

Nina

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A reluctant stripper, lured by cash, gets plenty more to be reluctant about.

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I woke up on my back, with no idea where I was. I felt the heat of the sun on my face before I even opened my eyes, and when I finally did, I wished I hadn't. My head pounded, my nose was both stuffy and runny. My body felt battered without even moving a muscle, and I felt what must be depression for the first time in my life. I was naked and cold, even in the warmth of focused sunlight. Dried semen flaked from my skin like sugar from a glazed donut as I ran my hands down my front, though I wouldn't realize that's what it was for a few more moments. I winced at the soreness between my legs when I shifted my weight onto my side. Everything down there was sore, on the verge of throbbing. I could feel the redness without seeing it, it was like sandpaper against raw nerves. What had happened the night before? I couldn't think clearly through the white haze of a splitting headache, but slowly it would come back to me. I was here for a job. I knew that much, that there was money owed to me, but how did it end this way? I couldn't imagine agreeing to something that would leave me in this kind of shape when it was all over, but I guess I did. Lately, I'd done a few things I didn't think I was capable of, maybe this was another. I grew up suspicious of everyone around me and not taking many chances, but starting with the decision to leave home nine months ago, that all was changing now. I was a high school dropout working two jobs just to help my Dad keep the roof over our heads, my boyfriend Jon arranged through a relative for a well-paying job far away from where we lived. I didn't question how he made that happen, I was just happy that he'd found a way out. A day after he got the news, we sat outside and talked about the promise of his new opportunity. "Baby, It's our opportunity," he said, fixing me with a rare eye-to-eye gaze. I recognized it as my chance to escape: from a run-down neighborhood of a run-down city, from two low-pay jobs and a thankless Dad and roommate, from my life as I understood it, nearly devoid of real hope. Suddenly I had hope. Jon was my fire escape, and I took it right out of town. My suspicion of all things truly good was well-founded this time: the great job that we traveled three states for turned out to be a mirage. The pay was half of what he was promised, and further promises of quick promotion turned out to be empty ones. Our nice apartment, the symbol of our new beginning, was like a weight around our necks now, taunting us for bothering to hope for something better. I had a job as a restaurant hostess, earning slightly more than minimum wage, and together we were making just enough to land us out on the street within another month unless we figured something else out. Jon started mentioning the possibility of

me auditioning as an exotic dancer about two months after we moved, when the reality of our cash-poverty first started to hit home. "Baby, you'll be great! You know how good of a dancer you are, and how much you like it. That's what this will be. The only difference is that you'll be flirting with guys while you do it, and earning money for it," he told me, spinning it as well as he possibly could, which is not very. "And taking my clothes off and getting groped in the process," I added. I certainly didn't want anything to do with skeezy guys in dark clubs, no matter how good the cash was. How good could it possibly be, anyways? But faced with our imminent eviction, Jon getting laid off of his shitty job, and having burned the bridges back home that would've given us a place to stay, I gave in. My audition at "Treasures: A Gentleman's Club" went better than I could've imagined: they immediately gave me some evening shifts, and I was officially an exotic dancer. I got used to it, and some days it was even fun. Unfortunately, for all the trouble of having fat guys sweat on me, socially inept men awkwardly flirt with me, and slimy guys leering at me until it's their turn to get a lap dance, the money wasn't as good as either of us hoped it would be. Jon's temper flared more often: he blamed me for our problems, saying I spent too much, or didn't make myself sexy enough to make good money for us at the club. The economy was getting just as bad where we were as it was back home, and our plan to save money quickly became our plan to use coupons and hope nothing goes wrong. When the car needed a new alternator, there went that hope too. Rent was due, and we we had no money to pay it. For a couple of weeks we lived our lives and avoided the landlord the best we could. Then one day, a lifeline was offered: a pal of Jon's from his former place of work was going to be the best man in a wedding, and was in charge of finding bachelor party entertainment. As much as I was hesitant to work as a stripper months earlier, I was just as hesitant now to work a private party. I worked with girls do took these kinds of gigs, and more often than not, in ended with them doing a lot more than just dancing. Still, I knew how bad of a spot we were in, and since I didn't kiss the right asses at the club, another offer probably wouldn't be around the corner if I turned this one down. "This is the only chance we have, baby," Jon pleaded. "If you don't take this gig, then we'll never catch up on the rent. It's a matter of time before we're out, and then what? Besides, Victor's gonna be there, he's my boy, and he'll look out for you. All the money you make, and he says it will be plenty...that catches us all the way up, then you can forget about all this and we move on." I talked to Victor and told him I really preferred a dancing-only gig, touching only where I said it was okay, and no guys undressing or sex of any kind. "No worries, Nina. I've got 20 guys ready to have some fun, but most of them have girlfriends anyway, they'll behave. We've been looking forward to this for a good while, just a bunch of guys sending off our good buddy in style. When you get there we'll probably be playing cards or something. If you could serve us drinks, shit like that...that would be nice. For your trouble, and for shaking your fine ass in our faces all night, each of us will chip in \$60. Some of those boys are well connected too, so who knows, that \$1,200 may end up being a lot more if you shake your body just right." All I had to do was play the part, and our little money problem would go away- for now at least. *** On the night of the party I followed the directions he gave me to a house on a lake, just outside the city, surrounded by nothing but woods and water. The sun was just going down when I got there, wearing a bikini with heels, covered around the waist by a sarong. I

walked into what felt more like a small casino in a living room than somebody's house. Two poker-style tables were full of card players, four slot machines were lined up against one wall, and they even brought in paid dealers for the event. When a player would buy in for more chips, Victor would open a small hidden vault in the wall and put his money there before giving him a predetermined number of chips. The money getting thrown around didn't seem all that small either, from the bets they were announcing. No wonder Jon wasn't invited, I thought to myself. I shuttled drinks to the tables from the bar and slowly met everyone, including Chris, the bachelor himself, who got the first dances while the guys slowly drifted from the poker tables to the living area. I had my own playlist, so Victor hooked up my iPhone to the sound system. "Nina, get some party favors," I heard Victor say from behind me while I was straddling a sheepish Chris to a heavy dance beat. A few more guys cheered and I heard the slap of a high five before I turned around to see a small plastic bag full of white powder being opened on a glass coffee table. I assumed correctly that it was not baking soda. "Come get some, girl- this is on the house," he said while subdividing a small pile of cocaine into thin parallel rows. "No, you guys go ahead," I said through a chuckle, continuing to dance. "It's best I stay away from that stuff. I've learned my lesson." "Aww, serious?" he said, looking genuinely disappointed. "It's some pure shit, I bet you never had any this good. Besides, I'm not taking any if it makes you feel better. I'll watch out for you." I watched a few of the guys suck the fine powder through their nose in a ritual that I was all too familiar with, making me feel the closest thing to a craving that I'd ever had. For the past year, I'd had neither the money nor the desire to come unhinged like I usually do on coke, and here it sat, free for the taking. Before I could talk myself out of it I grabbed a cut straw and soon felt the familiar burn filling the cavities of my sinuses, serenaded by the cheers of the guys around me. Goddamn, I'd missed this, I thought to myself while resuming the same striptease routine I'd done hundreds of times at the club. Little by little, my nervousness calmed, replaced by confidence; I felt all doubts and fears slip away. I could do this- I could dance for the money we needed, and it wouldn't even be hard! Maybe Jon was right- maybe I was missing something when I was dancing at the club. I certainly had been missing the coke high, and the reaction I was getting from all these guys was different now too. The lights went dim, and I moved between the shadows, giving my attention to one guy after another. I didn't bother to learn their names, I didn't care what they were. "Let us see what you got, Nina", I heard Victor shout over the music. Eager to oblige I slowly let my bikini top fall to the floor to a rousing applause. My full breasts felt the cool air and swayed as I turned from one side to the other, met at each turn with outstretched hands and horny smiles. I was reaching the height of my coke rush- I was irresistible and bulletproof. Allowing some hands to touch me while playfully swatting others away. They moved ever closer to me, and I was relishing the attention. For the first time, I wasn't stripping for money, I was a sexy fucking Stripper! "I think it's time to give the bachelor something special, Nina...what do you say, fellas?" one of them said while I playfully ground my ass into his crotch to the beat of the music. They all cheered as I made my way back over to Chris, this time rubbing my breasts roughly into his face while grinding my crotch into his, feeling his hardness press against his jeans the longer I stayed there. "Give him head, Nina! Make it count!" another shouted over the noise, followed quickly by a

unanimous chant. " Give him head! Give him head! Give him head !" I laughed and shook my head, giving the most physical lap dance I'd ever given, but the chant would not stop. All senses heightened and feeling adventurous, I backed down onto my knees so I could reach for his belt buckle before my senses attempted to return to me. This wasn't me- I wasn't going to start handing out sexual favors, even if I was high, and it was for the bachelor, as nice as he was. But how would I back out now? I looked for Victor but he was nowhere to be found. The chant got even louder, as if to counteract my obvious hesitation. " Give him head! Give him head! " There was no backing out- fuck! The fact was, through the tingly high I didn't have the will to try anyway. "Okay," I said, shouting at the guys over my shoulder. "But tell Victor this is gonna cost him!" "We'll take care of you, hun, don't worry about it," one of them replied. Chris was taking a long draw from a bottle of beer, so I took out my frustration by going for the element of surprise and tore into his belt buckle quickly, making him jump in his seat and nearly spew a mouthful of pilsner. The guys cheered as I freed his half-erect penis from the confines of his pants, clutching it gently with one fist before lowering my mouth over the head. The whooping continued as I swirled my tongue around his growing shaft each time I took more of him into my mouth. I could smell and taste the salty musk of his cock, feeling the veins protruding from the shaft, taking him deeper and deeper. I'd never deep-throated anyone but Jon, but Chris was about to become my second. I gagged slightly before opening my throat and tilting my head just right. I gasped for breath around his shaft as I fucked him with my whole mouth and throat. Chris' hands ran through my hair, but I felt another pair of hands on my ass, then pushing the my bikini bottoms to the side and caressing my bare pussy. My eyes opened wide and I wanted to shout back at them but wasn't able to take my mouth off of Chris' dick. Another hand reached in from the side and felt my bare breast, fingers tracing down to the nipple before grasping it between thumb and forefinger. My body wanted to gasp, my hand wanted to swat his away- but again, I could do neither. The hand on my ass pressed directly onto my mound, then caressed it firmly. More alarms rang silently in my head, blocked by the narcotic high and what could only be sheer shock at what was swirling around me, closing in. The one hand on my breast became two, as both hands caressed my back, around my sides, and kneaded my tits before repeating. The hand on my mound slipped the middle finger between the folds, sending a shiver through me. With every advance on my body and personal space, my arousal was keeping pace with my sense of alarm. Maybe the helplessness turned me on. Maybe being desired by so many men, for the greater good of my household and lifestyle, was turning me on. Or maybe I was taking cocaine and losing control, just like the last time I took cocaine. "Ungh....I'm gonna cum...." Chris muttered within earshot of the closest circle, prompting more cheers, and as I stopped deep-throating him and bobbed on his shaft while I stroked him with one hand, a new chant started and grew instantly loud. " Swallow It! Swallow It! Swallow It! " I sucked and stroked harder, tongue pressing into the sensitive spot on the back of the head, until finally I felt his hand tense as it gripped my shoulder. He exhaled, and his hot salty fluid filled my mouth while I continued to stroke him. I held it briefly, my instinct being to spit it out, but the chant demanded that I not, and somehow I gulped it down, continuing to suck and lick him as he pulsed in my mouth, then swallowed again. My head remained in Chris' lap, hands gripping his thighs as the finger in my pussy

started to move deeper, then in and out in a slow rhythm. The softening cock rested in front of my mouth, and I tried to cut through the mental static and gain control of the situation. My heart was beating so hard, and I knew I was fighting a battle, I just couldn't figure out what it was for. My hips moved in response to the finger, now two, probing my pussy. "Nina, looks like you're in the spirit of things now, baby," Victor said, leaning down into one ear. I wanted to scream at him, and ask him how much more money I was going to get for giving oral sex to the bachelor, and where he got such good coke, and what about the hands all over me....oh, and who is this guy fingering the fuck out of my pussy? But all of those thoughts got jammed together before any one of them made it out, and all I could do was look at him. "How about another bump, baby doll. Don't breathe and scatter it now, just inhale", he said, carefully approaching my nose with a dab of coke on the end of a spoon. One hand immediately blocked the other nostril and I eagerly sniffed it up. "Good girl, good girl." My bikini bottoms were pulled off my hips and down to my knees. I felt the hot skin of a bare cock against my thigh, and I lifted my head. The cock pressed against the length of my mound, his bare torso leaning against my ass, as another wave of cheers swept through the room. Another set of hands lifted my upper body off of Chris, who stumbled away, only to be replaced with another guy, already naked from the waist down, his long uncut cock bouncing freely as he sat down, allowing my holder to release me into this new lap. The cock behind me pressed into my folds, then broke through, sending me into immediate panic. I attempted to scream "Hey!" just as he pulled my hips back toward him, forcing his shaft deeper into me. Victor was again nowhere around, and the room was filled with deafening roars as the man behind me wedged himself deeper with every thrust, saying something dirty to me that I couldn't quite understand over the cheering. The man whose lap I was leaning into was stroking his cock to full erection, watching me get penetrated right in front of him. My head was forced forward with his hard strokes, sinking his cock fully with each stroke now, making my body shake with each impact. What the fuck was going on? Was this really happening? Fuck yes it was, so why wasn't I stopping it!? This was a dance gig, I made that clear to both myself and to Victor! I held onto the now rock-hard cock with one hand while gripping his thigh with the other. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a guy slide under me on his back, and a moment later felt his mouth envelop my right breast, his tongue brushing across my nipple over and over. The hands on my hips released, then re-gripped, pulling me savagely back against him each time he thrust forward. His cock sent a flash of pressure with each thrust, fucking me faster and faster, making me drool in this poor fool's lap until finally he pulled out and grunted loudly. The next thing I felt, other than relief at my not-quite-lubricated pussy being vacated, was the hot liquid landing halfway up my back, then progressively further down until I felt the weight of his cock laying in the crack of my ass like a ladle-rest. "Fuck, that's some good pussy!" he loudly informed the room, before giving my ass a hard slap. "Now I need some motherfuckin' blow! Haha!" "Remember guys, don't snort a bunch of coke if you're wanting to have this kind of fun! Haha, Mr. Winky won't stand up for long on the yayo!" It was Victor. He was supposed to watch out for me! Where was my extra money? Fuck, where was the money I was promised? I dropped Mr. Uncircumcised like it was a poisonous snake and turned myself around, releasing myself from the clutches of the man underneath me as well. I was here to dance, not to be

everyone's fucktoy! I scanned the room looking for Victor, but only saw a few guys missing their pants. The second dose of coke hit my bloodstream, and a pair of hands clasped my tits from behind. Victor was nowhere to be found, but Mr. Long Uncut Cock walked around to the front of me and pulled my bikini bottoms down the rest of my legs and threw them to the side. "Let's see you dance naked underneath me," he said, holding his cock as he attempted to crawl between my legs. "Let's see you try to catch me," I said playfully, but frustrated at my inability to keep my carnal streak in check, despite myself. I tried to get on my feet, but one heel slipped under my weight, and I fell to one knee. Two hands lifted me at the hips, and while I tried to steady myself, he positioned the head of his cock at my slit and pulled me to him, impaling my body on his shaft. I'd have screamed if I wasn't drawing air in a gasp of shock. I tried to step away from him, but he grabbed both arms and pulled me backward with them, pounding me from behind with his cock and leaving me with no leverage to escape. The rush off the second dose peaked while the man with the uncut cock fucked me standing up, sending intense tingles throughout my body, masking the dull pressure of his dick hitting the back end of my pussy. I was hyper-alert, but completely unable to think or act. I could hear the slap of his groin hitting my ass in quick rhythm above the noise of the music, and the cheers had mostly dissolved into hushed talk and silence as they watched the stripper get railed. He let my arms go and I lurched forward, heels plodding against the wood floor as I struggled to stay on my feet. One hand reached out for mine and I slapped it away, sending me off balance and headfirst into a flight of stairs. I laughed hysterically, seeing stars as I lay sprawled out across the bottom four steps, looking out at four men standing over me. Mr. Uncut pulled me down one step then climbed on top of me, pushing his shaft inside and sliding forward until he was all the way inside, pressing against the far end of my pussy. He held it there and grinned giddily before slowly sliding backward, then forward again. The carpeted corners of the steps dug into my back and my ass as he kept his weight pressing against me, pushing just as deep, but faster now. My heeled feet rested against the floor below as his long cock plowed into my depths over and over. I reached between us to massage my clit, only to have my hands intercepted and held out to each side. I felt the straps on my shoes release as well, and soon my feet were bare, hands holding them apart too. The feeling of the room changed, the energy went dark, and what little remorse I had was slipping away. A man approached from the top of the stairs, then dangled his thick cock in my face, dragging it across my lips, and coaxing me to lick it, since I had no hand free to stroke it. Mr. Uncut pounded his body against mine with brutal power, his ass flexing as it lifted then pushed back down into me before finally pulling out letting his cock jerk in mid air, spurting cum all over my belly. He stroked it, coaxing a thick stream out the end and directly across my exposed pussy. "Fuck," I said sharply, suddenly alarmed by the thought of even a little bit of some stranger's cum seeping into my cunt. Why the fuck was I only in control of my thoughts in short moments? None of this shit was supposed to happen- None if it! But I sure as hell wasn't- "Aaahhh" I yelped as another man took his place, slipping easily into my pussy in one stroke, then grunting as he settled into a rhythm. I thought my hands and feet were released, but realized they were cuffed to the steel pickets of the stair rails. Did everything become a total blur? Why didn't I remember somebody doing that? Minutes felt like seconds, and details completely disappeared from

my brain. The man I recognized from above was no longer dangling his penis into my mouth, he was fucking my pussy with it, while another man stood naked behind him, stroking his cock with one hand. "Here, put some of this shit on her clit," another man said, approaching us from the side. The guy I was with took a pinch of coke then reached underneath and rubbed it on and around my clit before putting his fingers in my mouth, letting me lick them clean. My entire mound soon buzzed as it soaked in the cocaine while he fucked me, pushing my juices out. I tried to lift my legs to give him better penetration, but was both frightened and thrilled by the bondage. I rolled my hips to meet his thrusts, and the cheering returned as the heat between us increased. Sweat dripped off his chest onto mine and I enjoyed the waves that rolled through my nerves with each stroke. "Oh fuck, oh motherfucker, I'm cumming!" I shouted out, the first words I'd managed to blurt out in as long as I could remember. A blinding light flashed between my mind and my eyes, and when I finally regained some consciousness, that cock was in front of my face, taking hot spurts of cum on my nose, cheeks, and finally into my mouth. . I heard Victor tell him to get off of me, and for a moment I just laid there, face and body splattered with cum, and my pussy buzzing from both the coke and the cock. "You okay, Nina? Ready to be unshackled?" he asked, barely getting out the last word through his laughter. "Yes," I answered through a smirk, panting heavily. "Get me up." We went back to the kitchen where there were all kinds of liquor and snacks around, some of the guys took shots, I snorted a line of cocaine mixed with ecstasy, then got assurances from Victor that everything I was doing was going to be paid for, and it would all be extra. I didn't ask how much; I guess I trusted him that it would be fair. Or, maybe I was just high and stupid. After a few minutes, I felt the dual drugs kicking in, giving me my second wind. I was naked, but felt free and unashamed. I had all the attention, none of the worries, and Victor told me that before long my portion of the entertainment would be over, and that I'd done more than enough. "But first," he said, "we've got a bachelor who would very much appreciate a little encore attention from you. He's a little drunk, but I think he's got a little something left in the tank, baby. I already promised you I'd make it worth your while." Victor's hands caressed my legs as he told me this, then asked some of the other guys to get Chris into the downstairs bedroom. "Time for the grand finale", he bellowed loudly. Chris was naked on the bed, and yes, obviously drunk, but that didn't stop him from getting hard again once I repeated the technique he was so fond of just an hour before. My body was numb and hypersensitive, hot to the touch, but craved the warmth of someone else. As I climbed up and positioned his dick underneath me, I heard the whooping behind me, suddenly realizing that we had an audience. I suddenly thought of Jon, my less than supportive boyfriend, either drinking cheap beer at a bar or surfing porn at home at this very moment. I remembered how this was all his idea, the dancing, the party, even the move. Where did it get us? I could leave right now, demand my money, and have no regrets. Or I could enjoy myself, fuck everything else, and accept what I allowed myself to stumble into here. Slowly impaling my body on his cock, feeling his hands squeeze my tits, hearing him grunt as my tight pussy squeezed his shaft, I made my decision. Feeling the length of this soon-to-be-married dick inside this spoken-for body, I sealed my fate, and with every clap of my thighs against his legs as I fucked him with all the drug-addled energy I had, I got more comfortable with my decision by the second. Fuck Jon, fuck the

recession. I was making money and doing it my way! The cool sensation of lube squirted from the bottle hit my ass suddenly, followed by two fingers. I slowed myself down and looked behind me, only to see Victor naked, telling me to relax and lean forward. When I did, I felt the my sphincter open up and his wide shaft start to invade my ass, aided by the lube that he slathered both of us with. I cried out as the the wide crown popped past the opening, then pushed forward. I grunted as he sunk his shaft into my anal passage, pressing up against the thin wall that separates it from my vagina, which was full of Chris's cock already. Victor pulled almost all the way out, then pushed in again, forcing me to relax my body to accept his girth. He took a handful of each breast as he stroked in and out of me from behind, while Chris thrust up into me from underneath. "I can feel your fuckin' dick dude", he chuckled, holding the tops of my thighs while he fucked me. Victor didn't answer in anything but grunts, fucking me deep and fast in my ass. Chris kept pushing himself up into me, but was no match for Victor's force, which eventually pushed me flat onto Chris as Victor laid on top, forcing his whole cock into my ass. I was sandwiched, fucked in both ends. Chris warned me that he was about to cum, and if I could breathe, I'd have told him to pull out. He was pinned underneath about 200 lbs of man and 110 lbs of woman anyway, leaving him locked in place, stuck inside of me. Chris groaned, and I felt his cock inflate, then throb inside me as he emptied all he had left about 6" deep in my pussy. The three of us were a mass of muscle, sweat, and grunts. Victor eventually pushed me far enough up the bed that Chris was able to slip out from under me, leaving Victor to pound me into the mattress until I heard him grunt and felt the familiar twitch of a cock erupting inside of me. His girth stretched me wide, and each throb echoed into my body as he filled my belly with his semen. "That's a good stripper", he whispered into my ear, his big body completely covering mine as he laid on me. "You're just gonna dance, huh? No sex? Little miss 'I have a boyfriend'? I knew how to play you, bitch. Give you some coke and you'd be ready to go. You're all the same. Get your pleasure out of this, babygirl, you'll get your money when it's all said and done." Victor's taunts should've angered me, but they didn't. He was right, all I needed was a little coke, and yes, I would most definitely get mine on the back end. I would make damn sure of that, when I was able to. As for now, I was dizzy and numb, my heart was beating out of my chest, and the only thing my body wanted was more of what it was getting. The rest of me had little resolve to do anything else. "Come get it, fellas, if you want it", Victor said, pulling himself off of me and walking away from the bed and out of the room. They certainly wanted it, and they didn't want to wait turns either. The first guy to take Victor's place wanted to take me doggie style, fucking my ass first before switching to my pussy while another guy had me suck his cock at the same time. He warned me he was about to cum in my pussy, and I thought about telling him not to, but before I could really say anything I felt him push all the way inside of me and shoot his load. The guy I was blowing pushed me onto my back, looping my legs over his shoulders and pounding me downward into the bed until he too came deep inside me, splashing his seed against my cervix. One man stood on his knees and had me rest my legs over his forearms while he fucked me, then another man came in behind him and fucked my ass. They pistoned in and out of me, their muscles pressing into my little body from both sides. They came seconds apart; the man in front of me contorting his face before spurting his load inside of me, and the guy in my ass pulling out in mid

orgasm, splashing my ass, legs, and probably the other guy's dick with his cum. They dragged me to the edge of the bed, and two men alternately fucked me until each nutted inside me, leaving me to drip copious amounts of semen out of my pussy and down the side of the bedspread. Three others followed, each one cumming on my body as I lay limp, numb, high, and sated. One man had me ride his cock, and aided by coke and booze, he must have hung on for 15 minutes before finally lifting me up and holding my face down to accept two hot ropes of cum onto my face and into my mouth. One pinned me against the wall, squishing my tits into the rough drywall as he fucked me from behind, finally pulling away and blowing his load on my ass. Mr. Uncut took another turn on top of me, then two others followed him. Eventually they ran together and I lost count, adrift in a sea of fucking, grunting, and orgasm; feeling their muscles spasm while the thrust and try to hold off their release, their voices filling in the silence around the sounds of our bodies, feeling powerless and powerful at the same time, knowing that I was at the center of this frenzy. But the frenzy was now starting to calm, and shortly after the last horny motherfucker that could keep an erection had cum on or in me, I lost consciousness. *** Many, many hours later, I found myself awakened by sunlight, naked on the same bed that I remembered from the night before. The bruising and battering I'd taken the night before, especially between my legs, made walking difficult. Everything was dead quiet, and so far I'd seen nobody. After having to relearn the layout of the house as I wandered through it, I found my bikini bottom and top, but the sarong was nowhere to be found. "Beggars can't be fucking choosers," I muttered to myself, before finding my purse near the front door. The payment. Where was my money? I looked at my phone, littered with about 20 text messages from Jon over the past 12 hours or so, and considered calling Victor, then decided to walk around first and see if he was still there. Room after room was empty, until finally I found a closed door. I peeked in and saw Victor sleeping, half exposed from pushing his covers away at some point. I tiptoed in and found his wallet in his pants, eyeballing Victor in case he stirs or wakes up. Moving as quietly as I could with a terrible case of the shakes, I removed his wallet from his pants and opened it up. The cash, which looked like a pretty big sum, was only about \$600. Fuck. Where did the money go? What was I going to do, besides pester Victor every day all day until he comes through with his promise. I pocketed everything in his wallet, then slowly walked out. While I was putting my heels back on, I thought about how we were going to pay the rent, assuming Victor stonewalled us for the fair amount, and the lack of options was scary. I could rob a convenience store, and sadly, our available options weren't any better than that one. Just as I turned for the door, I saw that the vault's door, the small rectangular steel kind that's mounted inside the wall, wasn't completely closed. I walked over to it, opened the door so that I could reach inside, then pulled out an assortment of bills, plus two \$5,000 bound stacks of hundred dollar bills. It's not that much money to a lot of people- hell, it's probably not that much to Victor and his family- but to me, it's life-changing money. No more worrying about the rent, but more importantly, not having to stick around in a relationship, or a city, that didn't make me happy, even though I probably would anyways. But most important, with this money, I had options. I was happy. In the end, I took one \$5,000 bundle, leaving a note in it's place: Victor, thanks for the invite and the drugs. No thanks for making me snoop around and take what's fair for myself since you were unable

to. I had a great time- now you know why I don't use cocaine anymore- well, save for special occasions like this one, anyway. It goes without saying that we can never mention what happened at this party to people we both know. If you do see fit to tell this story, I'll probably see fit to tell a policeman that you and your buddies ran a train straight through me for about three hours without consent- and I have the pictures of myself the next morning to support it. Yes, I can play hardball, motherfucker, so, next time I see you I'll give you either a big hug or a kick in the balls. You deserve both. Thank you, and fuck you, Nina Later that day, I returned home and delivered the good news to Jon: we'd made \$1,400! Can you believe that, honey? The rest is mine, and I tell myself that knowing now what I'm capable of, that I'll use it to leave Jon and make a move of my own. But more likely, I'll just spend it on myself. Unlike Jon, I deserve it.