

Jane Brooke

Jane
Vegas P.I.



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JANE, VEGAS PI

By

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Publisher Information

Jane, Vegas PI
Published in 2013 by Andrews UK Limited
www.andrewsuk.com

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An Angel Gone Missing

BURNING skies and melting asphalt, frying eggs on the black tar, holocaust of fired Santa Anna winds terrorizing in from the dead city of L.A. It's all sweltering reminders that someone fucked up, zoned out and planted a city in a dead desert, sweat, thermal, organic, hot, it's always fucking hot in N. Vegas, my home.

I'm Jane, Vegas PI/Bounty Hunter.

I am a tall, 5-11 string bean aqua eyed blond bi-sexual savage, Ex British glam girl, IQ, well off the charts. I'm told I'm a doll, but beauty has never interested me, it's so vapid, so temporary. Like a lot of birds, I use my beauty like I use my *Mossberg shot gun*, and my variety of hand guns. I'm also a mistress of several black belts, karate, judo, you know all the stuff a girl PI needs in a dangerous world.

Beauty well put my face in a leaf mulcher and a pencil in my mouth and set me down in a wheel chair in front of my Apple machine, good enough for moi. Though I adore girls, from time to time, when the moment is right, I will fuck a guy. In real time, I have these faded light scars on my face. It was a strange time for me. I had lost focus on a takedown and some bad ass guy did that to me.

At the time I needed that for an attitude adjustment.

I can't live without the sweetness and softness of a girl's lips.

"I kissed a girl and I liked it. The taste of her Cherry Chap Stick."

Katy Perry is the bump, just adore her.

Anyhoo, I live a *film noir/retro life*, got great digs in dangerous N. Vegas, loft kinda deal. It's plopped above Chang's Chinese Laundry. Love Chang and his insane wife, Shei Shei. They are pros at getting the blood outta my clothes.

My love in life is my turquoise and white, big chrome everywhere, including her tail fins 59 rag top Buick. She's a doll, and besides my

gold fish Gumbo and Stella, I am pretty much a lone *Great White* cruising around in the dead oceans of Vegas.

I have tons a dough, millions, parents died in a holocaust of fire on the Air France Concord Holocaust outside of Paris. They left me millions, cried a lot, I really loved them. I have the money with this vampire stock guy at Morgan Stanley who sends most of the interest to various charities.

That, in this cold world makes me feel good.

With the fortune they left me, and as soon as I became 18 I scooted England, and hit up the world, ended up years later in *The Colonies* for my education.

I spent year's cruising around the world, Asia, Europe, The Middle East, India because I have this Mensa brilliant brain that is mostly wild, and uncontrollable. I taught myself languages, learned about history, art, different cultures, drugs, you name them and how to fuck as many insane girls and boys I could.

That's how *I rolled* then and then the light bulb went off.

So tired of being stoned all the time, I decided to formalize all of it. So I rolled into Wharton that hit man east coast training business school and got my MBA at 26. That's another story, will give some *peeps* on that later.

I have to keep it real and love violence, beat downs, kicking ass, and catching bad guys, usually bail jumpers that have crossed the line. Choose the capture the bad boys and girls scene because it turns me on, *mano a mano*, hand to hand combat, and no girl or guy better try to sweet talk me. I will take them down hard.

Am a weapons expert, got guns, lots a guns, also my *PI license and Gun Permit*, usually stuffed into the waist band of my usual getup, black leather, skin tight hip huggers and black steel toed work boots.

Anyhooo, never was easy for me to fall in love, and my last girl pal Chen-Chen is gone as another month vanished. With time clicking right along something changed in my life, really a life preserver I was *joansing* for, secretly. In the end, I just couldn't do it, *commit*. You know like the fairy-tail said

Fall in love for ever. Just can't do it because I'm a free bird. I have relationship issues.

So Chen-Chen that twenty four year old Chinese, skin like silk, eyes like green almonds is gone. The goddess savant clothes designer almost had me. I loved her, well *kinda* and she gave me an out. I took it and now she's in Moscow.

She gave me the big ace, the big invite, you know.

Come Janie with me, we live in Moscow, we make the love, we sex. I will make zee beautiful togs for you my lovely.

That fucking accent of hers and that onyx long hair of hers and that sweet cunt, fuck I will miss that.

And what did I do, I took the last life boat out, from her, the Titanic.

It broke my heart when I saw her tears fall down her perfect face. I simply watched as she and the last box of her shit had vanished down the street, passed the freak show of the Mexican circus down there at the end of the alley and, then she was gone.

It was one of those *WHEW* moments for me.

You know, when your mate gets the bullet in the fox hole, and not you. You feel bad, but you're glad the lead slug didn't hit you in the ear. Don't get me wrong, I will miss her. It was all good, but I kept waiting for that cartridge cap of reality to hit me in the forehead.

You know, a gal falls in love, then everything goes bollucks, the new of it all is gone, and normally some babe forgets what made you special to begin with. Then along with the tears, a *career girls heart dies*. Well, what else is fucking new in the world of romance?

Chen-Chen, well no hints of that from her and I saw it in her green Asian eyes. I had to believe her when she said the *anvil word*, *love*.

But what the fuck, I love Vegas, what was I gonna do in Moscow, though I totally dig the place. But done that, did that, so I'm breathing easy again, though the sex was nuclear. I won't forget that, ever.

It's pretty much me, Gumbo and Stella my goldfish. Well for once in my fucked my life, I did the right thing rescuing them. They

we're the perfect add on to my non-existent family, and their filled with love, loyalty, licks, big bug eyes and it's an everyday thing with them. Every moment is new with them, their love for me, I hope and is for the moment, I can't ask for anything else. For where does a bitch like me ever get unconditional love in this bastard of a world.

I'll tell my family of fish stories later for as usual I'm getting ahead of myself, always like that with me and reality.

Awhile back I was having my usual hoot tracking down a bail jumper.

I had driven my 59 Buick, top down, summer breeze on my buzzed blond mop over to the *The Bent Club* a notorious underground *blood bar club*, among many other deviant and wonderful obsessions.

The Bent is slotted down in a dangerous part of N. Las Vegas. Lots of gang bangers, Asian, Hispanics *M-13's* out of El Salvador, drug dealers, blacks and whores, all rumbling and killing for a few blocks of their gang empires. Not at *The Bent Club* though.

N. Vegas is bad and you never see that part of Vegas on those brochures showing the plaid golf pants sets winning a zillion dollars at the slots there.

The sewer is puissant with lots of pimps, players, wannabees and drug addicts finding a place to shoot up for the night under freeway under passes and along degrading dumpster worlds. It's a street-walker hooker's paradise, young old, in between.

You know, ex show girls and runaways from Biloxi and Iowa that thought Vegas would change their lives, answering their dreams. Then, far too late they, like busting out on life's crap table they would be found next to a pile of garbage in some alley raped, savaged and a heroin needle stuck in their arms. Last call the coroner *zip, zip, zipping* them up in a black body bag.

Anyways *The Bent Club* is a stylish place. It's filled with queers, dykes, nude dancers, gay boys, transgender kids, Goth, EMO and Hip Hop girls. Also, it's an elegant hangout for straight rich older gay submissive men and woman lawyers, doctors, judges, sport stars, performers and men and woman looking for sex with some empty

headed boy with road bump abs and girls with golden cunts, and nothing between the ears.

It's a private local club, lots of bartering for people souls and at times and so stylish. Best of everything sold there, coke, champagne, X, pot and the finest foods and liquor's can be had at a price there.

Drugs are prevalent, but I never touch them. I like what I am going to be doing tomorrow, especially that I am going to wake up alive.

Also, it's very respectful and no one ever gets an attitude about what ever deviant and honest thing anyone is seeking for the night. If it is consenting between two people, it usually goes down there.

Lots of Vegas black cops hang there. It's the only place left in Vegas they can get a little relief from the whole sale slaughter of human beings that is a ritual night after night in Vegas. Most of my friends are cops, including a righteous dude, Lieutenant Victor Garcia over there a N. Vegas Metro. More on him later

Because I am a voyeur and a thrill girl it's one of the few places in Vegas where I feel totally comfortable and I so love the honest vibe of the club.

Like I said, it's also a *Blood Drinkers* hang out. They got their own mojo section going on, usually in the dark corners. I think it's cool, never judge them, yet it's not something I am into.

Days earlier I had accepted a bail contract from Hank over there at *Hanks Bail Bond* for a dangerous piece of street trash, this 6ft 2, dirty blond, pure and ultra-violent dude named Jimmy Flicks.

Anyhow, it had all gone down as I had planned.

Looking all *dollish* and such, I had layer caked my long bod along the bar and had started drinking my martinis. Jimmy Flicks had entered, felt my *Gravitational Sex Tractor Beam* and we had chit-chatted it up, and like sex starved wolverines had jetted the place.

Me being so horny.

BLAST, I'm starting to talk like a Vietnamese hooker.

Me so Horny GI.

While this turbo charged kid Jimmy Flicks was at the Loo taking one last toot I was getting my magnum and shoulder holster and

chatting it up with young *Goth Super Doll Glenda*, the hat check girl. Not knowing if Jimmy Flicks was going to hammer the sexual lights out of me, or just try to murder me because I was a girl with a gun and a badge, I needed a back up sex plan.

Glenda is all *Goth* all the time. Meaning her pixie banged black hair is death black, as are her nails, lips, eyebrows, as well as the heavy mascara she wears is black too. She's like 19 and stunning. She's got hardware on her lips, ears, cheeks, eyebrows, nose, nipples as well as having these cool bolts stuck into her head.

She hasn't quite thought through what she just might look like when she is forty, but hey, no one lives forever.

As usual she was semi-naked, just this little black mini skirt hugging her small hips just above her laser beamed cunt. Her bod, as was the usual was *Goth* thin and was covered with tattoos and I won't go into detail. It was the usual Japanese stuff and you know the kind the rest of the girls have.

Anyhooo, to make a long story short, Glenda has been begging me like *Valley Girl fooooreever* for me to fuck her, or her to fuck me. It's all and the same thing to me.

So while I was waiting for my new hero to arrive, hopefully without white powder dusted all over his face, Glenda and I made arrangements for a little girl sex rendezvous later.

Seemed perfect to me and, then *Our Jimmy (That's what the Brits call their Star Player. Our ?)* was there.

I gave Glenda a conspiracy wink and a *C-note* tip and with my arm wound around my new man, I exited as the starlet I've always felt *ME* to be.

To make a long story short because I have another bail contract to fulfill tonight it pretty much went like I figured.

Once outside, I had dragged Jimmy into an alley. Feeling like a slut, I sucked him off and, then *ooooooed and awwwwwed and oooooowied* as he first fucked the *NEON* out of my cunt. He then sodomized me and I was so happy from the pain and pleasure of it, I almost started to *chirp, chirp, chirp* like a crazed Parakeet.

With his Vice Grip fingers holding my naked stomach, and his dick like a car truck piston hammering my ass, well just after I climaxed for the zillionth time, and because I am a gentlemen I felt him cum in my ass, thank fucking God.

I felt pleased after knowing that *a good time was had by all.*

After, because I still needed to fulfill that bail bond, I had used my martial arts skills, broken elbow, knee cap, a chop to the larynx and had kicked the living shit out of him in the alley. I did feel kinda bad as I looked at his teeth on the asphalt as I cuffed him. But you know, no one ever asked him to break the law.

HELLO, I could have given him a toe tag.

Anyhoo, I whisked him off to Hanks Bail Bonds over there in Henderson, got my *Do Re Me.*

I then scooted back to *The Bent Club* wrangled up Glenda and with her snuggled in nice and tight and the wind whistling past the graveyard in my Buick, we went to my loft and had *Napalm sex* and as Glenda would say while she chewed her *Bubbelicious* bubble gum as well as my cunt.

Foooooor-Eeeeeever.

God, who is the luckiest Biatch in the fucking world?

Anyhow a new day; a new night; a new bidness at hand.

Jane, Vegas PI. checking out.

Xxx

“BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.” The music boomed.”

Maybe we can make it alright

We could make it better sometime

Maybe we can make it happen baby

We could keep trying but things will never change

So I don't look back

Still I'm dying with every step I take

But I don't look back

Just a little little bit better

Good enough to waste some time

Tell me, would it make you happy baby?

We could keep trying but things will never change

So I don't look back

Still I'm dying with every step I take

But I don't look back

Jane here, and that's how I roll. I just love *Sharissa's* vibe, she is the total *real deal*, man I dig her music."

One AM cruising done Sahara Blvd. in my doll 59 Buick, wires from my Apple I-Pod plugged into my brain, boot on the dash, Marlboro slotted between my lips and singin' along with *my girl Sharissa* to her *Every Beat of my Heart*.

"And it hurts with every heart beat."

And it hurts with every heart beat

And it hurts with every heart beat

And it hurts with every heart beat."

"Boom Boom Boom...Boom Boom Boom." The music thumps.

"And it hurts with every heart beat."

Yes it does, as I smoke, and *plug* from a small bottle of Wild Turkey as I cruise along the desert night in my Buick feelin' tight and just so right.

I've always been a boulevard girl and love the road.

Got a new *bail fail contract*, that's what I call it from Biffs' Bail Bond, a friend of Hanks over there in Pahrump Nevada. I am heading to another one might call a fetish club in N. Vegas named *Candy Land*.

Candy Land is pretty much the demented twin sister of *The Bent Club*.

Though a class joint it is in-habituated by fringe clans of society. There is a little more of the aroma there of *BDSM and Bondage* and the place, though very cool most of the times, does have it moments of complete madness.

There are lots of *EMO kids*, as well as *Punks*, *Hip Hop girls* and *Goth girls* hanging their black lip gloss there and also some *skin heads* and *anarchists* and also like *The Bent Club* it's a *Vampire Bar*.

Which means some of the cute kids that hang there are blood drinkers. With their fake Dracula fangs and cute getups well, there usually on the fringe and are *corner hangers*.

It's also a hangout for the rich mixed genders, bisexual, lesbian, gay and transgender folks, all looking for something. Basically, it has the same cliental as her sister *The Bent* has.

I just got this new *Bail* contract from Biff, and he's worried about this dangerous and very lethal fucking dirty blond piece of *trailer trash* called Tina (*DILDO*) Barks.

Great fucking nick name.

She got that name de pleura because the doll always has in a leather sheath, stitched to her filthy Levis, this foot long massive black dildo.

She famous in the *lesbian rough trade community* because she killed a girl one and men, rumor have it, before. She is a tough, brutal street dealing coke queen.

She's mega dangerous and I have the *Bail Jump* contract on her from Hank for her almost killing a girl at *Lizzie's*, a notorious Butch dyke bar last week.

Since I felt like I hadn't been fucked right for dog years, (Jimmy Flicks doesn't count) I could feel that *tinkle, tinkle, tinkle* wet feeling in my cunt. That usually told me that sex or a *beat down* would soon be visiting. Of course those two coin flips are two of my most fav things in the world.

I'm always testing myself, and usually will put myself in some dicey situations, you know, just to see if Jane still has it. I had a plan

tonight to capture Tina, and it involved sex, danger and of course my 357 Magnum Python hand gun.

Anyhow, Wong, the giant Asia 6ft-8 mountain doorman my good buddy had rung me up telling me that Tina had been hanging her dildo at *Candy Land* lately.

Wong's *street creds* are solid as his *huge dick* must be.

He's one of those ex NBA monster guys, and came out of the Chinese pro league.

He played for the Utah Jazz for a couple of seasons. With the dick the size of a Zebra, he found little use for it in Salt Lake City. It's didn't take long for him to figure out the Mormon bitches there wouldn't fuck a guy unless he had a bible in one hand and some *ass lube* and a marriage contract for their three sisters in the other.

No dummy, Wong soon found Vegas *sweeeeeet*. *An odd place* where the whores, strippers, runaway's, crazy young girls, druggie party girls had lined up silicone tits to silicone tits to suck his monster cock and from naked end to end would have made a line of cocaine long enough to hit Bangkok.

Life in Vegas sometimes for a *playa* can be *Fucking Perfect*.

When I had toddled up in my Buick, I felt *phat*, loaded and ready.

Layering a *C-note* off on Mr. Wong, I got that sexy kind of *Chairman Mao* smile from him and I did the usual *Euro Trash* thing. You know, kisses on both cheeks, and got a lot of love back from him. He totally digs my vibe, me being so blond cute and all.

My *street-creds* are impeccable and everyone knows my word is concrete. People dig that in a wild child.

I was decked out in the usual Jane, PI threads. Black, skin tight leather hip huggers, just above my laser beamed cunt, black camisole sleeveless tank and on my feet were the usual kick ass black men's, steel toed work boots. I was wearing a knee length black leather jacket, just to conceal my *Python magnum* stuck into my shoulder holster. I also was wearing my gold chain and small gold cross. I don't believe in God, but I do love the *Latina* image of it all.

Vanity, Fuck, I'm working on that, really I am.

It was 1 AM, and the place was kickin' it.

The dance floor was happening, lots of moon beams eyes from the children of decadence dancing to Usher. That's how the place rolled.

There were lots of older men dancing with gym boys, and debutant older woman waltzing with semi naked show girls. Lots of the strippers were completely naked, just stilettos, and I recognized a few bull dykes, very stylish, in men's suits pirouetting around the dance floor with the stunners.

Like I said, there were also lots of *Goth, Punk and EMO* girls (My fav, there so waifish adorable) with their huge eyes, rimmed in mascara so thick you could pave the Hollywood Freeway with it.

The booths were filled with rich old men and gals, and with them were semi naked boys and girls.

They were drinking *Dom, Johnny Walker Black, X-ing and coking* and everyone seemed to be having a respectable and lovely time.

At the back lit blue neon bar, racked with the finest liquors on the planet, there were several semi naked girls in heels in G-strings, kissing, grinding and loving each other like *sexed up boa constrictors*.

All the girls were pierced, lips, noses, tits, ears and clits I imagined. To a one they had Japanese dragons, snakes and Korean calligraphy tattooed down their arms, back, breasts and legs.

I have always been more that a little partial to *Goth Girls* like the one Glenda from *The Bent* I fucked the other night. I feel even stronger about *EMO Girls*.

No one has to tell me I can be a bit of a hooligan at times and over the top with guy qualities.

Therefore I like the femininity of those *itsy bitsy* little EMO girls. There just so tiny, tits, cunts, height, and they all have these giant eyes. Never could figure that one out.

Anyhoo, I'm joasing on EMO chicks lately because there she is their *doll queen* tending bar and usually she is transfixed with Moi, well almost.

Her name is *Zoe* and isn't that just adorable.

In reality she could be named *Sheba the Elephant Girl* and I wouldn't have cared, for look at her.

What? I'm a fucking tramp with the sex drive of an *Arizona State Pompom* girl I can't help myself.

There she is. *Fuck, she is perfect.*

She's what, 21, 5ft 5, EMO 105 lbs, with those huge mascara/eyeliner raccoon rimmed blue eyes and with perfect skin the color of paper all set off by her midnight colored Liz Taylor hair doo. She's topless, just a red leather mini skirt hanging low on her tiny hips, tatted everywhere, neck, arms, tummy and back. She's not like a lot of *EMO's* for she's just pierced with gold rings on her lip, ears, and nipples, which look fucking exotic on her small tits.

I don't think she has seen me yet, otherwise, and because she has told me over and over that she wants to eat my cunt, and also fuck me nutso, she has ignored me to the moment.

I could see that she was busy as several dyke's and dominate males, were chatting it up with her at the bar and with two semi-naked strippers.

Blast Jane, the world does not revolve around you, pleeeeee.

IT DOESN'T?

So I sidled up to the end of the bar because I wanted to be close to the *Scene Area* of the club.

On the dance floor, one bull dyke, stylized out in an Armani suit, white shirt, black tie, and men's brogues' seemed in love with a topless stripper painted out in a pair of white leather hip huggers. She had those small tits dykes loved so much. The girls looked in love, that's always a sweet thing.

Peek-a-booing down the bar, I saw Zoe disappear somewhere. I expect for a toot of something white. I don't do drugs, but most of the kids do.

Checking out the *Scene Area* and wanting a vodka martini, *Stoli* will do, I gasped as another *femme fatal* girl bartended smiled and stood before me.

GOD, she's Kim this 21 year old British blond Pixie, blue eyes stunner that always has a smile on her fucking Keira Knightly looking face. She's what I call a *whisper girl*. Tall, thin like a windswept

willow, snow white hair cut in a Pixie cut. Huge lips, small nose, large oval eyes spread wide on her once in a life time face.

I've never kissed her before, but that's on my *girl list* of things I have to do before I die.

She's always laughing and has that wonderful sharp *British wit*, and I have never seen her depressed. Is that at all possible with a beautiful female? Don't know.

She's kinda Punk and has a single small *British Union Jack* tattooed on her stomach on that white skin of hers. She's got just a few gold piercings'. You know, one on her lip, nose and gold twins on her ears and nipples that are connected to her tits, which are small and fucking amazing.

Topless, and like moa, she's wearing a pair of skin tight, black leather stove pipe hip huggers which connect to a pair of men's work boots.

Are we twins that have found each other? I don't know.

But golly I can taste her skin and lips already as I give her my best Jane smile. You know, adding to my *sex bank account* for future withdrawals like I'm hoping I will later make with Zoe.

I'm always thinking ahead when it comes to sex, and with Zoe the bartender on my mind, well I don't want to mess it up.

"Hi Janie, you look like way hot tonight."

I blush and exaggerate two finger points at me. Kim laughs, nails my eyes with hers and nods seductively at me as I purr.

"Oh you doll. You say that to all the girls."

I gulp, for you know she's young and all bullet-proof and such.

I sigh as she wags a forefinger at me, and wets her full lips with the pinkest tongue I have ever seen.

I actually feel a fissure cracking through my cunt as she slots her elbows on the bar top, gets a little closer and whispers. "No way Janie. You're just so radical. All the girl's love you're vibe."

She takes her hand and wraps it around the back of my head and, then layer cakes my lips with hers.

My toes curl in my boots, and I am positive my leather hip huggers are leaking something on the floor. Her breath held the essence of young violets to it. Her saliva, well it tasted like fucking cum.

She then backed away because no one *owns* anyone in this *New Girl World* and because she is respectful of other girl's turf, she whispers at me. "I don't want to intrude, Janie. But, I know Zoe is so like wanting to hook up with you. But, I...I..."

I swallow watching her seductive learned MTV moves as she kinda *O's* her lips at me. I am semi hypnotized as she smiles like a young Meg Ryan, you know before she put those balloons in her lips.

"But...I...I...crickey Janie, I know Zoe knows, we chatted a bit about it, she's OK with it...Bu...I'd love to shag you...I...I mean, could you think of me when you have some time, maybe a little lonely...OK my lovely?"

Where in the fuck do I sign on the dotted line?

"Golly Gee Kim."

Christ I've reverted to a coquettish teenager this late in my life.

"Trust me beautiful. I've got you on my speed dial, really. But Zoe and me have been dancing a little bit, you understand don't ya Kim?"

She laughs with that sensational sense of British humor of hers and says. "Not to worry Janie, we have scads of time. Now, the usual, you're Stoli Martini?"

"Sweet Kim, shaken, not stirred, like Bond."

She laughs, gives me a wink and strolls down the bar, me, my heart *thump, thump, thumping* in my chest.

Saved from the guillotine, I reach in my pocket, with draw a wad of hundred dollar bills, peel one off, and slap it on the bar.

I am a notorious tipper, and one of the main reasons is that I have been given a platinum advantage in life, though that advantage was tinged with my beloved parent's death.

These kids work like coal miners propping up the decadence of the casinos, restaurants and bars and as bell hops, car hops, maid

and waiters, etc. I help when I can, and know a C-Note in one of their palms, well that helps pay the rent.

In reality, I give all my *bounty loot* to this righteous guy *Father Bob*, who runs the homeless shelter over there off of Martin Luther King blvd.

Fuck, I'm lucky to have the opportunity to do it at all.

"Here ya are Janie, shaken, not stirred, like Bond."

"Thanks Kim, you are so *fly*."

She's laughs as she sets it on the bar, gets some *yips and waves* from two naked showgirls down the bar holding court with two older men in Baroni Suits.

She turns and with a wink, cruises away.

As I *sip, sip, sip* at my iced platinum dream, I notice still no sign of Zoe.

She's, they say, quite partial to X and coke, don't judge, can't afford to, so I turn my eyes to a semi-commotion over to my left.

I'm also thinking about my contract for Tina Barks. She's a no show so far, but she is a dangerous piece of work, and I have to keep my shit together.

Far off to the left, there is another *scene* going down and since I love beautiful *damsels in distress*, I'm quite riveted by what is going down.

Like I mentioned, sometimes the scene at *Candy Land* is very *bondage and BDSM* orientated.

If you are a *dominate* or a *submissive* girl, well you pretty much can get whatever you need concerning gratification and sex there. Like I said, the place is a very stylish and a respectful club.

Over there in *The Scene Room*, with a small crowd watching, drinking, and munching pop corn were two females.

One of the girl's, was a waifish and stunning red head, with arctic white skin, small bare feet and green eyes. She had this long trail of red silk hair falling past her shoulders. She was totally naked, besides leather straps on her ankles and her wrists and her back and butt were pressed against an eight foot inverted wooden teak X.

Using the entire length of the X support for a little support, and from grommets and bolts welded into the floor, she was basically spread eagled. Her cunt was so pink and beautiful it looked like a *pink-popsicle*.

From her wrists, rising towards the ceiling were two leather straps, *VEEING* her arms and hands skyward. Attached to her leather ankle straps were two leather ropes, spreading her feet out to an acute angle thus bringing her to her tip toes.

Below her eyelashes, she, like moi and most *2014 modern girls* she did not have a single hair on her perfect body.

On her breasts, tummy and mound there were not scars, but faded red stripes left there from some other amazing moment that she had needed to find sexual fulfillment.

I recognized her immediately.

Once when I was at this fab party over their at Desert Inn Lakes and in this opulent mansion I watched as five black basketball players from UNLV (University of North Las Vegas) had gang fucked her on a pool table for about two hours. With her adoring older and loving husband watching, this Mimi doll then, after the hoopsters wore out, fucked herself senseless with a pool cue for about ten minutes until she passed out.

She was clearly *Clinical Nympho*.

After, everyone had agreed that she had been marvelous, including her doting husband.

Anyhooo, set around her and on various small tables there were talons, belts, canes, crops and whips with leather handles on them. Accompanying them, there was an assortment of pliers, nipple clamps, dildos, chrome S-ass hooks, etc.

It was everything a dominatrix would need to take this submissive princess into the world of pain and pleasure that she sought.

That very dominatrix, dressed in the usual black leather get up, topless, corset, g-string, black gloves and thigh high black boots, was a tall, bust enhanced and wild looking female. Cleopatra's large silicone breasts were pierced with gold spikes and were perfect if you

loved Pamela Anderson and huge and she was 6 ft 1 and quite the exotic female.

She had long raven colored hair falling down her naked and tattooed back. Down each arm and on her back, stomach and breasts she had Thai calligraphy as well as wizards, snakes and dragons stitched into her skin.

Watching I was mesmerized, for I had seen scenes like these before. I always appreciated such showman ship within this world of pain and pleasure that so many demanded to survive within a dehumanized world.

Feeling the buzz, I downed my martini, turned just in time to see another set before me on the bar.

Smiling at Kim, I pushed the C-note to her, got a smile, as I said as she smiled more at me.

“For you Kim. Keep it. Keep I’m coming. More Uncle Benjamin’s I promise.”

Whisking the hundred dollar bill away, she smiled and said. “Crickey Janie, you’re just *ALL THAT*. Not to worry. See ya.”

Sipping at my long stem of golden liquid honey, I turned just as Cleopatra (that was her name) found a pine crop on the table. She swished it in the air a few times and snapped it on the leather clad table. The red heads eyes *blinked* hard several time.

Finding it to her liking she moved before the Red Head, whose chin was now in submission and was pressed against her collarbones?

Placing the crop under the lovelies chin, she lifted the does face level with her own. They made eye contact, hard.

“Why are you here? What is your name? How old are you?” Cleopatra asked, none to friendly.

Doll swallowed, and seemed to be fighting tears as her lips trembled.

“I’m, Mimi, 22...I was a bad girl...I cheated on my husband...I...I’m sorry. I need help.”

Lowering her chin, small sobs could be heard tumbling from her throat. Cleopatra, seemingly annoyed, lifted her chin again and tapped her on her closed eyes with the crop.

“Open them. NOW.” She barked, making the *ginger girl* wince.

Eyes now open, and with her ribs pressing again her skin, and her breathing increasing, she leered in seemingly fear at the woman white knuckling the crop.

“Do you think he deserved that?”

“N...No...No he didn't...I'm so sorry...I...I...Please help me.”

Whipping around with the crop, she pointed to a 50ish man, obviously rich, grey temples, Baroni suit, Rolex watch, sitting in a chair. He was surrounded by about twenty-five or so other fun, stylish dressed loving patrons of *Candy Land*.

“And is that you're poor husband there. Is that the man that dared marry such a tramp?”

With her mouth quivering and staring almost ashamed at her husband, she allowed the word to tremble out of her mouth. “Yes.”

Fuck, this ginger doll was good.

Tapping her pink nipples with the crop, Mimi winced as Cleopatra moved close to her face.

“Why did you do it? Be honest now and perhaps I shall be lenient with you.”

A single tear fell down along her porcelain cheek as she remained silent.

“I...I...I...”

“WHY.” Cleopatra snapped as she increased the intensity of the cane on her nipples.

Mimi's body jolted, as her eyes focused and as the little girl that she was, she bit down on her lip with her perfect white teeth and whispered. “Because I love pussy and cock so much and I am a slut.”

“Yes, I thought so....What is it you want from me?”

“I...I...I want you to help me. I...I want to be a better girl... Please.”

WOW.

The crowd was riveted as I was and I so knew this story so well.

Because I am a bright light bulb I have my own problems thinking of Mimi's faded pink lash marks