

# My \$1,000,000,000.00 Mistake

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*I just kept calling her mama and she kissed my lips with a funny look on her face.*

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## MY \$1,000,000,000.00 MISTAKE

I can laugh about it now because I am no longer behind bars. In fact, my experience as a 19 year old incarcerated female offender has made me a better person even though I have been subjected to close physical stuff with other females. I had never suspected such things existed in my Catholic schoolgirl upbringing. Even in the girl scouts, I didn't get very close to any of the other girls although I knew some of my friends were real friendly with each other.

A couple of the guards were hard on me because I was such an easy target. I guess I kind of expected everyone to treat me nice because despite evidence to the contrary, I was a totally innocent girl. Well, at least innocent of stealing a Billion dollars from my boss.

One guard in particular a real tough older woman with muscular arms and legs called Rosie made my life a living hell the entire time I was in prison. She was always singling me out for a "quick frisk" and sometimes even did "cavity" searches in front of the other laughing and cat-calling prisoners. It was so mortifying that I prayed she was too busy to bother with me each and every day.

Of course, Rosie did everything according to the book and I knew better than to complain about my treatment.

My cellmate was a Hispanic girl called Rita. I think her real name was Margarita but she liked Rita better. She let me know who was boss the very first night when I had to follow her instructions and carefully massage her back and legs. She broke me in kind of gentle and I was not licking her pussy

until about the second week we were together. By that time, I had lost all my resistance to her dominance and even found I liked the submissive role inside our small cell. She never really hurt me except for a little bit of nipple twisting and some subdued spanking of my tender ass cheeks. We had to be sort of quiet because the staff was cautioned to prevent inmate relations inside the little cells. They tended to look the other way in the dark corners of the yard and even in the library and the showers.

My mom came to visit me every Thursday and I never told her anything about what Rita made me do at night or how Rosie treated me so bad just to see the tears form in the corners of my eyes. She told me that my lawyer was working hard to prove my innocence. I was a bit disbelieving because the last time I saw the little prick from Brooklyn he was asking for more money and telling me it was best to “cop a plea”.

The jerk was even talking about “restitution” like I had hidden the missing billion dollars somewhere like in the Cayman Islands. Believe me, if I had taken the money, I wouldn’t be sitting in a jail cell in New York City. No, I would be sunning myself in a country with no extradition agreement with the United States. My mom reassured me my room was still the same and she couldn’t wait until I got out of this “terrible place” and back in my old familiar routine.

I wanted to write down the circumstances of my unfortunate situation but was afraid it might be used against me as some kind of evidence even if I really hadn’t done anything wrong. My suspicion was that my first mistake was in being too quick to get on my knees in the supply closet for Mr. Ames my immediate supervisor in the communications department. It was pretty much all females in the section except for Mr. Ames and his flunky the very old Mr. Sneebody. I once caught the perverted Sneebody watching me blow Mr. Ames from behind the file cabinets. I think he was jerking himself off or at least fooling around with his tiny little cock.

Pretty much all the girls got down on their knees for Mr. Ames. He was the one who recommended our raises and gave us our paychecks on Friday at 5PM each week. I had met his wife at the company picnic the previous year and she was a small thin woman with a nervous tic in one of her eyes. I could understand why poor Mr. Ames took his pleasure with the half dozen females working under him in the communications department. No one seemed to mind and since we outnumbered him 6 to 1 it wasn’t like any one of us was overburdened with his demands.

I kind of liked giving Mr. Ames blow-jobs. He was always very appreciative and acted like a gentleman at all times. He always had a hanky ready to wipe up the traces of his copious loads. I think I was the only girl that managed to swallow it all down and he was quite happy with my performance. I asked all the other girls and none of us had ever been asked to spread her legs for his cock. I think he did not consider the oral manipulations as being “real sex” but just good exercise to keep his cock in perfect running order.

Now that I think about it, I realized that we girls processed hundreds of millions and even billions of buy and sell orders every day. Sometimes mistakes were made but it kind of all balanced out with the plus and minus column at the end of the week. Up until the billion dollar incident, my biggest boo-boo

was with a buy order that lost a client \$32,000. But the very next day, I made the same client whole again with a forgotten sell order that saved him \$155,000. Needless to say, there was no complaint.

Then, some jerk in Ecuador, a brand new account noticed his statement was short exactly one billion American dollars at the end of the month. Since it was my responsibility to balance the account, I reviewed it not once but several times. I had to admit I had no idea where the billion dollars disappeared to. It was really humiliating to be removed from the building in handcuffs and taken to the jail without any chance to even call my mother.

The lawyer for the firm told me it was “out of his hands”. My own lawyer even told me that everything pointed to me as the culprit. I had plenty of time to rehash everything in my mind watching time slip by in the dirty little jail.

Just before the holidays, I was flat on my tummy in bed in the darkened cell being poked rather nicely in the back of my wet vagina by Rita’s oversized clitoris when a thought flashed into my totally relaxed brain.

“What if the beginning balance was not correct when the account was opened?”

I had triple-checked every transaction while the account was in my voucher book but I had no control over the initial deposit amount and in fact had no idea who was responsible for verifying the opening balance. I remembered Mr. Ames telling me that Sneebody’s niece got a big commission for finding the account at a broker’s conference in Bermuda. I had never met Sneebody’s niece but if she was anything like him I hoped I never did. Suddenly, I remembered it was Sneebody who gave me the voucher book and I thought that was odd because it was usually Mr. Ames who delivered them directly from the safe on the top floor. The more I thought about it, the more suspicious it seemed to me.

I was so excited that I started to bounce on the bed and make little happy noises. Rita was certain her love-making skills were making me into her prime bitch and squeezed my ass cheeks in appreciation for my pushing her into a saliva drooling orgasm.

It was true that Rita did know exactly which buttons to push with me. She had spent the last 3 months studying every nuance of my female folds and cavities. To be perfectly honest, I didn’t mind at all. Rita was helping to keep me sane in this impossible situation. When I was thinking about her, I was not thinking about the terrible Mrs. Rosie or my prick of a lawyer.

I had to go to Rosie to ask permission to use the phone. She glared at me over the bridge of her black horn-rimmed glasses and whacked her little “persuader” into her palm with a meaty sound.

I tried my best to look unconcerned and matter of fact, but inside my guts were churning like a washing machine stuck on spin.

“Favor? You come to me for a favor, little miss stuck-up bitch?”

“Please, Mrs. Rosie, I promise to be a good girl and make it up to you if you just let me make one call.”

She looked at me and patted her hair up in an old fashioned bun.

“Come follow me to the Guard office and keep your mouth shut!”

I walked behind Rosie all the way into the secured office with the two-way mirror windows which were also shatterproof. She handed me a cell phone and told me,

“I can get in trouble for this so you better make me feel good after this call”

I was so happy to have the opportunity to call the number of the guy who offered to help me at the Exchange Commission that I took it without thinking of the consequences. It took me only about 4 minutes to relay my suspicions to the guy who told me he was recording the call. He told me they would be back to me after they investigated the opening of the complaining account.

When I gave the phone back to Rosie, I saw she was smiling. I thought it was about my conversation, but she had no interest in that at all. Rosie only had one thing in mind and when she lifted her skirt, I knew exactly what that was. For a middle-aged broad, she sure had a nice pair of undies and her pussy scent was a very high-priced import from Paris, France. I thought she was going to be rough with me like she always was but she just stroked my hair and told me,

“Take care of me nice, little miss muffin. I have a daughter your age and I wouldn’t mind if you called me “mama” when you do it.”

I spent the next 15 minutes “taking care” of all of Rosie’s needs and it turned out to be a very satisfying experience for me. I discovered that Rosie was not mean at all and all she wanted was a little bit of love just like everyone else in this God forsaken place. I had to suck her nipples which kind of made me feel real funny but when I saw how happy it made her feel, I just kept calling her “mama” and she kissed my face all over with a funny look on her face. I think the whole time she was just hiding the deep feelings she had for me from the first moment we met about three months ago.

When we came out of the office, I saw some of the other girls looking at us thinking that I had really gotten my ass kicked inside. I even limped a little bit and pretended to be dazed to solidify that impression. Rosie smiled at me in recognition of my subterfuge and did nothing to indicate otherwise.

“Did she hurt you?”

Rita’s question shook me out of my feeling of euphoria and brought me back to earth. It was far too early to be celebrating just yet.

But I licked my cellmate Rita’s pretty little pussy that night thinking that things were certainly looking

up at long last.