubborn streak that had helped her survive being ejected from the police force in the first place, that prevented Jamie from giving up and applying for a job as a waitress. The thought of job skills made her smile. At least she now knew that she made a pretty good hooker so she need never starve. The smile faded and she slapped the table top in frustration.

Jamie abandoned her attempts to revive the comatose computer in favor of a more traditional form of data processing. A detective relied just as much on being familiar with her environment and current events as on her investigative ability, so a thorough reading of the day's newspapers was a vital part of her daily routine. The headlines heralded the visit of a foreign dignitary to the city and the sterling work of the police force in foiling a planned assassination attempt by an eco-terrorist. A hit and run, a suicide, a movie star caught with stolen chocolate bars hidden in her panties. Further down the page, another sensational story of how a local cell of an international pedophile ring had been broken, although as usual most of the prominent members had managed to fade away. A human interest story also caught Jamie's eye. She read how a young woman was the sole survivor of a religious cult which had attacked a popular nightclub with automatic weapons in an attempt to purge the city of whores and sinners. The police reaction had been equally enthusiastic and there were no survivors of the cult, save for the girl, who had somehow disappeared hours after being taken into custody. A large color photograph of the shattered nightclub graced half of the page. The cult members had managed to discharge an amazing amount of ammunition as well as to spray paint their logo all over the walls before being 'suppressed' by a S.W.A.T. team. Jamie managed to struggle through half of the business section of the paper before giving up and going on to the comics.

Jamie was just about to lock up and go for lunch when the door buzzer announced a visitor. A secretary was another of the luxuries that she could not afford, so she pressed the button on her intercom which unlocked the office door. This facility was another result of Koch's unwelcome visit. She stood up and prepared to greet her potential client. The man who came in through the door looked confident and was expensively dressed. In fact, he looked far too good to be the kind of person who would employ an investigator with her lack of credentials. She thought that he looked like an expensive lawyer.

"If you are a lawyer, you should know that I am flat broke, so suing me would be a waste of time," said Jamie.

The man gave a small smile and shook his head. "How very perceptive of you Miss Killian," he said. "I am indeed a lawyer. However my client has no intention of suing you. On the contrary, I have come to engage your services."

"I don't suppose you have anything to do with Gary Koch do you?"

"No, I'm afraid that I don't."

Jamie still thought that the man did not look like a potential customer, but she was not in a position to turn anyone away, no matter how unlikely his appearance. She invited him to sit and

settled back in her own chair, while giving her stomach a stern warning not to grumble about her aborted lunch. "You mentioned a client, so I assume that you are not here about your runaway wife," she said.

She received another tolerant smile and a business card in response. 'A. Marley, Solicitor' was printed on the card in fine gold script along with a single telephone number. "We believe that you are particularly suited to assist us in a certain, very delicate matter. Let me add that we have done our homework and we now know a great deal about your background and qualifications '. He went on to summarize her family background, education, career with the police force and the incident which led to her resignation.

"We were able to get answers that were not available to the police and my client believes that your version of what happened on the night of your partner's death is the truth. Unfortunately, the sources of these answers will not testify in court or even talk to the authorities, so we cannot help to officially clear your name. And while I do not have any connection to Mr Koch, I do know about his recent dealings with you. Julie sends her regards, and I must warn you that Mr Benitez is not happy with your little rescue. My representatives have even interviewed your ... companion for that evening. It is best that he remain anonymous, but he too sends his regards."

Jamie's face started to turn red in anger at this intrusion into her privacy. However, this demonstration of thoroughness also impressed her, which no doubt was the lawyer's intention. It was obvious that she had not been selected out of the yellow pages, and that his client was willing to spend a lot of money on her. There must have been an entire team of investigators tracking her movements and activities. They must also have bugged her phone and office. She reached out and pressed the activation button of her desktop tape recorder. "Do you mind?" she asked, waving her hand at the recorder.

Marley shook his head. He took a deep breath as he gathered his thoughts, and then began to speak. "Two young women were killed in this city last night, one the apparent victim of a hit-and-run driver and the other an apparent suicide."

"Yes, I saw both incidents on the news," said Jamie, frowning. "You used the word 'apparent' in both cases. Do you know something that the police don't?"

"Before I answer that, I will need your word that none of what I am about to tell you will be disclosed to anyone else without our prior consent," replied Marley. He held up his hand to forestall any comment from Jamie. "In addition, I must ask you to sign this agreement," he said, handing her a set of neatly typed documents. "That agreement engages you as a security consultant to the Iverson Walker Foundation for the period of one week, with a retainer fee of \$15,000. Kindly note in particular the confidentiality clause contained in paragraph five."

Jamie laughed. "So you are going to give me a bundle of money so that I will have something to lose if you choose to sue me?"

The lawyer smiled. "That only seems fair."

"OK Mr. Marley, you have my word that I will not disclose anything that you may tell me, unless it has something directly to do with the death of those women that I must legally disclose to the police. My word is worth a lot more than \$15,000," said Jamie as she scrawled her signature on the document.

"I do believe that you are an honorable person. That is one of the reasons you were chosen in the first place."

"In that case, shall we get down to business?"

"Very well. As I mentioned earlier, I represent the Iverson Walker Foundation," said Marley. "This organization was established over one hundred and five years ago by two gentlemen who had made their fortune through trade, mainly in the Far East. In the course of their travels abroad they developed somewhat eccentric tastes, which their wealth allowed them to indulge in even when they were at home in the USA. Somewhat to their surprise, they eventually discovered a small select group of friends with similar tastes, although not always possessed of similar wealth. Determined that their lifestyle should be perpetuated by their friends and their descendants, our two heroes set up the Iverson Walker Foundation and invested it with a large portion of their combined



estates. Obviously, the foundation and its beneficiaries have survived to this day."

Jamie raised an eyebrow and said, "Let me guess. All of this has something to do with sex. Let me warn you right now, that I do not deal with pedophiles and I will kick your butt out of my office if you have anything to do with them."

"I see that your intelligence was not overstated in our reports," said the lawyer with a laugh. "No, we are not a group of pedophiles and yes, it has something to do with sex. The Foundation operates a facility called Papillon Rouge and both of the deceased women recently had dealings with the management of Papillon Rouge."

"And you suspect that this involvement with the Foundation has something to do with their deaths?"

"Rather say that we fear the Foundation, through Papillon Rouge, was involved."

"And you want me to help you cover it up?" said Jamie, angrily.

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Marley in indignation. "However, we must be sure that the Foundation is directed involved before we invite the attention of the authorities. That of course, is where you come in. You will not be interfering with an ongoing investigation or obstructing justice, as we are not certain that the whole thing was not just coincidence."

To her surprise, Jamie felt that the lawyer was genuine in his desire to discover the truth. "I will need more a lot more information than this if I am to help you," she said.

Marley reached into his briefcase and drew out a large brown envelope, which he passed to Jamie. "Inside you will find a DVD with full details about Papillon Rouge including its location, legal status, staffing and facilities."

"In other words, the Foundation's public face," commented Jamie cynically.

"Precisely. Now I shall describe the actual activities organized at Papillon Rouge on behalf of its members. When I have finished I shall give you the opportunity to withdraw from this case. Should you choose to do so, you will still keep the \$15,000 and the terms of the agreement will remain in force, but our meeting will terminate immediately and you will never hear from us again."

"That bad, eh?" said Jamie, as she leaned back in her chair.

"Nothing evil. No drugs or dead bodies. However, there are many people who might find it all very offensive, especially women. Let me start by saying that membership of Papillon Rouge is open to both men and women, based on a recommendation system similar to that found in many other private clubs. In addition, each potential member is carefully screened and interviewed in order to eliminate those who might prove to be disruptive or unstable," said Marley in a carefully neutral tone of voice. "Forgive me for being blunt, but I want you to have a complete picture before you make a decision. Papillon Rouge caters to sexual sadists who have a particular fetish involving female genitalia."

"Ah, so it's a BDSM club," said Jamie, thinking of Benitez's brothel.

"The term BDSM has come to represent certain very specific terms of reference in our culture. Based on the most commonly accepted definition, Papillon Rouge is not a BDSM club. More precisely, it is a club for persons who find stimulation in sexual sadism of a very specific kind. There is no masochism involved. The ladies who are permitted to work at the club are required to be attractive and well educated. As a matter of fact, particular care is taken to ensure that none of these women are actively masochistic. They are expected to be entirely professional and service oriented in their approach to their job, just as one would expect from a top level personal assistant or private nurse."

"You make it sound as if there is a long queue of women waiting to be allowed to work at your club. Given the rather unusual requirements, I would have thought it difficult to find suitable staff."

"Under ordinary circumstances you would be correct. However, Mr Iverson and Mr. Walker were shrewd and farsighted gentlemen. They quickly realized that very few of the future members of their planned society would be willing to pay or be able to contribute sufficiently to maintain the Foundation's operations. Therefore, they set aside a large fortune in the form of property and investments held in trust for the Foundation, the income of which would supply working capital. In

other words, each member is actually subsidized by the foundation for as long as he or she remains an active member and abides by the Foundation's rules. In addition, the chain of luxury resorts of which Papillon Rouge is a part, is extremely profitable. To get back to the ladies, they are paid \$5,000 for each day that they spend at Papillon Rouge."

Jamie frowned. "That doesn't seem like very much money. I know many high class hookers who could earn as much on their own, entertaining straight clients."

Marley held up his hand. "I had not finished ' he said gently. "In the event that a member actually makes use of their services, they are paid another \$50,000 upon the successful completion of a session of no more than twenty four hours, inclusive of meals and reasonable rest time. In addition, there are various bonuses based on performance and a very comprehensive benefits package that covers the employee for an entire year at a time, even if the individual is only engaged for one session during that year. Upon retirement from 'active service' with the successful completion of a minimum of twenty sessions, the employee is given the opportunity to join the administrative and management staff of the resort chain, with full training and education paid by the Foundation."

Jamie was stunned. It was no wonder that there were women clamoring to get in on the action. That kind of money might also provide a terrific motive for murder.

"Perhaps now you now understand why we need to have someone make a discreet but professional investigation. The Foundation wants to protect itself, its members and its staff from scandal. There is one last point," said Marley. He paused to make sure that Jamie was paying attention. "Since all the staff of Papillon Rouge are known to each other and very few are hired straight off the street, the only way that you will be able to enter the system and to meet and talk to everyone, is to join Papillon Rouge as one of our ladies. Naturally you will be paid the standard fee package in addition to any fees you may earn as an investigator."

Jamie mentally kicked herself for failing to see it coming.

Before Jamie could jump out of her seat and throw her visitor out of the window, Marley spoke again. "Allow me to summarize and complete my case before you express your indignation. I believe that the retainer fee entitles me to that much."

Jamie's sense of fair play forced her to acknowledge the lawyer's request and she nodded her head stiffly. "Make it quick."

"I am presenting you with the chance to investigate a potential double murder case. In return for you genuine efforts, the Foundation will use its considerable influence and contacts to ensure that the right people in the LAPD are convinced of your innocence. We cannot get you your old job back, but you will have redeemed yourself in the eyes of your former colleagues and gained a measure of revenge over the fools who wrecked your career. We are offering you the position of Chief of Security for the I&A Resort Chain and Papillon Rouge itself so long as we are satisfied with you performance. Think of it as a test. Undercover police officers are often required to perform unsavory and even semi-legal acts in the course of their investigations, so my requirements are not totally unreasonable. Finally, you will earn a great deal of money for your efforts," said Marley earnestly.

If Jamie had detected even the slightest trace of mockery in the lawyer's eyes, she would have carried out her initial impulse to launch him through a window. However the man looked entirely sincere and sympathetic, even after she had taken into account the fact that it was his job to sound convincing. "Can I think about it?"

"I am afraid that I must have your answer almost immediately. Today is Monday and the two unfortunate women were scheduled for a session at the club this Saturday. As all the women in this group were new, the orientation and training for the replacement team begins today. We desperately need your help Miss Killian," Marley replied.

Jamie knew that the police and the Coroner's office would declare the two deaths as an accidental death and a suicide without the information that Marley and his employers could provide. She also knew that if she went to the police with a story about a secret organization devoted to the promotion of sadistic sex she would be dismissed as a nut case. All that she would achieve by doing

so would be to throw away a juicy case and a future that had seemed impossible only hours ago. She thought of Gary Koch and others like him, and she looked around at her dingy office. She remembered the strange sex session at Benitez's place and how she had felt. She realized that could do this.

Marley smiled happily when Jamie stuck out her hand.

"I must be crazy, but you have just hired yourself a Chief of Security," said Jamie.

## Chapter Five

Jamie read the information package using Marley's notebook on her lap as he drove them to the San Fernando Valley and the private resort that housed Papillon Rouge. The only people related to the Foundation who had known anything about the two victims prior to their deaths were the General Manager and Operations Manager of Papillon Rouge, two Board representatives, the other three women in their Group and the client himself.

"What is this Group mentioned in the report?" asked Jamie, turning to look at Marley.

"A client is entitled to select up to three women per session, and he or she is entitled to a maximum of five sessions in a year. Due to the special nature of the ladies in question, it is not possible to present a client with an entire roster of women for selection. Instead, the client is surveyed and they obtain an outline of the client's preferred type or types. They then form a group of five women based on these preferences, from which the client selects three. All five ladies are on our payroll from the day that the group is formed until the end of the session. The two ladies who are not selected form a reserve from which we can fill unexpected absences," replied the lawyer. "In this case of course, both of the reserves will be required," he said, shaking his head sadly.

"I'm sure you realize that the two replacement women are prime suspects, as they have the most obvious and compelling motive," said Jamie.

"That thought had occurred to me," said Marley.

"Sorry. Just thinking out loud," said Jamie apologetically. "Who were those other people at Papillon Rouge who knew the makeup of this particular group?"

Marley thought for a moment. "The General Manager of the club, Elaine Rutherford and the Operations Manager and Chief Instructor, Ruth Antonelli. The Board of Commissioners appoints two of its members on a rotating annual basis to act as liaison with the Board. One is the Primary, the other only acts when the Primary is unavailable. At the moment, the Primary is Mr Reginald Kincaid. I'm not sure who the Secondary is, but I can find out if it becomes important."

"How are you going to fit me in?"

Marley explained that the third woman of the three originally selected by the client had been offered an alternative assignment outside of the country. "Sort of an all expense paid holiday at full fees," he said. "Let me tell you, we had to do a lot of explaining to our client. A 100% change in the composition of the final three women is most unusual. It's fortunate that you fit the physical preferences of this particular client."

"So he likes natural blonds?"

"Amongst others. He has a taste for tall, well-built women. He has an uncommon dislike for heavy tans which, believe it or not, was the most difficult requirement to meet," said Marley.

"It's a good thing that I burn easily then," said Jamie with a grin. Her naturally pale complexion had been the source of much teenage angst and many painful bouts of sunburn during her academy training.

Just then, their car pulled up in front of the high steel gates of the exclusive resort that was their destination. A small green light flashed on the car dashboard and the gates silently swung open.

"I'll introduce you to Ruth who will begin your orientation. Apart from me, no one here knows your true identity. Everyone thinks that you are just a last minute replacement found by our recruiters. You will be provided with the full use of the resort's facilities including accommodations and meals during your stay here. You will have a chance to meet Elaine and the other staff after the day's training. Unfortunately, you will only get to meet the client on the day of the session itself. If you need anything in the way of information or other assistance please feel free to call me," said Marley. "Good luck Miss Killian."

Marley opened the car door for Jamie and led her into the main building of the five-star hotel that provided the main accommodations for the guests of the resort, almost all of whom would never learn of the existence of Papillon Rouge.

Jamie followed Marley through the building, with him pointing out the various facilities as they walked. He handed her a security card, which he told her would grant access to any area in the resort. Producing a card of his own, Marley took her through a series of Staff Only doors, until they reached a bustling office area, which was clearly one of the administrative centers of the complex. Marley waved to a tall, dark haired woman, who looked like an extremely expensive personal fitness instructor. Jamie guessed that this was Ruth Antonelli. Marley introduced the two women, shook Jamie's hand and then hustled off to another appointment.

"You're just in time," said Ruth with a friendly smile. "I was just about to start with the other two girls. Follow me."

The two of them walked out of the back of the building and across the grounds until they reached a high, plant covered wall that stretched almost out of sight in both directions. A solid looking metal door was the only visible opening. Jamie saw hi-tech security cameras mounted along the top of the wall and what looked like motion detectors. She decided that Papillon Rouge took its privacy seriously. Ruth opened the door with her card and Jamie followed her through.

"This is one of the staff entrances from the main resort. There is another entrance on the other side of the facility for the sole use of the clients, which looks to the public like the management and limousine-parking complex. Vehicles come and go all the time, which makes it difficult for curious parties to spot our clients and the disembarkation area is not visible from the road. It is easy to justify a great deal of security due to the expensive vehicles that are parked there. Officially, the entire Papillon Rouge section is listed in the resort records as a workshop and staff training facility. This explains the equipment, extra staff and room mock ups. It also justifies the intense security, as our training procedures are classified as valuable Intellectual Property. Since the main resort puts on some very elaborate shows, all kinds of props and sets are required, and these are actually made and stored here. In the event that we are forced to open the facility to inspection by some official body, very little effort is required to conceal its true function.

"Why would anyone investigate Papillon Rouge if it is such a closed society?" asked Jamie.

"With the best will in the world, members are sometimes indiscreet or get in legal trouble, leading to an investigation of their movements and whereabouts. It is inevitable that a few women will try to sell their stories to the press or attempt to blackmail us by threatening to report a rape or assault. Journalists too can be a problem. If the current hot neurotic pop star is having a quiet day, they sometimes get desperate and try to dig up a story here."

After logging them both in at a security checkpoint, Ruth took Jamie down a series of corridors to a door marked Training Room One. She produced another of the security cards and unlocked the door by tapping the card on the sensor pad mounted on the wall beside it. As they went into the room, Jamie noted that the door was unusually thick. Ruth noticed Jamie's curiosity and said, "The door and the walls of this room are completely soundproof."

Training Room One was a strange jumble of different furnishing styles. In one corner there was a row of small cubicles that resembled large department store changing cubicles. The rest of the room was filled with various groups of furniture, storage boxes and what appeared to be gym equipment. One stretch of wall was covered with mirrors and had a wooden railing mounted at waist height like a dance studio. There was a well-stocked refreshments counter in one corner, but Jamie noted that it did not appear to boast any alcohol.

Two young women were seated on a padded leather couch and were obviously the other members of the Group. Both looked up as Jamie and Ruth entered the room. Their eyes followed Jamie across the room, staring at her with frank curiosity.

"Jamie, meet Kathy and Anastasia. Hopefully you three will be working together this Saturday," said Ruth. "This group has been a total shambles so far. I wouldn't be surprised if all three of you suddenly broke out in chicken pox, the way things have been going."

To Jamie's surprise one of the women was not a blond. Kathy had long, chestnut brown hair and looked like a trainee executive or a lawyer from a TV show. She was also very Chinese. Anastasia had long, golden hair that was so pale that the strands were almost colorless. Her elegant pointed chin and slim build made her resemble an elf from a fantasy novel. Both of them greeted

Jamie cheerfully, obviously relieved to have the group complete.

"What happened to Margaret?" asked Kathy.

"A sudden attack of boyfriend trouble. He surprised her with a trip to Europe and she could not find a way to refuse," replied Ruth with a twitch of her eyebrow. "Right, enough of the chatter. You three can get acquainted over lunch. Right now I want to give you the standard orientation speech and make sure that you are committed enough to at least see this current session through."

After the three women had made themselves comfortable, Ruth placed herself in front of them with her hands on her hips and began to speak.

"Papillon Rouge is all about the appreciation of pain. Your pain. But even more important, it is all about pussy," said Ruth.

Kathy giggled and said, "What's so special about that? Isn't it always about pussy?"

Ruth frowned and shook her head. "This is different, and it is vital that the three of you understand why it is different. Here, your genitals are the focus of all social activity. You must be able to talk comfortably about your pussy with the members or with the other women at any time and in any context. You must not sound nor appear crude or suggestive. You are not street hookers trying to sell your wares. Neither are you prurient teenagers snickering over a dirty magazine. At Papillon Rouge, your vagina, urethra, labia and clitoris, are exciting and wonderful playthings that you are eager to share with our members. No nickname for female genitals is too rude or crude to be used and we will make sure that you know them all. Note however, that the members are expected to maintain a certain level of decorum. For instance, calling one the other girls a cunt in anger is generally not acceptable. Such behavior would earn the member a black mark, and if repeated might lead to a cancellation of membership privileges."

The trainer paused to allow the three girls time to adjust. Then, Ruth suddenly pointed at Jamie. "When was the last time you washed your cunt?" she asked.

Jamie opened her mouth in order to respond to Ruth's crude remark, and then closed it again with a snap. The trainer's earlier words flowed through her mind and she realized that she was being tested. Jamie smiled and replied, "I last washed my sex this morning when I took a shower. It has been several hours since then and I may not be as fresh down there as I would like. I would be happy to let you judge for yourself."

Ruth patted her hands together in mock applause. "Not bad, Jamie," she said. "Just remember that when you are responding to a question or statement by a member, you should try to use the same name for your pussy as he or she used. You should never use coy expressions like "between my legs" when referring to your pussy unless you are actually indicating a spatial location."

Jamie nodded thoughtfully. She realized that they were really serious about what they were doing here.

Ruth made Kathy and Anastasia go through the same exercise using different questions, and then went on from there into a free-form discussion about Papillon Rouge and its facilities. As they talked, Ruth would suddenly toss in a question or remark, which would require one or all of the girls to talk about pussy in general or their own genitalia, in particular. She would pounce on the slightest hesitation or indication of distaste, and forced them to say the offending phrases over and over again loudly like a drill sergeant working on new recruits. Finally satisfied, Ruth returned to her position in front of them and move on to the next stage of the orientation.

"I know that all of you have been told about the sadistic nature of the entertainment provided by Papillon Rouge to its members, and that you have each agreed to participate. However, I must be sure that you can actually carry out this part of the job. Therefore I am going to give each of you a little test, which will help you, be sure in your own mind that this is truly what you want to do. I want the three of you to go over to those cubicles in that side of the room. Each of you pick a cubicle. Inside you will find a set of instructions that will constitute the test. Please go there now," said Ruth, pointing to the cubicles that Jamie had thought were changing rooms.

Jamie walked over to the nearest cubicle and locked the door behind her. Inside the cubicle there was a high chair solidly fastened to the floor, which resembled a bar stool with a backrest.

Attached to one wall was a metal shelf, on which sat a small cardboard box. Jamie opened the box and took out the note that she found inside.

*This is a simple test of your ability to inflict on yourself, and to bear a reasonable amount of pain in the area of your genitals. Inside the box you will find a standard black metal document clip. On the wall in front of you is the lens of a small surveillance camera and two colored lights. At the moment, the red light should be on. Please remove all clothing from the waist down and sit on the stool, with your knees spread wide apart and facing the camera. Please fasten your labia minora (inner lips) together with the clip provided. Once the clip is firmly in place, put your hands behind your back and keep your thighs spread wide apart. Stay in that position until you see the green light go on, after which you may remove the clip and get dressed. If, for any reason you decide to remove the clip before the green light goes on, you will remove the pass card from inside the box and use it to leave this facility through the door on the opposite side of the cubicle to the door from which you entered. Someone will be waiting to lead you out. By doing so, you will indicate that you wish to withdraw from the group. If you change your mind before leaving the cubicle, you may replace the clip on your labia and continue to wait for the green light.*

Knowing that she was being watched through the video camera, Jamie followed the instructions carefully. She dropped her skirt on the floor and peeled her panties down from her hips, and slipped them off of her ankles. Picking up the metal clip, she sat down on the chair. She gasped as the cold leather and chrome of the stool touched her bare skin. She reached down between her legs and gently brushed her fingers over the edges of her labia, which peeked out from the curly undergrowth of pubic hair. She twirled the metal clip with her fingers, feeling the smooth black enamel and the hard unforgiving edges of its metal jaws. For a long moment, she considered the idea of putting the clip back in the box, getting dressed and using the key card. Then she thought back to her academy training. She remembered the insults, the exhaustion and the pain. She remembered her pride and happiness when she graduated and her anguish when she was expelled from the force. As she sat half-naked on the stool, Jamie suddenly realized that nothing on Earth was going to stop her from succeeding this time. Without further hesitation she slipped her thumb and index finger into the groove of her sex, gripped her labia firmly and stretched them outwards. Her thighs trembled as the edges of the clip brushed over the soft, crinkled lips. Gritting her teeth, she gingerly relaxed her grip on the clip, allowing it to close firmly on her flesh. The pain was sharp and immediate, as the jaws of the clip crushed her supersensitive sex lips. Jamie forced herself to ignore the discomfort, and clasped her hands behind her back and straightened her shoulders as if at parade rest. She focused her eyes on an invisible spot in front of her and waited. As she sat there, she realized that the test was also intended to force each woman to reflect on what she was getting into while actually suffering pain.

Once the three women had all entered a booth, Ruth went over to wall panel at the side of the booths, pressed a catch and slid it aside to reveal a bank of wall mounted LCD monitors, which displayed the interiors of the cubicles. She activated the recording system, and then watched intently as the three women undressed. It would be a disaster if one or more of the women decided to quit, as it would be very difficult to find suitable replacements at this late date. She sighed with relief as she watched three metal clips bite into feminine flesh. With a touch of a button, the camera zoomed in on the women's crotches. Ruth examined each image carefully, making sure that the clips were firmly seated and that nothing had been inserted between the jaws to prevent them from fully closing. She zoomed the cameras out again to study the faces of the women and their individual reactions to the pain. It was always interesting to see how different personalities affected

the response to the clip. Jamie obviously did not like what she felt, and was staying still through sheer determination and self-discipline. Kathy believed in the distraction method of pain relief. She was making faces, waving her hands, and clenching and unclenching her fists. She was also reciting some memorized text or poem, or perhaps she was just swearing. Ruth's gaze lingered for a moment on the screen that displayed Anastasia's cubicle. A frown of concern formed momentarily on Ruth's face as she watched Anastasia ecstatic expression on the screen, but after about a minute she seemed satisfied with what she saw and she reached out to press another button. Inside the booths, the green lights lit up and three women sighed with relief as they snatched the metal clips from their bodies. Ruth smiled in amusement as the three women yelped and made almost identical soothing motions between their thighs. They had all just learned that taking a clip off of the pussy lips was often more painful than putting them on. She switched off the system and closed the panel. A few minutes later the three women emerged and made their way back to where Ruth stood.

"Have you ever had one of these things on your pussy?" asked Kathy, as she waved the clip under Ruth's nose.

"As a matter of fact I have," replied Ruth calmly. "I've done or tried everything that you are going to experience in this training period."

"OK," said Kathy with a grin. She tossed the clip aside and rubbed her hands. Her large dark eyes gleamed mischievously. "So what's next teacher?"

"I think we've had enough excitement for the morning, so why don't we break for lunch and meet again at 3 o'clock. I want you three to get to know each other. Remember that you need to work as a team on the day of the actual session."



## Chapter Six

Jamie was pleased to find that both of her companions were cheerful and willing to talk. Kathy was curious and wanted to know how Jamie and Anastasia had reacted to the clip.

"The clip didn't actually hurt my pussy that bad, but it was really difficult not knowing how long I would have to wait before I could take it off," said Anastasia thoughtfully.

Jamie opened her eyes wide, clasped her hands between her thighs and hopped from foot to foot. "My labia are pretty sensitive, so the clip hurt quite a lot, although it started to get a bit numb after a while. I think that the worst part was having to put it on yourself. Thinking about the pain probably made it worse."

Kathy frowned thoughtfully. "Do you think that it would be easier to just act submissive and to endure whatever comes?"

"I'm not sure. On one hand, anticipation tends to make the pain worse. On the other, if you have the chance to mentally work yourself up to it, you can kind of drive through it, like athletes and martial artists do. What do you think, Anastasia?"

Anastasia tilted her head and smiled. "I think that you have to open yourself to the experience and kind of go with the flow. You don't have to be a masochist to be able to absorb pain."

As one would expect, the food in the staff restaurant was excellent, with a wide variety of choices and cuisines. Again, there was an absence of alcohol. Jamie made a note to ask about that. Over their meal, Jamie asked about the women that they were replacing, pretending not to know about their deaths. Anastasia told Jamie that two of the girls had died suddenly and Jamie made the appropriate shocked noises.

"To be honest," said Kathy, "I was jealous. They were Caucasian and blond and they got picked instead of me. It is really tough breaking into show biz especially when you are oriental. No matter what they say, we still mostly get typecast or stuck in as the token colored person. Still, you need to eat, so you swallow your pride and take any part you can get. The money that we're going to make on Saturday will really help."

"So you're in this purely for the money?" asked Jamie.

"Yup," said Kathy. "If taking a beating on my pussy is what it takes to get me into showbiz then I'm afraid that little kitty is in for a bad time. Actually, that is not quite accurate, about it being only about the money, I mean. The Foundation has influence in all kinds of odd places and they tell me that they might be able to put in some recommendations. Rumor is, one of the Board members is a big time producer."

"They always say that," said Jamie with a laugh.

"You sound really determined to get what you want," said Anastasia, sounding a little shocked.

"Meaning that I'm a whore? Haven't you ever heard of the casting couch? It's an old honored tradition. Anyway, I've got the looks and I've got the talent. No one is going to get in my way," replied Kathy seriously. When Anastasia's eyes widened in recognition, Kathy grinned savagely. "Yeah, that was me on the cover of the gossip magazines. That bitch who told me to go back to working in a laundry sure was surprised when I kneed her in the pussy. I bet she thought that only worked on men. Since both of us would have lost out if the whole thing blew up, our agents worked it out in the end. We issued a joint statement admitting that it was just a publicity stunt and I agreed to apologize and go for some therapy."

Jamie looked down at her steak to hide her expression. She had told Marley that her two companions were the prime suspects, and here Kathy was practically waving a red flag. "So I guess having the other two girls drop out was a real break for you," asked Jamie.

Kathy frowned. "I suppose you could say that, although having somebody die was not the kind of break that I was hoping for."

"What do you think of Ruth?" asked Anastasia, trying to change the subject.

"She seems nice enough," said Jamie.

"I bet she gets her kicks from putting us through our paces," said Kathy, apparently still thinking about the clip.

A strange expression passed over Anastasia's beautiful face.

"Is something wrong?" asked Kathy.

Anastasia shook her head. "Its nothing."

They finished the rest of the meal talking about other things. Just as they were preparing to leave the restaurant, a woman walked up to the table.

"Hello there. I'm Elaine Rutherford, the General Manager of Papillon Rouge. You must be Jamie, our last-minute replacement."

Jamie shook the manager's proffered hand. The woman's grip was firm, but seemed to turn into something less formal just before she let go.

"Well, I hope that Ruth is taking good care of you. Please let me know if you have any problems or questions. My office is just over there at the other side of the building and you are welcome to visit me at any time," said Elaine.

"You seem to have made a new friend," said Kathy, grinning.

"She certainly is friendly," said Jamie carefully.

Kathy winked and said, "I hear that she's a lesbian. I bet that you would get more than conversation if you visited her office."

"Where did you hear that?" asked Jamie.

"Sally, the girl who jumped to her death, told me," replied Kathy.

"Did you believe her?" asked Jamie.

"I'm sure that it's just a rumor. She looks like a decent woman," said Anastasia.

Kathy lifted an eyebrow. "You do realize that we may be required to have sex with each other during the session?"

Anastasia blushed. "Yes, but that's just business."

Kathy turned to Jamie and rolled her eyes. Then she shrugged and suggested that they go back to the classroom.

## Chapter Seven

The three women found Ruth waiting for them in the room. The instructor gave them a moment to settle in and then spoke. "I hope you had a nice lunch and got to know each other a bit better. It is important that you all learn to work as a team."

"Papillon Rouge offers its members a unique service, and it is very important that you understand what makes this service different," said Ruth. She pointed at Kathy and asked, "What is a prostitute's objective when she is with a client?"

"Er, to show him a good time in bed?"

"Wrong. That is what the client thinks her job is. Jamie, what about you?" said Ruth.

Jamie had met enough hookers to know the correct answer to this question. "To get her john to come as quickly as possible," she answered.

Ruth nodded in approval. "The girl gets a gold star. Next question. What is a stripper's job?" asked Ruth. This time she pointed at Anastasia.

"To show off her body?" answered Anastasia.

Ruth shook her head. "Anyone else?"

"To make each of her customers think that she is dancing specially for him, so that they give more tips and buy more drinks," said Kathy.

"That's right," said Ruth. "But you are not hookers or strippers. Papillon Rouge is a special place. The women of Papillon Rouge are not trying to sell anything and they do not to use their sexuality to manipulate their clients. Your objective is to help your client enjoy the use of your body. You must always be ready to discuss any aspect of your body or its functions, and you will do it in a friendly and conversational tone of voice. Do not try to sound deliberately sexy, and never, ever make the client feel embarrassed, or give the impression that you are offended when discussing any sexual activity or preference."

"Sort of like when you model for men's magazines," said Kathy. "I have done some of those, and you really have to get very explicit when working with a photographer."

Anastasia wrinkled her nose and said, "I've never looked in a men's magazine."

Ruth laughed. "Well then it is fortunate that I have a whole stack of them right here. In fact, they are your next assignment. I want the three of you to go through them together. Study the photographs and try to get a feeling of what men want to see when they look between your legs. Perhaps Kathy can give you some tips on how best to spread your pussy."

"That's disgusting," said Anastasia.

All the other women stared at her.

Ruth walked up to Anastasia and put a hand on her shoulder. "Look, you have got to be clear in your own mind about this. Are you certain this job is right for you?"

Anastasia brushed Ruth's hand away. "I don't understand your problem. I have already agreed to do what you want. It doesn't matter what I feel."

For the first time, Ruth looked angry. "It does matter. If you feel disgust, it will show in your face and your body language. You have not understood what I have been trying to tell you at all. You, all of you, must be able to put aside your own feelings and work in the best interests of the member. Just like a lawyer or a priest, it is not for you to judge or condemn. If you are not able to give your best, don't do it at all. So, are you in, or out?"

Anastasia looked shocked. Then she seemed to hear what Ruth had said to her. "Yes, like a priest ... " she murmured. She smiled and nodded. "Yes, I think I understand now. Don't worry. I'll be OK."

Ruth looked at her for several moments, judging her sincerity. She sighed. "I'm still not absolutely convinced, but we're short of time, so I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. Right. Get to work on those magazines." Then she turned and left the room.

Jamie took Anastasia's hand and squeezed gently. "We need to look after each other here. You'll do fine."

Anastasia looked at Jamie as if seeing her for the first time. She smiled serenely. "Yes. I will be fine."

The three women gathered around a coffee table and began to leaf through the magazines. Kathy pointed at a few of the pictures and said, "One thing that I can tell you right off is that the 'two finger' method of spreading the lips apart that most women seem to find most natural, is not popular with the guys. Your hand and fingers tend to hide too much, and you really can't open yourself up effectively with the index and middle fingers." Kathy demonstrated by making an upside-down "V" with her fingers, opening and closing the digits in a scissor-like motion.

An hour later, Ruth returned to find the three girls spread out over various pieces of furniture and giggling as they imitated the more extreme poses in the magazines. She clapped her hands to attract their attention, and waited for them to gather around the table next to where she stood. The expressions on their faces rapidly turned serious when they saw what Ruth had laid out on the tabletop.

"Time to get serious ladies. Let's talk about pussy torture. Just in case any of you were not paying attention when you signed your contract, you have all agreed to accept and participate in any form of sadistic acts or torture that the client may wish to inflict on your genitals," said Ruth. "In plain English, he can do just about anything to your pussy short of mutilation or permanent physical injury. More to the point, you will be required to do your very best to assist him, and you will smile while you do so."

"What about ropes and chains and things?" asked Anastasia, holding up her hand. "You know, bondage stuff."

"That's a very good question. The answer is no. At no time will you be tied up or otherwise restrained. It is your responsibility to make your pussy available. Naturally you are all human, and it is likely that you might flinch or pull away in the face of severe pain. In such a case, you are required to return to the appropriate position within a reasonable period of time for as long as the client wishes to continue."

"What's a reasonable period of time?" asked Jamie.

"Generally, the client will decide whether your behavior is reasonable. I will be available to act as a mediator should the three of you disagree with him over this matter. You will call on me only in grave circumstances, for instance if you think that permanent damage is about to be inflicted. Pain in itself is not a reason to interrupt a session. Frivolous appeals will result in forfeiture of all your fees except for the initial \$15,000. My ruling will be final. Is this understood?" said Ruth. The three women nodded.

"The client may request that you have sex with each other or to torture each other. However, during these practice sessions you will not be seeing each other naked nor will anyone be torturing you, as we want your reactions to each other to be spontaneous and fresh, and naturally the client expects to receive the three of you in an unblemished condition," said Ruth.

"Then how are we going to practice anything? Are we going to use those whips and things on you?" asked Kathy hopefully.

"You will find out in a moment. But first, do you have any more questions on this subject?" replied Ruth.

"What if he wants to cane my ass or something?" asked Anastasia.

Ruth nodded and from her expression Jamie knew that she had been waiting for one of them to ask this question. "All right, let me make this clear. The client is free to hit or torture any part of your body below the neck, but you are not obliged to suggest any such punishment. In addition, violent attacks such as punches, kicks and joint locks are not allowed. However, as far as the torture of your pussies are concerned, you are required to assist and actively encourage any such activity," she answered. "As for practice, I have just the thing." With an evil grin she walked over to the locked entrance, opened the door and stepped out into the corridor. She returned a moment later, followed by a young woman dressed in the same uniform as had been worn by the waitresses in the staff restaurant. Ruth locked the door again and then led the newcomer over to the waiting trio.

"Girls, this is Mary. She has very kindly volunteered to be your sparring partner, so to

speak," said Ruth.

Mary smiled and waved her hand in greeting. "Hello everybody," she said cheerfully. Without another word she began to undress. In moments she had stripped down to her panties, which were made of a thin translucent white fabric, and embroidered with a small scarlet butterfly emblem just above the bulge of her pubis. She posed for a moment with her hands on her hips. "Do you like the panties? They're company issue and a big favorite with the customers, especially since we take them off right there at the table if they want a souvenir," said Mary with a wink. "That always gets a big tip."

"And naturally it is added to their dining bill. Please note that this applies only to the restaurants and cafes in Papillon Rouge. The main resort provides family friendly entertainment only," added Ruth.

"You three are going to get the chance to use this cane on Mary's pussy," announced Ruth, waving a nasty looking rattan cane. Seeing the shocked expressions on the faces of her three trainees, Ruth laughed and patted Mary affectionately on her bottom. "Don't worry. Unlike you, Mary here is a raving masochist. Under the right conditions she likes nothing more than to have her pussy beaten. Plus she gets a bonus in her paycheck."

"What are the right conditions?" asked Jamie suspiciously.

Ruth turned to Mary and nodded. Mary grinned and licked her lips. "Well, I do need some help in order to get in the right mood. If someone would be so kind as to eat my pussy for a while ..."

"Did I mention that this part of the training includes Basic Lesbianism?" said Ruth with a grin.

Mary casually stripped off her panties and walked up to her three would-be torturers. "Don't worry, I'm really nice and clean down there," she said in a very loud stage whisper.

Until now, Jamie had avoided thinking about the likelihood that she would have to make love with another woman. She had spent years listening to snide comments regarding her femininity due to her choice of the police force as a career while simultaneously fending off the occasional real lesbian in the locker rooms. Faced with the reality of Mary, she felt a sudden wave of homophobia and her stomach lurched queasily. She noticed that Anastasia had turned even more pale too. Kathy did not appear to be disturbed by the prospect of lesbian sex and Jamie once again noted the Chinese girl's single-minded determination.

Kathy seemed to notice Jamie's stare. She turned her model perfect face towards Jamie and said, "Don't worry, it's not that terrible. I was a bit queasy when I did my first lez photo shoot, but after you've spent four or five hours with your face pressed up against another model's pussy it begins to seem quite ordinary. Anyway, Mary looks a lot more appealing than a room-full of wrinkled old producers."

Jamie forced a smile. "No offense to Mary, but I hope that I'm not going to spend four or five hours giving her head."

Mary giggled and said, "That sounds like a perfectly wonderful idea."

At this point Ruth interrupted. "I'm afraid that we don't have the time to start with kissing and cuddling, so we'll have to get right down to business. Mary why don't you assume the position and we'll let the girls demonstrate their talents."

Mary made her way to a large overstuffed armchair and settled herself comfortably in its embrace, with her legs spread wide and hooked over the armrests. The trainee fellatrices gathered uncertainty in front of the grinning Mary.

Ruth rolled her eyes at her students' lack of enthusiasm. She pointed at Jamie. "You're first. I want you to get down there, spread her wide and give her a great big kiss. Then I want you to run the tip of your tongue gently everywhere that you think might feel good. Just remember that the more that Mary enjoys herself, the sooner I might let you stop."

Jamie knew that there was no way for her to avoid this, so she dropped to her knees and gingerly placed her hands on the insides of Mary's widespread thighs. The feel of muscle under smooth taut skin reminded Jamie of her unarmed combat classes and she suddenly felt more

relaxed. She realized that her eyes had focused fixedly on Mary's navel. With a conscious effort, Jamie lowered her gaze until she was staring directly at Mary's mound. The first thing that she noticed was that Mary's pubic hair had been neatly trimmed, leaving a neat inverted triangle pointing down towards the clean-shaven bulge of her vulva. She took a deep breath, and dipped her head down as if she were plunging her head into a pool of water, only stopping when her lips and nose were firmly pressed against Mary's flesh. Fighting the urge to hold her breath, Jamie cautiously sniffed. She realized that she had been expecting an unpleasant and overwhelming odor, but was pleasantly surprised to find that Mary smelled mostly of soap scented skin and a trace of unfamiliar musk. She gave the pussy a gentle peck of her lips, as if she with kissing the cheek of a friend. The sound of Ruth clearing her throat impatiently, spurred her on. Remembering her instructions, Jamie gently spread apart Mary's outer labia and repeated her kiss, planting her lips firmly on the glistening circle of Mary's vaginal opening. A trace of clear liquid clung to her lips as she pulled away. Jamie deliberately licked her lips, allowing the flavor of Mary's juices to fill her mouth. Once again she found the experience unusual but not unpleasant. Determined not to waste any more time, Jamie began to lick. She placed the tip of her tongue at the very bottom of her target, just above Mary's anus and then licked the entire expanse of the waitress's spread pussy from bottom to top, drawing a gasp from the owner of the licked pussy. Based on the knowledge of her own body she began to lap steadily at Mary's flesh. She started with the inner labia, running the tip of her tongue repeatedly along the fleshy ridge of one lip and then the other until she felt them stiffen and rise. Moving upwards, Jamie licked the hood that covered Mary's clitoris, circling but not touching the hidden bud. When she could not put it off any more, she braced herself dipped her tongue into Mary's slick vagina, probing deep as if she were searching for a hidden treat. Finally, she zoomed in on the quivering clitoris, sucking and licking with abandon. She felt Mary's hips hunch up and rub against her face. Jamie was almost disappointed when Ruth tapped her on the shoulder and said, "Time to give the others a chance." Red-faced, Jamie pushed herself to her feet and made way for an apprehensive looking Anastasia.

Despite her initial hesitation, Anastasia managed to overcome whatever reservations she may have felt and licked at Mary's pussy with determination, if not enthusiasm. Unsurprisingly, Kathy did a workman-like job of it when her turn came, and soon had Mary squirming and kicking noisily. Ruth judged that all three of the women acquitted themselves well, having worked Mary to an erotic frenzy. The trio grinned at each other, sharing a feeling of accomplishment.

The sound of wood tapping on wood brought their attention back to Ruth, and the sight of the slim, whippy cane in her hand quickly dispelled their self-congratulatory mood.

"You've shown me that you know how to use your tongues, but does anyone know how to use one of these?" asked Ruth, swishing the slim rod through the air.

Jamie looked questioningly at the other two women, who both shook their heads. She did not want to be the first to strike Mary but this time she was the one who had the practical experience. "I did a little fencing in my college years. I would guess that a cane and a foil are not that far different," she said, holding up her hand.

"OK, you get to go first," said Ruth, handing Jamie the cane. "Smack yourself on the palm a few times to get the feel of the rod, and then I want you to give Mary one medium-hard stroke across her pussy. Don't just tickle her, but don't hit right in between the lips at this time. I want to see a nice clean diagonal mark. You will not be doing Mary a favor by being gentle. If you don't give her a good solid whack I will make you do it again."

Mary rolled over on her side and lifted her upper leg high, baring her cunt to a horizontal stroke of the cane. "Remember to pull the cane back quickly after you've hit me and to stand clear," said Mary. "I won't be able to keep my legs spread if you hit me hard in there, and I don't want to kick you in the head."

"Remember that a masochist feels pain just like everyone else. The only difference is that the get turned on mostly by the thought of pain before and after the event," said Ruth, nodding at Jamie to proceed.

Jamie swished the cane through the air using only the action of her fingers and wrist, and

then brought it down on her palm several times with increasing force. After she had found the right stroke needed to leave a sharp tingling pain in her palm, Jamie reached out to tap the center of Mary's pussy with the tip of her cane. "Ready?" she asked Mary, who nodded. Jamie swung the cane away, paused, tightened the grip of her fingers and then reversed the motion. But this time, the cane was propelled by the power of the muscles of her forearm and wrist, cutting through the air with a high-pitched swish. The last four inches of the cane struck Mary's sensitive pussy flesh, sinking deep into the mound before rebounding. Jamie felt the impact vibrate through the bones of her hand as she took a quick step backwards.

Mary's body convulsed in agony. Her thighs clamped protectively together as she whimpered and gasped in reaction to the burning pain of her whipped cunt. "You're always surprised at how much it hurts," she said softly. Then, in what Jamie considered to be an amazingly short period of time, Mary regained control of herself and spread her legs again. Feeling sure that she had mutilated Mary's vulva, Jamie peered fearfully between of victims thighs and was surprised to see that Mary's pussy was undamaged save for a scarlet weal running across the line of her swollen labia. Jamie was intrigued to see a trace of clear moisture decorating the entrance of Mary's vagina.

"I'm sorry," said Jamie. Thinking about the pain that she had just inflicted made her cringe. The idea that the same could be done to her made her shiver.

"Acceptable. I'm sure Mary is grateful for you attention. Next," said Ruth.

With a sigh of relief, Jamie handed the cane to Kathy. Moments later, Mary cried out as a second stroke of the cane landed on her reddened sex lips. The blow appeared to Jamie to be a twin to hers, but Mary managed to stay in position this time, although she rocked back and forth in the chair as she absorbed the fiery pain of a second cane stroke on her pussy. Jamie studied Kathy's face as the oriental woman wielded the cane, but she saw nothing beyond the intense concentration that the would-be actress seemed to apply to everything that she did. She then switched her attention to Anastasia who was watching Mary's writhing body with wide-eyed fascination. The pale, and seemingly fragile woman seemed an unlikely candidate for the kind of activities that Papillon Rouge supported. The religious looking silver pendant that hung between her breasts only added to the woman's unworldly look. Jamie shook her head in bemusement, as she pondered the ability of large amounts of money to influence the way that people thought and behaved.

A loud 'thwack' followed immediately by Mary's scream, made Jamie jump in surprise. While she had been distracted by her thoughts, Anastasia had taken her stroke. Not only had it landed directly along the groove of Mary's sex and struck her inner labia and clitoris, but the blow itself had been applied with much greater force than previously used by Jamie or Kathy. The cane clattered to the floor as Anastasia covered her face in horror. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I ... I couldn't bear to see the cane hit her, so I closed my eyes at the last moment," she cried. It was apparent that Anastasia had misjudged the force and direction of her stroke, hitting Mary much harder than she had intended. Jamie was shocked to see a trickle of blood run down Mary's thigh. Remembering her first-aid training, Jamie went over to check Mary's injury. To her relief, she found no serious damage, and that the blood was welling from a small tear in the skin just beside the clitoris where the tip of the cane had landed. Mary assured Jamie that she was all right. In fact, Jamie saw that Mary's fingers had change from soothing her bruised pussy, to what looked suspiciously like caresses. Any doubts the Jamie might have had about Mary's masochism were totally dispelled. She saw Kathy looking at her and they both shook their heads in amazement.

This incident dampened everyone's spirits, except for the irrepressible Mary who seemed close to an orgasm. Ruth handed out a selection of reading material, which consisted of extracts from numerous S&M novels and several DVDs worth of video clips with an obvious emphasis on female genital torture, which were to constitute their homework for the evening. "Go and have dinner, but don't stay up too late tonight, as I need you bright and eager tomorrow."

The three women went down to another restaurant to discuss the day's events over dinner. Anastasia kept assuring the others that she would be more careful, and it seemed that she was more concerned about the accident than either of the other women. Kathy made some jokes about Mary's

tastes in entertainment and they all speculated about how they would react to that kind of punishment when their own turn came. A good meal allowed them to recover their equilibrium, and after dessert they all retired to their own quarters.

Jamie was amazed to find that her room was filled with clothes, underwear and cosmetics, all of them to her size and taste. It seemed that Papillon Rouge went to extraordinary lengths to ensure that their employees were comfortable. She retrieved her cell phone from her handbag and placed a call to one of the few ex-colleagues in the Force that had believed in her innocence. Her friend agreed to do a background check on everyone involved in this case and to give her a report by the end of the next day. After that, Jamie spent the next hour writing out notes of the day's events before taking a bath and settling down in bed to read her homework. She was amazed at the number and variety of stories concerning pussy torture in the folder that Ruth had given her, as well as the antiquity of some of them. Also surprising were the clips from mainstream movies that hinted at the subject. Apparently, it was something that lurked in the minds or subconscious of more people than she had imagined.



## Chapter Eight

The next day was spent playing a variety of games, which were obviously designed to get the three women used to touching each other. In addition, Ruth continued to bring elements of sex and sadism into the conversation. She encouraged them to express their feelings and fears with regard to genital torture. Ruth did not make light of the pain and embarrassment that they were going to experience, but instead tried to bring every element into the open. Jamie found that just being able to talk about it made everything seem more real and practical, dispelling the cartoon like mental images of chainsaws and iron maidens that hovered in the back of her mind. Ruth made them read out loud from the stories that she had given them. They had to pick a favorite story and to explain why they liked it as well as examine the mechanics of the torture depicted. Upon close examination, many scenes were clearly impossible or demonstrated a rather fanciful idea anatomy.

"This is just ridiculous," said Kathy, pointing out the flaws in a torrid torture scene. "I don't understand why you chose stories like these for us to read. The victim would have bled to death half way through, or died of shock. I'm not going to try something like that no matter how much you pay me."

Ruth smiled. It was apparent that once again, the trainer had expected Kathy's reaction, or at least the same reaction from one of them. In fact, Jamie thought that the material had been chosen to deliberately encourage that kind of comment. Ruth's reply confirmed Jamie's suspicion.

"You are quite right. Many of the scenes described are impossible, at least if the victim is expected to survive. One must expect a degree of literary license and exaggeration in any piece of fiction, just like the hundred shot six-shooter of the old cowboy movies or the horror villain who can be repeatedly stabbed and shot, and still get up. But, the important point is that the client is likely to have grown up reading these very kinds of stories and will have difficulty telling reality and fiction apart. So what do you do when the client wants to impale you on a telephone pole, and insists that the female characters in his favorite dirty book all enjoy this immensely once they have had a bit of practice?"

"Tell him to shove his telephone pole up his own ass and stop being stupid?" suggested Kathy.

Ruth made the sound of a buzzer. "Wrong. Zero points."

"Suggest something smaller?" said Anastasia.

"Closer," said Ruth. "Outright rejection of, or ignoring a client's request is not permissible. Simply scaling down the torture device or action is not the best approach either. The client must never feel that you are trying to weasel out of a torture."

"So what do we do?" asked Jamie.

"First, you need to find out what it is about the suggested torture that appeals to the client. Take the telephone pole example. Is it the sheer size and the degree of stretching that would be involved? Is it the texture of the wood? Does the idea of impalement turn the client on? Is it the fact that the pole has perpendicular climbing spikes sticking out of it that excites? Once that is determined, you can try to find a practical alternative. For example, if stretching is what is wanted, then you let the client feel how small and tight a real pussy is. Encourage him to explore. Let him get rough if he likes. Show him how little or how much is actually required to cause pain. Give examples of traditional torture devices such as the 'pear'. This way, you bring the client gently from fantasy to reality without spoiling the mood or outright rejection. I will give you some printed examples of commonly requested tortures that would not work as initially described, and how we dealt with them. It is very important to remember that you are trying to make the torture practical, not to avoid pain." Ruth then worked them through a series of scenarios that involved everything from red-hot pokers to porcupines.

"This need to manage the client's expectations is one of the reasons that we insist of a minimum team of two for each session. It is always better for the other girl to do the talking, as it sounds less like fear on the part of the intended recipient of the torture," said Ruth as a summary.

Jamie found herself increasingly liking her two teammates. Kathy's cheerful professionalism was infectious and nothing seemed to shock her. It was her expressed opinion that having her pussy tortured could not possibly be worse than some of the 'B' movie scripts that she had been forced to perform. Anastasia was sweet and almost unworldly. Her shock and indignation over the weird and sometimes ridiculous activities that fell under Papillon Rouge's definition of sex was a constant source of amusement to Kathy and Jamie. The silver pendant that she always wore only added to the feeling that Anastasia had just come out of a convent. Jamie had heard enough male locker room talk to realize that this air of innocence could be very attractive to some men.

After dinner, Jamie called her police friend again.

"Elaine Rutherford is a dyed in the wool lesbian. We know this because she was involved in an investigation a few years ago, when a colleague of hers apparently committed suicide by jumping in front of a bus. Elaine lost her job as the manager of a top hotel as a result. There were rumors that Elaine had been having an affair with her colleague, who then turned around and tried to blackmail her. During the investigation Elaine admitted to the lesbian affair, but no one was able to prove that blackmail or foul play had taken place. Ruth Antonelli is clean, although she was part of an extreme S&M group that fell apart after one of its members was permanently crippled when one of their 'games' went wrong. She was previously a fitness instructor with her own cable TV show, with a reputation for recruiting her students into her S&M circle. Both of the dead girls had been former students of hers. She has a brother who is in jail for assault. Your lawyer friend Marley gave me enough details on Kathy and Anastasia for me to run a check on them too. Kathy is a model and actress just as she claims. It says here that she specializes in martial arts flicks and knows the real thing, so be careful if you need to take her on. Anastasia is perfectly normal. Successful parents, high school, college and a job with an international welfare organization. I'll let you know if I find out more. Good luck Jamie. I've always known that you got a bum deal."

Jamie thanked her friend and hung up, her head whirling. She had yet to discover a convincing motive for someone to kill the two women, other than the money. She could not question everyone for alibis, and did not have the time or resources to verify them even if she did. So far, everything she had learned had done nothing to narrow the field of suspects, and time was rapidly running out.

## Chapter Nine

Wednesday morning turned out to be a visit to a chamber of horrors. Ruth had apparently decided to inject a dose of reality into the proceedings, probably as another test of their resolve. After breakfast, Ruth led her group out of the training room and down the hallway to what looked like the entrance to a storeroom. Ruth opened the door using her instructor's key card, and the three women trooped into the room behind her. Jamie was surprised to see that the room they had just entered was far larger than a mere storeroom. In fact it was the size of an indoor basketball court, although the walls were lined with shelves and cabinets instead of benches. Ruth turned to the shelves near to the door and waved for the girls to gather around her.

Kathy went over to stare curiously at the shelves and her gasp of surprise made Jamie go over to join her. She soon saw the reason for Kathy's reaction. On the rack in front of them was laid out every conceivable kind of whip, strap, cane and instrument of flagellation known to man or woman. The implements ranged from slim and dainty confections designed to tickle, all the way up to brutal lengths of wood and metal that would have looked at home on a medieval battlefield. They came in all sorts of materials and a wide variety of colors. Jamie even noted some with 'left hand' and 'right hand' versions. In a section marked 'Custom' were some really exotic whips and crops with such features as built-in video cameras, itching powder dispensers and woven wire electrical shock devices. Ruth told them that these had been manufactured at the request of the clients.

On the next shelf lay row upon row of dildos, which again ranged from tiny plastic shafts that would not have alarmed even a dewy virgin, to huge spiked columns more suited to killing crocodiles. Again there were custom-made devices. Anastasia was highly amused by the mp3 playing dildo with little spikes that extended and retracted in time to the music.

Every conceivable instrument of punishment or torture was represented and Ruth seemed to take great delight from introducing her three pupils to all of them. The majority of them were specifically designed for pussy torture. A few were more general devices. She lovingly pointed out each item and explained its use. They made a complete circuit of the room, in the course of which they were given a chance to handle and test a sample of every category of torture device. However, unlike a standard BDSM dungeon, there were no bondage devices, X-frames or trapezes. With their field trip completed, Ruth led the group back to the training room. She produced poster-sized photographs and silicone models depicting various sizes and shapes of pussy, and the group spent the rest of the time before lunch discussing how they would use the torture devices that they had just examined.

For the first time, Ruth joined the three girls for lunch and Jamie decided to use this opportunity to stir things up a bit, with the hope of forcing the murderer into betraying herself. She carefully brought up the subject of the murdered girls and confided to her companions the 'fact' that Marley had hired an investigator to look into the deaths. Anastasia and Kathy were predictably excited over this piece of gossip and pressed Jamie for more details. Ruth looked grim and warned Jamie against spreading unsubstantiated rumors.

The afternoon was reserved for a series of massage and beauty treatments, which were designed both to relax the women and to make them look their best. This would include a Brazilian waxing on the first day, which was standard for the girls at Papillon Rouge. While preferences varied among the clients as to whether the girls should be clean-shaven, instances in the past where pubic hair had become caught in machines and caused slips when applying sharp objects, had resulted in the adoption of waxing as a rule. In addition, a clean-shaven pussy showed whip marks and bruises more clearly and the feedback effect tended to reduce the amount of punishment inflicted by the client. Ruth told them that these would continue daily until the day of the session. When they had finished eating, the girls went back to their rooms for a bathroom break and to change into their bathrobes. Half an hour later, Jamie made her way back towards the training area where they were supposed to assemble, dressed in bathrobe and slippers. As she neared the training room, she heard voices coming from inside. Peeking around the door she saw Anastasia pressed up

against the wall by Ruth who was saying something in an angry tone of voice. Anastasia shook her head and muttered a reply. Both of them were speaking too softly for Jamie to make out the actual words. A moment later, Ruth pulled away and both turned guiltily to face the door as Jamie entered the room with deliberately loud footsteps.

Jamie asked Anastasia about the incident when they reached the spa area.

"I'm not sure what actually happened," said Anastasia. "When Ruth got me alone in the training room she suddenly became very aggressive. I think that she was about to ask me for money or something, when you interrupted her."

Jamie did her best to calm her friend and suggested that the three of them stay together as much as possible. Anastasia seemed reassured by Jamie's support and even managed to laugh at Jamie's jokes as they made their way to join Kathy. The rest of the afternoon passed in a blur of lotions, oils, steam and soothing hands as Papillon Rouge's very professional staff burnished them to the screaming edge of perfection. As she came out of the sauna, Jamie stopped to look in a mirror and was silently pleased to see that her well-toned body compared very favorably to Kathy's professional beauty and Anastasia's ethereal charm.

Both Ruth and Elaine joined them for dinner that night. Jamie studied the two of them carefully over the table. She had reason to suspect both women, although Ruth now seemed the more likely of the two, if Anastasia had not been mistaken regarding Ruth's intention to extort money earlier in the day. The two staff members left together after dinner and Jamie decided to confront Ruth the next morning.

Homework for the day was masturbation. They were given a video of various masturbation techniques and styles and tasked with discovering the fastest and most efficient ways to stimulate themselves without the use of vibrators or dildos.

As usual, Kathy had to ask for a reason. "I thought that we were here to have our pussies tortured. Why do we need to worry about masturbation and making ourselves feel good? Shouldn't we be smacking ourselves or something to get used to the pain?"

Ruth laughed. "No one expects you to be super brave or stoic. Developing an extremely high threshold of pain is not in your best interests or that of the client. The more stoic you are, the more damage you suffer before anyone sees that you are actually in pain. However, screeching and wailing at the slightest touch would quickly become annoying too. We all hide our pain when in public to avoid being called a crybaby, but a sensible person would not pretend that a twisted ankle or food poisoning did not hurt. The same considerations apply here. "

"But what has that got to do with masturbation?" insisted Kathy.

"I'm getting to that. In order to explain, I will have to get a little technical. There is a scientifically proven link between vaginal stimulation and pain thresholds. Many people, male and female, have reported using masturbation to relieve chronic pain. As far back as 1985, a study by Whipple and Komisaruk of Rutgers University demonstrated that pleasurable vaginal stimulation increased the pain tolerance threshold by 40.3 percent and the pain detection threshold by 47.4 percent. Where the stimulation led to orgasm, these thresholds went up by 74.6 percent and 106.7 percent respectively. So, what does that tell you?"

"The more turned on you are, the more pain you can take," said Jamie.

"That's right," said Ruth. "So learning to masturbate well and keeping yourself stimulated will help you get through the torture more easily. If you can orgasm, all the better."

"Tricks of the trade," said Kathy with a grin.

Thus motivated, the three women went back to their rooms and spent several hours masturbating with great enthusiasm. The multiple orgasms also helped them forget their natural apprehension and to fall into a deep, exhausted sleep.

## Chapter Ten

Apart from the spa sessions, Thursday and Friday were set aside for gym workouts and more workshop sessions, concentrating on presentation and anticipation of client needs. The girls were also to be familiarized with all the secondary services that Papillon Rouge could provide, such as food, drink and music. Customized furniture and room decoration was also available along with clothing and costumes.

As Thursday went by, Jamie had to face up to the fact that unless something drastic happened, she would actually have to go through with the session. Although Marley had taken her attendance for granted, Jamie had secretly harbored the hope that she would solve the case, and that somehow the session would be canceled.

On Friday morning, they gathered for breakfast as usual and Ruth was with them.

"When you have finished here, I want you all to go to the gym for a quick workout and then go back to your rooms, shower and get dressed. We will meet for a final briefing before lunchtime. As usual, the afternoon will be spent at the spa," said Ruth, before she left them to attend to some administrative matters.

The three girls lingered over their coffee, speculating about the next day's meeting with their client.

"Listen up girls. When you do glamor modeling as I have, you often end up doing embarrassing and uncomfortable things during a shoot, and I have learned that you have to rely on teamwork and empathy with the photographer if you want a good set of pictures, even though the photographer is the one responsible for your discomfort in the first place," said Kathy. "I think that tomorrow will be no different. We'll need to help each other, but we also need to work with our client and not against him. Otherwise the whole thing could be a complete shambles. When things get really painful, there will be a terrific temptation to only worry about yourself. That would be a mistake. We need to watch out for each other, and step in if someone else is really in trouble."

As an ex-policewoman, Jamie knew all about teamwork, as well as the need to empathize with a witnesses and often even the suspects, so she agree totally with what Kathy had said. Even Anastasia, who seemed to have the most moral doubts, agreed as well, and the three of them clasped their hands together in a silent pact.

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Ruth walked away from the group breakfast, still half listening to their conversation. She made her way back to her office. Entering her private domain, she locked the door behind her and sat down at her desk. After a second glance at the door, she opened a drawer and lifted out two personnel files, labeled 'Parker, Julie' and 'Young, Sally'. Written in red across the covers was the word 'DECEASED'. She opened Julie Parker's folder, glanced at the list on the inside cover and then did the same for Sally Young's file, tapping her fingers on the table nervously. Turning back to Julie's file she flipped through the documents until she found a particular hand written note. She stared at it for several minutes, and then looked in Sally's file, only to find a similar note. She frowned thoughtfully, then firmly closed the folders, which went back into the drawer. Ruth reached for the wireless mouse that sat patiently on her tabletop and brought up her day planner on the monitor. A quick glance confirmed an interview in five minutes time.

Women found their way to Papillon Rouge through several routes. The Foundation had a discreet recruitment agency on retainer, whose owner was a member. This was the source of about a third of the intake. The rest usually came from personal recommendations, either from members or girls introducing their friends. These candidates were initially interviewed by Ruth or her assistants, after they had signed a confidentiality agreement in exchange for an interview fee. If a candidate were deemed suitable, her details would be sent to the Human Resource department for vetting, and the candidate herself to the clinic for a full medical and psychological evaluation. No one with a criminal background, a history of substance abuse or serious psychological problems would be accepted. The standards were strict, and the policy was to reject if there was any doubt at all.

Undercover journalists and policewomen were a rare but real problem. That was why the interview process was unconventional, to say the least.

The young woman knocked and walked nervously into Ruth's office. She started when the door slammed shut behind her. Ruth always found their reaction to the slamming door interesting. A total lack of response, or an intense one, indicated a need for further investigation of the candidate's background.

"Hello Miss ... Penny Carter?"

"Hi. Yes, that's me."

"Good. Now before we begin, I must warn you that we are being watched through several video cameras, and where appropriate, the interview will be recorded. Do you understand and consent to this?"

Penny hesitated for a moment, glancing around the room in search of the cameras. Ruth considered this a good sign. An experienced undercover officer would have spotted some of the cameras already and most likely would not have taken her eyes off of Ruth.

"Er, yes, OK."

"You agree to the use of the video cameras?"

"Yes. I agree."

Ruth smiled. "Good. Sorry about that, but we do need to be careful to gain your explicit consent for the video. Now, I assume that you are interested in working for us and that you understand that we provide personal sex related services." Pussy torture was never mentioned at this point.

"Yes."

"Very well. Now in order to proceed, I must ask you to undress completely and to place all your clothing, shoes, jewelry and other belongings into that box. They will be checked for microphones and recording devices and returned to you after the interview. If this is a problem, we can terminate the interview right now with no hard feelings." At this stage in the process, most of the journalists and police officers usually dropped out. Ruth was pleased when Penny quietly began to undress. Although not a lesbian, Ruth had made a career of assessing women and their bodies. She watched carefully as Penny turned away to pull down her panties, revealing firm buttocks and thighs that flexed and moved in interesting ways as she balanced on one leg and then the other to free her underpants. There was the usual moment of hesitation, before the woman turned around to face her interviewer, completely nude. Ruth pressed a button on her keyboard that signaled the waiting technicians, who opened the door and took the box of clothes. A series of displays on Ruth's monitor confirmed that no unexpected electromagnetic, supersonic or infrared signals were present in the room. Penny looked uncertainly at Ruth.

"Sit down Penny. Let's talk about you."

"Me?"

"Yes you. First, why are you sitting naked in front of me? Please be honest," asked Ruth. Replies such as "You told me to" or "I love sex" would count as a black mark against her.

"I was told that I could make a lot of money here."

"Good answer. Now here's a more difficult question. This city is full of attractive, willing women. What makes you think that you are worth a lot of money. Think carefully before you reply."

Penny looked down in thought. The question seemed to make her even more aware of her nudity and she unconsciously crossed her legs and wrapped her arms around her bare breasts. She smiled timidly and said, "I feel like saying that I'll do anything you want, but that is such a cliché. I'm worth it because I don't think that spreading my legs is an easy way to make a living."

Ruth nodded, but didn't comment on Penny's answer. "We don't do drugs or blackmail and we're not just a high class call girl service."

Ruth's words seemed to confirm what Penny had been thinking and she nodded her head. "Is this like the of 'Story of O'?"

"And if it was?"

"I'm not keen on chains and collars and the whole slave thing."

"What about whips and stuff?"

Penny glanced shrewdly at Ruth. "That's it, isn't it. Some kind of S&M thing." When Ruth did not respond, Penny realized that she wanted an answer to her question. "Within certain limits and for the right money - yes I would take a beating."

Ruth leaned forward, with her elbows on the desktop. She noted that Penny smelled nice. "Closer, but not quite there. There are enough submissives and masochists working in the brothels and escort agencies. Can you be more than that. Imagine a first class flight stewardess who also offers herself as part of the service, who encourages and suggests punishment of her body, and always with a smile."

"Coffee, tea or whip my ass?" said Penny.

"Is that whip to your liking sir? Perhaps a crop would better?" added Ruth.

Penny lowered her hands to her sides and sat up straight. "Someone who could do that would be worth the money, wouldn't she?"

"I think that we're nearly there. Here at Papillon Rouge, we specialize in a particular part of the anatomy. In fact, our logo was created with that in mind," said Ruth.

Penny thought for a moment. She smiled wryly, and gracefully uncrossed her legs. She pointed between her thighs and raised an eyebrow.

Ruth nodded. "Bull's-eye. Well, do you want to go home now, or shall we discuss details?"

Penny smiled. She leaned over the desk, with her breasts swaying gently between her arms. "Lets talk business."

## Chapter Eleven

For Jamie, Saturday morning came around faster than seemed possible. Although her thoughts kept turning to the session, which was to start after lunch, she still had the investigation to worry about. After breakfast, Jamie asked Ruth if she could meet with her in private.

"Of course. I have some things to attend to first. Why don't you come to my office in about 30 minutes," said Ruth.

Jamie saw Anastasia staring at her anxiously, and she smiled back reassuringly. The three of them went back to their rooms to change into exercise gear for their morning workout. Only light exercise was scheduled today, as much to keep their minds off the coming afternoon session as for anything else. After she had changed, Jamie quickly made her way to Ruth's office. She felt her muscles involuntarily tense and her heart beat faster as she approached the office door. She longed for the comforting feel of her service automatic at her hip. Jamie did not have any solid evidence but she hoped that this surprise confrontation, supported by the few facts that she had gathered would startle Ruth into betraying herself. The door was slightly ajar, and Jamie pushed her way in without knocking in order to increase the element of surprise. However it was Jamie who was surprised when she found herself facing an empty room. She decided to take advantage of this opportunity, and moved around the side of Ruth's desk in order to do a quick search of her files and drawers. She only realized that she was not alone when she saw Ruth's crumpled form on the floor behind the desk. One side of the woman's face was covered with blood, which flowed liberally from a wound on her forehead.

When Jamie touched Ruth's arm the woman's eyes opened. It was obvious from her dilated pupils and unfocused gaze that she was suffering from concussion. For a moment, she seemed to recognize Jamie and she tried to speak. She lifted her hand and reached for Jamie's throat as if to strangle her, but then pulled it back and pointed a finger at Jamie's throat. This effort seemed to drain the last of Ruth's energy and she fell back in a faint.

Jamie used the intercom to call for help and Ruth was soon being bundled away by a very competent team of paramedics. Elaine Rutherford took Jamie aside and asked her not to tell anyone else about the incident. Jamie decided that she had no choice but to reveal her suspicions about Ruth, but she made no mention of Marley or of the fact that she was a private investigator.

"This is all most distressing," said Elaine, "and you can be sure that I'll submit a full report to the Foundation, and to the authorities if necessary. However, Ruth is not going anywhere for the moment and I'll have security keep an eye on her. It may be a while before she is fit to be questioned regarding your accusations. Until then, we will treat this as an accident. In the meantime, we must carry on as best we can. I will stand in for Ruth when you meet with Jason today, and I'll be available at any time during the session should you need my assistance."

"Is that the client's name - Jason?" asked Jamie.

"No," replied Elaine with a smile. "All of our male clients are called Jason during a session, just as female clients are called Laura. You could call it a kind of tradition, as well as a little more security for the client. You can't reveal what you don't know. Those were the names of the son and the daughter of the two founders of Papillon Rouge."

Jamie was tempted to reveal her identity and to withdraw from the afternoon's festivities, but she knew that it was much too late to find a replacement and that such an action would rule out any chance of future work or recommendations from Marley and his Foundation.

Jamie rejoined the other two girls and told them about the attack on Ruth, as well as the 'tradition' regarding the client's name. They spent the rest of the morning in the gym, including a massage and sauna. All too soon, it was time to change for lunch. Each of them had been given a designer dress, chosen to complement their particular physical characteristics. Anastasia's was loose and flowing, it's pale translucent fabric making her look even more delicate and elfin. Kathy's dress was stylishly cut with bold striking colors that only a fashion model could successfully wear. Jamie found herself in a two-piece black leather outfit, which showed, off her taut, muscular body to



stunning effect. The three of them met in a private waiting room located next to the exclusive 'Members Only' restaurant, and took turns admiring each other. Kathy wryly noted that none of them had been given trousers to wear and that their skirts all ended just above the knee. The intention of the designers was obvious. Jamie was glad to see that they were all able to laugh about their situation.

Finally, Elaine made her appearance and ushered them into the restaurant. The Maitre d' showed them to their table and seated each of them in turn. Several minutes later a uniformed Guest Relations Officer entered the restaurant leading a young, expensively dressed man. Elaine waved her hand and the pair made their way to the table. Neither Jamie nor her two companions had been given any details or description of the man they were to meet, and they now stared at him with almost ferocious intensity. Kathy nudged Jamie with her elbow, reminding her to smile. Elaine introduced the three women to Jason, gave a little welcome speech and then left in the company of the Guest Relations Officer.

There was an awkward silence. Jamie was surprised to see that Jason was not the stereotypical 'Dom'. She had still been expecting leather, tattoos and an earring. In fact, with his expensive suit and cologne, he looked and smelled like a successful young executive on a blind date. She remembered that it was their responsibility to ensure Jason's comfort. She smiled at him and said, "I hope that we are not too much of a disappointment."

"Not at all," replied Jason. His smile was open and charming. "In fact, I find myself terrified that this is all a horrible and embarrassing mistake. It's difficult to believe that the three of you would be willing to even consider ... " he said, tapering off in embarrassment.

"Pussy whipping," said Kathy mischievously.

"Cunt cropping," added Jamie.

"Female genital torture," said Anastasia in a loud stage whisper.

All three of them grinned widely and Jason laughed, holding up his hands in surrender. "Why don't we talk about what we are going to have for lunch first?"

The menu was extensive and the food excellent. It also helped to break the ice and they were all soon chatting away happily. By tacit agreement, everyone avoided the topic of sex until after the main course, but Kathy deliberately steered the conversation in that direction once dessert and coffee had been served, and they were not likely to be interrupted by the waiter. She leaned over the table, showing a generous amount of cleavage and said, "So, Jason have you tortured a lot of pussies?"

The other two girls urged him on eagerly, deliberately letting Jason know that they were comfortable with the topic and would not be offended by anything he could say. Jamie was amused to see a slight blush on Jason's face.

"Actually I'm completely new to all of this," confessed Jason with a sheepish grin. "Like most men, I have a fascination for pussies and, well, the fact is, I get a raging hard on every time I read a story which describes a woman having her sex tortured in any way. I've tried it out with girlfriends and escorts, but there were obviously serious limits to what I could do. When my uncle told me about Papillon Rouge and arranged a membership for me, it seemed like a dream come true. In fact, even though I'm sitting here with you three lovely ladies I still have the worry that I am going to wake up at any moment."

Anastasia, who was sitting at Jason's right, offered her bare forearm. "I believe that a pinch is the recognized test for your condition,"

Jason nodded seriously, and nipped the smooth skin of her inner arm with his fingers.

"Ouch," exclaimed Anastasia with a mock pout.

"He's supposed to pinch himself, dummy," said Kathy, rolling her eyes.

For a second everyone at the table stared at the red mark that had blossomed on Anastasia's arm. Despite the lighthearted tone, the event seemed to crystallize the reality of the situation in their minds. Jamie smiled and said, "I think that it's time for us to go somewhere more private."

"So that Jason can play with our privates," quipped Kathy.

Everyone groaned and tossed their napkins at the grinning Chinese girl.



## Chapter Twelve

Papillon Rouge provided a wide range of environments for the use of their clients, which could be customized within reason at the client's request. The private 'playroom' that had been assigned to their group resembled a luxury penthouse apartment with three bedrooms and even a well-equipped kitchenette. The only unusual feature was a discreet oak paneled sliding door located beside the bar. Anastasia leaned close to Jason and said in a stage whisper, "That's where they keep all the toys," she said, pointing at the door. Jason winked and nodded. This was the first time that any of them had seen the lavishly decorated apartment, so they spent the next few minutes exploring. Jamie quickly realized that once again the situation had been designed to help break the ice. She also noted with surprise, that Anastasia had become much more animated in the presence of Jason than she had been during the past few days, and even seemed to be flirting with the man. Kathy also noticed the change in Anastasia and raised her eyebrows at Jamie, who shrugged and whispered, "I guess she prefers the company of men." Kathy sniffed the air and quipped with a grin, "Maybe I should have used more deodorant."

Jason finally settled into an armchair and the three girls lined up in front of him expectantly. They deliberately avoided eye contact, allowing him the opportunity to study their bodies at his leisure. After a moment, Kathy smiled at him and asked, "Is there anything that you would like us to do?"

He thought for a moment and said, "I was warned to be on my best behavior and to treat you ladies as if you were business associates. So tell me, is there anything that you won't do?"

"We're here to make you happy," said Anastasia.

"In general, we'll do anything within reason, and you can do just about anything you like with our pussies," added Kathy.

"However, we will not be insulted, spat upon or otherwise treated with disrespect. So long as you ask nicely, we are all yours," said Jamie, smiling to take the sting out of her words.

Jason shook his head. "Wow that is just so amazing. OK, in that case, I'd like to see your pussies. Don't undress, just take off your panties and lift your skirts."

The three women unhesitatingly slid their hands up under their skirts and pulled their butterfly-patterned panties down over their hips. As they had been taught, they allowed the flimsy garments to slide down their thighs, over their sleek calves and onto the floor. In a choreographed motion, they lifted their feet out of the silken loops, stepping out to either side of their panties before bending at the waist to pick them up and presenting them to Jason. He noted that each pair had been embroidered with the first name of its wearer.

"Souvenirs," said Anastasia with a grin.

"We were told that it is a tradition to soak up a little of the blood and juices from each girl's pussy with her panties at the end of the session. They will even pack them in a nice little box for you," added Kathy ghoulishly.

"Jason, as you can see, we are pretty uninhibited, but please let us know if anything we do or say grosses you out or offends you in any way. We would be happy to tone it down, or to get really nasty. Don't hesitate to tell us. We just want you to be comfortable," said Jamie.

"You're doing just fine as you are," said Jason as he carefully draped his collection of panties over the arm of his chair. Now that they had actually started, his excitement became increasingly obvious, along with the bulge in the front of his trousers. Jamie found this oddly reassuring. She was not sure that she could have gone through with it if Jason had remained cold and clinical.

"Please lift the front of your skirts, and when I point at each of you, I want that girl to step forward and invite me to play with her pussy. By the way, should I stick to pussy, or can I use other names?"

"Use any name or names that you are comfortable with. If you'd like to use a pet name, we promise not to laugh," said Kathy.

Jason watched in fascination as the women obeyed his instructions, exposing their nakedness to him. Like a boy in a candy store, he found it difficult to decide where to start. Finally, Anastasia's combination of obvious embarrassment and apparent eagerness won the day and he pointed at the slim blond. Anastasia stepped forward, holding her skirts up daintily like a debutante making her way across a rain-puddled street.

"Please play with my pussy," said Anastasia, her voice almost a whisper.

Jason reached out his hand and cupped it over the gentle bulge of her vulva, squeezing gently with his fingers as if taking possession of her proffered treasure. Anastasia obligingly spread her legs further apart, making room between her thighs for Jason's exploring hand. The alabaster paleness of her skin created a startling contrast with the almost scarlet tones of her labia that peeped out from the crevice of her sex. He squeezed the soft flesh between his fingers, testing the fullness of her mound.

"Can I hurt you here?"

"Yes, any way you like."

"Will you spread yourself wide open if I ask you to?"

"I will."

"Even if I want to beat you, or burn you, or cut you?"

"Yes. I promise to let you do anything you want to my pussy," replied Anastasia breathlessly.

Jason nodded in satisfaction and then patted the insides of her thighs with his fingers, and Anastasia responded to his silent command by sliding her feet even further apart. "Don't move," he warned as he lowered his hand to the level of her knees and then brought it sharply upwards, slapping her pussy with his fingers. Aside from a slight start in reaction to the stinging sensation, Anastasia managed to stay completely still. She nodded her head and smiled, showing her approval of his rough treatment. Jason ran his fingers over her belly and thighs, savoring the feeling of her smooth, warm skin. He pressed his face to her thigh and inhaled the feminine fragrance of her body. Satisfied, he signaled her to step back.

Jason proceeded to examine Kathy and Jamie in the same manner. Kathy's dramatic style made him laugh, especially when she insisted on thanking him when he spanked her cunt. Jamie's calm and determined attitude provided the perfect contrast to the demonstrative performances of the other two girls. His cock throbbed almost painfully and he could not resist stroking it through the material of his trousers. "OK, that's enough of the formalities," he said. "Why don't you all get undressed and we can get comfortable over there," pointing at a large U shaped couch in the corner of the room.

While the girls were busy taking off their clothes, Jason went over to the bar and poured himself a drink. One often disputed rule that Papillon Rouge strictly enforced was a prohibition on alcoholic drinks before and during a session. However, every other conceivable beverage was available. Glass in hand, he made his way into the store room and selected an armful of toys, which he carried over to the couch. There was a large, solidly built coffee table in front of the couch on which Jason carefully arranged his selection of implements. He then settled back in his seat and sipped his mango juice, while he waited for the three naked women to join him.

"We're back," chirped Kathy, spinning around in front of Jason to give him a good view of her body.

Anastasia snuggled up to Jason on his right, while Kathy and Jamie sat down by his left. Jamie eyed the collection of items on the table with a lifted eyebrow and commented, "Someone's been busy I see," which elicited a sheepish grin from Jason. The next half hour was spent in a complicated tangle of bodies. Jason found himself immersed in a sea of soft breasts, stiff quivering nipples, moist lips and smooth fragrant skin. In between the kissing, fondling and squealing, the girls managed to rid Jason of all his clothes. Working as a team, they kissed and licked him all over, their flickering tongues reaching into every crevice. Anastasia buried her face between his buttocks and lovingly licked his asshole while Jamie and Kathy sucked his toes. More than once, Jason shouted for them to pause, as the intense stimulation brought him to the very brink of orgasm.

Jason decided to take a more active role, and flipped Anastasia onto her back. After a deep, wet kiss, he worked his way down her body. He ran his hands over and around her breasts, savoring the firm feel of the twin globes. His tongue flickered over each pink nipple like a magic wand, transforming them into stiff, crinkled stalks. Anastasia proved to have particularly sensitive nipples and Jason was surprised as she bucked and squealed in a very real orgasm just from having his tongue on them. Kathy and Jamie dived down between her legs and giggled when they saw the torrent of cum juices flowing out of her vagina. Jason muttered something about "exploring the terrain" and had the three girls sit side by side on the sofa with their legs spread wide. Then, like a crazed hummingbird, he went from blossom to blossom, licking and feeling their feminine flesh. He compared the size and shape of their clitorises and labia, and then delved into each of their vaginas, measuring width and depth using his fingers as improvised calipers. He sniffed and tasted and licked as if determined to imprint the details in his memory. In the process, he brought each of them to several climaxes and all three were limp and panting by the time that he squeezed himself between them to sit back down on the sofa. Everyone was covered with saliva and juices by this time, so Kathy ran off to fetch some hot scented towels. The girls first cleaned off Jason and then themselves, laughing all the while at the multitude of stains on the carpet and furniture. Jamie poured fresh drinks for all of them and they leaned back on the sofa in a happy tangle.

Kathy noticed Jason's eyes glancing towards the table and she knew that it was time to move on to the main event. She kissed him full on the lips and then whispered in his ear. "Would you like to start with me?" she asked. Jason nodded and kissed her cheek. Kathy climbed up onto the couch with one foot on either side of Jason's body. By resting her knees on the back of the couch she brought her pussy level with Jason's face. Jamie reached around Kathy's hips and carefully spread Kathy's pussy lips wide apart with her fingers, while Anastasia knelt between Jason's thighs and began to very gently lick and kiss his cock.

"Hurt me," said Kathy in a low sexy voice. "Hurt my cunt. Do all those horrible, nasty things that you dream about when you are all alone at night." Using the tip of her finger, she rubbed and teased her clit until it stood out stiff and proud, as if in challenge to Jason. "Do you like my clit? It's all pink and round and smooth and so very sensitive. It would feel so good to have your tongue moving over it and around it again. But that's not what you want, is it? My little clit is also the perfect spot to make me scream. Over the last few days I have been thinking about how it would feel to have my clit tortured and how good it would be if I could describe for you exactly what I was feeling every step of the way."

"Would you do that for me?" asked Jason, as he stroked his hands up and down her thighs.

"Yes. I want to do it for you. I promise to tell you exactly how much pain I feel, and to tell you what you need to do to make it hurt even more," answered Kathy passionately, throwing the full force of her emotions into her role.

Jason studied her widespread pussy for long moment, savoring her exposure and vulnerability. Then he looked up into Kathy's eyes and smiled. "That was very good."

Kathy winked at him and broke into a fit of giggles. "Yes, I thought so too. Definitely Oscar nomination material," she said. Then her expression turned serious. "I meant what I said though."

"I know," replied Jason. Reaching out to the table, he picked up a short length of stiff hemp rope about the thickness of his middle finger. Jamie peered curiously over Kathy's shoulder and watched as Jason gripped both ends of the rope, stretching it taut. Jamie assumed that Jason intended to hit Kathy with it and was surprised when he turned the rope to a vertical position, with the lower end positioned just in front of, and touching the tip of Kathy's clit. With a slow, controlled motion he dragged the length of the rope down, keeping its coarse surface pressed against Kathy's clit all the while. Jamie remembered seeing pictures of a similar bondage technique in which a rope was tied between the victim's legs and tight against the crotch. However, Jason's version was much more intense, as he was able to move the rope as well as control its speed and pressure.

Kathy gasped, as the stiff prickly fibers of the rope scraped and scratched their way over the painfully sensitive tip of her clitoris, irritating and abrading the skin. Remembering her promise, Kathy began to speak. "That feels weird. It's not all that painful yet, more like a really bad itch that's

spreading all over my body, and it makes my toes want to curl up." Jamie could feel Kathy's hips quiver under her hands as the rope continued its bristly progress. Kathy gasped as the rope changed direction and now began to slide in an upwards direction, applying its harsh, irritating surface to the even more sensitive underside of her clit. Kathy's voice raised in pitch. "Yeow, that does hurt and it feels really nasty, like millions of tiny claws scratching at me." The rope made its vertical journey another six times and Jamie could feel the naked skin of Kathy's back grow slick with sweat as she forced herself to remain still under the strange, maddening torture.

"My clit is getting really sore now, and it's definitely painful when you move the rope," said Kathy, as the steady up and down sawing motion continued. Her voice remained calm but slightly hoarse. After another couple of minutes, Jason stopped and examined the results of his handiwork. The entire area around Kathy's clit was painfully reddened and chafed. The skin at the tip of her clit and the edges of her labia surrounding it were covered with tiny scratches, where the clawing fibers of the rope had broken the skin.

Jason placed the tip of his finger on her clit and briskly rubbed it from side to side, drawing a hiss of pain from Kathy.

"The sex advice articles in magazines always tell us men to use a gentle touch and lots of lubrication when playing with a woman's clit. Am I being gentle enough?" asked Jason.

"You've got a magic touch," replied Kathy sarcastically. Mindful of her duty to help Jason with his torture she added, "The hood is still protecting my clit though. You should always remember to pull the skin around the clit up and apart, so that it is fully exposed."

At Jason's request, Anastasia located two items on the table behind her and passed them to him. At first glance one item resembled an artist's paint brush, with bristles at one end and a pointed tip at the other. However, unlike a paint brush the bristles were made of fine metal wires and the opposite end consisted of a sharp, curved metal spike similar to that of a dentist's probe. The other item was a small aerosol cylinder that looked like a breath spray.

"Ready for more?"

Although Kathy's pussy throbbed like a scraped knee, she wasn't discouraged. She slapped herself on the bottom and twitched her hips forward. "I was born ready," she said with a grin.

"Terrific. I'm going to need your help for this one Kathy. Jamie, you can let go of Kathy's pussy now. I'm going to do you next, so you can help me by sitting over there and playing with yourself. I would like to watch you do that and it will help to get your pussy ready."

Jamie nodded, gave Kathy an encouraging pat on the shoulder, and seated herself beside Jason. She positioned one knee against the back of the couch and the other spread wide to the side. Knowing that Jason enjoyed looking at her cunt, she spread her lips wide with one hand while playing with herself with the other. Although she had been masturbating regularly during the training, this was the first time that she had ever done it in public, and her fingers felt oddly clumsy as she tried to put on a good show for Jason.

Jason turned his attention back to Kathy. He showed her the metal brush, letting her feel the stiff, scratchy wire bristles with her finger. Then he explained that he was going to scour the inner surface of her labia with the wire brush, and that he needed her to spread her inner labia wide apart. Kathy obediently spread herself open using the tips of her fingers, so as not to block Jason's access to her pussy. The thought of the stiff wire bristles scraping against the delicate skin of her labia made the muscles of her vagina involuntarily contract. To Jason, it looked as if her pussy was pouting, and the sight made him laugh.

Seeing what Jason intended to do, Jamie got up and ran around to the back of the sofa and moved a stand lamp so that its light was shining over his shoulder. Although it did help Jason to better enjoy himself, it also made sure that he could accurately judge the amount of damage that he was doing to Kathy. With this chore done, she ran back to her position in the couch and continued masturbating.

The touch of the hard, unyielding wires produced a sharp, almost icy pain that lingered for long moments after the bristles had passed by, causing the muscles of Kathy's back and thighs to quiver in sympathy. The passage of the brush over her skin produced streaks of angry red, allowing

Jason to paint the inside of Kathy's tightly spread sex with an interwoven pattern in crimson. As he continued to work, the brush began to add pinpoint jewels of glittering scarlet that blossomed in the wake of its merciless touch. Kathy's pussy was a veritable tapestry of pain, the aching throb of her swollen clit blending with the raw stinging pain of her abraded labia. However, because of Jason's choice of this gradual and drawn out torture, Kathy was able to stay in her required pose, although her head and upper body twisted and writhed in reaction to each stroke of the brush as it added to the steadily growing canvas of pain. To Jamie, it looked as if Kathy was doing a slow and erotic lap dance, with her sweat dampened hair swinging and shaking like a dark curtain that rippled in a storm of agony.

Jason flipped the red stained brush around with his fingers, and suddenly changed the focus of his attack. Using the sharp tip at the other end, he jabbed and scratched at the opening of Kathy's urethra, stretching and bruising the tiny opening.

"Ow! That feels really weird," groaned Kathy. "It stings all the way inside when you do that,"

"How does your pussy feel?" asked Jason as he stroked the opening of Kathy's vagina with the needle sharp metal point.

"It certainly hurts a lot, but it's not the way I expected. My entire pussy burns and throbs badly, sort of like when you have to walk on blisters, but because you have been actually quite gentle there is no bruising or swelling. I think that it is just as painful as if you had used a whip, but in a funny sort of way it feels kind of good, like when you toy with a loose tooth with your tongue," replied Kathy thoughtfully. Then she shuddered, as Jason scraped the metal spike over the area where her hymen used to be when she was a virgin. "That feels as if you were directly scraping a nerve, and it's scary too."

"Ready for the grand finale?" asked Jason.

"Go for it," said Kathy, gritting her teeth.

Jason gently pushed Anastasia's mouth away from his cock, and then he guided Kathy's hips down until she was squatting over his shaft. Surprisingly, the intense irritation had stimulated Kathy's pussy into producing copious amounts of lubricating juices, and she was able to impale herself with little difficulty. Once she was securely seated, Jason had her sit up and spread her sex lips once more. He savored the moist heat of her cunt around his member as he reached for the small cylinder. Kathy watched apprehensively as he directed the aerosol opening towards her widespread pussy.

"Keep it spread open," he warned. "I don't suppose I have to tell you that this is really going to hurt."

Kathy nodded and braced herself.

With a flourish, Jason triggered the aerosol spray, which hissed a mixture of salt, alcohol and vinegar over the raw and bleeding tissues of Kathy's pussy. To the sweating Chinese girl it was as if he had suddenly passed the flame of a blowtorch over her crotch. For a terrible moment, Kathy thought that he had sprayed her with some corrosive acid and her scream was as much from terror as from the agony that flared, diamond bright from between her legs. Her entire body convulsed and spasmed, instinctively trying to escape the horror that gnawed at her flesh, and Jason had to throw his arms around her waist, his face buried between her breasts, in order to prevent her from falling off of the couch.

For Jason, the effect of the spray was to turn Kathy's pussy into a supercharged fucking machine. The muscles of her vaginal passage violently squeezed and rippled around his shaft, while her hips gyrated frantically in all directions. His entire world seemed filled with the scent, feel, sight and sound of her fear and pain, which was all transformed into the most incredible pleasure for him. After her initial panic, Kathy realized that she was in no danger, and she deliberately ground her burning clit and labia against Jason's crotch, every thrust of her hips drawing a gasp of pain from her lips. This gift of suffering intensified Jason's pleasure to the bursting point, and his cum spurted into the depths of Kathy's cunt as his powerful fingers dug deeply into her buttocks. Eyes closed in concentration, Kathy worked the muscles of her cunt, milking his cock as she continued to slide her

pussy up and down Jason's shaft until she felt him start to go limp, and then she collapsed on top of him, her body trembling from the overload of sensation. Jason put his arms around her body and cuddled her gently, kissing her lips and cheeks as she gasped and cried.

"That was absolutely wild," gasped Jason. "I never thought that any woman would ever let me do something like that to her. Thank you so much Kathy, you're an angel."

Kathy recovered enough to grin triumphantly, and she hugged him back. "I'm just glad that this is not a movie set. I'd absolutely die if the director yelled "Take Two" right now."



## Chapter Thirteen

After a few more hugs and kisses, Anastasia helped the still shaky Kathy climb off of Jason and settled her into a comfortable position on the couch with a folded hand towel, which had been soaked in ice water, pressed between her thighs. Jamie noticed with surprise that Anastasia then quickly resumed her position between Jason's thighs and was busily cleaning him up with her tongue. During their training she had given no indication that she was capable of such uninhibited activity. Jamie had in fact mentally categorized her as being somewhat of a prude and had worried that Anastasia would be the weak link in group.

When Jamie lifted her eyes, she discovered that Jason had been studying her with similar interest. He gave her a wink and an exaggerated leer, which reminded Jamie that she was next on his list. Kathy had recovered sufficiently to notice this bit of by-play. She reached out to pat Jamie on the thigh and mouthed a silent "Good luck".

Jamie got up and moved to stand in front of Jason. She shook her hair back and placed her hands behind her neck, and then moved her feet apart to give him a good look at her body. She still made it a point to work out regularly in the gym after she had been tossed out of the Force, and her figure was trim and muscular, with a little more mass than the whip cord lean Kathy whose figure resembled that of a gymnast or dancer. She had always been somewhat of a tomboy and had never quite figured out how to be deliberately sexy, so she made no attempt to emulate the Chinese girl's performance. Instead, she gave Jason cheerful grin and said "One pussy torture victim reporting for duty."

Jason stroked Anastasia's hair to show his appreciation for her oral efforts and she responded by kissing the tip of his penis, her eyes wide and serious. He then patted the leather seat beside him and told Jamie to sit down. He put his arm over her shoulders and kissed her on the lips. His fingers reached for her nipple and began toying with it. "I'm told that most women hate it when we twiddle with their nipples like radio dials."

"Isn't it a good thing that I'm not most women then," said Jamie softly. "To be honest, twiddling is kind of itchy. Pinching hard really gets a girl's attention." Jamie remembered that she was not obliged to encourage torture of any part of her body except her pussy, and wondered what her subconscious was getting up to. A moment later she discovered that having her nipple pinched hard added a special intensity to a kiss. She sighed with relief, when Jason released her teat and playfully kissed the tip of her nose.

"I would like to try something a little different with you, Jamie."

"Sure," said Jamie, "anything you like."

"You look like a straightforward, no nonsense kind of person, so I intend to give your pussy a good old-fashioned beating," said Jason.

Jamie nodded and waited for him to continue, as she could tell from his expression that he had something more on his mind.

"Could I have a look at it while we're talking?"

There was no question in Jamie's mind as to what 'it' was. She shifted her hips to the edge of the seat and spread her knees wide.

"Is this all right?" she asked.

Jason placed his hand on her thigh, and slid his palm across the silky skin of her inner thigh until the tips of his fingers just touched the edge of her mound. He raised his eyebrows questioningly, asking her permission.

Jamie smiled wryly and said, "Be my guest."

Jason ran his fingers delicately over her smooth, hairless bulge, as if stroking some shy wild animal that might run away at any moment. His touch was gentle and reverent, as he traced the crinkled folds of her labia and Jamie was startled by the realization that Jason saw more than a source of sexual satisfaction, or a target to hurt.

"You really like my pussy, all pussies, don't you? I mean, 'like' as in appreciate," she said.

"I think it's beautiful," replied Jason. "I find it a source of endless fascination."

"Then why do you want to hurt it?" blurted Jamie before she could stop herself. She realized to her horror that she had broken one of the rules, in questioning him about his sexual tastes. She shook her head. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked that."

Fortunately for her Jason did not appear to be offended. He smiled as he continued his gentle exploration. "You always hurt the one you love," he replied, only half in jest. He indicated that she should spread her lips for him. His fingers danced over the moist folds and crevices, as gently as a blind person reading Braille. Almost inevitably, one finger slipped into her passage, gliding on a crystal coating of female essence until the entire digit was embraced by the warmth of her body. Dreamily, he said, "I want to beat you here, inside and out. I want you to decide how to go about it, to choose the tools that I should use and to tell me why you made those choices."

Jamie looked down between her thighs, thinking hard as she tried to decide the extent and severity of the punishment that she would have to inflict on herself in order to satisfy him. Before she could reply, Jason said, "Be careful of what you say. I am trusting you to do your best for me. If I think that you are not being sincere I will double anything that you suggest." She nodded in understanding, and held up an index finger. "Fifty with a light leather strap on my pussy. This will be painful, but won't do much damage, so you can just kind of whack away at it without bothering to aim or control your blows. It also gives me a chance to demonstrate my self control and look good for you." A second finger went up and she said, "Then I spread my outer lips and you give me thirty smacks on my inner lips with the flat of a wooden ruler. This is more intimate and specific. My labia are much more delicate and sensitive, but have nothing to break. A ruler is both heavy enough to inflict serious pain, but light enough not to cause instant damage." A third finger went up. It took a moment for Jamie to gather the nerve to say, "I spread my inner lips and you beat my exposed clit ten times with a medium sized rubber hose. My clit is a small and relatively fragile target. A flexible rubber hose will cause maximum pain without tearing or cutting. Because it is easy to miss, I will only count direct hits on my clit. If I flinch, you get a free stroke." A chill ran through her body and she felt her heart pound wildly as she held up a fourth finger. "Lastly, I will spread my inner lips as wide as possible so that the mouth of my vagina is wide open so you can actually hit the inside of my sex with the tip of a thin rod. This is a very intimate torture on the most sensitive part of my pussy."

Jason smiled and said, "You forgot to set a limit for the last one." He waited curiously to see how she would respond.

Jamie bit her lip, took a deep breath and replied, "First blood." She felt light headed and almost threw up at the thought of letting him cane the inside of her pussy until she bled, but her pride and determination would not let her back down from the challenge in his eyes. Her cunt seemed to throb under his touch and to her surprise, it felt good. Jamie threw her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply on the lips as if to seal the bargain.

Jason studied with appreciation the firm, smooth shapes of her buttocks as Jamie rose and went towards the table. Fortunately, Jason had brought along all the necessary implements. When she turned back, she was holding a short flexible leather strap, which resembled a section of a man's belt. She presented it to Jason, who rose to stand beside her. Kathy and Anastasia watched with interest as Jamie spread her feet apart and turned her knees slightly outwards, thereby pushing her hips forward and presenting her pussy to the strap. She put her hands on her hips as if to brace herself. "Spank my pussy please," she said softly.

"There is just one more thing I would like you to do for me," said Jason.

Jamie looked at him in surprise. "What's that?"

"I would like you to keep your cunt wet for me while I beat it. After every fifth stroke I want you to put your finger in your pussy and work it around until you can bring it out wet."

Jamie nodded her head. "I'll try my best, but I'm not sure that I can keep myself wet while you're hurting me." This development was both a plus and a minus for Jamie. According to Ruth, being able to masturbate would help her bear the pain. On the other hand, actually staying wet all through the beating might not be easy.

"Great. Your best try will do just fine." replied Jason. He slapped the strap several times into the palm of his hand as a test and when he was satisfied, he brought it to the front of Jamie's hips and placed his other hand in the small of her back. "Are you ready?" he asked. Jamie nodded again, her eyes fixed on a point on the wall in front of her. She knew that if she watched the strap, she might flinch. She saw a blur of motion out of the corner of her eye and then she felt a stinging shock in her loins as the strap struck home squarely across her out-thrust pussy, forcing a gasp of surprise from her lips. The impact almost made her stagger and she adjusted her posture slightly to improve her balance, before quickly pushing her hips forward again to meet the strap. She took four more blows on the soft bulge of her pussy with only a slight quiver of her hips and thighs. Then she let her thighs relax as she slipped a finger carefully into her pussy. She knew from experience that she was more sensitive near the opening of her vagina, so she inserted her finger only up to the first joint and then rapidly pumped it in and out. The sensation was more intense than she would have normally found comfortable, but in this case it served as a suitable counterpoint to the throbbing of her beaten pussy. After about thirty seconds, her cunt was wet enough for her to produce visible evidence on her finger, which she lifted to show to Jason.

"Very good," said Jason. "Now stick out your pussy again and ask me to beat it."

"Please beat my pussy," said Jamie. She knew that her lack of acting ability would make any attempt to sound sexy completely futile, so instead she tried, with a fair degree of success, to sound sincere. "You can do it harder if you like," she added.

Jason's response was to bring the leather strap up sharply between her legs and across her pussy. The stinging pain made Jamie wince and bounce up and down on the balls of her feet. The unyielding leather smacked into her clean shaven vulva twice more, striking the same spot each time. Jamie could not resist looking down as the strap swung back for another stroke. This proved to be a mistake as she found it almost impossible to resist the impulse to flinch away from the blow. Her knees quivered and she had to dig her fingernails deep into her buttocks in order to prevent her hips from moving backwards. Even so, her pussy had visibly recoiled from the painful impact and Jamie could not help feeling that she had failed, as she added one more stroke to the total. In order to compensate, she thrust her hips forward to meet the fifth stroke, multiplying the force with which the flying leather struck her cunt. The strap struck with a sharp crack, causing Jamie to cry out for the first time. She was glad when Jason paused and instructed her to resume masturbating herself, as it gave her a chance to surreptitiously soothe the burning skin of her beaten pussy with gentle fingers. She was surprised to find that her vagina had not significantly dried and she was able to insert the finger with little difficulty. By digging deeper and rubbing her G spot, it only took a minute to satisfactorily coat her finger with her secretions.

The beating of her pussy continued, and Jamie found it harder and harder to keep the swollen flesh between her legs out-thrust and exposed. Her whole body quivered as she fought her own body's demands to escape further punishment. She realized with surprise that she was growling softly like an angry alley cat, as she battled the pain and her own instincts. Each additional stroke seemed more painful than the last, as her vulva became increasingly raw and a deep angry red in color.

"How are we doing?" asked Jason.

"We are doing just fine," replied Jamie, with a sarcastic emphasis on the first word.

"Then you'll be disappointed to know that this is the last one," said Jason with a grin.

Jamie looked up at Jason in surprise, as she had lost count. She felt vaguely pleased with herself, and the pain of the final smack of the strap was almost drowned by the relief that she felt at having overcome this first ordeal. She watched Jason as he sat down with a solid and respectable erection towering over his thighs. It appeared that she had been successful in more ways than one.

"Come over here and sit on this for a while," said Jason, pointing at his cock. "I want to sample your cunt while it is nice and hot," he explained.

Jamie obediently straddled his thighs, and then gingerly impaled herself. It felt to her as if her pussy had swollen to the size of a grapefruit, and she was surprised to find that she was able to sink down the length of his shaft without bouncing on her swollen lips. Her legs still felt a little

shaky and she was grateful that Jason only wanted her to sit still. His pubic hair felt like sandpaper when it brushed against her sore skin. The tiny contractions of the muscles of her vagina caused by the twinges of discomfort, were like a small hand gently massaging Jason's cock and he sighed at the exquisite sensation and the glowing warmth of her reddened vulva. He amused himself with Jamie's breasts and nipples while he discussed the remaining portions of Jamie's torment with her.

"With something rigid like a ruler I will try to hit hard enough to sting but not so hard as to deeply bruise your labia. I want to puff them up with sharp smacks and not smash them," said Jason like a chef explaining a new recipe.

Jamie thought about this for a moment and then nodded in agreement. " Yes, I think you're right. I am very sensitive there, so you should work on the nerves instead of trying to cause as much damage as you can at one go like in a punishment caning." The intimate feeling of his rod stirring gently in her sheath, combined with his stroking hands on her breasts felt amazingly good and she felt compelled to lean over and kiss him. Jamie knew from her training that this sudden affection for her tormentor was partially due to a quirk of psychology similar to the 'Stockholm Syndrome' experienced by hostages, but since she was here of her own free will, it did not bother her. She moaned in disappointment when he gently pushed her away and asked her to fetch the wooden ruler from the table.

Using the tip of the ruler, Jason positioned Jamie in a slight squat with her legs wide apart. This position was sufficient to spread apart her outer labia and expose the soft inner lips, which offered a tempting target. Jason placed his free hand on her hip and then began to rapidly smack Jamie's cunt lips with the ruler. The "splat, splat, splat" noise of the rigid wood striking her soft labia merged into a single ripple of sound. Jamie gasped and reached out to place her hand on Jason's shoulder for balance, as her heels lifted off the floor in a reflexive attempt to escape the harsh bite of the ruler. While each individual smack of the ruler was no more painful than an ant bite, the combined attack on her labia rapidly built up into an intense burning irritation that scratched at her nerves and seemed to spread all the way to her fingers and toes and even to the tips of her breasts. She found it impossible to mentally brace herself against the pain, which, unlike the individual blows of the strap, came in a torrent of crystal sharp sensation. In the end she was forced to embrace the pain, riding it like a wild horse that carried her away into unknown territory.

When the spanking of her cunt lips finally stopped, Jamie collapsed onto the floor with her hands pressed between her legs, quivering as if an electric current had been run through her pussy. Kathy called out to her in concern, but smiled when Jamie waved her hand and assured her that she was all right. Jamie looked up at Jason and grinned. "That was really something," she said ruefully. "My poor pussy feels like it has a terrible case of pins and needles. Even the soles of my feet are tingling," said Jamie as she rubbed her feet against the carpet. After a moment she jumped up, shook herself like a wet dog, kissed Jason and thanked him for spanking her pussy lips. She then skipped over to the table and picked up a foot long length of rubber hose. The hollow tube was about the diameter of her index finger and made an alarming noise when she slashed it through the air, sounding like an angry owl. She solemnly presented it to Jason and said "My clitoris requests the pleasure of your company."

Jamie carried several large cushions over to an open area to one side of the table and laid them on the floor. "I hope you don't mind if I lie on the floor for this one," she said. "I'll try my best to hold still for you, but I think that I will only be able to take two or three before I start kicking and rolling around. This way, I won't have to climb back up on the table or couch every time you hit me."

"The floor will do fine," said Jason. He knelt down on the floor and helped Jamie adjust the cushions under her hips. The two of them experimented for a moment with various positions. Jason tried kneeling astride her chest, but the advantage of Jamie being held relatively immobile was offset by the fact that she could not see what was happening and Jason could not see her face. Jason then tried kneeling between her legs, but Jamie feared that she might kick him in the head. Finally, he decided to kneel at her left side. Gazing at the beautiful woman stretched out in front of him, he could not resist indulging his sense of touch. He traced and caressed her velvety soft skin with

the tips of his fingers, savoring the firm feminine curves of Jamie's body and reveling in his freedom to probe and fondle all her intimate and private places.

Jamie drew her feet up until they rested beside her buttocks and then dropped her knees to either side, spreading her thighs as wide she could. She placed her palms flat on her thighs, and drew the outer lips of her sex up and apart with her index fingers, pulling the protective hood back, and leaving the moist pink nubbin of her clit nakedly exposed. Her heart pounded rapidly, and Jamie drew several deep breaths in an attempt to calm herself. Jason reached out with the hose and gently brought it down to tap her clit, taking aim at his tiny target. To her dismay, Jamie felt her hips instinctively jerk backwards, shrinking from the anticipated pain.

"I'm sorry, it won't happen again," apologized Jamie.

Jason grinned cheerfully. "That's all right," he replied. He tapped again and this time the only reaction was a tiny twitch of her clit. "I think it would be nice if you were to ask for each stroke," he said. Jamie nodded and took a deep breath.

"One, please."

Jason took careful aim, and then slashed the flexible tube downwards creating a brief, hollow sounding whistle before the end of the hose struck squarely over Jamie's clit. For a split second, it seemed as if she had managed to totally ignore the blow, and Jason felt a flash of disappointment. Then suddenly, Jamie gave a strangled gasp and every muscle in her body seemed to go taut, as her back arched off the floor before dropping back onto the cushions with a thud. The light flexible rubber had done little damage, but in directly striking that hypersensitive bundle of nerves, had generated intense pain and felt to Jamie like she had been hit between the legs with a baseball bat. However, because there was very little actual injury, the worst of the pain receded almost as quickly as it had come and Jamie knew that she had to continue her punishment before fear of further pain paralyzed her will.

"Two, please."

The hose struck again, landing with dreadful accuracy on Jamie's clitoris. This time the pain was too great for her to remain still. Like a wilting flower, Jamie's thighs slowly closed as she curled her knees up towards her chest and she uttered a low, almost angry sounding moan.

"God, that hurts," she gasped.

Jason gently brushed a strand of stray hair away from her forehead and bent over to kiss the sweat dampened skin of her shoulder. "Only eight more."

Strangely, it was Jason's apparent confidence in her ability to endure, that gave Jamie the strength to spread her legs once again. Somehow, she found herself in a different world; one in which it seemed only natural for Jason to desire to torture her pussy and for her to desire to accommodate him. Her hands and fingers seemed to move of their own accord, and she watched in amazement as they reached down between her thighs to expose her clit once more.

"Three, please."

The hose struck again, and Jamie's clit exploded in fire. Her legs kicked out wildly as if to repel the demon that was gnawing at her flesh. Her frenzied thrashing made Jason grateful that he had chosen to position himself at her side, safely out of range of her long powerful limbs. He watched in fascination as she opened herself up again.

"Four, please."

Jason studied his target and was gratified to see that aside from a slight swelling and reddening in the area of her clit, there was little evidence that Jamie's cunt had been beaten. He bent over and lightly kissed her tortured clitoris before bringing the hose crashing down on it for the fourth time. Once more, Jamie thrashed and writhed on her bed of cushions. She panted and groaned as if she was in the middle of an orgasm, and to Jason she looked incredibly erotic. He whispered into her ear, telling her how sexy she looked and how brave and wonderful she was. With her eyes closed, Jamie reached out with her hand to find Jason's penis. Her fingers closed gently around his hard and throbbing shaft. This tangible evidence of her ability to excite Jason through her pain seemed to feed her resolve, giving her the strength to expose her tortured sex bud to the hose again and again. Although she moaned and struggled, Jamie continued to spread her legs

and sex lips apart and asked for more punishment. She called out the strokes mechanically, almost unaware of their meaning as she strained like a sprinter to reach the finish line. When the tenth stroke seared into her clit, it almost seemed impossible that this part of her ordeal had finally ended and she looked at Jason fearfully, dreading that he might ask for just one more whack at her clit.

Jason grinned and nodded his head. "All done," he said, tossing the hose aside. The intense relief and satisfaction that Jamie felt transformed itself into playfulness. She pounced on Jason and impaled herself on his shaft once more. She peppered his face with tiny kisses, interspersed with a stream of questions, without giving him a chance to answer. "Did you like that?", "Does my pussy feel hot?", "Do you know that my clit feels like someone had rubbed Tabasco on it?", "Do you think that my pussy feels tighter now?". After a while she calmed down, and contented herself with small twitches of her hips, savoring the soreness of her clit as if was a badge of honor.

"You're really brave," said Jason, stroking her golden hair.

"Yes I am, aren't I?" agreed Jamie solemnly. She pressed her breasts against his chest and sighed in satisfaction when he wrapped his arms around her body. "You know what?"

"What?" asked Jason in amusement.

"Since I'm so brave, I'm not going to move when you cane the inside of my vagina. I'm going to open it up wide and hold still while you hit me until I bleed. If I move, you can repeat all the strokes up to that point, after you have managed to make me bleed," declared Jamie wildly.

"Are you sure?" said Jason. Her offer excited him, but he felt obliged to give her the chance to change her mind.

Jamie regretted opening her mouth almost immediately, but her pride, and the feeling of Jason's cock twitching and hardening in reaction to her words drove her on. "Of course I'm sure," she replied stubbornly.

Jason shrugged and grinned wryly. "OK. I'm not going to look a gift horse in the mouth. Do you want me to stop between each stroke?"

Jamie shook her head. "No. Cane my cunt any way you like. I want to make this special for you." She lifted herself off of his shaft, which glistened with a coating of her juices. Impulsively, Jamie dropped to her knees and wrapped her lips around his cock and proceeded to lick it clean. She then resumed her position on the cushions, but this time she added one more to the pile under her hips. She drew her thighs up to her chest in that classic female pose. The tightly stretched and bent position of her legs served to draw apart the lips of her sex and expose the opening of her vagina. Reaching around the outside of her thighs, Jamie pulled hard at the base of her buttocks, which stretched and opened the entrance of her vagina. Since her hands were not in the way, Jason was free to strike at her cunt from any angle.

Jason picked up a thin miniature cane, about the length of a chopstick. At first glance, it did not look very impressive, as compared to a normal cane. Holding it firmly at one end, he bent the tip of the rod back until it formed a smooth curve like a tiny longbow. With a snap of his finger he released the tip of the rod, which sprang forward with surprising force to strike a cushion with a loud 'thwap'. He then tested it on his own thigh and jumped at the unexpected severity of the pain. A dark red welt had formed where the tip had struck his skin. He knelt down and carefully spread and arranged Jamie's labia until he felt that the inside of her cunt was as open and vulnerable as possible. He then stood up and walked around her body until he was kneeling between Jamie's legs. He signaled Kathy and Anastasia to come over and wrap their arms around each of her calves from a kneeling position. They did not hold her, but just stood ready to prevent her from accidentally kicking Jason, who was now positioned ideally to strike and even penetrate Jamie's vaginal orifice.

He pulled back on the tip, and then without warning, suddenly unleashed the rod, which cut through the air with a high pitched swish. The actual impact made surprisingly little sound as only the last half inch of the cane actually came into contact with Jamie's flesh. However, her reaction more than made up for the lack of drama, when the hard, sharp edged tip of the rod struck what was arguably one of the most sensitive parts of her body. Her scream of agony shook the whole of her tightly folded body, which quivered and vibrated as if it had been a cattle prod and not a just a cane which had so rudely thrust itself into her body. She continued to sob and pant as Jason flexed the

rod again, but her thighs remained wide spread and her pussy thrust itself into the air defiantly. The rod snapped down again, but this time it's venom seared into the soft pinkness between her urethra and her vagina. Jamie screamed again and a tiny fountain of piss sparkled in the air, driven by the impact as well as the unbearable pain. Her hair flew about wildly as she shook her head violently from side to side, as if to deny the sickening agony that flamed from her wounded cunt. The rod flexed a third time, and she started screaming even before the tip impacted squarely against the tiny puckered mouth of her vagina, driving deep into her lacerated sex. Hurt beyond bearing, Jamie's thighs clamped together as Kathy and Anastasia released her legs so that she could roll across the floor in misery, instinctively seeking escape from the torture. Even worse was a terrible realization that she had failed, and that she would have to bear an additional three strokes to her cunt. For a moment Jamie considered simply getting up and walking out of the room. However, the thought of throwing away everything she had suffered over the past few days, as well as the money and the opportunity for a new career made her pause and glance at Jason. His smiling face turned her dismay into anger and she scrambled to her feet. Later, she was never able to decide if she had intended to attack him or to merely run away, but before she could do either, she saw his eyes glance at the tip of the cane. She stared in shock at the crimson stain the marked the end of the rod and her hand darted between her thighs. Jamie lifted her fingers and stared at the smear of blood that covered them. A grin began to spread over her face.

"Well done Jamie," said Jason, grinning back at her. "That was terrific. As you can see, my friend is giving you a standing ovation," he said, glancing down at his stiff and throbbing tool. Suddenly, Jamie's mood of reckless abandon returned and she threw her arms around him. She pressed her lips against his ear and whispered "Now that you've got me all wet, would you like to do something about this?", and squeezed his cock with her bloodied hand. Jason groaned with pleasure and nodded his head. He sank to the floor with his legs outstretched, supporting himself on his elbows. He looked down the length of his body and watched as Jamie straddled his hips and lowered herself on to his penis. She brushed the tip of his cock with her swollen labia, painting the tip with the smear of liquid red. With a hiss of pain she impaled herself on his shaft, using only her weight to force his cock past the sore and lacerated opening of her cunt, lubricated by the glistening drops of blood that welled from the wound inflicted by Jason's cane. Leaning forward, she placed her palms on Jason's chest and began to pump her hips up and down with fierce determination. The sight of his cock driving into her freshly whipped cunt and the constantly refreshed streaks of blood that smeared the length of his shaft quickly brought Jason to the brink. He wrapped his arms around her waist and powered his hips upwards in a series of pile driver thrusts and then stiffened with a gasp as he pumped his come deep inside her body. Jamie milked his cock with rhythmic contractions of her vaginal muscles, working him until she felt him shrink and slip out of her sheath. She cupped her hand between her legs and staggered over to the table for a towel which she used to mop up the mixture of blood and sperm the slowly dripped from inside of her cunt. Kathy applauded silently and waved at Jamie, pointing at the seat beside her.

In the meantime, Anastasia had gone over to Jason with a handful of moist towels and had cleaned him up. He reclaimed his position on the couch and Anastasia cuddled up to him. Kathy nudged Jamie with her elbow and pointed at Anastasia with her chin. Jamie was glad of any distraction from her aching pussy, so she looked over at Anastasia.

"She's certainly an old-fashioned kind of girl, isn't she," commented Kathy.

"There's nothing wrong with being affectionate - or in liking men," replied Jamie. However, Kathy's remark seemed to trigger something in the back of her mind and she frowned in thought.

## Chapter Fourteen

Jason felt comfortably drained, and was in no hurry to get started with Anastasia. He leaned back in his seat and enjoyed the warm soft body she pressed so willingly against him. "So, you've seen what has happened to your two friends. Does that frighten you?"

Anastasia pressed her lips against his shoulder and darted the tip of her tongue out to taste the salt of his skin. "No, I'm happy to do anything to please you; and anyway the scourging of my body will only serve to purify my spirit."

"So, you like pain do you?" asked Jason.

Anastasia shook her head sharply, sending her silvery locks flying from side to side. "No I don't. But pain is a natural thing and I believe that God created it for a purpose, so I don't fear it but rather think of it as a means by which my soul is strengthened, just like the flames of the forge temper a piece of steel."

Jason was slightly taken aback by Anastasia's esoteric response, but saw an opportunity to make use of this for his own enjoyment. "In that case, let's talk about purifying your pussy," said Jason. "I would like to hear your ideas as to how I can best torture your cunt. You mentioned flames a moment ago. What do you think about burning you with a candle?" Jason watched Anastasia's face carefully to see how she responded to his question.

Anastasia tilted her head to one side and nibbled on her lower lip as she considered Jason's suggestion. Then she looked up at him, her eyes large and glowing. "I guess it depends on how seriously you want to burn me," she said softly.

"Does the idea of being burned frighten you?"

"Of course it does," replied Anastasia. "But I'll let you burn my pussy if that's what you want. I was just thinking that if you burn me badly right away, you won't get much fun from torturing my cunt. It would all be over much too quickly. I think that you should save the serious burning for the last," she said. Then she smiled happily and said, "On the other hand, there is nothing to stop you from singeing me a bit in the meantime."

Jason ran his fingers through his hair and frowned slightly in puzzlement. "I really can't figure you out. You say that you aren't a masochist, but you seem positively happy with the idea of being tortured."

Anastasia smiled. "Don't be silly, I'm just an old-fashioned girl. I believe that a woman should do anything she can to please the man that she's with."

Jamie was still busy soothing her injured pussy, but Anastasia's words made her pause. There was that phrase 'old-fashioned girl' again. It seemed to tickle something in her memory. She tried to concentrate on the thought, but a sharp stab of pain between her thighs made her hurriedly return her attention to her weal streaked mound.

In the meantime, Jason had also derived inspiration from Anastasia's comment. He sorted through the pile of equipment on the table, and returned triumphantly with two oddly shaped cylinders. One was obviously a small vibrator but the other, larger one, did not seem to have a discernible function. It had one rounded end and what appeared to be a knob on the other. After showing these to Anastasia, he made her lie down on the couch with her legs drawn up and spread in a classical missionary position. He put the vibrator down and used his free hand to spread her pussy open. He placed the rounded tip of the cylinder against the mouth of her vagina and began to push it in. Since the objective was to cause her pain, he did not lubricate the device and merely pressed it into her opening. The dry soft tissues of her cunt clung painfully to the sides of the plastic cylinder, as Jason pushed and twisted it against her cunt hole, forcing soft cries from Anastasia. He continued his merciless mechanical rape until bit by bit, the unyielding shaft ripped its way into her passage, leaving only the knob visible at the tightly stretched mouth of her vagina.

Despite her obvious pain, Anastasia had gamely pushed her hips up to meet the thrusts of her plastic rapist, and had made every attempt to welcome the intruder into her body. She sighed with relief when the full length of the device finally sank into her passage. However, she knew that



this had to be only the beginning of her torture, and she watched Jason curiously to see what would happen next.

"I thought that you would appreciate this old-fashioned start to our games," said Jason.

Anastasia smiled and replied, "It's only right that you take pleasure from my sex. Just as a virgin feels pain when she is deflowered but accepts her suffering gladly, I accept your tortures in the same spirit."

Jason grinned. "And I would guess that you believe that masturbation is a bad thing, and that self pleasuring should be punished?"

"A woman should only derive sexual pleasure from intercourse with a man," agreed Anastasia. "Masturbation is a sin, unless it is done to pleasure a man."

Behind her, Kathy mimed sticking two fingers down her throat and gagging. Jamie grinned but then held a finger across her lips in a shushing motion.

Jason reached out and twisted the knob that protruded from Anastasia's cunt. There was a muffled click, and Anastasia jumped in surprise as rows of sharp plastic spikes sprang out from the cylinder to thrust painfully against the walls of her vagina. After the initial shock, she found that as long as she remained still and relaxed, the spikes were only mildly painful. When she tried a tentative squeeze of her pussy muscles, she cried out in surprise. The additional pressure caused each of the spikes on the cylinder to pop up, vibrate fiercely and then return to its normal position. A loud buzzing sound drew her attention to the vibrator in Jason's hand. Her eyes widened, as she realized what her first ordeal was to be.

"I want you to use this vibrator on your clit. I want to see you cum long and hard," said Jason. "Remember, you are not to stop until I am satisfied that you have cum."

Anastasia obediently took the vibrator, and with inexperienced hands, applied it to her clit. This was the first time that she had ever used a vibrator and she made the mistake of pressing it firmly against the tip of her clitoris. The intensity of the sensation caught her by surprise, and caused the muscles of her cunt hole to reflexively tighten. This in turn activated the spikes that filled her vagina, which buzzed and thrust deeper into her flesh, making Anastasia cry out in shock. The involuntary reactions of her body continued to betray her as the muscles of her cunt squeezed down in an attempt to eject the painful intruder, but which only succeeding in driving the spikes deeper into her flesh and causing her more pain. At the same time she obediently continued to apply the vibrator to her clit, sending shock waves through her nerves that made it impossible for her to relax the muscles of her cunt hole and thereby reduce the pain. Anastasia soon became enmeshed in a cycle of alternating pleasure and pain which would only be broken if she managed to bring herself to an orgasm. The harder she tried to orgasm, the greater was the pain, which in turn prevented her from cumming. Her body began to jerk and spasm as if an electric current, and not the vibrator was being applied to her clit. Jason watched the frantic activity between her thighs with fascination. A tiny trickle of cunt juices flowed from her hole and down across her perineum towards her asshole. After a few minutes, the juices became tinged with crimson as the plastic spikes began to draw blood. Anastasia finally became more proficient with the vibrator. She worked it around and around her clit, painting her sex with waves of sensation that built up steadily like the incoming tide. She knew that the worst of the pain would come when she finally erupted in an orgasm, but she forced that thought to the back of her mind, and concentrated as best she could on the powerful throbbing of the vibrator.

Jason began to gently tweak and roll Anastasia's nipples, bringing the pink buds to full erection. He timed the squeezing of his fingers with the movements of the vibrator, and gradually increased the force applied by his fingers until her breasts became a third competing source of pleasure and pain. Anastasia shuddered and moaned, her cries of pleasure and suffering merging into a single sound that grew louder and louder until she suddenly screamed hoarsely as her orgasm drove the spikes deep into the walls of her vagina where they vibrated spitefully like a maddened scrubbing brush with each contraction of the orgasm. Jason's hand darted between her thrashing thighs to twist the protruding plastic knob, causing the bloodstained spikes to retract into the shaft, which allowed the muscles of Anastasia's vagina to slowly eject the torture dildo. The innocent

looking cylinder slid out of her body, glistening with a thick coating of cunt juices mixed with threads of bright red.

While Anastasia slumped on the couch, limp and exhausted from her excruciating climax, Jason quickly gathered together the tools for the promised burning of her cunt. This consisted of an alcohol burner, which produced a hot blue flame, and a slim blunt steel needle mounted on a wooden stylus. With a sweep of his arm he cleared the surface of the table and instructed Anastasia to lie supine on it, with her head hanging off of the edge. Her upside-down position caused Anastasia's necklace to fall from her neck onto the floor. Jamie picked it up and placed it on the table beside Anastasia's head, and was surprised at the glare she received from the woman in response to her helpful action.

Oblivious of this little bit of play, Jason knelt down on the floor with his cock touching Anastasia's lips. The needle and alcohol burner were placed between her thighs.

"Anastasia, I want you to spread yourself wide open and as hard as you can. The game is simple. I want you to suck me while I burn your pussy with this hot needle. I'll stop burning you as soon as you make me cum," said Jason. "There must be a scene similar to this in just about every serious S&M story, so I guess it qualifies as being traditional," he said with a chuckle. He bent forward and rested his body on top of Anastasia's. This freed his hands from having to support him and also served to immobilize Anastasia. He sighed with pleasure as her lips closed around the head of his cock and her tongue began to gently caress its tip. He positioned the needle in the flickering blue flame and then turned his eyes to the delightful sight of Anastasia's tautly spread pussy. The whole of her sex was stretched out, with her inner labia and clitoris standing proud above the flat pink plane. He pressed his lips to her clit and sucked it up into his mouth, making her body wriggle under him. When he judged that the needle was sufficiently hot, he brought it between her legs and gently touched it to the crinkled edge of her labia. The searing heat made a tiny burn, but the needle cooled so quickly that little real damage was done. Anastasia's body jerked in reaction to the sharp stinging pain, but her mouth continued to gently suck and slide over his cock. Jason continued making a pattern of tiny burns along the edges of her labia, savoring the small quivers of pain that ran down her body. When he touched the heated needle against the inner surface of her labia, Jason was rewarded by a moan of pain that vibrated delightfully around his cock. The feel of her writhing body pressed tightly against his, allowed him to intimately experience every twitch and gasp that the tiny burns on her cunt wrung from her tortured form. A touch of the needle to the soft skin near the base of her clit drew a muffled scream from Anastasia, followed soon after by another when he pressed the heated metal against a spot just inside her cunt hole. Several more burns around the vagina and near the urethra brought deep, vibrating screams that and created such intense stimulation that it brought Jason to the brink of an orgasm.

"I'm nearly ready to cum Anastasia, so I'm going to start burning your clit now. The torture will stop as soon as you have swallowed the last drop of my sperm. Are you ready?"

Anastasia's head bobbed up and down in a nod, and then she began to suck enthusiastically.

From his close-up point of view, Jason could see Anastasia's clit making tiny movements as her muscles tensed in anticipation of the agony about to be visited on it. When she sensed the movement of his arm bringing the needle out of the flame and towards her clit, the tiny bud made a valiant attempt to retract into her body. Jason made a disapproving noise and placed the needle back in the flame.

"I want to see that clit sticking right up. Push it out and hold it there so that I can torture it properly,"

Anastasia's fingernails dug deep into her flesh, stretching the skin around her clit as taut as a drum. The muscles of her buttocks clenched tightly as she tried to push her clit out to meet the red hot needle. The heels of her feet pounded frantically against the table top and her whole body bucked like a wild horse when Jason finally pressed the searing metal shaft against her quivering clitoris. Tears of agony ran from her eyes and she fought against her sobs to keep up the rhythm of her fellatio. She could feel his shaft vibrate in her mouth and she knew that he was very close to cumming. She worked her tongue frantically from side to side, frictioning the head of his cock and

she was rewarded by a small dribble of his cum. The needle brushed her clit again on one side, and then again on the other. Then the tip seared tiny spots around the base of the tortured stalk, making Anastasia buck so hard that she almost dislodged Jason.

Jason clenched his teeth and squeezed the handle of the needle tightly in his hand as his body throbbed with the oncoming explosion of his orgasm. When he could hold back no longer he pressed the red hot needle a final time against the very tip of Anastasia's clit, and he simultaneously sprayed his semen deep into her shrieking throat. Although the metal was rapidly cooling, he kept the point pressed against her clit until the very last drop of sperm was delivered onto her tongue.

## Chapter Fifteen

The three girls gathered around Jason, happy that their individual tortures were over. Jason kissed each of them and thanked them for their bravery. Only three and a half hours had passed since the session had begun and Jason knew that he was entitled to start all over again if he so chose. However, for the moment he was drained and satisfied, so he proposed a short break.

"I'm going have a shower. If you like, you can all do the same. When I come back we can have a coffee break before I decide on what I want to do next," said Jason. Then he paused and he seemed almost embarrassed.

Jamie realized that he wanted to suggest a torture, but felt as if he was being unreasonable. "I promised to let you torture my pussy as much as you liked, so if there is something that you would like to try, just tell me what it is," she said. "None of us are heroes, but we're all still in pretty good shape." The other two girls nodded in agreement.

Jason grinned and looked as if he had just been granted a wish by a genie. "You girls are terrific. Thank you. As for my idea, well, I have always wanted to see a woman push a needle through another woman's clit. That would be really special because the woman doing the piercing would know exactly what the other woman was feeling. I want to watch each of you to expose her clit and allow one of the others to push a needle slowly through it, maybe with a little pricking and playing first. I'll leave it to you to choose who will do it to who."

With that, Jason left them and went to have his shower. Kathy turned to Jamie with a mischievous grin. "I'm very good at playing the evil bitch. One of your clits is mine," she said with her best super villain voice. Jamie turned to Anastasia and was about to suggest flipping a coin to see who would be Kathy's victim, but was brought up short by the stricken expression on her face. Turning back to Kathy, she raised her eyebrows questioningly. Kathy shrugged and indicated that they should step away from the other woman. They turned their backs to Anastasia and leaned their heads together.

"What's with her?" asked Kathy.

"I don't know," replied Jamie.

"She looks like she was struck by the wrath of God," said Kathy jokingly.

Kathy's words seemed to unlock a door in Jamie's mind, and suddenly everything came together. The newspaper article about the massacre of the religious cult, the missing female survivor, Ruth's gestures towards her throat after her accident and Anastasia's seemingly different behavior when in the presence of a man. She realized why the words 'old-fashioned' and 'traditional' had sounded a warning in her mind. Finally, Jamie remembered where she had seen the same symbol as that on Anastasia's glittering pendant. It had been on the blood streaked walls of the nightclub where the cult had met its end. "The symbol on the pendant," she said softly to herself. Unfortunately, their actions and Jamie's whispered words had alerted Anastasia, who had been watching them intently.

A soft sound behind them made Jamie spin around, just in time to see an ice pick in Anastasia's hand slashing down towards Kathy's naked back.

"Die, yellow skinned whore of Satan," screamed Anastasia, her face a snarling mask of fury.

Jamie could only watch in horror as Anastasia threw herself at Kathy, the needle sharp point of the ice pick aimed at Kathy's heart. To her amazement, Kathy suddenly spun around, allowing the ice pick to fly harmlessly past her shoulder, just barely scratching her skin. With a series of rapid moves that Jamie could only half follow, Kathy twisted the ice pick out of Anastasia's hand and swung the berserk woman against the wall with a resounding crash that shook the room and knocked her unconscious.

Kathy leaned forward and rested her hands on her knees, panting from the shock and exertion. When she noticed Jamie's stunned expression she laughed. "Well, all those years doing cheap kung fu movies turned out to be good for something after all." Then her expression darkened. "This will spoil everything for Jason." She glanced at the crumpled form of her attacker. "Yellow

skinned whore of Satan?" she said indignantly, "Who wrote her script anyway? That's awful."

Jamie shrugged and reached for a telephone. "Let's deal with one thing at a time." She dialed Elaine's number and informed the manager about what had happened. She then called Marley's number and briefed him too. Within minutes, Elaine arrived accompanied by a brace of security guards, who quickly handcuffed the still unconscious Anastasia and removed her to a holding room located in the public portion of the resort to await the arrival of the police.

"So what the hell was all that about? I've seen some harsh critics in my time, but that was ridiculous," said Kathy.

Elaine also turned to Jamie with raised eyebrows. "It seems that you know Mr Marley better than we thought."

Jamie sighed and started to explain. She told them about her true identity and her purpose in coming to Papillon Rouge.

"I always wanted to meet a private Dick," said Kathy, eyeing Jamie's crotch suggestively.

Jamie winced at Kathy's terrible pun. She then explained about the cult, the missing girl and the symbols painted on the wall, and Anastasia's necklace. "From what I read in the paper, the cult was an ultra religious group who had very old-fashioned ideas about the proper role for a woman and all the usual hang-ups about kinky sex, especially homosexuality. The only difference was that they were willing and eager to kill people who disagreed with their ways. My guess is that they had done a better job of brainwashing Anastasia than anyone had thought. She escaped from her parents and the authorities as soon as she had a chance. Papillon Rouge would have provided a place to hide and a source of funds, which she could use to re-establish the cult. The question is, how she found out about this place and who recommended her for an interview in the first place. It's not likely that one of the girls, a member, or an employee would be involved in that cult."

Kathy snapped her fingers. "That's why she was so reserved with us, and why she took a whack at poor Mary. In her eyes we were satanic whores who deserved death and damnation. It also explains her fawning over Jason and her willingness to accept punishment from him."

Jamie nodded. "Yes, and when Jason wanted us to torture each other it drove her crazy. The thought of submitting to evil whores like us was just too much. It's my guess that Ruth must have become suspicious of Anastasia and had her head bashed in after she confronted her. Ruth can tell us when she recovers enough to talk."

Kathy pointed at the bedroom door. "What do we do about Jason? I'm sure he'll notice that we are short of one clit."

Jamie grinned. "Perhaps not," she said, pointing over Kathy's shoulder.

Kathy twisted around and her jaw dropped in amazement at the sight of a stark naked Elaine, whom she noted, had a beautiful body.

"I thought that you only liked women," said Jamie.

"I do," replied Elaine. "But duty calls and I'll do anything I can to protect Papillon Rouge. They believed in me when no one else would. I am sure that Jason will find the opportunity to torture the clit of a real lesbian irresistible. That ought to make up for the sudden disappearance of Anastasia. Suspected appendicitis will do, I think."

## Chapter Sixteen

As predicted, Jason was thrilled to bits to have the opportunity to torture Elaine's pussy once he found out that she was a lesbian. In fact, he admitted that Anastasia's personality a little disturbing, so he was more than happy to have the gorgeous Elaine as a substitute.

The four of them went into a bedroom and Jason amused himself by questioning Elaine about her sex life. When he discovered that she had never in her life had sex with a man, he almost had an orgasm on the spot. Jamie and Kathy found his fascination with Elaine's 'virgin' pussy hugely amusing and they teased her mercilessly as Jason buried his head between her thighs.

When Jason had finally had enough of playing with Elaine's body, they prepared to carry out his requested clit torture. He added a new requirement, which was that the mutual torture had to be arranged so that Elaine would be free to suck his cock when the last girl was tortured, as he intended to climax in her mouth. After a bit of discussion and drawing of lots, it was agreed that Elaine would do Jamie, then Kathy would do Elaine, and finally Jamie would use a needle on Kathy.

They all agreed that the victim should be standing up, with her legs spread and that she would expose her clitoris with both hands. Jamie took up the proper pose, and everyone else gathered in front of her, with Jason in the middle and Elaine to his left. Jamie's clit was still swollen from the beating and she winced as she pulled at her sore flesh. Kathy knelt down to suckle Jason's cock and then Elaine began the torture. She unwrapped a fine sterile hypodermic needle, gripped it firmly and then placed her left hand on Jamie's buttock. She started by dragging the tip of the needle over the helpless clit, starting from the base of the clit where it joined the body and moving outwards. Jamie quivered and they could see goose bumps form over her arms. When she had evenly covered Jamie's clit with scratches, Elaine went on to rapidly jabbing it with the needle, like a tattooist working on a small marking. Jamie started making a soft humming sound as she fought against the pain that shot through her loins like the sparks from a blazing sparkler. Kathy could see the movement of Elaine's arm out of the corner of her eye and she tried to match the flickering of her tongue on Jason's cock with the rhythm of the needle. Elaine glanced up at Jason, who nodded. She squeezed Jamie's buttocks in warning, and then shifted her left hand around with palm and fingers downwards to grip the tiny bud. She brought the needle up from below the stretched clit and slowly pushed the point of the needle into Jamie's flesh. Unlike a piercing, the objective was to inflict as much pain as possible by forcing the needle slowly through the dense bundle of nerves that is the clitoris. Jamie cried out in agony, unable to remain silent as the sliver of steel forced its way through her clit. Gritting her teeth, she panted desperately as she fought the pain. Finally, after what seemed to be hours, the tip of the needle popped through the skin at the top of her clit with a final burst of fire, and Jamie would have dropped to her knees except for the needle that held her helplessly where she stood.

Elaine and Kathy jumped up to hug Jamie's shaking body, congratulating and reassuring her. Jason stood as well and kissed her hard. Elaine soaked a cotton pad in alcohol. She removed the needle with a quick tug and pressed the alcohol soaked pad firmly against the wound, drawing another gasp from Jamie. Jason guided Jamie onto the bed and put her head on a pillow. He kissed her forehead. "Thank you. Now close your eyes and rest a while." Jamie protested that it was her turn to suck his cock, but he refused to allow it and made her stay lying down.

Meanwhile, Elaine had placed herself where Jamie had been standing and prepared to have her clitoris tortured. When Kathy and Jason had taken their respective places, Elaine laughed and said, "Well, what would you like to do to this lesbian clit? I have to warn you that I'm not as brave as Jamie and will probably scream a lot. I think that we have ear plugs in that drawer if you need them."

Jason reached out and toyed thoughtfully with Elaine's out-thrust clit. "Elaine's clit has had an easy time of it since she joined us so late in the game. Kathy, perhaps you can be fair and help her catch up a bit. Since she prefers women, I am sure that she will appreciate having you play with

her clit."

Kathy looked up at Jason and made a pinching motion with her fingers and grinned when he nodded. "I'm sorry Elaine, but I was only following orders," she said in a terrible German accent. Reaching up, she gripped Elaine's clit with her fingers and began to squeeze it. She felt the stiff inner core of the clitoris slide back under the soft velvety covering and shifted her grip inwards, pressing slightly into Elaine's body until she had secured a firm grip on her clit. "Gotcha," she said as she pinched down hard.

Elaine gasped, surprised at the amount of pain caused by this simple action. As she had not had the benefit of the one week of mental preparation given to the other girls, the psychological shock of having such an intimate part of her body mishandled so casually added to her suffering, despite the fact that she intellectually knew what went on in these sessions. However, she was a strong and determined woman and she rapidly recovered her equilibrium. She smiled and quipped, "Ah, there's nothing like a woman's gentle touch when it comes to foreplay." Kathy responded by digging her fingernails into the captive stalk, causing Elaine to hiss at the sharp sting. After twisting the clit hard from side to side a few times, Kathy released her grip, resulting in a sigh of relief from Elaine. However, her happiness was short lived. Kathy turned her hand until the palm faced upwards and made an 'O' with her middle finger and thumb, with the middle finger flexed and pushing against the thumb. Taking careful aim, Kathy released her middle finger, which flew forwards like the arm of a Roman catapult. The tip of the finger struck Elaine's clit squarely and with considerable force. Unlike a whip or cane, this did almost no damage to the skin or outer tissue, but acted more like a punch, delivering its force deep into the shaft of the clitoris and inside Elaine's groin. The insignificant looking blow sent a shock wave through all the nerves of Elaine's body, causing her to double over from the throbbing pain that filled her lower belly.

Jason tapped Kathy on the shoulder and signaled that she should use the needle. He began slowly stroking his cock as she unwrapped the hypodermic needle and showed it to Elaine. Jason leaned forward and licked the waiting clitoris, leaving it glistening with saliva.

Kathy chose to do the piercing from the top down. She used the empty plastic casing of the hypodermic needle as a slight support, positioning it under Elaine's clit. Unlike a piercing done for decorative purposes, it did not matter if the needle did not go straight through. Kathy carefully placed the needle point at the base of the clit, said "Brace yourself, here it comes," and pushed.

The hollow cylinder of steel went cleanly through Elaine's clit with a slight pop, which was immediately drowned out by her cry of pain. The muscles of her thighs trembled as the agony of her impaled clit shot through her body. The shaking moved up her body until her breasts rocked from side to side. Kathy was struck by how much Elaine's reactions resembled an orgasm.

"Can you see it?" gasped Elaine, staring at Jason intently. "See my pierced clitoris? Just for you. All for you."

When Kathy was sure that Jason was satisfied, she carefully extracted the needle and pressed an alcohol soaked cotton pad against the wound.

"Ow, that stings," complained Elaine.

"Sorry, but you know we don't use povidone-iodine or mercuricrome because of the staining. Besides, it's part of the torture," replied Kathy with a chuckle.

All three women glanced at Jason, whose cock was throbbing dangerously. It was obvious that he would not last very much longer unless they splashed him with cold water. Jamie signaled to Kathy to be quick and they both hurried into position for the final round as Elaine settled down between his legs. She brought her open lips close to the head of his cock, allowing her warm breath to gently tickle it without pushing him over the edge.

Kathy shook her hair out, moistened her lips, and stretched her slim, dancer's body, rising up onto the balls of her feet in order to show off her legs and calves in their best light. With her fingers gracefully flexed, she spread her pussy open and presented her clitoris to Jason's gaze. "Can you see my clit, Jason. Do you like it? Would you like to cum with me?"

Jason nodded, his smiling face flushed and sweating as if he had been drinking.

"Good. Now, Jamie is going to rub my sensitive clit, rub it hard and fast. She's going to

make me cum right in front of your face. And guess what Jason - I'm going to tell you the moment that I am about to orgasm and then Jamie is going to stick that sharp, nasty needle straight into my little pink clit. It is going to go in right here at the tip and all the way into my body. When she does that, I want you to cum for me Jason. Spray your seed deep into Elaine's lesbian, pussy eating mouth so that she has to swallow every little drop. Can you do that for me?"

Jason nodded again, as if hypnotized.

At Kathy's nod, Jamie began rubbing Kathy's clit. She was one of those women who enjoyed direct stimulation of her clit, so she had no problem with having Jamie's finger rapidly brushing her tautly exposed sex bud from side to side. Both Jason and Jamie saw a trickle of clear fluid exude from the pink oval of Kathy's vaginal orifice almost immediately after Jamie commenced her stroking. Kathy was a screamer, and the room echoed with her moans and cries as Jamie worked diligently on her clit and pussy. With her free hand, Jamie carefully popped the cover off of the needle and held it at the ready.

"Oh yes, oh wow, yeah, yeah, that's it ... harder, faster ..." cried Kathy as the muscles of her belly rippled and she began to pant. Suddenly she shook and her knuckles whitened as she squeezed down hard. "Nearly ... it's coming, its coming ... yes, here it comes ... Now! Do it now!" she screamed.

In a smooth movement, Jamie transferred the needle to her right hand. Holding it point downwards with the tip of her index finger bracing its base, Jamie threw the needle forward like a dart, ramming it into Kathy's throbbing clit just as the Chinese girl came to a shattering orgasm.

"Aaargh! Shit! That fucking hurts! Ow, my clit," yelled Kathy as she hopped up and down on her toes.

At Kathy's first yell, Elaine wrapped her lips around Jason's knob and began rapidly pumping her hand up and down his shaft. Seconds later, she was rewarded with a blast of semen that shot straight down her throat, filling her mouth with the unfamiliar taste of male cum, followed by jet after jet of the sticky liquid that filled her mouth and coated her tongue. She sucked and licked frantically, swallowing his sperm and wringing every last spasm from his rock hard penis. Jason fell backwards against the sofa with his hands patting and stroking helplessly at Elaine's hair as she continued to suck like a maddened vampire. The sensation became so unbearably intense that Jason had to pull away from her, his cock coming free of her lips with a loud plop.

In the meantime, Jamie had carefully removed the needle from Kathy's flesh and administered first aid. The burn of the alcohol generated more obscenities from Kathy, who continued to hop around the room clutching her pussy.

A few minutes later, everyone had calmed down and the three women clustered around the limp and grinning Jason. He admitted that he was totally fucked out, and claimed that he would be retiring to a monastery. The girls giggled as he insisted that they line up and let him kiss their pussies in gratitude. Then they each recovered their panties and moistened them with their juices and spots of blood from their punctured clits. The garments would later be vacuum packed and boxed for Jason to take home. That done, all of them made for the showers. Since none of them was hurting badly and Jason was not in a hurry to leave, they arranged to meet after they dressed and headed for an after-session dinner in a private room of the restaurant.



## Chapter Seventeen

What with the stress and exertion of the session, a good dinner and a glass of champagne each, Jamie and Kathy slept like logs after they had bid goodnight to Jason, tacitly agreeing to postpone any discussion till the next day.

When they woke, they both found the voice-mail light flashing on their room telephones. The message was from Elaine, who requested that they attend a meeting after breakfast, along with directions to the designated conference room. They talked about the session and Anastasia over their morning coffee (tea in Kathy's case). Jamie found herself liking the young actress more and more. Suddenly she made a decision.

"Look, I've told you about the Foundation hiring me as Chief of Security. Well, I need help, someone I can trust. You're smart, can handle yourself and have contacts and an insight into areas of society that I am not familiar with. I'm sure that I can get you included in the package as my assistant. You already know that they pay really well. So, what do you think?"

As would be expected, Kathy was totally surprised by this development. "Well, I'm not exactly waiting for an Oscar or I wouldn't be here in the first place. Playing gun toting tough chicks that die in the middle of the show is getting tiresome. Can I have a real gun of my own?"

"Sure, as long as you agree to take the proper training and don't shoot everyone who pisses you off."

"Cool. And one more condition," said Kathy.

"Which is?" asked Jamie.

"If my pussy ever gets offered up for torture again, I want your pussy right beside it," said Kathy with a grin.

Jamie thought of her pierced clit with a wince, and then smiled back at the dark haired girl. She stuck out her hand and said, "Deal!"

They finished their breakfast and went off in search of the meeting room. After several wrong turns in the huge complex, they located the correct unit, knocked and entered. They found Elaine and Marley waiting for them along with Ruth, who was seated in a wheel chair and had a large bandage on her head. There was a pile of documents and folders on the table.

"Good morning Miss Killian. I congratulate you on your actions of yesterday. The Foundation is impressed," said Marley.

Jamie grimaced. "I would have been more impressed with myself if I had caught Anastasia before she attacked Ruth and Kathy."

Marley shook his head. "You are being too hard on yourself. Given the conditions and the lack of the support of an investigative team or even a partner, I think that you performed commendably."

Marley's comment gave Jamie the opening that she needed and she explained the proposal that she had made to Kathy over breakfast.

"As you pointed out, I need support if I am to work effectively."

Marley looked at Elaine. "What do you say Elaine?"

"Just like Jamie, I was impressed with Kathy's performance. I would have no objections if Jamie thinks that Kathy can handle the job."

"What about you, Ruth?" asked Marley.

Ruth nodded carefully. "She can be aggressive and determined to the point of ruthlessness. I was concerned that might be unsuited as a sex hostess, although she has proven me wrong. As an assistant to Jamie, I am willing to add my support to retaining her."

Marley turned back to Jamie. "Things may be worse than we had originally thought. I agree that you are going to need help. I believe that I have the authority to approve your request to engage Miss Kathy Lau as your assistant, provided of course that Kathy agrees to this."

Kathy grinned. "Where do I sign?"

Marley nodded. "Good. I will finalize the details with you later. Right now, we should move

on to discuss where we stand after the events of last night and how we should proceed. Fortunately, Anastasia did not manage to hurt anyone and the attack was not seen by the member or any of the resort staff. We were therefore able to hand her over to the police with a report of threatening behavior. She became increasingly incoherent in her ravings after her detention and has boasted of her murder of Sally Young, so her own behavior plus the pendant, allowed me to point out a possible link to the cult to the police. They were happy to take it from there and are unlikely to believe any tales of a secret sex club. However, as Jamie pointed out yesterday, there is the question of how she came to be a candidate in the first place. Someone must have leaked the details of the final list of girls for yesterday's session. Presumably the recipient of that information arranged for the two girls to be killed, and for Anastasia to be introduced as one of the backup girls. We must assume that Anastasia was chosen as someone with the motivation and capability to inflict serious mayhem. I shudder to think what would have happened if her hand had not been forced and she had been able to injure or kill both Jamie and Kathy in front of the member. The scandal might have destroyed Papillon Rouge. The subsequent publicity and investigation, plus the fear that it would have caused amongst the membership would have destroyed our ability to operate."

"I'm afraid that I have more bad news," said Jamie. "I checked with my police contact this morning, and Margaret, the girl whom I replaced was found dead, murdered in her hotel room last night. The local police say it looks like a robbery gone bad, but we must assume the worst. It looks like she was also a plant by our mysterious enemy. He or she did not approve of her acceptance of Mr Marley's offer and decided to eliminate a possible weak link. She was either another killer, or just put in place to ensure that the events during the session were disclosed in the worst possible light and to prevent any possible cover up by Papillon Rouge."

Ruth pulled out the personnel files for first two dead girls, as well as those of Margaret and Anastasia. "The first thing of note is that all these files were processed by Terry Wright of Human Resources. Unless he broke procedure, he was the only one, other than Elaine and myself, to see these files. He was also the one to assign Margaret and Anastasia to this group. Second, the name of the person who introduced Margaret and Anastasia in the first place has been deleted from both the electronic and hardcopy records, presumably by Terry. This unknown person must be assumed to have ties with our enemy. Finally, Terry Wright did not report for work today. He is not answering his telephone and he did not come to the door when I sent someone around to his apartment to check. We must assume that he was alarmed by Anastasia's failure and is on the run, or his disappearance may have been part of the plan all along."

"Both Julie and Sally died around the same time. We can be sure of this as both the hit and run and the suicide plunge had witnesses who arrived on the scenes within minutes of the events. Therefore, Anastasia cannot have been the killer of Julie Parker. We therefore still have a second killer running loose, although we cannot prove this to the police. Any attempt to explain would only harm Papillon Rouge without furthering the investigation in any tangible way," said Jamie.

"Has anyone examined Terry's computer?" asked Kathy.

Elaine and Ruth looked at each other, and Marley shrugged.

"I should have thought of that. He uses a company notebook that is not allowed off the premises without prior approval. I'll have a technician bring it up," said Elaine, reaching for the telephone. Twenty minutes later, a technician arrived with the notebook. He grinned and tapped the cover of the unit. "It was locked down, and the password listed in the IT department security records did not work. Luckily Terry used a combination of his birthday and his mother's maiden name. I cracked it in ten minutes."

Elaine pulled the notebook in front of her and began searching. "Let's try his email first." She began scanning Terry's outgoing mail for unusual recipients. As Terry was an HR officer for an organization as people intensive as Papillon Rouge, there were a great deal of messages and Elaine's eyes were starting to look a bit glazed, when she suddenly straightened up and began tapping at the keyboard. "Now that's an unusual name. The subjects are different too. I'm searching now ... OK, here we go - The recipient of the e-mails was someone with the name "Moros". I assume that's a pseudonym. The email address is one of those free web based ones, so there's no way to track that

unless we bring in the NSA and FBI."

The contents of the emails sent by Terry were fairly cryptic. One read "Details of selected attached", with two encrypted files labeled 'HR01' and 'HR02' attached. The files were Blowfish encrypted, so they couldn't be read, but it was a fair assumption that they were copies of the personnel files of Julie Parker and Sally Young. Another said "M replaced last minute by Marley", and the last in the series just said "Failed".

"It's obvious what those e-mails are about, but not exactly a smoking gun. This Moros person never replies," said Elaine.

"So that's it. Terry has disappeared. We could report him to the police for some kind of crime like theft of company funds, but that would attract the kind of attention that we are trying to avoid," said Marley glumly.

Jamie pulled the notebook to her and frowned at the screen. She opened a new tab and did a search. "Moros is the Greek god of doom. Unless our friend is a serious fan of classic FPS games, I would say that he does not like us. She clicked back to the e-mail reader and on the folder listing. Suddenly she broke into a grin. "This Terry is not very bright, or he may have gotten careless because he was in a hurry. He deleted a few messages, but forgot to clear his 'Trash' folder. Have a look at this," she said, turning the screen around to face the others. On the screen was a copy of a deleted email from a travel agent with the heading "Electronic Ticket and Itinerary".

"Singapore!" cried Kathy. "We even have his hotel reservation. What an idiot!"

Marley slid a corporate credit card across the table to Jamie. "I thought that you might be needing this. I hope that both of you have a good trip."

Kathy grinned. "I'll go pack my bikini."

## Chapter Eighteen

The lights of Changi International Airport gleamed through the double layered plastic of the airliner's window as it turned into its final approach.

"Have you filled in your immigration card?" asked Kathy, sipping on her glass of wine.

"Yes, it's tucked in my passport. You've been here before. Do you think we'll have any problems with Customs?"

"Nah, not unless you packed your gun in your suitcase," said Kathy with a smile. Her eyes widened. "You didn't, did you?"

"I was tempted to try, but no I didn't. Getting arrested is not part of the plan."

Kathy looked relieved. "Arrested? Girl, it's the death penalty here for illegal possession of a firearm."

Jamie grinned. "Talk about gun control. Good thing I left my sub-machine gun at home too. Anyway, I don't think that we'll need a gun with Terry."

Touchdown was smooth and they did the usual shuffle out of the aircraft and into the terminal, and they were through immigration and customs twenty minutes later. They were traveling light, so they did not have to wait for luggage.

"We're going to need a car. Should we rent one now?" asked Jamie.

"I'm jet lagged, hungry and tired. I know Terry has a one day head start on us, but his hotel booking was for two weeks, so I don't think that we are in that much of a hurry. Lets take a taxi. We can get a car with a driver at the hotel tomorrow. If we're going to follow him around, we'll need someone who is familiar with the roads."

"Sounds like a plan," said Jamie.

The taxi swept down the East Coast expressway along the wide harbor, and soon had them at the door of the huge structure of the Marina Mandarin Hotel, where Terry was staying. They had made reservations before leaving and quickly checked in to adjoining rooms. Kathy displayed the copy of Terry's itinerary, and claiming to be his friend, obtained his room number. Jamie was pleased to discover that his room was one floor below theirs and clearly visible across the wide atrium, so keeping on eye on his movements would not be difficult.

"Wow, Terry certainly knows how to live. The rooms are great, although I'm glad that I'm not the one paying," shouted Kathy through the connecting door as she bounced on the bed. It's nearly eight p.m. and I didn't eat much on the plane. Why don't we have a hot shower and go down for dinner?"

Although the time difference meant that it was early morning in LA, Jamie was hungry too, so she agreed. Looking out the window, she gazed at the lights of the city skyline and the streams of traffic. She hoped that they would not have to tail Terry through this unfamiliar city. As they stepped out of their rooms, Jamie glanced across the atrium and was surprised to see a tall, long haired woman standing in front of Terry's door. Kathy noticed her interest and took a look too.

"Looks like Terry has ordered room service," said Kathy.

"Well at least we know what he will be doing for the next five minutes,"

Kathy grinned. "Naughty, naughty. Our friend might be a real stud. Maybe we should listen at the door."

"No, I don't think that he will be going anywhere tonight. I'll try to search his room tomorrow and plant the bugs if I get the chance. For now, lets eat."

Kathy had browsed the hotel brochure earlier and suggested that they eat in one of the hotel's restaurants. They took the elevator to level five and strolled to the Peach Blossoms restaurant. Kathy had wanted Italian, but Jamie insisted on Chinese, as she had not had any since stepping into Papillon Rouge. As they were spending the Foundation's money, they ordered way too much food and the meal was a long one. Jamie noted the entry of a casually dressed man who walked over to a man whose lapel badge bore the title "Manager". There was a short conversation and some nodding on the part of the Manager, who looked worried. As she watched the man leave

the restaurant, her instincts cried "cop". Nothing else happened, and they returned to their rooms with uncomfortably full stomachs. Kathy promised to arrange for the car and driver in the morning. She was surprised when Jamie pressed the wrong floor in the elevator, then smiled.

"A quick walk past?"

Jamie just grinned. They strolled casually down the hallway until they were near Terry's room. There was light showing under the door, so Terry was presumably still awake. Moments later, muffled groaning and the thudding sound of bodies on mattress told them that he was still busy.

"What did I tell you?" said Kathy, grinning. "A real Grade 'A' stud." She made grinding motions with her hips.

Jamie stuck out her tongue at her partner and dragged Kathy back to the elevator.

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Terry Wright sighed happily as he sipped a glass of whiskey and watched the flat screen TV. Life was good. The plans of the mysterious 'Moros' had flopped, but he, Terry, had done his part, and the balance of his money was still due to him. In the meantime, he had enough cash in hand to live the good life while he waited for someone to get in touch with him. Moros had promised not only riches, but unlimited access to the sexual services of his organization.

Then his face twisted in fury as he thought of Papillon Rouge. He remembered his anger and embarrassment when they had rejected his request to become a member. That psychological assessment was a load of shit. "Deep seated anger issues relating to the opposite sex. Inadequate social skills. Hidden tendency to violence." He knew it was that high and mighty Elaine Rutherford, and all those other lesbian bitches that had kicked him out because they were afraid of a real man. Well, he had shown them who was better, and soon he would be able to 'play' with willing, submissive girls, just like the 'members'. They were all pussies, pretending to be so special, with all their rules and faked concern for those bitches who were just in it for the money – all of them nothing but whores who deserved to have their cunts ripped apart.

His good mood came back just as suddenly. Terry laughed out loud, as he imagined the feel of the whip in his hand, the screams and the blood. The doorbell interrupted his fantasies and he felt his heart race. The 'escort' had arrived. She was expensive, but he could afford the best. He straightened his bathrobe and went eagerly to the door. A glance through the peephole revealed a young, beautiful face framed by long, shiny black hair. He unlocked the door.

"Hi, Mr Wright? I'm Cheryl from the Agency. Can I come in?"

Terry glanced behind her and saw a two women looking in his direction across the atrium. For a moment he felt a flicker of concern, then remembered that prostitution was legal in this country, and that he had paid for a double occupancy. Cheryl was definitely not under-aged, so there would be no police raid or visits from hotel security. Screw them and their smug disapproval. He turned his attention back to Cheryl, who was dressed in a variation of a business suit that no real executive would ever wear, with the too short skirt and the slightly too tight cut of the blouse and jacket. In her heels, she was as tall as he was, and he admired her firm, smooth calves and the rocking motion of her butt as she swayed her way into the room. Even her perfume smelled expensive.

"Nice room," said Cheryl, tactfully ignoring the rumpled bed and various pieces of clothing scattered over the furnishings. Getting down to business, she turned to Terry. "Can I have the money first please. Do you have any condoms? I only do it with a condom."

"Before we get to that, did the agency tell you what I want?"

Cheryl nodded. "You like rough sex and want a submissive girl."

"Are you? Submissive that is."

"Actually I don't think they have any girls like that on the register. They called me and asked if I would like to take on a special job. The fee was good, so here I am."

Terry pulled out a wad of Singapore dollars and peeled off the required amount. But as she reached for the cash, he pulled it back. "How much without condoms?"

Cheryl shook her head and held out her hand. "Only with condoms."

"Come on, I'll make it worth your while," said Terry, counting out another thousand dollars and waving the bills.

Cheryl stared at the money and then looked carefully at Terry. Finally, financial practicality won out. "OK, no condom."

"And you swallow," added Terry, enjoying the bargaining.

Already committed, Cheryl shrugged and held out her hand again. "Fine."

Terry handed over the money and then fell onto the bed. He was surprised when the prostitute smiled and said, "I'm going to take a shower now, do you want to join me?" When she took his hand and looked at him expectantly, he realized that the shower was mandatory. He followed her into the bathroom and watched as she undressed. As her clothes came off, he was pleased to see that her breasts held their shape without the bra, and her belly was smooth, flat and free of stretch marks. When her panties came off, he discovered that she was not shaved. However, the short curly strands formed a neat covering over her mound and did not hide very much. Cheryl hummed as she turned on the shower, twisted her long hair and slipped it under a shower cap. She helped him take off his robe and underpants, playfully tickling his manhood, which was rapidly stiffening in response to the proximity of her slim naked body. She wiped her lipstick off with a tissue and wrapped her arms around his neck, pressing the front of her body against his. The smell of her perfume and her naked skin filled the small room as Terry pressed his face into her neck. His hands seemed to slide naturally down to her buttocks and his fingers dug into her firm muscles. He squeezed hard, testing her. He knew that he could not get really rough with her, but she should be sufficiently entertaining until he could get hold of the real thing. Cheryl stiffened under his grip, then relaxed against him, allowing him to do as he pleased. Happy with her attitude, Terry let her pull him into the shower cubicle and soap him down. She gently and carefully bathed him, taking care to clean his penis and between his buttocks before rinsing him off. When he was done, she handed him a towel and shooed him out of the cubicle so that she could wash herself. Terry noted with approval the toothbrush, toothpaste and mouthwash that she had placed on the counter beside the sink. He waved at her and then made his way back to the bed. He opened a beer and settled himself comfortably on the bed and fantasized about Cheryl's body.

Cheryl came out of the bathroom wrapped in a fluffy white towel and swinging her hair free of the knot. She bounced over to the bed and curled up beside Terry, smelling of soap and mint. "Hi, I'm back." She started stroking his arm and shoulder, gently kneading his muscles with practiced fingers. "Would you like me to massage you first, to help you relax?"

Terry rolled onto his side and propped himself up on an elbow. He reached out and stroked her long, naked thigh, following its length up to her hip, around the back and then up to her waist. His wrist pushed her towel up and away from her body, revealing her nakedness. "Take that towel off. I want to see your body."

The towel came off, and Cheryl stretched out on the sheets with her arms above her head. Terry pressed his lips to her flat belly, savoring the feel and scent of clean feminine skin. He reached out and pulled at the far side of her hip, and she rolled over onto her side to face him. Slipping his hand between her legs, he pushed gently on her upper thigh. Cheryl obligingly lifted and bent her leg, exposing her pussy to his touch. He brushed the back of his hand over her crinkled labia, which were moist and cool from the shower where they peeped out from between her plump outer lips. He cupped her mound in the palm of his hand, enjoying the sensation of having her sex in his grasp. He gave her pussy a smack with his fingers, and watched her reaction. Cheryl uttered a tiny gasp, and then smiled at him.

"You like doing that?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes I do. I'm going to spank you harder. Get ready."

Cheryl shifted her hips nervously and braced her thighs against the urge to squeeze them together. The first smack made her wince and she crinkled her nose at the second. "That hurts."

The feeling of her soft, delicate skin meeting his fingers sent a shiver through Terry's body. Despite all his dreams, this was the first time that he had ever been able to indulge his fantasies in this way. He could hardly believe that this beautiful woman had actually allowed him to spank her

pussy. A feeling of incredible power rushed through him, more potent and stimulating than a dose of Viagra or a shot of whiskey. He slid his hand from its position between her thighs and up her body to her breast. His heart pounding, he grabbed her nipple with his fingers and squeezed. Cheryl writhed in pain and her fingers clawed at the bed sheets as she absorbed the pain of her crushed nipple. When he judged that she could bear no more, Terry relaxed his grip on her breast and sucked on her other nipple instead, gripping it gently with his teeth and enjoying her fear that he would suddenly bite down hard. However, his long abstinence had made him impatient, and he rolled over onto his back and pulled Cheryl on top of him. She in turn reached between her thighs and guided the tip of his throbbing member into her moist opening. With a gasp, she slowly impaled herself on his shaft, sliding down with a thick, liquid sound until his cock was fully embraced by her sheath. She began to ride him, rocking her hips smoothly back and forth. Her heavy breathing was suddenly interrupted by a gasp as Terry slapped her breast. A second slap, then a third, drove her breasts from side to side as he beat her in time to the rhythm of her driving hips and thighs. He could almost swear that he could feel the impact of his slaps vibrate all the way down to her pussy and into his cock. Waves of itching, tickling, wonderful pleasure rolled out from his rigid cock as it slid in and out of her cunt. Terry laughed as he realized that Cheryl's cries of pain as he beat her breasts sounded exactly the same as the moans of pleasure that she uttered when he drove his cock deep into her pussy.

Terry felt the first ripples of his orgasm, and he grabbed Cheryl by the waist and threw her onto her back. He straddled her face and plunged his slime covered cock into her mouth. "Suck!" he yelled, as he brought the flat of his hand flashing down between her legs. Her shrill cry of pain acted like a high powered vibrator that was somehow wrapped around his shaft, and his buttocks tensed as his semen began to spurt. He hit her pussy in time with his orgasmic contractions, literally pounding his seed into her body. Cheryl started to gag, and he hit her pussy again. "Swallow it; swallow it all," he yelled, red faced and shaking. When she had sucked the last drop of cum from his cock, Terry collapsed on top of the choking woman, every muscle limp and shaking.

Terry fucked her two more times during the night, getting rougher and more foul mouthed each time. Cheryl demanded another thousand dollars the next morning, and he tossed the crumpled wad of cash at her without bothering to get out of the bed.

"Fucking whores. All they want is your money," he yelled illogically as he stumbled into the bathroom. He threw Cheryl's wet towel onto the floor and stamped on it, before taking a steaming hot shower.

## Chapter Nineteen

Jamie had arranged for breakfast to be delivered early to her room, as she wanted to keep watch on Terry's door. From his reservation, they knew that his room rate included a buffet breakfast, so she and Kathy took turns hanging around in the corridors, keeping in contact through the GSM cell phones that they had bought at the airport yesterday. When she spotted the cleaners starting their rounds, Jamie had an idea and called down to the concierge. A short while later, an expensive looking fruit basket was delivered to her room along with a blank greeting card bearing the hotel logo. She scribbled "Compliments of the Marina Mandarin Hotel" on it, and then went back to her toast and coffee. Just over ten minutes later, Kathy reported Terry leaving his room, headed for the Aquamarine restaurant. The room cleaners were just two rooms away, so Jamie grabbed her bag and the fruit basket and strolled to the elevator, while Kathy followed their subject to the restaurant so that she could warn Jamie of any unexpected movements.

In the mean time, Jamie dawdled at the elevator until the cleaner had opened the door to Terry's room and she heard the sound of the vacuum cleaner. Holding the fruit basket prominently in front of her, she walked down the corridor and stopped in the open doorway. She knocked on the door and called out, "Hello, Terry, I have a surprise for you."

After a moment, the vacuum cleaner shut off and the cleaner came to the door. "I'm sorry Miss, the guest is not in his room."

"Oh dear. I was supposed to give this to him. It's a surprise from his friends for this birthday. I'm going out in a minute and I can't wait. Can I just put this on his table and leave a note?"

The cleaner looked doubtful. "I'm sorry, but I am not supposed to let other people into the room."

Jamie smiled engagingly and wiggled the basket. "It's just for a moment, and you will be here, so I can't possibly steal anything. Please? I don't want to spoil his surprise." She pulled out the ten dollar note that she had prepared and slipped it to the woman. "Please?"

The cleaner smiled and shrugged. "OK, but only one minute."

Jamie thanked her and carried the basket into the room. She put it down on the writing table next to the telephone, and fumbled with the stationery folder for a pen, which she waved at the watching cleaner. "Just writing the note." When the cleaner nodded and went back to vacuuming the floor, Jamie leaned over the table and pretended to write. Shielding her actions with her body, she removed a small radio transmitter from her handbag and glued it under the edge of the table. With her mission accomplished, Jamie tore off a page from the notepad and pretended to slip it into the basket, while actually palming it for later disposal. With a wave of thanks to the cleaning lady, Jamie returned to her room and sent a text message to Kathy. To her surprise, Kathy did not return to her room for over half a hour.

"I'm sorry, I just couldn't resist the food," said Kathy, grinning sheepishly.

"I don't understand how you stay so slim, with your appetite."

Kathy suddenly flipped over into a handstand, did a vertical push up and then flipped back over, dropping directly into a split before bounding up and back to her original position. "Unlike some people, I work hard to stay fit," she said, with a pointed glance at Jamie's butt.

Jamie gave Kathy the finger and said, "It's all muscle."

Kathy looked doubtful, but changed the subject. "I think that someone was watching Terry. There was this Chinese guy at another table who kept looking in Terry's direction."

"Maybe he's gay?"

Kathy shrugged. "I don't know. He didn't follow us out of the restaurant when Terry finished and went back to his room."

"Speaking of which ..." said Jamie, reaching for a hand sized electronic unit. She pressed a button and the sound of a TV came through the speaker. "The bug seems to be working. This memory card will hold twenty four hours of sound before it needs changing. The battery on the bug is good for a week. It's a pity we couldn't get a bug on his clothes, but it's not really practical since



no one wears a coat in this weather."

"So now we wait," said Kathy.

"Don't forget to rent the car and driver. We'll need it if Terry goes out."

"All ready done. I spoke to the concierge before I went in for breakfast," replied Kathy.

"This is exciting, like something out of one of my 'B' action movies."

"Thanks a lot," said Jamie. "Nice to know that you think we're second rate."

"No I don't. I mean, I'm not Lucy Liu and you're not Angelina Jolie, although you could say that this is a big budget production, but if it was then we should have satellite tracking and helicopters and ... "

Jamie thumped the side of her head. "Stop it, you're scrambling my brains."

After a moment of silence, Kathy said, "Do you miss it? Being a detective, I mean."

"Yes ... no ... I don't know," said Jamie, staring at the ceiling. She looked at Kathy and made a decision. "I never told you why I left the LAPD did I? Now that we are partners, I think you deserve to know." Jamie turned her eyes away and then told Kathy about Carl Steiner, her rape and the death of her partner. She told her how Marley had promised that he could help unofficially clear her name.

"That's rough. And what about Steiner? Are you going to track him down?"

"And do what? If I kill him, everyone will think that I was eliminating a witness to prevent the truth from ever coming out, and I already know that I can't prove that he raped me," said Jamie bitterly.

"Gee, all that and you agreed to join in the session at Papillon Rouge?"

Jamie shrugged. "I was desperate. But it's funny though. I was a real wreck with regards to sex after ... Steiner. No dating or even casual sex. I couldn't afford much counseling after losing my job, and starting up the PI business made finances and my self esteem even worse. But, when I joined Papillon Rouge and was forced to face up to sex, even painful sex, and to look at it as a part of a job instead of just something personal, it all changed. It should have driven me over the edge, but it didn't. I don't recommend that every rape victim try it, but I know that it did something for me. Maybe it just forced me to open myself up again. Do you know, I actually had an orgasm during the session. I had thought that I would never be able to ... " Jamie stopped, and blinked away a forming tear.

Kathy went to the bar fridge and returned with a small bottle of white wine. She poured it into two glasses and handed one to Jamie. She raised her glass and made a toast. "To us - 'A' listens all the way."

Jamie grinned. "To us," she said and slurped the wine. "Since we are a big budget production, tell the concierge to get us a fancy car. A BMW limo, or something that James Bond would ride in. We'll let Elaine scream about the cost when we get back."

They were just finishing a lunch of club sandwiches and 'satay', which was barbecued meat on wooden skewers served with a spicy peanut sauce, when the sound of a telephone ringing came over the speaker and the TV suddenly shut off. Both women leaned over the radio receiver to listen.

\*Silence\*

"Yes, this is Terry Wright. Who is this?"

\*Silence\*

"Larry? OK, Larry, do you have my ... "

\*Silence\*

"Yes, I understand we have to be careful, but what about my ... "

\*Silence\*

"Look, why can't you just bring it to my hotel?"

\*Silence\*

"Oh. Yes, of course I want to ... OK, OK, at 3 pm. Give me the address."

Jamie grinned when Terry recited the whole address twice as he wrote it down. The meeting place was a house at somewhere called Nassim Road. From Terry's side of the conversation, Jamie guessed that he had been promised more than just money for his betrayal of his employer.

"Now that we are sure that he is meeting someone, and that he is probably going to collect his payment, what do we do about it?" asked Kathy.

"Well first, we follow him and find out what we can. Get photos, license plates and anything else we can on his friends. That might help us identify Moros and tell us why they are after Papillon Rouge. Second, we can have a talk with Terry after he has the money in hand. I bet that he would not want the IRS or Homeland Security to ask him about the source of all that cash. If all else fails we can drag him into a dark spot and beat the shit out of him."

Kathy smiled. "I like the last one."

Since they were uncertain about what they might be doing in the next few hours, they both changed into designer jeans, heavy cotton shirts and walking boots. Small backpacks, guide books and cameras completed their backpacker outfits. They looked touristy and fairly inconspicuous, but were ready for physical activity as well. Kathy had suggested the expensive branded clothing, claiming that they would let them fit in if they had to hang around shopping malls or follow Terry into a restaurant or bar. At 1.45 pm they went down to the lobby and Kathy went to get their car. In the meantime, Jamie sat down with a magazine and kept a look out for Terry. Just after 2.00 pm, Terry stepped out of the elevator and headed for the taxi stand. Jamie followed him out and spotted Kathy standing beside a BMW 7 series limousine that had a middle aged Chinese man behind the wheel. She walked casually to the car and climbed into the back, quickly followed by Kathy.

"Jamie, this is Lim, our driver."

"Hello," said Lim, smiling pleasantly. "Where would you like to go?"

"Um, this is a little complicated. We are going to Nassim Road. Do you know it?" said Jamie.

"Yes of course. It's a very high class residential area. Lots of embassies. Are you visiting a friend?" said Lim, starting the car.

"Sort of. Don't move off yet. Do you see that man in the taxi queue wearing a white and yellow polo shirt? Well, we need to follow him when he gets in a taxi."

"But you know that he is going to Nassim Road?" asked Lim, looking confused.

"That's right. Look, I'm a private investigator from the US. Here is my license. I've been hired to follow that man. Don't worry, he's not dangerous. It's got something to do with sex," said Jamie, winking at the driver. Fortunately, Lim did not seem inclined to ask any more questions. He nodded and just watched the taxi stand. Terry was third in line and it was not long before he climbed into a blue taxi with the initials NTUC on the door. The taxi pulled away and their BMW followed suit. The traffic was fairly heavy, so it was not difficult for Lim to stay one car behind the taxi. They drove along the wide, tree lined roads and most of the cars seemed to be going in the same direction as they were. She asked Lim about it.

"We're headed for the center of the city, especially popular with visitors and shoppers. We will be passing the Botanic Gardens soon. You should take a look when you have finished working. Nice orchids."

Then they turned into Nassim Road, which turned out to be fairly long and straight. Terry's taxi had slowed down, obviously looking for the right house, and then it stopped. Terry paid the taxi driver and went up to the high iron gate. The house was large, three stories high, with spacious grounds. Kathy estimated 18,000 to 20,000 square feet. After a minute, they saw a man walking down the driveway towards the gate. Jamie cautiously thrust the long lens of her Nikon camera out of the side window and took some photographs of the man as Terry spoke to him. Then gate opened to let Terry in, and the two men went into the house.

"What do we do now? He could be in there for days," said Kathy.

"This whole area is pretty quiet, and the fence is low. We should be able to get into the grounds and out again without being spotted. We might find out more about the occupants," suggested Jamie.

Before Kathy could reply, their driver turned around in his seat and said, "I don't think so. Please just stay where you are."

Jamie frowned at the interruption and she started to tell him to mind his own business, but

her mouth closed with a snap when she saw the gun in his hand.

## Chapter Twenty

Terry looked around, admiring the lush gardens and the beautifully finished house as he followed the man up to the main door. It was apparent that his new sponsors did not lack money and were not afraid to spend it. He was led to the living room, where his guide knocked on the door and then indicated that Terry should go in. He stepped into the room and heard the door close quietly behind him. The room was relatively dark and the air conditioner was going full blast, making it a stark contrast to the heat outside. Heavy curtains covering all the windows except the one directly facing the door. The glare from this uncovered opening made Terry squint, and he could just make out the figure of a man standing in front of the window.

"Ah, Mr Wright. Welcome to Singapore," said the figure in a European accented voice.

"Uh, Hi. The guy on the phone said that I would get my payment here."

"Indeed. Your assistance was most useful to us, although the operation did not go quite as planned. I hope, for your sake, that this was not due to any indiscretion on your part?"

Something in the man's voice made Terry break out in a sweat. All of a sudden, he realized that he was alone in a foreign country, in a house full of people who had displayed an almost casual willingness to have people killed. "N ...no, of course not. I did as I was told. They didn't suspect a thing until I left, and for all I know they are still waiting for me to come back to work. Look, I earned my money, and I want it now."

Suddenly, like a beam of light shining through ice, a smile appeared on the man's face. "Of course you do. There it is. Take it," he said, pointing to a briefcase on a table to the left of the uncurtained window.

Terry hurried over to the case and opened it, all the while glancing apprehensively over his shoulder at the nameless man. Neat stacks of money in denominations of twenty and fifty dollars lined the inside of the briefcase. He quickly flipped through a random selection of stacks, but did not have the courage to try to determine if the notes were counterfeit or if the exact amount was there. He frowned when he saw a small transparent plastic bag. "What's this?"

The man smiled. "Call it a little bonus. If you like the quality we can sell you some more."

"Thanks, but I think that I'll keep the money," said Terry, realizing that they would prefer that he took payment in drugs rather than cash. He hurriedly closed and locked the case, and then turned and headed for the door with the case gripped tightly in his hand. He jerked to a halt when the man spoke again.

"Don't you want the rest of your reward?" There was a hint of amusement in the man's voice. "The women?" he prompted when he saw Terry's confused expression.

At the mention of women, Terry's lust and greed returned, overcoming his momentary panic. "The women ... ah, yes of course. You mean you have them here?" he asked, his eyes gleaming.

"Indeed we do, Mr Wright. Please enjoy yourself in any way that you like. Just go out and Patrick will take you to them. He will also give you some numbers to call in several countries, whenever you feel the need," the man said, with an emphasis on the last word.

Terry eagerly rushed out of the room. The man who had met him at the gate, Patrick he assumed, was waiting for him. "You're supposed to take me to the women."

Looking bored, Patrick nodded and handed Terry a slip of paper. "The telephone numbers you need. Just give them your name and they'll know what to do. Now follow me." He led Terry up a flight of stairs and to the locked door of what Terry assumed was a bedroom. He thumped on the door with his fist and then fished out a heavy key chain from his pocket. He pushed the door open and turned to Terry. "Pick one, or two if you like."

Peering over Patrick's shoulder, Terry saw that the large room was lined with sofas, chairs and cushions. There was a TV set in one corner and a music system beside it. The door swung wider and he realized that there were about twenty young women occupying the room. Urged on by Patrick, he went through the door to be greeted by the curious stares of the women. They were a mixture of races, shapes and sizes, but all were attractive, and all looked scared. Like a boy in a toy

store, he found it impossible to choose, even though he heard the enforcer shuffle impatiently behind him.

"Don't worry. They'll all do whatever you tell them. Am I right girls?" said Patrick, shouting his question to the girls.

All the girls nodded, some nervous, others sullen, but all of them undeniably frightened of this man and what he represented.

Unable to delay his decision any longer, Terry pointed at a tall, dark haired woman who looked like she came from Eastern Europe or Russia. She was quite slim, but had large dark eyes and a beautiful face.

"That's Zoe. A good choice. She's new, only arrived last week," said Patrick. "Zoe, you treat Terry good, you hear? The boss says to give him anything he wants, so I don't want to hear any complaints, otherwise we might pay a visit to your little sister."

Zoe cowered under Patrick's glare and nodded. "Please, no. I am a good girl. I will make Mr Terry very happy."

"Just one?" asked Patrick.

Terry struggled with temptation for a moment, then nodded. "Yes, just Zoe."

Patrick shrugged and motioned for Zoe to follow them. When they were all out of the holding room, he carefully locked the door and led Terry down the corridor to another bedroom. "Everything you need is inside. The room is soundproofed, so you don't have to worry about noise. Try not to kill or maim the girl - the boss gets upset when there is a mess. Use the intercom to call me when you are finished."

"How long do I have?"

"Zoe is not scheduled to go anywhere for a while. Take as long as you like. Let me know if you decide to stay the night. I don't advise falling asleep in the same room as her unless you tie her up really well. We have had some nasty accidents that way," said the guard, leering suggestively at Terry's crotch. He opened the door and ushered the couple in and then locked it behind them.

Terry found himself in a huge, luxuriously furnished bedroom. An open door offered a glimpse at a proportionately large bathroom, with a walk-in closet next to it. Looking around, he found a table where he carefully placed his precious briefcase full of money. He looked at the bed, imagining the action that was going to happen on it very soon. He suddenly realized that he was avoiding the moment of confrontation. Despite all his bluster and dreams, he had never actually had a woman subservient to him in this manner and deep down, he feared that she would laugh at him. He took a deep breath and turned to face Zoe, who was still waiting nervously by the door. The sight of her anxious face brought Terry's confidence rushing back and he had to hide a wide grin at the sight of her beauty. "Come here," he said, gesturing at the polished wooden floor in front of him. Zoe did as she was told, rubbing the palms of her hands on her dress. "Do you know what I want?"

Zoe nodded. "You want to beat me, fuck me," she replied. "Please do not kill me. I will be good, make you very happy," she said with a timid smile.

At her words, Terry felt an amazing rush of power. This lovely woman actually thought that he might kill her, and yet she still stood there obediently. It never occurred to his lust filled mind that this was an indication of the terror that she felt for the organization that held her in its power. He twirled his finger at her. "Turn around. Let me see how you look."

Zoe slowly turned around to present him with her back. Her dress had a low cut neckline, which plunged almost to her waist at the rear. The skin of her neck and back was pale and alabaster smooth. Terry's cock stiffened at the thought of marring that smoothness with burning red whip marks. She jumped when he touched her skin, sliding his hand down the subtle indentation of her spine, all the way to the curve of her buttocks. He touched her shoulder and she continued her turn to face him once more. Without warning, Terry slapped her face with his open palm. Zoe staggered backwards in shock, her hand rising to cover her reddened cheek. Strands of her long hair fell across her face as if it would shield her from another blow. Her dark eyes moistened with tears, but she quickly straightened and stepped back to her position in front of him. Terry grinned in triumph

as he reached out to touch the bruise on her face. He felt like a god when she did not turn away from his touch. "Strip. Take off your clothes. All of them."

Zoe's eyes closed for a second as she braced herself to pass the threshold of her humiliation. She had seen men like Terry before in her home town. Little men, with big egos that could only be fed by the pain of others, especially women. She had survived through her teens amongst those men, and she would survive now. She undressed quickly, without trying to tease, as she guessed that Terry would interpret any delay as insubordination. She paused in just her bra and panties to allow him to appreciate the view, before quickly taking off the last of her garments. She kept her shoes on as they made her legs look better. Her nipples tingled as she faced him without the armor of her clothes. "Do you like?" she asked, indicating her naked body. The leer on Terry's face was a clear indication of his approval.

"Nice tits. I bet your boyfriends just love them. I bet they would do anything just to have a look at them."

Zoe could see where this was going, so she was not surprised when Terry lashed out with his hand. The slap landed on the side of her breast with a sharp crack and she had to spread her feet to brace against the impact. He back handed her other breast with equal force and laughed as he watched her breasts jerk and quiver.

"Does that hurt?"

Zoe nodded.

"Good. That's what those tits are good for. Nature's punching bags, that's what they are," he said, giggling at his own joke. "Stick them out more. Don't you dare try to hide them from me."

Zoe shook her head. "No Mr Terry, I do not hide my breasts. You can hit them as much as you like. Please."

Taking her at her word, Terry hit her tits again, this time using both hands. He slammed them down, flattening her breasts against her chest, and then up, making them bounce wildly. Zoe clenched her fists and her breath hissed through clenched teeth as the man beat her beautiful breasts, turning their skin a bright, flaming red. Her nipples tingled in anticipation, as she knew that they would be the next to suffer his attentions. Men always went for the nipples. Sure enough, Terry reached out to grab both her nipples. Squeezing hard, he twisted and pulled up, lifting Zoe up onto her toes. She made the sounds of pain that she knew he wanted to hear, and was gratified to see the enjoyment in his eyes. Her nipples did hurt, but she had learned as a child that her tormentors demanded a certain amount of sound as proof of their ability to hurt her. Stoicism only earned her more punishment. He made her dance, guiding her like a puppet through the agonizing grip on her nipples, grunting in satisfaction at her pleas and her pained expression. He let her drop when his arms started to get tired. Zoe's sigh of relief changed to groan of agony when Terry punched her in the stomach. She folded around his fist as her knees gave way and she slumped to the floor. She felt him kick her in the thigh as she gasped for breath.

"Stop faking. I didn't hit you that hard. Get up, unless you want me to ask for a different girl."

Terrified, Zoe staggered to her feet, her hands pressed to her bruised belly. "I'm sorry, I'm doing my best, please do not tell them. I will do anything you want."

"OK, I'll give you another chance. Spread your feet and open your cunt with your fingers. I want your clit sticking right out as if you are trying to touch me with it. Hurry up, let's see some enthusiasm."

The panting woman did as she was told, pulling her outer labia back as hard as she could and pushing the moist bud of her clitoris out like a tiny pointing finger. Terry noted that her inner labia were surprisingly large in contrast to her slim build, thrusting out boldly from her body. He stared silently at her exposed sex, allowing Zoe's fear and anticipation to build.

"Show me how willing you are. I want to hurt your cunt and clitoris. Give me some ideas. Tell me what I should do to really make you scream, and they better be good ideas, or I will cut one of your tits off."

Zoe felt her legs tremble as she broke out in a nervous sweat. She felt so terribly exposed and vulnerable, with her clit sticking out obscenely. She knew that this plump, nerdy looking man wanted her to suggest terrible things, and she feared that she would not be able to stand the pain. But she also knew that if she wanted to live to see tomorrow, she had no choice but to please him. Women who failed the Organization were of no value and were punished in horrible ways to serve as object lessons for the others. Driven by a fear greater than Terry could imagine, Zoe's mind worked frantically to come up with ideas that would satisfy him but not permanently mutilate her. Her searching eyes fell on the work desk by the wall and the wet bar across the room.

"Well?" asked Terry impatiently.

"Please, I have good ideas. Much fun for you and pain for me. I need some things from the table and bar. Can I go and take them?"

Zoe's words made his heart pound and he nodded eagerly. "Yes, go ahead."

The frightened woman moved quickly to gather a collection of items which she put on a serving tray borrowed from the wet bar and then scurried back to the waiting Terry. She held out the tray on one hand and used the other to point out each tool as she described their intended use. "This bottle of Tabasco hot sauce and this steel stirrer are for torturing my vagina. First pour the sauce into my vagina. This will burn very much. The stirrer has a small spoon at the end. You can put it inside me to scrape and tear the skin. There will be very good pain when the sauce touch the cuts. Do you like?" she asked hopefully.

Terry wiped the sweat from the top of his lip and grinned. "That is a good start. If the rest is as good I may not kill you."

Zoe smiled gratefully. "Thank you sir. This next one is to torture my pussy lips. I have big lips so is good for play," she said, anxiously glancing up at Terry's face to see how her comment had been received. She almost shook with relief when he smiled encouragingly. "These three things make good torture. This heavy paperweight has a hook shape at the top. I use this string and make loops. Then you use this ... this ... " She pointed helplessly at the item on the tray.

"Stapler," said Terry, licking his lips.

"Yes, stapler. Use stapler to fix loops to pussy lips. Then hook paperweight on loop and let drop. This will pull staple out of pussy lip. Good torture, yes?" asked Zoe eagerly.

To Terry, it seemed almost as if she was eager to suffer the awful punishments that she was describing, and it drove him wild with lust.

Zoe picked up a roll of sticky tape, a small metal document clip, a paper clip and a disposable gas cigarette lighter. "This is for clitoris torture. My clitoris is very, how you say, sensational ... no, sensitive. Yes, that is correct. Very sensitive. I feel very much even small touch on my clitoris. Very easy to make hurt. I show you how to make clitoris hurt good. Also good game, much fun for Mr Terry." With that she stopped, waiting hopefully for Terry's approval.

"Good, good. I'm pleased with your ideas. But can you actually carry them out? Can you do them all?"

"Please, I want to make you happy. Sit down on the chair and I will show you the first torture." While Terry seated himself in front of her on an armless metal framed chair, Zoe set aside the tray and prepared the items that would be used to hurt the intimate passage of her vagina. She laid out several small towels that she had appropriated from the wet bar on a second chair, as she anticipated quite a mess. With everything ready, she faced Terry with her feet spread apart and the bottle of Tabasco in one hand. She sat down on a second chair and lifted her feet up onto the seat, with her knees spread wide. Using two fingers, she spread her labia apart. "Can you see my vagina?" she asked.

Terry nodded, staring at her moist pink opening. Despite his time at Papillon Rouge, he had never actually witnessed Female Genital Torture, as he liked to think of it. He had once tried to sneak into the security offices to use the monitors, but he was spotted and issued a reprimand. He laughed as he looked at the woman in front of him, ready and willing to torture her sex for his pleasure. If only they could see him now!

Bracing herself, physically and mentally, Zoe jammed the slim neck of the uncapped

Tabasco bottle into her pussy, knowing that her watcher would appreciate the rough violation of her body. She jerked the bottle quickly in and out, as if masturbating with a small glass dildo. In reality, she was shaking the red, burning liquid contents out of the bottle and spreading it all over the walls of her sensitive vagina. In just a few moments, she began to feel the sting of the hot sauce. At first it almost felt icy cold, as the mucous membranes that lined her vagina reacted to the chemical attack. The thin, delicate skin tingled sharply, like a million frigid needles piercing her all at once. Then the burning heat began, tearing at her flesh, causing a sudden, agonizing cramp in her belly. Her face went pale and sweat beaded her forehead as she gasped and panted. "There is much pain in my pussy now. It is like a fire burns inside my hole," she said to the man who savored her discomfort.

Terry watched her suffering in fascination. It was better than he had dreamed, and he felt the need for more torture, more damage.

Zoe's hand reached out to him, holding the long, metal stirrer. "You scratch my vagina now. The hot sauce will hurt very much," she said.

Terry grasped the metal rod in a shaking hand, his fingers squeezing down on the plastic handle so hard that he thought he might leave dents in the rigid black material. Finally, he was going to experience the joy of inflicting pain on the cunt of a sexy bitch who would never, ever have slept with him if she had the choice. Now he was going to make her beg him to hurt her cunt. By God, she would even tell him how happy she was that he was doing it to her. "Well, open up your hole. Wider than that, how do you expect me to stick this into your cunt if you hide your hole like a fucking virgin. I thought that you wanted to please me. Don't you want me to scratch your cunt?"

The European woman's eyes widened in indignation and panic. "Yes, yes I want very much for you to scratch my cunt. Please, see, I open it wide for you. The sauce makes my cunt very itchy. Please scratch it for me. Scratch it hard." True to her word, she pulled her pussy wide apart, revealing the reddened and irritated tissues of her vagina, that was dripping wet with a mixture of the Tabasco and the juices that her pussy was frantically producing in reaction to the stinging chemical attack.

With a hand that was shaking with excitement, Terry reached out with the metal implement and prodded her flesh with the cup shaped tip of the stirrer. Zoe twitched at the touch of the cold metal, but then smiled at him in encouragement.

"That's right. You are touching my hole. Push it in and you can start hurting me. I want you to do it, to reach deep into my cunt hole and scratch my tender pussy." Zoe's voice suddenly cut off as Terry brutally shoved the metal probe into her vagina. She grunted as the blunt end of the shaft thumped painfully against her cervix. She felt the stirrer move about inside her as Terry probed her cavity, feeling the alignment of the small bent spoon that tipped the shaft. After a moment, he felt the front edge of the spoon press firmly against the wall of Zoe's vagina. He applied pressure with his fingers, digging the metal edge into her flesh. He savored the frightened expression on her face as he began to scrape the sharp edged metal across the ridged surface of the woman's vagina. The initial pain caused by the scraping was not very significant compared to the burn of the Tabasco sauce. However, after a moment, the metal began to rip the skin, removing the protective membranes that lined the vagina and exposing the raw, bleeding tissues underneath to the sting of the sauce. To Zoe, it felt like fresh lines of fire were being painted on the inside of her vagina and she almost could believe that he was using a knife rather than a blunt spoon. Her toes went white as they curled tight, as she fought to keep still and spread wide, and completely open to his attack. She whimpered as Terry continued to rip at her flesh, cutting bleeding lines all around the inner surface of her swollen vagina. But she knew that he wanted more. Just like the street thugs of her home town, he wanted her submission and for her to acknowledge his power over her body.

Forcing her voice to remain steady, Zoe struggled to please her torturer. "Oh, ow, ow, yes that hurts very much. You are breaking my pussy. I can feel the skin tear. The pain is so bad. Please torture my cunt as much as you want if it makes you happy. Yes, it hurts so good. See how wide I open my dirty hole for you to punish."

Small trickles of blood ran from the opening of Zoe's vagina, and Terry stared at them in



fascination. The feel of her intimate flesh giving way under the steel tool in his hand was like a drug that flowed into the veins of his arm and up into his brain. The woman was slowly squirming on the chair as the injuries to her vagina added sharp spikes of agony to the steady burning of the capsaicin and vinegar. Despite the excitement that he was feeling from this torture, Terry suddenly felt the need for a more visual stimulation and decided to move on the second "game". He tossed the stirring spoon aside and pointed at the stapler. "Let's do that now."

Despite the pain in her groin that made her want to curl up and clutch her abdomen, Zoe forced herself to smile and nodded eagerly. In fact, the first torture had not really ended for her as the hot sauce and the wounds in her vagina still continued to burn even as she prepared herself for the next torture. It was fortunate for Terry that he could not see her hate filled face as she bend down to pick up the stapler and other items. While she was doing this, Terry arranged the two chairs side by side, with a space in between them sufficient for the paper weight to swing freely and to drop when released. Zoe handed him the items as she climbed up on the chairs. He examined the stapler and noted that the staples were of medium sized and would straighten up with the application of a reasonable amount of force, especially as they would not fully fold due to the thickness of the string. He did not want to rip Zoe's labia to shreds at this time, as he had many more games in mind for the rest of the evening, and the idea of her cunt lips looking like raw meat did not appeal.

"You want me to squat?" asked Zoe, wincing from the pain in her vagina caused by her climbing onto the chairs.

"Yes, one foot on each chair. I want those pussy lips really sticking out."

The slim woman did as she was told. The space between the chairs ensured that her thighs were stretched tautly apart and her pussy clearly exposed. Reddish drops of Tabasco streaked with the brighter red of fresh blood dripped from her gaping hole. The muscles of her thighs trembled from the strain and shock. She watched apprehensively as Terry approached her with the stapler, string and paperweight. She prayed that he would just use the loops that she had fashioned and only pierce her four times with the stapler. The Tabasco torture had made her labia minora stiffly swollen and she shivered when she felt the cold metal of the stapler engulf her flesh. Using his other hand, Terry slipped the loop of string in between the twin spikes of the staple. Once everything was in place, he looked up at Zoe's face as he slowly closed the jaws of the stapler, took a firm grip and then slammed the hinged pieces of metal together with a crushing squeeze of his fingers. Like a miniature reversal of the monster from the movie "Alien", the inner jaws of the stapler drove the fangs of the staple around the string and punched them through Zoe's flesh with a muffled snap as they sunk into the head of the device. In addition to the pain caused by the simultaneous driving of two metal shafts through extremely sensitive flesh, the stapler also crushed the same spot like a tiny metal press. Zoe's teeth bared in a snarl of agony and her hair was flung back by the tossing of her head. Her fingernails sunk deep into her thighs, drawing spots of blood as she struggled against the ferocious pain. Terry allowed the stapler to snap open and grinned in anticipation as he stared at the loop of string that was now firmly fastened to Zoe's body. A second snap and Zoe cried out as another staple punched through her body, leaving a dangling loop. She began panting and moaning as Terry inserted the third and fourth staples, with each piercing drawing a sharp, high pitched cry from her. With his grisly bit of handicraft done, Terry leaned back to appreciate his work. Four white, bloodstained loops now depended from Zoe's large crinkled labia, and her violent trembling made them shake like exotic vines from an unworldly forest.

"This is your idea, so what do we do next?" asked Terry, deliberately forcing the suffering woman to ask for more pain.

Zoe sniffled and took a deep, shuddering breath. She gathered her strength and forced a semblance of enthusiasm back into her voice. "Now comes more fun for you sir. You take the paper weight and fix it to one of the strings. Then push the bottom of the weight half way into my pussy hole. Then you take your hand away. The weight is smooth and my pussy cannot hold it very long. Soon it slips out and drops to the ground and pulls out staple. Big surprise for Zoe. Much pain."

The torture was fiendish in its simplicity and Terry was amazed that Zoe had been able to

think it through on the spur of the moment. Aside from the pain of having the staple ripped out of her labia, Zoe would be forced to hold on desperately to the paper weight with her vagina, and would be faced with the fear and anticipation of failure as the cramping muscles of her vagina finally allowed the weight to slide out of her passage and drop. Like a boy with a birthday present, Terry eagerly attached the paper weight to the first loop and then ungently shoved the heavy irregular cylinder into Zoe's vagina. He took care not to completely insert the object, so that she was forced to grip the smooth sides with her muscles instead of just holding it inside her body. Zoe gasped as she squeezed down as hard as she could, making her abdominal muscles ripple with the strain. Despite her best efforts, the heavy metal object slowly began to slide out of her cunt and she sobbed with frustration as she felt the cold metal slip. Finally, there was only a finger's width left inside her passage and her eyes squeezed tight as she fought the deadly pull of gravity. Then there was a moist pop and the paper weight dropped free. Zoe's eyes opened wide, realizing the consequences of failure. So great was their concentration, that the weight almost seemed to both of them to be falling in slow motion, and for a fraction of a second it looked as if nothing would happen. Then suddenly the weight reached the end of the string tether. Zoe's labia stretched out as if it were elastic, and the string went taut. There was a heavy jerk that ran up through her entire body as the arms of the staple bent and straightened, but not before gouging two deep cuts in her labia. The metal pin ripped out of her flesh and the weight fell the final few inches to the floor. The thump as it struck the ground added a strange bass note to Zoe's scream. Through an extreme effort of will she held her position, managing it so well that the heavy, glistening red drops of blood that fell from her torn labia landed on the paper weight. Terry picked up the weight and examined the blood that stained the metal. He touched it with his finger tip and sniffed the metallic smell of it, then watched as another drop landed on the floor. Shaking himself, Terry removed the string and lifted the weight to the next loop. Zoe groaned as he slipped the blood streaked weight back into her vagina. Stress and exhaustion made it increasingly difficult for her to concentrate on squeezing the muscles of her vagina, which were beginning to cramp from the unusual amount of use that they were being put through. The weight slipped almost half way out almost immediately as she fought the futile battle to prevent it from dropping. Instead of holding it in, a badly timed squeeze actually forced the weight out of her pussy like the cork from a champagne bottle and she screamed again as the second staple was ripped from her other labia. Despite her fierce determination to please her torturer and thus avoid even worse punishment from her "owners", Zoe was unable to do much more than hold still, with tears running down her face as Terry did the last two loops. She was so tired and in so much pain that she could not even make a show of holding on to the weight with her vagina, and it just dropped as soon as Terry released it. Blood was dripping from her torn labia in a steady patter of drops and she was shaking so hard that she was having difficulty staying on the chairs.

Zoe's apparent lack of enthusiasm and cooperation angered Terry, who slapped at her inner thigh peevishly. However, he realized that pushing her beyond her limits would not be in his interests, at least for now, so he ordered her off the chairs with a scowl and permitted her a moment of rest. He could not help but add a threat that if her performance did not improve he might decide to become more violent or request a change of girl.

Huddled on the floor, Zoe nodded numbly, her hands pressed between her legs in an attempt to staunch the bleeding. Despite the pain and exhaustion, Zoe was actually relatively pleased with the way things were going. She had managed to avoid serious injury so far by keeping the man entertained and he had not yet pushed her to her limits. With a little rest and the chance to gather herself, she knew that she could carry on for a fair while longer. Glancing at Terry's crotch, she prayed that his lust and excitement would drive him to an orgasm before she broke. The man did not look to be a sexual athlete and it was likely that a good climax could put him to sleep. He might even lose interest in torturing her further once his lust was sated. Zoe came from a world where survival from day to day was the only objective and where life and death was often decided by a stranger's whim. Anger, and a fierce determination drove her to continue living from childhood and into her womanhood, under constant beatings and harsh treatment in an even harsher environment. She was determined that she would not die now. Taking a deep breath, Zoe gathered her resources

and rose to her feet. She knew that Terry had been displeased by her performance on the last two loops, even though her failure had largely been due to physical limits rather than a lack of will, and she wanted to get him back in a happy mood before he lost his erection. She walked towards Terry, swaying her hips and sliding her thighs across each other sexily despite the aching pain that it caused her abused pussy.

"I am sorry I disappoint you. But there is still my little clitoris. So delicate, so sensitive. That is where a woman really should be tortured. Come, make me scream for you. I give you the most secret part of my body to hurt as you will. My clitoris is waiting for you. See, I make it stand up for you," said Zoe as she peeled back the fleshy hood to expose her clit and rubbed it with the tip of her finger. The friction of her dry fingertip on her clit felt like sandpaper and she shivered from the toe curling excess of stimulation as her clit swelled from the harsh irritation. To Terry it looked like she was getting really excited from the thought of having her clit tortured. He felt his excitement returning as he listened to the woman talk, and he allowed her to lead her back to the middle of the room.

"You will see, it is a very good game. This metal clip goes on my clitoris. Much pain. The string is tied to the clip and down to the telephone directory on the floor. I must drag the directory from here to there using only my clit. Big pain, but not so exciting, yes? That is why we have the lighter. Use sticky tape to fix lighter to the string, just under the clip. Turn on fire, and jam lighter with paper clip so fire stays on. Now I must move quickly or clip gets very hot and burns my clit. But move too quick and clip pulls off of clit and I must start again from beginning. Very cruel torture. I move slow and clitoris burns. I move fast, perhaps clip comes off and torture starts again. Good, yes?"

Terry nodded eagerly, his anger forgotten. "Let me see your clit."

Zoe smiled, knowing that he was pacified, at least for the moment. Standing straight, with her weight on the balls of her feet to show off her legs to best advantage, she carefully peeled back her pussy lips and once again presented Terry with her clit. He knelt down and studied her proffered bud carefully. Reaching out with a finger, he jabbed at it and giggled when Zoe flinched at his rough touch. He scratched lightly at her clit with his fingernail and was delighted to see goose pimples appear all over her thighs. He scratched harder, with a swift flick of his finger and Zoe's entire body jerked as if he had subjected her to an electrical shock. There was no doubt that her clitoris was exquisitely sensitive. He stood up and nodded at her. "OK, go ahead."

Zoe grinned happily and gestured at the items at her feet. She picked up the black metal clip and pressed the chromed steel handles experimentally, as if demonstrating its function to Terry. In reality, she was pressing on it as hard as she could, bending the metal apart and very slightly loosening the grip of the clip. Then she slipped the string through the loops of both handles and then tied it off. Bending down, she quickly wrapped the other end of the string around the telephone directory and then adjusted the length of the string so that the clip came level with her pussy before tying the knot. Finally, she held up the lighter. She flicked the ignition wheel and a flame appeared with a tiny pop. She pushed the bent paper clip into the mechanism and after a moment, found the right spot to jam the gas release lever. The odor of burnt fuel provided an ominous warning as she snuffed the flame and carefully attached the lighter to the string with the sticky tape in such a way that the flame would lick across the back of the clip. It would only take a minute for the metal clip to become painfully hot when the lighter was activated again. Once everything was ready, Zoe turned around, walked ten paces and marked a line on the floor with the remainder of the sticky tape. This would be her finishing line. She returned to the torture device and looked at Terry. "Would you like to put the clip on my clitoris?" she asked.

Naturally Terry agreed eagerly and knelt down in front of her. Once again Zoe pulled her labia apart to expose her clit, but this time it was met with the chilling touch of the black metal clip. After making sure that her sex bud was well placed between the flat jaws of the clip, he carefully allowed the jaws to close on her flesh. Zoe gasped in pain when his fingers released the handles and her clit was crushed by the full force of the clip, but she knew that this was only the beginning of her suffering. Reaching down, she gripped the lighter in one hand and the paper clip in the other.

With a firm stroke of her finger, she ignited the lighter and quickly jammed the paper clip into the mechanism to prevent the flame from shutting off. She released the lighter leaving the flame to dance over the back of the clip just as intended, and she turned to Terry with a manic grin. "Ready, steady, go!" she cried, as she began to inch backwards. The line went taut and the weight of the telephone book pulled on the clip. Zoe's clitoris stretched out painfully under the tension, and the edges of the clip tore at the super sensitive skin of her clit. She grunted as the pain hit her and she fought the conflicting desires to stop pulling against the book and the panicked desire to scuttle backwards quickly as she imagined the metal of the clip turning red hot. Using the most painful method imaginable, Zoe began to drag the telephone book slowly across the floor of the room, her hands clenched into whitened fists. It felt like her clitoris was being ripped from her body, and the agony seared through all the nerves of her abdomen. Her bare feet felt every bump and irregularity of the floor and she imagined them magnified a thousand fold when they met the dragging book.

Terry began clapping and cheering her on, as if he was a spectator at a tug of war. When she had moved about five feet towards the finishing line, he could bear it no longer and whipped out his cock, which he pumped rhythmically in time to his chants. Every line of Zoe's body vibrated with agony and strain as she painfully tugged her load. About midway down the course, the clip became hot enough to singe her skin and a new element of pain lashed at her. Panic made great drops of sweat run down her back as she imagined her clit being seared off of her body. Staggering backwards as fast as she dared, Zoe felt the edges of her labia, that wrapped around the metal of the clip, begin to burn. The pain was already so great around her clit that she could not tell how much additional damage was being done by the heat. Feeling like her pussy had been thrust in a furnace, Zoe labored on, pulling madly, and not even aware that she was uttering a high, terrified wail.

Terry was about to explode and only held on to see her cross the finishing line. When the book finally crossed the line, Zoe turned to him and begged frantically to be allowed to remove the clip. He screamed at her to wait, even though he could smell the odor of burning flesh. He reached out with his free hand and gripped the line tied to the clip. With a violent jerk, he ripped the clip off of Zoe's clitoris, making her collapse screaming to the floor. He straddled her convulsing body and his cock burst out with a stream of stick white cum, which he directed over her face and breasts. His orgasm was so intense that he fell to his knees.

Zoe moaned and sobbed as she held her burned pussy. She had hoped that Terry would be sated after he came, but instead he became irrationally angry.

"Stop making that noise," he screamed. When she continued to moan, he jumped up and grabbed a pair of scissors from the desk. "All that fucking noise over your useless clit. Why don't I cut it off right now so you won't be bothered by it any more."

Zoe screamed in panic and slapped at Terry as he knelt beside her. Terry slapped her across the face and she fell back, tasting the blood where her teeth had cut the inside of her mouth.

"Shut up and open you legs. I'm going to cut off you clit. If you keep struggling, I'll call in the guard and have him help me break your arms and legs as well."

Panting like a trapped animal, Zoe spread her legs, whimpering and pleading with the maddened man all the while. She knew that the people in this house were quite capable of breaking all her bones and beating her to death, so she had no choice but to allow Terry to mutilate her sex. Her eyes widened in fear as he peeled back her burnt labia and placed her clit between the jaws of the scissors.

Suddenly, the door to the bedroom crashed open and an unknown oriental man stood framed in the doorway.

"Who the fuck are you?" snarled Terry. "Can't you seen that I'm busy," he said, waving the scissors threateningly. His mouth dropped open in surprise when the man produced an automatic pistol.

"Police officer. Drop the scissors immediately and lie face down on the floor."

The look on the man's face quickly decided Terry, who allowed the scissors to fall and lowered himself to the ground next to Zoe, who had gone silent with the sudden change in situation. She had little trust in policemen, but for now, the situation seemed to have improved in her favor.

She realized that the man was looking at her and she quickly closed her legs with a hiss of pain.

"I'm sorry Miss. I could not intervene until it seemed that he was actually going to attack you with the intent to cause serious harm. I could not risk him claiming that the two of you were just involved in some kind of voluntary sex games. You will receive medical attention as soon as I have dealt with this man and we have confirmed that the entire house is secure."

Terry gasped. "You were listening to us?"

"Yes, we have had microphones planted in the house for several days now. Unfortunately, the gang were very careful about what they discussed and we had nothing that would justify risking a raid. Until you came. If nothing else we have them for various sex related offenses and we have you for criminal assault." The officer stopped to listen to his radio ear piece and nodded in satisfaction. He glanced angrily at the bleeding woman and turned back to Terry with a savage grin. "You are under arrest."

## Chapter Twenty-One

"You're a policeman?" spluttered Kathy indignantly. Jamie eyed the man's gun cautiously and remained silent.

"Assistant Superintendent Jeffrey Lim at your service," said the man with a grin. "Isn't that what they say in the old movies? Now if you promise to behave and not act like a Hollywood hero, I will put my gun away."

Both women nodded. ASP Lim holstered his weapon and produced his police warrant card. He studied their faces over the back of his seat. "You two have caused me a great deal of trouble by walking into the middle of an important investigation."

"But ... " said Jamie.

The policeman held up his hand. "Yes I know. I had my people check your background and they have spoken to your employers. This man Terry Wright seems to be involved in more than just slave trafficking. This is the only reason that you are not in a cell or on a plane back to the USA. However, I had to be sure that you were not involved with him or the gang. That is the reason for my moonlighting as a driver. Ms Killian, you used to be a police officer, and from what I have learned a good one. So, I will try to help you if I can. We too had listening devices in Terry's hotel room, as well as in that house. While there was a lot of suspicious conversation, we have heard nothing so far that provides sufficient grounds for a search warrant or a raid. We are hoping that Terry's visit will give us something new. Now if you will promise to be quiet, I will let you listen."

Both women nodded enthusiastically and ASP Lim turned on the external speaker of his radio. The listened as Terry negotiated with the gang leader and as he selected a woman from the holding room. ASP Lim's face darkened with rage as he listened and Jamie was glad that she would not be on the receiving end of his anger. When the couple reached the clitoris torture scene, Jamie turned to the police officer.

"ASP Lim, I'm not trying to interfere, but I have read Terry's psychological profile and I don't think that he is going to be satisfied, even with the sick games that we have been hearing."

"You think that he will get violent?"

"Yes. He won't be satisfied until he does some real damage, maybe even kill her. He has a deep seated feelings of inferiority with regard to women, which usually leads to anger and repressed rage. Given this kind of situation, I think that he will just get more and more angry."

ASP Lim was silent for a moment, with Zoe's torture continuing in the background. Then he nodded. "I agree. We have enough to justify a raid, even if we do not get all that we had hoped. I cannot knowingly put that woman's life in danger." He pressed the transmit button on his radio. "All units. Plan Alpha. Plan Alpha. Move in now."

From the car, Jamie and Kathy saw black clad figures covered in body armor and weapons rush towards the house. Some went in through the doors and others through windows. It was too far to hear much, although there were several muffled thumps that did not sound like gunshots. ASP Lim glanced at Jamie. "Silenced SAR 21 and MP5 rifles. Some of the gang decided to resist. OK, the ground floor and the staircase leading to the room containing Terry and Zoe are secure. Follow me and don't do or say anything unless I tell you to. I want to surprise Terry with the both of you to see if he will give anything away before he has a chance to compose himself."

Two Special Tactics and Rescue (STAR) officers stood to either side of the bedroom door. One of them held up a key and pointed at the prone figure of Patrick who was secured with flexible handcuffs. ASP Lim gave a hand sign and pointed at the door. They went into the room just as Terry was leaning over Zoe with the pair of scissors in his hands. The two STAR officers entered and secured the room while ASP Lim quickly disarmed and handcuffed Terry, who was still gaping in astonishment. Zoe had realized what was happening and sat still with her hands behind her head. ASP Lim, who was still behind the kneeling Terry, signaled to Jamie and indicated that she talk to the prisoner.

"Hello Terry. Enjoying your holiday?" said Jamie, her nose wrinkling at the smell of fear,

blood and burnt flesh.

Terry's head jerked up and he stared at Jamie in confusion. "Who ... " he stuttered, then her face registered. "You're one of the girls from Papillon Rouge. But why are you here?"

"I'm the new head of security for Papillon Rouge. This is Kathy, my assistant. We know all about you and Moros. The police back home have arrested Anastasia and charged her with murder and attempted murder. You were her accomplice. I'm sure the police will be interested in talking to you too," said Jamie, hoping that Terry would fall for her bluff.

Unfortunately, Terry decided to bluster it out. "I don't know what you are talking about. You two are not police and I don't have to talk to you. I haven't done anything wrong back home or here in Singapore. Zoe here is a friend of mine who is into BDSM and we were just having some fun."

One of the STAR officers handed the briefcase to ASP Lim and pointed to the contents. "And what about this?" said ASP Lim.

"That is my fee for some consultancy work that I did for the people downstairs. There's no law against having US Dollars in Singapore."

"True, but I suspect that it is a crime to be in possession of this," said ASP Lim, lifting the bag of white powder out the case.

"I don't know anything about that. They must have planted it on me. Check my blood. I haven't taken any. I've been framed."

"Unfortunately for you, we have a recording of your conversation downstairs. And, Mr Wright, I must warn you that there is a mandatory death penalty in Singapore for the possession of 30 grams or more of what I suspect is cocaine."

Terry's face went pale. "D ... death penalty. That's crazy. You can't ... " He turned to Jamie. "Look, I know things about Moros that you need to hear. Help me."

Jamie looked skeptical. "What can you know that would be worth me helping scum like you?"

"Look, I don't know who the Moros is, but I do know that he really has it in for the people at Papillon Rouge. He and his backers want to get rid of the current management, but I don't know why. He told me that he is going after Elaine next. He's hired this goon Carl Steiner, and the two of them are going to kidnap her and kill her slowly. I think that the guy's a little crazy."

Jamie was shocked to hear Terry mention Steiner's name, but maintained a poker faced. She looked at the still bleeding Zoe and grinned coldly. "I don't have any influence here. Maybe if you know enough about Moros and this local gang, the Singapore authorities might cut you a deal. But I think I heard ASP Lim say something about a mandatory death penalty. Well, I hope you can hire a good lawyer with all that money."

ASP Lim cleared his throat. "I'm afraid that the money is evidence, so Mr Wright will have to find another way to pay his lawyer."

Zoe laughed triumphantly. "I hope they fry you slowly, pig."

"I think that they still use the noose here," said Kathy, enjoying Terry's look of absolute horror.

## Chapter Twenty-Two

Jamie tried to call Elaine to warn her of the possible threat from Moros, but could not reach her at her office or through to her cell phone. She called Marley and Ruth with the same warning, while Kathy worked on booking a flight back to the US. After they had given their statements to the police and handed over all the information that they had on Terry, ASP Lim drove them to the airport. In the car, Jamie turned to the Singaporean policeman.

"Terry was making all kinds of accusations about the nature of our organization. I want you to know that we are not ... "

Lim shook his head and smiled. "Neither you nor Papillon Rouge have committed crimes in Singapore. Anyway, prostitution is not illegal here. So long as you are not involved with pedophiles or drugs, I have no problems with you. Next time, just let us know first before you attempt any more investigations in my country," he said with a grin.

The flight back was uneventful although Kathy drove Jamie crazy with her constant fidgeting and impatience to get back. Jamie had long ago learned from experience that there were times when all you could do is wait, and she tried to enjoy the in flight movies. It was morning when they arrived back at Papillon Rouge, and the expressions on the faces of everyone present at the meeting immediately told them that things were not well.

"Elaine has not turned up for work, and she is not answering her cell phone," said Ruth grimly.

"Terry said that he had given Elaine's home address and other details to Moros. It would not have been difficult for him to arrange a kidnapping, especially as Elaine was not expecting trouble," said Jamie.

"Should we go to the police?" asked Marley, thinking of all the legal consequences.

Jamie shook her head. "Not just now. Elaine has not been missing more than a few hours and even if we were to tell them about Terry, we would only have his word. And he isn't even in the country. The police would not do anything more than have a patrol car drive past her house. Elaine would be dead or badly hurt by the time they started seriously looking for her. Besides, we would have to tell them the whole story, and even if they believe us, Papillon Rouge and the chance to close down a high class brothel would be a far more interesting story. Remember all those Washington Madam cases."

"So what can we do?" said Kathy, eager as ever for action.

"First we need to find the scene of the kidnapping and then try to trace her from there," said Jamie, falling back on police procedure.

"Wait a minute," said Ruth. "If Elaine still has her cell phone, we might be able to trace her. As part of our personnel management system, all company issued phones have an activated GPS unit. We have not had time to issue one to you two, so you were not told about it. In addition, as part of an in progress upgrade of our internal security system, her phone also has a high frequency Radio-frequency identification (RFID) chip which can be read up to one hundred feet away. This was intended to provide senior staff with hands free access and tracking within their authorized areas in Papillon Rouge."

"All right. GPS, if her phone is with her and it is working, is accurate to about fifty feet. Unless he has her in a forest or large open field, it should not be hard to spot the possible buildings or vehicles where she could be held. The RFID tag will get us the rest of the way. I assume we have a hand held detector for the RFID?" said Jamie.

Ruth nodded.

Jamie stood up. "OK. Ruth, you go get the RFID units. Kathy, are you game to come with me to look for Elaine? This could be really dangerous."

Kathy grinned. "Do I get a gun and bulletproof vest?"

Jamie smiled at Kathy's enthusiasm. "I can lend you a pistol and vest. Just don't draw your gun unless you are actually in danger. I don't want to be accidentally shot in the back."



Kathy pouted. "Hey, I've done enough shoot em ups to know what to do. I even attended a half day close combat course once in preparation for a movie. I played the part of this really evil female assassin ... "

Marley looked Jamie in the eyes, concern clearly showing. Jamie shook her head. "Don't worry, I won't do anything stupid because of Steiner. My only concern is to get Elaine back safely. After that ... "

To their relief, the GPS signal was active and appeared stationary at the Warehouse District on the East Side. Jamie and Kathy piled into an unmarked company car and headed for the location marked by Ruth on a map. Jamie called her as they arrived at the area and Ruth confirmed that the phone had not moved. The RFID tracker was a bulky yellow box with a plastic handle and a small antenna protruding from its top surface, and reminded Kathy of a Giant Robot controller from old anime cartoons. The instrument readout was very simple with only a basic signal strength scale, but it was enough for the two of them to isolate a single warehouse building after only a couple of minutes.

"That's the one," said Kathy, pointing out of Jamie's window at a dilapidated looking warehouse with no sign over the door. Jamie drove down the road to the nearest parking space that was out of sight of the target building. They put on their body armor and holsters and covered them with light jackets grabbed from the Resort's maintenance department.

"Remember, this is not the movies and the vest does not really make you bulletproof, so be careful. Stay with me and don't do anything reckless."

"Reckless? What me?" said Kathy innocently.

## Chapter Twenty-Three

The day had started pleasantly for Elaine. She had met this beautiful brunette the night before while queuing at a restaurant and they had struck up a conversation. Although nothing overt had been said, Elaine was certain that Sandra was a lesbian, or at least bi-sexual. They had spontaneously agreed to eat together and had exchanged telephone numbers sometime during the meal. Elaine felt a strong sense of attraction coming from the woman, but was disappointed when Sandra had to leave to drive her mother home. They had kissed and promised each other to meet again soon. Elaine was humming happily as she walked through the underground parking lot towards her BMW, thinking about nothing in particular, when she was surprised to hear Sandra's voice.

"Elaine, is that you?"

Elaine turned and peered over the rows of cars towards where she thought that Sandra's voice had come. After a moment she caught a glimpse of brown hair and a waving hand. Elaine glanced at her watch. She was early and could afford to spend a few minutes chatting, so she walked towards Sandra, whom she now saw was standing beside a dark SUV.

"Good morning Sandra. What are you doing here at this time of day? I thought that you lived across town," said Elaine as she weaved her way through the cars.

"My goodness, Elaine it is you. This is such a coincidence. My friend had an emergency and asked me to pick up his car for him," said Sandra, pointing at the SUV. "I was just about to give up and go home. For some reason I can't get the door open. See, nothing happens when I press the button. This little light goes on here, but there's no reaction from the car. Do you think that the door is jammed?"

Elaine turned to the SUV. The windows were heavily tinted and she could not see into the car. She reached out to door and pulled at the handle. To her surprise, it swung open immediately, and she was shocked to see a man seated inside. What was worse, he was holding a gun. "Get in," he said. Elaine felt a push from behind.

"I'm sorry Elaine. I really kind of liked you," said Sandra. She turned and walked away.

In a state of shock, Elaine slid into the empty seat and stared at the man. "What do you want? This is all too elaborate to be a simple mugging. I'm not rich, so if this is a kidnapping, you have the wrong person."

"For now I just want you to sit still and hold out your arm for my friend behind you. I suggest that you don't struggle. Having a needle broken off in your arm is no fun," said the gunman. "Do it Steiner."

Elaine turned in confusion and saw a second man behind her. She jumped when she felt a needle stab her forearm. She knew it had to be some kind of sedative or "date rape" drug, but she could not think of anything that she could do, and then the drug hit her and she felt everything going numb. Within moments she was unconscious.

The first thought that she had when she regained consciousness was that she was going to throw up. She fought a silent battle with her gut and finally managed to suppress the urge to vomit. She also had a pounding headache and she groaned.

"Ah, back with us I see. Here, drink this, it should help with the after effects of the little drug cocktail that Steiner gave you."

Elaine felt the hard pressure of a shackle around her ankle, so there was no chance of running. Deciding that if her kidnapper had wanted to kill her or further drug her he could have done it before she awoke, she obediently drank from the plastic cup pressed to her lips. She began to feel better within minutes and Elaine suspected that the drink contained more than just aspirin.

"Yes, I added a little pick me up to the drink. I want you to be wide awake, calm and fully aware for our discussion. Now before we go any further, I want you to understand that I am going to kill you today no matter what happens. It is how you die and what happens between now and then that you need to concern yourself."

Elaine felt a cold steel hand grip her heart at the man's words. She was pretty sure that he

was involved in the deaths of at least three people already, so she took his threat very seriously. Then she noticed her handbag on a worktable about ten feet across the room. It had been opened and the contents scattered all over the surface. One of the items was her cell phone. Seeing it, she had a faint flicker of hope, although she had turned it off last night and had not had the chance to switch it on before she was abducted. She remembered that the GPS system was on a separate circuit and could be activated by an external signal. "Why are you doing this?"

A glint of madness flickered in the man's eyes. "You and your perverted friends killed someone very dear to me. What you do is sick, and I may even be doing a public service," he giggled. "No matter what it takes I am going to bring doom to all of you."

The drugged calm allowed Elaine to remember something that she had heard at one of their operational meetings at Papillon Rouge. "Doom ... that's familiar. No, not the computer game, what ... of course! You're Moros," she gasped.

Moros laughed. "Very good. Yes I am the God of Doom, at least for all of you."

"So you killed all those innocent people just for revenge? You don't look like the type. What else is there in it for you?"

"Curious little thing, aren't you," said Moros. Then he grinned evilly. "I tell you what, lets play a game. If you want answers, I think that you should pay for them. Only fictional villains waste time explaining their master plan for free."

"I'm game. How is this going to work?"

"You ask a question. I set a price based on what you ask. If the price is too steep for you I'll give you the chance to ask a different one, but you will have to go through with the second one, no matter what."

"Deal. What do you get out of this other than revenge?"

"Expose your left breast and ask me nicely to slap it hard five times."

The price did not sound too bad and Elaine considered it worthwhile, both for the information that she might gain and the chance to stall her execution. From his words, she figured that he did not want her to undress, but rather more humiliatingly, to dig her breast out of her bra and to pull her blouse aside. She managed to extract her breast with a minimum of fuss and without appearing to trying to delay. She was trying hard not to anger him or make him change his mind, although she was not very hopeful of being rescued, given that Jamie and Kathy were in Singapore and everyone was concentrating on Terry, but she just could not find it in herself to just give up.

"I have bared my left breast. Please slap it hard five times."

Moros chuckled. "My pleasure." His hand lashed out backhanded and struck her out-thrust breast with a vicious crack. The blow was so hard that Elaine's entire body rocked back and she grunted in shock. The return blow made her stagger and she had to reach out to the chair to avoid falling over. It felt like her breast was being ripped from her chest. Both sides of her orb were turning a dark red and the marks of his fingers could clearly be seen on her white skin. At the line where her breast met her body, the skin was rubbed raw by the friction of the stiff, lacy edge of her bra, and Elaine had the odd thought that she hoped that her nice new blouse would not get stained by blood, which would be awfully difficult to remove. The next slap was vertical, his strong fingers coming down hard like a bundle of canes. Elaine thought that this was more like a back alley beating than a slapping of her breast, and the rapid series of impacts were making her dizzy. She shook her head to clear it and forced her self to straighten up. "That's three. You better get your answer ready," she said angrily, before caution could prevent her. The fourth slap was upwards, which was a mistake on Moros' part, as he was standing too close for the blow to have much power in it. He realized that he was at his last slap and swung wildly from right to left, hoping to hit both her breasts, but he misjudged the angle and the tips of his fingers glancingly struck her upper arm, which again reduced the force of the slap, which would probably have knocked her over if delivered cleanly. Nonetheless, it hit hard enough to drive the breath from Elaine's lungs and she choked and gagged from the need to yell in pain.

Moros grinned as he stared at her bruised and battered breast. He tossed his hair back and prodded her sore flesh with a finger. "Not to bad for someone who usually only dishes it out."

Elaine did not bother to correct him, although his words brought a vivid flash of memory of a needle piercing her sensitive clitoris. "May I have my answer please."

"Sure. I've got some partners who have an interest in Papillon Rouge. They will pay me a nice bonus to get rid of you and your friends, either by killing you or discrediting your management. They don't give a shit about the Foundation's money. They have lots of their own. In fact, I'll probably get your job." Talking about his soon to be good fortune seemed to put Moros in a buoyant mood and he smiled at Elaine. "So, you have any more questions, Miss big shot General Manager?"

Elaine was already so stunned with the information that she had just received that she could not think of any really clever question. Then she remembered the other man who had helped kidnap her. "Who was that man, Steiner you called him. Is he just muscle or is he one of your partners?"

Moros laughed. "You women are always so eager to kick men in the balls. Turnabout is fair play. You take off your panties and let me kick you three times in the pussy."

Elaine went pale at this offer. She could not think of an alternative question and anyway the next "price" might be worse and she would not be able to refuse. She was certain that he was going to kick her hard enough to do significant damage. Even if she survived the three kicks, she was going to be so badly hurt that the game would be over and Moros would move on to killing her, although that act in itself would undoubtedly be a long drawn and agonizing process. She glanced quickly at her cell phone and made up her mind. Her only chance was still to play for time. "Just the panties, or do you want my skirt off too?"

"Just the panties. I think that it's more naughty that way. And remember to open wide," said Moros mockingly.

With shaking hands, Elaine pulled her panties down around her ankles. As there was a shackle around her right ankle, she slipped the garment off of the other leg and tugged her skirt up around her waist. Her hand went instinctively between her thighs as she shuffled her legs apart.

"Remember to ask nicely."

Elaine bit her lip, and then said, "Please kick my pussy three times as hard as you like."

"I think that it would be nice if you were to spread your pussy lips for me, so that my boot really can get at your pussy."

Elaine was tempted to object to this last minute raising of the stakes, but realized that it would get her nowhere. Her thighs began to quiver as Elaine reached down between her thighs and pulled at her pussy lips. Defiantly, she carefully spread her lips apart until they spread like the wings of a beautiful red butterfly, with her clit forming the tiny pink head, as if waiting for the touch of a lover.

"How nice. It's hard to believe that anyone could even think of kicking such a pretty little thing like ... this!" he said, bringing his booted foot up at the last word and kicking Elaine squarely in the crotch. The kick landed with a sickening thud and Elaine shrieked in agony and collapsed moaning to the floor. Moros had aimed well and she felt sharp, tearing pains inside her abdomen and she suspected that she might be bleeding internally. When she tried to move, sharp cramps in her muscles of her abdomen caused her to curl up again.

"Giving up already? Maybe I should get my skinning knife and just finish the job."

Elaine wheezed and gasped for air. "No, I still owe you two more." She rolled over and managed to get one knee under her and started to rise despite the terrible pain and weakness that she felt.

A clattering noise behind Moros made them both look round. A man came running into the room. "Someone's broken in," he shouted.

"What are you babbling about Steiner? Why didn't you find out who they are and send them away. That's what you're being paid for, fool."

"Because they were wearing body armor and carrying guns, you idiot. There were at least two of them, both women. There may be more outside. I don't think that they are police."

Elaine's heart leaped. It had to be Jamie and Kathy, although she could not understand how they had come back from Singapore in time to attempt a rescue. However, now that Moros was warned, she might still die before her friends could reach her.

Moros' face twisted in fury. "Go and stop them, while I deal with this one."

Steiner hesitated, then headed back to the front of the building, staying pressed carefully against the rusty steel wall. Moros turned to Elaine. "I don't know how they found you, but your clever friends are going to find a gutted carcass when they get here." He pulled a hunting knife from his belt and headed towards her, his boots grinding carefully into the grit and dirt of the stained floor. Elaine backed away and grabbed her chair as a shield, and for a moment there was a standoff. Then, striking like a snake, Moros lashed out and knocked the chair from her hands with a single blow. The cheap wooden chair splintered against the wall with a sound like a broken gong, as Moros' blade darted out and dug a crimson furrow in Elaine's shoulder. But before he could strike again, Steiner came running back again, pursued by an angry burst of gunfire. Bullets crashed and zinged all around him, hitting the floor and ceiling and everything in between. One lucky round grazed Steiner's thigh and he cursed in shock. Several rounds ricocheted into the room and Moros dropped to the ground with an angry yell. Elaine dropped to the floor again and curled up behind against the wall. There were some wild female yells.

"We're gonna blow your ass away Moros."

"You killed Elaine, now you're gonna die too."

"This bullet's got a picture of your balls on it."

Moros glanced at Elaine from his position flat on the floor. "Your friends are crazy," he shouted over the noise. He looked longingly at his knife for a second and then made up his mind. He scrambled up and ran for the back of the warehouse, dodging wildly behind old packing cases and broken furniture. Steiner heard the running footsteps and realized that he was alone.

"Stop shooting," shouted Steiner. He backed up rapidly until he was behind Elaine. "Your friend is alive. Let's talk a deal."

After a moment, Jamie and Kathy peeked into the room from either side of the door. "Is that you Steiner?" shouted Jamie.

"Killian. I should have blown your ass away after I fucked it," said Steiner kneeling carefully behind Elaine, his fingers knotted in her hair.

Jamie's face turned pale with anger and for a moment she was on the point of charging into the room and blasting her rapist, regardless of what happened to Elaine. The frightened look on Kathy's face brought her back to her senses. She realized that Steiner was trying to use her anger to make her do something stupid. "Two to one Steiner," she shouted back. "I'm not a cop any more. You hurt Elaine and we'll kill you."

"So what do we do now?" said Steiner.

"You let her go and you get to leave. You have my word. If I had wanted to go vigilante on you, it would have happened a long time ago. Your friend has run out on you, so there's no point in anyone getting killed. What the hell were you doing here anyway?"

"That Moros character is nuts. When he heard about your background from Terry, he figured that I would be a good ally, since you and I have history. The money was good, so here I am. The guy didn't understand a thing. You and me, that was just business."

"Yeah," said Jamie bitterly, "just business. So do we have a deal?"

"OK. Your friend is hurt, you you'll have to come to her. I'm going to put the key to her chains on the floor. When she's free, she can confirm it and you move forward and I'll back out. I could still shoot her, but then I would have both of you mad and chasing me."

"Do it," said Jamie.

"He's given me the key," said Elaine. "I'm free. Come on ahead."

Jamie and Kathy moved into the room, guns raised and pointed at Steiner, who was carefully backing towards the rear exit. When he felt the door with his free hand, he considered the option of shooting Elaine to delay any pursuit. However, there were two of them and it was not worth the risk. He believed that Jamie would keep her word, at least until Elaine was safe. He looked into Jamie's hate filled eyes for a second, and then scrambled through the doorway and ran for his car that was parked just behind the warehouse. He pulled open the driver's door, only to be met with a heavy thump. He looked down and saw a hand grenade rolling on the floor near the accelerator

pedal. "Moros you fuck!" he shouted as he tried to jump backwards, but the booby trap had been carefully set and the grenade exploded only three seconds after the car door had pulled the pin.

The explosion rocked the building, blowing in the back windows. The three women were unhurt, but were deafened by the noise channeled into the warehouse by the concrete buildings that hedged the rear, and had been showered with dust and debris. Stunned, Kathy stared at Jamie with an open mouth. Jamie shook her head and shouted at Kathy. "Steiner was right. That Moros character is crazy. Look after Elaine. I'll take a look out back." Jamie moved carefully to the rear with her ears still ringing. She shouted out to Steiner in case he was still around, but one glance out of the door told her that she was wasting her time. She retched as she looked at the mangled mess that was all that was left of her rapist. A part of her mind noted that he was definitely not raping anyone else as she stared at the gaping hole where his crotch used to be. "Great," she grumbled. "One nightmare gone only to be replaced by another."

## Chapter Twenty-Four

"Tell her to spread her legs wider."

The speaker was a tall, heavy set man dressed in designer jeans and T-shirt. In his hand he gripped the rolled up end of an expensive leather belt, which he waved in the direction of the naked trembling girl who stood in front of him. The metal buckle of the belt glittered in the warm light of the hotel room, swishing menacingly through the air. He turned his head to glaze impatiently at the attractive, middle aged woman who sat beside the door reading a magazine, and at the same time took a drink from the glass of whiskey that he held in his other hand.

The woman sighed in annoyance and slapped the magazine down on the table. She turned to the girl and shouted an unintelligible stream of words, which sounded vaguely European to the man.

The naked girl flinched under the verbal assault and then slowly shuffled her feet wider apart. She smiled shyly at the man, pointed at the belt and then at her pussy. "You want hitting this yes?"

The man grinned the evilly and licked his lips. "You're damned right I do little girl. When they took my money they told me that I could do anything that I liked to your cunt, and I intend to get my money's worth," he snarled before taking another sip of whiskey.

The barely 18-year-old girl smiled again nervously. She understood very little English but she guessed correctly that the drunken man had confirmed his desire to beat her sex with his belt. She noted with relief that the buckle did not have any sharp corners but she could tell from the look in his eyes that he intended to hurt her badly. Her heart pounded with fear and she felt the muscles in her body quiver as if preparing to run away from the man, from this room, to run all the way back to her own bedroom with her teddy bear, and away from this nightmare. But she did not run because in her mind she had a dream; a dream of a new life in a big city with lots of money, food and clothes, just like the people she saw on the television every night. To make that dream come true she only had to do this one terrible thing. The people had explained it clearly to her. She had known for a long time that there were men who liked to hurt women but she had giggled in amazement when they told her that there were men who would pay fantastic amounts of money for the opportunity to hurt that spot between her legs. Eager to please, she tried to spread her legs as wide as possible and even bent her knees slightly so that she could push her hips forward. When the man gently swung the belt upwards in an arc, she resisted the urge to watch the shiny metal buckle but instead kept her smiling face turned towards the man so that he could watch her expression when he started beating her.

The man chuckled at the girl's startled expression when he gently slapped the cold buckle against the soft pouting lips of her pussy, and he could feel his penis stiffen despite all the alcohol that he had consumed. "This is way better than Viagra," he thought. He swung the belt back and forth several more times until he was certain of his aim. He did not want to waste his time beating her buttocks or her thighs. Suddenly and without warning, he whipped the belt forward with full force, slamming the metal buckle into the girl's pussy lips. The girl was clean shaven between her legs and his makeshift whip landed with a satisfying smack. The watching woman winced in sympathy and shook her head before retreating back behind her magazine. To the man's surprise, the girl's only reaction was to clench her teeth and to throw her head back. He saw a fine patina of sweat glisten on her skin as her body reacted to the terrible pain and every muscle and tendon quivered as she fought against her own instincts that screamed at her to run away. Tiny spots of blood speckled the chrome plating of the belt buckle as he swung it back in preparation for the next blow. A red haze filled the man's vision as the alcohol and his lust combined in a deadly cocktail. The belt lashed out again and then again, as he bellowed in triumph, with the thunder of his heart roaring like kettle drums in his ears. Suddenly, he tossed the belt and whiskey bottle aside. He grabbed the screaming girl around the throat with one hand and fumbled at his trousers with the other. His cock sprang free of the confining fabric and he fell blindly upon the girl, crushing her slim body under his. Unfortunately the alcohol proved stronger than the stimulation and his tool

refused to harden sufficiently for him to penetrate the girl's vagina. However his befuddled brain failed to realize the problem and he continued to pound his hips against her. The roaring in his head grew louder and somehow the screaming seemed to have moved to the other side of the room. In his drunken state, he found this to be hilarious. "Maybe she's a ventriloquist," he giggled to himself. Then all the noise stopped and the world turned black as he passed out.



## Chapter Twenty-Five

Jamie walked briskly down the granite paved path that wandered across the tree covered park that formed part of the exclusive resort club known by some as Papillon Rouge. Autumn was just beginning to spread its mantle across the land and isolated flakes of gold and crimson floated down from the treetops to decorate the ground. Her steps finally brought Jamie up to a tall, rustic looking wooden gate, which bore a sign that read "Restricted: Authorized Personnel Only". Expert inspection of the gate would have revealed the steel reinforcement and sophisticated sensors that protected the entrance. She placed her thumb over the huge key hole of the rusty looking lock and said, to no one in particular, "Killian." The biometric sensor hidden inside the lock scanned her thumb and the gate computer matched it with her voice print. The computer pondered for many nanoseconds before grudgingly accepting that Jamie was indeed permitted to enter. The lock uttered a convincing rusty squeal, as the three well oiled steel locking rods that actually fastened the gate slid smoothly back and Jamie pushed the gate open. She snorted in amusement at the subterfuge. Nothing so crude as flashing red lights or a computer-generated voice could be allowed to sully the genteel atmosphere of Papillon Rouge. Jamie continued down the path as the gate groaned shut behind her. The artful placement of trees, hillocks and sculptured bushes made it impossible for someone standing at the gate to see more than a few meters beyond it, thus ensuring the privacy of the true members of this unique institution.

As Jamie made her way into the sanctum, the main clubhouse building came into view from behind the trees. In the doorway she could see her assistant Kathy waving at her. Jamie waved back, pointed at the file that she held in her hand and nodded her head. Moments later she was close enough to talk without raising her voice. "I was right. Gina has a criminal record. She was convicted for assault with a deadly weapon. Even worse, it says here that she tried to castrate a man with a carving knife." She followed Kathy into the building.

"This way," said Kathy as she strode briskly down the hallway. Despite the urgency, it would not do to run as it might alarm the guests. "The session is due to start in twenty minutes. I've notified the alternate but she won't be able to get here for another two hours."

Jamie frowned as she considered the alternatives. The one overriding rule at Papillon Rouge was that the Member's interests always came first. The problem was whether Gina posed enough of a threat to the Member for Jamie to recommend a replacement or even a cancellation of the session. They arrived at the training room where the two ladies scheduled for the current session were waiting. Both women looked up in surprise as Jamie and Kathy entered the room. Kathy went over to Terri, the other girl of the pair and whispered in her ear. Kathy glanced questioningly at Jamie who nodded. With a reassuring smile Kathy led Terri out of the room.

Gina slumped in her seat in an attitude of defeat. "I guess that you know," she said nodding towards the folder in Jamie's hand. She stood up and moved towards the door. Something in her attitude prompted Jamie to speak.

"Tell me what happened."

"Does it matter?" replied Gina bitterly.

"It might."

Gina bit her lip and bowed her head. Jamie saw her knuckles whiten as her fingers clenched around her handbag. There was a long silence, but just as Jamie was about to give up, Gina suddenly looked up again. The flames of intense emotion smoldered in her eyes. "The bastard tried to rape my younger sister. He beat her with a baseball bat and was climbing onto her bleeding body when I arrived. I guess I just went crazy. I ran into the kitchen and came back with a carving knife. You know the rest."

"If you were only protecting your sister, why was the court so hard on you?" asked Jamie.

"My sister was into S&M and his defense lawyer claimed that they were engaged in voluntary sex when I attacked him. I lost it and started screaming at them. The judge had me gagged and handcuffed. This only helped to convince the jury that I was crazy."

"What about your sister? Surely she could have told them what actually happened?"

Gina shook her head and a tear ran down her face. "She was, still is, in a coma. She hasn't spoken a word since that day."

Jamie stared at Gina, trying to read her soul. "Suppose I believed you. That doesn't change the fact that you attacked the man who hurt your sister. How do we know that you wouldn't do the same to a man who hurts you?"

Gina wiped the tears from her face and sniffed defiantly. "I love my sister and I accepted her lifestyle. I don't hate men and I don't hate the people that she used to 'play' with. She didn't know the animal who beat her up. She liked sex but she wasn't a tramp and she wasn't stupid enough to let a stranger beat her up." Gina stepped closer to Jamie and touched her arm. "I've made a deal with the Foundation. Instead of cash, they have promised to find me the best doctors available and to pay for whatever treatment my sister needs. Please don't send me away. I'll do anything to please the Member. I'll smile and say 'thank you' while he cuts off my pussy if that's what it takes."

Jamie called Elaine, the manager of Papillon Rouge, on the intercom, who confirmed that the Foundation had agreed to finance the medical treatment needed by Gina's sister. There seemed little reason to reject Gina. Jamie told her to return to her seat and went out to consult with Kathy.

"They should have noted the agreement in Gina's file as well as provided more background on her case," said Jamie crossly.

"Well, that's just another area where Terry allowed HR controls to lapse. He was too busy dreaming of getting rich to do his job properly," said Kathy. "It's a pity that Steiner's death brought the investigation mostly to a dead end."

"That maniac Moros certainly is a cunning. HR is still going through the case files of every woman who ever died or was hospitalized while working for Papillon Rouge on the assumption that he was talking about one of our girls when he mentioned the death of someone dear to him. The records go back a long way, and the health and safety regulations and facilities were not that good in the past, so it's going to be a long list when we get it."

The two of them returned to the training room. Jamie smiled at the waiting woman. "OK Gina. You're cleared to go ahead with the session."

Gina smiled happily and waved at Terri when her partner returned to the room. It seemed to Jamie that Terri seemed genuinely happy to see Gina again. Just then Jamie's musings were cut short by the flashing of a small red light mounted above the door.

"Jason's arrived," announced Kathy. By tradition all male Members were referred to as Jason. Real names were never used. Gina and Terri made a last-minute inspection of their makeup and clothes before hurrying off to greet their visitor.

Jamie signaled to Kathy who showed her a thumbs up sign before following the two girls to the room. With her partner on the way to her position just outside of the guest room, Jamie made her way to the Security Office and went over to a cabinet which opened in response to her password and thumb print. Although she felt fairly sure that Gina was sincere, it was her job to ensure the safety of the Member and so she activated the rarely used plasma screen monitor inside the cabinet, which connected her to several hidden cameras inside each of the guest rooms. No recording devices were ever used without Management approval, but a panel of switches would allow her to start a recording, unlock the guest room door, sound an alarm, silently signal Kathy and even summon further security staff if needed. Seating herself in front of the monitor she watched as Gina and Terri entered the guest room.

## Chapter Twenty-Six

Giggling like schoolgirls, Gina and Terri led Jason into the "playroom " that had been assigned to them. Terri pushed a silver trolley covered with platters of snacks and finger food laid out on crisp white linen, while Gina carried a bottle of chilled champagne and crystal glasses. Electronic sensors detected their presence and switched on the lights. Pop music played softly in the background, loud enough to tide over those awkward silences but not so loud as to be obtrusive.

Apart from a casual lunch the previous day, this was the first time that the three of them had been alone together. Jason looked around the room, wide-eyed. It was obvious that this was his first session at Papillon Rouge, and despite his easy charm the girls could see that he was both nervous and bursting with excitement. At his request, the room was decorated and furnished like the bedroom of a teenage girl. In one corner was a large bed covered with a soft quilted spread and large fluffy cushions decorated with patterns of toy animals. Next to the bed was a solid wooden desk and several comfortable looking chairs. The walls were covered with movie posters and female pop stars. In line with this theme the girls were dressed casually in sweaters, T-shirts and jeans.

Gina whooped and bounced up and down on the bed, sending a teddy bear flying across the room towards Terri who snatched it out of the air and cuddled it to her chest.

"This is great," exclaimed Terri.

"Yes," said Jason with a grin. "I thought that we might as well be comfortable."

"You're a nice man," said Gina in a girlish voice.

Jason looked uncomfortable when she said that, his face reddening. "I'm not that nice you know."

Terri laughed and reached out to take his hand. "Why? Because you like young girls or because you want to hurt our pussies? "

Jason shook his head, then nodded and looked even more embarrassed. "No, I mean don't get me wrong, I'm not into little girls. It's just that the atmosphere seems more feminine than an adult woman's room would be. But yes, I do like the idea of pussy torture. You must think that I'm horrible."

"What's wrong with liking that?" asked Gina with a look of surprise on her face. "Isn't that what pussies are for?"

"My mother always says that there is nothing like letting your man give you a good whipping between the legs to cheer him up when he's feeling down," added Terri.

Jason was forced to laugh, and the girls' good humor and easy acceptance of his desires helped to relieve his anxiety and guilt. He grinned and allowed Gina to pull him over to the bed. They all kicked off their shoes and climbed onto the soft, bouncy mattress. Jason sat cross legged in the center with a girl on either side of him. He put an arm around their waists and sighed in contentment as the girls snuggled comfortably against him. Jason was no stranger to prostitutes, strippers and even S&M "submissives " but the two girls that shared the room with him now were completely different. Even the most high class escort could not completely hide the passionless professionalism that a "working girl" invariably developed, but he detected none of that in his companions. This both confused and excited him. He jumped as Terri playfully poked him in the side.

"Hello, Earth to Jason," quipped Terri.

Jason smiled and shook his head. "I was just thinking how nice the two of you are."

" Why thank you kind sir," said Gina teasingly.

Jason was silent for a moment, and then he said. "I've always been fascinated with pussies."

"I think that its the same for most men," said Terri. "Every girl quickly learns that men are always trying to look under this skirts."

Gina nodded solemnly in agreement.

"But I want to do things to them," added Jason softly.

"Oooh," gasped Terri, "what kind of things?"

"He wants to torture them, silly." said Gina, taking pity on Jason's stricken face.

Terri turned to look at Jason, her eyes wide with girlish innocence. "I've got a nice little pussy. Does that mean that you would like to torture mine?"

Jason gulped and nodded his head vigorously. A distinct bulge formed in his pants, making both girls giggle.

"And what kind of torture were you thinking of?" asked Gina.

"That's the problem. I'm not really sure. I've got all kinds of ideas and fantasies but I've never really had a chance to actually do anything. I think of something but then I think that it might do too dangerous, or not have the actual effect that I'm looking for," admitted Jason.

"Well I've never had my pussy tortured before and neither has Terri, so why don't the three of us explore our pussies together," suggested Gina.

"Yes, you can try whatever strikes your fancy and we will tell you how well it works. Don't worry if an idea sounds silly or too horrible. Just relax and have fun," added Terri.

Jason looked about ready to explode with excitement, and Terri remembered how the instructors at Papillon Rouge had emphasized the fact that sexiness was as much a function of the mind as of the body. She giggled softly at the thought that she and Gina might be able to bring Jason to an orgasm just by talking to him. Jason looked at her inquiringly. Gina glared at Terri over Jason's shoulder. One of the cardinal rules was that the girls must never seem to be laughing at a Member.

"I was just thinking that no one is going to be torturing anything if we keep our jeans on," said Gina, recovering quickly. She tapped the thick, multi-layered denim protecting her crotch with a slim fingertip. "This stuff is as good as armor."

Jason nodded sagely. "I guess that means that the jeans will have to go."

Both of the girls rolled off the bed to stand in front of Jason. As they fumbled with the buttons fastening the waistbands of their jeans, Terri said "Neither of us is a dancer or a stripper so I hope you're not expecting anything too elegant or sexy in the way of a strip show."

"You two are terrifically sexy just as you are," replied Jason gallantly. In fact, the innocent setting and the obviously unpracticed motions of the girls as they undressed was more erotic to Jason than any stripper's routine, and he was fairly bursting with excitement by the time the two half naked girls rejoined him on the bed. They stepped carefully across the bouncy surface of the bed and returned to their positions to either side of him. After asking permission, they cooperated in stripping off Jason's trousers and underwear. Jason lost no time in grabbing a feel of the firm, smooth calves and thighs that were so conveniently placed to either hand. The girls waited patiently as Jason sated his sense of touch. The movements of his hands wafted the scent of female skin and other, more intimate odors to his nose that tickled something dark and primitive in the depths of his mind. His excitement made his touch harder and more urgent, reddening the skin under his fingertips.

"Would you like to have a closer look at my pussy?" asked Gina.

"No, me first, me first." cried Terri excitedly, getting into the mood that the setting encouraged, as she bounced up and down with one hand held up in the air.

Gina smiled in amusement at Terri's enthusiasm. She shrugged her shoulders and looked down at Jason. "You're the boss."

Jason shook his head in amazement and then pointed at Terri. "How could I refuse such enthusiasm," he laughed.

Terri clapped her hands in glee, nearly falling over in her excitement. "Do you want me to take off my sweater?"

"No, I think you look sexier as you are," replied Jason.

Terri stepped gingerly over Jason's body to stand with one foot on either side of his chest. Then she slowly dropped to her knees, bringing her crotch level with Jason's head. Her pussy was so close to his face that she could feel his breath brushing across her labia. She reached down with both hands and carefully spread her pussy lips apart, pulling the skin taut with her fingertips while

drawing back the hood of her clit with her thumbs. She could almost feel his intense gaze as he excitedly examined her sex. She felt her labia unfurl, spreading out as if in welcome and tiny tingling pulses of excitement danced over the tip of her clit, and she sensed that she was visibly wet down there. "Can you see it all? Do you like my pussy?"

Jason placed his hands on Terri's thighs and gently stroked the smooth skin as he sighed in contentment. He smiled when he felt her body gently quiver under the touch of his breath. As he watched he saw more of the clear, glistening liquid of her excitement flow out and coat the opening of her vagina. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Gina move to lie down beside him and he felt the tickle of her hair against the side of his face as she snuggled against him.

"Isn't it lovely," said Gina. "I've never seen Terri's pussy up close before," she added. Even though neither of the women were lesbians, the intensive training and mental conditioning given by the Papillon Rouge trainers made it much more natural and comfortable for them to discuss and admire another woman's genitalia. "Oh look, she's sopping wet. Isn't that sweet. I wonder if she will stay wet when you start to hurt to her."

Jason glanced at Gina in surprise. "I always heard the women dry up when they have painful sex. At least that's what the articles in the women's magazines say," said Jason with an embarrassed shrug.

Terri grinned. "I'm sure that you bought them just for the articles." She shook her head. "The line between pleasure and pain is often very fine. Something brushing against your skin can feel like a sensuous caress or painful chafing depending on your state of mind at the time. The same thing goes for whether or not I get wet."

"I guess that makes sense. I don't always get a hard on just because something rubs against my cock," said Jason.

Gina whispered in his ear. "She can spread wider than that, you know. Make her show you more."

Terri stuck her tongue out at Gina. "I'm trying, but it's a bit slippery and it's hard to get a good grip lower down."

"Yes, open your hole up more. Grip your labia and pull apart as hard as you can. Make everything really tight," said Jason.

"One tight pussy coming up," said Terri with a grin and then did as she was told, pulling out her labia hard to either side and stretching the insides of her pussy lips into a tight flat surface. This also served to stretch open the mouth of her vagina, letting Jason see inside her body.

"Does that hurt?" asked Jason.

Terri shook her head. "Only a tiny bit, sort of in a good way. Do you want it to hurt?"

Jason shook his head. "Not yet. Is it all right for me to make you two to feel good as well as hurt you?" he asked.

Gina punched him playfully on the shoulder. "Of course it is. We're not masochists you know."

Jason sighed with relief. "Good. I'm not sure that I want this to be a grim punishment session." He pointed at opening of Terri's vagina and asked Gina, "Is this spot very sensitive?" He gently stroked the tip of his finger around the rim of the hole, spreading the moisture around, making Terri sigh with pleasure.

"Not like the clit, but it is quite sensitive, especially to stretching actions or friction. That's why you always see girls wince when a guy suddenly tries to push his finger into her hole. Why? Would you like to hurt her there?"

"Yes, but just a little for now. I kind of want to see what hurts and what doesn't."

Gina thought for a second and then rolled over on the bed to reach for something on the table next to it. Jason heard her exclaim "Aha!", and then felt her roll back to his side.

"Here, try this," said Gina, handing him a dark cylindrical object. For a moment Jason was puzzled, then he realized that he was holding a novelty pencil with a thick body about the diameter of his middle finger which was covered in dry, raspy bark which made it look like a piece of tree branch. "Use the blunt end," added Gina.

Jason immediately realized what Gina was suggesting. He said ' Don't move. I'm going to hurt you a little now."

Terri nodded and asked "Do you want me to keep quiet or can I make noise?"

Jason looked up at Terri's face and asked "Does it make any difference?"

Terri shrugged gently. "If I can moan and scream I think that I would be able to bear the pain better."

"I don't mind, so long as you promise to only do it when it really hurts," said Jason. "I want to be able to judge what you are actually feeling, so you don't have to exaggerate for my sake." Without further warning he pushed the blunt end of the pencil against the moist opening of Terri's vagina and gave the stem of the pencil a sharp twist, grinding the rough, jagged bark into the sensitive pink skin. Terri yelped in surprise and rocked her hips backwards in automatic response to the sudden sharp pain in her pussy.

Terri flushed with embarrassment at her lack of self control. "I'm sorry, you just caught me by surprise," she said as she moved back into position and spread herself wide open again. "Go ahead, please do anything you like to my cunt. I really want you to enjoy yourself. Don't let me put you off," she said earnestly with her eyes wide and round.

"She means it too," said Gina. ' We understand and accept that hurting our pussies turns you on - we wouldn't be here if we weren't comfortable with that." She affectionately brushed her lips against his cheek.

Terri gently squeezed his chest with her knees to get his attention. "How about this? I will play with my clit, make myself really hot and sexy. Then, when I am just about to come I will tell you, and then you shove that pencil deep, right into my hole. I won't put my fingers into my pussy while I masturbate. That way, it stays really tight so that the rough bark will really scratch and tear the inside of my pussy hole as it goes in and out," she offered as she motioned with her hands, showing Jason what she meant. "You get to torture me in two ways at the same time. You stop me from coming when I am right at the edge, and you hurt my vagina with that nasty piece of wood."

Gina reached over to touch Jason's crotch and giggled at what she found. "I think he definitely likes the idea. Either that or I've found a cucumber that someone left on the bed. I think that I'll work on this while you two play up there," she said as she slowly began stroking her hand up and down on his shaft.

Terri took a deep breath and started to play with her clit, keeping her face turned towards Jason so that he could see the effect of her caresses. Her voice was deep and breathy as she said, "This is the first time that I have ever masturbated with someone watching. Despite the classes and everything, I have to admit that I'm a little embarrassed. It feels strange and my clit seems extra sensitive when I touch it." Her body quivered as she brushed the tip of her finger directly over her throbbing clit. "Get ready, I think I can make myself come pretty quickly if you want me to," she said as her fingers continued their dance across the smooth pink skin of her sex.

Jason kissed the inside of her thigh. "Go ahead." He repositioned the blunt tip of the pencil at the moist round opening of Terri's vagina. The rough, bark like surface dug into his fingers as he took a firm grip and he could barely imagine the effect that the jagged cylinder would have on the insides of Terri's cunt.

Terri began to breathe in short gasps and she bit down on her lower lip as the tension in her crotch wound up towards an explosive climax. She did not fear the pain but it took all of her willpower to speak the words that would rob her of an orgasm. She took a deep breath, and at the same time started the rapid strumming of her clit that would very quickly push her over the brink. Moments later, she felt the rippling contractions in the muscles of her belly that signaled the nearness of her climax and she shouted "Now! I'm going to cum."

Jason had been watching in fascination as the beautiful woman masturbated herself for his entertainment and he was ready when Terri announced her imminent climax. With brutal force he rammed the thick pencil deep into her cunt, grating the delicate opening with the jagged surface of the wooden shaft, as it skewered deep into her body and slammed against the hidden mouth of her womb.

Terri gasped in shock through clenched teeth as the sweet aching pleasure in her loins was ripped away by the obscene penetration. The entrance to her vagina flamed in agony as the delicate skin was ripped and scratched by the wooden stake that impaled her, and her cervix throbbed painfully from the sudden blow.

Jason felt his heart pound and his cock swell to even greater stiffness as he watched the beautiful girl offer him her pain. He gazed in wonder at the stub of wood that protruded from between Terri's pussy lips. His eyes followed the flat line of her belly, up and over the sweater covered mounds of her breasts until he met her eyes. Somehow he had expected to see anger and fear, but to his surprise he found determination, understanding and even a trace of humor. "Are you all right?" he asked apprehensively.

Terri rolled her eyes and grinned at him through gritted teeth. "You mean apart from having a man shove what feels like a log up into my pussy?"

Jason started to apologize, but Terri silenced him with a finger across his lips. The scent of her pussy wafted from her finger, making all his senses tingle.

"I was just joking, silly," said Terri. She looked down between her legs and cocked her head to one side. "That did hurt, but most of the damage was to the area around the opening of my hole," she said, pointing at the spot where the wood met her flesh. "Apart from a nasty thump on my cervix, it hardly did anything to the insides of my vagina. I'm sure that you want it to hurt me more than that don't you?" she asked.

Jason nodded enthusiastically. "I'm just feeling a bit mixed up. On one hand I want to do all kinds of nasty things, but on the other hand you and Gina have been so nice about it all ... "

Terri sighed dramatically. "I guess that I'll have to help you then. All right, here's what we're going to do. I am going to squeeze down with the muscles of my pussy as hard as I can. Once you feel that I have a good grip on the pencil, give it a couple of sharp twists to give my insides a really good scraping before you rip it out of my cunt as hard as you can. If that doesn't scrape my pussy really raw, I don't know will."

"Wow Terri, you're really brave," said Gina admiringly.

Terri shook her head. "I'm not sure that I'll be very brave once it really starts to hurt," she said, "but I gave my word that I would let Jason play with my pussy any way that he likes and I don't go back on my word."

Gina nodded. "Me too. I think they knew that and that's why they chose us." Their eyes met and they exchanged a moment of understanding.

Terri turned back to Jason, smiled and took a deep breath. Jason saw her eyes lose focus for a moment as she concentrated on the muscles deep inside her body that she rarely had reason to consciously exercise. After a second he felt her grip tighten around the pencil, and his pulse sped up in anticipation. Terri leaned back and braced her hands on Jason's thighs. This position made her pussy more accessible and also made it difficult for her to suddenly move away even if the pain became unbearable. Closing her eyes, she squeezed her vagina muscles as hard as she could and gasped out, "Do it, now."

Jason placed a hand on the top of Terri's thigh, and with his other hand twisted the pencil sharply to the right. The porous surface of the pencil had absorbed much of the lubricating fluids that might have protected Terri's vagina and he felt the corrugated cylinder scrape viciously against her delicate inner flesh. Another twist to the left abraded her pussy in the opposite direction, scraping and tearing skin and membranes like gravel. He felt Terri's body stiffen and her fingernails dig into his thighs. Despite the pain that she was obviously feeling, Terri's grip on the pencil did not loosen and if anything, felt even tighter to Jason as he dragged the pencil slowly out of her body. He felt the bark crumble under his grip as he ripped the pencil free of her constricting passage. Despite the harsh gasping sounds that escaped from Terri's throat, she did not scream or cry out. However it was obvious from the movements of her body that she was in extreme pain. Jason dropped the pencil and spread Terri's pussy lips apart with his thumbs. Gina's hair tickled his cheek as she scrambled back to her previous position beside him, curious to see the condition of Terri's cunt after the torture that had been the result of her suggestion.

At first, Jason did not see much difference but after a moment when Gina pointed it out, he saw the scratches and scrapes that lined the opening to Terri's vagina. Tiny glistening drops of red blood slowly formed, decorating her hole with a miniature tiara of rubies. Both of them felt Terri's body shiver and writhe as the shock wore off and the stinging pain of the abrasions that covered her vagina all the way from her cervix out to where Jason's fingers painfully stretched her labia, spread through her body like a wildfire. The image of Terri's tortured pussy triggered a matching blaze of sexual energy in Jason's body and he felt his cock throb and swell in time to the pounding of his heart as it pressed against Terri's tightly clenched buttocks.

Terri felt Jason's rock hard erection pressing against her and she managed a brief triumphant laugh. "You really liked that didn't you?" she gasped as she fought the pain. "I made you hard, so I guess it's up to me to get you off. Fuck me. Fuck my bleeding cunt."

Jason's blazing excitement crushed any hesitation that he might have had over causing Terri any more pain, and he was glad that the girls had already undone his trousers. He felt Gina's hands take hold of his cock. Terri sat upright and positioned herself over his deep red knob. She hissed in pain as Gina guided the tip of his shaft to touch her torn flesh. Terri made eye contact with Jason, making sure that he could see everything that she was about to endure. She clenched her teeth, took a deep breath, and then thrust her hips sharply downwards. Lubricated by the mixture of blood and sexual secretions, Jason slid easily into her passage. Her buttocks slammed into his hips and Terri screamed with a combination of agony and triumph. Her arms collapsed and her breasts flattened against his chest, their nipples separated only by the soft woolen barrier of her sweater and his unbuttoned shirt. She crushed her lips against his with a desperate passion and they wrapped their arms around each other, locking their bodies together. Choking with pain, Terri whispered into Jason's ear. "I'm sorry, I'm not brave enough to do it alone. I'm going to lift my hips and I want you to fuck me. Fuck me as hard as you want and as long as you want."

Terri pressed her lips against Jason's, gagging herself with his mouth. Jason spread his legs slightly and bent his knees to place his feet flat on the bed. Suitably braced, he began to fuck her, thrusting his hips vigorously upwards and driving his cock into her ravaged pussy. The increasing pain caused by the vigorous rubbing of her wounded vagina made her pussy muscles involuntarily tighten, and to Jason it felt as if his cock had been grabbed by a silk gloved hand, which only encouraged him to pump even harder. To Terri it felt as if the lining of her vagina was being torn off and she screamed continuously into Jason's mouth. The intense and immediate feedback to each stroke of his cock goaded him into a frenzy of thrusting that lifted Terri's knees off of the bed with each stroke that slammed his hips against her belly. No mortal man could have withstood the incredible sensations that flooded his senses for long, and just moments later, it was his turn to cry out as his semen exploded into the depths of her cunt. The frenzied contractions of Terri's vagina continued to massage Jason's cock, squeezing out every drop of cum until it fell limply out of her body. Both of them shuddered and spasmed, helpless with a sensory overload so great that it almost rendered pleasure and pain indistinguishable.

"Oh God, that was amazing," groaned Jason, still panting from his exertions. He gently stroked Terri's hair and kissed her tear streaked face before tenderly kissing her lips again.



## Chapter Twenty-Seven

Gina fetched some cold scented towels from the small refrigerator in the corner of the room and started to wipe down both of their perspiration soaked bodies. However, Terri insisted on cleaning off Jason's blood and secretion covered cock with her tongue. She lapped, cat-like at his limp organ, tasting the sticky cocktail of cunt juice, semen and blood until he was completely clean. By the time that she had finished by wiping him down with a towel, Jason's cock was showing signs of recuperation. Satisfied that she had done her duty, Terri excused herself and went to the bathroom to clean up. Jason turned to Gina and asked her to undress. Lying with his hands behind his head, Jason watched with interest as Gina pulled her sweater over her head, baring her firm young breasts. Gina hopped back onto the bed and snuggled her naked body against him.

"And what should I do with you?" said Jason as he savored the feel of her lithe body.

"I have an idea," replied Gina. "Close your eyes."

Jason smiled and did as he was told. Gina reached behind her, her fingers searching for something on the shelf behind the headboard. "No peeking," she said as her fingers found what they had been looking for.

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Jamie watched in alarm as the image of Gina in the monitor screen reached behind her head to pick up a pair of sharp pointed scissors. The Jamie touched a switch on the panel in front of her and a tiny red LED embedded in the door frame of the room occupied by Gina and Jason began to flash. At the same time the wireless radio link to the communicator unit in Kathy's ear came to life.

"She's got a pair of scissors in her hand and his eyes are closed," said Jamie into her microphone.

"Roger. Preparing to enter," replied Kathy as she pressed an electronic override unit against the door lock. At the touch of a button the lock silently opened and Kathy gently pushed the door open wide enough to peer through the narrow gap. Gina's back was to the door and Kathy watched as Gina rose to her knees and transferred the scissors to her other hand. Kathy put one hand against the door and gripped the door frame with the other, bracing herself for a dash across the room.

Jamie prepared to shout a warning into the microphone that was linked to the multimedia entertainment system in the room downstairs. She saw Gina's hand reach towards the shelf again, this time to pick up what appeared to be a hair brush. Jamie spoke into the communicator link with Kathy. "Hold, false alarm. Stand down."

Kathy gave a silent sigh of relief and stepped back from the door, which noiselessly swung shut.

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Gina put the scissors down on the bed and examined the hair brush that she was holding. The brush consisted of a cylindrical plastic shaft mounted with stiff bristles that went all the way around the shaft. At the point where the bristles ended the plastic handle narrowed slightly, presumably to provide a better grip to the user. Gina tested the stiffness of the bristles with her finger and nodded in satisfaction. She gripped the bristles with one hand, and the handle of the brush with the other. Bracing her thumb against the narrowed portion of the shaft she bent the brush handle until it snapped.

Jason's eyes opened at the sharp sound. 'What are you doing?' he asked, eying the broken pieces of the brush curiously.

Gina tossed the broken handle away and placed her fingertip gently on Jason's lips. "Hush. All will be revealed in a moment," she said mysteriously, holding up the bristly cylinder.

Jason studied the object for a moment. Since he knew that it was going to be used on Gina's pussy it was obvious that it could be used in one of two ways. Either the bristles were to be pressed or rubbed against her labia and clit, or it would be somehow inserted inside her cunt. He reached out and brushed his fingers across the bristles. The tips of the bristles were rounded and smooth and therefore did not look like a likely tool for some kind of abrasive torture. On the other hand, the

cylinder of bristles measured just over two inches in diameter. If it were to be forced into Gina's tight pussy the smooth ended bristles would all be pressed flat against the shaft on their way in, thereby causing almost no damage, and with the handle broken off, it would be almost impossible to remove. Jason scratched his head in exaggerated puzzlement. "I give up."

Gina had followed his train of thought and she grinned in triumph at his failure to guess her intention. She spread a magazine on the bed and then began to carefully trim the rows of bristles with the scissors. After several minutes of careful work, she had reduced the overall diameter of the cylinder by almost half. Each bristle was now just under a quarter of an inch in length. "Ta Da," she exclaimed, holding out her finished work.

Jason examined the newly barbered brush and whistled in surprise. The tips of the bristles were no longer smooth and in many cases were needle sharp due to being cut at an angle with the scissors. Because of their reduced length, the bristles were uneven and also much stiffer, feeling now more like thorns from a spiky bush. With its reduced size the object could now fit snugly inside Gina's vagina. Jason nodded in admiration at Gina's inventiveness. Just then Terri came out of the bathroom and rejoined them on the bed. She studied Gina's creation for a moment and then whispered in Gina's ear. "You do realize that that thing is going to poke the hell out of your pussy don't you?" Gina laughed at Terri's alarmed expression and patted her arm soothingly.

Turning back to Jason, Gina said "The interesting thing about this is that once it is inside of me it won't matter whether you hurt me or caress me, it will most likely have the same effect. Anything that makes me tense my pussy muscles will result in my vagina being stabbed by all those little needles." Leaning against the headboard, Gina parted her legs and spread her pussy lips with the fingers. "OK, let's get the show on the road. Who wants to watch this going in?" she asked. Both Jason and Terri held their hands up and then jostled each other for the best position between Gina's legs to watch the show. They watched as Gina's fingers placed the blunt end of the shaft at the opening of her cunt hole and both winced in unison as she forced the jagged mass of spikes into her passage. The bristles retained enough flexibility to allow them to slide along the walls of her vagina without ripping her sex to shreds. Nevertheless, it felt to Gina as if she had shoved a strand of barbed wire into her pussy and she gasped in pain as each circle of bristles popped past the sphincter of muscles that guarded her vagina as she forced the spiky cylinder all the way in. When she removed her fingers there was no sign at all of the instrument of torture lodged deep in her body. With a gentle pat on her pussy Gina laid down on her back with her hands behind her head. "I'm all yours," she said, with a smug grin.

Seeing her stretched out naked on the bed, Jason realized for the first time what a truly spectacular body Gina possessed. He had known from the brief biography given to him by the staff of Papillon Rouge that Gina had been trained as a dancer and her sleek muscular physique proved the accuracy of the information. Starting from her toes he reverently ran his hands up her body, up her long dancer's legs, across the rippling plane of her belly and on to her firm natural breasts. He gently stroked her breasts, enjoying the feel of the soft rounded flesh rippling under his hands. His touch was soothing rather than stimulating, and Gina was able to relax sufficiently so that the spikes that filled her pussy were only mildly painful as their sharp points stabbed against the walls of her vagina. Jason kissed her and their tongues met in a moist dance while his hands continued to stroke her breasts. Gina wrapped her arms around his shoulders and then lifted her legs to cross her ankles behind his back. This was a mistake on her part as tightened all the muscles of her groin. Jason felt her body jerk as his fingers started to toy with her sensitive nipples that in turn triggered a further burst of pain as her pussy tightened around the spikes even more. Gina moaned into Jason's mouth when his fingers tightened around her nipples and he began to rhythmically pinch them. She was unable to resist the intense and unpredictable stimulation, and the muscles of her vagina tightened and relaxed in response to his touch, driving the sharp points of the bristles into the sensitive walls of her sex passage. Jason reached one hand down between their bodies and his fingers found their way to her throbbing clitoris. He carefully drew back the protective hood of flesh that shielded her clit and he began to strum the super sensitive bud with the tip of his finger. Gina screamed as the needles inside her vagina actually pierced her skin, drawing tiny droplets of blood. The bristles

were not stiff enough to drive through her flesh but instead began to flex, scraping the sharp points around the wound, thereby causing even more pain than a clean piercing would have done. Gina began to shiver in agony as Jason's touch on her clitoris forced her to grind her wounded vagina against the mass of needles.

Jason gently broke away from her arms with a kiss, and move around into a sixty-nine position, with his head between her thighs . Gina opened her mouth and allowed Jason's cock to slide between her lips. She placed her hands lightly on his hips, but made no attempt to guide or control the fucking of her mouth and throat, allowing Jason to direct the pace and stimulate himself as he pleased. Meanwhile, Jason had placed his lips firmly around her clit and had started to play with the throbbing bud with the tip with his tongue. Although Gina tried to keep her hips still, Jason had to wrap his arms around her thighs in order to keep his mouth on her pussy as she shuddered and writhed to the obscene combination of pleasure and stabbing pain that filled her cunt. He spread the lips of her pussy apart with his fingers and he watched in fascination as the mouth of her vagina moved, contracting and relaxing as her body involuntarily tried to eject the spiny intruder. Acutely aware of the painful intruder, her vagina rhythmically squeezed on the spikes, so that she now hurt herself even when Jason did nothing to her. He gasped as Gina's lips closed tightly over the head of his cock and she began to energetically suck and lick. The blood pounded in his head and the pressure in his loins built to the point of pain and he groaned in frustration. His recent orgasm with Terri and the unprecedented level of sexual excitement made it almost impossible for him to reach a climax as he frantically sucked and licked at Gina's pussy. Terri realized the problem and reached over to spread Gina's labia apart with her fingers.

"Look at this. Look at her clit, all pink and vulnerable," whispered Terri. " It's so very sensitive and you can hurt Gina so much just by playing with it roughly. But now, when you do it you are also torturing the inside of her cunt. Her clit is like a tiny control button that you can use of force Gina to stab her own pussy with all those little needles. Go on, do it. Pinch it, rub it hard, flick it with your fingernail and see how she screams."

Urged on by Terri, Jason began to pinch Gina's clit, crushing and twisting it with his fingertips. Gina's reaction was so violent that Terri had to use her body and legs to hold Gina down so that Jason could continue the torture. A tiny trickle of blood came out of Gina's vagina, testimony to the damage being done to the sensitive inner walls of her sex. She shrieked in pain, stimulating Jason's cock as if a mechanical vibrator was buried in her throat, but continued to frantically suck and lick him in between her screams and suddenly Jason went over the edge, pumping a stream of sticky white semen into her mouth. With fingers rendered clumsy by a shattering orgasm, Jason reached inside Gina's cunt hole, gripped the broken stem with his fingertips and ripped the slime covered mass of needles out of her vagina. Although the bristles were too flexible to cause much damage as they slid out of her sheath, the sensation caused by the rings of spikes springing free of the constriction of her vaginal sphincter on the way out was so intense that Jason momentarily feared that Gina would suck his cock right down her throat while she fought not to bite down on his quivering organ. Jason's arms give way and he collapsed on top of Gina, his face pressed against her wet and bloodied pussy. Gina continued to suck on his cock, extracting and swallowing every last drop of his cum before she released it.

## Chapter Twenty-Eight

Jamie sighed in relief as she watched the trio cuddle together on the bed. She flipped the switch that turned the monitor off. Although the session was not over, she felt confident that Gina was no threat and that they deserved their privacy. She turned to the door as Kathy entered the room. She was about to make a joke when she noticed the expression on Kathy's face. "Trouble?" she asked.

Kathy nodded. "We're wanted at Meeting Room Three right away. Elaine sounded worried." Elaine Rutherford had mostly recovered from her kidnapping by Moros, and the ordeal that he had put her through although she still walked a bit gingerly as her crotch healed and she was back to her station as General Manager of Papillon Rouge. Jamie nodded. She knew that if Elaine was involved the problem most likely arose from something outside of the organization.

"Did she say what it was about?" asked Jamie.

"No, but she did say that we have a visitor."

Jamie straightened her hair and put her ear piece in her pocket as they walked down the corridor. The sun had almost set and the soft golden red light filtered through the frosted glass of the windows. The double glazed translucent glass was just another precaution designed to protect the privacy of the members. Even though the building was not visible from the road or the public areas of the club, it was possible that a determined reporter might attempt a photograph from a helicopter, a laser microphone or some other such tactic. In her mind she reviewed all the possible problems that might have arisen out of the matters that she was handling at the moment as the security officer for Papillon Rouge, but nothing serious came to mind.

"Maybe a member has requested you for a session," quipped Kathy with a grin. Jamie stuck her tongue out at her assistant who responded by grabbing her own crotch with a high pitched "Ow! ". Jamie shook her head at her irrepressible friend's antics. She knew that neither of them were available to the members unless they volunteered to participate in a session as part of an investigation. They paused at the entrance to Meeting Room Three for a final check of each other's appearance and then Jamie knocked on the door. Since this was a general conference room, it was not soundproofed so both the knock and the invitation to enter were audible. The two women entered the meeting room and were surprised to find it occupied by four people and not two as they had expected. They knew Elaine, and recognized one of the men as a senior Member so they watched speculatively as the unknown man rose and held out his hand.

"Jamie, Kathy, this is Detective Henshaw," said Elaine.

"Vice?" asked Jamie.

The Detective shook his head and replied. "Homicide."

"And these are Board Members Reginald Kincaid and Barbara Hayes. Actually Reginald Kincaid is currently the Board member on liaison duty, but due to the importance of this meeting, Barbara, his alternate is present as well."

Jamie and Kathy nodded respectfully. Being a senior member meant that Kincaid sat on the board of commissioners that governed the foundation that funded and ran Papillon Rouge. They all sat down and a waitress served tea and coffee. Elaine waited until the waitress had left the room before she spoke.

"We have just received some disturbing news. I think it best that you hear the story directly from Mr Kincaid," said Elaine, nodding towards Kincaid. The man frowned as if gathering his thoughts and softly cleared his throat before speaking.

"Detective Henshaw is one of a team of officers investigating a series of deaths, all involving young, but not under-aged women." Kincaid went on to explain that although each of the deceased women had died of different causes, each of them appeared to have been tortured immediately prior to their deaths. As the women had died of reasons ranging from heart failure, strangulation and loss of blood from the internal injuries but displayed no defensive wounds, it did not appear to the police that a serial killer was responsible. Since none of the victims appeared to have been robbed and only one showed any signs of recent sexual activity, both thieves and rapists

also seemed to be ruled out by the facts, and were therefore puzzled.

"Mr. Henshaw and I have been friends for many years and we often meet for dinner or drinks. Because of our friendship and his trust in my discretion he had mentioned this investigation and his frustration at their lack of progress during a meal at my home last night. Over the course of the evening he outlined the facts of the case and some of the items of evidence that they had recovered. Normally I would have just sympathized and offered any advice that I could. However, something that Henshaw mentioned caught my attention." Kincaid turned to his friend, indicating that he should take up the narrative.

"Yes. Well, at four of the five crime scenes we discovered what appeared to be a club membership card. Unfortunately none of the cards carried any addresses, telephone numbers nor other information of any sort except a membership number, a logo and, we assume, the name of the organization. However we have found no record of such a club nor does it relate to any known criminal organization. I was therefore quite surprised when my good friend Kincaid appeared to be shocked when I described the card to him."

Kincaid laughed wryly. "You can guess my surprise and shock when Henshaw drew the outline of a stylized butterfly and told me that the organization's name was Papillon Noir."

Kincaid had quickly realized that the police investigation would eventually lead them to Papillon Rouge and that the resulting publicity could seriously harm or even destroy the unique institution, even if it was proven that it had no relation to Papillon Noir. "I knew that Henshaw could not in all good conscience drop this line of investigation based merely on my assurances. However, until last night neither he nor any of his colleagues had ever heard of Papillon Rouge and it would have been days if not weeks before it would have come to their attention. He has therefore agreed not to bring my disclosure to the attention of the authorities until such time as some other investigator learns of the existence of Papillon Rouge."

"Or until we find some hard evidence linking Papillon Rouge or any of its staff or members with the deaths," added Henshaw grimly. He turned towards Jamie and added. "You will inform me immediately if you learn anything, and I will arrest all of you if I find you interfering in my investigation or tampering with evidence. Is that understood?"

## Chapter Twenty-Nine

After Henshaw had left escorted by Kincaid, the four of them sat silently for a while absorbing the disturbing information and considering the implications. Finally Jamie placed her hands flat on the table and looked around at the others. "I'll have to go undercover."

"Are you sure about this?" asked Elaine. "It could be very dangerous. Those women did not die of natural causes and whoever is behind this Papillon Noir is obviously ruthless."

"Someone connected with Papillon Rouge must be involved. Could be a member, one of the girls or even one of the staff. This might destroy the Foundation," said Kathy grimly.

Hayes sighed heavily. "Kathy's right. We cannot allow this group, whoever they are, to continue operating this way. Young women may be getting seriously hurt or killed in a manner that points strongly to Papillon Rouge and the Foundation. We also need to find out if anyone associated with Papillon Rouge is involved."

Jamie nodded. "Kathy will investigate the possibility of a Papillon Rouge connection while I go out to the street. One point to note though is that they used the name Papillon Noir and not Rouge. You would think that if this was purely set up to discredit us from the outside after Moros' infiltration plot failed, they would have made it more obvious. They would had to have known what our logo and stationery looked like through Terry."

Kathy frowned. "I can't see where that thought gets us, but it is something to keep in mind."

"You will need to present yourself as a potential client and a pretty nasty one at that. Do you think that you can do it?" said Elaine.

Jamie cracked her knuckles with an exaggerated evil laugh. "I've learned a thing or two from the members since I've been here. I'm sure that I can be a convincing sadist."

Elaine still looked worried. "I'm sure that you could work with the kind of women that are selected for Papillon Rouge, but based on the police reports many of the girls may be working under duress or may not understand what they are getting into. In addition, they may not place any importance on the ultimate well being of the women. Just remember that you can't show any sympathy or reluctance. If they sense anything wrong, it might be you who gets killed next."

"Don't worry. I can do this," replied Jamie confidently.

"Very well," said Hayes, "I will supply the necessary funds out of my own pocket and get you a job in one of my companies under a new name. Remember that we cannot rely on anyone outside of this room until we discover the person or persons within Papillon Rouge that are involved with these criminals, not even Kincaid, as anything we learn might put him in a difficult situation with regard to his policeman friend."

"Let's find these bastards and kick their butts," growled Kathy, her Hollywood background showing.

## Chapter Thirty

Jamie spent the next week setting up her new identity. Using the money supplied by Hayes, she rented a new apartment and opened a bank account. True to her word, Hayes arranged a job as a marketing consultant in her company, complete with corporate credit cards. The position would explain the amount of time that she would need to spend in nightclubs and bars. At the same time she started to check out the S&M scene through the Internet and by calling friends and escort agencies. Initially the many wildly different and often mutually exclusive variations on offer were confusing. Spanking, rubber, fisting, domination, bondage and more. The list of fetishes seemed endless but mostly harmless. The professionals were mostly very careful and limited in the severity of the 'games' that they would permit. The amateurs ranged from freaky to amazingly normal, but again, once you excluded the drug addicts and the psychos the emphasis was always on 'sane and consensual' activities. Jamie soon decided that she would have to be much more aggressive in her inquiries if she was going to get anywhere. Checking the list that she had compiled, she selected an escort agency that offered 'submissives'. Having made her selection, she headed over to the wardrobe. Using Hayes' money she had bought some expensive looking business suits and accessories that were chosen to look both severe and sexy. Suitably dressed, she drove over to the chosen agency's office.

Exquisite Escorts shared an office with a model agency, or at least that was what the sign next to the door claimed. The attractive blond receptionist explained that having the model agency in the same office provided an excuse for both clients and working girls to come and go without an obvious link to prostitution. As it turned out, the model agency was a real business with some of the models working part-time as escorts and vice versa. Jamie informed the receptionist that she was looking for 'special services'.

The receptionist smiled. "We try to provide a full range of services to our clients, although I must warn you that it can get expensive, depending on how er ... special your interests are."

"Money is not a problem," replied Jamie casually.

"In that case I think that you should talk to the manager. I'm sure that he will be able to help you."

Jamie felt sure that there was a hidden camera somewhere in the room, as moments later the manager walked out to shake her hand and to usher her into a private room. Once they were seated in the comfortable, expensive looking chairs the manager - "Call me Jeff" - offered her a drink and spent a few minutes chatting amiably about the weather as he sized her up. Jamie realized that the manager was trying to decide whether she was a police woman.

Jamie reached into her handbag and produced a business card that displayed her photograph and a platinum credit card. "Would these help?" she asked.

Jeff pretended to be surprised and waved the proffered documents away, although Jamie saw his eyes scan them carefully. He leaned forward with his hands on his knees. "Please feel free to describe your requirements. The more you tell me the better I can help you. First of all, you do realize that we only supply female escorts don't you?" Jamie nodded. Jeff smiled and Jamie saw him mentally place a tick against 'lesbian' on his mental check-list.

Jamie pretended to look embarrassed, dropping her eyes for a moment. "I like whips and things."

Jeff nodded encouragingly. "Giving or receiving?"

"Giving" replied Jamie.

Jeff nodded slowly, obviously going through a mental list. "Yes, we have several very attractive submissives on our books that I'm sure that you will like," he said, reaching for a model register on the table.

Jamie shook her head. "Sorry, I should have been more precise. I don't want a masochist or someone into s&m. What I would like is a normal girl who would be willing to take punishment for money."

Jeff frowned. "How severe?"

"Everything short of permanent scarring or injury," replied Jamie. When Jeff hesitated, Jamie decided to increase the pressure. She tapped her credit card with her fingernail, shrugged and started to put it away in her purse. "I'm sorry to have bothered you. I guess I'll have to try another agency."

Jeff held out his hands, half rising from his seat in alarm. "Please wait. Your requirements are a little unusual, but I think that I know of some people who can help you, but it will take a day or so for me to check with them. I can promise that you won't be sorry."

Jamie pretended to consider his request, and then nodded reluctantly. "All right, I'll call you tomorrow. I must say that I am rather disappointed. I was looking forward to some fun tonight."

Jeff smiled in relief. "That's great. In the meantime, I have just remembered one of my models who might possibly be willing to take a little punishment for the right price."

Jamie realized that in addition to wanting to make some money off of her right away, Jeff's offer was very possibly a test both of her ability to pay and how serious she was about inflicting pain on another woman. If she refused, it was very likely that when she called him tomorrow he would tell her that he had been unable to get in touch with his 'friends'.

"Well, that sounds better than nothing," said Jamie, tossing her credit card to Jeff.

With the booking done, Jamie drove back to her apartment where she called Kathy at Papillon Rouge to brief her about the visit to Exquisite Escorts. Kathy laughed when she heard about Jamie's upcoming sexual encounter, which did nothing to help Jamie's state of mind. Although she had come to accept the kind of sexual activities that went on at Papillon Rouge, she was not personally bisexual, nor had she ever thought of herself as a sadist. However she would soon have to convince a professional that she was both, hence Kathy's hilarity. Fortunately for her, the doorbell rang before she had much time for further agonizing. She took a deep breath, checked her hair and makeup in the mirror and went to open the door.

"Hi, I'm Kimberly and I hope that you're Jamie."

Jamie could not help showing her surprise at what she saw. Despite her experiences in Papillon Rouge, she had subconsciously been expecting a stereotypical streetwalker. Instead Kimberly looked just like the fashion model that she was supposed to be.

Kimberly grinned and put her hands on her hips with her head cocked slightly to one side. "Well? Will I do?"

Jamie shook herself and made herself smile in welcome, which was not difficult as Kimberly was not only beautiful but seemed to possess a calm and cheerful personality. "Come on in," she said, stepping back. Kimberly seemed to glide into the room. Her long trouser covered legs and schooled posture made her look impossibly graceful and Jamie felt a momentary flash of jealousy. When she reached the center of the room Kimberly pivoted smoothly around to face Jamie, who had carefully locked the door, not wanting to have a salesman or pizza delivery person accidentally walk into what was already an embarrassing situation. However Jamie was also a professional and by the time she had turned from the door, no trace of uncertainty could be seen in her face or body language.

"I have to admit that you are much nicer than I had expected," said Jamie, deliberately looking Kimberly over from head to toe with the kind of sexually loaded gaze that she had learned from her mail colleagues in the police academy. She had decided that she would be more convincing as a sadistic lesbian if she displayed a slightly butch attitude, although she was not quite sure whether it was Kimberly or herself that she was trying to convince.

"Thank you. I see that Jeff was not exaggerating when he said that you were very attractive," replied Kimberly.

Jamie frowned. "Did Jeff explain clearly what I wanted?"

Kimberly nodded, her eyes wide and serious. "He said that you like to hurt women and that they should not enjoy it. Have I got it right?"

Jamie nodded back. "That's right, but why you? Not that I'm complaining," she replied.

Kimberly smiled wryly. "I owe Jeff a favor. Quite a big one in fact. So here I am."



Jamie move closer and reached out to gently touch Kimberly's face with her fingertips, running them down her smooth flawless skin and along her neck and down to her breastbone. She could smell of Kimberly's expensive perfume, sharp and slightly musky. Out of habit, Jamie personally never wore perfume as it could be a dangerous give-away when stalking a suspect, especially in the close quarters of a building. She leaned forward and kissed Kimberly softly on the lips. "Tell me, have you ever posed nude for a men's magazine?"

"No, I only do fashion," answered Kimberly shaking her head.

"OK, in that case, strip. Take everything off, I want you naked," said Jamie. She stepped back and folded her arms. As she watched Kimberly undress she decided that she would make use of the opportunity to feed information to Jeff and ultimately the people behind Papillon Noir, that might help convince them that she was a desirable customer, and Kimberly would just happen to be the unfortunate tool.

"Actually, I've always had this obsession with pussy torture. Every time I see an attractive woman I can't help but fantasize about doing something nasty to her beautiful pussy."

Kimberly paused after taking off her bra. With her arms instinctively crossed over her breasts, she asked, "Is it jealousy or did something happened to make you angry at other women?"

Jamie recalled the many conversations between the girls and the female members of Papillon Rouge that she had overheard. Somehow this subject always came up during the course of a session. She smiled at Kimberly and shook her head. "Every woman feels some jealousy and insecurity in the presence of another beautiful woman no matter what she looks like herself, but I don't believe that my fondness for pussy torture stems from jealousy or some deep dark Freudian episode in my past. I have no desire to slap you around or humiliate you, which is probably why I don't fit in with the usual BDSM crowd. Having you crawl and kiss my foot does nothing for me at all, but the thought of spanking your pussy with my hand makes me tingle all over."

"I think that I could handle a spanking between my legs," replied Kimberly, obviously relieved. "I know that Jeff must be charging you an arm and a leg, and that I'm not exactly what you're looking for, but I do want to try and show you a good time. If you have anything in mind that you would like to try, just tell me, no matter what it is and maybe we can work out some kind of compromise between what you want and what I think that I can bear."

"That sounds fair," said Jamie as she watched Kimberly take off her panties. She noted with interest that although Kimberly had carefully trimmed or otherwise removed the hair around her bikini line she was not clean shaven between her legs. This lent credence to her claim of not regularly modeling for men's magazines. Jamie took Kimberly's hand and lead her over to the couch. She sat down and positioned Kimberly in front of her. Using the back of her hands, she stroked the smooth length of Kimberly's thighs, first one leg and then the other. Kimberly was still wearing her shoes and the heels added length and muscular definition to her long legs. Looking at them in close-up Jamie understood the fascination they had for the hordes of hormone maddened young men who went to sleep fantasizing over magazine pictures of similar beauties. A gentle touch of her hand turned Kimberly around and she was presented with the model's taut, magnificently toned buttocks that she touched and stroked, largely to accustom herself to the idea of sexual intimacy with another woman. She was so engrossed with her own thoughts and emotions that she was startled when Kimberly suddenly spoke.

"Jamie, can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"Did you really mean it when you said that you preferred doing things to my pussy as opposed to say, spanking my bottom or things like that?"

"Yes I did. Why?" replied Jamie, intrigued by this unexpected line of questioning.

"Well, I know I agreed to let you punish me, but I have been worrying about bruises and marks. I make quite a lot of my income from one-off photographic modeling jobs from freelance and amateur photographers. Please don't get me wrong though, I gave my word and I'll go through with the session any way that you want ... "

"But?" prompted Jamie.

"Well, I would really appreciate it if you could kind of, well, kind of do things only in the area between my pussy and my asshole instead. As I told you, I don't do that kind of modeling so it won't matter if you leave marks there or it gets a bit swollen," replied Kimberly, sounding slightly embarrassed. Although this request suited Jamie's purposes well enough, she felt obliged to warn Kimberly. "You do realize of course that if I do as you ask it's going to hurt more, if only because I won't be able to spread the punishment out."

"I know that, but I guess it's only fair since I'm restricting you in this way," said Kimberly with a shrug of her shoulders. "I will still take all of my clothes off for you if you want," she added hurriedly.

"Please do. When you are naked, turn to face me and move your feet apart about the width of your shoulders."

Kimberly undressed with the smooth, efficient motions of a professional model and then shuffled around and then spread her legs as she had been told. She automatically assumed a pose, with her hip slightly cocked to one side and her hands at her waist.

Jamie grinned and patted Kimberly on the thigh. "That's very nice Kimberly, but it's your pussy that I would like to look at," she said.

Kimberly blushed when she realized what Jamie meant, but obediently straightened her stance so that her mound was squarely presented to the seated woman. Her neatly trimmed pubic hair provided very little protection and Jamie could clearly see the crinkled, deep pink ridges of her labia nestled neatly between the folds of her sex. She gasped when Jamie took a firm grip on two tufts of hair and to use them to spread her sex apart.

For several minutes Jamie did nothing but stare at Kimberly's exposed sex. As she watched, the labia visibly thickened and spread apart, their inner surfaces visibly moist. The sharp musky scent of clean young pussy tickled her nose as she leaned forward to plant a kiss on Kimberly's clitoris. Jamie released her grip on Kimberly's pubic hair and sat back slightly.

"Kimberly, for a start I want you to stay standing just as you are, and to make yourself cum. I don't need you to put on a show or anything like that. Just bring yourself to an orgasm as quickly as possible. But it has to be a real one, no acting. I'm a woman and I will know. Can you do that for me?" said Jamie.

"I guess so," replied Kimberly. She was surprised by this instruction, but after a moment's thought she reached out to grip her nipple between finger and thumb and began to rub and twist it briskly. Normally she would not have tried to stimulate herself this way as her nipple would quickly become sore, but she knew the intense sensation would help her cum more easily. She then pressed the tips of the fingers of her other hand against the top of her slit, applying a firm indirect pressure on her clit and then began to vigorously rub her fingers over the spot in a quick circular motion. Her eyes closed and her mouth opened in a silent gasp as the muscles of her groin tensed under the intense, almost painful sensation. To her surprise the embarrassment of performing such an intimate act in front of a complete stranger seemed to trigger a subconscious streak of exhibitionism and she began to feel the tingling, burning waves of an approaching orgasm much sooner than she had expected. "You really want me to just cum? I think that it's going to happen quite soon," she said, still uncertain that this was what her client really wanted. Then all thought and embarrassment disappeared as her fingers took her over the brink and she moaned and quivered in the fires of her orgasm. She gently cupped her supersensitive breast and pussy as they throbbed and pulsed in the aftermath of her rushed climax. She saw Jamie smiling at her and she gave a tiny smile in return, suddenly feeling embarrassed.

"Did that feel good?" asked Jamie. Kimberly nodded and Jamie said "I bet your clit is feeling really sensitive right now isn't it?"

Kimberly gently pressed her palm against her crotch and shivered at the intense sensation. "Ooh, it sure is."

"Can you show me your clit?" asked Jamie softly.

Kimberly was slightly surprised at the request but obligingly spread her pussy lips apart, carefully brushing the swollen folds of skin back until the smooth pink pearl of her clitoris quivered

nakedly in the cool air of the room. She looked at Jamie and asked "Is that okay?"

"That's lovely. Now be a good girl and stay really still. Can you do that for me?" said Jamie.

"Sure," said Kimberly. When she saw Jamie reach out a finger she tensed her muscles in anticipation, as her clit was really still very sensitive, and started to object, but stopped herself when she realized Jamie's intention. However, she was not prepared for what happened next. Instead of just touching Kimberly's clitoris, Jamie pressed her fingertip firmly against the swollen bud and rapidly moved her finger from side to side as if she were trying to erase a stubborn mark on a mirror. Kimberly yelped in shock and her knees almost gave way as the flood of sensation - which was so intense that she couldn't tell whether it was pleasure or pain - hit her like a jolt of high-voltage electricity.

"Ow! That hurts!" exclaimed Kimberly in shock. A moment later she grimaced wryly when she saw Jamie's grin. "Sorry, I forgot that that was what you wanted. Remember that I'm new to all this."

"That's all right," replied Jamie. "Ready for more?"

"Sure. Do you still want to play with my clit?"

"Yes, if you don't mind I would really like to play with it a bit more," said Jamie. She was trying to avoid inflicting any serious damage to Kimberly and she figured that by concentrating on the model's sensitive clit she could inflict sufficient pain to convince Kimberly of her sadistic nature without needing to resort to whips or clamps. At the same time it would reinforce the idea that she preferred pussy torture over any other kind of S&M play. To her own surprise, she found herself studying Kimberly's pussy with the eye of a connoisseur, automatically rating it for cleanliness, shape, and even smell. A variety of tortures flashed through her mind, each one tailored to suit the size and shape of Kimberly's labia, vagina and clitoris. Most shocking of all of was the realization that even though she was still not sexually attracted to women in general, she found the idea of playing with, and torturing Kimberly's pussy to be a definite turn on. Jamie chuckled ruefully to herself. "They've managed to turn you into a real pervert haven't they," she murmured.

Startled by the woman's reaction, Kimberly asked "Have I done something wrong?"

Jamie shook her head and smiled warmly at the model. "No, I was just telling myself how well you were coping with the situation."

Kimberly smiled back, pleased at the complement. "I'm really doing my best. I believe in giving value for money." She paused for a second and added "To be honest, I need the money badly. Not all models make lots of money you know," she said defensively.

Jamie reached out to stroke the back of her fingers across the soft warm skin of Kimberly's widespread sex. The intimate caress made the nerves of her arm tingle as she slipped her fingers in and around Kimberly's inner labia. Jamie squeezed her fingers together, trapping the delicate lips and sinking the knuckle of her middle finger inside the model's vagina. "Brace yourself, this is going to hurt," she said. With that, Jamie jerked her hand downwards sharply, painfully stretching the trapped labia out several inches before they ripped out from between her knuckles. Kimberly was just beginning to react to the tearing pain between her legs when her clit seemingly burst into flame as Jamie crushed the delicate bud between her fingernails.

"Ow!" yelled Kimberly, her knees bending reflexively. "Yow, ouch, oh shit that hurts," she groaned as Jamie continued to pinch her clit.

Jamie reached under a cushion with her free hand and after a moment of searching by touch, she found the small plastic clip that she had hidden there earlier. Made of blue and black plastic, the clip was only about three quarters of an inch long, but was strong enough to firmly hold ten or twenty sheets of paper together. She stopped her pinching of Kimberly's clit and handed the clip to the startled model. Then she reached under her own skirt, hooked her thumbs under the waistband of her panties and stripped them off of her hips and legs in a single smooth movement. She spread her knees apart and put her hands over her crotch. Jamie was surprised to feel the wetness on her palm.

"Kimberly, I want you to put that clip on your clitoris and then put your hands behind your neck. I'm going to play with myself and all you have to do is to stand still and pose for me until I

come. Do you think you can do that?"

Kimberly looked at the clip and tested the strength of its spring. Her eyes widened when she felt how strong it was. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath and then shrugged. "What the heck. I've been asked to wear all kinds of ridiculous accessories on assignment, so why should a little clip bother me. Just don't take too long. I still have plans for my clit so I will be really pissed if it falls off," she said jokingly. She reached down and spread her pussy lips apart and brought the clip close to her clitoris. She looked up at Jamie and said "Are you ready?" When Jamie nodded, she opened the clip and carefully positioned her clit between the plastic jaws. Taking care not to let the clip snap shut suddenly, she slowly allowed its jaws to close over her clit until it was firmly gripped by the plastic clamp. The pain was sharp and immediate, and she gasped as she lifted her hands up to lace her fingers behind her neck. She tossed the hair back from her face and threw her elbows back, which lifted and firmed her breasts. She sucked her tummy in, making her abdomen a smooth flat muscular plane that flowed down to the triangle of her pubic mound. Kimberly knew that she looked magnificent in this pose, which was a favorite with the photographers. However, the sharp pain emanating from her clitoris and spreading through the nerves of her belly made her body want to curl up into a ball and to squeeze her thighs tightly together. The effort required to maintain her pose made all the muscles along the front of her body and her inner thighs tremble and ripple. She felt her fingernails involuntarily dig into the skin of her neck as she struggled against the pain. Her eyes were locked on Jamie's slowly moving fingers as if her gaze could somehow intensify the stimulation and thereby hasten her client's orgasm.

Jamie's eyes darted from Kimberly's crushed clitoris, to her trembling thighs, up to her smallish, quivering breasts and strained face, and then back to the clip on her clitoris. It seemed as if she could smell the model's pain as a glistening sheen of perspiration spread over her naked body. Although Jamie was surprised to discover that she was deriving a surprising amount of sexual stimulation from Kimberly's painful predicament, she was not sadistic enough to want to extend the model's ordeal unnecessarily and she allowed her fingers to glide and stroke her pussy in a rhythm that she knew from long practice would quickly bring her to a climax. "How does it feel?" she asked.

Kimberly's eyes widened in surprise at the question, the answer to which must have seemed obvious. Then she realized that Jamie wanted the additional stimulation of hearing her describe her pain. "It hurts. It hurts in ways that I had not expected. I can barely feel my clit now as the whole area feels like it's on fire, but the worst is the pain inside, kind of like the cramps you get during your period you know, but much worse," she gasped, struggling to speak clearly through the sharp pain. Her upper body started to sway and twist as the pain gradually eroded her willpower. "Please cum, please, please, it hurts a lot," she begged.

Jamie shifted her buttocks to the edge of her seat as she slipped the tip of one finger into her vagina while continuing to stroke her clit with her other hand. She stimulated the sensitive area around the opening of her vagina with a rapid tapping motion of her finger, which plunged the first joint of her finger in and out all the slippery orifice. "Move closer," she said, and when Kimberly had shuffled close enough that her knees touched the insides of Jamie's thighs, Jamie leaned forward and rested her cheek on Kimberly's hip. This brought her eyes level with the trembling plastic clip. All her senses were flooded with the signs of Kimberly's pain. Through her cheek she could feel the heat and trembling of Kimberly's body and the smell of her pussy blended with the delicate fragrance of body lotion was so intense that she could almost taste it. She reached out with her tongue and ran the tip up along Kimberly's labia until she could feel the firm swollen skin of her clitoris that squeezed out from between the crushing jaws of the clip.

Kimberly cried out from the unexpected pain caused by the touch of Jamie's tongue against the clip and her hips bumped against Jamie's face. This additional response was enough to trigger Jamie's orgasm and she fell backwards against the couch as her thighs squeezed rhythmically against Kimberly's legs, as if they were trying to capture the thrusting pelvis of a lover. "You can take it off," she gasped, as she shook and jerked in the throes of an intense climax.

Kimberly's hands flashed down between her thighs in desperate haste and she gingerly

removed the clip with shaking fingers. The pain of the blood rushing back into her crushed clitoris surprised her. She dropped limply to the floor with her hands pressed tightly against her wounded crotch, as if in imitation of Jamie's orgasmic spasms.

A few minutes later both women sat side-by-side on the couch. Jamie reached out and gently stroked Kimberly's arm with her fingertips. "I'm sorry. I hope it didn't hurt you too much. I know that it's not your thing."

Kimberly shook her head and smiled. "Don't apologize. You didn't force me to do anything against my will. In fact, I feel as if I should apologize to you," she said.

"Why?"

Kimberly turned her head to look into Jamie's eyes. "I know that you would have liked to hurt me a lot more than you did."

"Don't be silly. You did just fine," replied Jamie.

Kimberly smiled gratefully and then looked away, her brows frowning slightly as she thought about something. Suddenly, she set up straight and nodded her head as if making a decision. She turned back to Jamie and touched her hand. "Did Jeff promise to put you in touch with someone who could arrange some serious S&M stuff for you?"

Jamie was surprised at the question but saw no reason not to reply truthfully. "Yes he did. Why?"

"Look, you've been really nice. I have been treated a lot worse by clients who were supposed to be straight," said Kimberly. She paused for a moment and then said, "Jeff is a bastard. He talks big but he doesn't really have the kind of contacts that he claims. I've seen it before. He will call you and tell you that he can make the arrangements you want for a fee, but after he's taken your money he will send you to someone that you could have found in the Yellow Pages or in any of those BDSM magazines for free, or try to convince you to take another girl like me."

Jamie nodded and thanked Kimberly. She sighed in discouragement as it appeared that she had been wasting her time and the Foundation's money. She was surprised when Kimberly spoke again.

"I'm not sure that I should tell you this, but I think that I know someone who could help you," said Kimberly.

"Why the hesitation?"

"Like I said, I know this guy who is into the kind of things that you are looking for, but I think that he and his friends are dangerous people. Jeff introduced me to him a while ago and I spent a weekend with him. He only wanted someone attractive to take to a party and whom he could screw afterwards. Anyway, he must have liked me because he offered me a job at the end of the day. He said that if I didn't mind getting slapped around a bit, I could learn a lot of money. Of course, I asked him what he meant and exactly how much money. He must have interpreted this to mean that I was interested because he told me that I could get at least ten thousand dollars for an evening's work. Then he went on to tell me what I would have to do."

Jamie saw Kimberly's face turning pale as she remembered the conversation.

"He told me all right. In great detail. I think he enjoyed shocking me," said Kimberly. She smiled faintly at Jamie and said, "If you had made the offer, I might have been tempted, but I got the feeling that he and his friends would not know when to stop. This line of business is dangerous enough without sticking your head or other body parts into a meat grinder. I can't remember the actual name of his company, but I know that it had something to do with butterflies."

"So, you think this is the guy who can get me what I'm looking for?" asked Jamie, her radar on alert at the mention of butterflies.

"Yes. I suspect that he could get just about anything for the right price. Just be careful. Being a client may be just as dangerous as being one of his girls," said Kimberly. She took a notepad from her handbag and wrote out a name and telephone number, which she ripped out and handed to Jamie.

"Thanks for the information, and the warning," said Jamie.

"I'm not sure that I am really doing you a favor. Anyway, you can tell them that I sent you."

Just be careful OK?" said Kimberly.

To Jamie's surprise Kimberly refused the generous tip that she tried to give her. She could see the Kimberly was beginning to regret giving Jamie the information and that there was a trace of fear in her eyes. More than anything, this convinced her that Kimberly was telling the truth.

After Kimberly left, Jamie made several telephone calls, first to Papillon Rouge to update them on her discoveries and then to some friends and contacts from her days in the police force. Satisfied that she had done everything she could, and Jamie undressed and took a hot shower. As she stood under the steaming cascade of water, the touch of her fingers on her body brought back images of the unusual sexual encounter that she had just experienced, which in turn made her think of the unusual turn that her sex life had taken of late. As a private investigator, she had infiltrated an s&m brothel. Then in her first investigation on behalf of Papillon Rouge she had gone undercover as one of the girls and had submitted to having her genitals tortured for the entertainment of one of the Members. Although she had not magically discovered that she was a masochist, she found that she had experienced a certain degree of pride in having successfully endured the ordeal while simultaneously catching a murderer. She had also found a new friend in Kathy and experienced a sense of camaraderie with the girls and staff of Papillon Rouge. After a while she had discovered the cheerful and almost fanatical devotion to pussy torture that filled the staff and Members of Papillon Rouge to be strangely infectious. It soon became natural to discuss the merits of leather straps as opposed to wooden rulers for spanking labia, or the best hand position to be used by a woman when she wanted to expose her clitoris to the whip. However, she had still considered herself to be heterosexual until her experience with Kimberly had once more turned her preconceptions upside down. She stepped out of the shower and stared at her body in the steam fogged mirror, watching the drops of water run down her skin. With a shake of her head Jamie dismissed these psychological diversions. She wrapped herself in a fluffy white housecoat and sat down next to the telephone with a mug of hot chocolate. She stared at the piece of paper that Kimberly had given her, and tapped her fingernail over and over on the name that was scrawled on it. Hugo White.

## Chapter Thirty-One

By ten a.m. the next morning, all of Jamie's contacts had replied. To her surprise Hugo White did not appear to have any criminal record, and by all accounts was a successful businessman. There were unconfirmed rumors floating around about an ex-wife who had been suspiciously accident prone before the divorce, but she had left town and neither the police nor Papillon Rouge had been able to locate her. The exact nature of Hugo's business was equally unclear, being an eclectic mix of import, export and consultancy services. Whatever he did, it apparently was lucrative enough for his company to own its own jet. Hugo himself alternated between a luxury penthouse in the city and a large countryside estate that had acquired from a rock star with a fetish for privacy but not the talent to maintain it. Jamie sighed in frustration. With discreet investigation proving to be a failure, it seemed that the direct approach was her only choice. After a final scan of the e-mails that she had received, Jamie switched off her notebook and picked up her telephone. A receptionist answered after two rings. Kimberly had told her to ask for Personnel Placement Services and apparently this had rung a bell with the receptionist who immediately placed her on hold. After several minutes of listening to an amazingly irritating corporate jingle, she was connected to Hugo White himself.

"Hello Miss Killian, this is Hugo White of Personnel Placement Services. How may I help you?"

"Hello Mr. White. I was recommended to you by Kimberly of Exquisite Escorts. She thought that you might be able to put me in touch with the suppliers of certain very special services," replied Jamie cautiously.

"Ah yes, I think I remember Kimberly. A most attractive lady. Can you be a little more specific? We provide a wide variety of services at very reasonable rates. Someone to walk your dog perhaps, or a ghost-writer to help you with your memoirs."

Jamie knew that Hugo was being deliberately obtuse and she thought that she detected a trace of laughter in his voice. Jamie decided to take a risk. "Actually, I am a fan of black butterflies," she said. There was a long silence and for a moment Jamie feared that she had made a mistake and that Hugo would hang up.

"Perhaps it would be best if we discuss this matter in person. Would you like to come down to my office for a cup of coffee?" said Hugo.

Jamie smiled. It looked like the fish was nibbling. Then her smile faded. This fish might turn out to be a very large shark.

There was certainly nothing second rate about Hugo's taste in addresses. The sleek glass and aluminium tower gleamed smugly in the sun. The elevator smelled like a new car and the soft feminine voice that announced the floors purred like a well fed jungle cat. As she watched the entrance lobby fall away through the glass bubble of the elevator cage, Jamie wondered why a seemingly successful businessman would involve himself personally in something potentially as dangerous and embarrassing as a kinky escort agency. Then there was no more time for thought as the elevator glided to a halt and the doors slid silently open. To her surprise she was met by two well groomed women dressed in maroon and silver uniforms, who greeted her by name. She was subjected to a polite but thorough screening. Jamie's experienced eye quickly spotted the fact that the equipment they were using not only detected metal objects such as knives and guns and but also electronic emissions such as those generated by miniature microphones and recording equipment. With the check complete, they thanked her politely and escorted her deeper into the building and into a small conference room. After serving her a cup of coffee they left her alone. Ten minutes passed and Jamie crossed and uncrossed her legs and glanced at her watch impatiently. She took care not to stare directly at the tiny video camera lens that was mounted at the bottom of a picture frame that she had spotted within moments of entering the room. Evidently whoever was watching her decided that there was nothing more to be learned and moments later the door swung silently open to admit a tall, well-dressed man. Expensive suit, expensive watch, expensive cologne. Hugo White was either doing very well or took pains to appear as if he was.

"Miss Killian, so sorry to keep you waiting, but I was on the telephone when they told me you had arrived," said Hugo White, holding out his hand. His handshake was firm but controlled and he seemed amused when Jamie returned the grip with equal force.

"That's quite all right. I just hope that I'm not wasting my time here," replied Jamie.

Hugo smiled. "I've spoken to Kimberly and she has verified your interests. However, I do have a question."

"Black butterfly. Papillon Noir. Yes I know what it means," said Jamie.

Hugo's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "Please explain."

"I'm looking for something and I'm willing to pay for it. People talk if you know where to listen. But don't worry, I didn't know about you until Kimberly told me and the butterfly thing was just a guess," said Jamie.

"OK, let's say I believe you. Before we go any further I need you to tell me exactly what you want," said Hugo.

Jamie looked directly into Hugo's eyes and said "I'm looking for attractive, intelligent girls who will allow me to torture their genitals in exchange for money. There, is that clear enough for you?"

"But why come to me? I'm sure that there are any number of nice masochistic ladies to be found in the right clubs and on the Internet," replied Hugo.

"I am not interested in someone who would enjoy it. And I hate wearing leather."

Hugo leaned back in his chair and smiled over steepled fingers. "And do you hate women too?"

Jamie frowned and leaned forward in her chair as if preparing to rise. "That's the second time this week that somebody has asked me that. Spare me the amateur psychology. My reasons are not your business and you are wasting my time."

Hugo held up his hand, waving Jamie back into her chair. "Please Miss Killian, you must forgive me if I sound uncooperative but I have to be careful. I think that I have just the thing that you are looking for. Permit me to explain. The commodity that you are seeking is both rare and expensive." Jamie started to speak but Hugo held up his hand again, silencing her. "Yes, I know that you are willing and able to pay, but let me emphasize that we are talking about large sums of money. Therefore, just like any other organization that provides exclusive services with large overheads, the only practical solution is a membership system. My clients pay a single annual membership fee, which gains them access to the services of our organization, and they pay for the ladies on a per use basis. This is a schedule of our fees and regulations." Hugo handed her a small booklet. The cover was decorated with a black, stylized butterfly.

Jamie read the page that set out the fees. Hugo had not exaggerated, as the annual fee was more than sufficient to gain membership in any of the most exclusive country clubs. She allowed herself a small expression of surprise, knowing that this was what Hugo would expect from anyone who was paying off of their own pocket. She flipped through the rest of the pages which mainly dealt with non-disclosure. Then she tossed the brochure on to the table with a flick of her fingers and turned back to Hugo.

"What are the limits of what I can do to them?" she asked.

"Practically none," replied Hugo. "We do however frown on deliberate mutilation. Being a business it is only natural that we would prefer to get more than one use out of each girl. Other than that you have carte blanche."

"What if the girl dies?" asked Jamie calmly. Beneath her business like appearance, Jamie was horrified at the callous and ruthless attitude displayed by Hugo. What horrified her even more was that Hugo evidently expected the same attitude from his clients.

Hugo shrugged. "All part of the package. You just notify our staff who will clean everything up for you and dispose of the remains. Just another sex crime statistic. However, we are honest businessmen and cannot condone murder. If we think that the death was deliberate, your membership will be canceled and any fees paid will be forfeited. And of course we would be obliged to call in the police - or to deal with you as we see fit. We do not cater to snuff fantasies."



Hugo's perfect teeth flashed in a carnivorous smile.

Jamie returned the smile, another carnivore baring its teeth in return. "I like that. If you had given me any bull shit about caring for the girls I would have been out of here in a flash." Jamie let her smile fade and she lifted an eyebrow. "This has all been very interesting, but so far you have not shown me anything that would indicate that you are anything but a con artist who has watched too many gangster movies. Why should I give you my money?"

Hugo chuckled. "Actually I prefer cartoons. As for proof, how about an all expenses paid weekend at one of our facilities? We even have an excellent chef on staff. Naturally you will not be allowed to make use of any of the ... special services until you are a paid up member, but once you see what we have to offer I am confident that you will join us."

"And what happens if I decline?" asked Jamie suspiciously.

"I would be happy to pick you up in person from any very public location that you specify. I'm sure that you can arrange for some very embarrassing questions to be asked should you fail to return safely from our trip," replied Hugo.

Jamie shrugged and nodded at him. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," she said.

## Chapter Thirty-Two

Jamie had to admit to a sense of grudging admiration. The large, official looking sign announced that they had arrived at 'The Papillon Noir Institute for the Treatment of Behavioral Disorders in Women'. The black butterfly logo, identical to that of Papillon Rouge except for color, was engraved in the stone gate post. Just about any kind of sadistic behavior could be explained away as part of the 'treatment' or dismissed as the babbling of a disturbed mind. It was the perfect set-up for a slave training camp. Hugo explained that all the women were required to sign voluntary commitment documents and a case file was carefully created for each of them by the staff. Hugo found it extremely amusing as he recounted a case of a runaway woman who had been brought back to the Institute by the local police.

The inside of the Institute did in fact resemble an expensive private clinic where executive wives or pop singers would come to rid themselves of socially embarrassing habits. Hugo told Jamie that each of the girls did actually get assigned a room of their own, but not out of any kindness. Isolation was a part of the breaking in process designed to render them compliant and tractable. Just about every psychological and physical technique was used except for drugs. The customers were paying for perfect sex slaves and not zombies or strung out addicts, commented Hugo smugly. As they moved down the corridor, they went past several women. Some were escorted by white uniformed attendants and who looked frightened and confused. Others walked alone but Jamie could still see the fear in their eyes, even though they smiled and greeted Hugo and herself politely. After they had passed through several locked doors marked 'Staff Only', they arrived at the section that supposedly contained the staff offices and quarters. Hugo showed her to a room and handed her an electronic key card. He explained that the card would give her access to all areas of the clinic except the individual offices, the security office and the Intensive Care sections where the new girls were kept. The inside of the room that she had been given resembled an expensive hotel suite complete with wide-screen television and walk-in closet.

"Let's have breakfast," said Hugo. "I think that you'll find it an interesting experience."

Hugo led Jamie out onto a patio that was replete with garden furniture, rosebushes and a fountain. A tall blond waitress in a classic movie French maid uniform served tea and coffee, and rolled out several trolleys laden with large platters of food.

"What do you think?" asked Hugo as they ate.

Jamie deliberately glanced around feigning indifference. "This is all very nice, but I can get breakfast anywhere."

Hugo tilted his head in acknowledgment. He signaled to the waitress who stepped quickly to his side.

"May I get you something else Mr White?" she asked.

Hugo crooked his finger at her and the waitress leaned forward expectantly.

"My guest finds this boring," said Hugo, waving at the food. "Is there anything else on the menu?"

Jamie saw the waitress's eyes glance towards her as if searching for some trace of pity or understanding, but Jamie forced herself to return her silent plea with a look of indifference. The waitress's eyes turned back to Hugo, once more showing nothing but an eagerness to please.

"I'm sorry that the spread is unsatisfactory sir, but that is all we have on the menu. Perhaps I can make up for it some other way?" she said.

"What do you suggest?" asked Hugo. It was obvious from his tone of voice that he knew in advance what form her response would take.

"Perhaps Madam would find the sight of me being tortured more entertaining. I would be happy to cooperate in any way that you would like," said the waitress earnestly.

"The lady has a preference for female genital torture," said Hugo casually, as if discussing the way in which a steak should be prepared.

The waitress smiled happily. "I have a really nice pussy that I'm sure that sir and madam

would enjoy." However, her voice sounded slightly strained to Jamie, who just looked at Hugo questioningly. He grinned back smugly and nodded his head. "We only serve the best here," he said as he reached out to pat the maid on her hip approvingly. With an exaggerated expression of regret Hugo added, "I must admit that this little bitch is one of the best in the current batch and I have been saving her for myself. Unfortunately since you're not a paid up member I can't allow you to actually touch her, but if you will tell me what you would like to see, I would be happy to provide a suitable demonstration."

"Perhaps we can start by having a look at what's on offer," said Jamie, glancing at the waitress's crotch.

Hugo prodded the waitress with his finger. "You heard the lady. Go on, show her what you've got."

The waitress obediently reached down and lifted the hem of her short, lace trimmed skirt, revealing a matching black silk g-string. With quick, practiced motions of her other hand she undid the bows, which decorated each side of her hips and pulled the loosened garment from between her thighs, allowing it to flutter to the ground like a dying butterfly. Her exposed pubic mound was smooth and free from hair.

"We insist that all of our girls wax off their pubic hair both for appearance and hygiene. Naturally we cannot allow them to use razors as they might hurt themselves - or someone else. Besides, watching them tear their pubic hair off is most entertaining and is a regularly scheduled event for the guests," commented Hugo with a sly grin.

As to be expected, the waitress had an excellent figure and a plump, well shaped pussy. Without further instruction she reached down between her legs and spread apart the lips of her pussy with her index and middle fingers, exposing the beautiful, rose tinted insides of her sex. From her seated position, Jamie could see that the waitress's vagina was still dry. She was acutely aware of Hugo's gaze as he watched her with his hard, businessman's eyes and she took care to display an appropriate amount of interest which, she had to admit was not difficult as the waitress was very attractive. She was startled when Hugo suddenly reached out and gripped one of the waitress's labia with his finger and thumb. The waitress grimaced in pain as he roughly tugged and twisted her captive flesh as if testing to see whether it was firmly attached to her body.

"She has a nice little cunt doesn't she?" said Hugo. The waitress whimpered softly as he dug the nail of his thumb into her flesh hard enough to draw blood.

Jamie laughed coarsely as she leaned forward with her elbows on the table. "She certainly does, although she might be a bit lopsided if you keep doing that," she joked. Hugo found it hilarious and slapped the waitress on the buttocks as he laughed. He released his grip on her labia and studied the small, crescent shaped wound on the inside of her right labia. He picked up a wooden cocktail stick from the cheese platter and handed it to the waitress.

"She's right," he said to the waitress, who watched him warily. "Your cunt lips don't match now and we can't have that. Why don't you make the other one look the same as the one that I have just decorated. Here, you can use this cocktail stick."

"Yes Sir. Thank you Sir," answered the waitress. She then bent forward and pushed her hips out in an effort to see the mark that Hugo had made on her labia. Unfortunately, her standing position and her crumpled, frilly skirt made this extremely difficult. Hugo interpreted her hesitation as reluctance and slapped her thigh hard, leaving a dark red bruise. "Hurry up bitch," he snarled.

Jamie decided to help her, and pointed to the shiny steel surface of a serving tray.

The waitress nodded and smiled gratefully. By sliding the tray until one corner rested between her knees she was able to use the tray as an improvised mirror with which to examine her injured labia. She then stretched out her right labia and placed the sharp tip of the cocktail stick against the smooth taut inner side of her sex lip. She clenched her teeth against the anticipated pain and began to scrape the sharp wooden point of the cocktail stick against her skin as if she were trying to sketch a copy of the bleeding crescent mark with a pencil. The first two strokes merely reddened the skin and the waitress realized to her dismay that she would have to press much harder if she was to mark herself in the manner that Hugo required. Jamie saw the waitress's knuckles

whiten as she tightened her grip on the sharp sliver of wood, and heard her sharp intake of breath as she forced the point through her skin and scraped it downwards, staining the wood red with her blood. She was forced to tear at her labia several times in both directions before the wound matched the cut made by Hugo's thumbnail. Finally, the waitress straightened up with obvious relief and spread out her labia with both hands to display the matching injuries. She turned her hips slightly first towards Hugo and then towards Jamie.

"Is that satisfactory Sir?" she asked.

Hugo raised an eyebrow at Jamie, asking her approval. Jamie smiled and tapped her fingers together in a parody of applause. "That will be all," he replied, waving the waitress away.

"Impressive. You obviously have them well trained, and if the others are like her, this place is just what I am looking for. I'm convinced. Where do I sign up?" said Jamie.

"I'll show you after we have finished our breakfast. We accept all the usual credit cards of course," replied Hugo with a grin.

"Do you run this place yourself?" asked Jamie.

"Good lord, no. This is what you might call a sideline. It was just recently started up as an experimental diversification. I have a full time manager who takes care of everything for me. His name is Oleg Baranski. We just call him Oleg. He's out at the moment, but I'll introduce you later. If you will give me a credit card, I will have the office process you and make your access card permanent."

Jamie handed Hugo her credit card and watched him walk away towards the office. She sighed in frustration. Although it looked like she had found the organization that called itself Papillon Noir, she had seen no indication that they were in any way involved in the deaths of the girls, nor that the name was anything more than a coincidence. Hugo was a hard core capitalist and was probably quite capable of having someone killed if it would further some business scheme, but had displayed none of casual savagery that had characterized the actions of Moros. Of course, this could all be just the public face of the organization. It appeared that she would have no choice but to become a member in good standing of Papillon Noir, and hope that she would be able to learn more from the staff or the girls and that she would be spending a lot more of Hayes' money.

## Chapter Thirty-Three

Oleg was a surprise. In total contrast to Hugo, Oleg dressed and acted like he would have been more at home in a Miami beach resort. He greeted Jamie with a wide grin and wiped his hand on a napkin before offering it to her.

"Sorry, I was just having a snack," he explained, pointing to a half eaten pizza on his table.

Jamie shook his hand. He had a firm grip and something about the way his hand felt tickled something in Jamie's memory, but she was unable to pinpoint exactly what. "Hello Oleg. Hugo tells me that you run this place."

Oleg shook his head dismissively. "I'm just an admin guy. I take the bookings, make sure the membership fees are paid and try to keep the members happy. We have lots of staff in the clinic who make sure everything actually works."

Hugo had just left, after receiving a telephone call. He had introduced her to Oleg and then excused himself, muttering something about a health inspection at one of his warehouses. More than ever, Jamie wondered whether the relationship of Papillon Noir to the murders was merely a coincidence. There was no doubt in her mind that women, perhaps even unwilling ones, were being recruited and forced into the rough end of the prostitution business by Papillon Noir. However, Jamie was no longer with the police and, as an employee of Papillon Rouge, she was hardly in a position to criticize. She giggled softly to herself at the thought of taking Papillon Noir to court for copyright infringement. However, there was still a strong probability that the person or people responsible for the dead girls was somehow connected with this organization, so Jamie felt obliged to continue her investigation.

"So what happens now?" asked Jamie.

"Well, your credit card has cleared and we've activated your access key. We still need the results of your background check but that's just a formality," answered Oleg. "So unless you feel like taking a nap or having something else to eat, I guess it's time to take a look at the girls," he said, wriggling his eyebrows suggestively and with a big boyish grin.

"That sounds like a good idea. Let's see if you people can deliver after all the big talk," said Jamie, keeping up the rich bitch attitude.

"Walk this way," said Oleg pointing to a doorway marked 'Therapy Rooms'. He led the way, imitating the bow legged gait of a chimpanzee and scratching his sides.

Jamie rolled her eyes, sighed and followed Oleg into the building.

Lecture Room One turned out to be a large, comfortably furnished room that resembled the waiting room of any big business. There was even a plasma TV and a small but well-stocked snack bar. The main feature of the room however were the twenty or so young women that occupied it. Most of them appeared to be of either Eastern European or Asian origin, although several would have looked right at home at the local high school or college. A few faces turned to watch them as they entered the room, but most of them were nervously watching the other end where two women confronted each other, observed by a third. The two arguing women were obviously 'inmates' of the institution as they were dressed in the same loose blouse and wrap around skirt as the rest. The third was a tall, very fit looking woman dressed in an expensive looking business suit. From what Jamie could hear, it appeared that the two girls were arguing over the ownership of a gold pendant that now dangled from the hand of the tall woman. Both of the girls claimed that it was a family heirloom of great sentimental value, which was why it had not been pawned or sold by the owner. The argument was getting heated and it was obvious that if the third woman had not been present the other two would have come to blows by now.

"That's Greta, our Chief Counselor," whispered Oleg loudly. "Those two girls are new. This should be interesting," he said, nudging Jamie with his elbow.

"Enough!" barked Greta.

The two girls stopped arguing and turned to look at Greta apprehensively.

"I thought that you girls had been told the rules. What did they tell you when you arrived

here?" asked Greta.

"No fighting," muttered one girl. From her accent Jamie thought that she sounded European, possibly Czech, although Jamie had to admit that she was just guessing.

"No stealing," said the other girl, glaring at her opponent. This girl had a very neutral accent and could have been from almost anywhere, but from her appearance she looked to be Eurasian.

"I don't care who is right and who is wrong. As far as I'm concerned both of you deserve to be punished," said Greta remorselessly. "Get your blouses off. I'm going to cane your nipples. Twenty for each of you I think - for a start."

The two girls looked horrified upon hearing Greta's decision and for a moment it appeared as if they would either refuse or run. However both of them had long since learned the futility of resisting, at least while they were inside the Clinic. Their shoulders slumped in resignation and both of them began undressing. Greta looked down at the pendant in her hand, glanced around and suddenly tossed it at Jamie saying "Please hold this for me," before heading towards an umbrella holder that held an impressive selection of whips and canes.

Jamie snatched the pendant out of the air. It was surprisingly heavy and Jamie lifted it to her eyes in order to examine it. Upon closer examination she realized that it was in fact a locket, which opened up to reveal the photograph of a middle aged woman. The photograph looked fairly new and Jamie notice some tiny scratches on the frame. Her police trained instincts prompted her to take a small pen knife from her pocket, which she used to pry off the gold mounting that held the picture in place. The mounting and the picture dropped into her palm and Jamie smiled. She looked up at the two girls who were now naked to the waist. With ruthless efficiency, Greta slashed each woman across a nipple in quick succession with her cane. Both cried out and clutched their wounded breasts.

"Who's the woman in the picture?" asked Jamie.

"My mother," both of them chorused, glaring at each other. Jamie was not surprised that the thief knew the identity of the person in the photograph, given that the two of them had been arguing over the pendant.

"And when was this picture taken?" asked Jamie.

The European girl looked startled at the question and then blurted "Last year".

The other girl looked up at Jamie, her eyes wide as she realized what Jamie was doing. "On the 11th of March, my mother's birthday," she replied with a big grin on her face.

"That's right," said Jamie holding up the photograph, on the back of which was clearly written the 11th of March. She carefully replaced the photograph in the locket and pressed the frame down on top of it. She closed the locket and handed it back to it's owner.

Greta snorted impatiently. "That's all very nice, but she still broke the rules and I'm going to cane her tits anyway," she said swishing the cane that she held menacingly.

The Eurasian girl bit her lip and shrugged, making her naked breasts jiggle interestingly. She gave another small smile to Jamie and said "Thanks anyway. At least I get my mother's locket back."

Jamie turned to Oleg and asked, "Since I'm a fully paid a member now, I can make use of any girl here that I like, right?" Oleg nodded and held up his hand to silence Greta, who appeared ready to object angrily. Jamie turned to the Eurasian girl and raised an eyebrow. The girl stuck out her tongue at Greta, slipped on her blouse and held out her hand to Jamie.

Jamie took her hand, but said in warning "I'm going to hurt you too you know." The girl's only reply was to squeeze her hand gently and to ask for her room number. She turned to wave mockingly at Greta before leading Jamie away. They walked hand in hand through the corridors until they reached Jamie's room.

Once they were inside the room and the door safely locked, the girl suddenly hugged Jamie impulsively. Just as suddenly she stepped back and covered her mouth with one hand. "I'm so sorry. Do you want me to do the submissive slave routine and call you mistress and everything?"

Jamie smiled in amusement and shook her head. "Not unless you want to."

The girl looked relieved and once again held out her hand. "Hi, my name is Susie, what's

yours?"

"Call me Jamie. Aren't you worried about what I'm going to do too you?"

Susie shook her head vigorously. "Nope. That's what you're paying for. They gave us a choice you know, we could either come here or get sent to some brothel and get fucked by twenty men a day, and who would probably slap us around anyway. Besides, I doubt that you have as heavy hand as my stepfather," she said. "Anyway, I owe you one for what you did back there. You got me my locket back and that bitch Greta didn't get to cane my tits for free. At least I get a fee for looking after you."

"Will Greta come after you later?" asked Jamie.

"I don't think so. Right now she's probably caning the hell out of Yelena's tits. She'll be satisfied as long as she gets to punish somebody. That Greta is mean but she doesn't hold grudges," replied Susie as she bounced gently up and down on the mattress of Jamie's bed.

Jamie decided to risk a question. "Do any of the staff ever get carried away? I mean it must be a bit scary to be at the mercy of a bunch of strangers with canes and whips."

Susie stopped bouncing and turned her head to stare at Jamie. For a moment the Jamie thought that she had gone too far, but then she realized that Susie was just thinking about her answer.

"Carried away? You mean someone getting badly hurt like in broken bones and blood and stuff? No, I don't think so. At least not since I got here. Sure, they can be mean but don't forget we're valuable property and the big bosses wouldn't be happy if we couldn't work because we were hurt or badly marked up for no reason. In fact, the only girls who have been sent away were the ones who liked it too much or were so desperate for money that they kept volunteering for harder and harder stuff. Hey, this is a business and the last thing that they want is a stiff of their hands," replied Susie. "Besides, you should see what the pimps do to their girls out on the street." She interpreted Jamie's question as concern for her well-being and she seemed genuinely touched. She hopped off of the bed and kissed Jamie on the cheek. "Don't worry about me. I'm a big girl and I came into this with my eyes open. Now lets talk about what you would like to do instead."

Jamie decided that she couldn't ask any more questions without making Susie suspicious. If the girl decided that Jamie was an undercover vice or narcotics officer she might actually report her to the staff. She had been tempted to go easy on Susie, but she realized now that if she did, that it would be totally out of character. She smiled and stroked the backs of her fingers down the front of Susie's chest, across her flat belly and on down until her hand reached and cupped the mound of her pussy. Susie inhaled and pressed her crotch against Jamie's hand.

"Why don't you tell me some of the things that people have done to you so that I can have some idea of what you can handle," said Jamie softly. "Besides, it might turn me on."

Susie draped her arms over Jamie's shoulders and leaned her head forward to whisper into Jamie's ear. "I've taken the cane all over my body, on my tits, on my bottom, on my thighs. One guy wrapped rope around my tits until they were stiff and blue, and then beat my nipples with a crop." She giggled. "You should have heard me yell. Of course, it wasn't so funny at the time."

Jamie whispered back, "How about your pussy? Have you ever been punished on your pussy? You wanted to know what I like, well, I would really enjoy doing nasty, painful things to your pussy."

Susie hissed in surprise. It was apparent that pussy torture was something new to her, but she rallied like a trooper. "Hmm, you want to hurt my pussy. Do you want to spank it?"

"Yes."

"Cane it?"

"Yes."

"Stick horrible things up inside my hole?"

"Yes."

Susie giggled. "All the other girls will wonder what happened when I turn up tomorrow without a single mark or bruise showing."

Jamie could not help but giggle in response to the irrepressible girl's spirit. "I could give you

a few more visible marks if you like. So, do you think that you can deal with some pussy torture?"

"Heck no," exclaimed Susie. "I'll probably scream and cry like a baby." She put her hands on her hips and pouted comically. "Of course, that's not going to stop you from doing it anyway, is it?"

Jamie shook her head slowly, still grinning at the girl's antics.

"In that case, I guess I'd better get my panties off," said Susie, who began removing her skirt. She glanced up at Jamie. "Would you prefer that I do a striptease or something? I can dance pretty well."

"No, lets just get to the good stuff." Jamie watched the girl undress, surprised by her own interest. Although she still could not think of herself as truly bisexual, she realized that under certain circumstances she could find another woman sexually attractive, especially when pussy torture was involved. She decided that when she had more time, she would have to try to figure out whether she was naturally a sadist and Papillon Rouge had just given her the opportunity to express her suppressed desires, or if a taste for homosexual sadism could be learned. There were several very good analysts back at Papillon Rouge that she could talk to. Of course, if Kathy found out, she would never hear the end of it. As she continued to watch Susie, she also realized that her companion was not as confident as she pretended to be, and that her cocky attitude was meant to conceal her uncertainty. Unlike the girls at Papillon Rouge, these girls had only been taught to obey through the fear of the even worse punishment and loss of income that the staff of the Clinic would inflict on them should they fail to satisfy their clients, and they had not been given the mental and physical preparation that would help them cope. In addition, they seemed to mostly work alone, without the support of one or more partners. Once again, Jamie was tempted to go easy on Susie but she knew that if she did so, she might as well pack up and go home and admit failure. She reached out and gently touched Susie's hip as the girl bent over to strip her panties down to her knees. Susie turned in surprise, letting her underpants drop down around her ankles. She started to smile seductively until she saw the serious expression on Jamie's face.

"Is something wrong? Don't you like me?" she asked, suddenly uncertain.

Jamie stroked her fingers down Susie's thigh and shook her head. She smiled as she took a step closer to the half naked girl and sat down on the edge of the bed. She patted the spot next to her and said, "Sit down. Lets just talk for a moment."

Susie looked puzzled but obediently sat down. She stretched out her long legs, crossed at the ankles and wriggled her toes. Jamie could not prevent her lips from twitching despite her determination to be serious. Susie grinned. "Gotcha."

Jamie put her hand on Susie's shoulder and squeezed gently. "Serious."

Susie tilted her head and looked at Jamie. She gave an exaggerated sigh. "OK."

"Listen Susie, I like you. I think you're cute. You turn me on, and that makes me want to torture you."

Susie's eyebrows crinkled in a tiny frown. "I know that. Just tell me what you want me to do."

Jamie sighed in frustration. Although she had watched the training staff at Papillon Rouge and had even undergone a training session herself when she had gone undercover as one of the girls, Jamie was not sure that she knew the right words to explain what she wanted from Susie or to convey the proper frame of mind that she would need in order to get through a serious torture session. "Let me ask you a question. Why do you think that I concentrate on female genital torture, to use the technical term? For example, many women's nipples are just as sensitive as their pussy, and an equally good target if I were just out to inflict pain."

"Because you hate women?" ventured Susie in a small voice.

Jamie mentally rolled her eyes upon hearing that accusation again, but reached out and took Susie's hand, squeezing it gently. "No silly, that's not it at all. In fact, just the opposite, which is why I don't want to slap you around, chain you up and make you crawl around or call you names like whore or slut or pig."

"Then why do you like to torture girls?" asked Susie.



Jamie shrugged, and for a moment her face revealed some of the confusion that she felt about her own sexuality. "That's a good question. It's too bad that I don't have a really good answer. All I know is that it turns me on when a woman voluntarily lets me hurt her. But getting back to your pussy ..."

Susie spread her legs slightly and pointed between them. "You mean this one?" she asked mischievously.

Jamie giggled, rolling her eyes in mock exasperation. "Yes that's the one. Now just listen for a moment. A woman's pussy is her secret place, something private and intimate that is the essence of her femininity, her female power that is to be guarded and protected. Even a striptease is a demonstration of power. The dancer is saying, "This is my pussy. It is special. You can only catch a glimpse of it from afar and you have to pay for the privilege. Worship my pussy." So, if a woman gives up the right to control access to her pussy and gives you her permission to hurt, to torture her pussy ..."

"She is offering you something very special," finished Susie, nodding slowly. "I think I get it."

Jamie stared into Susie's eyes for a moment and then kissed her gently on the lips. "I think you do. Just remember that you are the giver, and not just the victim."

"Would you like me to show you my pussy?" asked Susie.

Jamie stroked the silken skin of Susie's inner thigh, enjoying the smooth warm texture under her fingertips. "I would like that very much."

Susie slid forward until she was sitting right on the edge of bed. With her hands placed behind her for balance, she lifted her left leg and swung it out and over Jamie's thighs until her heel rested on the edge of the bed, leaving her thigh lying across Jamie's lap. With her other foot flat on the floor to provide balance, this left her crotch wide open and exposed, as well as turned slightly towards Jamie. "Can you see? This is my pussy, that I give to you to do as you like. Your touch on it can make me cry in ecstasy or agony. I will try my best to help you do either, or both."

Jamie continued to stroke Susie's thigh as she stared down between the girl's legs. She was not clean shaven although her glossy black pubic hair was neatly trimmed, and did little to hide the crevice of her sex or the rose tinted labia nestled within. Jamie detected a faint whiff of feminine musk that tickled her nostrils and made her heart beat faster. Its total vulnerability and the knowledge that she had been given the power to treat that sensitive flesh in any way that she wished made her skin tingle. She held her breath and gently cupped her hand over the mound of the girl's pussy. Her middle finger slipped between the outer lips and rested on the moist, soft inner labia. She felt the muscles of Susie's legs tense at her touch. Jamie slid her hand up and down, using the palm and heel of her hand to gently massage and masturbate her. The soft bulge of Susie's vulva felt as if it belonged in her palm. As she continued her caresses, she felt Susie's hips start to rock in time with her touch, and she could hear the girl's breathing deepen and increase in volume as she rode Jamie's palm towards an orgasm. Jamie began to gently spank Susie's pussy with her fingers, the rapid smack, smack, smack acting like a heavy vibrator, making the girl close her eyes and moan in pleasure. Soon, her fingers produced a moist sound when they struck. Then Susie cried out in surprise as Jamie brought the flat of her hand down hard in a sharp, stinging slap. Jamie stopped and watched Susie's face intently. She lifted her hand and looked into the girl's eyes.

"Go ahead," said Susie in reply to Jamie's silent question. She snuggled closer to Jamie and leaned over to kiss her on the shoulder.

Jamie began spanking Susie's pussy. She kept her hand flexible, using her fingers like small whips that snapped and stung Susie's labia and the opening of her vagina while the palm and heel of her hand softly pounded the top of the girl's sex, sending a deep throbbing vibration through the hidden clitoris. Susie pressed the side of her face against Jamie's shoulder, and Jamie could feel the little puffs of warm breath that tickled her skin each time she hit her pussy. After about fifteen smacks, Jamie paused and gripped the inside of Susie's thigh with her other hand to prevent her from closing the legs. "Can you hold still for five hard ones?" she asked. Susie's response was to dig her fingers into the bed spread - turning her knuckles white, and to lean back slightly more in order

to turn her pussy up more towards Jamie's hand. This time Jamie kept her hand stiff and hard like a board as she brought it down on Susie's reddened pussy with a loud "crack". Jamie knew that while the previous blows had stung, this one had actually hurt, sending a shock from Susie's pussy up to her brain like an electric shock. Almost before the girl could react, Jamie struck her pussy four more times in quick succession, turning Susie's pussy a deep, sore looking red. Jamie felt her own pussy grow moist and her pulse race as she felt her victim's struggle to absorb the pain.

When Susie realized that Jamie had stopped, she released her breath that she had been unconsciously holding, in a loud gasp. "Those really hurt," she said, "but it was also such an intimate sensation, like when my first lover tore my hymen."

"If you could, would you want me to stop and hurt you in more common ways? Cane your bottom? Whip your breasts?" asked Jamie. "It's only going to get worse you know."

Susie looked surprised. It was apparent that none of her other clients had even considered asking. She shook her head and smiled. "No, I really want you to enjoy yourself. Don't worry about me, I can take it," she replied.

Jamie stroked Susie's pussy, feeling the warmth of the spanked flesh. She tugged at the top and made her clit peep out. She tapped it with her fingertip and felt the slight tremor that her touch generated in Susie's body. She dipped a fingertip into Susie's wetness and lifted it to her nose and sniffed the scent of the ocean. Jamie gently pushed Susie's leg off of her lap and stood up. Bending over, she kissed Susie on the forehead. "Do you have any toys in the room?" she asked. Susie pointed at a drawer, which Jamie opened. Unsurprisingly it contained a good collection of whips, crops and canes, as well as the various kinds of thick leather straps. There were also several plastic cases which, when opened revealed a sinister collection of needles, clips, knives and other similar devices of torture. The next drawer below it contained a selection of dildos, ranging from the usual rubber and plastic kind to ones that were covered with all kinds of spikes, bristles and other protuberances that were obviously designed to hurt or irritate. The same drawer contained various electrical devices, candles and even something that looked like small branding irons. There was even a traditional solid brass 'pear'. It was obvious that the owners of this place were serious about permitting almost any kind of sadistic activity.

"It's quite a collection isn't it?" said Susie, trying to sound nonchalant. "The ropes, chains and cuffs are in the lower drawer. There are hooks and other securing points on the walls and built into the frame of the bed."

"Would you really let me use all this stuff on you?" asked Jamie.

Susie shrugged. "Once you're tied up, there's not much you can do to protect yourself. They actually provide pretty good medical care here as long as you do your job. And if you chicken out, Greta and the rest would hurt you more than the client, just as an object lesson for the rest of the girls. Naturally you wouldn't get paid either. On the other hand, most of the clients we get are not too bad. The real sickos usually don't want to pay so much for their fun, or don't have the patience to get through the registration procedure. But every once in a while, a really bad one comes along. Some girls have disappeared after a session. The staff told us that they had quit or had gone to hospital for treatment, but there are rumors ..." She shrugged. "You take the same risks working the street, and the money as terrible. Instead of beatings from your pimp, you get it from the clients instead."

Jamie nodded and gathered up an armful of gear from the drawers that she dumped on the bed. She had to resist the temptation to display too much sympathy and reminded herself that Susie was here voluntarily. Then, watched curiously by Susie, she undressed, hanging her clothes up neatly in the cupboard. She struck a pose in front of Susie and said "What do you think?". Jamie was very fit and spent long hours in the gym almost every day working out and practicing the martial arts. Although her body was a little bit more muscular than most, she knew that she looked pretty good. Susie whistled in admiration.

"Have you ever thought of doing a little escort work on the side? I know a bunch of guys who would pay big bucks to spend some time with you. Your abs are to die for," said Susie.

Jamie laughed and covered her breasts and crotch with her hands in the classic modesty

pose. "I'd be too shy. As for the abs, it's just vanity." She lifted a hand and pulled Susie to her feet. The girl slipped naturally into her arms and their bodies pressed together, breasts against breasts. They kissed, tongues slipping around and over each other as their hands gently explored each other's bodies and their perfumes mingled with their natural scent.

Jamie kissed her way around to Susie's ear that she gently licked, making the other woman shiver. "I'm going to hurt your pussy a little bit," she whispered. Susie responded by wrapping arms around Jamie's neck and lifting one knee up to Jamie's hip to give Jamie access to her sex. Jamie pressed her lips against Susie's and placed her left hand in the small of her back. She slid her other hand between their bodies, sliding it down Susie's belly until her fingertips felt the soft puffy texture of the woman's labia. One fingertip made its way between the labia into the moist heart of her pussy. When one sex lip was nestled comfortably between finger and thumb, Jamie began to squeeze, pinching the sensitive labia with gradually increasing force. Susie's arms stiffened and the intensity of her kiss increased, the tip of her tongue frantically probing Jamie's mouth. Her breathing turned into quick pants, the warm air from her nostrils caressing Jamie's face. Soft moans rumbled in her throat, rising in pitch as Jamie increased the pressure.

Jamie pinched harder, feeling her fingernails sink into Susie's flesh and her nipples tingled as they felt the girl's chest vibrate when she moaned in pain. She rubbed her own crotch against the back of her hand, which began to get slippery as her pussy grew wet. She continued to hurt the girl's pussy lip, increasing the pain that she was inflicting until Susie's hips began to writhe and her thighs quiver with the strain of keeping her pussy pressed against Jamie's hand and the torture that burned through her sex. The girl sighed in relief when Jamie finally released the grip on her labia.

Susie kissed Jamie on the cheek and on the side of her neck. "That really turned you on didn't it? Your nipples are stiff as stone." She bowed her head down and took one of Jamie's nipples between her lips. Jamie stroked her hair as the girl suckled at her breast, enjoying the tingling, itching sensation that spread through her body all the way down to her toes. She kissed the top of Susie's head. "I'd like to do the same to your clit," she whispered. Susie nodded without removing her lips from Jamie's nipple and reached for Jamie's hand. She realized that bent over as she was, Jamie could not reach her pussy. Susie put her hands on Jamie's hips, guiding them in a turn to the side so that her body was pressed against the length of Jamie's arm. In this position she was still able to lean across Jamie's chest and keep her lips pressed to Jamie's nipple while bringing her pussy within Jamie's reach.

Jamie turned her hand palm up and slid her fingertips back inside the welcoming warmth of Susie's slit. After a few moments of carefully feeling around, Jamie managed to get her finger and thumb into a position where she could feel Susie's clitoris. However the tiny bud was safely hidden by its protective hood, and in her position Jamie found it difficult to simultaneously peel back the girl's swollen labia and to get a firm grip on her clit. Susie quickly realized the problem and obligingly reached down between her legs to spread her pussy lips up and apart, stretching the skin taut and making her clitoris stand out prominently. Her buttocks clenched involuntarily as Jamie's fingers closed around her clitoris and turned rock hard as the girl braced herself against the anticipated pain that was about to be inflicted on her super-sensitive sex bud. Jamie began to squeeze, gradually increasing the pressure and crushing the tip of Susie's clit. She was surprised by Susie's ability to endure what must have been fairly intense pain without complaint, and it was only when she added a twisting motion that Susie stopped sucking at her nipple for a moment to utter a soft "Ahh", before resuming her oral caresses. The pleasure that Jamie was feeling began to override any sympathy that she had initially felt. She gave into the temptation and allowed her fingernails to dig into the girl's sore clitoris, making her cry out loud for the first time. Susie straightened up with her head tilted back and her eyes closed. She took her hand away from Jamie's shoulder and brought it down to softly touch Jamie's hand, although she made no attempt to stop Jamie from hurting her clit.

"Should I stop?" asked Jamie, interested to see how determined Susie was.

Susie shook her head. "I'm fine. Only stop if you want to," she replied, although her voice sounded strained.

Jamie looked down and was alarmed to see that her fingernails had cut deep enough to draw blood. She relaxed her fingers and Susie slumped in relief. Jamie held up her bloodstained fingers. "I'm sorry. I hadn't meant to go that far, but you are just too delicious."

Susie smiled and licked the blood off of the tip of Jamie's finger. "Thanks, it's nice to be appreciated. Don't worry about the blood. No limits, remember?" Susie grinned as if to break the serious mood. "Besides, I might get a bonus if you tell them that you are really satisfied. That would pay for a lot of bandages."

Jamie realized that Susie's flippant attitude was a device that she used to cope with the fear and pain that she experienced during sessions like this one. She also knew from experience that fear of the unknown and helplessness were often worse than the actual pain itself, so she decided to encourage Susie's participation in her own torture. She hugged Susie and then deliberately frowned and bit her lip. "You know, there are so many deliciously naughty things that I could do with your pussy that I can't make up my mind. What do you think?"

Susie raised an eyebrow and then stuck out her tongue. She put her hands on her hips and said, "Oh now that's really clever. Getting me to do all the hard work." She gave an exaggerated sigh and then tilted her head in thought. "Well, there is actually one thing. For some reason whenever you mention pussy torture, I think of being hurt inside my pussy."

"Inside?" said Jamie.

Susie nodded vigorously and pointed up between her legs with a stiff finger. "Yeah, inside my pussy. You know, my hole, my vagina." She wrinkled her nose in distaste. "I hate that word. It reminds me of biology class."

Jamie laughed and held her right hand over her heart. "OK I promise, no vagina. How about cunt?"

"Cunt is OK with me," giggled Susie. "It's the guys who usually like to use that word though, and some of my girl friends really hate it. I guess it sounds nasty, especially when you say it out loud," she said.

"So what's this about torturing the inside of your pussy?" asked Jamie, allowing her interest to show in her voice.

"Well, you know how it's easier to do something when you're in the right frame of mind or when you enjoy it? Don't get me wrong, I don't really enjoy being hurt, but I do have a pretty high pain tolerance. That's how I got started in this s&m stuff in the first place. Well anyway, I can see the sexiness in caning a girl's bum or whipping her tits, but the idea of having someone beat my pussy just naturally makes me wince. Kind of like how men react to when you mention kicking someone in the balls," answered Susie.

"But inside works for you?"

"Yes. I guess it seems natural to put things inside my hole, and even normal sex can sometimes hurt a bit," said Susie as she ran her fingers through her hair. "I'm not saying that it is natural for women to be hurt, but it does seem to me that a lot of the time it's the inside of our pussies that get hurt, and it's just easier for me to accept. You know, tampons, douches, visits to the gynecologist, that sort of thing can all hurt. Even sex, when the man is impatient and you're not properly lubricated."

Jamie reached out and stroked Susie's breast while she thought about what the girl had just told her. She realized that she really liked Susie and that the girl would probably be very popular at Papillon Rouge. She decided to take a risk. Reaching out, she picked up her bag and took out one of her fake business cards and a pen. She wrote down a telephone number that would connect the caller directly to her assistant Kathy at Papillon Rouge and handed the card to Susie. "This is the number to another place that I go to. They treat their girls much better and the pay is good too. If you would like a change, give them a call after I leave and ask to speak with Kathy. You can tell them that I recommended you."

Susie took the card and tucked it into a pocket. "Thanks. It's not easy to just walk away from this place once you're in, but I really appreciate the information." she said and then kissed Jamie on the cheek. "Now, let's do something nice for you. Don't worry about my silly ideas, what turns you

on, the whip, the cane, clips? I know that you've been going easy on me so far."

Jamie was touched by Susie's sincerity and also knew that she had was going to blow her cover as a hard core sadist if she didn't hurt Susie more. "You know what's in all those drawers better than I do. Why don't you suggest something. Tell me how to hurt your cunt. To help you think, I'm going to beat your pussy with this leather strap until you come up with something that I like."

Susie grinned and dropped onto the bed. Lying on her back, she spread her legs wide and lifted her knees up high. Jamie grabbed the strap and dropped to her knees in front of Susie's pussy. She impulsively buried her face in the girl's crotch, wallowing in the intimate scent and feel of her soft pussy against her face. The knowledge that she was about to spank it somehow made this action erotic to her. With the smell of Susie's sex still in her nostrils, Jamie slashed the strap down in a short, vicious arc that brought the stiff leather smashing across the bulge of the girl's pussy. Susie squealed and Jamie was surprised by a splatter of pussy juice on her face. She admired the neat, straight edged red mark that the leather made on Susie's bald pussy. The strap fell again, this time slightly higher, and the girl gasped at the pain of her crushed clitoris. "Any ideas yet?" asked Jamie as she slashed the red marked pussy again. To her surprise, Susie reached between her thighs and spread her pussy lips apart.

"I'm still thinking," said Susie cheekily.

Jamie stared at the girl's spread pussy. She stroked the exposed labia with her fingertips and the soft, moist feel of them made her senses tingle. Susie was wet, and Jamie dipped a finger into the clear, stick pool of fluid and rubbed it thoughtfully between her finger and thumb before cleaning them on the bedspread. The strap smacked down hard, landing precisely between the crinkled, outspread labia. Despite the intense pain, Susie stared back defiantly. "That's what you want, isn't it, to hear that leather hit my pussy. I bet you know exactly what it feels like don't you?" she gasped.

The strap fell again and both women gasped. "Yes I do," said Jamie dreamily. Her field of vision seemed to narrow down to encompass just Susie's pussy and the strap seemed to come out of nowhere to strike like a crack of dark lightning into the pink and red center of Susie's womanhood. The girl's knees jerked together as the pain overcame her will, but spread wide again just moments later. The strap smacked into her sexual flesh twice more before Susie cried out for Jamie to stop.

"Had enough?" asked Jamie, panting from a combination of excitement and exertion.

Susie's face was wet with sweat, but although she was slightly breathless, the beating of her pussy had not dimmed her grin. "Nope. I just had thought of a torture that you might like. If it doesn't appeal, you can go back to whacking my cunt."

"So what is this terrific torture?"

"It's something new, and a little strange."

"But you think that I might like it?"

Susie nodded, shaking damp strands of hair around her face.

Jamie shrugged and said, "OK, let's see it."

Susie smiled happily and rolled off the bed, wincing at the pain that the movement caused in her sore pussy. She rummaged in the drawers for a moment and came up with a strange looking device that looked like a dildo with the ribs of a very small but complicated umbrella attached to the base. She held it up to Jamie. "It's called The Amorous Porcupine."

Jamie could not help laughing at the strange name. "How does it work? The dildo part is obvious, but the rest ..."

"See, it works like this ..." said Susie. She pressed a recessed button on the stem of the dildo and the complex metal structure moved with a smooth, finely engineered click. A whole series of metallic spines popped up, forming the outline a second dildo with the tips of the spines curved and tilted to face the rubber half of the device. Susie touched a spine with her finger and it bobbed up and down on a spring mounting. She made an 'O' with her finger and thumb and inserted the metal end of the device into the hole. The spines slid smoothly through the hole, folding down and popping up again after they cleared the ring of fingers. However, when she tried to pull the

mechanism out, the tips of the metal spines jammed into her fingers, preventing any movement in that direction.

Jamie immediately realized how it would work. Susie would insert the metal parts into her pussy, leaving the rubber dildo protruding from her loins. She would then fuck Jamie with her newly acquired cock. The inward stroke would be no problem, but when she withdrew, the spines would jab painfully against the walls of her vagina. The faster and harder that Susie fucked, the more the spines would jab into her flesh. Then Jamie's eyes widened as she realized the fiendish design behind the device. Merely pumping the dildo in and out would be severely painful to Susie, but if Jamie squeezed down on the dildo with the muscles of her vagina, she could control how much force would be required to withdraw the dildo, and therefore control the amount of pain that would be inflicted by the metal spines on Susie's pussy. It was an ingenious device and Jamie was appalled to find herself taking note of the details so that she could describe it to the Papillon Rouge workshops.

Susie stroked the spines with a horrified fascination. Her eyes shined as she turned to Jamie. "Well, isn't it the most awesome thing you ever saw?"

Jamie made herself grin. "Fuck me Susie. Fuck me good and hard."

Susie moved her legs to stand straddle legged and presented the rounded metal tip of the spine-covered shaft to her hole. She pressed the button to fold the spines and then hissed as the cold metal nudged her pussy and began to slide into her passage. Jamie knelt down to watch as the glittering steel spines folded smoothly down and slipped into Susie's body. Row after row of spines disappeared from view, until finally the padded rubber base of the dildo met the bulge of her vulva. Susie sighed and gave her new prosthetic penis a pat. She twisted the shaft slightly to ensure a snug fit, and then turned it towards Jamie.

"Would you like to do the honors?"

Jamie reached out with a finger and touched the sunken button. Susie nodded and Jamie pressed down. There was a muffled mechanical snap and the central spring was released and all of the spines raised their tips like an angry porcupine. Susie jumped as dozens of hard metal tips suddenly pressed themselves into the lining of her vagina.

"Ooh," said Susie, "I can feel them shift and ripple as I move, like lots of tiny legs." She shuddered.

Jamie went over to the bed and placed two pillows under her head so that she could watch the action. She bent her knees and spread her thighs wide. When she reached down and touched herself, she found that she was wet enough not to need lubrication. In the meantime Susie had clambered onto the bed and was kneeling between Jamie's legs.

"Happy now?" asked Jamie.

Susie smiled. "My mom always told me to be careful about what I wish for."

Jamie smiled and lifted her arms, reaching out to the kneeling girl. "Make love to me Susie."

Susie shuffled forward, rumpling the linen as she brought the tip of the dildo to meet Jamie's pussy. Jamie reached down and guided the rubber shaft into her hole, pulling her labia aside so that they would not get caught by the shaft. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around Susie's hips. Using her heels Jamie gently urged the girl forward and she moaned as the long rubber cock slid deep into her cunt. When it was completely buried with its tip pressing firmly against her cervix, Jamie pulled Susie down until she lay on top of her. Susie looked into Jamie's eyes and then pressed her lips against Jamie's in a deep, moist kiss. She rested her weight on her elbows and slipped her hands under Jamie's shoulders. She drew a deep breath, and then lifted her hips and began pulling the dildo out. There was a moist, slurping sound as the dildo slid through Jamie's wet passage. A mass of metal points dug into Susie's intimate flesh causing her to gasp in shock. It felt like the claws of some exotic animal slowly taking a grip on her insides as she forced herself to pull against the metal spikes. Jamie kept her muscles relaxed, and the dildo slid easily out of her pussy, then back in again as Susie began a slow, steady pumping action. Knowing that every stroke dragged the mass of spikes against the girl's vagina, the firm fucking action of the dildo seemed to stimulate Jamie's pussy like no lover had ever done before. She shuddered in pleasure as the girl fucked her

and hurt herself with every stroke. Jamie used her legs to pull her hips against Susie's steady thrusting. The girl's hair tickled her nose as Susie pressed her lips against her cheek and Jamie could hear her moan in counterpoint to her own gasps of pleasure. Their bodies grew damp and slippery as the two women writhed together, their nipples drawing circular patterns in their sweat. Jamie licked Susie's cheek and then deliberately squeezed the muscles of her vagina.

"Aaaah!" cried Susie as the spikes rammed into her cunt. Her lips pulled back from her clenched teeth as she forced herself impale her cunt on the suddenly immobile spines. Groaning, she dragged the dildo out of Jamie's tightly gripping pussy, feeling the membranes of her vagina tear against the hard metal. She finally reached the apex of the stroke and panted with relief as she pressed forward and drove the dildo back into Jamie's body. Jamie relaxed her muscles and allowed Susie to regain her rhythm, pumping steadily in and out, but steadily causing herself more and more pain as her vaginal became sore and abraded as she forced it against the unyielding metal spines. At irregular intervals Jamie tightened her muscles and made Susie scream. The girl's tears dripped onto Jamie's face as she ripped up her vagina in an effort to bring Jamie to an orgasm.

"My pussy hurts so much," whispered Susie as she valiantly continued to pump her hips up and down. However, the pain and exhaustion were taking their toll, and Jamie knew that Susie could not keep up the pace long enough to bring her to a climax. Wrapping her arms around the girl, Jamie rolled them both over until she was on top. In this position, Susie would not have to pull so hard against the spikes, but her agony did not decrease as Jamie began pumping up and down faster and faster, slapping her loins against Susie's thighs. The rapid motion made the spines stir around in Susie's vagina like an insane blender and now it was Susie who had to squeeze down hard to prevent the dildo from coming free of her pussy.

Jamie was totally absorbed in trying to reach her orgasm, and was not truly aware of the amount of pain she was causing her partner as she frantically pounded her hips up and down on the deadly shaft. Susie was screaming steadily as her vagina was beaten and torn by the irresistible mass of metal embedded in her body, but she stubbornly held on to it, grimly gripping the torture device with the muscles of her vagina. Jamie cried out and the pounding threatened to rip Susie's pussy apart, when suddenly Jamie collapsed on top of her, screaming and writhing in a shattering orgasm. Susie felt each jerk and contraction as a blast of pain, but she hung on triumphantly, her arms wrapped tightly around Jamie's body. For a long moment, they lay in a silence filled only with agonized panting.

Suddenly Jamie's eyes popped open. "Oh my god, what have I done to your pussy. Quick, let me take a look." She carefully pulled herself off of the dripping dildo and rolled down on to the floor, spreading Susie's legs wide apart with her hands. Jamie went down on her knees and brought her face close to Susie's pussy. She carefully reached out and pressed the button on the dildo. There was a muted snick like the closing of many pairs of scissors and Susie sighed with relief. Jamie gently slid the spiny mass of metal out of the girl's pussy. The entire length of steel pieces was dotted with bright red, and blood trickled out of Susie's battered opening. Jamie tossed the dildo aside and gently pressed a kiss on the girl's pussy. "Are you all right? Should I get a doctor?"

Susie shook her head. "I think that I'm all right. I'm cut and sore, but I don't think that there are any serious injuries. I'll visit the clinic afterwards just to be sure." She grinned tiredly. "You really got off. I've never seen a woman come like that. Did you like it?"

Jamie nodded and shook her head in amazement. "You are really something. I'd better be careful or I might accidentally kill you in a fit of passion." She climbed back onto the bed and carefully gathered Susie into her arms and the two of them cuddled in silence.

Jamie whispered to Susie. "I'd like to eat you next."

"Are you sure? I'm a mess down there. Besides, you don't have to pleasure me. I'm just here for you to torture."

"I'm sure. Besides, your pussy is sore enough that my touch will be fairly painful anyway. It will be interesting to see how long it takes to make you come."

Suddenly, the door to the room crashed open and revealed the rumpled figure of Oleg. Only this time he did not look quite so comical, with a .357 Magnum Desert Eagle automatic pistol in his

hand. Although Jamie was familiar with the gun and generally was not impressed with its performance, she found that it looked much larger and more menacing when pointed at the middle of her chest. Despite the shock and fear, the trained professional part of her mind continued to work, and she realized that what she had felt when she first shook hands with Oleg were the unique calluses caused by the regular and continual shooting of a heavy caliber handgun.

"Move away from her Susie," ordered Oleg. Jamie noted that he did not make the amateur mistake of waving his gun barrel as if it were some kind of wand. The muzzle remained steadily pointed at the center of her chest as he said, "You, get down on the floor, face down with your hands and legs spread." He didn't add an "or else", and Jamie found this oddly comforting. A professional was much less likely to shoot her by accident. She did as she was told, and a moment later she felt the cold metal of the gun pressed against the back of her head as a hand thoroughly searched her body. She winced as a stiff finger forced its way into her pussy, probing brusquely and perhaps a little more thoroughly than necessary.

"Did you think that we wouldn't check? I don't know who sent you to set us up for knocking off those girls, but I bet they didn't count on Hugo having a friend inside the local police force."

Jamie was stunned. She had considered the possibility of being exposed as an investigator or even as an ex-police woman, but it had never occurred to her that they would come to such a bizarre conclusion. Even more puzzling was the fact that the accusation had apparently come from someone in the local police. Oleg appeared to think that she was dangerous so she took great care not to startle him. "May I say something?" she asked softly. The pressure of the muzzle against her head increased and for a moment she thought that Oleg was going to shoot her. To her relief she heard Oleg say "Talk". She decided that the truth or at least some of it, offered the best chance of surviving the next few minutes.

"Look, I was sent here, but not to frame you for anything. I'm a private investigator. I'm working for a freelance journalist who heard rumors about your set up and thought that there was a story that would be worth following up," said Jamie.

Oleg grunted skeptically. "Even if that's true, it doesn't mean that your client isn't trying to tie us to the dead girls. Anyway Hugo said to get rid of you and you haven't said anything to change my mind."

"You're not the only people that I've talked to. I can give you their names. I have a list in my bag," said Jamie, turning her head to nod towards her handbag. This left her facing Susie and directly away from Oleg. She made eye contact with Susie, looked down at the pocket of her blouse and back up again. She silently mouthed the word "Kathy".

The muzzle prodded her head. "Don't move again without me telling you or you might die right here," threatened Oleg. He waved his free hand at Susie and pointed at Jamie's handbag, signaling to Susie to hand it to him. "All right, get up slowly - let's go."

Jamie assumed that he meant for her to walk through the doorway and down the hall. She took great care not to trip, as Oleg really seemed to think that she was dangerous. They made their way through the building, Jamie turning left and right as Oleg's instruction with his gun pressed firmly against the base of her skull all the time and his other hand gripping her shoulder. They passed several staff members, but no one seemed inclined to interfere. After a while, their surroundings became less clinical, with boxes and crates stacked in piles along the corridor and open doors that appeared to lead to store rooms and other utility areas. They finally ended up in a large room that was simply furnished with some sturdy wooden tables that were bolted to the floor and plastic chairs that were too light to make effective weapons. Coffee cup stains and small plastic baskets containing paper sachets of salt, pepper and sugar littered the tables. Lined along the wall were some metal lockers. Jamie noted that the walls were solid brick and the doors appeared to be heavy, with strong locks. There were no windows, but one wall offered an ominous selection of hooks and bolts. At the other end of the room was another door marked with the sign "Garage". Jamie suspected that this was the holding room for newly 'acquired' girls and its sturdy and soundproof nature was designed to facilitate the processing of frightened and possibly unruly women. However, it could also serve quite well for the occasional interrogation. Any inconvenient



bodies could conveniently be taken to a van in the garage for disposal without risk of being seen by the public.

Oleg pushed Jamie over to one of the tables, and after making her lie face down on the floor again, handcuffed her ankle to one of its legs. When he had stepped back he allowed her to stand up, while he rummaged through her handbag. He found her notebook and the list of model agencies and outright brothels as well as the assorted business cards that she had gathered while visiting them. He also found her old detective agency card. Jamie silently blessed the sentimental impulse that had made her keep a few of her old business cards after she had joined Papillon Rouge. She had a twinge of regret that she had not yet been issued one of the corporate GPS/RFID phones. Oleg shrugged and said "I'll give Hugo a call."

Jamie watched Oleg as he spoke to Hugo, all the while trying to look harmless. The expression on Oleg's face when the conversation ended did not give Jamie much reason for confidence. He did not look anything like the harmless geek that she had met earlier. He grinned evilly and snapped shut his cell phone. "Hugo says that he will check on your story, but I think that before he can get back to me, you will attack me in an attempt to escape. I will be forced to kill you when we wrestle for my gun. If Hugo comes back with a report that says you really were harmless, I'll send a nice card to your wake."

Jamie frowned. "Why?"

A mask of hate suddenly slipped over Oleg's face. "Why? You ask me why? You and your sick friends killed my Claire and you have the balls to ask why?"

It all suddenly clicked together in Jamie's mind. "Moros. You are Moros. You kidnapped Elaine."

Oleg smiled. "Yes, I am Moros. I am your doom. I will destroy all those who were part of my Claire's death."

"Why all the complicated maneuvers? Why the innocent deaths. Why not just kill the people you blame?"

Oleg shrugged. "I am not the only one who wants to be rid of all the people at Papillon Rouge. There are those who are willing to pay me for what I would have done for free. So long as all of you suffer, I don't care how or why it is done."

"But I was not there when your Claire died. I have done nothing to hurt you."

"You work for them now. Besides, why should I take a risk and make an exception of you?"

Jamie decided to take a chance of her own. Oleg had been tempted to play with Elaine whom he personally hated, so there was a good chance that she could tempt him to play with her. There was a very tiny chance that Susie would call Kathy, so she had to play for time. "What if I give you a reason?"

Oleg cocked his head to one side. "Please don't hurt me, I'll do anything you want," he said, mockingly. "You have been watching too many bad movies. Besides, I have a whole bunch of girls out there who will do anything that I want."

Jamie tossed her hair back and put her hands on her hips. "Compared to me, they are all a bunch of wimps. If you'll promise not to shoot me, I'll show you something really special," she said, rattling the handcuffs that held her ankle.

Oleg leaned back against the wall and folded his arms. "Show me first and if I like it I might let you live."

Jamie sighed dramatically, but knew that she had no choice but to agree to Oleg's terms. She nodded and pointed at the handcuffs again. She obediently spread herself face down on the dusty floor when he gestured towards the ground. She watched Oleg's feet walk around her, always carefully out of reach and heard Oleg remove something metallic from a locker. He knelt down between her widespread legs with one knee resting on the calf of her chained leg and she shuddered when he tapped the inside of her naked thigh with the muzzle of his pistol, reminding her not to try anything stupid. There was a click of a key in a lock and the handcuffs fell away from her ankle. To her surprise, she felt Oleg slip the metal bracelet around her ankle again and refasten it after some metallic clinking sounds. Moments later she heard a decisive metal click, and then felt Oleg's

weight come off of her leg. He walked back to his original position across the room and then told her that she could get up.

Jamie did as she was told and when she looked down at her leg, she was surprised to see that Oleg had fastened the handcuffs that were attached to her ankle to a chain that was about three meters long. The other end of the chain was fastened to the same table leg with a padlock.

She stood up straight with her feet slightly apart and her hands away from her sides. Although she knew that it was ridiculous to care, she lifted herself up on the balls of her feet, knowing that this would make her legs look longer and more shapely.

Oleg whistled mockingly. "Not bad, not bad at all. You keep yourself in good shape."

"Thanks. Is there anything in particular that you would like to see?" asked Jamie.

Oleg smiled and said, "I like your attitude. Show me your ass."

Jamie turned around to show him her buttocks. She arched her spine forward and tightened her muscles so that her bottom was thrust up and out. "I'll keep my word. Will you?" Oleg's silence confirmed her suspicion that he intended to kill her anyway. However, she had no option but to try to keep him entertained until an opportunity to escape presented itself. She just hoped that she would still be in a condition to take advantage of that opportunity when the time came.

"Spread your legs and pull your ass cheeks apart," ordered Oleg.

Jamie did as she was told. She cringed in embarrassment when Oleg commented on her shaved pussy. She kept herself shaved so that she could step into a session at Papillon Rouge if she needed to, and by now she rarely felt shy about her naked body but there was something evil in Oleg's voice that made her uneasy. Vivid images of her rape by Carl Steiner flashed through her mind and she almost panicked. She heard Oleg's footsteps and she assumed that he was coming closer to examine her body. There was no warning except a slight swish in the air a second before the tip of Oleg's shoe slammed into her crotch. Although the kick between her legs did not do the kind of damage it would have done to a man, the agony that jolted through her body was very similar. The shock and pain drove all the air out of her lungs and she could not even scream as she doubled over and fell to the floor. She remembered Elaine's account of her ordeal at Oleg's hands and she prayed that he would not just kick her to death.

Oleg laughed and said "Your friend Elaine seemed to enjoy that. It gives me a real kick." He watched in amusement as Jamie staggered to her feet, trying desperately not to throw up. He expected Jamie to start pleading for mercy and lifted his gun to finish her off. To his surprise, Jamie resumed her widespread and vulnerable position, bent over, pulling her buttocks apart and obscenely exposing her bruised and reddened pussy despite the fact that she was still gasping from the pain in her belly. For a moment he was tempted to kick her again even harder before killing her, but something in her poise and determination made him hesitate. Besides, she was a fucking good looking woman. Although he had plenty of opportunities to abuse the women under his control, they knew that he did not have the authority to make them willingly submit to punishment the way that they did for their clients. Hugo did not believe in allowing the staff to use up the goods. Oleg had always been envious of the wealthy men and women who were able to make use of the services of the Institute. He decided that he would play with Jamie for a while longer as there was no chance of them being interrupted. He walked across to the other side of the room and placed his pistol and the keys to Jamie's shackles on the table, well out of any possible reach of the chained woman. Handicapped as she was, Oleg had no concerns that she could physically overpower him no matter how skilled or strong she was. He rummaged through Jamie's handbag and found her cell phone. He dropped it on the floor and stamped on it, smashing the device to pieces.

"You would really let me kick you again?" he asked, stroking her hip.

"I want to live," replied Jamie simply.

"What else would you do?" asked Oleg curiously.

"Whatever it takes. If you let me stand up, I'll show you," Jamie offered.

"Go ahead."

Jamie straightened up and looked around. There was a notice board on the wall that was within her reach. Several sheets of paper were fastened to it with large brass thumb tacks. Jamie

pointed at them and asked "May I?"

Oleg shrugged and said "Slowly."

Jamie took a step to the side and carefully plucked two thumb tacks from the board. "Hypodermic needles are for sissies," she said and pointed at her nipple. "Would you like to do it, or shall I?"

Oleg reached out and took hold of a nipple with each hand. He rubbed the tips briskly with his thumbs while gently tugging on her teats. It was obvious that he knew his way around a female body. In moments her nipples were stiff and her aureoles tight and wrinkled. Despite everything, Jamie could not help but react to his touch on a physical level as waves of pleasure ran down her chest and into her groin. Oleg continued his caresses until her entire body was swaying to the rhythm of his touch, and then without warning he squeezed down as hard as he could. The extreme contrast in sensation was like having a bucket of ice water thrown over her, but Jamie did not flinch. He nodded and said "You do it."

Jamie look down at her nipples. It was not difficult in their swollen state for her to get a good grip at the base of her right nipple. She held up a thumb tack on the tip of her finger. The thick, crudely sharpened brass spike gleamed in the bright light of the room. She brought the tack to the tip of her breast and carefully maneuvered the point until it rested against the center of her nipple and then she began to press. At first, the relatively thick spike just sank into her flesh without breaking the skin, causing a lot of pain but without any actual damage. Gritting her teeth, Jamie pushed harder, and with an almost audible pop, the point burst through the skin of her nipple and tore into the flesh below. The pain was intense, especially as the nipple had been sensitized in advance, and Jamie had to fight the urge to throw up. When she took her fingers away, the thumb tack remained embedded in her nipple, capping it like a gaudy piece of brass body jewelry. A stinging pain burned through her entire breast, throbbing like a bad toothache. The second thumb tack was worse, partially because she already knew what to expect and also because this tack happened to be blunter than the first. It required much more force to pierce her nipple and therefore caused more damage and much more pain as it went in.

Jamie took a quick glance at Oleg and saw that he was gratifyingly interested in her efforts. The obvious bulge in his pants also led her to hope that he might be tempted to make use of her body sexually. Moving carefully, she pointed at her handbag. "If you unfasten the sling from my bag and double it over, it should make a pretty good whip. Why don't you see how many strokes it takes you to beat the pins out of my nipples?" she suggested. Jamie knew that Oleg was more likely to try and drive the thumb tacks deeper into her breasts, and since her breasts were not so large that they would flop around when he hit them, it would not be easy for the pins to be dislodged anyway. However, she figured that she could survive a pretty severe beating on her breasts without affecting her physical abilities to any great degree, and she knew that most men had a fascination for slapping a woman's breasts around. She was tempted to put her hands behind her neck, which would both look good and more easily allow her to strike out at Oleg if she got the chance, but she decided that he was too wary for that to work and instead she put her hands behind her back.

Oleg flexed the loop of pliable leather in his hands and then gently swung it out to tap the side of Jamie's breast in order to adjust his aim. He stepped slightly to one side, and without warning slashed the improvised whip across the tips of her breasts. The combined pain of the leather striking her delicate nipples and the brass spikes being driven deeper into her flesh made Jamie's body convulse as if an electric current had been run through her breasts. Moments later a deep red weal blossomed into appearance, bisecting her pale, sweat covered skin. Behind her back Jamie's fingers gripped the edge of the table, her knuckles turning white as her fingernails dug into the wood as she fought the impulse to protect her breasts. Oleg began to slash at her breasts with alternating forehand and backhand strokes, forcing Jamie to stamp her feet and toss her head as he covered her breasts with stiff red welts and turned her them into a crimson mass of burning pain. She snorted angrily as she felt tears run down her cheeks, hating herself for that small display of weakness.

Oleg himself was beginning to breathe hard, more from excitement than exertion. This

woman's attitude, both compliant and defiant at the same time, was somehow more stimulating and challenging than the usual terrified or submissive girls that came his way. He grunted in surprise as he finally knocked one of the thumb tacks out of Jamie's nipple, smearing a trail of blood across the front of her breast. Moments later the second tack followed. Jamie gasped in pain, as the spikes had torn the flesh inside her nipple as they were ripped out of her breasts by the whip. She screamed when he slashed the strap across her bleeding nipples and Oleg laughed as he tossed the improvised whip aside and wiped flecks of blood off of his arm using his T-shirt. It was obvious that the blood had excited him and Jamie glanced around desperately, racking her brains to find something else that she could do to maintain his interest. There was nothing else in sight that was an obvious torture instrument. The packets of condiments and the various notices that were pinned to the board did not look very exciting and she knew that if she hesitated much longer, Oleg would either start to beat her up or just get bored and shoot her. Then inspiration struck her instead, and she had to stop herself from grinning with relief.

Jamie dabbed her finger in the blood that was still oozing from her nipple and licked it off. "You like the blood? Would you like to watch me cut myself, cut my pussy until it bleeds?" asked Jamie.

"You must be crazy if you expect me to give you a knife or razor," replied Oleg.

Jamie shook her head and reached out to pull a sheet of paper off of the notice board. With her other hand she picked up a packet of salt and tossed it to Oleg. "You can use that after I've finished cutting my pussy for you."

Oleg's eyes gleamed evilly when he realized what Jamie intended to do.

Jamie climbed up on the table behind her, the chain on her leg rattling against the wood. She spread her legs wide apart with her heels at the edge of the table and her shoulders braced against the wall. She reached down between her thighs and spread her pussy apart, pulling hard and completely revealing the moist pink insides of her sex. She caressed herself briskly, making her labia and clitoris stiffen and rise so as to give Oleg a good show. Then she picked up the piece of paper while keeping her outer lips spread apart with her other hand. Jamie chose a spot along her labia and placed the edge of paper against it. With a smooth stroke, like a violinist drawing on her bow, she pulled the sheet of paper across her labia. The pain was sharp and immediate, as anyone who had ever experienced of paper cut would know. She flipped the paper around to get a fresh edge, which she used to cut herself again. She repeated this action twice more, finally leaving herself with eight cuts, four on each lip. The shallow cuts stung with a crystal-clear purity, and became speckled with rubies of blood that had begun to well out of the wounds. Jamie turned the paper back to the original edge, which a quick glance showed was sharp enough for one last cut. She shifted the fingers that her spreading her pussy upwards so that they pulled the fleshy protective hood up and away from her clitoris. She moved the paper until its edge rested on the tiny pink bud of her clit. Glancing up at Oleg who was staring greedily between her legs she whispered, "Watch this. Watch me cut my clitoris, just for you." She bit her lip and smoothly sliced through the taut skin of her clitoris with her cellulose blade. She cried out in agony, and then, with a voice that was hoarse with pain, said, "Use the salt."

For a moment Oleg did not seem to hear her, hypnotized by the sight of her bleeding pussy. Then he realized what she had said. With shaking fingers he ripped open the packet of salt and sprinkled the contents on the palm of his hand. Jamie moved her hand that was holding the paper out of the way and Oleg leaned forward and extended his arm to press the salt into the wounds that dotted Jamie's labia and clitoris. Jamie screamed shrilly as the salt seared her intimate wounds and her hips bucked against his hand. Oleg growled with excitement and kept his palm press tightly against Jamie's cunt, grinding the stinging salt into her flesh. In his excitement he missed the tiny movement of Jamie's hand as she dropped the sheet of blood stained paper and picked up the packet of pepper that she had palmed and hidden behind her buttocks earlier. She ripped the small paper packet open with her fingers, dropping the pepper into her palm. Taking a deep breath, Jamie issued an ear piercing shriek and flung the pepper into Oleg's face. She knew that this would only be a momentary distraction, but it was hopefully all that she would need. She slammed her thighs

together, trapping Oleg's hand against her bloody pussy. By lifting one thigh and bending her knee she positioned the calf of her leg just above and behind his elbow. Using every muscle in her body Jamie twisted herself to one side, using the momentum and weight of her body to push her leg hard against the back of Oleg's elbow, snapping his arm like a twig caught in the blades of a lawnmower.

Oleg was knocked to the floor, roaring with anger and pain. Jamie jumped off the table to finish him off. Unfortunately, Oleg managed to scramble to his feet and with one arm dangling uselessly, staggered out of Jamie's reach. Jamie kicked desperately against the shackles, shedding more blood as the steel bracelet tore the skin around her ankle, but to no avail. She watched in despair as Oleg walked up to his pistol that he picked up with his left hand. He turned and raised the pistol, his face distorted with hate. Jamie dropped to the floor in a hopeless attempt to avoid a bullet. Oleg grinned at her futile gesture and pulled the trigger. To his surprise, all he got was a soft click as the firing pin struck the safety bar. Cursing, Oleg struggled with the unfamiliar grip of his left hand to re-cock the pistol and release the ambidextrous safety.

There was a sharp explosion and Jamie's body tensed in anticipation of the smashing impact of a magnum bullet. To both Jamie's and Oleg's surprise the garage door flew open with a puff of white smoke, followed by a slim dark haired woman holding an odd, futuristic looking weapon. She ran into the room followed quickly by a man dressed in black body armor, a remote detonator in one hand and a SAR 21 assault rifle in the other. Both Oleg and the woman pointed their weapons at each other, but once again Oleg's broken arm and unfamiliar left-handed grip betrayed him, allowing her to fire first. The Taser X 26 cracked and two metal darts flashed across the four yard distance to bury their barbs beside the glowing red dot of its laser sight. Oleg dropped like an abandoned puppet, flopping about helplessly in the grip of the pulsed current that surged down the hair thin wires that connected him to the Taser. The Desert Eagle fell to the floor and this time it discharged, the bullet smashing through Oleg's knee and flattening itself against the floor before ricocheting up to bury itself in a locker. Oleg's scream was like balm to Jamie's soul and she grinned viciously.

"If he goes for his gun, kill him." said Kathy to her companion. Taking care not to cross his line of fire she ran to Oleg, searched his body for the keys to Jamie's shackles and then dashed to her naked, bleeding friend. Jamie was doubled over with her hands between her legs going "Ow, ow, ow !" As soon as Kathy unfastened the shackle from her ankle, Jamie ran straddle legged to the water dispenser in the corner where she began splashing water on her still bleeding pussy. "Son of a bitch. I'm going to kill that bastard." she groaned.

Kathy laughed unsympathetically. "From what I saw, the paper cuts and salt were your idea. That was some brilliant improvisation by the way. We should incorporate it into our training program."

"You saw that?" exploded Jamie indignantly. "Why the hell didn't you come in before I slashed my pussy to ribbons?"

"Sorry, we got the fiber-optic lens under the door just as you cut your clit," replied Kathy with a wince.

## Chapter Thirty-Four

Getting information out of Oleg proved to be simple. All they had to do was to threaten to do nothing, as he was in so much pain and shock from his shattered knee that he would have sold out his grandmother for a bottle of aspirin. In between moans he told them about death of his girlfriend Claire Walker at Papillon Rouge. The Member had decided to try bee stings on her pussy, not knowing she was highly allergic to bee venom. By the time that they had located an adrenaline auto injector, she had died of anaphylactic shock. Hugo had sworn revenge, but had been sent to jail when he went on a drunken rampage. It turned out that he didn't know anything about his backers. However, when Jamie threatened to step on his leg he confessed that he had been operating a sideline on their orders without the knowledge of Hugo, or the other staff at the Institute. His mysterious backers had decided to use Hugo as a proxy in their battle against the management of Papillon Rouge, which is why they had not been able to directly operate under the name of Papillon Rouge, as Hugo would have refused to become involved in something as silly as copyright infringement without a compelling reason. Oleg had the dual duties of diverting selected female candidates for the use of his backers and to keep an eye on Hugo.

It turned out that the Institute regularly received girls from their East European and Asian suppliers who were deemed unsuitable for various reasons. Some were drug addicts, others had serious mental problems. The Institute received more than sufficient candidates with less controversial backgrounds, so Oleg was supposed to turn them away. Instead, he sent them to his backers as planned. Similarly, many potential clients were also deemed too risky to accept, especially those who were likely to deliberately maim or kill girls - or even worse, were likely to default in their fees. These too were diverted by Oleg to his friends. By bringing these girls and clients together, Oleg's backers hoped to incriminate the management of Papillon Rouge through the resulting serious injuries or fatalities. Neither the girls nor the clients were aware that they were not dealing with a branch of Hugo White's "Papillon Noir" organization.

Under Jamie's vengeful glare, Oleg spoke to Hugo White on the telephone. Half an hour later, he repeated his story to Hugo in person. Hugo was not amused and was inclined to throw Oleg out into the street to make his own way to the hospital. But when Jamie explained the true reason that she was investigating Hugo's business he found it hilarious.

"Copyright infringement! Intellectual-property rights! That's the funniest thing I've heard all year. I thought that you might have been from the police, some kind of spy agency or even the Mafia, but never this. Hell, it was this asshole here who suggested the business, found the supplier of girls and thought up the 'Papillon Noir' name. He even designed the black butterfly logo. Now I understand where all of it really came from."

It rapidly became apparent that someone had been trying to make use of both parties for their own ends, and perhaps even start a war between them. Whatever their motive, they agreed that it had to be more than just some rough sex or the money. Hugo good-naturedly agreed to change the name of his business, saying that he had always thought that "butterflies" was too sissy anyway and that he didn't need to ride on the name of some old boys association in order to make money. However, what he said next dispelled any of his urbane businessman image.

"No one screws with Hugo White. You people just find out who was behind this and I will have their balls stuffed and mounted on my wall."

Kathy raised an eyebrow. Ever the feminist, she could not resist. "And what if they are women?"

Hugo's reply demonstrated an impressive knowledge of gynecology, and despite all the things she had seen during her time at Papillon Rouge, it made Jamie want to throw up. On the other hand, Hugo's offer might allow them to eliminate the problem without having to involve the police or any embarrassing publicity, so Jamie did not simply reject the idea of working with Hugo.

Unfortunately, it turned out that Oleg knew little about his business partners other than a single name "Randy" and an anonymous e-mail address. The only telephone number that he had

was reserved for emergencies only. He had no idea what had happened to the girls or how they went about contacting their clients. When he was told that several of the girls had been killed, he just shrugged. Hugo kicked him in the ribs and promised Jamie that he would keep Oleg out of circulation while they investigated this mysterious third party.

Jamie sank down on a convenient chair, completely drained both physically and emotionally. Kathy whispered in her ear and confirmed that it had been Susie who had called her on the emergency hotline number that Jamie had set up.

"I guess I owe Susie my life," said Jamie.

Just then the inner door opened and Susie's head peeked through the gap. She grinned happily when she saw Jamie and made her way across the room. She waved and said "Hi, Mr White," and then gasped in horror when she saw the blood that had soaked through the front of Jamie's shirt and stained the insides of her thighs. "What the hell did that bastard do to you?"

Jamie grinned tiredly. "I'm afraid that I did most of it to myself. I was just trying to keep Oleg entertained so that Kathy would have the time to get here and save the day."

Susie squirmed uncomfortably. "I've got to tell you the truth. I almost didn't make the call. You were nice and all, but he was my boss," she said, nodding at Oleg.

Jamie shrugged and touched Susie's hand. "All that matters is that you did, and I'm still grateful."

"Was that bit about a better paying job for real?" asked Susie.

Kathy nodded and pointed at Jamie. "If that's what my boss said, then I guess it's true."

"Cool. When can I start?"

Jamie shook her head at Susie's irrepressible enthusiasm. "Doesn't all this worry you?"

Susie shook her head. "Hell no. After all, I'll have you guys looking after me. If you want to see something really dangerous you should try going on a blind date in this town. With all the freaks and weirdoes around, that's really living dangerously."

Susie suddenly noticed Kathy's black clad companion, who was still carefully watching Oleg. "Hey, who's tall dark and handsome over there?"

Kathy groaned and slapped her forehead. "Damn. In all the excitement I forgot to introduce him. That's Nick. He's a friend of mine from my movie days. He's a stuntman and weapons master who also does some security work as a sideline. I thought that I might need some help tonight. The Taser came from the set of the police movie that he's working on. Thanks Nick."

Nick waved a black gloved hand.

Susie squealed excitedly. "You mean he's a movie star? Hey Nick, you like s&m?"

Jamie groaned.

## Chapter Thirty-Five

After some discussion it was agreed that the only way to find out who were the people behind Oleg was to send a girl to them as another 'reject' from the Institute. Nick had volunteered to go in as a client, but they all rejected the idea, as the chances were that he would end up having to torture a whole series of girls without ever meeting anyone of importance. He expressed relief at the rejection, saying that BDSM was not really his thing. "I'm a lover not a whipper," he said, winking at Susie, who wriggled with delight.

Jamie wanted to go, but Kathy pointed out that someone else in the Institute's staff could be working for their enemies and might recognize her. "Besides," said Kathy, "You're not exactly looking fresh as a rose right now. In fact, I need to get you to a doctor. You'll need tetanus shots since you were silly enough to stick those unsterilized pins into your nipples and maybe a stitch or two between your legs. Good thing for you Dr. Marsh specializes in pussy injuries as well as being a terrific plastic surgeon. I suppose she gets more than enough practice at Papillon Rouge."

In the end it was agreed that they would use Oleg's e-mail to inform "Randy" that Jamie was dead and that a new girl, Kathy, was available. Jamie and Nick would stand by as backup in case a client became dangerously violent or their opponents became suspicious.

It didn't take long for a reply to their forged e-mail to come back, and less than 48 hours later, Kathy walked nervously into a converted factory building for a "job interview". She was met at the door by a man dressed in a brown leather jacket and jeans. Kathy suspected that the ill fitting jacket was needed to hide a gun. The door itself was obviously new, with modern steel fittings and what appeared to be an electronically controlled lock. The interior was clean and in good repair, although there were no other signs of renovation other than some paint and a few pieces of obviously new furniture. The air in the building still smelled of its industrial past, now mixed with fresh coffee, cigarettes and perfume.

Off to the far side there was what appeared to be a standard photographic set up with power flash, soft box, roll paper and tripod. In the corner was the source of the coffee smells, which emanated from a coffee-maker that sat next to a large microwave oven and a refrigerator. In the center of the large open space was a carpeted area and some office furniture. Behind a big metal desk was a second man seated in an expensive leather swivel chair and watching something on an LCD television. From where Kathy was standing, she couldn't see what was on the screen. Her guide led her right up to the front of the desk, said "This is Mr Ricco," and then left her to return to his post at the entrance.

The man behind the desk continued to watch the screen, making it obvious that Kathy was being deliberately ignored. Kathy suppressed her anger, knowing that he was testing her. After several minutes Ricco said "So they tell me that you don't mind taking a beating. Are you a pain slut? I really don't need a scarred up bitch."

"No, I just need money badly, and I figure that it can't be worse than screwing a bunch of men every day, some of who will probably slap me around anyway."

"We know about the guy you killed."

Kathy gave him a sharp look, then shrugged. "It was an accident. I gave him this stuff to knock him out. How was I to know that the bastard was taking medication? Anyway, I served my time in prison and I'm now a free woman."

Ricco grinned. "I wonder if your parole officer would agree."

Kathy started to argue, but Ricco stopped her with a wave of his hand. "It doesn't matter. Those stuck up guys at the Institute won't take you, but I might be persuaded to give you a chance."

"I thought that you guys were working for the same boss. What do you mean, persuaded?"

Ricco nodded and reached out to turn the TV screen towards her. In the center of the picture was the back of a naked woman. She was standing in a typical police search position, her hands pressed flat against the wall and her feet spread wide apart. The woman's skin was covered with a criss-cross pattern of swollen red welts and as Kathy watched, something flashed across the screen



to smash into her firm, up-thrust buttocks. The woman's head flew back in what was obviously a scream. Thin streams of blood trickled from a row of small puncture marks.

Ricco tapped the screen with a short blunt finger. "Barbed wire. It does a great job if you don't mind a mess."

Before Kathy could reply the doorkeeper returned, leading a tall blond girl. He led the girl to stand beside Kathy. "Here's the other one Ricco."

Ricco nodded at the guard who gave him an envious grin before returning to his post. "Blondie here was sent to us by Oleg a week ago but I've been out of town. What's your name again?"

The new girl tugged nervously at her jeans and replied, "Virginia. My name's Virginia."

Ricco turned back to the Chinese girl. "And you're Kathy right?"

Kathy just nodded. Her mind was in a whirl, as she tried to cope with this new complication. She hoped fervently that the transmitter built into the buckle of the belt that held up her miniskirt was working properly.

Ricco pointed at Virginia using the ball pen that he had been toying with. "Tell Kathy here why Oleg didn't keep you."

"I'm in the country illegally."

Kathy turned to look at Virginia. "You came all the way here to get into this kind of business? And aren't you a bit young for it?" she said, waving towards the TV screen front of them.

Ricco seemed to find Kathy's concern hilarious. "Virginia's English. They're really into spanking and stuff over there."

"I'm an adult," said Virginia indignantly.

Ricco slapped his hands on the table, his eyes hard and cold. "At the moment I only have one customer who can afford our price and he only wants one girl. So, I have decided to make this a competitive audition. You have to prove to me that you can do the job and that you want it more than the other girl. Understand?"

Kathy cursed under her breath. She could not afford to lose Ricco's sadistic competition. They would soon find out about Oleg's capture, so she had to get into the system right now if she was to have any chance at all of discovering who was behind this murderous organization. She had a bad feeling that things were going to get a lot more painful than she had expected.

## Chapter Thirty-Six

Jamie, on the other hand, was able to swear out loud, her vocabulary drawing a respectful glance from Nick. Fortunately for Kathy the microphone in her clothing worked just fine and they had been able to hear everything that had gone on so far. Jamie was tempted to go in right now, but Kathy had not used her emergency word and Jamie knew that her feisty assistant would never forgive her if she ruined the investigation because of her fear for Kathy's safety. The two of them were seated inside a van parked a short way up the road from Kathy's present location and Jamie knew that things were only going to get worse. It was obvious that Ricco was just abusing his position for his own entertainment as they really did not care about the quality of the girls that they supplied. It was an update on the old casting couch. Given the way that someone had managed to infiltrate Papillon Rouge and had manipulated Papillon Noir, it was possible that even Ricco did not know the true identity of his ultimate employers. They had to follow the money up the chain of command, and to do that Kathy would need to get through this "audition" and get on the inside of this organization before they had a chance of having any success with this investigation.

Ricco led the two women to another part of the building and into a large room which, judging from the white board on the wall and the long table, had been either a training or meeting room. Several mismatched pieces of furniture had been added along with piles of cushions and a couple of dingy mattresses. This was obviously one of Ricco's playrooms and Kathy fancied that she could smell the odors of stale sex and blood.

Ricco leaned against the wall with his arms folded. "OK girls let's get it off. Strip and let me see what you're offering."

Virginia seemed eager to please and began pulling off her clothing without hesitation. She kicked off her shoes and began struggling out of her jeans, pulling her panties down at the same time revealing a well shaped bottom and long, if slightly thin legs. At least that was Kathy's opinion. Ricco seemed to like what he saw.

Since she was wearing a miniskirt and a long sleeved top fastened by a zip, Kathy was able to strip down to her panties while the other girl was still pulling her T-shirt over her head. Due to her acting and martial arts training, Kathy had a beautifully toned body. Just like all the other women at Papillon Rouge, her pussy was clean shaven to allow the maximum access and minimum protection to her genitals. She stretched, lifting her arms above her head and going up on her toes. Ricco whistled in admiration and she got a glare from Virginia.

Kathy noted that Virginia had several faint marks across her buttocks and she guessed that the blond girl was used to, or even enjoyed spanking and caning, which was an English preference. Kathy hoped that female genital torture would be new and perhaps even frightening to the teenager, which would give her an edge that she could exploit. It was likely that Ricco was also used to having the use of girls who expected to be whipped or caned, and again Kathy hoped that she could impress and interest him by offering to torture her pussy for his entertainment.

Ricco walked around the table. He placed the naked girls side-by-side and then carried out what he described as a "quality check". He squeezed their breasts and buttocks, pinched their nipples and pushed his fingers inside their vaginas. He thoroughly and urgently probed each girl's moist passage, making them squirm and wince as his thick fingers scraped and poked inside their bodies, obviously enjoying their expressions of discomfort. Kathy noted with interest how Virginia blushed when he made her lick his fingers clean.

"OK, enough of this. It's time for you to show me what you can do. I want both of you to think of a punishment or torture that you think will impress me. The other girl will have to take it first and then you. If she chickens out or gives up you win, provided you can take it. Otherwise it's a draw and we try the other girl's idea. We keep going like that until one of you gives up."

Ricco tossed a coin and Virginia won. As Kathy had expected, Virginia asked for two dozen strokes of the cane and as the loser, Kathy had to go first. Making the best of it, Kathy spread her feet apart and bent forward and placed her hands on her knees. She arched her back down and

pushed her buttocks out in order to give Ricco the most inviting target.

Ricco selected a cane from several that lay on the floor next to his table. He did not warm up or take aim but simply lashed out with the cane without warning. Caught by surprise, Kathy could not help crying out in pain. She saw the look of cruel satisfaction in Virginia's eyes and realized that the blond girl was not as innocent as she tried to appear. This realization made Kathy feel much better about what she was going to do when it was her turn. In the meantime she gritted her teeth and forced herself to hold still as the cane continued to slash and crack against her skin, raising deep red welts with each stroke. By the time Ricco got to the 24th stroke, Kathy's body was covered in sweat and her eyes were moist with tears. Her buttocks and the backs of her thighs were almost completely covered with red marks and even the occasional spot of blood. Even with the caning finished Kathy did not immediately straighten up. Her buttocks continued to throb and burn and felt as if they would explode with every beat of her heart. She panted as if she had been running a marathon and her sweat dampened hair hung in a dark curtain around her face. However Kathy consoled herself with the thought that she had taken the beating without flinching, and although her bottom and thighs would be badly bruised for many days, she had suffered no real injury. She took a deep breath and using all her self control she threw back her hair and straightened up. She looked Virginia in the eye and grinned defiantly.

Then it was Virginia's turn to be caned and as Kathy had expected, the blond girl accepted each hissing stroke of the cane almost casually. Kathy suspected that if Ricco were to finger the girl's pussy he would find it dripping wet. Despite this, Kathy felt a good deal of satisfaction each time the cane cracked against Virginia's ivory pale buttocks. The caning ended much too soon for Kathy who watched sourly as Virginia straightened up demurely and thanked Ricco for her punishment.

Ricco tossed his cane away and positioned the girls side-by-side once more so that he could admire his handiwork. He ran his hands over the ridged flesh of their buttocks, enjoying the heat that radiated from their swollen bottoms. The girls soon had proof that he had enjoyed wielding the cane when he unzipped the front of his pants and made each girl kneel down to lick and kiss his swollen shaft. Kathy found this even more objectionable than the caning. She did not like Ricco and soon discovered that he was not too concerned about personal hygiene. Once again, Virginia did not seem to mind, and she licked and slurped enthusiastically. Kathy knew that she had to do something that would really make an impression on Ricco if she was to have any chance of winning. He decided to come on their faces and Kathy made sure that she caught some of his sperm on her tongue, which she made a great show of swallowing. From the smile on Ricco's face, this act won her some points and Kathy felt sure that she could still beat Virginia.

After they had cleaned up, Kathy approached Ricco and asked him for a few items. He looked at her speculatively and then nodded his head.

"I think that I have what you need. This should be interesting."

Ricco opened a drawer in his desk and rummaged around inside. With a grunt of satisfaction he gathered some items from the drawer and dumped them on the surface of his desk. He waved his hand at his discoveries, obviously giving Kathy permission to use them.

Kathy gathered up the items and was relieved to see that they were exactly what she wanted. Moving carefully, she sat down on the floor, wincing as her bruised bottom touched the concrete. Ignoring Virginia's curious gaze, she placed the items in front of her and picked up one of the thick white candles. It was a simple wax candle with no coloring or scent. She pressed the nail of her thumb into the wax and nodded in satisfaction at its hard crumbly texture. This kind of candle would burn slowly and the melted wax would be very hot, unlike the soft candles that were very popular in BDSM movies. Ricco had even managed to produce a simple candle holder that consisted of a small metal dish, which had a candle sized socket in the center. It was apparent that the warehouse had regular power failures. The last three items were a cigarette lighter, a penknife and a packet of disposable hypodermic needles. Kathy put down the candle and ripped open the packet of needles, each of which had its own cylindrical plastic case. She selected a needle, made sure that the seal was still intact, and popped its cap off. Holding the plastic cone of the needle's

mounting, Kathy used it like a miniature awl to drill holes into the candle right beside the wick. After doing the same to a second candle she replaced the bent and wax covered needle in its container. Then she used the penknife to cut four fresh needles free of their plastic mountings and carefully inserted two them into each of the wick end of the candles with their sharp points facing away from the candle and towards the tip of the wicks. With half their lengths buried inside the candle, the needles were held firmly in place like the prongs of a miniature pitchfork with the wick serving as the middle tine. After she had both candles identically modified in this manner she swept everything up and returned them to Ricco, keeping only the dish, lighter and the two candles.

Kathy mounted one of the candles on the candle holder and then held it up in the palm of her hand. "It's simple. You light the candle and set it on the floor. Then each of us girls will snuff her candle out using the inside of her pussy by squatting down over it." She turn to Virginia and said, "You are allowed to make it easier by spreading your pussy lips open with your fingers, but the candle must finish up inside your pussy. If the flame is snuffed using any other part of your body it will not count and you will have to do it again."

This was a fiendish little torture that had been invented by one of the members of Papillon Rouge. Kathy had been impressed by its ingenuity, which was why she had remembered it now. It was both a test of a girl's willingness to inflict pain on her own pussy and the steadiness of her nerve. The victim first had to find her aim by getting her pussy close enough to the candle's flame to accurately locate its position by where on her body she was getting burned. Since she was forced to keep her hands between her legs she would not be able to lean forward sufficiently to see the candle without falling over. Then she would have to find the nerve to quickly impale herself on the candle, which of course would splash boiling wax against the delicate inner parts of her sex and simultaneously drive the two hot hypodermic needles into her flesh. The longer she hesitated the worse she would get burned by the flame and the hotter the needles would become.

Kathy was hoping that the time pressure and the need to actively participate in her own torture, especially of her pussy, would defeat Virginia. Naturally, this assumed that Kathy herself could do any better. This was not a foregone conclusion as the thought of the gleaming hypodermic needles made all kinds of muscles down below clench nervously.

Ricco, who was now grinning widely, motioned for Virginia to take her position. "Get those feet apart. This should be interesting."

Virginia was not looking so confident now as she watched Ricco place the candle on the floor between her feet. This was obviously something that she had never encountered before. She started when Ricco snapped his lighter open and touched the flame to the wick. He move back a pace and sat down on the floor.

"I want to have a good view of this," he said. He gripped his crotch and made an exaggerated expression of agony.

Virginia glared at Kathy and then reached down to spread her pussy lips apart. Gritting her teeth she dropped into a crouch, which brought her pussy within a hand's breath of the candle flame and the needles that glittered on either side of it. She hissed in surprise as she began to feel the heat against her skin. The column of superheated air thrust at her groin almost like a solid finger as she gingerly lowered herself even more. Virginia frantically twitched her hips from side to side as she tried to center the opening of her vagina directly above the flame, singing a wide area around her pussy and even stinging her ass hole. When she was finally confident that she was in the right position, she took a deep breath and dropped her hips down on to the candle. However, just as Kathy had expected, Virginia hesitated for a fraction of a second immediately above the flickering flame due to the thought of driving the two hot needles into one of the most sensitive parts of her body. This hesitation was fatal, as it kept her stationary within reach of the fire long enough to actually burn her skin. She shouted in pain and reflexively threw herself backwards and away from the candle, with her hands clasped over her singed labia. She over balanced and fell heavily on her back, but luckily did not hit her head on the floor.

Ricco applauded Virginia's performance mockingly before blowing the candle out and removing it from the stand. He threw the used candle into the bin, taking care that the needles did

not drop out of the softened wax, and then replaced it with the second candle. He waited for the still whimpering Virginia to move aside before pointing at Kathy. "You're next. You still have to do better in order to win this round."

Kathy walked over to the waiting candle, stepping carefully and swaying her hips as if she were on a catwalk. She fully intended to take every opportunity to emphasize her graceful body and to show up Virginia's clumsy performance. She planted one dainty foot on either side of the candle while staying up on the balls of her feet. Fully aware that Ricco was staring up into her crotch, Kathy carefully spread her pussy open, making her labia spread out like the petals of a blossoming flower. She used her thumbs to peel back the hood of her clitoris so that the small pink bud stood out proudly. She held that pose for several seconds until she was sure that Ricco had had a good look, before sliding her fingers down lower to open up the moist entry to her vagina. She glanced down one more time in order to confirm the position of the candle in relation to her feet and then after taking a deep breath, she dropped down smoothly with her knees spread wide like a ballet dancer doing a plie. Unlike Virginia, Kathy had positioned herself so that the heat of the candle initially rose up to brush against the sensitive skin between her buttocks. By the time that she was low enough for the heat to become painful she had obtained a fairly good idea of where the tip of the flame was. Then, by rolling her hips and arching her back forward she was able to bring the flame forward along her perineum until it burned directly into her vagina. The moisture that coated the inside of her sex reduced the damage for a fraction of a second that she needed, and gave her the time to drop the final few inches needed to bury the tip of the candle inside her cunt. For a moment there was a sharp pain as the flames ravaged her flesh, but the candle was quickly smothered by her enveloping flesh. However, this now brought her into sudden and forceful contact with the small pool of molten wax that glistened around the base of the wick and also drove both hypodermic needles deep into her vagina.

The agony was sudden and overwhelming. To Kathy it felt as if someone had just rammed a power drill into her cunt and ripped it apart. The shock was so great that she was unable to scream and the only sound that came out of her throat was a hoarse gasp, and all she wanted to do was to jump up and rip the horrific thing out of her body. However, a lifetime of training in the martial arts, as an actor and as a dancer, had given her extraordinary control over her body and she was able to straighten up gracefully, rising into a full stretch on her toes, with her arms above her head, wrists folded and limp. For a second, the candle hung between her legs, swinging gently back and forth. This movement twisted the needles around inside Kathy's flesh but she did not allow any of this fresh pain to show on her face. After a moment, the weight of the candle and its holder pulled the needles free and the whole assembly fell to the floor with a loud clank. The candle came free of the holder and fell on it's side. A second later, two large drops of bright red blood dripped from Kathy's torn pussy and splashed on the pale white wax cylinder. With her teeth still tightly clenched she looked down into Ricco's eyes and grinned triumphantly, although to Virginia it looked more like the snarl of a wild animal. "Well?"

Ricco gave her a thumbs up. "Looks like you win. I'll call the boss right now and let him know so that he can book you a session."

Kathy nodded. "Great. I can use the money. In the meantime, do you have any ice? Gotta look after the assets," she said, pointing at her pussy with a grin.

Ricco pointed at the small refrigerator next to his table. "Help yourself." He then picked up the telephone and dialed a number. After a brief and cryptic conversation he hung up and grunted in satisfaction. He picked up a ball pen and scribbled an address on a scrap of paper that he handed to Kathy. "3 p.m. at this address day after tomorrow. Don't be late. You won't get a second chance. When you're finished with that ice you can go. Don't come back here unless I tell you to. You'll be paid by someone when you come out of the client's place and he says that he's satisfied. Same procedure for any future jobs."

With his duty done, Ricco turned to Virginia. "I might be able to find some work for you if you can convinced me that you really, really want it," he said, smirking suggestively at Virginia.

Virginia smiled slyly and the two of them headed towards a doorway and that led into the

next room with Ricco's hand resting comfortably on her still naked buttock. The casting couch was still in full operation.

Kathy glanced around and saw that no one was watching her. She dropped the ice on the floor with visible relief. Her pussy had half frozen from the unnecessary ice pack that she had used as an excuse to stay by the table, in the very hope that Ricco would decide to entertain himself with Virginia and give her the opportunity to press the redial button on the telephone. She glanced at the number and then quickly broke the connection. Now they had two possible leads that might give them a chance at identifying Ricco's boss. She picked up her clothes and said softly into the microphone in her buckle, "I'm on my way out."

## Chapter Thirty-Seven

Back at Papillon Rouge Jamie and Kathy held a brainstorming session. Both women perched gingerly on thick cushions, sipping hot coffee.

Kathy glanced at the screen of her PDA, reading an incoming message. "Susie has reported in. The staff have signed her up and she will be joining a training class tomorrow."

Jamie took a sip of her coffee and sighed contentedly. "Susie's a nice girl. At least she will be relatively safe here."

Kathy stared out through the window, her eyes tracing the movement of the evening shadows under the trees. Jamie could tell from her posture that something other than her sore pussy was bothering her.

Kathy frowned. "I don't get it."

"Get what?"

"Their whole set-up seems too elaborate. The type and number of girls involved doesn't seem to justify all the effort, and they can't possibly be charging so much as to make it profitable, and I haven't found any indication that someone from Papillon Rouge is involved."

Jamie winced as she reached over to put down her cup and accidentally brushed her arm across her sore nipple. "Maybe they offer snuff sessions as an option?" She shook her head. "That doesn't explain the attacks on us. Oleg had a reason, but what about his backers? What do they have to gain? Getting rid of the competition?"

Kathy shook her head. "Even though all of the dead women had links to us or Papillon Noir, our membership is so exclusive that we could hardly be the kind of competition that a criminal gang would find to be a threat."

"That's true. Maybe we'll learn something from the telephone number."

"Did you give it to one of your friends in the police force?"

"No. Remember Hugo was able to run a check on my background, even though they gave him the wrong information. We don't know who his source is, but it's a good chance that they have something to do with the police."

"So who did you give it to?"

Jamie grinned smugly. "I have a friend in the telephone company who has a taste for spanking women's bottoms."

Kathy laughed in amazement. "So are you letting him spank you or are you blackmailing him?"

Jamie patted her bottom. "He says that I have the buttocks of a goddess. The only blackmail I use is the threat to cut him out of my social register. Wait a minute ..."

The two women looked at each other. "Blackmail!" they chorused.

Kathy snapped her fingers. "Girls with criminal records, jail bait, drug users. Most of them would either go along with a blackmail scheme or in the case of the teenagers, would be the basis for the blackmail."

Looking grim, Jamie said, "Maybe those deaths were not so accidental after all. Perhaps the threat of scandal was not enough for some of the victims. Perhaps it needed the possibility of a manslaughter or murder charge to bring them to heel."

"That's certainly a good possibility for a motive. But even if we're right, what do we do now?"

Jamie ran her fingers through her hair and sighed. "We wait. We'll use the same set-up that we did today with me waiting outside in the van. When the client turns up, you will identify yourself as a private investigator and tell him about the blackmail scheme. If we are lucky he will be pissed off enough that he will tell us who arranged the session at his end. If not, we will just have to grab whoever is there to supervise the session and hand him or her over to the police. We're not in a position to get into a real fight with these people. We can't risk the publicity or the chance that any of Papillon Rouge's members might be hurt."

Kathy punched a cushion angrily. "Shit. I was still hoping that we would get a chance to kick some butt."

Jamie smiled and said, "If we are unlucky you might just get your chance."



## Chapter Thirty-Eight

The location turned out to be a small apartment on the fifth floor of a building located between a half built office block and a multi story car park. Jamie guessed that the adjoining apartments were not occupied, so even though it was a fairly decent part of town, any screams would be unlikely to attract attention. Nick was needed on set today and could not help, so Jamie was alone in the van as she watched Kathy go into the building. Kathy's footsteps coming from the speakers was a comforting confirmation that the transmitter in her belt buckle was working properly.

Kathy stepped out of the elevator. There were only two apartments on each floor. The door to apartment Five A was to her left. It opened as soon as she pressed the doorbell, revealing an attractive, middle-aged woman.

"Yes?"

"Hi, I'm Kathy. Ricco sent me."

The woman studied Kathy's face for a moment and then stepped back to let her enter. Kathy guessed that the woman had been given her description or perhaps even a photograph taken by a security camera during the interview with Ricco. The apartment was furnished simply and there were no personal items to be seen except for several magazines on a coffee table. Kathy guessed that the apartment had been rented on a short lease or even just for the day. The woman locked the door and walked across the room to another door that Kathy assumed led to one of the bedrooms.

"You can call me Helen. Just do as you are told, don't make any trouble and everything will be fine. I'm the one who will pay you afterwards. I guess that you know what will be expected of you?"

Kathy just nodded in reply. The woman opened the door and indicated that Kathy should enter the bedroom.

"Just one more thing. As much as possible, try not to block his face with your body."

Kathy looked around the room with a puzzled expression on her face, although she realized from the instruction that there must be one or more hidden video cameras in the room. It appeared that their guess about a blackmail scheme was right. The woman stopped her before she could speak.

"Don't ask any questions and don't try to be too clever if you want to be paid."

Kathy nodded. "I don't care what you guys are up to as long as I get my money and I don't get involved with the police."

Helen seem to find Kathy's comment amusing, but her only response was to tell Kathy to wait in the bedroom. She then went back into the living room and closed the door.

Kathy sat on the edge of the bed and waited. After about 15 minutes she heard the front door open and a muffled voices of two men. There was the sound of laughter, both male and female and then the door to her room opened. A well-dressed, slightly overweight man entered, followed by Helen.

"This is Kathy. I think that you will find that she is everything that we promised. If you need any toys, try looking in that drawer over there."

The man's smile did not quite reach his eyes, which remained hard and calculating.

Helen patted him on the shoulder. "If you need anything we will be in the next room. But knock first as we might be ... busy."

The man laughed coarsely at Helen's intimation that she and the unseen man outside would be having sex. Helen left, closing the door behind her and the man turned towards Kathy.

"Get undressed bitch."

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Jamie listened with her hands pressed to the headphones as she tried to visualize what was happening in the building. Now that Kathy was alone with the man she should be about the ready to tell him about the blackmail plot. Just then, her cell phone rang. For a moment, Jamie wavered between ignoring the call in order to hear what happened with Kathy and her supposed client, and

answering. Then, with a muttered curse, she pulled one ear piece aside and picked up the phone. She listened to the voice at the other end for a moment and then went rigid with shock. She dropped the telephone and ripped off the headset. She grabbed a portable receiver that she clipped to her waistband as she scrambled out of the van, and began running toward the building. The elevator was still at the fifth floor as she entered the lobby. Taking two swift steps to the side, Jamie ripped open the fire door and began running up the emergency stairs, gasping curses with every step.

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As soon as she was alone in the room with her 'client', Kathy stood up and moved closer to him. Speaking softly but in an urgent tone of voice she said, "Listen carefully. I'm a private investigator working undercover in cooperation with the police. We believe that the people in the next room are part of a blackmail scheme and may even be responsible for the deaths of several young women. Here is my ID if you don't believe me."

Kathy had been so intent on convincing the man of her seriousness that she had made the mistake of ignoring what was happening behind her. It was not until she felt the cold metal of a gun barrel pressing into the back of her neck that she realized that someone else had come into the room.

"Oh, he believes you and so do I. In fact, I recognized you from the moment I saw your face on the monitor next door. I must admit that you are really very photogenic."

As soon as Kathy heard the new man's voice she knew that she was in serious trouble. "Hello Detective Henshaw. I was just talking about you. Is that your gun I feel or are you just glad to see me?" Kathy knew that she was babbling, but her only hope was that Jamie had heard what was going on and was on her way to the rescue. When she saw her "client" move sideways out of the line of fire and felt the tiny twitch of the gun barrel as Henshaw tightened his grip in anticipation of the recoil, she knew that she was about to die. Henshaw was a professional and there would be no melodramatic clicks of the hammer or long speeches explaining his criminal brilliance, just a quick, quiet small caliber bullet in the back of her head.

"Wait a minute. I'm just an employee doing her job. I'm not crazy enough to go up against a cop. Can't we work out some kind of deal?"

Henshaw sounded amused. "What kind of deal?"

"Look, you were going to pay me big bucks to beat me up. How about I let you do it for free? Both of you can beat the crap out of me. Just don't hit the face and don't kill me. I'll do anything you want."

The anonymous client looked interested. He glanced over Kathy's shoulder at Henshaw. "Why not? It might be fun to see if we can make her beg for the bullet."

Just then, Kathy felt the tiny vibration from her belt buckle that meant that Jamie's portable receiving unit was very close. She knew that Henshaw would not allow his sexual desires to distract him from the job at hand, so Kathy decided to try a distraction of her own. Moving her hands very slowly she unfastened the belt and the skirt underneath. "Let me show you what I mean. I'm just going to take my skirt and panties off."

For a second she thought that Henshaw was just going to fire. When nothing happened, she slowly continued to undress, with the skin at the back of her head tingling in fear and anticipation. With a single motion she stepped out of her skirt and panties, leaving them dangling from one hand. With the other she reached down to spread her pussy lips apart.

"How about this. I'll let one of you bite off my clit. I'll bet that neither of you has ever seen anything like that. Come on, what have you got to lose? Which one of you would like to try it?" As she had intended, the offer was sufficiently outrageous to surprise even the ruthless Detective. The pressure of the gun barrel at back of her head seemed to relax just a fraction. Just then, Kathy felt the belt buckle in her hand vibrate quickly several times in succession. She started to turn slowly. "I have a very nice clit Detective Henshaw. Here, look at it."

Henshaw could not resist glancing down towards Kathy's groin for a fraction of a second, and involuntarily allowing his gun hand to move out of line. This gave Kathy the opening she needed. Using the turning motion that she had started, she swung the bunch of clothing in her hand

at the side of the client's head. The heavy belt buckle struck home solidly, stunning the man. She simultaneously stepped sideways and pulled the staggering man around so that he was between her and Henshaw's gun. As she had expected, the Detective reacted instinctively and fired towards the center of her body mass, hitting her unwitting shield squarely in the belly. Because he was using a small caliber pistol just as Kathy had guessed, the bullet did not have sufficient energy to pass through the man's body.

While the sound of the shot was relatively soft, it was enough to mask Jamie's entry into the apartment. In comparison, the double tap of Corbon 9 mm JHP rounds from Jamie's Sphinx 3000 automatic pistol roared like thunder in the narrow confines of the apartment. Both bullets struck Henshaw in the middle of his back. Without pausing Jamie swiveled to her right and fired again, hitting the charging Helen in the shoulder. The wounded woman dropped the large switch blade that she had been swinging at Jamie, and collapsed to the floor clutching her wound, which was bleeding profusely.

By this time, Kathy had acquired Henshaw's pistol and was watching both men carefully. To Jamie's surprise and relief, Henshaw was still alive and in reasonable condition. Killing a policeman, even a crooked one would have resulted in a lot of trouble. Stepping closer she saw the dark fabric of his light body armor showing through the tears in his shirt. She looked up at Kathy who was still naked from the waist down. "Bite my clit off? I like your style," she said with a grin.

Kathy gave Jamie the finger and then stepped carefully over her writhing 'client'. Making sure that she did not move into Jamie's line of fire, she walked around Henshaw's prostrate body. She looked at Jamie. "I told you that I would kick his ass." Kathy swung her foot hard. Henshaw gave a shrill scream and curled up in a fetal ball, clutching his flattened testicles. Kathy covered her mouth and feigned a look of surprise. "Oops. I missed."

Jamie shrugged. "The impact of my shots must have driven his own fist into his groin."

Kathy grinned and tisked. "How sad. Nice gun by the way."

"Yeah, ASP Lim in Singapore recommended it."

## Chapter Thirty-Nine

Fortunately, Jamie's voice recordings, and the library of blackmail material that were later found in Henshaw's house were sufficient to link the Detective and his accomplices to a whole list of crimes. The Foundation's lawyers said that the nature of Papillon Rouge's operations would not have to be mentioned in court and careful information control prevented any sensational disclosures by the press.

Back at Papillon Rouge the next day, Jamie and Kathy met with general manager Elaine Rutherford to bring her up to date and to make sure that they were no loose ends. Elaine tapped her pen on the notepad in front of her. "And Henshaw was the one who told Hugo White that you were trying to blame his organization for the dead girls and that you might even have been responsible for one or more of the deaths?"

"That's what he told the police," replied Jamie.

"Then I suppose that he brought up the subject of the investigation into Papillon Noir during his talk with Senior Member Kincaid on purpose."

There was a moment of pregnant silence. Jamie and Kathy turned to look at each other. They had been discussing the case for the past two days and Elaine's comment generated a simultaneous realization in both their minds.

Jamie looked grim as she turned back to Elaine. "According to Kincaid, Henshaw had never heard of Papillon Rouge before that night."

Kathy slapped her hand down on the table. "The last thing that Henshaw would have done was to have expressed frustration over his investigation of the dead girls to Kincaid since he knew very well how they came to die."

Elaine looked puzzled. "Then why would Kincaid ... oh!"

Jamie nodded. "Exactly. Kincaid must somehow be involved with the whole thing. That was probably why my cover was so easily blown at the Institute. They were waiting for one of us to approach them."

"Then why hasn't Henshaw said anything about Kincaid?" asked Kathy.

Elaine doodled a row of dollar signs on her note pad. "Money, expensive lawyers, influence. Hold on, let me call up Kincaid's file."

The general manager tapped on her computer keyboard and after a moment, turned the LCD monitor around so that the two security officers could see it. Elaine scrolled down the document and then tapped on the screen. "Yes, there it is. Kincaid joined us before I came to Papillon Rouge but I remember browsing through the files of all the Senior Members, and something in Kincaid's file had caught my attention."

Jamie and Kathy read the indicated text. Under the section headed 'Psychological Profile' was a comment from the analyst. "Subject shows strong inclinations to pedophilia, second only to his interest in female genital torture. However I am of the opinion that so long as his primary sexual urges are met, the subject should be able to successfully suppress any desire to act upon his preference for under aged females."

Jamie nodded. "Apparently the promise of access to a combination of both teenagers and pussy torture proved to be too much of a temptation."

Kathy opened her folder that contained, among other things a list of the girls that Oleg had recruited from the rejects of Hugo White's Institute. "According to this and the police reports, two teen aged girls were never found. The police assumed that they had just returned to life on the streets and were avoiding the authorities."

Elaine frowned. "And maybe not. But what do we do now? If we tell the police about our suspicions then we will expose Papillon Rouge to the very kind of publicity that we have been trying to avoid, without any real proof against Kincaid or any certainty that Kincaid has the two girls."

Jamie snapped her fingers. "Susie! She looks very young, and with the right hairstyle and

make up she would look young enough to pass for a very mature 15 year old, and Kincaid doesn't know where we found her."

Elaine consulted her computer again. "Kincaid has a session booked in four days time."

Jamie stood up. "Let's go talk to Susie."

## Chapter Forty

It turned out that Kincaid had old-fashioned tastes, and his preferred setting was a classroom. His only requested 'tools' were a selection of rulers and canes.

Susie and the other selected girl Felicia, were dressed in white blouses, ties and short pleated skirts, with white socks and black, shiny leather shoes to complete the outfit. The two of them giggled as they examined the playroom. Apart from the obligatory blackboard and school desks, there was a raised wooden platform at the front of the classroom and several standard gym exercise mats. Susie flipped up her skirt and revealed her plain white cotton panties. Felicia returned the favor and the both laughed hysterically at their stereotypical schoolgirl image. Despite his liking for the traditional trappings, Kincaid did not insist on the elaborate role-playing, preferring just to use the setting to spice up the pussy punishment.

When Kincaid entered the room, both girls curtsied and cheekily chorused "Good morning Sir."

Kincaid grinned and paused to enjoy the sight of the two beautiful girls. "Good morning ladies. I hope that we are all ready to do some work."

Felicia held up her hand. "What kind of work Sir?"

"I'm a great believer in interactive education. What would you suggest?"

"My parents always say, 'Spare the pussy and spoil the child.'"

Susie grinned. "That's funny, my parents say that too."

Kincaid bowed with a flourish. "Then I suppose I have no choice but to cane your pussies. All in your best interests, of course."

Both girls cheered and clapped enthusiastically.

Kincaid held up two canes, one slim and whippy and the other thicker and slightly longer. "Who can tell me why we have two kinds of canes?"

Susie lifted her hand. When Kincaid nodded at her she said, "The skinny one is for the insides of our pussies?"

Felicia looked puzzled. "You mean that Sir is going to stick it into our holes?"

"Yuck! That would make it all sticky and wet, silly. Sir is going to make us open up our pussies with our fingers so that he can cane all the pink bits. Isn't that right Sir?"

"Yes Susie. That is quite right. Well done."

Felicia held up her hand again. "But isn't touching our pussies naughty? And how are you going to hit our clitorises? They are ever so teeny."

Kincaid looked stern and nodded his head wisely. "Yes it is naughty to touch your pussy, which just means that you will deserve even more punishment."

This somewhat convoluted logic made Felicia cross her eyes in confusion.

"However that was a good question regarding the punishment of your clitorises. The canes are obviously not suited for this purpose, which is why we have these nice wooden rulers," said Kincaid, flourishing one of the measuring instruments.

Susie clapped her hands. "Isn't Sir clever?"

Felicia stuck out her tongue and jabbed Susie in the side with her elbow. "Suck up."

"All right girls, that's enough of that. It's time to get ready for today's lesson. Please take off your panties so that I can inspect your pussies."

Both girls obediently removed their panties, folded them up neatly and put them on their desks.

"Good. Now stand side-by-side in front of me and lift up your skirts."

Two pairs of skirts were raised high, exposing clean shaven pussies and long pale thighs. Kincaid sighed with pleasure and the girls giggled at the rapidly rising bulge in his pants. Both of them spread their feet apart so that Kincaid would have a better view.

Felicia tucked the hem of her skirt into the waistband and used her hands to spread the top of her pussy open. "I think my clit is too small. Somebody told me that if you smack it hard it will get

all swollen and grow bigger. Is that true Sir?"

Kincaid smiled at Felicia's obvious invitation. "I have heard that too, but I suppose that the only way to find out is to try it. Why don't you climb up on the desk and spread your legs wide apart like a good girl."

Felicia did as she was told, lying down on her back and spreading her thighs. She also opened her pussy with her fingers without being told, taking care to peel back the protective hood of skin from her clitoris with her thumbs so that it would be fully exposed to Kincaid's attentions. Although Susie had seen Felicia naked during their training, she had never been given the opportunity to examine or touch Felicia's pussy, so she joined Kincaid in staring curiously at her companion's obscenely exposed genitals. She knew that Felicia was somewhat of an exhibitionist and was not surprised to see that her pussy was already glistening with moisture. In accordance with Papillon Rouge policy, neither of the girls were masochists or practicing submissives. However the intensive training and psychological preparation that had been given to them made it almost natural for them to discuss and even cooperate in the torture of their own pussies.

Susie looked curiously at the canes that Kincaid was holding and then back at Felicia's pussy. "Are you going to use the big cane first or the skinny one?"

"What would you suggest, young lady?"

"I think that you should use the slim cane first. It's lighter, so you can aim at different parts of her pussy with each stroke. Felicia will have more control at the beginning and will hold still better so that you can hit what you aim at."

Kincaid pretended to stick a paper star on Susie's forehead. "Very good. I think that I shall take your advice. For the moment however, let's try out the ruler. Why don't you give Felicia's clit a little rub so that we can all see what it looks like when it is standing up."

Susie nodded and reached out a finger. At first she had considered moistening her fingertip with saliva but then she decided that Kincaid would probably prefer that her touch should be a little uncomfortable, as well as stimulating. Rather than gently touching the area around Felicia's clit she placed her fingertip squarely on Felicia's exposed clitoris and briskly rubbed it from side to side, drawing a gasp from her victim. Felicia's body quivered from the intense over stimulation of her clit that bordered somewhere between itching and pain. Kincaid laughed at the sight of Felicia's twitching pussy muscles that caused the opening to her vagina to frantically contract and dilate as if it were trying to talk. He signaled for Susie to stop, as he knew that continued rubbing might actually cause the clit to contract rather than become erect.

Kincaid picked up the ruler and slapped the tip several times against his palm in order to gauge the amount of force required. He stroked the curve of Felicia's buttock and asked, "Are we ready?"

Felicia pulled harder on her pussy to make sure that her clit was as exposed as possible and then replied, "Yes Sir. My clitty is all ready for you to smack really hard with your ruler."

Kincaid did just that, bringing the ruler down briskly to smack forcefully against Felicia's clit. The sharp pain inflicted on her intensely sensitive clitoris made the girl jump, but apart from a hiss of breath she remained perfectly still, offering her clit for more pain. She took five more hard blows directly on her clit before the pain caused her fingers to lose their grip.

"I'm so sorry Sir. Should we start over again? I promise to try to do better this time."

Kincaid looked stern, as if disappointed by Felicia's failure. "Very well. The objective is for you to hold still for twelve good smacks on your naughty clit. I will stop as soon as we manage twelve strokes without any unseemly twitching or interruptions."

Felicia received twenty-six more smacks before Kincaid was satisfied. By then, her clit was well and truly swollen and turning a hot looking shade of red. Although she had bravely endured the spanking of her clit without complaint, her eyes were moist with tears and she was breathing heavily by the time Kincaid declared that he was done. He turned to Susie and reached out to stroke her pussy, anticipating joyfully the prospect of applying the same punishment to her clit.

At this point Jamie, who had been watching on the security monitors, decided that Kincaid was sufficiently engrossed in the session that an interruption would be so frustrating as to impair his

judgment. She turned on the microphone in front of her. "This is a security announcement. Jason, I am sorry but we must terminate the session immediately." According to Papillon Rouge tradition all male members were always addressed as 'Jason' during a session.

Kincaid started to object angrily, but was cut off by Jamie's next words.

"We have just discovered that Susie is actually 15 years old. Any sexual activity between her and yourself would leave you open to criminal charges. We regret this oversight and assure you that you will be given the opportunity for a replacement session as soon as possible and without any further charge. Please exit the playroom as soon as you are ready."

Kincaid angrily tossed aside the ruler that he held in his hand and turned towards the door. However before he could leave, Susie came up to him looking frightened and desperate.

"I'm really sorry. I never wanted to get anyone in trouble but I desperately need the money. I would have let you do anything that you wanted to me," said Susie. Her voice dropped to a whisper and she touched his hand. "You still could, you know. We could just do it somewhere else if you like. You don't have to pay me as much as this place would. We could work something out."

Kincaid looked startled and he started to refuse. However, his frustration and the soft tingling feeling of Susie's hand and her obvious desperation made him pause.

On the monitors Jamie could see the lust warring with caution in Kincaid's mind. Susie pressed her naked thigh against his palm and from the look on his face Jamie knew that the lust had won. He whispered something in Susie's ear and then strode out of the room.



## Chapter Forty-One

The plan was for Susie to go with Kincaid. Once they were alone she would try to get him to say that he wanted to have sex with a girl that he knew to be under-aged. Naturally Susie would be carrying one of Kathy's transmitter microphones. The legal admissibility of such a recording was dubious. However Jamie was counting on the fact that Kincaid would want to avoid the scandal and publicity. With this leverage she would try to force a confession from Kincaid and obtain his removal as a Senior Member of Papillon Rouge. Because Susie was not a trained operative, they also gave her a small "panic button" which was disguised as a cheap plastic watch. If for some reason she could not alert Jamie and Kathy verbally, all she had to do was to press the stopwatch button on the watch and it would transmit a signal for them to enter and to expect trouble.

Kincaid had whispered an address to Susie. When they arrived at the location they found themselves in front of a small house just outside of town. Jamie checked the records on her PDA and confirmed that this was not Kincaid's regular home address.

Kathy examined the building through a pair of high-power binoculars. "I can see Kincaid. He's pacing around the living room. I guess he's anxious to see you again. Isn't that sweet."

Susie stuck out her tongue at Kathy. "He's creepy. I don't think he even likes women. How did he get to be one of your Senior Members anyway?"

Jamie shrugged. "He's made several large donations to the Papillon Rouge Foundation, and his influence has been useful. He's behaved himself with the girls so far."

Kathy turned her head away from the binoculars. "Maybe that's why he's looking for a new source of fun. Or a change in the rules, anyway."

When Kathy confirmed that Kincaid was not looking out of the window, Susie hopped out of the van, walked down the street a short way and then crossed the road. Jamie and Kathy watched as Susie rang the doorbell and went in.

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Susie followed Kincaid into the house. Although there was little in the way of decoration, the furnishings were expensive and comfortable. It was obvious that Kincaid believed in living well and Susie guessed that this was his love nest. He led her to the couch and they sat down. Kincaid stared at Susie's face was several minutes. She could not tell if he was trying to read her mind or just admiring the view.

"I'm told that you don't have any family and no friends in this town. Is that correct?"

Susie folded her hands in her lap and lowered her head. "Yes. That's right. After my parents died in an accident there was a little money, but that's all gone now. I can't get a job that pays any real money because of my age. If the authorities find out about me they will put me in a foster home. I don't want that and I don't want to be a hooker. With the money that I could have gotten from one session at Papillon Rouge I would have been able to set myself up properly." She looked up hopefully at Kincaid. "I'll do anything for you if the money is right. I'm tough and I can take the pain."

The man frowned. "I am disappointed that you changed your clothes. That T-shirt and those jeans are far too mature for you. I have some suitable clothes that I had bought for a friend of mine. They should fit you. You can have them and I will buy new ones for my friend. Come this way." Kincaid led Susie into what appeared to be a spare bedroom. He went to the closet and came out with a cardboard box that contained clothes similar to what Susie had been given to wear at Papillon Rouge. He instructed her to change into the new clothes and to put her own into the box.

Susie's heart pounded upon hearing his words. Kincaid had not said or done anything that was clearly incriminating and she knew that Jamie would not dare make a move yet. They had not made provision for the possibility that she would be separated from her clothes. The microphone and transmitter were invisibly sewn into her jeans in case Kincaid decided to undress her himself, and there was no way that she could transfer them to the new clothes. Kincaid was waiting just outside the room, so she did not dare to say anything to Jamie over the transmitter. She hoped that

they would realize what had happened from her conversation with Kincaid. Fortunately, he had not mentioned her watch, so she kept that with her as they went back to the living room.

Kincaid stared at her over steepled fingers. "Much better. You look like a proper young lady now. You understand that I have very strict requirements. Normally my girls need careful preparation before I start their physical training. However, you are different as you have gone through Papillon Rouge's training. I think that you can be a fine example to the other little girl who is staying with me. Stay here. I'll be back in just a moment."

Susie watched in confusion as Kincaid rose up from the couch and walked out of the room. After several minutes she heard footsteps and a moment later Kincaid re-entered the room. To her surprise he was followed by a frightened looking teenager. In his hand Kincaid carried a slim rattan cane. He pointed to a spot at the side of the room with the cane and the teenager obediently moved to stand where he had indicated. In the meantime Kincaid had gone over to the windows and pulled the curtains shut. He turned on the lights and then came back to stand beside the teenager. "My little friend here can tell you what I expect of girls who want to serve me. He prodded the girl with his cane. "Tell her what you have been learning."

The teen aged girl looked at Susie with both fear and an appeal for understanding on her face. "Sir likes to use the cane on naughty girls like us. Naughty girls need to be taught to understand that the proper places for us to be caned are our all our naughty bits. In order for us to learn how to be good girls, we need to be caned often and before we do naughty things. We must be grateful to Sir for treating us so well and show our gratitude by helping him punish our naughty bits," she said, obviously reciting by rote. It appeared that she had not actually been assaulted by Kincaid yet.

Kincaid smiled genially and patted the girl on the head. "Very good. Tina here is new to my house. She has been studying the rules very carefully and in a few days time I will be ready to start her practical lessons. She had a friend, but she was very naughty and would not learn her lessons, so she had to be sent away."

Tina, who was now behind Kincaid, shook her head violently and made throat cutting signs with her hand. Susie struggled not to show her shock at this revelation. Apparently Kincaid was capable of killing or having his captives killed.

"So!" said Kincaid to Susie. "Are you ready to give me a demonstration of how a good girl should behave during her lessons?"

Susie ground her teeth in frustration. If she had kept the microphone, she would have had everything that they needed to move in on Kincaid. As it was, she just nodded girlishly, bobbing her head up and down. "Yes Sir. I'm ready Sir." As she spoke, her fingers reached down to locate the emergency button on her watch, but before she could press it, Kincaid interrupted her.

"Stop fiddling with that stupid watch. All you children are totally engrossed with your stupid gadgets instead of learning how to behave. Give it to me. It is confiscated for the duration of the lesson. I may give it back to you if you do well," growled Kincaid. "Tina, you can go back to your room. You will stay there while I give Susie here a few special lessons. Don't come out unless I tell you to."

Susie felt as if there was a malevolent deity who was deliberately throwing bad luck her way. Either that, or Kincaid was far more suspicious than he appeared. She reluctantly removed the watch from her wrist and handed it to Kincaid as Tina scampered gratefully away.

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"What do we do now?" asked Kathy, as she turned from the speakers that were relaying the sounds captured by Susie's microphone. "At least she has her emergency button."

Jamie shook her head. "We can't be certain of that. He may have made her take that off too."

"Let's go in now."

"No, no yet. Kincaid may be many things, but he is primarily a sexual sadist with a preference for canes, so I don't think that Susie is in danger for her life just now, and we don't know whether he has a gun or if there really are any other girls in there. We'll all go to jail if there is a bloodbath. We're not the FBI and no one is going to cover our backs."

"So we just sit here?"

"No," said Jamie. "We need to regain our situational awareness. Kincaid likes a classroom atmosphere for his fun and games, so he will need a large room, preferably without a bed. From what we can see, only the living room is big enough, and he has been so kind as to draw the curtains. We will move in and see what we can hear with this," she said, producing a stethoscope from the glove compartment. Our personal radios can receive her emergency beacon if it is activated."

Kathy nodded grimly in agreement and checked her sidearm. She also tied a short sword across her back.

"What the hell is that?"

Kathy grinned tightly. "I don't have your training with a gun, but I have ten years of training with this," she said, patting the handle of the sword, which protruded over her shoulder. "In a crowded room it may come in handy."

"Just don't cut my head off."

"Don't worry. They trust me to safely swing this thing around on a film set full of movie stars, so Kincaid's living room won't be a problem."

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"Take those panties off my girl. Punishment should always be on bare skin," said Kincaid.

Susie, who was back in the center of the room, obediently pulled her panties off of her hips and slid them down to the floor, taking care to bend over with her knees straight and her buttocks lifted high, guessing that this would please Kincaid. The swift cane stroke across her raised cheeks confirmed her assumption.

"In case you were wondering, that's the kind of stroke you get when I am pleased with you," said Kincaid smugly.

"Thank you Sir," replied Susie cautiously. "May I stand up now?"

"Yes you may. I am going to assume that you have been schooled and that you know how behave yourself."

"Yes Sir, I'll do my best Sir."

"Excellent. Now, let's see how clever you are. Tell me why I had you take off your panties."

Susie immediately realized that he was testing her. He had already hit her on her bottom, so it was obvious what he wanted of her. "Panties completely cover two places that must be punished, which are our pussies and our assholes."

"That's right Susie. Full marks. Since you are so clever, show me the proper position that a girl should take to have her asshole punished."

Susie glanced apprehensively at the cane in Kincaid's hand. She had never thought about having her anus caned, and her pink sphincter puckered up tightly. She knew that it was going to be terribly painful, but she had no option but to play the obedient girl. She knelt down and brought her face down to the floor. She spread her legs wide and arched her back, so that her buttocks were lifted high and flipped her skirt off of her bum. Finally, she reached back with both hands and pulled her bottom cheeks apart until she could feel the air on her ass hole. "Have I done it right Sir?"

"It will do girl, it will do. Now brace yourself. I don't want any unsightly flailing about."

"Yes Sir. Please cane my asshole Sir."

The cane swished and Susie squeezed her eyes shut in terror, but it was only a test swing. She had barely heard the next swish before the hard, biting tip cracked down precisely on her anus. To Susie, it felt as if her asshole had been torn apart and her fingers scrabbled desperately on the rug as she forced her body not to move. Tears rolled from her eyes, but she managed not cry out. She felt Kincaid's eyes on her like the touch of a clammy hand, and she prayed that Jamie would come through the door and shoot him between the eyes. The cane struck again and this time Susie could not stop herself from crying out. The muscles of her thighs were trembling from the shock and her whole body felt cold. She shrieked as the cane slashed down between her buttocks a third

time and she jumped so hard that her forehead struck the ground with a thump. Susie was sobbing openly now and she knew that a fourth stroke would break her and that she would collapse and roll up into a ball no matter what the consequences.

However, Kincaid was a shrewd and experienced torturer. As he stared down at Susie's bleeding asshole, he knew that he had pushed her to her limit. He wanted to many more things to this compliant girl, so he dropped the cane and knelt down. With a voice full of artificial sympathy, he said, "You have done really well Susie. I am proud of you and I am sure that Tina will learn a lot from your presence. You can get up now."

Susie struggled to her feet, each movement drawing a stab of pain. The agony caused by her buttocks pressing together made her wince, but she angrily scrubbed away the tears from her face and stood defiantly still, despite her desire to examine the damage done to her asshole.

"Well Susie, are you still sure that you want to earn the money this way," asked Kincaid softly.

"Yes Sir. I need the money and I'll give you what you want in order to earn it."

Kincaid produced a tight lipped smile and patted her shoulder. "Excellent. As you have seen, I am firm but not unreasonable. However, I warn you that I will not put up with any slacking. Now, take off all of your clothes."

Susie bowed her head and silently undressed, taking care to fold each of her items of clothing neatly. When she was naked except for her shoes and socks, she put her hands behind her back and pressed her thighs together, twisting one foot shyly.

Kincaid was clearly affected by Susie's little girl act. He patted her shoulder paternally as if trying to sooth her. However, touching her skin seemed to stimulate him and he went on to stroke her breasts in a most un-fatherly manner. He played with her nipples, twisting and tweaking them like knobs on a new toy. Despite the fact that his touch hurt more than stimulated, Susie smiled encouragingly at him.

"Spread you legs apart. I want to check your pussy for cleanliness."

Biting back a sigh at the clichéd excuse to play with her pussy, Susie dutifully shuffled her feet apart. As she had expected, Kincaid's touch was rough and displayed no knowledge of female sexuality at all. He shoved a finger into her hole, pushing and twisting his way in despite the lack of lubrication. He pulled his digit out and sniffed at it. Then he grabbed her clit and tugged painfully at it as if he expected it to come off.

"I suppose that having someone touch you like this makes you excited and to think nasty thoughts."

"Yes Sir. Your touch makes me all wiggly inside," replied Susie, knowing that his interest was just an excuse for more punishment.

Kincaid frowned dramatically. "That is very bad. Good little girls should not have sexual feelings."

Susie lowered her eyes again and twisted her shoulders from side to side. "I'm sorry that I disappointed you Sir."

"This is very serious. I think that we need to punish the root of the problem."

"My clitty Sir?"

"No. We must punish your vagina. In fact, I intend to cane your vagina."

Susie's eyes widened in astonishment. "How are you going to do that Sir?"

"Spread your legs again and put your hands behind your neck."

Susie adopted the position and waited, curious despite herself.

"Now don't move, I'm going to insert the tip of this cane into your vagina." Kincaid placed the tip of the cane at the opening of Susie's vaginal orifice and wriggled the flexible rod until its tip slipped into her passage. He moved the cane until its length was vertical between her legs and then pushed upwards. The unyielding wooden tip forced itself painfully up into Susie's vagina and Kincaid continued to push until the end of the cane met with her cervix. Holding on to the other end, Kincaid began to pull the handle towards himself while still maintaining the upward pressure. The cane bent into a smooth curve. The portion inside Susie's pussy placed a painful pressure on the

back wall of her vagina as he steadily bent the cane more and more. When he felt the tip begin to slip, he flicked his wrist hard, ripping the cane out of her helpless vagina. Due to the force applied by his wrist, the cane simultaneously struck and flicked out of her cunt with great force, effectively caning her vagina.

The agony of the blow was unbearable, and Susie fell to the floor, curled up tightly in pain. A fine spray of blood had painted the floor behind her, flung from the red stained tip of the cane as it made its gory exit from her body. It felt as if her womb had been ripped out and Susie could not even scream, as the intense pain had frozen the muscles of her throat.

Kincaid's face darkened with rage. "This will not do at all young lady. Get up at once. You will not shirk your duties due to such a trivial punishment." When Susie did not respond, he shouted, "I will give you thirty seconds to get up. If you don't obey, I will crush your clitoris with a pair of pliers." Secretly enjoying the suffering girl's predicament, he reached into his pocket and pulled out Susie's watch. "To show you how fair I am, I will time the thirty seconds using your own stopwatch. You have thirty seconds starting from ... now!" he said, pressing the stopwatch button. For a moment he stared at the unresponsive watch, and then he saw the flashing red LED light and the words 'Emergency Beacon Activated' on the small screen. He screamed in anger when he realized what he had done and he flung the watch to the floor. Unfortunately for him, the device was built to withstand extreme conditions and continued to function. Kincaid swirled around and ran for the bedroom where Tina waited.

The front door crashed open, smashing against the wall. Jamie and Kathy dashed in, guns raised. Susie, still on the floor, waved her hand at the back of the house. "There's another girl in there. Hostage," she gasped.

They all turned in that direction when Kincaid suddenly appeared in the doorway. As Susie had feared, he held Tina in front of him. Worse, he held a small, chrome plated automatic pistol in his other hand. "Drop the guns or I'll shoot Susie."

"If we do, you'll shoot all of us," said Jamie.

Everyone jumped when Kincaid fired a shot into the floor near to Susie's chest. He edged closer to Susie and aimed at her head. "No more argument. Just drop your guns or your friend dies now."

Kathy caught Jamie's eye and nodded. Jamie raised an eyebrow, and then nodded back. They both lowered their guns and let them drop. Jamie sighed with relief as they each landed with a thump and didn't go off.

Kincaid started to circle around Susie's body, with his pistol aimed between the two standing women and he made them move in the opposite direction. Kathy watched him carefully, as they edged further and further away from their pistols. She suspected that as soon as he was in the right position, he was going to empty his gun at them and then pick up one of their pistols. She realized that he had not noticed her sword, as she had entered the room in a modified weaver stance with her right shoulder to the rear and the handle covered by her hair, but there was no way for her to use it without getting shot. Kincaid took another step, with the struggling Tina's head gripped under his left arm. Suddenly he screamed and he pulled his gun hand in towards his body. Glancing down, Kathy realized that Susie had managed to slide her hand over Kincaid's dropped cane and as he opened his legs to step sideways, she had slashed the cane up off the floor and into his crotch. The tip had landed squarely on his testicles with vicious force and Susie grunted in satisfaction.

Kathy's sword hissed out of its sheath and slashed the back of Kincaid's gun hand. The pistol dropped from his nerveless grip and he pushed Tina away in order to cradle his injured limb. Jamie dived for her gun and rolled up into a kneeling stance with her pistol aimed at Kincaid's heart.

"Don't shoot, I give up," cried Kincaid. There was a sharp crack and Kincaid looked surprised. Tina stood next to him with his pistol still aimed at his temple. She had picked up his pistol and popped up from where Kincaid had pushed her. "He killed her. He killed my friend when she tried to run. She was frightened and he killed her."

Kincaid fell and lay face down on the floor, and from the state of his head it was obvious that he was dead. Taking no chances, Jamie carefully reached down to check for signs of a pulse

before going to help Susie out of the house and back to their vehicle.

Kathy carefully took the pistol from a shaking Tina. She glared defiantly at Kathy and asked, "Is he dead?" Kathy nodded.

"Good. I hope the bastard rots in hell."

"Don't worry, he is never going to hurt you again."

Tina laughed bitterly. "Hell, I could have taken the beating, but he wanted it for free as well. When Betty argued with him and tried to leave, he beat her to death."

Jamie and Susie were surprised to see Kathy walk out of the house shaking her head in amazement.

"Where's Tina?" asked Susie.

Kathy looked silently at Susie for a moment and then shook her head again. "She didn't want to come out yet. She was having too much fun kicking Kincaid's corpse."

Once they were sure that Susie was not badly injured, they left her in the van and went back into the house.

## Chapter Forty-Two

The next morning back at Papillon Rouge, Jamie and Kathy had breakfast with Elaine Rutherford. Elaine pointed to the headlines on the folded newspaper lying next to her cup of tea referring to Kincaid's suicide. "We were very lucky that Kincaid's papers didn't make any mention of Papillon Rouge other than the fact that he was a member of an exclusive country club."

There was a moment of silence as Kathy's eyes turned to Jamie, who cleared her throat.

Elaine raised her eyebrows. "What?"

Jamie's fingers toyed with her napkin as she thought about her answer. Finally she decided that Elaine deserve to know all the facts. "I'm afraid that we had more luck than mentioned in the paper. After we had cleaned up the scene, we found Kincaid's notebook computer and house keys in his car. Fortunately for us Kincaid was one of those people who used his birth date as his password. We went through his e-mail and other documents, copied anything that was useful and then deleted or removed anything that might lead the police or the press to us."

Elaine took a bite of scrambled eggs. "I'm sure that no member of our staff would do anything illegal such as tampering with evidence, so I'm going to pretend I didn't hear any of that."

Kathy addressed the air in front of her. "His plan was to expose Papillon Rouge as a prostitution ring and to blame the dead girls on us. Jamie would have been killed by an unknown assailant - Steiner - and evidence would have been found on her body and in her things, incriminating the staff of Papillon Rouge in a series of murders and accidental deaths. With us out of the way, Kincaid would have made use of our membership files and the records of our girls to expand his blackmail empire. Then he and his friends would have reconstituted Papillon Rouge, but this time specializing in s&m for pedophiles. Apparently there are a lot of very wealthy people all over the world who like torturing children or teenagers."

Jamie waved a croissant at Elaine. "With everything we know, I think that Kathy and I deserve a raise."

Elaine frowned and stabbed a slice of fruit with her fork. "That's blackmail."

Kathy grinned. "I hear that there's a lot of it going around."

## Chapter Forty-Three

Two months later:

Susie and Gina faced off across what appeared to be a kitchen work top. A roasted chicken lay on its back in a platter between them. The two girls were taking turns prodding the unfortunate fowl in the crotch with skewers.

"Pussy."

"Cunt."

"Pussy."

"Cunt."

Susie turned to the man seated on a high stool at the end of the table who was watching their antics with amusement. "What do you say Jason? Isn't "Pussy" a much nicer name for the thingy between a girl's legs?"

Gina interrupted before the man could reply. "Why would anyone want to name their cunt after a nasty, scratchy animal? And the girls here at Papillon Rouge don't have any hair down there anyway."

The Member laughed and held up his hands with his palms facing forward. "Enough, enough. You two are destroying that poor chicken, which, I may add, was to be our lunch. I think that the best way to settle this is to have a little competition. What do you say?"

Both girls indicated their agreement by holding up and waving a drumstick that they had removed from the long-suffering chicken.

"Good. Here's what we'll do. Both of you will climb up on the work top and spread your legs nice and wide. As you can see, I have made this lovely multi-strand whip out of some heavy kitchen twine and a short wooden spoon while you were arguing. Note the knots that I have tied at the ends of each strand. Just to make things interesting, I have soaked the twine in the juice from these red hot chili peppers. You two will spread open your outer sex lips and I will whip each of you alternately. If you, Susie wish to indicate a surrender you will shout "Cunt" and you, Gina will shout "Pussy". The loser will help serve our lunch by transporting those simmering hotdogs from the stove to this platter by carrying them one at a time across the room in her vagina. Note my neutral use of the technical term for your naughty bits."

Susie had the first go and she gasped when the water stiffened strands slashed across her pussy. Although the blow stung, Susie thought at first that the whipping was not going to be so bad. However just seconds later, the chili juice took effect and she had to look down between her legs to see if there were any flames. The soft tissues of her sex were visibly turning a darker red and everything felt raw and hot. Gina's knee jerked against hers and then Jason was back between her legs. The whip swished through the air and cracked against her clitoris and labia. To her shock the chili had made her tissues supersensitive and it felt as if Jason had replaced the string with barbed wire.

Jason moved back and forth five more times before Susie shouted "Cunt! Cunt! I give up."

Gina sighed with relief and dashed over to the sink to splash water on her cunt. Jason looked at the hotdogs, which were simmering on the stove and twitched his eyebrows.

Susie looked toward the security camera that only she knew was there and winked. "It's a good thing that I like hotdogs." she said, wincing at the thought of the steaming sausages touching her sore and throbbing pussy. "Weiners with very special seasoning cumming up," she shouted.

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Up in the security room Jamie laughed at Susie's antics, switched off the monitors to the room, and leaned back in her chair with a sigh of contentment. "Isn't it great that everything is back to normal."

"Normal?" Kathy spluttered with laughter and almost choked on her coffee. She grinned and shouted "Pussy!".



Jamie shouted back "Cunt!", and threw a wadded tissue at her friend.

The End.