

Another Hundred

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[16,886 words]

Amir and his sister fled Baghdad for the American Dream: With her cancer, it's become the American nightmare. Starving, drowning in debt from medical bills, Amir's forced to plead for his statuesque cold-eyed sadist of a boss' benevolence. She expects more than gratitude in exchange. What's the going rate for a man's dignity?

[Femdom, humiliation, financial control, prostitution, leg fetish, foot fetish, condoms, cunnilingus, deepthroat, footjob, cumplay]

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Rattling keys; an avalanche of yammering voices crushed through the cube's miserable drab silence; supersaturated shadowless fluorescent light spilled over his shoulders, dwarfed what little crept through the portal that wasn't a door at all. It would've been polite to say that Amir's desk was just cluttered. It wasn't. A cellulose Vesuvius had erupted at *some* point, and he was sitting in Pompeii. Everything was littered with sheets, sheafs, heaps of meaningless menial shit. All of it was.

Nothing was worse than *that*, though. The mound of bills. And bills. And bills. A few of them whispered reprieve. Just *past-due*. Others weren't so inviting. ***Final Notice: Please Be Aware This is a Courtesy Before Your Account is Referred to a Collections Service.*** A telephone number. And not the idle threats that chirruped through his cellular. A *real* certainty they would be. He'd already had at five or six of them yesterday night.

What the hell do you mean, a collections service?! Don't you know what this is for?! Of course they did. And the answer was the usual: *We don't care.* It didn't *matter* that Fahima, his sister, was still two weeks away from the latest chemo round's end. Didn't matter that she was a fucking cue ball and vomiting into hospital trays that probably cost him at least a thousand dollars; didn't matter that the insurance was still picking up the *majority*. Nothing, nothing, **nothing** fucking mattered to them.

Hands out. Credit cards; telephone; rent. His groceries had been pared down to nothing. Everything trivial, fuck, those were *trivial* now, they'd been dumped: Gym membership. Internet. Cable. Bicycled unless he absolutely *needed* to be anywhere. Friends? Relationships? Please. Those melted off. Riya wasn't so understanding; tossed the flowers back in his face after the, what, fifteenth rescheduled date?

*I've had enough, Amir! I've had e-fucking-nough of all the excuses. Is your sister **really** more important?*

What sort of question was that?

Chattering keys; meaningless jabber. Y? All?h, **why** couldn't they just shut the hell up? Just for five seconds? Balancing the *past-dues* with the *final notices*. All right. All right. His paycheck... Came in the next week. And there it was. *Mister Yusuf, we regret to inform you that, if you are unable to make payments on your insurance, we will be forced to cancel the associated policy.*

That was... How the fuck could they just do that?! His sister *relied* on that policy; it was hers. He just paid for it; registered as the responsible party. His shirt ran dark with sweat. He had, what, five hundred in his account? It was **twelve hundred**. Fuck. Fuck. This wasn't fair. It was one of those times when his gut

just dropped. Tongue like a salted slug. Wasn't it supposed to be *better* here?

This was worse than hearing the morning's first suicide bombings clapping through the sunbaked skyline; worse than the huge fingers of dirty brown smoke blasting up; the bubbling hellfire. His parents' woeful eyes at the airport, *No, no, you should go. We'll be fine, Amir! We'll be fine here. Baghdad isn't that bad.*

Of course it was. Bad enough to mulch them almost the next month. Couldn't even return for the funeral. And now he had, what, it was an *all right* job. That was it. It was enough. Or it had been, anyway. For him; for his sister's education. Office shit. Even *he* couldn't have told anyone under hot-lights-and-electrodes-on-your-cock interrogation about what exactly it meant. He filed papers; other papers came back. Figures duly scrawled over *those* papers.

Typing random shit. Emails that were always marked *urgent*, even when they were asking what the costume budget would be for the office Christmas party in nine months. Broad shoulders strained through a shirt that was actually crisply-ironed that morning. A tie half-loosened around a thick bull neck. He was **huge**. To be modest. The reality was that he was fucking gigantic; towered over everyone he knew in Iraq, and everyone here. He made an impression.

And not just his size-elephant dress shoes. A broad jaw; sharply-chiseled and masculine face; high bones and stern black eyes he'd heard were beautiful more than once. Sinewy stout muscle packed into every inch; childhood exercise and the construction work he'd been forced to compete with a thousand other guys for that'd filled him even further. It wasn't that he had any talent as a worker: He was just gigantic. An economics degree and he was working construction. And now he was here, at Central Insurance. Unable to afford his sister's insurance. Oh, they insured *him*. Just not anyone that mattered.

Thick black hair plastered itself to a craggy brow. Naturally dark skin hadn't become drawn and haggard, at least; he looked younger than his thirty-two years. Even *without* the gym, there was still enough heavy shit around the miserable apartment complex that'd displaced his perfectly middle-class condo to keep alive that strength. Jogging; bicycling. Exchanging more than a bit of grossly discounted labor for even a few bucks carved off the rent. Not nearly enough.

Nothing was *ever* enough. The endless expenses. Out-of-pocket medical shit *and* her tuition. Her life was precious. Nothing as trite as economics: She was destined for something incredible in the sciences. His? He could cope with as little as he needed.

"Hey, Amir?" Stephanie craning around the corner. She was, well... She had a crush. Clearly. Which wasn't exactly what Amir needed. 'specially with the boyfriend that picked her up every evening from the office. Not fear of the greasy little ogre: Just, well, it's not like Amir had never had an unfaithful girl before. He wouldn't be the other guy. It wasn't his responsibility to be her rationale for ending the

bullshit; she'd bitch about the poor bastard, but that was it. Always still there, promptly at five-whatever, for him.

She was pretty. Trim; petite. All of those words that feathered the obvious: She was fucking *tiny*. Five-six in three-inch heels that clicked demurely over the weird pebbled gray institutional carpet that looked like someone had interrupted their gravel-and-cubed-carrot binge by hurling it across the floor. Faintly birdlike; fragile auburn hair swept down her shoulders. A flattering cut in her tan jacket. *Long* legs spilling out of the usual uniform pencil skirt, shaded in gauzy topaz hosiery. Warm and vivacious eyes that weren't just green but legitimately emerald.

No chest, fine, but her hips were *very* round; he could trace her gait down the corridor between cubes like a metronome.

“Oh, ah, hey, Stephanie.”

“Whoa, you look *terrible*. Are you sick?” No. He wasn't. But he hadn't been home in 'ninety-one when the depleted uranium and burning tanks and strange sweet chemicals blanketed their town before the family moved off to Baghdad. But Fahima had been. And his parents.

It was maybe a blessing that they'd died quickly.

“Uh, no, no. I'm fine-”

“Whoa.” Shit. Stephanie's quick eyes caught the warren of *Final Notices* fanned across his desk. “I- I didn't know you were having money problems-”

“Shh!” It was, well, it was probably pride. It was miserable to be a mendicant. To need *anyone's* help.

“S-so that's why you asked to borrow a few bucks last week for lunch? I just thought you lost your wallet.”

“Sorry that I haven't paid you back-”

“Man, you don't need to worry about that. All of those look like medical bills.” Of course; she was in accounts receivable. She'd recognize the vernacular, wouldn't she? “Fahima. Oh. Your sister?” Yeah. She was already settling down, *quite* uninvited, into the second chair that *everyone* had crammed into

their claustrophobic little fabric-walled cube. “She-”

“I don't really want to talk about it. I'm sorry.”

“Money's tight, though, huh?” *Tight* would've been fine. The rubber band had already snapped.

“Do you know how you can sell your organs?” It should've been a *very* witty question; it wasn't. Not really. Not with the taut smile tugging at his lips. He only needed one kidney, one lung. And, well, the liver would always return if there was even a shred left.

“Uh, no. Not really. My dad's an accountant; not a mobster. I guess you sorta confused me with the, um, gangster Stephanie McKenzie?”

“Sorry. I'm sorry.”

“Well, like, you're good-looking.” He'd heard that more than once from her. “Have you thought about selling sperm or whatever? Chicks pay for that from gorgeous guys; you've got a good degree, too.”

“I've already done that.” He had. And blood. It was humiliating. Jerking off into a jar for twenty dollars. He sure as hell would never let anyone expose his name for doing *that*. Hounded by neurotic cosseted brats whose parents could afford a fifty-thousand dollar therapy to short-circuit nature's *very* forthright message that they shouldn't be shitting out more of what the world already had in abundance? He would eventually have a life after Fahima entered remission. He didn't need any awkward doorstep conversations with wide-eyed idiots getting gooey over meeting daddy who'd been nothing but a heap of spermatozoa in a cryogenic capsule.

“What? You have? Like, don't you get thousands of dollars for it?”

“In what country? Please, buy me a ticket. It's about twenty. If you let everyone know your name, it's maybe more than a hundred. I- I cannot do that.” But he probably would be. But he only could *twice* every week.

He was already finished. It was Friday.

“Oh. Whoa. That little? I mean... I guess guys have a lot of it, huh? So, er, blood-”

"I've started using fake names and learning the staff's schedules so I can more than I'm allowed to. It isn't enough. I need another seven hundred dollars by tomorrow."

"Jesus." Yes. Stephanie's eyes plunged down between her heels. "I wish I'd known. I just spent a lot on..."

"It's all right-"

"I'll sound like such a trite retard. I spent most of my check on a new pair of shoes and a bag." It was trite. Yes. It was fucking stupid. But it was her check; her money. Her present and future. "I-"

"I couldn't accept your money, anyway. I- I've even started giving massages again." At his apartment. One of those weird vocational programs the CPA forced on anyone that expected rations, a cent of a payout from their salaries in arrears.

Massage therapy. Who the hell needed massage therapy in Baghdad after a fucking war? And, somehow, even with the Americans training him, in perfect English, with an adorable diploma, it wasn't valid in the States. So he couldn't practice it *anywhere*. Not unless he had any interest in risking it at that sleazy *oriental massage parlor* off Kalamazoo Street. He did not.

"Seriously? Um... Oh, I could go for a massage. Seriously. Just..."

"You can't afford a seven hundred dollar massage."

"Sorry?" A wince. "And, um-"

"Is there any reason we're holding a meeting in Mister Yusuf's office?" Oh, *fuck*. Their manager. *Sylvia*. Hadn't even heard her ass-skewering ball-crushing stilettos clip-clop across the muffling carpet. More than the Manager. *District Manager Sylvia Hawkins*. Not that she ever let anyone tarnish her with the name *Hawkins*.

That's Sylvia Lucette Michaux-Hawkins. As if anyone deluded themselves her sudden stratospheric promotion was courtesy of anything but the facile wedding to the dim, dull-eyed, absolutely fucking useless CFO Jerry Hawkins. Five minutes in the office, and Amir had already learned that.

Already learned that Sylvia was not only the planet's hugest and most arrogant bitch on wheels, but *nuclear-powered*. Probably cold fusion. Frosty The Snow Queen; arch and peremptory and preening. Skin like bleached cream-kneaded alabaster; sharp black eyes. Hair swept in black around her shoulders; a hue like someone had plucked a raven's feathers, spun them into silk, and then shellacked them. Immaculate. Everything was. Regal bones and flawless makeup and a clothing budget that would probably have had some noxious Hollywood heiress sobbing her recrimination.

Tall. Amir caught a glimpse of her legs winding up in sinuous towering shapes from the scarlet-heeled designer shoes that probably cost more than his sister's entire treatment. Lean calves and surgery-perfect thighs painted in onyx fabric so sheer and so fine it glittered in the cool light from the window lining their hall. Skin shone like oiled silk; probably something appropriately obscene to knead into every inch, to gild an already platinum-plated lily. Designer *everything*.

It roiled his gut like having a serrated oar plunged down his throat and just *twisted* through his belly. Wealth; ostentation. A brittle and wafer-fine Rolex nestled in a graceless golden band wound around her left wrist. Jeweled. A ring that could probably serve as a reasonable cudgel gracing her left hand.

Cruel lips. Everything about her was. The perfume wafting from her was something he recognized from the crooked Party bastards, before *and* after the Americans came. Just different parties. Not even different names or faces; just a whirling venal musical chairs. A kiss of fruit. Fresh and hot and strange. What was the worst, obviously, was that she *was* so beautiful. Not even bought beyond a few quirks and cranks and adjustments to make even *perfecter* what was already perfect.

An elegantly cut jacket and profanely short pencil skirt that definitely didn't obey the office's dress code. But what did *that* matter? It was conceived not just to turn heads but crack open necks and lubricate spines with WD-40 and *then* send them wheeling around like that scene from *The Exorcist* he'd caught on cable.

She was more frightening than that.

"A-ah, well, um, no, no, it's okay, Sylvia—"

"That's *Miz Michaux-Hawkins*, Miz McKenzie." Relief for Stephanie that Sylvia didn't catch the *cunt* mouthed with a long slow twist of plump rouged lips. "I think you might want to get back to your office. It's already well past the lunch hour."

"A-ah, is it? Oh, I'm sorry. Well—"

“You wouldn't be taking your bathroom break in Mister Yusuf's office, would you?” Office? It was a fucking *cube*. A cube! This was not an office! **Hers** was an office. Glass-walled opulence in which she sat enthroned on a seat that was not Central Insurance-issue.

“No, Miz Michaux-Hawkins. Of course not. I'll, um, see ya after work, Amir- that is, *Mister Yusuf*.” Whatever Stephanie's lips traced while she stomped away like a steroidal pygmy bear could *not* have been polite. It should *not* have been.

“And, Mister Yusuf?” Sylvia just stood there. What the hell did *she* want? He'd finished his assignments. Did nothing *but* work. At home, also. There was no life. Work and exercise. Push ups; pull ups; sit ups; grunting and sweating with whatever weights there were. His grocery budget had imploded to nothing *but* necessities so bare they were nudist. He was even *more* cut now.

Fantastic. The Suicide Diet. He could be a celebrity.

“Ah, yes, Miz Michaux-Hawkins?”

“Did I hear that you're working other jobs away from the office?” The hell was wrong with this woman?

“A-ah, no. I don't think so-”

“Oh, I distinctly think I heard something about that.” Oh, god. What? Was it the usual catechism? *Company policy frowns upon...* Did jizzing into a jar or offering an arm for blood qualify as something distasteful? Were bodily fluids the threshold? That wasn't in the thousand-something-page Employee Handbook they treated like the Holy Qur'an. And Amir hadn't read the Qur'an more than once, totally, in his entire life.

And that was because Yasmina's jerkass dad was a *very* overwrought scowling fanatic. Too bad Yasmina was a jerkass, too, ultimately.

Everyone was a jerkass, dammit! Amir was a jerkass! Everyone but Fahima.

“I- I'm, ah, I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about, Miz Michaux-Hawkins. All I do is work for Central Insurance-”

“Are you having money troubles?” Fuck. The woman's eyes were a golden eagle's. At least with the

fragile-framed glasses that sat on her perfect nose. He would've wagered his life and everyone else's in that office's that they were designer. "That's a *lot* of past-due notices. Are we not paying you enough?"

"A-ah, well, everyone can always use more money. It's..." Well, why not ask? "I- I know that it's too soon for me to be eligible for a raise." Somehow. He worked about twenty times more than almost everyone in his department. "But, I was wondering, ah... My sister, she is very sick, you see." God, his English was starting to clot in his throat like some cliché convenience store clerk.

Or maybe just a miserable groveling Immigrant Sob Story. Maybe he was.

"And I was wondering if- if company policy would give me an advance on my salary. I know my paycheck comes in next week, but..."

"Oh, I'm afraid that's not possible. That's in another department in Omaha, and I don't think they'll be able to do that. I don't know what to tell you, Mister Yusuf."

"C-call me Amir, please. There's no need for the formality. I- I know that your husband is the CFO. Do you think *maybe* you could just... I know it's out of line to ask you this, but my sister *needs* her insurance. She's very ill; she has non-Hodgkins Lymphoma. She became sick in Iraq, but we didn't even know.

"So many children her age started to become sick, but- but she seemed fine." He was babbling. Just trying to take hold of *some* bit of decency, of humanity, in that cold porcelain face. And there was nothing. She wouldn't even squat to piss on him *or* his sister if they were on fire. "But she's very ill now."

"I see. I'm afraid I can't do anything. My husband has, ah, nothing to do with this. He's the CFO, yes, but he doesn't know you, Mister Yusuf." At least she was easing a bit nearer. Weighty breasts, well, they looked like fucking *torpedoes*, they hung low in a creamy blouse, jacket half-opened. Sweet mint-misted breath wafted over his cheeks. She was dipping closer, and closer. "You need money that badly? Are you *sure* you're not doing anything, ah, extracurricular?" What the hell did **that** mean?

"Miz Michaux-"

"Sylvia. Please." Her voice was taking on a *really* ominous edge. "I asked you if you're *really* sure you're not. Because my neck just has the **worst** crick. It won't stop aching. I have a regular masseur, but he just..."

"He can't seem to get it out. I don't think he's strong enough. It's a *really* tight knot. I heard somewhere

that you're also a massage therapist? That you trained in Iraq? That sounds so interesting, Amir." What the hell was wrong with this woman? Amir just averted his eyes; kept them firmly on the bills. Not the chest she was flinging out at him. Not a leer that was burning into his cheek. "You know, I wonder how good you are." God, it was dripping something that didn't take a deep literary analysis to appreciate. This was not subtext. This was embossed fifty feet tall in every word. "Those big hands; strong shoulders.

"My other guy, he just... He's lame, I guess. And it's probably a cozy setting, right? There in your apartment?" How the *hell* did she learn that?

"I- I'm afraid-

"I'll be there at eight, Amir. You know that taking other work outside of the office is against the Employee Handbook, right? You can be docked pay for that." What the hell? "But that's all right. No one needs to know."

"I- I'm not-

"Amir? Please." The bitch's voice was clattering lead now. "I already now; it's an open secret. Your fellow employees know. I know. The other managers don't know, though." And rising higher again. "Okay? I'll be there at eight."

And she was. It more than just gnawed at him. It was nauseating. What the hell did this woman *want* from him? Didn't she already have **everything**? Trying to wring a fucking massage or... Or something else from Amir? His evening had been pushing himself through enough exercise almost to snap his bones like twigs and muscles like dying rubber bands; awash in sweat. And then perfecting his one-bedroom-tiny-living-room-kitchenette apartment 'til it wouldn't affront the Glacier Queen's dainty sensibilities. And now a white tee-shirt enameled itself over a Himalayan range of shoulders; biceps blasted through the sleeves; his pectorals became their own geologic relief in the chest. A well-chiseled stomach.

Thick legs in a pair of black shorts. Summer had already turned. Sweat shimmered on his brow. The windows were still open, overlooking a scenic parking lot that at least had a few miserable scraggly shrubs tucked around its ambit. At least it wasn't on the highway.

He couldn't swallow *that* much of his pride and humanity; couldn't eat **that** much humility. Even if it was another thirty bucks every month. But he should have, shouldn't he? Just coped with the noise. It was for Fahima, wasn't it? All of this was for Fahima. The collapsible table opened in the room's center. It took pride of place. He'd shouldered away a satiny suede sofa that'd been a sensible purchase when he

wasn't a pauper.

The tee-vee that he'd bought then, too. All of that useless waste. He should've understood that good fortune didn't last. It was just that lull in the shitstorm that numbed you into complacency, that had you tossing your umbrella before it opened up again. That stupid fucking tee-vee. The tee-vee was almost six hundred bucks. Leered at him with its cold idiot face. Almost *all* of what he needed now. Just another hundred more, and he could've dredged up that...

Doing anything. He thought. Maybe another push at another blood bank somewhere. Even buying liquor for the punks in one of the richer suburbs like the old bums he'd see picking up another ten or twenty or even *fifty* bucks for the privilege. But he couldn't dredge up seven hundred by tomorrow with that. He'd need to rob a bank. He didn't even have the cash for a gun. Wasn't he a success now? Sincerely dissecting the material defects in his bank-robbery plan.

A rap at the door. Her voice sighed out, hot and flinty.

"Amir? I'm here for my appointment." Sylvia. So he opened the door. She stood there, silhouetted in the door frame. Glanced over her shoulder: A fucking scarlet BMW beside the humble shitheaps and rolling disasters and his modest little Toyota. Why not a Rolls?

She was beautiful. She was. Loose vaporous white cotton; capris and a billowy blouse. Heeled sandals. White. Of course. And her pale skin. Hair lustrous, newly-showered. A whisper of something sweeter than her office perfume.

Flawless makeup. And that obscene wedding ring.

"Ah, Miz-"

"Sylvia. Please. This is such a small apartment. I noticed that you changed addresses on the company registry." Glancing left; right. There wasn't a great deal to see. Still, she scrutinized everything through those ferocious cold-lensed glasses. "It's very clean, though, isn't it?" Nostrils flaring, scenting the air like an animal. "You picked up for me, didn't you?"

"I'll get undressed-"

"A-ah, you don't need to be undressed for a massage, Miz-"

“Sylvia.” Easing one foot with a slow patient grace from a sandal. The door pushed closed behind her. Diligently chained and latched. “And, yes, I do. For *this* kind of massage. What? Do you think you're going to work out the kinks *over* my clothing? Don't be silly. I need oils. You have massage oil, right? That's all right. I have the oil *I* want in my bag.” Slung over her shoulder from a strap that could've been mistaken for leather linguine. Snapped open; a few needlessly expensive, god, she even had designer *oils*.

Sweet almond; ylang-ylang; lavender. A clutch of inane clichés when olive oil was *fine*.

She was already undressing. A pair of thick towels lay across the cot for her to drape herself. Rustling clothing. His eyes conscientiously averted.

Bare feet ghosted on the cool newly-scoured floors.

“Aren't you going to give me my massage now, Amir?” So fucking supercilious. Just *inflicting* herself on him. His gut was already boiling. This was nauseating. He wasn't just some *boy*, some bit of property for her. And she... Was just nude. She'd just layered the towels under her forearms.

“Ah, Miz-”

“*Sylvia*. Call me **Sylvia**, Amir. You know, you should be nice to me.” Planted on her belly. Long long *endlessly* long legs outstretched, almost enough to slip over the cot's generous length. Tits plump and flattened; chin braced on her arms. Hair fanned over slender shoulders; black silk marbled white.

Junoesque. Pale flesh gleamed under the tawny natural lights he'd installed. There was *some* kernel of warmth in it, at least. And Sylvia was absolutely perfect. A look that seemed dragged out of the porno comics Fahima always read. That was her birthday gift. One of those issues from Japan. How could he deny her that? Shapely globular ass cheeks; voluptuous hips narrowed to a wasp waist and flared out again with her chest. Plush thighs and slender calves and delicate arching ankles. Obviously pedicured feet.

Even her toes were beautiful.

“I can cause you a lot of grief.” She already was. “But I can make your life a *lot* easier, too.” Which was she promising? And for *what*? “You know, you're acting awfully cagey for a guy with a naked woman in his apartment. Are you gay or something?”

“No.” Would it have been easier to say, Yes? “No, I’m not. It’s just...” I’m not your pet; I’m not your boy; I’m not your possession to jerk around like this. I have *dignity*, for fuck’s sake. “You’re- you’re, ah, you’re my boss-”

“Exactly. I want my massage now.” So she’d have it. The oils gathered. His hands weren’t rough: He at least paid a *bit* of attention to that. And the oils softened them, anyway. A berserker bat swarm frolicked in his belly. Her eyes still fixed on him.

“You, ah, you should remove your glasses-”

“Why? I hate being blind. I can barely see without them. I’m going to keep them on; you don’t need to massage my head. Do you?” He’d adore wringing her neck.

“No. No. Most, ah, most clients like to lie face-down-”

“I’m not one of those clients.” A fragrant warm smear of oil gathered on his hands. Worked slowly, deliberately, ‘til it was kissed with his hands’ warmth. “Oh, it’s so *warm* in here. I love it. I hate the air-conditioning.

“Summer is *summer*, you should be allowed to appreciate it. There’s always the air-conditioning on at home. I need to sit in my own room with the door closed to open the windows. It’s so irritating.” What answer was there to that? Clients tended to yammer. He was their low-budget therapist; a stolid and nurturing audience that couldn’t very well tell them to shut the hell up. As gratifying as it’d be.

Her skin invited. Smooth sleek planes. Thighs sighed open a bit. She wasn’t helping.

“Ah, where does it ache most?”

“My neck. Like I said. There’s a *crick* in my neck.”

“Ah, well, most neck issues are actually in the shoulders.” Medical abstraction. Don’t admit even an *awareness* of her skin. It was just flesh. It wasn’t that he was some hormonal fifteen-year-old like a dachshund on Viagra, but he *had* nurtured techniques to bite back the simple delirium in a beautiful nude woman, or even a *very* photogenic and fine and feminine man, being alone with him.

It wasn't very flattering. It helped, though. They became mannequins. Faceless, fleshless, nothing but cold figures demanding the appropriate ministrations and manipulations. Simpleminded babbling dummies. It wasn't much of a challenge with most of them.

“Well, then I guess it's my shoulders. You're the masseur.” Her voice *seethed*. And her skin, also. Still kissed with that exotic coolness that was almost uniquely a woman's. Heating in an instant. Firm. Lean muscle and the most artistic bit of softness. It was an ordeal. She wasn't a mannequin. Not with the quiet little murmurs sighing through her plump lips.

They were lacquered with a gloss that stood out in a sharp polished relief. Burgundy against her lily-white complexion. Dreamily poised on her arms. Body swaying now with the massage's slow and patient progress. There *was* actually a knot there. One that probably would've profited from Alexander's sword.

Maybe this really *was* just her socially retarded way of finding a masseur. And probably for *nothing*, too. But at least he'd be finished reasonably soon.

“O-oooh. Oooh. Oooh.” Slow, subdued, a long guttural moan from her throat. Chest flaring; body *rising* with her breath alone filling that prodigious chest. “That feels *incredible*, Amir. You know... You really are *huge*, aren't you? How tall are you?”

“Six-four-”

“Six-four. That's incredible. I'm used to being taller than most men. I'm five-eleven.” He believed it; she rose nearly to his height in her heels. “Most women don't tell boys about it, but they still like having a taller lover. It's hard, you know, towering over everyone. It intimidates men. They're so weak.” Less cooing and more *purring*. Voice husky like a majestic Midwest-Tee-Vee-English Kathleen Turner.

“Mmm... Amir, your hands are so *huge*. My god. But they're so soft. Is it the oils?”

“Yes.” Monosyllables, taut and terse, yes, *those* were the only real solution. Palms and fingers tasting her skin. Slick with the oil and its natural plushness. “I think so.”

“Oh, oh, oh...” Movement; faint, discreet. Thighs' gentle sway together.

“Ah, Miz- that is, Sylvia, I think you should be still. It's difficult to massage you when you're moving-”

“Oh, that's a bit of a problem. I... You know, I think the ache's starting to leave my neck.”

“O-oh. Excellent. Then I'll just finish off the area, and you can leave-”

“Who said anything about leaving before you finished my all-over massage?” *Y? All?h.* His eyes cast up at the ceiling's pitiless grease-discolored face.

“I, uh, I just thought-”

“You know, Amir...” Darker still. “For a man in such a *precarious* financial state, you don't seem especially interested in pleasing your client.”

“I- I just-”

“Did you think I'd be trading my silence for this massage? I'm not cheap.” He wasn't, either. Not like *she* obviously believed. “I'll pay you for it. How much do you charge for a massage?” Would she have believed seven hundred?

“Ninety-”

“That's cheap. Geeze. The man I use asks for almost two *hundred*. You're so much better. And so much better-looking, too. I wish you had a mirror, though.” Pensive. Obviously already redesigning his apartment around *some* demented whim. “So I could admire us together like this. You're gorgeous.”

“Ah, that- it doesn't feel very appropriate-”

“How much more would you charge if I asked you to take your shirt off?” With her skull-crushing ring brazenly glistening on her finger.

“Um, Sylvia, I don't think-”

“I'll pay you another, oh, seventy dollars if you take your shirt off.” A meat-charring knife stabbed and twisted around in his gut. “I think you've got an *incredible* body. I want to see it. It makes me feel even more relaxed.”

“That, um, I- I don't know if I'd be comfortable with that-”

“Eighty dollars.” Was his dignity being auctioned now? But... “Didn't you say that you needed money for your sister's medical bills? I'm just asking to see you shirtless.”

“Okay.” What else could he do? That would be one-seventy. Maybe he could negotiate *something* with the caraway-hearted degenerates running the accounts with more than half. Why lose *everything* just for a few hundred bucks?

“That was a smart thing to do. You know, you *are* very smart. I saw your degree: Highest honors in economics from the University of Baghdad. You were even invited to go to London before the war started.” So casual. But it was just a few words and a live-on-tee-vee Nintendo adventure for everyone in the States, wasn't it? “And you're so *handsome*. Most good-looking men just coast on that. But... Mmm... That dark skin, too.

“I love it. I always get excited when you walk in, Amir.” What was wrong with this woman? But his shirt was coming off. “No!” Startling. “Do it slowly. Eighty dollars is a lot of money for a tee-shirt, isn't it?” Unless it was designer, probably. Oh, how witty. Her eyes ate at him. Gnawed. Hungered behind lenses that swallowed the light, spit it back up in a lambent haze.

Amir's thick fingers twisted under the hem. Pulling, rising. His *was* an incredible body: Hard shapes still elegantly beveled with softness that wasn't only ragged 'roid-ripped stone. Something to be touched, and not only admired. That was the only thought pinballing between Sylvia's ears. Chiseled abs rose to hard squared pectorals. Rippling shoulders and biceps that didn't *need* to be bared to be appreciated.

Still better savored as naked skin.

“God, you look like those *Batman* cartoons I used to watch. Like Bruce Wayne. Just dipped in caramel.” Her laughter was never a delicate giggle. Always cruel. Always so arrogant. “Totally worth eighty dollars. I almost wish you'd held out for more.” Something bubbled in him.

Almost *popped*. That fight-or-flight instinct; the compulsion to just excuse himself to the bathroom and hammer the door closed behind him.

“Oh, well. Come on. Don't stop the massage.” Pinning him with her eyes; a sense of some *very* intimate empathy with a well-shaped monarch in a lepidopterist's lair. He couldn't stop now. Set his palms on her

shoulders again. “Uh-uh. No. My shoulders are fine now. Go a little lower.”

“A-all right.” She was paying for a massage, after all, wasn't she? Squeezing; clutching. Tasting her skin's rich oiled-silk softness. Ashen against his dark complexion; a quality like coffee splashed on a bed of cream.

“Down. Down. Go lower. My thighs.”

“Ah, the client doesn't usually order the masseur-”

“Down. Massage my thighs. You still want to be paid, don't you?” He did. Yes. So he obeyed. Palms glided along her hips. Coaxed a fragile little quiver of breath from her lips. “Oh, that's so nice. Squeeze my hips a little, too.” This was *not* a massage. Hadn't he hoped *not* to be relegated to shit like that Kalamazoo Street parlor? “Good. Good.”

Deliberately stroking, clutching. Flattering her with his huge powerful hands.

“So nice. My thighs now.” And down, and down. “Mmm... You know what? Touch my feet, I think. I haven't had a foot massage for so long. Oh, when you're dating, well, they always pretend they're interested in what **you** want. But then it leaves.” A sole upraised to the ceiling; long long leg swung skyward 'til her toes almost grazed her ass' soft swell. “Complacency. It's sad.”

What could *anyone* say to that?

“I love my feet. I mean, *what* sort of deviant doesn't love a woman's feet? They're pretty, aren't they?” They were. Nails in burgundy, like her fingers. Like her lips. “Don't be so quiet.”

“I- I don't know what you want from me, Sylvia-”

“Yes, you do.” Yes, he did. “You know, *most* men I know would *pay* to be allowed to touch a woman like me. Not that I'd ever let anyone pay for it. Unless you include Jerry, of course.” Another lovely chainsaw pirouetting through Amir's gut. “He's just... Useless. Worthless.” Foot pivoting now on a *very* delicate ankle. “Touch my foot. Touch it. Hold it.” Flashed out at him.

Thighs slapped back together with a wet little *clap*.

“A-all right. Yes.” Dwarfed in his colossal hand. Slender and fine and beautifully arching.

“Massage it. I- I love my feet. I love them just so much. Come closer; don't just keep them at arm's length.” So he obeyed. Barefoot like she had been. A palm braced its top, tasted the gentle fine arches; fingers eased firmly around her toes. Stabbed a thumb into her sole and wrung a sharp blast of breath from her lips.

“O-oh!” Jaw cranked open; her eyes trembling behind the lenses. “Oh, *fuck*, that feels incredible! W-who could bitch about touching a woman's feet?” Like these? The phobic? Even then, well... “He always whines, you know. Ask for something that simple, and he doesn't have the t-time...” A whimper. “Oh. Oh. Fuck. Fuck. It feels *incredible*.” Her thighs swayed together with a slow and fleshly sigh. “Don't you *dare* stop, Amir.”

So he didn't. Perfect silence; she was only a mannequin. Wasn't she? It was *anguish*. All of this. This simple humiliation; the flush bleeding through his cheeks. Something straining heavy and scalding in his shorts. Slow, patient breaths.

“A-ah... The other one now, all right?” How could he not? Even with her foot not quite obligingly slipping back down to the cot's clammy face. It just lurked there, levitated. Forced him to slip closer to capture her right foot.

Toes pushed against his stomach.

“Miz- Sylvia, please-”

“God, it's so *hard*. Your stomach, I mean. The muscle. God, you **have** muscle.” Almost intoxicated with it. Craning around to confront him with a smile that was probably the last thing a mouse ever saw huddled terrified in the grass. “Those huge pecs, too. God, your skin.

“You know, I never really thought about it, but there are a *lot* of good-looking Arab men, aren't there? But you're the handsomest I've ever seen. You look like some really rugged warrior; but not *too* crude. You have pretty eyes.” Would she just shut *up*? “Suck my toes.”

“Sylvia-”

“I'll pay you a hundred dollars more if you suck on my toes. It's not like you're doing anything really *bad*,

are you?"

Fuck this. Fuck this psychosis. He wouldn't play her fucking game.

That was *very* melodramatic. What game? What was being played? Barring Amir, anyway.

"I-"

"One-fifty, then. Just kiss them; suck them. You don't mind, I'm sure, anyway." Her spine's arch, her body's delicate situations, everything just *roared* at him. She was beautiful. And his superior; and married to someone who lay even *higher* along those tiers. A ring sparkled.

And then her left sole just *grazed* the swollen heft in his shorts.

"Oh, you *really* don't mind. Don't be a hypocrite about this."

"I- I think we're finished, Miz Michaux-Hawkins." Pointedly. Emphatically. Her foot slipped from his hand. "I think you should leave. Right now. This isn't-"

"Aren't you being sanctimonious?" Maybe. Maybe. He had *some* micron of dignity. He'd just need to negotiate with the insurers. He still had time to rob a bank. "You know, you're smart, but... Men are just so fucking *stupid*, aren't they?"

"Asking you. Asking? I was just being nice, Amir. You really think you have *any* power at all in this situation?" The words would've been gentler if she'd just clobbered them in Morse code into his skull with a ball-peen hammer. "I was just being kind to you. I'll make your life a *hell* if you don't do this.

"Do you understand me, Amir? I can get you fired *already* for what you've done. Do you think Jerry, that fat selfish bastard, will be *happy* to know about a handsome," every word punctuated now with a foot's quick satiny swipe through the hot still air, swimming with distant traffic's susurrations, profanely sweet with her skin, with the oils, with what was *obviously* more than a little lust, "Younger," her eyes growing crueler, narrower, more intense, "*Built* man? And an *employee*?"

"He'd lose it-"

“Y-you're doing this-”

“Oh, not in *my* telling. And you're an Arab, too. Oh!” A wicked little coo. “Pardon me. You're a *sand-nigger*.” That was poison kneaded into every nerve. “That's how they'll see it. Naïve me came here for a simple massage, but... Oh, it seems like *you* were expecting more-”

“Please. I just-”

“But I don't even need that. Your sister's dying, isn't she? Can you *really* stand to let her go because of pride? Without a job? Without any insurance for you? Without being able to pay for *her* insurance? I'm rich, Amir. You're, ah...” Flawless brows rose in a sharp quirk. “Not.”

Serrated claws raked at the hot trembling places behind his eyes. Everything she said was true.

“Think about it. I can give you a *lot*. All you need to do is... To be nice.” As mild and artful as a suicide bomb. And it was true, wasn't it? He could do absolutely nothing. Helpless. Hopeless.

Impotent. At least figuratively.

“Be nice?” Amir heard the voice with total incredulity. Who the hell had spoken? Was there someone *else* reciting his own thoughts like theatrical lines in his apartment, barely a wizened little wretch of a skeletal sigh over his own pummeling heart?

But it was his voice.

“That's right. Be nice. You mentioned something about needing the money *right away*? So much that you'd just about *beg* your boss for an advance on your salary like this was a gas station?” Laughing; she was laughing. Dark and guttural and ugly chortles. “Oh, no. But I *can* give you the money.

“In cash. Or I could just shoot a check over to the insurance company for your sister's annual premium. Just because. Maybe even a nicer hospital room for her.” Toes wriggled. “But you're going to need to be nice to me if you want *me* to be nice to you, Amir. I think you're fucking *gorgeous*. I know what you're thinking. *Will this wonderful beautiful generous woman just dump me the second she's gotten hers and not fulfill her end of the bargain?*” That wasn't quite how it was being phrased between his ears. “Why not?”

“After all, if I'm going to drive a Mercedes, why steal it? Why not just buy it? I'm just married to a fucking ATM machine with a dick I *wish* was limp; I *wish* I could give you a cute sob story about how he's impotent, about how there's really **nothing** else I can do.” Cooing it with vamping hot theater. Long sensitive fingers clasped on her lips.

“But that's *not* true. He wants it. Sometimes. But never how *I* want it. A few pumps, and he's done. He's ugly. And fat. And it's always *messy*. And he'd still rather jerk off his pathetic little bobbin of a cock to porn or just play *golf* with his fat stupid ugly friends than do anything *I* want.”

He could've asked *why* she was telling him this. But it was obvious why. What else could he do? Who else could she unburden herself with? Really, who else could she?

“Do you think I *like* it? Being married to that slug?” She already *had* a reasonable job, didn't she? “But there are perks, aren't there?” Serene and almost beatific. “I'm even prettier than I was before. I know people talk about me getting work done. And I *have* gotten work done. Just a little. Tighten up everything even *more* than it was the day I was born. Softer skin. And these pretty feet.

“But that's really it.” Her tongue a dewy pink stripe over cabernet lips. “So answer me, Amir. Lose your job; tell your sister she's going to die? Or-” There was no choice at all. He knew it. Nothing as simple as thought: Just the truth. The Truth. Leaden and gut-deep and suffusing every nerve. He could do nothing at all.

“I... I'll be nice.” So why not just admit it?

“Good *boy*.” A vulpine self-satisfaction tugged at her lips. Pulled them into a smile that dwarfed just *diabolical*. She didn't need to. And still did. Vamped and preened and wallowed in it. “I know you'll like it, *anyway*, Amir. God. Getting *paid* to touch a beautiful woman? Don't you think *anyone* would want that?” Gnawing at him. Ripping at his simple dignity.

“I- I'll do what you want, Miz Micha-”

“Sylvia. I *hate* that name. Do you know what my name says? It's a stamp on my ass; it's a fucking tattoo. It's possession. Come here. Touch me. My feet. I want you to lick my feet. Suck my toes. I don't think you mind that, do you?” Closer, and closer. Her foot quick, nimble; toes cradled the profane shape in his shorts. “Oh, you *really* don't mind. Feel this. It's so *big*. I wondered if a man as **huge** as you would have a cock to match.

“It looks like it.” It was. He'd heard it more than once. *You expect me to get **that** thing in me? You must*

be totally crazy! It wasn't an elephant's; it wasn't freakish. Just well-proportioned. For a man that almost grazed door frames and was still so fucking *broad* that no one could've ever really inferred his height, that meant something outrageous. "Feels like it. Oh, that's just *delicious*, Amir."

"I-"

"I want your hands. Your lips." Her thighs eased apart now. No pretension of any dainty delicacy. No restraint. Bared herself to him. Her pussy's naked cloven shapes; plush ruddy lips, puffy and aglitter with a vivid slick. Hairless; totally glabrous. "I don't only wax, you know. I had that electrolysis treatment." Oh. Well. Cradling her left foot now. Dipping down to admire it. She wasn't a mannequin.

Wasn't just a shapeless doll. Beautiful; warm. Warmer than just *warm*. Scalding. Sweat stood in a fine rime over her pallid skin. The room swam with it. Feverish.

"Oh, that's so nice." A lingering caress. Writhing over delicate and tender shapes. Toes wriggled. "God, you'll probably bring me off with just my feet. I'm- I'm not even exaggerating about tha-" Language died in a huge gusting breath from her lips. "Fuck. Fuck. Make me come with my feet. Just like that.

"Suck my toes. You'll- you'll make me *cream* like you can't believe. Come on, honey. I'm paying. At least stop pretending to hate it." That was the problem. It wasn't pretense. Exactly. He *did* love women; did adore every inch, from crown to sole. He'd kneaded a woman's feet for hours; had sent more than a few flopping back, boneless and begging for something *more*.

Would kiss them; adore them. But this woman was a fucking demoness.

"I'm *paying* you, Amir."

"I- I said nothing-"

"I know what you're thinking. You're thinking about how *degrading* this is." Yes. The hideous ambivalence in it. Lust and hunger and sensuality and the gun that wasn't even kind enough to be planted to *his* head. It was to his sister's. "Aren't you, Amir? How humiliating it must be for you to be owned. Because it's not just that I'm a woman. I don't know if you're that kind of pathetic man. But it's because you're powerless." And she clearly wasn't.

And was rejoicing in that.

"I *love* to push around weak men." God, she did. "It's fun. But it's not very hard. E-every..." Fingers dug into her sole; a thumb ground over her foot's ball. "Oh, fuck. Every boyfriend I've ever had. Junior high; high school; *college*. All my life, it's nothing but weak pathetic men. They're f-fun for... For awhile." Gasping; shuddering through it. "But the thrill gets old. They start to think they give me something more than they're worth.

"They act like fucking *children*. I hate that. Men are terrified of- of powerful women. But you're not. You're like a grizzly bear I can lead around on a leash and spiked collar, because I have something *in* you to break you. I don't need anything else. I can kill your sister whenever I want. And that's better than having something to kill you." Laughter. She was *laughing* through it.

Tears had started to thicken behind his eyes' hard black glaze. What kind of woman *was* this? She **was** a demoness. A malign spirit coughed out of the sun-charred sands. She was a devil. That's what she was.

"But I won't unless you upset me, Amir. So think about that. I can hurt her, hurt *you*, by just doing nothing. No one could **ever** blame me for it. That's what this country's all about." It was, wasn't it? Worse than Iraq.

"So do it right. Lick my feet. Lick them. Both of them. Come *on*. Don't be such a pussy, Amir. You love them. You *love* pretty girls, right? And pretty girls' pretty feet." Drifting nearer. She wasn't ugly; she **should've** been. Her soul was. But hers was such a vibrant and enriching grace that it almost carved off his legs at the knee. Settling against the collapsible cot. It could support both of them.

He knew that. He'd definitely explored *that* with more than a few girlfriends and even a pretty boyfriend who found himself **very** much in need of a massage. Not that he'd betray that to her. Hands wound around her left ankle. Her eyes swallowed him. Judged him.

"What do you think? Are anklets pretty? I've always liked them. I was thinking about it."

"They- they are, yes."

"Oh, *I like that*." Not only his touch. Amir's voice. "You sound so meek, like a good little servant." He was. He would be. Fahima was worthier than his dignity. Amir's face had grown hot; flushed with an inferno that rose up almost lilac through his cheeks. Craning his massive bulk with a grace like an elephant as ballerino, admiring the gentle shapes. "Good boy. Good boy. Even your *breath* is so nice. So **hot**."

A kiss; the first. Brushed over elegant little toes. A trilling coo answered him. Another. Another. Adoring each in turn. Muscle seamed tight skin, rose up like a shark's fin breaking gleaming waters.

"A-ah, that's so good. You're clearly used to this, aren't you? You love women's feet, huh? Don't you love mine? Don't be gentle. Don't be so *restrained*. Show me how beautiful you think I am." The shell much more than whatever wraith was rattling around inside it. Drawing a sole against his cheek, wringing out a giggle with his stubble. Tongue brushed over arches still flavored with an inkling of her shoe's leather.

"Yeah. Yeah. Suck my toes; do it." Pushed. Urgent. There wasn't anything *voluntary* there. Prodding at his lips. What could he do? Swallowed one, let his tongue swirl around it. Her keen washed over his ears.

Skewered him. A sudden spasm when his hands squeezed a calf. Trembling. Tongue slid between her toes, lapped, wound around them. A gentle suction with a firmer grasp on her leg.

"Amir, that's... That's so fucking *perfect!* Do both of 'em; don't stop. Don't stop for *anything*." Heat between her thighs, rushing up her legs. Cheeks smeared with a hue darker than her lips. "Fuck. Yes. Yes." Swallowing her toes now; effortlessly wadded into his mouth. Her feet *were* tiny; absolutely diminutive.

"O-oh, oh, I'm..." Clawing at the cot's rubberized face; long deep rasping strokes that were almost enough to snap nails that must've been closer to titanium than anything human. Like everything else about her. "I'm really..." Sylvia's gasps become pants, long and ragged and labored; became chest-heaving intakes of breath, swallowing down the scalding air that swarmed them.

Long sweat threads swept down Amir's cheeks; painted hair in broad anthracite strokes across his brow. A few motes pattered on her sole, joined the fragrant oil and his tongue and lips. Sucking her toes deeper. Teeth grazed plush skin; tasted slickly lacquered nails. Eyes swallowed her. Every muscle rising into a hard definition; color sluicing through her cheeks, flushing her shoulders, blazing in her neck. Quaking and juddering and finally just *falling* into it.

"F-fuck. Fuck. I really..." And now a raging crazed shriek from her lips. Someone'd probably be hammering at the walls soon; even his most understanding twentysomething neighbor still made a point of sidling up to him after one **very** intense evening with a faint and timid, *Um, would you mind maybe asking your girlfriend to stop screaming so **much?***

"Fuck! Fuck! Stop it!" So he did. Loosened his lips around her toes. Let them slump to the bed. "Oh,

that was so nice. So fucking nice. Whew.” A tremor licked at her. Seemed almost to announce the possibility she might have a kernel of vulnerable humanity.

It was still only meat.

“You have *such* a fucking fantastic tongue; such an incredible goddamned set of hands. Oh. Oh.” She wasn't finished, was she? “That... God, that was *absolutely* worth one-fifty. My feet are just fucking **incredible**, aren't they? Tell me. That's *part* of the service, Amir. **Boy.**” Giggling that high regal laughter.

A princess' arrogant self-possession.

“T-they are. Yes.” They were. That was even worse. “They're incredibly soft; so fine. Sweet. You obviously have a pedicure-”

“I don't need to hear *that* much fawning. That's just pathetic. Whew.” Were they finished? And there was still the mental tabulation. Three-twenty. All of this for only three-twenty. That still left three-eighty. And she knew it, too.

Eyes narrowed at him. Not that dreamy post-orgasmic serenity that softened any other woman's glances or even bleary stares. It'd just sharpened her, like knapping off a bit of chert.

“You know... I don't think I've come like that for *years*. What's the matter with men, anyway? They get so- so *neurotic* about something like feet. They'll stick their cock in you without even asking if you might have some rotting disease, but they'll act like you've asked them to lick a truck stop floor if you want a *kiss* there.

“Is it about power? What? Does it say they're too weak? You're obviously used to this. Tell me.” He wasn't her therapist. Wasn't her informant into the vagaries of the male mind.

“I don't know.”

“Is it because you're Arab? I'll be honest: Arabs don't seem like the most interested in what women want.”

“I respect women, Miz-”

“*Sylvia*, you sonofabitch!” A foot lashed out; caught a thick pectoral with a wet *crack*. “I’m telling you to stop calling me that godforsaken name! Don’t ruin my orgasm.”

“A- all right. I respect women, *Sylvia*—”

“Pick up my foot again. Jesus Christ, you’re driving me crazy with this bullshit. And not in the way I want.” So he did; cradled it, salved her with it. It was petting a rabid wolf’s tail. “You respect women?”

“Yes. I was taught to respect women. My mother; my sister. My aunts and other women.”

“What’s so different?”

“I’m not Saudi, *Sylvia*. Iraqis are, or- or at least *were* socialist, secular.” It gnawed at him. “I’m not one of those suicide-bombing fanatics.”

“Hah. So that’s it. Did you ever meet Saddam?” Did she ever meet Hitler? Right. She was probably one of the Girls from Brazil.

“No. I never met Saddam.”

“Too bad. Mmm... I don’t feel really satisfied. I thought I might, but, well...” *Sylvia*’s fine jaw, her legitimately evil eyes, slunk around her shoulder’s gentle sloping shapes. “I have a solution for that. I’ll pay you one-fifty to get me off with your hands. Just your hands.” Thighs sighed apart. Bare flesh shone under the hot light.

He wasn’t a whore. He wasn’t. But he’d already been paid for it, hadn’t he?

“Just think about it. One-fifty for a, oh... What is it? A happy ending.” She obviously knew. “My other guy, well... He’s very *mediocre*. He can bring me off. But that’s it. It’s like sitting on a dryer. It just works; just mechanical. Do you know what a pain in the ass it is?”

“It’s not like I can ever really meet a boyfriend. Or a girlfriend. Mmm... I want to be on my back, I think. I’m starting to get **another** crick just twisting around like this. You’re not a very good masseur, not bothering to tell me that.” Not just flopping over.

A production, prolonged, muscle and strength and skin like a dolphin's, smooth and tight. Heaving breasts flaring up, settling with a gelid little bounce. They were enormous. More than hand-filling; they could fill *buckets*. Firm nipples and silky tawny areolae.

Sloping round shapes; narrowing to a slim belly, a shallow dimple of a navel, that still was kissed with an irresistible softness. Flaring out along curvaceous hips and tapering a bit to divine thighs and impossibly long legs.

She was a tribute either to the merits in selling souls, or an object lesson in covers not always matching their books' contents, or just... Just toss the clichés, just the simple truth that beauty could still be beautiful with a vile spirit animating it.

An enchantress' eyes behind glinting sweat-speckled lenses.

Thighs brushed together with a creamy lathering sigh. Palms swept down her sides.

"It's frustrating. So fucking frustrating. Can you even *imagine* what it's like to be dying of dehydration when you're wading in a lake? But that's what it is for me. Nothing. That fat asshole's just so *jealous*; but not jealous enough to do anything about it. He doesn't have me followed. There's not even *that* kind of adventure in it.

"He just won't give me any kind of arrangement. He wants everything. But doesn't care **enough**." Amir had heard enough about *him*. About that fat useless knuckling submoron that, yeah, of course, didn't merit his office, his salary, his *anything*. A menial waste of protoplasm; a disgusting odious little snail. But she'd married him. Of her own volition. Without *any* desperation at all. She already had a supervisory job. She already **had** what he'd huck a hand grenade into a kindergarten to have.

So what the fuck was her rationale for all of this? Amir wasn't a violent man. If he *had* been, he never would've left. He'd felt the hands clapped on his shoulder; the gangsters and bandits and thugs and the Ba'athists and the new party men and the soldiers and everyone else with an eye on his simple bulk. Doubly so the ones that were smart enough to peer into his dossier, dredge up not only the economics education but the technical training in electronics he'd had.

He *could've* been one of Zargawi's bombers or fallen in with the Peace Companies or the Badr or anyone else. He could've flung himself with the Sunni nuts or the Shi'a psychopaths or even offered himself as a merc for the Kurds. He could use a rifle: His father had seen to that. Basic training. And that was more than *most* had.

But he hadn't. He'd left. Left because he *wasn't* a violent man at all. And there was still the hot bilious rage frothing in his gut. She had *everything*, and she was still complaining. He could wring her neck; could snap it like a chicken bone.

"It gets me hot for you to look at me like that, you know, Amir."

"L-like what?" Guilty. It was guilty, because she was still alive. She was still a beautiful woman.

"You want to kill me." He did. And she was laughing. Not a tortured terrified tittering like he'd heard from those sprawled out in the grime and dust, clutching at arms that weren't even there, *Oh, I'm going to die! I'm going to die!* But she was just delighted. "You want to break every bone in my body, don't you?" Wriggling toes damp with his spit.

Her pussy glared at him, sopping and ravenous. Fingers bit into her thighs, seamed them like the statue of Hades and Persephone he'd seen in an art book. Pulled apart her cunt's lips like a ripe peach being carved open.

"And it's fucking *beautiful*. Because you could. Right here. No one knows I'm here. You could just..." Her fingers settled around one of his humongous hands that'd fallen onto the table beside her right thigh. Pulled it up, almost unresisting over her belly. And higher. And higher. "Strangle me. Right here. Just like this." Obedience; hand dragged to a neck that definitely merited *swanlike*.

It was. Long and shapely.

"Well? Kill me, Amir. Do it. Kill me." He could. It would *really* be a boon to this world, wouldn't it? One less asshole. One less miserable bastard.

But he didn't.

"Oh, look at that. Not even a little squeeze." Only her heart's slow regular throb through her veins. She wasn't afraid. At all. "You're just like a tame dancing bear, Amir. That's *all* you are. You're my possession; you're my fucking property. So get your fucking hand off my neck unless you're going to do something about it and start petting my pussy. You can kill me *any time*. I'm weak; relatively. You're huge. A bodybuilder. A weightlifter. You could snap my spine like a toothpick. But you won't.

"Because you'll lose everything. Not *your* life. But your sister's. You'll need to look at her in the eye and

say, I killed you.” Tearing into him with every sticky little whisper. “So start. My other guy doesn't know how to touch me. It's barely a *mirthful* ending, much less a happy one. Sometimes I even **fake** it, just because he's so fucking bad.

“What is **wrong** with you men, anyway? It's a cunt: There's not a lot of real estate to cover.” No, there wasn't. He never had an issue with it. “I want you to stand there, shirtless like that. Let me admire you. Those big thick muscles. That handsome face. You're really the *ideal*, you know: You're smart, gorgeous. Obedient.” So he started. Slowly. It would've been beautiful to superimpose another lover on her. Another face. Another voice.

He couldn't. She'd wormed herself into his mind; poisoned his blood.

“Be gentle, though. Seductive. I don't just want some crass handjob. If I wanted that, I could do it myself. Smile. Smile. Smile, Amir. You *are* my servant, aren't you? Shouldn't servants grovel?” So he did. Stood at the cot's foot and let a smile pour over his lips.

It tormented him. The smile was probably a deeper humiliation than anything else. It was his self-worth taken in her perfectly manicured fingers and shredded into confetti; and then it was his to be eaten. Swallowed back down. He should announce it was the most *delectable* meal he'd ever savored.

Fingers winding up her knees. Kneading her with a supreme slowness. Tasting succulent skin. Wending between her thighs. Eyes admired; **leered** behind her glasses. She had him. He dangled from her fingers; twisted with rusting joints in her breath's breeze.

Torn apart. Teasing a fingertip along her pussy's soft lips.

“A-ah. Oh, that's so nice. That's right. Good *boy*. Good slut-boy. You're my whore now. Taking my money to bring me off? That's what it makes you. My whore. Be a good whore now, Amir. Touch me. Finger-fuck me, whore.” Sylvia was perfectly still. Not a *morsel* of labor wasted when he could give it. So he did.

Brushed a firm broad finger up and down along that cleft 'til color sloshed through her cheeks again. Just *grazed* her clit's lush swollen bead, standing up as arrogant as every other inch through its hood.

“T-that's so good. So good. H-how can anyone not find a woman's clit? It's right fucking *there*. Y-yeah-not too hard.” He wouldn't. Swirled a fingertip around it, rich with the oil, with her sweat, with the lust pouring out of her. Shimmering and fragrant with a woman's hunger. Delicious.

Clenched at her left thigh with another hand, stirred her, stroked her. Touched her and it was hopeless. He was already falling into it. A beautiful woman: The reality was the reality. She was gorgeous; her skin scalded against his fingers. A fingertip found that threshold, felt it being sucked deeper, deeper in a breath of a second.

Her eyes caught his. Just for a guilty second. Not a single word. Just ordering him that perfect silence. Commanding more. Finger plunging to the first knuckle, and then the second, deeper, and deeper, and deeper.

Untouched by anything but her own hands. Slick and faintly greasy. A second finger; felt those coils cinch around him, her head thrown back. Hair spilled in a brooding redecoration by Exxon-Mobil across the cot. A few strands slumped over the edge with a faint little sibilance.

“God, yeah. Yeah.” Rough breaths sucked down. Her hips' slow sinuous roll; her spine arching. “Oh, Amir, your hands... God, those are just fuckin' *incredible*. Fingers're so goddamn *big*. Yeah. Yeah. You're- you're finding my spot. Do it harder; harder.” Rougher; more intense. Curled a bit, a firm prodding pressure.

Mesmerized with her. Her wet fragrant breath; her body's sweet scents. Heels ground into the cot; legs scribed impossibly tall arcs. Knees shook.

“Fuck, you have *no* idea how good that feels. O-oh, you're gonna get *quite* the tip for this, honey. Yeah. Harder. Harder. T-touch my clit, too. Not just my legs.” Plunging between them. What else could he do, after all?

His parents could forgive him for this, right? It was for Fahima. This was just... Just a spoiled little girl in a goddess' body. Wasn't that it? Hot and grasping around his fingers.

“Put in three now. Fuck me; fingerfuck me, dammit. Do it. Do it.” Wrenching herself into a half-sit up. Hands grasped at the table's rim. Rising against his hand. Sticky and delicious. Head flung back. A low plangent moan from her throat.

He couldn't shrug it off: The reality was still there. She *owned* him. Her property; her fucking dog. The lead was strung through his sister's body. But at least he could appreciate it, couldn't he? Ambivalence was maybe the best he could hope to have.

But the ambivalence was still between sobbing with sorrow and purified lust. She was glorious. Hips

shook; a thumb rolled over her clit.

“Jesus, that's good! L-lick your finger. I want it wetter.” So he did. Slathered it with his mouth 'til it captured the light that'd become infernal. His mind, eyes, everything twisted it to a sulfurous bloody haze like Jahannam.

If this woman was Iblis, well, maybe it wouldn't be so awful. He was probably destined there.

“Yeah. Yeah. M-more. More. Fuck, I wish I could still get fisted. That's so fuckin' good. M-maybe not a goddamn giant hand like yours. It'd be so good. Fuck me. Fuck me. Fuck my with your fingers 'til I just *die*.” He wished.

Or not. He needed her alive. His sister did.

“Touch me. Harder. Harder.” One hand for everything; another took hold of her ass, kneaded, groped the taut skin, felt a finger slide between the cheeks. “Fuck, yes! There! There! Another fifty to finger my ass!” His dignity was barely wriggling on the block.

Going, going...

Grazed it.

“Seventy-five! You *assho-* all right! Another hundred bucks!” Gone. Slathered with the perfumed oil. Slowly pushed against that pucker. Yielding with her low graveling snarl. Falling deeper, slipped into a slick luxurious heat. “Fuck, yes. Yes. God, yeah. Push your fingers *right* against my pussy.

“That feels so fucking good.” Ground together. Sliding slowly over drenched throbbing skin. Her pulse tasted in duplicate through spongy flesh, pounding merciless and faster, faster. Blood and flesh. Meat and hunger. Sexual cannibalism. Pounded against each other through a brittle little sheath. “Fuck. Yeah. Yeah. Make me come again.”

Again. Again. He couldn't just marvel, *What, again?* Obviously. Had felt it; once, and another orgasm. Roaring around him.

“Yeah. Yeah. Fuck. That's- that's so good. Yeah!” Screeching. To hell with the neighbors. To hell with everyone. More than anything, to hell with him. Toying with her; dragging out every long sobbing orgasm

now while she beat her heels at the cot. “S-stop it. Stop it. I'm d-done.”

Stopping.

Sweat. Mayhem. The world whorled around him. Less dazed; more drunk. Craving the hardest arak 'shine anyone could churn out.

Anything at all.

“Oh, Christ, yeah. Yeah.” Even her lenses were misted with sweat now; it'd plastered hair to her cheeks, her brow. Curled butiminous threads around her glasses' frames. “That was so good. Whew. The other guy *cannot* do it like that.

“You're driving me insane with your fingers. I was almost thinking about having you eat me out, but I don't think so. No. No. There's something *else* I want. Take your shorts off.” What? “Oh, *c'mon*. You've already fingered my cunt, my ass. You *really* think there's much difference?

“How much do you want?” He was already tabulating it. He knew that he was; *she* knew that he was. “Forty to take your shorts off.”

“M-my shirt was-”

“Oh, you're so fucking greedy. Forty to take your shorts off. Another hundred to let me suck your cock.” Tongue rolled in a pink flourish over her *very* soft lips. “I don't want to kiss you; I want to suck your cock. I want to feel cum in my mouth. How much is there? Did you jerk off lately?”

Too fucking much.

“I... I donate sperm, so-”

“Well, weren't you desperate? You can stop that. I *know* about how little fun you can have doing that. If you think this's a one-time thing, you're *very* mistaken. Stop donating your cum. It's mine now. I'll buy it. How about, oh, a hundred dollars for every cumshot in my mouth? We'll talk about everything else.

“Get that fat cock over here. C'mon. You're big, aren't you? I can see it in your shorts. Don't make a

show of taking 'em off. Just get naked. I want to see *everything*." It was already bought and sold, wasn't it?

Shorts just tossed. And *that* sprang up. Heavy and so fucking hard it bounced under its own weight, rose and fell and rose and fell. Fat bloated balls sagged in a tight pouch.

"You shave?"

"I, ah..."

"Tell me. I *do* own you now, don't I, Amir? Oh, that feels just *delicious*. My little, well, my *very* big whore. Tell me."

"I wax, all right?"

"Why?"

"Because- because, I- I don't know. My last girlfriend-"

"You're not dating anyone right now?" The hell did *that* matter? Her eyes ate him. Gnashed and gnawed and tore and ground at him.

"No. No."

"That's *such* a disappointment. It would've made it so much more degrading for you. I kind of hoped you would've had a wife, or at least a girlfriend. What a dutiful brother you are. Giving up everything for your sister? Unless you're *that* kind of family." Her laughter was never gentle. Never kind. Always flint ground on granite.

"No. We're not."

"Look at *that*." Gigantic. That was the word. More a meat fire hose. Not quite a drinking glass thickness, but it didn't take a *great* deal of imagination to inflate it to that. "Closer. Come closer." Wagging with his every step. "Goddamn. I'm not really a size-queen.

“How *could* I be? But that's... Just *delicious*. Really. So, are you going to take the offer? A hundred to suck your cock.”

“Yes.” This was his obligation to Fahima.

“Good *boy*.” Gracefully rolling again on her belly. “Come *here*. Let me see that thing. God, it really *is* gigantic. I'm already come-drunk, but I'm **really** ready to be cum-drunk. Let me touch it.” Fingers outstretched. Fragile, hot, cupping it now. “It's so *heavy*. Do you want to know how small *he* is?”

No. No. No.

“About *three* inches.” Why? Why would she even *mention* that? “I just want you to think about that little thimble if that fat pathetic gnome corners you anywhere. He *hates* you, you know. He thinks you're Iranian. He **hates** Iranians because of the Ayatollah or some ridiculous shit like that.

“He doesn't know the difference.” Sounded like a corporate exec. “You're so beautiful, you know.” Bowing down without submission. Flinging her eyes up to his under feathery lashes. “Knowing that you're my possession, that you're *bought*, it's just so much better. I wish your sister were here.

“To watch. Maybe I could pay *her* to lick me. To eat me out. Does she like girls?”

“Don't involve my sister-”

“All of this is *about* her, Amir.” Chiseling his name with a voice that said it was more basal than *any* other word. “What you're willing to do for her. My roommate in college was Arabic. She could lick pussy like I couldn't *believe*. She said all Arab girls are *very* close to their girlfriends.”

“I wouldn't know-”

“You're so fucking *arch*. I like it. It's like fucking the butler.” A tug at him now. Skin stark white against his flesh. “God, you're so pretty. I've never had a guy darker than just *white* before. It's kind of sad. A lot of girls.” Amir's eyes flitted over her shoulders, down her back, to the feet flitting through the stagnant air. A kiss dragged them back.

Pinned him to her.

“Oh, that's so nice. Tastes so masculine. Like sweat. So fucking *hot*.” Her lips like greased silk against him. Sliding sleekly down the shaft to its base; still cradling the head. Dragging a pathetic little wheeze from him with a quick clench of fingers. “Fuck, yes. I **know** you're enjoying this.

“What? Do you seriously expect *anyone* to believe that being blown by a beautiful woman can make you miserable?” He didn't want it. His body did. Clamored for every new stroke, every fine little squeeze. Dappling its full length with long clinging kisses. A tortured breath from his chest. And now her mouth just settled around its head.

Lips wound around him. A sultry pressure. Tongue flicked at the peak; sliding over its belly. Sinking deeper, and deeper. Not even half in her mouth before the peak hit her throat. A wet little gag; a gasp. Cock flung away from her mouth's divine warmth, bright with spittle.

“Whoa. I- I can't believe it. I think my gag reflex came back. I could depththroat almost *anyone* before I got married. Damn. Well, with that little bobbin, how surprising, right? It's almost like fucking a thumbtack.” So gratifying to know *that* was the competition. “Come on. I want to try harder.

“How close are you?” Not. Or maybe so fucking near it would pop in a second.

“I- I don't know-”

“I can *feel* it, anyway.” Hefting his balls in a palm. “Oh, yeah. You're *not* that close. Let me show you **just** why no woman and no man has *ever* lasted more than a few minutes in my hands.”

The word was *incredible*.

Her eyes behind the glasses that became translucent with demonic light. Lips glistening with gloss, with her saliva, with a few rheumy precum drops wrung out of him with a *very* long and intense kiss. Squeezed the base 'til the head almost popped.

Her tongue wound around the peak; pulling it deeper, deeper. Drenched and sputtering and loud. Squelching. Wrenching him against her throat again and again and again 'til it started to yield like a door under a battering room.

“Good,” every word punctuated with another long splash, “Boy. Good boy. Good boy. C'mon. C'mon. I

don't want you to try to last long. Just cum. Give it up. I want it; no matter how thick and nasty and *bitter* it is, I want it. Or maybe it's sweet, just like you, honey.” Ragged laughter. Her throat finally opened.

Oh, *fuck*. *Splurching* down her neck; one of his hands dragged to taste it distending her throat. Murmuring; low cruel little moans. It *was* coming closer. Worked and pulled; his balls braced, caressed, pulled and tugged a bit. Let slip again and almost juggled.

Every silky caress sent another huge spattering spike of electricity through him. Toes clutched at the clammy floor; his hands savored her throat, her cheek.

Dragged away finally on a long drooping viscid spit-rope. It broke; splattered her chin.

“God, yeah.” Sylvia's voice even thicker now. Burning through his ears. “That feels *incredible*. He even made me toss my dildos. What a fucking *loser*, really. I haven't deepthroated anything since I tried it with a popsicle. It was *very* unrewarding. They melt too quickly.” That chuckle could've melted an iceberg.

“Come on. Aren't you close? Oh, is *that* it? Are you one of those guys that just can't do it unless it's *all* over a woman's face?”

“N-no, it's just-”

“Shut up. I don't care what you want. I've already bought you. I'm just saying what I *want* to see. If I want to be playful and kittenish, shut your fucking mouth and let me be. I don't want a facial tonight. I was *thinking* about it. But it'd be much, *much* nicer to have it all in my mouth.

“So here's what you're going to do. I'm going to suck you off, and that's it. Put your hands on my hand. Comb my hair. Be *sweet*. Or not a cent.” Satiny under his hands. Brushing, adoring; or at least a paid likeness of it.

Cherishing the future as much as the present. Fingers grazed sensitive ears; wound under her chin. Her blowjob only quickened, not only suckling but *sucking*, a merciless sodden pressure, and she *was* bringing him off. Irresistibly. Torturing the peak; stabbing a tongue into its mouth; flitting and rolling along that most brutally beautifully sensitive ridge.

“Not a *word*? Don't be so fucking *childish*, Amir. Come on. I know you like it. You're getting *huge*. Well, *huger*.” Long beautifully painted fingers splayed out in a flamboyant creamy sunburst from his cock, the haft cinched in the crook between her thumb and forefinger that'd widened into a yawning chasm.

“*Goddamn*, this is so fucking nice.

“It’s kind of hurting my jaw to suck you off. It’s incredible.” Dreamy; glazed eyes; glassy lips slapped at him. Tongue flailed in quick little flickers at the peak, winding down to that electrifying cleft between the head and stalk. “Why’re you being so fucking *quiet*? You’re my whore; I want to hear you moan.”

“A-all right. All right. All right.” Knees like rubberized concrete; everything impossibly fucking heavy and still quaking with every kiss, every damp plunge between lips drawn into a taut circle that could’ve blown smoke rings if she hadn’t been blowing *him*. “It-”

“You’ve never gotten a better blowjob before, have you? Even if I *am* a little out of practice.” He hadn’t. Not the lassitude on her belly; not her pendulous tits swelling up with breath, bouncing, nipples thrashing with every urgent jerk; not her ease with his hands on her cheeks, petting her hair; not her body’s alabaster shapes narrowing to a profoundly slim waist and then flaring out to a legitimately *enormous* plump ass.

Her legs’ slow sway. Girlish.

“I haven’t. I haven’t, Sylvia-”

“Good *boy*.” Not her glasses, either. Taking hold of the base and just *stamping* him on one of the lenses. “Now I have something to remember you by before I buy another round. ‘cause little sister is going to need a *lot* of care, isn’t she?” Punctuating *that* with another squeeze. “Isn’t she, Amir? She’s not doing too well, is she?”

“W-why are you making me talk about that?”

“Because you’re my pet. You’re my whore. I *own* you; I get to make you talk about whatever you want, you little bitch.” Another clinging kiss; a sound like slavering over a melting popsicle. “Tell me-”

“Yes, she will.”

“Then you’re going to stop selling your jizz and whatever else and do *this*. Or I’m going to fire your *very* thick and nicely-muscled ass, Amir. And then what are you going to do?” It wasn’t anything as trite as the walls closing around him.

He was worse than trapped. Iron fangs snapped on his ankle. The huntress was already tugging out her blade in a quicksilver stripe.

"I'm... I'm going to..." What else could he do? Working construction wouldn't bring in nearly enough. He couldn't sell *enough* for that. Even his organs. "I'm going to obey you-"

"Good boy!" Cooing it. Her laughter was rusty talons raked over every nerve. "Good boy. That's what I want to hear. Why are you?"

"I- I'm your whore-"

"That's *right*." Mammoth cock hammered against her cheek with a wrist's quick twist. "God, it's so big. I think I'll start taking it whenever and wherever I want it. Ever fantasize about doing me in the office bathroom? Let me guess. All *your* fantasies are about humbling me. Making your bitch boss just into your *bitch*."

"Isn't that right, Amir?" Maybe. "Isn't it-"

"Yes. Yes. They are. I've always hated you, Sylvia. I've always fucking *hated* you." While she slobbered over his cock; while she wrung out deep and guttural growls from his chest. "You're greedy and arrogant and haughty. Y-you make everyone's lives miserable. You have everything and you're not happy with it-"

"That's *right*. I *am* a bitch; I **am** haughty; I *do* like to make your lives miserable. Especially that cute little cunt that obviously wants to dump her hamburger for some *very* meaty steak, right? She's so pretty. Do you fuck her?"

"No-"

"Too *bad*. She's easy, I hear." A *micron* of distance between his cock and her lips. Tongue flashing over him again. Spit-dripping, long tendrils of drool pattering in diamond fields across the cot.

"She's not; don't talk about her like that-"

"Oh, listen to the white knight. Or at least beige. You're not really in much of a position to tell me *anything*. Not when you're already bought and sold. Not when you're about to give me a *very* nice thick

load, aren't you?" Wetter; wetter. Hammered between her lips, splurching against her throat's sultry gully. A resonant sound like a baton being dragged in and out of a gelatin puddle.

"Fuck. Fuck. You're so close. C'mon." Incredible. No. It wasn't only *incredible* now; her technique had soared to the *impossible*. Cradling that heavy pouch; letting it rise up and slump back down again. Heaving him almost to one of those sudden ambush orgasms. And then not. It grew. Soared higher, higher, higher. "You're going to let out the *hugest* shot you ever have in my mouth.

"Do you understand? I want and **get** the best. So give it to me. Give it to me, Amir." Grinding her fingers along the base. Milking up to the peak behind her mouth's slow slide over every throbbing inch.

"I- I'm-"

"Don't even *bother* telling me when you're gonna come. Just *come*. I don't care. It's not like you can ruin my clothes." Oh, hell. Hell. Flaring up. She *knew*. Of course she did. Not a wink; not some wry little smile. Just her lips' puckering ring. The sumptuous silky luster in her gloss. Tongue fluttering. He was going *now*.

Coming. Going. Just gone. Melting down. Knees shuddering and a hot sweat slicking his cheeks. A low mournful little growl. She *did* have him. Puffing up, balls almost snapped back into hips inflamed with her every touch.

Sylvia's eyes unblinking, black, vulpine. A smile; she was *smiling*. Oh, she did know. Felt him. Even a low graveling, *Good little whore*.

Cum almost *spat* into her mouth. The first not just glopping out but working a long palpable string through him, up and up and up and up and up until it finally reached his cock. Shouldered aside her lips' crush and **blasted** itself against her palate. Ripping scalding white-hot strings; gelid and gooey and not even allowed down her throat but just pooling, puddling, Sylvia's neck resolutely closed. Another pulse, and another, and another, and another.

There shouldn't've been that fucking much. And it still just gushed out 'til flat creamy seams raced out of that puckered ring, stained wine-red lips white. Stopping; and not. Dragged back and forth 'til he felt it froth, freed another few cables to run down her chin.

Not drooping; not faltering. *She* pulled away. Wrenched open her mouth. Her smile around the jism cauldron; strange beads bobbed in a whipped mousse; her tongue stirred it, sent a few other droplets spilling down her jaw, her cheek.

One or two beading on her tits. Gargling it 'til it almost sprayed out. And then her fingertips settled on her lower lip. A nod. What the hell did *that* mean?

Lips puckering. Oh, fuck, she didn't expect him-

Yeah, she did. Fingers outstretched. Clapped on his cheeks, rasping at his stubble, a clearcut forest flooded with sweat. Pulling him close for a kiss that was *not* close-mouthed. Bitter. Gluey. Acrid. Letting it rush with that weird briny quality he'd only tasted once or twice out of a *great* deal of liquor-lubricated curiosity. His eyes strained open, totally blinkless; frozen in her grasp while she lingered, twisted, teased her tongue over his.

Fucking repellent. Why would *she* rejoice in it? Sucked it back out of his mouth 'til only a tacky scum had congealed on his teeth. A melodramatic long swallow. A *gulp*.

“Oh, now *that* is delicious. How did you like it, Amir?” Laughter. Even thicker with his cum still half-closing her throat. “Oh, *wow*, that was dense. It was *hilarious* to see your eyes. You think it's so gross, huh? And *how* many women have drunk your cum?”

“I- I don't expect them to-”

“Just to blow you and, what, spit it out? It's still there. I think it's incredible. It's one of the most *delicious* loads I've ever had. Gigantic, too. I could just drink a full glass of it. I think I might some time. I haven't had the chance to eat that for **far** too long.” Sylvia's cold black eyes wrenched *his* down to her tits. “And I'm sure you'll wanna fuck these, right? Or wait for me to *pay* you to fuck them.

“Don't worry. That day will come. What I want now, though, well...” It still wasn't enough. And it still wouldn't be enough, anyway, for the next month. It didn't matter, did it? She *could* just ruin his life. Have him tossed from the company. He was an at-will employee. She wasn't just his superior: A fucking tyrant.

Total impunity in everything. And now she just flung her impossibly long legs off the cot. Set her palms on the rubbery fabric. Thighs swayed apart. Further. Further.

“How much is it now? Do you think it's enough to keep your sister in the hospital for all the time she'll need? Even the next month?” He needed more. So much more. Endlessly more.

The tabulations just became a heap of numbers. There'd never be enough. He could tell himself, *Just another hundred*. It wouldn't be true.

"It won't be enough, no. My salary won't be enough if... If she keeps getting worse. The premiums are too high. The out-of-pocket is." And her tuition. And her apartment. And her education. And... And...

"Oh, it looks like you're in a bit of a trouble spot, aren't you? You know, I'm being very generous with you. You just need to ask for more." Cooing it now; strychnine syrup. A finger whispered over her hip; down her thigh.

Stirred her pussy with a long caress; two fingers eased between the lips. Back arching. Tits flaring with a hot trembling gasp.

"I've been nice to you, haven't I? I only asked you to be nice with me, right? What? You already have a naked woman here." A beautiful woman. Endless legs; fine toes already curling with a strain that worked itself through her calves, up her thighs.

Eyes darkened to Vantablack. A negative light became a rich bubbling chill hotter than a desert afternoon clawing through him.

"Well? What *do* you think, Amir? I've never met a single man who wasn't already on his *knees*, just begging for me. And you're just standing there. Not *soft*." No; he wasn't. It still stood up. Even *he* usually needed at least two or three minutes. "What is it about you, Amir? Is this pride? Is it because you're Arab? Because you're a man? Because, what, you think you have a fucking *chance* alone?"

"Please, help me." There was no hope. Pride already sloughed away like a moulting insect; a husk stood where there had *been* something. What had that metamorphosis freed, then?

"Oh?"

"Please, help me, Sylvia. I need your help. I- I don't know what else to do. It's true. It's either this, or robbing a bank. Or... Or something."

"Mmm." A prolonged thrumming murmur skewered him. "I don't know. I mean, I *could*. But that would mean that you're **begging** me for money. Pleading for me to take advantage of you. Is that what you want? To just shovel *allll* your pride into my lap?"

“Yes. Yes. It does. Don't let her die. Please. She's the only family I have.”

“Mmm. I don't know. I don't even know her. What makes *her* specialer than, well, any of the countless other black people, brown people, yellow people, white people, *any* people that'll just buy it? Tonight? Tomorrow? What? Because she's a beautiful man's sister? Is *she* beautiful?”

“Yes. Yes. She is. She's gorgeous-”

“Why do you think *that* matters to me? Will I ever fuck her, Amir? Oh, maybe you'd like to introduce us. She's not bald from the chemo, is she?”

“Ah, yes-”

“No. I don't like bald girls.” Whimsical. “But I'm sure it'll grow back. I've *really* missed pussy, you know. What fucking pathetic *freak* refuses a ménage? Is it out of jealousy? Have you ever had a ménage à trois, Amir?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, really? Only that?”

“I've... I've been with three girls before at once-”

“That sounds *incredible*. I mean, I have, also. But it's different for a man. Come closer. Come *closer*.” Soles slapping at the floor. He was weightless, levitating in this. “Get on your knees.” He did. Knelt between her thighs.

“Eat me out. Another hundred for you to eat my pussy. Do you have any rubbers?”

“I- yes, I do.” Not that he could really even afford *those* now. “I do-”

“Get them, then. I want to fuck. Sorry; we can't do it raw. Oh, it's a little disappointing, you know. Feeling *that* much cum in my mouth, I'd just love to let it sit *there*. Gush out of me for days. But tonight's *fuck night* with that pathetic little gnome. As dumb as he is, he'd notice if there were cum there.

“Like it even matters for a few minutes. If that.” A sigh blossomed from her lips, longer than just *long-suffering*. “It’s sad. It really is.” Staring up at her; cold creamy regal-boned grace against the sepia light. “It is, you know, Amir. I think you’re just... God, you’re fucking *gorgeous*.”

“So here’s how it’s going to be.” Fingernails pricked at chin, urged up his face. “You’re going to be *mine*. From now on. I’ll pay for your sister. Think of all that as just... Given. *Gratis*. As long as you obey me, Amir. Do what I order you to do. No matter what it is. *Wherever* we are. I’ll take care of you.”

“I should be nice to my *very* good-looking pet, shouldn’t I? Everything else is just extra. If, say, I want to pay you to, oh...” Toes brushed up his cock from root to tip. “Let me stroke you off with my feet under the table while we’re in a meeting, or maybe just, oh, test my new frosted glass windows... I’ll pay you for that.”

“I’ll pay for what I want. When I want. But you’re at my beck and call. I don’t mind if you have a girlfriend. I don’t give a quarter of a damn if you get *married*. But you’re *my* property. Do you understand that?” Toes settling around him. Gracing him with a sharp little squeeze. “You’re mine, Amir.”

“Everything I want. Is that understood?” And now her right foot whispered over the shaft, a silky sole along hot damp skin. “I want you to lick my cunt. Right now. Eat me out. *Deep*. Hands-free.” So he did. Just plunged. Heedless. Stupid. What else could he even do? Tearing trembling little coos and shivers from her. Hands on his hand; feet wound around his cock.

Dragged up and plunging down; again, and again, and again.

“Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. *Good* boy!” He was her dog. He knew it; felt her lean back, *hammer* her hips against his mouth. Graceless and hungry. Purified desire with nothing else; not a single thought but just *consumption*. So it was. Swallowing down the long throbbing strands of bliss stitched through her.

His tongue’s quick flit and flicker; broadened, flattened, dragged between the lips, pushed against her, slathered over her clit. Guided. A perfectly still canvas for her hips’ pumping selfishness. Again, again, again. Wound over him; smeared on his nose, painting his brows, shimmering on his cheeks.

His tongue outstretched; his mouth for her. Fucking him; fucking his face. Skin for her alone. He felt it. Felt every morsel of his humanity being melted down, sluicing away. An idiotic rictus ease with it now. There was nothing else to do.

Surrender. Wet velvet heels around him. Squeezing; pushing; trampling his cock.

“So fucking good. There. T-there. There. My clit; put your tongue on my clit.” So he did. Ground it over her. Felt it pulsate and finally a hot *shriek* rent the air. “D-don't have time for your rubbers. Fuck. There're some in my bag. Keep 'em here.

“I- I just thought you'd need the magnums.” Not the .357 she kept there, also. He was domesticated now. Could've dragged out *that* from her bag, but why? Why bother? Clammy metal when his hands were groping for the rubbers.

A lengthy bundle unrolling; gaudy gold foil. Ostentation for a man with a giant cock. It'd be like diamond-encrusting a tank.

“You're going to be a good boy, then?” She still just sat there, thighs open, dripping and commanding.

“Yes. Yes.” Sylvia's eyes were his center; her body was his universe; her voice his will now. “Yes, I will, Sylvia.”

“Want to fuck me, then? I want it *fast*. Rough. Not gentle and sweet and for hours. I don't have the time for it. 's why I was giving you a little footjob while you ate me out. Look at you. You're a mess.” He was. Soaked with her juices, his own spit. “Put on the rubber and just *bang* me. C'mon.”

So he did. Cracked open the package and rolled the greasy sheath down his cock to the base. Felt himself strain against it. Her eyes swallowed him.

Glasses shivered with light that wheeled around them without any movement at all. It was his body. His reeling drunk stagger to her.

“God, that's gigantic.” Took hold of him. Squeezed. Savored the latex painted taut over him, every bit of the fleshly topography in a lucent relief. And then just ripped him between her thighs. Skewered herself on his cock. No delicacy. No patience. Not gently sinking into her, savoring orgasm toll through her with every deliberate inch.

Just hammered at her cervix. Fuck. He *felt* it; those strange rubbery lips that slathered him with a wicked charring electricity. Inside her. Impossibly fucking *tight*. Even with his fingers, hers, everything, those coils ate him, ground around him, almost snapped him the instant he slid through lust-oiled flesh.

“Good. Good. Move. Move inside me. Hammer me. I want you to make me fucking *come*. Do you know how long it's been since I've had an orgasm from a man's cock? I'll give you a hint: It was my fucking wedding shower, and not with the goddamned groom-to-be. Pound my cervix. I haven't felt **that** for too long.

“Too long.” Her hands, her feet, her body. Everything poured around him. Palms clamped on his shoulders; legs rising up in a smooth quick flash, heels ground against the small of his back. Tasted the rippling sinewy muscle. Clawed at him.

Her eyes weren't any gentler; there was no delusion about that. It was that *he'd* finally felt something harden in himself. Not steeled for this; not reconciled with it. She'd started breaking him around her ideal, in her image.

Sylvia's stare didn't vanish. Just dissolved into feathery lashes beating at his cheeks; vast diabolic black eyes strained closed, sprang open again. Cheeks shaded with a flush spreading like scarlet oil over parchment. Tits shaken with every urgent violent slap of hips against hips.

“Yeah. Yeah. Touch me; fuck me. Rape me! You should just fucking *rape* me! That's how I want it, Amir! Amir. Yeah. Yeah.” Lips on his neck; teeth became fangs, tore at his throat, nipped at his collarbone.

It was the deepest humiliation: He *loved* it. Rejoiced in it while they poured together; while she flooded him. Syrupy juices slopped over him; stained his hips; smothered his balls. Scalded him while they poured in streams down his thighs. Crashing against her. Splitting open her pussy with every new relentless ripping beat against her body.

A hand on her hip; another cup one of her tits, hefted it, let it tremble when he loosed it.

“Don't bruise me, you fucking *beast*. Don't fucking bruise me, dog. Not like that. Shit. Shit. Touch my tits; no! Both of 'em on my ass. Oh, I fucking *hate* having to be gentle! *Tabarnak*, that makes me so fucking **angry**.” A growl that would've had a wolf slinking off with tail tucked between its haunches. “*Osti d'câlisse de tabarnak*, 's so fucking *hot*.”

“You're so big. I want you to just bruise me; I want to be *marked*. Goddammit, that's not fair!” Almost sobbing it now. Arms draped over his shoulders. Rising in his arms; palms cupped her ass, squeezed. Bit into her. Would anyone even *notice*? Tits flattened on his chest, and still more than enough distance to admit a few hours' daylight between them. Her nipples dragged huge whipping runnels through the sweat enameling his chest's thick muscle.

“Goddammit. Yeah. Yeah.” Lifting her; *pumping* her. A fucktoy; that's what she was. Because she'd ordered it. And if she commanded him to do nothing but stand there, upright, erect like a soldier, well, he'd do it, too. “Yeah! Pound me; just **fuck** me!” Squalling, and who gave even the tiniest morsel of a shit about the neighbors?

Roaring at her, also. Battering his hips against her ass, trembling, quavering, thick and plump and *tight*. Lean muscle and soft skin and just a kiss of that delicious feminine fat. Heat. Sweat sluicing over their skin. Spattering over the floor while they writhed together.

“Fuck! Fuck! I wish you could give me the world's *hugest* fucking creampie. Just let it drip out of me for *months*. Goddammit, I wish you could just knock me up.” Sobbing over his shoulder; those long racking tormented gasps, whimpers, wails. Cunt ground around him, squeezing, clutching, kneading.

Milking him.

“Come! Fucking *come* inside me! Right now! I'm- fuck, fuck, fuck, I was just gonna get the orgasms I wanted and go, but I need it. Need that *heat!*” So he did. She was rewiring him; everything torn apart and rearranged exactly as she desired it.

Coming. Not selfish; absolutely selfless. The craving was for more, more. Crush her against the wall; pin her under him. Pump and rut and grind in her 'til she passed out, and then just keep fucking her. But that wasn't what she'd bought.

Swelling up; tearing her in half.

“Oh, Jesus *Christ*, yeah! Yeah! It's... You're even *bigger!* Fuck, I can't stop coming! Amir! Amir! I can't fucking *stop!*” So she didn't. Wet oily heat swarmed over his belly; craning even further against him, arms limp and then crunching around him again.

A lightning bolt pinning him to the floor; groaning, growling, graveling through sexual nonsense with her, *Oh, fuck, god, oh, god, oh, fuck, fuck, god, 's so good, yeah, yeah, more, harder, harder, harder!*

Profane mantras. Sexual psychosis as a catechism. The rubber distorting, filled with a sudden bloom of scalding jism pouring around his cock.

“S-stop! Stop! Stop! No fucking *more!*” That was the time, with any other woman, when he would've

teased; would've just tormented her with *one* more orgasm, one more, one more, anything to prolong that electrocution that beat through every vein and every nerve with each quick thready pulse.

He stopped.

Held her there. Let her climb down, slump onto the cot, glasses not just misted but swamped with sweat, with the massage oil, with *everything* dragged from them. Sylvia's jaw quivered. Lips clasped together. Did she regret it?

“O-oh, that was so fucking *amazing!*” No. No, she did not. Hot husky laughter. “Oh, that was just incredible. I haven't come like that for an *eternity*. I need to go now, though. Wow. Lookit that.” Overstuffed rubber dangling from his cock. Still iron-hard. “You're not even a *little* softer.

“Too *bad* that I can't spend any more time playing, honey.” Rubbery legs still eased her off the cot. Knelt now; kissing down that stout stalk with a long messy spluttering. And the rubber peeled off; taken in her grasp; hefted in her palm. “I think I'll save *this* cocktail for later.” Knotted with a quick birthday balloon ease.

He stood there while she dressed, eased back into her capris and blouse. Tucked fine feet into her sandals and flung the **very** well-filled condom into her purse. A kiss blown from her palm, fingers outstretched at him.

“Don't worry, Amir. At least, stop worrying about anything but making me happy.” Yes. Anything for her. Anything for her.