



# Let Her Eat Cake

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*A young woman goes on a roller coaster ride of debauchery.*

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1 Week Before the Masquerade "That can't be your best line. What is it really?" Hector asked his new recruiting partner. "It is, I swear. Women love hearing things like that. Some of them laugh, but they still like it," Jonas answered, while parking their black SUV. "Whatever, man," Hector chuckled and continued. "I wouldn't tell you what my best line is either... But it's not even about the lines with me anyway." Both men flipped the SUV's sun visors down, slid the mirrors open and made sure their nose and teeth were free of any debris. Jonas popped a mint in his mouth and offered one to Hector, who declined in favor of his own brand. They exited the vehicle and walked around to meet each other at the back of the SUV. "I'm feeling good about this mall, Hector. Loser picks up the bar tab tonight?" Jonas propositioned, while making sure his snug, navy blue polo shirt was tucked into his jeans evenly, showing off his athletic build. "I'll take that bet. They want a white-girl, right? That's why you're number one. They always want white-girls. You're like catnip for the pigment impaired ones," Hector said to the six foot, blonde haired, blue eyed Jonas. Jonas laughed and said. "Come on man, like the white-girls don't go for your shaved head, chocolate milk, half black half whatever else you are ass." "Dominican and German," Hector said, as the pair began to walk toward the mall. "Oh, that's right. You can speak Spanish. You can play that whole Latin lover, papi chulo, Ricky Ricardo angle." Hector laughed and said. "Come on man, angles? I heard you told a woman you were that Swedish vampire from that TV show once. Heard it worked though." "They tend to leave out the fact that she was so drunk she was actually calling me by the Swedish vampire's name in the show." Hector turned his head to look up at Jonas and asked, "Did you bite her ass?" "No, but she bit my nipple mid-fuck! I damn near lost my hard-on." The pair stopped bullshitting as they entered the mall and walked over to the first directory they saw. "Do you know who the VIPs are this time?" Hector asked. "It's the biggie... Have you worked the masquerade before?" Jonas said, as he made a mental note of what side of the mall had all the higher-end stores. "No shit? We get that?" "That depends, killer. Let's go get the finest white-girl we can find in this yuppy ass mall." They switched on the battery packs to their tape recorders and made sure the tiny microphones were still taped securely to their chests. Hector flipped a coin for 'who got the food court' and the two went their separate ways. Jonas bought a bottle of water and began to stroll down the walkway, pausing every twenty yards or so, to scope out any women shopping alone. Looks were his top priority, followed by age. Nothing over twenty-five was standard for the masquerade. A single female, perfect body, the face of an angel. They did it this way because the masquerade club desired innocence. They craved seeing the innocence stripped from the eyes of their young ravished playthings. The thousand-yard stare of a prostitute left them unsatisfied. Only real girls could quench their twisted, perverted thirst. Hector arrived at the food court and bought a California Cobb salad (the addition of avocado makes everything "California"). He grabbed his tray and headed over to a table, where a gorgeous blonde was eating alone. Luckily every table was pretty much packed, giving Hector an easy "in". "Mind if I share the table with you?" Hector asked and glanced to both sides. "Looks like it's pretty packed in here." The young blonde looked up from her book and motioned for him to take a seat. "Thanks. What you reading?" Hector asked, while unwrapping his plastic fork. "The Catcher in the Rye," the young woman said and playfully asked. "Have you heard of it?" Hector paused to think before answering. "Oh yeah, yeah...

about that catcher? I love baseball, I'll check it out sometime." The young woman laughed, unsure if her new friend was joking or not, so she decided to put the book in her purse. She gazed at Hector's muscles and changed the topic, so he wouldn't turn her off with another cringeworthy statement. "So... you shopping alone? Or you hiding out from your girlfriend?" She asked. ... Jonas finished his water and focused on a young brunette, looking at purses across the walk-way from where he was standing. The kind of status symbol purses that cost as much as your mortgage. He noticed she was wearing knockoff sneakers, cut-off jean shorts and a simple yellow tank-top, with her black bra straps showing. He noticed her perfect athletic physique, flawless skin and soft innocent face. He also noticed her looking at those purses, like a kid looking at a toy they just couldn't have. Jonas strolled over to the brightly lit store, nodded at the greeter and began to browse around. He noticed the girl in the cut-offs look up at him the second he walked in. He made sure to get closer and closer to her as he browsed, until they were eventually looking at the same dark brown designer laptop bag with little tan logos covering every inch of it. "That's a beautiful bag. Kinda funny how it costs more than the laptop that goes in it though," Jonas said. "Oh I know. I have a crappy one too," she laughed. "What's your name? I'm Jonas." "Hi, I'm Valerie," she said and extended her hand. ... "Are you serious?" The young blonde laughed, stood up and began to gather her things. "Whoa, whoa girl, I am serious. We can both make a lot of money," Hector stood up and continued. "Just one night, it can be fun." "A word of advice. You need to work on your game because that was the weirdest attempt at picking me up I have ever heard. Enjoy your salad. Goodbye." Hector watched the blonde's perfect ass in her yoga pants as she walked away. He threw his salad in the trash and began to walk toward the higher-end stores. As he was looking for new prey, he saw Jonas walk out of a store with a young beautiful brunette. She was holding a large shiny bag emblazoned with the store's logo and tissue paper poking out of the top. "Son of a bitch. You bought her a fucking bag, Jonas." Hector mumbled, ducking behind a pillar, hoping to shadow Jonas and his conquest. ... "You hungry? Let me get you some late lunch," Jonas offered. "Sure, I think the food court is this way," Valerie smiled and tilted her head in Hector's direction. "How about that Italian place on the other side of the mall. I hear that place is great. Come on, my treat." "That place is really nice. Look at me, I'm in my cut-off shorts. I look like crap," Valerie said and slightly curled her lip. "Oh please, I'm one-hundred percent positive that you're gonna be the prettiest girl in that restaurant when we walk in." Valerie blushed, looked at the ground and began to say, "Me? No, I'm so plain." "Stop, come on." Jonas grabbed Valerie's hand and they walked across the mall to the restaurant, with Hector following close behind. Jonas asked for a table for two and the pair patiently waited for their name to be called. A few short minutes later, the hostess led them to their table in the corner of the restaurant. "I need to go freshen up, I feel a mess. Watch my stuff for me, Jonas." "Alright, I'm gonna order us some appetizers, any suggestions?" "Surprise me," Valerie said and made her way to the bathroom. Jonas pulled his phone out and began to text Hector. Hector felt his phone buzz in his pocket as he took a seat at the restaurant's bar. He pulled it out, unlocked it and looked at the screen. 1 New Message Jonas: You need to not be seen if you're following someone. Sit tight, have a drink. This shouldn't take more than an hour. "Cocky motherfucker," Hector thought and replied. Jonas saw Hector's message light up his phone's screen.

Hector: That girl looks fine. They will definitely pick her. Good luck. Jonas ordered frutti di mare from the waitress then replied to Hector's text. Jonas: You'll be my driver and backup at the masquerade. 5% alright? Hector read the message. He looked up at Jonas from the elevated bar, in the middle of the restaurant, and nodded his head in agreement. Valerie returned from the bathroom, sat across from Jonas and said, "That's better, I was feeling icky. What did you order?" "Some grilled seafood, I hope you like it. It goes great with this Sauvignon Blanc." "Mmmm, I can't wait. So tell me about this proposition. I'm kinda nervous, to be honest." "Don't be nervous. Like I said, the bag is yours. Just hear me out on this. Listen to the whole thing, okay?" "Okay," Valerie said and took a sip of her wine. "Oh that's good, sauvig... what was it again?" "Sauvignon blanc," Jonas grinned. For the next hour Jonas explained every sordid detail of his proposition to a wide-eyed Valerie, as she enjoyed the wine, grilled seafood and risotto, followed by lemon cake, which she was savoring now. She would occasionally interrupt to ask him to elaborate on some of the more peculiar details. Like the one regarding her personal life. "You want to follow me around for a day, with a camera? The whole day? Why?" "So I can put together a short film about you. Part of the reason you would be picked is because you're normal. Just a normal girl. I would need to spend a day recording you." "They won't let you film me at work. Like, in the supermarket." "That's fine. I just need some shots of you at home, in the evening. Playing with your dog, doing your homework, getting ready for work... showering. Stuff like that, normal stuff." "Oh okay," Valerie said and took another bite of her cake. Jonas continued to explain exactly who they would be dealing with. Why these men were dangerous when cornered. Why it was important that she never mention the masquerade to anyone, ever. How she would need to plan a trip to Las Vegas and come back with a great roulette story explaining how she was now twenty-five thousand dollars richer. "Twenty-five thousand?" Valerie blurted out, causing an older couple next to them to turn and stare. Jonas smiled at the old couple then turned back to Valerie and said, "Yeah, twenty-five thousand. Not bad right? These are powerful men. I could see that look in your eye when I was telling you what the masquerade is all about. You want to do this don't you?" "I do, I do want to do this. You'll be there with me, right?" "I will, and so will Hector." Jonas turned to look at Hector and nodded his head. Hector waved at Valerie and took another sip of his beer. "He'll help me make sure no one gets out of hand. Tomorrow I'll film you and make a short movie. If they pick you, I'll give you a call and I'll take you to get pampered all day at this spa I know." "Getting pampered at a spa sounds so great." "How about I take you, whether they pick you or not?" "It's a deal," Valerie said. She smiled and ate the last bite of her cake. There was a bit of frosting left on her plate that she quickly scooped up with the tip of her fork and licked off. She turned the fork upside down and put it in her mouth. She tightened her lips on the prongs and slowly pulled it out, leaving it clean. Valerie's hazel eyes looked right into his, making Jonas feel almost uncomfortable with the intensity of her gaze. "I don't care about eating all of my cake and not having any left, Jonas." Jonas sat watching her in silence for several seconds before asking, "What is that supposed to mean?" "I don't know, I just thought it sounded cool." 5 Days Before the Masquerade Jonas put the finishing touches on his movie about Valerie. It was thirty minutes of her. Her small life. Talking about her hopes for the future. What she would do if she won the lottery. Her morning routine. Her favorite

books. Her chocolate Labrador. Her apartment. Her face. Her body. Her. He took a sip of his coffee, opened the drawer of his desk and pulled out a small piece of paper with ten encrypted email addresses printed on it. He typed them into the appropriate space, wrote a short message, attached the video and sent it off. He took another sip of his coffee and closed his laptop. He stood up and walked out to his balcony on the 21st floor. He lit a cigarette and let the smoke rip through his lungs, as he gazed out at the sparkling downtown skyline. "Here we go, Valerie, supermarket cashier. I hope you're ready for this..."

3 Days Before the Masquerade Valerie was laying on her living room floor, watching TV with her dog, when she heard her phone ring. She grabbed it off the coffee table and answered it. "Hello." "Hey Valerie, it's me." "Hello, Jonas." "I have good news, sweetheart. You were picked. We are going to make a lot of money." A pang of caution hit Valerie deep in her belly, as the reality of this whole surreal situation hit her. It was going to happen. She felt a tingle and a rush of moisture between her legs when Jonas said the words, "you were picked". They wanted her. They wanted to ravish her. "They picked me?" "They did. Tomorrow I'll pick you up early and drop you off at the spa. I'll be there around six in the morning." "Okay, I'll be ready." "Bring a book with you, I got you the all day deal." "All day?" "All day. Bring some music too." "Okay, I will."

1 Day Before the Masquerade Valerie was startled awake by the buzz of her cell phone under her pillow. 1 New Message Jonas: I didn't knock because I figured you were asleep. I left a box right outside your door. Try everything on before noon and let me know if anything doesn't fit. Valerie stretched and groaned in bed, before crawling out and slinking over to her front door. She opened it, squinted her eyes when the sunlight hit them and reached down to pick up the large, shiny white box with a black bow, Jonas had left her. Valerie placed the box on her bed and pulled the black ribbon, unraveling the bow, and tossed it to the side. She removed the lid and parted the tissue paper. Inside were a pair of thigh high stockings and lace panties, with matching bra, all black. They rested, in a neat pile, on top of a beige tailored overcoat. To the side of the coat were a pair of tall black heels and a paper bag. Valerie opened the paper bag to find two enemas and two douches. There was a note from Jonas, explaining that she was to stop eating at nine PM tonight and that she was to do an enema and douche tomorrow morning when she woke up and again, two hours before the masquerade. Valerie showered, dried her body and walked over to her bed. She looked at herself in her full body mirror and focused on a tiny mole on her hip that she wished wasn't there. She tried on the lingerie, heels and coat. She exaggeratedly posed several times in front of the mirror, laughing to herself. She found a pose she liked, took a picture with her phone and sent it to Jonas. She heard her phone instantly chime with Jonas' response. 1 New Message Jonas: You look absolutely perfect. Tomorrow afternoon my friend, Olympia, will arrive at your place. She will help you with your hair and all of that. Hector will pick you up at eight.

9 Hours Before the Masquerade Valerie opened her front door and stepped out, to sit on the steps leading up to her second story apartment. She saw a silver coupe whip into her parking spot and a thin, tatted up young woman, with short pink hair emerge. The young woman grabbed a couple of tool boxes out of her trunk and made her way up the stairs where Valerie was seated. "Are you Olympia?" Valerie asked. "Oh honey, You're beautiful. Where in the heck did Jonas find you?" "The mall." "Figures. Come on, let's go inside. I'm gonna attempt to make perfection

even more... Fudge, I don't know... Perfect!" Olympia said, as she followed a smiling Valerie inside. Olympia waxed, plucked, manicured, peeled and moisturized every inch of Valerie's body for the next few hours. She reminded her it was time for her enema again. She listened to her talk for a long while, about her dog and what she wanted to do with the money after tonight. She listened to her go on about how attractive she thought Jonas was and how she felt he might be gay. Olympia agreed that Jonas gave off gay vibes, but she assured her, in detail, he wasn't. She instructed Valerie it was time to put on the lingerie and coat. She put two tight French braids in Valerie's hair and applied some very light, natural makeup. "Your ride will be here in an hour, sweetheart. You can eat something now. Not a lot but have some fruit or something, you must be starving. Jonas gave me something to give you. I left it on your bed... I'm going to go now. Have fun tonight. You got my number." "Thank you for everything. I love my French braids." "You make them look good baby." Valerie hugged Olympia and walked her to the door. She watched her get in her silver coupe, pull out, almost hit her annoying stoned neighbor and drive away. Valerie stood in her doorway, looking at everyone's shitty cars, their cluttered patios, the defeat in their faces. She focused her honey colored eyes on one of her neighbors, wearing sweat pants, a faded T-shirt, her stringy dirty blonde hair in a loose ponytail. She was holding her crying baby, while shouting at her boyfriend, who was outside drinking beer with two guys she didn't recognize. Valerie looked across the way at another neighbor, a teen girl, smoking on a patio. She looked like she had been crying. Valerie squinted, a frown creeping on her face. A little ball of loathing began to form in the pit of her stomach. At the moment when loathing begins to turn into utter disgust, she felt something cold and moist against her toe and looked down. "Oh my God, sick!" Valerie screamed and kicked off her flip-flop, along with the slithering slug that had crawled onto it and grazed her pinky toe. The sad teen girl, the dumb stoner, the inept mother and the trash drinking beer all turned to look at her with their judging eyes. Valerie kicked off her other flip-flop, retreated into her apartment and slammed the door. She immediately went to her bathroom and put her foot up on the counter. She cleaned her toe of the slug's slime, smudging a bit of the fresh polish in the process. Goddamn it, of course. When she got to her bedroom, she saw another shiny white box, this one smaller than the last. She sat on her bed, untied the black bow and removed the lid. Inside was a folded note. Put this in before Hector gets there and wear it to the club. -Jonas Under the note, was a stainless steel butt-plug and a bottle of lube. The plug was about the size of a pointed ping pong ball with a thin neck connecting it to the top. The top was rounded off with a star logo slightly raised off of the steel. She traced the five points of the star with her thumb, over and over again. The plug felt cool, solid and heavy in her hand. She thought it was beautiful. She wondered if she could keep it after everything was over. 30 Minutes Before the Masquerade. "Sorry about the blindfold, Valerie. These guys, they're the secretive type. Jonas told you to never talk of this, right? You understand that these guys don't fuck around?" "I understand, Hector." "Good... You got that butt-plug in right now, girl?" Hector asked and grinned into the rear view mirror, at his blindfolded, motionless passenger. Valerie tried to not smile but was unable to stop the corners of her mouth from creeping up. "Take it easy on those speed bumps, cowboy," Valerie replied. Hector laughed and turned into the country club. Valerie felt the car make several slow turns, until they came to a

complete stop. She heard Hector roll down the window and the leather of his jacket crack as he leaned over. "Good evening sir. How may I help you?" Valerie heard a man ask. An older man. "Clarissima stella," Hector said. "Ah yes, we have been expecting you. Please park in the back and enter there." "Now, now. We both know that we are supposed to enter through the front. You're not trying to trick me now, are you?" "Pardon me sir, of course not. We will park the car for you," the tuxedoed older gentleman said and extended a white gloved hand to open the driver door. "Don't you go adjusting my seat around now. I have it just like I like it," Hector warned. "I will take full responsibility if your seat is not to your satisfaction upon your return, sir." "Excellent," Hector grinned, exited the car and walked over to Valerie's door. He took her hand and led her toward the front entrance of the club. He guided her up the steps where another tuxedoed man promptly opened the door to let them in. Valerie's heels echoed through the first room before she felt Hector stop her. The sound of a large door opening and a slight tug from Hector alerted her to continue walking. They entered a smoke filled room with soft carpet. She could hear what seemed like dozens of men chattering, gambling chips being tossed around, playing cards being shuffled, random cheers and shouts for a waitress as she was lead through the gambling hall. They stopped and Valerie felt Hector's arm around her shoulder, followed by his warm breath in her ear. "They aren't going to allow me through this next set of doors, girl. I'll see you in a couple hours," Hector whispered. "Are you going to gamble? Roulette's fun," Valerie suggested. "Yeah. What's your color, red or black?" "Green," Valerie whispered before she was lead into the room, the doors closing behind her. "Excuse me, miss, I'm going to take this off now," an old man said and untied Valerie's blindfold. The old man placed the blindfold in his pocket and exited back out to the gambling hall. Valerie took a few steps into this smaller, but still quite large room, built for leisure. The air smelled sweet, but she couldn't quite place the scent. The walls were lined with books, resting in dark wood shelving. Antique furniture and marble busts filled most of the room. Three men in black tuxedos, wearing masks, sat at a poker table in the corner. Another four men played pool in the center of the room. Also in black tuxedos, also wearing masks. There was a large victrola playing a nocturne to the farthest corner. Three men, also dressed like the others, sat at a tiny bar, being tended by Jonas wearing an all white tuxedo, his blonde hair slicked back. Jonas motioned for Valerie to come join him at the bar. She felt all ten of the masked men's eyes on her as she walked over. All the masks the same. All shiny black, the material reminiscent of a motorcycle helmet. Two round slots for the eyes. The masks contoured to the face, the nose exaggerated. They had a triangular opening under the bridge, for the nostrils. An oblong opening in front of the mouth allowed the men to speak to each other. She was beginning to feel a rush of emotions now, lust and fear leading the pack. She took a seat in the only empty stool, between two of the masked men. This calm before the storm making everything feel like slow motion, like she was under water. She focused all of her attention on the blue eyed man in white. Jonas placed a glass, with a very short stem, that looked like an upside down bell in front of her. He carefully rested a flat, slotted spoon on the rim and crowned it with a rectangular sugar cube. It looked like he had performed this ritual, in this room, hundreds of times, Valerie thought. He slowly drizzled a yellow alcohol over the cube until filling the bottom bubble of the glass. Jonas lit a match and touched

the flame to the sugar and let it burn. The cube melted and bubbled as the flame's reflection flickered off the men's shiny black masks. He waited, until Valerie was fixated on the fire, to carefully drizzle ice water over the flame, extinguishing it and slowly filling the glass in the process. The yellow liquid turned a milky white when the ice water broke its surface. Jonas put the carafe of water down and slid the glass in front of Valerie. Valerie picked up the glass and smelled the drink, licorice, the origin of the sweet scent, clear to her now. She heard the masked man to her right say something in a language she didn't understand, as the man on her left placed his hand on the inside of her knee. She batted his hand away as instructed by Jonas in their preparations leading up to this moment. The man placed his hand between her legs again, this time his fingertips brushing the fabric of her panties. "Stop that!" Valerie said sternly and removed his hand. The man laughed, finished his drink and ordered Jonas to make him another. The man to her right said something to her again and grabbed her wrist. "Don't touch me!" Valerie raised her voice and threw her drink in the masked man's face. He angrily shouted something, no doubt an obscenity, judging from the laughter of the group. The man tightened his grip on her wrist and stood her up as the other tried to remove her coat. She pulled her arms close to her chest and she felt another man, from behind, wrap an arm around her waist and pick her up. She kicked and flailed, but it was useless, as more of the masked men converged on her. She felt a very real loss of control as her coat was removed, her bra lifted above her breasts and panties ripped off within a matter of seconds. She was soon back on her feet with countless hands exploring her naked body, grabbing her breasts, fighting for the spot between her legs, another reaching between the cheeks of her ass. She heard him say something to the others that made them all stop to look. She glanced over at Jonas, whose eyes widened, waiting for her to say the word, if needed. She locked eyes with him for a moment before she was forcefully turned around and bent over the pool table. Two masked men spread her ass to reveal the stainless steel plug in her hole. She tried to wiggle free, again, but was harshly pinned against the felt, as the men decided who was going first. They stood her back up and turned her around, pulling her in opposite directions, all wanting to have the first bite of the apple. One of the men grabbed one of her braids and used it to bend her over, his cock already free and hard. She sealed her lips shut trying to keep his dick from prying them open. She felt another man tug on the plug hard enough to pull it out, if his fingers hadn't slipped off. Fingers were sliding in and out of her drenched pussy, as her head was being forced down. The man's cock finally finding its way past her lips, muffling her protests. She tried to fight but the man fucking her face was using both hands to hold her. Another man pinned her arms behind her back as more men fondled her hanging breasts. She felt the hardness of a mask between her legs as one man attempted to stick his tongue in her pussy. He adjusted until he was directly under her and darted his tongue out. Another man pushed her ass down making her grind into the mask. He kept pushing her until Valerie found herself grinding into the man on her own, needing only a light spank or two of encouragement. As soon as one cock left her lips, another replaced it. The men switched positions, all wanting a taste of her juices before they were tainted by their own. The men yelled more and more instructions she could not understand, forcing them to physically guide her every step of the way. One man grabbed her head by both of her braids and



pulled her toward him, causing her to almost trip on the man underneath. He shoved his thick cock in her mouth, as another man kicked her legs open and pushed his cock between the silky folds of her cunt. His hands gripped her waist tightly and pulled her close, impaling her pussy, while the other man pulled her head toward him in a tug-of-war for her body. She placed her hand on a random thigh, to steady herself, as another man placed her free hand on his cock. She caught Jonas, out of the corner of her eye, making more sweet fiery drinks for the men still waiting their turn. His cool exterior helping her remain calm. She had played out this scenario countless times in her head. Ever since she was in high school she would lay in bed at night rubbing her clit at the thought of walking into the boy's locker room after football practice. Them blocking the exits and not letting her leave until they all had their fill. Showing up at her father's office when he wasn't there and getting taken by his disgruntled employees. Them ripping off her clothes and using her without consequence. She would lay at night wishing to be arrested and taken to a police station full of horny cops. Them cuffing her to the bars and the entire force using her over and over again... Nothing made her pussy wetter than thinking about a group of men turning into a pack of rabid wolves because they wanted her body so badly. Her fantasies did little to prepare her for this though. It was like fantasizing about sky diving your entire life then all of a sudden being tossed out of a plane without a parachute. Nothing would ease her free fall until she hit the ground; It was the ultimate thrill. She had to remind herself that she was supposed to be protesting, when she suddenly felt the plug being removed from her ass. "No, not that! please don't! Not in my ass!" She screamed, before a cock entered her mouth. She continued to plead, only causing the man to push his cock further, forcing her to either suck or gag. She felt a pair of hands grab her ass cheeks tightly and spread them open. A cool drop of lube landed on her asshole, a split second before she felt the head of a cock open her up and slowly enter, until a pair of smooth balls resting against her pussy. She moaned heavily into the cock in her mouth, as the dick in her ass was slowly removed, then pushed back in, his balls tapping her wet pussy once again as he fully entered. The man in her mouth pulled out and started stroking his glistening cock in her face, letting her cry out from the first few intense pumps up her ass. Valerie had only had anal sex with one guy in her past. Her ex-boyfriend of two years, who she left about a year ago. He never penetrated her this harshly. The fact that she was so exposed, being used like such a worthless whore - her fantasy, in the flesh - was thrilling her beyond belief. Her moans were getting deeper and faster, as the men switched off, taking turns using her ass. Some of them started to go ahead and cum in her mouth as she was sucking them. They took her on the pool table, bent her over chairs, sat her on their laps, pinned her against the books, handcuffed her to the bar. They moved on to penetrating her ass and pussy at the same time while she hung off their necks. They passed her around until she lost count of how many of them had carried her. She lost count of how many times one man pulled out of her ass only to put it in her mouth. She lost count of how many loads she had swallowed. She lost count of how many men had cum on her face. She lost count of the hours that had passed. She lost count of how many orgasms had ripped through her body. She lost count of everything... It all became a haze of tuxedos, masks, hard cocks and cum. ... "Valerie?" Jonas tapped on the wood paneled entrance to one of the country club's showers. "Is that you, Jonas?" Valerie asked and turned

off the water. "Yeah, it's me. Keep your water running." Jonas paused to let her turn it back on and asked. "How you feeling?" "Like I just got fucked by a room full of masked men for three hours." "That's understandable... You were really great in there." "Did you like it?" "I liked how much you were liking it." Valerie remained silent. "Hector will come get you in about fifteen minutes and drive you home. It's midnight now. I'll be at my place after two. Come by and grab your money tonight, okay girl?" "Okay." "Alright, see you later." "Jonas?" "Yeah?" "Thanks for picking me." Jonas paused for a few seconds, not quite sure how to respond and said, "You did all the work." 2 Hours After the Masquerade Jonas stood on his balcony, watching a plane make it's descent until it disappeared behind the San Diego skyline, when he heard his intercom buzz. He walked over, reminded his visitor which floor and apartment were his and alerted the door man it was okay to let her in. "Thanks man, I had been holding it in for a half hour. I'm shocked you didn't get a room in La Jolla for the night," Hector said as he emerged from the bathroom. "I just wanted to get to a safe place with the money. Get this, Valerie is from SD too. We went all the way to LA to find an SD girl." "No shit? What a small world," Hector said and plopped down on Jonas' leather couch. "Yeah man, small--" Jonas began to answer before he was cut off by knocking at his door. "That's your cut in the bowling bag, twenty-five G's." Hector grabbed the bag, looked inside and stood up. He walked over to Jonas, shook his hand and said. "Thanks man, I'd love to stay but it's late and my baby is waiting for me." "I know. I'll hit you up in a week," Jonas said. Jonas opened the door, letting Hector out and Valerie in. The two greeted each other then promptly said their goodnights. Valerie and Jonas were now alone, standing at his granite kitchen counter. The penthouse was mostly dark, except for a couple of hanging spotlights, throwing long, harsh shadows on their faces. Jonas pulled another bowling bag out from his empty pantry, containing five bundles of five-thousand dollars each. "Here you go little lady. Not bad for one night, huh?" Jonas said and placed the bag in front of her. Valerie remained silent, her hoodie keeping the top half of her face hidden. "You want your money or what, girl?" Jonas smiled and nudged the bag. "I want the other bag. That's your bag," Valerie softly said and tilted her head up, catching Jonas' eyes with hers. Jonas furrowed his brow and asked, "What?" Valerie placed a small voice recorder on the counter and hit play. Jonas felt the blood rush away from his face when he recognized the sound of his own voice. His heartbeat quickening as he listened, his breaths getting shorter. They just have to believe you're not in on it. that you learned of the masquerade a week before and this is all some roller-coaster you're riding. Innocent little student one week, getting gang-banged by strangers the next. I can edit the video together to look real but the meet... We can't fake that. I'm pretty sure they have someone tailing us when we go out so we only have one chance to record the meet. It has to sound real -- Valerie stopped the recorder. "Do you want to listen to more, Jonas? No? Well I do," Valerie said and hit play. -- Any slip up and we can't use the tape. We'll practice, and when you get it perfect a few times we'll go for it with my partner present so he can witness the pick-up. They will never question it. That's a lot of fucking money, Jonas. These people won't screw us over, will they -- Valerie stopped the recorder again. "You recognize her voice, don't you?" Jonas stood perfectly still, glaring at Valerie. His fists tightening on the counter, his face getting hard. "Don't you even think about hurting me. If I don't return home in an hour she'll send that tape to

them. Yeah, the bald guy. We know about him too. The one that gives you the money. He gave it to you right after you came to visit me in the shower, right? Right, Jonas? I'm right aren't I?" "You stupid bitches." Jonas shook his head and asked, "Do you even know what you're fucking with?" "Oh my God, are you gonna tell me!?" Valerie opened her eyes and mouth wide, inhaling in an exaggerated fashion and continued. "I know what we are fucking with. You . A nobody really. I know that little bald guy would rather have you killed than lose trust with those rich fucks that buy out his club every month. Don't kid yourself, Jonas, I have you cornered. I have you! Give me the four-hundred and fifty G's and that's it. We might even help you again if you feel like making another twenty-five thousand. That's a lot of money for doing nothing, broham , " Valerie said and laughed. "How did you plan all of this?" "How do you think? What do you think happens if you give Melanie a shit-load of money? She gets fucked up on coke and starts bragging. She told me all about your little con. You went halfers with her. Melanie ... really Jonas? I thought you were a smart guy. Can you believe she taped your conversations just so she wouldn't forget what you told her? The reason this is happening to you is because Melanie can't remember anything. How funny is that?" "It's fucking hilarious." "Shut up. I know it is. So when she told me all about how you and her dumbass swindled these secret society perverts at their last party, I wet my panties when it all hit me. She played the tapes for me. She told me where you live. What you did. Who you knew. I followed you everywhere. I followed you all the way to LA to five fucking malls and three lounges the two days before we met. I'm kinda offended you didn't notice me earlier. I was exactly what you were looking for." "Guess you didn't stand out to me until I was desperate." "Oh shut the fuck up. 'I bet you'll be the prettiest girl in the restaurant when you walk in'. Give me the money, Jonas. You're getting five percent, just like Hector. I like him, he's oblivious. Next time, if you're good, you'll get ten. That's way generous; it's not your ass getting fucked. Now give me the money. Give it to me!" Jonas gritted his teeth, reached under the sink and produced a black duffel bag containing the money. "Open it," Valerie instructed. Jonas unzipped the bag and tilted it in Valerie's direction. She smirked with satisfaction and told him to zip it back up. She grabbed the duffel bag, put her arm through the handles and hoisted it on her back. She walked to the front door, paused and looked over her shoulder. "Remember when I told you I didn't care about eating my cake and not having any left?" "Yeah." "I lied."