


# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES

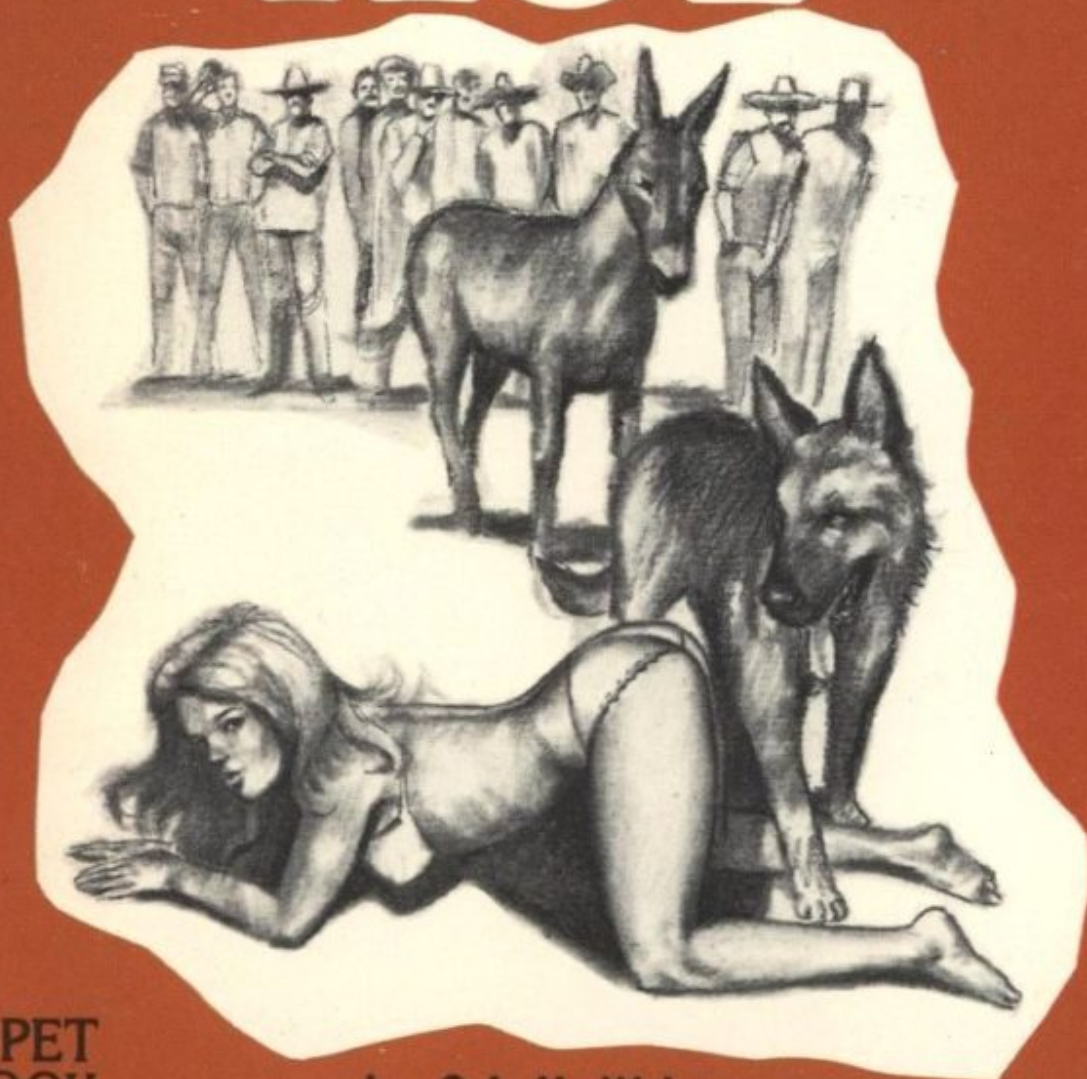




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# HER ANIMAL ACT



A PET  
BOOK

by C.J. Holliday

## CHAPTER ONE

Right at my pussy, Paula thought, squirming uneasily. He's staring right at my pussy!

The shabby Mexican boy was about Paula's age, fourteen, kneeling at her feet, holding and applying polish to her loafer with little slaps and rubs, the Juarez sun beating down very hot on them that summer afternoon.

Paula regretted having stepped outside the leather-goods shop in which her parents were still browsing. She also regretted having worn her new short skirt. With her leg hiked up and the boy kneeling before her, she realized he could see everything! Of course she had panties on, and he couldn't actually see her blonde mound, but his hot gaze and amused grin unnerved her just the same. The dirty boy was seeing more of her than she'd ever shown her boy friend back home!

"Watch it!" she snapped. "You're getting polish on my ankle!"

He said he was sorry, but Paula doubted it from the way he chuckled. She wished she hadn't let him talk her into a shine, even though she did need one badly. What I don't need, she thought, is his big, brown eyes eating me up like they're doing! For a second she allowed herself the knowledge that the Mexican boy was darkly handsome, and during that second his gaze caressed her crotch quite pleasantly, actually starting her cunt on its automatic response and making it juice slightly.

But she stopped that nonsense by shutting her eyes and raising her pretty face so she wouldn't have to look at him. Tossing her long, blonde hair, Paula opened her eyes and glanced inside the shop. Her parents were dickering over price, the salesman talking fast as he pointed out the quality of the hand-tooled leather purse her mother wanted.

The sidewalk was teeming with other vacationing Americans. From three doors up music blared in spurts each time anyone entered or left the night club which seemed to be going full steam even though it was only the middle of the afternoon.

Shops and bars, thought Paula. That's all Juarez is.

She didn't like the border city. There was something about the looseness of both residents and visitors which threatened her. She couldn't put her finger on exactly what it was that made her uneasy, but it did affect her. She would be glad to leave in the morning and get back home to Tulsa.

"Senorita?"

"What?" Paula asked without looking down at the boy.

"You want souvenir of Juarez?"

"I already have a souvenir, thank you."

"Not this kind, senorita. Look... look what I got."

Reluctantly Paula glanced down. He was handsome, despite his smug grin. She allowed a half-smile to cross her delicate face, showing her white teeth as her unpainted lips parted and curled almost warmly.

"Peechers," the boy said, reaching into his shirt pocket and coming out with an envelope, opening it and extracting a small stack of photographs. "Really good peecheers, senorita. You want see them?"

Having no idea what kind of pictures the boy was going to show her, Paula nodded naively and held out her hand. "What are they of, the bullfights?"

"Much hotter than bullfights, senorita," he laughed. "You look. I sell them to you cheap. Ten dollars."

Paula scowled as she took the small stack of photographs. She knew she wasn't going to buy them at that price, but she had to see what he thought was worth so much money. When she turned the pictures over and got a look at the first one, the smile instantly vanished from her lovely face. She gasped audibly, her hands beginning to tremble and her knees feeling weak.

"You like, senorita?"

"No. It's obscene," she whispered, tearing her gaze from the photo and glancing nervously around as she pushed them at him.

But he was ignoring her, looking down at her shoe as he worked at it with a worn brush.

"Here. Take them back. I don't want them."

"They get better," he said without looking up. "Flip through them all. You'll see."

"No... I don't want to see," she protested, pulling the pictures close to her as a middle-aged couple and three children walked past.

The boy wouldn't take them. He kept working at her shoe, starting to whistle as he put his brush away and began using a polish-stained rag.

Not knowing what to do, Paula stood nervously with the pictures in her hand and her foot propped on the shine box. She had never seen anything like that awful picture, and her mind was still reeling from it. She thought of throwing the lewd pictures to the sidewalk and running back into the leather-goods shop. But she didn't. She merely stood there trembling, watching the boy finish her right shoe and letting him put her foot on the sidewalk and pull her left foot onto the box to shine her other shoe.

As the shock wore off, she realized the photo had also had another effect on her. Butterflies seemed to be darting around in her stomach-the same butterflies that always tried to fly out of her when her boy friend kissed her passionately and struggled to put his hand under her dress.

Feeling lightheaded and ashamed of herself, Paula brought the pictures up and furtively looked at the top one again. It was in color. A very dark Mexican man and a fair-skinned girl were lying on a bed, fondling one another's genitals as they kissed. Paula stared intently at what the girl held in her hand. Recently her boy friend had tried to put her hand on something very similar. She hadn't let him, of course, but it had excited her just brushing her skin through his trousers.

She couldn't resist going on to the next photo, and it was even worse than the first. She heard herself gasp again as she gawked unblinkingly at the perverted act it depicted. The girl was on her knees, bending over the man, taking his big prick into her mouth! Paula felt a chill dart up her spine at the pleased expression on the girl's face. Feeling somewhat nauseated, she slipped the disgusting photo off and put it on the bottom of the stack.

She didn't want to look at the rest of them-not really. But she couldn't tear her eyes away. The man was returning the girl's favor in the next shot, his face pushed between her spread thighs and his



tongue licking deep into her hairy cunt. Paula stared at that one, feeling the butterflies in her stomach go wild as she read the obvious bliss in the girl's face.

"Oh my God!" she muttered softly, ripping the picture eagerly off the top so she could see the next one.

The camera had been between their legs for this one, and it had captured every detail. Paula choked back a moan as she saw the man's purplish knob pushing into the girl. She flipped to the next picture and let the moan escape her tensed throat. The male's cock was gone from view, embedded in the girl, his large testicles resting in the crack of her widespread ass.

A sensation of whirling enveloped Paula as she hurriedly flipped through the rest of the photographs. And the last one was the lewdest of all. The man's cock was all shiny-wet, looking soft and red, poised just outside the girl's cunt. They'd finished, Paula realized, fighting the urge to scream as she stared in utter fascination at the semen trickling from the girl's open pussy.

"Ten dollars," the boy said, "take them home and show to your girl friends."

With a start Paula realized the boy was finished shining her shoes. "I don't want them!" she hissed, thrusting the pictures at him. "Here! Take them!"

"You liked them."

"I didn't!"

He grinned, pointing at her loins. "You liked them. I see you are wet. Okay... five dollars then."

"You nasty thing!" she blurted, dropping the pictures as she jerked her foot off his shine box.

While the boy was hastily picking up his dirty pictures, she dug a quarter from her purse and tossed it to the sidewalk, then spun around and stomped toward the door of the leather-goods shop. She'd never felt so insulted. Raging, she darted into the doorway only to bump into her parents coming out.

"What's wrong, sweetie?"

"Nothing, Daddy. The heat, I guess. Can we go back to the motel now?"

"Let's stop at one more shop first," he said. "I want to get one of those black-velvet paintings with all the bright colors."

"For heaven's sake, Elliott," her mother snapped. "You can get your grotesque painting tonight. Look at Paula's face. Why, she's near heatstroke!"

"You are awfully red, sweetie," Elliott said. "Have you been standing right out in the sun? Stay here in the shade with her, Ruth. Let me get the air-conditioning going before you two get in the car."

When Elliott came from his shower, Ruth was standing beside the bed hooking her nylons to her garter belt. He stopped to watch the sensual scene. At thirty-five her body was even better than it had been when he'd married her sixteen years ago. And her face had mellowed rather than aged, making her a very beautiful woman indeed. Unlike most women her age, Ruth had no need for a bra. Elliott counted himself very fortunate to have married her, even though her sex drive was nowhere near as strong as his.

And his sex drive was beginning to make itself known. The light glinted off her very blonde and carefully coiffured hair as she bent to her task, her fingers popping the fasteners into place to hold her hose up snug around her long, shapely legs. In that position her pink-tipped breasts stood out from her body to best advantage, jiggling as she fussed to get everything just right.

All she had on at the moment was garter belt and hose. His cock coming to life, love for his beautiful wife welling up in his chest, Elliott sneaked up behind her. Being careful not to let his prick slip between her nude buttocks, because she didn't like that at all, he bent over her and cupped her tits, kissing her warm back and sighing.

She jerked, then ignored him and went on fixing her stockings to her garter belt.

"Ohh, how I love you!"

"I love you too, darling," she said coolly. "Get dressed."

"What's your rush? We've got all night. Come to bed and let's make love before we go out."

"I'm not in the mood, Elliott."

"It's been almost two weeks."

"I'm still not in the mood. This place upsets me. I don't like it here... and I don't like what we're going to do tonight."

Hurt, his cock wilting at once, he released her tits and stepped away. "You don't have to go with me, you know. Stay here if you'd rather."

"Oh, no," she sighed. "You'll be drinking much more than you're used to. I do have to go with you. I wouldn't want you doing anything foolish."

"Like what?" he asked tiredly, stepping into the fresh shorts she'd laid out for him.

"Hah!"

"Ruth, I'm a minister... remember?"

"You're also a man... remember? And booze and pretty young girls have a way of making some ministers we've known forget how to behave properly. Now I'm not saying you'd make an ass of yourself like George did, but with me along you're much less likely to get into anything you shouldn't."

"For crying out loud, Ruth!"

"I'm going!"

"All right!"

"I don't see why this nonsense is necessary, but I'm going."

"I'm writing a book on morals, dear... on vacation morals, how people differ in their moral outlook when they're away from home and job and family. Tonight is research, pure and simple. A border town is still a wicked place. I expect to get enough material tonight for at least one chapter... maybe two."

"Some research!"

Elliott jabbed his arm into the sleeve of his shirt.

"Going to filthy bars where girls strip and all."

"How else am I going to know what I'm writing about?"

"Can't you imagine what goes on in such places? Do you have to go see it for yourself before you can condemn it?"

"Yes, I can imagine what goes on; and yes, I have to go see it for myself. I've never written a book before, but I want mine to be factual and forceful... not full of hot-air sermons."

"All right, darling. I think I see your reasoning now," she said pleasantly, coming toward him with her panties on, turning and backing to him for him to hook her bra.

At nine, Elliott and Ruth were dressed to go out. Both were somewhat nervous about the evening ahead, though neither would admit it to the other. Ruth had never seen anything like the sensuality they were venturing into, and she would have preferred not to ever. But she couldn't allow Elliott - what with his strong drives and all - to do his border town research on his own. He was more than a minister, and she could imagine him drunk and carrying on in one of those dens of iniquity, the alcohol causing him to forget decency temporarily. Of course he would hate himself for it later, if such a thing should actually happen, because he was a very moral person. But with her going along, she reasoned, he would drink less and she could thereby save him any embarrassment and later guilt. She didn't know why he wanted to write that silly book anyway. They certainly didn't need the money he might make from it - not since he'd taken the big church he now pastored. But writing such a book had been on his mind for some years, and in a way she was relieved that at last he was going to do it and get it out of his system once and for all.

Elliott would have preferred to leave Ruth behind. He'd seen a bit of border town night life many years ago, before he'd ever thought of becoming a minister. He'd never been in Juarez, but he supposed it was somewhat like Nuevo Laredo, which he'd visited with three of his soldier buddies while stationed in Texas. He would rather have spared his wife an evening he knew could only make her upset and uncomfortable. But she was adamant in her insistence on going with him to keep him out of the "foolishness" he was certain he wouldn't get into anyway. On the other hand, he admitted to himself as they went into Paula's room to tell her good night, Ruth's reaction might be useful to his book since she was a God-fearing woman and would be seeing such licentiousness for the first time. But at any rate she insisted on going, and it was easier to take her along than cause hard feelings and suspicions.

Elliott knocked on the door between their connecting rooms.

"It isn't locked. Come on in," Paula called, pulling the cover over her because she had on her shortie nightgown.

"We're leaving now, sweetie," Elliott told her, crossing to her bed to kiss her good night. "It'll probably be late when we get back. Don't try to wait up for us, okay?"

"I won't, Daddy. I'm going to watch TV for a while though. I can't understand a word they're saying, but the Mexican station fascinates me just the same."

"You can get the El Paso stations too, you know," Ruth said, moving to offer her cheek for Paula to



kiss, so she wouldn't smear her carefully applied lipstick.

"Mother, you look absolutely beautiful! Doesn't she, Daddy?"

"She always looks beautiful," Elliott said, smiling at Ruth.

"Well, I think you look extra lovely tonight, Mother."

"Thank you, Paula. Don't stay up too late, now... and be sure to lock your door. Ours is already locked. You don't have to worry about anyone coming in through it."

"I hardly think she has anything to worry about in this motel, Ruth."

"You can't be too careful, Elliott. I want her to lock her door as soon as we leave."

"All right, Mother. I will. You and Daddy have a good time. Don't worry about me. I'm big enough to take care of myself for a few hours."

"A good time," Ruth muttered disdainfully to herself as she moved to the door.

"Good night, sweetie," Elliott said. "Pleasant dreams."

"Daddy," Paula called, stopping Elliott in the doorway. "Did I tell you how handsome you look?"

Elliott chuckled as he shut the door.

Still smiling at the faint embarrassment her compliment caused her father, Paula kicked back the covers and went to lock the door. When she climbed back on the bed to watch the Mexican TV program, she didn't bother to pull the cover over her again. The air-conditioning made the room quite pleasant but not at all chilly. She felt her mother was silly to worry about her being alone. The Juarez motel was new and plush, with the vast majority of the guests Americans like themselves. The few Mexicans she'd seen in the dining room were obviously from the better families. But of course she would have locked the door anyway. She always did lock the door at any motel - because it was sensible - but not out of fear.

The next program on the Mexican channel was less interesting, but she didn't bother to get up and switch to another station. Inside her mind another program was beginning to play, and it was like nothing TV had ever broadcast! One by one the obscene photographs she'd been so stunned by that afternoon kept flashing into her consciousness.

At first it was upsetting and she tried to drive the horrid mental images away. But they refused to go. The more she fought them the more vivid they became. Soon Paula gave up, sighing as she shut her eyes. She realized instantly that shutting her eyes and relaxing had been a mistake, because her mental images grew even more vivid and lifelike. They were still awful, but now she found them exciting as well. She knew she shouldn't find such obscene trash exciting, and she tried not to let it affect her.

It did affect her, though, and soon her pink nipples were turning hard and her stomach was literally full of those pleasant butterflies. The Mexican shine boy's face came before her, handsome and smug as he pointed at her crotch and said, "You liked them. I see you are wet." And she had been wet. When she'd undressed for a cool shower as soon as they'd returned to the motel, Paula had discovered her panty crotch was soaked with secretions.

And she was secreting again, she realized with a start, even more than in the afternoon. The juices were beginning to boil inside her loins just from thinking about it. Her virgin pussy felt strange all hot and hungry and itchy!

"What's happening to me?" she moaned softly. "Am I losing my mind?"

My mind, she thought. It's only in my mind. It can't hurt anything if it's only in my mind. I feel so strange! I wish - oh God, I really do wish I was the girl in those dirty pictures!

And she became the girl in her mind - not Paula Strickland, the minister's daughter, but a lustful worldly girl, taking great joy as she dove mentally into an orgy of sexual sinfulness. The man in the pictures became the shabby but handsome shine boy. They were lying together - this other girl, not Paula Strickland - kissing passionately and handling each other's sex organs. Then this other Paula - this total stranger - was kneeling over the dark boy's body and taking his hard cock eagerly into her mouth, sucking it wildly and moaning with lust.

The moans were real, Paula realized dimly. They were coming from her own throat. Her nipples were so hard they hurt, and her young loins were threatening to burst into flames at any second. She reached quickly between her legs and cupped herself, moaning aloud at the thrilling contact, her fingers and palm feeling the wet, warm fluid which was oozing from her feverish cunt. She rubbed herself unashamedly, still thinking of her mouth - no, the other girl's mouth - on the hot male organ. She stuck two fingers into her mouth and sucked them loudly as her fingers worked under her soaked crotchband and began to trace the elliptical opening of her parting cunt lips.

Then she - no, the other Paula - was on her back and the boy was on top of her, pressing his hard cock into her as the man had done in the picture.

"I wish I'd bought the damned things," she muttered.

No! a voice inside her snapped. You wouldn't want anything like that. Think how terrible it would be if your parents found them!

"Right. I'm glad I didn't buy them, but I wish... I wish..."

Paula didn't know what she wished. Her mind was being bombarded by extremely powerful but totally new sensations, and she felt utterly confused by it all. She pushed her panties down her thighs and kicked them completely off the bed, then spread her legs wide and rubbed her hairy mound and her puffy lips, letting her finger slide inside part way and tickle her throbbing clitoris.

She abruptly changed hands, licking and sucking her own juice from her fingers as her spit-slick fingers began rubbing and dipping into her steaming cunt. She was careful not to damage her precious hymen. But she did press against it until she felt pain, imagining the pain was caused by the Mexican boy's hard cock entering her - and loving the sensation.

"Ohhh... oh, fuck me!" she panted, shocked at hearing such a dirty phrase rip from her mouth, but excited all the more by the lustful sound of it.

Paula kept changing hands, sucking and fingering, getting hotter and hotter as she saw the Mexican boy and the other Paula join together inside her mind. It was so real she could almost feel his big cock entering her own sweat-damp body.

"This is crazy," she moaned.

But it was terribly thrilling to think about, and she was only thinking about it! It can't hurt, she told her conscience. It isn't really happening! And her conscience, dulled by the lust which had overwhelmed her young body, gave up and went away.

It was all pleasure for Paula after that. She writhed and rubbed, sucked and groaned, secure in the knowledge that such a thing could never actually happen to her! And since she was alone no one could ever possibly know what she was thinking and doing to herself. It wasn't as if she hadn't touched herself there before. She had, but never this thrillingly, and never for this long.

"Good Lord!" she gasped, suddenly stiffening as an orgasm swept over her for the first time in her life.

The room spun dizzily as her body twitched and jerked. She panted for breath, whimpering and groaning as she bit her lower lip and tossed her head wildly from side to side, giving herself up entirely to the blinding joy of her first climax.

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## CHAPTER TWO

As they neared the downtown section of Juarez, Elliott reached across the seat of the taxi and took Ruth's hand. They'd decided it best to go by taxi and leave their car at the motel, thinking rightly there would be little available parking space during the early evening rush, and fearing possible theft of the clothing and cameras in their car, if not the car itself.

Feeling the tenseness in his pretty wife, Elliott suggested, "You can still go back to the motel, honey."

She pulled her hand from his. "We've already been over that. I'm going with you, and that's final."

"Where to?" the driver asked, turning onto the garishly lit main street.

"You want to get your velvet painting first?"

"Naw, forget it. You're right. Those things are grotesque."

"Well, I'm relieved. You would've had to hang it in your study, you know. I certainly wouldn't want one of those bright monstrosities in the house."

"Drop it, will you?"

"Where to?" the driver demanded. "We are downtown. Some particular place you want go?"

"No. Let us out here," Elliott said, taking out his wallet as the driver pulled his cab to the curb and stopped.

"You lookin' for fun?" the driver asked.

"Yes," Elliott said. "We're going to take in a few shows."

"I take you to best night club in Juarez... La Fiesta. Big names from your country entertain there. Very high-class place."

"No. That isn't exactly the kind of entertainment we have in mind," Elliott said.

The pudgy Mexican face smiled knowingly. "Just strippers and dancers here downtown. You want see a special show?"

"A special show?"

"You know, señor."

The tone of the man's voice made Elliott know. "Yes, I think I do know. But I don..."

"Anything you want see. I take you."

"I'm sure you can, bu..."

"Real dirty show. Live. Anything you want see."

"No!" Elliott snapped, handing the driver a five and waiting for his change.

"I'll be around if you change your mind," the driver called as Elliott climbed from the taxi and held the door for Ruth.

"What was he talking about?" Ruth asked as they strolled up the sidewalk.

"Live sex shows, I think."

"How disgusting! You're not planning to see anything like that, are you, Elliott?"

He wasn't planning on any such thing, but he couldn't resist jabbing back at Ruth for refusing him at the motel. "Maybe later. Are you going with me?"

"You're not serious, Elliott!"

"About halfway!"

"Don't make a scene, darling," she said, calming down at once.

"Ruth, either get off your high horse or go back to the motel."

She could only push Elliott so far and she knew it. Though she didn't like any of this, she decided to go along and keep her mouth shut for the rest of the night. She smiled sheepishly, slipping her arm through his and saying, "I have been a little bitchy, haven't I, darling?"

"That isn't exactly the way I would've phrased it, but yes, you have been somewhat bitchy ever since we crossed the bridge this noon."

"I'm sorry, Elliott. It's the first time I've ever been out of the United States, and I guess it upsets me more than I'd thought."

"I understand, honey. But you don't have anything to worry about. They treat tourists very well here. Their economy depends on Americans."

"I know. I'm being silly."

"Not silly. Just overly cautious."

"Well, whatever. You lead the way, darling. I'll go with you uncomplainingly for the rest of the night."

After all, you do have to do your research if you're going to write a good book, don't you?"

"That's what I've been telling you, honey."

"Okay," she said, gulping. "I'm ready for anything."

Elliott laughed. "You can relax. We're not going to one of those special shows."

"Well now, I am relieved to hear that. But don't forego it on my account. I'm willing if you really think it's necessary. I can shut my eyes or something."

"Well," Elliott teased, "maybe later. If you're all that anxious to see life in the raw..."

"Now, I didn't say that, Elliott."

He laughed, putting his arm around her and hugging her, sensing that she was unwinding a bit, and glad of it. When she joined his laughter, he said, "Come on. Let's go in here."

The emcee was doing his monologue when they entered the dimly lit night club. A bored waiter motioned them toward a front table. Elliott shook his head and pulled out a chair for Ruth at an empty table near the center. He wanted to watch the club's patrons as much as the show itself, and he couldn't do that comfortably from a front table. The vacationing Americans were his prime interest of the evening. It was their reactions and antics that he wanted to mentally record for the book he was yet to start.

Ruth laughed heartily at something the emcee said. "Why, he's actually good, Elliott."

"I didn't hear."

"It was a little off-color but not at all vulgar like I was afraid it would be. He's quite funny."

A different waiter slapped an ash tray on the table and asked what they wanted to drink.

"What do you want, Ruth?"

"Oh," she said, grinning as she watched the emcee make a face while he talked incessantly on, "whatever you're having, darling. Make it something Mexican, why don't you?"

"Something Mexican," Elliott told the waiter.

"Margaritas?" the waiter asked.

"That'll be fine."

The emcee was good, Elliott discovered, much too good for the strip joint they were in. He did a long monologue of very humorous and only slightly off-color material, interrupting it twice to sing a couple of American standards in his rich baritone voice. By the time he was finished with his act and introducing the first stripper, Ruth and Elliott had absently sipped all of their margaritas and the waiter had brought them two more without bothering to ask if they wanted them.

Ruth picked up her second drink and licked at the salt-covered rim of the glass.

"Good drink, isn't it?" Elliott asked.

"Mmm... delicious. I wonder what they put in them besides salt? Grapefruit juice, I think. That's all I can taste. There's something else... can you tell what else?"

"Nope."

"Well," Ruth said, "I don't think we have to worry about getting drunk on these. They're good, but sort of weak. I always thought Mexican drinks were supposed to be strong, didn't you, Elliott?"

The band played softly. The pretty Mexican girl danced sensually around the small stage. Busy watching the stripper and the faces looking at her, Elliott only half-heard what Ruth was saying. Something further about the drinks, he realized.

Smiling seductively, the dark-skinned girl on stage reached behind her and pulled open a zipper very slowly. Ruth quit talking and sat stiffly, staring straight at the girl, watching her tease the dress off her shoulders. One tit came into view, covered by a peekaboo lace bra cup. The girl palmed the large breast, licking sensually at her red lips.

Her knuckles turning white from gripping the glass so tightly, Ruth brought the margarita to her lips and took a big swallow. Then the girl had both her tits in her hands, walking around the stage and showing them to the audience. Ruth wanted to jump up and rush out.

But she didn't. She forced herself to quit squirming. She glanced at the people in the audience. She sipped her drink.

"Take it off!" someone called.

A chill shot through Ruth at the lewd cry.

"Take it all off!" a female voice yelled laughingly.

Ruth glanced back to the stage, gasping as she saw the girl's lacy bra slide down her arms and fall to the floor. Immediately the stripper kicked it away, the action causing her large globes to sway from side to side. Several men in the club groaned.

"She's really got 'em, huh?" the emcee asked, unseen and out of the light. "I'll let you in on a secret, folks... they taste better than they look!"

"Prove it! Prove it!" two young soldiers at a front table demanded.

The stripper moved to the soldiers, bending over them, holding her bare tits as she stooped and brought them near their faces. One soldier reached boldly for a brown-tipped tit. The girl laughed and jumped away. The audience roared with laughter as she strutted around the stage taking off another piece of her costume.

Ruth elbowed Elliott. "How far does this go?"

He shrugged, trying to ignore her and concentrate on the crowd's reaction to the stripper.

"It's getting vulgar, Elliott."

Elliott glared at Ruth. "You can leave any time you want!"

"No," she said, making herself smile. "Order us another drink."



"Already?"

"Well, they're so weak... and they do taste good."

"Okay, honey," Elliott said, taking her hand under the table, giving it a little squeeze as he motioned the waiter to bring them more drinks.

"I'll be all right."

"Sure you will, Ruth."

"I've never seen carrying on like this, that's all."

"Does it really upset you so much?"

She sighed. "Not really, I guess. But I don't like it very much."

"I'm glad you don't," Elliott told her, chuckling as he patted her thigh.

"Do you like it, Elliott?"

"It isn't a question of whether I like it or not. It's research for my book."

"She does have nice titties."

"What?"

"The stripper," Ruth said. "She's got nice ones... sort of big, though."

"Are you getting drunk on me, Ruth?"

"Don't be silly, Elliott. On these weak margaritas?"

Their fresh drinks came. Elliott watched his wife turn hers up and take a big sip from it before she started licking the salty rim. He wondered if the drinks were as weak as Ruth thought they were. He could feel a glow beginning to make itself known in his own stomach, and he could handle liquor better than Ruth. Neither of them could drink much, though, because liquor simply wasn't served often in their social circle.

"How about it, folks? You want see her monkey?"

The girl was down to high heels and G-string, holding her hands behind her head, making a lustful face and bumping in time to the throbbing drumbeat. She completely ignored the small amount of applause the emcee's question brought forth.

"Well, do you want see her monkey or not?"

The applause grew louder. Several whistles and yells pierced the smoke-filled air.

"Show us your monkey, baby," the emcee coaxed.

The attractive girl shook her head. But her smile was full of tease and her hands began stroking her body.

"Ahh... she's got a pretty monkey," the emcee sighed.

"No monkey," the girl said, running her fingers sensually down her abdomen and over her G-string. "Castro!"

"Without a cigar," the emcee laughed. "Come on, baby. Show us Castro without his cigar."

"What're they talking about?" Ruth mumbled, watching and listening to everything now, finding a certain thrill in the very wickedness of it. Her conscience was somewhat dulled by the smooth but potent margaritas. The tequila drinks were having much more of an effect on her than she thought.

The stripper, turning her back to the audience and looking teasingly over her shoulder, slowly removed her G-string and swung it offstage. When she faced the front, legs spread apart and wearing nothing but high-heeled shoes, her crotch was in plain sight. And there was Castro's beard, trimmed and dark and looking better on the girl than it ever had on the Cuban.

Feeling her cheeks flush, Ruth looked away from the lewd sight on the stage. Elliott paid no attention to the girl. He was too busy glancing around the audience, studying the excitement in some faces and the boredom in others.

The next girl was plump, almost fat, but she moved quite gracefully as she danced to the loud, brassy music coming from the band. The Mexican girl danced and stripped, her smile pasted on and artificial. When she was down to beads and G-string, she began patting her loins, and taunting the two young soldiers at the edge of the stage with, "Supper time... supper time."

The young men were drunk enough to go along with it. They called encouragement to the stripper. She moved closer to them, looking down at them as she spread her legs and ground her pelvis slowly for their benefit. One of the soldiers grabbed her ankle.

"Put up or shut up, baby," he said.

She laughed, smiling down at him, ignoring his hand creeping up her leg. When his fingers neared her loins, she pulled away and made a circle around the stage, taking the beads off as she danced. Her beads were made of plastic, the pop-apart type, and she quickly made four small circles from the string, moving back to the young men and giving each two of the circles.

"In your mouth," she said to one of the soldiers, squatting at the edge of the stage and urging the young man to his feet. She put one of the circles of beads in his mouth and palmed her tit close to his face. "You get the idea, honey?"

He grinned, nodding and taking her by the waist, holding her still as he tried to hook the small circle of beads onto her tit.

"You too, honey," the stripper urged the other soldier.

The plump Mexican girl made faces and sounds of delight as the two drunken soldiers rubbed their noses and eyes over her tits, pretending to try to hook the beads in place but obviously not caring a damn about the beads. The ludicrous sight brought peals of laughter from the rest of the crowd.

"Let's go to another club."

Ruth nodded in answer to Elliott's suggestion, getting to her feet at once and following him from the club, her eyes smarting from the thick haze of smoke that hung in the room. She was surprised to find herself walking unsurely and feeling a bit dizzy. On the sidewalk, she inhaled deeply in an effort to clear her fuzzy mind.

"La Fiesta?" a taxi driver asked from the curb.

Elliott shook his head, moving to Ruth and taking her hand.

"You want see a special show?" the driver asked confidentially, coming to them and blocking their path.

"I don't think so," Elliott said, waving him away and leading Ruth up the sidewalk.

Ruth giggled.

"What's funny?"

"There must be a lot of those special shows."

"I guess so."

"Maybe you ought to write about them."

"I wouldn't put you through anything like that, honey," he said. "I'd have to go see one of them before I could write about it, you know."

"I know. Why don't we?"

Elliott stopped in his tracks. "You're not serious, are you?"

Again Ruth giggled.

"You're drunk."

"A little," she admitted, grinning back at him. "I guess those margaritas aren't as weak as they taste."

"I'd better take you back to the motel."

"I don't want to go back. I wanna stay with you. I've gotta keep you out of trouble."

"Some chaperon you turned out to be."

She laughed and hugged him.

"Come on. Let's go to another club," he said.

"Have you ever seen anything like those special shows, Elliott?"

"A movie once... a long time ago."

"Aren't you curious?"

"Do you want to see one of them, Ruth?"

"I think maybe I do."

"I don't believe it."

"I'm not sure I believe it either," she said slowly. "I've never seen anything like that... but tonight I feel a little wicked."

"You're drunk."

"Yes, I am. And curious... very curious."

"I guess it wouldn't hurt," Elliott said, thinking aloud.

"And it might help your book."

"Are you sure you wouldn't mind, honey?"

"I'm not sure of anything tonight." She squeezed his hand and smiled expectantly. "This place does something to me. I feel strange... sort of turned on."

"Mmmmm... let's go back to the motel."

"I'd like that, darling," Ruth cooed.

"I'll have to learn how to make margaritas so we can have them at home."

"Often," she sighed.

"You're trembling, Ruth."

"I'm excited."

"You want to see one of those shows before we go to bed?"

"If you do."

"It's probably the only chance we'll ever have to do anything like that."

"Uh-huh."

"It's wicked and sinful."

"It's research for your book," she said, smiling.

"Hmmm."

"We're total strangers here, Elliott. No one will ever know."

"I don't feel right about it."

"I want to go. Just once in my life I want to see something really dirty."

"I've never seen this side of you."

"Me either, darling. Aren't I just awful tonight?"

"It's so unlike you."

"I know. Maybe I'm a voyeur... do you think?"

He laughed. "I think you're drunk, that's all."

"Are you gonna take advantage of my loosened vacation morals, darling?"

"The show will probably be vulgar and depraved."

"I've never seen anything vulgar and depraved. I want to see that side of life just once before I die. You'll be with me. Nothing could happen to me, could it?"

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### **CHAPTER THREE**

The taxi driver had been standing by, just out of earshot, waiting patiently as they talked. When they turned and started walking toward him, he swung open the back door of his cab and grinned broadly.

Ruth got in first, paying no attention to her dress as it slid well up her thighs. She scooted to the center of the seat, laying her head back and closing her eyes, sighing. Elliott got in beside her and took her hand.

"This is crazy, isn't it?" she asked, her voice quavering with excitement.

The taxi door slammed shut. The driver hurried around the car to get beneath the steering wheel.

"No," Elliott said, "it isn't crazy. It's a little daring for decent people like us, though."

"It isn't dangerous, is it, darling?"

"Of course not. It's just a show, and it is research for my book. It isn't as if we were reveling in the thing itself."

"I'm being silly, I guess... but it feels dangerous."

Elliott chuckled. He put his arm around her shoulder as the driver got in and started the engine.

"Take us to one of those special shows, driver."

"Si, senor."

"Wait!" Ruth shouted, jerking up straight in the seat.

"What's wrong, honey?"

"I can't go, Elliott. I just can't do it."

"I thought we'd already decided."

"But what if I'm the only American woman there? Oh, I'd be embarrassed to death!"

"I hadn't thought of that." Elliott leaned forward. "Driver, do many people like us go to these shows?"

"Many, senor," the driver assured.

"How big a crowd is there, usually?"

"No crowd. You and your lady will be the only watchers. Very private shows. Any kind you want see."

"What do you think, Ruth?"

"Just the two of us?"

"Yes, ma'am," the driver said, turning to look at her.

"Where?"

"In a room. Just you and your gentleman... and the performers of your choice, of course."

"Oh that sounds altogether too intimate," she protested weakly.

The driver shrugged. "You'll be at one end of the room, on a couch; the performers will be on the bed at the other end of the room."

"It sounds safe enough," Elliott said.

"Si. Thousands of couples like you have seen such shows. They are very popular with American couples."

"It's entirely up to you, honey," Elliott said.

"It still sounds awfully intimate that way."

"It sounds like the best possible way to see a show like that, as far as I'm concerned. Nothing could be more private."

"Very private," the driver said.

Ruth sat back. "All right. Let's go."

The taxi left the well-lighted main street and for about five minutes Ruth and Elliott sat holding hands in silence, watching the darkened buildings slip past them. They left the paved streets and onto dirt ones, the buildings growing smaller and shabbier and the milling tourists disappearing entirely. The area they were moving into was well off the beaten path, and Ruth and Elliott grew somewhat nervous. "Where are you taking us?" Elliott demanded. "To a private club, senor. We are almost there."

"Why is it so far away from the main part of town?"

"These shows are not exactly legal."

"Oh my God!" Ruth gasped. "The police... is there any danger of a raid?"

The driver laughed. "No danger. The police know. They bother nothing so long as the owner pays and leaves his club where it is."

Ruth put her face close to Elliott, whispering, "Remember that for your book."

He nodded, patting her arm as the cab bounced to a stop in front of a building which appeared to be



empty. "It looks like an old store building."

Many taxis were parked along both sides of the narrow dirt street. The driver shut off his lights and engine. Darkness enveloped them instantly, but they could hear music coming from the building. Ruth and Elliott sat stiffly as the driver got out and came around the cab to open the door for them.

"Come on. I take you in. I wait for you... take you back to town when you're ready."

"I'm not as brave as I thought," Ruth whispered.

"You want to back out?" Elliott asked, half hoping that she would.

"No. We're here. Let's go in." She laughed nervously. "I'm more curious than yellow, I guess."

"Nothing to worry about," the driver said.

"He keeps saying that," Ruth mumbled, letting Elliott help her from the cab, her dress hiking up her legs nearly to her hips, giving the driver a good view of her creamy thighs.

"He ought to know, honey."

"I suppose," she said, standing on the dirt street, smoothing her dress. "My mind believes him... wish my stomach would too."

The driver shut the taxi door and hurried past them to knock on the heavy door to the building. Like something out of the American Twenties, a small door within the door opened and a serious male face peered out. The face recognized the taxi driver. The door swung open to admit them, the music loud as it rushed out with a gust of smoky, perfume-laden air.

The driver smiled and motioned for them to enter. Elliott cleared his throat. Ruth clutched his hand, holding it tightly, walking close to him on unsure legs as they went inside.

It was a bar, very dimly lit and fairly large, with tables at one end of the room and chairs along a wall. The chairs faced the long bar. Girls sat in the chairs, smoking and talking, eyeing the men, mostly American soldiers, who sat at the bar. The girls all had one thing in common - they were pretty and young and eager.

"This way, please," the driver said, motioning them to follow him to the table area.

Still clutching his hand securely, Ruth moved alongside Elliott toward the tables. She felt a thousand eyes boring holes all over her body. They had to walk between the girls in the chairs and the men at the bar. The men eyed her up good, but none of them made a pass or said anything out of the way. Strangely, it was the girls who bothered Ruth. Some of them glared at her fabulous shape with envy; some of them appeared amused at her presence; but one girl in particular upset Ruth.

"Hello, baby," the Mexican girl said in a throaty voice, her young eyes dancing with more than casual interest as Ruth swept past. "You want make some hot love with me?"

Ruth glanced at her, feeling suddenly dizzy as she looked into the soft, smiling face. The girl couldn't have been more than eighteen, and she was as beautiful as any Hollywood starlet. The girl pursed her full lips and rubbed teasingly at her loins.

Her mouth hanging open in shock, her knees threatening to buckle at any second, Ruth ripped her gaze from the hungry-eyed girl and hurried Elliott on toward the tables.

The taxi driver pulled out a chair for Ruth, holding it and easing it to the table as she sat down. Somehow his mannerly act made her a bit less apprehensive, but she noticed her voice quavering as she mumbled, "Thank you."

The driver stood patiently, smiling as Elliott seated himself. "I get the manager for you. You want a drink, maybe?"

"I think we've had enough to drink already," Elliott said.

"One more, please," Ruth said, taking Elliott's hand under the table. "I need it for my nerves."

Ruth's hand was damp and trembling. Elliott gave it a reassuring squeeze and nodded to the driver.

As the driver walked away, Ruth asked, "Elliott, what kind of place is this?"

Watching a girl lead a grinning soldier in from the hallway at the back, he said, "Don't look now, sweetheart, but I think we're in a Mexican whorehouse."

Ruth's eyes grew wide and her breath sucked in harshly. A shudder passed through her. "In a whorehouse?"

"I think so. I guess it's the logical place really, considering the type of show we came to see."

"I'm scared, Elliott. We shouldn't be here."

"No, we shouldn't. But since we're here, we might as well stay and see the show, don't you think?"

"I don't know what to think. I'm not thinking very well tonight - period. All I seem able to do is feel, and right now I feel threatened."

"How so?"

"For God's sake, Elliott... sitting here in a whorehouse... with all those men? I am a woman, you know."

Elliott chuckled. "And the best-looking one in the place."

"What if one of those men tries to...?"

"Relax, darling. They wouldn't dare. You're a customer."

"I don't like it. It makes me nervous!"

"You'll be all right when we get in the private room."

"I suppose... but I feel so strange."

"Yeah, me too," Elliott admitted.

Then the bartender was standing beside their table, asking, "What would you folks like to drink?"

"I'll have another margarita," Ruth whispered to Elliott.

"Two margaritas, please."

"One for your driver?" the bartender asked, pointing to the bar where the driver sat waiting for them.

"Of course," Elliott said. "Give him whatever he wants."

"Your driver has spoken to the manager. He said to tell you he'd be with you shortly."

"Thank you."

As the bartender left their table, Ruth whispered, "He speaks awfully good English."

"I imagine he's been talking to Americans every night for at least twenty years, from the looks of him."

"These poor girls," Ruth said, glancing at the row of young whores but dropping her gaze instantly when she noticed the one who'd spoken to her smile and tease the tip of her tongue over her heavily lipsticked lips. "Elliott, that girl over there... did you hear what she said to me?"

"I heard."

"Isn't that terrible?"

"Yes."

"What she suggested is so perverted. I can't imagine anything like that actually happening."

"Oh, those kinds of things happen, all right. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that she's made love with lots of curious American women."

"Well, don't look at me like that. I'm certainly not curious. Just the thought of such a horrid thing as she proposed petrifies me. Here comes our drinks... good."

As soon as the bartender had placed her drink before her, Ruth picked it up and took a big sip. "Could you please hurry the manager a little?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'll see what I can do," the bartender answered, calmly making change for Elliott as he spoke. "He's with a very important gentleman, from Panama, I think: but I'll tell him you wish to see him now."

"Thank you."

"Yes, ma'am," the stoical bartender said, and when Elliott gave him a dollar tip, he added, "And thank you, sir."

Two giggling girls and a serious-faced soldier moved past their table, heading for one of the rooms at the back of the building. The jukebox played constantly but no one danced, even though there was room for it. The men sat at the bar and the girls in their chairs, each group talking among themselves, the girls casting inviting glances at the men.

Only two of the tables were occupied - Ruth and Elliott at one, and three men and a woman at the other. Elliott's back was to the other table, but Ruth had a clear view of it. She watched the bartender move to it and speak to one of the men. Then he pointed at her and all of them looked. She felt like crawling under the table. The dark-skinned woman was dressed like a male flamenco dancer, but she wore no hat. Her black hair was done up in a bun, making her thin lips and high

cheekbones appear even thinner and higher. The way she looked at Ruth unnerved her. She felt herself being devoured by the woman's dark, cruel eyes. And the slender man she seemed to be with looked even more menacing, despite the smile that crept over his face as he appraised Ruth. The massive Negro threw her only a brief glance before he turned back to his drink. The other man, plump, middle-aged and typically Mexican, got up and came toward their table as the bartender returned to his work.

"I am Carlos, the manager. I'm sorry to keep you waiting. Your driver told me of your desire. Come. Bring your drinks. We will take a room and talk in private."

Smiling ingratiatingly, Carlos pulled back Ruth's chair as she got up with her drink in one hand and Elliott's hand in the other. They followed Carlos toward the back, passing close to the other table, so near that Ruth thought she heard the woman say, "That one would be perfect to replace Rose, don't you think, Pico?" And then, as they moved into the hall, a male voice saying, "Muy bonita. So blonde... so fair!"

But she wasn't sure she'd heard anything, for her mind was reeling from the open lust in the handsome man's dark face as he stripped her with his evil eyes when she swept past their table holding tightly to Elliott's hand.

Carlos stopped before a door and opened it cautiously, peering inside before he swung it wide and motioned them to enter. "Very private in here. Sit down, please... there, on the couch."

It was a small room. The ancient, wrought-iron bed with its sagging mattress and faded bedspread took up most of the space. The couch and an easy chair sat on a foot-high platform, so as to give a good view of the nearby bed.

Ruth set her jaw determinedly, allowing Elliott to help her onto the platform and sitting down with him in the center of the couch. The bed loomed up at her, looking large and lewd all by itself.

Carlos took the easy chair, leaning forward to offer cigarettes which Ruth and Elliott both refused. "You want to buy some hot movies to take home?"

"No."

"Pictures or books? I got good ones."

"No."

"Just a show?"

"That's all."

Carlos grinned and shrugged. "We got good hot shows. Anything you like. What you like to see?"

"We don't have any idea," Elliott said.

"Well, we got nearly everything. I can give you a man and woman; two women; two men; one woman with two men or one man with two women; a woman with a big dog; a man wi..."

"A woman and a dog?" Ruth gasped, almost choking on a sip of her drink.

"Si, senora," Carlos grinned. "All for real, too. No put on. The girl is only sixteen, very beautiful. She really loves her dog. She is a farm girl from the back country. The dog is her own, and she do

everything with him.”

“A woman and a dog,” Ruth said again, numbly.

“Well, not really a woman. She’s just a girl.”

“That sounds disgusting,” Elliott muttered.

“A woman and a dog!” Ruth exclaimed. “I’ve never heard of anything so dirty!”

“We don’t want that,” Elliott said. Then he turned to Ruth. “But we should see something different... something perverted, to make my book more powerful. How about the two girls?”

“Oh, no,” Ruth protested. “Not two girls.”

“No,” Elliott snapped. “Just the idea of two men turns my stomach.”

Carlos laughed. “Mine too... but some like to see it.”

Elliott made a face of distaste and shook his head vigorously.

“A woman and a dog,” Ruth mumbled to herself.

Carlos took a cigarette from his pack and lit it. Exhaling, he said, “The dog is rested. He no fuck any so far today.”

“Elliott, I can’t believe a woman and a dog.”

“They make you a good hot show,” Carlos grinned. “You ever see a dog hump a woman, senor?”

“Certainly not.”

“Something to see. Everybody ought to see it once before they die.”

“I believe my wife and I can live quite well withou...”

“How much?” Ruth broke in.

“Fifty dollars.”

“Pay him, Elliott.”

“Ruth, you can’t be serious.”

“You can’t stomach the men, and I absolutely refuse to watch two women. You want something perverted and dirty to write about, don’t you? What in the world could be more perverted than a girl having sex with an animal?”

“Well... if you think you can stand to watch it.”

“I can’t believe it,” she said. “It horrifies me. If you want to know the truth, it fascinates me... and I bet it will fascinate everyone who reads your book.”

“Do you really think so, honey?”

"I'd bet on it. I've got to see it. It'll probably make me ill... but I've still got to see it, Elliott."

"All right," Elliott said, getting out his wallet and giving Carlos the money. "We'll see the girl and her dog."

"A good choice," Carlos assured. "You just relax. I'll have them here in a jiffy." He stood, counting the money before he put it in his pocket. "You want another drink sent in?"

"No, thank you."

"Okay, give me a couple of minutes. I get them in here as soon as possible for you." He paused at the door. "The girl, she is very new here... speaks no English."

"We didn't come for conversation," Elliott said.

"I only tell you so you don't get angry if you ask her something and she no answer. If you speak Spanish to her, she answer you; but she no understand much English. Okay?"

"Okay. Just get them. I'm anxious to have it over with and get out of here."

Carlos stepped into the hall and shut the door. He hurried toward the main room, hoping to find Carmelita sitting unoccupied in one of the chairs facing the bar. He was barely inside the room when Pico called: "Carlos. Come here."

He approached their table unsurely.

"Sit down, my friend."

"I must take care of a business matter first. Then I come right back."

"Sit down, Carlos. We did not finish our business yet."

Carlos shifted uneasily under Pico's unblinking gaze. "Bu..."

"Sit down!"

Perspiration wetting his palms, his upper lip twitching slightly, Carlos jerked out a chair and sat down.

"That's better." Pico smiled. "All I require at the moment is a little information and a tiny favor."

Carlos nodded, trying to return Pico's smile.

"The gringos you just took in the back. Why are they here?"

"They come for a show," Carlos said. "I was going for Carmelita. They want to see her with the dog."

Pico's hard eyes danced with interest. "Which one asked for the animal show?"

Carlos shrugged. "The man paid me."

"The woman, la rubia, did she show much interest?"

"Si, more than the man."



Pico looked at the woman beside him, both of them nodding.

"Esa gringa es muy hermosa. Verdad?"

"Si," Carlos hastened to agree. "Ella es mucha mujer."

Grinning, Pico took out a thin, black cigar from his pigskin case, licked it, bit off the end and spat it out, then lit it. "The room they are in has a peephole?"

"Si, Pico."

"The peephole is mine. I will spy on la rubia while she watches the dog fuck your Carmelita."

"Buy why?"

"You are not going to question me, are you, my friend? There is still that unfinished business between us..."

Pico bowed mockingly. "Gracias, amigo. Now, hurry and give the gringos their show."

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## CHAPTER FOUR

The young Mexican girl entered the room where Ruth and Elliott were waiting. She was pretty and smiling, leading her dog, a large collie that was obviously well cared for, on a leash.

"Buenas noches," she said, shutting the door behind her and locking it. Her hand moved to her chest as she looked at Ruth and Elliott and said, "Se llama Carmelita." Then she reached down and patted the dog's head. "Y lovar del Carmelita."

Elliott smiled stiffly and nodded. "Good evening."

Ruth only smiled a nervous smile and took the last sip of her drink, watching the dog's long tongue as he licked his nose.

Kicking off her shoes, Carmelita spoke to the dog and removed the leash. The dog barked once, then jumped onto the bed and lay wagging his tail, watching as his mistress quickly stripped off her clothes.

"He seems well-trained," Elliott observed.

"I'm going to be ill, Elliott. I know I am."

"Shall I send them away? Would you like to go back to our motel now?"

"No."

"We don't have to stay and see it."

"Maybe you don't," Ruth said weakly. "But I do."

"But if it's going to make you sick... I don't understa..."

"It's like one of those gruesome horror movies. You know something terrible is going to happen but

you can't quit watching. That's the way I feel about this, Elliott."

Carmelita stood just a few feet in front of them, nude and smiling, turning this way and that to show them her supple young body.

"She's very lovely."

Ruth nodded. "So young, too."

Then Carmelita went to the bed and squatted beside it, holding out her arms to the dog. He crawled to her and began licking her face. Her arms slid over the dog's body, one on his back and one on his stomach. Stroking him, one hand moving through the fur on his back and one working under him, Carmelita opened her mouth and began licking back at his slender tongue.

Ruth stared in horrified awe as the girl teased the dog's tongue deep into her mouth and sucked it eagerly.

Rising slowly, Carmelita offered her tits to the dog. He lapped at them until both her brown nipples stood hard and pointed with desire. A dreamy expression came over her face, and she sighed again and again. Finally she pushed the dog away and looked over at Ruth, her face asking if she'd like to join in and her hand motioning a welcome.

"Good Lord, no," Ruth gasped, shaking her head so hard her blonde hair shook.

"The very idea!" Elliott snorted, his face turning red as he grabbed up his drink and finished it off. "We'll have no more of that, young woman," he said to Carmelita, forgetting that she couldn't understand him.

But it seemed that she did understand his reaction, if not his words. It amused her. She laughed openly, nodding her head in assent as she climbed onto the bed. The old bed jiggled and squeaked as she scooted to the center of it and lay down on her back. She propped her head up with a pillow folded double, then spread her legs wide to give Ruth and Elliott a clear view of her crotch.

Teasingly, she held the dog away with one hand and rubbed between her legs with the other, her eyes on Ruth and Elliott every second. "Pussy," she breathed, fingering her cunt open and showing the red inside. "Good pussy... no?"

Elliott squirmed uneasily, his knuckles turning white on the empty glass still in his hand.

It was becoming hard for Ruth to breathe. She felt as if the room had suddenly grown hot and stuffy.

Releasing the dog, Carmelita let her body go limp. He came at her eagerly, licking her tits and belly, making her moan softly as his red tongue left her skin wet and shiny everywhere it touched.

"Aqui, perro... aqui," Carmelita hissed, taking his ear and pushing his muzzle down to her cunt.

He jumped between her legs and licked her entire crotch. "Mmm... Lane, perro... Lane!"

He licked furiously then, Carmelita holding the lips of her twat apart so his flashing tongue could dip deep inside her body. She whimpered with delight, digging her heels into the mattress and lifting her ass off the bed, undulating it as the lewd sound of the darting tongue filled the room.

"I feel faint," Ruth moaned.

"We must have been out of our heads for ever coming here," Elliott said. He took Ruth's hand and squeezed it. "We'll leave any time you want to, darling."

"All right."

"Now?"

"No... not yet."

"When you've seen enough, just say the word."

"I will, Elliott... soon, I think."

In the secret hallway behind the room Elliott and Ruth were in, Pico, grinning broadly, took his eye from the peephole through which he'd been watching Ruth's reaction. He turned to the woman standing beside him. "Faustina, get Carlos back here... quickly."

She hurried off, her full buttocks rolling in the tight flamenco trousers. In less than a minute she led Carlos, smiling sickly, into the secret voyeur's hall.

"Yes, Pico?" Carlos asked timidly.

"I will have la rubia."

"But... her husband is with her."

"An easy obstacle to overcome, my friend. You will take them drinks, compliments of the establishment. His will be heavily drugged, hers very slightly so... understand?"

"No, Pico. Please, no. I could go to prison for such a thing!"

"You will not go to prison if you do as I say," Pico said softly. Then he smiled. "But if you refuse..."

"Please, Pico," Carlos begged. "Don't make me do this thing!"

Faustina stepped forward and pinched Carlos' cheek painfully, glaring into his eyes as she said icily, "Pico is running out of patience with you, Carlos."

"Si," Pico agreed. "You owe me a great deal of money for your last shipment of heroin."

"But I never received the shipment," Carlos protested. "The messenger was killed. The police got the stuff."

"No matter, my friend," Pico said. "He was your errand boy, not mine. You owe me. I assure you I will collect."

"I don't have the money to pay you," Carlos whined.

"Then do me this small favor and buy yourself some time. Do not cause your wife to be a widow at such a tender age, Carlos."

Carlos shifted uneasily, the sweat of agonized indecision beading on his brow. "I don't like it."

"No es importante. Your wife is young and pretty. She will find another father for your children."

"No, Pico. A little time... that's all I need."

"Then do as I say. Your action will buy you a month."

Carlos wiped his brow, nodded reluctantly, then left.

"Take a look, Faustina. Tell me what you think."

Faustina put her eye to the peephole, smiling as she saw Ruth put a trembling hand to her cheek. "La rubia's eyes are big as tortillas. She will make the perfect replacement for Rosa. The animal and girl hold every ounce of her attention."

"Yes, my dear sister. She is quite fascinated by the sight before her. I think she would secretly like to take the girl's place, don't you?"

Carmelita, shuddering in orgasm and pushing at the dog's head, moaned brokenly, "Pe-perro... cesa! Cesa, perro!"

The dog backed his head away and sat between her thighs, licking his moist chops and looking up at Carmelita's distorted face, listening to her gasp for breath as her body grew still again.

"Ohhh... perro... vida mia!"

Biting her lip, holding her thighs firmly together, Ruth fought against the urge to open her mouth and scream at the top of her lungs. She no longer felt sick at her stomach. Another sensation was taking hold of her. A warmth was building in her loins, a very upsetting warmth that was most unwelcome to her inhibited mind. She was just about to tell Elliott she'd had all she could take when a key rattled in the lock and the door swung open.

Carlos, grinning sheepishly and carrying a tray with two drinks on it, entered and came toward them.

"We didn't order another drink," Elliott said.

"These are on the house, senor. Please I want you should have them."

"I don't know about you, Elliott, but I need one!"

Carlos turned the tray as Ruth reached for a drink, making sure she took the one intended for her. When Elliott took the other and drank a large sip of it, Carlos sighed with relief.

"Thank you," Elliott said as Carlos moved quickly back to the door.

"Por nada, senor... por nada. Drink and enjoy yourself."

As the door shut behind Carlos, Elliott blinked and moved his lips over his teeth in an odd manner.

"My stars, Elliott!" Ruth exclaimed. "Look at them... look what she's going to do!"

With difficulty, Elliott focused on the bed, watching as Carmelita turned the dog on his back and brought her mouth close to his skinny, fiery-red cock.

"She's gonna suck the dog!" Ruth gasped.

Carmelita's tongue flashed out and licked the secretion from the animal's long, slender cock. She swallowed and smacked her lips, then opened her mouth and took in several inches of the inflamed prick.

As her lips tightened around the ugly shaft and her cheeks hollowed in suction, Elliott shook his head and fought against the revulsion and numbness taking hold of him.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Ruth yelled, jumping to the edge of the couch and staring in fascinated horror, watching the hot prick jerk and tremble as Carmelita began bobbing her head.

"Sickening," Elliott said, his voice sounding weak and strange to his ears, the room starting to spin and the bed turning into a blurred mass.

Elliott brought the glass close to his face, started to take another drink to clear his head, then looked at it instead.

"Ruth."

But she didn't hear him, and she was sitting too far forward to see him mouthing her name silently.

The glass slipped from his hand and fell silently to the cushion between his legs, the liquid spilling and seeping wetly under him, soaking his pants and the cushion. A thousand trucks ran over him all at the same time. His brain jerked and bucked inside his skull. Then, darkness enveloping him, he slumped unconscious to the couch, his head flopping back and his mouth hanging open.

"Ahora, perro... ahora mismo!" Carmelita shouted urgently, jumping to her knees and bending into position, wagging her butt at the panting dog.

Ruth turned up her drink and gulped the rest of it down, watching with one eye as the dog mounted the girl and hunched into her.

"Ouuu," Carmelita moaned, dropping her face into the pillow as the dog wrapped his front legs around her body and began humping her furiously. "Vida mia... vida mia!"

Ruth wanted to turn away, but she couldn't force her gaze from the sordid scene. She wanted to tell Elliott that she was ready to leave, but she couldn't find her voice. All she could do was sit there on the edge of the couch, holding her empty glass tightly, feeling suddenly dizzy and reeling at the gross obscenity just a few feet before her wide eyes.

The dog thrust so fast his ass made a blur. Carmelita moaned and whimpered, clenching her hands into fists and beating weakly at the mattress. Her toes curled snugly against the soles of her feet. Her belly rose and fell rapidly, the sound of her harsh breathing filling the room.

Then, when Ruth thought she would go right out of her mind if the incredible union went on a second longer, the dog hunched in and held, quivering and making noises of his own.

Carmelita grunted, then gasped, then wailed brokenly as she joined the animal in a shuddering orgasm.

"Let's go, Elliott. Take me out of this awful place."

But Elliott didn't answer, and Ruth still couldn't tear her gaze from the perverse sight on the bed. The dog pulled his cock from the girl and began licking the messy juice as it trickled from her

swollen pussy.

"Elliott. Let's go, darling."

The girl sat up on the bed, looking over at Elliott with a strange expression on her face. Ruth looked at him then for the first time in several minutes. He was slightly blurred, and it annoyed her that he'd fallen asleep. She shook him.

"Elliott... Elliott! Wake up!"

A key sounded in the lock. The door swung open.

Feeling as if she were moving under water, Ruth sat up straight and glanced toward the door. There in the hall she saw a worried-looking Carlos and another man she thought looked familiar. She knew she'd seen the handsome Latin somewhere before, but she couldn't place him. It was reassuring to see a familiar face though, so she motioned him to her. He strode cockily into the room, smiling confidently as he held out his hand.

"My husband. Help me wake him up. We have to get back to the motel."

"Don't worry about a thing," Pico said. "I'll take care of your husband."

"Thank you."

"My name is Pico."

"I know you from somewhere," Ruth said. "But I didn't remember your name. I'm Ruth."

"I'm very happy to know you, Ruth. Are you drunk, by any chance?"

"I don't think so... but I do feel strange. Help me wake my husband up now, please."

"Get them out of here," Pico told Carlos.

And as Carlos hurried Carmelita and the dog from the room, Pico bent over Elliott and slapped his face resoundingly, making his head jerk from the force of his blow.

"Don't! Don't hurt him!"

Pico shrugged. "I was only trying to wake him."

Ruth got to her knees, bending over Elliott and holding his head, looking dumbly at his slack-jawed face. "Elliott... Elliott! What's wrong with him?"

Pico grinned. "I guess maybe he was tired and had a bit too much to drink." Taking advantage of Ruth's kneeling position, he bent and slipped off both her shoes.

"What are you doing? For heaven's sake... give me back my shoes!"

"Lock it behind you. I'll call you when I want you again."

"Si, Pico," Carlos said, backing nervously from the room and locking the door from the outside.

"Give me my shoes. Why's he locking the door?"

"Because I want to be alone with you."

"Help me with my husband. Please... something's wrong with him!"

"You're a very beautiful woman."

"Thank you. But Elliott... I think he's sick! Do something!"

"I'm going to do something."

"You'll help me get him to a doctor?"

"No, I won't do that. Your husband doesn't need a doctor."

"Then help me get him back to our motel. I feel so funny. Please give me my shoes. Mr..."

"Pico."

"I want my shoes, Pico. We have to go now. Dizzy... I feel so weak all of a sudden."

Pico took off his coat and laid it across the easy chair. Then his tie and shirt followed.

"Don't," Ruth snapped, when she saw him undoing his pants and stepping from them. "Don't do that! For God's sake, put your clothes back on and help me!"

"I'm going to help you, rubia. I'm going to give you exactly what you need." He pushed his shorts off and kicked them away, then grasped his rising cock and stepped so close to Ruth it nearly poked her in her startled face. "I'm going to give you this."

Ruth's mouth dropped open. She stared unbelievably at the hardening purplish cockhead.

"It's pretty, isn't it?"

"No," she gasped, backing away and shaking her head.

"Yes it is. I can tell by your eyes that you like to look at it. Wait until you feel it, rubia. You'll love it."

"No."

"I'm going to fuck you, pretty gringa. Fight me all you want. I'd much rather you fight like a tigress than give in too easy."

"No... oh my God... NO!"

Ruth shook Elliott frantically, trying futilely to rouse him, pleading with him to wake up.

"He'll be no help to you for many hours. You see, rubia, I had him drugged."

"No," she mumbled, then she screamed. "NO, NO, NO!!"

"Oh, yes. He is drugged. You too, rubia, but not as heavily as your husband, of course. You feel funny? Dizzy? Weak?"

She looked at him with fear in her eyes.

"The effect of the drug," he explained. "It will harm neither of you."

"Don't touch me!"

"I'll do much more than touch you. When your husband again opens his eyes, he will be quite thoroughly cuckolded."

"I'll scream."

"Go ahead. Scream to your heart's content. It will not be the first time a woman has screamed in this room, nor the last. No one will come to your aid. They will barely hear you in the bar, but only if you scream very loudly. Even so, they will not bother to investigate. It is illegal just to be here. Perhaps they will tell themselves it is none of their affair, or reason that your scream is, after all, one of bliss. Try it, rubia. Scream as loud as you can, why don't you?"

For a helpless moment Ruth stared at the cruel Latin face above her. Then she shoved him and ran to the door, twisting the knob, beating on the door, putting her face to it and screaming with all her might until her throat felt raw.

"What?" Pico taunted. "No United States Cavalry to the rescue?"

"You animal! You filthy animal!"

"Now that's the spirit," Pico said, looking up as he went on removing his shoes and socks. "Get angry. Get fighting mad. If there's anything I hate, it's a spineless gringa who just falls over and plays dead while she is being fucked. Make me rape you, rubia! Fight me with every ounce of your being!"

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## CHAPTER FIVE

Her mind dulled by the drug, Ruth flattened herself against the door, watching Pico come toward her, naked and ready. His eyes glinted evilly and his lips curled into more of a sneer than a smile. But his face wouldn't hold her gaze. The most threatening part of him stood out boldly from his brown muscular body, and it was there that Ruth finally locked her faintly blurred gaze.

Gasping at the size of his rock-hard cock - it was at least two inches longer and a half inch thicker than the only prick she'd ever seen - Ruth shook her head and let out a tiny moan.

"No... please don't."

He said nothing, just chuckled and came on toward her, his rod swaying stiffly from side to side.

When he stopped in front of her, so close she could feel his hot breath on her face, Ruth looked up at him. Her upper lip trembled. Fear shone in her pleading eyes as his fingers hooked over the neck of her dress.

"No."

He ripped away the front of her dress with one quick jerk, causing her to fall forward. Her tits flattened against his hard chest. His cock pressed into her soft stomach, feeling all hot and hard.

"Oh, my God! No!" She jumped away, turning sideways and cringing against the door.



"Stand up straight. Look at me."

"Go to hell!"

"You shouldn't talk to me that way, rubia."

His voice sounded amused. Ruth hated him all the more for it. "I'd die before I'd give in to you!"

"You are a proud bitch, aren't you? Good. I like your haughty manner. It will make it more pleasurable for me."

"I'll give you no pleasure," Ruth hissed, trying to sound brave but feeling anything but bravery at the moment.

"We'll see. Now stand up straight and look at me."

"No, damn you... NO!"

"Don't curse me. I won't tolerate my women cursing me."

"I'm not your woman. I despise you!"

"That will change shortly," Pico said, then he grunted as he kicked her ass and sent her sprawling face down on the floor.

He stood over her, gloating as she struggled to sit up, sobbing and backing away, the fear so strong in her now that it could almost be smelled. She scooted across the floor, finally backing herself into a corner in her futile attempt to get away from him.

This can't be real! she thought. I'm having a horrible nightmare!

The drug caused everything she perceived to be distorted. The sounds, even her own voice, had an unreal ring. It was impossible for her to focus clearly. The very center of her field of vision was fairly sharp, but the surrounding area was fuzzy, like an out-of-focus movie scene at the beginning of a flashback. Her body felt numb and uncoordinated. Her brain refused to help her. It took in her fear, acknowledged the need to act, but was too sluggish to function properly.

Even the pain in her ass seemed unreal. It was a dull pain, exactly like it belonged in a dream. But she knew it was no dream. Her mind was trying to lie to her. She couldn't let that happen. Too much was at stake. She couldn't let the two-legged animal standing over her and laughing at her have his way. He was real - not a monster in a horrible dream - and he intended to rape her! She had to resist - to prevent it at all costs!

Summoning every bit of strength she could muster, Ruth leaped to her feet and clawed viciously at his handsome face. Through the veil of tears covering her eyes, she saw her fingernails bring ugly red streaks down both sides of his dark face. His smug expression was gone. He yelled, cursed in his native language, slapped her small hands away. She started to laugh crazily, thinking that she'd rebuffed him sufficiently to dampen his lust. Then the breath whooshed from her lungs as his fist buried deep into her guts.

Numb, her insides churning and burning from the force of his blow, Ruth slumped to the floor, a pain-racked groan escaping her open mouth. She lay there piteously, sobbing and desperately gulping for air, her body being jerked ignominiously about as Pico ripped away her slip and bra. She

could barely hear him cursing her, and then cursing her panties which refused to tear.

His voice came from high above her. "Take your panties off."

"No!"

"Take them off or I'll kick your teeth out!"

She saw his foot draw back and aim at her face. There was no choice but to do as he demanded. Quickly she rolled to her other side, keeping her back to him as she slipped her panties off and kicked them away.

"Turn over. I want to look at you."

Something deep inside her ached terribly from the brutal blow he'd floored her with, and it was still very difficult for her to breathe. She didn't dare resist him any longer. Her brain, though dull, functioned well enough to know he would stop at nothing to have his way. All her spunk was gone. She detested what was happening, abhorred the thought of him using her body; but she retained enough common sense to rationalize her plight.

Being raped is a horrible thing, she thought, but it isn't nearly as horrible as being beaten to death!

Accepting her fate reluctantly, wanting to get it over with so he'd go away and leave her alone, Ruth shut her eyes and rolled obediently to her back. She could feel his hot gaze moving over her body, and it sent a wave of revulsion through her.

"You are a true blonde... one of the few I've ever seen. I like it. Your bush is quite hairy for a blonde. A very attractive pussy indeed. Spread your legs. Let me see if your lips are as pink as your nipples."

As her mind screamed a silent protest, Ruth spread her legs so he could examine her.

"Wider."

She spread her legs until the cords connecting her thighs to her body stood out tautly - wishing she could faint so she wouldn't be aware of what was happening to her. Then he touched her with his foot, probing into her with his big toe, pulling her open. She fought the reflex to jerk away, knowing if she did it would probably earn her a kick right at her most tender part.

"Yes, a very attractive pussy, all in all. The lips are not as pink as your nipples, but I like them. They should feel nice and tight around me. Why are they so hot and slick, rubia? Do you feel passion already? Perhaps the show you witnessed had this effect on you?"

Oh, good Lord! she thought. What a filthy animal he is!

But she said, "Get it over with. Do what you want and go away. Please get it over with!"

"Ahhh. You do feel desire."

"No! I feel nothing but disgust!" she shouted.

"Don't raise your voice to me again," he said coldly.

The pain inside her was ebbing away. She could breathe normally again. Do I dare? she wondered. I could kick his testicles and maybe stun him long enough to beat him unconscious with that heavy

ash tray.

She opened her eyes and looked up at his face. It was too far away. All she could see was a blur. But his big cock was closer, and she saw it clearly. His scrotum, too, hanging between his legs and swaying as he toyed at her clitoris with his big toe.

Stop it. It doesn't feel good. I can't let it feel good!

But it did; and she squirmed reflexively.

Kick his balls, she told herself. Quickly, while there is still time! But I can't... he's standing between my legs and I can't kick him! His balls are big - like his penis. It would really hurt him if I could just get my foot into position to kick them. But I can't. Damn it... I can't get at them!

He bent over her, still standing between her legs and making it impossible for her to kick his vulnerable organs. His fingers bit into her upper arms as he grabbed her roughly and jerked her to her knees. The head of his cock pushed hotly at her tightly clamped lips. Frantic, she turned her head, feeling the clear fluid his passion had caused streak across her soft cheek.

"Kiss it. Kiss my cock."

"I'd rather die!" she wailed.

He snorted, then grabbed a handful of her hair and lifted her, screaming, to her feet, bringing their faces close together. His eyes were angry slits boring into hers. Then he smiled and shoved her toward the bed.

Her legs couldn't move fast enough to keep up with her body. She tumbled to the hard floor and slid part way under the bed before she stopped. He was at her instantly, grabbing her ankle and dragging her from beneath the bed, her tits and palms squeaking on the worn linoleum.

"I'm through toying with you. Get up. Get on the bed."

Ruth struggled to her feet. Trying to stall for time, she asked, "Do you want me to take off my stockings and garter belt?"

He took his cock in one hand and Ruth's left nipple in the other, squeezing both until she was whimpering with pain.

"You're hurting me!"

He twisted her tender pink bud, pulling down as he did, forcing her once again into a kneeling position before him.

"Ohhh... don't! Please don't."

"Kiss my cock or I'll twist your tit off!"

The intense pain in her nipple made Ruth do as he said. She brought her full lips quickly to the blood-engorged head of his cock and kissed it.

"Lick it."

She hesitated; but when he twisted her abused nipple harder, she let her lips part and licked his hot

glans. His hand cupped the back of her head and pulled her mouth forward, sending his bulging knob between her teeth and over her rapidly retreating tongue. It bumped the back of her throat, making her gag and choke.

His dick left her mouth as quickly as it had entered. His hands hooked under her arms and lifted her from the floor. Ruth couldn't see anything. Her eyes were full of tears from the awful pain in her tit and the gagging and choking his cock had caused. She felt him toss her into the air, and she gasped at the helpless falling sensation. Then she hit the bed, the mattress sagging with her weight and the springs groaning in protest.

The old bed was still bouncing when Pico leaped on it and covered her body with his. His knees worked between hers, forcing her legs apart.

"Oh, dear God!" Ruth moaned, feeling his hot, hard glans probe at her vulva.

She squirmed in an effort to evade him, sobbing and beating at his shoulders as fast and hard as she could.

"That's it," he panted. "Fight. Fight me, rubia!"

"Animal... you miserable animal," she moaned, raking her fingernails across his back so harshly it hurt her fingers.

"Aargh! Again!"

When she realized her scratching was bringing him more pleasure than pain, she buried her face into the crook of his neck and bit with all her might. His glans pressed into her hairy opening, dilating her, stretching her painfully. She bit him harder.

He screamed, suddenly hunching forward, filling her completely as he lunged in to the very hilt. His heavy balls made a splatting noise as they arched forward and hit into the crack of her ass.

Ruth sucked in her breath raggedly, quivering from head to toe as the searing pain from his brutal thrust raced through her. She knew he'd ripped her apart with his thick cock. The whole room spun dizzily around. She clenched her hands into tight fists, lying beneath him docilely now, biting her lip against the pain in her loins. Her chest heaved as she fought desperately for air. Her eyes clenched firmly shut, she threw back her head and rolled it from side to side, sobbing and gasping.

"Hot," Pico sighed contentedly. "So hot and tight!"

Ruth refused the kiss he tried to give her. She jerked her head to the side and snarled, feeling his mouth cover her ear and his tongue lick wetly inside it. It sent a chill up her spine. She could feel the head of his rod deep inside her belly. Never had Elliott penetrated her so thoroughly. His ass began moving in a tiny circle, causing his glans to flip maddeningly at her cervix.

All too soon her pain was gone. She wished it back, preferring it to the new sensations rushing in to take its place. Wetly, his tongue worked snakelike in her ear, affecting Ruth despite her resolve to ignore it. She tried hard to ignore his tongue, but she couldn't; nor could she ignore the incessant massage his cockhead was giving the mouth of her womb. It was too much for her. Before she realized it she was rolling her hips along with his, rubbing her awakening clitoris at the sharp bone under his pummeling pubic mound.

Stop it! her conscience barked.

But I can't help it... he's raping me, her body protested.

You don't have to like it, her conscience snapped back. Only whores like it! Lie quietly, the way you usually do with Elliott!

"Wha-What are you doing?" Ruth gasped, looking up at Pico's lust-racked face, struggling to keep him from pinning her hands helplessly to the mattress.

He chuckled, easily forcing her arms to the bed on either side of her body and holding them there. "The preliminaries are over. I think you're ready to be fucked now. Give me a good ride, rubia."

She groaned as his cock began thrusting with long, slow strokes. He was right, she knew. She was ready - more ready than she'd ever been in her whole life! But she wouldn't let herself enjoy it. She couldn't permit that! It was unthinkable! A decent woman just couldn't find rape to be a thrilling experience!

"My husband will kill you."

"You scare me," he said, smiling down at her frightened face.

"You'll go to prison. Stop... stop right now and I won't tell my husband or the police."

"That's very kind of you... but no. I won't stop until I've given you a bellyful of my sperm."

His cock was stroking faster now, setting her loins on fire as he plunged deep into her with long, rhythmic movements.

Oh, God, Ruth thought, it is good. I can't help myself. He's so masterful - so big and hard and hot.

Stop it! her conscience demanded.

"I can't," she moaned back.

"I can't!"

"You can't what?"

"Huh?"

"What is it that you can't?"

"Oh good Lord!" she gasped, realizing that she'd spoken aloud, ashamed for forgetting herself, wondering how much she'd said.

She looked up at him. He was smirking down at her, enjoying her confusion and helplessness.

"You bastard!"

He laughed.

With a last effort which she knew wouldn't succeed, Ruth tried to wrench her arms free and force him from her. It only amused him. He held her almost effortlessly, going right on filling her weeping cunt again and again.

"You dirty bastard," she groaned, falling back and giving up her fight.

Like lightning, he released her hand long enough to slap her a stinging blow on the face, then pinned her arm again before she could move it.

"You - you..."

"Consider that a warning. Curse me again and I won't let you off so easy."

Ruth sniffed and blinked her eyes.

He fucked her in silence for more than a minute, the bed creaking and singing raspily. Ruth stared up at him all the while, trying not to let the sensations in her loins get out of hand again. His slap had driven them out and sobered her somewhat, and she wanted to keep it that way. But it was impossible. His big cock made entirely too much friction as it stroked back and forth through her swollen cunt lips. Soon she was responding again, thinking how handsome he really was.

When he lowered his face to kiss her, she didn't turn away. She let him press his surprisingly soft and warm lips to hers as his cock dipped rapidly to the very depths of her vagina. She shut her eyes and closed off her conscience, allowing his tongue to force her lips and teeth apart and enter her mouth.

His tongue tasted strongly of tobacco. Ordinarily she hated even the smell of tobacco. But now, because of the spears of pleasure his plunging cock sent careening through her, she found the taste not at all offensive. She licked back at his invading tongue, letting it fill her mouth until she was moaning softly and sucking it.

"It's getting good to you?"

"No," she lied.

"Oh, you're a stubborn one, rubia."

Then he was kissing her again, more passionately this time, his tongue whipping at hers, teasing it into his mouth. Losing all sense of shame, Ruth stuck her tongue deep into his moist mouth and whimpered softly as he sucked it.

"Ahhh. Now that's better... much better!"

"I hate you," Ruth said weakly, bringing her legs up and locking her ankles over his hunching ass.

"You have a very nice way of showing it."

"Mmm... hate you," she sighed, throwing her pelvis up to him, jerking him into her with her legs.

"Is it good?"

"Uh-huh. Good... oh damn!"

He laughed.

"Turn my arms loose... please!"

"You promise not to scratch?"

"I won't scratch. I want to hold you... please let me hold you."

As soon as he released her hands, Ruth threw her arms around his back and hugged him fiercely. She felt as if she'd lost her mind. But it didn't matter. Nothing in the world mattered except the fantastic feelings churning in her steaming loins. It was so very sinful and wicked, but, Oh God, she thought, is it ever good!

"Darling... oh, darling," she moaned, sliding her damp palms over his back as she kissed him wildly.

Over his shoulder she could see Elliott slumped on the couch. She didn't want to see Elliott at the moment - didn't want to think about him even. She knew she'd hate herself when this wonderful moment was over, but for the present she wanted to enjoy it to the fullest. She shut her eyes to close out her husband as well as the rest of the world. Nothing mattered - nothing but the thrill of Pico's big, sweet cock jabbing so hotly at her.

Clinging to him, sucking his tongue, she moved with him as if they were of one mind. The tempo grew faster and faster as they drew near orgasm. It got better and better. Sweat broke out on Ruth's abdomen, the dampness making slapping sounds as Pico's stomach hit hers with rapid-fire action.

"Ohhhh... oh God!"

"Hunch me, baby. Stay with me."

"Ouuu... ouuu," Ruth crooned, throwing her cunt up to meet his intruding prick, licking absently at her puffy lips.

"Is it good?" Pico grunted. "Tell me how good!"

"Hooo... oh, Pico! Darling man!"

His hands moved under her and cupped her working buttocks, holding her to him as he ground his pelvis harshly against hers. The head of his cock stirred her guts delightfully, sending waves of pure pleasure washing out to every nerve in her body.

"Wonderful!" she shrieked, unlocking her ankles and letting her legs fall to the bed, digging her heels into the mattress and grinding her pelvis at him. "Big cock... oh, what a big, sweet cock!"

Pico let his body fall on hers, his chest mashing her tits flat as he jarred her intestines with his fully inserted cock. He grunted and groaned, then sucked in his breath and bit the side of her neck.

His teeth were sharp, causing her a great deal of pain as he chewed her flesh and made little animalistic sounds in his throat. She whimpered mournfully, writhing beneath him, still grinding her cunt at him as she grabbed the tensed cheeks of his ass. Her fingernails dug into his buttocks. She jerked at him frantically. His cock was twitching and throbbing inside her seething cunt, his nuts drawing up tight against his body. Nothing had ever felt better to her. She knew he was hanging on the verge of orgasm, just as she herself was. She wanted him to cum - wanted desperately to feel his thick cock jerking deep inside her belly.

"Come, darling! Come, come, come!!"

His hands moved up her back, his fingers hooking over her shoulders and pulling her clitoris down roughly against the top of his dick.

"Mmmm... mmm!"

"Rubia!"

"I'm ready! Shoot it... oh, shoot it!"

He grunted, mashed her ass deep into the mattress and held her there, his cock jerking wildly.

"Ohhh," she moaned. "Oh, shit!"

She pulled her legs up until her feet were almost to ass level and her soles were flat on the mattress. Using the strength of her leg muscles, she pushed up, lifting her ass from the bed, holding there, supporting his body with her upthrust pelvis. She shuddered from head to toe as the first jet of hot sperm blew from his dancing cockhead and washed over the mouth of her convulsing womb.

Then every ounce of strength left her as her own orgasm burst within her loins. It was a blinding flash of unbearable joy. She screamed shrilly, falling back to the bed, her body twitching and jerking as he shot jet after jet of his copious load into her. Her hands held tremblingly to his hard butt, keeping his spurting glans pulled snugly into her sensitive cervix, every nerve in her sweat-soaked body thrilling as his hot cum sprayed into her. Her legs flailed weakly.

She sobbed brokenly through it all, then lay exhausted and spread-eagled as he pulled out and got off the bed.

A mass of cum oozed from her stretched pussy and trickled warmly down the crack of her quivering ass. Ruth shut her eyes, feeling disgust rise within her now that the heat of her insane lust was past. She felt soiled, totally unworthy of her decent husband and her position in life. A sick feeling swept over her as she realized nothing would ever be the same again. Poor Elliott, she thought. He must never know. How could I have responded to that animal? How can I live with the knowledge of my sin? Dear God... help me... help me bear the heavy burden of this wicked night!

A hand was on her shoulder, shaking her, a voice calling as if from a distance. "Wake up, rubia."

Ruth opened her eyes. Pico's smug face loomed above her. "What are you doing still here? How long have I slept?"

"About fifteen minutes is all. You know, you're not a bad fuck... for a gringa, that is."

"Drop dead! Go away. You got what you wanted... now go away and leave me alone!"

"I am going away. It's time for me to return to Panama."

"Good. Have a rotten trip!"

"Don't wish me any bad luck. You're going with me."

"You're out of your mind. I wouldn't go to a dog fight with you."

"I'm not asking you to go. I'm taking you."

"What?"

"You are going to be one of my women... and a special one, at that."



"Wha... wha-what are you talking about?"

"You're a whore now, rubia. My whore. You liked my cock so well that I've decided to take you to Panama and put you in my whorehouse. You'll get lots of cock there... miles and miles of it."

"You're insane," Ruth gasped, sitting up and cringing away, seeing the others for the first time. "Oh my God!"

Faustina and the Negro were sitting on the couch beside Elliott, who was still unconscious. Both of them were smiling at her. Carlos stood just inside the door, looking quite pale and nervous, his sheepish eyes refusing to meet her gaze. Ruth tried to cover her breasts and cunt with her hands.

"Here. Put this on," Pico said, tossing a faded old dressing gown at her.

She slipped it on, buttoning what buttons were left intact with shaking fingers. "I'm not going anywhere with you! Get out of here! All of you!"

Pico grabbed her hair and dragged her across the bed. He slapped her hard, backhanded her, kept it up until she was crying and sniveling and docile.

"You'll do as I say, puta! I am your master now. The sooner you accept that fact the better off you'll be!"

"I'd rather die," Ruth sobbed. "Oh, God... I'd rather die!"

"That can be arranged," Pico said coldly, reaching into his pocket, coming out with a wicked-looking switchblade and snapping it open. He pressed the knife blade threateningly against Ruth's throat. "Decide!"

"Oh, dear God!"

Carlos gasped. His mouth dropped open. He started toward the bed, then stopped and turned his back.

"Well?" Pico demanded. "Which is it, rubia? You may live and be my whore, or I'll slit your throat... if that's what you really want. Decide!"

"I don't want to die," she begged, her large eyes pleading up at him. "Don't hurt me... please don't cut me!"

"Then you choose to be my whore?"

The sharp edge of the knife blade pressed at her skin. There was no time for indecision. Any life, even that of a whore, was better than no life. Ruth gulped, nodding her head carefully, shutting her eyes, feeling the scalding-hot tears of humiliation stream down her cheeks.

"Say it. Tell me!"

"Your whore," she gasped. "I'll be your whore."

Instantly the knife left her throat. "A wise choice," Pico said calmly, shutting the knife and putting it back into his pocket.

"There was no choice," she moaned. "And you know it."

He laughed, extending his hand and helping her from the bed. "Come, meet my sister and Jose. Faustina... Jose... this is rubia our new puta."

Jose and Faustina nodded, both of them looking her up and down but saying nothing. Ruth cringed at the gleam in Faustina's dark-brown eyes. They shone with interest, glinted with cruelty. Jose was very black and big, a giant Negro with an Afro haircut which made his head appear twice as big as it really was. He was all muscle, his turtleneck shirt clinging to his tapering torso like a second skin.

"Jose is a mute. He understands only Spanish but can't speak or write. He is my personal body guard. Strong as a bull, that one is... with a cock like a mule!"

"You're very beautiful," Faustina said.

Ruth shivered. "Thank you."

"As beautiful as this delicate morsel," Faustina went on, holding up a snapshot. "In a more mature sort of way, of course."

Ruth felt the room do a double flip-flop. "That's my daughter," she blurted. "Where did you get that picture?"

The evil smile swept back over Faustina's face, and Ruth knew she'd made a terrible mistake. She saw Elliott's wallet on the cushion beside Faustina. "Paula's at home," she said quickly. "In Tulsa."

"You lie, puta," Faustina taunted.

"No. No, I didn't. Paula's at home... going to summer school. She couldn't come with us because she had to make up a subject."

"I'll take the wheep to you if you're lying to Faustina," she said happily.

"Enough," Pico barked. "We must go."

"My car is waiting at the back," Carlos said, his voice breaking. "I got rid of their taxi driver... like you said."

"Bueno. This will extend your time to six months, Carlos," Pico said. Then he turned to Jose. "Carry the man out to the car. Carlos will drive up to the airport."

Jose picked Elliott up as easily as if he were a child, carrying him in his arms and following Carlos into the hall.

"Come, rubia," Faustina ordered, dangling the key to their motel room before Ruth's face. "We will stop for your clothing... and see if you were lying to me."

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## CHAPTER SIX

The car sat in a darkened corner of the motel parking lot. Elliott slumped in the back seat, breathing rhythmically as he slept.

Ruth was in the front seat, flanked by Carlos and Faustina. Carlos squirmed and smoked constantly, lighting one cigarette from the butt of each previous one. Faustina held a gun in her right hand,

hiding it with a sweater, keeping the muzzle poked threateningly into Ruth's side.

Her eyes shut, her hands clasped together, Ruth prayed silently that Pico and Jose would not discover Paula in the room adjoining hers and Elliott's. She couldn't remember whether Elliott had shut the door after they'd gone in to tell Paula good night, but she hoped he had – she hoped to God he had!

Please, Lord, let the door be shut... let it be locked on Paula's side – please, please, please! Those awful men are up there now. Don't let them get my baby in their evil clutches too!

Pico slipped the key into the lock, turned it, then opened the door slowly and moved quietly into the darkened motel room. Jose followed him inside, moving even more quietly than Pico despite his large size. After determining there was only one bed, and that it was empty, Pico switched on a lamp and motioned for Jose to close the door.

The rooms were all adjoining, like some American motels, but both doors were closed. Pico found the suitcases and put them on the bed, opened, motioning for Jose to fill them with Ruth and Elliott's clothing from the drawers and closet. Then, as Jose began packing, he moved to one of the doors and checked it. It was locked. He crossed the room to the other door and grasped the knob, finding it locked too.

"It looks like rubia was telling the truth," he said, more to himself than to Jose, for he'd spoken in English.

Then he spoke in Spanish, louder, telling Jose to hurry up and be sure to get all the clothing. He wanted no traces left behind, nothing which would arouse suspicion. Ruth and Elliott would simply disappear and never be heard from again. Carlos had agreed to see that their car was conveniently "stolen", and that it, too, should disappear. Carlos would profit handsomely from that, Pico knew; for once the car was repainted and the identifying markings removed, it could be taken to Mexico City and sold with no questions asked. Carlos had promised to give Pico the money from the illegal sale, as partial payment on what he owed. But Pico wasn't concerned about Carlos paying up. He knew he would manage to get the money together in time. He was too scared to refuse.

"Carlos is like a pollo," he said, laughing.

Jose glanced at him and grinned, nodding his head. He'd understood only two words – Carlos and chicken – but it was enough to give him the meaning of Pico's spoken thought. Still looking at Pico, Jose pulled too hard on the dresser drawer he was opening. It came completely out; and in his attempt to catch it before it fell to the floor, he overreacted and set the light drawer banging loudly against the wall.

Startled by the sudden noise, Paula jerked awake and sat up in bed. For a moment she didn't know where she was, and her heart beat faster as she glanced around the strange room in an effort to orient her sleep-dulled mind.

Then she relaxed, remembering all. Her parents were back from their night on the town. She could hear movement in their room. Wondering which one of those bright, wild paintings her father had bought, and wanting to kiss them both good night, she slid from her bed and slipped on her robe. She padded barefoot across the room and unlocked the connecting door, swung it open and went through it, rubbing her eyes. She was well into the room when she noticed the dark, lean man and the big muscular Negro looking at her. Gasping, she clutched her robe tightly around her neck and stopped.

Pico, thinking and acting very quickly, smiled and said, "You must be Paula."

"Yes," she answered, staring at him in utter confusion. "How did you know my name? What are you doing in here? This is my parents' room."

"Your parents," Pico said, stalling for time as his mind groped for a way to calm her and keep her from calling out.

Paula was much too young and naive to be as frightened as she should have been. She said. "Yes, my parents."

"Your parents... Ruth and..."

"Elliott. Ruth and Elliott Strickland."

"Yes. Strickland. I'm sorry I could not recall their full names."

"What are you doing with their things?" she gasped, just noticing what was going on. "Who are you?"

"Don't be alarmed, Paula," Pico soothed.

"But you're packing their things! What are you doing that for? Has something happened to them?"

"Yes. I'm afraid so."

"An accident! They haven't had an accident?"

Smiling inwardly at the unintentional help she'd given him, but forcing his face to look concerned and serious, Pico nodded.

"Oh, no! What happened?"

"The taxi in which they were riding was struck by another car. Now don't become alarmed, Paula. Calm yourself, my child."

"They're hurt! How bad are they hurt? They're not dead... tell me they're not dead!"

"No, no, no," he said, moving to her and putting his hands on her quaking shoulder. "They are going to be fine. They are shaken up pretty badly though. They'll be in the hospital a couple of days. They are there now. That's why Jose and I are here... to take their things to them."

"I'm going too," Paula said.

"Of course you are, my child. I've arranged to have a bed for you put into your mother's room. She insisted on it."

"I'll get dressed, Mr..."

"Pico. Just call me Pico."

"You'll wait for me, Pico?"

"Certainly. And, Paula," he called, stopping her in the doorway. "Pack your things."

"All of them?"

He nodded. "Everything. You won't be coming back to this motel."

"I'll hurry."

"Please do."

Paula shut the door, not bothering to lock it now that she knew the men were there to help. She laid out the things she would wear, then got her suitcase and began packing.

Jose stood beside the bed, neglecting his duties, staring after Paula.

Pico noticed the gleam in his eyes, the lustful yet tender expression on his face. He also noticed the bulge in his trousers. A new act for the sex show put on nightly in his large whorehouse was immediately born in his mind. It would be a very erotic act, what with Jose so big and black and Paula so small and blonde. And so young and tender, too. A mock rape, he thought, smiling, pleased with himself as the scene unfolded in his mind. Or a real rape, if Paula wouldn't go along willingly with his idea.

At any rate, Jose would go along. He'd do anything Pico told him to do. Pico grinned. The act would be perfect to precede Ruth and the donkey waiting for her in the shed behind his place.

"Do you like the girl, Jose?" he asked in Spanish.

Still looking longingly at the door Paula had gone through, Jose nodded and motioned as if taking her in his muscular arms.

"Then you shall have her, my friend... every night."

Grinning broadly, Jose nodded and rubbed the growing bulge his massive prick was causing. He made sign language to indicate he wanted Paula all to himself.

"No, Jose. The girl will have to take care of customers too."

Jose looked disappointed but acquiescent.

"You can't keep her all to yourself. She will be very popular with the customers, especially the older ones. But when we are closed and there are no customers to pay for her, then you may have her."

Jose pointed to the bed. He pretended to hold Paula in his arms, shutting his eyes as if sleeping.

"Of course, my friend," Pico said. "Every night if you wish it."

Obviously very happy with the promised arrangement, Jose went eagerly back to packing Ruth and Elliott's things.

Fully dressed and ready to leave, Paula reentered the room, struggling with her heavy suitcase. Pico sat calmly in a chair, smoking a thin, black cigar. The packing finished, Jose was bird-dogging the door, waiting impatiently for it to open. Paula was barely into the room when he rushed to her and, smiling, took the suitcase from her hand.

"Thank you," Paula said, returning his smile as best she could in her worried state of mind. His face wasn't at all handsome, what with his broad nose and thick lips, but he seemed very pleasant and

helpful. "I didn't get your name."

"His name is Jose," Pico said, rising.

"Thank you, Jose."

Jose beamed, smiling and nodding, looking directly into her blue eyes.

"He can't answer you, Paula. Jose is a mute, and he understands only Spanish."

"Oh, the poor man!" Paula gushed. "And he seems so nice."

Pico grinned. He picked up both suitcases and handed them to Jose, who put one under his arm so he could carry all three. Pico strode to the door and opened it, holding it and motioning Paula to come as Jose led the way. He offered his arm. Paula took it, switching her purse to her other hand and thinking how gallant Latin men were. Holding to his reassuring arm, anxious to get to her injured parents, Paula hurried along beside Pico as they crossed the motel parking lot.

"I feel so sorry for Jose."

Pico patted her hand, then locked his fingers through hers and led her on toward the waiting car.

Holding his hand was more reassuring than holding his arm. Paula squeezed it gratefully, half running now to keep up with his long-strided gait. "I hope my mother's face wasn't hurt. She's got such a pretty face."

"There's not a scratch on her face."

"I'm relieved to hear that... I really am. Just how bad are they hurt?" she asked as they drew near Carlos' car. "Were you in the wreck too? I saw your face was hurt."

"You ask too many questions," he said, stepping quickly behind her and clapping his hand over her mouth as he jerked her arm painfully and bent it up her back.

His action was fast; the pain sharp. For a stunned second Paula didn't understand. She whimpered and struggled, her feet off the ground and kicking the air. Jose had the door open. Paula's head bumped the top of the car as Pico stuffed her into the back seat. The impact addled her, made her dizzy and numb. She moaned softly as she hit the seat and fell against her father.

"Paula! Paula!" Ruth yelled shrilly. "Oh, my God... Paula!"

A loud splat sounded as Faustina slapped Ruth viciously. "Shut up, puta! Shut up or I'll kill you! Carlos! Open the trunk! Help Jose put the bags in... quickly!"

"Daddy... Mommy! What is it! What's happening? They told me you were in an acci..."

Pico was in the seat beside Paula, jerking her head back by her long blonde hair, clapping his hand over her mouth even as the door slammed shut. "Shut up, little one. Not another peep out of you!"

Frantic, Paula tried in vain to claw and elbow and kick.

"No, Paula! Don't," Ruth begged. "He'll kill you if you don't do as he says!"

"Listen to your mother, little one, and no harm will come to you."

Her eyes wide, extremely frightened, Paula nodded. The grip eased on her hair. She sighed into the tobacco-scented hand covering her mouth and nose.

"What are you going to do with her?" Ruth asked fearfully.

"Her fate is the same as yours, rubia. I haven't decided about your husband yet."

"Let them go," Ruth begged, looking pleadingly into the back seat.

Carlos got in and started the car. Jose got in the back seat on the other side of Elliott, pushing him over, crowding Paula tightly between her unconscious father and Pico's hard body. The back door thumped shut. Carlos backed the car around, then drove cautiously from the parking lot.

"Please, please let my daughter and husband go," Ruth cried, watching the motel fade into the distance behind the accelerating car. "You've got me. I'll do anything you say... anything! Only for God's sake let my husband and child alone!"

"Faustina," Pico said calmly. "Silence la rubia."

Delighted with her assignment, Faustina stiffened her open hand and gave Ruth a sharp judo chop at the base of her skull.

Ruth's head jerked. Her eyes snapped shut. She slumped limply against Faustina.

"Perhaps we'd better give this one the same treatment," Pico said, pushing Paula forward, bending her so Faustina could chop the back of her neck too.

But as Faustina's hand lifted for the blow, Jose jumped forward and grabbed her arm. He looked over Paula's back at Pico, his eyes pleading.

"All right," Pico said. "But you'll have to hold her and keep her quiet. One more word out of her and she gets the same treatment rubia got."

Jose nodded, picking Paula up and lifting her, putting her in his lap with her legs across her father's lap.

Paula screamed and kicked. Then her teeth rattled as Jose shook her violently. Stark fear showing in her eyes, her mouth hanging open in shock, Paula cringed in his lap and glanced up at his face. He was smiling, putting his finger to his lips, then to hers, then wagging it no. She felt the warmth of his body, saw an even greater warmth in his eyes. Sobbing bitterly, she buried her face in his chest and clung to him.

The car raced on toward the airport, Carlos driving and puffing nervously at his cigarette.

Paula sobbed, her chest heaving, her body jerking as she gasped for breath. Jose's big hands were patting and stroking her, trying to reassure her. Slowly, very slowly, she realized she and her parents were in no immediately danger. She had no idea what lay in store for them. But that was in the future; and at fourteen, the future is never as important as the present. At the present she was being held and comforted. Little by little her sobs diminished until she was sniffing and rubbing her tear-streaked face against Jose's muscular chest. His cheek rubbed back and forth over the top of her head, his hands constantly patting and stroking her back.

Finally, heaving a double sigh, Paula relaxed completely. "What's wrong with my father?"

"Drugged," Pico said. "He'll be all right."

"My mother... what was she talking about? What are you going to do with us?"

Pico glared angrily at her. "I am very weary of explanations, little one. Ask your mother when she wakes up. Now shut your mouth!"

Afraid to disobey Pico, but not nearly as frightened as she had been, Paula shut her eyes as well as her mouth. She put her cheek against Jose's comforting chest. His strong arms cradled her to him and he began to rock her like a child. It produced a pleasant sensation, a calmness, which she enjoyed in spite of her mind going like a computer. Kidnapped, she thought, we're being kidnapped!

She knew she should be horrified. But she wasn't. She was thrilled. A shudder swept over her, followed by a sense of exhilaration. She was in danger for the first time in her life, and it was ever so exciting to her young mind. They'd be taken to some hideout, she supposed, some really terrible and run-down shack.

I wonder if they'll tie us up? No, that's too corny! Beans and tortillas - that's probably all they'll give us to eat while we wait for ransom to be arranged. I wonder how long it'll take? A day... a week? Two days would be ideal, three at the most - after that things would get awfully boring.

Unless they raped us! Oh cripes! I wonder if they'll rape me and mother? Mother would just die if they did! No, I'm being silly. They've got a woman with them, the mean bitch! I wonder how it feels to be raped? It gives me the shivers to think about it. If I am raped, I hope Jose is the one. He's so big and black! Ohhh... wouldn't that be something? He'd never do it though. I don't have to worry about that. He's much too kind and gentle. I like him... even if he is a Negro.

The car turned into a private airport and pulled to a stop in front of the only hangar. Pico's plane, a small cargo job, old but in good repair, was tethered just a few feet away from the car, sitting in the open, gassed up and ready to go.

"Are we still going to stop in Acapulco?" Faustina asked as they climbed from the car.

Paula's head snapped up. "We're going to Acapulco?"

"We have to," Pico told Faustina, ignoring Paula.

"Acapulco! Oh, how groovy!"

Pico said something in Spanish, and Jose picked Paula up.

"Put me down. I can walk. Carry poor Daddy. I imagine you had to drug him because he put up such a fight, huh?"

Pico spoke again. Jose put Paula down and went to the car for Elliott. Carlos carried Ruth, still unconscious, to the plane. They boarded it and Pico started the engines. Carlos unhooked the plane. Pico taxied out to the runway, waited until the engines were warm enough, then took off for Acapulco.

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## CHAPTER SEVEN

There were no seats in the back of the plane, just some sleeping bags and emergency food supplies.



Only the cabin, where Pico and Faustina sat, was heated. Once the plane reached cruising altitude Paula found herself shivering. She got a sweater from her bag and put it on, then mastered sign language enough to coax Jose into helping her get blankets from two of the sleeping bags to cover her parents.

Elliott was still unconscious from the drug, but Ruth was awake. They were both bound and gagged, Faustina having come back from the cabin long enough to accomplish the task. Paul sat cross-legged on one of the sleeping bags, looking at her mother's frightened face. She'd tried to talk to her for a while but had finally given up when she realized Ruth could only mumble through her gag in answer to the questions she asked.

An expression of adoration on his coarse-featured face, Jose sat beside Paula. His eyes never left her for a minute. Finally he took her hand, smiling into her face as he locked his fingers through hers and scooted so close their hips touched.

Reluctant to rebuff him, Paula let Jose hold her hand. It was almost nice when he squeezed it affectionately and brought it to his lips. She wondered why her mother's eyes looked so wide and fearful at such an innocent action. Because Jose was such a big ugly Negro, she supposed. But Paula wasn't at all afraid of Jose. He did look awfully menacing, but in his case she felt looks were deceiving. Jose had protected and comforted her when she needed it, and she liked him a great deal for it. She'd never been prejudiced against Negroes like some of the kids her age. Her father had taught her to judge people as individuals - by their actions rather than their race or looks.

And she found Jose to be a warm individual. He wouldn't take advantage of her, she felt sure. Holding his hand was a comforting thing. She could feel strength passing from him to her. And the way he kissed the back of her hand so tenderly was very reassuring. She wondered how such a gentle giant could be mixed up with kidnapers. Pico was obviously the boss of the gang, with mean Faustina taking second place. Faustina fascinated Paula, but she didn't like her.

Jose let go of her hand and put his arm around her shoulders. Stiffening slightly, Paula let him pull her body snugly against his. Her mother's eyes looked frantic. She was mumbling through her gag, trying to get up.

"What is it, Mother? Are you uncomfortable? Would you like a sleeping bag under you?"

Ruth shook her head, mumbled something, nodded toward Jose, then shook her head vigorously and mumbled some more.

"He isn't going to rape me, Mother. Is that what you think?"

Ruth nodded sharply.

"Oh, for goodness sakes. He's as kind and gentle as any man I've ever known. Don't be silly."

Ruth shook her head from side to side, mumbling incoherently.

Shrugging, Paula said, "Well, there's no need to worry about it. If Jose did want to rape me, which I'm sure he doesn't, I don't see how I could stop him... do you?"

Ruth groaned and lay still.

"You're overreacting, Mother. Jose is just being nice to me... trying to comfort me. That's all. We're going to Acapulco - isn't that exciting? If you've got to be kidnapped, I can't think of a more exotic

place to be taken to, can you? I don't care if it takes a whole week to arrange for the ransom to be paid."

Ruth began to cry.

"I'm sorry, Mother. I guess I am being childish, but this is the only really exciting thing that's ever happened to me. Don't worry so much. I don't think they'll hurt us any... and the church is sure to raise the ransom money real quick. We'll be back home before you know it."

"Just think how interested everybody will be! I wish I had a notebook so I could write everything down. Gosh... I can't wait to tell all my friends!"

Ruth shut her eyes and moaned mournfully.

"I wish she wouldn't take it so har..." Paula started to say, turning her head to look at Jose; but he pulled her to him and kissed her, shutting off her words, catching her by surprise.

Stunned by his sudden action, Paula was unable to protest instantly. His soft lips covered hers entirely, pressing warmly and firmly. A shiver was Paula's first reaction. Her heart skipped a beat, then thumped wildly. She'd never been kissed this way by a man. It took her breath and made her feel all funny in the pit of her stomach. By the time she'd regained her senses, she realized Jose's kiss thrilled her tremendously.

She pushed him away and looked blinkingly into his deep-brown eyes. "You shouldn't have done that, Jose."

He smiled confidently, not understanding her words; misinterpreting her soft, quavering voice.

Then he kissed her again, holding her tightly, flattening her breasts against his hard chest. His face moved constantly, his lips rolling hotly on hers. The tip of his tongue darted out and teased intimately between Paula's lips, urging them apart, coaxing her mouth open.

Her heart sounding like a tom-tom in her ears, Paula whimpered and let his tongue creep wetly over the sharp edges of her parting teeth. It rushed deep into her mouth, licking and caressing as it came. Before she knew what she was doing, her own tongue was licking back at his.

Catching herself, fighting the strong urge to throw her arms around his powerful body, Paula jerked away. She put her hands on his chest and held him away. She was trembling all over, her eyes clamped shut and her chest heaving for breath.

"Don't... please don't, Jose," she moaned weakly.

Again it was her tone of voice and not her words that Jose responded to. She sounded excited and reluctant, both of which pleased him greatly. He tried to pull her mouth back to his.

"No!" Paula snapped, looking away from him, her eyes locking on her mother's tortured face.

Looking hurt, Jose followed her gaze. Then he smiled and got to his feet. He went to Ruth and turned her, putting her face toward the wall of the plane so her large eyes couldn't see Paula. He pulled the blanket over her head and held her firmly in position long enough to make her understand she was not to turn over again. Standing and pulling his turtleneck shirt over his head, he glanced questioningly at Paula.

His V-shaped torso drew her gaze and held it. She gasped at all the muscles and the dense patch of curly hair on his chest. His upper arms looked as big as her thighs, and much more powerful.

His fingers groping at his belt, Jose came toward her.

Paula threw up her hands, wagging them as well as her head.

Again Jose misunderstood. Thinking her hands were pointing at the lights, that she wanted them out, he strode to the cabin and opened the door. Using sign language, he informed Pico of his intentions and asked him to turn off the lights in the back of the plane.

Pico nodded approval and turned off the lights in the cargo area. In Spanish, not a word of which Paula understood, Pico said, "The girl is all yours for as long as we are in the air. Have her; enjoy her."

Also in Spanish, Faustina said, "Let me hear her scream when you enter her, Jose. Don't bother being gentle with her; break the little bitch in right!"

Smiling weakly, Paula sat huddled in a ball as Jose turned from the cabin. While he was shutting the door, she got a quick glance at his face. He looked angry for the first time since she'd met him, and Paula was struck numb by his distorted face. She had no way of knowing his anger was directed at Faustina. She thought he was angry with her for refusing him.

Her teeth chattering, she clutched her knees to her chest, holding her breath as he shut the door and cut off all light save the faint moonlight coming in the two small windows. Two thumps sounded as he kicked off his shoes. A pause, then a zipper sounded, followed by the rustle of clothing which she barely heard over the soft drone of the engines. A shadowy figure now, he padded barefoot toward her. When he passed the opposite window, she got a frightening glimpse of the swaying cock standing out from his loins. He was going to rape her. She was sure of that now, and the thought of his big prick pushing into her made her feel faint.

But she dared not refuse him again. If one refusal could make him as angry as he was already, what would a second rebuff do? She shuddered at the thought, visualizing herself beaten to a pulp with Jose getting what he wanted anyway.

Then he was beside her, pulling her down onto the sleeping bag, taking her in his arms and holding her to his nude body. His large cock, hot and hard and throbbing, lay between them. Paula felt a tremor sweep over her as the long instrument pressed intimately against her stomach. His lips were moving over her face, starting on her forehead and kissing very tenderly toward her mouth.

It was all she could do to lie still and allow him to kiss her eyes and nose and cheeks. His lips felt hot, and he was breathing harshly; but he was being gentle, and she was grateful for that. She didn't want to be beaten and raped. The very thought of it terrified her. He intended to possess her, though. There was no doubt in her mind as to what he wanted - especially when his large hands cupped her asscheeks and pulled her pussy snug against his hard cock.

She tried to pull away. But he held her, hunching lightly as his mouth descended and his lips claimed hers. His mouth was open, his lips covering hers, his tongue probing for admittance. A tiny sigh of resignation sounding through her nostrils, Paula opened her mouth and let his wet tongue come spearing in.

They kissed for a long time. Paula's fear was driven out by the growing number of those strange butterflies fluttering so wildly inside her stomach. In a daze, she put her arm around him and began

to suck willingly on his ever-moving tongue. His thick shaft pressed between the lips of her cunt, feeling hot and hard even through the thickness of her clothing. Soon her clitoris crept from beneath its protective hood and started bombarding her mind with thousands of wonderful sensations.

Jose kept their mouths together, pulling his tongue back slowly, teasing hers into his mouth, then sucking it hungrily.

Her open hand moved jerkily over his back; her loins beginning to hunch back at him, Paula moaned through her flared nostrils and stuck her tongue so deep into his mouth that she was licking at the back of his throat. Her boy friend back in Tulsa had never thrilled her the way Jose was thrilling her. With him, she'd always been in control of the situation. With Jose it was entirely different. He was a man; he was in control; he was going to fuck her – and there was absolutely nothing she could do to stop him!

With Jose she felt so weak and helpless. And to her utter amazement, she found she liked feeling that way. She felt uneasy about liking it, but she did anyway. Every nerve in her young body began to sing a new and exciting song. Her response to Jose's passionate kisses and stroking hands was awfully depraved, she knew – but she couldn't help it. He was so big and black, so gentle yet masterful. Very much aware of his blackness now, thrilled all the more because of it, Paula threw her leg over his hip and rubbed her cunt eagerly up and down his pleasure-giving cock.

And it was giving her pleasure. Her clitoris, hard and throbbing by this time, was being massaged ever so delightfully by the bumpy under-surface of his thick shaft. The walls of her vagina began to secrete copiously, the slippery fluid seeping out and covering her swollen cunt lips, soaking the crotchband of her nylon panties. Her loins felt hot and hungry as never before. Soon she was raging with desire, wanting to be penetrated and made a woman, wishing Jose would hurry and take her.

And her unspoken message got across to Jose. He pulled up her dress and tugged her panties down her legs.

Paula kicked them off along with her shoes, then lay on her back, shivering as she looked up at his gentle face, letting him take the rest of her clothing off, rolling and lifting herself to help him.

"You won't hurt me?" she asked.

The dim moonlight shone on him. The adoration in his eyes and the worshipful expression on his face told her she had no cause to worry. She wondered dimly what he would do if she put her clothes back on and refused to cooperate. His eyes seemed to be full of loving tenderness. But she supposed he'd get angry if she rebuffed him again... and she didn't like him angry. She liked him this way – tender and passionate. No, she didn't want to anger him again. In fact, she didn't want to refuse him. The fire he'd set in her loins was a demanding thing. She didn't want to stall him any longer. And though she was shivering with fear at what lay ahead, she hungered for the experience.

Impulsively she reached out and grasped his cock, sucking in her breath at the size of it. Trying in vain to make her fingers encircle its girth, she breathed, "It's so big and hard!"

Ruth began to sob piteously, her body jerking as she lay helpless under the blanket.

Until her mother sobbed, Paula had completely forgotten there was anyone else in the world but her and Jose. She glanced at her, then at her unconscious father. A sense of shame swept over her. She knew it was wrong to let herself enjoy Jose's lovemaking. But wrong or not, shame or no shame, she did want him. And since he would take her, willing or not, she decided to hell with the shame, determining to make the most of a situation she had no power to direct.

Then there was no time to think, because Jose was bending over her and loving her in three places. His hand covered her tit, massaging it, tweaking her hard pink nipple as his mouth and tongue worked warm and wet at her other nipple. His hand was between her thighs, stroking her, brushing her cunt, rubbing it.

With him doing all that, it was an easy matter for her to close her ears to her mother's sobs. She gripped his feverish dick tightly, squeezing it and moving her hand up and down by instinct. Her other hand came up to his head. She moaned softly, rubbing his mass of kinky hair, pulling his mouth firmly over her tit.

Slowly his hand moved up her thigh and cupped her cunt. Fingers worked her open, making room for another finger which slid between her spread cunt lips and bumped her hymen. She jerked reflexively, then caught herself and pushed back at the invading finger. It hurt very little as it slipped deep into her moist vagina. Paula sighed with relief, thinking her hymen had been broken and wondering why girls lied about it hurting so much.

But her membrane was not broken, as she thought. It was merely stretched a little and pushed to the side.

As Jose's middle finger stroked gently in and out of her cunt, Paula sighed again and again. She was a woman at last, and she gloried in her new status. Sex was terribly good – getting better and better all the time – and she wondered how people could think anything which gave so much pleasure could possibly be bad.

"Oh, darling," she whispered, so her mother couldn't hear. "I'm ready now. Take me... put it in me!"

When he kept sucking her tit and fingering her pussy. Paula pulled his head up and kissed him abandonedly, thrusting her tongue into his mouth and jerking at his cock in an effort to urge him on top of her.

That, Jose understood. Leaving their mouths pressed wetly together, he swung between her legs and brought the head of his massive cock to her cunt.

Paula held her breath, waiting for him to penetrate her, spreading her legs wider apart to make it easier for him. It felt wonderful lying in the outer folds of her steaming opening, and she wanted to have it inside her at once now that her hymen was already broken.

But she wasn't prepared for the pain his bulging glans caused as he pressed slowly in. It entered her larger lips quite easily; but when she felt it spreading her inner lips tautly, she jerked her mouth from his and flung her head to the side. The pain was a tearing, dreadful thing. She gasped, jerked convulsively, then bit her lower lip to keep from screaming aloud.

"Stop... oh, please stop," she begged. "It's too big for me!"

Ruth was crying brokenly. She could hear what was happening to Paula – every sordid detail of it.

Recognizing the sound of pain in her voice, Jose pulled his glans from her at once. He bent and kissed her cheek, then scooted down and kissed her pussy.

By the third kiss her pain was gone, but Paula wasn't about to push his mouth from her vulva. His lips felt awfully good there. She lay as still as her trembling would allow, holding her legs far apart and patting his head. Then his tongue shot into her and Paula thought she would die, it was so good.

Everything but her pleasure completely forgotten, Paula crooned softly and held his face to her crotch with both hands. Up and down her hole he licked, darting in occasionally and stuffing her as full of his precious tongue as her virgin pussy could take, whipping her to new heights with each lick and thrust, thrilling her until she couldn't stand another second of the unbearable bliss.

"Oh... oh cripes!" she wailed, pushing him away before she passed out from the intensity of it.

Her mind reeling with lust, she recalled the girl in the dirty picture, then struggled up and knelt over Jose as soon as he'd flopped onto his back. Without a second's hesitation she grabbed his shaft and lowered her face to his loins. Pursing her lips, she pulled his cock to her and kissed his glans. It felt hot and moist. Those butterflies in her stomach numbered in the millions as she stuck out her tongue and licked Jose's feverish cockhead.

Moaning, out of her head with insane lust, Paula opened her mouth wide and took in all the hot, hard cock she could manage, sucking down harshly on it and bobbing her head up and down frenziedly. Caught up in the lewd act, reveling joyously in it, Paula would have gladly sucked his big prick all night.

But Jose had other ideas. He pulled her mouth from him, a loud, lascivious slurp sounding as her lips lost their happy suction.

"I'm dying... I'm burning up!"

Jose placed her once more on her back and mounted her, pushing his spit-slick cockhead between the puffy lips of her cunt and bearing down hard.

Paula was too far gone to care about the pain. She threw her arms around him and pushed with him, helping him stretch her inner lips and give her what she was starving for. Because of her raging need, it popped through her inner ring with only a dull ache. Then his hot glans bumped her hymen, still very much intact, and before Paula could tell him to stop, it was too late.

A searing pain spread out from her loins as his thick cock tore her membrane and rushed snugly up her tight cunt. Then his heavy nuts slapped into the crack of her quivering ass and his glans shoved her womb higher into her belly.

"Oh God... oh God!" Paula shrieked, thinking for sure she was ripped asunder.

Jose's mouth found hers, his lips closing over her lips and his tongue filling her gasping mouth. She bit his tongue, sucking air through her flared nostrils as her body quaked beneath him.

The pain never did go away completely, but it ebbed enough that she quit chewing Jose's tongue and lay numbly beneath him. In a state of semi-shock, she felt his enormous shaft stroking gently. Then he sucked in his breath and stiffened, his cock jerking wildly as a great mass of hot fluid bathed her unfeeling cunt.

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## CHAPTER EIGHT

In a basement room, one end of which was designed to look exactly like a medieval torture chamber, sat five very wealthy and jaded men. Each man had a woman with him; two had brought along their equally jaded wives, three their very young and beautiful girl friends of the moment. They sat on couches arranged in a semicircle before the torture chamber section of the room, smoking and

sipping drinks, chatting among themselves, waiting for the special show they'd paid one thousand dollars each to witness.

None of the couples had met any of the others before this day. Each of the men had been contacted via telephone by the vice-lord Pico. One of the men was an aging Hollywood star who'd brought the girl beside him – a stunning red-haired starlet of nineteen – to Acapulco for fun and games, promising to see that she got a juicy role in his next film. One couple, middle-aged and married, was from Germany, in Acapulco for a week's holiday. The others were Latin Americans, one a local married couple who owned several hotels and bars, the others from South America – an exporter and his lady from Brazil and a rancher and his current flame from Argentina.

The men, at least, all had one thing in common – depravity – and the sex show they'd been promised greatly appealed to them. An American family – a minister and his wife and fourteen-year-old daughter – both striking blondes – was soon to be brought in and ravished before their very eyes. Juan, the vice-lord host, had assured them it wouldn't be an act, but the real thing.

One by one from their separate rooms, as inescapable as prison cells, Ruth, Elliott and Paula were brought in naked and struggling.

Ruth was spread-eagled and manacled with her back to the wall. Most of the fight and fear was gone from her now. She hadn't eaten for the three days they'd been held captive in Acapulco. Jose had brought her all the water she'd wanted, but nothing more. She was weak and defeated, horrified but docile. Tears of humiliation streamed down her blushing cheeks as her ankles and wrists were fastened securely to the wall by the heavy iron manacles. The ten pairs of eyes in the faces grinning with anticipation bored into her, evoking a deep sense of shame as she sagged helplessly before them.

Elliott was led in next, his hands tied in front of him. He'd had all he wanted to eat and was well over the effects of the drug he'd been given in Juarez. Full of righteous indignation, he was fighting every step of the way as Jose slapped and kicked and shoved him into the room.

"Jesus... it sure looks real," the starlet breathed.

"For a thousand bucks apiece, it better be," her escort muttered.

Elliott raged when he saw his wife hanging from the wall. He broke free of Jose and ran to her, grabbing the chains and trying to rip them out of the concrete they were set in.

"Go along with them, Elliott," Ruth pleaded.

"No, honey... NO!"

"They'll kill us if you don't! There's nothing we can do!"

"They'll have to kill me!" he hissed, turning away to glare at the watchers, sweating from his exertion with the chains.

His voice echoing loudly around the room, Elliott ran toward the onlookers screaming, "Stop them! Don't let them do this! We're decent people!"

Grabbing Elliott up like a sack of potatoes, Jose held him, kicking and helpless, hooked over his hip.

"We've been abducted! Don't you understand? Help us! For God's sake, help us!!!"

Pico stuffed a gag in his mouth, tying it in place as Elliott shook his head and tried in vain to spit it out. When he was silenced, Jose stood him on a box and forced his tied wrists over a hook in a ceiling beam. Then, before Elliott could jerk off the hook, Pico kicked the box from beneath him and laughed cruelly as he swayed, helpless and mumbling.

The audience was tense with emotion, watching attentively as Elliott kicked and jerked on his hook and Ruth sobbed and sagged pitifully by her manacles.

The German wife reached into her husband's lap and took out his erect dick, her hand trembling as she gripped it harshly. "This is real, Karl! Those people are not actors!"

Karl pulled her dress up and gripped the inside of her thigh until she sucked in her breath and sighed, "It's going to be a delicious show... worth every mark we paid. The woman has a whip, do you see?"

Jose hurried from the room, returning a moment later with Paula. She had a worried smile on her pretty face as he led her through the doorway. Then she saw her father hanging from the ceiling and her mother fastened to the wall. Stopping in her tracks, she jerked her hands up to her face and screamed shrilly.

"Mommy... Daddy! Oh good cripes! What have they done to you? What's going on?"

Then she saw the audience and tried to hide behind Jose. His expression very strained, Jose picked Paula up and carried her to the padded massage table where Faustina was waiting.

"Put her pretty little butt here," Faustina ordered, patting the very end of the table. "That's it... now hold her on her back while I tie her ankles."

Paula, who'd also been fed and cared for, fought so hard Pico had to help his sister pull her legs apart and tie her ankles to the table legs. When her ankles were secure, her legs spread wide apart and her squirming butt hanging on the edge of the table, Pico and Faustina moved up and each took one of her wrists from Jose.

His eyes pleading, Jose tapped Pico on the shoulder and pointed to Paula.

"It's all right, my friend," Pico assured. "Your precious Paula will be harmed in no way. Now, go sit down out of the way. I'll call you when you're needed."

As Jose moved reluctantly away, Paula felt her body being stretched tautly. Her arms were pulled out straight above her head, then apart. Ropes were fastened around her wrists as she whimpered and bit her lip. Then, in turn, her wrists were tied to the opposite table legs from her ankles.

"The young girl is first," Juan, sitting off to the side, announced. "I regret you cannot see her lose her virginity. I'm told the Negro took that from her during the flight from Juarez, where the family was abducted. Nevertheless, you will see her reaction to her first experience with lesbianism. When you're ready, my dear."

Faustina, wearing boots, leather skirt and bra, all black, nodded to Juan, then bowed to the audience. Smiling, she moved to the table and began running her hands over Paula...

Cringing, Paula said, "Don't... please don't touch me like that."

Ignoring her, Faustina rubbed her palms over Paula's soft abdomen and cupped one of her firm



young tits. "She is very lovely, no?"

Paula squirmed, trying to move away from Faustina's hot hands.

"And so reluctant to be loved by a woman," Faustina added, taking Paula's pink nipple between thumb and forefinger, pinching slowly down on it.

Paula whimpered.

Her grip tightening, Faustina brought her face over Paula's and smiled cruelly down at her.

"You're h-hurting me! Stop... p-please stop!" Paula gasped, her upper lip twitching and her eyes wide with fear.

"Kiss me, little one. Maybe I'll stop hurting you then... if you kiss me passionately enough."

"No! I w-won't kiss you!"

Her teeth clenched, Faustina twisted Paula's nipple with all her might.

Screaming at the top of her healthy lungs, Paula bucked her body up from the table only to have the ropes bite painfully into her wrists and ankles. She fell, shuddering and sobbing, back to the table, Faustina's evil fingers gone from her tit but the pain lingering on.

"Cripes," she moaned. "Oh, cripes!" Then she felt Faustina taking her sore nipple between her thumb and forefinger again. "No! I'll kiss you... oh, God! I'll kiss you!"

Elliott kicked his legs wildly, trying to get himself free of the hook so he could rush to his daughter's aid.

"That's better," Faustina said, gloating into Paula's pain-racked face. "I don't want to hurt you, sweet one. Love is what I desire with you. Give it to me and you will feel no more pain."

"All r-right," Paula stuttered, not sure she could believe Faustina because she could feel her fingers holding lightly to her abused, throbbing nipple.

"I'll kiss it and make it well," Faustina cooed, moving her head to Paula's breast.

Her head slid down Paula's stomach, cupping her cunt as she pursed her lips and kissed the pink tip of her tit. Her mouth opened. She took Paula's tender bud inside and began sucking and licking her, her fingers moving jerkily through the blonde pubic hair. A slurp sounded as she lifted her head.

"Is that better, little one?"

Afraid to do otherwise, Paula nodded.

Faustina laughed, then dropped her head and took nearly all of Paula's tit into her hot mouth. Sucking softly, she rolled her face and stroked her hand intimately over Paula's loins. Her fingertips traced lightly from asshole to clitoris, going up the inner slope of one cunt lip and down the other, making Paula squirm and shut her eyes.

"Why," Faustina exclaimed with mock surprise, "I think you like what I'm doing to you, little one!"

"I don't," Paula moaned. "Not a bit."

"I think you lie to Faustina. Look at your nipple. It's becoming hard, no? And what is this?" she asked, lifting her hand from her pussy and rubbing her fingers together. "Do I feel the moisture of love coming from you already?"

"No, no, no!"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," Faustina chuckled.

"Leave her alone," Ruth sobbed. "For God's sake... leave my little girl alone!"

Faustina's head snapped around, her eyes turning instantly cruel and threatening as she glared at Ruth. "Shut up, puta! This one no longer is yours. She now belongs to Pico and me! Another word out of you will earn you a taste of my wheep!"

"Whip her!" the German woman hissed. "Whip her!"

But Faustina paid no attention to her. She stared Ruth down, then turned, smiling warmly, back to Paula. "Now I'm going to make the love with you. Before I'm finished, I think you will not be able to deny you find it good."

Her heart beating wildly, Paula watched Faustina's face move over hers. It descended quickly, lips finding lips, fitting together eagerly and hotly. Faustina kissed Paula wetly, her lips trying to work the girl's open, her hands moving constantly on both firm young tits.

Trying to think of anything but what was happening to her, Paula lay very still. She didn't want to respond to this perversion, and she felt sure she wouldn't because of her hatred of the woman forcing it upon her. But little by little she realized her body was betraying her. Her nipples began to harden under the incessant barrage of light pinches and tweaks. Faustina's darting tongue was between her lips and teeth, leisurely licking back and forth over the smooth inner surface of her lips, trying to coax her teeth apart and enter her mouth.

A glowing heat built slowly but surely in her loins, until finally Paula found it impossible to remain still. It was hard for her to breathe. She couldn't seem to suck in enough air through her nostrils.

Ripping her mouth from Faustina's, flinging her head to the side, Paula groaned and fought for breath, her chest heaving with the effort.

"Yes, baby... yes!" Faustina cried, licking down Paula's sweat-damp throat to her tits, then going rapidly from one to the other, planting wet kisses on her hardened pink nipples. Her hand shot down and felt the girl's cunt. "You're all wet now... nice and ready for love!"

"No," Paula panted, feeling two fingers enter her and another toying with her clitoris. "Please don't... please... I don't want you to touch me there!"

But Faustina's gaze was fixed hotly on her blonde cunt, and if she heard Paula she didn't show any sign of it. She moved between her legs, bent over, spread Paula's tensed thighs, then her cunt.

"Now, little one... now I'll make your body sing with joy!"

Holding Paula's slippery cunt lips apart with her fingers, Faustina lowered her head and pressed her face to the girl's loins. Her lips covered Paula's wet cunt; her tongue shot deep inside.

"Ohhhh... ohhhh," Paula moaned, suddenly very weak and willing.

It was the same as it had been in the plane. She'd melted then, just as soon as Jose had begun loving her with his mouth. She melted now as Faustina made oral love to her. Not wanting to like it didn't matter in the least. It was a bodily response her mind had no control over. She lay quivering and panting as Faustina's lips sucked at her and her tongue thrust hotly up her weeping cunt.

"Don't stop!" Paula yelled, when a moment later Faustina lifted her face and smiled wetly up at her. "Suck me... suck me some more!"

Chuckling with victory, Faustina pressed her lips to Paula and smacked a loud kiss dead center of her swollen cunt, then she hurried up the table and took Paula's face between her hands, bringing her sex-slick mouth down for a kiss.

There was no hesitation this time. Paula gladly opened her mouth and accepted the woman's kiss. She allowed her tongue to jab easily into her oral cavern, sucking it immediately, finding the exciting taste of herself clinging to it.

"More," Paula moaned, when Faustina pulled away.

"You'll get much more, little one," Faustina said, climbing onto the table.

"What are you doing?"

"Making girl love!" Faustina exclaimed, straddling Paula's face and flipped up her leather skirt. She bent over her then, bringing her face to Paula's loins and her loins to Paula's face. "You want me to suck you more?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then you have to suck too," she sighed, lowering her hips, pushing her hairy twat close to Paula's mouth.

"I don't know how!"

"Do like I do," Faustina ordered.

"I don't want to... kiss you there!"

Faustina brought her lips to the top of Paula's cunt, taking her protruding clitoris between them, rolling it as she sucked and licked maddeningly at it.

"Mmmm... so good!"

And those moaned words were the last Paula uttered for several pleasure-laden moments, for the next instant Faustina's dripping hot cunt pressed demandingly over her mouth. As if by instinct, Paula formed her lips to the perfumed slit and jabbed her tongue inside. The heady taste was wildly thrilling, the sex smell overpowering. With mild shock, she discovered that kissing Faustina's dark-lipped pussy was every bit as satisfying as sucking Jose's coal black cock - which she'd done for him three times since their arrival in Acapulco, taking him all the way to orgasm and drinking his hot juice each time.

Just as she did when she was sucking Jose, she forgot everything else. "Cut me loose!" she yelled, her words muffled by the cunt over her mouth. "Cut me loose!"

"Do it!" Faustina barked, lifting her mouth from Paula's puffy cunt only long enough to speak the

two words, then going at her hungrily again.

One ankle came free, then the other. Paula threw her legs up beside her body so Faustina's wonderful tongue could reach even deeper into her spasming cunt. Then her wrists were cut free and she wrapped her arms around the moaning woman above her, her hands gripping her buttocks and holding her messy cunt tightly to her mouth.

In seconds both Paula and Faustina plunged into a shuddering simultaneous orgasm, each holding to the other, moaning and groaning out their bliss with their mouths still locked firmly to one another's juicy cunts.

When it was over, Paula lay weakly on the table, watching Faustina jump up as refreshed as if she'd just had a good night's sleep rather than a soul-sapping climax, as Paula had experienced.

With no show of affection at all, Faustina walked away from the table. "Take your girl friend back to her room and lock her in, Jose. We're through with her now. Hurry back. We'll need you shortly."

Jose, happy that Paula hadn't been hurt, nodded quickly and strode to the table. He picked her up and cradled her in his arms, kissed her forehead, then took her from the room.

Faustina picked up the whip.

"The woman!" a voice called raggedly. "Whip the woman!"

"I'm sorry," Pico said. "The woman must not be marked. She is too valuable to us." He paused. "But the man is worthless... would you settle for him?"

"Whip him!"

"Stripe him good!"

"Kill him! At least whip him until he passes out!"

"Take the gag out of his mouth! Let us hear him!"

"You animals!" Ruth screamed, jerking at her bonds. "You blood-thirsty animals!"

Faustina strutted over to Ruth and slapped her viciously, jerking her head to the side and bringing a trickle of blood from the corner of her mouth.

Her knees buckled and Ruth hung by the manacles attached to her wrists, shaking her head in horror, sobbing brokenly at their helplessness. The sharp edges of the iron bracelets dug brutally into her flesh. She struggled to her feet, painfully, weakly, totally beaten in body and spirit.

Standing on the box which he'd kicked from under Elliott's feet, holding Elliott's lower body away from him so he couldn't kick him, Pico untied the gag and jerked it from his mouth.

"You filthy swine!" Elliott spat, making fists as best he could. His hands were swollen and turning blue. He swung himself around to face the excited onlookers. "For God's sake! Don't just sit there! Get up off your tails and help us! Please... at least help my wife and daughter! I'm begging you!"

"Break his spirit! Whip him!"

Faustina cracked the whip for drill, making it explode the air just scant inches from Elliott's ear.

Then she doubled the wicked instrument and stepped closer to him, smiling as she reached out and swatted his balls and cock with it.

“Ung!”

“That’s it, gringo bastard! Grit your teeth!” she taunted.

“You bitch,” he groaned. “God will punish you... if I don’t get to you first!”

“You talk very brave for a man in your position,” she smirked, whacking his nuts again, harder this time.

“Oomph!”

“Lash him! That’s what we want to see!”

“And you will!” Faustina hissed, stepping back and readying her whip.

Taking careful aim, she swung the leather snake with all her might, making it pop loudly as she sent the tip biting into the nearest cheek of his tensed ass.

“Aargh!” Elliott screamed, his body jerking wildly as a long weal rose on his quivering buttock.

Faustina lashed him unmercifully then, throwing her whole body into each blow, raising welts on his back and down his chest and stomach, many of them oozing blood. He screamed until his voice was gone, then grunted and moaned as she kept raining blow after vicious blow on him. When she quit, he was drooling at the mouth and mumbling incoherently. She stepped up onto the box, wiped the sweat from her face, then reversed the whip and knocked him unconscious with the handle.

“Cut him down,” she said, trembling from her strenuous labor as she went to sit down.

Using his switchblade, Pico cut Elliott loose, letting him fall to the floor with a thump, there to be temporarily forgotten now that they were finished with him. Stepping over his limp form, Pico took a key from his pocket and went to Ruth.

She was so weak she fell when he unlocked the final manacle and turned her loose. She looked up at him from the floor, feeling faint, not knowing what to expect after the terrible beating Faustina had given Elliott.

“Juan?” Pico called.

“One steak coming up,” Juan called back, jumping to his feet and hurrying out the door. In less than a minute he reentered the room carrying a covered serving tray, giving it to Pico before he sat back down.

“Take your pants off and come over here, Jose.”

Jose got up and shed his trousers, then walked over to where Pico stood over a cringing Ruth.

Pico lifted the lid from the tray and passed it under Ruth’s nose.

Oh Lord, but it smells good! she thought, sniffing and making a too-late grab for the thick steak on the platter.

"Not so fast," Pick taunted, holding her away from it with his foot. "This steak may be a bit tough. It's been sitting for more than an hour in a warm oven."

"I don't care how tough it is!" Ruth wailed, trying to grab it as Pico held her barely out of reach. "Give it to me... give it to mee!"

"Are you hungry?"

"Hungry," she moaned, nodding and gulping. "So hungry!"

A small bite from the tenderest part of the steak had been cut off already, just large enough to tantalize Ruth and make her all the more eager for the rest of the steak when she tasted it.

"It has been a long time since you've eaten, hasn't it, rubia?"

"It seems like a week! Please... let me have it!"

"It's only been three days," Pico said, picking up the bite of steak, watching Ruth's eyes as he brought it slowly to his mouth. Then, just as he got it to his lips, he let it drop.

It hit the floor and skidded, Ruth crawling after it, picking it eagerly off the dirty floor and popping it into her mouth. She whimpered as she chewed it up and gulped it down.

"Was it good?"

"Delicious!"

"Would you like the rest of this large, succulent steak?"

"Please... oh, please!"

"I'll give it to you... but first you have to suck Jose's cock."

"Oh, God," she moaned, staring at the long, black hose hanging between his legs.

"It won't hurt you, rubia. Your daughter sucks it willingly. She even likes to drink his semen."

"No," Ruth gasped. "Oh, no!"

"Yes. I'm afraid your daughter is a natural-born cocksucker. But it's your turn now. As soon as you bring the cum up from Jose's balls and swallow it down, I will give you the rest of this tender steak. Are you ready to begin?"

"Please. I've never done that... not even for my husband."

"Don't you want the steak?"

"Yes. I'm starving to death!"

"Well?"

Feeling nausea build in her stomach just thinking about it, Ruth nodded. "I'll do it."

"Somehow I knew you would," Pico said, taking her hand and helping her up. "Sit on the edge of the table, Jose. Spread your legs so our guests will have a good view."

When Jose sat on the table, Pico led Ruth to him and pushed her head down to his loins.

Tears of humiliation misting her eyes, Ruth braced herself by resting her arms on his thighs, then opened her mouth and took his limp prick quickly into her mouth. Shutting her eyes, she sucked and licked until his cock grew thick and firm. Then, thinking about the steak, she bobbed her head rapidly back and forth, sucking harshly to make him cum as soon as possible and get it over with. The wet slurps her mouth made as it raced up and down his shaft rang obscenely in her ears, but she kept it up, feeling his cock acutely as it began to twitch against her lapping tongue.

She knew he was near orgasm, and the knowledge brought a mixture of revulsion and relief. More than anything she dreaded the moment when his sperm would gush into her mouth and she would have to swallow it. But then Pico would give her the steak, and she wanted it much more than she dreaded Jose's semen.

Intensifying her efforts, Ruth clung weakly to his thighs and sucked frantically on his enormous cock. It jerked, throbbed, then erupted – sending a mass of hot cum over her tongue and washing down her throat. Fighting the impulse to gag and pull away, Ruth shuddered with each new jet of his load, letting it spurt warm and slick into her mouth as she gulped and gulped until she thought he'd never stop coming.

But finally he did stop, and when she took her mouth from his limbering prick, she staggered off to the side and puked wretchedly.

Pico was naked when she turned back, standing beside the table where her steak sat waiting. She rushed to her food and picked it up with shaking hands, bringing it to her mouth and tearing at it like an animal. In her rush to get to the steak she hadn't noticed Pico's erection. And when he stepped behind her and bent her over the table, she almost didn't notice that.

He pushed her tits flat against the table. She held the steak close to her face, still eating ravenously, her chin bumping the leather covering as she chewed and swallowed. Then Pico grasped her hips and pushed his cock between her buttocks.

"Don't!" she shouted, her protest coming out garbled around her mouthful of meat. "No... no, please... not that! Aargh! Ung... ung... ung!"

Then his cock was in her asshole, thrusting rapidly, making it hard for Ruth to eat as he jostled her back and forth.

They arrived at the small airport on the outskirts of Acapulco early the next morning. The sun was just beginning to show in the eastern horizon when Paula stepped from the car and stood waiting while Pico and Jose dragged her parents out.

Ruth's hands were tied in front of her body. She wasn't gagged, because now she shut up immediately when she was told to do so, and she seemed to have little to say anyway.

Elliott's hands were bound securely behind his back. He was also gagged. Despite his weakened condition, the beating hadn't taken the fight out of him. He'd blackened Pico's eye when he and Jose entered his room that morning.

Only Paula had been left unbound and ungagged. She presented no threat to her abductors. Ever since the brief talk with her mother just before they'd left Juan's mansion, she seemed to be in a state of shock. She now knew there would never be any ransom, that she and her mother were being taken to Panama where they would remain forever as whores in Pico's sin palace. It was too horrible

a fate for her young mind to accept, and she moved zombie-like as Faustina guided her toward the waiting plane.

Elliott was still struggling and mumbling through his gag when Jose stuffed him into the cargo area of the plane and climbed in behind him, shutting the door and slipping the makeshift two-by-four bolt into place to hold it shut.

"What are you going to do with the man?" Faustina asked as Pico started the engines.

"Get rid of him, I suppose," Pico answered.

Faustina and Pico were in the cabin, but the door to the cargo area was still open, letting their voices drift back over the sound of the revving engines.

"Good. You have no use for him."

"I could have use for him," Pico said. "I'd keep him if you'd come and whip him every Saturday night."

"No."

"It would make a good act for my show... something none of the other houses offer."

"I can't."

"Just on Saturdays. Who would ever know? You could wear a mask to hide your identity."

"It is tempting," Faustina said.

"You'll think about it?"

"I'd enjoy it... you know I would."

"Then you agree?"

Faustina sighed. "No. It's out of the question, Pico."

"Because of your husband?"

"Yes. He must never know. He wouldn't understand. Besides, his position... I dare not risk it."

"He still doesn't know about me?"

"He knows I have a brother. That's all. He thinks you live in Japan. No, Pico, forget it. I don't dare come to your place even once, let alone every Saturday night. Get rid of the man. He'll be trouble if you don't."

"I'll have to do it in a way that his body will not be discovered."

"How?"

"I don't know, Faustina. I don't know yet."

"I have a suggestion," she said.



"Tell me."

"Fly out over the ocean. We'll open the cargo door and push him out."

"His body might drift into shore."

"No, it won't. I'll cut him. The sharks will come to the blood. His bones will settle to the floor of the ocean and remain there."

The engines were warm enough. Pico began to taxi out to the strip for takeoff. Ruth hadn't heard anything of their conversation. She was so beat she'd fallen asleep as soon as she'd been laid on one of the sleeping bags. Paula sat huddled in a corner, her eyes open but unseeing, her ears registering the sound vibrations but her numbed brain refusing to take them in.

But Elliott, lying just inside the door, had heard them. He didn't know why they were speaking in English, but they were, and he hung on every word either of them uttered. His blood ran cold as he listened to them plan his murder. He had to do something, he realized – and soon! The plane was on the runway, picking up speed for takeoff!

"Well?" Faustina asked.

"All right," Pico said. "We'll dump him over the ocean."

Jose's attention was on Paula, Elliott saw. The big Negro was sitting cross-legged before her, his gaze glued to her emotionless face. It was now or never, Elliott knew; and if he was going to die, he preferred it come as a result of an attempt to escape. At least this way he had a slim chance!

With great effort, the sores from Faustina's whip smarting at the slightest movement, Elliott got quietly to his feet. He backed to the wall of the plane, now approaching takeoff speed, and inched carefully toward the cargo door.

The plane lifted off the runway just as Elliott pulled the two-by-four bolt from its slots. Holding the wooden bar behind his back, he squatted in front of the door. The board made a noise as he dropped it, and both Jose and Faustina jerked their heads around.

"The fool is trying to jump from the plane!" Faustina shouted in English. Then, in Spanish, she yelled at Jose, "Get him! Grab him before he gets the door open!"

But Elliott already had the door part way open by the time Jose lunged at him. Slamming his feet forcefully on the cargo deck, he used all the power he could coax from his trembling legs to throw his back against the door. It swung open. He was tumbling out – head first and backward – when Jose grabbed his foot.

The plane was about ten feet in the air and climbing rapidly. For a split second Elliott hung here, Jose holding his foot and the door biting his shin as the force of the wind pushed against it. Then his shoe came off in Jose's hand and his shin scraped nerve-shatteringly against the sharp edge of the door. His body jerked as his foot caught in the door; then he was falling through the air with the plane soaring above him. The paved runway rushed up at him. He tried to jerk his body so he would hit on his side.

But there wasn't time. He hit the runway not knowing in what position he was in, his body skidding and rolling and flopping, lights flashing in his head, pain bursting him apart, trying to scream but never making it, a great and total blackness consuming him as a mass of blood gushed from his

gaping mouth.

"Circle around and land!" Faustina screeched. "Pick him up!"

Pico nodded, doing as she said, turning the plane to return and land. "The fool! He's probably dead this minute. No one could live through that."

"But you can't leave his body there!"

"Don't panic. We'll get him and dump him at sea."

By the time they'd circled the field, Juan's car was gone. But another car was down there, speeding along the runway toward where Elliott lay.

"Of all the rotten luck!" Pico growled, pulling back on the controls and giving the plane full throttle, lifting away from the runway.

"Land, Pico... land and get him!"

"I can't! The runway could be swarming with people by the time we got him into the plane!"

"Oh, sweet Mother of Christ," Faustina breathed, crossing herself. "What if his body is identified... what if..."

"Hush, Faustina. Did you get a look at him when we passed over. He's a mess. I think he will not be identified." Pico smiled tensely, reaching into his side coat pocket, coming out with Elliott's wallet and personal things he'd had in his pockets. "His suitcase is in the plane, and I have everything from his pockets. I took them from him after he attacked me this morning."

Faustina sighed. "Fly out over the ocean. I'll throw his things out - just to be on the safe side."

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## CHAPTER NINE

Living in Pico's sin palace was like an unending nightmare for Ruth and Paula. They spent the first night locked in an upstairs room. Some of the louder noises drifted up to them from the large bar below, where Pico had said they'd be working the following night. Horrified at the sordid life ahead of them, they lay huddled naked together on the bed. The rooms on either side of theirs were busy, one or the other of the beds nearly always rasping under the weight of fucking bodies. It went on until a faint light began to filter in through the one barred window, signaling that the night was drawing to a close.

It was then, at dawn, when Ruth broke the news to Paula about her father's death. Paula stared dumbly at her mother for several moments, then buried her face between Ruth's breasts and broke down completely. Ruth held her, both of them crying for over an hour before a hopeless fatigue set in, bringing a deep sleep with it.

They were awakened and fed at three the next afternoon, their first meal in the whorehouse dining room (one end of the main barroom) consisting of flour tortillas, bacon, scrambled eggs, refried beans, orange juice, milk and coffee. The food was good. Ruth wolfed hers down. But Paula, still numbed by her situation and the news of her father's death, could only force a few bites down. She sat sipping orange juice, staring blankly at the other whores, listening to them chatter away in

Spanish as if all was right with the world.

There were fifteen girls in all, varying in age from midteens to late thirties, most of them in their twenties. One looked Oriental, two Indian, and one was black with flashing white teeth. The others were Latin American. Ruth and Paula were the only Anglo girls, and their light skin and blonde hair made a striking contrast. Their fairness set them apart from the others. A couple of the younger girls seemed friendly, but most showed amused resentment when Ruth and Paula saw them glancing their way.

Pico and a plump, bored-looking woman he called Rosa sat at the table with Ruth and Paula. Rosa was by far the oldest and least attractive woman in the house. She spoke fair English, but nowhere near as well as Pico.

At the table next to them sat Jose, watching Paula with a worried expression as he ate. Two Latin men, almost as big and muscular as Jose, also sat at that table. One had an ugly scar running the full length of his left cheek, the other showed three front teeth missing when he laughed or smiled.

Five of the girls hurried through their meal, then four of them stood hopefully off to the side as the fifth came to the table and spoke to Pico in Spanish. He asked her a question. She pointed to the scarred man as she answered. Pico nodded. The scarred man came over. Pico gave him some money, then he and the five girls left.

"They are going to a movie," Pico explained as the front door banged shut. He grinned at Ruth. "Perhaps you and Paula will earn similar privileges one day."

A ray of hope flashed in Ruth. If she and Paula could get out of the building, even with one of those men along, there was a chance of escape.

"But of course I'd never permit you both to go out at the same time," Pico added, smirking, exploding the hope just as suddenly as he'd raised it.

Ruth shivered and lowered her gaze from his cruel eyes. She knew she could never escape and leave Paula behind. But there was a way. There had to be a way she could get Paula and herself out of this terrible place once and for all! And she determined to find a way if it was the last thing she ever did.

"I can read your mind, rubia."

"What?"

"You're thinking of escape."

"No," she lied.

"No matter. Think of it all you wish... just don't be foolish enough to try it. If either of you should succeed, it will be at the expense of the other."

"What do you mean?"

"The one left behind will die," he said calmly, lighting a cigar. "Very slowly and very painfully."

Ruth gasped. "You wouldn't!"

He laughed.

A chill swept over Ruth. She hugged herself and shuddered.

"Both of you go bathe and make yourselves pretty. Two of my most valued patrons are coming shortly. They've graciously agreed to let you practice your new profession on them. Rosa will instruct you what to do and when to do it. I would advise that you eagerly obey her every command. Don't force me to punish you. Cooperate. Your lives will be much more pleasant for it."

The instant they were alone in their room, Paula dove onto the bed and began crying bitterly. Ruth sat down beside her, patting and stroking her, trying to console her.

"I don't wanna be a whore, Mommy!" she wailed. "I want to go home!"

Tears misting her own eyes, Ruth slapped Paula hard. "Get hold of yourself! Stop crying and listen to me!"

Sniffing and rubbing her cheek, Paula sat up obediently.

"We will go home, baby. I promise you that."

"But how? Pico won't let us!"

"Hush now! Don't start that again!"

Paula shook herself and wiped her eyes.

"I don't know how yet," Ruth went on, "but there has to be a way! I'll find it. I'll get you out of here."

"It's hopeless, Mother, and you know it."

"No, it isn't. It can't be! Believe that, Paula. We'll get out of here. It'll take time, though, and for now we'll have to do as they say."

"I don't know if I can," Paula moaned.

"You have to. There's no choice."

"I'll try."

"We'll act like we've accepted things as they are. Don't cross Pico in any way... no matter how disgusting it becomes. Make him think you're trying to adapt. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Good girl. I know it's going to be horrible. But we have to go along for now. When he's convinced we're broken, they won't watch us so closely. We'll find a way, Paula. We have to. And when the time is right..."

"It could take months."

"Then help me, Paula. Study everything. Help me come up with a plan."

"But what if we can't find a way?"

"We can. Believe that, or we're lost already. I promise to get you out of this, and I've never broken a

promise to you, have I?"

"But this is different, Mother."

"I'll get you out of here, even if I have to stay behind."

"No! I won't let you do that! Pico would kill you!"

Ruth smiled sadly. "If we can't both escape, you'll be the one to go. Do you understand me, Paula? I'd rather be dead than have my daughter live her life as a whore."

Paula gulped.

"But we'll find some way. We're more intelligent than they are. We can do it if we put our minds to it... if we think it out carefully and find the most logical plan before we attempt it."

"I'll help you, Mother. If Jose could only talk, I believe I might get him to help us. He's in love with me, I think."

"He does what Pico says, and he only understands Spanish."

"I'll learn Spanish as fast as I can. I'll feel Jose out."

"It can't hurt, that's for sure. Come on. We'd better get cleaned up and go back before Pico comes after us. We want him to think we've given up hope and are trying to make the best of it."

"I guess it's the only way, for now," Paula said resignedly, her mind already turning over what she'd say to Jose once she could speak enough Spanish to talk to him.

The men were sitting at a table with Pico when Ruth and Paula, both of them forcing smiles, came down the stairs.

"They're so old," Paula said out of the corner of her mouth as she and her mother approached the table.

Ruth took her hand and squeezed it. The two men were old, one of them bald and skinny, the other fat and round-faced, with his gray hair clipped in a stiff crewcut. Now that she saw the men who were to be their first customers, Ruth knew she'd never be able to go through with it. She glanced at the table. The door was clear across the room. No one was near it. "The door," Ruth whispered. "Let's try for it."

"Now?"

"Right now. Run!"

Their heels clicked rapid-fire as Ruth and Paula raced past the table and ran for the door. They could hear Pico laughing uproariously even as they approached it. Then, standing before the door, they realized why Pico was laughing and no one was trying to stop them. They couldn't open the door. There was no knob on the inside - just a hole for a key. All that was required for freedom was the twist of a key, then a push on the door. Ruth and Paula pounded and pushed futilely on the heavy door. Finally they gave up, looked at each other, then went defeatedly to the waiting men.

"You can't get out without these," Pico said, holding up his keys to taunt them... "And you have the only set, I suppose," Ruth said tiredly.

"Not at all, rubia. Everyone who needs keys has them."

"But none of the girls."

Pico grinned. "You're a smart one, rubia. You catch on very quickly. Now, I'm going over there and watch while Rosa shows you how to turn hesitant men into eager customers. Learn well the art of seduction, my fair ones."

For over an hour Ruth and Paula took instructions from Rosa. They approached the evil-looking men, both of whom were around sixty, time and again learning how to smile and slink up to them, caressing them, running their tongues in their ears and fondling their cocks. By the time Rosa called a halt to the preliminaries, Ruth's face mirrored the shame and humiliation seething within her.

It was different for Paula. The skinny bald man had been assigned to her, and at the first touch of her trembling hand his cock had jumped to life. Fondling it through his trousers aroused her slightly, because sex was so new to her. He was soon handling her in return, feeling her tits and putting his hand under her dress. She tried very hard not to respond.

But it was a losing battle. After the second drink Paula's mind was fuzzy and the butterflies were swarming in her stomach. Then the man took his hard cock out and put her hand on it flesh to flesh. It felt nice and hot when she gripped it, and when he pushed her head down she could dimly hear Pico laughing as she took his cock in her mouth and sucked it.

Something in her snapped. Moaning with lust, she bobbed her head willingly up and down in the squirming man's lap, taking the head of his weeping cock deep into her mouth as her cheeks hollowed in harsh suction. A hand gripped her blonde hair, pulling her mouth from the stiff rod with a lewd slurp.

Wagging her finger in front of Paula's face, Rosa scolded, "Never here, little cocksucker. Always make them pay first, then take them to a room... understand?"

Licking her lips, knowing it was crazy but wanting to suck the dick off anyway, Paula nodded.

Turning to Pico, Rosa asked, "How much for their services? They have learned enough teasing for now."

"No fee for these gentlemen this time. They are doing me a favor. Get on with it."

"Come," Rosa said.

Ruth, reeling with shame, and Paula, moving as if hypnotized, held the men's hands and followed Rosa up the stairs and down the hall to a room containing two beds. Pico was the last one in. He stood just inside the doorway, not bothering to shut the door.

"Please," Ruth begged. "Don't make us do it in the same room. Have you no decency at all?"

"In the same room," Rosa sighed. "How else can I instruct you both?"

"They are mother and daughter," Pico explained to the men.

The fat one finally began to get an erection. "Make them love each other first."

Pico grinned. "It might prove interesting, at that."

Paula blinked at her mother.

"No," Ruth pleaded. "Not that!"

"You'll do as I say!" Pico barked. "Yes... I think I'd like to see them together. Strip! Both of you!"

As Paula blushed and took off her clothes, Ruth stood numb and shivering, tears trickling down her cheeks. She was soon as naked as Paula though, because Pico had both the men help her off with her clothing. Ruth sobbed silently as the four eager hands tugged at her clothes and fondled her body.

"Put her on that bed," Pico said, and Ruth felt herself being lifted and placed in the center of the bed. "She's very beautiful, isn't she? Lie on top of your mother, little one. Show her you love her. Kiss away her tears."

When Paula hesitated, standing beside the bed and looking down into her mother's tear-streaked face, Pico blew the ashes off his cigar and held the hot end near her buttock. She jerked away before the fire touched her and, knowing he would burn her if she didn't act quickly, got onto the bed.

"I feel awful about this," Paula whispered, getting on top of her mother, letting their bodies contact, tits to tits and belly to belly, holding her pubic mound just above Ruth's.

"Spread your legs, rubia. Take your daughter between them and put your arms around her."

"I'm sorry, Mother," Paula whispered, her cunt making contact with Ruth's as she fitted between her opening thighs. When Ruth's arms went about her and hugged her maternally, Paula said, "I love you. I don't want to do this. I love you so much!"

Ruth shut her eyes and sobbed, patting Paula's back.

Then, her own eyes misting over, Paula began kissing away her mother's tears.

"Her mouth now, little one. Kiss her like you were a man."

Feeling sorrow for her mother, Paula brought her mouth to Ruth's, pressing their lips firmly together. A hand moved between their throats; fingers pulled at their chins. Paula did as she knew Pico would demand anyway. Expecting to feel revulsion, she thrust her tongue into her mother's mouth. But there was no revulsion. Ruth's mouth was sweet and warm, very pleasant to kiss even though she wasn't kissing back.

Hands covered her asscheeks, pushing down, rocking her pussy against Ruth's.

"You get the idea, little one? Do it. Hunch while you kiss."

She did as she was told, and the constant rubbing of cunt against cunt grew very enjoyable. It was terribly wrong, Paula knew, because they were both women and also mother and daughter, but she couldn't make those wonderful butterflies in her stomach believe it. They responded only to the physical sensations, ignoring her mental pleas and multiplying at an unbelievable rate.

Then hands were grasping Paula's ankles, tugging at them, urging her mouth from Ruth's, pulling her down until her face was lying between her mother's large breasts. It wasn't necessary for Pico to order her this time. Paula palmed the side of those warm tits and pulled both nipples close together. Kissing and sucking instinctively, she moved from one to the other. Soon Ruth's pink buds grew hard

to her lips and tongue. "Mother... oh, Mother!"

With a mournful groan, Ruth shut her eyes tightly and bit her lower lip.

"Suck her pussy," Rosa chuckled.

Paula could feel her mother trembling as her chest rose and fell rapidly. "I want to, Mother! God help me... but I do!"

"God help us both!" Ruth moaned, patting Paula's shoulder with one hand as she pushed her head lower with the other.

Hurriedly Paula scooted down and brought her mouth to her mother's slippery cunt. She opened her mouth wide, fitted her lips hotly to the hairy blonde opening, then stuck in her tongue as far as it would go.

Ruth stiffened. "Ohhhh... ohhhh!" Then a tremor passed through her body as she flung her legs wide and held Paula's face firmly to her loins.

The next instant Pico grabbed Paula and turned her around, pushing her face back into her mother's cunt and her cunt into her mother's face. When Ruth grabbed her ass and shoved her hot tongue deep into her pussy, Paula thought she'd pass out from the bliss careening through her. She sucked and licked furiously, Ruth doing the same to her. For little more than a minute were they left alone, then Paula was picked up bodily and dumped onto the other bed.

"You bastards!" Ruth cried. "You perverted bastards!"

The bed sagged as the fat man joined Ruth. He mounted her, plunged his cock to the hilt in her spit-slick cunt, hunched twice, then pulled out, dripping her juice, and straddled her. On his knees he walked up the bed until his purplish glans was bumping her chin. There, without a word, he cupped her head and lifted her mouth to him, pulling her lips over his hot knob, forcing her teeth apart, thrusting his smelly dick so far and fast into her moist oral cavern that she gagged as the cockhead pressed at the back of her throat. "Suck it, rubia!"

Her mind reeling with shame and lust, Ruth gripped the man's fleshy ass and bobbed her head on his cock.

"Ohhh... not there! Not in my butt!"

Moaning as she sucked rapaciously on the strange man's dick, Ruth glanced at the other bed out of the corner of her eye. There was Paula, on her hands and knees, the skinny man taking his position behind her, holding her hips as he sank his shaft between her quivering asscheeks.

"Oh... too big... it's too big!" Paula gasped. Then she sucked in her breath raggedly, her eyes growing very wide as the man flattened her ass with his stomach. "UNG... UNG! Ohhh... oh, cripes!"

Panting for breath, Paula dropped her face to the pillow and moaned soulfully as the man began fucking her ass with rapid thrusts.

That night Ruth turned eight tricks and Paula twelve. Ruth's fifth customer of the evening was an American sailor, a chief petty officer. As soon as she was in a room with him, she blurted out the story of how and why she and Paula were there. He didn't believe her. She was horrified when he only laughed and told her what a vivid imagination she had. While he was fucking her she begged



him to help, pleaded with him to at least report what she'd told him to the police.

"Sure, baby... sure," he mumbled drunkenly, still humping away. "Now shake that hot ass and make it good for me, huh?"

"Oh, thank you... thank you so much!" Ruth wailed, hugging him, slamming her pelvis up to meet him, making it as good for him as she possibly could.

But as he left the room while she was cleaning herself, he glanced at her and shook his head, muttered, "Crazy broad," then went out laughing as Ruth stared incredulously after him.

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## CHAPTER TEN

Twenty-seven days after he'd jumped from the plane, Elliott opened his eyes. He was in a hospital room - in casts and bandages and traction - with needles in his veins and bottles hanging on either side of the bed. He blinked and turned his head. A nurse sat knitting beside his bed.

"Don't move," she admonished. "I'll get the doctor."

Elliott watched her hurry from the room. He wondered where he was. He even wondered who he was. Then the curtain of peaceful blackness fell over him again.

"Jose! My darling, Jose!" Paula wailed in Spanish, her fingers digging at his tensed ass as his cock twitched through orgasm inside her for the second time that morning. "Me too, baby... I'm coming with you!" she cried.

He hugged her to him, panting harshly as his sperm jetted into her heaving belly, his lips working over her throat and ear.

"Ohhh... sweet man... wonderful man!"

Paula held him on top of her when it was over, smiling up at him as she stroked his damp back and worked her cunt on his limbering cock. "Make it hard again," she breathed. "I love to feel you inside me. Fuck me again, darling... just once more before we fall asleep!"

Jose looked confused. It was the first time Paula had made any demands at all on him. He shrugged helplessly, then withdrew and flopped onto his back beside her.

But Paula was not to be put off so easily. Everyone in the whorehouse was going to sleep for the day, and this was the morning she and her mother had decided to escape. She wanted Jose drained and exhausted when she left him sleeping. He mustn't wake up and catch her taking his keys, and he had to sleep soundly for an hour, at least. He usually slept so lightly that he awoke when she got up to go to the bathroom even. But not this morning. This morning he had to sleep!

"What's the matter, honey?" she asked teasingly. "Don't you want to fuck me again?"

He nodded and grinned, then shook his head and pointed at his limp cock.

"I'll fix that," she said sultrily, sitting up and bending over him, taking his slippery prick in her hand and lowering her head.

Her tongue flashed out and licked the mixture of male and female sex juices from his shiny, black

prick. Feigning a sexual hunger she didn't really feel, she cupped his balls and rolled them gently. "Mmming," as if she found it delicious, she licked wetly at the velvety head of his dick until it began rising jerkily. Then, looking up into his eyes, she took it in her mouth and sucked it back to full erection.

"Ohh," she sighed, slurping off his stiff rod and grasping it in her hand as she swung over his loins. "This is the way I like you, darling... nice and hard and ready!"

Bracing one hand on his chest, she guided his glans between the swollen lips of her cunt, then sank down, sighing and trembling as she took it all.

The head flipped maddeningly at her cervix as Paula began riding him; and though she'd been fucked by twenty-three customers before she and Jose went to bed, she found herself loving every inch of his massive dick. She rarely felt anything with the men who paid for her favors, but Jose was different. He was so gentle with her so loving and kind.

"Oh, baby... baby," she moaned, taking his hands and pulling them up to her tits.

It took nearly five minutes to bring Jose to his third orgasm, and during her breathless ride Paula paused, shuddering and moaning, for three more of her own. Then she felt his big cock throbbing a warning and speeded up the already rapid tempo.

"I'm going to miss you, Jose," she said in English, knowing he wouldn't understand. "Jesus... how I'm going to miss you!"

A final weak orgasm swept over her as his prick jerked delightfully in the depths of her sweat-soaked belly. She fell forward, glued her mouth to his and sucked in his tongue, rotating her hips as they shared a last moment of joy.

"That was wonderful, darling," she sighed, rolling off him and cuddling up to his relaxed body. "Sleep now. No, I'm too warm. Don't hold me. Let's go to sleep."

In less than a minute Jose was snoring lightly. Paula fought her own tiredness, snapping her eyes open each time they fell shut. After Jose seemed to fall a bit deeper asleep, she kissed his forehead and called his name. He didn't stir.

Carefully she slipped out of bed and stole the keys from his pants pocket. As a final gesture of affection, which she knew wasn't love in the true sense, she bent over him and kissed his lips. Then, not bothering to dress, she tiptoed from the room.

The hall was deserted. No voices could be heard coming from any of the rooms. Paula crept just the same, making her way cautiously to the room in which her mother was locked. She found the right key and opened the door, then stepped inside and closed it noiselessly behind her.

"I was beginning to worry. What kept you?" Ruth asked.

"Jose sleeps so lightly. I had to make sure he was very tired."

"You look beat yourself."

"It was a rough night."

"Our last, thank God," Ruth sighed. "Hurry and brush your hair. I've got your things laid out and

ready for you to put on.”

“Thanks, Mother. I ought to have a bath.”

“Later, Paula. Let’s get out of here while they’re all sleeping. I shudder to think what Pico might do if we’re caught.”

“Don’t even mention it,” Paula said, dressing hurriedly.

“I don’t think we should bother with anything but what we have on.”

“Yes,” Paula agreed, buttoning her dress as she moved to the door. “Come on. I’m ready.”

“The keys,” Ruth whispered. “Don’t rattle the keys.”

They eased into the hall looking both ways, found it clear, then walked softly to the stairs and down, carrying their shoes. The large barroom was empty and quiet, smelling of stale tobacco smoke and whiskey. Both of them trembling with a mixture of fear and anticipation, they crossed to the outer door and Paula held her breath as she inserted keys until the right one opened the lock.

“Oh, God!” she whimpered with relief, pushing the door open for her mother then following her outside.

“We’re out,” Ruth sighed. “We’re going to make it!”

“Hurry, Mother. This is a bad section. Let’s walk fast.”

“Maybe we can find a taxi.”

“I’d rather find a policeman,” Paula said. “I never thought I’d be looking for a policeman, but one or two of them would sure be a welcome sight right now.”

“There goes a cab,” Ruth said, breaking into a trot and calling, “Taxi... taxi!”

“He can’t hear you.”

“Damn it! He’s gone!”

“Come on, Mother. Let’s go this way... toward those taller buildings.”

“I wish we knew for sure where the downtown area is.”

“I’d settle for the nearest police station,” Paula said.

They walked at a fast clip through the early morning quiet. When they were six blocks from Pico’s, a police car pulled to the curb. As the door opened and one of the uniformed men started to climb out, Ruth and Paula rushed toward him.

“Oh, thank the Lord!” Ruth exclaimed. “Thank you for stopping, officers.”

In English almost as good as Pico’s the officer asked, “You ladies out for a breath of early air, or what?”

“You’d never believe it,” Paula told him, grabbing his hand and pumping it. “Would you give us a

ride, please... to the main police station?"

"Are you in trouble?"

"Yes. Big trouble."

The policeman opened the back door for them. "Hop in. You can tell us about it on the way."

The police car moved slowly as Ruth and Paula poured out their story from the caged back seat. Like police cars in many cities, the back was designed to carry prisoners. Steel wire mesh covered the windows and the space between them and the front, and the doors had no handles on the inside.

"Hmmm... I see," the policeman said when they stopped talking. "You say this Pico had been holding you prisoner?"

"Yes," Ruth said. "It's been awful... just awful!"

"We are not in the Canal Zone here. Would you like us to take you there, so you can contact the proper American official?"

"Please. That would be wonderful!"

"How much money do you have?"

"What?"

"Money. Dollars American. How much do you have?"

"Why, none. Pico took it all."

"Isn't that a shame?" the policeman asked his partner who was driving. "They have no money."

"What has that to do with it?" Paula demanded.

They both laughed, then the driver said, "I know Pico... and he has money."

"Do you think he'd be grateful if we did him a favor?"

"Oh, man," Ruth groaned.

"I think he would. Let's take them home and see."

"No! No, don't!" Paula pleaded. "We'll get money... lots of it! We'll send you a great deal of money when we get back to Tulsa!"

"Do you trust them?" the driver asked.

"You know better than that. They're whores... and whores, as everyone knows, are such notorious liars."

"But we're not whores!" Paula wailed.

"Don't you understand?" Ruth demanded. "We were kidnapped... abducted!"

"I'll ask Pico," the driver said over his shoulder. "If he says you're not whores, then I'll take you to

the Canal Zone.”

“Oh my God!” Ruth screamed. “No, no no!!!”

Pico looked irritated when he opened the door. Then he saw Ruth and Paula, handcuffed together and trembling with fear between the two grinning policemen, and he snarled angrily as he jerked them inside.

“We found them several blocks away, Pico,” the policeman who’d driven the car said. “They made serious accusations against you.”

Glaring at Ruth and Paula, Pico slapped them viciously before he turned to the policemen and took out his wallet. “How serious?”

“Very serious, I’m afraid.”

“This serious?” Pico asked, taking several bills from his wallet and passing them to the men.

“About twice that serious, Pico.”

Pico frowned, but he gave them more money. “I trust this will not be reported.”

Both policemen smiled, and the driver asked, “What is there to report? It’s a dull morning. Nothing has happened yet.”

“Thank you for returning my property,” Pico said. “Don’t forget your handcuffs.”

When the policemen had gone, Pico vented his rage on Ruth and Paula, cursing and slapping them till both lay sobbing on the floor.

“Get up!” he hissed.

They struggled to their feet and Pico shoved them toward the stairs, forced them up the stairs and down the hall, flung them into Ruth’s room, and promising to deal with them later, locked the door.

That afternoon Pico returned to their room with Rosa and the two Latin bouncers. They were all in the room before Ruth and Paula woke up. Rosa carried two syringes and a length of rubber tubing. The Latin men came on either side of the bed, one grabbing Ruth and the other Paula, holding them as they tried to cringe away. “What are you going to do to us?” Paula gasped.

“Shut up! Give me the tubing, Rosa.”

Pico grasped Paula’s wrist and pulled her arm out, sat on her hand, then tied the tubing very tightly around her upper arm. He poked at her vein, holding his other hand out for the first syringe.

“No!” Ruth yelled as Pico inserted the needle into Paula’s arm. “What are you giving her? Don’t!”

The milky fluid left the syringe as Pico pushed the plunger.

Paula’s eyes grew very wide. Her mouth dropped open. An expression of complete bliss washed over her face. “Hooo... ohhh... oh, Lord!”

“My God!” Ruth wailed, watching in horror as Paula fell back on the bed moaning ecstatically. “What did you give her?”

"Just a little heroin, rubia, the same as I'm going to give you. Hold out your arm."

Using every ounce of power she could muster, Ruth struggled wildly to break free. "No! Oh, God... don't! Not that! Please... not dope!"

"You don't want it?" Pico asked tauntingly, tying the rubber tubing around her arm as the scar-faced man held it. "Look how happy it makes Paula."

"You dirty beast!" Ruth cried as the needle stabbed into her vein.

Pico's thumb touched the end of the plunger. "Soon you'll beg me for it, rubia. Soon you'll do anything for this lovely stuff. Soon you won't even think of escape."

"You swine!" Ruth screamed.

The plunger moved down into the syringe.

"You d-dirty an-an-imal... unggggh... oh, Jesus!"

"There," Pico said, smiling as he withdrew the needle. "How do you feel?"

"Ohhh... ohhh."

"It's time to eat. Would you girls like some food?"

His voice came to Ruth and Paula as if from a great distance. It was too much trouble to answer. They lay moaning in a fantastic new world, their eyes clamped shut and their hands clenched into trembling fists.

"I don't think they'll be wanting food for a while," Rosa said.

Ruth was dimly aware of Pico bending over her.

"How do you feel, rubia? Tell me how you feel."

"I can't describe it," she whimpered.

"Good?"

"Oh, yes... oh good God, yes!"

"You've seen Rosa with the donkey, haven't you?"

Ruth nodded weakly.

"From now on you're the donkey girl, rubia. Tonight you will take Rosa's place. I don't think she hears me."

Ruth did hear him, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered. The heroin had transported her to a state of complete euphoria. She couldn't be alarmed at such a minor thing as being coupled with a donkey - not when she wouldn't even have cared if her head was cut off.

But the heroin had worn off when Pico came for them that night. Jose was with him, and it was obvious he felt angry with Paula for stealing his keys.

"Don't give us any more heroin," Ruth pleaded. "Don't get us hooked."

"Can you face the donkey without it?"

"Oh, Lord... I was hoping I'd dreamed that."

"No. You're the star of the show. The donkey will ride you tonight."

Ruth glanced frantically about, her upper lip twitching. Finally she nodded. "But no more heroin."

Pico grinned. "None for now. Later... we'll wait and see. Come. The customers are waiting."

The show was already in progress when the mother and daughter reached the little area at the side of the small stage. Two of the girls were on the bed performing a sixty-nine, the bright spotlight revealing their every movement to the many men in the large barroom.

"Take off your clothes, rubia."

The donkey was nowhere in sight, but Ruth didn't ask why as she stripped obediently and stood shivering while the two girls moved off the stage.

"Jose," Pico said. "You know what to do."

Jose nodded, then grabbed Paula and flung her out to the center of the stage. Applause came from the audience as Paula fell, screaming, to the floor.

Before Paula could get to her feet, Jose was looming over her, lifting her, jerking her head back and slapping her.

"Why, Jose?" Paula sobbed. "Why?"

His eyes softened a little as he took her in his arms and kissed her roughly. Then he pushed her away and began ripping off her clothes.

Only half aware of what was going on, Paula glanced out at the leering men as Jose's big hands ripped her clothing to shreds and jerked her to and fro. Frightened and ashamed - being naked in front of all those customers wasn't like being naked with one at a time - Paula stood trembling as Jose quickly stripped off his clothing.

When he stepped from his shorts, Paula stared fixedly at his large black cock. It stood out from his body, hard and throbbing. Under other circumstances she would have welcomed the sight. But this was different. Where his massive cock had given her pleasure in their tender private moments, it now scared her. She didn't know what he was going to do to her, but somehow she knew it would cause her pain rather than pleasure. Splat!

Her head jerked to the side from the force of his slap. Then his hands were on her shoulders, pushing down hard, buckling her knees and forcing her to the floor. Instinctively she grabbed his muscular thighs, holding to them and sobbing as he grasped her head and began slapping her face with his heavy dick.

Confusion overwhelmed Paula. She clung desperately to Jose's thighs, his hard prick banging against one cheek, dragging across her eyes, then whapping from the other side and moving back again and again.

Though she refused to accept it at first, Paula realized her pain and deep humiliation were rapidly turning into masochistic pleasure. Soon, however, she gave in to the new sensations bombarding her confused mind. Moaning deliriously, she started kissing and licking the black cock as it crossed her face.

It was what Jose had been waiting for. He grabbed a handful of her blonde hair and yanked her head back, then thrust his cock deep into her gaping mouth.

Unable to help herself, knowing full well that every eye in the place was glued on her and Jose, Paula dug her fingernails into his tensed thighs and sucked rapaciously on his thrusting dick. Her cheeks hollowed obscenely; her lips distended grotesquely.

A loud slurp echoed lewdly in her ears as Jose pulled his wet dong from her harshly sucking mouth. She grimaced in pain as his hands hooked under her arms and lifted her face to his. Then his lips covered hers, his tongue slipping wetly between them to fill her mouth.

As she threw her arms around him and sucked his tongue, she felt him moving his hands down to her hips, gripping her, moving her secretion-drenched pussy to the head of his cock. It spread her hairy lips. The head popped in. Jose's hands left her hips and she slid jerkily onto his long rod.

"Ohhh... oh, darling!" she gasped, their bellies slapping together as the last inch of his shaft slid into her.

He grasped her legs and pulled them around him.

"Fuck me! Fuck me!" she cried, locking her ankles.

Gritting his bared teeth, Jose hooked his fingers over her shoulders and yanked her arms loose, pushed her backward, then let her upper body fall till she hung suspended on his thick cock.

"Help me!" she wailed, trying desperately to grab him.

He took her hands so she wouldn't fall completely, but he wouldn't lift her back up. Then, with her body hanging from his, he began hunching rapidly.

"It hurts," she moaned, raising her head and looking at the knot his glans brought as it pressed upward against the wall of her abdomen. The knot moved up and down her stomach as he went on thrusting.

Gripping his hands for dear life, Paula shuddered and moaned. She felt dizzy as he bounced her back and forth, making her buttocks bump rapid-fire against him and her long hair sway wildly.

"Good... oh, it hurts so good!"

Jose walked to the bed, dropped her shoulders to it, then bent over her and fucked like a madman till Paula was yelling at the top of her lungs with a tremendous orgasm and his cock was spurting a massive load of hot cum directly into the mouth of her spasming womb. She was so weak he had to carry her offstage.

"Now, rubia," Pico said as Jose carried Paula, panting breathlessly, past them, "it's your turn to perform."

The two Latin men were already bringing the platform on-stage, and Ruth could hear the donkey's



hooves clattering even before she saw Rosa leading him in. She hugged herself and shivered, then Pico was dragging her on-stage.

The applause for Paula and Jose had barely stopped. When the audience saw Ruth being brought reluctantly onto one side of the stage and the shaggy donkey on the other, they yelled and clapped louder than ever.

Her body jerking convulsively with nearly paralyzing fear, Ruth blinked numbly and stared at the bright spotlight.

"Here's your lover," Pico smirked, pushing her so close to the smelly beast her tits mashed against his coarse hair. "Put your arms around him. Hug and pet him."

"Don't make me do this," Ruth begged. "I can't go through with it. I'll be a good whore. I'll work hard for you... but don't make me perform with this awful beast!"

Pico shrugged. "If you really don't want to... but I think you should consider."

"What do you mean?"

"Either the donkey fucks you or I give you and Paula heroin again... and again... until both of you will gladly do absolutely anything and everything I ask of you."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes, rubia. I'll have my way. Count on it."

All resistance seeped out of Ruth. She knew she would already do anything he told her in order to keep him from turning Paula into a drug addict. Taking on the donkey was a terrible price to pay, but she had no choice. Feeling faint, she forced herself to put her arms around the animal's neck. His stiff hair felt like a million pins to her skin, but she hugged him and stroked him.

"That's better," Pico said. "Okay, enough petting."

She took her arms away and stepped back. The donkey turned his head and rubbed her stomach with his nose. Ruth automatically cringed away.

"Don't pull away from your lover!" Pico snapped. "I think he likes you. Kiss him. Pull his head up and kiss his mouth."

"Oh, God," Ruth moaned.

"The syringe... shall I send Rosa for it?"

"No!"

"Then kiss the donkey. Make me think you like it."

Half lifting the donkey's head and half bending to him, Ruth fought the nausea his terribly foul breath caused and kissed his clammy mouth quickly.

Pico laughed. "Again. Put your tongue in his mouth this time."

Ruth nearly threw up, but she did as Pico ordered, holding the disgusting kiss as long as she could,

then spitting on the floor and wiping her mouth clean of the animal's thick saliva.

"Not bad," Pico muttered. "Even Rosa could never stomach that."

"I feel sick," Ruth croaked.

"Not yet. You may be sick later if you wish, but you know what will happen if you don't finish."

She gulped and shook her head to clear it.

"You may fondle his cock now. Kneel beside him and take it in your hand."

Nothing seemed real to Ruth any more. Everything was a nightmare. She moved to the donkey, a haze clouding her vision, and dropped to her knees.

"Do you see it?"

She saw it, all right, about six inches of it, limber and blue-black, hanging with its almost flat glans pointing at the floor.

"Touch it."

Her hand shaking violently, Ruth reached out and touched the soft, warm cock, then jerked away from it, then touched it tentatively again.

"That's the way. You see, it isn't as bad as you thought."

And it wasn't as bad as she'd thought, though she still detested having to touch the animal's cock.

"Stroke it."

Leaving her hand open, Ruth stroked the soft prick gently.

"Put your fingers around it now. Take it in your hand and make it hard."

It was already beginning to grow longer and firmer as Ruth wrapped her fingers around it. She moved her hand back and forth along it, feeling it become thicker and longer and hotter as she did so. Soon her fingers wouldn't touch around it. Its size beginning to scare her, Ruth jerked her hand away.

"Very good, rubia. Very good!"

"It's so big!"

"Yes."

"It'll kill me!"

"I think not. I think you'll manage quite well, in fact. Kiss the donkey's cock."

"Oh, God! Not that!"

"RUBIA!"

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Her heart pounding with fear, Ruth hurriedly swung her head under the animal's body and kissed his cock. It felt very hot and hard to her lips.

"Lick it."

Expecting to pass out at any second, she extended her tongue and licked. But she didn't pass out. In fact, she found licking the donkey's dick less distasteful than kissing his mouth.

"Take it in your mouth and suck it."

Wanting to get the sordid act over with as soon as possible, Ruth moved her face in front of the blunt-ended prick and took as much of it into her mouth as she could manage without choking. She moved her head back and forth, letting the foul organ slide in and out of her mouth without actually sucking it.

"All right," Pico said. "Enough. Put her on the platform and strap her down."

The donkey's cock was as big around as her wrist, and Ruth, greatly fearing the moment of penetration, broke away and ran. She reached the edge of the stage before Pico overtook her.

"No, no, no!" she screamed as he dragged her back to the platform.

But Pico didn't attempt to silence her. He seemed to enjoy her shrill screams as he held her down on her back and Rosa fastened the leather straps tightly about her wrists. Then they moved to the other end of the special platform and forced her legs wide apart, strapping first one ankle into position, then the other.

"She's ready. Bring the donkey."

Ruth couldn't see the animal as they made it rear up and move over her. She lay beneath thick boards on which the donkey's hooves clattered as Pico and Rosa prodded him into position. Her ass rested on the very edge of the lower part of the platform, and she couldn't move it at all, try as she did when she felt the blunt glans jab against her cunt.

"He'll kill me! He'll kill me! Somebody help me!"

"Help him get it in her, Rosa."

The next instant Ruth felt a ripping pain race raggedly up from her loins. The tip was in. She tried to scream but could only gasp for the breath. Then, all at once, the enormous donkey cock battered into her until it felt like it was coming up into her throat. The pain was too intense. As the donkey began thrusting, Ruth's eyes snapped shut and her head rolled to the side.

She was still unconscious when she was carried upstairs and dumped onto the bed with Paula.

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## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Looking at his watch at least two times for each minute that dragged by, Elliott limped nervously back and forth in the air-conditioned hotel room. She was fifteen minutes late and he was beginning to fear she wouldn't show up at all.

"Garza, maybe you'd better call again."

"Relax, Mr. Strickland. She'll be here any minute."

He felt like leaping at the private detective and shaking him into action. His professional calmness grated Elliott's on-edge nerves.

"It's sort of a custom down here in the Canal Zone. Call-girls are always a few minutes late, especially when they are assigned to an American gentleman. The procurer instructs them to do so, knowing the American habit of punctuality and wanting to heighten the suspense. They think it makes their merchandise more appealing when it finally arrives."

"She isn't merchandise!" Elliott bellowed. "Stop talking about her like that!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Strickland. I meant no disrespect, sir. My intention was merely to explain why she is late."

"I'm sorry," Elliott mumbled.

"For nothing. I understand your feelings very well. If it were..."

"That must be her," Elliott said, hurrying to answer the soft knock at the door but stopping halfway there, turning around and coming toward the couch. "I can't. I'm too nervous."

Garza got calmly to his feet. "Sit down, Mr. Strickland. I'll let her in."

"Are you sure it's her?" Elliott demanded, slumping to the couch, having trouble breathing because of the turmoil of emotions within him.

"No, sir," Garza answered, moving across the room. "I'm only sure it will be the girl I saw in the show. You will have to determine if she is your lady."

"Yes. Of course," Elliott said, recalling that Garza had only tentatively identified her from the snapshot he'd given him. "Let her in, please."

Garza opened the door and she walked sensually into the room, smiling seductively and laughing a throaty little laugh as her hand reached boldly to his crotch and gave his genitals a promising caress. For the first time since Elliott had hired him, Garza seemed ill at ease. He cleared his throat and pushed her hand away, motioning with his head to where Elliott was sitting.

She threw Elliott a puzzled glance, then turned back to Garza. "What are you guys trying to pull?" she demanded. "There was only supposed to be one. If I'm going to take you both on, the price is double."

Elliott still wasn't sure. As Garza closed the door and began explaining to her in his unhurried way why she was there, Elliott looked her up and down carefully. She was blonde, all right, but taller, and her body was much more shapely than he remembered. She looked older too, but it had been over a year and it was hard to guess her age because of the heavy make-up she wore. But she did resemble Paula, and when he heard her voice for the second time he knew.

"Paula," he called, unable to wait for Garza to finish his explanation. "Paula!"

Her head snapped around, her eyes growing large as she stared at him. "Who are you?" she asked fearfully. "How did you know my name?"

Elliott could see the partial recognition in her eyes, as if she realized she should know him but

couldn't quite place him. He got to his feet, holding out his arms, limping toward her, fighting to see through the veil of tears forming over his eyes.

"It's your father," Garza said.

"No," she gasped. "He can't be. My father is dead!"

"Don't you recognize me, sweetie?"

"He was badly hurt when he jumped from the plane," Garza said. "He's had plastic surgery."

Her mouth hanging open, she stared unblinkingly as he came closer. His face was different, more youthful than she remembered it, and slightly misshapen, but finally she realized he was her father. She rushed into his arms, sobbing happily as she hugged him fiercely.

"Daddy... oh, Daddy!"

"It's all right, sweetie," he soothed, patting her back. "Everything's going to be all right now."

"Oh, my God," she moaned between sobs. "Oh, my God!"

Elliott held her until she stopped crying, talking soothingly to her and stroking her back. Then he led her to the couch and sat holding her hand, nervously patting it and squeezing it. "Your mother," he asked. "How is she?"

His innocent question brought a fresh flood of tears. Paula clenched her eyelids tightly shut and lowered her head.

"She's not dead?" Elliott gasped.

Paula shook her head.

"Then what? Is she sick? Tell me, Paula... I've got to know!"

"Oh, Daddy," she groaned mournfully. "You should have stayed away."

"I couldn't. For God's sake, sweetie! I couldn't just leave you and Ruth in that evil monster's clutches! I had to find you! And now that I have, I'm going to take you home. Tell me about your mother... how sick is she? Can she travel?"

Paula shook her head. "She isn't sick like you think. We're both sick, Daddy. Mother and I are addicts."

"What?"

"Pico forced us to take heroin. He had us held down to give it to us at first." She laughed, but it sounded more like a fit of sobbing. "He doesn't have to hold us down any more. We'll both do anything for it now... anything!"

"Oh, good Lord!"

"I was afraid of this," Garza said. "It complicates matters."

"You wouldn't believe some of the things, Daddy," Paula said in a tired voice - little more than a

whisper.

"Let's go, Garza," Elliott urged. "Let's get the police and get my wife out of that awful place right now."

Paula glanced at her father, her young eyes showing surprise at his naivete. "Don't count on help from the police."

"She's right," Garza told him. "Too many of them profit from such establishments. Even if we were fortunate enough to tell our story to an honest police official, by the time any action was taken it would probably be too late. Word of the raid would have preceded us and your wife wouldn't be there."

"Then, what can we do? For God's sake, Garza, now that I know where she is, you don't think I'm going to let her stay there, do you?"

"No, Mr. Strickland. We will act tonight, you and I. I have a plan. But we can't do it alone. We will need your daughter's help. Will you help us, Miss Strickland?"

"Miss Strickland," she breathed. "Oh, it sounds good to be called that, after so long! Yes, Mr. Garza, I'll help you. What do you want me to do?"

"Can you get some heroin?" he asked hopefully. "Enough to hold you and your mother until you get home and under a doctor's care?"

"No. There's no way."

"Then I'd better see if I can find a pusher and get it that way. We can do nothing until we have enough to tide you over."

Paula nodded. "I wouldn't dare try to make the trip without it. Once, when I refused to do as Pico ordered, he withheld it from me until I was wishing for death. Oh, God... I never want to go through that again!"

"Methadone," Elliott said. "I read an article about methadone once. If I rememb..."

"Later, Mr. Strickland. We must act fast if we are to take your wife and daughter out tonight. Now, here is my plan. I know you're not going to like part of it, Mr. Strickland. But I've thought it out carefully and can see no other way to free your loved ones safely. Hear me through without interrupting, please."

Elliott nodded.

Garza turned his attention to Paula. "Do you and your mother have free run of the place?"

"I do," she said. "But not mother. She's tried to escape so often that Pico keeps her locked in her room upstairs except for her performances on stage." Paula looked uneasy as she mentioned her mother's stage performances.

"I feared as much," Garza said. "I got that impression when I watched her being led on and off the stage."

"You've seen the show?" Paula gasped, blushing as she glanced quickly at her father.

"I've seen a hundred such shows in at least a dozen cities while I was searching for you and your mother. What time is the place the quietest? When is everyone asleep? And I mean everyone!"

"Not until about five in the morning."

"Then that's when we'll take you out."

"That'll mean another performance for both Mother and myself," Paula said. "We're both on tonight."

"There must be another way!" Elliott snapped. "I don't want Paula going back to that place."

"Hush, Daddy. I'm beginning to see what Mr. Garza has in mind."

"The windows in your mother's room?" Garza asked.

"There's just one, and it's got steel bars."

"The door?"

"Thick and sturdy, padlocked on the hall side."

Garza smiled. "I've yet to find a lock which could resist opening for me. Good. Do you sleep with your mother?"

Paula glanced at her father, "Sometimes."

"Can you arrange to sleep with her tonight?"

"I don't know. After my performance I have to..."

"I understand," Garza said. "But later?"

"I think I can manage."

"You must, Miss Strickland. When your father and I enter that room, you will have to be in it." He got up and went to his suitcase to get out a cigarette lighter. Handing the lighter to Paula, he asked, "Do you smoke?"

She nodded.

"Good. But be sure it's this lighter you take with you into your mother's room. It's more than a lighter. It gives off an FM signal. That's how we'll locate the room."

"All right," she said, gulping. "You'll come at five?"

"Precisely at five."

"What if I can't manage to be in the room? You could hide in the wine cellar and I could come down to the basement and take you to Mother's room a few minutes before five."

"There's a wine cellar?"

"Yes. A large one. It's a very old building."

"That's where your father and I will hide," Garza said, his voice becoming more and more confident. "We'll slip down to it while the show is in progress. Where are the stairs?"

"To the left of the bar," Paula answered, her face beaming with hope.

"Come for us at ten minutes to five, but only if you can't manage to be in the room with your mother. It'll be safer for all of us if you're in the room with her. Do you understand?"

"Yes. I'll try to sleep with her tonight. After the performance I'll pretend I'm sick. I'm rarely sick, so it should work."

"Damn the performance," Elliott hissed. "Be sick before it!"

"No, Mr. Strickland. They mustn't suspect anything. Your daughter will have to go on as planned. And Miss Strickland... don't tell your mother anything about all this. If for some reason we should fail, I think it best she not know of our attempt."

"I agree," Paula answered quickly.

"Give your daughter a hundred dollars instead of fifty, Mr. Strickland. And Miss Strickland... when you give the money to this Pico animal, try to act very pleased and tell him the extra fifty was a tip because your customer was so delighted with you."

"Yes," she said, smiling. "That should put him off guard so far as I'm concerned."

Elliott gave her the money and she tucked it into her purse.

"I have to get busy," Garza sighed. "I must get the heroin or we might as well forget it for tonight. Stay with your father for the usual length of time. I don't want you to get back too early. It would arouse suspicions."

"We've got a million things to talk about," Elliott said, taking Paula's hand again as Garza put on his coat and walked toward the door.

"I'll be back as soon as I can, Mr. Strickland. You won't do anything foolish, will you?"

"I won't let him," Paula assured. "Your plan sounds like our only hope. We'll stick to it."

Garza allowed a grin to cross his face. "You've got a very intelligent daughter there, Mr. Strickland," he said as he went out the door.

Huddled in a corner of the dank wine cellar, Elliott sat trying to calm himself. Though his blood was racing through his veins, his mind was in a state of near shock from watching his wife and daughter go through their degrading performances on the stage. The vulgar shouts of the men, many of them American servicemen, still rang obscenely in his ears. He'd had to sit beside Garza, helpless as he watched the huge Negro fuck his daughter until they both shuddered through orgasm. It had looked like an actual rape, and Elliott couldn't really believe it was happening.

The American men there should have jumped up to stop the lewd act rather than shouting their vile encouragements. But they didn't offer to help Paula, not one of them, and of course Elliott couldn't, because it would have ruined his and Garza's chances to slip Ruth and Paula out of the wicked sin palace once and for all. When Paula had finally thrown her arms and legs around the pumping black man, shuddering and holding tightly to him as she screamed shrilly in orgasm, Elliott had nearly



fainted. He realized her climax was not faked in any way, because the expression of total lust on her beautiful face was entirely too intense to have been merely acting.

Then the unbelievable cock had slid from her sweat-soaked body, long and shiny black with her juices, and she and the Negro were holding hands and smiling as they took their bows. A few moments later Ruth had been led onto the stage nude and apparently drugged out of her mind. He'd wanted to rush to his wife and take her in his arms, to cover her body and lead her off the stage. But the men in the audience were clapping and stamping their feet, impatient for Ruth's performance to begin.

Full of righteous indignation, Elliott had jumped to his feet only to be jerked back into his chair by Garza. "No, Mr. Strickland," Garza had said. "You'll spoil everything." And of course Garza was right, so Elliott had sat numb and dazed as a donkey was led onto the stage. They'd made her masturbate and lick the animal, and Elliott reeled at the sight. But he hadn't been forced to witness her actual copulation with the shaggy beast. Garza had punched him and motioned for him to follow, saying the time was right because all eyes were on the stage. But as they'd made their way to the stairs leading down to the wine cellar, Elliott had involuntarily glanced back at the stage.

The sight had made him want to kill Pico. He'd seen the flattened, thick glans of the donkey's cock pushing into his wife, had heard her choking and groaning. Then the animal had hunched forward and sent his cock deep into her, and the scream she'd uttered had made Elliott's blood run cold.

And now as he sat waiting for five a.m., thinking it would never come, he realized that he was going to kill Pico. He knew he would never draw another peaceful breath as long as the man responsible for his wife's and daughter's misery was alive. It was wrong and he knew it full well, but every nerve in him cried out for revenge. If he roasted in hell through all eternity for killing the vicious man, so be it; he had to do it anyway. He had to!

Holding his knees to his chest, hiding behind a wine cask, Elliott dozed off again and again. Each time his tired mind allowed a few seconds of slumber he dreamed of the sordid acts he'd seen Ruth and Paula in and hated Pico all the more. He would jerk awake for a few minutes, gritting his teeth, then would drop off again to hear Ruth scream as the donkey slammed into her defenseless body.

"Mr. Strickland. Wake up, Mr. Strickland."

Elliott shook his head to clear it, hooking his fingers over the rim of the wine cask and getting to his feet.

"It's time to go, sir. Five minutes to five."

"I'm ready."

"We'll have to be very quiet."

"I'm going to cut Pico's throat."

Garza smiled. "I'll do it for you."

"No. I want him to know who and why before he dies."

Garza nodded, pulling a switchblade from his pocket and handing it to Elliott. "It's very sharp. I bought it while I was out getting the heroin."

"Let's go," Elliott said, putting the ugly knife in his pocket.

They went cautiously up the stairs, stopping each time their feet brought a squeak from the aged timber, listening for sounds in the main room above before they moved on. No one was in the barroom when they finally entered it. Dawn was just beginning to break, sending enough light through the frosted-glass windows for them to pick their way silently through the tables and chairs scattered about.

The stairs leading to the second floor were carpeted. Elliott fought back the fear rising inside him and followed Garza up. It was very dangerous. The burly bouncers and bartenders probably lived in the building along with the girls, and from what Elliott had seen of them he felt sure they wouldn't hesitate to shoot intruders on sight, especially at such an unlikely hour. But his own safety wasn't important. The force driving him on was stronger than his fear - much stronger! He would never be able to live with himself if he failed Ruth and Paula after getting this close to rescuing them.

"Oh, stop it! Go to sleep!"

Garza put his finger to his lips as they crept past the room the tired female voice had come from. All the doors were closed, the sounds of snoring drifted into the hall through several of them. Garza had his compact radio out, the earplug stuck in his ear, stopping at the few doors which were padlocked, shaking his head and going on. Finally, after they'd rounded a corner and come near the end of the hall, Garza smiled and jerked out the earplug, pointing to the padlocked door as he put his radio into his pocket.

"This one's easy," he whispered. "I have a master that should take care of it."

Elliott stood by nervously, looking up and down the hall as Garza selected one key from the many he carried on his special key ring. It slipped into the lock. Garza crossed himself with his free hand, then took hold of the lock and turned the key. He let out a sigh of relief when the lock snapped open.

Her eyes dancing with excitement and hope, Paula rushed into Elliott's arms when he entered the room. "Oh, thank God!" she breathed. "I didn't really think you'd make it."

"What's the matter with your mother?" Elliott asked, alarmed at seeing Ruth stretched out on the bed fully dressed and sleeping soundly.

"I brought some sleeping pills before I came back here," Paula said. "I thought it would be best. Mother's given up all hope. There's no telling what kind of a commotion she would have made when she saw you. I thought it would be better for her to wake up in your hotel room."

"Good thinking," Garza said softly. "I'll carry her out to the car."

"Where's Pico's room?" Elliott asked.

Paula shivered at the expression on her father's face. "Why? What do you want to know that for, Daddy?"

"He has personal business with him," Garza said. "Tell your father where Pico is."

"I'll show you," she said.

"Just tell me," Elliott insisted, and when she had told him, he said, "Don't wait for me, Garza. Take my darlings out to the car right now. If I'm not there in ten minutes, leave without me, understand?"

"Si, senior. Vaya con Dios, hombre."

Garza's answer startled Elliott. It was the first time he had spoken a word of Spanish to him, and he realized from his voice that he was doing so now purely out of respect for him. He nodded, waiting until Garza had Ruth in his arms and was carrying her from the room. Then he kissed Paula's cheek and pushed her after Garza and her mother.

Paula turned back, her eyes pleading with him. "Don't, Daddy. Don't do it. He isn't worth it."

Elliott put his finger to his lips and motioned for her to get moving. He watched until they went around the corner, then he went to the end of the hall and pushed open the door Paula had said was Pico's. The shades were drawn, making the room darker than the hall, but Elliott recognized the piece of shit that could walk and talk like a man. He moved silently and cautiously to the bed, seeing that Pico was not alone. The form beside him was that of a girl so young she had only the beginnings of breasts and a fine down covering her pubic mound. Both were asleep.

Moving to the girl, wanting to get her out of the room, he put his hand over her mouth and shook her. She looked more Indian than anything else, though she was probably part Negro, judging from the color of her skin and her kinky hair. Her eyelids shot up, her large eyes staring up fearfully at him. He put his finger to his lips. The fear in the girl's eyes lessened. Still holding his hand over her mouth, Elliott helped her from the bed and led her into the hall.

"You won't yell, will you?" he asked, praying the girl could understand English. She shook her head. He removed his hand, holding his breath. When she didn't make a sound, he asked, "Do you want to get out of here?"

She nodded.

"Go down to the main room," he whispered. "Wait for me there."

She nodded again, smiling broadly as she went quietly but swiftly down the hall and around the corner.

Getting out the switchblade, Elliott tiptoed back into the room. Pico hadn't moved once, nor did he stir when Elliott bent over him. He put his hand over the sleeping man's mouth, holding the switchblade close to his ear as he snapped it open. Pico stirred then, his body squirming as his eyes jerked open to gawk disbelievingly at Elliott's threatening face. But he said nothing and didn't try to pull away, for Elliott had the point of the knife pressed - businesslike - into the hollow of his throat.

"One sound and you're dead!" Elliott hissed.

Pico groaned softly, his body going limp as his eyes grew large with fear.

"Do you know who I am?"

Pico shook his head as best he could with the point of the knife gouging at his throat.

"I'm Elliott Strickland. You abducted me along with my wife and daughter in Juarez more than a year ago."

Elliott felt sick as he saw stark fear filling Pico's eyes. He pulled the knife point away, bringing the cutting edge of the long, wicked blade into position at the front of Pico's gulping throat. But he couldn't do it. It was cold-blooded murder, and no matter how much Pico deserved to die, Elliott

couldn't bring himself to slit the worthless throat. He held the blade tightly against his moist skin, reaching down to the floor and picking up Pico's discarded shorts.

"I don't want to kill you. Do as I say, and I'll turn you over to the police. But I will kill you if I have to. If you make one sound or resist me in any way, I'll cut your evil heart out! Do you understand?"

Pico nodded, closing his eyes.

"Open your mouth wide," Elliott ordered.

When Pico did, he stuffed the soiled shorts in to prevent him from calling out.

He grabbed his wrist and twisted his arm, forcing Pico out of bed with the pain he caused him, jerking his arm behind his back and shoving him from the room and down the hall.

The pubescent girl was sitting at the bar, waiting patiently when Elliott came into the main room pushing Pico along in front of him.

"Keel heem!" the girl shouted. "Keel heem!"

"Be quiet!"

"No! Pico mus' die! Keel heem!"

To no avail, Elliott tried to calm the girl. She acted like a demon had suddenly taken possession of her, screaming at the top of her lungs as she darted behind the bar and came out brandishing a large butcher knife. She rushed them, clawing at Pico's chest as she slashed his throat from ear to ear with one deft whack.

"Come on!" Elliott yelled, grabbing her wrist and letting Pico slump to the floor as he hurried her toward the exit.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs, coming toward them fast and heavy. Elliott dragged the nude girl along, hurrying her toward the door which Garza had left standing open. They were in the doorway when the first shot rang out. Elliott cringed at the pain in his shoulder but kept running for all he was worth, limping as he always did now because of his jump from the plane.

The girl crumpled as the second shot sounded, falling with a thud onto the concrete steps. Elliott lost his grip on her wrist, stopping immediately to bend down and pick her up. Another shot rang out, this time coming from outside. One of the bouncers grabbed his face and fell screaming in the doorway.

"Come on, hombre!" Garza yelled. "Hurry!"

Elliott scooped up the injured girl, the pain in his shoulder nearly blinding him as he staggered toward the idling car. Then he was inside and slamming the door shut, the car roaring and spinning rubber as it sped away.