



Reluctant Press presents:

Career Change

Sally Wild



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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CAREER CHANGE

By Sally Wild

Chapter 1

Mark Frost sighed in frustration as he watched his partner, Rex Hobart, slap the young girl around the head as she cringed, half-naked, on the unmade bed. There was no doubt that the little bitch needed to be broken in to her new life as a whore but Rex always seemed to be so heavy handed when dealing with the silly sluts that had the misfortune to fall into their clutches.

Mark much preferred a more gentle approach to turning the young things they picked up off the streets into cash-generating, sex-selling machines. Alcohol, drugs, a little TLC, no matter how contrived, and most of them fell right into line. Brute force was only necessary in a minority of cases in his humble opinion although he had been known to employ it, particularly if it could be used as an example to the other prostitutes under their less than tender care.

Rex, on the other hand, seemed to prefer using his fists and feet almost immediately. Not that Mark would argue with his partner who was six inches taller than his five foot, eight inch height and outweighed his 150 pounds by at least another 75, all of it muscle. To make things worse, Rex had a violent temper and had put more than one young lady into hospital with his 'tender' ministrations. In fact, the last one had been only a week ago.

There was no doubt that Mark had twice the brain power of Rex and was the main driving force behind their highly profitable business of providing sexy young woman to whoever wanted to pay for their services. But when it came to breaking in new recruits, Rex tolerated no interference from his partner. He may have intuitively known that his violent methods were often counterproductive but he was a sadist at heart and inflicting humiliation and pain caused him great satisfaction. A feeling that he was not prepared to give up just to bolster the bottom line of their joint business.

As if, in his humble opinion, what they were doing was really running a business. Although Mark liked to refer to 'the company', Rex knew that they were just two pimps with a growing stable of whores. And one of the many side benefits of being a pimp was enjoying the merchandise any time and any way that he damn well felt like it. If his little partner didn't like it, too bad!

Grinning at the thought of an entertaining evening stretching out ahead of him, Rex ripped off the girl's bra exposing her plump, young breasts to his lusty stare. "Well, what do we have here? Nice, juicy tits it looks like."

His victim sobbed as she desperately covered her exposed bosom with her trembling arms. A thin trail of blood trailed from her bruised lips and tears had made her mascara run in black streaks down her rouge-covered cheeks. Fear and pain competed for dominance in her panic-stricken brain. Why had she been so stupid to allow herself to be lured into this dreadful position?

Eighteen years of age, and the last two months spent on the streets, you should know better than get yourself in this fix, girl, she chided herself as she struggled to pull out of the sticky quagmire of her useless, terror-driven thoughts. There had to be some way of getting this stupid brute to back off his near-maniacal physical assault on her abused body. It wasn't as if she had never had sex before and if the truth be known, had used it on more than one occasion to get something she wanted. But she had never encountered a near-homicidal lunatic like this Rex person before.

Mark shook his head as he watched the sordid tableau his partner was creating but he knew that there was no way he was going to be able to stop him from carrying out his perverted desires. The best he could do was to stay in the room and make sure that no permanent damage was done to the young woman, Vicky, or whatever her name was supposed to be.

Rex growled deeply as he savored the sight of the stupid hussy quavering in front of him. It was amusing how the little slut was trying to cover up her bountiful boobs as if she had never been naked in front of a man before. *Who the hell did she think she was fooling? There was no doubt that she would really appreciate feeling his large cock sliding into her receptive pussy. Just like that little prig, Mark, although he was shaking his head in a sanctimonious manner, would stick around to watch how a real man treated a whore-in-training. Sometimes he really wondered about his partner!*

Chuckling evilly, Rex reached out and tore the stained, nylon panties off the now squealing girl lying on the bed. She stared at him with horror-filled eyes while desperately trying to cover both her exposed breasts and her naked crotch. It was enough to make his penis snap to attention.

"And what do we have here, a nice, juicy snatch to go with those tits," he laughed happily, his tone deepened and coarsened by the lust generated by the image of helpless terror lying in front of him. "You really shouldn't be such a little tease, Vicky. Lucky for you, I'm just the man to make sure you get the sexual relief you so obviously need. After I'm finished with you, you'll probably find all the johns you are going to be servicing in the future a rather under-endowed bunch. Maybe, if you're really good and beg nicely enough, I'll give you a good screwing once in a while."

Mark couldn't help shaking his head yet again. Where did Rex get this fantastic idea that he was so well hung that all the girls couldn't get enough of him? Having watched him in an action a few times, he knew that just wasn't the case. In fact most of his unwilling bed partners would go to almost any lengths to stay out of his way. Talk about delusional thinking, something that was unfortunately all too common with his partner. If he didn't provide some welcome muscle to their organization, he would have been history long ago. Maybe he should give that idea some more thought, it wouldn't be that hard to recruit somebody to replace an individual with more brawn than brain.

"Stop squirming around on the bed like a violated virgin, Vicky," Rex growled, "we all know you're nothing but a silly street slut who gave up that particular characteristic a long time ago. But feel free to scream all you like, nobody is going to bother us in this apartment building. After all, we own it."

Mark chuckled at Rex's comments. It was indeed true that they owned the small, three-story building that contained eight apartments on the lower two floors while he and his partner occupied the penthouse on the top floor. Their stable of prostitutes lived and plied their profitable trade in the apartments and all were well-enough trained not to worry about any sounds of violence or despair emanating from the penthouse. All in all, it had proven to be a most beneficial deal that he had brokered when he had acquired the building for a reasonable price a few years ago.

Mark's musings were brought to an end when he heard the loud slap of a meaty hand striking soft flesh and the agonized cry that swiftly followed. Looking up he saw Rex gloating down at his victim as she sobbed inconsolably while clutching her already swelling cheek.

"I said stop moving around, you dumb bitch," Rex snarled. "I like it when you scream and cry but you lie still and keep those arms down by your side. Understand, bimbo?"

Shaking in fear, Vicky still managed to nod in acquiescence as she slowly moved her arms down to her side, fully exposing her naked body to her assailant's leering scrutiny. There was no doubt that any thought of resistance had been brutally beaten out of her.

"That's my girl," Rex crowed. "Now, spread your legs like the little slut we all know you are."

Keeping her eyes downcast, Vicky only hesitated a moment before doing as she had been told, fully displaying her hair-covered mound in a totally wanton manner. In spite of her seeming obedience it was obvious to Mark that her body language was loudly proclaiming her objection to being treated like a piece of meat.

Rex, seemingly oblivious to what his partner was observing, smiled vindictively before proclaiming, "A little hairy down there, aren't you, bitch? One of the first things you are going to have to do is shave yourself clean around your pussy. We don't want to put your customers off, do we?"

Vicky didn't answer as she lay there with her legs spread as instructed but her face averted from the burning glare of her tormentor.

"Answer me, you silly cow," Rex demanded with a hard edge to his voice.

"Y...yes," Vicky stuttered in a subdued tone as the threat of further aggravating him became apparent to her.

"Make that, yes sir, whatever you say, sir," Rex chortled as he thrilled to her increasingly obsequious manner.

"Yes, sir, whatever you say, sir," Vicky parroted as she quickly picked up on the fact that she could mollify him by doing whatever he demanded of her - a small price to pay if it kept him from beating her any further.

"That's a good, little slut," Rex crowed with satisfaction. "I'm glad to see that you aren't entirely stupid. I think you will prove to be a wench who knows what side her bread is buttered on, isn't that right, girlie?"

"Yes, sir, whatever you say, sir," Vicky trilled obediently.

"Very good, whore; now start using your finger to pleasure yourself and I want to hear some serious, sensual moaning while you're doing it."

Vicky couldn't help giving a gasp of dismay at Rex's latest perverted demand and looked at Mark with beseeching eyes in a vain attempt to get him to step in and stop his partner's demeaning games. His only response was an indifferent smile while her tormentor raised his large hand in an unmistakable threat that he was going to hit her once again.

Swallowing the last of her severely diminished pride, Vicky cried out, "Yes, sir, whatever you say, sir" as she hurriedly moved her right hand over her vagina and began to stroke her clitoris. Much to her surprise, she was already moist down there. It seemed that her treacherous body wasn't hating this whole degrading experience as much as she would like to believe.

"That's better, bitch," Rex growled. "Now insert some of those fingers and don't forget to give me some nice moans of excitement. I can see that you like this more than you're letting on."

Slowly sliding a finger into her wet, love channel, Vicky began to moan in a low, guttural tone. Although she told herself it was only to keep Rex happy, she knew deep down that she was also doing it because a growing warmth was beginning to radiate out from her groin. A warmth that was rapidly becoming a hot, explosive force that would turn into a mind-blowing orgasm if she didn't stop - but stopping wasn't really an option so she closed her eyes and threw her inhibitions to the winds, moaning with glorious abandon.

"That's my little whore," Rex exclaimed happily as he watched her writhing in pleasure on the bed. Turning to Mark, he exclaimed, "I think we've got a hot one here, partner."

Mark nodded expressionlessly. In spite of his earlier doubts, he was starting to find the whole breaking-in session for Vicky a serious turn-on. It was obvious that she was more than capable of looking after herself. It was definitely time to leave and let Rex do his thing.

Pushing himself up from the chair, he gave his partner a hard look. "Make sure you don't damage the merchandise! It looks as if little Vicky will be more than willing to do exactly as you say and she is going to be a fine addition to our company line-up, and the sooner the better, if you get my drift."

Rex licked his lips with a flicking tongue and grunted, "Don't worry about anything, man. Everything will be fine."

Mark stood still for a few seconds as he re-evaluated the situation. It was only when Rex rapidly pulled off his clothes exposing his already throbbing penis and Vicky began to spasm in the throes of an obvious orgasm that he began to move towards the bedroom door. There was no longer any doubt in his mind that he need worry about the young woman being needlessly brutalized by his overzealous partner. By the looks of things, she would be happily servicing customers tomorrow evening. And there were more productive ways he could be spending his time than watching two randy individuals doing what came naturally.

He had barely closed the bedroom door when he heard a small sound behind him. Whirling around, he found himself looking into the implacable blue eyes of a blond, well-built man who stood about 5 feet, 10 inches tall. Dressed all in black, he radiated a hard, almost sinister air that was only compounded by the thin smile on his tanned face.

"What the hell are you doing in here," Mark blurted out. There was no way that anybody should have broken into the penthouse without triggering the sophisticated alarm system he had installed at great cost.

The smile broadened as the stranger replied in a deep, even voice, "I've come for you, Mark - and to deal with your friend, Rex."

Mark stared aghast at the apparition in front of him and began to bluster in a loud enough voice to alert Rex but before he could get more than two words out he was hit in the stomach and his breath whistled out of him as he doubled up in pain. Fighting to regain his ability to suck in some life-sustaining air he could only stumble back through the bedroom door as his arm was seized in a strong grip by the man in black who had turned the door's knob with his other hand.

As they both entered the room it was obvious that Rex had heard nothing of the confrontation as he was lying atop Vicky and enthusiastically thrusting away between her parted legs. Something that wasn't entirely disagreeable to her by the sounds of the wanton moans she was making while responding to the rhythm of his movements.

"Rex," the man called out while Mark struggled weakly in his grasp while still trying to overcome the effects of the violent blow to his stomach.

"What the hell," Rex exclaimed as he suddenly realized what was going on and stopped his activity in mid-thrust. Not being the swiftest thinker made him stare with a gaping mouth at the unexpected spectacle being offered by the stranger and his partner.

Mark could only watch helplessly as both Rex and Vicky turned towards the pair standing in the door, their faces mirroring the uncomprehending stupefaction caused by the abrupt interruption to their lusty coupling. Vicky gave a small cry of intense embarrassment and tried to cover her glistening breasts with her hands while Rex tried to untangle himself from her long legs.

In seconds, although it felt like long minutes to Mark, Rex had succeeded in gaining his feet and stood facing them, his rapidly deflating penis swinging impotently between his thighs while Vicky frantically tried to cover herself with one of the sheets on the bed.

In spite of his nudity, Rex growled threateningly as he took a step toward the man in black who still grasped a wheezing Mark by the arm. "I don't know what you are doing here but you are going to be one sorry, little man," he stated as he took a second step forward.

An enigmatic smile flitted across the stranger lips as he replied flatly, "Oh, I don't think so, Rex. I'm afraid you've been a real swine for too long and it's time for you to pay for your sins."

A flicker of fear appeared in Rex's eyes but rapidly disappeared as he took a moment to assess the unknown intruder. It was obvious that he was taller and heavier than the blond man and in his experience he could use this to his advantage. Years of bullying others who were smaller than himself had given him a strong confidence in his ability to act as thuggishly as he wished without worrying about the consequences. There didn't appear to be any reason that this wouldn't prove to be the case in these particular circumstances.

Balling his large hands into two ham-like fists he bellowed in rage and started to run towards his adversary in the certain knowledge that he would quickly overwhelm him. Watching Rex quickly closing with them, Mark cringed in an attempt to avoid the inevitable collision.

In contrast the smile never left the stranger's face as he used his free hand to pull a pistol from his shoulder holster. Before Rex could even stop his headlong charge, the muted sound of two silenced shots reached Mark's ears. More disturbingly the back of Rex's head seemed to blow out in a mist of blood and grey matter as he went down like a pole-axed ox.

Vicky screamed in abject terror as Mark's sphincter clenched in an involuntary spasm as he fought to keep from soiling himself. The crash of Rex's body hitting the floor a few feet in front of him did little to reassure him that this situation was going to work out well.

The assassin, as Mark now thought of him, allowed his captive to drop to his knees where he fought to keep from retching at the sight of his former partner lying in a growing pool of gore. His sightless eyes seemed to be focused accusingly on him.

"Well, that's Rex taken care of," the man drawled calmly. "Now, it's your turn Mark!"

"God, no," Mark babbled in almost incoherent terror. "Please, don't kill me. I'll pay you; I'll do anything you want."

"I'm sure you would but I've got my instructions. Nothing personal but that's the way it goes. Life can be a real bear!"

Tears streamed down Mark's cheeks as he knelt on the floor looking up at the man who was going to kill him. A rising tide of panic choked off any further words as the man reached down towards him.

Chapter 2

Mark felt his bladder give way as the hand moved closer. His mind was so traumatized that he wasn't even aware of the stream of warm urine that gushed down over his thighs

soaking the front of the pants he was wearing. All he could do was blubber helplessly as he waited for certain death.

Instead the hand grasped the collar of his shirt and pulled him effortlessly to a standing position so that the pistol was pressed against his forehead. Mark's eyes almost crossed trying to keep track of the barrel.

"Take off your clothes, Mark," the cold-eyed stranger commanded.

"What, what do you want me to do," Mark stuttered in shock.

"You heard me, now do as you've been told – unless you want to end up like your ex-partner!"

"Yes, yes, anything," Mark cried in abject fear - a fear so great that he didn't even stop to question the strange request being made by the heartless assassin who obviously wouldn't hesitate to do exactly what he was threatening to do. He just knew that he would do anything to prolong his life by another minute, no matter how depraved the order.

The blond stranger stepped back and allowed him to quickly strip off his shirt, shoes and wet pants. It was only when he was standing there in his underwear and socks that Mark began to hesitate even momentarily.

"Everything, Mark," the man growled with a threatening motion of the pistol.

Eyes fixed on the weapon, Mark did exactly as he was told and seconds later he was standing there without a stitch of clothing on, hands held protectively over his crotch as he trembled uncontrollably from the terror that was still coursing through his body. An emotion that only grew stronger as his eyes strayed over to the sight of Rex's body lying motionless on the floor.

The man in black smiled coldly and pulled a small communication handset out of one of his pockets. "All clear, come on in and help pick up the cargo."

Mark's eyes flit from the amused smile on the assassin's face, to the bloody body on the floor and the shaking form of Vicky under the sheet on the bed. She had only peered out long enough to see Rex go down in a crumpled heap before covering herself completely with the bedding and hadn't dared to even peek out since.

In minutes, although it seemed like hours to Mark, several people entered the bedroom. Both were women, also dressed completely in black clothing. One was a blonde and the other a brunette and both of them filled out their tight, form-fitting slacks and turtle-neck sweaters very nicely. Not that Mark was really in a position to appreciate such facts. The blonde was pulling a large upright trunk resting on a set of small wheels.

Before he could respond, Mark felt his arms being pulled back behind his back and the distinctive click of a pair of handcuffs being fastened around his wrists by the brunette. He opened his mouth to protest but a ball gag was forced into his mouth cutting off anything he was going to say. As its straps were roughly tightened off behind his head, he felt his ankles being tied together with a short length of rope.

"There you go, dog-breath," the blonde muttered as she stood up. "Let's get him into the trunk."

Seconds latter, Mark found himself sandwiched helplessly into the trunk inside of which a foam cutout fit tightly around his immobilized body. The lid was pushed shut and he found himself totally in the dark, barely able to hear anything other than the rapid beating of his racing heart.

After several minutes of what he thought was a muted conversation, he felt the trunk begin to move slowly forward the wheels sending faint rumbling noises to his ears. A falling sensation convinced him that he was being taken to the basement parking area via the building's small elevator. A fact that was confirmed by a loud bump and bang as he and the trunk were loaded into some sort of vehicle.

He lost track of time as there was only an occasional indication that he was being transported somewhere. The implications of what might happen to him kept threatening to overburden his whirling brain. Who was doing this to him? Where were they taking him? Was he going to be killed, like Rex? If not, then what were they going to do to him? His mind threatened to shut down entirely as the same questions repeated themselves endlessly inside his head.

Eventually all sounds and motions, no matter how faint, ceased and he began to fret even more. A small whimper escaped his gagged mouth as he began to speculate on the significance of the vehicle having stopped. Had they reached their destination or was the pause temporary? If they had stopped because they had reached their destination would his fate soon become clear?

Mark wasn't left in suspense for too long. The sound of the trunk being wheeled forward and a dull thud announced the fact that it was being moved out of the vehicle. In spite of the fact that it had become stiflingly hot in the soft foam cocoon he found himself incased in, Mark began to dread the opening of the trunk lid. He was convinced that no matter how uncomfortable he was, his situation was only going to become much worse.

Not that he could influence matters one way or the other. He was securely bound, gagged and naked not to mention locked in a trunk. The only thing he could do was think and his panic induced thoughts were not allowing him to do that coherently. All he could imagine was coming to some grisly end like Rex and maybe not even a quick, clean death but something much more evil and lingering. Why else would he have been moved out of the penthouse and driven away? What had he ever done to deserve this?

A slight rocking motion and the faint sound of the wheels indicated that his personal container was on the move again. He fought off his overwhelming terror so that he could try and decipher what was happening. He couldn't be certain but it sounded as if he was being pushed along some sort of corridor or hallway.

Suddenly the trunk tilted forward slightly and the wheels seemed to clatter and bang in a more strident manner as he was bumped along. Stairs, they were going down some stairs he thought triumphantly. I'm sure that's what is going on. But why are we going down into some basement or underground? I don't like that idea at all.

Finally all sensations of movement ceased and the lid of the upright trunk was popped open and Mark was eased out of the container and dropped on the floor. Before he could ascertain what was going on, the trunk was wheeled out and the room's door slammed shut with a solid thump.

Mark lay squirming on the rough concrete floor as he tried to maneuver himself into a more comfortable sitting position. It was pitch-dark so he couldn't even see how large the room was but he knew it was cold and disturbingly quiet which indicated that he was below ground and the walls and door were strong and thick. Not that he could do anything while he was handcuffed and tied, not to mention naked. There was no doubt that he would be sitting there until someone came to let him out. If they ever did, maybe they were just going to let him die in this awful place.

Mark moaned in fear as dire thoughts darted around in his mind like a demented flock of birds. How could someone just leave him here to die? Or were they just softening him up before the real misery began?

It wasn't long before more pressing matters began to make themselves known. It was cold and he was wearing nothing. Shivers began to run up and down his trussed body while his body began to ache from being secured in one position for too long. Even the drool that had been running out from behind the ball gag began to dry up as his thirst started to become more and more acute.

A growing sense of despondency started to overwhelm what little resolve he had left, not that he had ever considered himself a truly brave man in the first place. He had been more than happy to project a sense of bravado as long as he held the upper hand but when the going got tough he wasn't the type to stand up and be counted. He was too busy trying to find the exit.

Mental and physical exhaustion eventually overcame him and despite his growing discomfort he drifted off into a fitful sleep - one that was dominated by terrible nightmares so that he woke often before blubbering himself back into another restless doze.

Chapter 3

Mark lost track of how long he lay there in the all encompassing darkness - a darkness so deep that he had absolutely no idea of anything around him. His only link with reality was the ever present cold and discomfort that sank remorselessly deeper into his bones. That and a raging thirst that made him pray for someone, anyone, to come and release him from this living hell - even if that release led to even greater pain and misery.

Finally his prayers seemed to be answered as the door swung open causing him to blink his eyes frantically as a swath of light swept across the room. A figure was silhouetted in the doorway but he couldn't make out any details as he desperately tried to adjust to an environment not completely dominated by a dense darkness.

Almost immediately his hopes were dashed as the figure gave a low chuckle at his disheveled appearance and slammed the door shut without saying a word. Mark screamed into his gag but his protest died as a muted whimper. Tears of frustration leaked slowly down his cheeks until he wasn't capable of producing any more.

Then the whole demoralizing cycle began again. Crushing darkness, remorseless cold and constant thirst tore away at his male psyche and pride until he was reduced to a malleable lump of sorry humanity. Someone who would do anything to get out of the hellhole he found himself incarcerated in with no hope of ever leaving without assistance.

He now knew that he would do whatever was required to receive that help, anything no matter how demoralizing or humiliating, and yes, even painful. There could be nothing that would be worse than what he was suffering now.

The door being flung open and then quickly shut again happened another three times. Mark had no idea how long the intervals were between these occurrences. He just knew that his hopes rose rapidly each time only to be as swiftly smashed back into the depths of despair. A cycle that took him further down into a bottomless pit of despondency each time it happened.

He had almost passed the point of not caring when the door opened for a fourth time. This time he didn't even look up with hope flaring in his sunken eyes as he had done on the previous occasions. Instead he remained curled up on the floor in an almost comatose state.

He was barely aware of the fact that the door didn't just slam shut again almost immediately. Footsteps echoed on the hard floor as someone approached and then he felt hands untying the rope that secured his ankles and even more blessedly removing the hateful ball gag from his mouth. He moaned half coherently as his unknown benefactor allowed him a few sips of cool water from a small cup.

His eyes finally fluttered open as the door slammed shut. But this time the lights remained on and he could see the small, dank room in which he was confined. Cursing himself for being too slow to see who had just given him at least a modicum of comfort, Mark looked around him with renewed interest.

It was as he had ascertained earlier - a cell with an unyielding concrete floor, cinder block walls with no windows and a sturdy metal door as the only entrance. Slowly clambering to his feet, he allowed himself to feel the small satisfaction of being able to move around after being immobilized for so long although his hands were still secured behind his back. His body screamed in protest as he took small, shuffling steps to work out some of the aches and pains that had accumulated as a result of lying on the floor for countless hours.

One circuit of the small room was enough to convince him that his original assessment that he wouldn't be leaving without assistance was a definite fact. Although he felt slightly better physically, it was still a still a major blow to his rather forlorn hope that he might escape without further damage. Now he knew he was going to have to undergo any trials and tribulations that his captors felt like inflicting upon him. He was completely helpless.

It wasn't long before he stopped his useless pacing and slumped dejectedly into a corner. Even if he now had light and the ability to walk, it was obvious that he was no closer to escaping this hell-hole. And to make matters worse, the sweet taste of the water on his tongue was but a distant memory as his thirst returned more fiercely than ever.

Mark once again lost track of time. The unblinking light was no more helpful in letting him gauge the passing minutes than the unrelenting darkness had been. He had no idea of how long it had been since he was taken from his luxurious apartment. His physical discomfort became the only thing he could think about, his mind spinning endlessly over how cold he was, how thirsty and hungry he was and how his body ached unceasingly.

Despair, all encompassing in its severity, started to push him into an almost catatonic state. There didn't seem to be any point in worrying about anything. It was obvious that he was just going to be left here to die. He began to sob helplessly as he surrendered all hope and drifted off into an uneasy slumber.

Chapter 4

A fitful sleep that was brought to a jarring end by the sound of the door slamming open, causing him to blink his eyes open and to gasp in startled surprise. Hope fluttered weakly in his chest as he recognized the blonde woman who he had last seen in his apartment. She was still dressed in a pair of black pants and a long-sleeved, turtle-neck sweater and had a patronizing smile plastered across her attractive face.

Gazing down at his huddled form she stated in a tone usually reserved by an adult for speaking with small children, "Are you ready for the next step, dearest?"

Mark could only stare at her with an open-mouthed look of bemusement as he wondered what she was talking about.

"Come on, girly," the blonde demanded tartly. "Are you ready to come with me or shall I leave you here to stew in your own toxic juices for a few more days?"

Mark could hardly believe his ears. She was asking if he was willing to leave this hell-hole. Of course he was ready! He would do anything to get out of here.

"I guess you aren't interested," she shrugged nonchalantly as she turned to go.

Mark suddenly realized he hadn't responded to her question and panic flared in him as it rapidly became apparent she was going to leave.

"No, no, wait, please, don't go," he rasped through his dry lips. "I'm ready to come."

She turned back to him with a wolfish grin, "So you think you're ready do you? Let me hear you say 'Please, mistress. Let this poor, useless slut come with you. She will do anything you ask of her' and I will consider your request."

Mark didn't hesitate; he immediately parroted back her demeaning words, "Please, mistress. Let this poor, useless slut come with you. She will do anything you ask of her."

The blonde gave him a condescending smirk, "Not a bad start, bitch. Now move over here on your knees and kiss my feet as a sign that you truly understand the depth of the commitment needed to get out of your little room."

Choking back a sob of humiliation, Mark still hastened to carry out her callous order. He had already come to terms with the fact that he would do anything necessary to leave this cold, miserable cell. Pursing his lips he placed hasty kisses on the black boots she was wearing.

"Even better, girly," the blonde chuckled evilly. "I think we are going to get along just fine as long as you remember your place. Do you think you can do that wench?"

Mark couldn't fathom why she kept referring to him as a female but there was no way that he was going to question her motives. There was no doubt in his mind that she could

call him anything she wanted as long as he was allowed to leave the foul room he had been incarcerated in for so long.

"Yes, mistress," he responded sincerely in response to her question.

"Right again, what a clever little sissy you are," the blonde purred with an enigmatic smile. "I like your new attitude, girl. Make sure you don't lose it and we will get along extremely well. But any macho nonsense and you will be back in this room so fast you will be moving at the speed of light. Understand?"

Mark looked up at her with a quivering lower lip and replied, "Anything you say, mistress. I'll do anything to get out of this hateful room!"

"What a surprise. You really are a pitiful sissy aren't you? I thought you'd be more of a challenge than you're proving to be, at least so far," the blonde stated flatly. "However, the worm could turn yet and then won't I have some fun. Get on your feet and follow me, slut."

Mark was more than happy to comply and tottered to his feet as quickly as his trembling legs would allow. The fact that his hands were still secured behind his back made him slow and clumsy but the blonde only gave him a patronizing look until he managed to get into an upright position.

"You have about as much grace as a waddling dog with a great, fat belly and extremely stubby legs," she snorted in disgust. "You might be more of a challenge than I thought. Come on!"

Mark staggered along behind her as they exited the dreaded room and found they were in a long hallway with various doors situated along its length. His guide took him past several of these doors before stopping and opening one. "Get in here."

For one dreadful moment, Mark thought she might be putting him back into another dank cell. He wouldn't put it past his captors to play such an evil mind-game with him. The very thought of being back in exactly the same position after he had thought he was escaping from his miserable confinement would be enough to smash him down even further into the depths of despair.

A squeak of relief escaped his chapped lips as he saw it was a small bedroom. Spartan with no windows but there was white carpet on the floor, a small bed with a bedside table and a dresser and vanity along one wall. Light was provided by an overhead fixture and a small lamp on the bedside table. Two doors, one obviously a closet, were set into the far wall. And best of all it was warm.

"Come on, wench," the blonde snapped as Mark stopped in the doorway to examine his new surroundings. "We haven't got all day, or at least I don't. Get your sorry butt over here."

"Yes, mistress," Mark sniveled, still breathing a sigh of relief that he hadn't been marched back into another bare room. He struggled over to stand in front of her.

"Now it's going to be test time, sissy," she grunted with an amused gleam in her eyes. "Do well and you get to stay here in this room. Screw up and it's back to your old accommodation for an unspecified amount of time. Understand?"

"Yes, mistress," Mark stated with an anxious look on his dirty face. There was no way that he wanted to fail whatever test she had in mind. Any more time in the cell was not an option!

"Don't be so scared, girlie," the blonde snickered. "All you have to do to pass the test is do exactly as you are told without any backtalk or the slightest sign of macho behavior. If you can do that you will be fine. Got it?"

"Yes, mistress," Mark bleated yet again. There was no doubt that he knew the title she had assigned to herself.

"All right then. Turn around and let me take those handcuffs off. Just remember to behave. If you don't then you will be one sorry slut. I'm sure you don't want to meet the man who dealt with your partner and you will if you step out of line."

Mark gulped nervously at the mention of the cold blooded killer who had shot Rex. There was definitely no way that he wanted to ever see that particular individual again. Trembling in suppressed fear, he quickly turned around so his new mistress could release him from his bondage.

As he heard the click of the cuffs being released, he wondered for a split second if he should use his new found freedom to attack the blonde and try to make his escape. A thought that died as quickly as it appeared. The vision of Rex's head exploding was all he could think about so any tentative thoughts of rushing from the room in an attempt to flee were stillborn.

Later, as he had a little more time to reflect, he would count his blessings that he hadn't tried anything. It would have been a purely reflexive action as he had no idea of where he was or what potential obstacles would bar his way before he could break away from his captors. Not to mention that he was naked and weak from being confined for what felt like days.

"That's a good girl," the blonde said as she noted his trembling acceptance of whatever fate was going to bring his way next. "It would really have been stupid to have tried anything."

Mark shuddered at her words, was she some sort of mind reader? He had barely thought of resisting what was happening to him and somehow she had picked up on it. There was little doubt that he would have to be extremely cautious around her.

Giving him a little push, she directed him to the closed door on his left. "That's the bathroom in there. Move your sissy butt and get in there."

Moving more confidently now that his hands were free, Mark quickly opened the door and entered the room she had indicated. It was small but sparkingly clean and there was a toilet, sink and shower stall.

"Stand still for a minute," the blonde commanded as she put some latex gloves on and proceeded to cover him from the neck down with a pink gel. "Before you have a shower we need to get rid of that gross body hair, not that you have that much of it but dainty sissy girls don't have any!"

Mark stood there in quiet acquiescence even though her cutting remarks and the threatened loss of his masculine body hair cut him deeply. He just couldn't get past the

image of Rex's gruesome end or the thought of being thrown back into the pitiful cell he had just escaped.

Several minutes after finishing slathering the cream all over his body, the blonde told him to get in the shower and to make sure he washed himself thoroughly including the only hair he would have left, the long red tresses on top of his head. For some reason he felt inordinately grateful that at least he had managed to retain those, they were after all one of his few indulgences to his physical appearance. He knew he wasn't particularly large or strong and his features couldn't be described as the chiseled-look of the manly movie star so he compensated by having well groomed, almost shoulder length, naturally auburn hair.

Scrambling into the shower after turning on the water, Mark took the opportunity to take a mouthful of water to ease his excruciating thirst. Even though it was already warm it still tasted like the nectar of the gods.

"Stop mucking around in there and start cleaning yourself up," the blonde demanded. "There's soap and a washcloth for your body and shampoo for your hair. Get on with it."

"Yes, mistress," Mark mumbled back as he quickly followed her orders. He would get something else to drink as soon as possible but there was no need to antagonize her. He had already come up with the tentative plan that he would go along with anything demanded of him until he could think things through.

All too soon, he was watching the remnants of his body hair swirling away down through the drain hole of the shower. But he felt a hundred percent better as he had managed to scrub off the grime that had accumulated over his body and in his hair while he soaked up the heat from the hot water. He had even managed to gulp a few more mouthfuls of water as he did his ablutions.

"All right, girly, rinse off and get out of there before I send someone in to put a cattle prod up your sissy ass," the blonde called out with more than a touch of annoyance in her voice.

"Yes, mistress," Mark called out as he hurriedly rinsed the last of the shampoo out of his long hair. There was no doubt in his mind that she would do exactly as she was threatening to do and probably take an inordinate amount of pleasure in doing so.

Seconds later he was standing on a bath mat using a towel to dry himself, patting, not rubbing as he had been ordered by his vengeful tormentor.

"Now put some of this moisturizing cream on and be generous," she commanded. "You will have to take better care of your skin. That's it, work it in well."

Mark couldn't help noticing that the cream had a definite floral scent, jasmine or something like that he thought. But it did feel really nice and his abused body seemed to be sucking it up like a sponge.

"Ok, one last thing before you snuggle down in your bed for a bit of sleep," the blonde announced as she told him to go out and sit at the vanity in the bedroom. Mark rapidly complied as the very mention of getting into a bed made him realize how exhausted he felt.