

Good Deal 2: Negotiations

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Waking Up

1

David stretched out on his bed and dragged his arms through the silk sheets. The high thread-count fabric slipped off his skin. He started to move his legs, but he only moved them a few inches before his legs encountered the soft thighs of one of his slaves. He stopped as she settling above him.

“Good morning, master,” purred Christina.

She drew his sheet down, exposing his chest to the warm air of the bedroom. Her fingers stretched across his chest, trailing down to run her palms on his growing hardness. David let a smile stretch across his face before he cracked open his eye.

He focused on blond hair as Christina toyed with his cock, rolling it in her fingers with a hungry smile on her lips. She moaned and drew his cock up to her body, rubbing his cock head on skin right above her slit. She locked her eyes on his and leaned forward. She rose and fall on him, pulling herself higher on his cock until he felt the tip caressing against her already slick lips.

David breathed heavily, holding himself still as Christina finally lifted her body to clear his shaft. He stared down at the junction of their bodies to see his head poised to slid into the pink lips of her being. With a moan, Christina lowered herself down on him. It felt hot and slick as she slid down, taking his entire length and pressing down until her inner thighs ground on his hips.

David reached out and grabbed her breasts, digging his fingers into the soft meat. Christina responded to the silent command, lifting and dropping her body on his shaft. Her own hands planted on his chest, using it for balance as she fucked herself on his cock.

He couldn't help smiling and thinking how much he love his life. The slender blond rode him, slowly and steadily, bringing him to a slow and powerful orgasm. When he came, she crammed herself on his cock, her pussy milking his cock of every bit of his cum.

Finally, David spoke. "Good morning."

Christina leaned forward and whispered, "It isn't over yet."

Leaning back, which brought a squelching sound as she jammed his cock back into her body. Looking over her shoulder, she called out. "Naomi?"

"Coming," yelled Naomi from the other side of the house.

Christina grinned to David. Then, as Naomi came into the room, Christina lifted her body. Cum dripped from her pussy, splattering back on his shaft. As soon as she lifted her body, Naomi crawled up on the bed. Her brunette hair cascaded on his thighs as she grabbed his slimy cock with both hands and sucked on it. Her tongue lapped at the cum, cleaning it from her skin. It only took her a few seconds before his shaft glistened with her juices.

But, Naomi wasn't done. Rolling to the side, she delved in between Christina's own legs, using her tongue to clean her out. David only grinned, enjoying the hardness of his manhood, but making no effort to take advantage of Naomi's lovely ass or bare pussy. But, he still reached down to run a finger along the bar code at the base of her spine.

Christina came to her own orgasm after a few moments of giving David a good show. She let out a strangled scream before slumping back. Naomi wiped her glistening face and slid up between Christina and David, pressing her naked breasts to his side.

"Good morning."

David sighed happily, reaching out to caress Christina while cradling Naomi in the crook of his arm. "I am the luckiest man in the world."

Naomi kissed him, "And we are the luckiest slaves."

Christina leaned over and joined in a three-way kiss. When they broke, she said, "And you are the best master... ever."

"Does that mean you are looking forward to your trip?"

Naomi nodded happily. "Yes, the limo picks us up in about two hours."

Christina: “And then three weeks in Florida, enjoying the beach, sun, and parties!”

“Don’t have too much fun, remember you are property not free woman. While that means that no one can just snuff you, it also means that if you get in trouble, I’ll be the one paying for it.”

Naomi wiggled her ass. “Does that mean you’ll take it out of us?”

David gave her a mock glare and reached over with his other hand to slap her ass. “It means, that if things go wrong, your ass will be on the line, one way or the other.”

There was a brief silence as the two girls wondered if David considered putting them up for snuffing, or even selling their bodies as meat. David felt uncomfortable with the growing silence and ran his fingers down Naomi’s ass crack, trailing his fingernails around the wrinkled opening of her asshole.

“And trust me, I will,” he jammed his finger into her and watched her jump, “be a pain in this,” he twisted it, “ass.”

Relief, quiet but palpable, filled the room. Naomi’s head dropped into the crook of his arm as he fingered her rectum. He twisted his thumb to sop up juices from her slit, transferring it to the finger buried inside her until it felt like a fine oil coating his finger. Working deeper, he fingered her until she moaned and clutched the pillow on the bed.

He looked over to Christina and mouthed, “Lick her out,” to her. The blond grinned and got to her hands and knees. David slipped his finger from Naomi’s ass and presented it to Christina who licked it clean. He brought his finger, catching a smell of the perfumed enema that Naomi used. These girls prepared his morning. Taking a deep breath, he smelled pancakes from the other room and excitement from the two women serving him. He watched as Christina knelt between Naomi’s legs and lowered her lips to the tiny wrinkled opening.

David grabbed Naomi’s brunette hair and lifted her up. The slave gasped, shuddering as Christina rimmed her, and smiled at David. Pulling her up by her hair, David brought Naomi’s mouth to his cock. When he dropped her hair, she found his dick with her mouth and engulfed it. David leaned back to enjoy watching Christina lapping Naomi as the other slave sucked his cock deep into her mouth.

He had a good life.

Junk Mail

2

Two days later, David flipped through his mail. Sitting down wearing t-shirts and shorts and surrounded by more than a bit of litter, he cradled the flat-screen computer in his hand. Tapping the forward buttons, he flipped through offers for investments, news on the local area, and even the newest burger ad for only 1,999 dollars. He laughed, you could barely buy food for under a grand for the last few years, but the advertising places still promises prices with too many 9's at the end of it. Everything cost thousands of dollars with inflation.

He stopped at the daily hunting reports. He scrolled down to see the flash of pretty young men and woman that had their lives bought and paid for by those with weregild, also known as blood money. Most of them, he guessed, never saw the next day, but a few of them would spend days, weeks, even years under the strange perversions of their new owners. Next to each entry, the notice of a single weregild, the cost of a life, being transferred to their next of kin, minus a hefty fee from the government. Since common folk could not own fractional blood money, it got converted into a billion dollars, minus the 20% tax. Once made into cash, even a billion dollars couldn't purchase a single weregild. A neat system that kept the poor with only overinflated dollars and the rich rolling in blood money.

Unless there was a double kill.

David sighed. He hated the system, but benefited from it at the same time. His two slaves came from a frantic purchase from a friend who needed him. And, beyond any doubt, it was the best and only purchase he ever made with weregild.

Sighing again, he tapped the trash button. The next email hurt his eyes with flashing icons and banners. He hit the trash button, but as the image faded from the screen, he spotted his old high school's name. Hitting the undo button, he spent a moment to read the mail with more detail.

A simple reminder of his ten-year school reunion in a few days. The coordinators decided to hold it in northern Mexico, miles south of the border where he graduated. He grinned with the memory of sneaking across the border to catch a few wild hours in the Tijuana nightlife.

Warmed by his memories, he flipped back through his message queue to the original mail announcing the reunion. A nice hotel right on the beach and the promising of catching up with some good friends.

He looked up to his small house, considering it. After a second, he ran his finger down the links in the original email. A few taps later and he confirmed his reservation to fly down to Tijuana.

Sometimes, it was good to be rich. Even if he didn't look the part.

An hour later, the limo driver rang the doorbell. David hefted a packed duffel bag over his shoulder and opened the door.

On the other side, a woman wearing nothing but a chauffeur's cap and a black tie stood on his threshold. "Good afternoon, sir, I'm here to serve you."

He looked over the slender, black-haired woman. She gave him a wink, "Anything, of course, that you need." She turned to show the code at the base of her spine. Turning around, she waited for David's command.

He smiled, "How about a coke?"

Her mouth dropped, but she regained her senses quickly. "At once. Shall I take your bag?"

David handed it over and followed her to the car, watching her naked ass shaking with every step. True to his word, he just slipped into the back of the car and leaned back to enjoy the drive.

The Beach

3

David loved the smell of Tijuana. Years of sordid reputations, the collapse of more than a few governments, and endless efforts to give the city a new look left it a mottled patchwork of old Mexico, skyscrapers, technology, and seedy alleys. Along with a red-light district large enough to swallow Delaware. All with a distinctive flavor that brought a hungry mixture of desire and memories swimming in David's gut.

He watched the different districts pass from the back of the taxi. The Latino citizens swirled with brilliant colors, from the painted walls to the translucent dresses draped over dark flesh. Peppering the crowds were the customary uniform of slaves: nothing. Naked flesh presented in the simmering heat to highlight dark nipples, bare pussies, and dark manes of hair.

There were also men, just as naked, but David's eyes slid over them. Most of the slaves were male and labored at that. Men of muscles and tans so dark they looked black. But, David watched more for the Latino women with the heavy collars around their neck; the collars were as blatant about their role as mere objects as the bar codes north of the border.

"Señor, you like the girls of Tijuana?"

David looked up to the grizzled old man who drove the taxi. A closely trimmed salt-and-pepper beard gave the man a wise appearance, but his dark brown eyes twinkled with some endless amusement. Hanging from the rear mirror was a cross made of leather, stained with something dark.

David grin, "I always have, I loved coming here as a teen."

"But, not recently?"

"No, things happened and... I never came back, I guess. But, I remember getting dozen of friends, packing up the van, and heading down here Friday and coming back Monday night in time for class."

"Ah," chuckled the man, "high school or college?"

David shared the grin. "High school."

"Good times. We used to get a lot of younger students. Now days, it is the tourist or slave trades, you know what I mean? So, what brings you back to Tijuana's embrace?"

David considered not answering, but the man seemed to draw more answers from him. "High school reunion."

"For the girls?"

"No, with my old class," David laughed.

The man favored him with a serious look, somehow steering without looking. "Where are you from, señor? If you don't mind."

"Old San Diego."

The driver made a face, "Rough town. Before the earthquake?"

"Yeah..."

"I'm sorry, señor. I'm glad you made Tijuana your new home, at least for this weekend."

David smiled and gestured to the crowded streets. "How could I not?"

"Well, I don't need to tell you about all the sights Tijuana has, do I? The lovely girls with tits the size of burro, the donkey shows. Or, if you lean toward blood, we are having one of the largest slave auctions of the year?" The man's eyes narrowed, "Dollars, not blood money, will buy you a slave. Make you feel like a blooded king, know what I mean?"

David cocked his head. "Sounds interesting."

The older man turned back to thread the taxi between a wagon and an armored van. The yellowed car bounced off the van and shot across an intersection before diving back into the streets. David saw the driver looking at him in the mirror, then a different type of smile.

"You're blooded, aren't you?"

David's eyes widened in surprise. The old man chuckled and he shook his head.

"Don't worry, señor, but people with blood money always look at the señoritas differently than us common folk. Most common folks

look at girls like that,” he pointed to a busy woman wearing a sun dress that barely hid in her tits and hips, “and you can see lust. But, blooded, they look as if they are appraising.”

“I’m not really into slaves.”

“No,” grinned the man, “But you still look at them differently.”

“I guess.”

“Well, no matter. We’re here.”

The taxi careened through another intersection and burst into a parking lot. The old man drove past the lines of American and Japanese cars to pull into the sweeping driveway right in front of the hotel. David grabbed his bag from the seat next to him and slid out, slamming the door twice before it latched. Walking up to the driver side, he leaned over as the old man handed him receipt terminal. At the top, David caught the man’s name: Carlos Ruiz. He thumbed the transfer, only thirty thousand dollars, a pittance compared to the overpriced hotel transfer van. With an afterthought, he added a twenty percent tip before handing it back.

“Thank you, Carlos.”

The old man’s eyes glittered and he smiled broadly. He took the receipt terminal and set it aside, not even looking at the amount.

“A pleasure, señor, and if you need transportation for your visit here, please call him.”

“Deal.” David offered his hand and Carlos shook it firmly. David heard a beep as Carlos contact information transferred over to his personal computer. Releasing the hand, David nodded to the taxi driver and turned to the hotel.

Forty stories tall, the towering white building looked like a giant’s tooth reaching out over the ocean. Looking to the side, David caught a glimpse of the ocean and beach. The white sands looked brilliant in the sun and the tourists peppered the pristine surface with the colors of tanned flesh and sunburns. David breathed in the smells of the ocean and sand, losing himself in memories of his teenage years.

A horn beeped at him. David turned as he stepped away to see a stretched limo easing around the driveway. As the limo came to a halt, four bellhops appeared to hold open the door. Inside, two pale, naked woman stepped out and stood by the door as a man crawled

out and stood up at attention. He flicked his fingers and one of the slaves jumped forward to open the trunk.

David rolled his eyes, he hated the blooded who showed off.

Hefting his duffel bag, he headed into the revolving doors. A few minutes later, he rode the elevator to the nineteenth floor and his room. The doors to the elevator opened and David started to step out but someone blocked him.

A teenage girl, maybe eighteen, with light brown curly hair. She stood half a foot shorter than David and he let his eyes drop down to her roundish face. Then, without realizing it, his eyes continued further down her high, perky breasts covered by two pieces of fabric that barely covered her nipples. He found himself appreciating her teenage body and let his eyes drift even further down to the matching strip of fabric that covered her sex.

Then, he realized he wasn't moving and yanked his eyes up. The girl frowned at him, obviously seeing David as an older, lustful man. David felt a strange twisting sensation in his gut. He took a step to the side. "Excuse me."

She frowned but paced back enough to let him pass. She clutched a small purse to her side, covering over the bow of her bikini bottom, as if David would go for it. She spoke with a States accent, probably Midwestern from David's guess. "Sorry."

David bowed and headed down the hall, taking all his effort not to turn around and watch her through the closing elevator door. He could imagine her ass, rounded and straining underneath the thread-like strap of her bottom. He groaned and his manhood twitched at the thought.

When he heard the door close, he let out a sigh of relief and finally glanced down the hall. Not seeing the girl, he returned his attention to the numbers until he found his room.

Reaching down for the door, he felt the computer identify him and the deadbolt unlocking the door. He cracked open the door, then paused. Frowning himself, he looked down the hall back at the elevator.

"Where have I seen her before?"

He couldn't imagine how he knew a girl so young, but something about her hair and frown reminded him of someone. Pushing it aside, he slipped into his room and locked the door behind him.

The room didn't look remarkable. Like middle priced rooms in most hotels, it consisted of a single bed on one wall, a desk, and a recliner. A balcony right outside the window indicated the only amenities that David really wanted. Dropping his bag by the door, he padded over to the sliding door and opened it.

Warm, salty air blasted him and David moaned with pleasure. Stepping outside, he leaned on the railing and looked down. From his vantage point, the beach looked like a brilliant white crescent stretching along the entire bay. Blue and white waves crashed into the beach endlessly, washing over the darker dots that made up the people spreading out to cover every surface.

David nodded in approval. "Good plan, David."

Returning to his room, he switched into a swim suit and grabbed a towel. He considered bringing something else, but changed his mind. Alone, he slipped out of his room and headed to the elevator.

"Oh my god! Is that you, David?"

The voice sounded familiar, but David couldn't identify it until he turned around. Coming out of the room next to his, he saw an older woman, in her forties. She had long, dark brown hair and steel-blue eyes with just a hint of wrinkles around the edges. Her smile stretched across her face and memories slammed into him.

"Mrs. Timber!"

She surprised him by rushing up and pulling him into a hug. Her soft body rubbed against him and he couldn't help feeling her large breasts grinding to his chest. Unsure of the proper response, he wrapped his arms around her and held her tight until she pulled away.

"You've grown up so much!" She smiled and brushed some of the hair around her ear, just like she did when she taught him in AP History during the last year of high school. David gulped, remembering more than a few fantasies he had for her.

"How have you been, Mrs. Timber?"

"Call me Deb, David, we aren't in school anymore."

"Okay, um, Deb, how have you been?"

She gestured toward the elevator, "Very good, actually. Heading down to the beach? I'm looking for my two daughters, Olivia and Lauren."

David looked at her outfit. She wore a pair of dark blue shorts that stopped right at the middle of her tanned thighs. Above, she had a white tank-top that barely held in her large breasts. In the light of the room, David could see just a hint of her nipples peaking through the fabric. Underneath her outfit, she wore a navy once piece swimsuit with a keyhole opening right above her deep cleavage.

He grunted. "I figured we have a bit of time before any parties and I miss the beach."

They walked toward the elevator. Deborah spoke cheerfully. "You were so into surfing, I couldn't imagine you ever leaving the beach."

David smiled, but he didn't feel it, "Things happened and I had to get away."

"Oh," she came to a stop. Looking up, David could see the sorrow in her eyes, "I forgot about your sisters. I'm sorry."

David shrugged and jammed the down button on the elevator. "Thank you. It hurt a lot, but I've... managed to work past it."

The doors opened to the elevator. Together, they stepped in and leaned on the back wall. As the door closed, Deb moved to the side wall and looked him over.

"You seem happier. I remember you were such a bitter young man."

David chuckled, "I seem to recall being rather angry at you. You did fail me a week before graduation."

"You took summer school, but then... your sisters..."

"They died on that trip to Germany," David felt his good mood dissipating, "the trip I was going to take when I graduated."

"I'm sorry," she said.

He shrugged, "Water under the bridge."

The elevators opened again on the bottom floor. A pack of children ran into the lift screaming and David and Deborah slipped out. They walked next to each other out the back entrance of the hotel, toward the beach. David led the way, walking along a sandy trail toward the glistening beach. His bare feet stung on the sands but he could easily follow the well-traveled path.

Right at the edge of the beach, he spotted a sign written in Spanish on the left side, English on the right. The first brought a smile to his face, "Nude Beach. No Public Sex." Below were warnings

against glass, pets, and even motor vehicles. But, the last drew David's attention.

"No slaves," he said in shock.

"Good," snapped Deb, "I hate the blooded."

David looked at her and saw a frown furrowing her brow. With a start, he realized he knew one of her daughters, the teenage girl at the elevator. The same frown graced both of their faces.

"Why?"

"Why!?" She turned on him, "How can you not hate them? They killed your sisters. Every time one of my girls goes out, I worry that I'm never going to see them again."

"It doesn't happen that often."

Deborah let out an angry growl. "Often enough that I worry."

David kept his own emotions under wraps. "But, most of them come from the hunting grounds. That's consensual."

"It isn't consensual! They pay teenagers a lot of money to risk their lives. Teenagers who don't know better or cherish what they have. It kills me to see their faces on the slave rolls."

David shrugged, "At least they won't be here."

She took a deep breath before answering. "Sorry, teaching history shows me that we are doomed to repeat it."

"And where did we have people willing becoming slaves?"

She glared at him, "You should know that, it was your final paper. Coal mining, migrant labor."

David chuckled, then gestured to the beach. "No coal mining here, why don't we just enjoy the sun?"

Her frown faded and she put on a smile. "I would like that. You are a good kid, David."

"I try, Mrs. Timber."

"Call me Deb," she reminded him.

They walked even closer to each other as they walked the last bit of the path. Coming around the dune, David saw the beach spreading out in both directions. Sunbathers, naked and clothes, stretched out just as far, peppering the brilliant sand with their bodies. David saw more than a few attractive members just as many that weren't quite as good-looking as popular media insisted.

Deb looked around, then pointed to a bar down the beach. "Olivia said she would meet me there."

At the bar, they didn't see her daughters. Deb circled around with a worried look on her face. David felt guilty as he looked at her face and the way she peered through the crowds. Obviously, their discussion of slavery remained in her thoughts. When she spotted a hunter, someone with blood money and a bright orange armband on her arm, she let out a gasp of fear. David followed her gaze, seeing the attractive older woman with a very large clearing around her in the sand. No one wanted to attract her attention.

"Oh god, do you think they are okay?"

David shook his head and patted her arm. Deb surprised him by grabbing his hand with her own, holding it tightly. David felt a surge of excitement rising inside him and tried not to think about anything outside of comfort.

Looking away, he spotted curly brown hair on a slender teenager. At first, he thought it was the girl he spotted at the elevator, but then he realized it was a different girl, but still one of Deborah's daughters. She had the same curly brown hair, but she stood taller than her sister. She was also skinnier with more angular cheekbones, but just as gorgeous. She wore a one-piece outfit with an exposed belly and two large rings that exposed her sweeping hips.

David cleared his throat, "She one of yours?"

Deb looked, then squeezed his hand. "Oh, thank god, that's Olivia."

She called out to her daughter and they joined in the middle of the sand. Olivia looked David over, then at her mother with a grin.

"Looking for a young replacement already, mom?"

Deborah looked down at their hands and snatched it away. David grinned as Olivia's mother stammered, "No, not like that. It was crowded and he was one of my students."

"Right," drawled the girl.

Deb cleared her throat, "Anyways! Olivia, this is David, David this is my youngest daughter, Olivia. David was one of my brighter students but he..." her voice trailed off as she looked over at the hunter, "um, something happened."

David spotted her other daughter thirty meters away, chatting with a naked man posing dramatically. He was Latino and obviously interesting in seeing her as naked as possible. David noticed that

Lauren's ass did look as lovely as he imagined, with the thong of her bikini nestled between the smooth orbs of her buttocks. He chuckled to cover his interest and pointed so Deb and Olivia noticed. Next to him, his former teacher let out a long sigh of relief. Olivia ran over, dragging Lauren away from the guy.

"The beach is terrifying," whispered Deb.

David looked over at her and gave a reassuring smile. "It really isn't that bad."

She sighed and gave him a hesitant smile. "Easy for you to say, you don't have girls."

"I had," he empathized the word as he caught her gaze, "sisters."

"Oh," Deb gulped, "I'm sorry."

David smiled, "Just... don't worry about it. There are thousands of teenagers out here and, even if yours got your good looks, there are just as many who still risk it to enjoy themselves."

Deborah stared at him, her mouth half opened, then she smiled broadly. "My good looks? You think I look good?"

David blushed, "Sorry, I didn't mean like that."

Deb stepped up to him, "Oh? I seem to recall you squirming in the back of my class."

His blush got hotter as he remembered trying to discretely masturbate in the back of the class. "Yeah."

She licked her lips. "You know, I'm not your teacher anymore."

David was distinctly aware of that. He gulped and clasped his hands together, partially to obscure his growing hardness. Deb gestured to the sun. "There aren't any reunion things going on tonight, interested in dinner with us?"

He looked at the two teenage girls walking up, then to their mother. He smiled but kept his hands over his crotch.

"I would love to."

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Dinner Date

4

Music rose over Tijuana as David stepped out of Carlos' taxi. The taxi driver came as soon as David called, then promptly took him to a gem of a store that found him a more formal outfit for dinner. Somehow, shorts and a t-shirt didn't seem right for meeting with the former target of his lust and his own teacher.

"You look good, señor. Best of luck."

David grinned and waved to Carlos. The taxi pulled out from the drive and into traffic. David returned to the hotel and asked for directions to the restaurant. He wasn't surprised to find out that there were four, ranging from the insipid children's fare to the overly expensive one reserved for the world's rich. A few more clicks and he found her reservation. Tugging on his tie, he took the elevator up to the thirtieth floor. When the door opened, he looked out into the candlelit room.

He spotted Deborah after only a few moments. She sat alone, toying with a filled wine glass. David hesitated and realized she looked nervous, like someone on their first date. He also noticed that her daughters weren't anywhere around and she wore a deep red dress with a plunging neckline and slits up both of the sides.

She looked stunning.

He made his way around the tables. As he reached her, she stood up sharply, knocking the same aside and spilling her wine. But, David ignored the splash to look at her, stunned with her appearance.

"Um, hi!" she said, then giggled.

"Where are your daughters?"

"They, um," she struggled for a moment, "they decided to go to a nightclub."

"Just the two of us?"

"Yes," she said in a soft voice.

Wait staff cleared the table and replaced the bottle of wine. David sat down across from Deborah and ordered food. She sat on her chair, obviously flustered. Neither spoke for a long time, but eventually she broke the silence.

"So, you are looking good."

David looked down at the dinner jacket and black suit pants he wore. He lifted his eyes to her, enjoying the view of her body and reliving many of his old fantasies.

"You look better, Mrs. Timber."

She blushed, "Thank you. But, right now, it's Miss Timber."

"Really? I remember Mr. Timber was brutal when it came to Driver's Ed."

She sighed, "But, he decided that raising two girls wasn't for him. When Olivia was three and Lauren two, he left me."

"I'm sorry."

"I should have known better, history always repeats itself. He had an affair more than once, I guess, it was going to happen eventually."

"I can't imagine anyone doing that to you or your daughters."

She smiled, "Are you saying you'd treat me better?"

"Well," he grinned, "I wouldn't be cheating on you, if that is what you mean."

She ran a finger along the top of the glass. She gave him a smoldering look. "No, I imagine you wouldn't."

David felt hot and excited, his cock full height in his pants. The look he got seared his senses and couldn't help wondering if he would be enjoying a bit more passionate of a reunion than he imaged.

"You know," he drawled, "I remember one day in summer school when it was just the two of us."

She inhaled, her breasts rising.

David continued, "I never forgot what you wore, shorts and that spaghetti top of yours, the one with the flowers."

Deb giggled, "I haven't had that shirt for years."

“Bummer, because I thought about it more than once.”

She worried her lip, her eyes searching his face. David knew he wanted to flat out ask her, but he wasn't quite sure. Then, she spoke softly, almost unheard in the noises of the restaurant.

“Was it on me... or on the floor?”

“Um,” he gulped. Then, he took a deep breath before answering, “It started on you.”

Blushing, she picked up the glass and sipped it. David drank from his own glass, his eyes unable to tear from hers. Over her shoulders, he spotted the wait staff delivering their food. He leaned back as they set down the plates, Alfredo chicken for him and braised steak for herself.

The waiter bowed, “Is there anything else, señor and señorita?”

David looked over to Deb, then up to the waiter. “Yes, why don't you pack this up. I think we have... somewhere else to go.”

When he matched eyes with Deborah, there was no question where.

t'Sade

Nightcap

5

The door opened to his room and he slammed her on the wall next to it. His hands slipped around her waist, the silk dancing along his skin. He ground his body up to her, shoving his hard cock to her thigh and seeking her mouth.

She kissed him back, lips still tasting of the red wine. Her hands flicked along his body, jerking his shirt from his pants. He felt it drawing along his skin, then the warm air kissing his bare belly.

“Oh, David,” she whispered. David silenced her with a kiss, spreading his hands across her large breasts. His fingers curled over the fabric and he pulled it open. Her breasts spilled out into his hands, warm and soft. He could feel the swollen mounds in his hands and felt hours of fantasies coming true.

He broke the kiss. “You know I dreamed of this.”

She smiled, panting beneath his body, “I thought about it myself, but it was back on those summer days. I always hoped that, if the right things happened, we could be doing this on that desk of mine.”

He moaned and pushed the straps of her dress off her shoulders, pulling them down to expose her body to the air. She gasped and he drew her dress down to her stomach.

“Though, I imagined you on your knees most of the time.”

Her lip curled, “Fancy a blow job?”

“Always.”

Then he moaned as she slid down the wall, dropping to her knees. He gasped and watched as she pulled open his pants, freeing his hard cock from his pants. She licked her lips and held the base with both hands, cupping his balls with her fingers.

"You are beautiful," she whispered then leaned forward to kiss the crook of his cock. David moaned as she tilted his cock up to kiss down his length, her hot mouth caressing and leaving tiny moist badges on his sensitive skin. Her lips opened slowly along his balls, sucking one plum into her mouth and sending tiny shivers of pleasure coursing up his spine. She rolled it in her mouth, her tongue exploring his testicles before moving to the next. He watched precum oozing down from the tip of his shaft down her fingers, rolling droplets over her skin and splashing on her cheek.

Deborah looked up with a sultry look, then lifted her body. Her lower lip trailed along his shaft, dragging on the skin until she reached the top. Tilting it back down, she pressed it into her open mouth. She smiled, then slid forward and he watched as his cock disappeared into her mouth.

"God," he whispered, "you are so beautiful yourself."

She slid his cock from her mouth and looked up. "Call me Miss Timber?"

"Yes, Miss Timber."

She grinned broadly and slid his cock back into her mouth. It felt hot and slick as she pushed her lips down, engulfing more until her lips pressed down tightly at the base of his shaft. He grabbed the wall above her head, leaning into her as she bobbed down on his shaft.

"Oh, Miss Timber," he gasped. She jammed herself completely down on his cock, lapping at it with her tongue and sending him quickly toward a crest of pleasure. His right hand dropped down to her, wrapping his fingers in her hair. She looked up at him, keeping her eyes locked with his, and pumped her mouth up and down him.

"I'm going... I'm coming..."

She accelerated her sucking, bobbing up and down. He could feel his tip brushing against the back of her throat and he finally couldn't hold it back anymore. His hands grabbed her head tightly and he plunged deep into her mouth as he came.

He groaned as he pumped into her mouth. Deborah sucked him, gulping as he filled her mouth. After long, pleasurable minutes, he pulled his glistening shaft from her lips.

Deb leaned back and licked her lips. Her hands reached down to push her dress further down her hips, exposing the sparse hairs above her sex and the curve of her breast.

David looked down to her, admiring the smile she favored him with and the swollen breasts shadowed by the lights of the hallway. He chuckled, remembering the door, and closed it. He held out his hand for her and she took it. Pulling her up, he pushed her against the wall once again. His hands cupped her breasts and kissed her again.

"But, Miss Timber," he said with a grin, "there are a few other fantasies I'd bet you'd like. Maybe some of yours?"

Her lips parted with anticipation. She whispered softly, "I have a few."

"Anything specific?"

"I-I'd always dreamed about you trying to," he took a deep breath, "bribe me for a better grade."

He grinned, "I have an idea..."

David pulled her from the wall. She followed as he drew her to his desk. She stared with confusion as he turned her around, pushing her back until her ass bumped on the edge of the desk. He grinned and slid his hands underneath her buttocks, squeezing tightly and picking her up to set her on the very edge.

"Oh, Miss Timber," he said in a soft voice, lowering his body to his knees, "I really need that 'A'."

She whimpered, her legs parting even as he settled into place. He ran both of his hands on her thighs, parting them even more and lifting the fabric of her dress out of the way to look down at her wine-colored lace underwear. He breathed in the smell of her excitement: tangy, sweet, and salty all at the same time. His fingers shook as he ran his fingertips along the edge of her underwear, pulling the lace aside to reveal her hot, swollen lips underneath.

"Oh, David," she gasped. She grabbed the edge of the desk as he brought his lips to her sex, running his tongue from the base of her slit to the very tip. He watched as she threw back her head, panting. David squeezed her thighs and licked harder, seeing out the tiny fold of pleasure nestled above her innermost opening.

Deborah writhed on the table, holding it as she whimpered. He lapped, sucked, and nibbled his way across her sex. Finally, he

latched his lips around her clitoris and sucked on it, flicking it with his tongue until she spasmed. Experience with Naomi and Christina helped guide him as he slid two fingers into her channel, pumping slowly as he rubbed it against his teeth.

She whimpered and grabbed his head, guiding him the spots of her pleasure. David obeyed in the sound of his slurping. It took her longer, but not much, before he felt an orgasm growing inside her. The tensing of her body. The tiny whimpers escaping her throat. Even the trembling of her thighs. Then, she mimicked his own motion and grabbed his head with both hands as she flooded his mouth with her juices. David gulped and lapped, trying to keep up as she screamed out a shrill orgasm that beat against the walls. Her thighs squeezed around his head, drowning out all sounds except the beating of their hearts and the whimpers that filled her body.

Deb released him just as the air grew too hot to breath. David wiped the juices from his face and grinned up at her. She looked down, panting.

“Definitely ‘A’ work.”

They both laughed. David stood up, his cock bouncing as he stood between her legs. He looked up at her and saw her eyes smoldering as she looked back. He cleared his throat. “How about a bit of extra credit?”

She gestured to the bed with her chin. “Over there, please?”

He grunted with approval. She slipped off the desk and took his hand, drawing him to the bed. Crawling on it, she gave him a lovely view of her ass before rolling on her back with her legs spread. David couldn’t help smiling as he crawled on the bed between her legs. His hands found hers as he positioned himself.

The feeling of his cock sliding into her hot, slick pussy almost pushed him over the edge. It felt so warm around him and she moaned as he filled her. One hand slipped from hers to hold her breast; he left his other pinned to the bed. David started with long strokes, using his hips to drive it deep into her body and pulling out until half his length remained inside her before jerking it back into place.

For their second orgasm, David took his time. Touching and caressing her. His hips never stopped pumping, just a slow and steady movement that gradually increased in speed. Deborah

stroked and held him, kissing his hand and throat and mouth as their lovemaking grew more passionate. David simply enjoyed the feel of their bodies together, the way they moved up and down together and the simple pleasure that built up in his balls.

He held back as long as he could, with his slow movements, but when he felt himself losing self-control, he accelerated. Spreading her legs, he pumped into her harder and faster, slapping skin as he sought to drive his cock as deep as possible into her willing body. She whimpered, grabbing the sheets and arching her back. David lowered his head to suck on her nipples, gulping as he drove hard and fast.

She came first, squeezing tightly as she arched even higher. David bit her nipple and pounded as fast as he could, driving into her until he couldn't hold it back. He grabbed her hands and jammed them down into the sheets as he came, flooding her insides with his seed. He held it there, his entire body jerking.

When he pulled out, he barely had the strength to remain upright. He rolled over her leg and slumped to the blankets.

His former teacher rolled to her side and giggled. "That was amazing."

"Better than I hoped."

She kissed him, "You were always a great kid. But you are an amazing lover."

He chuckled, "And to think I forgot about this until this morning. No plans or anything, so I just grabbed a plane ticket down here."

Deborah rolled to her back. Her hand remained caught in his and she smiled. "I budgeted and planned for this for weeks. I couldn't imagine just getting up and doing anywhere."

"It isn't that hard."

"I'm not rich."

"Money isn't everything."

She sighed, "Easy for you to say. I mean, your sis—" her voice stopped abruptly. David knew what she almost said and he just reached over and kissed her.

"Don't worry about it."

She hesitated, but when David didn't say anything else, she relaxed. Her shoulders slumped and she kissed him back. They

snuggled but with their passions spent, she ended up spooning his body as he held her.

Night filled the sky and the music slowly drifted away. David dozed with his nose in her hair, enjoying the scent of her hair and the feel of her body against his body.

It was late in the night when she spoke up. "David?"

He opened his eyes, "Yes?"

"I know this is wrong to ask, but do you think this is just for the reunion?"

David pondered his words for a moment, "Would you like it to go further?"

"I mean, if it works out. I haven't had another man since... well, the girl's father left me. And, I missed it. And you are wonderful."

He nuzzled along her neck, kissing right below the earlobe. She pushed back with her ass along his growing hardness. "I'm sure we'll find something. And, if I need to take a bit of time off, I'm sure Naomi and Christina can watch the house."

Even as he said it, he knew it was the wrong thing. Deborah's body tensed. She spoke after a second. "Oh, I didn't know you were married."

He leaned back, sighing. "I'm not."

"Who are they?"

The afterglow of sex faded in a heartbeat. David considered what he could say, but he couldn't bring himself to lie to her. But, he remembered her opinions of slaves and just couldn't get the words out. Deborah broke the silence and spoke with a cracking voice.

"You own them, don't you? Slaves?"

She sat up, glaring at him. At the hurt look on her face, David closed his eyes tightly and pushed himself into a sitting position. When he opened his eyes, she saw on the edge of the bed, still staring at him with shock and fear. Her mouth opened and closed a few times.

"Y-You are blooded? After what happened to your sisters? And then you do the same thing to someone's girls?"

David held out his hand, "It isn't what you think. I only bought them—"

"You bastard! You know how I feel!" She stood up, yanking the sheet from the bed. David winced as it ripped away from his crotch.

Deb clutched it to her front, shielding herself from him, “Or was this some type of game because you didn’t graduate.”

“It isn’t that,” he said, pushing himself up, “if you’ll just let me—”

“No!” she screamed. Tears ran down her cheeks.

David jumped, but she wasn’t done. “I-I can’t believe, I thought you would be nice, but you weren’t were you. Was this some sort of power game, just to get even with me?”

He stood up. “Miss Timber, please just listen—”

She stormed around the bed and slapped him. David pressed a hand to the mark on his cheek. Deb, tears in her eyes, turned away. “Just stay away from my daughters, damn it.”

Deb turned and glared at him, “And stay away from me.”

David reached for her. She slapped him. He stepped back as she grabbed her dress from the ground and stormed out of the hotel room. A moment later, he heard the door to her room slamming shut and a sob cutting through the thin walls of the hotel.

He sighed unhappily and sat down on the bare bed.

“Well, crap.”

t'Sade

Funk

6

David didn't even bother leaving the room the next day. He sat in a dark funk, watching television and ordering room service. He heard her leaving her room with her two daughters and it only darkened his mood.

He ventured out the next afternoon. At the pool, he saw Lauren from the corner of his eye. He looked around and shifted into a different position to watch her walk across the pool and down the trail leading to the beach. Slowly, David stood up and followed her, but only to the dunes. There, he got off the sandy trail and sat on the dune. Lauren headed straight for the bar, then to the Latino David saw her speaking to before.

They talked for a few minutes before heading down the beach holding hands. David sighed unhappily and stood up. Walking on bare feet, he turned and walked in the opposite direction.

t'Sade

Giving Up



Two days later, he sat in the brightly lit breakfast area. His packed duffel bag sat at his feet and he flipped through the local news feeds while working his way through a bagel. The computer translated the local stories into English for him but he just flipped through the advertisements and articles about another attempt to decorate the districts.

He came up to the hunting reports. Idly, he flipped through the pictures of dozens of men and just as many women. It was a weekly report instead of daily and David was starkly reminded that many people became slaves every day, more so than he wanted to think about.

His tapping stopped as he saw two familiar faces in the report. One was Lauren, with a terrified look on her face and a bruise on her face. The other was the Latino man David saw with her. Both of them were bought two days before, just after midnight.

A sick feeling filled his stomach and the bagel dropped from his fingers. He stared at Lauren's face and felt the feeling growing. Horrified, he flipped through the rest of the reports, but didn't see any more faces.

As soon as he hit the last page, he pulled up the municipal computers. Tapping in Deborah's name, he did a search for his former teacher. Nothing abnormal, but there were too many privacy guards to prevent him from finding her. He tried Lauren's name, but as soon as someone bought her, she became property. No more records, no more reports. She could be dead for all he knew. He noted the name of the owner but couldn't find anything more. He

tried Olivia as a final chance, hoping that he could help in some manner.

It came up and his blood turned to ice.

"Pending property sale, Platinum Sands Hotel."

David shoved the seat back and grabbed his bag. He marched up the front counter. There were two people in front of him, but he shoved his way to the front, ignoring the protests. The concierge looked him with surprise. "Can I help you?"

"Can I speak with the manager?" David said curtly, "Now!"

"Of course," came the careful response. The man behind the desk rang a bell, then pointed David toward a door. David left the counter to stand by the door. After a few anxious minutes, the door opened and a man stood in the opening. He looked at David, obviously appraising him.

"May I help you, señor?"

"Yes, this girl," David brandished the computer, "what happened to her? Why are you selling her!?"

Other guests looked up with surprise and the manager looked embarrassed. He stepped back and motioned for David to sit down inside the office. David entered the room, letting the manager close the door behind him, but didn't sit. The manager circled around his desk and sat down. As soon as his ass settled in the chair, David slapped the computer down on the desk.

"Why?"

"I'm sorry, señor, but we have very clear laws in Tijuana. We are required by law to do this."

"I'm not asking you to break the laws, I just want to know why."

The manager pushed papers from his desk and tapped the surface. Computer terminals came up and he navigated through the Spanish menus. David waited impatiently as the man worked the computer, then Olivia's face came up on the screen. Holding his breath, David peered at the screen.

The manager read for a moment, longer than he needed, then he spoke calmly. "The girl's mother, you see, she has her credit revoked by the national accounting system. And, as per our laws, with expenses over a million dollars, company policy is allowed to require payment in full."

"And did she?"

“We could not find her. According to our security systems, she left two days ago in the middle of the night. Only her possessions were left behind.”

“And Olivia?” David felt himself growing tense.

The manager spoke carefully, “As I said, her possessions were left behind but insufficient value to cover the bill. We asked the remaining occupant to pay the arrears, since she was residing there, but she didn’t have sufficient dollars either. Nor was her credit acceptable to pay for the services she used.”

“So you sold her?”

“Company policy.”

“Just like that? Didn’t she have a chance to find another creditor? She could have called me.”

The manager winced, “Si, señor, she tried for better part of an hour. Then, she said she gave herself up and we exercised our option.”

“You sold her,” David said with a sigh.

“Si, señor.”

“I want to buy her. How much?”

The manager looked sad, “I’m sorry, señor, it is too late. We’ve already contracted her out to a third party processor.”

David cursed the efficiency of computers. He struggled with his senses, watching the manager as the man discretely reached over to a panic button. David calmed down and closed his eyes. He planned his next actions and used a trick from Victor, his benefactor. His eyes snapped open and he fixed his gaze on the manager.

“Who did you sell her to?”

The man shook with fear. “Tijuana Slave Market, they have a large sale—”

David didn’t wait. He grabbed his bag and surged to his feet. The manager hit the button, but David was already out the door and flipping open his phone. A moment later, Carlos Riaz answered the other end.

“This is the best—”

“Carlos, this is David. I need a favor and I need a ride, now.”

Carlos answered in a deadpanned voice, “Si, señor, at the hotel?”

“Yes, please hurry.”

t'Sade

Quick Sales

8

An hour later, the taxi came to a screeching halt in front of the largest slave market in Mexico. David leaned over the back seat to talk to Carlos.

“How much for your services for the day?”

Carlos looked at his serious look. He cleared his throat, “I can’t really say—”

“How much?” repeated David.

Carlos threw out an amount. “Half a million dollars?”

“Quarter million would be sufficient.”

The computer chirped and the dash board of Carlos’ taxi lit up the “In Service” light. David’s lips tightened into a thin line. He shoved open the door and stepped out. Slamming it hard, it latched on the first try. Carlos rolled down his window.

“Excuse me, señor?”

David glared at him with exasperation, “What?”

“What is she to you? This girl?”

“The daughter of a friend.”

“The one who rejected you?”

“Yes,” grumbled David.

“So, why? Revenge?”

“Because I couldn’t live with myself knowing that she’s sold into slavery when I have a chance.”

“She’s already a slave, there is no going back. Property of whoever buys her. You can’t change that, señor.”

David took a long breath. He balled his hands into fists. “This must be my fault. If her mother didn’t run away, she could have asked me to rescue her. I would have paid for her. And, if someone is

going to own her, I'm going to make sure it isn't anyone who will ever hurt her."

"You?" The older man looked at him with a strange smile.

David sighed. "I pay for my mistakes."

Carlos nodded. "Good luck, señor."

Spinning on his heels, David pushed his way into the crowded slave market. It was arranged like a flea market, with hundreds of naked men and woman on sale. They stood on concrete blocks wearing nothing but an iron collar. Many of them were the salt of the earth, bitter and angry. David barely paid attention to the easy to read signs above them: bars for prisoners, red crosses for medical problems, even the country flag of their origin. He hurried around the people, desperately scanning each block trying to find Olivia.

He found her when he came up to the large auction hall in the back. Ten meter tall video screens lined both side of the grand entrance, showing off the premium sales. David stopped in front of them as Olivia came flashing up on the screen, standing naked with a heavy metal collar around her neck and her perky breasts standing tall. Tears ran down her cheeks as a rapid-fire Spanish blasted over the speakers, no doubt extolling her virtues.

David dove into the auction hall just as Olivia was put on the block. It started at a pathetically low amount, a thousand dollars. David looked around and saw a registration desk. Hurrying up, he got in line and anxiously waited for his turn as Olivia's price inched up. By the time he got his own account, less than a minute, she had a million dollar price tag attached to her.

Panting, David entered the auction area. Hundreds sat in chairs and hundreds more stood in the area by the stage. Around the upper decks of the room, a dozen box seats were filled with the rich of society. Olivia stood in the center of the stage, with the three cameramen circling around her, focusing on her pussy, ass, and mouth and presenting them on the video screens behind her. An announcer spewed out a stream of Spanish. David couldn't understand most of it, but he knew the words for prostitution and whore.

He looked at his computer, where the registration software came on and advertising flashed by. Then, he got to the bidding screen.

On the stage, above her, the count down flashed in the few remaining seconds since the last bid.

David hesitated.

Then he entered two million into the price. It flashed up on the screen again, immediately replaced by three million. David sighed and put in five. Ten million dollars flashed up. David looked around the crowds as he put in twelve million. The counter-bid brought it fourteen million. He added two more million, but as soon as the number flashed up, he saw a fat man in the corner jamming his thumb down and twenty million showed up.

David stared at his opponent. The man looked like he had money judging from the black tuxedo completely out of place in the heat-baked room and the gold necklaces that nearly strangled him. It was a mixture of high class and gangsta rock and completely out of place with the rest of the room. David's eyes flickered over to the three men and four women surrounding the man. Two of them knelt down on the ground, their heads bobbing up and down as they sucked on the man's dick. The others rubbed their naked bodies along his arms and legs, massaging him as he ignored them. One of the girls stood up from blowing her master and turned around to grip the railing. David saw a scar that ran from her face to her groin as she positioned herself over her master's cock, sinking down. Finally, the man responded. He grabbed the girl's hair and yanked back and jamming her down on his shaft.

David shuddered at the roughness that he fucked his slave. His eyes returned to the stage where Olivia stood there, trying to cover her body and having every aspect of her body plastered up on the screen.

"Damn it."

He tapped the screen and one hundred million showed up on the screen. A gasp rolled through the crowds. The other purchaser looked around and their eyes met for a moment. Then the man continued to look across the room, not seeing David as a possible threat. The man's free hand hovered over his terminal for a moment. Then he shook his head.

David let out a gasp of relief as the countdown finished and a horn rang out loudly. The announcer belted out the sale and Olivia dropped to her knees, sobbing loudly. Two strong men grabbed her

and dragged her off the stage while bringing the next slave, a dark-haired beauty with full lips and wide hips. David saw the man who bid on Olivia immediately jam his finger on the terminal, bidding before the announcer declared the next sale. David saw the number flash up, one thousand dollars, and felt a sick feeling in his stomach.

Then he remembered something Victor told him, "You can't save them all."

Dejected, he hit the checkout button on his computer and it deducted Olivia's price from his account. The balanced flickered but barely; David still had a few trillion dollars and 137 weregild in the bank. Time with Victor taught him a lot about investing. A map to the back rooms flashed on the screen, giving him directions to pick up Olivia.

Trying to ignore the next auction, he walked around the hall and into the concrete passageway along one side. The din grew quieter as he traveled through the urine-smelling halls. At the end, two armed guards stood in front of steel doors. As he drew up, the building's computer beeped and the doors unlocked. David nodded to the guards who ignored him and walked through the doors.

A different type of deafening noise slammed into him. It wasn't a thousand conversations, but more of the sound of livestock and property being sold and traded like common supplies. The wide hallways had a line of steel rings mounted into the walls. Chains hung down from the rings to attach to the slave collars of the naked men and women on both sides. They sat in various states of distress, tears and crying, but they didn't respond to David except to reach out for him. He was reminded of the fateful prison trip he took with his friend Terrance, before he acquired Terrance's slaves and his best friend was killed by Victor.

He walked past handlers, all muscular men wearing uniforms, shoving slaves into line for the auction while looking bored at the same time. There were slaves in cages, mostly pregnant women and violent men. Beyond those, he found a long table where purchases could be picked up.

He walked up to a pretty-looking woman.

"Hello, I'm here to pick up my bid."

"Not hanging around?"

"Blew my budget already."

“Hope it was worth it.”

David chuckled, “I think it might be.”

He pressed his hand on the receiving panel and it beeped. The woman looked down at the picture of Olivia then looked up at David, obviously not impressed. He fretted for a moment, then he gave her a false grin.

“Daughter of the woman who killed my sisters.”

“Oh, I’ll get her right away, señor.” David hated the realization that she just improved her opinion of him drastically. And more so that he liked it. David could almost hear Victor laughing at him.

When the handlers brought Olivia out to him, David could hear her screaming long before she came into sight.

“No, god, no! Please, I don’t want to be a slave! It wasn’t my fault!”

David winced at the shrill tone of her voice. Then she came into view. Her curly brown hair flew in all directions as her bare feet skittered on the floor. Wide eyes stared in all directions as the men struggled to keep her in place.

Then, she saw David. There was a pause, a lull in the storm, then she screamed as loudly as she could. Kicking out in all directions, she managed to catch one of the handlers in the groin; her foot slammed into his cup with an uncomfortable crunch. She flailed out violently, fear overriding her discomfort.

“Excuse me, señor, you might want to calm her down before we release her.”

David glanced over to the woman behind the table, then nodded. She spoke a few words in Spanish. Then one of the handlers reached out and punched Olivia in the gut. The brown-haired girl bent in half, then collapsed to the ground. The handler grinned and said something else in Spanish.

“Problem stopped,” smirked the woman.

David groaned. “Thank you.”

“Do you have a vehicle?”

“Yes, out front, a taxi.”

She raised her eyebrow and his reputation dropped. David didn’t care. He called Carlos from his phone and waited for the taxi to pull around to the back. As the taxi came to a halt, the woman ran around the table to run over to it.

“Carlos! Mi abuelo!”

She dove into the window, hugging the old man tightly. Carlos laughed and hugged her back. The woman kissed him on the mouth a few times, but David couldn't get a good look. He did get a view of the black thong that rode up the girl's cleft. He turned away to inspect Olivia.

The Spanish woman walked past him and flicked him on the side. “Carlos says you are good. If he says so, then you are okay.”

And David's reputation rose.

A Harsh Reality



David stepped out of the shower and into the hotel room. Wearing nothing but a towel, he walked up to the full length mirror and used a second towel to dry his hair. In the corner of the room, crammed between the night stand and the wall, Olivia stared at him with fear. Her naked body shivered in the warmth and she tugged helplessly at the collar around her neck.

“You okay?”

“No,” came the strangled reply.

“It will get better.”

She tugged on the collar with more strength, lurching forward when it didn’t give. “Why did you do this to me?”

David stared at her through the mirror.

“I didn’t. The hotel did when your mother’s credit rating dropped. They couldn’t find her and I assume you tried?”

She sobbed. “I couldn’t find her! I tried so hard, but I was running out of time.”

David thought for a moment, then he picked up his portable terminal from the side table. Turning it on, he performed a quick search for Deborah in hopes that he could find the girl’s daughter. He didn’t know what he would tell his former teacher, but at least he could give Olivia some hope. But, after a few minutes, he was dry but he still couldn’t find her. Looking over to the cowering girl, David’s lips tightened into a thin line. He ran his thumb along the additional options, then ordered a full search for Deborah; it would take hours or even days, but they would find her one way or the other. He set down the computer and turned toward Olivia.

“Why did your mother leave you?”

Olivia choked back a sob as she shook her head. "I don't know! She said Lauren was in trouble and that she had to stop something. She told me to stay in the room and avoid everyone, especially you."

"Why?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

"B-Because she said you blamed her for your sister's death and you were going to kill us. A-And," she gulped, "you did."

David pushed himself from the table. Walking over to her, he squatted down in front of her. Olivia's eyes widened and she tried to crawl into the wall. David stared at the girl for a long moment before he spoke carefully.

"Listen, I'm only going to say this a few times. In the beginning, I blamed your mother. I blamed my parents. I blamed everyone but myself. Your mother failed me in the last semester of class, but it was my own fault. My grades were so bad that I couldn't graduate and had to take summer class. Because of that, I didn't go backpacking in Europe like I planned. So, my sisters went in my stead. Somewhere in Germany, after a night of partying on the Rhine, they attracted the attention of someone with blood money. He bought both of them and I never saw them again. So, yes, your mother's actions may have contributed to their death, but it was my own fault for failing her class."

Olivia frowned, not quite cringing from him, but listening with confusion.

David chuckled bitterly. "I tried to explain to your mother. Yes, I own two slaves. But, I bought them to prevent them from getting hurt. I don't abuse them, I don't torture them. The most I do is fuck them and me." He grinned, "And keep the house clean. I hate doing dishes."

Olivia peeked up at him, still shivering. David reached out and watched her flinch, but with nowhere to go, she couldn't stop him from cupping the side of her face with his hand.

"Look, I'm not going to hurt you."

"Can't you just let me go?"

David shook his head, "You are property now. My property, but you have no more rights, no more presence. As far as the computer systems are concerned, you are nothing but an object."

Olivia started to cry again.

David sighed and stood up. "Sleep on it, okay? It isn't so bad, once you get used to it."

He locked the door and turned off the lights. Slipping into his bed, he settled down in the darkness and stared at the ceiling. From the corner, he heard Olivia sobbing. It hurt his heart to listen to.

Rolling over, he grabbed his terminal. Flipping it on, he paged through the commands. Underneath "Slaves", he found records for Naomi, Christina, and Olivia. Tapping on her brought up the notice of her sale in the hunting report and the certificate of transfer from the hotel to him. He already knew there wasn't any way of reversing her status, but he still looked for twenty minutes.

He checked the status of the search for Olivia's mother, but no progress. He spotted a few vague reports of her leaving Tijuana, but nothing concrete.

David did find a small obscure section of the system. His purchase of Olivia was already recorded in Mexico, but it didn't get him the full rights in the States. Without the precious transfer of weregild, there were some special conditions where he could lose her. Most of the legal pages suggested that it could never happen, but David found that he could transfer a weregild to Deborah through his purchase of her daughter.

He didn't even think twice. With a press of his thumb, he authorized a transfer and became the complete and utter owner of Olivia, with the full rights to do anything he wanted to, including killing her. David only saw that he gave Deborah at least some money, a lot of money, for his part in Olivia's servitude. He watched the blood money disappear from his account and he closed the terminal. Whispering to himself, he felt some easing of his guilt.

"She'll never talk to me again, but at least she'll be taken care of."

He leaned back in the bed and stared at the ceiling. From the corner, Olivia continued to cry. David, with a heavy heart, closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

t'Sade

Realities

10

David woke up and stretched. The sheets slid along his skin. He felt his feet pushing into cooler material, but then his foot pushed against someone's thigh. He woke up with a start, sitting up sharply.

Olivia sat at the foot of his bed, crouched over his computer terminal. Her red-rimmed eyes stared helplessly at the screen as she tapped frantically through the commands.

He yawned, "Olivia?"

She looked over to him, a devastated look on her face. Her naked breasts heaved as she tapped on the screen, moving through the menus after hours of memorization and desperate looking.

"I-I can't go back. I tried to order clothes and it won't let me do it. I really can't do anything, can I?"

He shook his head, "I'm sorry."

"What will happen?"

"Well, I'll take you home and you'll join my household."

"W-What about my mother? My sister?"

"I can't do anything for your sister, someone already bought here. As for your mother, she'll get a weregild for you."

"But, they said at the auction place, that they wouldn't get anything. B-Because I was a property sale."

David shrugged, "Normally, yes, but I sent her a weregild for you last night. It seemed right."

Olivia seemed surprised. "You sent blood money? You didn't have to."

He smiled. "I did, actually, it wouldn't be right any other way."

"You did that? That means they'll get a lot of money, right?"

"Yes. About eight hundred million dollars."

"That's a lot of money."

Olivia stared down at the screen for a long time. David watched her carefully, pushing himself up so his back pressed to the cold headboard. She glanced at him a few times, then set down his terminal with a sigh. She ran her finger along it one last time, then she wrapped her arms around her chest.

"I... I..." She swallowed before she finished, "I don't know how to be a slave."

He chuckled. "Remarkably, it isn't that hard. I'm not exactly a harsh master. I suspect most of the things I'm going to do will come naturally."

She focused on him through her eyelashes and pushed back her hair.

"What are you going to do to me?"

David regarded her, then casual asked, "What do you think I'll do?"

"Are you going to rape me?"

"No."

Olivia let out a sigh of relief, but David continued, "But, I am probably going to fuck you at some point."

Her eyes widened. David chuckled. He flipped back the blanket and stood up. Olivia stared at his naked body, then looked away sharply. David saw a blush appearing on her cheeks. She peeked over at him, then away.

"Now?"

"No," said David, "right now I'm going to get some breakfast and we're going swimming."

"What?"

"I'm hungry, come on."

He dressed quickly, pulling on shorts and a t-shirt. When he finished, he waited by the door. Olivia sat on the edge of his bed, looking around.

"I, um, I don't have anything to wear. All my clothes were sold."

"I know. Come on, I want breakfast."

She stood up slowly, obviously uncomfortable. On her feet, she tugged on her collar. David shook his head, then opened the door.

"Come on, Olivia."

He walked to the elevator. Pressing the button, he turned around to see Olivia inching down the hall, jumping at every bump and door opening. He held the door open, then slipped an arm around her waist. She trembled on his touch, but he didn't do anything besides hold her.

A pair of teenagers got into the elevator as it went up. A boy and a girl, obviously brother and sister. They stared at Olivia and the naked teenager blushed hotly. She tried to turn away from them, but David's arm kept her from turning.

She whispered to him, "David? What are you doing?"

He leaned over and smiled, "Try 'master'."

"What?"

"Master. I like being called master."

She hissed at him, "Why are you doing this?"

He turned her head toward him and spoke softly. "This is going to be very hard for you, I know, but the sooner you accept this, the sooner life will be easier for you."

"Can't you just, I don't know, treat me like a girlfriend or something?"

David pulled her close enough for their lips to almost touch. Across from the elevator car, the two teenagers watched with gaping mouths. David felt a little thrill and smiled at them, then returned to Olivia.

"All those movies and books, where the slave falls in love and they live happily ever after? And the slave never acts like a slave again? It never works."

Olivia frowned and whispered, "What? Why?"

"No matter how much you want it, no matter how much I treat you like a normal person, you have no more rights. You can't use the computer, you can't own anything more, you can't even make another money transfer unless I explicitly give you permission. Just pretending you are normal means that every single thing you do, for the rest of your life, you will need me to start and finish it. Do you know what means?"

Olivia started to tremble.

David spoke softly, "You can never have a normal relationship again, Olivia. It isn't a matter of love. I'm your owner. And, I'm not going to pretend otherwise simply because it doesn't help anyone,

especially you. I saved you from a nasty owner and I will never beat, snuff, or torture you. But, you are my slave and I expect you to act like one, do you understand?"

She whimpered. David squeezed her and repeated himself. "Do you understand?"

"Y-Yes."

He waited. Her mouth worked silently, then her body slumped.

"Yes, master."

"Now, let's eat."

The elevator opened on the thirtieth floor, the same restaurant that Deborah and he enjoyed. The maitre'd looked at him, not even seeing Olivia, and brought him to the table. David gestured for a chair to be brought for Olivia, but he ordered for the teenager. Olivia watched with growing despair, watching how no one looked or even acknowledged her. The wait staff even gave David her food, which David handed over.

Olivia hesitated before eating. David smiled, "Go on."

They ate in silence. David watched Olivia as he ate. She constantly looked around at the others, a blush high on her cheeks. He didn't feel guilty as his eyes roamed down her body, admiring her perky breasts or her narrow hips. She caught him looking, then blushed even more.

"What?"

"Nothing, I think you are pretty."

"Really?"

"Yes. Sexy, actually."

She smiled, the first in a long time, and ducked her head. They both finished their food and David brought her down to the hotel pool. It was unoccupied since the beach attracted more of the people. David simply stripped off his clothes and dove into the water. He swam to the far end, then gestured for her to join him.

Olivia slipped into the water, the collar around her neck weighing her down, but she swam strongly over to him. Hair wet, she looked at him. David gestured for her to just swim and they swam laps in the pool. Occasionally, their legs would brush in the water, but David made no attempt to touch her.

After almost an hour of hard swimming, they slowed to a stop and waded in the water near the center of the pool. Olivia panted as

she bobbed up and down, her breasts cresting over the surface as she did. David smiled.

“Feel better?”

She nodded and looked worried. “A little.”

“Don’t worry, I’m not that bad of a master. You can ask Noami and Christina when we get home, but I don’t get my jollies by hurting anyone. And just remember, your mother will be very well off with the money I sent.”

“I hope so. I wish I know what happened to her and Lauren.”

He swam a little closer and she backed up. David smiled and continued to swim toward her, pushing her back to the edge of the pool. When her naked back pressed to the side, clinking the collar on the concrete, she stopped.

“Um, master, a-are you going to fuck me now?”

David smiled, “Yes, I am.”

Still panting, she stopped swimming and reached back to grab the edge of the pool. Her movement cause her perky breasts to rise out of the water and David enjoyed how the water streamed off them, droplets forming on her tiny nipples. He reached out of the water himself, grabbing her hands and wrists to steady himself.

She looked up at him, her eyes shimmering with fear and excitement. David lowered himself on her body, his legs sliding down her outer thighs. As his mouth brushed to her nipples, she arched her back to lift her breasts to him. David suckled on it, his lips moving across smooth, teenage flesh. Olivia moaned softly, her legs kicking out as he released one hand and grabbed her waist, pulling her close as he sucked and gently bit her nipples.

Olivia whimpered in the back of her throat. David raised himself to look into her eyes. “Don’t let go,” he commanded, then released his other hand from her wrists. One hand on her back, he used the other to cup one breast, then slide down her water-lubricated body. Smooth, nubile skin glided underneath his palms as he worked his fingers lower. She gasped louder when he found her belly button, teasing the tiny opening before delving deeper.

He found her pussy, a deep cleft of her body and tiny folds of flesh inside. She jumped at the first touch, then leaned into his fingers as he traced the lines of her slit, caressing back and forth

with three fingers. She shuddered and he watched her eyes growing misty with excitement.

David pushed deeper into her body, using two fingers to part her labia. His third flicked to her clitoris, circling around it and teasing it with his fingernail.

Olivia shuddered, her lips parting. "No one has ever touched me like—" She gasped as he drove two fingers into her pussy. Grinning, he pulled himself tight to her body and ground his hard cock into her abdomen. Pumping hard, he felt her body trembling as an orgasm rose up, but he withdrew before she came.

"Da... Master?"

He smiled and spread her legs apart. Sliding his hand along her thigh, he hooked his hands on her buttocks and pulled her away from the wall. His cock slid down her stomach and nestled into her pussy.

"Ask for it," he whispered.

She worried her lip, then she spread her legs further, rising her hips to bring his cock in line with the opening of her sex.

"Please, master?"

"What?"

"Fuck me."

"That," he drove forward, burying a few inches of his cock into her pussy, "I can do." She gasped, her body shuddering with his effort. David grinned and grabbed her tighter, his hands gripping her ass tightly. Two of his fingers caresses her asshole, but he just used her buttons as a grip to pump his hips, forcing his way deeper into her tight channel.

David grunted as he drove into her, pumping until he could feel her completely engulfing his cock. With every thrust, he heard Olivia's moan and felt her body pushing down on him. She wrapped her legs around his hips, giving him deeper access to fuck her teenage cunt.

"I'm," he grunted, "am going... to come inside you."

She whimpered, but nodded. Water dripped from her face, her hair plastered to her neck and shoulders. David grunted and drove faster, enjoying every pulse of her body. He felt an orgasm rising up inside his body and simply vented his passions into her, pounding into her until the water splashed just as violently. When he came, he

buried his length inside her and felt his cum filling her tight pussy with his juices.

Olivia let out a shuddering breath and gave a curious smile. "That wasn't so bad."

"Afraid I was going to hurt you?"

She nodded and sheepishly looked at him. "I thought you were going to shove me underwater and suck your cock or something. Or eat your ass out."

He grinned, "That sounds like fun."

Her eyes widened, but David just chuckled. Seeing her frightened face, he wanted to explore her body even more. His cock surged with excitement, sensitive and aching at the same time. Leaning forward, he whispered in her ear, "Turn around."

"I-I—"

"Now."

She gulped and released one hand from the edge of the pool. Obviously frightened, she turned around and pressed her body up against the pool edge. David swam up around her and grabbed her hips with his hands. He could hear her breathing, long and shuddering, but when he slid his still hard cock up between the swells of her buttocks. He felt the wrinkled opening of her ass and pushed up into her. His shaft still felt slick from her juices but it still took some strength to push his cock into her rectum.

"Oh, god," she gasped, half sobbing, half moaning.

"Worried," he whispered, "about my perversions now?"

She nodded.

"Have you ever been fucked in the ass?"

Olivia nodded again. "Once, um, master."

"I'm going to fuck you there, then, because I love this ass."

She looked over her shoulder at him and David drove his hips forward. His cock plunged into her tight ass, prying open the tighter opening with his hardness. She shuddered, her body lifting. David pulled her down. He felt sore from coming already, but the incredible pleasures of fucking her drove him.

Buried in her, he grabbed the edge of the pool with one hand. His lips teased her ear, "I want you to finger yourself. Come for me."

She hesitated, but released the hand next to his. He pumped into her ass, easily sliding in and out despite her attempts to clench her

muscles around him. It only increased his pleasure. He could feel her jerking as she fingered herself. Holding her from behind, he watched as she closed her eyes, threw back her head, and bore down on her own pussy. The water splashed around him and he kept on driving into her until she let out a long wail of pleasure and her body spasmed around him.

He smiled and slowed down, willing to leave his aching shaft buried inside her.

Expedited Fees

11

David woke up thinking about Deborah. Dreams of her naked body in the moonlight, that hungry look in her eyes. He smiled broadly. He opened his eyes and stared at the ceiling where fingers of sunlight peeked through the blinds.

Turning to his side, he looked at Deborah's daughter, Olivia, and the dreams faded from his consciousness. The teenage girl slumbered next to him. She laid on her stomach with her ass sticking out of the sheets. The streaks of sunlight lit up her ass, highlighting the tiny hairs on the curve. He reached over and tugged up her sheet, revealing the small of her back and even the curve of her shoulders. He peeled back the fabric to see the metal collar wrapped around her neck.

It looked beautiful to him, a harsh and poignant. Though, as he looked at it, he thought she would look better in a leather collar with a ring. In the States, he promised, he would find a better symbol of his ownership.

His manhood responded to his thought and he enjoyed the happy ache of his body. Hours of sex, both in the pool and later on the bed, helped the poor girl relax. As they drifted to sleep the night before, she called him master before closing her eyes.

David smiled.

Nature called and he rolled over to his side to get up. He spotted a flashing light on his computer. A waiting message. Surprised, he reached out and snatched it from the side table, flipping it on and bringing up the message.

Someone found Deborah.

David sat up sharply. Olivia moaned and curled up, pulling the sheet over her shoulders and drawing further away from the tight ass. David ignored it as he peered at the screen, browsing through the reports and maps.

“La Mina Jail? Why is she there?”

Gaping, he flipped back through the email, looking through the attached police reports. He had to translate it using a program before he could read it. It detailed Deborah’s attack against a Zorro Salazar where his former teacher caused “grievous injuries” against the local mayor. He found a request from Salazar himself to push back Deb’s trial by six months, to “gather evidence and witnesses” for her crime.

David didn’t like it. He didn’t know what happened, but something felt wrong. The name caught his attention, Salazar seemed like a familiar name, but he couldn’t quite picture it. Cautiously, he ran an Internet search on the name.

It came up after a few seconds. The first few were simple, he was the mayor of La Mina. But, the fourth link told him everything. It was the hunting report where he bought Lauren and killed her boyfriend.

Many things fell into place. Deborah went after her daughter.

“Crap,” he whispered.

Getting up, he hurried into the bathroom. Dressing quickly, he yanked on his clothes and brushed his teeth. Coming out of the bathroom, he called up a familiar number.

“Carlos?”

On the other end, the older man sounded tired. “Good morning, señor.”

“This is David, can I hire you for a few days?”

“Of course, señor.” Carlos woke up, his voice growing more interested, “Is something wrong?”

“No, yes. I need to go to La Mina. Can you take me there?”

“I know the area,” responded the older man.

“Good. Can you meet me downstairs in ten minutes?”

“I’ll be there in fifteen. Sorry, but I need to drive across Tijuana.”

“Thank you, Carlos, I’ll owe you.”

He flipped the phone shut. Grabbing his bag, he jumped when Olivia spoke up.

“What’s going on?”

“I found your mother.”

Olivia lurched from the bed, stumbling on the sheets before regaining her feet. She dropped to her knees in front of David.

“Where is she?” She gulped, “Master?”

“In prison. I’m going to see if I can do something.”

“Prison!?”

David winced and shoved his computer into his pocket. “Yes, I don’t know how long, but I need you to wait here.”

Olivia gasped, “No, please don’t leave me.”

“I don’t know what’s going on, Olivia. It may not be safe.”

Tears ran down her cheeks, “No, when mommy asked me to stay, you know what happened.”

“My credit is good.”

“I know, master, but please, whatever you do, please don’t leave me here. Please?”

David worried his lip. Looking down at the begging girl, he felt his heart lurching.

She pleaded with him. “Please, I’ll be the best slave. I’ll do anything you want, I won’t ask questions, I’ll let you fuck me anywhere and anyhow. Please, just don’t leave me.”

David sighed. “Come on, we’re leaving now.”

Olivia stood up, hugging him tightly. “Thank you, master!”

Downstairs, David burst out of the front door of the hotel just as Carlos slammed to a halt. Hurrying over, he yanked open the door and held it open for Olivia. She crawled inside, giving everyone a view of her naked pussy and ass. David looked around to see disgusted looks directed at him and he hated that everyone saw him as a blooded individual.

He shut the door behind her and slipped into the passenger side. Carlos didn’t wait for David to put on the seat belt before diving back into traffic.

“And, may I ask, señor, what is in La Mina?”

David pointed to the back. “That girl’s mother. She’s in prison there.”

Carlos hissed and shook his head. “That is a bad place to be in prison. They do not forgive easily down there. And the men who work there are very brutal.”

"Deborah, that's her mother, was arrested for hurting someone. They are holding her for trial... in six months."

Carlos looked over in surprise. "Six months? Who did she hurt?"

"Someone called Zorro Salazar."

The older man's heads snapped over. David saw a look of surprise and fear in his face. He cocked his head at Carlos' expression.

"What?"

"I know Zorro. He's my grandson from my third daughter."

Olivia gasped from the back seat. "Y-Your grandson?"

"Si, señorita, but this is not good. My grandson is a bitter man and filled with snake's venom. He owns the town, not just ruling it, but he used blood money to own its very soul."

David's lips tightened, "Damn it."

"You will not have friends there, señor. If you intend to rescue the girl's mother, it will not be easy, or cheap."

David glanced over his shoulder at Olivia, who sat in the back seat and looked sick. He turned back to the old man.

"I have to."

The old man's eyes twinkled. "You are a good man, señor."

David sighed. "Yeah, I guess so."

It took a few hours before Carlos pulled in front of the prison. It was a dusty old building with a hand-painted sign. Two men sat outside, playing a game of checkers and smoking cigars. David looked inside with trepidation, then leaned over the front seat.

"Olivia?"

The teenage girl laid on the back seat, her breasts sticking to the heated leather and her legs pressed tightly together. She opened her red-rimmed eyes but said nothing.

David spoke curtly. "I need to find your mother and you will stay here."

"Please, take me?"

"No. Stay here," he commanded.

Olivia looked like she would resist, then she slumped down. "Yes, master."

"Good girl."

David crawled out of the car and stretched. Carlos put the car in park and got out himself. David circled around the car to talk to the older man.

“Thank you for the help, Carlos, but you don’t have to do this.”
Carlos smiled and patted David on the shoulder.

“You are running across Mexico to save a woman who thinks you want to enslave and kill her and her daughters. You are a very strange blooded individual, señor, and I feel the need to help you as much as i can.”

“Thank you again.”

Together, the old man and Carlos entered the prison. Inside, the dingy front room possessed two desks flanking a steel door leading into the back. A middle-aged man with a short, black beard sat behind one of the desks, wearing a uniform and cleaning an AK-47. He looked up at the two men and his eyes widened with surprise.

“Carlos Ruiz, I thought you said you would never come back.”

Carlos shrugged and jammed his hands in his pockets.

“I’m just helping this young man find what is his.”

The man cleared his throat and casually jammed a magazine into the weapon.

“And what is his?”

David pointed to the back. “A woman called Deborah Timber? She was arrested a few days ago.”

The sheriff barked out a laugh. “Yeah, I know her. She’s in the back for injuring Zorro.”

“I doubt that. Zorro would never let a woman near him.”

The other man smirked. “Injured might not be the right word, but I needed something to put into the computer. I see ‘Assault’ and it felt right, so I put it in and the computer accepted it. Now, she is our guest until Andres can get back from his... trip and we can try her.”

Carlos glared. “How is Andres still the judge? He was arrested last year?”

“It might be a while, grandfather, before he gets to her then.”

David walked toward the door and the officer waved his gun toward him. “Don’t go anywhere, gringo.”

“Can I see her?”

“It will cost you.”

David’s eyes narrowed. “How much?”

“Fifty thousand sounds good.”

“Just to see her?”

He smiled, "Si, señor. I need to pay my bills."

"Fine, fifty thousand."

A computer beeped for the transaction. David rolled his eyes. The sheriff set down his gun and reached underneath the desk. A deadbolt unlocked. David hurried through the door and it closed loudly behind him.

The concrete and steel hallway stretched out fifty feet with cells in both directions. David looked into each cell as he walked past, finding Deborah in the back one. At the first sight of her, he stopped with a groan.

The entire cell smelled of urine and blood. Bruises covered her face as she hung from the ceiling, her wrists bound with steel handcuffs and blood trickling down her arms from where the metal cut into her skin. More chains held her down to the ground, the short lengths of chain links binding her to two eye-bolts buried in the concrete. Between her legs, a rusted drain saw a lot of use judging from the stains that surrounded it.

"Miss Timber!"

He yanked open the cell door and ran over to her. Deborah looked up with despair burning in her eyes. Up close, David could see where cum and urine dried on her face. Her lips looked bruise from where men raped her mouth and he could smell drying cum rising up from her violated pussy and ass.

"Damn you, Deb, you should have asked for help."

She groaned and tried to open her eyes. David used his thumbs to clear the tears and grime from her eyes, helping her look at him. It took a moment for her gaze to focus on him.

"D-David, is that you?"

He smiled and ran his hand along her slimy cheek. "Yes, it's me."

"W-Why are you here?" She spoke with a broken voice. She choked back a sob, "I just wanted to find Lauren."

David squatted down to bring his eyes to her level. He looked over his former teacher, hating to see how they abused her. "I heard you found her."

"Yes, a bastard killed that man she was with. And then kidnapped her. I tried to stop him, but they arrested me." She let out a disgusted sigh, "Damn it, I just wanted to save my daughter."

David sighed and brushed a crusty strand of her dark hair behind her ear. "I'm sorry."

She stared at him. "Is Lauren hurt?"

"I don't know, Miss Timber, I wasn't talking about her."

"Oh my god, Olivia?"

"The computer canceled your credit when you got arrested. The hotel tried to get Olivia to pay the amount owed when they couldn't find you."

Deborah's body slumped and she let out a sob. "I can't win. I tried so hard to keep them safe, always away from the hunters and people like you, and what happens? I lose them both. Eighteen years and I lose everything."

She sobbed and looked up with tears rolling down her cheeks, leaving trails through the grime on her face. "Just kill me, please? I can't live without them and I can't take this anymore. Please, just end it."

"Deborah. No, that isn't it—"

She gestured to a table in the corner. "There is a knife, just kill me. Please, I can't live with my daughters in thrall of some monster."

"It would cost me blood money," said David softly.

She choked on her words, "It's the least you can do for me."

"I'm not that bad of a person, Miss Timber."

She closed her eyes and looked away. "Damn it, you would help your sisters this way if you could."

He shook his head. "That is a terrible thing to say. But, don't worry, I'll do the right thing."

David left her in the cell. As he closed the door behind her, he heard the pitiful sobs of a broken mother. It tore his heart in half to hear her cries. When the second door, the steel door leading into the front office, slammed shut behind him, it was a relief.

Carlos sat on the opposite desk from the sheriff. He had a glass of tequila in his hand, half empties. When David stopped, the older man stood up.

"Is she okay, señor?"

David glared at the sheriff.

"How much?"

"For what?" said the man with a feigned innocence.

Carlos interrupted David. He stood between the sheriff and David, speaking softly.

"Is she okay?"

"They hurt her and raped her. She is chained up in the back and begged me to kill her. I-I can't leave her here."

Carlos leaned against David, whispering in his ear. "Can you afford the blood money for her? To buy her from the prison?"

"Yes, in a heartbeat."

"You will need more. Maybe... fifty million, but it would have to be discrete."

"Why?"

"To move his family, he has two daughters himself. Zorro hasn't bought them, but he will as soon as they turn legal age. They are both adorable little girls. It might make it easier to convince him to sign the paperwork. Otherwise, he will stall and Zorro will never let you take her from this building."

"Doesn't he work for Zorro?"

"There is a thin line between loyalty and love of one's child, señor. Trust me. You need both to get this woman who killed your sisters."

David snapped, "She didn't kill them."

"But you want to save her?"

Sighing, David nodded. "Yes."

"Good," Carlos patted him on the shoulder, "you are a good man."

David watch the old man walk away. The sheriff waited with a smirk on his face. "If you thinking of buying her, señor, you will have to wait. With her crimes, it will take a judge to release her."

David leaned back on the desk. "Really?"

"Si, señor."

"Do you mean the judge or Zorro?"

The sheriff grinned. "That would be Zorro, señor, since he owns the judge. But, I don't see Señor Salazar letting her go. Not when he has her pretty daughter."

David paused, then stared at the man. "Salazar likes his girl."

"Si, señor, very much."

"What about yours?"

The smile on the man's face dropped. His fingers clutched the gun tighter. "Carlos tells you a lot."

"Yes, but I also listen. I want her, because I need to keep her away from Zorro."

"He will never let her go."

"Does he have to know...?" David let the answer hang in the air. It seemed to beat like a butterfly, then silence filled the room. "I just want to take her away. She will never be back, ever."

The sheriff's fingers inched toward the trigger. David felt his heart beating faster, but he held his ground. Then, the sheriff glanced to the front door, then to the door leading to the cells.

"You make it sound easy."

"No, I just hate to see people hurt."

"Easy to say, when you have the money. Carlos says you don't really know her. Why help this woman?"

"I want to help her. She needs me."

The sheriff struggled with his words. "What about others who need help."

David smiled bitterly. "I might have a few dollars for those people."

"How many?"

"Fifty million?" David asked cautiously.

The man looked surprised. "You can get very far on fifty."

"Yes. Yes, you can."

"Do you have it? Are you really that generous?"

"Yes."

The man leaned back. "If you do, maybe I can find some paperwork."

"Thank you."

David turned to Carlos. "Where can I get a certified bundle?"

"I have some blanks in my car."

Carlos left and returned with a bundle. It looked like a block of clear acrylic with serial numbers embedded in the surface and designed for anonymous transactions. David took it and brought it to the desk. He set it down on his computer and keyed in the pad, entering authorization codes and transfer amounts. With a second thought, he increased it to sixty-five million dollars before initializing the bundle. The device glowed as it became valid

currency. A moment later, the lights died down and David picked up both the computer and the block. He dropped it on the desk in front of the sheriff.

"Your money."

The sheriff snatched it up and tapped the buttons on its surface. After a moment, he looked up. "Sixty-five?"

David shrugged, "Call it an expedition fee."

The man seemed surprised and he smiled. "Si, señor."

David watched as the sheriff worked through the paperwork. It only took a dozen forms and twice as many signatures. Then, he asked for wergild from David who authorized the transfer. For the second time in just as many days, his precious funds decreased by one.

He felt dizzy as the transaction went through. A moment later, the sheriff mutely handed him a key. David bowed his head.

"Thank you."

"My daughters thank you." The sheriff looked over to Carlos. "Mucho gracias."

Carlos nodded. David hefted the key in his hand, then walked back through the steel doors to the cells. When he opened Deborah's cell, she looked up. Seeing him standing there, she let out a sob.

"You really did it?"

"Yes, this life is about to end, Miss Timber."

She closed her eyes tightly. "Just make it fast, if you can."

David shook his head.

"What would it take to make you believe I'm not a monster?"

"Just kill me."

He sighed and hefted the key again.

"Very well. I will be quick."

He looked around the cell. He spotted a stack of metal collars on the table next to the knife she referred to. He walked over to it and picked one up. The metal scraped against metal and he saw Deborah jerking with anticipation. He walked back to her.

"Deborah..."

"Just kill me, David."

He stood in front of her. Her breasts heaved as she tried not to think about him stabbing her. He hated seeing the fear in her

posture and the pain her eyes. Mutely, he cracked open the collar and reached around her neck.

As the heavy metal hung down over her neck, Deborah's eyes snapped open. She twisted and the collar settled over her shoulders.

"Oh god, no. Damn you, David. I won't ever be your slave. Do you hear me!?"

David reached up and unlocked her chains. "Wouldn't you rather be with your daughters, Miss Timber?"

She glared at him, trembling as more tears ran down her cheeks. She choked on her words, then cleared her throat.

"They'll join me soon enough. Be a man, damn it, David just fucking kill me. I will never be your god-damned slave!"

"Pity, Olivia would be quite upset if I killed her mother."

She froze, staring at him. "Y-You have Olivia?"

David nodded and released the last of the chains.

"Yes, I had to buy her at the auction."

Deb slumped to the ground, staring at him in shock. "W-Why?"

David held out his hand.

"Because I'm not a monster, Miss Timber. And I will keep saying it until you finally believe me."

She grunted as he pulled her to her feet. She swayed and he slipped his arm around her waist. As soon as she steadied herself, she stepped back to stare at him.

"Y-You really have her?"

"Yes, in the taxi out front."

She toyed with the collar around her neck. "I'm a slave now, aren't I? That is how you got me out?"

"Yes, I'm sorry. I didn't know a better way."

Deborah glared at him, "You are a monster, David."

"I know, Miss Timber."

She grabbed him tightly, hugging him as she cried. "But, one I might like."

"Good, because I have plans for you."

He led her outside of the cells. He offered her a hand out, but she walked in front of him, proudly as she could while naked and collared. The door opened as she strode past the sheriff and Carlos and out the front door.

Carlos whistled. "She had pride, señor."

David chuckled and followed her outside. As soon as Deborah saw her daughter in the back seat, she ran forward. Fingers clawed at the door as they both stumbled with the door. It cracked open as Deb threw herself into the car, hugging her daughter as they started to cry together. David watched the two naked women in the car, happy to see them together.

Carlos stood next to him.

"You proved yourself in her eyes."

"Maybe, but I have a question. Is Lauren still alive?"

"Zorro will enjoy her for many months before he kills her."

"Can I buy her?"

"No, señor. Zorro has much money and he owns many lives. He takes great joy in having the lives of everyone in this town in his fingers. And knowing he could crush you and her mother by keeping her will just give him even more joy."

"Damn. I wish Victor was here, he could help me."

Carlos shrugged. "One cannot always depend on others."

David smiled and turned to him. "Are you sure? I depend on you."

"I'm only helping a good man, señor, nothing more."

He sighed. "Damn it. I need to finish this."

Carlos spoke softly and curiously.

"You are going to rescue the other girl?"

David smiled. "What do you think?"

"I think you will succeed, but I wish I knew how to help you."

Patting the old man on the shoulder, David chuckled bitterly, "You helped me so much, but I feel by the end of the day, you'll be very important to me."

"Anything, señor."

"Get me a meeting with Zorro?"

"That would not be wise."

"Okay, a safe meeting with Zorro."

Carlos shook his head. "You would need an army to be safe with him. He is very well armed and owns a small army of slaves. Armed slaves."

David stared at Carlos. "A meeting, please?"

The older man nodded.

"I will."

Research

12

David sat at a small desk while working on his computer. The hotel suite in La Mina didn't have the amenities of Platinum Sans Hotel, but it was cheap to upgrade to a suite.

In the other room, in the king-sized bed, he left Olivia and Deborah sleeping together. Both women struggled with the idea of sleeping in the nude, even after a long hot shower for the older woman, but when David last saw them, they were curled together, naked breasts against naked breasts and their collars clinking together.

He let a soft smile cross his lips, then he returned to his computer. Maps, demographics, and hundreds of reports blurred in his head. He had a clear picture of Zorro Salazar; a man with enough power to own almost the entire town and the hungry desire for absolute control. Most people fled the city when their children hit the age of consent, or tried too. David flipped through the reports of people slaughtered in their homes among their boxes. Many more never made it outside of the city, gunned down as they tried to flee. The police reports were cursory, a farce.

Zorro was not a good man.

David reached out for his phone. He scrolled through the contact list and came up with Victor's number. His thumb hovered the connect button for a moment. He hated the idea of calling the powerful man. Somehow, despite the fact Victor killed his best friend, David still knew that Victor would be able to help him. Then, David remembered how Terrance died. More importantly, why Terrance died.

An idea sparked in his head. It was stupid and risky, but it had a chance. He ran a series of searches on Zorro to ease his discomfort and give him confidence. He made a few large purchases, which cost him billions of dollars and one precious werewolf before he turned off his computer.

"I'm such an idiot for doing this!"

Deborah whispered from the other room, "Master?"

He looked up through bleary eyes toward the bedroom. Deborah stood in the door frame, gloriously naked. The collar hung heavily on her neck and she wore nothing. He was reminded of the last time he saw her in a room, back when they were both free and enjoying fantasies of an earlier age. Her full breasts hung along her body and he let his eyes drift from the sparse hairs of her sex up to those nipples he loved to suck on. She didn't have the perfectly smooth body of a teenager, but even with the wrinkles and age, David found himself lusting after her. His own teenage fantasies fueled his appreciation for her body.

Deborah sighed as she walked over. She toyed with the collar. "I'm not used to this thing."

"You will."

"It's three in the morning, why are you up?"

"I'm trying to buy a slave, actually."

Her footsteps hesitated for a moment, then she spoke softly. "Lauren? You are saving Lauren?"

"Yes. Well, trying to."

"Why?"

She stopped next to his desk. David looked up at her. He didn't say anything, but she lowered herself to her knees so she had to look up at him. David pushed his chair back, spreading his legs and admired her. Somehow, seeing her kneeling between his legs brought up different fantasies in her head.

Then, he remembered her question. Clearing his throat, he thought about his words before he spoke. "Miss Timber, all I know is that you and your daughters were in trouble. But, I could have helped at least two of you, if you just gave me a chance. You didn't and look at you now."

She lowered her head. "I'm sorry, I thought you wanted revenge."

He reached down and curled one finger under her chin, pulling her gaze back up to his.

"I don't. I never did. But, I would feel just as guilty knowing your daughters were in the hands of a monster. I saw what he does to his slaves, I've read the reports. Simply knowing that, I have to try."

She sniffed and tears shimmered in her eyes.

"I was wrong about you, wasn't I?"

"Yes, Miss Timber, you were."

"Can you ever forgive me?"

David leaned over her and let a smile curl his lip. She tilted her head back, her lips parting. David whispered slowly. "I might, but since I must be a horrible slave owner and prone to brutalizing my slaves," he smirked, "I recommend you do your best to beg for forgiveness every. single. day. for the rest of your life."

She whispered in response, her body trembling and her breasts heaving, "Yes, master."

He cupped her chin with both hands. "Now, I'm going to be a good owner for you."

"You won't beat me?"

"No."

"You won't kill my daughters?"

He smiled and shook his head. "No."

"Will you ever sell us?"

He chuckled and shook his head again. "Of course not. I have too many fantasies of my old teacher. And now," he grinned, "I have the perfect chance to try out every single one of them. There is no way in the world that I won't even consider letting you, or your daughters, go until I've played out every one."

A relieved smile grew on her face.

"Teenage boy fantasies?"

"Yes, Miss Timber."

"Are there many? Of your fantasies?"

His hands slid up around her neck, cupping the back of her head. "Thousands, maybe millions."

Her eyes flickered down to his crotch and back again. He responded to her look and his manhood pushed up at the towel wrapped around his waist. She licked her lips.

"This is going to take a long time, isn't it... master?"

"Yes, and I think I had a couple million others about the other students. Especially sexy teenage girls that used to tease me. Your daughters," he chuckled, "will be playing out those for me."

"There is nothing I can do?"

He smiled, "Not anymore."

"You'll be gentle?" she whispered.

"Always."

He pulled her closer, his hands leading her head between his legs. She breathed deeply as she lowered her eyes to his crotch, seeing where his dick tented the towel. She looked up and the smile grew on her face.

"Teenage boys, huh?"

She reached up with her hands but he shook his head. "Just your mouth, Miss Timber."

She glanced up, then pulled her hands back behind her back. He watched as she clasped them right above her ass, arching her back and shoving her breasts up into his view. He pulled her head closer and she opened her mouth, delving underneath his towel.

David moaned at the feel of her hot breath on his thighs. Her lips caressed his skin, pushing back the towel. It slipped off his cock, leaving a smear of precum glistening along the bottom edge. She stared at it, hesitating for a moment.

"Miss Timber," he said carefully.

"Sorry, master."

Her mouth opened as she pressed her lips against the bottom of his cock. He felt her tongue lapping along his balls, teasing him and exploring his hardness. David breathed happily, then used his hands to guide her, lifting her head up. She obediently sucked on the side of his shaft. As she reached the tip, he tilted her head to aim his cock into her mouth.

Deb's eyes raised to match his gaze. David smiled with pleasure, then pulled her down on him. She opened her mouth and her lips inched down his shaft. David shuddered with the pleasure and continued to pull her down until he felt the tip of his cock tickling the back of her throat and her lips pressing against his base. David held her down, then adjusted his grip so he could use his hands to push her back up.

Deborah breathed in as he drew her up, but David just pulled her back as soon as he wanted. His hands pushed and pulled her down on him, enjoying how her hot mouth felt along his member. He continued to use her mouth, fucking himself and feeling how she tried to match his movements, gulping down as he buried himself completely inside her mouth.

He moaned even louder as he felt his pleasure growing. His hands tightened on her head, yanking her down and pulling faster. He felt her teeth scrape and he jumped.

“No teeth.”

She mumbled something. David continued to vent his pleasure into her. He moved faster, jamming her down and choking her with every thrust. Her body trembled with every stroke, her hair flailing back and forth. David’s fingers dug into her neck, his arms jerking with every thrust.

When he came, he grabbed her tightly and yanked her down. She let out a choked gasp as her lips ground on his base and his cum soaked the back of her throat. David grunted, his body spasming, and his hands grinding to his crotch. Hot cum poured down her throat and he jerked with every pulse of his cock. He felt her starting to choke and pulled her off. The last of his cum splattered on her face and dripped down to her large breasts.

Deb coughed and gasped. David released his grip and she slumped back, clearing her throat. She looked up at him.

“I’m sorry,” she coughed, “master. Please forgive me.”

David gestured down to his cock, where cum glistened on his cock head. Deborah inched forward on her knees and bowed her head, engulfing his cock once again. He moaned as she cleaned him, sucking and licking him until not a single smear of cum marred his length.

“Very good,” he whispered, “I’ll forgive you... for now.”

She looked up at him with smoldering eyes. “Thank you, master.”

He smiled broadly and ran a finger along the cum on her face. Scooping it up, he presented it to her. She opened her mouth and he ran his fingers on her lips. She closed her mouth and suckled his fingers clean.

“Clean yourself up, Miss Timber.”

“Yes, master.”

t'Sade

Poor Choices

13

The next morning, David sat in a diner a few blocks from the prison. He sat alone in the corner, with his back to the wall and swirled the remains of his breakfast in the plate. The fried egg clung to his fork and he dropped it down with a sigh.

"I'm a fucking idiot," he grumbled, "and I have no clue what I'm doing."

The bell on the door rang out and David's head snapped up. He watched Carlos entering the diner and he let out a sigh of relief. Picking up the fork, he held it and tried to eat again as the older man sank down in the chair across from David.

"In an hour, we'll be meeting up with Zorro over at his mansion. I hope you know what you are doing."

David gulped, realizing he stood close to someone that, according to all reports, who responded violently to almost everything.

"Yes, I have someone coming in twenty minutes."

A truck screeched as it came around a corner and Carlos followed it with his eyes. "Twenty minutes? You might need to stall then, señor."

David followed his gaze as the truck stopped in front of the diner. Three other trucks came to a screeching halt around the diner and a dozen men poured out of the cars. David gulped as he spotted guns in the men's hands.

"Oh, crap."

Carlos glanced over at David. "Not part of your plan?"

He started to response, but two men kicked the door of the diner open. The glass shattered, but they just kicked the shards aside with their booted feet and held open the door.

Zorro wasn't quite what David expected. Short, even shorter than Lauren, he looked like a weasel with a black mustache and small eyes. His dark green uniform and matching beret looked pressed within an inch of its life. He sported a holster on his side, the polished leather reflecting the light except for where it hit the matte surface of a handgun.

David rose as Zorro walked over. The short man regarded David with distaste, then snapped his fingers. One of the waitresses ran out from around the corner and pulled a chair for him. Zorro sat down, his face screwed into a glare.

"So, you are the reason I have an empty prison." He spoke with a surprisingly deep voice. The eight of his men spread out and David felt fear crawling up his spine as they leveled their guns on him. Then, David saw two men pulling Lauren out from the larger truck. Her naked, pale body shone in the morning light. She slumped in their arms and they dragged her in over the broken glass to jam her against the food counter. She looked up through lidded eyes, then gasped as she saw David standing there.

She wasn't injured like her mother, but he could see the fear and terror in her body. She looked exhausted and tired, with red-rimmed eyes and too much makeup on her face. Her perfume, a choking flowery scent, drifted over to him.

David turned back to Zorro. "Empty prison?"

"Yes, my sheriff decided to flee the night. No doubt with a large amount of your money. He used to be a loyal man, soon to be a dead one. And that dried up cunt you call the girl's mother is also gone," he smiled cruelly, "but I know where she is."

Lauren gasped, looking back and forth between the two men.

David stood up straighter. "She's mine."

Zorro leaned forward and toyed with the butt of his gun. David gulped and tried to calm his racing heartbeat. Zorro's eyes narrowed and he growled.

"I don't like you States folk. You think you have a bit of blood and you can just buy anyone you want. That dried up cunt pissed me off and I want her back in that cell."

"N-No, but I want Lauren."

Lauren started toward David, but her handles threw her back against the counter. She let out a shriek and slid to the ground,

cowering and trying to cover up her face. Her metal collar clinked on the bar stool she leaned against. A gun from one of Zorro's men came up and David found himself staring down the dark barrel. He gulped and tensed his entire body. His eyes flicked to the clock and back again.

Just a little longer.

"How much for her? I can pay for it."

Zorro grinned, revealing a line of perfect teeth. "You blooded. You think I'll just roll over and get my money back just like that? Like some fucking whore desperate for a peso? I bought that little bitch and I'm going to use her until she no longer has a hole to fill. I'm sure, we can come up with a reasonable price when I put her into my whorehouse. Say, ten thousand an hour? Or is that too rich for you?"

Zorro made a point of looking over David's outfit. Like usual, David wore t-shirt and shorts. Compared to the pristine uniforms of Zorro's men, he looked almost like a bum. The two-day old beard didn't help his appearance, but David just waited until the laughter died before he spoke.

"Two weregild?"

Zorro rolled his eyes. "Stupid man, you can't buy her from me. And, just knowing that her mother is owned by a weak-willed little pussy like yourself, and having her comfortable life of flowers and money, will just make it so much sweeter. I'll be sure to send you picture of that little cunt as she services my men. Maybe pictures of the bastard babies she'll be squeezing out of that cunt of hers."

Lauren sobbed and David had to force himself to calm down. Over Zorro's shoulder, he spotted a darkness in the sky and it seemed to be growing closer. He took a deep breath to try fighting his fear.

"Name your price. I just want the girl."

Zorro grinned. "And I have her. Look, gringo, there is nothing you can give me that will get her. I want that cunt and I got her. You got her dried up pussy of a mother and I heard you have the skinny little bitch of her sister, so be happy with two out of three." Zorro leaned back and held out his hands, "I mean, that's like a win, right?"

The Mexican mayor laughed again.

David's eyes flickered back up to the growing dot and he could see the helicopter blades as it drew closer. He worried his lip. He pushed his plan forward, terrified that he would fail.

"How about a different type of deal? Maybe we bid on the owners?"

Zorro pulled the gun from the hostler and set it down on his lap. His gunmen held up the barrels, aiming directly at David's head. David cringed inside, but then Carlos stood between him and the guns. The older man spoke desperately in Spanish as he held out his hands. David stared at his back.

"Don't do this, Carlos."

Carlos shot him a glare. Zorro answered his grandfather in Spanish and David stepped back. He watched the helicopter coming sharply into view, wavering in the heat of the Mexican sun.

Zorro stood up with a snarl. He belted out a sharp line of Spanish, then fired his gun. The sound of the shot deafened David and it felt like it punched him the gun. But, it was Carlos who dropped to the ground, grabbing his knee as blood poured out of the wound. Zorro took a step and knelt down on his grandfather's chest, shoving the smoking gun to the older man's forehead.

"Keep out of this, grandfather. I don't want to waste my blood money in killing you, just like I don't want that dried up cunt the States bastard bought. But, I'm sick and tired of you meddling in my affairs. I told you to leave La Mina and I meant it!"

Carlos glared at his grandson and the tableau held for a moment. Then Carlos slumped down to the ground. "Damn you, Zorro."

"Damn yourself, grandfather." Zorro glared up at David, then stood up. He jammed the gun right under David's chin. David felt the heated muzzle burning his skin, but he held himself still. "Are you threatening me, pussy?"

David's heart beat painfully in his chest. He swallowed carefully. In the distance, he could hear the beat of the helicopter in the air, a drum that felt too far away to help.

Looking into the honey brown eyes of the Mexican man, David choked out his response. "I'm serious, Zorro. I want the girl by any cost."

Zorro snarled, bathing David with his breath, "And you want to bid on me? I'm not some common folk, pussy, I have blood money."

“So? It just means I need to spend more.”

“And what if you can buy me?” He smirked, “You’ll just take the girl and leave me being your damn slave?”

David found new strength and he leaned forward, grinding the gun into his chin as he glared back. “Yes, I want that girl.”

“You know what would happen if I win?”

“I can guess.”

“No, you can’t. I’m going to put you and those three cunts into my donkey show. I bet you’ll squeal good getting your ass raped by a burro. And, when it gets stretched out so far I can’t hear it anymore, I’m going to have one of my stallions shove a meter of cock into you just to hear you scream.”

Sweat dripped down David’s brow. He could picture it far too well. His voice cracked as he answered, “I-Is that a deal?”

Zorro growled in a deep voice. “You think you have more blood money than me, pussy?”

“I have enough.”

“You States bastards, you always think you have more. I’m worth over a thousand blood. You don’t have a chance.”

The sound of the rotor blades grew loud and Zorro looked around in surprise. David leaned back away from the gun, but half of the gunmen kept their weapons trained on him. Zorro glared at him.

“What is this?”

“Insurance.”

“What kind of insurance?”

The answer came when something slammed into the roof of the diner. It shook the ceiling tiles and one bulb fell out of its socket to shatter on the ground. As one, everyone in the diner looked up at the sound of footsteps walking across the roof. There was a pause, then someone jumped off the roof, landing powerfully on the concrete walk outside of the dinner.

Then she turned around.

The black suit looked entirely out of place in the Mexican diner, neatly pressed and making Zorro’s outfit look shabby. She wore sensible shoes, the type you see in an office building. Her hatchet face regarded everyone in the room. She brushed some dust from her hair, cut short to her shoulders. Silently, she put her hand in her

pocket and pulled something out. The nearest gunman spun around to aim his weapon at her.

"Freeze."

The tall woman finished pulling out a photo badge and clipped it to her small breast. Then, she spoke to the room.

"Good morning. I'm looking for David Hadin."

David cleared his throat and raised his hand. "That's me."

She walked through the broken glass and pass the armed men without even batting an eye. Up close, David could see the solid colors of her eyes and it sent a shiver down his spine. Zorro turned to follow her, his gun never wavering as she stopped in front of him.

"I am Agent Sharps, from the U.N. Arbitration Board."

Zorro gaped, then stared at David. "You brought an Arbitrator?"

David shrugged. "I want a fair deal."

The Mexican snorted.

"You should have hired an army for you, not some Arbitrator. If you lose, she'll just hand your ass over to me."

"I know," sighed David, "but if I did win, would you really let me own you?"

Zorro snorted for an answer.

David shrugged. "So, forgive me if I want some insurance that we have a fair deal."

Agent Sharps stood between the two men and folded her arms behind her back. Zorro looked at her, then grinned. He snapped his fingers toward Lauren. Two men grabbed Lauren and hauled her up from the ground. The teenager screamed as they dragged her to Zorro. The militant man grabbed her from behind, pulling out a knife from his side pouch. Lauren froze as the first touch of the blade against her belly. Zorro grinned wildly.

"You just killed her, pussy. You and that expensive agent are going to watch her bleed to death right here, and legally," he spat the world, "there is nothing you can do."

David glared but he didn't move. He remembered how Terrance died when Victor bought him out and suppressed a shiver.

"Then, name your price. According to the U.N. laws, and the laws of both of our countries, you get a chance to buy me before I can do anything."

Zorro looked David over from head to toe. The disgust burned brightly in the Mexican's face and he snarled.

"You think you have money, don't you. I'm worth ten times you and we both know it. I can buy you ten times over and still have enough to piss in your skull."

David clenched his fists tightly. The reports told me so many things and Zorro spoke the truth. David glared back and spoke as calmly as he could.

"But, you'll have to bid more than my liquid funds."

"Like you have that much. I bet you have a bunch of brain dead slaves at home, all waiting for your limp dick to get home."

David didn't rise to the insult. Zorro glanced over, then he grinned.

"Let's get this over with. I say you are worth..."

The world seemed to pause for a moment and David's heartbeat stopped. He stared at the terrified look on Lauren's face and pictured Naomi's, Christina's, and even his two new slaves. He dreaded that next moment in time, where he could lose everything for a girl he barely knew.

"... twenty... no, thirty weregild for David Hadin."

David almost sobbed with relief. Across the diner, at the ever-present terminal, the computer buzzed. "Transaction denied, insufficient funds."

"No, fifty!"

Another buzz. "Transaction denied, insufficient funds."

Zorro gripped Lauren tightly, choking her as he yelled at the terminal "Damn it, eighty!"

"Transaction denied, exceeded bidding limits for five months, thirty days, twenty-three hours, and fifty-eight seconds."

David let out a long sigh of relief.

"Remember, you only get two bids in six months, Zorro."

Zorro's face screwed up with rage. He dropped the knife on Lauren's body, pressing the sharp blade right up along the line of her pussy. The handle tilted up and he made a show of getting ready to drag it up to gut the sobbing teenager.

"You will never get her, pussy. She'll be dead the second you open your mouth."

David's body hardened. He glared at Zorro. Zorro started to step back, dragging Lauren with him. David watched for a moment, then spoke in a hard voice.

"134 weregild for Zorro Salazar."

The world slowed down once again. Zorro's eyes widened. He screamed as his muscles tensed. David gasped as the man shoved down on his knife, parting the skin of Lauren's pussy. David couldn't even move as the man started to drag up.

Then Zorro's hand exploded along with a large chunk of the counter. The impact of the explosion crashed into David and he stumbled back. Shards of wood and metal flew in all directions as Zorro fell back, grabbing for his gun. Two of the gunmen brought up their AK-47's to bear on Lauren and David, but they exploded in showers of blood and gore. A fraction of a second later, the entire front of the diner blew out.

Agent Sharps stepped in front of David, holding a gun as large as her arm. One of the gunmen managed to get a shot off, stitching a line of bullets toward her. It ran up her jet black suit, but she didn't even flinch as her weapon moved with supernatural speed to line up with the shooter's body. A supersonic bullet exploded from the muzzle of the gun and David saw the shock wave crashing into him as the attacker disappeared in a shower of blood, along with the two tables and the far side of the diner. Across the street, windows in a church shattered from the shock waves.

Then, the computer beeped. "Transaction accepted. Transfer made."

David gasped with relief, his heart pounding a thousand beats a second. He panted, trying to hold back the sob.

Then, he saw Zorro pushing himself into a sitting position. The black muzzle of his handgun aimed straight at Lauren's. David stumbled forward as the gun went off. He felt a sharp point slicing along his side.

Another shot from Agent Sharp's gun went off.

The roar of the explosion echoed off the walls.

Then silence.

David opened his eyes and looked down at the naked teenager under him. She looked up with terrified eyes and he realized her

perky breasts ground on his chest and one of his hands held her by the hip. He gulped, then smiled. “Your mom says hi.”

t'Sade

Deals

14

Not even mid-day and David found himself back in the hotel room. Behind him, Lauren followed him with eager anticipation. David smiled and unlocked the door. It opened up and he saw Olivia and Deborah sitting on the edge of the bed.

Lauren gasped, “Mommy!?”

David stepped aside as the teenager ran past him, throwing herself into the arms of her mother and sister. He grinned to himself, but didn’t enter the room. Instead, he reached out and closed it shut, leaving the three alone in the room. Turning on his heels, he walked back out to the street.

Sitting on a chair in the front hall of the hotel, he saw Carlos. The old taxi driver’s legs had been wrapped in a cast, but he seemed in relatively high spirits as he chatted with a cute girl about thirteen. David watched them for a moment. He started to head out, but Carlos called him.

“Señor?”

David turned to see Carlos motioning for him. The girl sat on Carlos’ lap. David walked over and sat down in the soft recliner across from Carlos. The old man pointed to the girl.

“This is one of my great granddaughters. Her name is Sophia.”

David smiled and waved. “Hello.”

“Buenas tardes, señor.”

David grinned and she beamed back. Carlos whispered in her ear. She nodded happily and ran off, leaving the two alone. Carlos waited until she disappeared around the corner before speaking again.

"Zorro bought her mother when she was nineteen. She has four sisters and two brothers. None of them are Zorro's, but more like children of the village. He was not good for this town."

"I'm sorry."

"He owned the town, its very soul was his property and he sucked the very life out of it. La Mina used to be a lovely town, back before his three brothers were killed in a game of chance."

"What is going to happen?"

Carlos leaned toward him. "That is up to you, señor. You bought Zorro before he died, which means you own everything he owned. This is your town. You can do whatever you want. You can make yourself mayor, judge, jury, you name it. Almost everyone in this town is your slave, though they don't run around naked. You are its soul now."

David shook his head. "I don't want it."

The old man's eyes glittered. "Why not? You could be a very rich man."

David chuckled. "I bet everything I had on Zorro. I have a zero balance now and no desire to have more slaves. I'm not sure what I want, but this isn't me, Carlos."

"You put everything into saving that girl, who you barely knew."

David nodded.

"You went to an auction to save her sisters, just because you did want her to suffer."

David chuckled. "Yeah..."

"And you even committed a few crimes of bribery to save her mother from rotting in a prison. I think, señor, you qualify as a good person."

David leaned toward Carlos and he sighed. "But, you know, Carlos? Power corrupts. I don't want this power."

Carlos nodded a few times.

"Um, señor?"

"Yes?"

"I checked my balance just a few minutes ago. I noticed that I'm a bit richer than I was before this morning. And I wasn't expecting it."

The old man's tone changed and David watched him warily. "And...?"

“Well, I appear to have some blood money now, 107 to be exact for the purchase of one of my grandsons. It used to be 134, which went to his nearest kin, but Zorro enslaved his own parents and siblings, so I ended up being it. My surprise, actually.”

David smiled. “Congratulations.”

Carlos wasn’t done. “And, with this new-found wealth, I was thinking about making a purchase. Say, a little town in Mexico. I think I might be able to negotiate for... 107 weregild?”

David stared at him for a long moment. “Power corrupts.”

“Family is forever.”

They shared a smile.

David said, “106 and not a penny more.”

Carlos looked surprised. David pointed to the old man’s chest.

“Spend one to buy yourself. The town will need a mayor who can’t be bought.”

Carlos’ mouth opened in surprise. Then he held out his hand.

“Deal.”

David took it firmly. “Deal.”

Somewhere, a computer chirped.

They spoke for a few more minutes, then Carlos took his leave, leaning on a family member as he left. David remained behind, just sitting in the red leather recliner and just watched La Mina outside the front window. He smiled, trying to take a breath after his whirlwind trip.

He also tried to figure how to get five women and himself in his small house. He had the money to buy a new place, but he was a lot poorer than he was a few days ago and he couldn’t see himself living in the overly fancy mansions that Victor and Terrance both favored. He wondered if he could just find a bigger, simple home when someone stopped in front of him.

David lifted his eyes to see Lauren standing in front of him. She wore nothing but a collar and a shy smile. Her curly brown hair had been pulled back in a pony tail, but it shone red with the sun that streamed in through the windows.

“Excuse me, master?”

David looked at her and smiled. “Yes, Lauren.”

“I wanted to thank you for saving me.”

“Your welcome.”

She stepped forward and straddled him. He breathed in the smell of shampoo and soap from her body as she slid down to rest her bare pussy to his crotch. She wrapped her arms around his neck and stared into his eyes.

“No, I mean it. You saved me and I want to thank you properly.”

David felt his body growing hotter. “I think you are doing a pretty good job so far.”

She inhaled and dragged her hard nipples along his chest. He started to sweat and felt his cock aching with anticipation. His hands trailed up her soft, delicate skin to her hips. It felt so warm and smooth underneath his touch. Her skin trembled when he touched her.

Lauren kissed him on the lips, her teenage lips seeing his own. He leaned back as she covered him, holding him tightly as she ran her tongue along his lips. He parted them and slid out his own, teasing hers. He felt her body grinding on his, driving his cock harder than ever before.

She broke the kiss and whispered in his ear, “Fuck me, master, please?”

“Here?”

She let out a shuddering breath. Her hand slid down between their bodies to caress his hardness. She lifted her body enough to pull down his zipper. She delved her other hand to work his belt buckle, opening it and yanking open his pants to pull his cock out. Her thighs strained to keep her up, but it only took a few seconds for her to aim his manhood right into her teenage pussy.

Her body tensed as she lowered herself on him. He felt his cock head sliding along her slit, then sinking into her. It felt like a tight, slick vice. Her hips rocked back and forth, working it deeper into her.

David saw some people watching through the window of the hotel, but he returned his attention to the sexy girl impaling herself. He only reached halfway into her before she started to pump. Her body slid up and down and he quickly lost himself in the alternating feeling of warm air and hot pussy engulfing his cock.

His hands spread out along her back, holding her tightly as she rode him. Her eyes closed with her pleasure and he watched the metal collar bouncing on her shoulders with every stroke. It

twinkled in the light of the hotel. With an idea, he reached up and grabbed it with both hands. His other pressed to her belly, right at the junction of her being. His fingers caressed the gauze bandage tapped her body, the only mark she suffered from the almost failed negotiations. She shuddered as he explored it; she impaled herself more frantically as he teased it.

Lauren's eyes snapped open. She said nothing as he pushed up with one hand and pulled down on her collar with the other, guiding her to move faster. She obeyed, her breasts bouncing with every stroke. He grinned at her, his arms and legs flexing to drive up into her at the same time he bore down on her collar to impale her.

As they pumped into each other, she started to whimper with every stroke. Tiny, kittenish little sounds that grew more frantic and desperate with every thrust of his shaft into her pussy. It pushed him to drive faster, straining to make her come before he exploded inside her.

She came first, a tiny girl-like whine that tore from her throat. He felt her insides squeezing around him, making it difficult to thrust into her body. The wet, slick pleasure pushed him over the edge and he grabbed her collar with both hands, bearing down with all his strength as he started to come inside her. He groaned, his body shuddering as he stared into her eyes.

Lauren milked his cock, squeezing with her inner muscles until cum no longer jetted from his aching member. Then, she slumped against him.

"Thank you for saving me."

David smiled, but said nothing. He looked up over her sweat-slicked shoulder to see Deborah and Olivia watching in the reflection. He glanced over the back of the chair, then motioned for them to join him. They did, circling around to stand in front of him. David patted Lauren's tight ass and she stood up, cum oozing from her sex and more of it dribbling down his manhood. He stood up and let his pants drop to the ground.

Olivia and Deborah looked at each other, then lowered themselves to their knees. David nodded and stepped between them. As one, they reached out for his cock with their mouths. He groaned

at the touch of two lips wrapping along his shaft. His hands dropped to their heads, holding them to his member.

He kept his eyes on them, watching as they sucked and slurped until their faces were covered in juices and saliva. His cock bobbed between the two of them and even Lauren joined in, kneeling before him and using her mouth to suck the end of his shaft. It was crowded down in front of him, but David shuddered with the pleasures of three mouths on him. They sucked on his balls and cock, fighting with their mouths to please him.

David cleared his throat, glancing over to the man who watched from behind the counter. "We should probably move up to the room."

"Yes, master," came the choir of three beautiful women.

In the room, David pushed Lauren back on the bed. She squealed and landed on it. Her eyes burned with lust but he just pushed her back to the center. Then, he motioned for Deborah to straddle Lauren's face. Olivia gasped.

"But, that's our mother!"

David pulled Olivia closer, wrapping his arm around her. He pointed to Lauren's dripping snatch and chuckled. "And you are going to be licking that out in a second."

"I-I can't."

"Olivia?" he said in a stricter tone.

Olivia whimpered and looked at him. "Yes, master?"

"Eat out your sister."

Olivia looked over at Deborah and Lauren. Lauren watched, curious and surprised, but Deborah used her eyebrows to tell the girl to behave. Olivia glanced back at David, then to her sister.

"Yes, master."

She crawled on the bed, her ass and pussy lips glistening with her own excitement, though no doubt subdued down. David watched as she ran her lips up to her sister's pussy, then gingerly licked at them. David stepped up behind her and grabbed her air. Olivia tensed, but he pushed her face into the soft folds of Lauren's sex. At the same time, he aimed his cock to Olivia's own slick lips.

"Lick!" he commanded. He drove forward, burying his Lauren-slicked cock into Olivia's cunt, slapping clear down in a single stroke. Olivia gasped and David had to use both hands to hold her

tightly, gripping as his hips drove his cock into the girl with hard, forceful strokes.

His eyes rose up to Deborah. The older woman gaped at the intensity, then she blushed as she saw David watching her. She turned and looked down to her daughter. Lauren stared up at her, her body shaking from David's thrusting and her face flashing sensations from her sister's licking. Gingerly, Lauren reached up to cup her mother's rounded ass and drew her closer. Deborah moaned and knelt on her daughter's face. David almost came as he saw Lauren's tongue splaying apart Deborah's lips, lapping at the juicy opening.

He grinned and grabbed harder, increasing the power of his thrusts to shake all four of them with his strength. He groaned at the feeling of impaling the teenage pussy, the tightness of her sex but also the sight of seeing three beautiful women, three that he owned completely, licking and sucking and touching each other.

After many thrusts, he switched their positions again. This time, with Deborah kneeling over her Olivia's mouth. Deborah dived in between Lauren's leg, lapping and sucking. David mounted the older woman from behind, sliding into her soft, warm cunt. A moment later, he felt Olivia's mouth lapping at the junction of their being. He grinned and thrust into his old teacher, groping Olivia perky breasts as he frantically pounded with all his strength.

This time, he didn't last long. Releasing Olivia, he grabbed Deborah's hips and pounded with the last of his strength, straining to reach as deep as possible before he started to come. He did, sending hot jets into the woman he fantasized endlessly. Then, something that never crossed his teenage mind, he pulled out so the last few splatters of cum poured into the girl below them.

David shuddered with the intensity of the pleasures. A smile plastered itself across his face and he just watched the sight of Olivia's face covered in his cum reaching up to clean her mother out. A moment later, Lauren joined to help with the cleaning. David stumbled back, then sat down on the chair to watch them continued.

Life was good.

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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About the Publisher

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