

HOT SEX ON A PLATTER

Sequel of Maybe She is Right -Erotic Writing

**By
DEBRA SHADE**



If you have purchased this book with a 'dull' or missing cover – you have possibly purchased an unauthorized or stolen book. Please contact the publisher immediately advising where, when and how you purchased this book.

Compilation and Introduction Copyright ©2010 by:
Shade Publishing LLC
PO BOX 297926
Columbus, OH 43229
614-259-8370 (Local)
www.shadepublishing.com

ISBN 13: 978-1973741589

LCCN: 2015906617

Author: Debra Shade

Cover Design: Ogechi Chieke of Boom Art House and
Stephan Willey of Studio Stephan

Cover Models: Vanessa Zacheary, Ogechi Chieke, and
Alicia Silk.

Editor: Paul Thomas Evans

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission from the publisher, except by reviewer who may quote brief passages to be printed in a newspaper or magazine.

All characters in this book are fictional and, whereas the likeness may be similar to actual people, they are not based on any one person.

Printed in the USA



Dedication

Some secrets of the flesh cannot be healed through the expertise of a doctor or a therapist. Secrets of the flesh are controlled, unbeknownst to many of us, by the inner beings of our souls; but we do know that some souls cannot be saved. This book is dedicated to the souls that are lost – too broken to be saved or repaired – to those who cannot be healed.



Acknowledgements

I thank you for buying this book and supporting me throughout this process of self-healing and understanding. As I wove the words of these pages together and later received the feedback from the prequel – *Maybe She Is Right*, I spent quite some time reflecting upon the events in my life that inspired this book. I must acknowledge all those people, without calling out names, who made this book possible.

I acknowledge you and, in one way or another, thank you for all the things that have happened for a reason and that has gotten me here. And still I stand. Thank you to my editor, cover artist, family, and even the folks that left my side based on the content of my books. In the words of the greats before me, "This too shall pass."



CHAPTER ONE

I sat in my house, stunned. I could not believe what I had done. I had just killed somebody. The bitch is dead and it's blowing my mind. I frantically thought back to the front desk receptionist. Shit! I'm sure she knew I had an appointment. But she wasn't at her desk when I came in, so maybe she didn't know that I went into the office after all. I sat, shaking on my couch.

"I can't sit here and do nothing!!"

I jumped up and then sat right back down. What the hell was I going to do?! My parents crossed my mind. Letting them down was not a concern this time, I thought as I sat on the edge of my sofa. My only option was to leave. I was surprised the fucking cops weren't on my steps already. I jumped up again, moved quickly to my room, and began to pack an overnight bag. I figured my best bet was to go to a hotel for the night because I had no idea what was going to happen when they found her body.

"Who the fuck suffocates while they're cumming?" I screamed to my empty room.

Quickly grabbing my necessities, making sure to include my double-headed vibrating dildo. Then, I got in my car and headed to the Hilton. *Might as well get a spa treatment*, I thought as I tossed my bag into the passenger seat. I pulled out of my driveway and left my home, looking back once with a sinking feeling in my stomach.

I know that I was driving erratically but I was crawling out of my skin. Going to the cops was not an option. They would definitely have to come get me. I smirked as the thought crossed my mind.



"As if I was a gangster, right?" I laughed a little but the happy feeling didn't last long as the thought of prison flashed before my eyes.

Parking in the garage I absentmindedly walked through the automatic doors at the Hilton hotel. There was no way in the world I would last in prison.

"I'm too fucking beautiful," I mumbled as I waited impatiently on the elevator which seemed to take forever to come.

I declined assistance from the bellhop, as I only had my overnight bag. All I wanted to do was get behind closed doors as quickly as possible and be alone. I hated being on the bottom floors in hotels and tonight was definitely not the night to be freaked out by hallway noise.

The room met my expectations – very plush, decorated in cream and brown. I tossed my bag on the oversized armchair and flopped back on the firm mattress. I stared at the ceiling as that bitch's face, staring up at me from the couch, stared down at me from above. I closed my eyes. I couldn't believe what was going on.

"Come on, Dee - this is just like a bad case gone worse – shake yourself into action and find the win in this." I talked to myself as I got up and went into the bathroom.

Smiling at the sunken tub I began to fill it, eagerly anticipating the feeling of getting in up to my neck in the warm water. I fished my pajamas out of my bag and laid them out on the firm mattress that I could not wait to lose myself in.

I stepped gingerly into the bath, taking one last look around for a robe, my phone and the dildo. Assured that they were all within arms' reach, I submerged myself into the water and moaned with pleasure. I knew I couldn't wrap my head around anything until I released some of this anxiety. Having



turned the lights down in the bathroom, I began to caress my breasts, one nipple at a time. I used the water to create a smooth friction that hardened my nipples almost instantly. My pussy throbbed as I slid my hands down my belly and over my mound, slightly parting my lips and allowing water to flow inside my hot box.

I slipped deeper into the tub and left my legs parted as I found my favorite spot, already hardened and swollen. I caressed it gently with one hand and slid the other up my body, softly pinching my nipple. A moan escaped my lips as I slid my finger down the slit of my vagina and inside my pussy. I added two more fingers to intensify my pleasure and after finding my rhythm, I climaxed full force in the water. I sat caressing my breasts, abs, and arms slowly as I came down from the high.

I felt the water cooling and used my toes to flip the drain release. I watched the water slowly disappear and stood to take a quick shower. I wrapped the plush hotel robe tightly around my body, grabbed my lotion, and sat on the bed.

As I applied lotion to my body from head to toe, my mind flashed back to the doc's eyes as she lay dead on the couch. It was still hard for me to believe that I could not tell the bitch wasn't moving anymore. Dr. Davidson did not deserve to die. I grew anxious again and began to pace my room. Should I have tried to hide the body? Should I find out what the receptionist knows? There were too many questions and not enough answers. The only thing I could do was run because jail was not in my future, if I had anything to do about it. Where would I go? What would I do? My life was a hot mess right. I sighed deeply as one unanswerable question after another flooded my mind. But I knew I

couldn't stay. I would have to go back to the house and grab my most precious possessions, my passport and cash. There was no way I could use my credit cards until I found out what the police knew and if they were looking for me.

A sinister thought suddenly crossed my mind. Maybe I should take care of the receptionist too. Was I a cold-blooded murderer now? The idea scared and comforted me, oddly enough. The chill that ran down my spine at the thought of taking a life on purpose was surprising, yet I was all right with the idea that I would do whatever I had to do to keep my freedom. Killing the doc was not intentional, but it happened, and now I had to be prepared to do whatever may be needed. I looked at the clock and it was nearing 2 in the morning. I would have to get some sleep if I was to face the shit that tomorrow might bring. I convinced myself to turn off the lights and television and close my eyes.

Sleep didn't come easy. I woke feeling physically drained, but my thoughts somehow seemed clearer. The orgasm in the tub must have helped. Yet, my body felt heavy as I dragged myself to the bathroom to take my morning piss. I looked at the circles under my eyes and frowned. I am too beautiful for circles under my eyes.

"What the fuck?"

I slipped a tank top over my braless breasts and pulled my skinny jeans on over my thong. I piddled around putting on makeup, trying my best to fade out the unsightly circles. It was not so easy. My body was obviously not responding as well as my mind to the little bit of sleep I had managed.

As I slipped on my heels and closed the hotel door behind me, I realized I had no idea where I was going and even less an idea of what I would do once I got there. I took my overnight bag and placed it in the



trunk with care. I was moving on autopilot and shook my head to shake the funk.

"All right, Dee – that's the last of that. Get your shit together, bitch."

I looked at myself in the rearview mirror as I preached to myself. My eyes seemed to be looking at someone else, yet I could feel the message they were delivering. There seemed to be a little guilt, and fear. I started my car and pulled from the hotel parking garage. Merging into the late morning traffic, I grimaced as I knew I was headed to my lovely home for the last time.

The house was eerily quiet as if it knew something was terribly wrong. My answering machine light was blinking and I pressed the button to listen to the two messages it held for me. Both were work related. Being partner at the law firm does not stop at five o'clock. I breathed a sigh of relief. It could have been the cops or the receptionist – two people I did *not* want to talk to. I was not even thinking about work at the moment, my freedom was obviously much more important. Again, I thought about paying the receptionist a visit as I dragged my larger suitcases upstairs to my bedroom. I quickly began to pack what I knew I could not live without.

I needed a separate suitcase just for all of my sex toys. I wanted to cry as I realized I would have to leave my X bar, hammock, pleasuring pony and inflatable dildo cushion behind. I forced in the bondage truss bars, cock rings, pussy-lip spreader, collars and nipple clamps. I thought briefly of all the money invested in my sex life that I was now walking away from. The wonderful mind-blowing orgasms I had given and received using these very tools were almost unimaginable.

"I'll just have to start over." I said.

It was a statement that I knew I would have to turn into a reality. I had no choice.

This was my life and I needed these things in my life – without sexual release I just did not function well. As a last-minute thought, I remembered my over-the-door sex swing. I ran back upstairs to get it and jammed it in one of the suitcases even though parts of the swing prevented it from closing. I would deal with that later, but I definitely did not want to leave it.

I dragged the suitcases outside with much effort, even bruising my arms as I put them in my truck.

"Let me get pulled over now." I laughed to myself as I thought about the cop's face as he would search these bags should I be stopped. I got behind the wheel of my car and backed out of my driveway. *"Good-bye, house."* I whispered, and did not look back as I pulled off. To where, -I did not know. I just got on I-70 South and drove.

CHAPTER TWO

Joshua wasn't thinking of meeting anyone special when he went to the club in Ocean City. On vacation from his job as coach of the Minnesota Rangers, he was hoping his time away would not be a sexless bust. He would take this one final night to find someone he could sleep with before returning home to his wife. Sipping a beer and a few shots of Patron, he figured, if nothing else, he could at least get wasted during this last night in town. The music was hip-hop and R&B and the DJ kept a crowded floor. He sat and watched, waiting to see someone he thought was hot enough to dance with.

He continued to watch the scene of half-dressed bodies as he polished off another six beers. Turning to ask the bartender for another shot, his eyes fell on the prettiest woman with the hottest body standing on the opposite side of the bar. She looked at him and smiled, and then turned her eyes back to the bartender who was taking her drink order.

She's outta my league, he thought, as he continued to stare.

He then turned his head from the beauty and towards the bartender.

"A beer and a shot of Patron"

After taking the shot to the head, he turned his attention back to the beauty and then, just as quickly, he turned toward the crowd again since he knew he couldn't possibly approach her. He wasn't *that* drunk, he thought to himself with a chuckle, bobbing his head to the beat of the Drake song. He took a step away from the bar while sizing up a nearby female he deemed adequately approachable when he was tapped lightly on his shoulder. He turned to see a homely-looking girl asking for space to get to the bar.



He listened as she ordered a Cosmo and hoped she would move on quickly. He had barely moved to let her in, not wanting to leave enough room for her to stay after ordering her drink. Bouncing to the music, he began to dance where he stood. He knew he didn't have much rhythm, but the music was causing him to move. Or maybe it was the liquor. At this point, he didn't care.

Playing it cool, he turned to ask for another drink and suddenly found himself looking into the eyes of the beauty just as she was extending her hand to him.

"I'm Dee. Would you like to dance?"

He could have been the poster boy for white men. His build was a little husky and athletic -- as the baseball coach for the Minnesota Rangers; he worked out with the team regularly and kept himself in pretty good shape.

"Sure," he stammered as he led her onto the floor. He watched the faces of the other guys and felt as if he was the luckiest man in the room. He used his size to get them through the crowd and began to move with the music. It was an awkward bounce that he quickly slowed when she slid her body next to his. The two experienced an instant sexual chemistry that caught him off guard and made his dick grow hard. He felt Dee's body loosen even more as she gyrated to the music. Her dancing skills were on point, he thought, as he held her and tried to follow her moves with his own hips. She knew exactly how to use her body to turn him on and she was aware that the folks watching were getting equally turned on.

He asked me if I wanted a drink. She took his hand and led him off the dance floor toward the bar. Joshua could not believe his luck and tried his best to keep his cool at the bar as he nodded to the bartender who took their orders. After receiving the shots of Grey



Goose, Patron and his beer, they turned to the dance floor to cool off as they watched the other dancers.

She stood wiping her forehead softly with a napkin. He watched the tissue as it fluttered across her skin. Suddenly, nervous as a schoolboy, Joshua considered what to say in order to not blow the opportunity...however, he was a little shocked that she was looking him over as if he was a piece of meat. It made him feel uncomfortable and horny at the same time.

He is definitely doable. I thought to myself as I watched him get nervous just from me watching him.

I had been driving for hours, and had stopped only to use the bathroom. Finding myself in Ocean City, I decided to stop for the night and see if I could find a way to release some of this pent-up anxiety. I had so much more to figure out about this whole mess I was in, but the pressure in my clit distracted the thoughts in my head and made it damn near impossible to create a plan.

I checked into a hotel and then headed out to the strip with my plan to find someone to soothe my thoughts, if only for a little while. I needed to lose myself in him or her and then try to think straight afterwards. At six-feet-two and 180 pounds of muscle, he looked nerdy in the face, but his body was very fit. I continued to look him up and down and allowed my eyes to linger on his crotch.

Joshua knew she was out of his league but he did not want to go back to Minnesota tomorrow with any regrets about what this might have been. I noticed his lack of self-confidence, but knew I could have him. Before he had a chance to make a move, I put my glass on the bar, leaned into his body and whispered, "I have an idea of how best to spend the rest of your time."

“Isn’t that what you were saying?” I questioned, reminding him of what he was telling me on the dance floor.

He inhaled deeply, enjoying my scent and tried his damndest not to show his excitement at what I would imagine was his good fortune. He put his beer bottle on the bar top and turned, squarely facing me. Before he could speak, I took control of the situation and said, “Let me use the ladies’ room and I will meet you at the door.” I could feel his eyes burning a hole through my ass while he watched my seductive walk.

I glanced from side to side and looked at all the other eyes on me, both male and female. I was the shit and I knew it. Joshua was standing near the door when I left the restroom as if he was silently praying that I hadn’t changed my mind when he heard my voice behind him graciously turning down a man who had reached out for me. He stopped speaking when he saw the look on Joshua’s face and the way I looked at Joshua. I couldn’t help but smile at the fact that, even with all the shit going on in my life, I was still able to have that effect on someone. Still smiling, I took his arm and we stepped out to hail a cab. We made small talk as we rode the short distance to his hotel. He paid the cab as we exited and held the door open for me as we entered the hotel.

“Shall I get us anything else to drink?” he asked as we waited for the elevator.

“No, I think I’ve had plenty already.” The look that I gave him told him how bad I wanted him and obviously made him uncomfortable.

“So, you didn’t say where you were from,” he asked again trying to make small talk. I did not say anything. As the elevator opened, he stepped into it and I leaned against him.



"Does it matter?" I asked coyly, sliding my hand down his chest and cupping his dick.

Joshua seemed a bit uneasy about this, but he decided to man up and enjoys the ride. The elevator door opened with a soft beep and he led me to his room. After struggling with his room key, we were finally able to get inside and Joshua made a beeline to the bar where he made himself a straight whiskey to take the edge off of his drunken nerves. On my end, I needed to release this energy that had been building up in me all day. I couldn't think clearly and still had not settled on what my plan would be and where I would go.

I walked up behind Josh and circled his waist, sliding my hands suggestively up his sides and up over his nipples. They hardened under my fingers as I grazed them. I pressed my breasts against his back and embraced him as he turned in my arms. We began to kiss passionately. I put everything into the kiss to communicate to him that he could have his way with me. I needed what he had to give badly and I didn't want to be disappointed.

I could feel his hardened dick against my pelvis. It was long and skinny. I would need to be extra careful how I worked him to get my fix. I slowly undressed him, kissing his skin as I pulled off his clothes and listened to his breath deepening. I was turned on by him even if his dick wasn't thick enough. He lifted my face for a kiss as he slid the spaghetti straps of my dress off my shoulders and pushed the dress down off of me. I moaned as he placed one my breast and then the other in his mouth until my knees felt weak.

"Let's go," I whispered as I took his hand and led him over to the bed.

Lying back on the bed, my hair fell around my face. My breasts shifted from their weight as he

positioned himself over me. I pulled him into a deep kiss in which our tongues tangled and my moaning was lost in the depth of his throat. Without warning, he spread my legs and entered me deeply. I was not nearly filled up, but the unexpectedness of his entry made me even wetter, and I let both my legs fall open allowing him full entry.

I tightened my pussy walls so that his skinny dick would get as much friction as possible. He moaned as he pumped in me, sucking my nipples and holding my hips. I moved them in rhythm with him and wrapped my legs around his back. He was doing a pretty good job considering what he had to work with. I reached around his waist and spread my fingers out across his butt cheeks, pulling him deeper into me. I wanted so much more than he had to give me, but I had to work with what he had. I slid my hands up and down his back and up and around his throat, wanting him to return the favor.

I was sending him the message that he had to step up the tempo and give me what I truly needed. I had a lot on my heart and mind and I needed this to erase it all. I squirmed as he got as deep as he could and slid his hands with quite some pressure up my sides and over my shoulders and encircled my throat with his skinny fingers. I opened my eyes and stared at him as he tightened his grip, sending a sensation down to my clit that caused us to pick up the pace between thrusts.

I gasped as the pleasure of the pressure on my throat sent ripples through my body and my orgasm climbed up my belly and out of my mouth in short breaths. I noticed his heavy breathing while beads of sweat fell all around me as he continued to squeeze my throat with one hand and my nipple with the other. My explosive orgasm came right on time as I felt the

puddle under me form as he rolled off of me. That was just what I was looking for.

“Thank you,” I whispered as I lay beside him, both of us still breathing heavily.

CHAPTER THREE

I had tossed many cities around in my head in the preceding days. None of them jumped out at me as a place that would be exciting to live in and allow me to live the lifestyle that I live. Let alone allow me to stop looking over my shoulder for the cops every time I stepped outside. I was going to miss Columbus. So much there felt like home. Having to find another place like that would not be easy. Then again, I remembered the Columbus weather and how many times I had complained about it.

I began considering warmer states and the pros and cons of each one. It didn't take me very long to decide on Georgia. The move might work in my favor after all. I love being surrounded by people who are on the up and up and what better place than Hotlanta?

I needed to be sure that nothing they found in Ohio could be traced back to me, but there was no way to guarantee that. I'm certain that Dr. Davidson's receptionist knew I was there. Maybe she thought there was no way a woman of my stature could ever commit murder. Maybe she was afraid I'd do the same to her if she told anyone what she knew. I don't know. I'm not sure what exactly kept her quiet, but so far, nothing and no one came after me.

I followed the story to the best of my ability via the internet to get Ohio's local news but I had no way of getting any closer to the investigation and didn't really want to be. I just needed to know if they were onto me. Living with this fear in the back of my mind was beyond nerve-racking. I couldn't let it cripple me, though. I had to figure out what my next steps were going to be and then move on with my life.



I knew that I had to settle on a new environment. I had to do something about my current job and house, and I had to figure out how to move my money without creating a trail that would follow me wherever I went.

I could take care of the job right now. I thought as I grabbed my cell phone and flopped into the chair at the hotel room desk.

I hated its paisley print and picked at it as I waited for my boss to answer the phone.

"Hey Dee, I was just thinking about calling you. How've you been?"

"I'm good," I started slowly. "Listen, I know this is gonna hit you in the mouth like a bag of bricks, but I hope you can understand. My sister and I have reconnected since my parents' funeral. We're going to take some time and get to know each other and get back what we lost during our childhood." I paused as I waited for the ugly reaction I knew I would get.

"Dee, you know we love you here and want you to take as much time as you need to get through this tragedy, but it sounds like you're quitting, and I'm not sure if that's the best for either of us," Derek paused.

I took a deep breath knowing that I was lying through my teeth, but I also knew that I had to get out of this job without bringing a lot of attention as to the reason why.

"Listen, quitting is just what I was calling to do, and I know that will leave you in a bind. But you just don't understand. I need to take this break and work out some details. I mean, my sister wants me to move to California with her..." I trailed off.

I couldn't think of anything else to say without giving myself away. I heard him take in a sharp breath.



"Moving is not sounding too bad, Derek, really it's not," I ended softly.

I knew he was about to pitch a fit and I braced myself for it.

"Dee, we love your work. You're a beast in the courtroom, and your attention to detail is priceless. I'll get with the other partners and let them know what's going on, but I know they will agree with me. We don't want to see you go. Let's just leave it at you needing a break, huh? Why do you have to make that decision right now? Dee, take all the time you need. Your place is here and will be here when you're ready." He spoke softly and earnestly.

I thought that maybe I should leave this door open. It might look better when and if the cops came asking questions about the doctor. The firm will simply say I'm on a break. Plus, I can always call from Atlanta and tell them I'm not returning if necessary.

"Maybe you're right Derek. I appreciate your flexibility and I will be in touch real soon. Take care," I said into the mouth piece.

"You too, dear. Take care and take all the time you need."

"Ok, goodbye and thanks again," I mumbled as I hit the "end" button on my cell.

This just might work out after all. I thought to myself as I sat back in the hotel chair.

I had been in this hotel for a week, watching the news, trying to figure out what was happening with Dr. Davidson's case, but nothing was in the news about her. I wanted to reach out to people in Columbus who could give me more of a local update, but I hesitated to do that for fear of exposing my whereabouts.

Moving all of my money at once would be too suspicious if I was being looked at so that would not work, but I couldn't be cashless.



"*Get your shit together, bitch.*" I mumbled as I got up from the chair.

I went over to my suitcase and picked out an outfit. I was going to make a run to the bank and not stand out from the other patrons too much. I needed a fuck, but first things first. I got dressed, grabbed my purse and my shades, and left the room. I also needed to decide what I was going to do with my parents' house, but that would have to wait. I just couldn't do too much all at once. Every now and then the doc's face would come before my eyes. The dead stare of her eyes would penetrate my thoughts and fuck me up. I still could not believe that she was dead and that I killed her. Did my clit just jump? I got in my car and went to the bank.

I fought every emotion in my body to behave normally as I wrote out a check for cash in the amount of 50 thousand dollars. I figured this would get me to wherever I was headed and allow me to establish some normalcy until I figured out what I would do for work. Going back to the law firm was not in the plans either and I might have to create a new identity, but I had seen firsthand how expensive that could be.

I knew not to let my guard down as there really was no such thing as getting away with murder and the statute of limitations did not apply to murder. Murder would be forever sitting on my heart, hands, and conscience. This thought added pressure to my brain. I squeezed my legs together to try and send a different message to my brain. Sexual stimulation not only distracted me, it truly healed me as it allowed me not to think or worry while I was feeling the soothing pleasure.

Maybe she was right, the good doctor. I thought to myself as I walked back to my car. I know that not everyone was as sexually active or open as I am, but

maybe she had a point. My sex drive and the manner with which I used sex could very well prove to be a bigger problem than I could handle on my own.

Getting back into my car, I placed the bag of cash inside my trunk. The bank manager insisted on walking me to my car to ensure I got there safely. Where did he think I was going? My car was just outside the lobby doors. I thanked him and told him that I would swing by with pictures of the tombstones I was purchasing for my parents. I had lied and told him that I wanted to pay cash up front for the tombstones so that I would feel like I was honoring my parents. Not that I needed a justification for the withdrawal, but I know these bank folks raise all kinds of red flags when Blacks move large amounts of money. Shit, they quake when Blacks *have* this kind of money. I laughed as my thoughts continued to race and I felt anxious and nervous all at once.

After a short shopping spree, I went back to the hotel to check out, gather my things and hit the road again. I drove through many cities heading South with no real idea of where to land. I began to visualize what my options were. I was leaving behind and what my new life would have to be like.

When I could not drive another mile, I stopped in Louisville, Kentucky. I was exhausted and wanted a bath and a hot meal. Louisville is a beautiful city. I had never been there before, but could tell that I would enjoy looking around the next day. I checked into the Hilton on Fourth Street, paying cash so as not to use my credit card. I also thought that I had better pick up one of those Visa debit cards to avoid drawing attention to myself by plopping cash down everywhere.

This living on the run shit is for the birds. I shook my head.



I enjoyed Hiltons though, no matter what city I was in. I always knew I was guaranteed a high level of class and luxury and, of course, I enjoyed being pampered.

I pushed past the bellhop into the hotel room and was making a beeline for the bathroom when my phone rang. I froze because calls these days were few and far between.

"Hello," I answered timidly.

"Hello, this is Detective Pearson of the Columbus Police Department. May I speak with Deborah Johnson?" The male voice sent shivers down my spine.

I took in a deep breath and debated what I should do. Hanging up seemed to be the best solution, but how many flags would that raise? I cleared my throat and tried to smile as I spoke to ease the tension in my voice.

"This is she. How can I help you?" I sat on the bed and waved the bellhop out of my room with a ten dollar tip. He shut the door quietly behind him and I braced myself for what might be about to take place.

"Great, I am investigating the death of Dr. Nadine Davidson. Her records indicate that you were a patient of hers. When was the last time you saw her?"

Fuck! I was not prepared to answer. If I lied and they knew I was there, then I looked guilty but if I told the truth and the cop had no real idea of when I last saw Dr. Davidson, then I may be questioned even further.

"Yes, what are you saying? My therapist is dead?" I questioned back, feigning total surprise.

"Oh my God." I exclaimed as he confirmed my question. "What happened? When?" I stammered as he interrupted me.



"Ma'am, I'm really sorry to have to tell you all of this. When was the last time you saw her?" He repeated the question.

"Yes, sure, it was more than a week ago. I believe it was a Tuesday." I hoped I sounded as if I was thinking about it. I knew it was Tuesday a week ago. How can you forget fucking somebody to death?

"OK and what time was that?"

"Oh sorry, it was around lunch I believe, like 1:15 or so. I'm sorry. I am so shocked. I can't believe this!" I tried hard to stay focused and remember what I was saying.

This story was going to follow me for a very long time.

"Well, she was found around three. Is there anything about that session, or that afternoon, that you can remember? Maybe another patient waiting or something?" I could see that as an out, but I knew I couldn't make that up as her appointment book would tell that story.

"Sir, I didn't see anyone else, not even her receptionist. I think she was out to lunch when I came in. When I came and went, I was the only other person in the office besides the doc and she was fine when I left. Antsy but fine," I finished. I held my breath as I waited.

"Well, thanks for that. Listen, I may have other questions for you and may need you to come in, but for now, please sit tight and I will be in touch if I need you for anything else." Shit, I was already on the run. What the fuck did he mean sit tight?

"Actually, Sir, I am traveling for a case that I am working on. But this number is the best way to reach me. I've been traveling since last week, but please keep me posted. If there is anything I can do to help find who



did this, I am a phone call away," I sounded upset and eager at the same time.

I had to mention that I was no longer in Columbus so that it didn't seem as if I had skipped town. I also didn't need them sniffing around mine or my parents' house while I was away.

"That's fine. I know bet have a job to do. If we have any new questions or developments, we will let you know. Thanks for your information. Good day, Ms. Johnson."

We both hung up the phone. I was holding my breath again and let it out slow and purposefully, falling back onto the bed and replaying the conversation in my head. I began to smile as if I had just gotten away with something huge. I really didn't think they had a clue, especially when he didn't ask me to come into the station. Usually, when they think they've got you, they have you come in so they can grill you like a sandwich. I began to laugh hysterically as I felt the adrenaline rush through me.

"Hot shit, this is gonna be tough!" I shouted as I slid off the bed and into the bathroom. I needed a bath and an orgasm so I pulled my "sex" case into the bathroom with me. I rummaged for a particular dildo while I used the bathroom and ran a bath.

CHAPTER FOUR

I felt really relaxed and refreshed as I stepped out of my car and walked into the Rivue Restaurant and Lounge on Fourth Street to have dinner. The rotating restaurant intrigued me. I had visited a similar place in Washington, DC years ago and had a great time. I was hoping to enjoy some great food and find some fun to get into as I continued to plan my next steps. The décor took my breath away. It was plush in dark colors with tan furniture that seemed to mold my ass as I sat at the table. I debated eating at the bar, but this place was my kind of classy place.

I asked for a seat at the window so that I could look down the 25 flights to the sidewalk below and the endless view of the beautiful city while I enjoyed my meal. Looking at the menu, I grew hungrier and excited by the choices. I read the blurb about the restaurant's renowned chef and looked forward to enjoying the opportunity to dine here and experience a piece of Kentucky in style.

"Would the lady like to begin with a drink?" the waitress asked.

I smiled up at her as I noticed her nice tits. Her tied apron emphasized her waist and the low-cut button-shirt exposed the mounds nicely.

Must get her great tips. I thought to myself.

"Yes, I was just settling on a bottle of Cabernet, the Opus One," I said as I handed her the wine list.

Her mouth gaped open and I wish the bitch would question me. It was a 300-hundred-dollar bottle. I had the money, enjoyed its smooth taste, and thought it would complement my meal nicely. She stammered. I'm sure she was fighting back the urge to question my



ability to pay for or drink a bottle by myself. Whatever her hesitation, it irritated me.

"Is there a problem, beautiful?" I asked.

"Sor-...sorry, no not at all. I will be right back with your wine choice." She smiled weakly and turned to walk away.

I stared out the window as I waited. There was little time before she was back with the bottle and pulled my wine glass to her. She poured a taste and waited as I approved it and she tipped a full pour. It was such a smooth-headed taste, worth every penny.

"Is the lady ready to order?" she asked as she placed the wine back into the bucket and pulled out her pad.

"Yes, please, from start to finish I will have the Wild Mushroom Gratin with the lobster broth. I would like to have the Limestone Bibb Salad and Chicken Baccal, and for dessert, the Rivue Florentine. I love kiwi and white chocolate mousse," I finished, as I handed her my menu.

I knew this chick had more to say.

"Excellent choices, Madame, I will place this order for you right away." She was looking at my cleavage, at the jewels in my necklace.

Always in fashion, I knew I looked great and oozed sex. I enjoyed my meal, dish after dish. The chef was awesome. The appetizer of Wild Mushroom Gratin was succulent, garlic-sage butter, truffle oil, asiago and micro-greens made my clit jump from the flavor combination. The broth was creamy and the chicken was so tender and full of a flavor that I was reluctant to take the last bite.

I was enjoying the last of the crispy, laced shells covered in the white chocolate mousse, kiwi, and raspberry sauce when I saw an older man, at least 67,

maybe even 70 years old, standing at the end of my table.

He must be the owner. I thought.

"You are beautiful," he began. "I watched you enjoyed that meal as if it gave you true pleasure and a lady who can appreciate a good meal and great wine is a lady I need to know." I laughed a little at his forwardness.

This old man was hitting on me! I was in such a good mood from my meal and the bottle that I actually welcomed his comments.

"Aww thanks. Indeed, I do appreciate the finer things in life and this chef has done a fine job with this meal. I hope you enjoyed your meal as well?" I asked.

"May I?" He asked as he pulled out the opposite chair.

"Please," I answered seductively as I watched him unbutton his jacket before sitting.

A true gentleman, I could tell, and caramel colored skin that was wrinkled. He either lived a long stressful life or smoked something terrible, but it was obvious he was once very handsome. His teeth were straight and white. I couldn't tell if they were all his or not, but his demeanor was nice.

"So, why is a beauty such as you eating alone?" He really began to turn on the charm. I smiled at him.

"Actually I am visiting from Columbus, Ohio. I've been driving around for awhile and thought I'd stop here for the night before continuing to Atlanta in the morning. I'm glad I did. It would have been terrible to have missed out on this place." I nodded down to my empty dish on the table.

I beckoned the waitress over to pour the old man a glass of wine. When she finished pouring, he lifted his glass in a toast and tapped mine as he said, "To fate, making all things happen for a reason."



Nice. I felt my legs grow weak and my pussy moisten. I knew what was about to happen. He would be my oldest mate yet. He was old enough to be my father or maybe my father's father. Instantly, images of my dad flashed before me along with all of those other dreadful memories of the times when he had his way with me. It flashed in bits and pieces like an old home movie. I began to feel sick to my stomach. Taking a deep breath, I pushed the thoughts away and made up my mind to control the sex I would have with this old man – something I was never able to do with my father. I shook visibly as I tried harder to push my father from my thoughts. Sipping from my glass, I asked what my guest did for a living and listened as he told me about working in the stock market. That would cause a gray hair or two for sure. I nodded as he talked.

An hour later we were in my room and he was kissing me softly. Surprisingly, I did not gag and began to take his clothes off as we sat on the bed. I removed his jacket and shirt and took off his wifebeater – it looked odd on such an old frail frame. What the hell was I doing? I took charge of the flow by pushing him back on the bed. I slid his belt from his pants and his pants from his waist along with his boxers in one sweeping motion, revealing a wrinkled nut sac that seemed as if it could hang four feet if we were standing. I was not disgusted at all. My pussy was throbbing and my breasts felt heavy as he massaged them.

"Are you sure you can handle this?" I whispered down at him as I straddled his hips with my own.

"I am positive," he said as he reached down and aimed his dick for my pussy.

It was average size, but it was hard and it was what I needed.

Just what I need. I thought as I slid down over it to the base.

Feeling his balls slowly bounce against my ass, I began to rock slowly and instantly, his eyes rolled to the back of his head.

"Stay with me, please, I need you to give me a little more than that." I had not had sex with anyone this old and did not know how long he would last.

It was like fucking a virgin, knowing that I could not do too much or he would explode. I rode him and massaged his chest and nipples as we both moaned from the pleasure. When his moans began to escalate, I knew I was running out of time so I slid off his dick and began to rub it with my hand. If he lost this load, he probably would not be able to get it up again. I placed my pussy over his face as I rubbed his dick and balls, lifting them and all of their extra skin as he slid his tongue between my pussy lips.

"That's it, baby girl! I like that!" he said between licks.

I rocked over his face, asking him to lick my full pussy. He did as I requested and then began to concentrate on my clit.

"Oooh, that's nice," I moaned as I placed his pulsating dick into my mouth and down my throat.

I used my saliva to keep it moist and then without warning I took each of his balls, wrinkles and all, into my mouth and sucked and licked them until he exploded; when I tasted it, I released my lips and watched his cum shooting high into the air and falling onto his thighs in thick droplets. I sat up over his face as he sucked my clit and I screamed as my orgasm hit me and I came on his face with a force that satisfied me. He kissed my thighs as I moved from his face and lay beside him.

I'm gonna regret this shit in the morning. He was already snoring soundly.

Who the fuck falls asleep this fast? I slid under the covers and went to sleep myself.

I wondered if this old guy would even wake up in the morning and if he did how the hell long it would take him to leave?

CHAPTER FIVE

I finally made it to Georgia. The old man wasn't that hard to get rid of. Apparently he was pleased to have had the experience of sleeping with me and graciously gave me his contact information before kissing me on the forehead and leaving my room.

Easy enough. I thought as I showered for the day.

I didn't feel as weird as I did last night about sleeping with his old ass, but I did feel like I needed to scrub extra hard in the shower. The sex wasn't great, but it answered my craving.

After dressing and checking out of the hotel, I grabbed breakfast to go and headed toward Georgia, covering ground quickly now that I had decided on which city in which to settle. Slowly things were becoming clearer to me. I knew that I should not practice law because the potential publicity from some high-profile case could land me on the news and since I hadn't officially quit my last job that would not be wise. I pulled into the hotel parking lot where I was staying while I searched for a permanent residence. The place was an extended stay which I thought would suit me better than an actual hotel.

I walked behind the bellhop to the front desk to check in when I saw a sexpot of a guy. He was hot enough for me to want fuck right there in front of anybody and everybody. I watched him intently and allowed my eyes to roam up and down his body. He was with a lady, but who cared? If I played my cards right, I could have them both. They were, however, checking out and not in, so the opportunity had likely passed me by. I could feel his lady looking at me angrily. "You're a



lucky woman," I said to her and then looked at him again.

"And you're a lucky man. You both are very fuckable indeed," I stated matter-of-factly, pulling my wallet out.

The guy smiled and the lady looked a little put-off. She gave him a dirty look for not being bothered by my comment.

"Thanks," he said, still smiling.

The lady snorted. She better watch herself, I threatened silently. I'd quickly take her man and leave her standing here all alone if she gave me one more look like that one.

"Easy girl. No disrespect. I just appreciate beautiful people when I see them. You guys coming or going?" I questioned. I smiled at the clerk who was doing his best to appear as if he wasn't eavesdropping, although it was obvious he was.

"Leaving," she spat out.

"Too bad, honey. I could have licked you like a Cremesicle," I said, emphasizing cream and looking at her man.

"Too bad indeed." I mumbled as I turned away from them, dismissing them both rather decisively.

"Come on, DeWayne, let's go!" the lady said as she took her overnight bag from the countertop and his hand in one fluid motion.

"Nice to meet ya," DeWayne said over her head, following her like a lap dog.

I didn't turn; I just put up my hand and wiggled my fingers.

Too bad indeed. I thought.

I winked at the guy checking me in and his smile broke into a laugh. I took my room key and followed the bellhop to the elevator.

I would spend today outlining my plan. I knew in my head what I would do. I'd always wanted to run my own business so I decided I would set up a brothel and run it as legally as possible. Not just any brothel, though - a special brothel, one that matched my class and style.

I located a local Realtor and looked at 15 houses over the following two-week period before settling on a five-floor apartment complex. I knew sex inside and out. I knew what pleased men and women and I knew what people would do to get that pleasure. I had played around with the idea of selling ass before, but I get what I want when I want it, so it didn't make sense for me to turn tricks. As I sat signing the papers for the building, the beautiful plan unfolded in my head. I knew that what I was going to do would take a lot from me and change the way I lived forever. *'Was I really ready to do this?'*

Say You Swear Enterprise was born that night. I decided on a fee structure of a thousand dollars a night, five thousand for two girls, four thousand to live out a fetish, and 10 thousand for group action - four or more people. Once I decided to open that sort of business, the attorney in me didn't take long to figure out the logistics. I needed a place, a feature, a pay scale, clients, and of course, women to sleep with.

I called in a favor from one of my clients back in Columbus who I knew I could trust with what I was stepping into. I needed to put the word out about what I was doing and what I had to offer. I met some famous and almost-famous people over the years and had bedded quite a few of them. I knew that their biggest fear was having their wives, girlfriends, and fans finding out about their infidelities. I would build a company that offered them the freedom to have the freakiest, most



satisfactory sex and not have to worry about their homes ever being disrupted.

This was the problem with most famous people who got busted now. They slept with a skank who saw a quick dollar instead of the potential for ongoing or even lifetime payments. These ladies would get them all wrapped up and then threaten to snitch or worse, fall in love. I would not let that happen. I would find six girls whom I would blackmail into silence about what they did and who they did it with and pay them handsomely so that the tradeoff was worth them giving up their current lifestyles.

They would have to understand that once they started working with me, they would never be able to leave. I didn't fear being tracked down through my calls because those people didn't even know I saw a shrink, let alone murdered one. I knew they could put the word in the right ears so that I could hit the ground running with the local affluent athletes and politicians.

Signing the papers for property that included a penthouse, I felt great satisfaction and excitement over what I was undertaking. My clit pulsed the entire time I was at the table. I would live in the penthouse and the girls would live in the apartments on the second floor. There would be a storefront on the bottom floor so that clients who came would appear to be shopping and not coming in for the best sexual experience of their lives. In my head, the plan seemed foolproof.

The building I chose was close to One SunTrust Plaza in the downtown area and was really nice, considering the neighborhood. I began making arrangements for this realtor to sell both my properties in Columbus within a six-month timeline. That should be enough time for the case to go cold and any eyes on me to move on. In the meantime, I would need to move

most of my things from my house.

I contemplated calling my favorite piece of ass in Columbus, Char, and entrusting her with the task, but I knew that bitch would want to come and stay with me or some bull shit like that. I couldn't run the risk. The thought that I may never see her again kind of made me sad. I knew that I could not hold on to much anymore after this. So instead, I put my energies into my new property, spending over \$30 thousand of my savings to set the building up for my specific needs. The builders put in a lingerie shop downstairs and I ordered perfumes, panties, bras, and stockings from wholesalers to place in the storefront. I had only ordered two of everything, not anticipating selling any of it. I didn't even advertise.

CHAPTER SIX

Creating the rooms would be something different altogether. Knowing what I liked and what got me going, I wanted to designate each of the six rooms for fetishes that each girl would have to be able to fulfill. However, not knowing who the girls were yet, I wasn't sure if that was the best way to go, but I had to start somewhere. Spending an additional hundred thousand dollars from money that I moved from an account I had set up in my mother's name, I went online and bought the best of the best in sex toys.

Now, I know many will think I'm crazy or freaky, but those people obviously don't know what I'm talking about. I truly had a wonderful time searching the product websites for Adam & Eve, The Garden, The Lion's Den, Pure Romance, Lollipop and 4feelment.com, where I massaged my clit and rubbed my nipples into hardened peaks from the images and from the thought of all the fun the girls and I would have using these toys with our partners to be.

I got something for every fetish –anal douche bag mentality, pleasure swings, feathers, virtual sex cock and ass, leashes and collars, rope, whips, sex duos sling, a few Carmen Luvana blow-up dolls, Yumi Asian Anime Dolls, Anime Love Dolls named Kishimoto, full-body restraints, cuffs, jars of latex, sex slave kits, doorjamb cuffs, chaise chairs that were shaped to heighten depth and positions when laid or sat on; bondage bars, Hottie cuff sets, Ben-Wa balls, Amor'e Rockers.

Shock Therapy Elector sex kits, Bong-O-Cock rings, Katei Morgan Cyberskin Pussy, Prostate stimulators, his and her strap ons, Tantric satin ties, Kayden's deep-throat doll, finger rimmies, and, of

course, vibrators and dildos. I sat looking over my list and comparing it to things that came and/or where on the way. I bought several sex swings for amateur and advanced use, intrigued by the erection systems and the various love swings that were either stand alone or over the door.

I was equally excited to see the satin beds, the chaise made of latex, and all the other Black Label products I checked off my list as I eyeballed the last item. I bought so much stuff made from silicone, rubber, cyber skin and latex I knew I would be able to please any type of request that was made from my soon to be clients. I then had them delivered and installed, moving around the building making each room look just as I saw it in my mind's eye.

I took pleasure in putting a personal touch on every room and making sure that any experience would be the best, orgasmic experience anyone could possibly have. I had a blast each and every day that it took me to create these rooms. I often used the toys myself, sometimes alone, sometimes with the delivery person or persons.

Although I wanted each girl to be down for whatever, I knew that I may not find that. So, I wanted some rooms dedicated to certain fetishes yet prepared to handle any sexual experience a client wanted. Consequently, each room had a swing and furniture that could be used to strap, bend or twist someone over. The rooms were equipped with toys for anal, bondage, prostate, and lesbian sex. Vibrators and dildos in all shapes, sizes, colors, and capabilities were neatly lined on shelves that had been installed on the walls.

I then prepared a particular room for those fetishes that I enjoyed the most, thinking my clients would appreciate them too. There was a room where the women's panties would get soaked from cumming

and clients could spend hours smelling them and inhaling the various fragrances of all of the women in the house. A huge heart-shaped laundry basket would catch our panties continuously, all day so that at any given moment, the pungent odor of over-sexed pussy could be inhaled and enjoyed.

That same room would be the location for our latex lovers – another sensory fetish. Jars of colored liquid latex along with gloves, suits, and dresses would be included for the enjoyment of my clients. I would also include a latex mattress into which one could climb, have the air extracted out of it and enjoy the sensation of latex clinging to their sweating skin. I could barely contain myself from the delight and repeated orgasms to whomever shared my fetish.

The adjoining room was prepared for those men who loved to have women strap on a dick and slide tenderly into their soft spot. These men whom did not consider themselves gay because it was a hot and sexy lady doing the penetration. I prepared this room with care, including special bondage ties and feathers that would provide the best experience possible. I placed several of the varied love swings and apparatuses in this room to increase the potential satisfaction.

A third room was set up with a pole and several sitting areas so that those voyeurs who just wished to watch and or be touched could enjoy an evening of fun. I spent my days looking for the highest quality women and spent my evenings creating the fantasy rooms. I would sit in coffee shops or malls and watch for women who I found sexy or looked as if they would fit the bill for what men and women would find sexy. I then began to approach women as only I could. Boldly.

I felt full from the power of my ego and confident about what I was doing. I had considered every detail I

could think of to make this endeavor a success. This was going to be my new life and if I wanted to maintain my standard of living, I had to make money at it. I couldn't help thinking that there was a chance that I could be discovered after starting this business.

Soon I began to feel the subtle stirring that could only be quieted by fucking rising in the pit of my stomach. I was anxious and needed release. The mere thought of the portion of the plan that would keep these women tied to me gave me great anxiety. I had done it once before, unintentionally, but planning it was something different. Unfortunately, nothing short of a murder would vow someone to silence.

I saw this repeatedly in my cases back at the law firm. When people faced being sent to prison, perhaps for the rest of their lives, they kept quiet about the most treacherous things they may have done or witnessed. I had to make sure the girls were committed to my plan which included my promise to my clients that their mates would never know about what happened behind my door.

Without that assurance, my business was no different from any other brothel, and I needed it to be different; my clients were only going to be famous folks. This was insurance for me and my setup. They would not want others to know what they were buying any more than I would want the girls disclosing what they were selling.

With this in mind, in addition to quality women, I had to find a victim. As sad as having to set the girls up was, it was the only way. I decided to find someone who I could bring back to my place under the pretense that he was going to have the time of his life, then have the girls each play a role in killing him. That way, every hand was involved and we were each just as guilty as the next.



I had to find this person soon so that I would have enough time to build up a rapport with him and then make him comfortable with my idea of him having sex with seven women at one time. I smiled as I thought of that. What a wonderful way to die, having sex with me repeatedly and then with six other gorgeous women before taking your last breath.

I had been on the prowl for someone who could fit the bill for several weeks, I would have preferred to not take the life of someone who was important in the lives of others, but I couldn't exactly put an ad in a paper now, could I?

Trey Trianto and I met at a bar a few blocks from my building. I spotted him as he walked in and I instantly was turned on by his mustache and demeanor. He was a sexy man, about 5'8" and well dressed. We introduced ourselves over drinks and I made sure to give him the impression that I was interested. After all, I had to essentially "date" him in order to make him comfortable enough to go along with my plans. Fortunately for me, this was easier than I thought. Trey found me totally irresistible and I allowed him to sex me any way he wanted so that he kept coming back. After a few weeks I learned that he was married with three children. In fact, his wife was pregnant with number four and was due in only a few months. When I discovered his infidelity, I didn't feel bad at all for what I knew I would be doing with Mr. Trey. Scum that he was I was doing his wife a favor. I allowed my sexual addiction to drive my actions in my mind; I was taking one for the team, and taking one out for the betterment of womankind!

CHAPTER SEVEN

Finding the girls was next. I had no idea how hard that would be. Atlanta was not short on beautiful and sexy women. I just had to pick out six that would be down to fuck for money. My first selection was Jenni. I gave her the nickname "Dime." She was a true ten. At twenty-seven she had blue eyes and long, blonde hair that surrounded her soft features. She worked as a receptionist in a doctor's office in downtown Atlanta.

She had a sexy air about herself and dressed very provocatively with her pierced eyebrow and the six earrings in her ear. I saw her at lunch one afternoon and made a point of trying to catch her and get her to join my team.

I know a few folks that would pay to get down with Snow White. I thought as I spotted her.

I had to eat at the same greasy restaurant two or three times before catching the girl, but was thankful when I finally spotted her again. Walking over to the table, carrying my lunch and a casual sexual tension, I tapped the girl on her shoulder.

"Honey, your shoes are to die for. Who makes them?" I questioned sweetly. The girl looked up smiling her thanks.

"They're Prada. I just love 'em!" She had a slight country accent, more Kentucky like if I had to guess.

"Me too," I said. "Do you mind if I join you?" I asked as I took the seat, preventing her from saying no.

"S-sure," she stammered. "I'm on my lunch hour. I work at the dentist office a few blocks from here." Jenni sipped her ice tea. I grinned at her.

"Must be nice. I'm starting my own business, but I'm an attorney by trade." I added.



"Why, you don't look like an attorney. You're very put together." She looked me over. "Most attorneys I know are stuffy old folk." I shook my head side to side holding in my laugh.

"I'll take that as a compliment. I love taking care of myself, my appearance." I straightened in my chair. "How long have you been a receptionist?" I asked, trying to feel her out.

"A year. I really don't like it and the pay sucks. I also like to take care of myself but I really can't on my income. I bet as a lawyer it's easier." Jenni glanced down at my Jimmy Choo shoe lustfully. She seemed impressed and knew that they cost a pretty penny.

"Well, then you would love the income my new business could bring you and keeping yourself sexy and beautiful is a job requirement." I spoke low and slow.

"Sounds like a sex job," Jenni responded laughing.

"It is," I responded without changing my expression. Jenni choked on her tea.

"Wha...what? Do I look like, a prostitute to you?" She sat back horrified looking back as I stared at her casually.

"Of course not. That's why I approached you. I need a girl that can blend in and rub elbows with celebrities without looking like a paid date," I replied, unfazed by her reaction.

She was beautiful and her eyes sparkled when she spoke. "Listen; come to this address next Tuesday evening at seven thirty. Think about what I'm offering you and come prepared to make money."

Jenni took my card hesitantly and forced a nervous smile as she began to stand. I leaned in towards her. "Darling what I'm asking you to do for thousands, you do right now for a steak." I winked at

her and sauntered out of the restaurant, not even bothering to look back to see the girl smile and put the card in her purse.

My next girl was Kendra who I would later name "Ms. P." I was wondering where the hell I would find another fine ass black woman willing to do this besides me. In Hotlanta, as the locals called it, there was nowhere better to find a hottie who would fuck for cash than a strip club.

I had only been to a few strip clubs since coming to the city. Now that I lived here, I had to observe the social scene in every facet. Settling in and getting this idea off the ground absorbed much of my time, but partying and getting my sex on were a priority in my daily activities, and I had been neglecting myself. I dressed with a purpose tonight. I had to downplay my looks to keep these bitches from seeing me as a threat long enough for me to figure out if Kendra would join my team.

I arrived at the club around one thirty in the morning and it was packed full of men drooling over some very sexy, well-built, undressed women. I went to the bar and had to brush off a few fellas before retreating to a table that had just opened up at that edge of the stage.

Three girls and two lap dances later I spotted my girl. She was holding the hand of some oversized dude and leading him to the bar from the back room. She waited while he presented his credit card to the bartender and waited for cash back. She then placed her hand firmly in front of him and accepted payment for whatever she had done in the back room. I watched as she very sweetly, but frankly, smiled at the man before turning to walk away.

The next guy she approached turned down her offer for a private dance. As she left him to search for



her next customer, she began to walk by me. I reached for her hand. "Why didn't you ask me?" I demanded.

She looked me over quickly and leaned down so that her bare nipples were inches from me.

"Sorry sweetie, I didn't do that on purpose." She gyrated in front of me while the guys around us looked on excitedly. "Do you want a private dance?" I had my hands on her waist and let her do her thing.

"Something like that." I leaned in and whispered in her ear. She shivered visibly and took my hands.

"Right this way." She led me behind the curtains to an empty booth and I took a seat.

It was too dark for me to see what I might be sitting in, but I could only imagine. She began to move her hips and rub my thighs. "Hey sexy, I'm Kendra and its 45 dollars for fifteen minutes," she said as she gyrated over my lap.

"Cool. I need you to not stop what you're doing and listen," I replied as she sat in my lap and held on to both my shoulders while rubbing her breasts back and forth across mine. I told her my plan giving her the details she needed to make the decision to come work for me.

"Wow, hun, that sounds like big money," she said when I stopped talking.

"To say the least and it's safer than this." I lifted her effortlessly off my lap as I could feel her wetness on my thighs and knew my own wetness was a puddle on the booth.

She seemed to weigh about 135 pounds, I thought, but not at all out of shape. Her calves and ass were killers and her smile was wide and bright. "Which is it sweetie? This place or mine?"

I asked Kendra as I looked around the room for emphasis. She answered yes as we headed out of the

room back into the bar. I handed over my credit card and got the cash back along with my receipt. They had the nerve to charge a five-dollar fee for the transaction. I looked angrily at my receipt as I handed her fifty dollars and my business card.

"If you're down for this, be at this address next Tuesday evening at 7:30," I told her and left the club. I had a strong feeling that she would be there.

Girl number three came to me when I wasn't even looking. I went to Xerox to pick up more business cards and saw this woman who struck me as extremely fuckable working the counter. She was really exotic and looking at her made me wet. I set it up so that I would casually catch her outside of her workplace.

I found out from her co-worker that her name was Joyce Patterson. I would call Joyce "Pandy" because I wanted to get into her panties as soon as I saw her. She was a thirty-year-old African American with neck-length hair shaped into a bob and almond shaped eyes which appeared to be endless when you looked into them.

Her skin was a caramel complexion and although her B-cup breasts and butt were small, they were fitting for her hips and 5'6" frame. Her glasses perched on her nose made her look smart and added to her sexual aura even more like the strict schoolteacher threatening to rap your knuckles. I had other areas in mind she could rap as I walked toward her. She was sitting in the sandwich shop across the street from her office and exclaimed as I plopped down in front of her uninvited.

"Excuse-," she began, but I cut her off.

"Listen, sugar, watching you this week tells me you need a better job. I've got a better one. It's an improvement than your current job at Xerox, but you do have to have sex. The pay is excellent, room and board



is free, and your sex partners will be finer than anyone you have ever gotten on your own." I finished, all in one breath.

"You don't look like a hoe and that's the kind of woman I'm looking for," I continued, sliding my business card toward her. "Think about it," I said as I began to get up.

Joyce reached out for the card and grabbed my fingers as I stood. "I'm in. When do I start?" She was grinning from ear to ear. This might not be as hard as I had originally thought. I sat back down at the table and we began discussing details along with Joyce's background before agreeing to meet on Thursday.

I had learned earlier from questioning one of her co-workers whom I had "accidentally" meant outside the building last week that she hated her job and had previously sold sex to get by. She had to stop when she got pregnant, but her child was stillborn. This all led me to believe that she didn't need to be sweet-talked and being blunt and to the point would get me the answers I needed. The day had finally come. All the girls I had chosen were invited to my house to sign up for my once in a lifetime offer. As I sat at the table in my dining room waiting for them to join me, I contemplated what I had put in motion. I stared at each chair at the table and found myself fighting off flashbacks from my past.

CHAPTER EIGHT

I was maybe 15 and had stayed home sick from school with cramps when my father came into my room with a cup of tea. I stared at him with a look of disgust. I had just been thinking how much I wished he was dead and thanking God for my period, that was a few days late. Better late than never in this case. How terrible would that be if, on top of everything else, I had to bear my father's child?

With a nasty look on my face, I watched him put the cup down and sit on the edge of my bed. I scooted back toward the wall and felt the vomit rise in my throat as he began to rub my belly, hips and legs and then my breasts. He would never ever kiss me on the lips, as if that would have made what he was doing wrong. He fondled me roughly between my legs and yet, there was still wetness there for him to enjoy as my cycle was doing its thing down there. This had been going on for years, and still I never managed to avoid him or understood why he did this to me and worse, why I got wet for him.

"I'm sick and cramping," I said through my clenched teeth. Without one word, not even a grimace, he roughly withdrew his hands and left my room. I cried for hours wondering why he was my father and why I somehow deserved this horrible life. It was a terrible way to grow up, I still think that what I went through does not make me the fool, it makes him a bastard and there is no difference between bastards and asses, neither give a fuck about the shit they let out and who it lands on.

☹

"Coming," I shouted as I was jolted from my thoughts by the door bell. I opened it to see three girls



standing there, each one beautiful in her own way. I stepped away from the threshold and motioned for them to enter.

"Welcome ladies. Let's go get to know each other." I had them follow me into the dining room and motioned for them to have a seat.

"What can I get you ladies to drink?" Jenny was the first to answer.

"Scotch on the rocks," she said flatly. I looked at her through hooded eyes. Hardcore, I liked that.

"Water for me," answered Kendra.

"A beer if you got it," Joyce said.

"Honey, I got whatever you want. Champagne, fifteen hundred-dollar liquors or water," I said winking at Kendra.

"Let me get your drinks and then fill you ladies in on how your life is about to be changed for the better." I winked at them as I walked into my kitchen to get their orders.

I joined them shortly after with my drink of straight vodka. "Ladies, I have connections, connections that will bring in the best of the best clients. You will only service the rich and the powerful. When you say yes to me and commit to working for me, you will *never* be able to be whom and what you were before. You will never be allowed to fall in love with a client. You will not reach out to their families in any way or go to the press about them. This is the promise I have made to them and that is what will make us all rich. Your secrecy is what will make us rich." I ended firmly and looked squarely at each of them.

Making sure to emphasize words that would express to them the seriousness of secrecy. I looked them each in turn square in the eye as I spoke.

"And just how much money are we talking about?" Kendra asked sitting back in her chair.

"I'm glad you asked. The price scale is set up so that you earn up to three thousand for one night's work, or five thousand for two girls, four thousand if they opt to live out a fetish, and 10 thousand for any group action. And I am not above servicing any client as well." The girls sat up and begin to smile.

I imagined little dollar signs floating in their heads. "My cut of this arrangement is 40 percent of every client you serve. You will each need to have a bank account in which I can deposit your payroll."

I had gotten up to get another shot. "Now, in line with secrecy, the clients will not know your real names. EVER! Jenni, you will be known as Dime. Joyce, you're Pandy. Kendra, you will be called Ms. P." I kept looking at each of them as I spoke.

"You all should never refer to each other by your real names in the presence of clients. In fact, you may want to just use these names all the time just to be safe."

They each nodded as they understood what I was saying.

"I have three more girls coming. For now, I need an answer – a commitment from each of you. Are you in, Kendra? Are you in, Joyce? Are you in, Jenni?" I asked each girl, looking them all in the eyes and accepting their nods and whispered "yeses" as verbal agreements that were true binding confirmations as I asked each in turn.

"Good." I got up and went to my desk in my office and pulled out three sealed white envelopes for each girl. I returned to the table to catch them whispering among themselves excitedly. "Here."

I handed each of them an envelope and watched as they opened it. In it was five thousand dollars' cash,



a key card for the building and a car key. Their eyes got bigger as they looked at me as if I was insane.

"If you are going to work for me, you must look, breathe, walk and exude class. Those are the type of bitches my clients want to be with. Take the money and go shopping to replace or improve your wardrobe. Then grab only what can fit into the trunk of your cars parked in the ports outside of the building and move in by next weekend. Quit your jobs and notify whoever you need to, as your new life starts next Saturday night." They each stood and followed me to the door.

"Each of your key cards will also open your rooms. They have been prepared with amenities as well as tools of the trade, per se. Please go check out the rooms and if you find that you will need anything that I have not thought of, let me know." I had opted to allow each of them to view their rooms individually to allow them some time to consider their new reality. I knew this was an enormous, life-changing moment for each of them.

They were each gone for about an hour before they reappeared in my doorway. "I take it the rooms were to your liking?" I asked.

"Mine was the bomb," Jenni answered.

"I love the door swings! I can get down with that!" Kendra said excitedly.

"Wonderful. Then I shall see you all here next Saturday. If something comes up or if you have questions, please call me," I said to them as we rode the elevator down to the first floor.

"Thanks, Dee," they all said at the door as they looked at their vehicles. I had leased a fleet which I knew I would be able to write off on my taxes. They were all candy colored maroon Mazdas with tan interior. I couldn't get them anything better than I was driving. I



nodded to each of them as they got in and backed away from the building.

That went well. I thought to myself as I went back to my room. Now anyone of them bitches could opt to take that money and my car, but I knew that they would all be back. The amount of money that I am enabling them to make is far more rewarding than a Mazda and five thousand.

This is the same thought I had to tell myself as I put my entire life savings into starting this business. I knew I would make it back, nothing sold better in America than hot pussy, I had found myself, six of the hottest pussies in the ATL! It was time to rebuild my bank.

If I was to continue building the business, I would have to advertise. I didn't want to but with things slowing me down a bit, and me not wanting to put all my eggs in one basket, I thought I better. I played around with words until I settled on: "Newly developed professional personal services that will knock your socks off---literally! Discreet and attractive women with the ability to satisfy clients who have a need for privacy and total secrecy. Call us."

Pleased with the language, I began running the ad in the *Atlanta Intown*, *Slants N Town*, *Buckhead*, *Atlanta Voice*, and other local magazines with a personal section. Having been in Georgia for a limited time, I did not know which ad placement would be the best or worthless to use. I had to start somewhere in addition to my personal phone calls to my connections that I already had.

I was excited to be taking steps to get my plans in motion. I was nervous about the chances I was taken but I didn't know what else to do, and I was sick of the way my life was. Not missing my parents at all didn't surprise me, although I bet the shrink would have



something to say about that. I decided to go out on the prowl and find me some ass. The city was full of beautiful people and I was pleased to have my pick. I got in my car and headed for Montgomery Street. Having been on that particular strip before, I knew I would find what I was looking for.

CHAPTER NINE

Marlene or “Sweetness”, as I decided to call her, was a twenty-two-year-old, white, brown eyed, brunette beauty with C-cup breasts and very small hips. She was a runaway at age sixteen and had prostituted before on her own. She moved to Georgia a year ago and was working with a pimp, but got tired of the abuse. Sitting in a bar one night after escaping another brutal attack from him, she contemplated what her next move should be.

As I studied her, she looked around the bar. Then we locked eyes. She smiled nervously at me as though I had caught her doing something improper. Marlene who has had many johns who wanted threesomes, was no stranger to the female body, however it was not her cup of tea on the regular. I stood to approach her and bit back a chuckle as she drank me in with her eyes. I approached her and took the hand she offered.

I could tell that she thought I was stunning and I grew more confident with what I was about to propose to her. I offered her my hand in response.

“Debra Johnson. Don’t get the wrong idea. I noticed you sitting alone and thought I’d keep you company. Are you new to this area?” I spoke looking at her more intently as I noted her positive qualities.

Black men would eat her up, I thought, as the little white girl answered me.

“Hi, Marlene Cowars. No, I’ve been here a year. Just thinking some things over; but sure, please join me.” She moved her glass of wine closer to her to make room for me.

“I have been here for almost six months. I am finding that I really like it.” I said as I sat on the edge of



a stool and positioned my legs so that my skirt subtly revealed my calves and at the same time, lightly brushed against Marlene's.

"And what brings you here? Where are you from?" Marlene asked as she shifted in her seat, as if she did not want to send the wrong message and probably wondering if I could tell she was a whore. Having worked out my story I answered smoothly.

"Washington, DC. Moved here for a job, but it fell through. Liked it here enough to stay. I am working on starting my own company. What about you? Pimp getting out of control?" I smiled softly as I watched the transition in the girl's face.

Yeah bitch, I know what you are. I thought to myself, allowing her time to pull her answer together. With a grimace she spat, "That obvious huh?" I nodded as Marlene continued to speak. "Back in Chicago, he was getting too pushy and I am not for all that back-in-the-day, pimp-hand shit. I know I can do better on my own." Nodding again, I ordered us both another drink.

"Then maybe you should let me run something by you that might be a little more interesting and certainly much more profitable." I countered, putting the bait out there with every intention of reeling her in.

I told her about my company idea and what role she could play in it. "I am looking for top dollar women with class and sophistication, but sex does come into play. Is that you?" Marlene sat sipping the wine in her glass as I spoke. A female pimp in essence is what I was offering, but under the umbrella of a corporation.

I was thinking about the irony as she answered. "Let me think about it. I was really thinking about going legit." I shook my head.

"It doesn't get any more legit than this. Your job description is just a little more colorful than the average



office worker." I slid off the stool and passed Marlene my business card.

"Call me when you're ready." I walked back to the other side of the bar and sat back down.

Marlene finished her wine, held up the card, and smiled at me as she left the bar. I watched her leave.

Not much of an ass but just what the doctor ordered for the business. I thought as I finished my drink and went out to the dance floor. The night was young and I needed sometime to do it up right.

My next pick was Anita or "Texas Tot", a twenty-five-year-old Puerto Rican. Five-feet with D-cup breasts, a plump butt, and a sexy accent, she somewhat reminded me of Char, damn I missed the taste of Char and the way that she could milk my pussy and leave me exhausted from the hot sex positions we could think of.

Anita was feisty and approached me at the local club, Loca Luna which featured Latin music nightly and I loved to salsa. I loved the place. It also had a restaurant with great food and tropical drinks I have had in these parts.

"Hey, baby, let me buy you that drink," she offered.

"Sure thing, sexy." I took the drink and waited while the beauty got hers.

"Let's go over there." She moved toward an empty corner. The club was packed, which was pretty typical for a Friday night. Leaning over to me she shouted, "My name's Anita. Some call me Netta. What's your name, beautiful?"

I loved her boldness. *Just like me.* I thought.

"My name's Debra, my friends call me Dee."

"Dee, I haven't seen you in here before." She shook her head as she spoke with a coy grin on her



face, looking me up and down and letting me know she liked what she saw.

"I took a hiatus. Crowd was getting old. Glad I came tonight though." She winked at me as she sipped her drink.

"Me too," she said. I figured I'd let her continue to take the lead. She was hot and, as always, I was horny. This could definitely be my night. The two of us danced and drank until the club closed. Taking my hand, Netta walked me toward the exit. "Your spot or mine?" she asked.

"Yours," I answered without hesitation, grinning widely at her. "I'll come back for my car tomorrow." Not being new to the game.

I hopped into her Nissan and settled in as Netta drove us to her house. It actually was a little ways away from the club, but I occupied myself by squeezing Netta's breasts and fingering her pussy.

"Don't make me cum," she demanded as we pulled into her driveway. "Not yet. I have something for you first."

As we got out of the car, I wondered if all Puerto Rican women were the same. Char loved to hold out until she pleased me first too. I waited for her to open the front door and stepped in, looking around while standing in the foyer. Fine as she was, I was content on going with the flow and enjoying myself. I hadn't had a good nut all week and I had a feeling this one was going to be the one I needed. She had a nice spot, good taste in décor. I admired her digs as I walked in and accepted her offer of a drink.

"Some water would be nice," I told her. She looked back at me as she walked away. I went over to the couch and flopped down. I knew I was drunk.

“Come here,” she said from behind me. I leaned my head back over the couch and looked at her. Smiling, I got up and followed her to her bedroom.

“Hot!” I exclaimed as I saw her circular bed, a nice touch to a very handsomely decorated bedroom. The furniture was very dark and the drapes were heavy and maroon with gold trim.

“Here you go” She handed me the glass of water and I sat on the bed and sipped it. I watched her and smirked as she went to open one of her dresser drawers. It was brimming with shit. My smile turned into a smirk as I watched her pull out toys and laid them at the foot of the bed as if she was preparing for a surgery. First, two sets of harnesses, a Cyberskin dildo that was thickly veined, and a rubber dildo. Next, a twisted butt plug, a feather duster, some hand-cuffs, condoms, and a whip. I looked at all in anticipation of what she had in store for me.

“Alright, baby girl, I’m down with all that!” I laid back and watched her undress. She was very sexy. Her skin seemed to glow and she gyrated her hips like she was still doing the salsa as she walked toward me and began taking off my clothes, sliding my bra strap down my arms slowly and kissing me intently. I was in for a treat and I was definitely going to enjoy this. I returned her kisses deeply, sliding my tongue against hers and enjoying the sounds of our combined moans.

CHAPTER TEN

I caressed her back and slid my hands over her shoulders as our pelvises met and I pushed up to feel her mound on mine. It was heavenly to feel the softness of her skin against mine. She broke the passionate kiss and began to place soft wet kisses down my neck, shoulders, and across my breasts, taking my nipples into her mouth one at a time. Her tongue was hot and she sucked softly causing my clit to harden and my pussy to get wetter.

It was a rush to my head and I began to move my hips under her as she began to slide further down my body. As I sat on the edge of the bed, she slid between my legs and pushed my legs apart softly. I allowed them to open wide for her. She slid her tongue against my wetness, parting my lips and applying pressure to my clit and walls. I squirmed and gyrated against her face, riding her tongue and moaning as my climax grew.

"Oooh, that's it," I encouraged her. She reached for a strap-on and started to strap herself in. As she did, I threaded the other dildo through the cock hole of the other harness, preparing for when it would be my turn to ride her. I helped her put a condom on the dildo and lay back on the bed, reaching up for her breasts as she positioned herself over me as she prepared to fuck me. I tilted my pelvis down and forward for easier access.

She entered me slowly and did not stop until she felt the back of my walls and I felt her mound through the harness against me. Moaning loudly, I took her breasts into my mouth and sucked her nipples intently. She slid in and out of my pussy and I squeezed my walls against the dildo, enjoying the feeling of my

orgasm overtaking me and erupting out of my throat in grunts and groans. I scratched at her back and she moaned into my ear as she pumped harder.

"That's it, girl. I like that, let me feel them nails." she whispered as she pumped into me. I had her nipple in my mouth as I came and began to shift our weight so that I could have my turn.

I slid off the bed and slipped into the harness. I motioned for her to keep hers on as I turned her over and slid into her wet shaved pussy and began to ride her like the shit was not detachable. She was caressing my clit and I was doing the same as I rocked and bounced to another orgasm and collapsed on top of her.

After only a few moments of trying to catch my breath, I said, "My turn still!" and climbed off her. The pop of the dildo coming out of her wetness made us both gasp. I stood and took the feather duster and slid it down her body, across her nipples and over her pussy. I slid it down her legs and across her toes. "Awwww," she moaned as she reached for me, but I stepped away and grasped the strap. I stared down at her. "Roll over," I demanded.

"Ummm," she cried out as I pulled her hips up so that her ass was placed nicely in front of me. I knew that she anticipated me to enter her with the strap, but I knew what would take us both to another level of sexual excitement. I got on my knees and placed my face deeply into her ass cheeks licking both her pussy and her asshole at the same time. She gasped with pleasure. I slid a hand over her ass cheeks and pushed her further into the bed, giving me more flesh between her cheeks to lick. I allowed my saliva to linger and wet her as I got back on my feet.

I positioned myself behind her and reached for the whip. As I pushed into her I dragged the whip over her head, down her neck and back, and let it linger



between her ass and my stomach. I entered slowly and deep, pulling out just as slowly as I went in. I slid in again slowly and whimpered as she grinded back into me. I could sense that she wanted something more, something harder, so I pushed deeper and picked up my pace and just when she began to rock on her knees back into me, I raised the whip and let it come down on her legs with a little force.

“Yeessss!” She shouted loudly and rocked back harder, almost knocking me off my feet but I dug into the carpet and returned the thrust, watching the dildo slide in and out of her glistening, swollen pussy. I let the whip come down harder. Her moaning was loud and soon our wetness flooded the already damp sheets. I licked her back as I rode her, taking her knees out from under her. We were in the middle of the bed, flat out on top of each other, the dildo deep into her tight pussy. With her legs closed, I ran my arms up her sides, also taking her arms up and over her head and then wrapped our fingers together as I used her body to balance us. I rode her relentlessly until the cries and the screams from her orgasms began to subside. I rolled off her and ran my hands over her body one more time as we caught our breaths. We fell asleep at some point; we were both still strapped and intertwined when I awoke the following morning.

I still had Netta on the brain when I spotted Dani, whom I decided to call “Mystery.” Only eighteen but looking twenty-two with young soft skin that was darker than midnight. She had perky breasts and a butt that was made for low-ride jeans. My research of her revealed that she lived with an abusive boyfriend and was looking for a way out.

I spotted her sitting outside of her apartment complex looking defeated. Looking over her flawless



dark skin, I walked up to her and sat beside her. She had been patting her jeanclad legs but when she saw me she folded her arms she sighed.

"Life is a bitch," she said out loud, knowing it would get a response.

"Or then you marry one," I said looking over at her with a grin.

We both laughed. "Dee Johnson." I held out my hand.

"Dani Maxwell," the girl responded.

"Your sad face... I spotted it from across the street. What's a girl so pretty got to be so sad about?" She looked away.

"A lot actually," she answered. She brushed off her pants as if she was about to stand up.

"That sucks. You would think that you were too young for that," I said as I continued to size up the girl. Men would want her just because she was young. I wondered to myself how sweet she must taste as I believed the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice.

"Tell you what, baby girl, let me buy you a cup of coffee and lend you an ear. Can't hurt to talk about it right?" I asked her as I stood. She stood up with me and smiled as if she was debating not taking me up on my offer.

"You know what lady? I don't have anyone else to talk to. If you're willing to listen, I could use an ear for sure," she said as we begin to walk up the street to the corner coffee shop.

I bought us both coffee as I listened to her tell a story that any 18-year-old should not be telling. She was engaged to her high school sweetheart, and they planned to marry and go off to college when he was killed in a car crash. Apparently, his parents were going to pay for her college education, but of course didn't see the point once their son was killed. Her parents couldn't



afford to send her to school. She was devastated, and so was I. Why didn't she know about financial aid and work study and all of that?

"Listen Dani, first you are drowning in your own sorrow for nothing. There are other alternatives for paying to go to school. If that's the least of your problems, I can really help you out." She looked excited as I talked. I leaned in toward her and asked if she liked the clothes I had on. She nodded enthusiastically. I told her she could work for me and buy anything she wanted. She would also be able to put herself through school with very little difficulty. As soon as I said that, Dani sat up straight and pushed back further in her chair.

"Don't say nothing else. Damn, I thought only niggas was pimps. Bitch, is you offering to pimp me?" I laughed out loud as she got ghetto real quick. She looked hurt that I laughed which made me laugh again "Damn, baby girl, I thought you were Miss. Innocent! Of course I'm talking about pimping, but not in the way you think." She crossed her arms across her chest and sucked in her teeth.

"Listen, I'm running a brothel, only high class and powerful clients. I know they would want to get with you. Expensive dinners, limo rides, high class parties and your education paid for. What's to frown at?" I asked, questioning her resistance to my proposition.

Like all of us, we give ass away for less than what it'd worth on a daily basis... so why not get rich off it?

"Listen, you obviously have some shit to work through. My offer still stands. Take this card and call me if you change your mind." I handed her the card. "Do you need to be anywhere? Need a ride or something?" I asked her hastily.

“Nah, I’m good. Thanks for the ear,” she said snidely as she stood up from the table.

She gave me one final snort and glare as she left the store. I laughed again. Something deep inside me knew that she would call and I was not a bit surprised when she did. Hook, line, and sinker. I now had all the hot, classy, sexy ladies I needed.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Having finally gotten all of my girls together, I had to put the rest of my plan into action so that I would gain their loyalty. I couldn't very well guarantee absolute privacy and solvency without getting them to do something drastic that would forever tie them to me or risk their freedom. I invited Trey over, telling him I had a special surprise for him. I then told the girls that I wanted them all to join us for dinner and some sexual fun for dessert. All of the girls were down, although you could tell they were already feeling the need to compete with each other for my favor. I wasn't impressed, and having placed my nerves on chill by masturbating earlier, I was able to stay focused and concentrate on what mattered.

Dinner was to start at 6 and we were all being extremely polite to Trey. Each of the girls took turns complimenting him and taking care of his every need. He sat beaming from ear to ear as each of the sexy women was just as hot as the other, and he had never had more than two women in his lifetime and could not imagine what one would do with so many women at one time.

The frown that crossed his face was faint and passed quickly. I smiled because I knew it had to be from the fear of having to sexually please us all. I asked each girl to perform a portion of the murder and they didn't even know it until his body slumped forward out of the chair in my dining room and flopped heavily to the floor. Netta had been standing over him with her breasts wrapped around his face. She felt the change in his body and stepped back to look at him better when he started to tilt over. I waited as their screams and gasp subsided before snapping. "Shut the fuck up. Get

your shit together, bitches.” They looked at me shocked, still oblivious to what was going on. “Now listen to me. We are all in this together.” I started and was interrupted by Dani.

“What the fuck are you talking about? Call 911 and get this dude some help!” Dani shouted. I turned on my heels and faced her.

“I said shut the fuck up! Help is not what he needs. He’s dead.” I said sternly.

I looked at each and every one of them slowly. “He is dead and you all had a part in killing him. Now help me dispose of him.” They all started chattering and crying at once.

“Are you done?” I asked each of them. “You Dani, you were the one who put the poison on his steak when you handed him the salt shaker. Jenni, you added more when you served him dessert. Kendra, you sped up the process by giving him that second glass of wine and coaxed him to finish, remember? And Joyce and Marlene, you both had no problems having him lick what you thought was coke from your nipples while I got the dessert now did you?” I ignored their gasps and cries as I turned finally to Anita. “And you, Ms. Netta, you put the icing on the cake just now when you blocked his last breath with your breasts didn’t you?” I looked at each of them and waited.

“Listen stupid bitch...” Joyce started toward me and I threw my hands up to stop her in her tracks. “I had nothing to do with this and I want no part of this shit.” She turned for the door and some of the others tried to follow her.

“Really? Because one call to the police and we all go down, now don’t we? It’s a risk I was willing to take, but I need you ladies to understand the commitment you accepted. My clients will come because they know that *no one* will find out about their indiscretions, their



fetishes or the activities that will take place within the walls of this building. I have put my entire life into this company! I must be assured that you will not fall in love with them that you won't blackmail them or-me for that matter-, and that you won't be reaching out to their families and, thus, tearing down all that I have built." I was removing his jewelry and wallet and placing them in a bag. "This is what will tie us all together forever. Forever," I repeated as I glared at them, holding the bag of his possessions up.

They stood, some whimpering, some with their eyes closed, all obviously distraught. "I will keep this in my safe, never removing it and we will never mention it. EVER. You will help me get him into Joyce's car. There is a hollow tree in the park out near Roswell. We will stuff his body there. By the time they find it, he won't be recognizable and these," I shook the bag.

"This will be all that could tie us to him." I stood staring at them. "Each of you, repeat after me...."

They each looked at me. "I am forever employed by Say You Swear Enterprise. I am sworn to secrecy as to my acts under this company and I will not establish any relationships with any client or their family members." Reluctantly, each girl repeated after me.

"Now, I know this is a lot to deal with. My involvement will be to bag him. Please go get changed into something more suitable for the task at hand and we will take him out of here." I stated matter-of-factly.

I chose to ignore the mumbling that slowly rose among them. I knew this was tough for them. I wasn't that cold hearted, but it had to be done. I looked at Trey who was turning grey and felt a little sorry for him. I then proceeded to wrap him in my three-thousand-dollar floor covering and taped it shut. Each girl returned, swollen eyed and sad, but they assisted me in

getting him in the elevator and then into the trunk of the car. Marlene drove and we carried him effortlessly to the tree I had found earlier and stuffed him in.

When we return to my building, each girl stood in the foyer as if they were unsure of what to do. I could see fear in some of their eyes, hatred in others. I took the time to walk up to each one and kissed them on their lips, (even Jenni who claimed she would never get down with a woman).

"Listen, loves: I know you are feeling all kinds of crazy at the moment. But please know that I have all of our best interests at heart. As of right now, this is behind us." I then walked past them and took the elevator up to my room.

I never wanted to hear of this again and put the bag in my safe, recognizing it as a symbol of their freedom. In exchange, they were required to guarantee my clients' confidentiality. I had gained their total commitment and silence and was now ready to make us all richer than even I had imagined.

"Hi Dee, my name is John Greenheart and I am the personal assistant to Ernie Pine – the Sugar Bowl MVP of the Pittsburgh Panthers." The voice on the other end of the line was pleasant, but unexpected.

"Hello," I answered, listening as my very first client negotiation was about to take place.

"Yes, I am calling on behalf of Mr. Pine because of the ad we found in the local paper here. We are only in town for a few days and would like to set up a meeting with one of your employees." I knew that this meant putting my system to the test. Two of the six girls, Jenni and Dani, still seemed a little shaky after our little recent commitment ceremony. I would try those out first if that was what Mr. Pine was interested in.

"I am pleased to hear it, Mr. Greenheart. I am the owner and would love to assist you in getting Mr.



Pine exactly what he needs. Is this something you wish to set up now or would you like to have a face-to-face?" I asked.

"Mr. Pine and I both agree that face-to-face is not necessary. If you could send an employee who is African American, well proportioned and able to hold a strong conversation in a social setting to the Hilton penthouse, room 1217 around 10p.m., he would be satisfied." I felt butterflies as I allowed the rush of adrenaline to flow through me at the prospect of performing my first duties as a madam.

"We offer the finest experience and, of course, discretion is crucial. I am glad you choose us to service your client. We are a different type of service. My girls are thoroughly screened and are hired based solely on their style, grace and their ability to provide the best sexual experience, delivery of fetishes, and anything else you can imagine while remaining totally discreet. I personally guarantee you that this relationship will never be discovered. I hope that allows you to return to use my services time and time again. Having said that, is there an alias Mr. Pine would like to use?"

"No, that won't be necessary. I trust that discretion means just that, so I see no need," answered Mr. Price.

"Ok, great. My employee Dime comes at a nightly rate of two thousand dollars. What method of payment will you be using?" Mr. Price provided all of the information that I asked for and expressed his satisfaction before hanging up.

I was so excited about closing that deal and knowing it was the start to much success that I knew I needed to get out and burn some energy. I called over my hairdresser, whom I had bedded before, and asked if she wanted to bring me some company. She knew

exactly what I meant and brought a bottle of wine with her as she swished her sexy hips through my doorway. After very little small talk, I began to touch her legs and thighs as we reclined on the sofa. "You are dressed mighty comfortable," she commented as she took in my casual gear.

"I had some errands to run and wanted to be comfortable. Come on, let me taste you." I grinned as I stood up and pulled her with me, escorting her to my bedroom.

I decided I was going to leave my sneakers on and run up in her pussy like there was no tomorrow. I was stressed from dealing with the clients all day. Guaranteeing secrecy was only a small part of giving the trust and loyalty of these famous and married individuals; keeping their stories straight was more work than I had imagined but business was good and I really couldn't complain. I just needed to work this stress out. I looked over at Anne and winked. Laughing internally as I walked toward her. The poor thing had no idea what she was in store for.

"Are you going to take your shoes off?" She questioned as I reached for her. "Nah, I'm gonna need the traction." I smiled devilishly at her puzzled look and placed my mouth on hers, kissing passionately.

It took me no time to have her wet and naked. I dragged her to the edge of the bed with my hands on her thighs and knelt between her legs licking her wetness and listening to her moans. When my knees began to ache, I slid up her body caressing her belly and pulling her to a sitting position. I slowly lifted her to her feet, holding her sex gaze and sat where she was just sitting with the strap fully extended and beckoning to her. I motioned for her to climb atop of me and helped position her legs on each side of me as she slowly sank down on the tip of thick black strap-on. She



gasped from the pleasure; I moaned from the knowledge of knowing I was giving her that pleasure. Slowly I began to rock my hips as she bounced up and down; her wetness was all that was needed to ease the friction. She was riding me like a pro and I enjoyed every moment of it. The need to hit her G-spot filled me hard and I began to push her to fall back while still in her.

“Put your hands on the floor.” I whispered and watched as she pulled them up over her head and down to the floor. Briefly the memory of walking across the gym floor in the eighth grade flew before my eyes, but the strap friction against my clit brought me back to present day quickly.

I grunted as I positioned us better, so as not to hurt her, or fall over, using the traction of the sneaks against my carpet to firmly plant us. I didn't loosen my hold as I gyrated my hips into her and the Cyberskin cock was full length in her, I knew I had her spot because she began to moan louder and louder with each push. Her legs were trembling and her breasts were bouncing up and down. She and I were in complete ecstasy lost in the pleasure we were given each other. Her moans became screams and her orgasm was so forceful it pushed the dildo out and her body came up and I barely caught her in my embrace breathing as hard as she was.

“Nice!” I said in her ear as I caressed her hair away from her face and continued to hold her through her climax. “Indeed.” She answered between heavy breaths. I kept her in my lap as I slid further back on the bed and got comfortable. I needed a nap.

CHAPTER TWELVE

I had it all planned out in my head. I needed to be sure that each girl was ready to be pushed to whatever limit they were going to be asked to go to. Not everyone can give their body as freely as I do. Tonight was Kendra's turn to pass my test. I had arranged for a john and he and I were going to work her over. I didn't want to take any chances when I put her out there on her own. The evening was set to start around eight, so I had better hurry as it was near 6:30 and I was still in Buckhead.

After going out and grabbing some things for some of the other rooms in the building, I changed into a long, sexy teal-colored dress with a slit up the right side. I slipped on my heels and make up and made my way to Kendra's room. I knocked once and turned the knob. Kendra nodded and smiled at me as I walked in. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, topless and applying lotion to her legs. "Need some help?" I asked with a wink as I followed her fingers with my eyes. I shouldn't lust after my employees, I know, but she was hot and I was horny. The anticipation of the evening already had my pussy throbbing.

Giggling she answered, "No, I got it." I watched as she nervously slipped on a halter top that matched the short skirt she was wearing.

"Didn't I tell you to go shopping? You were supposed to buy things that made you look elegant, not hooker-ish." She looked a little hurt that I would disrespect her style, but she looked cheap. "I'll take you myself tomorrow. Let's just get through this," I said. I know my voice sounded disappointed but I needed my clients to know that they were getting what they paid for and that was high-priced, high-class pussy. "We



don't need our friend leaving you at the door. He wants class, not just ass. They know what you got so you don't need to advertise, you just need to accessorize." I whispered in her ear as I helped her with her necklace. She gasped as my touch was unexpected.

Still looking slightly offended, Kendra stood and walked to her closet where she pulled out a long black and pink tinged dress. It came to her mid-thigh and accented her ass. "Much better, did you really need me to tell you that?" I asked as she modeled it for me.

"You are not in the club any more, Dorothy," I said. "These men want class, sophistication and pussy," I said allowing my breath to graze her ear.

I heard the doorbell just as I was reaching around her waist to turn her into my embrace. "And so we shall begin the fun," I smiled. She looked nervous. I noted the expression and went to let our guest in. "Be right back." I passed two of my other girls who were sitting in their rooms. I closed their doors as I walked by. He called me from a restricted number. I knew that he was a senator, married of course, and local. It was my job to know and be sure that nothing came of it.

"Greetings, sir!" I said huskily, as I let the senator in. I kissed each of his cheeks and took his jacket.

"Dee, I hear that I am in for the time of my life." I smiled at him as I wrapped my arm in his so that I could lead him to Kendra's room.

"I don't know where you might have heard that, but it is true. Say You Swear Enterprise is here to please." I squeezed his arm. "What can I get you to drink, sweetie?" I asked him as I knocked on and opened Kendra's door.

"A Scotch if you have it."



"Of course, sir," I put on my most hospitable air as I walked to the bar in Kendra's room.

"Please call me Dre," he said as he looked Kendra over. "Ms. P, how are you?"

"Fine, sweetness," she answered seductively. I placed the whiskey bottle down on the bar and turned to him. I chuckled as I noticed his reaction to the bottle from which I had poured. I had pulled out all the stops to put my best foot forward and had purchased the top of the line of all liquor. This bottle was a fifty-year-old bottle of Chivas Regal Royal Salute. It cost a stinging ten Gs, but I would make that back in a night, if all the girls had a date. I winked at him as I passed him his glass and reached for Kendra.

"Darling, I was hoping you would let me join you folks this evening. At a little extra cost, of course." I had my own agenda, but I wasn't going to give my shit away either. I needed to have a few powerful people in my pocket. If I laid the ass on him tight enough, he would do just fine.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Business had started to flourish. Clients came one after another and the girls did what they did best to make us money. I was not as surprised, as I was pleased to see that my idea was now a reality and that this would be my life for some time now. I thought about calling back to Columbus and quitting my job. It had been so long, I couldn't imagine them thinking I would actually be coming back, but I knew I had to make it official.

I was stretching in my bed as I woke when I bumped against cold flesh. I turned my head to see a beautiful young man beside me. I loved the feel of cold flesh. How the chill gave me goosebumps. I had almost forgotten about my conquest last night. I had gone out to a client's party in hopes of acquiring new business and ended up bringing his son home with me. The boy couldn't have been any older than 24. I placed my hands on his cold back and caressed his skin, letting my hand drift down and around to his cock. He stirred a little, stretching in his sleep, his hard-on causing the sheet to tent. He slowly opened his eyes to my strokes and looked up at me. I looked at him and the look on his face reflected the pleasure he was feeling. "Morning," he said to me sheepishly.

"Morning," I said. I stopped stroking him for a moment and got out of bed. "Be right back," I told him as I went into the bathroom. Then I put on a strap with a short and skinny dildo. Learning from last night, I knew my young friend enjoyed having his ass played with, so I was going to take him all the way. I came out of the bathroom in my robe and walked over to the side of the bed where he had sat up, his dick still tenting the sheet.



He smiled at me as I opened my robe and his smile disappeared. As he began to stammer something, I interrupted. "Oh no, darling, I'm going to take good care of you," I said seductively as I resumed stroking his cold skin and reached under the covers for his dick. I allowed the strap to graze his skin in order to prepare him to let me have my way with him.

I was so very horny and wanted to release the pressure that was building behind the base of the dildo. I was rubbing my body against his and listening to his breathing increase as I played with his nipples and moved for his dick again. I grasped it and started to pump up and down with enough pressure to cause him to moan out loud.

I then climbed on him on all fours facing his feet and placed my pussy on his lips. He licked and sucked me as the dildo laid against his chest between us. I placed his hardened dick in my mouth and sucked him, teasing and tasting to increase his sexual desire. I wanted him to be hot and heavy so that when I entered him, it would be just as enjoyable for him. I was a pro at sucking, but almost gagged at one point as he pushed me forward by my ass to get a better aim at my pussy. I sat up on my elbows and then up straight, lowering my pussy from his mouth and over his dick where it sank deeply into my wetness.

The strap-on flapped up and down against me as I rode him until I came hard on his lap. I didn't want him to cum yet. I wanted him to save it until I rode his ass. I climbed off of him. "Get on your knees," I ordered and smiled as he did so with no hesitation.

"I haven't done this often, so please be careful," he said as he leaned on his elbows.

"I got you," I whispered to him as I climbed behind him. I placed my wet finger against his asshole and circled it. He groaned deeply. I reached into the



night stand and got some KY Jelly that I put liberally on his ass and on the dildo. I used my finger to rub it in and pushed my finger in to lubricate his walls before entering him with the dildo. He was rocking his hips in anticipation and I was just the bitch to give him what he wanted. I felt heady from the power of topping this man, regardless of his age. I was going to get what I needed from him and right now it was more about me than about him. I placed the tip of the dick near his hole and rubbed his back from his waist to his shoulders as I aimed for his ass.

When I slid my hands back down, I pulled him back to me gently, causing me to enter him a little more each time. Within a very few strokes, I was deep into his ass and he was moving his hips in tune with my pumps and it felt great. He reached for the pillow and pushed it into his mouth, suppressing his screams. For a split second, the doc's face in her office flashed before my eyes, but I closed them tightly and gasped as I felt my climax building. I leaned over him, allowing my breasts to graze his back and reached around his hips to stroke his dick. I pumped and stroked until I felt the tightness in his dick indicating he was about to cum. I grabbed his hips on each side and pulled him back toward me, going deeper and deeper.

"Touch yourself," I told him and squirmed as he began to stroke his dick with one hand and balance himself with the other. The sensation of the pounding against my mound sent me over the edge at the same moment that he screamed out and came, spraying all over the sheet and taking us both down as he collapsed against the bed. The dildo was so short that it slipped right out of his asshole and I rolled over to my side breathing heavy and feeling satisfied.

“I like your tight ass,” I told him as I scooted out of the bed and into the bathroom. At the door I turned to him. “Please be gone by the time I come out, I have a lot to do today.” I blew him a kiss and shut the door behind me. A hot bath was calling my name.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

It was Saturday night and time for the girls to get ready for to work. I had scheduled Texas Tot and Mystery to entertain a married couple for the evening. I got a call later, changing it to just Mystery as the husband wanted to surprise his wife. It sounded more like a prize for him, having two women at his disposal, but who was I to judge? I was also disappointed in the rate adjustment that dropping Texas Tot would entail, but I didn't sweat it too much.

After delivering the message about the client's desire to role play, Mystery was dressed in a suit, tie and a six inch strap-on as she greeted the couple at her door. She didn't bother altering her voice as she kissed them both on the cheeks and ushered them into her room. She provided drinks and when handing the husband his she said, "Bet you I could fuck her if I wanted."

"That's my wife!" He replied, feigning shock.

"Tell you what," I replied. "If I can't fuck her I'll pay you \$500."

"And if you do?" He asked.

"Well I get to fuck her, don't I? And you get to watch. See that chaise right there?" She motioned toward the chaise with her hand. "You'll sit right there and watch it all go down."

"Yeah, whatever," he said. "Just be ready with the \$500."

Turning, Mystery walked over to his wife and gently placed her hands on her hips and leaned down to say something in her ear. He had no idea what she whispered to her, but he was amazed to see his wife lean back towards Mystery's breastss as her arms



snaked around her thin waist and she pushed her ass towards her crotch.

He watched as she whispered something to his wife again. She looked at her husband excitedly and turned into Mystery's arms. She began to unbutton the suit jacket, removing her clothing piece by piece. The women watched as her husband went over to the chaise and sat, prepared to keep up his part of the bargain. His wife got down on her knees in front of Mystery with her back to him and took the purple dildo into her mouth. Mystery turned and winked at her husband and heard him suck in his breath. The scene was sexy and he grew hard watching his wife's lips sliding across the toy.

"God, she's actually doing this," he said under his breath.

Mystery reached down and pulled her up by her arms, lifting her up to her feet and quickly undoing her blouse. She tore off her bra and started to massage and kiss her breasts while sliding one of her hands across and starting to pull down her G-string. The man's wife never resisted. She began to stroke the dildo as if it was a 10-inch cock all glistening with her saliva, bits of her own dribble running down her face.

Mystery went down on one knee and pulled the woman's panties off, tossing them aside. She then grabbed one of the wife's legs, hooked it over her shoulder, and wrapped her arms about her while proceeding to lift her off the ground and up into the air to eat her shaven pussy. The moaning increased as his wife rubbed her wet pussy into Mystery's face and hung on to her head with both hands. With her eyes closed and head thrown back, she came in Mystery's mouth.

Sweat was pouring off of both their bodies as the woman was lowered back to the floor and using her body weight, Mystery moved the woman back to the bed and lay her down on it. She stood poised between



her legs and started to rub the head of the dildo up and down the wife's slit. The woman's hips started to move up and down to meet it. Mystery's hips started rocking as she slowly began to work the head inside. "Go on. fuck me!" The man's wife screamed aloud. Heeding her request, Mystery plunged into her cunt and started to move her hips slowly in and out of her tightness. The sound of their thighs slapping against each other persisted through the sounds coming from our throats, as the client's wife clung to the edge of the bed to avoid being shoved across it.

Mystery suddenly withdrew from her and flipped her over, pulled her up on her hands and knees. She reached for KY and rubbed it all over the head and then she slid the slick dildo into her stretched pussy with ease, grabbing her tight ass and fucking her from behind.

"How do you like my dick?" Mystery sneered as she pounded into the soaked cunt

"I love your cock, baby," Came the reply. "I love big fat cocks!" This looked like it got to be too much for her husband as he had made his way over to the bed. She continued to fuck his wife as she winked at him. He smiled back as he shot a load that reached his wife's leg without even touching himself. She was in the throes of an orgasm and began squealing. "Ahh, yes baby!" She reached down to rub the semen into her skin. After Mystery withdrew the strap-on, they all laid down with their arms wrapped around his wife.

I gave Mystery a special look approvingly as she relayed the story to me. I was proud of her and how well she handled the situation. I know how good I was at sexing, but it sounded like Mystery could keep up with me in the bedroom. That was very good to know, but more importantly, it was a very good thing on which

to monopolize. I knew that many of my clients would want to play out a similar scene.



CHAPTER FIFTEEN

I had set Pandy up to entertain Robert Travis tonight. He was in town for a golf tournament and wanted to enjoy Hotlanta without the drama of looking for ass in a club. His staff called to make the arrangements and I knew that Pandy would be just what he was looking for. They told me he wanted a girl who liked it a little rough and one that could dish it out as well as take it. I smiled knowing exactly what he meant. When he arrived, I greeted and escorted him to her room. "Pandy, Mr. Travis is here for you," I said as I opened the door after lightly knocking on it. She sauntered over and kissed his lips on tiptoes.

"Hello," she said seductively, allowing her hands to trail off his shoulders softly. When recounting the story to me the following morning, Pandy said it was the softest touch of the night. Apparently, Mr. Travis liked it rough indeed. Not to the point of abuse, I wouldn't stand for that, but rough. He demanded her full attention to his dick and purposefully placed cum on her face and breasts as if to mark her as his. He had her suck his dick more than he fucked her with it, pushing her head in his lap and moaning loudly as she took him in her mouth, pushing her head up and down on his cock, time and time again, wanting her teeth to graze him and not allowing her to move as he ejaculated full force in her mouth. Cum was smeared on her lips and chin as he pulled her off so that he could admire the cum on her face. She could see his pleasure clearly on his face.

I got the feeling that he would call again and ask for a voyeur experience. It just seemed right up his alley as I continued to listen to her share the experience. He really had her turned on when he



proceeded to fuck her in the ass with her panties jammed in her mouth. She seemed excited about it and I was pleased that she had fulfilled his needs to so well.

As Pandy and I finished our glasses of orange juice, I told her I was proud of her and assured her that she made the right decision to join my team. I had to scoot her out of my room in order to make it to a doctor's visit I had scheduled. I had to keep the goods in good health.

Walking into the doctor's office, I smiled at the receptionist and looked around the waiting room. There were only two other patients. That, to me, was a good sign that the doctor was quick. I approached the window to sign in.

Surprisingly, my wait for a room was not long. I was asked to undress and mount the table which I did and waited for the doctor to walk in. He stepped into the office like a cool breeze, smiling as he did so. He was gorgeous, tall with wide shoulders, brown eyes, and long, sandy-colored hair that was very curly. His olive skin made me think Italian.

"Hello, I'm Dr. Gretus. I'll be doing your physical for you today." I glanced at him seductively as I took his hand.

"Lucky me," I said. Before he could ask, I laid back on the table and put my legs in the stirrups.

"Ah, Ms. Johnson, I should probably exam you from head to toe first," he said as he looked at me with lust in his eyes. I let my knees fall open as anticipation washed over me.

"I think you should start with my pussy. It jumps when you get next to it. What does that mean, Doc?" I smiled as I slid a finger down the front of my gown and between my legs. He chuckled and went to lock the door. Passing up this pussy was obviously not an option.



"It means I better have a closer look." He unzipped his pants and his dick fell free, no boxers or briefs to keep him in check.

"Umm," I groaned as I looked at it. "That is just the tool I need," I said as he stepped up between my legs, reached for my hips and slid me down the table so that entry was seamless.

He reached into a drawer under the exam table and placed an extra gown in my mouth to muffle my moans. Pumping slowly, he closed his eyes enjoying the friction as my tight pussy grasped his dick. I placed a finger in his mouth and used the saliva to rub against my clit to heighten my pleasure. Knowing our time was short, we pushed each other quickly to bust a nut. Keeping my feet in the stirrups, he rode me and I pushed back until we climaxed laughing. When he pulled out, I let my legs fall and sat up.

"Doc, I think I am all better now. I'll schedule another appointment for my exam," I said as I watched him unlock the door. I could smell sex in the air and wondered what the nurses would think when they came to prep the room for the next patient.

"Well, it was definitely a pleasure to meet you. But I agree rescheduling would be wise." He nodded at me one last time with a smile and walked out of the room. I dressed and walked out past the receptionist without even stopping to reschedule.

Frustrated, I was in my office watching the cameras absently and settled in to watch the camera that showed Dani slide her thongs off and placed them gently into Thomas's mouth. She watched as he inhaled the scent of her and knew that he could taste the juices that had been flowing from her pussy all day. I had given Dani to Thomas because I knew she could do seduction very well, and the largest part of a fetish is

the art of holding someone or something at bay until they were about to burst. This guy had a panty fetish and loved used panties. I shared this information with Dani, and she ran with it.

I watched lustfully as she smiled down at him. Dani slid her naked crotch over his legs and squeezed her thighs together. Leaning forward she placed a kiss on his forehead as she stood off of him and made her way over to the spiral laundry basket in the corner. It was full of her and some of the other girls' used panties. She scooped out a handful of various lace and cotton panties and went over to Thomas.

Tying up his hands with thongs, his ankles with cotton panties and stuffing his mouth with more lace. She then placed a pair of purple lace thongs over his erect penis and began to slide the fabric up and down giving him a hand job with the lace in between their touch. She wasn't really feeling what he was getting so excited about, but for the amount of money he paid, she would do this three to four times a week. Unable to reach for her or stop her in any way, Dani used different methods of pressure squeezing and stroking his dick until the hot cum she had worked for flew up into the air and down over his thighs. His eyes closed tightly, she watched his face relax as the sensations subsided and she began to untie his ankles. She glanced over on the stand on the clock, her next appointment was due in a little more than an hour, and she had to get ready. Untying his wrist seductively, she whispered in his ear; "See you next week." kissed his cheek and left her room for him to get dressed and out. I bet she could feel him watching her ass cheeks wiggle and it looked like she gave him an extra peek just as she shut the door behind her.

I was proud of myself for selecting the right women for the job. So far everyone was doing very well



and there was minimal drama getting them to perform and take each client given to them. I felt my wetness as I continued to look at the cameras. I had to get downstairs though, the next client was due. I stood, adjusted my clothes and left my office.

I made arrangements for Jenni to see Jamal Jackson that evening and was not surprised to see him come to pick her up on time and was dressed to impress in an Armani black suit with navy blue tie and chief sticking out of his left breast's pocket. His handsomeness struck me and I glued my eyes to his as he walked through the doorway. Leaning in for the kiss on the cheek he offered me, I allowed my breasts to rub against his arms as we stepped away from each other.

"Darling, how are you?" I spoke softly to him, placing my arm through his. I guided him through the foyer and into the waiting area. I saw him looking around at the décor in appreciation as I offered a drink.

"I'm fine, fine. Yes, I would love a drink," he answered. I walked over to the bar and poured him a Hennessy on rocks and walked seductively back towards him. I was sure that I saw him lick his lips as he eyed my cleavage. I enjoyed dressing in the finest clothes and the more revealing, the better for me. I had on a one-piece bodysuit that clung to my skin as if it was painted on. The V-cut of the neck line went down to my belly button and my breasts' mounds were as visible as the cleavage. I wore a single strand of pearls that matched my earrings and bracelet; the simplicity of my accessories was on purpose as well. Who needed bling when you were built like I was? I allowed our fingers to linger as I passed him his glass.

"Let me go get Dime. Make yourself comfortable." I winked as I turned and sashayed from the room, knowing I had his full attention. I was



ashamed he had to settle for something less than what I had to offer, but I had my own date for that evening. I pulled a slender walkie-talkie from my back pocket as I walked to the elevator and told Jenni where to find Jamal. "Be sure to treat him right, sweetness. He's worth a lot and we can count on him to return if he likes what you do," I instructed.

"Yes, I know. No worries, I got this," she answered. I could hear the smile on her face as I put the device back in my hidden side pocket. The suit was so tight I was surprised you couldn't see it, but I sure could feel it pressing into my side. However, I needed to have it on me for a little longer as one more client was due to pick up his date for evening.

Jenni entered the room to find Jamal sitting and sipping a drink. "Sorry to keep you waiting, handsome. I'm ready if you are," Jenni approached him and took the glass he handed her. "Did you want another, before we leave?" she asked as she walked towards the bar.

"No, I'm good. I made reservations so we should get going." She walked back over to him smiling sexily as she put her arm through his.

"Wonderful. Shall I ask where we are going?" He grinned down at her, admiring her frame and practically drooling.

"Of course, darling; the Jordan, they have the best steaks in the area. Have you been?" She had gone to the upscale restaurant several times, but one of the rules to the game is make every man feel like the only man.

"No, I haven't. Sounds lovely," she answered as she slithered into the car while his driver stood holding the door for them. She slid deeper into the seat to make space for him and then back toward him a little as he settled in. Sitting right beside each other at the table, they made small talk for some time before the



conversation took a turn with which Dime was more familiar. "You are very beautiful. I can't wait to see how you taste," he whispered to her. Playing her part, and looking seductively at him under hooded eyes.

"Ah, soon enough, baby. Soon enough," she answered, putting her hand over his on the table.

He took her hand and placed it under the table and onto his large, hard dick that could be felt through his jeans. It felt so big and hard and she squeezed and rubbed it the best she could without being detected. She held his gaze as she did this and watched the smile grow on his face as he enjoyed her touch. Fondling and teasing each other through dessert, the two sipped an after-dinner cognac as they waited on the check. Eventually they got up and went out to his waiting car, both anticipating the fun they were about to have.

They drove to the hotel that he had chosen. As a football player, five-star hotels were the norm and she was not surprised to see they had pulled up in front of the W. They made their way to his room and she stepped in, looking around at the lush surroundings. "This is a nice hotel, Jamal. You have great taste," she said as she slid her hands down his arm. "Shall I fix us a drink?" she asked, walking to the room's refrigerator.

"Please, a Scotch for me," he answered taking off his tie and heading toward the bed.

She brought him his drink and sat beside him, sipping from her own glass. She watched as he took a gulp and placed the glass on the night stand. He then stood up before her and removed his pants and boxers in one motion. Standing there with his huge uncut dick out, he asked her to stroke it. Reaching for it with timid hands, Jenni circled his shaft and squeezed. She moved her hands along the length and circled the head with

her thumb. He closed his eyes and stepped closer to her.

“Get on your knees,” he said softly. It wasn’t demanding or mean, just a gentle suggestion.

Jenni slid to her knees and placed her lips near the head of his dick. He placed his hands on the back of her head and pulled her mouth closer. She parted her lips and licked and sucked the length of him, paying special attention to rolling the extra skin back so that she could see the head, where she let saliva gather at the opening and sucked it off softly. She played with his balls as she sucked and licked his dick and listened to his moaning. She could feel that he was really enjoying himself and knew that she had him close to exploding.

Surprisingly, she felt him tug on her hair as if he wanted her to stand. She kissed his dick once more as she rose. She began to step away from him to undress, but he pulled her closer and kissed her. He pulled off her dress and used the size of his body to cause her to fall back on the bed and proceeded to cover her body with his.

While he kicked off his pants and shoes the rest of the way, she removed his shirt and pushed it back off of his broad shoulders. He did not look this big on the field. It was all she could do not to feel intimidated by his sheer size. She lay there, stroking his chest, back and arms as he began to suck on her nipples and caress her body softly. He then slid off of her and the bed.

“Lay there,” he said softly as he walked around the bed and stood near her head, his dick hanging over her face. She looked up at him and fixed her eyes on his dick, the opening in his dickhead like the eye of a Cyclops looking back at her. She opened her mouth slowly and dipped his dick in, initially with playfulness and then more intently. His balls lay against her forehead and slid over her closed eyes lids as he fucked



her face slowly. He was sure not to put his full weight on her face, but could barely control his excitement as he could feel the cum building at the base of his shaft and rushing toward the head of his penis.

Jenni swirled her tongue up and down the shaft and sucked at it caused her throat to relax and tighten, sure that the sensation was the same as if he was fucking her pussy and not her face. She looked up at him and watched as he looked down at her, the look on his face showing the pleasure he was receiving. She gasped as he began to increase the pumping of his dick into her mouth and he moaned louder as the orgasm grew almost too intense to bear.

“Damn girl, you sucking the shit out of this dick.” Hearing that made her suck in her cheeks, taking in more of his dick down her throat. The head now just past the tonsils and her mouth so full that grunting was all that could fit in with it. Without any warning at all, Jenni felt the full force of his load surround her tonsils and she swallowed and sucked the last of it as he leaned over her, breathing heavily, his head between her legs.

He rolled them both over so that she was on top of him and caressed her breasts as she rode his mouth like a stallion, her legs shaking from her multiple orgasms and the moans from deep within, louder than she had ever heard herself make. His increased grunting was the signal that he was about to blow again. She reached down and grasped the base of the dick to jerk and squeeze it as the cum shot up. His body went limp immediately and she collapsed on top of him. She lay there satisfied and looking forward to the shoes she would buy with her earnings.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

I awoke, slowly stretching in between the sheets the room had grown chilly. Today seemed as if it was going to be a good day. I slid from between the sheets into my waiting house slippers and robe. Tossing my fingers through my long hair and making way to the kitchen to put on coffee, I hummed to myself as I made a small breakfast of eggs and toast and prepared a pot of coffee. I sat in the kitchen watching the rain and high winds through the window as I chewed my food deliberately. I felt lazy and didn't want to do anything but I knew the company needed me in order to grow.

Sliding off the stool I walked from the window and went to see what the weather was really looking like. I turned on the TV and prepared for the shower, turning the water on full blast and sticking one-foot in. The shocking news on the television immediately caught my attention. They had found Trey's body. Someone jogging in the park noticed his hand hanging out from under the hollow tree we had stuck him in. Knowing I had been careful not to leave any forensic evidence, I shrugged.

About time, at least his family can get closure now. I mumbled as I stepped into the shower. My thoughts were saddened for a moment but I shook the sadness off. I had no time for it. I had to keep six bitches in line and keep the clients coming. My money was building and I didn't want anything standing in my way. There was no turning back at any cost.

It wouldn't be so bad to run the business if it wasn't for dealing with the bitches and their raggedy ass attitudes. The good thing about it all is that I was the top bitch and these bitches had better remember



that. I got in the shower and was just finishing dressing for the day when my phone rang.

I slammed my phone down after mumbling goodbye to the mayor. Having such clientele meant having a better attitude, but sometimes the pressure did get to me. The mayor's call actually shook me a little. He called to simply ask if I have ever lived in Ohio, specifically Columbus. I wonder if he was on to me or whether he was just checking me out, to be sure he could trust me and the girls I had been providing him. My heart raced. "No," I answered quickly. What did he know and how the hell did he find out? I had done everything in my power to erase that part of my life. As much as I missed it, I had to walk away from it all.

To date there was still no arrest or activity on the doctor's death. Still, I couldn't let my guard down. I stuck to my story with the mayor and got him off the phone quickly. I really needed to find out what he knew and how he knew it. I took a huge risk daily, and I set up all these bitches in order to protect his ass, just like all the others that come to me for services. He better not be ready to blow mine up.

I walked over to my office window and looked down on the city. I watched with disdain as the pedestrians rushed from office to office trying to look important. "Peasants," I said out loud. I had to get these girls dates for this evening and there was no time to squander. I turned from the window and went back to my desk to return calls and setup the evening.

"Hello, Say You Swear Enterprise," I spoke seductively into the phone. I straightened papers on my desk as I listened to the caller. At the first whisper, my heart dropped and my fingers froze on the edge of one of the pages.



"Hello, are you there?" The voice said, sounding slightly irritated. I should have hung up.

"I'm here, hey! How are you?" I gushed, surprised at myself for the feeling of excitement that I could not contain and knew was in my voice.

"Papi! It is you?" Char questioned excitedly. "What the hell, man! What are you doing? Where are you, did you just move?" Her questions slapped me in the face and I couldn't come up with lies fast enough. A huge part of me didn't want me to.

"Wait, slow down. Listen, I can't get into it right now. God I've missed you, sexy," I spoke into the receiver gripping it tightly. My entire body was tingling and my pussy pulsed just listening to her. I remembered our last encounter and how Char was able to make my body reach heights to which no man has ever taken me.

"I've missed you too. I just can't believe you would do me like this." She sounded so disappointed. "Where are you... in Georgia?" she asked.

I couldn't stop myself. Without hesitation I answered, "Atlanta." I know the door I was opening might lead me to jail, but I was overcome by the sensations between my legs from just hearing her voice. I wanted, needed to see her. Of course, I couldn't go back to Columbus. I had too much going on here. Without a second thought I asked, "Will you come see me?" I held my breath waiting for her to answer.

"Pick me up from the airport in a few hours." I laughed out loud and felt my pussy leaking at the same time. I had to get busy with setting the girls up so that I could spend time with Char. I needed the reaction our bodies could create.

"Of course. Can't wait." We hung up. I was so excited I could barely remember what I needed to do. Calling a few of the contacts I had made, I fished



around to see if any of the ballplayers were looking for a date that evening. I left a few messages and considered myself done until return calls were made. I walked into my bedroom to prepare for what I hoped was the hottest sex of my life before I picked up Char. I knew it would take no time for me to be oozing all over again when I got near her, smelled her, held her.

Caressing my breasts, abs and thighs as I sat on the edge of my bed, I imagined her hands were all over me, her lips were grazing my skin, her tongue tracing my curves, the vividness of my imagination and my need for her buckled my knees as I came and collapsed against the bed. Feeling limp and energized at the same time, I adjusted my clothes with care and headed out the door to pick up the best sex partner I have ever had.

It was all I could do not to fall to my knees and wrap my mouth around Char right there in the airport. She was the sexiest sight I had seen and instantly memories of our time together flashed before me and I came on the spot causing me to hug her tighter than I meant to, but needing to hold on to her to stay on my feet.

"Sexy, you're a beautiful site to see!" I gasped in her ear. "Don't let go of me just yet" I said as we hugged.

"I can smell your wetness, Papi. I missed you too," she whispered as we hugged

The feeling of being in her arms was great and I realized that I did miss her. I had to check myself. I couldn't afford to allow myself to be connected to her in such a way. I let go and took her hand and led her to the baggage claim area. We had one of the skycaps get her bag and load it into my car as we climbed in and kissed intently.



The skycap was rapping on the window with his knuckles for a few seconds before we realized he was there. I let the window down and tipped him a ten spot as he smiled at us. "You ladies enjoy each other... I mean the day," he stammered. I know he wished he was with us. I waved at him as I drove off. I contemplated a hotel, but I decided against that. I felt I trusted her enough to let her know where I was and if I needed to, I would tell her what I was doing.

But first, first I needed what I knew only she could give me. Holding hands, the entire ride from the airport, we occasionally caught each other looking and would smile and look away. "I'm so wet right now, sexy. I know I'm asking a lot, because you got questions, but can you please, please, please, fuck me first?" I asked, hearing the desperation in my voice myself. I didn't even care. I felt so vulnerable at that moment and that feeling that comes over me was pulling at my skin and making the vulnerability seem acceptable. It left me wanting her and only her, but I knew that could never be. I couldn't believe I was even thinking it.

Char leaned toward me from her seat and took my hand to her lips. She placed my fingers one by one into her hot mouth and sucked each of them. The sensation sent me into overdrive. I closed my eyes and tried to remember that I was driving. She kissed her way up my wrist to the crook of my arm and up to my shoulder and then my neck and rested her head on my shoulder softly. I was in heaven and wanted to feel her lips all over me, but we both knew I had to concentrate on driving and what she was doing was too distracting.

When I pulled into the carport to the side of the building she sat up. "Is this where you live? I didn't take you for an apartment dweller," she said as she got out. I allowed her to grab her own bag as she was the muscle, not me. I took her hand and slid my key card



into the outer door and walked to the elevator. "Nice. At least that is a little security, and you're right downtown? That must be convenient for work, right?" She questioned as we stepped into the elevator. I cleared my throat.

"My commute is excellent actually," I stated flatly. I couldn't concentrate on how much to share with her, the pleasure between my legs so intense that the fabric from my thongs lost the battle to control my wetness and it seeped down my thighs. As we walked down the hallway to the double doors that led to my bed, my wetness ran uncontrollably. I was actually pleased because I knew that meant I would be able to handle more of her when we were together and I would be able to enjoy her more.

"Welcome to my humble abode," I said as I swung the doors open and exposed the luxury that lay within. I went into my kitchen and watched her stand in the middle of my living room and circle around taking in the decorations.

"Wow! This is gorgeous, Papi. This is you. I mean, it's huge." She went from room to room opening doors and looking in, checking out the huge walk-in closet that should have been a bedroom, the huge bathroom and finally the bedroom, that was my pride and joy.

She took in a deep breath and turned back to me as I had started following her from room to room. I walked up to her and encircled her in my arms and kissed her deeply. She hugged me back. "What you doing here, Papi? This does not look temporary." She frowned as she pulled her lips from mine.

"Shh, I know. I know. I promise to fill you in, but please let me taste you, sexy. Let me feel you." I began to lift her shirt over her head and pull her pants down

over her hips. Her body was just as fit and sexy as I remembered. The muscles rippled under her skin as she reached for me again.

"Come on." I followed her fully into my bedroom, watching her ass cheeks move up and down as she walked towards the bed and sat on the edge. She bent to take off her heels.

"Damn," I said as I dropped to the floor in front of her. I slid my hand down her calf from the knee and removed her shoes one at a time. I kissed the bottom of her feet and slid my tongue across it to her toes that I took in my mouth and sucked one at a time as she had done to my fingers earlier. I then slid my tongue up her legs and to her knees. I opened my mouth and allowed my wet tongue to circle her knee and suck softly and continued up her thighs. She was running her fingers through my hair and enjoyed the butterfly feeling in my stomach as her legs fell open and she leaned back on her elbows. I whimpered as I continued my tongue walk up her thigh and to the triangle which held a musk with which I was ever so familiar.

"Sexy, you came without me," I whispered. Smiling down at me, she continued to play in my hair.

"Nah, babe, you were definitely with me," she answered. I liked that she knew me so well and I felt a warning bell go off. I know that I shouldn't let myself get this relaxed with her but she knew me so well. I placed my face over her crotch through her thongs and I sucked her moisture thorough the fabric.

"Ummmm, sweetness," I began as I removed her thong so that I could fully feel her. I separated her pussy with my fingers and without any further hesitation I began to eat her pussy, enjoying the sweetness and the thickness of the cum that poured into my mouth in no time. I licked and sucked her until my jaws hurt. I spread her legs and lips and used my



tongue to reach as far into her cunt as my length would allow. I did this for what I knew was more than an hour. In a room full of dildos, gels, plugs, cuffs, feathers, swings, latex and cuffs, I sexed her with my tongue and it was the only thing that we needed.

She came so many times that, after a while, I could barely hear her whimper. She was so weak that I had to lift her to the middle of the bed and then I climbed in with her. I lay over her, using my breasts to caress her softly with my nipples and my mounds. I slid down her body and I placed one between her legs and I rocked as she slid her hands over my back and down my sides. She ran her fingers through my hair and massaged my scalp as my breasts became covered in her wetness.

"I can't believe I still have more to give," she said softly as I slid back up toward her lips, taking them in mine and nibbling on her bottom lip.

"I can get more, babe. I can give more. You're so sexy that I really could lose myself in you." I was shocked at my own honesty. I needed to have my own release soon. My pussy has been leaking for so long that the sheets were wet.

"I know you could." She said as she pushed me off and got on top of me. She slid off my thong and placed it in my mouth.

"Ummmm." was the only sound I could make. The taste of my cum was intense and I felt her go down between my legs. I gladly allowed her access. It was my turn to enjoy the feel of her hair between my fingers and between my thighs as she licked me, cleaning up as much of my wetness as she could. I squirmed as she sucked my thighs and as she spent minutes on my clit which was already so hard it almost hurt. But Lord knows I love a hurt like this.

Her hands were all over me, on my sides, my arms, and my breasts, pinching my nipples, pulling at them and reaching further to grasp my throat and squeezed over and over again. My senses where out of control and as she pulled the thongs from my mouth my scream of pleasure scared even me. "Fuucckkk yeeaaaah," I shouted and looked down in time to see the flood of liquid splash against her face and run down her chin.

The thick clear liquid was more than she could handle and she allowed it to run and drip where it landed. She had never given me a waterfall before, and definitely not without fisting or fucking me with something. I was weak and allowed my arms to fall to my side on the bed as she climbed up beside me.

"Damn, Papi! I know we are good together, but I had no idea I could get that out of you." She seemed so pleased with herself.

"Sexy, that was awesome," I answered her as I allowed her to snuggle up under me and began to slowly whisper to her my story and what brought me here.

I, of course, left out the murder. I told her about my parents' deaths and that I just couldn't stay in Columbus where so much pain existed for me, and where forever the reason for my pain was buried six feet deep in a graveyard on Woodlawn Road in Columbus, Ohio. I know I still wasn't being totally honest with her, but it was good enough for her to understand that I was going to be living in Atlanta and it would be home to me.

"Papi, why didn't you tell me when the accident happened? You should not have even identified their bodies by yourself. Why don't you understand that I am here for you? I love you." My body tensed as the words she said fell on my ears.



I can't afford for her to love me. I can't allow her to love me. Look at my life, my sex addiction, and all the pain it causes. I can't afford to hurt her. No matter what feelings I had deep down, I had to keep them buried and I had to make sure she knew we could never be more than this to each other.

"Sexy, don't say that. Don't say it. I can't allow you to feel that way. You love what I do to your body, but you don't love me. You hardly know me," I said as I began to pull away as if I was going to leave the bed.

"I know you love me. I know you can't commit to me either. I just had to say it." She pulled me back into her embrace. "Stop, don't go. I just had to say it. I know we can't be." The sadness in her voice tugged at me, but it had to be. Saying goodbye to her after a weekend of eating out and in was hard, but it felt great that she knew where I was and I trusted that she believed my reasoning. "I'll come back and see you soon, Papi," she whispered in my ear at the airport gate. I squeezed her ass and kissed her deeply, damning everyone who watched us. "Take care of yourself, sexy. I'll be right here," I answered and watched her walk away.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

"I see how you look at me. I know I mean nothing to you, but if you don't let me go, I swear, I'll fuck your whole show up when the media comes to see my body at the doorsteps of a brothel!" Kendra shouted from the edge of the roof as I began to take a step toward her. I really did not give a fuck about this bitch and when I got her off that fucking ledge, I planned to kill her anyway. I stood there breathing heavily and plotting how to do it and where to put the body. This would be the third.

Should I be concerned with having more than one addiction? I questioned myself as I stopped, mid-stride toward Kendra. Smiling seductively, I reached out my hand toward her as I got more stable footing.

"Come down," I beckoned her with my fingers. "Let's not be hasty. Let's go inside and finish talking." I stood there with my hand outstretched.

"Fuck you, I want out. I can't do this anymore. I love him and if you don't let me go with him, then I'd rather be dead." She looked so pitiful. Having had me chase her up the steps and out the roof door from the first floor, we were both breathing heavily. My breathing was calming down as I stood there shaking my head no.

"It won't be like that, but I can't just let you go. Let's see what type of agreement we can agree upon... Come on, baby. Don't do this – let's talk about it." I turned toward the door, still reaching back for her. I didn't want to beg or show her any part of the fear and excitement that was creeping into my face. Fear of if she really jumped and what the media presence would do to my business and excitement from the thought of her just slipping backward right now and falling uncontrollably to the bottom. The thought made my clit



grow. I turned back to her when I realized she wasn't moving.

"Really, babe, this won't solve anything. I'm saying I'll let you go, but we have to put some restrictions on it. I have to protect the rest of us. Come on, girl."

I turned fully facing her, walking toward her with my arms outstretched and smiling seductively at her. My clit was throbbing as I could see over her shoulder down onto the street below. I smiled at the thought of the reaction from the folks down below who had no idea what this bitch was doing up here. She looked at me pathetically as if she wanted nothing more than to step into my arms.

The struggle was evident on her face as she twisted toward me, unable to stop herself from holding my gaze. I used the power of my looks, sending her daggers dripped in sex from my eyes. I saw her breathing increase as I looked on. I knew I was close to getting her back into the building. I kept walking toward her and circled her waist when I got near enough. The weight of her fell into my arms.

I began to caress her slowly, rubbing her back slowly with enough pressure to send her the message that I cared. I turned her from the edge. Taking a few steps inward toward the door, I caressed her more slowly and slid my hands around to the front of her waist and back down her backside, cupping her ass cheeks and squeezing lightly.

I leaned in to kiss her lightly and then roughly as the excitement that had harden my clit took over my body and out spilled the familiar sensation of excitement and intoxication. I saw the police officer open the door and take a step toward us as I opened my eyes from our kiss.

One of the other girls must have called him. I thought. He stopped in his tracks as he saw us and what we were doing. I deepened the kiss and pressed my body against her, excited now that the cop was there watching. I don't know which of the girls called them, but I knew my freakiness was taking over me and I decided to have some fun with her before I followed through with my plan. The bitch still had to go.

I cupped her breasts as I squeezed them through her blouse and closed my eyes as she moaned. I know that she was turned on despite her anger; she was still pissed about our conversation earlier. I kissed her along her neck, massage her breasts and grinding into her and I shifted my eyes toward the cop, catching his eyes as I seduced him while he watched us.

Oblivious to what may have been happening around us, I allowed the cop to embrace us and I continued to caress and kiss Kendra, sliding my hands down her thighs and between her legs. I cupped her pussy with my hands, applying pressure and pushing my palms into her. I massaged her mound and rubbed her until the familiar sounds I loved to hear hit my ears. I moved my lips from Kendra's to the cops and kissed him passionately as he embraced us both.

I kissed each of them equally until I felt her knees weaken and allowed my body to bend with theirs as well. We all lay on the rooftop caressing each other. I undid the officer's shirt buttons as she massaged my breasts and kissed him passionately with her tongue.

I need this, I thought as the reality of what was happening took over me and I lowered my head along Kendra's breasts and stomach, down to her hips and the triangle between her legs. I removed her pants and panties and placed them under her so that her flesh was not directly on the roof. The cop removed his shirt and laid it under the top of her and we both began to suck

and nipple on her as we rubbed each other's back. It was heady to smell Kendra as she got wetter and wetter.

I knew I had to taste her as I slid a finger in her hot box and carried it to the officer's lips and heard them both moan in ecstasy. I could hear the cop removing his vest and armor. I was tempted to watch where he laid it all, but I was not that lost into the taste of her that I forgot about my freedom and how much she was not worth mine.

I began to slowly slide my finger in and out of her pussy as the cop began to remove the rest of his clothing. Still oblivious as to who or what waited on the other side of that rooftop door, we began to have our way with Kendra. I totally forgot about the reason why we were up on the roof in the first place.

The smell of her pussy and the feel of the flesh surrounding me took over every other sense in my body as I reached out and placed my pussy-juice soaked fingers into the mouth of the cop who was leaning toward me for a kiss. I moved my lips closer to his and accepted his tongue gladly.

I could feel Kendra caressing every inch of me that she could reach. I was in heaven as I enjoyed her caress and moved my body along hers as the cop pulled a condom from who knows where. As he put it on and rolled it over his dick I moved behind her and took her ankles in my hand. Sliding my hands down her calves and over the back of her knees and thighs, I spread her pussy lips as he prepared to enter her.

I smiled as a flash of our conversation came to mind. There was no way I would let this bitch walk away from what I have built. I held her pussy lips open wide as the cop entered her slow and deep. She tilted her hips to meet his thrust and I leaned forward enough

between her legs to place a nipple in her mouth and we both moaned from the pleasure we were receiving. I held her legs up and opened as he pounded into her and kissed me between her ankles.

It did not take him long to cum and Kendra was whining like a banshee so I knew she had climaxed as well. Letting her legs fall to each side and pushing the cop back so that I was leaning over Kendra, I began to eat her soaked pussy, tasting both of their cream as I licked and sucked her while she returned the favor to my pussy. The cop sat watching us as he zipped up his pants and reached for the rest of his uniform.

"Ya'll bitches is crazy," he mumbled as got up dragging his shirt with him. The sound of his voice brought me out of my trance and back into reality. He was quickly getting into his vest and checking that his gun was still attached.

"Shit," I mumbled as I got up from Kendra, wiping off my lips and shifting my clothes around. I looked down at her and extended my hand to help her up. She smiled at me seductively.

"I did not see this ending this way," she said as she stepped once again into my embrace.

"Thanks, Officer, but I think we are fine here. Nothing to report here, right?" I questioned as we headed down the steps into the building.

"I was never here, lady. Never here." He slipped his card to me as I saw him out of the front door.

"That was crazy!" I shouted excitedly as I closed the door and looked at Kendra who was sitting at the foot of the steps.

"Come on," I said as I took her hand up the stairs and into my private quarters. Each of the ladies has been in here before on several occasions and each of them has had a taste of me; however, this would be Kendra's last time. I had to be sure that nothing like



tonight happened again and I had to be sure the other girls knew they couldn't get away with doing anything like this.

I prepared a drink for us both, adding enough rat poison to Kendra's to put a horse down. I took the drinks over to my bed and had her join me there. She undressed and crawled in. "Listen Dee, I really want to leave. I love Paul and I seriously need you to understand that." I caressed her legs, sliding my hands up her thighs and squeezing.

"You got it, girl. I told you I just need to do what's best for everyone. I'll have my attorney draw up a gag order and non-compete and you can walk." I had lied through my teeth. I handed her a glass.

"Chill. Drink. We'll rest and deal with the details tomorrow."

I got in bed with Kendra and sipped my drink while she sipped from her glass. I watched her occasionally out of the corner of my eye. As soon as I saw the beginnings of white foam at her lips, I pushed her on the floor. I did not need this bitch convulsing on my expensive ass sheets and comforter.

"Ow Oww Owww," she began to whine and squirm as the poison was obviously seeping through her veins and wreaking havoc.

"Lord, please make this quick," I stated as I watched her shake. I went over and locked my bedroom door, turning to her just as she reached out for me.

"Not today, girly. You fucked up by trying to fuck me. You should know by now- if it fucks me then it will definitely be fuck you." I stated through gritted teeth. "I've come too far, overcome too much, and I can't let you take that away from me. Goodbye," I said as I pushed her hair from her face and watched her take her last breath.



I went to my closet and pulled out some sheets and a blanket. I painstakingly wrapped her into the sheet and then another and then the blanket. I took tape and wrapped it around her as well, making sure she was sealed in. Thankfully, she was not too heavy to move around. Although I could feel her getting coldness through the sheets and I knew time was short for me to move her by myself. I went out into the hallway and could not hear a sound.

The other girls must be scared shitless and hiding in their rooms. I knew two of them had to be upstairs and one of them had called the cops. I was hoping when they heard me escort him out that they thought everything was fine and there was no need for them to get involved. They probably assumed I had Kendra with her tongue in my pussy.

I grinned as I got Kendra into my desk chair and rolled her ass to the elevator. I took her to the garage and with only a little trouble, got her into my trunk. I planned to leave her there until the next night when I could take her out and drop her ass like a hot potato.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

